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RECOLLECTIONS

Published in 2000
INTRODUCTION

It is quite possible that many of the events to which I have referred may be not strictly in chronological order. However at the age of 81 my memory of events, so long past, may be faulty.

I have been greatly assisted by Diana's beautifully kept photograph albums, David's editing, and Ann and Tom's confirmation of their memories.
ANTECEDENTS

I was born in "Cooinda" Private Hospital Wycombe Road Neutral Bay, on 31st August 1918. My Birth Certificate shows that Mother was then aged 31 and Dad 34, and their address is shown as "Strathearn", 4 Whaling Road North Sydney.

On my father's side my ancestry is almost entirely Scottish. My paternal grandfather, David Carment, came to Australia in 1871 as an actuary with the Australian Mutual Provident Society. He was the eldest of 10 children of Rev James Carment, Minister of the Free Church at Comrie, Perthshire, Scotland. He was educated at Comrie Free Church School, Edinburgh Institution, and University of Edinburgh and before he came to Australia had attained Fellowships of both the Faculty of Actuaries and of the Institute of Actuaries. He married on 27th January 1876 at St. Phillip's Church, Sydney Elizabeth Shallard, daughter of Joseph Shallard of Alvechurch, England. A son, Joseph Shallard, was an early printer in Sydney, and his son Major Adolphus Shallard was a leading apiarist. "Major" was a Christian name, not a military title, although he never corrected any one who addressed him as Major. He often stayed with my grandparents because my grandmother was his aunt. I remember him well because in an accident with a circular saw he had cut off all the fingers and the thumb of his right hand.

My Carment grandparents had 5 children - David, born in 1876 and lived only 6 days, Elizabeth Edith (Auntie Bessie), born 1877 died 1970. Ernest James (1879 - 1884) Joseph Maxwell (1880 -1885) and my father, David Shallard Carment (1884 -1976) His Birth Certificate shows that his father was then 41 and his mother 36.

My father married in Glasgow, Ida Marrion Arbuckle Mackie, daughter of William Arbuckle Mackie, a naval architect and shipbuilder. My mother's mother, Elizabeth Wyllie, was the daughter of a prosperous woolen manufacturer of Kilmarnock.
EARLY MEMORIES

My earliest recollections are of the small "Californian Bungalow" type of house at 5 Phillips Street, Neutral Bay. It was named "Cove", the name of a small town on Loch Lomond where my parents had spent their honeymoon. It had been built as an investment in 1917 by my grandfather, and my father rented it from him. We lived in this house until 1939. Dad inherited the house when his father died in 1934.

Our house was on a small block and was really quite small. It had faced brickwork in the front wall and common bricks on the others. There was a small front verandah, and a central hall. On one side of the hall were a small dining room with sliding doors opening on to a small lounge room with a fireplace, on the other side were two bedrooms, a double room in front and a smaller second bedroom. There was a small bathroom and toilet. Hot water came from a gas heater on one end of the bath. The hand basin had only a cold tap. The hall led into the kitchen which had a gas stove, and a sink and draining board. There was a table and a small pantry. There was no hot water supply, water was heated on the stove. Opening from the kitchen was a little laundry with a gas copper and two washtubs. Steps led from the laundry to a small back garden in which there was a little fibro cement storage shed. All in all it was pretty basic.

When I was about a year old Mother's father died. Mother had a sister, Janetta (Netta) known to us as "Aunt Jintie", who had two children Bill, who was about my sister Marion's age, and Shiona, who was about my age. Aunt Jintie had a brilliant academic career including double first class honours - one in history. She had married William Murray, an Inspector of Schools. Mr and Mrs. Mackie had intended to come to Australia to visit Mother, but Mr. Mackie's death in 1919 delayed her departure for a couple of years. In preparation for her visit we had an open verandah built at the rear of the house with an extra bedroom opening on to one end. The verandah had canvas blinds and became my bedroom. My "Scotch Grannie" as I called her, stayed with us for 6 years. In those days the houses hugged the landscape so closely that it was possible to see Fort Denison and the GPO Clock Tower from the back verandah.

This was the age of the horse, and all deliveries were made by horse-drawn vehicles. Everything was delivered. There were water troughs in most main streets, and manure was eagerly collected by keen gardeners. The grocer called weekly to collect the order which was delivered later, milk and bread were delivered daily, and meat when required, carried in a basket carried by a man on horseback. Fruit came on a large horse-drawn barrow, and the same man delivered ice for our ice chest (we did not have a refrigerator until the early thirties) and firewood in the winter. There were also itinerant salesmen selling such things as rabbits and clothes props to hold up the rope clothes lines then in use. As the depression came on there were a lot of door-to-door salesmen selling brooms, soap, etc. These were hard times for unemployed ex-servicemen as repatriation benefits were, at best, minimal. The unemployed were often in desperate straits and I well remember a town of tin and hessian humpies out near La Perouse known as "Happy Valley".
There were streets of empty houses with "To Let" signs. There was elementary unemployment relief in the form of food stamps in exchange for public work on such things as road maintenance. On the country roads there were many desperate men humping their swags in search of work on country properties.

When my grandfather first came to Sydney in 1871 he lived at Strawberry Hills - now Surrey Hills. He told me that he had a nice view of the Parramatta River! Shortly after his marriage he built a house he named "Strathearn", 4 Whaling Road North Sydney. It was a substantial two storied Victorian House with beautiful solid cedar woodwork. It had quite large grounds and a lawn tennis court on one side. Auntie Bessie and my father were both born there. Auntie inherited it from her father and left it to Dad when she died in 1971.

It was by then in such a shockingly neglected condition that it had bad memories for him. He could hardly wait to get rid of it and sold it for a song. To-day it is the site of a number of townhouses. In its original state it would now be worth a great deal.
FATHER’S EDUCATION

I think that as the only surviving son, Dad was rather spoiled, particularly by his mother. He had a leisured and very expensive education. He went first to Sydney Grammar School, the, as now, in College Street. He left in 1902. He then had a year of Arts and a year of Science at Sydney University. He was very good at Science but for a young Australian of his time he made the unusual choice of Naval Architecture as his profession. The leading schools of Naval Architecture in the English-speaking world at that time were Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston USA and Glasgow University.

In, I think, 1905, Dad went to the USA, stopping at Honolulu and San Francisco on the way. He lived at the Boston Athletic Club. I think that he chose to go to the USA as he was a keen subscriber to American technical publications and a great admirer of American Scientific achievements. He told me very little about this time except to say that he could not have completed his course at MIT because the practical work was carried out at Boston Navy Yard which was closed to him because he was an alien. He also spoke in glowing terms of yachting on Chesapeake Bay.

Dad then decided to go on to Glasgow and found to his dismay that Glasgow University would not accept his matriculation to Sydney University. He then had to take another examination to qualify for admission as an undergraduate at Glasgow University. For this he was coached by Netta, Mother’s sister, and through her met the Mackie family and, of course, Mother. They were engaged to be married for 6 years.

Dad did some of his practical work in my grandfather’s shipyards - Mackie & Thomson, but also at other shipyards and at John Brown’s (the famous shipyard which built the ‘Queen Mary’). When World War 1 broke out Dad was one of many Assistant Managers at John Brown’s (he said that they gave titles instead of pay!) which was then engaged in the construction of submarines. He enlisted, and was given a khaki arm-band with a red crown on it, and sent straight back to his job at John Brown’s.

I think that Dad took the odd year off from University because he did not graduate until 1916 with a BSc in Naval Architecture and a Certificate of Proficiency in Engineering. I know that he spent some time in France. Mother was very short—just under 5 feet, and Dad was 6 feet 3! Dad could hold his arm out straight from his shoulder and Mother could walk underneath it! There was money in shipbuilding in those days and Mother had a privileged upbringing. After she left school she spent a year in Normandy living with a French family and speaking only French. She went to Normandy because it was considered that the best French was spoken there. She spoke good French for the rest of her life. She then studied at Glasgow School of Arts (then run by Charles Rennie Macintosh), and finally at Glasgow School of Cookery. She was a fine craftswoman, and a wonderful cook. She also had a wonderfully quick wit. I never thought of her as having a Scotch accent, but others have told me that she did.
In 1916 the Australian Government decided to build submarines at Cockatoo Dockyard in Sydney which it then owned and operated. I do no think that Dad, with is Scottish ancestry, had initially intended to return to Australia, but after 10 years he found the climate so trying that he applied successfully for a position on the staff at Cockatoo. (They never did build the submarines after all!) He spent almost the whole of his working life at Cockatoo, and I think that if he were alive to-day he would be very depressed to see that the yard has been closed, the machinery sold, and no trace of all his work.
FATHER’S MARRIAGE AND RETURN TO AUSTRALIA

Dad and Mother were married in Glasgow just before they sailed for Australia. Because of the war they had a long voyage via Cape Town. There was apparently no limitation on luggage, because Mother had a large trousseau including beautiful linen sheets, crockery etc. She brought with her, her Wyllie grandfather’s Sheraton bureau which David now has in Darwin, and a German "Bluthner" piano with ebony and ivory keys, now owned by Marion’s daughter Virginia.

Australia must have been a very unpleasant shock to Mother. Apart from Dad she knew no one except Auntie Bessie who had been in Glasgow for the wedding. My parents lived first at “Strathearn” until Auntie returned. Bessie and Mother never got on. She, (Auntie) had at first had to spend a couple of weeks at the Quarantine Station at North Head because of the dreadful influenza epidemic which was then sweeping the world. My parents then rented a nice house at Huntleys Point which was very convenient to Dad’s work at Cockatoo, but it was at that time still rather in the bush and Mother was so nervous and lonely that they decided to rent my Grandfather’s new cottage at Phillips Street. I think that Marion was born before they went to Huntleys Point.

I often think how very difficult it must have been for Mother until her mother came to live with us because initially she did not know a single soul outside the family. Dad worked very hard and for very long hours. Although he was on the staff he started work at 7.30 am, but unlike the workmen, who I think finished at 4 pm, he did not stop till 5. He used to leave home at about 6.15 am and get the ferry from Hayes Street and then another ferry from Circular Quay to Cockatoo. In those days, and in fact until the 1950’s Saturday morning work was normal until 12 noon. In addition during term time, he taught the Shipbuilding Trades Course at Sydney Technical College in Harris Street Ultimo on three nights. He ultimately became the Head Teacher and was instrumental in this course becoming the Naval Architecture course at the University of NSW. Therefore Mother had many lonely nights with two babies until Mrs. Mackie came out. She arrived, just remember, by the Blue Funnel liner "Aeneas". She also brought some beautiful furniture. Marion now had the "Shell back" chairs which she brought with her.
My grandfather had a yacht built in 1906, called "Athene". She was constructed of full length planks of New Zealand Kauri. She was fast and wet, 34 feet length, 8 feet 6 inches beam, and 6 foot draught, and with over 1 ton of lead external ballast. During the racing season Dad raced her every Saturday afternoon with the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club, with great success. Every Sunday, Summer and Winter, he walked from our home to "Stratheam", a distance of about 3 kilometres up hill and down. There Dad picked up a straw basket containing the lunch for themselves, guests, and crew. One half of this basket is currently in use as a our grandchildren's toy box. Dad and his father then walked to Sandeman's boat shed at the head of Careening Cove where they launched their dinghy. It was a beautiful craft, 12 foot in length, and constructed of cedar. It was designed to row, sail or be towed, and it did all of these very well indeed. As a matter of interest Careening Cove was so named because the whaling ships used to be taken to the head of the bay at high tide and left high and dry at low tide when their bottoms were cleaned of barnacles etc.

Grandfather (Marion and I called him "Pappa") usually had a crew of 4 or 5, including guests. If the wind was from the north east He sailed to Store Beach at Quarantine Bay. As soon as the anchor had been dropped, cushions were laid on the cockpit seats and a folding table set up for lunch. Lunch was always the same - cold beef, potatoes boiled in their jackets in sea water, pickles, bread, butter and jam. If it was hot an awning was set up over the cockpit. After lunch Grandfather went down to one of the two bunks in the cabin for a nap, and most of the others rowed ashore for a walk on the beach, or in summer, a swim. In those days there would be no more than 7 or 8 yachts anchored in the bay. Now there are dozens. We went to other sheltered anchorages in various weather conditions, but whatever the weather they always went out. In those days winter sailing was unusual. We usually returned to the moorings in Careening Cove about 5 pm. After the dinghy was put away Dad walked back to "Stratheam" with his father and then home. I don't think that he ever got home much before 7 pm. I can only remember one occasion on which Mother came out on the yacht. From a very young age, before I can remember, I often went out with Dad.
On Sundays Mother usually went to the little Presbyterian Church in Yeo Street - about a mile walk uphill from Phillips Street. She had been brought up a Methodist but because of Dad's family she became a Presbyterian. My grandfather used to attend the evening service at St. Peter's Presbyterian Church which should be familiar to my sons as it is at the foot of the hill leading to "Shore School". Mother gradually made women friends and she was always a very keen bridge player, but her early days must have been very lonely and difficult. I gather that Dad was poorly paid and money was always a problem. I remember hard feelings when the monthly accounts arrived from departmental stores where they had accounts. I know that over the years Mother sold many gold or silver items which had been part of her dowry. Mrs. Mackie, as far as I can remember, made quite a few friends amongst the Scottish community. Netta (Aunt J intie) was widowed whilst Mrs. Mackie was in Australia, and when I was nine she returned to Scotland, and I never saw her again. She survived the war despite the house in which she was living receiving a direct hit in a bombing raid on the Clyde, and was I think about 90 when she died. Throughout all those years she and Mother wrote to each other every week. Before the days of airmail letters from the UK took 6 weeks to be delivered here. She also sent, each week, a copy of the "Glasgow Bulletin", and to me, each month, during my boyhood a copy of the "Meccano Magazine". Granny knitted superbly and until the war she sent me beautifully hand-knitted woolen socks.
Marion went first to a local private kindergarten school called "Alwyn". She then think, had a couple of years at Neutral Bay Public School and then went to "Wenona" in North Sydney, a private girls school still flourishing.

At the age of 5 I was sent to Neutral Bay Public School. It is now more than 100 years old and externally has not changed in appearance. It was co-educational. Every morning the whole school lined up in classes on the asphalt playground. There the Australian flag was raised and we all recited words which, to the best of my recollection, went as follows - "I love my God, I honour my King, and I salute my flag". We then all saluted, and marched away to our classrooms. Australia was at that time an almost wholly monocultural society, the majority being of English, Irish or Scottish origin. There were a few Italians and Greeks and a very small number of Chinese. The "White Australia Policy" was strictly enforced by both sides of politics and was also an official Trade Union policy.

I attended Neutral Bay Public School until I was 11. Neutral Bay was then mainly an industrial and artisan suburb. There were gas works where the naval submarine base was until recently situated, the Manly Ferry Company's depot on the western shore of Kurraba Point, boat building yards on both shores of Neutral Bay, and timber yards in Careening Cove. There was a large tram depot in Military Road, and such things as a blacksmith's forge where horses were shod with horseshoes made on the premises in Military Road. There were streets of small, poorly-built houses and those which remain today have been "gentrified" and bring extraordinary prices. For these reasons almost all of the children at Neutral Bay Public School were from working class families, most of them very poor. Few of the boys wore shoes and I was considered a bit unusual because I did, even though they were usually sand shoes which were very much cheaper than leather.

Classes were very large. I think that the average class would have been about 40. Discipline was strict and the cane went all day. We were caned only on the hand. If you got a sum wrong you got the cane, an incorrect spelling, the cane, talking in class, the cane, looking out of the window, the cane. There was an iniquitous system if the teacher went out of the classroom she or he would call for a favorite pupil to stand at the blackboard on which would be two headings - "good" and "bad". Naturally friends were always good and any one disliked, bad. The bad were of course caned when the teacher returned. The standard of teaching was mostly very poor most subjects being learned by rote. There were no sporting facilities and there was no organized sport.

There was a daily roll call and truantism was severely punished. Absence had to be explained by a note from a parent, and if no note, the Truant Inspector would visit the truant's home. Repeated offenders with bad conduct records were sent to a Reformatory at Mittagong. Being sent to Mittagong was greatly feared.
The last year of the Infants School culminated in a Public Examination known as the QC (or Qualifying Certificate). The result of this exam resulted in the receipt of a "Permit to Enrol" in a particular High School. There were two types of High Schools - Intermediate High Schools which offered a further 3 years education culminating in the Intermediate Certificate, and High Schools which offered a further 5 years culminating in the Leaving Certificate, which could, if the pass was of sufficient merit, lead to Matriculation enabling entrance to Sydney University. The subjects passed indicated the Faculty which could be entered. For example, a pass in Latin was essential to enter the Law Faculty, and at least one pass in a Science subject for Medicine, and Mathematics for Engineering. The school leaving age was 14 and a majority of children left school at that age - many without the Intermediate Certificate. I did not do particularly well in the QC and I received a permit to attend only the Intermediate High at North Sydney, immediately opposite the railway station. If I had a better pass I could have attended North Sydney Boys High which had an excellent reputation, as it still does. State education was strictly regional although there were some schools such as Fort Street and Sydney High for particularly gifted boys. Dad had intended that I should go to Sydney Grammar, but at the last moment, just before I was to start at North Sydney Intermediate High, he changed his mind, and sent me to Sydney Church of England Grammar Preparatory School (Shore Prep.) I was certainly not sorry to leave Neutral Bay School, and I cannot remember making a single friend there.

Shore Prep was when I went there only about 4 years old. It was situated in an old house called "Upton Grange" which was next door to the main school. The old house accommodated the boarders and was also home to the Headmaster, Mr. R.G.H.Walmsley. There were only 3 classes all in new classrooms. There were never more than 21 in a class.

It was a new world to me. We all wore the uniform still in use to-day. We were ahead of the main school in this because it did not adopt uniform except for straw boaters, until a couple of years later. The boys were friendly, and they spoke differently. We were always addressed by our surname. The teaching was very different to that I had experienced, and that, in addition to my being young for the main school was why I was sent to the Prep. Latin was compulsory, and as we were a church school also was Divinity taught by one of the School Chaplains. We went to a short service in the School Chapel every morning. The teaching was individual and very good indeed. Sport was compulsory, Cricket in Summer and Rugby Union in Winter. The better teams played in a competition against other prep schools. Although I did moderately well scholastically in Form 2B it was considered that because I was still young further grounding in Latin and English would be good for me. Therefore I spent the next year in Form 2A under the Prep School Headmaster, Mr. Walmsley, who was an Oxford MA and a wonderful teacher. He was a tall, very thin man, and went by the nickname of "Bones" Walmsley. I made good friends in the Prep, mostly now gone. We were all of the age which suffered the most in World War 2. I did well in 2A and was placed in 3A when I went to the Main School. My two years in the Prep were the happiest days of my school life. I did not shine at sport as my bad eye/hand co-ordination, and slow running made me a very bad cricketer. Similarly my slowness, small size and lack of aggression made me useless at football.
The Main School was in many ways different from the Prep. Discipline was strict, but mostly fair. There was a punishment system under the control of the Form Masters known as "Thirties". Two thirties was a warning, three thirties resulted in a punishment drill after school on Friday afternoons. The drill was conducted by the school Sergeant-major, Sgt. Major Davidson, late Scots Guards. He had the nickname of "Onkus". Four thirties resulted in a Saturday morning detention. Every Friday afternoon, the Headmaster Mr. L.C. Robson, came round to every classroom and dispensed pink cards for good work during the week, and white cards for Saturday morning detentions. These white cards set out the work the offender had to do on the Saturday, and he could not go home until he had completed it. Also these cards had to be signed by a parent so that they knew that their son was being punished and had not just gone off for Saturday sport! The Harbor Bridge was at a most interesting stage of construction, and I had an excellent view of the work from my window in Form 3A. Every time I was caught paying more attention to the construction than the lesson I got 2 Thirties. Dad was never pleased to sign a white card, and always said so. The cane was also used, but much less than at Neutral Bay. The offender had to bend over and the cane was applied to the buttocks. Form Masters had limited power to use it. If there was a particularly outrageous breach of discipline the offender would be sent to get a cane and the "Punishment Book" from the Sgt Major and the caning - usually six hard strokes - was applied in front of the class.

We had a mid-morning break between lessons. This took the form of the whole school assembling in the school quadrangle for an address, usually recounting our collective sins, by the Headmaster, who stood on top of a flight of steps leading to the School Library. At the conclusion of his address he would read out the names of some boys who would be ordered to report to the Sgt. Major at the conclusion of the parade. Their misdemeanors were read out to the Headmaster who then personally gave each of them "Six of the best". I think that he was a sadist at heart and enjoyed this daily task!

All the masters wore black academic gowns, and on special occasions, if they were University Graduates, hoods and mortar boards. I disliked L.C. Robson, the Headmaster, although he was regarded as the leading GPS headmaster in NSW at the time. (He was recommended for a knighthood, but died before it could be awarded.) He was then in his thirties. He had won the Military Cross in World War 1. He was famous as a rowing coach and the school did very well at regattas. Rowers were greatly favored by him, as were all those who showed considerable sporting ability.

In my fairly brief time at the school I liked most of the masters. Looking back I think that they were poorly paid and apparently had no superannuation as several continued to teach at lesser schools after their retirement from Shore. In addition to their classroom duties all the masters had to act as coaches of the sporting teams. Some of those coaching the senior teams were very good, but naturally the lower teams got the poorer coaches. The school sports fields were, and still are, at Northbridge, except for a few cricket practice nets at the school. To get there we took a twenty minute tram ride. Sport was held after school, I think for the lower teams twice a week. Cricket was compulsory as was football unless excused by a
doctor's certificate. Saturday matches against other schools were optional. School finished at 3 PM, but on the days I went to Northbridge I seldom got home before 6 PM. The other sports available were tennis, athletics and rifle shooting.

There were 4 forms in each year - A.B. & C. These all taught a classical curriculum with Latin as a compulsory subject. In each year there was also a class called "Mods" - meaning modern. The curriculum this class included bookkeeping and wool-classing (for an extra fee) and was supposed to cater for the dullest boys and the sons of graziers. Each class (Classes were known as "Forms") had a Form Master, but certain subjects were taught by masters specializing in the subject. For example the Form Master might teach English but not Mathematics. Each master set home-work which had to be produced at the next lesson. Failure to complete homework was punished unless there was a good reason such as illness.

I did quite well and the next year I was still in an A form. In that year the curriculum changed. Geography was no longer an available subject, much to my sorrow, as it was about the only subject in which I often came top. However we started both Physics and Chemistry, which I enjoyed. Mother was keen that I should continue with French which was taught by "Madam" Mackie, the only female teacher at the school, I also took German that year. Latin continued to be compulsory. My Mathematics continued to be very weak, and although I did quite well in other subjects, this weakness caused me to be demoted to a B form the next year. School Cadet training (which was compulsory) started that year. It was held after school hours and I found that I quite enjoyed it.

Marion and I always walked to school, except on the days when I had to go to Northbridge. It was quite a long walk with quite heavy school cases, but Dad thought that it was good for us even though it was quite a long walk even though the tram fare was only one penny.

My Form Master in Upper 4 B was a Mr. P.H. Eldershaw. He was noted for taking a particular dislike on one or two boys in his class, and I was one of those chosen. At the end of first term I got a very bad report. Dad took it very much to heart. He had set his mind on either Marion or me doing Medicine, and this report made it quite obvious that it would not be me! He therefore made the extraordinary decision that I should leave school immediately!

One Saturday morning Dad took me to see the Secretary of the Perpetual Trustee Co, Ltd. in Hunter Street, I was offered me a position as a messenger boy in the Postage Department. I was then 15 years of age, and had not even passed my Intermediate Certificate. In other words I was only very minimally educated. I was able to read, write and spell, but not much more. I started work at the Perpetual Trustee in July 1934.I had the additional humiliation of having to go back to my old classroom in the middle of a lesson, and to the great satisfaction of Mr. Eldershaw, clean out my locker. Most of the class thought, and the survivors still think, that I had been expelled. Much as I loved my father, I still cannot understand why, with his leisured education, his reason for denying me one. As is not unusual in puberty, I was rather a dreamy little boy. My lack of education has been a very great handicap to me all my life. I still feel that had I been allowed to continue I could
have done reasonably well. As a result Marion sat twice for the Leaving Certificate and went on to study Medicine at Sydney University. She repeated first year, and married David Wood at the end of her second year.
HOME LIFE

Although we had very little money, we had a happy home life. Mother, with her wit and charm, created a very happy atmosphere. She was a wonderful housewife. The house was always immaculate, and she seemed to be able to turn her hand to anything. She set very high standards of behavior and dress. We always said grace before meals and prayers before bedtime.

These were at first the days before radio, and I can remember Dad making a crystal set when I was a small boy. This only had headphones and mostly seemed to emit squeals. Dad then made better sets until we had one with a loudspeaker. At first there were only two stations - 2FC (Farmer & Co) and 2 BL - (Broadcasters Ltd). Most home entertainment consisted of reading aloud, or playing or singing at the piano. The songs in the “Scottish Students Songbook” which we still have, were very popular. Party games such as guessing games, board games, and charades were also very popular. Lending libraries were then privately run. I think that Mosman had one of the first municipally owned libraries. When we went to "Strathearn" Auntie Bessie sometimes played their grand piano. She had studied music in Dresden before the World War 1. My grandfather sang Scottish songs. He had a pleasant baritone voice.

We always went away for an annual holiday. The first I can remember was at a boarding house at the top of the steep hill leading to Jenolan Caves. Dad bought a car in 1926. It was a Nash tourer. It had a fixed roof and open sides on which we could put side curtains in wet weather. It was considered very advanced because it had "Balloon tyres" instead of the high pressure tyres then in use which were very subject to punctures and blowouts. It also had "Duco" paint work instead of the paint and varnish previously used. It had a six cylinder engine. I remember also that in those days before car stealing, it had no ignition lock. Only a switch to turn. It also had the wonderful invention of a self-starter!

Once we had a car we of course used it to go on our holidays. The first I remember was at Kurrajong Heights. Then, for some years we went to the Royal Hotel at Bundanoon, just opposite the railway Station. This was quite a journey - 100 miles over mostly unsealed roads. Mother and Dad joined up with friends and played golf at a local course. Marion and I were taught to ride horses at the nearby "Livery Stables" where hacks could be hired by the hour. We had some very happy times there. In 1928 we went as far afield as Canberra which was very newly established. The first Parliament was opened only in 1927. It was mostly paddocks with a few office buildings and the beginning of suburbs. We stayed at the Hotel Kurrajong. I think that it and the Hotel Canberra were then the only hotels. The sale of alcoholic liquor was at that time prohibited in the ACT and I can still remember the 5 pm procession of cars over the border to Queanbeyan in New South Wales before the pubs closed!

I also have memories of a holiday at the Hotel Kosciusko (it was burnt down many years ago). We drove first to Canberra, where we spent a night. The next day we
drove via Cooma to the Hotel. The road was unsealed and very rough in parts. It was a long day's drive. The hotel, which was owned and operated by the NSW Government Tourist Bureau, was very comfortable. It was 2 stories, with the public rooms on the ground floor, and bedrooms upstairs. The rooms were comfortable, but this was before the days of en suite bathrooms, and toilets and bathrooms, separately for each sex, were shared between a number of rooms. Mother was fascinated with the alpine scenery which in many ways reminded her of Scotland. There was a fairly rough 9 hole golf course which Dad enjoyed. We drove by the very rough road to the Summit, which was a great thrill for all of us. The only accommodation on the mountain apart from the hotel, was the Chalet at Charlotte Pass which was open only in winter, and some rough accommodation in huts at Betts Camp. It was Summer but there were still some snowdrifts. The sight and feel of them was a great thrill to Marion and me. There were also alpine and everlasting flowers in profusion. The Hotel Kosciousko became my parent's favorite holiday destination, and I remember driving them down there just before I went away to the War.

Marion and I spent quite a lot of holiday time at "Stratheam", where we were spoiled by our grandparents and Auntie Bessie. Marion, in particular had a wonderful time. She slept in the room next to Auntie Bessie, got up late, and we were both allowed to eat whatever we chose. We were always taken to the Easter Show, and to the Highland Gathering on New Years Day.

In 1933 things changed badly. Cockatoo Dockyard had suffered greatly in the Depression, and the Commonwealth Government transferred the lease of the Island and the whole business to a subsidiary of Davis Gelatine Ltd, called Cockatoo Docks & Engineering Co. Pty. Ltd. The Chairman of Davis Gelatine, Sir George Davis, became Chairman, and another Davis Gelatine executive, Mr. Norman Fraser, Managing Director. Mr Fraser came to live on the island, as did all the other senior executives except Dad, because Mother rightly refused to live in a very inferior house in the middle of a shipyard. She was the daughter of a shipbuilder and knew enough about ship yards to know that she did not want to live in one. I was disappointed as I thought that it would be fun to live on an island! The new Company made drastic changes. There were large reductions in the staff, and those remaining, including Dad, had to take large salary cuts.

Dad's mother died in 1931 at the age of 84. She was a sad old lady, and I don't think that in her long life she ever really got over the tragedy of her early married life when she lost, in such a short time, 3 little boys. It also had a lasting effect on Auntie Bessie, because she was in age between Ernest and Maxwell. Pappa was probably as deeply affected but he was a man who seldom showed his feelings. For the rest of his life he kept photos of his boys in a locket on his watch chain. Grannie had, I think, helped Dad financially from time to time. She was quite well off, and had beautiful jewelry given to her by Pappa. Dad had expected that he would share equally in her estate but the largest share went to Auntie, which he resented for the rest of his life. He and his sister had never got on very well and this made their relationship worse.
One affect of the Depression was that Dad sold the car. The proceeds bought our first refrigerator, a Frigidaire. Strangely, through all of this period yachting went on every week-end, Pappa going out until shortly before his death in 1934 at the age of 90. He was a very well known yachtsman and Rear, and then Vice Commodore of the Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club. Dad joined the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron very soon after his return to Australia. He was also a member of the Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club, and followed his father as Rear and Vice Commodore. He was also a Foundation Member of the Royal Prince Edward Yacht Club, and a long serving member of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club. He was the Honorary Official Measurer of all the yacht clubs in Sydney and a recognized expert on the design rules for one design and restricted classes. He was also for many years the Chairman of the Election Committee of the RSYS and for all his services to the Squadron he was made a Life Member.

During the 1920's The RSYS created Lady Associate Members and Mother was an original member, and a member of the Associate's Committee until her death. Junior Members were created in 1935 and I was in the first batch elected. For this reason, I, and two others are at the moment jointly the longest-serving members of the Squadron. It has therefore been very much a part of my life. Diana and I had both our wedding reception and our Golden Wedding celebrations there, and Ann had her Wedding Reception.

Mother greatly enjoyed the Squadron. She was a very keen bridge player, and this seemed to me to be the main activity of the Associates. Nowadays they are all Full Members and many are active sailors and race officials. Mother played bridge with other friends also including a group of French ladies who played in French which enabled her to keep up her fluency in that language.

As I have already mentioned, Dad's father (Pappa) died in 1934 at the age of 90. I was 15 when he died and I remember him well. He was a well known citizen as an Actuary, Treasurer of the Australian & New Zealand Society for the Advancement of Science, and, for 50 years, Treasurer of the Presbyterian Church in NSW. He was also a well known yachtsman. He was greatly respected by all who knew him. He was 6 feet tall, well built and had a full white and curly beard. This was conspicuous towards the end of his life, as by then, beards had gone out of fashion. He was always very nice to me, but as a brilliant mathematician he could never understand my mathematical inability. "Strathearn" was left to Aunt Bessie, and Dad got yacht and the house in Phillips St. Pappa was quite well off financially, and I think that Dad's inheritance made a great difference. However he was always very careful with money, as he had no superannuation when he retired.

In 1936 Dad was invited to become a member of the British Delegation to a World Conference of Naval Architects in New York. He was granted twelve months leave (I think) from Cockatoo, and he decided to take Mother and Marion to Scotland to stay with Grannie Mackie and to see other other relatives. His Managing Director Mr. Fraser, was also in England, and Dad met him and they did some business trips together. He went by sea to New York for the Conference and stayed at the Waldorf Astoria, then reputed to be the leading hotel in New York. He returned to England on the return maiden voyage of the "Queen Mary". I was left behind and lived with
Auntie Bessie, because I had a job, even though I am sure that I would have been granted unpaid leave if I had applied. Auntie Bessie was very kind, but I felt terribly left out. The family went both to and from the UK by sea via the Suez Canal. Mother enjoyed seeing her mother again after so many years. Marion met our cousins for the first time, and some interesting male company both in Scotland and during the voyages. Mother was very glad to return to Sydney with its wonderful climate.

Mother had always disliked the little house in Phillips Street, and at one stage there were possibilities of building a house on a vacant block on the waterfront of Careening Cove. However this did not proceed. In 1938 Dad, with apparently very little support from Mother, bought a house in Bennett Street Cremorne, which they named "Craigievar". Although it was quite an imposing house with a panoramic view of the harbour and with a frontage also on Bertha Road, Mother really did not like it as it was internally laid out in a very inconvenient manner, with the kitchen as far as possible from the dining room. It had a formal lounge room, a large paneled sitting room, with a wonderful view, 3 bedrooms with a large bathroom opening into the main bedroom, and a maid's bedroom and small bathroom opening into the kitchen. Dad was very proud of this house. It had quite a large garden, but mostly in steep terraces and very unsuitable for Mother with her bad heart. Also about that time Dad bought a V8 Buick car. It was a beautiful car, a sedan, deep red in colour. He owned it for many years.

**EARLY WORKING YEARS**

I believe that I was offered the job with the Perpetual Trustee because they had administered the estates of my grandparents. The office was where it is to-day at 33/39 Hunter Street. It has 7 floors and a basement. When I started it was the second tallest building in Hunter Street. I think that 2 or 3 floors were at that time let to tenants.

My salary was to be 60 pounds ( $120) per annum for the first year, 80 pounds, ($160) for the second year, and 100 pounds ($200 ) for the third. Salaries were paid twice per month which meant that at times there was a 3 week period between pay days which could make life very difficult. When I started Dad decided that I should pay Mother 10 shillings ( $1 ) per week as "rent". He thought that the financial discipline would be good for me. Overtime worked was not paid, but if more than 2 hours overtime was worked 2 shillings ($4) was given as "tea money". Working hours were 9 to 5 on week days and 9 to 12 on Saturdays. The boys in the Postage Department started at 8.30 to pick up the mail.

On my first day I was appointed to the Postage Department. The Department Head was a Miss Wood. There were 4 typists and I think 4 messenger boys. The envelopes for all outgoing mail were typed in this Department. Then they were weighed and put through a "Franking Machine" which endorsed the required amount of postage on each letter. The letters were then put in bags and taken by one of the boys to the GPO in Martin Place where they were posted in the
appropriate box. Mail to Europe then took six weeks and one day each week was "English mail day". At about 8.30 each morning 2 of the boys went to collect the Company's mail from its private box at the GPO. The bags of mail were taken to a room on the top floor where the letters were opened by senior officers and the boys then entered in handwriting in large bound books, the name of the sender of each letter, and the subject to which it referred. The letters were then sorted into piles for the recipients in the Company and delivered to them by the boys.

There were numerous departments in the Company. Some, known as the "Probate Departments", dealt directly with the Company's clients in the administration of Deceased Estates and Agencies. There were also departments for the keeping of ledgers, the collection of rents, and administration of real estate, for the investment of funds, the collection of interest on mortgages, the payment of rates, and the initial administration of new business. Naturally each department had some communication with another and this was usually done in the form of typed memoranda. One floor of the company was occupied by dozens of typists. Letters were dictated on to "Dictaphones". These were voice recorders and the recordings were on wax cylinders. The typists also had dictaphones and headphones and by this means the outgoing letters were typed. There was also a large group of typists who did nothing but type copies of documents, as this was before the days when copying machines were in general use. Each boy in the Postage Department had to learn the location of every Department and the name of every person working in it. I think that there were at that time at least 250 on the staff. There was no form of mechanization except typewriters and dictaphones.

After the incoming mail had been dealt with some of the boys delivered the inter-office memos, and others delivered, by hand, all outgoing mail in the area between Circular Quay and (I think) Market Street and between Macquarie Street and York Street. This area contained most solicitors and accountants offices, insurance companies, most State Government offices and the Stock Exchange and Stockbrokers offices. It cost less to have mail hand delivered and it was quicker. I very quickly obtained a very good knowledge of the business district and the location of various offices. I was on my feet all day, and not surprisingly, was pretty tired when I got home at night. Despite my having left school, Dad insisted that I sit for my "Intermediate Certificate" a public examination conducted by the Department of Education and taken at the end of third year. It was possible to take it as a "Private Study" student, and this is what I did. With the work I was doing by day, I was hardly in the mood to do much work at night. I went to a coaching college in the city 2 nights each week. In the examination, much to Dad's disgust, I got a minimum pass - 4 B's. Despite this Dad wanted me to continue at night school and eventually get a matriculation, and perhaps eventually take legal examinations.

Most boys spent at least 6 months in the Postage Department and were then moved to another Department, the length of time in the Postage Department depending on vacancies in others. When I first started I was instructed in my duties by a lad about to be moved to another department. I think that I spent a little over 6 months in the Postage Department. I was then moved to the Probate Department in a section controlled by a Trust officer. He had an Assistant Trust officer under him and I think 6 clerks of whom, I was of course, the junior. My duties were to file all
letters and memos, to deliver documents to government departments, and to do simple clerical tasks. I found the work boring and uninspiring and I was very inefficient. I was really too young and I really should have finished my schooling in the usual way. All of my long life I have suffered from the lack of basic education.

After about 2 years in this department I was transferred to the Ledger Department which really was the end of the line for me. There were about 70 clerks working at high desks in one large room. On each desk were 2 very large ledgers in which all entries were made by hand, Each month statements of each account in the ledgers were written out by hand in "Copying Ink" these statements were then put into a press which produced copies on special thin paper in purple ink. One could work on the ledgers standing up or sitting on a high stool. Every month each ledger had to be "balanced" and this work had to be done in overtime. There were no adding machines and I perforce had to learn to add quickly and accurately.

I made some friends while I was at the Perpetual which helped to make life pleasant. When I could afford it I had lunch at the Schools Club (a club for GPS old boys) in Jamieson Street which ran parallel to Pitt Street, but which no longer exists. After lunch, which cost less than 2 shillings I often played a game of snooker. Quite a number of the staff were members of the "Militia" now called the Army Reserve. On Saturday mornings, if they had training, they came to work in uniform. I was persuaded by a friend, Gordon Steege, (who subsequently became a most distinguished and highly decorated Air Vice Marshal), to join up as a militia cadet in a Signals unit in Carlow Street North Sydney. This was when I was living with Auntie Bessie, and It was very convenient. I found that I greatly enjoyed the training and the companionship, and I became a very keen amateur soldier.

I was entitled to 2 weeks annual leave. This had to be taken at the anniversary of my engagement, which was July, therefore my holidays were always in mid winter. For the first two I stayed at a boarding house in Bowral called "Annerley" which was run by a Mr. & Mrs. Fitzhardinge. They had a son at Shore who subsequently served as a Sergeant in the 2/15 Field Regiment AIF in which I was an officer. It was cheap and there were horses which I could hire very cheaply to ride. Everything had to be cheap as I had very little money. I then discovered that in July I could for a very modest sum get a 10 day excursion to Kosciusko. The charge included train fare to and from Cooma, in a night train in a second class sleeper, bus from Cooma to the Hotel and return, accommodation at the Hotel, and the hire of skis. The first year there was a good cover of snow right round the Hotel. Ski instruction was included in the package, and the object of the early lessons was to pass the "Preliminary Ski Test", without which one was not permitted to ski beyond the controlled vicinity of the Hotel, or to stay at the Chalet. In fact, the only way to get to the Chalet in mid winter was to ski there! Supplies were taken in by a tractor drawn sledge.

The second time I went to Kosciusko I stayed for a night at Betts Camp, and from there with 2 much more experienced skiers we skied all the way to the Summit and back to the hotel in the one day, finishing in the moonlight. It was a wonderful trip in perfect weather and I still remember it. Most unfortunately I have never skied since then.
I was really very unhappy at the Perpetual Trustee, and as a consequence, a very poor clerk. I also found it difficult to get any interest in my night school work. In fact I was going nowhere. I enjoyed the week-ends, racing on "Athene " with Dad. I was a good hand, and I supplied some of my friends from the office as crew. In addition I was very keen on the Militia, and given the chance, I would have liked to have become a regular soldier. That was not possible in Australia as we had only a tiny regular army and entrance to "Duntroon" which provided a 4 year course for the training of officers for the Australian Staff Corps required a very high standard.

I found that the only so-called "profession " which did not require a Matriculation or a Leaving Certificate , was Accountancy. There were then 4 Accountancy Institutes. Three of these concentrated on the training of accountants for commerce, and one - The Institute of Chartered Accountants in Australia was for the qualification of professional accountants. It was only possible to sit for the examinations of the Institution of Chartered Accountants if one was working in a Chartered Accountant's office. It was necessary, if one did not have the Matriculation or the Leaving Certificate to pass a Preliminary Examination in Maths and English before being allowed to sit for the other examinations. Whilst I was still at the Perpetual I successfully passed the Preliminary examination of the Commonwealth Institution of Accountants, which was the leading body catering for accountants in commerce.

By great good fortune, I met at a party, Erica Way, the daughter of Frank Way, a Senior Partner in a prominent firm of Chartered Accountants known as H.B.Allard,Way& Hardie. Through her I found that this firm was engaging articulated clerks. Although I was 20 I applied for a position and to my delight I was accepted. I commenced work there on 6 February 1939 . As an articulated clerk the pay was terrible - one pound per week ! The firm's offices were in 7 Wynyard Street, the side entrance to the Bank of New South Wales building which had its front door in George Street at the end of Martin Place. Little did I think when I resigned from the Perpetual that in time to come I would be a Director and Chairman of their principal opposition, the Permanent Trustee Co. Ltd. for 25 years!

H.B.Allard Way & Hardie, was, for its time, one of Sydney's leading firms. There were 6 Partners - Mr. H.B.Allard, Mr Way, Mr Hardie, Mr Gordon Allard, Mr Miles Carrick and Mr John Duff. There were about 30 on the staff. I was articled to Mr. Gordon Allard. The articles provided that he would teach me the Art, and Science of Accountancy, and I would pay proper attention to my studies. Mr Hardie , a Scotsman, was a prominent yachtsman and subsequently became Commodore of the RSYS. He and Dad knew each other well, but without much liking for each other. However this in no way affected me.

Gordon Allard was also a yachtsman. He was a bachelor and rumor had it that he liked a drink! The firm had an annual football match against another large firm - Smith Johnson & Co. The match was held at Sydney Cricket Ground. It was followed by a dinner at the Hotel Metropole which stood in Bent Street exactly opposite where the Union Club now stands. Harry Vincent, who had been Senior Prefect at Shore and played first grade Rugby was our captain , and we had other very good players. I was the reserve for the team. At the dinner after the 1938 match Gordon Allard made a speech in which he said that he was finding it hard to find
time for both drinking and working! He subsequently committed suicide, I think during the war.

Despite the almost nominal pay, Allard, Way & Hardie opened a whole new world to me. After a position where most of my time was spent on matters relating to deceased estates, I entered a world of manufacturing and commerce where people actually made things or made them happen!

The staff were very carefully selected and in general, very good. The main business of the practice was the audit of the accounts of public and private companies, the preparation of taxation returns and the provision of taxation advice, and the keeping the account books and records of private clients.

I was appointed to the Audit Staff. In this staff we worked in pairs. I could not have been more fortunate in my first senior, Bill Bowie-Wilson, a most delightful man, who remained a good friend of mine until his death some years ago. He already had a BA degree from Sydney University and was completing his final accountancy examinations. On my first day Bill and I went to Camperdown to the offices of a firm called Gilbert & Barker which manufactured (and I think still do) all the petrol pumps made in Australia.

There were I think 4 audit staffs each of a Partner or a Senior and 6 others. My Senior was R.N.Cadwallader, who very soon after my joining the staff became a partner in the firm. Our portfolio of audits included the Prince Edward Theatre, (then the most luxurious movie theatre in Sydney) then in Castlereagh Street, but demolished some years ago. Bushells Tea in Harrington Street, Rheem Manufacturing Co, (which made and still makes all 44 gallon oil drums) at Waterloo, Warburton Franki, a large firm of electrical manufacturers, Mauri Brothers & Thomson, a large firm of importers of, among other things, cork, and the manufacturer of all the corks made in Australia, and other smaller companies. It meant that the work was always varied and it entailed quite a lot of travel to industrial areas, always by tram or train, as no one on the audit staff owned a car.

Soon after I joined the firm I sat for the Preliminary examination of the Chartered Institute which was compulsory for all, and passed it without difficulty. The Institute's examination syllabus included an intermediate Examination in Accounts and in Auditing, and Final examinations in law - Contracts, Income tax, Bankruptcy, Company and Secretarial, Banking and Foreign Exchange and the Ethics of the Profession. There was a Final Accounts Examination consisting of 3, 4 hour papers and a 4 hour Final Auditing examination. It was not permitted to sit for any Intermediate examination until one had completed 2 years service, and commencement of the finals could not be made until the completion of 3 years. The course was designed to extend over 5 years and to produce professional accountants with practical as well as theoretical knowledge. Having passed my Preliminary, I had to complete 2 years service before I could sit for the Intermediate. There were several Accountancy Colleges in Sydney, some of whom offered night courses. I enrolled with the Australian Accountancy College because the night course was actually operated as an additional adjunct of a firm of practicing Chartered Accountants.
I was still a keen Militia soldier. In 1937 I had transferred from a Signal Unit which had its Headquarters at the Engineers Depot at Paddington to a Field Artillery Unit, 7 Field Brigade, at Willoughby. I enjoyed artillery work much more than signals. I was transferred with the rank of Bombardier (Corporal in other units) and in 1938 I was promoted to Sergeant. Because of the Munich Crisis a recruiting drive was made throughout the Commonwealth. It was an appeal to patriotism because the pay was minuscule. We were paid for only 6 days home training per year although we did a great deal more, and for a 6 day annual camp. We were given tram tickets to and from the Depot which was in Warrane Road Willoughby, Sydney at that time had a very far reaching and very good and reliable tram service. Very few of us had cars and the use of trams for quite long journeys was normal. Buses were only just starting to appear in numbers.

Despite the grim international situation caused by the rise of Hitler and his occupation of the Rhineland and Checoslovakia, I had an enjoyable year in 1938. Ballroom dancing was very popular. I had previously attended dancing classes. In addition to big balls held in ballrooms such as the "Trocadero", in George Street, which could accommodate hundreds of dancers with a first class orchestra, there were all kinds of smaller dances held in local halls, and quite often in large private homes. These were very formal affairs. The young men wore what is now known as "tuxedos" or tail coats with white ties and waistcoats. The girls wore ball gowns. The large companies held staff balls, and there were large balls such as the "Black & White" to raise money for charity. In my experience these events were very well conducted, and because of the strict liquor laws then in force, drunken behavior was rare. For those who could afford it, there were also night clubs, the best known being "Princes" in Martin Place, and "Romanos" nearby in Castlereagh Street. The RSYS also held balls for younger members and there were also a lot of private parties.

I also had a good deal of sport, sailing in the summer. Dad had modernized the old "Athene's" rig with a very tall mast and a Bermuda rig. This greatly improved her performance, and she sailed very well indeed and we raced very successful. We had some most enjoyable Sundays with friends. Each Easter we used to sail to Pittwater and camp on the yacht. It had a tent which covered the cockpit and this meant that we could sleep 4 people. The only sanitation was a bucket, and cooking was done on a kerosene "Primus" stove. We always also visited Refuge Bay, and showered under the waterfall. I always enjoyed these camps.

In Winter I played hockey in a team of members of my Militia Unit - 7 Field Brigade. It composed both officers and other ranks. We practiced on Chatswood Oval one night each week. We were not very good but competed in a North Shore competition. Men's hockey was a very popular sport then. I was not much good, but I enjoyed it.

The 7 Field Brigade, Royal Australian Artillery, to give it its full name, consisted of 3 Batteries of 18 pounder field guns, and a Battery of 4.5 inch howitzers. Each battery
was of 4 guns and commanded by a Major or a Captain. The Brigade was commanded by a Lieut-Colonel. I will not here attempt to describe the difference between a gun and a howitzer, suffice to say that they were different. In addition to the Battery Commander each Battery had 2 Lieutenants and a Sgt-Major. Each gun was commanded by a Sergeant and on Battery HQ there were surveyors and signalers. The Unit when I joined it was still horse drawn. Each gun was pulled by a team of 6 horses - "postilion" driven. That is to say that the horses were in pairs with a rider on each left hand horse. The gunners rode on the ammunition limbers to which each gun was attached. Almost everyone else had to ride individual horses.

There was a riding school known as a "Menage" in the grounds of the Depot at Willoughby, and stables for about 50 horses. Everyone except the gunners had to have riding lessons. The first annual camp I attended with 7 Field Brigade was held at Nelson Bay at Port Stephens. The country was then so free of houses that we practiced shooting with live ammunition from the beach at Fingal Bay! I was at that time the NCO in charge of the Battery's signalers, and mounted on a very difficult horse. Horses meant a great deal of work as they all had to be regularly fed, watered and groomed. We were therefore delighted when, at the beginning of 1939, the Unit was mechanized. To tow the guns we received some of the first 4 wheel drive vehicles to appear, although at first, only a few of them. I was more interested in the guns than signals, which was a dead end, and I transferred to the guns and learned the rudiments of gunnery. I sat for examinations and was promoted to Sergeant early in 1939.

As 1939 progressed the likelihood of a World War became increasingly certain, and the Militia received thousands of volunteers. They volunteered only for service within the Australian Commonwealth. Work in the office was unaffected. Dad gave me a 21st Birthday party in the Rowe Street club rooms of the Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club, of which he was then the Vice Commodore. Some of my male guests who were in infantry militia units could not come because they had already been called up to guard "vulnerable points" such as oil tanks and power stations. My birthday was 31st August, and Britain declared war on Germany on 2nd September 1939. I well remember the broadcast by our then Prime Minister, Robert Menzies, in which he said - "England has declared war on Germany, therefore Australia is now at war with Germany".

I was not affected until, I think, October when our Unit was called up for one month's training. We were really very ill equipped, particularly in transport, therefore all sorts of civilian vehicles were hired by the army for the duration of our training. We assembled at our Depot in Willoughby and drove to a tented camp at a place called Aberglasyn, near Maitland. We had a long column of vehicles including tractors towing guns and it was a very slow journey, particularly for the guns which had large wooden wheels with steel tyres. I was by then a Sergeant in charge of a 4.5 howitzer which had a crew of 6 men, including myself. I was very proud of myself, and we were all very keen. Unless a man was classified as being in a "Reserved Occupation" performing work essential to the war effort, employers had to grant Militia members leave for training - usually unpaid, although we were paid by the Army, not much - 5 shillings per day for a Gunner. We were really
shockingly badly equipped. Our guns were left over from World War 1 and the Howitzers were even older than the 18 pounders. They were all designed to be horse drawn and and wooden wheels about 2 metres in diameter and steel tyres. However they all worked and towards the end of the camp we had firing practice with live ammunition (also left over from World War 1) The only really new equipment we had were a few "Marmon Herrington " 4 wheel drive tractors. In this camp I learned to drive one of these. They had special gear boxes and could pull heavy loads over very rough country. In fact we carried out the first proper user trials on these machines. Communications equipment - field telephones, radio. etc was ancient. We also had signaling lamps, heliographs and flags. The only thing missing were carrier pigeons !

Whilst we were in camp the Second AIF was formed, This was a force of men who volunteered to serve wherever they might be sent. They were enlisted " For the duration of the war and up to one year thereafter". A division, the 6th Division, of about 20000 men was initially raised .Some of our officers, including my Battery Commander, Capt. Tom Hanson, immediately volunteered. He also worked at the Perpetual Trustee Co. but was a lot senior to me. He had a most distinguished military career,. He finished as a Brigadier with two Distinguished Service Orders. The DSO is a very high decoration . I would have liked to enlist then, but I let Dad and Mother talk me out of it. It was early days and a lot of the volunteers came from the ranks of the unemployed.

After the camp I went back to work but we had an increased program of home training, An additional Battery in 7 Field Brigade was raised and some officers rejoined from the Reserve of Officers and 6 Sergeants, including, to my very great surprise, myself, were promoted to Lieutenants on Probation. That meant that we wore only one pip. In retrospect I was promoted too soon as I really did not have sufficient artillery knowledge. Artillery was in its way quite scientific and required a very good knowledge of trigonometry and expertise in map reading. Soldering in the Artillery was much more than marching and field craft. In peacetime one was only promoted to commissioned rank after passing very comprehensive examinations. Also at this time all men born in 1918 were called up for compulsory training, and I received a letter telling me to report to a Drill Hall in Ernest Street North Sydney. There I was given a medical examination, passed as fit, and despite my protests that I was already serving, immediately enlisted by the Area Officer as a Private in an Infantry Battalion . Several other members of 7 Field Brigade were with me, and we all protested. It was a typical army administrative bungle which was eventually sorted out without affecting any of us. The main thing which came out of this experience was that none of us who had been born in 1918 could avoid some sort of military service unless classed as physically unfit, or as working in a reserved occupation. Those called up in this way were called "Universal Trainees", and some of those who did not volunteer for the AIF served in 7 Field Regiment, full time for years.

In February 1940 7 Field Brigade was called up for 3 months continuous training. This time we went to a newly erected hatted camp at Greta, in the Hunter Valley not far from Maitland, and Cessnnock. It was surrounded by coal mines and vineyards. I was by then a Lieutenant and I was posted to the newly raised 26 Field Battery,
commanded by Major F.B. Mac.Allister. I shared a large room with 4 other newly commissioned officers, including a very close friend, Dudley Walker, who subsequently was Best Man at our wedding.

The training was intense and we spent quite a lot of time on manoeuvres in the surrounding countryside. There were numerous other units in surrounding camps and in our last month we carried out a lot of combined training. It was a very hot and dry summer. Dust storms were frequent and we also were called out on a couple of occasions to fight brushfires. I found my duties very difficult mainly because my map reading left a lot to be desired, and I was slow with the trigonometrical calculations which I had to carry out. However, I enjoyed it all and learned a great deal.
Immediately after we came out of camp The Government announced the raising of two additional AIF Divisions - the 7th Division first and then the 8th. Division to be raised later, also a Corps HQ. with attached "Corps Troops" - units to be allocated as needed. Lieut-Colonel Ralph Daley who was the Commanding Officer of 7 field Brigade was given command of 2/6 Field Regiment in 7 Division. He was permitted to select his own officers, but I missed out on selection. I learned that a large number of my friends from 7 Field Brigade were going to volunteer to form the nucleus of a 12 Battery in the 2/6.I therefore rang Major Mac. Allister (who had been appointed Second-in-command of 2/6) and asked him if he would have any objection of I were to enlist as a Gunner. He said that I would be welcome as a member of the Advance Party for the formation of the Regiment and told me to present myself for enlistment on 13 May 1940.

On the morning 13 May I went to the Engineers Depot in Park Road, Paddington, just below Victoria Barracks. There I was given a medical examination, and passed fit. I then had my photograph taken (A print is in my army paybook, which I still have). I then had to take the oath of allegiance in which I volunteered to serve the King in the Australian Military Forces, in Australia or abroad, for the duration of the war and twelve months thereafter. Immediately after taking the oath and signing a form which set out my personal particulars and previous military experience, I was asked in which arm of the service I wished to serve. I was careful in this form to say that I was currently serving as an officer in 7 Field Brigade. (of which more later). I was then vaccinated against smallpox. I and a number of others joining the 2/6 Field Regiment were put on a bus and driven to Ingleburn Camp which is not far from Liverpool.

The 2nd AIF was organized on the same establishment as the British Army. A Corps was commanded by a Lieut.-General consisted of 2 or more Divisions, and a Division, commanded by a Major General consisted of 3 Brigades each commanded by a Brigadier. A Field Artillery Regiment was commanded by a Lieut.-Colonel and consisted of a HQ and 2 Batteries each commanded by a Major. Each Battery consisted of a HQ and 3 Troops, each Troop had 4 guns and was commanded by a Captain. I mention this establishment because I was an artilleryman. Different units had different establishments, but they all duplicated the British Army model. Similarly, our arms and equipment were British or of British design.

Ingleburn was a big establishment of wooden huts with mess halls, kitchens and ablation blocks. It had a canteen, and a small hospital. When I got there I was a member of one of the many formation parties preparing for the thousands of recruits who would in ten days start to arrive to form the various units. These were to include 2 Regiments of Field Artillery - 2/5 and 2/6 each of about 700 men, an Anti Aircraft Regiment 2/1 Medium Artillery Regiment, 2 Infantry Battalions - 2/13 and 2/17. the 7 Div Cavalry Regiment. The 7 Div Engineer Regiment and Supply units from the Army Service Corps. There were also 2 Field Ambulances from the
Medical Corps. It was a large organization and to make all the arrangements for the accommodation, feeding, clothing and general administration of such a number was quite an experience for all concerned.

When the first recruits arrived about 10 days after the advance party we were all suffering the effects of our vaccinations for smallpox - swollen arms and high temperatures. However with the daily arrival of hundreds of men we had no time to be sick. I was promoted to Sergeant the moment I reached Ingleburn, so I had quite a few responsibilities. The conditions were really quite rough and I do not think that recruits would put up with them to-day. There were 60 men to each hut. They slept on the floor on "paliasses" - hessian bags filled with straw. Each man was issued with 3 blankets, but no pillow. When the bedding was rolled out for the night there was no room between beds. As a Sergeant I had slightly roomier accommodation which I shared with my dear friend John Harrowell. There were communal showers with no hot water. Sanitary facilities comprised buckets at night for urine and the latrines themselves had no partitions between them, nor doors. The kitchens were primitive. Most food was boiled in what were known as "Soyer" stoves. All heat for cooking came from wood fires. Despite these primitive conditions I hardly ever heard a complaint. A lot of the men had come from very poor circumstances and from the ranks of the unemployed.

The pay when I enlisted was 5 shillings (50 cents) per day for Gunners or Privates, 7 shillings (70 cents) for Bombardiers - a rank used only in the Artillery, everywhere else it was "Corporal", and 10 shillings ($1) per day for Sergeants. There was no inflation in those days, and we were all clothed, housed (after a fashion) and fed. As a Sergeant I had never been so well off in my life! However married men had to make compulsory "Allotments" to their families and these allotments were deducted from their pay. This meant that a married Gunner or Private received only 2 shillings (20 cents) per day. Until the army financial administration got itself organized the payment of the family allotments was often delayed leaving some families in real want.

When we first reached Ingleburn we were issued with working clothes consisting of khaki drill trousers and a short jacket which fitted where it touched us. We called them "Giggle Suits". We had heavy brown leather hobnailed boots - so unbending as to take weeks to wear in, and khaki cloth hats. After a fairly short time we were issued with the familiar Australian Army uniform of a Norfolk Style jacket - pure wool, trousers, a navy blue jumper and a woolen overcoat. Also the traditional Australian "Diggers" hat. We were also issued with all sorts of other personal equipment - mess tins, tin mugs, hair, tooth and boot brushes, packs and kit bags. Every unit wore on each shoulder a distinguishing colour patch. All 7th. Division colour patches were diamond shaped, 8th. Division oval. 6th Division Oblong etc. AH artillery colour patches were red and blue, and each infantry unit had its own individual colour patch. Gradually we came to look like soldiers.

I was very happy and confident as a Sergeant. I was in charge of a gun in F Troop, 12 Bty. The guns were genuine antiques - 18 pounders of the type used in the first few months of World War 1! They had been modernized to the extent that they had pneumatic tyres. I suppose that they served their purpose for training. At first I did a
lot of work training as many as 6 gun detachments at one time in gun drill. I also lectured on elementary ballistics.

It was a healthy life. We had a parade and roll-call at dawn, followed by breakfast and then half an hour's PT. Each man's blankets and kit had to be set out in a particular fashion, and the huts had to be spotless. Each day a detachment was assigned to camp duties such as washing kitchen utensils, chopping wood, cleaning latrines etc. Also each night one Battery had to provide men for Guard Duty. Those not on these duties went for a march each morning increasing in distance each day. The result was a tremendous increase in the fitness of everyone. We were also inoculated against such things as Typhoid fever, Tetanus etc. We used to line up by the hundred for these injections and I was always amazed how many tough looking men fainted. The hypodermic needles were used again and again after disinfecting and some were terribly blunt.

German measles swept through the camp. At first the hut in which one case slept was quarantined, but quickly the entire camp. David Wood, who was then a Sergeant in 2/5 Field Regiment, was on leave for his wedding to Marion. I was supposed to be an usher at the wedding, but I also caught the disease and could not go. Later a lot of babies were born with various defects, including blindness, and their condition was traced to this epidemic of German Measles (Rubella). Under the crowded conditions of the army infection spreads like wildfire.

I was perfectly happy serving as a Sergeant, although I did miss some of the privileges of commissioned rank, such as better accommodation, messing etc. However one day I was paraded before our Commanding Officer Lt. Colonel Daley, and told that I had committed a court martial offence because I had not resigned my Militia Commission before I enlisted in the AIF. I asked the CO if he had the attestation form which I signed when I enlisted. He said that he had it in front of him. I then pointed out that in the form I had declared that I was serving office or in the Militia. It was quite apparent that my statement had not been read, and I heard no more about court martial offences.

In September 1940 we were told that all the units at Ingleburn were to be moved to a new camp at Glenmire, just out of Bathurst, and Ingleburn was to become militia camp. The infantry were to march the whole way, and the mechanized units, such as ours would drive up in our own vehicles. The two infantry battalions set off in fine style. The 2/13 Bn had a drum band, and the 2/17 a brass band. I would have liked to have marched with them. I cannot remember how long they took, but I do recall that they made very good time. Our convoy, with 24 guns and in all over 50 vehicles took up a great deal of road space. We took two days for the journey. We slept in the open the first night at Kingswood, then a tiny place in open country near the then little town of Penrith.

We were the first inhabitants of the new camp which was built on very similar lines to Ingleburn. When we got there we engaged on pre-embarkation training as the whole Division was to go to the Middle East. After I had been there for a couple of weeks I was called in by my Bty. Commander, Major Woodall, who told me that I had been selected to attend a "Junior Leaders" Course at Warwick Farm, and that
if I succeeded in the course I would again commissioned as an officer. I was pleased to get this opportunity because I knew that I had performed well as a Sergeant, but in any case in the army one is not given a choice, just an order!

I went by train to Warwick Farm, where the course was being held at the Racecourse. There were, I think, about 50 students. They consisted of some World War 1 officers being re-trained prior to being posted to Militia Units, AIF non-commissioned officers, and Militia NCO’s. We slept in the horse stalls, and they were full of fleas. We slept on low wooden platforms on which we laid our bedding. I found the instruction very good, and I did not find the work to be difficult. After I had completed 4 weeks of the course I was called by the Chief Instructor and told that my Unit - 2/6 Field Regiment was about to go on pre-embarkation leave prior to embarking for the Middle East. I was given the option of returning to the 2/6 in my present rank, or completing the course and re-joining the Regiment as a reinforcement. I was told that I was doing particularly well in the course and that on its completion I would almost certainly be promoted. I was strongly advised to continue the course. Rightly or wrongly, I decided to continue the course. It was a very difficult decision as I had so many friends in the 2/6.

Towards the end of the course a number of us were interviewed by Lieut. Colonel John O’Neill who had been 2/IC of 2/5 Field Regiment and was raising the a new Field Regiment, 2/15 Field Regiment. At the conclusion of the course in November 1940 there was a final parade. I found that I had been awarded a “Distinguished Pass”. We were then dismissed and told to report to our units. Most were sent to the Artillery Reinforcement Camp at Cowra. The names of 7 of us were not mentioned. We asked where we were supposed to go, and were told that they had forgotten to tell us that we had been selected as officers in the new 2/15 Field Regiment, and to report to the Regiment at Ingleburn.

The 2/15 Field Regiment was formed on 12 November 1940. The nucleus of the Formation Party comprising officers transferred from other AIF Units, moved to Ingleburn on 19 November 1940. The Regiment was originally formed as part of 1 Aust Corps, but Lieut - Colonel O’Neill persuaded the authorities to allow the Regiment to be part of 8 Aust. Division in place of 2/9 Field Regiment already formed for that purpose. It transpired to be a fateful change.

The 7 of us from the school at Warwick Farm reported to the CO at Ingleburn and also met the Adjutant, Capt. Lester Hellyer, who gave us a warm welcome. Although our commissions had not yet been gazetted we were allotted Officers Quarters - a room each to ourselves. The 2/15 comprised 29 and 30 Field Btys. I was posted to 30 Bty under Major Frank Ball. To my disappointment my past signals experience was known and I was posted as ACPO (Assistant Command Post Officer). The officer holding this posting is responsible for the training of the Bty signalers as well as understudying the CPO (Command Post Officer).

On 19 November we received over 500 men who had been held in Reinforcement Camps such as Sydney Showground, and training began. Lieut R.W. Mc.Iver, who had also completed the course at Warwick Farm and was ACPO of 29 Bty, and I were sent on a 6 week Signals Training Course at the Sydney Showground. It was
a very thorough course with instruction on the theory of radio by civilian radio engineers and experts, I again managed to achieve a "Distinguished Pass", but I must confess that I really knew as little about the theory of radio when I finished the course as I did when I started! On 23 November, during the course, Rod McIver and I were gazetted as Lieutenants, but no one thought to tell that we had been promoted and we continued as Sergeants until the end of the course.

As soon as I got back from the course I was advised that my commission had come through and I got back into my old Militia officer's uniform, but this time I was gazetted in the Permanent Military Forces and entitled to two pips on each shoulder. I felt very proud to be an officer again. I was allotted the men who were to be trained as signallers. There was a Sergeant, NCO in command of signals, and in each Troop there would in due course be a Troop Signal Sgt. We continued with elementary training until on 20 December we were granted 8 days Christmas leave.

I rather think that this is when I drove Dad and Mother to Kosciusko in the Buick in one day. It was a magnificent car, a straight 8 cylinder, very comfortable, and very powerful. It rode the rough roads beautifully, and I still remember that we got to the Hotel in time for afternoon tea. Obviously I drove very fast. I returned to Sydney by train at the end of my leave. It was to be my last home Christmas for 5 years.

We received a rude shock when we returned to Ingleburn. We were then the only AIF unit in the Camp and the authorities decided that it was to become a Militia Camp. We were allotted an area of ground at Holsworthy, not far from Liverpool, a lot of tents, and told to build ourselves a camp. Everyone really worked tremendously hard, and the whole Regiment moved into the tented camp 2 days later. I shared a tent with Rod McIver. We had folding camp beds and plenty of room. The men were 8 per tent which in fact gave them much more room than they had had in the huts. There were large tents for messing and stores and we built kitchens and latrines. It was in fact surprisingly comfortable and the work of construction brought everyone together and we really became a Regiment.

We received our guns - 18 pounders, and tractors and all other necessary transport. We also received our radios and signaling equipment. Also about this time we were joined by a section from 8 Div Signals whose job it was to provide communications between Btys and Regimental HQ, and being experts were a great help to me. We were also joined by a Detachment of Mechanical Engineers to carry out work on our nearly 150 vehicles.

Training of all sorts continued including live ammunition shoots with the guns and with small arms. We carried out a great deal of movement training in the surrounding country, often at night without lights. We used to spend one week in camp and the next in the field. We became very impatient to get away overseas.

8 Aust. Division comprised 3 Brigades - 22 Bde - which had 3 Infantry Battalions from NSW and a Field Artillery Regiment from Queensland, 23 Bde - all Victorians, and 27 Bde which had 1 Infantry Bn from NSW, 1 from Victoria and 1 from Queensland, our Regiment and 4th. Anti Tank Regiment from Victoria. Whilst we
were at Holsworthy 22 Bde was In Malaya and we knew that we were to join them there. 23 Bde was scattered with one Bn at Rabaul, one at Ambon one in Timor and the 2/14 Field Regiment remained at Darwin. It was a disgraceful decision to scatter this Brigade. It did no good, and cost thousands of lives. The presence of this Brigade with us in Malaya could have made just the amount of difference to prevent the tragedy which ensued.
SINGAPORE AND MALAYA

On 4 July 1940 we were given pre-embarkation Leave. On 29 July we embarked on SS "Katoomba" At Darling Harbor. The "Katoomba" was a coal burning passenger ship which traded on the Australian coast. She was not fitted out as a troopship but still as a passenger ship. The men traveled as second class passengers and the officers as first class, except that 4 of us shared one large cabin which was normally the bridal suite.

We were joined in the Bass Strait by 2 Dutch troopships - the "Johan Van Oldenbarneveldt" and the "Marnix Simpan Oldegon ", carrying most of the remainder of the Brigade which in all totalled 6000 men. Some, including our CO, went by train to Perth. The weather was very rough and the old "Katoomba" took waves right over the funnel. We went south of Tasmania because German submarines were said to be operating on the Australian East Coast. Because of the very rough seas we had a large number of very seasick gunners! On embarkation we loaded all our vehicles but no guns. We were then told that we had been temporarily converted into a Mortar Regiment and we embarked 54 3 inch Mortars. None of us had ever even seen a mortar before and our initial mortar training started on the voyage.

We arrived at Fremantle on 6th. August and transferred to a Dutch troopship - "Sibijak". On this ship the troops slept in hammocks slung at night over the mess tables. The Brigade was given a day's leave in Perth. Unfortunately I could not go as I had been appointed Picket Officer for Fremantle. This included the unpleasant duty of closing the brothels at night and overseeing the re-embarkation of 6000 men - mostly drunk. Surprisingly next morning they were almost all present. I do not think that any of our Regiment went AWL.

We sailed again on 8 August and arrived at Singapore on 15 August. We had good weather and calm seas. The lifeboats and rafts were far from sufficient to accommodate the number of troops on board, and we had extensive emergency drills. We must have traveled up the west coast of Indonesia, because on one beautiful morning we passed through the Sunda Straits between Java and Sumatra and saw the Volcano" El Krakatoa ", disappearing into the clouds. Not so long later this was the scene of the sea battle where HMAS Perth and HMAS Yarra were sunk.

On disembarkation we were put on trucks and taken to a tented camp at Nee Soon, very close to the causeway between Singapore Island and the Malay State of Johore. In this camp everyone slept on Indian beds known as "Charpoys", which had a wooden frame and a strong string mattress base. As we had left Sydney in very cold weather we found the heat and humidity very trying at first. Fortunately we had been issued with tropical clothing on the voyage. The little village of Nee Soon was nearby and also the Sembawang Airfield, and the barracks of a Heavy Anti-aircraft Regiment of the Hong Kong & Shanghai Royal Artillery. Otherwise there was a lot of virgin jungle and a large number of monkeys in the trees. We had a detachment from a British Artillery Regiment as a "Helper Regiment" to settle us in,

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and inform us of local customs. We were also given week-end leave to the city of Singapore which was about 30 kilometres away.

In 1941 instead of the present independent nations of Singapore and Malaysia there was a rather strange political structure known as "Malaya Singapore Island, Penang Island and the adjoining Province Wellesley, and the State of Malacca, were together known as the "Straits Settlements", and were British colonies. The states of Perak, Selangor, Negri Sembilan and Pahang formed a loose Federation, but were known as "Unfederated States". The other states were collectively known as the "Federated Malay States" and had British advisers. The States were all officially ruled by Sultans, some of whom were enormously wealthy. The Sultan of Johore had his own private army.

Britain had constructed a major naval base on Singapore Island, including a dry dock capable of accommodating a battleship. There were numerous installations of heavy guns on fixed bases, but unfortunately most pointed only out to sea and could not fire towards the mainland. There was a civil airport and 2 major RAF airdromes - Tengah and Sembawang. These defenses had been built to protect the British possessions in the Far East. However, due to the demands of the defence of the British Isles and the Mediterranean, the Singapore defenses had at that time a very low priority. The RAF was very badly equipped. There was a garrison of 2 Battalions of British regulars - 2nd. Bn Gordon Highlanders, and a Machine Gun Battalion from the Manchester Regiment which manned numerous machine gun posts protecting the Naval Base. There was also a large ammunition depot.

The Commander-in-Chief of all the forces in Malaya was Air Chief Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham who had been reactivated from retirement as Governor of Kenya. He was scarcely up-to-date in military matters. The army was commanded by General Percival who had been Chief of Staff to the BEF in France. Under his command was 3rd. Indian Corps under Lieut-General Sir Lewis Heath who had been the successful Commander of the British forces in Abyssinia. He commanded 2 Indian Divisions - 9th. and 11th. In each Indian Brigade there was a British Battalion. In addition there were several other Indian Brigades, and towards the end of the action the 18th British Division. It will be seen that despite the impression given in Australia, our forces were a minority. The Australian troops were also under General Percival's overall command.

A family friend had given me an introduction to a Mr. & Mrs. Potts. Mr. Potts was the Managing Director of Singapore Cold Stores Ltd. They invited me to stay a week-end with them when I had leave. Their quite large house was typical of those occupied by the British of any seniority. It was raised in large piles, so that it had air circulation under the floor just like the old Queensland houses. They had a number of native servants - cook, houseboy, gardeners and drivers. They lived in great comfort. They seemed to have absolutely no appreciation of the imminence of a war in the Far East. I went to a departmental store called Littles with Mrs. Potts and I remember her complaining about the shortage of some things from England. We also had lunch at the Singapore Cricket Club which had a beautiful site in the city centre.
Most of the inhabitants were Chinese, very few Malays were to be seen. There were no high rise buildings, although some imposing edifices of the banks and trading companies. There many streets of Chinese shop houses and 2 grand hotels - Raffles and the Seaview. There was only one air conditioned public building - the Cathay Theatre. A street of night clubs and brothels called Lavender Street and was patrolled by British Military Police. There were two large amusement parks, the "Great World" and the "Happy World" which later became POW camps. The Swimming Club had very good pool. I found it all very interesting and I find the comparison of Singapore then and now almost unbelievable.

The economy of Malaya depended on two commodities - rubber and tin. It was at that time, I believe, the world's largest producer of both of these commodities.

Rubber was grown in very large plantations. The trees are straight with grey leaves. They were grown in rows with long, deep trenches to trap the rain. These ditches provided both protection and a curse when later we had to move through them. Rubber tappers, usually Tamils, emptied cups which collected white latex, and then cut a fresh strip so that the tree would start bleeding again. This was carried out every morning at dawn. We did not see the tin mines which were mostly to the north, but I have since seen them, and they really are a blot on the landscape.

Shortly after our arrival at Nee Soon, Rod McIver and I were sent each day for about a week to the very large ammunition depot to learn about the storage and care of ammunition. The depot was conducted by the Royal Army Ordnance Corps who had both British and Indian soldiers. The instruction was very good given individually by Warrant Officers. The British troops supervised the Indians who did all the heavy work. We were horrified by how badly they treated the Indians. The officers lived very well, and the food when we had lunch in the Officers Mess was magnificent. We obtained a lot of information which was very valuable later.

On 10th September the Regiment was moved to a new camp at Tampin in Negri Sembilan. The camp actually straddled the border between Negri Sembilan and Malacca. It had a customs barrier in the middle of the small town, and 2 police stations, one on each side of the border. The camp was very comfortable with wooden huts with Attap (palm leaf) roofs. The Regimental HQ was in an old school.

Tampin lies at the foot of the main range which extends down much of the Malay Peninsula. So far as we were concerned it was beautifully situated for leave purposes because it was within reasonable distance of the ancient Portuguese established city of Malacca, the beaches of Port Dickson, and Seremban, the beautiful provincial capital of Negri Sembilan. The town itself was surrounded by padi fields growing rice. The people were all Malays in traditional dress, but occasionally we saw Saki who were the original aboriginal tribes people. They were small men and usually carried blowpipes for hunting.

The Regiment was now reorganized as a Mortar Regiment, and Command Post Officers now no longer existed. I was posted to D Troop under a much feared officer Capt. (later Major) W.W. Julius, a regular officer in the Staff Corps. (He was
killed in action as Bty. Commander of 65 Bty.) I found to my surprise that he and I
got on very well together, because he had previously been very critical of my efforts
to get any sense out of our radios. About this time we received a very large
shipment of mortar ammunition and I was given the task of constructing a safe
storage area for it.

On 2nd November The Regiment suffered a terrible blow when our CO Lieut
Colonel O'Neill was killed in a motor accident. He was a really dynamic man, and a
brave leader. He worked hard and played hard. He was a heavy drinker, but no
matter what time or condition when he went to bed he was always up at dawn as
bright as a lark. The troops idolised him. He was a Roman Catholic, and although
he had personally selected most of his officers, he was, I think, the only Roman
Catholic officer in the Regiment. The funeral, a requiem mass, was held in the
ancient church of St. Francis Xavier in Malacca. The service was conducted by
Father John Rogers, who at the time of writing, is still alive, the only surviving
Chaplain of 8th Division and who was with me later in Sandakan and Kuching. The
regiment performed a slow march in the funeral procession. He was succeeded by
the Second-in command, Major John Wright DFC who had been in the Australian
Flying Corps in World War 1. He was a very different type of man, but an excellent
CO.

As the war with Japan moved inevitably closer we had various code words on
receipt of which we had to increase our state of readiness. These were "Awake"
"Armour", "Seaview", and "Raffles". On 25 November a great day arrived and we
went back to being an artillery unit because we received 24 brand new 25 pounder
guns. On 29th, November before we had little chance to even look properly at
our new guns the code words "Awake" and "Armour" were received which meant
that we had to be in readiness to move. On 1st December "Seaview" was received
which meant that we had to be in instant readiness. On 6th, December "Raffles"
was received and the Regiment moved, at night, 150 miles to action stations in
Johore. When the time came to move I found myself to temporarily the only officer in
D Troop, and without any previous knowledge of where our action station was. We
had to leave our guns behind and revert for the time being to mortars. We were
deployed on a jungle airstrip at a place called Kahang, deep in the jungle of the
Sultan of Johore's game reserve. It was manned by troops from the Johore Military
Forces, the Sultan's private army. They were of very doubtful quality.

On 8th December Pearl Harbor and Singapore were bombed by the Japanese
and there were Japanese landings in Thailand and in northern Malaya. Battery
HQ and some Troops were at a town named Kluang and on 29th December 1941
and 5th January 1942 there were air raids, and although there were no casualties
or damage to equipment a lot of the ready use ammunition for the guns (which
were now there) was damaged. In my capacity as ammunition expert I had the job
of destroying the damaged rounds. It proved quite difficult because amatol, the
explosive used in the shells is very stable and only explodes under the right
conditions.

I had been moved back to Kluang where the Regiment underwent a major
reorganization. An extra Battery, 65 Bty. was formed so that we now had 3 Btys
each of 2 Troops instead of 2 Btys each of 3 Troops. I continued with my old job as ACPO 30 Bty. We took our guns to the east coast near Mersing for calibration and went into action at Gemas on 15th January.

I do not intend to describe the war as it affected 2/15 Field Regiment so I will quote from the foreword to the Regiment's history - "Gunners in the Jungle" -

"The gunners of 2/15th. probably established a record. They were in continual contact with the enemy for about 150 miles of rearguard action, always ready to comply with infantry requests and and the monumental fire programs ordered by higher command.

In the first five days on the Malayan Peninsula 7915 rounds were fired in the Gemas Segamat sector and 6915 rounds were fired by 65 Battery from Muar to Parit Sulong. In the final engagement on the mainland, from Ayer Hitham to Kular, 8419 rounds were fired. Covering the last troops to be withdrawn from the mainland, D and B Troops fought the last artillery battle of all the allied regiments on the peninsula.

On Singapore Island the Regiment met the main line of the Japanese attack. They sent in waves of infantry, 13 battalions against an under-manned coastline held by three Australian battalions, the 2/18th, the 2/19th, and the 2/20th, on a front of 17000 yards. The Regiment was the sole artillery support of these indefensible positions, firing 4800 rounds before being forced to retire.

Gun positions ranged from pigstys, fowl runs and cowsheds to the luxurious gardens of Singapore's elite suburbia.

The ammunitions count: 1184 rounds in "non-operational" period, January 31 to February 8, while awaiting the Japanese attack, 4944 rounds on February 8-9 (mostly from 10.30 pm to 4.00 am ), and 8952 rounds on January 11-12 in the battles of the Reformatory Road and Bukit Timah areas. As a result of the carnage inflicted on the Japanese they later built a memorial at Bukit Timah, dedicated to their fallen.

In the campaign the Regiment fired more than 45000 rounds.

I was not a particularly good soldier, but I was present in most of these actions except those in the Muar - Parit Sulong battle. The Regiment suffered quite heavy casualties including 7 officers killed in action.

An no time during the campaign did we have air superiority. In fact I can only remember even seeing RAF aircraft on two or three occasions. The anti-aircraft artillery was mainly Bofors guns which are not effective above about 6000 feet. We had daily raids by large numbers of Japanese aircraft, bombers in flights of 27 aircraft, sometimes 3 flights together, and continual low level strafing. Their Zero fighters simply shot the RAF out of the air. After the disastrous sinking of the British battleships HMS Prince of Wales and HMS Repulse, we had virtually no naval support and the Japanese could outflank us at will by coastal landings down the
peninsula.
PRISONER OF WAR

The capitulation of the British Forces on Singapore Island took place on 15 February 1942. At the time I was occupying an observation post in the grounds of a very fine house in Ridout Road in the Tnglin area. The main recollection I now have is how quiet it all became when the shell fire and bombing ceased.

After the surrender my unit - 2/15 Field Regiment - concentrated near Tanglin Barracks and just opposite the Botanical Gardens. There we were disarmed and the next evening we started on the long and dispiriting march to Changi. We set out at dusk, and I remember the pipers of the Gordon Highlanders playing as we marched out.

We had no transport and could only take with us what we could carry. The distance was about 15 miles and the march was very slow. Everyone was ashamed, sad, and uncertain as to what lay ahead, and morale was at rock bottom. We reached a huddled camp called Birdwood Camp, just outside the Changi Barracks area, shortly after dawn.

We stayed at Birdwood Camp for a few days and we were then moved to Selerang Barracks, one of the British Barracks in the main Changi area. We occupied a three storey concrete building with wide verandahs, and built to accommodate the other ranks of one company - about 100 men. It was very crowded with about 600 of our Regiment. We slept, as well as we could, on the bare concrete floor.

For the first few days we were still eating our own rations, tinned meats etc. but these quickly ran out and we went on to a rice diet. At first this was pretty diasterous as our cooks did not know how to properly cook rice, and the glutinous mess they produced was hardly appetising. However loud complaints from all soon made them learn.

Hygiene was a severe problem as the sewerage facilities were designed to cater for a population of perhaps 4000 and there were 20000 men in the area. Bore holes were dug near each building and they were soon infested with literally millions of huge black blowflies. The change from a European diet to a rice one also caused changes in bowel habits, and the unaccustomed high water content in the diet caused a frequent desire to urinate. Consequently all night long there was a constant stream of men up and down the stairways to and from the latrines. Dysentry soon became very prevalent, and I became very ill for a few days, lying outside near the latrines for a couple of days.

Morale was very low and as a result discipline was a severe problem, particularly among those units which had received large drafts of reinforcements which had arrived from Australia shortly before the capitulation. Many of these unfortunate men were completely untrained recruits straight from the streets, and it is to the eternal disgrace of the Australian Army authorities that some of them were sent at all. Also in any large body of individuals there are always trouble makers, and low morale provided them with fertile ground. The 2/30 Battalion under Lt. Col. Galleghan
(Black Jack) provided us all with a wonderful example of what could be achieved in a well disciplined unit. They were turned out as well as possible under the circumstances and they always bore themselves as soldiers. Their example did a lot to improve the general standard of discipline and morale.

Shortly after moving to Selarang I was with a working party sent to Changi Beach where we were confronted with the horrible sight of about 100 bodies lying in the water a few yards off the beach. They were all Chinese and they had been tied up with their hands tied behind their backs secured by barbed wire. They were in groups of 6 and had apparently been executed by machine gun fire at very close range. The Japanese told us that they were "looters". We buried them on the beach. Apart from this at this time we seldom saw a Japanese soldier. Changi is at the extreme eastern tip of Singapore Island and it was only necessary for the Japanese to man a short defensive line to prevent access to the rest of the island. There were some attempts to escape, but the sea to the south, and the jungle and hostile population to the north, were a great deterrent. The AIF was self administered at this stage, and units retained their identity.

Very soon working parties were called for by the Japanese, mainly to work on the wharves, and this provided many enterprising and light fingered Australians with opportunities to improve their diet and to procure supplies for the thriving black market which had quickly established itself.

In the camp itself there were many parties engaged on essential tasks. Initially there were quite a few trucks in the camp, but as petrol ran out the engines were removed and the vehicles were converted to trailers drawn by teams of men. There was a great shortage of salt and parties were sent each day to collect containers of sea water which were boiled to collect the salt. Also at this time a concert party was formed, and lectures were given on all sorts of subjects, as with so many men there was a great collection of talent. In later years I looked back on Changi as a holiday camp compared with the conditions in Borneo.

I also recall that Lt. General Sir Lewis Heath, the Commander of 3 Indian Corps, gave a lecture to the officers on the campaign, and why it had failed. He attributed much of the blame to the appalling leadership of Lt. General Percival, the GOC.

A working party was called for to go to Burma and it was entitled A Force. It was formed in such a way as to form a balance of all arms of the service, and many men were keen to be included. In July 1942 a further working party was called for and B Force was formed. I was a member of this Force. Before the war ended men of the AIF were scattered in working parties to Burma, Thailand, Vietnam, Java, Sumatra, Hainan, China, Manchuria and Japan.

On 7 July 1942 the Force of 1500 men was loaded on to trucks and driven to Keppel Harbour. The road for some distance was lined with human heads on poles. We embarked on a small Japanese freighter "Ubi Maru" of about 3000 tons.

On embarking on the "Ubi Maru" we went down ladders into the holds. I was in the forward hold in which there was scarcely room for a man as small as myself to lie.
full length. I am only 5 feet 7). The only ventilation was from the hatch above which was usually closed, and as we were practically on the Equator, the heat, augmented by the steel decks, was extremely severe. The only sanitation was in the form of 2 latrines over the ship's sides, and as a result there was, for 24 hours a day, a constant stream of men up and down the ladders to relieve themselves.

We sailed from Singapore on 8 July 1942 and the voyage to Sandakan in what was then known as British North Borneo (now Sabah) took 10 seemingly endless days, 2 of which were spent lying in an oily swell off Miri, an oil port in Sarawak. The pitch dark of the holds at night hardly added to the joy of the occasion, nevertheless most of us remained calm and even retained some sense of humour. Laughter and jokes (mostly sardonic) were frequent. By daylight I had the solace of reading Thackeray's "Virginians" which I had with me. It described a life so far removed from that which I was then experiencing.

The food consisted of a daily ration of rice which had been treated with lime to get rid of weevils, and was very difficult to eat, even in those circumstances, There was also weak tea to drink. It was remarkable that there were no deaths during the voyage.

When we berthed at the wharf at Sandakan a crowd of local people had been assembled to witness the unusual sight of such a large number of Europeans as prisoners, certainly more in number than most had previously seen. We were marched to a school where we were able to have a shower, and there we spent the night.

Next morning we marched about 8 miles to a camp of well built wooden huts with thatched roofs which had been built by the British. It was in the middle of an agricultural experimental farm. It was surrounded by high barbed wire fences with guard towers at each corner. The huts were each divided into 4 compartments with a sleeping platform on each side, each with room for 5 men. They had attached ablution areas and piped running water. The accommodation therefore was of a good standard.

On arrival at the camp we were paraded before Lieut. (later Capt.) Hoshijima, who, through an interpreter, told us that he was the Camp Commandant and that we had been brought to this place to work, and that we would if necessary work until we died. It was a menacing welcome. Despite this conditions at first were not too bad. We had some time to settle in and then work started on the construction of an airfield about 4 miles from the camp. The project had been designed by the British before the war, and I believe that they had carried out the survey. When we arrived a lot of timber had been cleared from the site, which was an area of reasonably flat land sloping to one side.

The work consisted of digging earth from the high side, and with picks, shovels, and hoes, (known as chunkels), loading it into wicker baskets and on to side tipping trucks which ran on light rail lines laid laterally across the site. All Japanese establishments worked on Tokyo time, and therefore reveille was before dawn and work commenced on the site shortly after. There was a 5 minute break each hour,
and I think a 30 minute break at midday, after work continued until late afternoon. In the climate it was tough work. The soil was mostly a white sandy clay and on sunny days the reflected glare was terribly hard on the eyes. The reflected heat was terrific. There was also a gardening party established for light duty men and a number of officers. The airfield working parties were organised in groups of 50 with 1 officer to each group, and as there were over 200 officers there was a considerable surplus. An officers working party of junior officers was called for and worked alongside the men at the airfield.

At this time the rations were quite adequate, consisting of good quantities of rice with dried fish and vegetables, such as kang kong (a Chinese spinach we grew in our gardens), sweet potatoes and tapioca (known as manioc). There were also rations of cooking oil and locally grown tobacco.

Initially the work on the airfield was supervised by a Japanese army engineering unit who were reasonable to deal with, but they were soon replaced by a "basher gang" of very tough Japanese NCO's supplemented by Formosan conscripts. In the Japanese army hierarchy the only people considered inferior to the Formosans were the POW's and they certainly let us know where we stood! They instituted a brutal "speedo" of the work, and bashings became frequent. The classic method was for the victim to be forced to stand at attention and the guard then hit him with an open hand on each side of the face. However at the airfield they also carried rattan canes which they did not hesitate to use on the unprotected back of anyone they did not consider to be working hard enough.

Despite this morale was good, and I remember the working parties singing as they marched to and from the airfield. The Japanese must have liked the singing as they even allowed a concert to be held.

A few weeks after our arrival there was a very nasty incident. We were paraded before the Camp Commandant (Hoshijima). We were surrounded by Japanese soldiers with drawn bayonets, and on each side machine guns were manned and pointed at us. The interpreter read out a statement which we were all required to sign, agreeing that on pain of death we would make no attempt to escape.

The statement was handed to Lt. Col. Walsh, our senior officer, who read it and bravely announced that he would not sign it, and advised everyone not to do so. Immediately he was seized and his arms tied behind his back and he was placed in front of a firing squad. Our second-in-command, Major Workman, intervened and after some heated exchanges with the Japanese told us that we should sign, as because our signatures had been obtained under duress, the agreement was legally void. To our surprise the Japanese agreed to our signing under these conditions. I subsequently learned that a similar incident took place in Changi.

Despite the comparatively good rations - I emphasise the word "comparatively" as I am comparing them with what came later - dietary and tropical diseases spread rapidly. Advanced forms of tinea and other more unpleasant skin diseases were common, and there was really no medication to treat them. Small skin abrasions turned into fearsome tropical ulcers, and there was an increase in malaria and
dysentry. We had a number of doctors and a detachment from 2/10 Field Ambulance, but there was an acute shortage of medical supplies.

We were completely cut off from the outside world and possession of a radio set was a very serious offence. Despite this, a group of officers from 8 Div Signals constructed a set in great secrecy. The news was passed on verbally, and at that stage of the war it was usually depressing as it was a period of many setbacks and few successes for the Allies.

It was always difficult to maintain one's morale when faced by an indefinite period of imprisonment. We felt that it would have been so much easier if we had known, like convicted criminals, the length of our sentence. In the back of my mind there was always the question of why the Japanese bothered to keep us at all, and when they would decide to get rid of us. It was a life of not necessarily fear, but one of continual tension.

Before the Japanese occupation British North Borneo was not a Crown Colony, but was the property of a Chartered Company - the North Borneo Company (like the old East India Company). The civil administrators were the servants of the company and the Governor was the local chief executive of the company. At the time of the Japanese occupation, the Governor was a Mr. Smith! With the exception of a couple of doctors and an engineer, the Japanese interned all the civilians on an island in Sandakan harbour known as Berhala. The men of the North Borneo Constabulary - the local police force - apart from their officers - were not at that stage interned. These men were all local people. There were also a number of Chinese merchants, farmers, etc, permitted to carry on.

North Borneo was then heavily forested with a great deal of valuable millable timber and Sandakan had a number of sawmills and facilities for the export of logs and sawn timber. There was an excellent harbour. It was also the capital of British North Borneo which was rather surprising as it had no form of physical communication with the rest of the country except by river and by sea. There were no roads inland, and very few tracks. There was a fairly flat coastal plain, but the interior of the country was very mountainous.

I mentioned that the prison camp was near an experimental agricultural station, and we were permitted to establish a large vegetable garden outside the perimeter wire fence. In the garden we grew sweet potatoes, kang kong and manioc. Of necessity we had to plant quickly maturing crops. The gardening parties were mostly light duty men and they were in charge of Capt. Lionel Matthews MC, a very gallant officer of exceptional courage and fortitude.

Near the vegetable garden there was a police station manned by members of the North Borneo Constabulary and because the gardening party was only lightly guarded (and sometimes not at all for some periods of the day), Capt. Matthews was able to converse with the policemen. Through them he learned a great deal about the town, and through them he got in touch with the Governor on Berhalal Island. He also got in touch with Dr. Taylor, an Australian, who was the Medical Superintendent of the Sandakan Hospital.
Here I think that it is best that I quote from "Project Kingfisher" by Athol Moffit QC who, as an officer in the Australian Army, was the prosecutor of Hoshijima in the post war War Crime Trials. -

"By late 1942 work began on the setting up of an intelligence system involving some prisoners headed by Capt. Lionel Matthews and some local people, including malays and Chinese, headed by Dr. P.J. Taylor, an Australian civilian working at the Sandakan Hospital. Some former members of the North Borneo Constabulary were also involved. It was this organisation which, in 1943, set up the supply, from outside the camp, of parts which could be used by the prisoners to set up a radio receiver. The organisation was also used by Dr. Taylor to supply the prisoners with much needed medicines and medical equipment. Moreover, because there was still some trading between Sandakan and the Phillipines, including Tawi Tawi, the closest of the larger islands, the organisation was able to establish communications with US and Phillipine guerillas there. This became a possible escape route and a possible line of communication with Australia."

In January 1943 I became very ill whilst on a working party at the airfield. I managed to get through the day, thinking that I had drunk bad water as I had an acute stomach pain. On getting back to the camp I went to see the duty doctor who immediately diagnosed an appendicitis attack. I became increasingly ill during the night, and the next morning the doctors decided that if they did not operate there was a danger that I might die from peritonitis. Dr. Frank Mills (subsequently a very prominent surgeon, and still a dear friend) had by some means acquired some spinal anaesthetic, and he and Dr. Errol Maffey operated and removed my appendix which was found to be dangerous. I was conscious throughout the operation which was conducted before an interested audience. It was not a very pleasant experience but I was very grateful to be rid of the acute pain. I had a few days in the camp hospital - just a hut set aside for the purpose but with the dedicated help of orderlies from 2/10 Field Ambulance, and was sent back to my own hut for light duties only. I was so grateful not to have to immediately return to toil on the airfield. I thought that I was a very lucky man, and I still think so.

The work on the airfield continued apace no matter what the weather was like. Sandakan is one of the wettest places on earth and the average temperature is about 90 degrees fahrenheit, and the humidity is about 90%. It is surprising how quickly one adapts to such conditions, and we soon considered them normal. There was a great deal of thunderstorm activity and sometimes fierce lightning, but seldom any wind. Food commenced to deteriorate in quantity and quality with a consequent increase in sickness with beri beri, malaria, dysentery, and tropical ulcers becoming increasingly prevalent. Japanese discipline became increasingly severe with some terrible bashing and the establishment of a punishment cage in which men were confined for days at a time under the most brutal conditions.

In April 1943 a working party of 750 British POWs arrived and were accommodated in a newly erected camp about 500 yards from ours. We were not permitted any form of communication with them. On 15 April 1943 a further AIF party of 500 men known as E Force arrived and was initially located on Berhala Island. On 5 June they were transferred to the mainland to a camp close to ours, but again we were not allowed
any communication with them. On that date 7 men from E Force and 1 from B Force escaped from Berhala Island with the assistance of the underground organisation previously referred to. I do not intend to say more about this escape, but there is still literature about it available.

Here I again quote from Athol Moffitt's book:

"In July 1943 the Japanese earned of the underground organisation, from it affected which flowed devastating consequences for those connected with it. Indirectly all prisoners in some way. By a quirk of fate the discovery led to some being imprisoned in Singapore and some transferred to Kuching, so they were not in Sandakan in 1945 when all in custody perished. The discovery was not due to any fault of those who aided the escape from Berhala. A Turkish civilian was aware of some of the organisation and tried to blackmail one of the organisation, and when rebuffed went to the Japanese. The Kempei Tai (Japanese military secret police) were called in. Under torture there were disclosures by civilian members of the organisation, which in the end implicated Capt. Matthews as head of the organisation. As a result of the discovery of notes passed from the compound, the radio receiver, and a diary kept by Lieut. Wells, other prisoners were subject to torture procedures. Lieut. Wells was one. Under torture he revealed the whereabouts of some radio parts, but concealed the existence of the transmitter and did not implicate others. Matthews was tortured over a long period but with great endurance and heroism remained silent and did not implicate anyone else. There were extensive searches of the prisoners and the compound."

This I remember as being a time of extreme fear and tension. One never knew who the Kempei Tai would pick up next. Some days they would pick up several men, others none. I was particularly nervous as I had been with Lionel Matthews in the garden when he was arrested.

I again quote from Moffitt:

"Toward the end of 1943 those considered to be implicated were transported to Kuching where the interrogations continued until the trials in early 1944. A large number of prisoners and civilians stood trial before a Military Court in Kuching. Matthews and eight civilians were convicted and sentenced to death. They were executed in Kuching on 2 March 1944. Matthews was posthumously awarded the George Cross."

On the evening of 15 October 1943, the investigations at Sandakan having been completed, guards surrounded the officers huts and we were ordered to pack our gear and we were immediately transferred to the harbour where we embarked on a small coastal steamer. 6 officers were ordered by the Japanese to remain behind - the POW Adjutant, Capt. George Cook, Capt. Heaslop, Lieut Good, the messing officer, and Captains Picone, Jeffries and Oakeshott, all medical officers. The 2 Protestant Chaplains were also ordered to remain, but the Japanese refused the requests of the 2 Roman Catholic Chaplains to remain also. As a result all those Roman Catholics who subsequently died did so without the comfort of absolution. As many Japanese were were Roman Catholics, they well knew the meaning of this. It was a deliberate act, The only 2 dental officers were also ordered to pack, but were not permitted to go to the hospital hut and pick up their instruments.
Our voyage was not too bad as we were on deck in the open air. We called at Labuan Island for fuel, (the engine was wood-fired) and on again putting to sea, we ran into very bad weather which almost completely halted our progress. The Japanese guards became very frightened during the storm. We passengers could not have cared less. On three successive dawns we looked out and saw in exactly the same place, the lofty peak of Mount Kinabalu (the highest mountain in Borneo), or more accurately the mountain disappearing into the clouds. As the voyage took longer than expected, food became very scarce. We disembarked at Kuching on 22 October 1943. We were lined up on the wharf and subjected to a very thorough search of all our possessions. We marched through the town to a large camp on the outskirts. There we joined some of our officers who had been sent there the previous year.

In Lintang camp there were about 3000 POWs and internees. Australian, Dutch, and British officers were quartered in separate compounds. There were also compounds for British, Indian and Indonesian soldiers, Roman Catholic priests, and separate compounds for male and female internees, (including Germans, Italians, and people from neutral countries. It appeared that they had only to be white to be interned). All the personnel of the administration of North Borneo and Sarawak were there, and such dignitaries as the Bishop of Sarawak.

All of the compounds were surrounded by barbed wire fences and communication between them was strictly forbidden. This was particularly cruel in the case of civilians as many husbands had their wives and children in a separate compound. There was a hospital compound in charge of Lt. Col. Shepherd of 2/10 Field Ambulance. Col. Suga the Commandant of all Borneo prison camps had his headquarters in the camp, and there were about 120 guards, a motley collection of Japanese, Koreans, and Formosans.

The officers compounds were adjacent to the Japanese headquarters and the guards barracks, and ours was the closest. It was about three quarters of an acre in area. There were 3 wooden huts with the usual attap roofs, and a combined cooking and ablution area, with piped water. Although we shared these facilities with the Dutch officers there was a barbed wire fence in the middle of the building, and we were not supposed to speak to them!

1 hut was reserved for senior officers - Majors, and Lt. Col. Walsh had a room to himself. He kept entirely to himself and left the administration of the compound to Maj. Fleming who did a great job.

We junior officers were very crowded, sleeping mostly on the floor with only room for a bed space each. I slept on a straw mat with 1 sheet. Mosquitos were very bad, but few of us had nets, and I, for one, developed an immunity to mosquito bites which I still enjoy. The huts were infested with bed bugs which were impossible to eliminate.

There were about 1500 British troops in the camp, mostly young conscripts, generally of poor physique. We were appalled by the condition of these men. They were working on the local airfield in the same manner as at Sandakan, but large
numbers of them were even by then extremely emaciated. Hundreds died whilst I was at Kuching - over 600 in 1945 - and every day there was a funeral. We felt particularly sorry for the children, and for the women, who were very badly treated by the Japanese. The Dutch seemed to receive some preferred treatment because we believe that they passed on information to the Japanese. I do not believe that any of them died whilst we were at Kuching.

We were extremely fortunate to be sent to Kuching because we were not sent on working parties. I understand that because of the Sandakan incidents we were considered to be a risk. As a result we were never allowed out of our compound except under guard to carry firewood for our kitchen fires, or in extreme emergency to go to hospital. We had a roll call at dawn each day when we lined up under Japanese words of command and numbered in Japanese. We were counted by the guards some of whom were unnecessarily brutal. We then had breakfast of rice gruel with a cup of weak tea.

We spent the morning on camp duties, or working in the garden, which was essential as the rations were very slim and we grew an important part of the green vegetables we ate. Apart from a small area between the huts, every inch of ground was cultivated. We had a cup of tea at midday and rice and vegetables in the evening. We often got small bananas and green papaya in the rations, but seldom any meat or other protein. About once a month we got a ration of peanuts which we considered a great treat. We received only a very small ration of sugar, and a tiny ration of pork about once a month, but otherwise no meat, and we no longer got the dried fish we had received at Sandakan. Our cooks did a wonderful job of making the rations as appetising as possible. Because of the low diet, many of the men became absolutely obsessed with food, and talked of little else, describing their favourite meals and swapping recipes. They only tortured themselves, but it was a real obsession.

Clothing was not much of a problem as all that we usually wore was a pair of shorts, but as time went on even these became rags and the Japanese in their generosity nade an issue of loincloths. Boots wore out and could not be repaired, so most of us kept what remained of them in reserve in case of a move, and we wore wooden clogs which we carved from firewood. We sharpened our razor blades on the inside of broken bottles and we were always clean shaven.

The only sewerage disposal was a deep pit with the latrines above, and a disgusting job shared among the junior officers was from time to time to empty the cess pits and spread the contents on to the garden. All urine was saved for the same purpose. Our small patch of ground soon became so vitiated from constant cropping that nothing would have grown without without this help. We grew kangkong, sweet potatoes, and climbing beans. Apart from firewood cutting and general cleaning up we were left largely to our own devices, except that the guards made fairly frequent searches of the huts and of our meagre possessions. On these occasions we had to remain outside, sometimes for hours, and I well remember one occasion when we stood on the parade ground all day.
The officers in our group came from every walk of life and ranged in age from World War 1 veterans to youths who had come into the army direct from school or university. There were doctors, dentists, lawyers, regular soldiers, farmers, teachers, graziers, rubber planters, bankers, public servants, salesmen, labourers, and clerks. There was 1 Rhodes Scholar and a number of very highly educated and cultured men. There were 2 Franciscan friars and 1 Baptist minister. Most were Australian but there was a sprinkling of English and Scots, and even 1 who had been born and educated in Russia. Between them they could speak most European languages, and some were fluent in Malay and Hindustani. Some with a good facility for learning language remarkably quickly learned to speak acceptable Japanese and acted as interpreters. This was a most undesirable job as they were called on in the event of every confrontation with the guards and often were bashed for their efforts.

Lectures on a great variety of subjects were arranged during the afternoons, and I learned the basis of Contract Law which stood me in good stead when I commenced my accountancy studies after the war. There were some books in the camp which included one on contract law. I also learned some accountancy, but we had no books. In 1944 we were able to have regular plays and concerts. The plays were written by our own people and were of a remarkably high standard. There was also an active choir, and some members had very fine singing voices. There were no musical instruments.

Despite these diversions, time passed very slowly, and as the years passed, chances of being released seemed increasingly remote. There was a secret radio in the camp, and sometimes we got news. We heard of the Italian surrender and of the end of the war in Europe, but the war in the Pacific dragged on. Towards the end of 1944 we started to get raids by allied aircraft, and at first these raised morale enormously. The raids were mostly on the Kuching airfield, and on shipping in the river. They were mostly high level bombings, but from time to time there were low level sweeps. They were always unopposed by Japanese aircraft or ground fire. When the air raid alarm sounded we had to go to slit trenches and the kitchen fires had to be extinguished. As time went on this became a nuisance as there were quite a number of raids and we spent hours in the trenches.

During 1944 some International Red Cross parcels arrived and we received 1 between each 6 men. Most were stolen by the Japanese including all the medical supplies. Also in 1944 we received mail on I think 4 occasions. I received 4 letters from home. These letters were a great morale booster. On our release bags of mail were found at the Japanese headquarters which they had decided not to distribute because of the very fact that they might improve our morale.

As time passed our health deteriorated, dietary deficiency diseases such as beri beri and pellagra became common, and there was an increased incidence of malaria and dysentry. We had a bad epidemic of scabies - a horrible skin disease caused by minute lice burrowing under the skin causing sores and a constant itch. In 1945 we had tuberculosis and insanity brought about by pellagra. The officer who slept beside me died of TB. We had a number of doctors with us but no medical supplies. The Japanese had supplies of sulphur ointment which was a cure for scabies, but
would not release any. I suffered from this disease for more than a year and it was 
most debilitating because the constant itch made sleep difficult. I contracted malaria 
in 1945, but as we had no quinine, it went untreated.

If one contracted dysentery it was obligatory to go to the camp hospital as it was 
often fatal and highly infectious. I caught it in 1945 and I will never forget going to 
the hospital which was full of dying men in extreme states of emaciation. It certainly 
made me decide to get better! I was only there for a couple of days. I do not 
remember any treatment except drinking salt water, but during that time the men on 
each side of me died. Our own compound seemed like heaven when I returned to 
the surprise of my friends.

Strangely, we were allowed to celebrate Christmas and were given additional 
ration s. Our cooks saved the more tasty rations such as peanuts and sugar, and 
on that day we had 3 good meals and really gorged ourselves. At first we thought 
that we would be home by the next year, but the third Christmas was pretty 
subbursed. I found birthdays to be particularly trying as my youth was disappearing 
and I had 4 birthdays as a prisoner - my 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th. The last was the 
worst as the war was supposed to have ended 16 days earlier.

As 1945 progressed air raids increased. On, I think, 13 August everyone in the 
whole camp except those in hospital were assembled in front of the Japanese HQ. 
Colonel Suga, the Camp Commandant, addressed us in English and told us that the 
Americans had dropped an atom Bomb on a Japanese city called Hiroshima, and 
that his family lived in Hiroshima, and had all been killed. It was a chilling moment. 
We returned to our compounds in a state of doubt and uncertainty. 2 Days later on 
15th. August, allied aircraft flew over the camp dropping leaflets. The Japanese got 
most of them but 1 or 2 reached the prisoners and news that the war was over 
spread like wildfire.

On the Japanese side everything continued normally, except that the guards were 
fiercer and bashings more frequent. We became aware that the Japanese were 
discussing what to do with us, and we later learned that the plan had been for us to 
be marched inland as had been done at Sandakan, although of course at that time 
we knew nothing of these proposals. 2 officers in our group died during that period. 
I was also very ill with a bad relapse of malaria, sometimes unconscious, and a good 
friend, Frank Gaven, used to help me out to the obligatory morning roll call. It was a 
very bad time, and one of extreme tension.

After a couple of weeks we heard that the Japanese GOC Borneo, General Baba, 
had refused to surrender, and at that time the Allies put a cover of fighter aircraft 
over the camp, and Catalina flying boats and DC3 aircraft flew slowly over dropping 
food and medical supplies. It was a wonderful sight. Although there was still no 
general surrender the Japanese started to issue us with all sorts of food and 
clothing, although we were still confined to our compound and still under guard. It 
would in any event been most unwise to have left the camp as Kuching was full of 
thousands of bitter and undefeated Japanese soldiers.
On 8 September 2 Australian Army medical officers flew from Labuan and were permitted to come to the camp, and immediately took charge of the hospital. It was about this time that we heard that all who remained at Sandakan had died - of exhaustion, malnutrition, disease, bullets and bayonets, mainly on 2 death marches from Sandakan to Ranau. We were stunned and deeply shocked by this news. This terrible event was a disgrace to both the Japanese and Australian Armies - the Australian Army because it knew that the death marches were in progress and took no action. This was terrible news and something that it is impossible that those who survived by being moved to Kuching will ever forget. I still marvel at the good fortune of our group escaping the same fate by only a few days.

On 10 September a small Australian Army force from 9 Aust. Div. arrived. It comprised 2/4 Pioneer Bn, a battery of 2/8 Field Regiment, and a Commando Squadron. They were accompanied by 2 RAN corvettes. There was also a group to take charge of civil administration. Their first action was to come to our camp and they immediately took charge, giving particular attention to arrangements for the immediate evacuation of the most seriously ill.

The Australian soldiers looked so large and healthy to us. They wore a jungle green uniform we had not previously seen as we all wore khaki when we became prisoners. They were appalled at the state of the camp, the terrible condition of the British troops, and the large number of fresh graves. That afternoon a hitched a ride into the town on a jeep (the first I had ever seen ) and visited one of the corvettes - HMAS Kapunda. It was wonderful to see and talk to some fresh faces. I have no recollection of how I got back to the camp, but I was there next morning.

11 September was a memorable day. There was a parade at which we were first addressed by Brigadier Eastdick who told us that everyone was now free, and that we would be given food, medicine and doctors to attend the sick, and that arrangements were being made to send us home as soon as possible. Then Maj. General Wootten GOC 9 Aust Div arrived. He was a huge man and whilst he was addressing us fighters and bombers flew overhead. It was not until then that the Japanese guards left their posts.

That day the most seriously ill were flown out, some to Labuan, and some back to Australia as quickly as possible. Some died very shortly after their return home.

On 12 September we were loaded on to trucks and driven to a wharf on the Kuching River where we embarked on a little US Submarine Chaser - a fast motor launch about 60 feet in length. There was little internal accommodation, so we were once again deck cargo, but we were delighted to be there. We had an interesting trip down the river which was littered with sunken ships and small craft. When we reached the sea we came in sight of the Australian Hospital Ship "Wanganella" and were very soon in bed in the unimaginable comfort of clean sheets and mattresses. There were Australian Army nurses, the first white women we had spoken to for more than 3 years. After all the excitement of the past weeks, I got an attack of malaria, and slept for the next 24 hours.
The ship called at Labuan, then at Balikpapan, where I briefly met David Wood, whose unit, 2/5 Field Regiment had been engaged in the campaign, and we disembarked at Moratai, an allied base in the Halmahera Islands, where we were admitted to 2/5 Australian General Hospital. We were there for about a week and then we re-embarked on the "Wanganella. We called again at Balikpapan where we embarked wounded and sick from that campaign, then at Zamboanga in Mindanao, and the home through the Torres Straits and our first Australian port was Brisbane. We reached Sydney on 27 November 1945 where I was met by my father. I had been overseas for 4 years and 78 days.

Our reception on our return home was mixed. Some members of the other AIF Divisions considered that we had been "Quitters", and most people after some initial curiosity were completely disinterested. Everyone just wanted to forget the war, and get back to normal life. We therefore learned to keep our experiences to ourselves.

Colonel Suga committed suicide at Labuan on 12 September 1945. The incredible laxity of his Australian guards allowed this to happen. He should have stood trial as a war criminal. Capt. Hosijima was tried, found guilty, and hanged at Rabaul in 1946.

My recollections of these difficult years are not all sad. It was a privilege to be associated with some very fine individuals, to learn that intelligent men can live in harmony under the most difficult conditions, and to experience the best and worst of human nature.

I still vividly recall some things - the plaintive notes of the "Last post" played by a bugler at Sandakan echoing from the surrounding jungle. The wonderful tropical sunsets. The whole sweep of the sky being covered by millions of flying foxes on their annual migration, and moonlight so brilliant that it was possible to read by its light. I remember companionship and friendship in times of great stress. I remember laughter and sadness.
I arrived back in Sydney on the Hospital Ship "Wanganella" on 13 October 1945. We entered the harbour early in the morning and after a quarantine inspection moved slowly up the harbour. Dad came aboard with some officials on a launch and I was thrilled to see him. He looked well, and bigger than ever. He left the ship before we berthed. We were quickly disembarked- the really sick and wounded into ambulances and the rest of us into buses. We were taken to the Concord Hospital, which was then a military establishment known as 113 Australian General Hospital. It was very new, having been built during the war. We were all given a fairly cursory medical inspection, and those considered fit were immediately given 30 days leave on full pay. As we had been so well looked after on the long voyage nearly all were considered fit for leave. Dad came and picked me up in the Buick and drove me home to "Craigievar" where Mother was waiting.

I found that the war had really taken its toll on Mother. Her hair had gone white and I did not think that she looked particularly well. My long absence had caused her to believe that my return was most uncertain. The War was a terrible strain for the mothers of Japanese POW's as , for example, in my case I think that they received 2 cards during the whole time I was a prisoner. Marion was also there with her two babies - Diana, a toddler, and Elizabeth a small baby.

I had received a very complete issue of military clothing on the ship on the way home, including pure wool winter underwear, towels, and jungle green shirts and trousers and winter uniform. Clothing rationing was very strict but I was able to buy a ready made officer's uniform. Mother was most appreciative of the towels. Everything seemed to be rationed - including clothing, meat, and petrol. It was also a time of trade union militancy, particularly on the wharves, and in the coal mines. Sydney's electricity was then supplied by two coal-fired power stations - Bunnerong near Botany, and White Bay at Balmain. I remember that on my first night at home there was a blackout!

David Wood returned shortly after me. He enlisted as a Sergeant in 2/5 Field Regiment about a week after me in May 1940. With 2/5 Field Regiment he served in the Western Desert and was then sent to the OCTU (Officer Cadet Training Unit) in Cairo, and promoted to Lieut. He then served in the Syrian Campaign. He returned to Australia at the outbreak of the war with Japan , and served at least two periods in New Guinea, the first in the early decisive battle at Milne Bay. Finally he served in the invasion of Dutch Borneo at Balikpapan. My old Unit, 2/6 Field Regiment had similar service. It is strange that some AIF Units had all the action, whilst others never heard or fired a shot! Marion and David rented a house shortly after his return, and a couple of others until their own house at Turramurra (which they still occupy) was completed, in, i think, 1946. It was built in what had been the cow paddock behind David's father's house In Karuah Road Turramurra.

Sydney was very shabby when I returned because very little except the most essential maintenance had been permitted during the war, and no new buildings of a permanent nature, (except perhaps the military hospital at Concord ), had been
It had at one time been full of American troops, but they arrived after I had gone overseas, and left before I returned. The harbour was full of warships of the British Pacific Fleet which, after the end of the war in Europe, had gathered here for operations against the Japanese in the Pacific, and, because of the repair and supply facilities available, had made Sydney their HQ.

When I left Australia in 1941 Garden Island was a real island, but whilst I was away a very big dry dock, large enough to dock a battleship, had been built, joining the Island to the shore. The harbour was full of warships of every description - aircraft carriers with their decks lined with aircraft, battleships, cruisers, destroyers, tankers and supply ships. They were in every bay and inlet. The streets of Sydney were full of British sailors, as well as Australian sailors, soldiers and airmen. Our own troops were arriving home from overseas every day, and the city was alive with uniforms.

My leave passed quickly, catching up with friends, and after so many years without news, hearing a little about the war, and how it had affected my own friends and family. For example, during the raid on the harbour by Japanese submarines in 1942, Dad and Mother saw a lot of the action from their lounge room! Dad had a very demanding time. He was in charge of the initial conversion of the "Queen Mary" into a troopship, the conversion of passenger ships into Armed Merchant Cruisers, and the repairs to battle-damaged ships. When I went away he was in charge of the conversion of a Dutch passenger ship, the "Oranje" into a hospital ship. During the war Cockatoo employed thousands of men.

Petrol rationing meant that we could only sparingly use Dad's very thirsty car. Because he worked on an island he could not get the additional ration granted to many people. There was, of course, a thriving black market. This was many years before we had any indigenous oil discoveries and few refineries. All petroleum products had to be imported.

"Athene" had been laid in a shed, stripped of mast etc for the whole time I had been away. Dad, for some reason had even sold the very good American marine engine. As soon as I got back he got work started to have the yacht restored into sailing condition, and he and I spent some time sorting out what was necessary. I am not sure when the work was finished, but I clearly remember that when she was launched I spent about 30 hours pumping her out until the very dry timbers swelled enough to be watertight. Dad bought a little 5 HP auxiliary engine and when I went to get a petrol licence for it I was given one for about 4 times what we got for the big Buick because marine use petrol was rationed according to the length of the boat, not the size of the engine!

During my leave I got a good deal of rest, ate well and gained some weight as I was still very thin when I got home. On 27 November I was ordered to report to a military hospital in huts at Hearne Bay. I believe that this is now the site of Roselands Shopping Centre. There I was given an extremely superficial medical examination. I do not think that the Medical Officer actually physically examined me. He asked a few questions and classed me fit as medically fit class A1.
I was then taken by bus to Sydney Showground where I went through the discharge procedure. Firstly I was asked whether I wished to be immediately discharged from the army, or to remain in the so called Interim Army. I said that I wished to be discharged, but it was not an easy decision as I was an unqualified 27 year old clerk with a very doubtful future, and after so many years the only thing I really knew anything about was the army. As my commission was as an officer in the Permanent Military Forces I could not actually be discharged, but transferred to the Reserve of Officers, where I would remain theoretically liable to be called up again until I reached the retiring age for my rank, which as a Lieutenant was I think, 40. However, I said that I would like to finish my service and I was given a document called - "Certificate of Service of an Officer". This certificate, which I still have, states that I "Served on Continuous Full Time War Service for a total of two thousand and twenty five days of which 1538 days was served outside Australia".

I was then given clothing coupons sufficient to obtain one suit and I think 2 shirts, A tobacco ration form, and most importantly my pay. I have lost my final pay book, but I left the Army with about 2000 pounds. Most of this was my undrawn pay as a Lieutenant at the rate of one pound and seven pence per day - undrawn for 3 years and 7 months, and deferred pay. I was also given a rail warrant enabling me to travel for a holiday within NSW. Manpower Regulations were still in force and one had to return to one's place of employment at the time of enlistment. The employer was obliged by law to offer reemployment. I therefore received an order to report back to H.B. Allard Way & Hardie.

I was under no compulsion to return immediately to work, and I thought that I would like to use my rail warrant and take a holiday. However, I was still an obedient son, living at home, and Dad and Mother, fearing, I now think, that when my money ran out they might have to support me, were firmly of the opinion that I should go back to work as soon as possible. I therefore arranged with Allard Way & Hardie that I would recommence work with them on 2nd, January 1946. In the meantime we had a very good Christmas and a New Year's Eve party at home.
H.B. Allard Way & Hardie had grown a great deal during the war, and were now situated in much larger offices in O'Connell Street. During the war they had employed a lot of men who, by law, they would now have to re-employ, and it soon became obvious that their policy would be to discourage the least qualified of the returnees. Therefore, although I received a warm welcome from Mr Way, he referred me to another partner, Mr. Todhunter, who received me very coldly. He explained that the hierarchy of the staff was now formalised and that I was on the lowest rung.

Mother had disposed of most of my clothes, and when I started back at work I had only one suit, and I think two civilian shirts. If my suit needing cleaning, I was back in a khaki shirt and a sports coat!

I still remember that for quite a few weeks I was appointed as junior assistant to a girl of 19, carrying books etc. I also had to go on messages for my seniors. I just swallowed my pride and carried on until one morning Mr Todhunter called me into his office. He told me that the Partners had a legal opinion that my prewar Articles of Employment were still valid, and that although they were now paying me the minimum under the Clerks Award, which I think was about 5 pounds 10 shillings per week, they legally only had to pay me only one pound per week. He then went on to say that because of my war service, the Partners had generously agreed to pay me 3 pounds 10 shillings per week, with the proviso that my pay would depend on my progress in the Chartered Institute examinations. He said that my pay would be increased by 10 shillings per week for each major section passed, but reduced by that amount if I failed. To say the least, I was dumbfounded. I said - "Mr. Todhunter, it is my intention to sit for my examinations as soon as possible, and I intend to sit my Intermediate Law Exams in April. Am I to understand that, despite the fact that it will be less than six months since I was nearly dead from starvation in a Prison Camp, you will reduce my pay if I fail?" I will never forget his reply - "What's the use of giving a fellow like you any money, you will only hand it to the nearest publican". I replied - "Mr. Todhunter I suggest that you immediately withdraw that most insulting and offensive remark". He then said that he was only joking and that he had a very bad time and had to work all sorts of hours during the war. I did not reply and simply walked out of the room. When I told Dad he was furious and actually produced my Articles which had been sent to him by Allard Way & Hardie without even a covering letter as soon as I was reported "Missing" by the Military Authorities. I also ascertained that under the Post War Rehabilitation Acts they were actually receiving a Government subsidy called "Pupillage" to employ me, and that the subsidy actually exceeded the three pounds ten they were paying me!

I worked mostly under Harry Vincent but sometimes under a rather unpleasant man - Ken Wood. Amongst our audits was Lever Bros, the soap manufacturers at Balmain. One day, whilst working there, I felt the onset of an attack of malaria. I got home with some difficulty. I was immediately put on large doses of quinine and a 6 month course of another drug which kept the malaria in control, although I did suffer
from minor attacks for some years.

The firm also carried out the audits of several flour mills in Sydney, and of 2 in the country - one, Harris & Co, at Forbes, and another, Pardy & Co at Temora. This work was controlled by Ken Wood. I do not think that I took any sick leave for malaria and during my treatment, nevertheless I was sent away to work on these country audits even though Wood knew that I was not well. This was typical of the pressure put on me to leave.

I realised that my best option was to sit for, and if possible, pass my Chartered Institution Examinations as quickly as possible. The Institute had, for ex-servicemen, removed their service requirements, and it was now possible for me to for exams twice per year, in May and November. I re-enrolled at the Australian Accountancy College (my modest fees were met by the Rehabilitation authorities). I studied hard. I worked by day, and studied at home or attended lectures at the College at night. I passed my Intermediate Law exams in the May 1946 sittings and sat for and passed the rest of the Intermediate - Accounts and Auditing in November.

An old family friend, Malcolm Smith, who was a partner in the leading firm of Chartered Accountants, Flack & Flack, which had just concluded an association with the international firm of Price Waterhouse, heard of the way I had been treated by Allard Way & Hardie. He immediately told me that there would be an advertisement for a vacancy in the next Saturday's "Sydney Morning Herald", and to answer it if I wished to. I applied and was engaged in June 1947 at a salary of 6 pounds ten shillings per week. Mr Way was not available when I submitted my resignation and I saw Mr. Duff. He was quite upset, and tried to persuade me to stay. He apologized for my treatment of which he had no knowledge. I still have a very good reference from Allard Way & Hardie which among other remarks says "During the periods of service with us we found Mr. Carment a reliable and intelligent worker and he carried out his duties to our satisfaction. We have formed a very high opinion of his character generally. To this day I do not understand why they treated me with so badly. I think that it was directed by Todhunter who was the partner in charge of staff, and unknown to Mr. Way and the other partners. They certainly attempted to make amends with this reference.

The difference between the two firms was amazing. I was immediately given work which tested my ability, and was given as much responsibility as was appropriate. The firm's offices were at Kyle House in Macquarie Place. There were 4 partners and a staff of about 40, including quite a few ex-servicemen. Because of their link with Price Waterhouse the auditing methods were much more modern and effective than those in use at Allard Way & Hardie. I worked on interesting audits, all of which seemed to involve travel to some other part of Sydney's industrial area. For example, Lincoln Electric, which made welding equipment was at Alexandria, Goodyear Tyre Co. at Clyde, and Le Tourneau which manufactured heavy earthmoving machinery at Rydalmere. I learned a lot about industry as well as auditing, because our duties included stock checks and factory visits.
Flack & Flack changed its name to Price Waterhouse, and Allard Way & Hardie became Cooper Bros. They became huge organisations employing hundreds of people throughout Australia. The final irony is that this year the two firms have merged into a vast organization called Trice Waterhouse Coopers". They operate throughout the world.

I continued to work at my studies and by November 1948 I had qualified for admission as a Chartered Accountant. Chartered Accountants regarded themselves as being members of a profession. I do not agree with this assumption. In my opinion accountancy is no more than a semi-skilled trade. If it were a profession it would not have been possible for anyone with my extremely limited education to have qualified in such a short time. Accountancy is not to be compared with Medicine, Architecture, Engineering, Science or Law, all of which demand a very much higher standard of learning. A good accountant needs only sufficient knowledge of Commercial Law (sufficient to recognise when a problem needs professional help), and the application of elementary logic. These days the Institute has ceased to be an examining body. It accepts a University degree in Economics or Business Studies as an entry qualification. It then requires applicants to complete a "Professional Year" which includes attendance at lectures on professional practice, ethics, etc. It seems to me that this merely complicates an essentially simple occupation.

**ENGAGEMENT AND MARRIAGE**

During 1946 and 1947 had quite a good social life at week-ends. I did a lot of sailing when "Athene" had been refitted. John Harrowell and Phil Green often formed part of the crew.

We had extremely hospitable neighbors - the Dewey family, who lived in a large house in Harrison Street, which runs parallel to Bennett Street. As the crow flies their house was only about 200 metres from "Craigievar". Mr Dewey was a Belgian woolbuyer and he had 4 children. 2 sons, each of whom had lost in an accident when riding together on the one motorcycle, and 2 daughters - Julie and Louise. Louise had been engaged to marry a young Australian Naval officer who was killed in the War. The girls used to give wonderful parties on at least one Saturday night each month, and I always seemed to be invited. We danced to music from a record player, ate, and talked. There was very little alcohol which was strictly rationed, and the Deweys were not a drinking family. At first most of the men were still in uniform, many just back from various parts abroad. There was wonderful company and much to talk about. I addition I sometimes took other girls out to such innocent venues as the pictures. The nightclubs were booming, but their prices were beyond my parsimonious habits.

Mother quite often had people to dinner, and one evening in ,I think, October 1946, mother had invited Bruce Shallard, who was a son of Major Shallard, and therefore Dad's second cousin, and his wife Joan to dinner. Bruce was a cardiologist and
Mother was consulting him for her heart condition. Joan was a daughter of Sir John Sulman, who is still well remembered for his extraordinary contribution to Architecture, Town Planning, and Art in Sydney. Joan mentioned to mother that one of her brothers, Tom, had very recently returned from service with the British Army for almost the whole duration of the War, and who was now living with his daughter Diana who he had not seen since she was a small child. Mother asked Joan to bring Tom and Diana also, and included me as someone young for Diana. It was an invitation which has made my life! Diana was only 19, and in third year Architecture at Sydney University. She had beautiful dark hair, a flawless complexion, and a beautiful figure. She was a most intelligent conversationalist, and, to say the least, I was most attracted to her.

Sir John Sulman, Diana's grandfather, after an extremely successful architectural career in England, had migrated to Australia because his wife had tuberculosis, and the Australian climate was recommended for her health. They had 3 children, Arthur, Florence, and Edith. Edith, a nurse, died from influenza. Despite the move, and the best possible medical care, Mrs. Sulman died. Mr. Sulman (as he was then) had by this time established an extensive architectural practice, and was engaged by Mr. Thomas Walker, a leading figure in the Sydney business community, to design and supervise alterations and additions to his large house "Yaralla" on the Parramatta River at Concord. Mr. Walker had a daughter Eadith. (later Dame Eadith) and he had brought up, as her sister, Annie Masefield, who was an orphan, born in Sydney on 13 June 1864. John Sulman married her as his second wife. They were married at St. Luke's Church, Burwood, on 22 April 1893 and had their wedding reception at "Yaralla". We have a photograph of their wedding party. The Sulman's had four children - Geoffrey, Dorothy Joan, Thomas, and John. They had a house "Burrangong" at McMahon's Point, and "Kihilla", a house set on extensive grounds at Lawson in the Blue Mountains.

The boys spent most of their time at "Kihilla" and went to school at Woodford Academy, a little further down the mountains. Major Shallard had a daughter and 4 sons and this family lived at Glenbrook, the first town on the Mountains. The 2 youngest Shallard boys, Bruce and Ken, also were pupils at Woodford Academy and became friendly with Geoffrey and Tom. Because of this Bruce met and subsequently married Joan Sulman.

Tom and his elder brother Geoffrey were keen on anything mechanical - particularly motor cars and motor cycles. When World War 1 broke out Geoffrey was an engineering student but he went to England where he joined the Royal Flying Corps and was killed in a training accident. Tom was very keen also to enlist, but he was too young, so when he left school he spent a year as a jackeroo on his half-brother, Arthur's, cattle station in the Gulf country in North Queensland awaiting the time when he would be old enough to join the AIF. He did in fact enlist, but the war finished immediately afterward, and he never actually served.

Tom then continued his lifelong interest in motor cars and motor cycles, car and motor cycle racing and reliability trials. He made his living as a car salesman. On 30 January 1926 he married Diana's mother Violet Louise, daughter of Major William Inglis, MC Mde Militiare and his wife Mary. Major Inglis had been
Regimental Sergeant Major of the Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders. He had served in the Boer War and had come to Australia to join the Australian Instructional Corps. When World War 1 broke out he was commissioned in the AIF where he served with great distinction. Tom is described in the Marriage Certificate as a motor salesman. They were married at Scots Church in Phillip Street on 30 January 1926. Bruce Shallard was a witness to the marriage. Tom was 25 and Violet was 22. Diana was born in the same hospital as me - "Cooinda" in Yeo Street Neutral Bay, on 6th September 1927.

Photographs of Diana's mother shows that she was a beautiful woman. The marriage was not a success. Apparently Diana's mother did not share Tom's addiction to motor cars and motor cycles and perhaps his friends with similar interests. After a while they went and lived in England where Tom worked as a mechanic and competed in dirt track bike races which were then very popular. He also raced cars. They lived at "Peace Cottage" Cookham, (Perhaps a hardly appropriate name). After some time they agreed to separate and Diana's mother brought her back to Australia, and left her with her parents, and then returned to England. All that Diana can remember of the trip was that she was only a little girl, and very sick with whooping cough. Diana's mother and Tom were divorced in 1938. Violet remarried, but she was subsequently killed in a motor accident and Diana never saw her again.

Diana was therefore brought up by her Grandparents, Major and Mrs. Inglis, and by Lady Sulman and Auntie Flurrie. She also had holidays with Uncle Arthur and Auntie Anne at their property "Kurrumbede" at Gunnedah, of which she has very pleasant memories. She was particularly fond of her cousin Leslie who was tragically killed in action in Malaya. She also saw quite a lot of Auntie Joan and Uncle Bruce Shallard and their daughter, Diana's cousin Barbara. As a small girl she went to a newly formed local school "Danebank" with Barbara, and at the minimum age (I think 9) she was sent as a boarder to Presbyterian Ladies College at Pymble.

It must have been a frightening experience for a little girl, who, so far as I can judge, despite being treated always with kindness, was always on the move, without the security of a permanent home. Despite, or perhaps, in spite of, all this Diana performed brilliantly at school, finishing both as Head Prefect of the Boarders, and Joint Dux of the School. I am still surprised that such a brilliant young girl would be interested in a completely unqualified man nine years older than herself!

When World War 2 broke out, Diana's father enlisted as a Private in the British Army. After some months in the ranks he was sent to an OCTU. He told me that he had a hard time as some of his instructors would have had great pleasure in seeing the failure of a forty year old Australian. However he passed and was commissioned as a Lieut. in the Royal Army Service Corps. He served in North Africa and in Italy, and finished his service with the rank of Captain. After so many years abroad he wanted to return home to Australia as soon as possible. He wanted to see Diana after so many years, and to see his mother and his family. He approached Australia House for assistance in obtaining a passage home but was told that they could not help him as he had lived so long in England, and had
"Joined the wrong army". Many Australian servicemen and their wives and families were waiting for passages, and they had priority.

He heard that a man named Wickner was negotiating to purchase a war surplus Halifax Bomber, with the object of fitting it for passengers and flying it to Australia filled with Australians who wished to return home. The negotiations for the purchase from the Air Ministry were protracted but eventually successful. I think that the passengers became, in effect partners and co-owners. I have an agreement between Tom Sulman and G.N. Wickner in which Tom is described as a "Co-adventurer". There were all kinds of conditions but Tom had to pay a proportion of maintenance and running costs not to exceed three hundred pounds. The agreement is dated 1st March 1946. Although Tom had no previous experience with aircraft he was appointed Flight Engineer, and spent some considerable time overhauling the engines so that the aircraft could obtain the requisite Certificate of worthiness. The aircraft was internally converted for passenger use and named "Waltzing Matilda". The plane and its passengers, after quite a hazardous trip via the Middle East, Burma, and Indonesia, eventually arrived safely at Mascot Airport, where Diana met her father for the first time for probably 15 years!

In 1946 any sort of house or flat to rent was very difficult to find, but Diana's father was fortunate in renting a flat in Elizabeth Bay Crescent, right on the waterfront of Rushcutters Bay. Diana moved in with him. It must have been a strange experience for her to be living with a father she really did not know! Tom also obtained the lease of a workshop in Oswald Street, Kings Cross, and set himself up in business as a motor mechanic.

Diana had the joint responsibilities of coping with a very demanding university course, and housekeeping for her father. Architecture was a 9 to 5 Faculty and it also involved a great deal of work to be carried out at home. She had very little money and often walked to and from the university. Architecture students also had to obtain practical experience by working in Architects' offices during university vacations. Diana really was busy!

I think that the first outing we had together was to go to the RSYS Garden Party for the opening of the 1946/47 Yachting Season. Very soon we were spending such spare time as we had together. We went to parties at which Diana introduced me to her friends, we went sailing when "Athene" was ready and we played tennis on Auntie Florrie's court at Collaroy. We were very deeply in love, and decided that we would marry as soon as it was possible. Diana's father rather reluctantly agreed to our engagement, which was not particularly popular with either side of the family. My parents thought that Diana was too young, and Diana's family thought that I was too old! We announced our engagement on 15 December 1946.

Two long and very busy years followed. We were both very busy with our work and studies, but it was much harder for Diana than for me, as she had to keep house for her father as well as seeing me. Therefore our social life was confined almost entirely to week-end activities. We also had to consider where we would live after we were married.
Housing was in extremely short supply in the immediate post-war years. All building materials were very difficult to obtain, and many were rationed - bricks and tiles, for example, and some timber and hardware. Skilled tradesmen were particularly in demand. I still had the money I received when I came out of the army, and construction costs were low by to-day’s standards. Workmen still worked a 44 hour week without overtime. I was determined that if possible we would start our married life in our own home. Many young married couples at that time were forced to live with their in-laws which often caused considerable difficulties, particularly if they had children.

Mother was finding the steep garden on the Bertha Road side of "Craigievar" extremely difficult to keep up, particularly as I do not remember her having any help, and Dad, like me, was no gardener. I therefore asked Dad that if it were possible to subdivide the Bertha Road frontage of the land, I could buy it from him and have a house built on it. He agreed to sell it to me for 450 pounds. I approached North Sydney Council, and they agreed that it was just possible for them to approve a subdivision of the minimum permitted area. I immediately had the necessary survey carried out and approved by the relevant authorities. In order to preserve his harbour view Dad had covenant imposed on the title to the land so that we could only build a house with a flat roof.

I had 2000 pounds available. Diana’s father generously agreed to lend us one thousand pounds and I arranged to borrow a further one thousand pounds from Auntie Bessie if required. Dad insisted on taking a first mortgage over the whole property, including the proposed house, until his debt was repaid. The loans from Tom and Auntie Bessie were unconditional. Diana was working during her university vacation for an architect named Tom Esplin, and she designed the proposed house, but in his name. Very strict building regulations were then in force, and it was permitted to build a maximum of only 1250 square feet. The house which was designed had two bedrooms. The master bedroom had a built-in wardrobe, and the second bedroom was of the minimum permitted size. There was a lounge of reasonable size with a small dining area opening into it, and a small study. We had the maximum possible window space, and a fairly good view of the harbour. It was to have a flat reinforced concrete roof, which required engineering design. A large garage was on the title as it opened on to Bertha Road. I didn’t have a car and Dad continued to use it until I persuaded him to convert the maid’s bedroom and bathroom at "Craigievar" into a garage opening direct into the kitchen - a really worthwhile improvement. We named this house "Domira". It was wonderfully convenient to public transport, with the tram to the Cremorne ferry at one end of the street, and that to Neutral Bay at the other.

The plans were submitted to, and approved by North Sydney Council, and we had the seemingly impossible task of finding a builder. One day I saw a builder working on the construction of a house in Bennett Street. I asked him if he could consider building my new house just down the street. I told him that all plans and specifications were available and had been approved by the Council. To my very great surprise he said that if I approved his quotation for the building he would do the job on the condition that he could start almost immediately. And this was at a time when it was normal to wait months or even years for a builder! His name was
D. Cormie, and he did an excellent job. This was one more thing to fill Diana's non-existent leisure hours. Tom Esplin supervised the building and charged 6% of the contract price, of which Diana, who had done all the design work, got nothing. The work done by architecture students in their vacations was unpaid. The building was satisfactorily completed just before our wedding but by then I had only about 100 pounds for furniture, so we had at first the bare minimum. Rationing was still in force, particularly petrol, but also such things as bed linen. Under the ration we were allowed coupons to purchase 3 sheets - 2 in use and 1 in the wash. Fortunately relatives came to the rescue.

We were married at Shore Chapel on 15 December 1948. I remember that I worked until the day before. Diana looked lovely. Her bridesmaids were Jean Gordon (later Lawrance), and Pamela Macartney (later Flockhart). It was wonderful that both of them were able to join us for the celebration of our Golden Wedding in December 1988. Dudley Walker was my Best Man, and John Hr Reception at the RSYS. The dining room in those days led on to an open verandah with canvas blinds. It rained heavily and the blinds had to be lowered. Although I had been given a handsome increase in salary to 600 pounds per annum by Flack & Flack when I qualified, we were very short of money. We really did not want to go away for a honeymoon and would much preferred to just go to our brand new house. However we bowed to pressure from relatives. We spent the first night at the old Wentworth Hotel which was then in Jamieson Street, and next morning took a train to Bowral where we stayed for about a week at a boarding house called "Southdown", run by Mrs Fitzhardinge who had "Annerley" before the war. It was on the corner of Moss Vale Road and Burradoo Road. We hired bicycles, walked a lot, and one day hired horses and rode to Sutton Forest. Our final luxury was two days at the Hotel Canberra. I remember that we had to change trains at Goulburn on a bitterly cold morning. We had a wonderful honeymoon, but we were absolutely delighted to come home to our new house.
EARLY MARRIED YEARS AND WORK

It is difficult to discuss our early marriage without also discussing the influence on it of my working life, and my social and sporting life.

One of the turning points happened on the last morning of our honeymoon at the Hotel Canberra. I was rather idly looking through the "Positions Vacant" advertisements in the "Sydney Morning Herald" when I was attracted to the following advertisement. (I still have the cutting from the paper.) I was particularly attracted by the salary, which was very large in 1947. The advertisement read:-

Accountant (Chartered)

1000 pounds minimum to Start

A Sydney, F.C.A.(Aust.) with important and lucrative practice, requires an outstandingly good qualified man as MANAGING SENIOR. Protestant.

Applicants should have had a thorough training with an Australian Chartered firm, and must be thoroughly proficient in writing and auditing reports, in controlling staff, and in handling a number of large audits.

The successful applicant will be in line for admission into partnership if satisfactory.

Write fully, stating age, education, professional experience, and home life."

I showed the advertisement to Diana, and said that it would be just the sort of job I would like if I had sufficient experience. She replied, very wisely, that I would have no chance of getting it if I did not apply. Therefore shortly after our return home I wrote a careful application, posted it to the "Herald" and forgot all about it.

As soon as offices re-opened in the new year Diana and I both went back to work. I think that Diana was working for Fowell. Mansfield & Mac Clurcan. She was in her final year. I went back to Flack & Flack which had now officially changed its name to Price Waterhouse & Co.

Shortly after resuming work I received, at work, a telephone call from Mr. Faviell of the firm of Norton & Faviell in regard to my application, and asking me to come to his office for an interview at an appointed time. I duly presented myself for the interview. Mr. J.R. Faviell (christened Jack Riverstone but he always was known as John), was then in his fifties, a fair, good looking man. He had a very nice office at 17 O'Connell Street, directly opposite the building in which Allard Way & Hardie were housed. He explained the nature of the work the successful applicant would be expected to do, and also some details of the firm. He asked me a lot of questions. I thought that the interview had been pleasant and had gone quite well. I thought no more about it and I did not expect to hear any more from Mr. Faviell. I
was literally astounded when, about a week later, Mr. Faviell again telephoned me at work (Telephone connections were at that time very difficult to get, and I do not think that we, at that time had a phone at home) and asked me if I wanted the job! I literally nearly fell of my chair as I really did not expected to be selected. I knew that there had been a large number of applicants. He said that he would like me to start as soon as possible, and I promised to immediately submit my resignation to Price Waterhouse.

At that time there were only four partners in the Sydney Office of Price Waterhouse. Mr H.W.Chancellor, the Senior Partner, Mr Malcolm Smith, our family friend who incidentally had given the toast to the Bride and Groom at our wedding, Mr.E.A Forsyth and Mr.F.E.Trigg, on whose staff I worked. I submitted my resignation to Mr Trigg, and to my great surprise I was asked to attend a meeting of all the partners together. They could not have been nicer. They said that they did not want me to leave, and that there was every possibility of my becoming a Partner in due course. They also said that they could perhaps, in time, arrange for me to spend 6 months in the New York office, and 6 months in the London office. However they did not know whether they would meet the fares and accommodation for my wife. I often think that I was rude in my reply. I said that I was 30 years of age, and had a lot of catching up to do. I said that the position I was offered was in a highly respected firm, with the prospects of an early partnership, and I felt that I would be very foolish to refuse it. I asked them how old they had been when they had become Partners and they all admitted that they had been Partners at my age. Malcolm Smith had also served in World War 1. They then agreed to release me in one month.

Price Waterhouse was, as now, an International firm operating in many countries, but its biggest operations were in Britain and the USA. At that time their audit procedures were far in advance of any other in use in Australia, based on a questionnaire system for the evaluation of internal controls in force in the Companies they audited. These questionnaires were copyright, but Mr Chancellor most generously said that he would be pleased if I took copies with me, as he wanted to improve the auditing standards in Australia. I left Price Waterhouse with regret and with great appreciation for the wonderful experience they had given me. Ever since I have had the greatest respect for the firm. Dad was in two minds when I got this appointment because it transpired that I was earning more than he was after his many years of service and considerable responsibility.

I think that my first action with the promise of this new found wealth was to buy a car. New cars were extremely difficult to obtain, but through Tom Sulman’s connections I was able to buy a tiny Fiat. It had a very small 600cc 4 cylinder engine. It was a two seater with just enough room behind the seats to accommodate a baby’s basket. It was a sedan but had a canvas roof which could be opened. It was very economical and we were very proud owners. We christened it "Felix the Fiat". It gave us great Joy.

The Firm of Norton & Faviell was formed in, I think, 1916 when John Faviell went into partnership with Mr F. H.Norton. John went to the first World War, and was a pilot in the Australian Flying Corps. He qualified too late to see any active service.
When the war ended many thousands of Australian troops had to get passages home, and those with the longest service had priority. Those with low priority, like John Faviell, were permitted to engage in civil employment until a passage became available. During this waiting period he worked for Spicer & Pegler, a well known London firm of Chartered Accountants. Before he returned home he arranged that Norton & Faviell should be Spicer & Pegler's Australian agents. This meant that if one of their clients wished to operate in Australia, Norton & Faviell would be recommended to perform their accountancy work on the understanding that Spicer & Pegler would receive a percentage of any fees - usually 10%. This agency became quite important in the development of the practice.

In World War 2 John Faviell again enlisted in the RAAF. He was sent to Darwin as Adjutant to a Squadron. He was Mentioned in Dispatches for his work during the Japanese air attacks on Darwin. Because of his accountancy qualifications he was transferred to RAAF HQ in Melbourne and completed his service with the rank of Wing Commander in charge of administration. Before he enlisted the firm admitted a Mr. J. F. Dale as a Partner. Mr. Dale, during the war, left the firm and took one of the most important clients with him. Mr. Norton died in 1945. John Faviell returned to find himself in sole charge of the firm. He engaged a Mr. C. W. Neill as a Partner but they had a serious dispute and Neill left the firm. I was appointed in his place.

The firm's offices were in Brook House, 17 O'Connell Street, occupying a whole floor. When I joined them there was a staff of about 20. There was one qualified senior, Gerald MacMahon, who, despite the advertisement which I had answered, was a Roman Catholic, and Neville Challoner who had a law degree and had joined the firm from the Taxation Dept. as tax expert. He could not become a partner until he had obtained his qualification as a Chartered Accountant. On my first day John Faviell showed me to a room alongside his, which was to be my office, and already had my name on the door! I had never before had even a desk to myself and to have my own office really made me think that I had arrived. He introduced me to the staff, and then dropped a bombshell. He told me that he was the Chairman of the Australian subsidiary of an English textile Company - I & R Morley Ltd, which had its factory at Ballarat. He said that the Deputy Chairman of the English Company, Hon. Claude Hope-Morley, and his wife Lady Doro Hope-Morley (the daughter of the Earl Of Buckinghamshire) were in Australia and that he would be away from the office with them for two weeks. I think that he really wanted to try me out, but it was a tough introduction.

I will return later to my work, but more dramatic things were to happen at home during 1949. Diana had intended to return to University to complete her final year, but in early April our local doctor, Dr. Arthur Moon, confirmed that she was pregnant, and calculated that we could expect our first child on or near Christmas Day! These days this would not have prevented Diana completing her course, but she continued until she had only her final design examination to complete. She had always intended to complete this one subject and receive her degree, but fate decreed otherwise. She had done so well in her course, and I have always felt that it was very much my fault that she did not continue. We made a reservation at St. Monans, a private maternity hospital in Holt Avenue Cremorne and Dr Moon, who soon afterwards became a specialist gynaecologist, looked after her very well.
I was some years later that Arthur Moon and I discovered that we had both been Japanese POW’s, Neither of us ever talked about it. The news that we were to have a child was received with mixed reactions by our families, mostly with great pleasure, but some sadness that it would prevent Diana's graduation that year.

Diana was well most of the time, and really made our house our home. We fixed up the little second bedroom as a nursery, and Diana made all preparations for the new arrival. I used to travel to work by the Cremorne ferry, and on most mornings she walked down with me through the reserve on the Shell Cove waterfront. We were proud to show our new house to our friends, and we had some very nice neighbors, some of whom, such as Henry MacPhillamy, Zara Selby, Margaret Green and the McMullins have remained lifelong friends. Diana often came sailing, which she enjoyed, and supplied some of her university friends, such as Peter McCallum and Bob Powell, as crew. At the week-ends Diana's father often came to see us and we had visits from Lady Sulman and Auntie Florrie.

David arrived as scheduled on Christmas Day 1949, a fine healthy boy, much to our delight. But what a day it was! It was Tom Sulman's 50th. birthday, and also on that day Lady Sulman died, unfortunately without seeing her first great-grandchild. I still remember that St. Monans had "Merry Christmas" spelt out in nappies along its front. In the evening Tom Sulman said to me - "I really don't know what to say to you and Diana. You have chosen Christmas Day to make me a grandfather on my 50th. birthday, and on the day my mother has died". Naturally he was both delighted and sad. He and I always got on very well together, and became great friends. We had hired a Karitani nurse to be with Diana as soon as she came home. When I engaged her she asked if I would pay her fares from her previous case, and I agreed. When she arrived she said that her previous case had been in New Zealand! Her tenure was short and she did not receive her fares from New Zealand. Diana was a wonderful mother. We hired baby scales from the local chemist, and took David to the Baby Health Clinic in Mosman. We were very proud of him and he was a good baby. He was christened in Shore Chapel on 12th. March 1950 by Rev. Nigel a'Beckett Backhouse, the School Chaplain, who also had married us. We had a christening party at home. We followed a Carment family tradition in christening him David, and he became the fourth Australian David Carment - my grandfather my father, myself and him. All the Davids in the family including David Wood, was a recipe for confusion, and that is why I am always known by my second name.

I had a very busy and demanding year at Norton & Faviell, particularly during the first two weeks when John Faviell was away. Because of Dale and Neill leaving, Norton dying, and John Faviell serving in the RAAF, most of the work was well behind. It was quite a considerable practice including the Australian Metropolitan Insurance Co. Ltd. (Now Mercantile Mutual Life), Grazcos Cooperative Ltd., J.Gadsden Ltd. (Can makers), Rachael Forster Hospital for Women, Consolidated Neon Ltd, Radio Stations 2NZ and 2NZ, the Australian Country Party, and a large number of smaller companies and individuals who required taxation and accountancy services. The firm also carried out a lot of work for W.R. Carpenter Ltd. The Church of England Insurance Co. of Australia Ltd, was run in the office but with its own small staff of 2. There were quite a number of country grazier clients, and
an important list of Macquarie Street specialists, including Sir Charles Bickerton Blackburn, who in addition to a large practice as a physician, was for many years Chancellor of Sydney University. In addition John was a Director of the Permanent Trustee Co. Ltd., the Newcastle & Hunter River Steamship Co. Ltd., Retreat Station Ltd., Chairman of the Sydney Exchange Company and of Seven Elizabeth Ltd and I & R Morley Pty. Ltd.

Although my knowledge of modern auditing methods was far better than his, John Faviell taught me a great deal. He was a very good organiser, an excellent accountant, a perfectionist, and well known. He was a former Alderman of the City of Sydney. He was a hard taskmaster, and expected high standards from his staff. He made a great contribution to my future success and I will never forget him. Socially he was kindness itself. He and his charming wife Margot were very nice to Diana. They lived in Yarrannabbe Road Point Piper, and had 2 daughters, Virginia and Gaynor. Superficially it was a happy marriage, but not in fact. Margot was his second wife, and I have always suspected that he was a womaniser.

John Faviell had before World War 2 carried out quite a few city building developments, including, in 1926, the construction of Brook House, in which we had our offices. It was a seven story building, and was reputed to be one of the first office buildings in the city to be of reinforced concrete construction. He formed a company to build it and then sold the company. In the same way he built another rather similar building, O’Brien House in Young Street which became the property and offices of our clients Grazcos. Just before the war he formed another company - Seven Elizabeth Street Ltd., which was a Public Company and listed on the Sydney Stock Exchange. The Company built a building containing 54 studio type units and a restaurant in the basement.

My first task on joining the firm was to complete the audit and prepare the accounts and report of the Australian Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. Ltd. This was quite a task as a new Life Insurance Act had just come into operation. I then, over time, read the files of all the firm’s clients, starting with the largest. Fortunately I did not have to concern myself at that time with income tax matters because they were all being handled by Neville Challoner. During my first year I also started to gain very valuable Company Secretarial experience, as I was appointed Secretary of the Church of England Insurance Co. Ltd., Seven Elizabeth Ltd., Retreat Station Ltd., and Consolidated Neon Ltd. This meant that I attended the Board meetings of those Companies, and recorded minutes of the proceedings.

John Faviell seemed satisfied with my performance because in May 1950 he unexpectedly gave me a bonus of 100 Pounds. Gerald McMahon and I were admitted as partners in the firm from 30th. November 1950.

My quite unexpected success since my return from the War had given me confidence in my own ability for the first time in my life and I became acutely aware of the rewards for hard work. After I qualified I was asked by the Institute of Chartered Accountants to mark examination papers, a task which I carried out for years, eventually setting questions for Final Accounts examinations. I also gave, for the Institute, Pre-examination Lectures to Final Auditing candidates. In addition I
was elected to the committee of the Chartered Accountants Research Society, which gave me some knowledge of Institute affairs, and enabled me to get to know partners in other firms. These activities meant that frequently I had long days, which must have been very trying for Diana.

In all these activities I had a few leftover physical effects from my POW days. Not long after we moved to "Domira" I suddenly had a most intense stomach pain. Dr. Moon came quickly and gave me a morphia injection which alleviated the pain, but made me very nauseated. It was obvious that I will never become addicted to this drug! He diagnosed an acute attack of renal colic. I had repeated attacks of this for some years.

Early in 1951 it was confirmed that Diana was again expecting another child. By this time Dr. Moon had left Neutral Bay, and we consulted Dr. Douglas Stuckey in Cremorne, and again made a booking at St. Monan's. Mother, as soon as she heard our news was very insistent to me that "Domira", with its small grounds and steep steps was most unsuitable for two children. After a great deal of persuasion, because we were very happy in our new house, we saw the wisdom of her advice and we started to look locally for a more suitable house. We had looked at a couple of houses when we saw a small advertisement for a house for sale in Clifton Gardens. We arranged for an inspection, and found it to be 26 Iluka Road. It was four bedroom brick house built in 1935. It had been designed by B.J. Waterhouse, a well regarded Sydney architect, it was down more than 50 steps from the road, facing south, and it was in effect a waterfront to Taylor Bay, the land extending to 50 feet from high watermark. It had a magnificent uninterrupted view of the harbour, a large lounge room with a big central and two smaller windows on to the view, a good sized dining room, a large walk-in pantry and a big kitchen with an electric stove, and a good sized laundry. There were open fireplaces in the lounge, dining room, and main bedroom. There was a large basement room. There was no garage, but a well laid out garden. There was a house on one side and five vacant blocks before the next house on the other side! The price was very high -10500 pounds. However I knew that "Domira" had greatly increased in value since it was built, and I decided to take the risk that I would be able to finance the purchase.

When "Domira" was advertised for sale it was rushed. We sold it for 6000 pounds (it had cost about 4000 pounds). We excluded carpets and curtains from the sale. Our new house had beautiful Tallowood floors in all rooms except the 3 smaller bedrooms which had linoleum over pine, as did the kitchen. We converted the carpets we brought with us into rugs, and we were able to curtain the lounge. When we moved in it was very sparsely furnished, and after Auntie Florrie's first visit, she sent us a quite a lot of furniture from "Burrangong" including a wardrobe, bookcases and occasional tables. She also sent us a most welcome quantity of bed linen. We moved in shortly before Easter 1951. The lower garden, on the harbour side of the house was very overgrown with lantana and other weeds, and in clearing it, Diana and I each collected dozens of grass ticks under our skin, which nearly drove us mad!
In the early days at Iluka Road we both worked very hard. We got the garden into good order. I personally painted every wall in the house, sometimes after work and at the week-ends. It was an all electric house and these were the days of coal strikes and blackouts. We relied mainly on wood fires for winter heat, and I well remember coming home on winter evenings to find Diana drying nappies in front of the fire. Eventually we bought various forms of kerosene heaters. We had an off peak hot water system with a large tank in the roof, so we usually had hot water for baths, but it was, to say the least, disconcerting to finish bathing the children by the light of an electric torch or a kerosene lamp. We had a couple of very good "Alladin" kerosene lamps. We were lucky to live on the waterfront because driftwood, mostly jettisoned from ships coming up the harbour, used to collect on the rocks just below our house and a lot of it was excellent firewood.

One major disadvantage of living with the native bush around us were the mosquitoes which bred in thousands. At first we used mosquito nets, but after a while we had screens made for every window. When the house was built it was the custom for all joinery to be made on site, and when we had the screens made, we found that each one was of slightly different measurement. Therefore each had to be marked with a number.

As in Bertha Road, everything was delivered even right down all our steps. The greengrocer brought the fruit and vegetables right into the kitchen, as did the grocer. Even the chemist delivered. The milk appeared each morning in a "tradesman's hatch" in the kitchen, also the bread. Garbage was removed from outside the back door. The postman always blew a whistle when he left anything in our box. The city stores like David Jones delivered free of charge. We were really very well served. Public transport was quite good. There was a bus at the end of the street which ran a rather restricted service to the Mosman shops, but I used to walk across Bradley's Head to the Zoo ferry morning and evening unless I was working out of the city. Despite all these advantages my mother thought that we lived in the bush! In a way, she was probably right as we had terrible trouble with possums which actually came down the chimneys and also ate all the new shoots on our rose bushes. Bandicoots, which were the hosts for the ticks which plagued our pet dogs, and water rats which climbed up the cavities of the walls into the ceiling!

Before Ann's arrival we had just enough room behind the seats of the Fiat for David's "Moses Basket", but when it became evident that "Felix the Fiat" was too small we decided that we had to get a larger car. I remember that Diana nearly cried when "Felix" had to go. It was our first car and we were very proud of it. Cars were still very hard to get, and there was little choice. Just before we moved to Iluka Road we bought an English car, a Jowett "Javelin", which was supposed to be the last word in modern automotive engineering. It had a horizontally opposed "Flat four" engine with 2 cylinders on each side and a carburetor also on each side. It was quite fast and had comfortable seating, but it was anything but dust proof and on dusty roads the dust simply poured in. It also had a nasty habit of breaking engine mountings. Overall it was probably the worst car we ever had. As we did not have a garage we usually parked it in front of the house, Iluka Road is on two levels and fairly narrow, and one morning my new car was hit by the milkman's horse drawn wagon. This decided me to see if I could rent a garage. The nearest was up
about 200 steps at the end of the street, but I was young and strong and it was a lot better than nothing. After about a year we managed to finance the building of a garage at the house.

Diana had a difficult time with Ann as she had to be turned the right way round every month. She was late in arriving, and I well remember Diana having to take castor oil to try to hasten her. Eventually she had to be induced, and arrived, on 10th September 1951 a fine healthy baby weighing 10 pounds. We were delighted to have a daughter, and I am sure that Diana was pleased to have her pregnancy over. I well remember that when I first went to see them Diana said, “Now we really are a family”.

David, aged 20 months, did not know what to make of the new arrival. The baby was christened Ann at Scots Kirk, Mosman on 13th January 1952. Perhaps it took us that long to decide on a name, but we both agreed that “Ann” could not be shortened, so she is now known as “Annie” by everyone except me! Ann later complained that she did not have a middle name, and I told her to choose one she liked, and I would have it officially registered. At the time of writing, she still has not let me know.

Early in 1954 we became aware that Diana was again expecting. By this time Dr. Stuckey had gone to England on a Nuffield Scholarship and we were advised to see a Dr. Mutton in Mosman. Diana did not particularly like him. He confirmed that the baby was due in September, and we again made a reservation at St. Monan’s. Diana had a difficult time, but on 1st September she delivered another healthy boy. We decided to call him after Diana’s father. He was christened Thomas Maxwell, again at Scots Kirk on 7th November 1954.

About three months after Tom was born we went through one of the most difficult periods of our married life. Diana became desperately ill with a virulent form of Pneumonia. Marion came to the rescue and looked after David and Ann, but we kept Tom, who was being breast fed. To make matters worse, I also caught the disease but I was not nearly as ill as Diana, whose condition became very serious. Most fortunately antibiotic drugs had just come into use, and our family doctor Tom Selby, put us on to a course of a new drug called “Terra Myacin” which cured us and most certainly saved Diana’s life.

When we first moved to Iluka Road, David was the only baby in the Street, but that soon changed with our own efforts and the arrival of the Stephensons next door, Harvey and Guy Stockwell, Joycelyn Rickard, and others. It proved to be a wonderful place to bring up children with the bush, the rocks and rock pools, and the excellent swimming baths at Chowder Bay. I believe that they all had a happy childhood.

Diana’s Auntie Florrie was a really remarkable lady. I was very fond of her. She was the author of a remarkable book “Wildflowers of New South Wales” - now regarded as a classic, and of course an authority on the subject. She was Vice President of the Kindergarten Union of New South Wales and was largely responsible for the establishment of “Playways” Toy Shop, which sold well.
designed and safe toys to children. During the Depression years she helped unemployed kindergarten teachers, and established a bursary at the Kindergarten Training College. Most importantly she was President of the Arts & Crafts Society, and a personal friend of some of the leading woman artists of the day, such as Margaret Preston and Elaine Haxton. She had great knowledge of Arts and Crafts and was tireless in their promotion. She was awarded the MBE in recognition of all her work.

She had a most attractive holiday house at Collaroy, designed by her father. The central lounge room was octagonal, with a large verandah opening eastwards from one door, and each other door leading to a room in the house. It stood on quite extensive grounds and was surrounded by mown lawns and native trees and shrubs. It had a good tennis court, a large garage, and a small horse paddock. We used to go there as a family on many days at the week-ends, and Diana's father really loved it, as did all the family. We always had a wonderful Christmas party there. Diana and her father had some marathon games of tennis. Diana nearly always won. I also played, but not nearly as well as the others. We had many happy afternoons there.

Auntie Florrie offered to leave Diana the property in her will, but Diana generously replied that she thought that it would be better to leave it to her father, who so loved it. Auntie Florrie did not agree and unfortunately left it, and all its contents, to Uncle Jack's son Lea, the only male Sulman of his generation. Lea promptly sold everything. Lea was almost uneducable as a child due to a thyroid deficiency. He is now a grazier at Currabubula near Tamworth.

I find it difficult to place events in chronological order as it affected family life. In 1954, as now, the World was dangerous. There is an armed truce in Korea, the Malayan Insurgency, the constant threat of Indonesian incursion, and the Cold War in Europe and China. In 1954 the Australian Government of the day introduced a limited form of conscription known as "National Service". So far as I can remember all 18 year old males, who were passed as physically fit were called up to serve (I think) one month full time, and then compelled to serve part time for 3 years in the Citizen Forces. This involved a certain number of night and week-end parades per year, and a two week's camp. The Citizen Forces were extremely short of experienced officers for the expansion which was necessary, and members of the Reserve of Officers were approached for further service. I was approached by a Brigadier P.W. Kelso who was responsible for the formation of Anti-aircraft units in NSW, one of which, 16 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment was being raised initially at Georges Heights in Mosman. After my experience in Malaya where we had virtually no anti-aircraft defence, I held a very strong belief that, in those uncertain times, it was essential that we had, at least a nucleus, of trained anti-aircraft equipment and gunners. For this reason because I then believed in the good affects of military training, I volunteered for further service.

The new Unit was commanded by Lieut. Colonel Dudley Vose, with whom I got on extremely well. Major Ken Moulton, who had been one of our Battery Commanders in 2/15 Field Regiment in Malaya, and Harold Grenfell, who had been with me as a POW in Borneo, also volunteered. Having been commissioned in 1940, I was by far
the most senior Lieutenant, and I was, after some initial training, appointed as a Battery Commander, usually a Major's command. As there were no temporary promotions in the CMF I sat for examinations for promotion to Captain, and was duly promoted. Promotion to Major was much more difficult as in addition to written examinations in anti-aircraft theory, military law, military history etc, one had to attend and pass further examinations at a Staff School which lasted a fortnight and was held at Studley Park, near Camden. I duly passed and was promoted to the rank of Major. I was encouraged to attend a Senior Staff College for further promotion, but by this time, the demands of family and professional life were such that I applied for, and was granted, transfer again to the Reserve of Officers. I was in fact transferred to the Retired List. My military activities took a good deal of my spare time and must have placed a considerable load on Diana, but she never complained. I am afraid that I was not a very good father when the children were young.

One other parental activity which occupied our time was Tom Sulman's car racing. He had a small racing car in England which he had shipped out. He had built it up from a sports car known as a Singer "Le Mans". It had a powerful 1100cc engine and he rebuilt the body when it arrived in Australia. The first race he entered was in 1948 at Nowra. Diana and I accompanied him. The racing car was towed behind Tom's small sedan, and I had the doubtful honour of steering it. The race was held over two days on a disused airstrip. After the opening day, the “Sulman Singer” as it was known suffered some major mechanical trouble which Tom stayed up all night to fix. However, all went well because it won its race next day! Tom raced this car and the many racing cars which followed, in all sorts of races - sprints, hill climbs etc. He also raced cars on the Mount Panorama course at Bathurst, where eventually he was killed. Diana and I, before the children arrived, were called on as "lap scorers" in the pit crew, a particularly boring job which gave both of us bad headaches. Later in this narrative I will more fully describe Tom's very extensive, and at the time, very well known, motor racing and reliability trials activities.

Yacht racing on Saturdays was, in the season, also a demanding activity for me as long as we continued to race the old "Athene". My two old friends Dudley Walker and John Harrowell, Phil Green, two of Diana's university friends Peter MacCallum and Bob Powell, and Rod Glassford, whose mother had been a boyhood friend of Dad's, mainly comprised the crew. We did quite well but as time went by it became increasingly difficult for Diana and I to continue to provide an adequate crew. Dudley moved to the country and married, John also married, Phil Green went to America to qualify as a Doctor of Dentistry, Bob Powell bought and raced a single-handed boat, and Peter and Rod bought a boat between them.

THE UNION CLUB

In 1950 I accepted an invitation to become a member of the Union Club. The Club had a lovely old building in Bligh Street with a garden on the Young Street side. Alterations and additions had at one time been designed by Sir John Sulman.
Wentworth Hotel now occupies most of the site, and the present Club, a small corner. My long membership has given me very great pleasure and some wonderful friends.

I served on the General and House Committees, and I was a member of the Finance Committee for many years. I was Vice President in 1969-1970 and President from 1970-1971. Owing to a serious break-down in my health I served only one year as President instead of the normal three years.
In my first year at Norton & Faviell I initially concentrated on audit procedures. I visited the senior management and financial officers of all the Firm's major clients, and made an inspection of their financial methods. I then reviewed the audit programs in use, and found them generally to be in very bad order. They frequently concentrated detailed attention to the audit of transactions which were really of no significance, whilst ignoring important aspects of the business. For example, the checking of stocks of goods in the course of manufacture, or stocks of goods for sale was often ignored. I prepared new audit programs based on the modern methods in use at Price Waterhouse. I also based the new programs on the results of the internal control questionnaires which I had brought with me.

Another matter to which I gave attention was fees. Company audit fees were fixed and the appointment and remuneration of auditors was subject to the approval of shareholders at the Annual General Meeting. I found that many of these fixed fees had not been reviewed for some years, so that some of the work was actually carried out at a loss. I calculated the hourly rate which each grade of employee should charge based on their annual effective working hours, their salary, and an allowance for overheads such as rent, typists salaries, stationery etc. I calculated the cost of one of our major audits, and I remember telling John Faviell that every time one of our clerks entered this client's premises, we lost money. He examined my calculation and said "What can we do about it?" I replied that we would have to double our fees. He approached the client who refused to increase the fee and said that they would get another firm as auditors. They failed to find any firm who would act for our fee, so we were reappointed at double our previous fee. I mention this as an example of the administrative work carried in my early years with the firm.

As mentioned earlier I was appointed, or acted as Secretary, to a number of companies. I had no previous experience of company secretarial work, but I found it to be most interesting. Naturally it caused me to really study the Company Law then in force. In the course of these duties I met a number of gentlemen who had a most important influence on my future career. These included Sir Kenneth Coles, who was a Director of Seven Elizabeth Street Ltd, Mr. Alan Maitland, the Managing Director of the Mercantile Mutual Insurance Co. Ltd. who was a Director of The Church of England Insurance Co. of Australia Ltd. Mr R.B.Carpenter and Mr. C.H.Carpenter who were Directors of Consolidated Neon Ltd, and my very dear old friend Mr. W.R. (Tim) Whitney who was a Director of Retreat Station Ltd.

All the taxation work was carried out under the supervision of Neville Challoner, who built up a considerable clientele of people and companies seeking taxation advice, and some who were in trouble with the taxation authorities. Taxation as never my strong point, perhaps because I hold the strong belief that it is the duty of every citizen to pay such taxes as he should properly pay. Therefore there is a fine line between "Tax Avoidance" and "Tax Evasion". Tax Avoidance is the reduction of taxable income by legitimate means, and Tax Evasion by illegitimate means. It was the subject of constant dispute between taxpayers and the authorities, and also the subject of a constant stream of unbelievably complex legislation. I learned...
a good deal from Neville, and as a partner I had to be registered as a "Tax Agent" with the authorities.

During my time with Norton & Faviell there were numerous changes in the partnership. On 30th September 1954 Gerry McMahon retired to become Secretary of a Finance Company, Pacific Acceptance Corporation Ltd, of which Neville Challoner was a Director. Gerry was a very nice man and always most helpful to me, but he was more interested in commercial life than in professional accountancy. On his retirement Noel Millner joined the Firm. By a coincidence, Noel had also been a POW, but had fortunately never been sent away from Changi. He was always a good friend, and a careful and competent accountant. In November 1955 Neville Challoner retired from the Partnership to join Jim Greenwood LLB, FCA in a partnership specialising in taxation. It was a very successful firm, and they acted as taxation consultants to other accountants consultants in Sydney. I personally consulted Neville over a very long period. Neville gave us good advance notice of his intention and John Faviell and I considered that it was essential that he should be replaced by a Chartered Accountant expert in tax matters. John Iredale was selected and took over from Neville. John was a Shore old boy, and had been in the same Militia unit as me (7 Field Brigade) and a Lieut in 2/6 Field Regiment, with service in Syria and New Guinea. Unfortunately he later became an alcoholic. In November 1958 John Faviell, who was very ill with emphysema, retired and I became the Senior Partner.

The Firm had Melbourne agents, Barraclough Fitts & Co. The arrangement with them was that they carried out the audit and accountancy work for Norton & Faviell clients who had operations in Melbourne, and Norton & Faviell did the same for Barraclough Fitts clients operating in Sydney. Each firm paid the other 10% commission on the fees received. This agency was of considerable importance because through it we carried out the audit work of the their largest clients - Australian Paper Manufacturers, and J, Gadsden & Co. The fees received from these two large companies represented a significant percentage of the income of our Firm. The two senior partners of Barraclough Fitts & Co - John Fitts and Ian Rankin became very good friends of mine.

By that time the firm had grown considerably and had outgrown its premises in Brook House and was then in Elder House two doors further along O’Connor Street. I then admitted 3 of our senior clerks, John Hiscox, Peter Ferris, and William Minogue as junior salaried partners.

Retreat Station Limited was a client which had a most interesting affect on my life for many subsequent years. Most of the pastoral country in Queensland is leasehold, the rationale being that the lessees do not have their capital tied up in the purchase of the land, paying instead rent to the Government so that they should have funds available for pastoral improvement. Most Queensland pastoral leases are for 30 years, and they always have conditions which must be satisfied, or else the lease may be forfeited. Such conditions might, for example relate to the erection of fencing, building of dams or the sinking of bores and the clearing of land. Government officers made regular inspections to ensure that these conditions were being carried out.
Retreat Station Ltd was formed in 1917 by a syndicate of wealthy men including Sir Walter Kidman, Mr O.E. Friend (Tim Whitney's father-in-law) a well known Sydney company director, and the Capel, Christian, and other families. The company was formed to acquire from existing lessees, large leases on the hinterland of the Barcoo River in Western Queensland. The Barcoo is an inland flowing river. It commences as the Thompson which flows through Longreach, it then becomes the Barcoo, then Coopers Creek and eventually flows (in good seasons only) into Lake Eyre. There were actually 3 leases, “Retreat”, “Thunda”, and “Lowana”, totaling in all about 250000 acres. The Barcoo River actually formed one of the boundaries, it was marginal country and the lease rentals were based on a carrying capacity of 8 acres to 1 sheep. The best pastures grew Mitchell grass and comprised vast plains interspersed with sandhills. "Thunda" was much rougher, tiny and largely grew mulga and spinifex.

When I first became associated with the Company the Chairman, a Mr. C.H. Doyle, was a Sydney Company Director who had never even seen the property. Tim Whitney had paid a couple of visits with his father-in-law and John Faviell had made a recent visit and written a very comprehensive report. The Manager for many years was a Mr. T.C. Button and he was so unsupervised that he was able to take up the adjoining lease "Welford Downs" during the term of his employment. I have little doubt that his livestock came from the "Retreat" leases. Nevertheless, when he wished to retire and hand the management over to his son Geoff, Mr. Doyle appointed him as Pastoral Inspector. The appointment was all the more ridiculous because Mr. Button had retired to Fairlight! We used to get a monthly report from the Manager and detailed figures from the bookkeeper. T.C. Button attended the Board meetings as an advisor. The Company's finances were in reasonable order, but it was many years since it had paid a dividend.

In, I think, 1951, I accompanied Tim Whitney on my first visit to the property. We flew to Brisbane on a DC3, where we spent the night at the Queensland Club. The next morning we took off on the "Channel Country" service - another DC3. We stopped several times and got off at Longreach. We spent the night at a pub, and early next morning took off by road with Geoff Button who had come to pick us up. It was a journey of 180 miles over an appalling road. We had 2 stops on the way, "Stonehenge" - a pub and about 4 houses, and "Jundah" the HQ of Barcoo Shire, a town of about 20 houses, a police station, pub, store etc. It was on a treeless plain and I think that every bottle and can ever brought there was still there!

The Retreat homestead was across the Barcoo and about 10 miles from Jundah. All of the buildings were made of corrugated iron - fearfully hot in Summer, and freezing in Winter. There was a roomy manager's house, men's quarters, jackeroos quarters, bookkeeper's quarters, stores, saddle rooms, mechanic's workshop, forge, stables, and other buildings, quite a little town. It was situated on the banks of a large lagoon. Geoff Button was about my age, a former RAAF Squadron Leader. He had a young wife and a young baby.

We set out at first light next morning on our inspection, which was to take 5 days. We went first to the shearing shed and shearer's quarters which were about 5 miles from the homestead. In good years the property ran as many as 50000 sheep and it
had a 15 stand shearing shed. The shearing machinery was driven by an ancient "producer gas" engine which was driven by the gas given off from burning coke, and was extremely difficult to start. With such a large shed (corrugated iron, of course) there were extensive shearer's quarters, with dining room, kitchen etc. the buildings were surrounded by sheep yards.

We then went to the banks of the Barcoo, which was a beautiful sight. On the boundary the river had 2 major waterholes - "The Shed Hole" which was about 5 miles long, 2/300 yards wide, and up to 80 feet in depth. It had very steep banks and was overhung by magnificent gums, on one of which was a blaze said to be the last made by the explorer Ludwig Leichhardt, who passed by on his last expedition and was never seen again. The other large hole was called "Big Boomerang" and was slightly smaller. Subsidiary channels which filled in wet seasons, branched from each river bank. It had been a season of rare bountiful rains, and the Mitchell grass was as high as a man's waist. Water for stock was provided from large earth dams with windmills pumping the water into troughs. The boundary and subdivision fences between paddocks were in very bad condition due to lack of maintenance. I found my first visit to be one both intensely interesting and educational.

Tim Whitney was a grazier with his own property at Gulgong. He was most experienced and he made plans for the rehabilitation of the property. Because of good wool and livestock prices, the company was, at the time, in a sound financial position and able to afford the considerable costs involved. BHP was years behind in fulfilling orders for steel fence posts and fencing wire, so the company imported a large shipment from France. Over the following years more than 1000 miles of boundary and subdivision fencing was erected. Two very large windmills with 40 foot diameter heads were erected on the river banks and pumped the river water along pipelines with troughs at intervals, as much as 10 miles into formerly dry paddocks. A new engine was installed for the shearing machinery, the homestead was provided with an electricity generator, and roads were graded along all fences to facilitate maintenance. These were wonderful improvements and greatly improved the productivity of the property. Many other improvements were made, too numerous to mention. I found all this to be fascinating and it taught me the principles of pastoral operation on a largish scale.

Another interesting client which affected me personally, was Electric Power Transmission Pty. Ltd. whose Board Meetings I attended as Secretary. EPT, as it was known, was a subsidiary of an Italian Company, Societa Anonima Elettrificazione, whose headquarters were in Milan. In the early post World War 2 years, most countries in the Western World were becoming electrified. Thermal and hydro-electric power stations were being constructed, and their output had to be distributed by many thousand of miles of transmission lines. The high voltage lines were supported by steel towers. SAE was one of the world's leading designers of transmission towers, and a leading contractor in their supply and erection, and in the stringing of the power lines between them. In 1950, SAE was awarded a contract to design and construct towers, and string high voltage lines from a new power station being erected at Tallawarra on the South Coast to Port Kembla. The main purpose of this supply was the expansion of the BHP works at Port Kembla. In
order to carry out this contract EPT was incorporated and a complete team, including management, engineers and technicians, and even a priest, was sent to Australia.

The Managing Director was Dr. Enzo Oriolo, (A Doctor of Laws). He had been an officer in the Italian Navy in World War 2. His father had been the fascist Governor of an Italian province, and Dr. Oriolo told me that he was very fortunate not to be executed at the end of the war because of his father's activities. He had been working for SAE in India, and was delighted to be in Australia. He had no intention of returning to Italy and became an Australian citizen as soon as possible. He is still here and I see him from time to time. He was always very helpful to me. Several other senior men sent out at that time had been officers in the Italian services during the War, and I found it interesting to work with them. The War was then not long in the past, but they all looked only to a better future world. EPT went on to carry out many more contracts for the erection of transmission lines, and is still doing so. Their work can be seen all over Australia.

There was a board made up of 3 Australians and 3 Italians and I attended every meeting for many years. It was my job to ensure that the company complied with the many regulations of the Australian Companies Act in addition to recording minutes of the meetings.

Also in the 1950's a client of Spicer & Pegler, A. Boake Roberts & Co. Ltd. wished to commence business in Australia, and for this purpose a subsidiary company named A. Boake Roberts & Co. (Aust) Pty. Ltd. was formed. For the purpose of formation it required 2 Directors and Mr. George Baldick, the solicitor who handled the legal work of the formation, and I were appointed as the initial Directors. This was my first directorship. The parent company was established during the Napoleonic Wars. It was a chemical company manufacturing synthetic flavoring essences and plasticisers. Plasticisers started life as the “dope” used to tighten the fabric on airplane wings during the early days of flight, but had developed into an essential ingredient in flexible plastics, and as an additive to motor spirit.

In 1959 John Faviell thought that he had sufficient confidence in his partners for him to take a long break. He and his wife took a tour to England and France, traveling by ship each way. I was left in charge of the firm. He was away for over 6 months. All went well during his absence, and the firm’s profits actually increased - I think rather to his surprise.

A. Boake Roberts sent a man out from England to commence their business in Australia. I became Chairman, and George Baldick continued as a director. At first the business was the importation of plasticisers which were sold to petroleum refineries. Mr. Covington, the Manager from England, then negotiated the purchase of a very small essence compounding company, Parry Baxter Pty. Ltd. which had a small factory and laboratory in Parramatta Road South Strathfield. It was a very small business and made only very limited profits. It did, however have a competent industrial chemist in Mr. Parry. It became apparent that progress in the essence business would be slow as it was highly competitive. The manufacture of plasticisers was practically monopolised by CSR Chemicals. The largest
Australian plastics manufacturer, Moulded Products Ltd, had formed a small company to compete with CSR Chemicals, but the quality of its product was not satisfactory. The Boake Roberts company in London therefore sent their Managing Director, Mr. Bertram White, and the Company Secretary Mr. Donald Jamblin, to Australia to negotiate the purchase of this little company and to look generally at their prospects in Australia. I accompanied them on their visit. The negotiations for the purchase of the plasticiser company were carried at the Moulded Products offices in Melbourne and were successful. The company purchased was called United Chemicals Pty. Ltd. and it had a factory at Dandenong. At the conclusion of the visit Mr. White invited me to go to London to discuss the expansion of the Australian business with their Board.

John Faviell, without hesitation approved of my acceptance of this invitation. It was also agreed that Diana would accompany me. I think that my expenses were paid, but not Diana’s. However she was able to arrange for them to be paid by an advance from a small settlement made on her by Sir John Sulman. We were to be away for 6 weeks, and arrangements were made for David to go to the Woods and go to school with John Wood, whilst Ann and Tom went to board with a Sister Stoker, who specialised in looking after a small number of little children, and who had been highly recommended to us. She lived in Edinburgh Road Castlecrag, which meant that Diana’s cousin Barbara could also keep an eye on them.

Tom Sulman came to see us off and insisted in taking us to dinner as our flight left in the evening. The first leg was to Singapore by British Overseas Pacific Airways. The aircraft was a Bristol “Brittania”, a British built aircraft which was known as the “Whispering Giant” because it was remarkably quiet. This was before jet engined aircraft were in regular service, and it had 4 propeller-driven engines, but a rather poor reputation for reliability. We were traveling First Class, and those seats were in those days at the rear of the aircraft instead of the front as at present. Shortly after we took off we were presented with a magnificent meal to which we could hardly do justice after the dinner with Diana’s father.

We landed at Darwin, and disembarked whilst the plane was refueled, and after reboarding took off for an overnight flight to Jakarta, where the plane was again refueled. When we disembarked we found that we were the only Australian on board. Relations between Australia and Indonesia were then very bad, and as a result Diana and I were confined in a small barbed wire enclosure with nasty looking armed guards whilst the refueling was in progress. It was most unpleasant, particularly as we thought continually of the 3 little children we had just left. We were tremendously relieved when we reboarded and took off again on the short flight for Singapore, where landed on 27 October 1957, according to my passport. I have noted with interest that my passport had on the cover in large letters “British Passport” with the Australian Coat of Arms, and in smaller letters “Commonwealth of Australia”. It was valid for Commonwealth countries and all foreign countries excepting- USSR, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Hungary, Soviet occupied Germany, Albania, Roumania, China and Korea.

We stayed at Raffles Hotel which was probably little altered from its prewar state. Singapore was still a low rise city and seemed to me to be very much the same as I
remembered it. It was still a British colony. We went to the War Cemetery at Kranji, and had quite a god look at the city. We had 2 nights at Raffles. We then took off in a Qantas Super Constellation, again a propeller driven plane, but of American manufacture with Rolls Royce engines. It had a rather unsettling peculiarity when flying at night because the engine cowlings became red hot and looked as if they would catch fire. We had refueling stop at Bangkok, and after crossing much of India by day, we landed at Karachi where we were taken by bus to the BOAC owned "Speedbird Inn", where we had dinner. I remember an officious Englishman warning us off eating practically everything on the menu. We boarded the aircraft again and flew throughout the night, landing at dawn for refueling at Athens. Our next stop was Rome, where we left the aircraft.

We had reservations at the Hotel Mediterraneo, which we thought was magnificent. I still think that it was. We were met by a representative of SAE who drove us around the city and also took us to the Tivoli Gardens on the outskirts. I was fascinated by Rome, its buildings, both ancient and modern, its fountains and palaces. It was the time of year they call "The summer of San Giovanni". The days were fine and warm, and the gentle sunlight brought out the colour of the terra-cotta buildings. I have never forgotten this, my first taste of Europe. I was fascinated by the evidences of the ancient civilisation I learned about in my Latin studies at school. The most magnificent sight we saw, and one which I will never forget, was St.Peters. The unbelievable scale and architectural and engineering excellence of its ancient construction has left an indelible mark on my memory. We climbed by a spiral stairway to the very top of the cupola from where we had a wonderful view of the whole city. I was amazed by the beauty of the lavish decoration of the main basilica, and enthralled by the paintings in the Sistine Chapel. Rome made me realise just how new was our development in Australia.

We then flew by an Italian airline to Milan, where we had magnificent accommodation in the hotel "Cavallieri". Diana and I still remember our room because it had walls lined with leather! The food was magnificent. Again we were met by a representative from SAE a young man named Guillermaz, whose mother I recall was one of Milan's leading fashion designers. He showed the magnificent Duomo, we went into the famous theatre "La Scala", and we saw Leonardo Da Vinci's "Last Supper" which is painted on the wall of the refectory of a monastery. During World War 2 three walls of the refectory were destroyed or severely damaged but the Last Supper was intact. I was also taken to SAE's works at Lecco near Como, where transmission towers were manufactured, and new designs tested.

We had a night flight by Air France across the Alps to Paris where we spent 2 nights at the Hotel De Paris, which was not nearly as good as the Italian hotels which had spoiled us. We saw the sights of Paris. We went to the Louvre, and in the evening to the "Folie Bergeres". We took the elevator to the top of the Eiffel Tower, visited Notre Dame and Napoleon's tomb, and had two very busy and interesting days. We left Orly Airport on a British European Airways flight to London on 2nd November. I remember that the cabin staff performed the seemingly impossible task of serving a 3 course meal between Orly and Heathrow, a flight which only took thirty minutes. We were still eating when we landed.
We had reservations at the Goring Hotel in Ebury Street near Victoria Station. It had been recommended to me by Clifford Minter, the Senior Partner of Minter, Simpson & Co, whose sons John and Robert were close friends of mine. I also did consulting work for that firm. It was a very good hotel and we had a large and very pleasant room. London in November has not the most pleasant climate with short, dull and cold days. I recall that one of the first things I did was to buy myself a warm overcoat.

A. Boake Roberts & Co's head office and works were in Carpenters Road Stratford in the east end of London, on the banks of a filthy canal. During my time in London I spent several days there. I was always picked from our hotel by a uniformed chauffeur. There were only executive directors and I was introduced to them on my first visit. The Chairman was Mr. F. Pentecost, and the other directors were Bertram White, the Managing Director, whom I had already met in Australia, John Pentecost, Ted Boake, and I think two others. It was customary for English companies to have a Directors Dining Room, and in a company like this, with only executive directors, lunches were very often informal directors meetings. When I was visiting, I was always invited to lunch with the board. The company's objectives were explained clearly to me by the appropriate directors, and I was shown over the works. Details of the company's plans for the future Australian operations were fully discussed. They agreed to replace the existing Australian Managing Director whose performance had been unsatisfactory, with a very bright young Englishman, Derek Craven, and to also send out a young Australian chemical engineer to take charge of the newly acquired plasticiser plant at Dandenong. The company had very recently commissioned a new plasticiser plant at Widnes in Lancashire and I spent a day there with Bertram White. We flew from Heathrow to Liverpool, where we were picked up and driven to Widnes, a most unattractive part of England.

Whilst in London I visited I&R Morley Ltd. at their Head Office in Wood Street in the City of London, where I was warmly received by Geoffrey Hollamby, the Managing Director. I also saw Hon Claude Hope-Morley, whom I had met very briefly when I first joined Norton & Faviell. He introduced me to his son Gordon, who became a lifelong friend until his recent death. Later I met the Chairman, Lord Hollenden, who I got to know well over the subsequent years. Wood Street was in the heart of the square mile which comprises the City of London, which had suffered severely from the German bombing during the War. Morleys office had escaped damage. St. Paul's Cathedral, nearby was even then surrounded by the empty sites of demolished buildings.

Gordon Hope-Morley, (later he succeeded his uncle as Lord Hollenden) was a tall handsome man, with dark hair and moustache, and glasses with very thick lenses. He at that time was an Alderman of the City of London. He had most demanding and extensive service in World War 2. Because his father had an estate in Scotland, he had before the war joined a Territorial Battalion of the Black Watch. In 1939 he was sent with the Battalion to what was then Palestine, to help put down a rising of a militant Jewish organization which was called the "Stern Gang ". He then served with his battalion in, I think, Abyssinia, the first Libyan Campaign, Greece, and El Alemain. He was transferred to Burma and became one of Colonel Wingate's famous "Chindits" which operated behind the Japanese lines. He had by
then risen to the rank of Major. After 4 years overseas he was sent back to England and shortly afterwards parachuted into Bergen in Norway, where he was when the war ended. Whilst he was in Bergen he met, and subsequently married, his charming wife Sonja, who Diana and I know so well. He invited Diana and I to dinner at his house in Chelsea Square, and there we first met Sonja. We all got on so well together, and that is where our friendship started.

I also called on Adrian Spicer, the Senior Partner of Spicer & Pegler, who was very friendly. We later lunched with him and Mrs. Spicer at the Bath Club. Diana paid visits to Ronia Craig and Winsome Kelman who both lived out of London. David Craig, with whom I had been in Shore Prep was at that time Professor of Theoretical Chemistry at the Imperial College of Science, and Bryan Kelman was the founding Chief Executive of Ready Mixed Concrete (UK) Ltd. Diana was very pleased to meet again such old friends. She also walked extensively around the City and the West End, and got to know London much better than I. Most important purchases were made for the children at Gamages, the famous toy shop.

We dined with Mother's closest childhood friend, Elsie Williams and her daughter Virginia, in their large flat in Kensington. Elsie was married to Charles Williams RA, a well known portrait painter who lived six months of the year in London and six months in the USA. Her father had been the Chief Naval Architect at John Brown & Co. where Dad had worked before his return home. We also spent a week-end with Alec and Ida Pollock at Tunbridge Wells. Both were doctors. Ida was one of Mother's old friends, and one of the first woman graduates in medicine from Glasgow University. They were most hospitable and showed us the delightful town and surrounding Kent countryside.

We also spent a much less pleasant week-end with my cousin Bill Murray. We took the train to Sheffield where he met us. He was a short thickset man, and he was the only person I saw in Britain who always wore a kilt. He was then a Lecturer in English at Sheffield University. He lived at Dore, a small town in the Penines, not far out of Sheffield. Aunt Jintie had also just moved to Dore to be near him. We found Bill to be aggressively Scottish, and what we particularly disliked was his rudeness to his wife and small son. He took us to see Aunt Jintie who was delighted to meet us. Like Mother, she was very short, but very fat. She was not at all well, so our visit was short. In fact Bill telephoned us the day we were leaving London to tell us that she had died. Mother was very upset when she heard this sad news. We did not like Bill, and despite a couple of attempts to keep in touch, we have not heard from him since then. The last I heard was that he was Professor of English at the University of Lancaster, but I doubt that he is still living.

We spent one day of our last week-end in a train trip to Cambridge, but the beauty of the city and its surroundings were marred by very heavy rain. The next day I hired a car and we drove to Oxford. We had a most enjoyable time in London, but we were not sorry to be on our way home again.

We left London early next morning and flew to Copenhagen, arriving on 29th November 1957. On arrival I went to cash some travelers cheques, and I was asked what currency I would like. I rather timidly asked for US Dollars, and was amazed
when The cashier just handed them over. In Britain and Australia it was extremely difficult to get US currency, and I had been very worried about how we would get by in New York, which was to be our next destination. This solved that problem.

We stayed at the Hotel Europa, a modern hotel just outside the city centre and opposite the Tivoli Gardens which were closed for the winter. We were charmed by this beautiful small city, although it was very cold, but the weather was sunny. In fact it was so cold that the water emitting from fountains had frozen! The main shopping street was a walking street, quite narrow, with garlands of Christmas decorations strung across it. We spent some time in the beautiful Jensen silver shop, and I think that we made a small purchase. Copenhagen was a city of low rise buildings, most of which had copper roofs, green with the patina of age. It was intersected by canals, and I still remember it as one of the most charming cities I have ever seen. The next morning we went on a short bus tour and saw the famous statue "The Little Mermaid" sitting on her rock, we were surprised to see that she was only life-sized. By contrast we were also taken to a very modern Lutheran Church.

The next evening we boarded a Scandinavian Airlines DC6 for New York, propeller driven, of course. Shortly after we had taken off the Captain announced that he had received a report that we would encounter adverse headwinds right across the Atlantic, and that we would land at Bremen in Germany to take on extra fuel. We did not disembark in Bremen and took off again after only a short delay. We very soon encountered the promised headwinds, and we had a very rough passage. I still remember a young Frenchman sitting across the aisle from me telling me that he was absolutely terrified! When dawn broke next morning the Captain announced that we were just abreast of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and that he doubted that unless conditions improved, we would reach New York. In the event, the winds were kinder and we made our destination after one of the longest non-stop flights I can remember.

We had two days in New York, staying at the Statler Hotel. It was intensely cold with a bitter wind. I went to the Canadian Pacific Railway offices to confirm our bookings to Vancouver, and we spent the next two days seeing the sights. We went to the top of the Empire State Building, watched the skaters at the Rockefeller Center, and went to a variety show - the "Ziegfield Follies" - then famous. We also took a boat trip around Manhattan Island, and saw, without landing, the Statue of Liberty. It was too cold to be enjoyable in the open air.

The next morning we took off by Canadian Pacific Airlines for Calgary in Alberta. We stopped at Toronto and cleared Customs and Immigration en route. I still well remember that after landing at Calgary, which was then a small airport, I had collected our baggage and gone to get Canadian currency, when I turned and saw a man about to walk out of the terminal with our bags! When I yelled, he dropped the bags and ran. We stayed at the Palliser Hotel, owned by Canadian Pacific, and actually on top of the railway station.

Our baggage was taken directly from our room to our cabin on the train the next morning, and we embarked on the most beautiful journey I can remember. The train was almost new and each car had a "Vistadome" actually a glass enclosed longue
on top of each car, with wonderful all round visibility. The whole countryside was snowbound and incredibly beautiful. The train traveled slowly during daylight so that we could see as much as possible. There were very few stops, but when we did get out we realised the intensity of the cold. Among the passengers was a small party of Royal Canadian Mounted Police in their scarlet jackets. Their presence certainly added to the atmosphere.

On arrival at Vancouver we were met by Auntie Joan with a very warm welcome. She took us to their home, a very nice two storied timber house. Houses in Canada normally had basements which contained a furnace for heating. The combination of timber houses and furnaces meant that fires were not uncommon. For this reason every bedroom upstairs had a rope ladder under a window for use in case of fire.

On our first night Auntie Joan took us to the theatre and I remember the magnificent furcoats worn by all the women. We saw Uncle Bruce very briefly at breakfast next morning, and he was hardly welcoming. Auntie Joan gave us a very complete tour of Vancouver which was snow free. Being right on the Pacific Coast it is not as cold as inland Canada, but makes up for it by being wet. Because of the milder weather the population increases in Winter. When we got back Uncle Bruce took me to the Government Liquor Store to get some alcoholic drinks for a small dinner party Auntie Joan had arranged to farewell us. Canada's liquor laws varied from Province to Province. Alberta was dry, and in Vancouver the sale of liquor was a Government monopoly. We had a pleasant farewell dinner and Diana was delighted to have seen Auntie Joan again. I should have explained that after the War and the re-election of the Chifley Labor Government in Australia on a Socialist platform, Bruce had decided, despite his large practice and honorary appointments in Sydney, where he was very well regarded, to migrate to Canada. He was qualified to practice there. He started again and made a fortune.

For our journey home we traveled again by Qantas. We flew from Vancouver to San Francisco where we were accommodated overnight in a very good hotel. We then traveled through the next night and arrived at Honolulu at dawn where we were taken to the Reef Hotel for breakfast whilst the aircraft was being serviced. We then had a daylight flight to Nadi in Fiji, where again we disembarked for a meal. We arrived home on 11th December. I think that it was the most memorable trip of my life. I certainly remember more about it than I do of the many which followed it.

Because of John Faviell's presence and management, everything in the firm was in good order when I returned, with the important exception that John was far from well. He had always been a smoker and he had been diagnosed with emphysema. He was prescribed cortisone, and in addition to his legal prescription he was able to obtain illegal supplies. His condition worsened with some rapidity. He also had domestic troubles which resulted in him divorcing Margot. He made some provision for her and afterwards sold the house in Yarranabbe Road, and bought another in New South Head Road Rose Bay.

Before of John Faviell's health I took over the management of the firm. I kept the books, costed completed work, sent out and followed up our bills for our services, prepared the firm's financial account and hired and was responsible for the engagement of staff. I passed on some of my more routine duties, but I also took on
the responsibility for special work such as valuation of private company shares and financial investigations. I also carried out some quite large voluntary company liquidations. I was a member of the Papers Committee for the annual congresses of the Chartered Accountants Research Society, and this involved quite a lot of work. All in all, I was very busy.

In 1958 Dad and Mother decided to take a trip abroad. Dad was at that time Chairman of Harbor Lighterage Ltd. and I was appointed as his Alternate during his absence. The other directors were Frank Pursell, who acted as Chairman during Dad's absence, and Bill Nolan. When Dad returned Frank and Bill insisted that I remain on the Board and I was duly appointed. I am not at all sure that Dad was very pleased.

I think that Dad and Mother were away for about six months. They went each way by sea, traveling on Port Line ships. These were essentially cargo ships operating on regular schedules and licensed to carry a maximum of 12 passengers. The limited number of passengers was rather a lottery on a six week voyage. I recall that Mother had an unpleasant voyage to Liverpool, and a better return journey. I think that in all other respects they enjoyed themselves. They traveled in Scotland and in England and visited relatives and friends. This was Mother's first trip home since 1916, and she found places she knew, particularly Glasgow, greatly changed. They also took a luxury bus tour to France and Switzerland.

When John Faviell went abroad in 1958 he had me appointed as his Alternate Director of the Permanent Trustee Company of NSW Ltd. (the NSW was later eliminated from the company's name.) The Chairman was Mr F.H. Way of my old firm of Allard Way & Hardie, of unhappy memories. However he had always been very nice to me. He and the other directors were all in their late sixties, or older. John Faviell resumed his seat for a short time after his return, during which Frank Way and another director retired and Greg Kater (later Sir Gregory) and C.H. (Bert) Locke were appointed. Bert Locke's brother, John was at Sandakan and died in the death march. He was a particular friend of mine. Greg Kater became Chairman, and then John Faviell retired and had me appointed in his place. He also had me appointed as an additional director of I & R Morley Pty. Ltd.

At about the same time he had me appointed as a director and Honorary Treasurer of the NSW Society for Crippled Children. I succeeded John Broinowski as Treasurer because he had become Vice Chairman. Greg Kater was also a director. It was my first association with a major charity. The Society had been formed by Sydney Rotary at the height of the poliomyelitis epidemic and it maintained special hospitals at Chalmers Street near Central Railway Station, St. Ives, and Parramatta. It also conducted special schools, and sheltered workshops, and made specially designed surgical appliances. I remained on the board until 1967.

I am not sure whether it was then, or later, that I was appointed a director of Seven Elizabeth Ltd. but I am sure that I was the Secretary. John was Chairman, and the other directors were Sir Kenneth (Frank) Coles, and Sir Hugh Poate. Frank Coles and I became great friends. He was Chairman of the Crippled Childrens Society and I think that he was responsible for my appointment to its board. Sir
Hugh Poate was a prominent surgeon and a client of the firm. I became Chairman of this company on John Faviell's death.

My directorship of Boake Roberts went well after the arrival of the company's new managing Director, Derek Craven. An office was opened in Young Street and a well equipped essence factory built at Auburn. The factory at Dandenong was completely reequipped, and Joel Campain, the young chemical engineer sent out from England proved to be an excellent plant manager. The quality of the product from this plant improved to the extent that the company acquired all the market share formerly held by CSR Chemicals who found it difficult to believe that they now had a really efficient competitor. I had John Harrowell's firm of Storey, Harrowell & Glassford appointed auditors, and Ian Rankin of Baraclough Fitts & Co. joined the Board. The company was profitable and its progress gave me great satisfaction.

John Faviell not only started me on my future career as a company director, but he taught me many things which have helped me all my working life. He, for example, insisted that every letter received by the firm had to be answered that day, either by a short acknowledgement that the letter had been received and would be attended to promptly, or preferably by a reply providing the required information. He also had a hatred of unfilled letters and would only sign a reply if the letter being answered was presented to him on the relative file with a copy of the reply also on the file. He also taught me that as far as possible the day's work should be done in the day. I tried to follow his example, and in company secretarial work I always dictated the minutes of the Board meeting as soon as I returned to my office and ensured that all of the directors received a copy of the draft minutes the next day. Not only did this make my work easier but it probably undeservedly improved my reputation.

In March 1960 I was requested by Mr. R.B. Carpenter, the Chairman of W.R. Carpenter & Co. Ltd. to go to Fiji and conduct an investigation of a company known as Pearse & Co. Ltd. which wished to sell its business to W.R. Carpenter. He indicated that the task should take no more than one week, and that Carpenter's would meet the costs of my air fares and accommodation whilst I was in Fiji. Naturally, I accepted this interesting engagement.

I left Sydney on 3rd March on a Qantas aircraft, and had my first flight in a Jet propelled aircraft, a Boeing 707. The flight to Nadi took about 3 hours. I was accommodated for the night at a small hotel which formed part of the Airport. I remember that I got no sleep because of an all night drunken party by about 6 Qantas employees on a "Familiarisation Tour". They ignored all requests from the Hotel Manager and other guests to keep quiet. I did not endear me to Qantas! The next morning I boarded a small Fiji Airways plane for the flight to Suva.

The international airport at Nadi is on the east coast of the main island of Viti Levu, whilst Suva, the capital, is on the west coast of the island, which has a mountainous interior. The flight took only about 30 minutes. On arrival in Suva my first call was on the Manager of the Bank of New South Wales who was responsible for introducing me to the directors of Pearse & Co. and advising me generally on
commercial matters relevant to my task. I was accommodated in a small but comfortable hotel in the town which was owned by Carpenters. Although Carpenters had a big business and offices in Suva my visit was not to be known to them.

The inhabitants of Suva were recovering from the shock of serious riots between the indigenous Fijians, and the Indians who had been brought in as labour on the sugar farms and whose numbers had grown to almost equal the native Fijians. There were still some broken shop windows in the town. I carried out my investigation of Pearse & Co. but I did not recommend purchase because I found that the profits of the company were largely derived from tobacco franchises which were insecure. When I submitted my report to R.B. Carpenter he accepted it without argument. I arrived back in Sydney on 14 March. I brought presents for the children, and a small transistor radio, then very difficult to obtain in Sydney. It had been a most interesting assignment.

In the late 1950's I introduced quite a number of new clients to the practice, and gross fees improved each year. Under our Partnership Agreement all income earned by a partner, from whatever source, formed part of the partnership income, and this meant that all directors' fees had to be paid into the firm. Partners were paid a fixed monthly income, and profits were divided every 6 months in a proportion set out in the Partnership Agreement. I found that I was contributing a great deal more income than the other partners. John Iredale had brought some clients with him when he joined the firm, but although his income tax work and knowledge was very good, he was disorganised and dilatory in completing work. I was not then aware of his alcohol problem, but he was continually requesting advances against his share of future profits. He had a good brain, and was capable of excellent work. Noel Millner, although a competent accountant, never introduced a single new client.

John Faviell's health continued to decline. Emphysema causes inelasticity of the lungs, which makes breathing increasingly difficult, and eventually results in heart failure. He continued to take massive doses of cortisone, and I have no doubt that in the latter stages of his illness, his mind was affected. He went frequently to Surfers Paradise as he preferred the warm climate. He acquired a new female companion and married again very shortly before he died in 1960. I was present at his marriage in a Registry Office. He was I think 70 when he died at his Roseway home. He had been born at Riverstone near Windsor and had requested that he be buried in Windsor Cemetery.

All directors of the Permanent Trustee at that time had, on appointment, to give an undertaking that the Company would be appointed as at least one of the trustees of their will. (As a matter of interest I have recently obtained a formal release of my own undertaking.) John had prepared his own will and in a preface stated that he would not abide by his undertaking, and appointed me, Noel Millner, and John Iredale as his trustees. He left me a legacy of 1000 shares in Seven Elizabeth Street Ltd. I immediately went to see Greg Kater as Chairman of the Permanent Trustee, and he made it clear that if I accepted the trusteeship it would be regarded as a conflict of interest, and I therefore did not accept the appointment.
Early in the morning of 28 August 1961, the phone rang and Dad told me that my
dear mother had died in her sleep. Diana and I immediately went to "Craigievar".
Dad and mother had been out to dinner and Mother had gone to bed as normal.
During the early hours Dad heard a sound and found that Mother had passed
away. It was not altogether a shock, as her heart had recently been so bad that
she had great difficulty in walking up our steps at Lluka Road. I think that she did not
really want to live as an invalid. Not long before she died she told me that she was
getting to be a sick old lady and that she did not want to live as one. I will never
forget her charm, her wit, her wonderful abilities as a craftswoman and her
impeccable housekeeping. She was 75 when she died. In many ways she and Dad
were not completely compatible, they were so very different. I also believe that she
never forgot her homeland. She was a wonderful mother, very strict in matters of
behaviour, but abundant in love. She and Diana always got on wonderfully well.
She dearly loved her grandchildren.

After Mother's death, Dad never spent another night at "Craigievar." He came
home with us that morning. At first we turned the dining room into his bedroom. Our
house had a large basement room and had been designed so that a staircase
could lead down to it. This was done and the basement became the boys bedroom
and playroom. Dad then occupied two rooms at the end of one wing of the house.
We were very crowded because Diana's father spent many week-ends with us.

I cannot now ascertain the date, but a little later I received a bombshell from the
Chairman of Boake Roberts & Co. Ltd. in London, informing me that they had
accepted a take-over bid from another English chemical company, Albright and
Wilson Ltd which was a much larger company than Boake Roberts. They also
made plasticisers but from a different chemical base that that used by Boake
Roberts. In addition, they had a well established Australian subsidiary company,
based in Melbourne.

This was my first experience of a take-over and it came as a shock to me as it was
quite unexpected. I went to Melbourne and met the Albright & Wilson Australian
Board. In the discussions with them I was informed that consideration was being
given to me being appointed to the Albright & Wilson Australian board, but the
essence manufacture would cease, and the Granville premises sold. The
employment of Derek Craven, the Managing Director, was to be terminated and he
was to return to England. The services of the Company Secretary, who had been
sent out from England, and the office staff were to be terminated, also the Plant
Manager, chemists and all staff at Auburn. I expressed a strong view that the staff
who had been sent out from England should be given the option of returning at the
company's expense, but I was told that this was a matter beyond the authority of the
Australian board. Joel Campain and all staff at the Dandenong plant were to be
continued to be employed, but my fellow directors, George Baldick and Ian Rankin
would be asked to resign.

It was suggested that if I would be in London the Albright & Wilson board would like
to see me. I therefore decided that I should go to London and return by the USA. I
had accumulated a number of quite pressing reasons for making this trip. These
included not only the Albright & Wilson matters, but I had several others to discuss with Morleys, and I would also visit Spicer & Pegler. In addition, on John Faviell’s death I had become a director of Glenfield & Kennedy Aust. Pty. Ltd. This company were engineers who had built and installed the gates on Warragamba Dam, and had a Sydney office. Their Head Office was in Kilmarnock in Scotland, and they also wished to see me. In New York I had been asked to call on one of the managers of a Merchant Bank, Brown Bros & Harriman, and I wanted to discuss with him the possibility of audit work for the Australian subsidiaries of US companies. Finally, I wanted to visit the Cessna Aircraft Co in Wichita, Kansas, as I was a director of Rex Aviation Ltd. who were their sole Australian agents and distributors.

I flew by Qantas direct to London. Morleys had arranged accommodation for me at a large hotel near Marble Arch, whose name now escapes me. I was very tired when I arrived and during the night I awoke with a racing pulse and in a bath of sweat. I called the hotel resident doctor, who told me that all I had was tachycardia which was not serious, and gave me a sedative. I spent the next day with Geoffrey Hollamby, the Managing Director of Morleys at his country home near London. During the week I had meetings at Morleys and at Albright & Wilson, at which I unsuccessfully pleaded the case for the repatriation of English employees. Otherwise my meetings with them were very pleasant. They expressed their appreciation for the work I had done and during that week arranged a dinner in my honour in a private room at the Savoy Hotel. They also informed that most regretfully they would no longer require my services as they already had a Melbourne based Chairman in whom they had every confidence. At the dinner which was attended by all the Albright & Wilson Board I was treated with great courtesy. I said to the Chairman that they really did not have to go to all this trouble to sack me! He replied, with a broad smile, that they wanted to do it properly. Subsequently the board of Boake Roberts sent me a magnificent solid silver dish, which we still have. I only wish that all the take-overs in which I was subsequently involved had been conducted so pleasantly.

I spent the following week-end with the Spicers at their very nice country home at Bury St. Edmunds, but during my night there I was again very unwell with a racing pulse. Because of the medical assurances I had received I carried on.

I flew to Glasgow and took the fairly short train journey to Kilmarnock, where I was met by Glenfield & Kennedy’s Managing Director, Sandy Robertson, who had previously visited Australia. I was accommodated at the Royal Marine Hotel at the nearby town of Troon, right on the golf course on the Ayrshire coast. I was most interested to see Kilmarnock and Troon because these towns had been the home of many of Mother’s relations.

Again I was unwell and I saw the Glenfield & Kennedy company doctor who gave me some pills to take. Despite feeling terrible I carried on and flew to New York. I see from my passport that I arrived there on 31st October 1961. I was booked into the Gotham Hotel. I paid my call to Brown Bros. That night I decided that I was really ill but knowing the huge cost of American medical attention, I decided to take the chance and fly straight home. I could not get a direct flight but picked up a
Qantas flight at San Francisco. I was quite exhausted when I got back to Sydney.

Diana promptly got Tom Selby to see me and he referred me to a cardiologist, Dr. John Raftos. He examined me thoroughly and diagnosed that I had a complete nervous breakdown and that I had already had a coronary. He told me that I must have a complete break from work. This was before he days of by-passes and he recommended that I gradually take exercise to build up collateral circulation around the blocked arteries. What a difference it would have made if the first doctor I had seen in London had the sense to give me an electrocardiogram, or if I had enough common sense to seek the opinion of a cardiologist.

My illness placed a terrible load on Diana, and I don't know how I would have recovered without her loving support. She had Dad and her father to look after as well as the children, and the alterations to the house were still in progress, and like all building operations, going badly. We had employed Bob Hamilton, a neighbor, as architect but his supervision of the job was hopeless. At one stage Diana had personally to sack the builder. It was only due to her efforts at what must have been perhaps the most demanding time in our married life, that by her determination the alterations were eventually completed.

I think that I was at home, mostly resting, for about 3 weeks. I had brought this on myself. When I succeeded so rapidly after the War I thought myself to be capable of practically any task in my profession, and I never refused a job. I also had a wonderful family life, sailed, and played golf. I smoked too much and failed to realise the toll my years as a POW had taken, in spite of warnings such as attacks of renal trouble and occasionally, malaria. I was most inconsiderate of my family responsibilities.

When I eventually returned to the office I found that in my absence my partners had made a terrible mess of the firm. Barraclough Fitts & Co, had decided to merge with Kent Briefly & Fisher, an old established and very well regarded Sydney firm of similar size, and had asked my partners if Norton & Faviell would be interested in becoming part of the merged firm. Without any reference to me, the Senior Partner and owner of the greatest share of the goodwill of the firm, they refused to even discuss the matter merely because John Iredale had a personal dislike for one of the partners in Kent Briefly & Fisher. As a result they lost all the work carried out as Barraclough Fitts' agents, the fees for which amounted to about 25% of the Norton & Faviell's gross income. What was very hurtful to me was that despite my excellent personal relationship with Adrian Spicer they lost the Spicer & Pegler agency by rudeness to one of their partners, who without my knowledge, was visiting Australia with the object of reporting on their Australian business. They also manage to fail to be reappointed auditors of the Renault Car Co. - business I had personally acquired for the firm through my friendly association with Minter Simpson & Co.

By law there is no limit on the liability of partners. After the mess they had made in so short a time I considered that I should cease to have any future liability for their actions. I considered setting myself up in sole practice, taking with me my personal clients and directorships and such other clients of the firm who wished to retain my
services, and I even went as far as seeking suitable premises. However I was assured that my directorships would continue and I calculated that the fees I received would provide me with a reduced but sufficient income.

The partners had by then become aware of the dire affects of their ill considered actions, and they did not then wish to lose the benefit of my connections and advice. I found myself in a strong position and by negotiation I had myself appointed as "Consulting Partner" with no liability for the actions of the other partners. They, by this agreement, had to supply me with suitable office, telephone etc. I would engage and pay my own secretary, but I would personally retain the fees I received from my own clients, who were listed in the agreement, and all my directors' fees. I made a firm resolve that never again would I enter into a partnership. I carried on with this arrangement until November 1966 when I was provided with an office when I was appointed Chairman of Australian Oil & Gas Corporation Ltd.

During this period I completed two voluntary liquidations in which I had been personally appointed. These were Bakewell Bros. Pty. Ltd. and the Pacific Coal Co. Pty. Ltd. A company can only go into voluntary liquidation if it is solvent. Liquidators of insolvent companies require a special licence which I did not apply for as I was not interested in that variety of appointment. Both of these liquidations were interesting.

Norton & Faviell had for many years been the accountants for the estate of the late William Bakewell who died in 1914, leaving 10 children. He had large brickwork and tile works at Erskineville, and also owned Callaghans Creek Station near Wingham on the upper reaches of the Manning River. These assets were held in Bakewell Bros. Pty. Ltd. and he also left 100000 pounds in Commonwealth Bonds. My children will remember the "Manor" in Iluka Road, then owned by the Theosophists. This had been built by William Bakewell and was then known locally as "Bakewell's Folly". Under his will his estate could not be wound up until the death of his last surviving grandchild! Further he willed that income could be invested only in Commonwealth Bonds or in shares in Bakewell Bros. Pty. Ltd. Despite applications to Court it was found that the terms of the will could not be varied. I was consulted by the family and I advised that I could see no reason why Bakewell Bros. Pty. Ltd. which was solvent but had declining profits should be wound up. My advice was accepted and I was appointed Liquidator.

Minter Simpson & Co was one of the oldest leading firms of Solicitors in Sydney. It was then almost entirely a family firm, the partners being, Clifford Minter and his sons John and Robert, and Telford Simpson and his sons Jock and Phillip. The sole non family partner was Dr George Wardell. Dad and Clifford Minter were quite friendly having both started Arts at Sydney University together. I was a close friend of both John and Robert. Clifford Minter one day asked me to see him. He told me that the two families together owned the Pacific Coal Co. Ltd. which mined coal in the Hunter Valley. The company had at one time been very profitable and had built up a large and very valuable share portfolio. However the mine was now unprofitable and it was possible that the losses would eat into the share portfolio.
Clifford Minter asked for my advice, and I suggested that the mining operations be hived off into a separate company and the main company be placed into voluntary liquidation. The next I heard as that my advice was accepted and I was appointed as the liquidator. I disposed of the share portfolio and distributed the proceeds to the individual shareholders. The mining company was sold to BHP.

During my time with Norton & Faviell I was frequently asked by clients for advice as to how to best structure their affairs in the best interest of their families and to minimize tax. Many accountants and consultants advised the formation of family companies or trusts. Frequently these were most complicated arrangements. I would never advise a tax dodging plan, and I worked on the principle that "If it is not simple it will not work, because unless it is simple I can't understand it, and there are a lot of people dumber than me." My advice was not always taken, but I think that I saved quite a few people needless complication of their affairs.
I chose the right time to become a professional company director, because the economy was expanding, Company Law was becoming more demanding (there was a new Companies Act uniform to all States passed in 1960), and there continual changes in income tax legislation. The advantage of having an accountant on a board was to have access to instant advice, and to have a director who could recognise the existence of a problem in these areas. He had, of course, to participate in all board discussions and decisions. All directors are elected by shareholders and the primary duty of a director is to act lawfully and in their best interests. Unless he is also an executive, a director should monitor the performance of management, but never act as a manager.

Attached is a list of the companies and associations of which I was at any time listed as a director. There 48 entries on the list. Of these 17 were companies which were at any time listed on an Australian Stock Exchange, and 6 were charitable organizations which I served in a voluntary capacity. Fourteen were subsidiaries of overseas companies. It will no doubt appear to be a very long list, but it covers a period of almost 50 years. Some of my appointments absorbed a great deal of my time, others required only an occasional meeting. My diary was always full, but I think that there would have been very few occasions on which I was unavailable. Some of these appointments are hardly worth remembering, but others were most demanding or of particular interest. These, I now propose to describe.

**Australian Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. Ltd**

As I was for so many years associated with the insurance industry, I should explain the difference between Life and General insurance. Life insurance is that which covers events which are certain to happen - the insured dies, or reaches the age at which the policy matures. General insurance covers events which may occur, such as fire, theft, storm damage etc. It is the task of actuaries to calculate the risk of these events occurring, and to recommend what amounts should be set aside as reserves against such occurrences.

I mentioned earlier, one of my first tasks on joining Norton & Faviell was to complete the audit of this company, and I continued to be the Auditor until my retirement from the firm, when I was appointed to the board. This company was incorporated in Brisbane in 1895 but the Head office was moved to Sydney in 1902. It was a public company, but its shares were not listed on the Stock Exchange. However there was always a market for the shares, and they were quoted in the "unlisted section " in the daily press. Over quite a long period the Mercantile Insurance Co. Ltd. built up a substantial shareholding and in 1960 the company became a subsidiary of the Mercantile Mutual, and in 1971 its name was changed to Mercantile Mutual Life Insurance Co. Ltd. Despite its age, it was a midget in a world of giant companies. Nevertheless, it was a substantial company, operating throughout Australia usually from buildings which it owned.
In Sydney it owned and operated its head office from a 12 storey building at the corner of Hunter and Bligh Streets. The building was erected in 1923 and the board of the day had shown great foresight because it was for many years, not only the tallest building in Sydney, but was also the largest reinforced concrete structure. Just after I joined the board the company had bought a small building next door in Hunter Street. At one of my first meetings, I remember the Chairman, Col.R.S.Goward, initiating a discussion on the feasibility of the erection of a new building on this rather small site, and opening it into the existing building. I was horrified by this suggestion and I persuaded the board to authorise the demolition of both buildings, and the erection of a new and modern one covering both sites. The new building was designed by Stephenson & Turner, and built by Concrete Constructions Pty. Ltd. The old Metropolitan Building was so solidly constructed that it took more than 3 months to demolish it. Completion was in 1969. It is interesting to note that Mr Allen Lewis, the Chairman of the Mercantile Mutual, was with his family the owner of Concrete Constructions, but at that time their appointment was not considered improper in any way.

When I became a director the General Manager was John Cooksey, an actuary nearing retiring age. He was extremely conservative, and resisted rapid expansion of the business because it might cause "Actuarial Strain". The Chairman deputed me, as the youngest director, to see if I could locate a successor as no one on the staff was considered suitable. By a coincidence I had heard that Alan Geddes, who I did not actually know except by reputation, had returned to Sydney after some years as General manager of Great Eastern Life Assurance Co. Ltd. in Singapore, and joined the Sydney Stock Exchange in partnership with Andrew Clinton, another ex- Singaporean, but wished to return to the Life Insurance industry.

Alan was brilliantly qualified. He had been Dux of Shore, was BA (Sydney), BCom (University of Queensland), a Fellow of the Institute of Actuaries (London), Associate of the Society of Actuaries (USA), and an Associate of the Australian Society of Accountants. I telephoned him and asked him if he would be interesting in joining the company, initially as Assistant General Manager, and to succeed John Cooksey on his retirement. He said that he had been approached by an English company and would shortly visit their head office. I replied that the Australian Metropolitan was only a small company but that head office was right here in Sydney. This proved to be a definitive argument, and he was duly appointed. I will later refer again to his brilliant career. My negotiation for his appointment was perhaps my most valuable contribution to the company.
Managing Director of the Mercantile Mutual for the almost incredible period of 65 years!) and Alan Maitland, the then current Managing Director. I got on very well with Alan Maitland and he had been largely responsible for my appointment to the board of the Australian Metropolitan Life.

In 1966 there was a vacancy on the board of the Mercantile Mutual and I was invited to fill that vacancy. At that time there were only 5 directors; Mr. Allen Lewis (Chairman), Mr. Fred Radford, of the James Patrick shipping Company and who had built and lived in that lovely house on Point Piper "Paradise-sur-mere" (later made infamous by the antics of Lady Renouf), Mr. Malcolm Davis, the Managing Director of Davis Gelatine, Alan Maitland, and myself. This was considered to be a prestigious company, and I was delighted to be appointed.

It was one of the leading Insurance companies in Australia, operating in all states, although the biggest business was in NSW. The head office was an impressive building at 117 Pitt Street Sydney. The Board Room was on the first floor. It was a lovely room, paneled in specially selected Australian hardwood. There was a particularly fine boardroom table, specially built in the room and inlaid with specimens of Australian timbers. The Board met 1 morning each month and in addition to the directors the company's 2 Assistant General Managers also attended. At the conclusion of the meeting the directors moved to another room where pre-lunch drinks were served. Lunch was then served in the boardroom, and we always entertained 2 or 3 guests.

Alan Maitland was an extremely good Manager. He knew every major customer and he personally supervised the company's investments. When I was engaged in liquidations I frequently made direct sales of shares to him instead of selling on the Stock Exchange. The company carried out all classes of insurance, and at the time of my appointment was probably the biggest household insurer in NSW. Alan taught me the principles of insurance and reinsurance, and I found the work most interesting.

I was also in time, appointed to the boards of subsidiary companies, Australian General Insurance Co. Ltd. and The Intercolonial Land Building & Investment Co. Ltd. These companies did not have the same directors as the parent. The Chairman of each was Col. Goward and each company had its own management. The offices of all the companies were at 117 Pitt Street. I was also appointed a Trustee of the Officers Provident Fund, which provided pensions for retired employees and their widows. When a finance subsidiary, Mercantile Mutual Finance Co. Ltd. was formed I also joined its board.

Allen Lewis died in 1970 and was succeeded by his son, John. Malcolm Davis became Chairman and I was appointed Vice Chairman. Alan Maitland retired as Managing Director in October 1965 and was succeeded by Ross Catley who had for some years been Assistant General Manager. Alan Maitland remained as a director until his death. Col. Goward, Alan Geddes, and John Patience also joined the board after the take over of Mercantile Mutual Life, Australian General Insurance, and The Intercolonial Building Society. In 1970 Fred Church, with whom I had a close association in subsequent years, also joined the board.
When Malcolm Davis became Chairman and the board was expanded I wrote him a memorandum suggesting that there should be two board sub-committees - an Investment Committee, and a Development Committee. He agreed with my suggestions and I was appointed Chairman of the Investment Committee, and John Patience the Development Committee.

During my time on the board the Company had several managing Directors, although, in my opinion, none to equal Alan Maitland. As already mentioned Alan was succeeded by Ross Catley. He was followed by Wal Ritchie and then Bill Cowper.

I was a Director of the Mercantile Mutual until 29 October 1982. During this long period the company faced numerous challenges. The first of these was a take over bid in 1975 from the Australian Guarantee Corporation Ltd. which was a partly owned subsidiary of the Bank of New South Wales, who, ironically, had been the Mercantile Mutual's bankers since its inception.

When the bid was received Malcolm Davis and I immediately went to see Sir Robert Norman, the Managing Director of the Bank of NSW and also a director of Australian Guarantee. I knew him well as a fellow member of the Union Club. We asked him to immediately withdraw the bid. He replied that the matter was out of his hands as the board of Australian Guarantee acted independently from the Bank. When he said this, I remember saying to him - "How can you say that Rob, when you are yourself on the AGC board!". He refused to withdraw the bid and Malcolm and I told him that with the greatest regret we would have to appoint another bank. In the event the bid failed, but the bank still lost the Mercantile Mutual's account.

Competition between general insurance companies became intense during the 1970's and the Mercantile Mutual gradually lost some of its market share, particularly in householders' insurance where it was rapidly overhauled by the NRMA when it decided to enter the market, and quickly became dominant in this field. Underwriting losses were incurred each year, and overall profitability was attained only by the performance of the company's investment portfolio and the contributions of the subsidiary companies. The board therefore decided to have a thorough independent review of all of the company's operations carried out by a well regarded firm of international Management Consultants, McKinsey & Co. They made a number of important recommendations which were adopted.

Bill Cowper, although he had attended a Harvard Management course, was in my opinion, not the man for his task in these rapidly changing and increasingly competitive circumstances. In fact nearly all the senior management had grown up in the service of the company in a much less competitive era. Few of them had made any attempt to obtain tertiary qualifications. For example, I became increasingly critical of cash management in the company. Considerable amounts were left uninvested in the bank accounts of branches, and it was only with great difficulty that I arranged that proper cash balance reports should be made to the board.
The Head Office Accounts Department was particularly weak. From my knowledge of Mercantile Mutual Life, I was aware that there was a young man in that company's Accounts Department named Phillip Shirriff who had in his own time, not only qualified as an accountant, but also acquired a B.Com. degree. I recommended that he be transferred to the Parent Company as Chief Accountant. Not only did he succeed in this appointment, but has progressed through not only appointment as Group Managing Director, but to a very senior international position with the company's present owners.

Underwriting results went from bad to worse, and I became suspicious that premiums were being discounted to such a level that the business should not have been accepted. I gave my opinion to the board who agreed with my views. Bill Cowper then promised that in no circumstances would he discount premiums. A few days later I found that despite this undertaking he had offered a discount to a company of which, unbeknown to him, I was a director. Malcolm Davis was overseas and I convened a special board meeting which was held in Fred Church's boardroom. The directors unanimously decided that the job was beyond Bill Cowper's ability and that he would have to be replaced. He resigned with good grace, generously financially treated. Alan Geddes was appointed as Managing Director in his place, and Vincent Tesoriero Deputy Managing Director. Rod Atfield, then the Actuary was appointed Managing Director of the Life Company. Vince Tesoriero had been engaged as Manager of Mercantile Mutual Finance when it was formed, and had made a great success of his job. He was well qualified academically, but had an acerbic personality which may have been expedient in the position in the position he was to occupy. Regrettably both he and Alan Geddes died of cancer some years ago.

I believe that the new management appointments, and the general shake-up which followed were most effective, but they were quickly followed by take over-bids. When a Company lists its shares on the Stock Exchange it follows that its shares are for sale to anyone who wishes to buy them, provided that a willing seller can be found. It follows that a company wishing to acquire all or any proportion of the shares in another company is at liberty to do so, subject to the rules of the Stock Exchange. Companies with shareholders with large holdings are generally more difficult to acquire by a take-over bid than those with a large number of small shareholders. Unfortunately the Mercantile Mutual fell into the latter category.

People invest in company shares in the hope that the value of their investment will increase, or that their income from dividends will also increase, or at least remain steady and reliable. All businesses grow either organically, or by acquiring other businesses which they expect will result in improved growth. In the case of listed companies, those with valuable assets which are perceived to be performing inadequately, are especially vulnerable. The Mercantile Mutual fell into this category.

The first approach was made by QBE Insurance Ltd. another old established Australian company. They were interested in a friendly merger, not in a hostile bid. The Mercantile Mutual board rejected their approach on the ground that it was strongly felt that, with the re-organised management the shareholders' interests
would be best served by continuing as a separate entity.

Very soon afterwards we received a hostile bid from another Australian Insurance Company, FAI Insurance Co. Ltd. (FAI). This company had been formed about ten years before by a Hungarian refugee named Larry Adler. He rapidly built up the business by taking risks which the Mercantile Mutual would have considered to be unacceptable - by undercutting premiums and by providing inadequate reserves for the inevitable unexpected claims. FAI had been incredibly lucky in that it had escaped the necessity to pay major claims. In the insurance world it was a company with a very poor reputation. The great attraction of acquisition of the Mercantile Mutual to Adler was that it would provide him with adequate reserves, backed by a very sound portfolio of investments. He was of course well aware of the company's recent troubles, and his bid was well timed.

Was advised by a leading legal firm specialising in the conduct of hostile take-over bids, and the Mercantile Mutual was subjected to a series of legal actions including the calling of an Extraordinary Meeting of shareholders. Because of the considerable interest the meeting was held in the Drama Theatre of the Opera House. The meeting lasted about 4 hours. FAI had proposed a number of actions including the removal of the Mercantile Mutual Board. The proposal relating to each director had to put separately to the meeting. FAI lost every resolution on a show of hands and on each occasion then demanded a poll conducted by secret ballot. These polls were also lost. I was Chairman when certain resolutions were considered. It was an exhausting and inconclusive day, and we were well aware the a long battle lay ahead.

At this stage another party arrived from a most unexpected quarter in the form of an approach from Holland's largest insurance company - Nationale Nederlanden who had a small but well established Australian subsidiary, and wished to greatly expand their Australian business. Their Australian Chairman was Sir John (Jock) Pagan who I knew very well indeed as he had been my CMF CO. Jock approached Malcolm Davis and made a very good offer which was sufficient for the Mercantile Mutual board to recommend that shareholders accept, subject to the approval of the Foreign Takeovers Board of the Australian Government, which fortunately was readily granted.

The offer was accepted by the Mercantile Mutual shareholders and the company thereupon became a subsidiary of Nationale Nederlanden. Initially the Mercantile Mutual board was increased by the appointment of the Nationale Nederlanden's Australian directors, and management was integrated. I remained on the board for the initial period. I was asked to remain as a director, but I chose to resign, which I did on 20 October 1982. I had been a Director since 1966.

Nationale Nederlanden has itself been taken over and is now a member of a very large Dutch Conglomerate, the ING Group. However they have been excellent owners of the Mercantile Mutual, and the Life Company from being about the smallest in this country is now one of the largest. They have invested very a considerable amount of money in the development of the business. Apart from one Dutch representative, the board remains Australian. I regret that there are no
Australian shareholders.

Until last year I retained a small connection with the old company as I served as a Trustee of the Mercantile Mutual Foundation (a charitable foundation) for 18 years. I have mentioned this directorship fully because it occupied a significant part of my working life. My contribution is mentioned in the centennial histories of the Mercantile Mutual, "Servant of A Century" published in 1978 and the equivalent history of the Life Company "A Century of Life," published in 1996.
Until 1961 no discoveries of commercial quantities of oil had been made in Australia and all petroleum products were imported. It followed that the discovery of oil in substantial commercial quantities in Australia would be of incalculable benefit to the nation. Therefore oil exploration was encouraged by the Commonwealth Government. The encouragement was in the form of subsidies for the drilling of oil exploration wells, and taxation deductions for investment in Oil Exploration Companies. However, landholders, either freehold or leasehold have no ownership rights to any minerals, including petroleum, discovered beneath the surface, contrary to the legal position in the USA where the landholder may receive royalty payments from the production from all minerals discovered beneath the surface of his land.

However because of the urgent need for the discovery of petroleum and the potential rewards for success, a number of exploration companies were formed, particularly after the encouragement from the Australian Government. Australian Oil & Gas Corporation Ltd. (AOG) was actually incorporated in 1954, before the Government incentives were available.

The first directors of AOG were Sir Kenneth Coles (Chairman), Jim Millner, with whom I had become very friendly in the dreadful POW camps in Borneo, (our friendship continues still), Mr Colin Hudson, whose company operated quarries in NSW, and Mr F. Tindal, the then General Manager of the Australian Gaslight Company, (The largest consumers of gas in NSW). The Managing Director was Mr T.W. Dee, by profession a surveyor but a man with considerable knowledge of oil exploration. Eric Rudd, the Professor of Economic Geology at the University of Adelaide, was Geological Adviser to the company.

Over a period of many years successive Australian Governments had arranged for extensive geological surveys to be carried out to examine the geological structure of the whole continent. These surveys detailed the boundaries of the various sedimentary geological basins, and exploration licenses were then granted for these basins. AOG was in fact formed to explore the Sydney Basin for which it held an exploration licence. During the development of the extensive coal deposits in this basin there had been many discoveries of deposits of natural gas, and it was hoped that sufficient reservoirs of such gas would be discovered to enable their commercial development. The company acquired drilling machinery and exploratory drill holes were drilled in the Camden area and in areas in the Putty district. Significant gas deposits were discovered but their reservoirs were not sufficient for commercial development. The company also was granted exploration licenses for the Oaklands Basin in southern NSW and the Moonie Basin in south west Queensland.

In November 1960 Sir Kenneth Coles invited me to join the board following the death of Mr. Tindal. It was not the type of appointment I would normally have accepted because I was absolutely ignorant of geological matters, and I had no wish to become associated with a speculative company. However because I was
certain of the integrity of the board, I accepted the invitation, and became closely associated with one of the most historic and exciting periods of my career.

Professor Rudd was instrumental in recommending the application for the exploration licence for the Surat Basin because he had made a thorough examination of the geological structure of the Basin, and believed that there was a possibility that deposits of petroleum could be found there. In 1956-1959 AOG surface parties carried out surveys and drilled three shallow bores near Tara, 40 miles north of Moonie. It was then considered that the Surat Basin showed promise of the presence of petroleum deposits, but that the cost of further exploration was beyond the financial capacity of AOG.

In such circumstances the usual course of action taken by small exploration companies is to seek partners by way of a "Farm Out". In such an agreement the incoming partners agree to bear all exploration costs, whilst the licensee retains a "Carried Interest" in any eventual profits. Because of the work already performed, AOG was successful in negotiating a farm-out agreement with the Union Oil Company of California and the Kern County Land Company each of whom was to earn a 40% interest, with AOG retaining a 20% carried interest. Union Oil agreed to become the operator. Union Oil, although a very large company was not considered to be one of the world's major oil producers, although it engaged not only in exploration, but also in production, refining and retailing petroleum products, mainly in California. The Kern county Land Company was actually primarily an agricultural company. Its interest in petroleum arose from the fact that every time they drilled for water on their properties, they frequently instead got that "pesky oil"! When this happened they called in Union Oil to develop the resultant oil field. The two companies thus formed a close association. The Union -Kern-AOG Agreement was completed in October 1959.

The first steps taken in oil exploration after surface surveys have been completed is to carry out aeromagnetic and seismic surveys. Seismic surveys are those involving reflecting sound waves created by detonating explosives on the surface and measuring the time taken for the sound of the explosion to travel from reflecting horizons to the surface. These measurements are recorded by a "seismograph" and provide a graphical picture of the geological structures beneath.

As a result of the information thus gained Union, in October 1960 drilled a well they called Cabawin No.1 which on 2nd May 1961, after an earlier gas blowout at 10000 feet produced an oil flow of 80 barrels per day. This was the first significant oil discovery in Queensland and probably the most significant discovery in Australia at that time. On 12 October 1961 Union spudded a well they called Moonie No.1, and started its record of successes. This well produced a flow of 1765 barrels per day on 17 December 1961 and by June 1963 they had drilled 16 producing wells, and had created Australia's first commercial oil field.

The discoveries first at Cabawin, and then at Moonie, produced an absolute frenzy on all the Australian Stock Exchanges. AOG's 5 shilling shares, which before the strikes were quoted at 4 shillings and fourpence, hit a peak of 7 pounds in Melbourne and 6 pounds 15 shillings in Sydney. In considering these prices it
should be remembered that in 1966 each Australian pound became $2. Each new strike at Moonie created front page headlines. The press absolutely besieged Sir Kenneth, Bill Dee and Doyle Graves, Union Oil's Australian manager. I well remember Sir Kenneth being viciously verbally attacked by the ABC because he said that the price of AOG shares was ridiculously high, being far above that of USA companies producing huge quantities of oil and paying regular dividends. Sir Kenneth therefore advised the board that he thought that it would be unwise for any of us to sell any of our shares at that time. With the board's permission, I sold 1000 shares of my holding for 2 pounds 15 shillings per share in 1962. I thought that this was a wonderful profit, and I used some of the proceeds to buy my first luxury car, a Humber Super Snipe which cost 1893 pounds on the road.

By the end of 1961 it was apparent that sufficient quantities of oil had been discovered for the Moonie Field field to be considered commercially viable, and a detailed examination was made as to the best possible route to be taken by a pipeline to deliver oil from the field to the Ampol refinery at Lytton at the mouth of the Brisbane River. The route finally decided upon was 190 miles in length. A new company, Moonie Pipeline Co. Pty. Ltd. owned 40% each by Union Oil and Kern County Land, and 20% by AOG was formed and I was appointed Chairman. In June 1963 a contract for 4,500,000 pounds was let to Bectel Pacific Corporation for the construction of the pipeline, which was completed in the incredibly short period of 100 days. At that time it was considered that the Moonie field was only part of an "oil province" and that further discoveries were certain to be made elsewhere in the Surat Basin. Unfortunately, despite extensive further drilling no worthwhile discoveries were made.

In 1961 AOG appointed David McGarry as General Manager. He was a well qualified geologist and had been one of AOG's first employees. For experience he went to California and by a sheer coincidence worked for Union Oil who sent him back to Australia as part of their team. We were able to persuade to return to AOG where he made an excellent contribution for many years. His knowledge of the practical side of oil exploration was invaluable.

After the discoveries in the Surat Basin AOG's Annual General Meetings were attended by hundreds of shareholders. They were a nightmare, but excellently conducted by Sir Kenneth. Many of the shareholders were speculators, but many were much more interested in when they would receive a dividend. It was almost impossible to make them understand that under the farm-out agreement AOG had only a "Carried interest" and that the company would receive income only after sales of oil exceeded the cost of development and production. As this was Australia's first producing oil field the matter became politically sensitive, and in 1964 Sir Kenneth and I went to Los Angeles and negotiated with Mr Fred Hartley, the President of Union Oil, an "Advance Royalty" agreement under which AOG would immediately receive its share of income for some years before the relative expenses had been deducted. This was a generous gesture on the part of Union and Kern, as they were under no legal obligation to make this payment.

Immediately after the successful completion of Moonie No 1 the AOG board visited the site. We went first to Brisbane where we were received by the Premier, Mr.
Nicklin, and then by Mr. Ernie Evans, the Minister for Mines who impressed me as a real nut. He tried to persuade us that we should in future divine for oil and showed us by thick pencil lines on a large map, where we would find it! We then went to Toowoomba where Union had its field operational HQ and spent the next day watching the drilling of Moorie No. 2. No doubt my children will remember driving in the Humber to Toowoomba and staying at a motel which had the first unlimited buffet we had seen, and a shop which sold tins of "Toowoomba air." We also had an excellent conducted tour of the field and saw the big rigs busily drilling.

In 1963 Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth unveiled a cairn at Lytton on the bank of the Brisbane River which was supposed to be the end of the Moonie Pipeline. She was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh. Directors of both Union and Kern, mostly accompanied by their wives came out to see the ceremony and hopefully to be introduced to the Royal couple. The whole AOG Board were of course present. Sir Kenneth and the Chairmen of Union and Kern were duly introduced. It was a great occasion, but unfortunately the monument so honoured by the Queen turned out to be on the wrong side of the river, and, as far as I know, has vanished without trace.

In 1967 Sir Kenneth retired as Chairman but remained on the board and I was appointed in his place. Most unfortunately I suffered a heart attack in 1968. I carried on until 1971 when Jim Millner took over from me. About the first thing that happened after my appointment was a call from Doyle Graves, the Australian Manager of Union asking me to see him in his office in the Australia Square Building. He told me that due to their lack of any fresh discoveries and the gradual depletion of the existing wells, he greatly regretted that the advance royalty payments would have to cease. This was a severe blow as only 3 dividends had been paid to AOG shareholders.

AOG carried on with its exploration program for both oil and minerals in NSW, Queensland, New Guinea and the Flores Islands but with little success except for the discovery of a large deposit of Magnetite - an ingredient in steel making - near Port Moresby. The company still exists, listed on the Stock Exchange, but as an investment company, with its historic achievements well in the past. I was most fortunate to have been so closely associated with the first commercially viable petroleum discovery in Australia.

**TOOTH & CO. LTD**

My fairly brief association with this company was most unrewarding. As I have been a teetotaller for many years now it is also fortunate that I was not a director for very long.

In June 1970 at the behest of Mr. George Cullen I was invited to become a director of Tooth & Co. Ltd. and I accepted the appointment. This was the largest and oldest brewery in NSW, having been established in 1835 and incorporated as a company in 1888. At the time I joined the board it was the third largest company in Australia.
It operated 2 breweries, Kent Brewery in Parramatta Road Broadway, and Waverley Brewery in Bourke Street Waterloo. In addition it owned literally dozens of hotels throughout NSW.

By cosy arrangement which would not now be permitted by the Trade Practices Act, all the breweries in Australia agreed that they would operate in one state. Therefore Tooth & Co operated only in NSW, and with only one competitor, Tooheys Ltd. All the smaller breweries by then been absorbed or driven out of business.

When I was appointed the Chairman was Mr.W.L.Vicars, George Cullen was Vice Chairman and there was one other, a former banker, whose name I cannot remember. Just before I was appointed, the General Manager of many years, Mr Watson, died and at my first meeting the board appointed Mr T.G.Fawkner, who had been Head Brewer for many years to replace him. Tom Fawkner subsequently told me that he was greatly alarmed to be appointed General Manager as he had absolutely no management experience other than that required to operate the brewery. He was over 60 when he was appointed.

The directors met at 10 am on alternate Wednesdays in a very fine boardroom at Kent Brewery. When the meeting started the only the Vice Chairman, the other directors and the Company Secretary, Mr Bayfield were present. Mr Bayfield was also a man in his sixties. The directors then signed the scrip for all shares in the company purchased since the last meeting, and perused the agenda which dealt mainly with the renewal of hotel leases. Production statistics were also included but no profit or expense figures. About 30 minutes later the Chairman and General Manager entered the room and the meeting started. Abnormal business was dealt with last.

I will never forget my first meeting. Mr Vicars reported that he had reliable information that there was to be a take-over bid for the company and in order to ensure that it was not made he proposed that a bonus share issue should be made of 1 new share for each share held, thus doubling the Issued Capital of the Company. He produced no figures to back up his proposal, nor did he give any but the vaguest details of the takeover threat. The press next day had headlines "A Tooth for a Tooth". As this was my first meeting I was forced to assume that the other directors knew what they were doing. When the meetings concluded and the board adjoined for lunch in adjoining room where we were joined by Mr. Campbell, the elderly Manager of Waverley Brewery.

As time went on and I continued to attend these very uninformed meetings, I became increasingly concerned by what I learned about the company's management practices. The late General Manager, Tom Watson had occupied his position for very many years and it seemed that he had become a law unto himself. He was famous in the liquor industry as being a very tough man, but industrial relations in the company were dreadful, stop work meetings were an almost daily event, and the Christmas "beer strike" was infamous. The workers were given a very large daily ration of free beer, and I have no doubt that many lived in a state of partial intoxication. Campbell, the Manager of the Waverley Brewery seemed to me to be terrified by his workers.
I also found the financial management of this very large company to be almost Dickensian. The cash flow was so large that the Bank of New South Wales Railway Square Branch, which was next door to the Kent brewery was said to have been established solely to handle the company's account. By asking questions I found that the Bank was paying the lowest possible rate of interest on the company's deposits. I succeeded in having the rate substantially increased. I still have the company's balance sheet for the year ended 31 March 1973 which shows that at that date $13,348,042 was on deposit at the bank. This deposit may have been to some extent temporary, as excise had to be remitted to the NSW Treasury each fortnight.

I decided to move slowly and my first success was to redraft the balance sheet and accounts into a modern format. The next urgent task was modernisation of the office procedures. I was horrified to see dozens of clerks writing out invoices by hand! There were no accounting machines and it was essential that many of the simpler and most repetitive tasks be computerised. My suggestion was adopted, but instead of seeking expert advice the existing staff was used with disastrous results.

The company had no retiring age and employees worked until they were unable to carry out their duties. Staff were then retired on a pension decided by management. These pensions were never reviewed and no reserves were in existence to provide for the future liability for their payment. I suggested that an Actuary be consulted to ascertain this liability. I also found that the company was a self insurer for workers compensation but that there were no reserves for possible claims. Much more importantly I discovered that no tenders were ever called for the maintenance, painting and repairs to the company's huge number of hotels. I found these things out over a period as the culture of the staff was that the board should be kept in ignorance.

For a while I got on well and felt that I was making some progress and I was appointed Vice Chairman and expected to succeed George Cullen who had become Chairman when Mr Vicars retired. The board had been strengthened and Tom Fawkner had been replaced by an excellent man. George Cullen who was much older than me I had always considered him a friend and we used to get on very well together. Suddenly I noticed a distinct cooling in our relations, and in November 1976 he wrote me a frightful letter accusing me of acting without the approval or knowledge of the board. It was a pack of lies and I immediately resigned. Subsequently I received two friendly and apologetic letters from him, and in retrospect it is obvious that those benefiting from the company's corrupt practices had got his confidence and filled him with lies. He never had the sense to ask me about these allegations. I saw him subsequently and although he admitted that he was misled he refused to let me know who was his informant. He tried to resume a friendly relationship and asked to see me just before he died but, to my shame, I so bitterly resented his conduct that I refused to see him. My resignation from Tooth & Co could have greatly harmed my career but fortunately that did not happen. I was even appointed a director of Textile Holdings of which Mr. Vicars was Chairman.

All things turn out for the best and it would have been quite wrong for me to have continued in the liquor industry.
I have already described my first visit to "Retreat". It was followed by many more over the years. When John Faviell retired the board was reconstituted. Tim Whitney became Chairman and Pastoral Inspector and were joined by Mr. Os Keith who had been Head Auctioneer for Australian Mercantile Land & Finance Co. Ltd., a major pastoral company, and Tim's youngest son, Sam who had a property "Rosebery Downs" at Muttaburra north of Longreach, and Alec Ramsay, who was Tim's brother-in-law and Manager of "Haddon Rigg" Australia's largest merino stud. Alec was in fact entitled to be called "Sir Alexander" because he was the heir to an ancient Scottish Baronetcy, but he refused to use the title saying that "It will add 10% to all my bloody bills!" He was the arch-typical Australian, over 6 feet, tan, and slow spoken.

Tim Whitney visited "Retreat" at least twice annually and I went with him quite a few times. He classed all the young sheep on one visit each year, culling those young sheep which he did not think would be good wool producers. These, and those classed as too old to produce lambs (CFA) were separated from the main flocks and sold. He also assessed the number of new rams which would have to be purchased to maintain the required numbers in the flock. "Retreat" was in fact the largest purchaser of medium grade rams from "Haddon Rigg" merino stud. The sheep were all merino as they were the best wool producers in that very dry climate.

The Station also in good seasons also ran about 6000 Shorthorn cattle and these also were classed annually by Tim on another visit. This was of course done in the cattle yards. The cattle were mustered from all over the Station and yarded in the vicinity of the classing yards. All mustering was carried out on horseback. The fat cattle were separated and usually sent by train to the sale yards at Cannon Hill in Brisbane. When I first went to the cattle classing the fats were taken to the railhead at Jundah by drovers, but subsequently by truck.

For many years we had an excellent manager, Jack Heaton, who was knowledgeable, hard-working and co-operative. He and I got on very well and he had a wonderful sense of humor. Above all he was honest - a rare quality in the manager of an absentee owned property.

About 3 years after my first visit to "Retreat" we purchased "Albilbah" Station west of Blackall. This was a leasehold of about 100000 acres with a slightly higher carrying capacity than "Retreat". It was purchased as it was in a slightly different rainfall area and it was hoped that it would provide some drought relief. We appointed as manager a young man named Marshall Langston. It was his first management but he was highly recommended to us.

The seasons which passed in my time a director varied from motherless drought to huge floods but were usually dry. Improvements were continually made to fences and access roads and waters. We had a good deal of machinery including a bulldozer, a road grader, and a boring plant. Tim was a water diviner of incredible accuracy and we drilled at least 20 wells where he indicated and struck water at the
depth he had divined. These wells were sub-artesian, usually from 80 to 150 feet deep. They were equipped with windmills and troughs and were a godsend during droughts. I had supported Sam Whitney’s appointment to the board in the expectation that as he lived within a day’s drive of the properties, he would be able to assist his father and in due course take over some of his tasks. Unfortunately he offered very little assistance.

When John Iredale joined Norton & Faviell he brought the business of some of his personal clients, one of whom was Mr. Tom Holt who was the grandson of a Thomas Holt who was a prominent businessman and property owner in early Sydney. Amongst his extensive properties was the whole of the Kurnell Peninsula, and his grandson was still the owner of extensive areas of the peninsula. I addition he was the lessee of "Roper Valley" Station in the Mataranka District of the "Top End" of the Northern Territory. The leases had recently been renewed by the Northern Territory Administration, and were for 50 years.

Tom Holt wished to dispose of this property, and John Iredale mentioned this to me, and I passed the information on to Tim Whitney. We decided that we would have a look at the property, and in 1960 Tim and I made an inspection. In those days overseas airlines were permitted to carry interstate passengers, and I remember that we flew from Sydney to Darwin in a DeHaviland "Comet". The "Comet" was the first pure jet passenger aircraft in regular service in the world, but it transpired that they, after some time in service, suffered from metal fatigue and broke up in flight killing all on board. Of course we did not know this at the time we traveled, but I believe that the actual aircraft in which we traveled broke up in flight shortly after our journey. As a result they were withdrawn from service.

We arrived in Darwin in the early evening and stayed the night at the Fannie Bay Hotel, which no longer exists. We got up before dawn and took off at first light in a chartered light aircraft for "Roper Valley", landing on the station’s airstrip. We were met on arrival by Tom Holt and his wife Julie, and their Manager a Mr. Lowrie.

The "Roper Valley" leases covered an area of about 1600 square miles. They were bounded on one side by "Elsey" Station made famous by Mrs Aeneas Gunn in "We of the Never Never". Except for a few paddocks in the vicinity of the homes it was almost completely unfenced, and was reputed to be carrying about 12000 head of cattle. The Roper Valley Aboriginal tribe lived on the station, the men were excellent horsemen and provided all the stockmen. The girls and unmarried women were employed on domestic tasks. Some clothing and meat and flour rations were provided by the station, but the Aboriginal stockmen were paid very much less than white employees. No alcohol was permitted. Their living accommodation was extremely primitive, but the NT Department of Native Affairs, as a condition of the lease, required the lessees to provide an elementary school and a qualified teacher. The school building was modern and well equipped. The Station homestead was the usual fairly primitive galvanised iron structure.

The cattle were shorthorns of poor quality as, without fences it was impossible to control breeding. The country was absolutely beautiful. It was in a high rainfall area with an average of over 40 inches per year. There were numerous mustering yards.
known as "Bronco Yards" scattered over the property. During the rainy season the cattle spread all over the whole lease and when water became scarce with the approach of the dry season they watered on the billabongs and were mustered into the yards where the calves were branded and the fats mustered for sale. Neighbors were supposed to be notified when branding was in progress, but this requirement was honoured more often "in the breach rather than the observance". Fat cattle went by train from Mataranka to Vesteys Darwin meatworks (when it was open), or live to Hong Kong. If these markets were unavailable they were walked to Queensland and sold at Mount Isa. It was not a highly profitable enterprise.

Nevertheless as the price was moderate, and because Tim was so impressed by the beauty and quality of the country, and the high regular rainfall, we agreed to purchase the property. Tim was convinced that under proper management it could be made viable. Before we returned to Sydney we visited Mr Roger Nott, the Administrator of the NT and arranged for boundary surveys to be carried out and we also appointed Darwin's leading legal firm, Ward Keller & Rorison, to act for us in the purchase. After this purchase I re-organised the Company by forming Retreat Holdings Ltd which had 3 subsidiary companies, Retreat Station Ltd, Albilbah Station Pty. Ltd. and Roper Valley Station Pty. Ltd. I did this to separate the administration of each property and to simplify formalities in the event of sale.

We appointed as Manager Jack Heaton's brother Ron, who was an experienced station manager and a knowlegable stockman. We also appointed a white Head Stockman. As time passed we and the surrounding properties found it increasingly difficult to dispose of or cattle due mainly to the unreliability of Vesteys and the trade to Hong Kong. A syndicate of interested owners was therefore formed and an export meatworks, named Northmeat, was built at Katherine. This revolutionised the disposal of our cattle. The meat was mostly exported to the USA as hamburger meat! Before the meatworks was built Katherine was a small town, its main employer being the CSIRO who conducted trials of tropical agriculture in the area. Tourism was yet to come.

Shortly after Ron Heaton was installed as manager, we chartered a 6 seater single engined Cessna aircraft at Bankstown. I boarded there. Tim Whitney boarded at Mudgee and Alec Ramsay at Warren. We spent the first night at Cloncurry. About an hour after we had taken off next morning we were flying over difficult terrain intersected by hundreds of billabongs at a height of about 6000 feet, when the pilot in changing from one petrol tank to another managed to stop the one and only engine! I was sitting in the seat next to the him and I still remember the sweat pouring down his face, an the awful silence. I suppose it was only minutes before the engine was started again, but it seemed like hours. The pilot was a Qantas Captain who was supposed to be on leave but wanted to earn some extra money. We landed at "Brunette Downs"Station for fuel and finally at Roper Valley, where were met by the Heaton family. We spent some days making a thorough inspection of the property. In addition to cattle, we saw large mobs of brumbies (wild horses,) and donkeys. We went to Roper Bar, and heard stories of cattle being taken there by crocodiles. We made a quick call at Retreat on the way home, and left Alec Ramsay at the airstrip at "Haddon Rigg". It was, to me, a wonderful trip.
When I went to England in 1961 John Iredale was appointed Secretary to the Retreat companies. For some years he performed fairly well and Tim Whitney had a great liking for him. However, as time passed he was always behind in his work, and eventually it got to the stage where the minutes of one month’s board meetings were not available by the next. His work was so bad that, much to my shame, the directors decided to dispense with Norton & Faviell’s services, and that the company should open its own small office and employ its own Secretary, two rooms were rented in Angel House, just off Pitt Street, and we appointed an elderly chartered accountant with his own very small clientele as Secretary. We provided the office, and he provided his own typist/secretary. This proved to be a satisfactory arrangement but much more expensive than would have been the case if John Iredale had done his work properly. I now realise that his alcoholism had taken control. It was a tragedy because he had been a capable man.

When the Whitlam Government was elected, Roper Valley was instructed that it was illegal to deny alcohol to aboriginals living on the Station. The Government also decided that Aboriginal workers should be paid at the same rate as whites. This was probably a justified reform, but as the Station was barely profitable, we decided to sell it. The sale was achieved with some difficulty, but without loss.

With wage inflation “Retreat” had become much more expensive to run. Jack Heaton had been replaced by a much less efficient manager and staff had been reduced. As a result the high standard of maintenance which we had maintained for so many years, deteriorated. Shortly after selling Roper Valley we suffered a serious blow from a decision of the Queensland Government. All the Retreat leases came up for renewal, and the then Minister for Lands, as a political favour, excised the best part of the Retreat lease and granted it to a political crony. The board then made the difficult decision to sell the Queensland leases which had been held by the Company since 1917, and invest the proceeds in a more manageable NSW freehold property. The sale was achieved.

With the proceeds we purchased a very fine freehold property “Burindi” in the Barraba district. It was about 20000 acres of beautiful country, well watered and well maintained. It carried more that 1 sheep to the acre (Retreat carried 8 acres to 1 sheep) cattle, and had arable areas where crops were grown. The manager was a Mr. Dowdle who had run the property for many years for the executors of a deceased estate, although we subsequently found out that he always took to himself proceeds of half of all cattle sold. On my first visit to the property I suffered another heart attack. I was taken first to the little hospital in Barraba, then by ambulance to Tamworth Base Hospital where I spent some time in the coronary care unit, then by aerial ambulance to Sydney Hospital. It was hardly a good introduction to “Burindi”. I was than aged 50.

We subsequently purchased an adjoining property “Bareela” close enough to be run under the Burindi management, but rougher and hillier country.

Over the years Retreat Holdings remained an unlisted public company, and although there was always a market for the shares, most were inherited by descendants of the original founders. As a result the company had more than 200
shareholders with no community of interest and although the company paid fairly regular dividends there was constant stream of complaints by shareholders on their size, and on other matters. Tim Whitney was getting old and fed up. Sam Whitney was at best an irritant, and after a long discussion, it being a good season, I persuaded Tim that we should sell the properties, place the company into voluntary liquidation, and return the proceeds to the shareholders. We put these proposals before an Extraordinary Meeting of Shareholders who unanimously approved them. The properties were sold by auction. Paul Montgomerie, a partner in Brown, Evans & Co. Chartered Accountants, the company's auditors, was appointed Liquidator. (Again Norton & Faviell was not considered capable).

Before the auction a dispersal sale was held of all the plant and equipment on both properties. Sam Whitney was put in charge in charge of arrangements for these sales and we subsequently found out that he had excluded, for his own use, some of the best items. He also, against my strongest objections, got the board to approve the company entering a "Bottom of the Harbor" tax dodging arrangement, from which, with great difficulty, I managed to extricate it. Neither I, nor his brother and sisters will now have anything to do with Sam Whitney. He is the greediest man I have ever known and he tried in every way to cheat his own family.

I have written a lot about the Retreat Group because it was perhaps the most fascinating 30 years of my working Life. My dear friend Tim died 4 years ago, but Diana and I are still friendly with Mary Hill (Tim's elder daughter), and I see something of Tina, the younger. They have come to a number of Tom's exhibitions.

WORMALD INTERNATIONAL LIMITED

In 1967 I was invited by Mr. Gordon Russell, the Chairman of Wormald Brothers Industries Limited to join the board of the company, and I had pleasure in accepting his invitation. Wormald Bros. been in business since 1889 but had been listed on the Stock Exchange, first as Wormald & Russell, since 1911. I had come to know Gordon Russell quite well as a fellow member of the House Committee of the Union Club, but I was surprised to be invited to join his board to replace Sir John Northcott, the former Governor of NSW, who had retired.

Wormald Bros. was, even then, the largest fire protection and security company in Australia. It covered all aspects of activity in its field - fire protection, electrics and electronics, safety, air conditioning, security and alarms, steel office furniture and equipment, storage equipment, building products, electrostatic painting, printing, and fire retardant chemicals. It had a New Zealand subsidiary company which was listed on the Wellington stock exchange. It was a profitable company with a good, but not spectacular, dividend record.

The head office and boardroom was in the AMP Building at Circular Quay, as Mr. Russell was a Director of the AMP. The largest factory was in Young Street Waterloo, but there were numerous others. The main printing works was in
Melbourne. Board meetings were held monthly. They were very formal and not lengthy. When I was first appointed I visited, with Gordon Russell, a number of factories to obtain some knowledge of the company's diverse operations. Gordon had a very patrician manner with his employees. He was a famous collector of glass and the boardroom was lined with show cases containing some of his collection. Subsequently he presented the entire collection to the Melbourne Museum. In 1969 he became non-executive Chairman and John Utz was appointed Managing Director.

In 1970 the company entered the business of guards and patrols and the establishment of central control stations. Over the succeeding years this became an increasingly important part of the company's operations, but fire protection continued to be its main activity. In the fire protection area the company was Australia's leader in the installation of sprinkler systems which were whenever possible linked to fire brigade services. The company was the sole licencsee for the use of fire sprinkler heads designed and manufactured by an English company, Mather & Platt Ltd. These sprinkler heads were approved by the fire protection authorities in all major countries in the world, and the company's expertise in this field was the springboard of its subsequent international expansion. The 1970 Annual Report mentions operations in Singapore, Kuala Lumpur and Japan.

John Utz was born in July 1928. He entered the Australian Naval College as a Cadet in 1940 and in 1942 he was wounded in a naval engagement off the Burma coast. He was discharged from the Navy with the acting rank of Midshipman because his hearing was damaged by his wounds. I often think that he must have been the youngest serviceman in World War 2 discharged on account of his wounds. After discharge he went back to school! On leaving school he had several jobs as a salesman before he joined Wormald's as a fire extinguisher salesman in 1952. By 1967 he was a member of the principal Board of the company. John is a dominant and exuberant personality, but capable of being very tough indeed. Although he now is the holder of Australia's highest decoration - AC, he is greatly disliked in many quarters. He is a brilliant businessman, and at times I found him a delight to work with, and at times a complete bastard.

In 1972 Gordon Russell retired from the Board after 55 years service, and I was appointed Chairman, a position which I accepted with some reluctance because I did not believe that I could adequately keep abreast of the Company's diverse operations. Also at the AGM that year the name of the company was changed to Wormald International Ltd. Fire Control Ltd, a company managed by Mr. H.G. (Geoff) Davis and owned by him and his family was bought, and Geoff was appointed to the Board. It was an excellent acquisition and Geoff is one of the most knowledgeable fire protection engineers in Australia. I have considerable regard for him and I am glad to think of him as a real friend although we do not now we do not see much of each other.

In 1971, following our move to "Burradoo House", and having a mid-life crisis in my physical and mental health, I attempted to considerably reduce my work load and I resigned from a number of boards, including Wormald. John Utz, on receipt of my letter of resignation, next day drove to Burradoo and requested me to withdraw it.
which I did. As a matter of interest no other Company made a similar request.

The company's international expansion accelerated, and I see from the 1973 Annual Report that there were operations in the United Kingdom, South Africa, Hong Kong, Singapore, Malaysia, the Middle East, and New Zealand. Geoff Davis had moved with his family to England to establish the UK business. This was followed by the purchase of Mather & Platt Ltd. one of the world's largest fire protection companies and one with which Wormald had maintained a very long and close association. By then John Utz had become Executive Chairman, and I had stepped down to Deputy Chairman. I think that this was a wise decision.

In 1979 the Company made its first substantial Investment in the USA with the purchase of the Ansul Corporation, a fire appliance manufacturer whose Head Office and works were at Menominee in Wisconsin. In retrospect I believe that this was not a wise move. Ansul, although a substantial company by Australian standards was a pygmy by American. Wormald would have had to make a much larger investment to have any chance of significant success in the highly competitive American market.

In 1985 troubles started with a bid from Adelaide Steamship Co. Ltd. for 50% of Wormald's issued shares. Adelaide Steam was one of the most aggressive of the entrepreneurial companies which had their hey-day at that time. Its Managing Director was John Spalvins who had transformed this sleepy little steamship company into a very large conglomerate by an unusual method. This was to acquire 50% of listed companies and leave their shares listed on the Stock Exchange. Because these shareholdings were only 50% they were shown in Adelaide Steam's Balance Sheet as Investments, and therefore the Company Law did not require them to be consolidated. This also meant that their income was only shown in Adelaide Steam's accounts to extent of any dividends received from them. Dividends received by companies from another are free from any further tax. By this means Adelaide Steam had acquired control of such companies as David Jones, Woolworths, Tooth & Co and many others, because its first action on obtaining 50% ownership was to usurp the Chairmanship.
Because Adelaide Steam left all its debt in the 50% owned companies, and therefore this debt was not consolidated, financial analysts had for years tried, without success, to ascertain the true financial state of the company until some time later a valuation was calculated and the whole house of cards fell apart. The Wormald board might have given some consideration to a 100% bid, but it had the strongest objection to Adelaide Steam's methods and the bid was rejected out of hand.

Adelaide Steam acquired a substantial holding of 19 million shares. The Wormald board had appointed Macquarie Bank as its advisors. Macquarie Bank advised the sale of 14 million shares to a company called Sunshine Ltd. which was controlled by a company incorporated in Macao whose Chairman was a Mr Chau but the real power was exercised by its Managing Director Mr. Lee Ming Tee, a Chinese with Australian nationality. It was disastrous advice, because by 1987 companies associated with Lee Ming Tee acquired, by various means, control of the issued capital of Wormald.

In November 1987 immediately before the Annual General meetings of the Company and Wormald NZ. I received a call to see Lee Ming Tee in his office at Sunshine Ltd. He requested my immediate resignation from the NZ board. As I had intended to resign in any case, I assented. It was a very short meeting. John Utz resigned, and Lee Ming Tee became Chairman. At his first meeting as Chairman he, without any reference to me, or to my many years of service to the Company, appointed a newly appointed director, Sir Laurence Muir, as Deputy Chairman. The meeting was very badly conducted. The next day I sent him a letter of resignation and a copy to each of the other directors. To my surprise another Director, Sir Eric McClintock, also resigned the same day. This ended my 20 years of service to Wormald.

Wormald no longer exists. It was destroyed partly by Lee Ming Tee and his associates, and partly by a Company named Reil Corporation Ltd. to whom he sold his interests. Reil was an opportunistic Australian group whose Managing Director a Mr. Mansfield, who I know for certain to be dishonest, is at present financial adviser to the Prime Minister! Wormald was a great enterprise at one time employing 8000 Australians. It has been broken up and I do not, nor do I want to, know who now owns its various businesses.

**PERMANENT TRUSTEE COMPANY LIMITED**

As I mentioned earlier I was appointed a Director of the Permanent Trustee Company of New South Wales Limited, as it was then titled. I was elected by the shareholders at the company's 72nd Annual General Meeting; and I was elected to fill the vacancy on the board caused by John Faviell's resignation. Greg Kater (later Sir Gregory) was Chairman C.H. (Bert) Locke, (A brother of my friend John who died at Sandakan) was Vice Chairman, and the other directors were Mr.F.B.Fleming, an elderly retired grazier, and Lieut. General Sir John Northcott, former Governor of NSW. As I considered that I was probably the worst clerk ever
employed by the Permanent's principal competitor, the Perpetual Trustee, I was both proud and rather surprised to be appointed. I was only 40 when I was appointed.

Adrian Armytage, the then Managing Director of the Perpetual, had been the Secretary of the company when I resigned and knew how hopeless I had been. When I was elected to the board of the Permanent we were both members of the Union Club, and I remember him coming up to me in the Club and congratulating me by saying "It is only our unsuccessful clerks who get on to the board of the Opposition". He was only joking, because we were by then good friends.

Trustee Companies are unique to Australia. The Permanent and the Perpetual were both formed in the 1870's because of defalcations by solicitors who until then had carried out most trustee work. Similar companies were formed in other States. As this was before Federation they were all formed by Acts of the relevant State Parliament. The Permanent was formed by a special act of the NSW Parliament. This Act provided that the Company had to lodge Government Bonds as security for its performance and the Act also regulated the maximum of shares which could be held by a single shareholder. The legislation also regulated the amount Trustee companies could charge for their services.

When I joined the board the capital of the company was 1 million pounds made up of 200,000 shares of 5 pounds each, but only 11 shillings had been called up on each share which meant that each shareholder was liable to pay 4 pounds 9 shillings per share if it were to be needed. This was known as a "Reserve Liability". The Paid Up capital was therefore 110 thousand pounds. The company was in a sound financial condition. It owned its own building at 23/25 O'Connell Street, (built in 1913) and had Investments of almost 152 thousand pounds. It was administering Trust Executor and Agency business totaling 33,131,316 pounds.

The board met on alternate Tuesday afternoons. No briefing papers were sent to directors before meetings and only a minimal agenda was available at the meetings which mainly considered investment of trust funds. Figures relating to the performance of the company itself were presented only each half year. Rarely was there any other business discussed. Greg Kater was an austere and humorless man and he kept as much information as possible to himself. Bert Locke, on the other hand was most gregarious, Sir John was a very nice man, but not much use, and Fleming was extremely dull and never opened his mouth. The Manager was Fred Garland, a delightful man who was appointed a director in 1962.

Until the 1980's each state in Australia levied Death Duties on deceased estates, and in addition the Commonwealth Government charged a "Federal Estate Duty". If a person was resident in the ACT his estate was liable only to pay Federal Estate duty. For this reason a considerable number of wealthy individuals, including Uncle Arthur Sulman, established residence in the ACT. In the company's Then Annual Report the Chairman stated. "Whilst the main portion of the business has been confined to acting as Executors of Wills, Administrators of Intestate and Testate Estates, Trustees of all types of Trusts and as Attorneys for clients here and abroad, certain advantages in planning of clients' affairs presented themselves some years
ago and for those reasons, "Permanent Trustee Company (Canberra) Limited" was incorporated in Canberra in 1939 and was the first Trustee Company in Canberra. Our pioneering in this direction has resulted in very substantial savings in Income Tax and Death Duties to many of our clients. Again, in more recent times, and to meet the needs of changed methods of company finance, through the issue of Debentures, Notes, etc., and the formation of Unit Trusts and Land Trusts and certain legislative amendments to Companies Acts throughout Australia, it became necessary to incorporate other subsidiary companies referred to in this report. This enabled the Permanent Group to offer complete fiduciary services, not only in New South Wales, but throughout Australia. The services also include the Direction, Management and General Conduct of Private Family Companies and acting as Share Registrars for private and public companies. I have quoted this because it provides an excellent description of what the company did during my long period as a director. Incidentally the Canberra company had a separate board, all Canberra residents.

There were several changes to the board in my early years as director. In 1964, at my suggestion, Sir Kenneth Coles was appointed and in 1965 Gordon Welsh. I well remembered his appointment because he recalled that we had both attended the same officers training course at Warwick Farm in 1940, and he said "The difference between us that you came top and I came bottom".

I continued as a director until 1974 when I resigned in order to reduce my work load. My resignation was accepted by a cold letter from Greg Kater. I was replaced on the board by Fred Church. I have previously mentioned Fred as a director of the Mercantile Mutual. He was a leading figure in the Baptist Church, the Senior Partner in the firm of Church & Grace, solicitors, and the Chairman of the Milton Group of investment companies. He, his family, family companies, associated companies and the Milton Group had each acquired maximum shareholdings in the Permanent and their combined holdings represented a controlling interest. He had an excellent legal mind, and an unexcelled knowledge of investment matters. He was a very valuable director. He was unattractive in appearance and had a congenital "tic". One quickly ceased to notice this disability. I was working closely with him at the Mercantile Mutual and we developed considerable mutual respect. He was aware of the improvement in my health and expressed a strong desire for me to return to the Permanent board. He achieved his wish in 1980 when I was re-elected.

When I returned to the board the Chairman was Lynn Arnold who had been the Chief Executive of the Australian subsidiary of Rheem manufacturing Co. Rheem manufactures almost all the 44 gallon drums in the world, apart from other activities. He had been on the board when I retired in 1974. In the interim period both Greg Kater and Bert Locke had died, and by seniority he was appointed Chairman. Fred Church was the Vice Chairman.

There had been many changes during my absence from the board. The words "New South Wales" had been dropped from the Company's name and there had been alterations to the company's articles of association regarding the retiring age of directors and the amalgamation of shareholdings. There had been very strong
growth and Trust Funds under administration amounted to $40,047,000 at 30 September 1980. Most of this growth related to trusteeship of Corporate and Unit trusts, and to debenture issues. There had also been important changes in Senior management. Tom Bromley, the long serving Managing Director, retired that year and was replaced by David Davis. I had first met David when he was the Trust Officer responsible for Tom Sulman’s estate. I could not think of a better choice. He was a wonderful help to me when I became Chairman.

The company’s building was demolished in 1970 and the present building erected on the same site. The company moved during rebuilding to temporary premises at 133 Pitt Street. The building was designed and built by Civil & Civic, the building subsidiary of Lend lease Corporation of which Bert Locke was a director. It was the only building in my experience erected on time, within cost and without trouble.

Lynn Arnold was a short, thin and very fussy man. However he had considerable management experience, and when he became Chairman he made a complete review of the company’s operations and took a number of decisions which I would have found very difficult. He was not an easy Chairman and had an unfortunate habit of departing from the agenda at board meetings. He had great ambitions for the growth of the company throughout Australia and he caused branch offices to be opened in Melbourne and Brisbane. The board meetings were now held on one morning each month and the directors were much better informed. In addition there were meetings of the investment and audit committees. I was a member of both. When I was first appointed I made some suggestions as to the improvement of the board papers, which he adopted. He was in many ways a most annoying man but I must give him credit for the changes he achieved.

Lynn, in addition to being Chairman of the principal board also chaired all the subsidiary company boards, as well as the audit, investment and computer development committees. However, as time passed his behaviour became increasingly strange and early in 1986 Fred Church asked me if I would replace him as Chairman as he had lost the confidence of the board. Because I had been re-appointed I think that I then ranked as the most junior director, but my many years of previous service was taken into account. I agreed to become Chairman but I stipulated that I would not stand for election beyond the age of 72, after which I would have had to stand each year for election by a two-thirds majority of the shareholders. Lynn very unwillingly retired and the board, unanimously agreed to my appointment in his place. It transpired that Lynn had a tumor on the brain. This was removed and he made a good recovery.

I carried on with all Lynn’s responsibilities and really worked hard as I had a big reading load outside of meetings. I was supplied with an office alongside David Davis and I spent every Monday morning with him. I had many documents to sign, of which most required legal advice before execution. When I became Chairman in 1986 Trust funds under administration amounted to $16,512 billion and Shareholders Funds were $21,135,000. At 30 September 1990 funds under administration had increased to $36,403 billion and shareholders funds to $45,238,000. Most of the growth was in the Corporate Trust area and I always emphasised to the board and management that this was business which may not
continue, whereas the company's traditional Personal Trust business would always be "Permanent". My advice was prophetic because recent legislation has removed the necessity of appointing trustees to corporate and unit trusts.

1987 was the company's Centenary Year. We held board meetings and dinners in Melbourne and Brisbane, and of course in Sydney. In addition, David Davis and I, accompanied by Diana, went abroad and visited clients, banks, both merchant and investment, and various institutions with which the company had correspondence in San Francisco, Chicago, Boston, New York and London. I believe that it was a valuable trip and it resulted in valuable contacts and information. I visited clients in Singapore on or return journey. David Davis, who had proved to be a delightful traveling companion, left us in London whilst we spent a couple of weeks in Europe.

The company's Melbourne offices were in the BHP Building. The Manager was a lazy individual and the business had not progressed as it should have. Therefore David Davis and I, after making arrangements with estate agents, went to Melbourne and purchased a very suitable 6 storey building at 294-296 Collins Street. We dismissed the Manager and appointed in his place, Mr W. Overall, who has successfully expanded the business.

When in 1990 I reached the age of 72 and reminded the directors that I would not seek re-election at the annual general meeting in December, several of them individually approached me to stay on for at least another year as they were not confident that Ken Coles, who was to succeed me, was ready for the job. I reminded them that I had told them when I was appointed that I would retire at this time and I reiterated that I would not change my mind. In the event, although he was over 72, Fred Church was appointed for the following year.

I was most generously treated on my retirement with a handsome retiring allowance, and a dinner in my honour at the Union Club, at which I was presented with a handsome carriage clock. I had served as a director of the company longer than anyone else in its long history. I am proud of my final years as Chairman, and I hold great affection for the company. I continued as Chairman of the Permanent Trustee Foundation until I was 80, and now I have appointed the company to administer my affairs.

I & R MORLEY PTY LTD

I succeeded John Faviell as Chairman of this company in 1960. The only other director was the Managing Director, Arch Lynch. Arch was really quite a remarkable man. He had started his working life with Morleys as an apprentice by aged 13, living on the company's premises in Wood Street London. He was sent to Australia in the 1930's to examine the possibility of setting up a factory. He decided that Ballarat was the most suitable location mainly because of the purity of the water, as a dyehouse would be established as part of the factory. His
recommendations were approved and he was joined by another Englishman who was expert in manufacturing.

When I first visited Ballarat I found a very well constructed brick factory employing about 500. It produced mainly underwear, but also made knitted outerwear such as jumpers, and swimwear. All goods manufactured were knitted on large and, to me, complex machines. The fabric was then finished in the dyehouse and sent to the cutting room, where machines cut at one operation into multi layers of the finished fabric which was then made up into garments by girls on sewing machines. At first the factory specialised in woolen underwear but with improved heating of homes, public transport and offices, cotton made a very large inroad. The company had established an excellent reputation for quality. All this Arch Lynch achieved alone, he did not even have a Sales Manager, and set up sales agents in each state.

John Faviell, when I knew him, only visited the works once, and obviously did not do so at all during the time he was with the RAAF. Arch Lynch used to come to Sydney about 4 times each year, and board meetings were then held.

I made my first visit to Ballarat soon after Jon Faviell died. This was before the standard gauge rail line had been built between Sydney and Melbourne. I went by a train which left Sydney in the evening. I had a sleeper which I still remember sharing with a young Roman Catholic Priest. We arrived at Albury early next morning, and transferred to a Victorian train which terminated at Spencer Street Station. I then took another train to Ballarat where I was met by Arch Lynch. He drove me to his house which was in the grounds of the mill where he introduced me to his wife Evelyn. It was a substantial weatherboard house with quite a large garden. I stayed there on that, and on all future visits.

Arch showed me over the mill with obvious pride, and introduced me to all the senior employees, all of whom had long service with the company. He showed me the whole range of merchandise being produced, and explained the organisation in great detail. The next morning he showed me round the city of Ballarat, of which he was very proud. It has beautiful botanic gardens and a large lake which was used for the rowing when Melbourne conducted the Olympic Games. I told Arch that I intended to make monthly visits during which we would hold a board meeting with the Factory and Distribution Managers and the Company Secretary in attendance. At first I think that, after so many tears of almost complete independence, he thought that my visits would be a nuisance, but as we got to know and like each other he came to appreciate my interest. After each visit I wrote a report to Head Office in London. My reports were an innovation and were appreciated.

Shortly after I became Chairman Arch Lynch requested permission to appoint a young man as his assistant. He wanted a man who he thought could be trained to replace him on his retirement, and meantime to ease his very demanding workload. I thought that such an appointment was not only desirable, but essential, and permission was readily granted to seek a suitable man. In fact Arch knew who he wanted. His name was John Harrison was was at the time Sales Manager of British Nylon Spinners, and already had a very good knowledge of important aspects of the textile business. I liked John as soon as I met him, and we have remained
lifelong friends. He accepted the position offered without hesitation, and joined the company as Assistant manager in 1961. He had very recently married, and he and his new wife Sue, bought a house in Ballarat.

Early in 1964 John telephoned me with the bad news that Arch had suffered a severe stroke and was in hospital. I immediately went to Ballarat, but Arch died very shortly after my arrival. His widow, Evelyn had advanced cancer and did not long outlive him. For the first time in my life I made an international telephone call to Gordon Hope-Morley. In those days such calls were sent by short wave radio and the sound waxed and waned. Gordon agreed that John should immediately be appointed Managing Director. Although the Australian company had always been profitable, all the profits were ploughed back into the business and it had never paid a dividend to its parent. Shortly before his death Arch was requested to pay a dividend at the end of each financial year. He literally blew his top when he received this reasonable request. For some reason he thought it was most improper, and he told me that he could not run the business properly if he had to pay dividends. I do believe that his worry about this caused his fatal stroke.

By that time I had established a regular routine in traveling to Ballarat. As soon as the standard gauge was completed I used to travel straight through to Melbourne on the "Southern Aurora" and then get the local train to Ballarat. Later I used to fly down and hire a car at the Melbourne Airport (then at Essendon) and drive to Ballarat. This was much quicker. John gladly sold his house (he was very short of money) and moved into the company's house. I always stayed with him and got to know each of his 3 children when they were babies. I always enjoyed my visits.

Also in 1964 John and I were invited by Lord Hollenden to come to England to meet the people who would be important to us, and to visit the company's various manufacturing operations. Whilst he had been with the company John had built up a small export business to Hong Kong, mainly in swimwear. We decided to include a visit to our agents there on our way to England. We spent 2 days in Hong Kong where we were hospitably received by our agent, Jock Mackie. We stayed at the Mandarin Hotel which was just completed. We continued, flying Pan-Am and broke our journey at Beirut. Beirut was than a beautiful city but I had never before seen so many police. We stayed at a magnificent hotel, the Phoenicia, which was later totally destroyed in the civil war. On our second day we hired a taxi and drove to Bibylos, said to be the oldest inhabited town in the Middle East. It is a port dominated by a round tower built by the Crusaders, the walls of which have cannon balls fired by Napoleon's army embedded in them. Crossing the Dog River on our return journey I noticed a memorial plaque on a cliff face and found it commemorate the actions of the AIF Desert Mounted Corps in World War 1. We had a most interesting stop over, particularly as at that time Beirut was considered to be the financial centre of the Middle East and there were many fine buildings. The damage caused by the subsequent civil war is incalculable.

On arrival at London Heathrow we were surprised to be met by Lord Hollenden. We driven in his chauffeured car to his London town house in Upper Brook Street and introduced to his charming new wife, Anne. His previous wife had died about 2 years earlier. He insisted that we stayed in his house whilst we were in London. At
the week-end we were driven to his country estate - "Hall Place" at Leigh, near Tonbridge in Kent. This beautiful estate which had gardens extending over 40 acres had been purchased by Samuel Morley, who in his day was the principal owner of the business. He was also for many years a member of the House of Commons and one time Minister for Labour in the Gladstone Government. He was a well known philanthropist and noted for his efforts to improve the working conditions in factories. In 1885 he was offered, but refused, a peerage. "Hall Place" when purchased by Samuel Morley was an Elizabethan manor house which he had demolished and replaced by a typically Victorian structure. The house suffered fire damage in World War 2 and portion of one wing was, roofless for many years and has now been demolished. The estate included farms, the whole of the village of Leigh, and even the right to appoint the vicar of the parish.

John and I were introduced to the traditions of upper class English country house life. The house was fully staffed with a butler, housekeeper, cook, maids etc, and a Factor to manage the estate. There were numerous gardeners. A large ornamental lake was in front of the house and a vast sweep of lawn on the other side, there separate rose gardens and others specialised areas, including a kitchen garden and glass houses. There were magnificent stands of trees including oaks centuries old. Geoffrey Hollenden was immensely proud of the garden and had a very good knowledge of horticulture. He walked John and me all round the grounds showing us all the main features. Over many subsequent visits I got to know "Hall Place" and its gardens quite well.

Geoffrey and Anne lived in great style. There was what to me a meal they called "high tea" with cakes scones and jam etc, served at about 4 pm. Dinner was served at 8 pm. Everyone dressed for dinner, the men in dinner suits and the ladies in evening dress. John and I were embarrassed because the butler unpacked our bags and laid out our clothes! The dinner was beautifully served by the butler in the dining room, with the ladies retiring whilst the men drank port at the conclusion of the meal. Geoffrey had a cellar of very fine wines. There were other dinner guests whilst we were there. Everyone went to the church in the grounds of the estate on the Sunday morning. By way of contrast, when we left John found that the butler has stolen his watch!

We then went to Nottingham and stayed at a railway hotel. I remember that my room actually bridged the railway line, so that smoke from the locomotives came through the windows if they were open. Morley's biggest works were at Heanor, about 10 miles out of Nottingham. The Manager was Robert Babbington-Smith, a son-in-law of Lord Hollenden. I think that he was separated from his wife. He had been in the British secret service in Spain during the war and I recall that he had a Spanish servant. He was rather a remote man, not particularly friendly, but entirely co-operative and we were given a very thorough inspection. We had a self-drive Humber Super Snipe and we inspected works at Leicester and York, and also the underwear plant of Morley's largest competitor. We were received with friendly helpfulness wherever we went.

We had been invited to spend the week-end with Ben and Elizabeth Hervey-Bathurst at Eastnor Castle in Herefordshire. Elizabeth's late father Lord Somers,
had been a former Governor of Victoria. He succeeded Baden-Powell as Chief Scout, and he had set up boys camps called "Somers camps" whilst he was Governor. John had become friendly with Elizabeth because of his association with this movement. At that time there was no speed limit on the motorways in England and in the Humber, with John driving, we exceeded 100 m.p.h. on our drive from York to Eastnor.

Eastnor Castle was a phony gothic castle erected in the nineteenth century. It was very large with a tower on each corner, battlements and a moat. It was situated on an estate of over 5000 acres. Ben and Elizabeth occupied only a small portion of the castle, and all the grand rooms were shut with the furniture under dust sheets. After Lord Somers returned from Victoria he was appointed ADC to King George V. He let the estate out to tenant farmers and apparently lived in a very grand style. When he died and the death duties were paid, his estate was heavily in debt. Ben was a regular army officer, and when Lord Somers died he left the army and went to Cirencester Agricultural College. On completion of his course he took charge of the estate and turned it into a profitable enterprise. He and Elizabeth lived very simply with no live-in help and I recall that Elizabeth did her own cooking and shopping. They made us very welcome, and in later years Diana and I made several visits to Eastnor.

Whilst in London we had a number of business discussions with the Head Office executives, and I got to know Gordon much better and commenced a life-long friendship. John and I spent a week-end at his country house in Buckinghamshire. It was an interesting and rewarding trip. We later had a visit to Australian from Geoffrey and Anne Hollenden, and several from Gordon.

When we returned I continued my monthly visits to Ballarat. At one period we were doing so well that we had to open another small making up plant in Geelong because we could not get enough labour in Ballarat! We also continued to improve the plant. The dye house was rebuilt and re-equipped and the building was increased in size. We also appointed a Sales Manager.

The business was going well when, out of the blue, we were advised from London that the company, I & R Morley Ltd. had been taken over by Courtalds Ltd, the giant of the British textile industry. It really did come as a shock. Courtalds sent out an executive, best described as a "hatchet man". He almost immediately ordered the business to be closed and all the staff and workers at Ballarat were dismissed. John Harrison was given a job with Courtalds in Melbourne. I still think that it was an extraordinarily ill considered decision. The products of Morleys in Australia had a name for good quality, and a very good market share. My services were terminated without any form of compensation. I was very sad that I had, in effect, wasted so much time and effort.
Seven Elizabeth Street Limited was formed by John Faviell in 1938. The company built for it an 8 story building designed by Emil Sodersteen, then a prominent Sydney Architect. The building contained 54 one bedroom units (then called studio apartments) two shops on the ground floor and a restaurant in the basement. It was completed in 1939. The company was listed on the Sydney Stock Exchange and I believe that it was the smallest company on the list. The directors were John Faviell (Chairman), Sir Hugh Poate, and Sir Kenneth Coles.

During World War 2, initially as an emergency measure, strict rent controls were introduced by the NSW Government. These controls effectively froze rents to the level operating when the regulations were introduced, and protected the rights of everyone who was then a tenant. These were known as "Protected Tenants." this created a black market whereby unscrupulous tenants sub-let their units for higher rents. It was very difficult to prove these sub-lettings.

The rents received were sufficient for the company to pay modest annual dividends, but rent controls were continued for some years after the war, and it continued to be very difficult to displace Protected Tenants, even when their rent was in arrears. When a tenant became seriously in arrears in the payment of his rent the legal procedure was that he was served with a "Notice to Quit". This notice stated that if the arrears of rent were not paid by a certain date (normally at least 30 days from the service of the notice) further action would be taken to terminate the tenancy. The smart tenants served with such a notice usually paid up on the last day, thus obtaining an interest-free loan from the company for the period of their arrears. The company also had to pay the legal costs involved. I was discussing this difficulty with a legal friend who told me that the correct procedure was that as soon as a tenant was in arrears he should be served with a summons to appear in the Small Debts Court. This procedure was adopted and proved both cheaper and more effective.

When John Faviell died and I became Chairman, I found that the only means by which we could obtain rent increases was by a time consuming and costly appearance before a Rent Control Tribunal. A small increase was granted after one such appearance, but I could not see that the company could progress until rent controls were lifted and the NSW Governments of the day showed no signs of rescinding the regulations.

Naturally other companies and landlords were in the same predicament and many incorporated companies in which the ownership of certain classes of shares became entitled to the ownership of nominated property of the company. These were then known as "Home Unit Companies". I suggested to the board that we should adopt a similar procedure, and they agreed. As a result we formed a company named "Seven Elizabeth Units Ltd". The Articles of this company created 57 classes of shares - one for each residential unit, one for each shop and one for the Restaurant. Initially all the shares were owned by Seven Elizabeth Ltd. I then arranged for L.J. Hooker Ltd. then the leading estate agents in Sydney, to submit all the shares representing the units whether tenanted or vacant, for sale by public
auction. The auction was a complete success and all the shares were sold. Seven Elizabeth Street Ltd's only asset was then cash and the company was placed into Voluntary Liquidation and the proceeds returned to the shareholders. Thus I did myself out of my first public company chairmanship. I may have been wrong but I have never been much good with real property. Incidentally Seven Elizabeth Street still exists, operating under the scheme of ownership which I created.

HARBOUR LIGHTERAGE LIMITED

I have previously mentioned that I was appointed a director of this company after acting as Dad's alternate. In addition to its fleet of small tugs and lighters and some waterfront land, the company had a modest but soundly invested share portfolio. It had no debt. Bill Nolan was the only substantial shareholder, and because it was the rump of the old Sydney Ferries Ltd. it had a large number of very small shareholders.

Dad was a most conscientious Chairman. In addition to the monthly board meeting he visited the company's offices and slipways in Stewart Street Glebe, every week where he discussed the week's events with the Manager, Mr. Home. He inspected all the tugs regularly and the repairs to lighters. He was always most interested in the performance of the share portfolio.

He believed that for lighterage work wooden tugs were preferable to steel vessels because of their longer life and because the company had all necessary facilities to repair them in its own yards. He designed a new tug and it was built by S.G. White & Co. at Ballina. The tug was built of local hardwood and to the highest specifications. Every piece of timber used in its construction was personally selected by Mr. White. Dad and Mr. Home made monthly visits to Ballina during the building. Mother drove up to Ballina with Dad and christened the new vessel "Sydport". I went with them for the launching. I am not now sure of the date but it would have been in the late 1950's.

The business proceeded smoothly but without much growth. The company always made modest profits and paid regular half-yearly dividends. Mr. Home reached retiring age and retired and an efficient replacement was appointed. Then, without warning, and to Dad's absolute fury, the company was subjected to an unusually ingenious hostile take-over bid by a company known as Industrial Equity Ltd.

Industrial Equity, which still is very active, was formed by a young New Zealander, a financial journalist named R.A. Brierley (now Sir Ronald), then only in his twenties. He got his start in Australia by buying control of a Western Australian mining company whose one pound shares were paid up only to one penny. Having acquired control he called up the unpaid nineteen shillings on each share and lent the money to Industrial Equity. He repaid the loan in Industrial Equity shares. With this money he wrote to all the small Harbor Lighterage shareholders offering to buy their shares at a price above that obtainable on the Stock Exchange. In this way he
acquired a substantial holding, but the board of the company knew nothing about it because he did not register the transfers of the shares he had bought.

He suddenly lodged all the transfers and at 4.55pm one Christmas Eve he lodged a requisition, signed by the requisite number of shareholders, requiring the company to convene an extraordinary general meeting of shareholders within 60 days. The purpose of the meeting was to replace the Harbor Lighterage board with candidates of his own nomination. He also pointed that the Companies Act permitted him to send an explanatory memorandum with the notice of meeting. The 1961 Australian Companies Act required that all directors over the age of 72 could only be elected from year to year, and by a two-thirds majority of shareholders voting in person or by proxy. If the meeting had proceeded it would have been very difficult for Dad to be re-elected.

I had arranged for Stephen Jaques & Stephen, one of the oldest and best known and respected firms of solicitors in Sydney to be appointed the company’s solicitors. I recommended this firm because Bruce Knox, who had been Command Post Officer in 30 Field Bty. of the 2/15 Field Regt. whilst I was the Assistant Command Post Officer, was one of the partners in the firm, and he agreed to personally act for and advise the company. Bruce, who died many years ago was a very good friend of mine, and I knew him to be a very good lawyer.

Bruce advised that it would be most unwise for Dad to stand for re-election at the extraordinary general meeting which Industrial Equity had requisitioned, and strongly advised him to retire from the Harbor Lighterage board. After much discussion with the board, Dad, with great reluctance agreed to retire, and Bruce Knox was appointed in his place. It really was a terrible blow for Dad because he had no idea that the Companies Act could force him to obtain a two-thirds majority, and he strongly disapproved of takeovers of companies which were being properly conducted. He never really understood that once a company was listed on the Stock Exchange, its shares were always for sale. Bill Nolan was appointed Chairman and he proposed to resist every move made by Industrial Equity. My only wish at that time was that I was not a director.

When Industrial Equity submitted its statement for inclusion with the notice of the extraordinary general meeting, Bruce Knox advised that the statement was defamatory to the directors and took the matter to the Equity Court where the matter was heard by Mr. Justice Laurence Street, who was then Chief Judge of the Equity Court and later Chief Justice of New South Wales. He ruled that the statement did indeed defame the directors of Harbour Lighterage, and in particular, myself. I know Laurence fairly well and he still maintains that he gave me a very useful reference as to my probity! I cannot now remember if the meeting was held, but the eventual outcome was that Harbour Lighterage received an a bid for its shares from Fenwick Ltd, another tugboat company which the board recommended and the shareholders accepted.

I felt very sorry for Dad. He was really too old to continue as a director, and despite having spent his working life in the highly competitive world of shipping, he was mentally quite unprepared and deeply shocked by the devious tactics then coming
into use in the business world.

**REX AVIATION LIMITED**

I was approached in O'Connell Street one evening by John Darling who I knew only slightly. He was a member of a prominent flour milling family and was then the Sydney Manager of the family firm. He told me that he was about to leave the family business and set up a Merchant Bank. I must confess that I really had very little idea of the function of such an institution except that it arranged capital for business, prepared private companies for public listing, and gave general financial advice. He established Darling & Co. Ltd. which was most successful. He was joined in this venture by John Broinowski who I knew well at the NSW Society for Crippled Children of which he became President after Sir Kenneth Coles, and because Norton & Faviell were the auditors of Consolidated Metal Products Ltd. which he had founded and of which he was Chairman. They were a dynamic pair, and they attracted to work for them a team of very talented young men, including Jim Wolfenson, the current Chairman of the World Bank. They also built up excellent connections in London and New York.

In 1961 John Darling approached me and asked if I would be interested in becoming a director of a small company named Rex Aviation Ltd. to replace his brother-in-law Bob Law-Smith. He provided me with full financial information about the company. It had been formed by a young New Zealander, Miles King. Miles had been a pilot in the Royal NZ Air Force in World War 2. After his discharge he formed in New Zealand a company named Rural Aviation Ltd. This company engaged in aerial crop dusting and spraying of fertiliser. Initially the company used surplus service aircraft, but finding them not particularly suitable, he went to the USA to see if he could find aircraft more adaptable to his needs.

Before World War 2 practically all small aircraft were constructed by stretching fabric over a light wooden frame. Because of the rapid developments in design during the war almost all aircraft were then constructed of lightweight metal. After the war there was rapid development in the design and construction of all metal light aircraft, particularly in the USA. The Cessna Aircraft Company in Witchita, Kansas, became the leading manufacturer. This company manufactured a range of light aircraft, all were high wing monoplanes and of metal construction. They were appropriately powered by American engines. They ranged from small two seaters to single engined planes of various models seating up to six, and, at the top of the range, sophisticated twin engined planes seating six. The Cessna Company appointed distributors throughout the world and these distributors were responsible for sales. Miles King succeeded in obtaining the distributorship for Australasia including Papua New Guinea

On his return to New Zealand he organised his sales organisation and then incorporated Rex Aviation Ltd. in NSW. He obtained a loan from Eximbank of the USA and, because no suitable premises were then available, he had a hangar and
workshop built at Bankstown Airport. Another company, Research Aviation Pty. Ltd. was also formed specifically to provide aircraft for cloud seeding experiments being conducted by the CSIRO. Rex Aviation was a fortunate company which arrived at the right time, selling the right product, and was immediately successful. When it was formed the rural economy throughout Australia was very strong and there was a great demand for small, easily flown and simply serviced light aircraft with the ability to land and take off from rough unsealed airstrips. The market for corporate aircraft was just starting to emerge.

John Darling introduced me to Miles King and to Alec Simpson, his General Manager and they took me for a tour of inspection of the company’s operations at Bankstown Airport. Although I knew absolutely nothing about aircraft I was most impressed by the apparent efficiency of the operation, the surgically clean engine overhaul workshops and the range of aircraft available. I accepted the invitation to join the board. The other directors were Rupert Burge, then a partner in Darling & Co, G.U. (Scotty) Allan, and Harry Shaw, a hotelier. Scotty Allan was then the Deputy Managing Director of Qantas and probably the most famous Australian airman then living. He had been a pilot in the Royal Flying Corps in World War 1, a Wing Commander in the RAAF in World War 2, and had flown as co-pilot with Kingsford Smith on several of his pioneering flights. He was one of the first pilots engaged by Qantas.

Rex Aviation made its sales through agents situated at most major country airports, and each agent had access to demonstrator aircraft. There were agents in every Australian State and in Port Moresby. New Zealand sales were handled by Rural Aviation. Except for the low powered two seater and four seater aircraft with fixed under carriages all aircraft were flown to Bankstown Airport from Wichita by ferry pilots. The aircraft were fitted with extra fabric petrol tanks for the long flight across the Pacific. Those shipped out arrived in wooden crates with the wing removed, and were re-assembled in the company’s workshop.

Board meetings were held monthly at Bankstown. Miles King always came across from New Plymouth, the HQ of the New Zealand company, and I was appointed Vice Chairman. It was a long trip from Mosman. I used to leave home at about 7.30 and pick up Rupert Burge who lived at Beauty Point. We seldom got home before 8 pm. Although sales were booming the company’s finances were always precarious.

Every year the Cessna Company held a meeting of all its distributors throughout the world. At this meeting new models were demonstrated and marketing information was discussed. Each distributor was given a quota of aircraft which he was expected to sell in the coming year and was requested to place orders and arrange delivery dates.

Rex had an arrangement with a finance company and through it was able to arrange finance for purchasers. The company also took, and re-sold, trade ins. In other words its sales were made in exactly the same manner as a motor car dealer. It followed that there was little chance of a bad debt being incurred on an original sale, but work performed for repairs and overhauls could result in long outstanding debts. Aircraft are subject to stringent airworthiness rules which include rigid
inspection before a "Certificate of Airworthiness" can be issued, and engines must be overhauled after running a stated number of hours. A great deal of this work was carried in the company's workshop at Bankstown. This was staffed by specially licensed engineers and the workshop itself, and the procedures it adopted was subject to inspection and licence by Commonwealth Government authorities. It was essential that the company had sufficient working capital to meet the very considerable cost of these operations.

For some years sales were buoyant and profits were very satisfactory. Original purchasers frequently upgraded their aircraft, and as the number of licensed pilots increased, so did the market. Apart from sales to rural areas there was an emerging market for aircraft for use by flying clubs and by professional people. There was also a market for sales to charter operators, crop spraying etc. Sales to businesses of the higher powered twin engined planes also increased. However as time passed it became increasingly obvious to me that the company's remarkable early success was because it was supplying a vacant market with a long lived product.

After I had been a director for about 2 years Miles King moved to Sydney and became full time Executive Chairman. He was supplied with a company owned house on the Port Hacking waterfront, and he claimed very large expenses from the company. He thought that the good times would last forever, and he was very ambitious for the growth of the company. He, at the annual Cessna Distributors meetings always increased the company's orders which caused over stocking and often considerable difficulty. He was offered a distributorship for Hughes Helicopters, but the board rejected this proposition. I objected because without a substantial infusion of capital the company could not finance the stock, and I still remember Scotty Allan saying "The helicopter is the most inefficient means of rapid air transport yet devised because it has a three bladed propeller rotating horizontally, two blades of which propel it forwards whilst one impels it backwards!"

Miles was still convinced that there would be considerable growth in the use of increasingly sophisticated aircraft by large companies and told the board that he would be able to obtain a distributorship for Lear jet aircraft. As these planes cost about $1 million each I thought that it was impossible. He persuaded the board that the company should issue a prospectus for an issue of shares to the public. This went ahead successfully underwritten by Darling & Co. Unfortunately Miles King took this as an invitation for increasing extravagance, and although I liked him and we and always got on well I could see that the company was headed for trouble and as I did not get sufficient support from the board for essential economies, with regret I resigned in 1969. It had been a most interesting experience.

The company's bankers were the National Bank of Australasia Ltd., and I was a member of the bank's NSW Board of Advice. Later it fell to me to agree to the appointment of a receiver to recover Rex Aviation's debts to the Bank.
THE NESTLE CO.AUSTRALIA LTD

This was a subsidiary of the Nestle Co. in Switzerland, probably Switzerland's largest Company. All the ordinary shares were owned by the Swiss Parent Company but there were Australian preference shareholders who were represented on the Australian board by two independent Australian Directors. In 1963 my good friend John Minter invited me to join him as one of the independent directors, and I had no hesitation in accepting.

Nestle Australia was quite a large company. The head office was in a building in Foveau Street near the Central railway station. It had a confectionery factory, company owned, and warehouses on the Parramatta River at Abbotsford, and several large plants in Victoria for the manufacture of milk based products such as powdered and condensed milk, baby foods etc. All of these products were exported.

The board was made up of an Executive Chairman and two General Managers, and John Minter and myself. The meetings were pleasant and formal. John and I dealt with transfers and issues of scrip to preference shareholders, and we received a very generalised report on the results for the preceding month. However as a director I was given the privilege of purchasing any of the company's products. These included not only chocolate and milk products but also powdered soups, Milo etc. This was very popular with the family.

On an overseas trip I visited the Swiss Company's headquarters in Vevey on Lake Geneva and met the executive responsible for the Australian operations. I was hospitably received. However in 1966 I was invited to become Chairman of Peek Frean Australia Pty. Ltd. the subsidiary of a well known firm of biscuit manufacturers. As was normal, and being unaware of any conflict of interest, I notified Nestle of my appointment. To my very great surprise they replied saying that they regarded all other food manufacturers as a competitors and said that I would have to choose which company I would serve. As the fees offered by Peek Frean were very much greater than those I was receiving from Nestle, I reluctantly resigned from a most pleasant appointment. John Minter fully understood my decision.

PEEK FREAN (AUSTRALIA) PTY.LTD.

As already mentioned in 1966 I was invited to become Chairman of Peek Frean (Australia) Pty Ltd. This company was wholly owned by Peek Frean & Co Ltd. of London, a very well known firm of biscuit makers. The London company was part of a group known as Associated Biscuit Manufacturers Ltd. made up of Peek Frean, Huntley & Palmer and Jacobs Ltd.
The Australian company had a very attractive factory in Parramatta Road, Ashfield, and its biscuits very distributed throughout Australia, and certain of them were very popular. However its market share was very small compared with Arnotts Ltd. the big Australian biscuit makers.

I had been recommended to Peek Frean by another English company and I was approached by Peek Frean’s Overseas Director, Pat Parsons. I was appointed to succeed another another chartered accountant, Mr. H. J. Brigden, who was very much older than me, and wished to retire. This was a very well paid position and included a company car of my own choice. I was the only Australian director, the others being Richard Carr, the Managing Director of the English company, and Pat. Parsons.

Pat Parsons took me to the factory and introduced me to the Managing Director, whose name I cannot now remember, and his wife, who was the Sales Manager! There was a well qualified engineer in charge of manufacture and a Company Secretary. A board meeting was held. Mr. Brigden retired and I was appointed. Almost immediately the Managing Director and his wife both resigned. I soon found that they had left a mess behind them, as Mr. Brigden had more or less let them do as they pleased. The Company Secretary, Peter Ostenfeld, appeared competent and I had no choice other than to appoint him Acting Manager.

On examining the financial position I found that the company was not profitable, and that it was in a very bad financial position. I requested the Plant Manager, Keith Goold to let me have a report on the condition of the plant and machinery. His report revealed that whilst the plant was generally in good working order, many items were outdated and in urgent need of replacement, for which no funds were available because insufficient reserves had been set aside for depreciation. I also inspected the factory and I did not consider it to display the standard of cleanliness I would have expected. It was apparent that interior painting was long overdue. I quickly formed the opinion that if proper reserves were made for outstanding repairs and maintenance, the company was insolvent. I had a meeting with the company’s bank manager, and he told me, in no uncertain terms, that unless immediate action was taken to reduce the overdraft, which was well beyond approved limits, the bank would be forced to take action.

I immediately reported my findings to London, and told them that an immediate injection of funds was urgent and essential. It was quite apparent that my report came as a great surprise, and I was delighted by the reaction which was that they immediately remitted a substantial amount as a loan until the proper level of capitalisation could be established. I was also invited to come to London as soon as was convenient. It happened that such a visit suited me well as I also wished to discuss some matters with Morleys. Before I left I instructed that painters should be employed as permanent staff with the initial task of completely repainting the interior of the factory. I also approved, with approval from London, some orders for the most urgent machinery replacements.

At that time Qantas operated a route from Sydney to London known as the "Fiesta" route. It was via Nadi, Tahiti, Acapulco, Mexico City, Bermuda and London. I
decided to take this route and break the journey for two days in Mexico City. I left Sydney on 5 October 1966. There was a brief landing at Nadi and we arrived at Papeete in Tahiti in the early morning, where we had a 24 hour stop. The passengers were given rooms in a hotel, and I hired a taxi and was driven right around the coast of this beautiful island, through picturesque native villages, crops, and some jungle. I did not care for Papeete which was a very dirty French colonial city. We took off again in the evening at arrived at Acupulco on the Mexican Pacific Coast in the early morning. After a short stop we flew on to Mexico City, the flight lasting only 20 minutes during which we climbed all the way as Mexico City is at an altitude of 6000 feet. The city, which then had a population of over 5 million, is built in the crater of an ancient volcano, with the wealthy suburbs oh the highest points. The main commercial area of the city was lined with impressive modern buildings.

There is a broad road, called the "Reforma" from the heights on one side right through the center of the city to the heights on the other. I hired a taxi and was shown the sights. It was a city of great wealth and appalling poverty. After two nights and one full day I took off for New York where I joined a flight to London. I will never forget my flight to London. Seated across the aisle from me was "Queen's Messenger" who had been collecting diplomatic mail from British South American Embassies. He had two seats and the mail bags were on a chain padlocked to one wrist. These messengers are usually retired army officers, and are supposed to be very discreet. It was a night flight and when we arrived over Heathrow the whole of southern England was concealed by dense fog. We were put into a holding pattern and circled for about 3 hours. Running short of fuel we were diverted to Shannon Airport in Ireland where the aircraft was refueled. We had been on the ground only for about an hour when there was an announcement that Heathrow was now clear and we therefore took off again. When we got over Heathrow the fog had returned and as we now had plenty of fuel, we were last in the queue and circled for about another 5 hours, during which all the alcohol on the plane was transferred from the insides of the bottles to the insides of the passengers! The Queen's Messenger was singing songs and telling us exactly what he thought of diplomatic bags. When eventually we landed I have never been so glad to get out of an aircraft.

Peek Frean had booked me into the Hyde Park Hotel in Knightsbridge. The next morning I was driven to the factory at Bermondsey in the east end where I was introduced to the executive directors. It was their habit to have breakfast together at the factory and discuss the day's business. I cannot now remember who I met except the Chairman, Rupert Carr, Pat Parsons, and Alan Battle who was to replace him as Overseas Director.

Richard was one of the most charming men I have ever had the pleasure of knowing. He had a most distinguished record in World War 2. As a 20 year old Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery he was awarded the Military Cross for valor at Dunkirk. He then resigned his commission and served as a commando in the disastrous Norwegian campaign. He was commissioned again and served in the Long Range Desert Group in the Libyan desert where he was captured by the Germans. He escaped 3 times and on one occasion spent some time in Munich passing himself off as a Flemish speaking laborer. He successfully escaped shortly
before the end of the war in Europe. After the German surrender he was court-
marshalled on a charge laid by the Senior British Officer of the prison camp from
which he had escaped, the charge being "Escaping without permission". Richard
said to me" You know there is actually some justice in the British Army. I got
another decoration, and the SBO was cashiered." (The decoration was an MBE).
He was also a very keen and experienced yachtsman, very experienced in ocean
cruises on the French coast and in the Caribbean. He was a member of the
committee of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes on the Isle of Wight. The RYS is
the world's oldest yacht club. Later he visited us several times in Australia and we
found him to be a delightful guest. He was wonderful with our children, and had the
gift of easy communication with them. He had intended to retire when he reached
the age of 60 and sail his yacht to English Harbour in the Caribbean where he
would base it during the English winter. Sadly, before he had time to effect his
plans and enjoy his retirement, he died from a virulent form of cancer. I still think of
him with great affection.

Richard gave me a tour of the factory which I found most interesting. It was then the
oldest continually operating factory in London. He had a very complete knowledge
of the whole operation, having spent some time in the company's factory in
Bombay, and he had established a plant in Toronto. He arranged for me to see his
brother Rupert who was Chairman of the parent company, Associated Biscuit
Manufacturers, whose HQ was at Reading, where Huntley & Palmer also had
their factory.

My plans received a set-back because the next morning i was walking along a
London street with my raincoat over my arm when it commenced to rain heavily I
some how fell down some steps whilst putting on my coat and broke my right
kneecap. I had it set next day but the surgeon put my leg in a plaster cast from hip
to ankle. It was then no longer painful, but I had to learn to get about on crutches.
After a couple of days I was able to resume my program. I took the train to Reading
which is not far from London and met Rupert Carr, who was Richard's elder brother.
He had suffered a severe coronary the previous year whilst he was attending, as
a student, the Advanced Management Course at Harvard, and was still rather frail.
Sadly he pre-deceased Richard. He also was most hospitable and charming. He
introduced to Alan Palmer the Managing Director of Huntley & Palmer, who
discussed the possibility of increasing the export of their products to Australia.

Whilst I was in London I visited Gordon Hope-Morley, and I spent, with my leg still
in its cast, a very pleasant week-end At "Hall Place" with Geoffrey and Anne
Hollenden. I had intended to return via the USA and visit the Cessna Aircraft
Company in response to an invitation I had received from their sales executive responsible for Australia. However they were so dilatory in confirming the
arrangements that I rang from London and canceled my visit. I then received an
agitated return call from their sales executive asking me to change my mind as they
really wanted to see me. I replied that they could do so when I returned home. The
cast was eventually removed from my leg the week-end before I left London and I
walked with some difficulty after instruction from a physiotherapist who came to my
hotel. I spent my last week-end with Pat Parsons who had retired to Piltdown in
Surrey. He very kindly gave me a strong walking stick which I still have. Despite my
accident it was a most interesting visit I was able to confirm of the loans which had been urgently arranged following my report on the Australian Company's financial position.

I will not refer in any detail to the rest of my time on this board except to say that after the appointment of an experienced Sales Manager and the installation of new machinery together with the general refurbishment of the factory, the company returned to profitably. The former Chief Accountant was appointed Secretary and he and the Sales Manager were sent to the parent company in England for training. Alan Battle and Richard Carr both paid regular visits and were most helpful. America's leading biscuit manufacturer, Nabisco Ltd. commenced business in Australia and competition was fierce. I received a confidential visit from Geoffrey Arnott the Chairman of Arnotts Ltd. to see if it would be possible for his company to buy Peek Frean Australia. I referred this to London, and although nothing happened for some time, the sale was eventually negotiated.

In 1969 I suffered from serious heart trouble, and I was strongly advised by my medical advisers that I should very substantially reduce my work load. It was therefore with real regret that on 12 November 1969 I wrote to Richard Carr advising him that I would not continue as a director beyond the annual general meeting of the Australian company which would be held on 8 December that year. My resignation was accepted and I was most generously treated, even to the extent of presenting me with my company car - a Mercedes. I received the most appreciative and charming letters, not only from Richard, but also from Rupert Carr, who, having had similar problems fully understood my decision, and Alan Palmer, and individual letters from each of the senior executives of the company. I had some very difficult situations to face during my time as Chairman, and it was obvious that the future would be difficult and time consuming. However, I had the satisfaction of knowing that I left the company in an infinitely better condition that that in which I found it.

SEDGWICK COLLINS AUSTRALIA PTY LTD

In 1965 John Darling asked me if I would be interested in acting as alternate director for a Douglas Grout, Chairman of the above company which was wholly owned by Sedgwick Collins & Co. Ltd. a large firm of London insurance brokers. After due enquiry I agreed to accept the appointment.

The business of an insurance broker is to assess the insurable risks of its clients, to ensure that policies cover such risks and to place the insurance with suitable underwriters. Sedgwick Collins were Lloyds brokers which meant that they placed their clients' business with syndicates of Lloyds underwriters. They were remunerated by a percentage of the premium from the insured. The rates of commission varied according as to the severity of the risk, and commissions were paid annually on renewal of the policies.
The directors of the Australian company were Douglas Grout, who lived in London, and Jeremy Guiness the Managing Director. Jerry was a member of the South African branch of the well known Irish brewing family. He had been educated in South Africa and then worked for a London merchant bank before joining Sedgwick Collins and being sent to Australia to establish the business here. When I joined him he had been in Australia for about 5 years and was married to an Australian. He had run the business well and it was very profitable. Douglas Grout had been coming out from London at least every 3 months and he now felt sufficient confidence in Jerry to arrange for my appointment as his representative. My role was to be available to Jerry for advice when required in particular regarding local conditions, and to take the chair at monthly board meetings.

I liked Jerry immediately. He was a big man in his early thirties, and he was brimful of ideas and most enthusiastic. The Australian company had tended to specialise in a type of insurance known as "Contractors all risks", which usually required the writing of individual policies and carried a high rate of commission. There as a great deal of construction in progress all over Australia at this time. Jerry was very keen to broaden the base of the business.

The company progressed very satisfactorily and I enjoyed my appointment. Unfortunately Malcolm Davis, when he became Chairman of the Mercantile Mutual told me that he did not like any director of the Mercantile Mutual being associated with an insurance broker as he considered that there was always the possibility of a conflict of interest. I therefore had no choice than to resign fro Sedgwick Collins. I wrote to Douglas Grout on 30 September 1971 and informed him of my reasons for resigning. I offered to advise Jerry on a successor. Gordon Samuels QC was suggested and I immediately supported his appointment. At the time I knew him slightly. He is at present Governor of New South Wales.

Some years later Diana and I saw Jerry at Perth Airport where he was waiting for a flight to South Africa to attend his mother's funeral. He was divorced from his first wife, re-married and living in Bussleton,where he had property and business interests. He told us that he loved living there. By that time Sedgwick Collins had merged with another large firm of London insurance brokers and its Australian subsidiary's business was merged with that of the new owners.

**W.R.CARPENTER HOLDINGS LIMITED**

Ever since I first joined Norton & Faviell I had been professionally associated with the W.R.Carpenter Group, and in January 1979 the Chairman Mr. C.H.V. (Wick) Carpenter invited me to join the board of the company to fill a casual vacancy. I had no hesitation in accepting the invitation. The Company's 1978 Annual Report gives a short history of the company, parts of which I quote.

The company was established in Sydney in 1914 by Mr. W.R.(later Sir Walter) Carpenter with a capital of only 1000 pounds. It spent its early years trading in
Pacific Island produce such as trochus shell, beche-de-mer, copra and bananas. Business prospered and the company expanded its island trading interests in New Guinea, Fiji, Tonga and Western Somoa. Island interests were further expanded through the acquisition and development of plantation properties, the establishment of produce processing facilities, and the creation of industrial and commercial enterprises. At 30 June 1978 the company had net assets exceeding $102 million, and trading revenue exceeding $218 million.

The report went on to state that from its small early beginnings the Group developed through a continually growing network of subsidiary companies some of which were corporate landmarks in their own business or geographic environment. In Australia activities were conducted through the following principal divisions :-

1. The Illuminated signs and Lighting Division. This division operated in all Australian States and was best known for its neon and plastic illuminated signs. The division was said to be one of the largest and most successful of its kind in the world.

2. The Arrowfield Wine Division which produced and marketed a wide variety of table wines from what was then the largest single vineyard in Australia.

3. The Apparel Division, operated from a number of plants and locations in Victoria, and produced garments under various brand names and cloths under the Yarra Falls name. These cloths had a particularly good reputation for quality.

4. The Property Development and Property Finance Divisions.

Other significant interests included a 99% interest in Southern Pacific Insurance Co. Ltd. and a large investment portfolio which included a major holding in Dalton Bros Holdings Ltd. (This company later became a wholly owned subsidiary). Internationally the Group had major divisional activities in Papua New Guinea, Fiji, Western Somoa and Tonga, and a small operation in Hawaii. Principal international divisions covered the following activities :-

1. Automotive. Sales and service of vehicles and equipment in all major areas. Among the agencies held were Nissan, Ford and Caterpillar.


3. Agriculture. Operating through several divisions the Group grew and exported tea, cocoa, and coffee in Papua New Guinea. It also produced copra and operated coconut oil mills at Rabaul and Suva.

4. There was also a large industrial complex based in Suva, and jointly-owned and operated interests in brewing, paint, stevedoring and the supply of gas.
It will be seen from the above that this was a most interesting company with exceptionally varied interests and operations.

I really enjoyed my time as a director. Wick Carpenter, although a multi-millionaire was extraordinarily mean and always on the look out for tax free benefits from the company. He was 76 years of age when I joined the board. He was a reasonable Chairman but although he drew a salary as Executive Chairman he did not perform any executive functions. His younger son Randolph was Managing Director, and Stan Proud who was married to the only daughter of Wick's elder brother R.B. who pre-deceased him, was Deputy Managing Director. I knew both of them well and Stan is still a good friend. Randolph sadly suffered a devastating stroke some years ago. The Carpenter family which included Wick, his three sisters, his two sons and Stan Proud's wife between them held almost 50% of the issued shares.

During my time as director I first visited the Australian operations, I went with Stan Proud to the Arrowfield vineyard at Jerry’s Plains in The Hunter Valley. It was designed so that the grapes could be mechanically harvested. There was also a modern winery. It was difficult to establish a market for the considerable production of a new winery and at that stage the Arrowfield brand was not well known. I believe that is now highly regarded. The establishment of a vineyard on this scale was quite a pioneering operation. I then went to Melbourne and visited the Yarra Falls mill which produced fine worsted for mens' suits, the quality of this cloth was generally regarded as the finest produced in Australia. Whilst in Melbourne I also visited the head office of Claude Neon Ltd. Together with Consolidated Neon of which I had been Secretary when I was with Norton & Faviell, the Group was the largest neon sign manufacturer in Australia.

I had a most interesting inspection of the Company's operations in Papua new Guinea. I flew from Sydney to Port Moresby where I was met by the Chief Manager for PNG. He explained the organisation and the financial position. He showed me the merchandising and motor sales. I then flew to Mt.Hagen which was the HQ of the tea and coffee plantations. I was met by the Manager. The plantation executives were all English or Scottish recruited from Ceylon and Assam. The crops were cultivated and picked by native labour, and both tea and coffee were reputed to be of good quality. I then flew from Mt.Hagen to Lae where I was shown over a typical coconut plantation. Cocoa was grown under the shade of the coconut palms. The managers of the coconut estates were all natives but locally known as "Nationals". The company was a leader in the training of Nationals as Managers. I also visited the Australian War Cemetery just out of Lae, and I located the grave of Paul Kneane who had been with me at the Warwick Farm OTC and in the 2/15 field Regiment until he transferred to the Commandos when they were first formed. He was an Englishman from the Isle of Man who had been in the British Diplomatic Corps stationed in the Solomon Islands. He had the rank of Major when he was killed in action. I remember him as the wildest man I ever knew.

I then flew to Rabaul on the island of New Britain. Rabaul was then probably the most beautiful tropical town I had seen. It is situated on the shore of a magnificent harbour, but it has the misfortune of being surrounded by active volcanoes. The town had been founded in 1910 as a German colonial headquarters. After world
war 1 it was the capital of the Australian administered Territory of New Guinea mandated by the League of Nations. Violent volcanic eruptions caused the evacuation of the town in 1937 and the transfer of the Capital to Lae. The whole of New Britain was occupied by a very large force of Japanese troops in World war 2. The town has been rebuilt and in 1958 had a population of 15800. In 1998 the town again suffered severe damage from volcanic eruption.

Carpenters had acquired the old German coconut plantations, and I was fascinated to see palms reputed to be 100 years old. Throughout the plantations there were large gaps caused by allied bombing during the war. There were still trenches, tunnels and rusting armament scattered through the plantations. The company's activities consisted of the management of plantations throughout New Britain, the operation of an oil mill and motor and machinery dealerships and retail stores in Rabaul. I flew to Port Moresby and home from there. My visit had given me a much better understanding of the company's tropical operations.

I also made two visits to Suva, which was the headquarters of the company's businesses in Fiji, Tonga and Samoa. Some years earlier a competing business, Morris Hedstrom Ltd., had been acquired and the retail stores were still conducted in the Morris Hedstrom name. Carpenters also operated a ship repair facility of considerable size, stevedoring, and such diverse business as a factory producing reinforcing steel, and a magnificent air conditioned and immaculately hygienic piggery. There was also an oil mill and facilities for the export of copra from the company's numerous plantations scattered through the islands.

I enjoyed my time on this board. The directors were C.H.V. Carpenter, Chairman and Managing Director, W.R.Carpenter, Vice-Chairman and Managing Director, S.S.Proud, Deputy Managing Director, Sir Maynard Hedstrom, H.M.Tyrell, Dr. J.B.Carpenter, R.J.Ritchie, myself, and N.R.Head. The Secretary was John Macphillamy, the son of my old friend Henry.

As mentioned earlier Wick (C.H.V) played no part in management. These functions were divided between Randolph Carpenter and Stan Proud, each of whom had specific areas of responsibility. Maynard was old and useless. Harry Tyrell lived in Melbourne and was the son-in-law of the former Chairman of Claude Neon. He was Chairman and Chief Executive of National Can Co. Ltd. He was a good director. John Carpenter was Wick's elder son. He was an eye specialist. I had known and liked him for some years. He also was a good director. Bert Ritchie was the recently retired Chief Executive of Qantas. At one stage Carpenters owned an airline in New Guinea called Mandated Airlines and Bert was the Chief pilot. His wide experience was most valuable. Neville Head was the Senior Partner of Clayton Utz & Co. the company's solicitors.

The Board met monthly. Meetings lasted all day and there was always something of interest or importance for discussion. The directors were supplied with very complete reports before each meeting.

In 1985, out of the blue, a cash offer for all the shares in the Company was received from a young Western Australian named Ric Stow. He was the owner of
Griffin Coal Co. which had a contract to supply coal to all Perth's power stations, and access to very substantial funds. He lodged a formal take-over offer. Carpenter's board immediately appointed a well known Merchant Bank to advise it and they carried out a valuation, on a going concern basis, of every company in the Group. They advised the board that in their opinion the value of the cash offer was greater than their valuation of the company as a whole. Randolph Carpenter dealt personally with Stow and he managed to negotiate an increase in the offer price. Wick Carpenter was furious that anyone would make an offer for "his" company and said that he would not accept the offer for his shares. Neville Head advised the board that it would be in a very weak legal position if it did not recommend acceptance of the offer to the company's shareholders. Wick's resistance was not supported by other members of the Carpenter family, and he was eventually persuaded to accept the offer for his shares.

I naturally accepted the offer for my own shares. When the take-over was completed, despite the fact that the board had offered every assistance to Stow to enable a smooth transition, I received from him a letter in the following terms - "As you no longer own a Director's Qualification of shares in the company, you are no longer a Director." It was the rudest letter I ever received in my business life. It was also extremely stupid, as Stow cut himself off from very valuable assistance.

I deliberately never attempted to find out what Stow did with this fine old company. I believe that he sold it piecemeal. He now lives a reclusive life as a tax-dodger in Monte Carlo.

**EQUITABLE BUILDING SOCIETY**

The building society movement started in England in the nineteenth century. They were co-operative societies. Their method of operation was simple. People with money to invest - usually small amounts - deposited money with the society and received interest on the deposit. When the Society had accumulated sufficient deposits it lent money for the purpose of buying or building homes, charging a rate of interest greater than that paid to the depositor. There were some very large building societies in England and the movement soon led to similar societies being formed in Australia. The interest paid to depositors was usually slightly higher than that obtainable on a term deposit with a bank, and depositors also had the right to withdraw funds at any time. Many people used the building society as a bank. As the object was to provide finance for cheap housing there was normally a limit on the maximum amount of each loan.

The Equitable Building Society was incorporated in 1870 and it had a slightly different structure because it was a limited liability company and not a co-operative. In other words it had a fixed capital which could not be withdrawn. Its shares were listed on the Sydney Stock Exchange and it was by far the smallest listed company.
Fred Church, my colleague on the Mercantile Mutual board was a recognized expert on building societies both in Australia and in the UK. He suggested that the Mercantile Mutual should purchase a substantial holding of shares in the Equitable, and expand the business with the object that borrowers should take out their insurance with the Mercantile as a condition for the loan. This was before the passage of the Trade Practices Act which would make such a condition illegal. The Mercantile Mutual board agreed and a substantial holding of shares were bought. Fred and I with the approval of The Equitable directors were appointed to the board to represent the interests of the Mercantile Mutual.

The Chairman of the Equitable was Bob Malloch, a very old and close friend of many years standing. Very sadly he subsequently committed suicide. Colin Hudson was Vice Chairman, he was also Vice President of the NSW Society for Crippled Children and very well known to me. The Society owned and operated from a very valuable little two story building on the corner of Park and Pitt Streets. Fred and I were warmly welcomed.

The Equitable was unique because the number of Directors - eight - exceeded the number of the staff - three! It operated by making small loans on very small old slum properties which the larger societies considered to be too small to be worth while. They were in fact very good risks and there were very few bad debts. However the board realised that times were changing rapidly and that the Society would have to modernise its outlook and procedures. It addition a large Life Insurance company, the T&G, had acquired the whole block bounded by Castlereagh, Bathurst, Pitt and Park Streets with the exception of the small corner owned by the Equitable. The T&G were making increasingly high bids for the building.

At our first board meeting Fred and I asked the Manager (aged about 70) for a list of overdue debts. The Manager was deeply offended by this request, and replied that there were sufficient reserves to cover any such debts and further that the arrears were always eventually recovered. When we insisted that he furnish this information he immediately resigned. He was replaced by his assistant who was even older! When a list was produced it was found that many loans were seriously in arrears.

When it was decided that the T&G had made its highest offer and the considerable profit would greatly increase the funds available for loans it was accepted. New offices were leased on the ground floor of a building in Spring Street. The staff was expanded and reorganized and a new Manager appointed. Milton Corporation Ltd. a listed Investment Company of which Fred was Chairman became large shareholders and appointed a director to represent its interests.

The NSW Government decided that there were too many small building societies in the state and and suggested that small societies should merge whenever possible. I became Chairman and during my term the Equitable merged with Holroyd Building Society and its name was changed to Pacific Savings Building Society. This Society eventually was absorbed in a Victorian society - RESI Permanent Building Society which became the Bank of Melbourne and is now a
subsidiary of Westpac Banking Corporation. A few large building societies still exist, but many have grouped together. St George Bank is a combination of two very large societies.

SHORT TERM ACCEPTANCES LIMITED

For many years companies had sought a secured outlet for temporarily surplus funds. There was an inter-company market for short term deposits but these deposits were usually unsecured. In the 1950's some stockbrokers accepted deposits secured by Commonwealth Government Loans. The Commonwealth saw this as an outlet for Commonwealth Loans and in 1959 the Central Bank (now the Reserve Bank of Australia) invited four groups to form official short term money market companies. Short Term Acceptances Ltd. was one of these Companies.

In 1980 the Mercantile Mutual acquired a substantial holding in this company and I was appointed to its board to represent its interests. I remained a director until the Mercantile Mutual was taken over by Nationale Nederlanden. Short Term Acceptances operated by accepting deposits for which it offered Commonwealth Loans as security. The company made its profits by trading in these loans. The Reserve Bank approved of this trading because it created an active market in these securities.

THE NATIONAL BANK OF AUSTRALASIA LIMITED

In December 1968 I received from Sir James Forrest, the Chairman of the bank, an invitation to accept appointment to the Bank's New south Wales Board of Advice for an initial period of two years. I had great pleasure in accepting the invitation.

This bank was the largest in Victoria, but in terms of market share probably the smallest in NSW. In addition to its principal Board which sat at the Head Office in Melbourne, there were Boards of Advice in Sydney and Brisbane. The National was founded in 1856 and grown organically and by the acquisition of other banks. In the 1980's it took over the Commercial Banking Company of Sydney Ltd and the name was changed to the National Australia Bank, which, at the time of writing, is the largest Australian bank.

There were 4 members of the NSW Board of Advice. M.C.Butfeld was Chairman. Monty had recently retired as General Manager of the AMP Society and he was a member of the principal board as well as the NSW board. The other members were Peter (Later Sir Peter) Finley, who like me, was a chartered accountant and a director of a number of companies, and Sir Neville Pixley, who had recently retired as Chief Executive of P&O Australia. The NSW board had the power to approve loans within certain limits, and to recommend or otherwise, loans of higher
amounts.

The board met monthly at the NSW principal office at 340 George Street. The meetings were attended by the State Manager who reported on general financial matters, new business acquired, appointment of Managers etc and then submitted loans for approval. When I joined the board the State Manager was Leigh Hall, who I knew quite well as a fellow member of Elanora Country Club. I will never forget what he told me of his career with the Bank. His first managerial appointment was Thursday Island, which had a staff of two, himself and an accountant. He found to his dismay that the accountant was being paid more than he was and complained to Head Office about this anomaly. Head Office immediately rectified the matter by sending a cheaper accountant! From the extreme informality of Thursday Island, Leigh's next appointment was London!

Monty Buttfield was determined to ensure that every member of the little NSW Board learned how the branches of the bank really operated and he insisted that we visited every branch operating in NSW and the ACT. We did not visit the branches in Papua New Guinea and the Pacific Islands which were under our control, but we did visit all the others, large and small. It was most instructive and we learned a great deal about the public face of banking, and we got to meet the Branch Managers, some of whom later reached very senior position in the bank. In June 1971 I was invited by the then Chief General Manager, Mr. T.C. Bell to meet the senior executives at head Office in Melbourne, and I lunched with the Principal Board.

In December 1972 I was re-appointed for a further two years, but in June 1974 due to overwork, and in an endeavour to reduce the less important demands on my time, I submitted my resignation. Whilst I was on the board negotiations were proceeding with the Commercial Banking Company of Sydney Ltd. Peter Finley had been appointed to the principal board and I was of the opinion that the NSW Board's continuance was limited. It transpired that I was correct in this assumption. I learned a great deal from my association with the bank and I was most fortunate to have been invited to serve on the NSW Board. I formed the opinion that at that time banking offered a very good career to young people prepared to work hard and obtain further qualifications.

SANDVIK AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD

In 1968 John Minter asked me to join him on the board of Sandvik Australia. Pty. Ltd. This company was a wholly owned subsidiary of a Swedish company - Sandvik AB. I was happy to accept the invitation, particularly as I was informed that my duties would not be demanding.

Sweden is a remarkable country. As recently as 1984 the total population was estimated at only 8,32,000. Despite this small population Swedish companies operate all over the world, and many are household names such as Volvo,
Electrolux, Atlas Copco, ASEA etc. The Sandvik Group operated in more than 20 countries.

Sweden's largest natural resource is iron ore, and it is one of the world's greatest producers of hydroelectric power. Because of the country's neutrality in World War 2, its industry expanded rapidly after the war was ended. Sandvik was a very old company originally producing cast iron. They were the first company in the world to manufacture steel using the Bessemer process which was developed in 1856. Their original Bessemer furnace still stands as a monument to the company in front of its Head Office in Sandviken, which is about 80 kilometres east of Stockholm. Initially the company concentrated on steel manufacture but in more recent years it expanded into the manufacture of stainless and other special purpose steel and from there to the manufacture of saws and steel tools. Tools with a cutting edge require special treatment to ensure that they retain their sharpness as long as possible, and for this purpose the company developed a tungsten based hardening agent which they patented under the brand name of "Coromant".

The Australian company when I joined the board had its Head Office, factory and warehouse at Smithfield. These buildings then covered a small area of a site of about 15 acres. I understand that to-day it occupies nearly all of the site. It had warehouses in Newcastle and in each State and at Rockhampton. The Smithfield factory manufactured rock drills for the mining industry and the warehouse stored other products imported from Sweden or from other Sandvik companies. Later a Coromant manufacturing plant was establish at Morabbin in Victoria.

John Minter was Chairman of the Australian Board and the other directors were the General Manager Bengt Olander, myself, and an executive of the Swedish company. The person holding this position was the Swedish executive responsible for the Australian operations. The board meetings of the Australian company were held only six times annually at times when the Swedish executive was visiting. I visited the parent company in Sweden twice, and I will mention these visits in more detail later in these recollections, except to say that I was most impressed by the scale and obvious efficiency of the works, and by the courtesy with which I was received.

After about 10 years after I had joined the board Bengt Olander was sent to run Sandvik UK in Birmingham, and he was replaced by Alan Bellis, a Canadian from Sandvik Canada in Montreal. Diana and I both liked Bengt and his wife Brita. They lived in a very nice company owned house in Killara but they themselves owned a house at Whale Beach, which they continued to own and visit at least annually even after Bengt's retirement. I got on very well with Alan Bellis and I still see him occasionally. He bought the Killara house when he retired and now spends summer in Australia, and then summer again in Montreal. Sandvik Australia has continued to prosper.

The Swedish retiring age for directors was 65 and I therefore retired from the board in 1983. I had enjoyed my Swedish association and the many courtesies I received both in Australia and overseas.
In February 1976 I accepted an invitation from John Lewis to become a director of Concrete Constructions. I was to be the only outside director, all other members of the board being executives in the full time service of the company. This company had been established during the 1930's by Allen Lewis who was Chairman of the Mercantile Mutual when I joined that board. When he retired his son John succeeded him as a director, and we got on well.

When I became a director Concrete Constructions was one of the largest, if not the largest, building contractor in Australia. It had built many notable buildings in Sydney both pre-war and post-war. These included the AMP Buildings at Circular Quay, Centrepoint Tower, and many others. Most of these were office buildings, but throughout Australia the company was also responsible for major civil engineering works such as power stations and grain silos. It was a private company and the large majority of the shares were owned by the Lewis family. When Allen Lewis died John succeeded him as Chairman. He had an elder brother, Tony, who ran a South African company – Lewis Constructions, which had also been founded by his father. Tony was also a director of Concrete Constructions.

My role as a director is best explained by a paragraph of Jon Lewis's letter of invitation dated 18 February 1976 which says -

"As you will be the only non executive director on the Board we feel that your views will be of great help to us in determining our policy as it is very easy for a full executive Board to come to decisions without proper advice from those not specifically connected with the construction industry."

Board meetings were held only every second month, but in addition I usually spent some time with John each week. In my early years I think that I made some contribution. I reorganised the Company's capital structure and I reviewed its extensive investment portfolio. The company was then operated very conservatively financially. It had no debt at and did not engage in speculative building on its own account. Feeling that my usefulness was at an end, I retired from the board in June 1986.

John Lewis, sadly became an alcoholic and gradually lost his managerial control. After I retired shares were issued to a Japanese company, Kumagai Gumi, and participated in some very unsatisfactory developments. John retired as Chairman for health reasons, and died some time ago. His successor sold the company to German interests. It still exists but no longer holds its dominant position in the construction industry.
In 1968, George Cullen the Chairman of the company invited me to join this board, and I accepted the invitation. ANI was a large, long established engineering company. It operated large forges in Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide, it was probably the largest steel merchant in Australia, and it held the sole agency for the sale and service of Briggs & Stratton engines in Australia. Its profit record was irregular, but it was a large and well established company.

The Head Office was in Parramatta Road Auburn where it also had a large forge and warehouses. The directors included two solicitors, Brian Page and Ted O'Halloran from a leading Sydney firm and two senior executives and the Managing Director. The meetings were held monthly and were lengthy and tedious and required extensive study of reports beforehand. In addition there were plant inspections. The early meetings were acrimonious and resulted in the replacement of the Managing Director. He was succeeded by a rather extraordinary, but quite brilliant man, John Leard who had been the Chief Accountant. He was a real powerhouse and the company grew rapidly after he took control. A number of acquisitions were made including a very profitable plant hire company. When George Cullen retired I was asked to succeed him but I declined in favour of Ted O'Halloran. In 1974 ANI was one of the boards from which I retired when I was seeking to reduce my workload, and I am very glad that I did. As long as John Leard was Managing Director the company did very well, but he chose to retire early and since then it has been in every conceivable trouble.

TEXTILE HOLDINGS LIMITED

With the reduction of tariffs Australia's once considerable textile industry has now almost disappeared. Two large and long established Sydney textile companies - John Vicars & Co. Ltd. and Australian Woolen Mills Ltd. decided to rationalise by a merger and as a result textile Holdings Limited was formed in 1970. Both companies operated from large mills in Marrickville and between them employed at least 1000 people. They had been competitors always but their businesses were not identical. John Vicars specialised in the production of high quality worsted cloth for men's suitings and cloth of a lesser quality for Fletcher Jones, a well known clothing manufacturer. Australian woolen Mills, although producing some high quality cloth specialised in producing the "Stamina" brand of woolen cloth for school clothing. In those days all school uniforms were made of pure wool.

The Board of Textile Holdings was therefore divided into two camps - the Vicars and the AWM's. Jim Vicars who had for many years Chairman of Tooth & Co. Ltd. was Chairman, and a great friend of mine, John Crane (from AWM ) was Vice Chairman. Bill Furber who I also knew well as a yachtsman, was Managing Director of Vicars, and John Crane was Managing Director of AWM. Jim Vicars who I by then regarded as most incompetent, was a dreadful Chairman and apparently
after the company was formed no real progress was made towards integration of the businesses. As a result they at least made one decision, and that was to add two new directors to the board who had no allegiance to either side, but if possible some knowledge of the textile industry. As a result Trevor Rowe, who had been Managing Director of Carpet Manufacturers Ltd. and had a law degree, and I, because of my Morley experience were appointed to the board.

We found very little evidence of any real progress towards the merger or any major reduction in operating costs, and under Jim Vicars' chairmanship everything moved with glacial speed. The board meetings proceeded as if there had been no merger with each company reporting separately. Lengthy negotiations were in progress relating to the possible sale of the AWM site. In 1973 the company was approached by a Polish Jewish man named Abe Goldberg from Melbourne who expressed interest in the purchase of AWM. Abe Goldberg was a tiny man who became a notorious entrepreneur in the 1980’s and escaped to Poland leaving a mountain of unpaid debts, however that was all in the future, and at that time he had a modest textile business in Melbourne, and a reasonable reputation.

Jim Vicars in 1974 presided over one of the most acrimonious and worst conducted shareholders meetings I have ever had the misfortune to attend as a director. The company’s operations for the preceding year had resulted in a substantial loss and the ensuing year looked little better. As at that time I was not well and trying to reduce my workload. I resigned. Because of my friendship with John Crane I did not like leaving him in the lurch, but he understood my position.

Abe Goldberg did acquire a substantial interest in the company. The site of the AWM mill is now occupied by a shopping mall and John Vicars no longer exists.

**DIETHELM & CO. AUST. PTY. LTD**

This was a privately owned Swiss company. Before world war 2 it conducted trading businesses in Thailand and Singapore. During the Japanese occupation, because they were from a neutral country, their staff were not interned, but their business activities were restricted to some extent. Because of this the Singapore manager, Harry Pfrunder, established a successful furniture manufacturing company during the Japanese occupation. He continued as Singapore manager for some years after the war ended.

In 1967 the company decided to establish business in Australia. Allen Allen & Hemsley, a leading firm of Sydney solicitors was engaged to carry out the formation of a subsidiary company, and I was approached by one their partners, Robert Albert, to become a director and advise on the employment of suitable accountancy services. I was introduced to Harry Pfrunder who was a very fit looking man of about the same age as me. I recommended the appointment of Norton & Faviell as auditors, and he agreed.
Harry then, with his experience in the furniture manufacturing business, commenced a search for a suitable company which Diethelm might be able to buy. He was successful in negotiating the purchase of M.C.Lechner Pty. Ltd which had a good business and a factory at Arncliffe. The Manager, whose services were retained, was Jack Hirst, a most efficient man. He described M.C.Lechner as a business which made "cheap furniture and money".

A reporting system was designed and I had a monthly meeting with Jack Hirst at the factory. It made wooden furniture such as beds, tables, wardrobes etc. The machinery was modern and efficient. In fact it produced good quality well made furniture. I liked Jack Hirst and enjoyed my meetings with him. Harry Pfrunder who was then Manager of the whole of the Swiss company, visited Sydney and the plant at least quarterly and apart from attending the board meetings of both M.C.Lechner and Diethelm Pty. Ltd. he always had a long discussion with me. He had the disconcerting habit of making extensive notes of everything I said, and of referring to them on his next visit. He was difficult and precise in business but a charming man socially. Diana, Tom and I visited him and his family at his home in Zurich and met his family. He and I still send Christmas cards.

In 1974 when a reduced my workload I resigned from these companies. Harry presented me with a beautiful and very valuable gold watch which I have worn ever since.

CLARK EQUIPMENT AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.

In 1969 Malcolm Smith, our old family friend and partner in Price Waterhouse, invited me to join the board of this company which was jointly owned by Clark Inc in the USA and an Australian company, Tutt Bryant Ltd. Malcolm was the chairman and the other directors were Leo Tutt and George Bryant. The Company's offices, warehouse and factory was at Asquith. It assembled, sold and serviced fork lift trucks and Michigan heavy earth moving equipment. A Mr Clark who found the company was actually the inventor of the fork lift truck. I used to drive Malcolm to monthly board meetings, and I visited the Clark USA headquarters in Battle Creek Michigan during the presidential election campaign in which Richard Nixon was elected.

The Australian company had a good share of its market but was being subjected to increasing competition from Japanese imports. I could have succeeded Malcolm as Chairman, but for reasons which I cannot now recall I did not and resigned in, I think, 1970. I do not know what happened to the company but it no longer exists.
CARRIER AUSTRALIA LIMITED

In 1968 my friend Robert Minter who was Chairman of this company invited to join the board, and I gladly accepted his invitation. The company was listed on the Stock Exchange, but its American parent had a substantial holding. The Australian Company's head office and one factory was at Woolloomooloo, and there were other factories at Seven Hills and in Melbourne. Carrier USA was a pioneer in air conditioning and its expertise was available to the Australian company which, as a result, enjoyed a considerable share of a rapidly growing market.

I enjoyed my association with this company until it decided in 1971 to enter the fire protection business. This was of course in direct competition to Wormald and placed me in a position where I had a clear conflict of interest. Because of this I was forced to make a choice, and rightly or wrongly I chose to resign from Carrier. The irony is that the company's attempt to make a significant entry into fire protection failed, and in retrospect I sometimes think that I made the wrong decision as I had most compatible colleagues on the Carrier board.

UNITED TRANSPORT HOLDINGS (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED

In the 1970's Sir John Marks, a well known chartered accountant and company director decided to form a group of professional company directors who would share a large office in which they could exchange ideas and also be available for consultation. The group was named O'Connell Street Associates. He asked me to join the group but as I was at the time being supplied with an office by AOG, I declined. The formation of the group was most successful and some very prominent directors joined it one of whom was my close friend Fred Osborne.

Fred rang me one day and told me that he had been approached by two directors of an English company, United Transport Ltd. a Mr A.F.Carling and a Mr John Le Fevre. Untied had a substantial subsidiary company in Australia, and asked Fred to recommend a suitable man to join its board. I replied that I would be interested and he arranged for me to meet the English director, and I agreed that I would accept the appointment if considered suitable by the English board. On 3 June 1977 I was advised that I had been appointed a director of UTHA.

I was introduced to Bill Roots, the Managing Director of UTHA. he was a Western Australian, a typical "truck" but a very nice man and most co-operative. He invited to visit him at the company's premises at Wilson Street Botany where in addition to the head office there was a large trucking depot including a warehouse, fueling and repair facilities, and a cleaning plant for road tankers. He told me that John Le Fevre was the Chairman and that there was one other English director, Ken Farron, a tanker expert. The company's solicitor, Charles McMillan, a senior partner of Mallensons Melbourne was also a director and there were three others who had been appointed after their companies had been acquired. I wondered why they
wanted me too! There were a number of wholly owned subsidiary companies.

Basically the company's activities comprised freight activities and touring activities. There were freight depots in all capital cities and in several country areas. The main freight business was carried out by a subsidiary, Express Freight Pty. Ltd. In addition the company operated a large fleet of road tankers and was the largest carrier of bulk wine in Australia. It amuses me when I see a wine fancier taking a delicate sniff and taste of wine which has probably been carried to a winery in a huge stainless steel road tanker. I know that for blending purposes bulk wines were transported from the Barossa Valley to the Hunter Valley and vice versa. The company also owned a tank farm for wine in the Barossa Valley and mobile crane hire operations in Perth, Fremantle and Brisbane.

United Transport Ltd. had large operations in South Africa, Uganda and Rhodesia. In Uganda they had owned and operated all the public busses until independence and the reign of the infamous Idi Amin. He expropriated all their assets, for which the company has never received any compensation. Ian Andrews, a Scotsman who was the Secretary of UTHA had previously been Secretary of the Ugandan company and he told me that he had some very scaring experiences there. United had a big touring organisation conducting tours to the game parks in South Africa and Zimbabwe and because of the company's experience they had established touring businesses in UTHA. One of these was located in Sydney and its business was the booking of accommodation and itineraries for inbound tours and a similar service for those outbound. It was quite a small business. There was also a subsidiary company in Fiji with headquarters in Nadi. This company also organised tours and in addition it operated a fleet of tourist busses.

Board meetings of UTHA were held quarterly almost always in a different city. John le Fevre always attended after visiting each of the company's major operations in Australia. Ken Farron usually also attended these meetings after visiting the headquarters of the tanker company in Adelaide. Meetings of all the subsidiary companies were held monthly and I was informed that I was entitled to attend any of these. For my first years as a director I attended as many of these meetings as possible, particularly those of Express Freight which was the largest. By this means I obtained a good working knowledge of the business. I quickly reached the conclusion that the company was over managed and that far too much time was spent in meetings.

Shortly after I became a director I was invited to attend a meeting of the Fiji company in Nadi. Diana was invited to accompany me and it was arranged that we should stay at three locations which were served by the company's tours - The Regent Hotel at Nadi, Treasure Island and the Fijian Hotel. We very much liked the Regent and the Fijian, but I found that two days on the tiny Treasure Island was one day too many. The meeting of the board of the Fijian company was a good example of the extravagance of the English directors. John Le Fevre and Ken Farron attended, and because the company operated two tour boats and wished to replace the engine of one, an engineer was flown out from England to advise on this weighty matter! Bill Roots and Ian Andrews, the Secretary of UTHA also attended as well as the local Manager and two Fiji resident non-executive directors.
This was only a very small company and I estimated that it would take at least two years, at least, for it to earn enough to pay the fares and accommodation of the visitors.

The operations in Western Australia were well run by Brian Sharp, the local manager. The tanker business which was run from Adelaide was at that time not profitable. Express Freight which was by far the biggest company, made a minute profit as did the touring company. There was urgent need for cost control and Bill Roots was floundering. John Le Fevre sent him assistant from the English company. He was a charming man named Ted Butcher. Once he was established he succeeded Bill Roots who gladly retired to run his own business in Western Australia. Unfortunately Ted Butcher was not the man to cut costs. His first action was to move the head office from Botany into an expensive suite in St. Martins Tower, a new building in Market street and brought a further two men out from London to help him. In addition to extensive local travels he managed to go to England at least 4 times per year and when he was in Sydney he lunched each day at an extremely expensive restaurant. He interested himself in the politics of the road transport industry and became President of the Australian Road Transport Federation.

I know that I am jumping around a bit but Ted Butcher's story is interesting as that of a man who always fell on his feet. When Bob Hawke became Prime Minister of Australia once of his first actions was to hold a "Summit" meeting of the leaders of industry and the trade unions at Parliament House in Canberra. Ted attended in his capacity of President of the Road Transport Federation, and whilst there he cemented his friendship with the then Federal Minister for Transport, as a result of which he was invited to become a member of a body known as the Interstate Commission which was then being formed by the Government. The purpose of this Commission was to exercise control of all means of transport in Australia. Ted gladly accepted this well paid position in the Australian Public Service. He was not an Australian citizen but he was immediately granted citizenship. His luck in this case was because his future with United was uncertain with a probable transfer to Canada. UTHA had made little progress under his management. He in due course became Chairman of the Interstate Commission and then Head of the Department of Civil Aviation. His knowledge of aviation was limited to traveling as a passenger in aeroplanes! He departed from the Department of Civil Aviation under a cloud associated with the allocation of contracts for new radar installations. He would by then probably have been near retiring age, and I bet he got a good pension. I have not seen or heard of him for years. He was a charming man, but the luckiest individual I ever met in my business life.

During a visit to London in January 1979 I called on the head Office of BET. These offices were in Stratton House Piccadilly immediately opposite Green Park and only about 200 yards from Bond street. It was an unimposing building of about 12 floors, with a Rolls Royce showroom on the street frontage, but it occupied one of the most valuable sites in London. I was courteously received by John Le Fevre who introduced me to Nicholas Wills, The Managing Director of BET and to Paul Rudder, an executive director, and to the Chairman, Hugh Dundas. Hugh was a highly decorated fighter pilot during the Battle for Britain in World War 2. This was
only a brief meeting at which we exchanged courtesies, but later I got to know him well. I discussed briefly with Nicholas Wills my impressions of Initial services Australia Ltd. also owned by them and of which I represented them. I will discuss this company later.

In 1982 I again visited the BET companies in London but this time at their request and expense. I had discussions with John Le Fevre, Nicholas Wills and Hugh Dundas in London. I went to the homes of both Nicholas and Hugh and spent a week-end at John Le Fevre’s home in the New Forest. Diana was with me. We knew Jean Le Fevre quite well as she always came to Australia with John on his visits (another expense!). She was a very strict vegetarian in fact a vegan, which made her very difficult to entertain to meals. She was also the English head of some strange offshoot of the Christian Church. They had 3 sons all married to Americans, and living in the USA. John was a typical expatriate Englishman, bom in India, served in the Indian Police, and then worked in Africa where he joined United Transport. He was quite difficult to deal with in business but very pleasant socially. I was not all surprised when shortly after my visit he resigned to join two of his sons in a property development business in Dallas Texas. He was replaced by Ken Secrett who I also met during this visit. I also visited the head office of United Transport Ltd, which was in Chepstow not far from Cardiff in Wales. It was an interesting and informative visit after which I was appointed Deputy Chairman of UTHA.

My final visit to BET was in 1987 when Hugh Dundas asked me to come to London and attend a board meeting of BET. There was a slight catch in what was really a very pleasant visit during which I received every courtesy. It came out in discussions with Paul Rudder who had taken over the general responsibility for the operations of UTHA. He expressed the company's sincere thanks for all that I had done for them over the years, but he said that he was aware of my indifferent health (I had already had my carotid operation and two eye operations) and said that in the UK the usual retiring age for directors was 70. As I was then 69 he asked me to consider, and if possible recommend, a suitable person to replace me when the time came. I felt that it was a very reasonable request. I liked Paul, who died some years ago, he was a very fat man, but absolutely straightforward in everything I had to do with him.

Ted Butcher was replaced as Managing Director by Brian Sharp, formerly Western Australian Manager. He made an immediate impact by his energy, dedication to his work, and elimination of unnecessary expenditure, which included the immediate return to the UK of Ted Butcher's assistants, long expensive lunches etc. He established strict cost control throughout the Group with a consequent improvement in results. He was not a particularly likeable man, but we got on quite well. His home continued to be in Perth and in April 1986 he obtained permission to move the UTHA head office to Perth. I did not think that this was a particularly good idea as it involved me in additional travel, and as Deputy Chairman made communication with Brian more difficult. Although UTHA was quite a large company it was much smaller than its major competitors, TNT and Brambles, and competition was always fierce. There is no doubt that Brian Sharp was the man for the job.
During my time on the board we had a visit from Hugh Dundas in 1986 during which a arranged a luncheon with about 12 senior Sydney businessmen at the Squadron, and Nicholas Wills also visited in 1987. Paul Rudder had become Chairman of United Transport International and responsible for the Australian operations and he also twice came to visit. In 1986 the whole board of United Transport International came out. We were certainly well supervised! Ken Secrett was assigned elsewhere in the Group and was replaced as Chairman by Gay Fenn-smith.

I previously mentioned that Paul Rudder had asked me to recommend a replacement for myself, and I suggested that John Curtis who had been on the Wormald board and Chief Executive of the English and European companies be appointed. He had resigned when Lee Ming Tee was appointed Managing Director of Wormald. He was a very bright young man who had originally joined Wormald as in-house lawyer. My recommendation was accepted and he was appointed a director of UTHA on 1 March 1988. I resigned on 19 May 1988. I was given a retirement dinner and presented with a desk set which I still use. I also received some very appreciative letters from High Dundas, Nicholas Wills and Paul Rudder. UTHA had been always interesting but at times a demanding assignment, not particularly well paid. However I enjoyed my association with some very nice people.

Hugh Dundas, who by then had been knighted retired on 1 January 1988 and was replaced as Chairman by Sir Timothy Bevan who had previously been Chairman of Barclays Bank. The new broom swept clean! Stratton House was sold and the board also decided that any company in the Group which did not produce an agreed return on funds invested should be sold. Although UTHA was then making satisfactorily profits, it was impossible for it to meet the criteria because of the adverse rate of exchange of the $A against the pound sterling. The company was therefore offered for sale by tender and immediately snapped up by Brambles Ltd. The sale was arranged by John Curtis, and I regret to say that he took a commission on the sale. This was taken with the company's approval, but I think that it was an action inconsistent with his directorship.

**INITIAL SERVICES AUSTRALIA LTD**

When I was invited to become a director of UTHA I was also invited to accept appointment to the board of Initial Services Australia Ltd, a wholly owned subsidiary of an Initial Services Ltd. which was itself owned by BET. The UK company was a very big organisation of which Nicholas Wills was Chairman. I accepted the appointment.

Initial Services was in the laundry and linen hire business. Before household washing machines became common most middle class households sent their laundry out to professional laundries who picked up and delivered. The commercial laundries then turned to servicing hotels restaurants and motels, and laundering...
work wear such as overalls for factories. They then entered the linen hire business where the hotel, restaurant etc hired its sheets, towels tablecloths etc from the laundry who in turn contracted to maintain a supply of clean linen as required by the customer. This had become a big service business, and Initial UK was, as I have said, indeed a very big business.

The Australian company's head office and main Victorian factory were in the Melbourne suburb of Abbotsford. They also had laundries in Marrickville, Wollongong, Newcastle, Canberra and Perth. Charles McMillan was Chairman and the Managing Director was a very efficient Englishman named Nigel Watkinson. Board meetings were held monthly at Abbotsford. I used to leave home at about 6.30 and catch the 8am flight to Melbourne, then get a taxi from Tullamarine Airport and always arrive at Abbotsford in time for the commencement of the meeting at 10am. Charles was quite a good chairman because the meetings were held in the morning. Unfortunately he was an alcoholic and twice during my time on the board he had to spend some time at a clinic being "dried out".

The company was profitable and well managed. When I joined the board the Marrickville office was in a mess due to the hasty installation of a badly planned computer installation. I advised them to take a deep breath and start again although this would be costly. I was pleased that my advice was accepted. During my time on the board I visited all the plants, and the Company's business increased satisfactorily during that period. As I have already said, Nigel Watkinson was a very good manager and I enjoyed my association with this well run company. Unfortunately in 1988 it also suffered from BET's mad decision and was put up for sale by tender. It was snapped up by Spotless Services Ltd., a large Australian company whose activities also included linen hire etc.

MILKIRK INVESTMENT COMPANY LTD.

There are several methods by which individuals may jointly make investments. The two principal means are Investment trusts and investment companies. Investors in investment trusts usually may withdraw their Funds at any time, the price they receive depending on the value of the trust's investments. Investment companies have a normal capital structure, and boards of directors. The shareholders are rewarded by dividends usually paid twice yearly. If the value of an investment company's assets increases satisfactorily shareholders may receive bonus issues of shares or the opportunity of participating in new issues of shares at prices below asset values.

There are only a small number of investment companies listed on Australian stock exchanges, one of which is Milton Corporation Ltd. which was founded by Fred Church in 1938. It specialises in long term investment in soundly based companies, and some lending on first mortgage. Its shareholders have been exceptionally well rewarded over the years. Milton had over time purchased three other other investment companies, two of which were listed on the Stock Exchange. In 1987
Fred decided to list the only remaining unlisted subsidiary, Milkirk Investment Co. Ltd. and asked me to join the Board. I happily accepted his invitation. The company was successfully listed. Meetings were held monthly at Milton's offices at 27 Hunter Street. There was a review of results at each meeting and new investments were approved. The company was most successful and most efficiently managed. Kevin Adams, the General manager was excellent. I increased my share holding in this company each half year. I ceased to be a director in 1997, so this was my last directorship. All of the companies were merged into Milton Corporation in 1988 after the death of Fred Church.

OTHER COMPANIES

Of the remaining companies listed in the appendix to the Recollections. Only one, Sonnerdale Ltd. was a listed company. I was appointed to its board by a group of angry shareholders after it got into trouble and until it was sold. The others were really clients of Norton & Faviell, businesses which I had arranged to be formed into Proprietary companies for the purpose of limiting the liability of their owners. I usually accepted temporarily a nominal directorship.

CONCLUSION

There is no doubt that I had a most interesting and varied professional life. It enabled me to travel extensively, not only in Australia but overseas. It enabled me to meet and work with some most interesting people - and the unpleasant experiences of dealing with some the very opposite. I had some very rewarding experiences and some very stressful. The life of a professional company director is by no means as easy as it appears. I frequently worked for long hours and couriers were frequently at the door at home with urgent reading matter. Even after I retired I was served with writs relating to the loss on the sale of a building erected by a trust administered by the Permanent Trustee. It took over a year to get the Permanent to accept the indemnity to which I was entitled under their Articles of Association, and the matter was only finally settled late in 1998. It was a worry always in my mind because never before in my long professional career had I been served with a writ. To-day the legal liability of directors is such that I doubt that I would ever accept a board appointment.

Whatever I achieved would have been impossible without Diana's loving support and understanding. I always knew that I had a wonderful family and every comfort at home.
CHARITIES

I have always believed that those members of the community with appropriate skills or funds have a duty to provide some service to those less fortunate. Although my contribution has been extremely modest, particularly in more recent years, when I was more active I did serve as Treasurer to several bodies and on the committees of some other organisations.

NEW SOUTH WALES SOCIETY FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

Until the 1950’s when inoculation with the Salk vaccine became compulsory in Australia for all individuals under the age of 40, poliomyelitis, a dreadful disease which frequently caused crippling deformities in young children was a common and much feared affliction. Many children were severely crippled in various ways. To illustrate the extent of the problem a survey carried out in 1928-29 by Sydney Rotary Club found that in the Sydney metropolitan area, which then had a population of about 1 million, there between 2000 to 3000 children who had been crippled with the disease. Those affected grew with the population. Rotary made it a major project to raise funds for the care and treatment of these unfortunate children, and as a result of their efforts the NSW Society for Crippled Children was founded in 1930. Full details are contained in "The History of the New South Wales Society for Crippled Children " by Sir Kenneth Coles and James Donaldson published in 1976. A signed copy is in my library.

In 1958 Sir Kenneth asked me to accept appointment as a director and Hon.Treasurer of the Society and I naturally accepted. I took over from John Broinowski who was also Vice President and took over as President from Sir Kenneth in 1969. The Society's head office, orthopedic appliance factory, and sheltered workshops were in Chalmers Street, just near Central Railway Station. It was quite a large organisation as it conducted three hospitals and five special schools. Although the Society did receive some Government assistance particularly from the Department of Education, it to a large extent stood financially on its own feet. There was a Chief Executive and staff concerned with fund raising, social work, medical and educational matters and general administration. The board met monthly and consisted of a group of exceptionally dedicated men and women. My duties as Treasurer were greatly assisted by an efficient staff. I resigned in 1967 health reasons.

SYDNEY HOSPITAL

In 1961 Sir Kenneth was approached to become President of Sydney Hospital and he after accepting asked me join him on the board as Treasurer. I felt it my duty to accept. Sydney Hospital is the oldest hospital in Australia. When I joined the board
the Sydney Hospital Act was the oldest extant Act of the NSW Parliament. The Act provided for an Executive comprising the President, two Vice Presidents and the Treasurer, eight Government appointed directors and eight directors described as "Subscribers Representatives".

Sydney Hospital was founded for the care of the sick poor. I occupied a magnificent sandstone building with an extensive frontage to Macquarie Street next door to the State Parliament House. It also administered the Sydney Eye Hospital in Sir John Young Crescent in Woolloomooloo. For many years it had been a teaching hospital for the medical faculty of Sydney University. Its nurses training school had actually been established with the advice of Florence Nightingale, and The Kanematsu Institute for Medical research operated from the hospital premises.

Several members of the honorary medical staff were on the board, both as Government appointed members and as Subscribers representatives. The Vice Presidents were Mr Leslie Davis, a well known Sydney merchant, and Sir Leslie Hooker Chairman of L.J.Hooker Ltd. Sydney's largest estate agents. There were two labor members of the NSW Upper House amongst the Government appointees, and I was successful in arranging for the appointment of John Minter, because of his legal knowledge, and Jim Millner because of his pharmaceutical knowledge as Subscribers Representatives. Board meetings were held monthly in what was obviously a very large boardroom. The Medical Superintendent and the Hospital Secretary and the Matron always attended the meetings, which always lasted for at least 3 hours considering reports from sub-committees on such things as medical matters, medical and staff appointments, drugs and surgical, and finance and maintenance etc.

There were turbulent times throughout my time as a director. The first highly contentious matter was that because the University of NSW had just established a medical school the Government had decreed that Sydney Hospital was to be its principal teaching hospital, and to facilitate liaison between the Hospital and the University Sir Philip Baxter, the Vice Chancellor of the University of NSW had been appointed to the board. The Government's decision caused outrage among the senior members of the medical profession, many of whom were members of the hospital's honorary medical staff and had consulting rooms in Macquarie Street opposite the hospital. I should explain that at that time a medical specialist appointed to the honorary medical staff was entitled to a certain number of beds for his patients. The doctors eventually won the day and Sydney Hospital remained a teaching hospital for Sydney University and Sir Phillip Baxter left the board.

The second even more contentious matter was that the NSW Parliament wished to build a new Parliament House on the Sydney Hospital site and move the hospital to the western suburbs. To enable this plan to proceed it was first necessary to repeal the Sydney Hospital Act. The Labor Party was in power but there had been a split in its members in the Upper House and they refused to repeal the Act. However it was always like the Sword of Damocles hanging over the head of the hospital. Because of these moves I read the Sydney Hospital Act and found that all power of decision rested with the Executive (the President, the two Vice Presidents and the Treasurer) and that the remaining sixteen directors legally had no power at
At that time all NSW hospitals were administered by a government appointed Hospitals Commission. The Commission approved, inter alia, all staff numbers and budgets. As Treasurer I was involved in the preparation and approval of the Hospital's budget and to my intense annoyance although the Commission had approved staff numbers it always cut the budget for their salaries. Although the hospital was well administered it was always short of funds and always late in paying its creditors. The inevitable result was that any firm which supplied the hospital always knew that it would have to wait for its money, and adjusted its prices accordingly. The same delays still happen and I think that nothing has changed.

Sir Kenneth indicated that he wished to retire and I was approached to see if I wished to succeed him. I was far too busy to even consider it and I thought and suggested that Dr. Frank Ritchie would be a much more suitable appointee. He was duly appointed. By 1968 I thought that I had done enough, my health was not good as I had more cardiac trouble and I resigned. It had been an interesting experience.

**MERCANTILE MUTUAL FOUNDATION**

When the Mercantile Mutual was celebrating its centenary 1977 Fred Church suggested that to mark the event the Company should form a charitable foundation. Malcolm Davis as Chairman approved the suggestion with enthusiasm and authorised an initial donation of $50000 to establish the fund. Fred Church drew up the necessary legal documents without charge and arranged for the tax-free status of the Foundation. Malcolm and I were two of the original trustees. The trustees met twice yearly and authorised donations to selected public charities. The Mercantile always, after some prompting, gave an annual donation, usually $50000 and invested the funds. Donations were also sought from associates of the company, such as Stock Brokers and Insurance Brokers and modest sums were received each year. I used to make a personal donation, usually $100 every time I attended a meeting. Outward donations were made only from the income of the fund. Because of the meagre donations made by the multi-million dollar Mercantile Mutual the Capital Fund after 15 years was only about $750000. Malcolm Davis retired as Chairman when he reached the age of 80 and John Studdy, the Chairman of the Mercantile Mutual replaced him. He was horrified by the meanness of the Company's donations. As I would reach the age of 80 in 1988 I retired as a trustee at the last meeting in 1997 after serving for 19 years. I did not even get a letter of thanks for my long services and financial support.
PERMANENT TRUSTEE FOUNDATION

This Foundation was also set up to celebrate the Centenary of the Company in 1987. I was appointed Chairman, and the other Trustees were Fred Church, Lady Patricia Mason (wife of Sir Anthony Mason then Chief Justice), Judge Trevor Morling, and Alastair Urquhart.

Because many wealthy single people made charitable bequests in their wills, the Foundation and its objects was brought to the attention of the company's Trust Officers. This resulted in bequests and donations to the Foundation and its Capital Funds, with the support of an annual donation of $50000 from the company, quickly reaching $1 million. By the end of 1996, donations amounting to $250000 had been made to various charities.

At the last meeting in 1997 I submitted my resignation on the grounds that I would reach the age of 80 in 1998. The trustees requested me to withdraw my resignation and said that they had every confidence in my chairmanship despite my age. I was therefore very surprised to receive in January 1998, a phone call from Brian Scanlen who had been appointed a trustee of the Foundation following the death of Fred Church, and who was about to retire as Chairman and a Director of the Permanent. He told me that the trustees had now decided to accept my resignation and approved his replacing me as Chairman. I agreed to resign with the proviso that David Davis should be appointed a trustee. These actions were put in place. I then received a furious phone call from Trevor Morling who had been absent from the meeting. He told me that Brian Scanlen had never consulted any of the trustees and that this was his means of becoming Chairman. It is not my habit to ask questions about my past appointments, but I know that Trevor Morling and Alastair Urquhart both resigned. Brian Scanlen was a vain man of limited intelligence, and he should have never been appointed Chairman of the Permanent. I understand that the board in fact requested him to retire.

SANDAKAN MEMORIAL FOUNDATION

The publication of two books, "Sandakan - The last march" by Don Wall, published in 1988 and "Project Kingfisher" by Athol Moffitt in 1989, really for the first time made the public aware of the dreadful tragedy at Sandakan and the death march to Ranau. Athol Moffitt's book has particular authority as he was centrally involved as prosecutor in the Sandakan War Crimes trials held in Labuan. He later had a most distinguished legal career as Senior Judge of the NSW Court of Appeal. The authenticity of the book is best summarised by the following paragraph of a review of the book:

"In a final, shattering chapter, he reveals in fascinating detail the never-before-told story of formerly top-secret plans and preparations for the rescue of the Sandakan POW's and why they were never carried out. The tale of intrigue and cover-up that unfolds, involving Generals MacArthur and Blarney and the Australian Government,
is a scandal of truly tragic proportions." I know Athol Moffitt quite well and he told me that even at this late stage, he had great difficulty gaining access to certain official archives.

Because the full story of the tragedy which had resulted in the greatest single loss of life in the Australian Army in the second world war, John Oakeshott, the son of Capt, Oakeshot AAMC who was executed just after the war finished, decided in 1987 to call a meeting of the relatives of those who died. The meeting was held at Kirribilli RSL on a Saturday morning, and was attended by at least 300 relatives. The meeting decided that a body should be formed to raise funds for the erection of suitable memorials to those who died, The memorials were to be erected in the main areas from which the men had enlisted.

The desire of the relatives resulted in the formation of the Sandakan Memorial Foundation Ltd which owned the Sandakan Memorial Trust. Jim Millner was Chairman (he was also Chairman of the Old Sandakians Association) and the directors included Alan Loxton, Secretary of the old Sandakians and a prominent Sydney solicitor, Don Wall, three relatives and myself. Alan Loxton attended to the work involved in the formation of the Company and the Trust and Enid Maskey, the sister of one of the deceased was appointed Secretary, and Imelda Mosher, the widow of Ken Mosher who had been in Sandakan and Kuching with me was appointed Treasurer. I was given the task of setting up the accounting system and opening the books of accounts, in addition, as neither Enid Maskey nor Imelda Mosher had any previous experience of their duties I had to lead them every step of the way. This meant that I conducted an internal audit of all receipts and expenditure, prepared the annual accounts and reports and drafted all formal minutes of meetings. In addition I was able to obtain several substantial donations. All this took many hours of my time, and I really had to study the new legal requirements relating to accounts and reports.

The Foundation was an outstanding success. It raised more than $100000. A suitable memorial was designed and manufactured and the first memorial was erected in Burwood Park at a ceremony at which the Prime Minister, Paul Keating, unveiled it. (He had lost an uncle on the death march). Memorials were also erected in Wagga Wagga, Tamworth, Maitland, Ballarat, and New Farm in Brisbane. The Foundation's surplus funds amounting to about $10000 were given to the War Graves Commission as a donation towards the cost of a Visitors Centre being erected at Sandakan on the site of the prison camp, and The Sandakan Memorial Foundation Ltd, having completed its task, was placed into voluntary liquidation. I was pleased with the part I had played.

Late in 1998 the Commonwealth Government decided that an official "Their Service - Our Heritage " mission should attend the opening of the Visitors centre in Sandakan by the Minister for Veterans Affairs on 13-21 March 1999 and the Foundation and the Old Sandakians were among those bodies asked to nominate suitable people to become members of the mission. I was nominated by the Foundation in recognition of my contribution, and I duly received a letter from the Department of Veterans Affairs advising that my nomination was being considered. To my astonishment Jim Millner told me that Alan Loxton was vehemently opposed
to my nomination for reasons unknown to either of us. I was the more amazed as I had always considered Alan a fairly close friend. He had at that time very recently attended our Golden Wedding celebration. In a telephone call he confirmed his opposition. He has since tried to mend our friendship and admitted that he had some mistaken information. However the ties of a long friendship, sadly, are broken. He himself was a member of the mission. I had already replied to the Veterans Affairs Department that for health reasons I would not be fit to become a member of the mission and even had I been fit I would have refused because of Alan's objection. He had been recently widowed and I think that he was acting strangely.

**DIRECTORSHIPS AND OTHER APPOINTMENTS**

Australian Metropolitan life Insurance Co. Ltd. (Group)
A.Boake Roberts & Co. Australia Ltd.
Australian Oil & Gas Corporation Ltd.
Australian National Industries Ltd.
Australian Chartered Accountants Research Society
AOG Minerals Ltd.
Carrier Australiia Ltd.
Clark Equipment Australia Pty. Ltd.
Concrete Constructions Pty. Ltd.
Diethelm & Co. Australia Pty. Ltd.
Equitable Building Society
G & H Todd Pty. Ltd.
Glenfield & Kennedy Australia Pty. Ltd.
Initial Services Australia Pty. Ltd.
Institute of Public Affairs (NSW)
Harbour Lighterage Ltd.
Hicks Smith & Sons Pty. Ltd.
M.C.Lechner Australia Pty. Ltd.
I & R Morley Pty. Ltd.
Mercantile Mutual Insurance Co.Ltd. (Group)
Mercantile Mutual Fountation.
Milkirk Investment Co. Ltd.
Mining Traders Ltd.
Moonie Pipeline Co. Pty. Ltd.
Nabuco Pty. Ltd.
National Bank of Australasia Ltd. (NSW Board of Advice)
National Parks and Wildlife Foundation
Nestle Australia Ltd.
New South Wales Society for Crippled Children
Pacific Savings Building Society
Peek Frean Australia Pty. Ltd.
Permanent Trustee Company Ltd. (Group)
Peramanent Trustee Foundation
Retreat Holdings Ltd (Group)
Rex Aviation Ltd (Group)
Sandakan Memorial Foundation
Sandvik Australia Pty. Ltd.
Sedgwick Collins Australia Pty. Ltd.
Seven Elizabeth Street Ltd.
Short Term Acceptances Ltd.
Sonnerdale Ltd.
Sydney Hospital
Textile Holdings Ltd.
Tooth & Company Ltd.
The Union Club
United Transport Holdings Australia Pty. Ltd.
W.R. Carpenter Holdings Ltd.
Wormald International Ltd.
Wormald New Zealand Ltd. (Group)
OVERSEAS TRAVELS

I don't know whether I was born with the "travel bug" or whether I developed the disease when my parents left me behind when they went overseas when I was a teenager, or whether it was during my years of incarceration when one's thoughts were mainly lay beyond the barbed wire. However I became infected I have still not been cured. I have had an incredibly fortunate life because I have been able to travel in considerable comfort to some of the most desirable parts of the world, and since my retirement Diana and I have driven great distances around our own country with its own unique and varied beauty. Traveling alone is not much fun but again my good fortune has to have had Diana's wonderful company and help. Sometimes I wonder why she puts up with me.

I have kept quite a few of the itineraries of our trips but unfortunately some of them do not show the year, just the date. Records of several other journeys appear to have gone astray so that I will have to rely on my memory for the principal details. I have also looked at visa entries in our passports but many of the stamps are indecipherable. Therefore the descriptions which follow are not necessarily in correct date order.

SWITZERLAND 1965

In 1965 I was one of the original directors of Nabalco. Pty. Ltd. a wholly owned subsidiary of Swiss Aluminium SA (Alusuisse). The company was formed because the Australian Commonwealth Government had decided to call for tenders to mine bauxite in "Special Mining Leases" excised from the Aboriginal territory of Arnhem Land. The bauxite had been discovered when an airstrip was built at Gove during World War 2. As this was known to be a very large deposit of bauxite strong competition for the grant of the leases was expected from major aluminium manufacturers throughout the world. Nabalco subsequently issued shares to CSR Ltd., Peko Wallsend Ltd. and I think, the AMP, so that it became 50% Australian owned. At that stage I resigned in favour of the new interests. Nabalco was successful in being granted the leases and is still working them. However before the Australian companies were issued with their shares I was invited to visit the Alusuisse plants in Switzerland on my way home from a visit to London.

I visited the company's head office in Geneva and met the executives responsible for the Australian venture. I was than taken to the company's largest aluminium smelter at Steg in the Rhone Valley, and to a large extrusion plant at Sachenhausen and to a plant just across the Rhine Falls in Bavaria. During the week-end which followed I was taken to a mountain resort at Crans Sur Sierra and on a day trip to the ancient town of Gruyere. I returned home via Singapore at stayed at the Goodwood Park Hotel. During the last days of the fighting on Singapore Island my regiment had its guns in the grounds of this hotel and I remember that we had trouble with Japanese snipers firing at us from the hotel.
Despite patrols we could never find them.

It is interesting to recall that at that time there had been alarm because hostile Indonesian forces had occupied islands just south of Singapore - nothing much has changed!

Whilst I was away Diana, the children and her father spent a week at Eimeo Beach near Mackay. Pa then left them and they then had a week on Lindeman Island.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH DIANA AND TOM - 1969

In April / May 1969 we had what I regard as by far the most enjoyable of my many journeys. Tom was then 14 and because he had done so well Shore granted him leave for a portion of one term. We flew first to Bangkok where we were met by Mr. Kiat Siriwattana the Manager of Sandvik Thailand. He drove us to our hotel, the Oriental, which was beautifully situated on the river bank. I thought that I had never seen such dense traffic, but to-day it has probably tripled.

I was fascinated by the river traffic and particularly by long canoe-like craft up to 10 metres long driven by large motor car engines mounted in a balancing position towards the stern with a long tail shaft driving the propeller. The craft traveled at amazing speed and stopped by merely lifting the propeller from the water.

The next day Mr. Siriwattana took us on a wonderful sightseeing tour. We went first by boat to see the floating markets on the river. The water was far from clean and full of children jumping in and out, ladies doing their washing, and dogs their business. Many houses were built on stilts on the river bank. He then took us to see the huge reclining Buddha and the Royal Palace. He was extremely kind, and an excellent host.

The next day we went to the airport to join SAS "Scandinavian Express" flight to Copenhagen via Taskent. Whilst waiting for boarding I got into conversation with a man in civilian clothes - shorts and shirt - who turned out to be a Jesuit priest. He told me that he was going to leave the flight at Taskent as he was on his way to Samarkand to see some of the ancient temples. When I told him that we had been informed the it was not possible to disembark in Taskent, his reply was "Just watch me!"

We took off on time and had a memorable flight across the Himalayas. The air at the cruising altitude of the aircraft was crystal clear, which was apparently so unusual that the cabin crew were looking out of the windows of the plane at every opportunity. The sight of the snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas was unforgettable. We descended into Tashkent and landed on a large airfield apparently on the outskirts of the city. When we arrived at the terminal which looked like a Victorian era railway station, the plane was boarded by unsmiling border
guards, as we entered the building my Jesuit friend, with his arms held by two guards, called out to me "See, I made it". The passengers were taken downstairs to a waiting room where the Russian staff were selling duty-free vodka and cigarettes. I bought some Russian stamps for David, paid in US dollars and got my change in Kopeks which I subsequently found impossible to change into any negotiable currency. Diana said that she would get someone to smile before she reboarded, but she failed. One unforgettable memory was that when Diana went to the toilet she was handed one sheet of toilet paper by an unsmiling attendant. We reboarded and flew through cloud and landed at Copenhagen in the early evening. We were met by the local Sandvik Manager and his wife, who insisted that we join them for a meal despite our jet lag.

The next morning we took off for Stockholm. The airport is on an island called Arlanda, and is some distance from the city. We were again met by a Sandvik representative and driven to hotel in Stockholm. The next morning we were picked up for the drive to Sandviken about 100 kms west of Stockholm. We stopped for lunch at Uppsala, where there is one of the oldest universities in the world, We had a brief tour of the university guided by an elderly man who described himself as being a "perpetual student".

When we arrived at Sandviken we were accomodated in the company's guest house which was a separate house with the most beautiful antique furniture. We were most hospitably received by Mr. Almsted and Mr Bjorkergren, two of the executive directors. I had some business discussions with them and I was given a conducted tour of the plant which was so large that taxis were used to convey me and my guide between buildings. I remembered being fascinated to see that all the crane drivers were women. The wives showed Tom and Diana around the town, everything was still snow covered and we were fascinated with the squirrels in the trees. We had two days at Sandviken and then left early in the morning, stopping on the way at a small village of brightly coloured wooden houses and walked around the empty streets. We were driven to Arlanda Airport where we took a flight to Zurich.

At Zurich Airport we were met by Harry Pfrunder of Diethelm & Co. Harry drove us to our hotel, the Eden-au-lac on the lakefront of the Lake of Zurich, a little out of the city. Harry took us to lunch with his Chairman, Mr. Diethelm and the next morning he called for us and took us by rack railway up the Rhigi, a tall mountain with magnificent views over the whole city and its surroundings. He then took us to lunch with his wife Sylvia and his three children. I remember that one of them had a collection of snakes. Tom got on well with them despite the difference in language. Harry had a brand new house at Meilen, a lakefront suburb. He must have been very well off because the cost of building an individual house in Switzerland was enormous, largely because of the bureaucracy which varied from Canton to Canton. Harry told me that he had to have a separate contract with each tradesman, and each contract had to be registered and approved by the Canton.

Harry was about my age, and at that time very fit and a skilled ski-mountaineer. I had a card from him at Christmas 1999 and sadly age has taken its toll and he is virtually crippled. Zurich was then what I considered to be the epitome of a clean,
well ordered Swiss city. I understand that it now ranks with Amsterdam as the drug
capital of Europe.

We had two nights at the Eden-au-lac and then flew to London. We were met at
Heathrow by Richard Carr who drove us to our hotel in a magnificent Bentley
Continental. He had booked us a suite of two bedrooms and a sitting room in the
Hyde Park Hotel in Knightsbridge. We were certainly well looked after.

Diana showed Tom the sights of London - The Tower of London, Westminster
Abbey etc. whilst I was on business. We spent a most enjoyable week-end with the
Hollendens at "Hall Place". The gardens were lovely in the spring. Lord Hollenden
had been Master of the Fishmongers Company (one of the oldest of the London
Livery Companies) and during the war he arranged for the Company's priceless
collection of silver and paintings to be stored at "Hall Place" to avoid the possibility
of bomb damage. Fishmongers Hall at London Bridge was indeed destroyed by
German bombs, but Hall Place also caught fire and one wing of the house was
badly damaged. However the treasures from the Fishmongers were saved. There is
a large ornamental lake directly in front of the house and this provided water to
extinguish the fire.

There were many acres of garden, formal gardens, large expanses of lawn,
ancient oaks and elms, a walled kitchen garden and greenhouses. The gardens
were maintained by at least four gardeners. There were also areas of woodland
carpeted in bluebells, and in the midst of the woods a little private chapel. There
was a "Home Farm" managed as part of the estate, and other farmlands were
tenanted. The estate also owned most of the nearby village of Leigh. It was really
an example of wealthy English land ownership. We dined in style and walked
through the gardens and the woods.

I think that the highlight of our stay in England was our visit to the Isle of Wight.
Richard was an extremely keen and knowledgeable yachtsman and was a member
of the Committee of the Royal Yacht Squadron, England's first and most exclusive
yacht club. I remember that when I was young there was only one member of the
RYS in Sydney, Sir Alexander McCormick a prominent surgeon. At that time a
member had to own a yacht of more than 50 tons measurement, although that
restriction no longer applies. Sir Alexander's well known schooner "Ada" fulfilled
the qualification. However because of his yachting interests Richard had a small
house named "Pear Tree Cottage" at Seaview on the Isle of Wight and he invited
us for a week-end visit and some sailing on the Solent. He had recently purchased
a fifty foot yawl named "Amokura". The hull of this yacht had been completed before
the war and had lain in a shed in its incomplete state until Richard bought it. He had
it completed to his own specification, and this week end was to be its maiden
voyage.

We drove to Southampton and went by hydrofoil to Cowes. This was a new
experience. The hydrofoil carried quite a number of passengers but as it was
propelled by an air screw it was terribly noisy. Richard met us with a small Morris
station wagon. He drove through the village of Cowes and then to "Pear Tree
Cottage". His wife Susan was already there. He took us to the clubhouse of the
Royal Yacht Squadron, and despite the fact that it appeared to be deserted there were fires burning in the public rooms, resulting in unfavourable remarks from Richard. He showed me a large book in which nominations of candidates were recorded. It has columns headed "Name of candidate", and "Fate". It practically fell open at a page on which was recorded "Name of candidate" H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, and "Fate" - not elected! This was the late King Edward VII who at the time was subject to a scandal, I think it was an allegation of cheating at cards. However apparently he was later proposed again and was elected.

Later that day he took us to afternoon tea with his elder brother Rupert and his charming Italian wife Anita who also had a house on the island. It was such a beautiful house that it lives in my memory. It was a Queen Anne house with large windows and it seemed to me to be full of light. Rupert had a wonderful collection of marine paintings which were beautifully displayed in this superb setting. He was a charming man and at the time was Chairman of Associated Biscuit Manufacturers. Not long before I first met him he had been a student at the Senior Management course at Harvard, which is well known for the demands it makes on its students. During the course he suffered a major heart attack. When I retired as Chairman of Peek Frean Australia because of heart problems he wrote me a wonderfully understanding letter. Sadly, he died shortly afterward.

The next morning we all embarked on "Amokura" for her first sail on the Solent. She was a beautiful yacht with classic lines, and I thought that she would be a very good sea boat. Richard intended to sail her across the Atlantic and base her at English Harbour, Antigua in the Caribbean. All went well for a while, and as we sailed Richard checked the rigging and the set of the sails. It was rather overcast weather with poor visibility. Richard gave me the helm and asked me to take her whilst he checked on things below deck. Unfortunately he found a large leak apparently from the stern gland where the propeller shaft of the auxiliary engine pierces the hull. This gland is supposed to prevent any leakage from this source and is prevented by a packing of oakum and grease. Richard had to repack it. Whilst he was doing this visibility was reduced to nil and I found myself sailing a large unfamiliar yacht in unknown waters. However all went well. Richard stopped the leak, the weather cleared and we had a lovely sail. The next day we returned to London. I will always remember Richard's wonderful friendship and hospitality.

We flew from London to Toronto where we were met by Peek Frean's Canadian Manager, who drove us to our hotel and showed us over Toronto which was even then a city surrounded by freeways. It was a modern high-rise city and we thought it lacking in charm. We were take to dinner at a multi story hotel with extensive views over the lake. The next morning we flew to Los Angeles, where we were met by a representative of the Union Oil Company of California, who drove us to our hotel. I paid a courtesy call on Fred Hartley, the President of Union Oil and he very kindly made available to us the services of an executive of the company to entertain us the next day by taking us to Disneyland.

We had a wonderful day at Disneyland. The Union Oil Executive had special tickets which enabled us to go to the head of any queue lined up for admission to any event, and paid all charges. Disneyland was what I think all Americans would like
to imagine is typical of the whole, - spotlessly clean, well organised, and with everything working exactly as it should. All the young girl employees were wholesome and pretty and the staff were all smiles and courtesy. The amusements were excellent. There were a number where we traveled by small boats on canals through various exhibits, and each display had its own musical theme. There were exhibits of To-morrow Land" and exhibits of the "Old West" and one I particularly liked called "The pirates of the Caribbean" full of rollicking music. I am sure that our host for the day enjoyed himself as much as we did because it was also his first visit. We were driven back to our hotel visiting Long Beach on the way.

Next morning we took off for Honolulu where we had decided to break the long trans-Pacific flight for a day. We stayed at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel on Waikiki beach, where Tom had a swim. We reboarded next evening and flew all night arriving at Sydney shortly after dawn. After we had cleared customs we had a rapturous welcome from David, Ann and Diana's father who had all come to meet us. I had been a wonderful trip and it still, in parts, lives in my memory.

"IBERIA" CRUISE EASTER 1970

In 1970 a small holding of speculative shares I had owned for some time reached an unexpected and ridiculous price on the stock exchange and I sold them giving me a quite unexpected profit, and as this was before the days of Capital Gains Tax it was tax-free. I heard that the P&O liner "Iberia" was going on an Easter cruise to Noumea in New Caledonia and I decided that we would splurge this unexpected windfall by booking on this voyage. I really let my head go and booked a suite comprising a bedroom with single beds, sitting room and bathroom. We felt at as David was a responsible 20 we could leave the family in his charge for four days. Another reason which gave Diana particular comfort was that her father (Pa) who usually participated in the Easter motor races at Mount Panorama just outside Bathurst had promised, that having reached the age of 70, and being known as the "Racing Grandfather", he would not enter this year.

The family including Pa, came to see us off. The ship sailed from Circular Quay and visitors were allowed on board before sailing. Pa made several jokes about the luxury of our accommodation, and I remember that when saying good-bye Pa assuring Diana that he would not be racing. We had an uneventful voyage to Noumea with fine sunny weather. "Iberia" was a two class ship and the meals in the first class dining saloon were very good indeed. We were not impressed with Noumea which was a rather dirty French tropical town rather shrouded with smoke from a nickel refinery. On the third day of the voyage we ran into a fierce gale in the Tasman Sea - so fierce in fact that railings were bent by the force of the waves and despite having stabilisers the ship's movement was violent. At the end of that day Diana received a wireless message with the dreadful news that her father had raced at Bathurst and had been killed. It was a terrible blow to her. Pa had been very much part of our life and he spent most week-ends with us. He had quite recently moved to a flat at Harbord Beach and seemed to be enjoying life. It was a
very sad homecoming. At home we heard that David had handled the crisis in a most mature manner. I was deeply saddened by his death. He and I, despite the disparity in our ages, were great friends.

**ARCADIA CRUISE 1971**

During the January school holidays we decided to take Ann and Tom with us on a ten day cruise on the P&O liner "Arcadia". David could not come as he had a CMF camp.

The "Arcadia" was a two class ship and Diana and I had a first class cabin on an upper deck and Ann and Tom a cheaper one lower down, but with a porthole. After we sailed Tom told us that he had a school friend on board named Alan Schmidt and said he would like us to meet his parents. They turned out to be Trevor and Alison Schmidt. I then knew Trevor as the General Manager of the Australian Agricultural Company, the oldest Australian pastoral company with many large properties. He subsequently became President of the Royal Agricultural Society of NSW and then President of the Union Club. His wife Alison and Diana had been at PLC together. We were very pleased to have them on the cruise with us. The Schmidts are still good friends of ours.

On the second day of the voyage, on a beautiful sunny morning with a calm sea we sighted Ball's Pyramid, a steeple of rock rising about three hundred feet from the surrounding sea a few miles south west of Lord Howe Island. We passed close by Lord Howe, and later that day sailed all round the coast of Norfolk Island. We berthed next morning at Auckland, a city which became very familiar to me later. We spent the day touring the city. Our next port was Nuku’olofa, capital of Tonga, also known as the Friendly Islands. Tonga is a constitutional monarchy, the only one in the Pacific. The Kingdom comprises an archipelago of about 170 islands of which only about 40 are permanently inhabited. The capital is situated on the largest island, Tongapatu which had a population of a little over 20000. The International Dateline passes through the islands. We went only to Tongapatu which is very flat with many small villages and little farms. Every small village had at least two churches usually a Seventh Day Adventist and a Methodist. There were also some Roman Catholic. The Sabbath was very strictly observed. It was an interesting place to visit, but not to live in.

Our next port was Suva where the ship's arrival was greeted by the Police Band, and, as I knew from a previous business visit, all the prices in all shops and markets went up. We had a good look round the city and at the end of the day, just as we were embarking we bought at what seemed a very low price a beautifully carved head of a Fijian which stands on top of the piano as I write this. We then sailed round the coast and berthed at Lautoka which was the main sugar export port, and not particularly interesting. We spent a day at Noumea on our return home.
HIMALAYA CRUISE 1975

In 1975 Diana Tom and I went on a final P&O cruise. This time on an old ship the "Himalaya". She was a one class ship and for many years had brought migrants to Australia. Diana and I had a two berth cabin on the upper deck, and Tom a single berth one on a lower deck.

Our first port was Rabaul. I have already described its beauty in my notes on a subsequent visit as a director of W.R.Carpenter Ltd. After the ship berthed Tom was met by a school friend who had invited him to spend the day at his parent's plantation outside the town. Diana and I were met by the local manager of the National Bank and his wife. They drove us around the town and its surroundings and showed us the extensive Japanese tunnels and defence works. We had a pleasant picnic lunch near a golf course. There had recently been quite severe civil unrest in Rabaul caused by a body calling itself the "Mautuangan Association" who were seeking independence for New Britain, but all was quiet during our visit. Nevertheless we were very glad when Tom returned safely to the ship.

The next port was Honiara, Capital of the Solomon Islands, situated on the island of Guadalcanal. It was quite a small town and I had the impression that the tourists from the ship almost outnumbered the local inhabitants. Guadalcanal had been the scene of very bitter fighting between American marines and the Japanese forces in World War 2. We driven around the area including the site of the battlefield.

The ship then sailed to Vila, Capital of the New Hebrides, (now called Vanuatu) which was a "condominium" between Great Britain and France, often, for good reason called the "pandemonium". It was an impossible political situation, not finally resolved until 1980 when it became the Republic of Vanuatu. When we visited it was a beautiful little town built on the shores of a lake, in the middle of which was an island on which stood the residence of the British High Commissioner. There two sets of laws and two police forces. We lunched at a beautiful little hotel called "Le Lagon". I often thought that I would like to go back there. Our final port was Noumea and then home. The ship was rather old and tired but the ports were most interesting. We really only saw Tom at meals as he soon found congenial company among the young people on board.

SINGAPORE. ATHENS. LONDON. SCOTLAND 1975

In 1976 I had business matters in Singapore and in London. We were then living at "Burraadoo House", and the children had gone their own ways and Diana was free to travel with me.

We went first to Singapore where we were very well looked after by John Avery, the local manager of Wormald Security and his Chinese wife Alice. It is interesting to reflect that a very nice restaurant they took us to for lunch, is now well and truly
under Changi Airport. In fact every time I go to Singapore the island gets bigger because of land reclamation. What was a beach front road when I left for Borneo in 1942 is now miles inland.

We flew from Singapore to Athens where we stayed at the Hilton Hotel which had a fine view of the Parthenon. We took trips to Delphi, Cape Sunion and Piraeus and in particular to the Parthenon. The weather was fine and warm and we enjoyed seeing something of the countryside as well as the ruins of ancient civilisation.

We flew to London where we again stayed at the Hyde Park Hotel. Whenever were were in England we always visited Gordon and Sonya Hope- Morley . We spent a day with them at their country house at Wendover in Buckinghamshire. Gordon's mother was the daughter of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, who had recently died a bachelor. He left his estate which included the village Hampden and some hundreds of acres of farmland to Gordon's eldest son Ian. The title went to a cousin. Hampden House is a very ancient building, parts being built during the reign of King John. Gordon took us to see it. It was then rented out as a girl's school. It had a magnificent vista from its front over lawns to woodland, which was reputed to have been created for a visit by Queen Elizabeth I.

Gordon also took us to visit "Waddeson Manor" a most magnificent mansion built by one of the Rothschilds, and which was open to the public at week-ends. It was on a hilltop and in order to flatten the site for the building, hundreds of percheron horses were imported from France. It seemed to be furnished with the loot of Europe. One room was paneled with timber which had once lined Cardinal Reichelieu's study, and every room was magnificently decorated in a different style and with wonderful pictures. There was a superb collection of Venetian paintings by Canaletto in one room. I think that it is the most remarkable house I have ever seen, and it appeared to be kept in perfect condition.

We also, when in England visited Ben and Elizabeth Hervey-Bathurst at Eastnor Castle in Herefordshire. I have previously mentioned my first meeting with them with John Harrison, and they became good friends of ours. Their younger son George, stayed with us for some weeks when we were living at Iluka Road. I have previously mentioned that Eastnor was a phony gothic edifice with turrets, battlements etc. It had very large rooms and was extremely difficult to heat. It was built when the wealthy had huge staffs of servants. Ben and Elizabeth had no live-in help, only a cleaning lady. As a result they lived in one corner of this huge house. When we stayed there we slept in a bedroom so big that I remember Ben coming into the room with a wheelbarrow full of wood for the fire! Ben also took us once on a tour of most of the building including the vast basement kitchen and storerooms. He showed me the boiler room and said that the coal to fuel the boilers would drive the "Queen Mary" across the Atlantic. This modest manner of living was the result of the prohibitive death duties which were payable when Lord Somers, Elizabeth's father died. The payment of these duties left his estate almost bankrupt. Ben, however, was an astute man. He rented fields in the summer to campers and caravanners. He allowed the public to fish in the lake, for a fee, provided that they returned their catch to the water. He rented areas to the army as a training area for the Special Air Service (the SAS) which had its headquarters in Hereford, and he
imported and sold second hand tractors from France. He also amalgamated
tenanted farms into larger areas and greatly improved the productivity of the estate.
He also allowed, for a fee, The Rover Company to carry out trials of all new
Landrover models on the hills of the estate.

I well remember a conversation between Ben and Elizabeth which exemplifies their
long association with this part of the world. They had some new neighbours in the
district, a retired British Ambassador. They had recently returned from visiting them
when Elizabeth said to Ben "Weren't they on the wrong side in the war?". I found
that she was referring to the Wars of the Roses!

I had hired a car in London and we drove from Eastnor up the M6 Motorway
through Carlisle and the lowlands of Scotland to Edinburgh, where we stayed at
the none too clean, North British Hotel in Princes Street. We were not impressed
with the drab villages through which we passed in the lowlands. Most houses were
of grey granite and built right on to the street creating a generally dour appearance.
We had a good look around Edinburgh which I thought was a most impressive city,
with some fine buildings and squares. We visited Edinburgh Castle, walked the
"Royal Mile" and also visited the Scottish national Gallery. Ross Flockhart, who had
left the ministry and was head of the Scottish Council of Social Services, took us to
lunch at the New Club in Princes Street (this club has reciprocal rights with the
Union Club). We also visited him and Pam at their house at Humbie. This had
originally been a row of five workman's cottages which Pam had converted into one
commodious house.

From Edinburgh we drove north through Comrie, where we looked at the old Free
Kirk and walked through the village. We stopped also at Elgin and stayed the night
at a hotel in Nairn. Next day we drove to Inverness, and then along the Caledonian
Canal, where the lock master at Inverness let Diana work the gates. We followed
the canal along the shores of Loch Ness to Port Arthur. Loch Ness looked very
deep and menacing. We drove on to Oban where we spent two days at what I
remember being a very indifferent hotel. Thence we drove to Troon which had been
my mother's mother's birthplace and home before she was married. We stayed at
the Royal Marine Hotel which fronts the first fairway of the famous Royal Troon golf
course. I had a round there with one of mother's Wyllie cousins, who had been at
one time Captain of Old Troon Golf Club. Old Troon is a true Scottish "Links". It is in
coastal sand hills and the rough was mostly heather. It had some extremely difficult
holes each of which had a name. I remember that I bought a beautiful cashmere
jumper at a sale at the Pro shop.

Janet Harrowell's sister and her husband lived near St. Andrews in Fife, and Janet
had insisted that we spent a night with them. We therefore drove there from Troon.
They lived in a large rather decrepit rented house. Audrey's husband John, whose
surname I cannot remember, had been captured with the Highland Division at
Dunkirk. He escaped to Warsaw and fought in the uprising there. Apart from that all
that I can remember of him was that he was a very dull man. They gave us a small
dinner party with I think two other guests. We had to leave quite early the next
morning for Glasgow Airport, and we were embarrassed because neither our host
or hostess had appeared by the time we had to leave.
We left the car at Glasgow Airport and flew to Oslo where we stayed at a very good hotel on the main street which had the Royal Palace at one end and the Houses of Parliament at the other. That day we looked round the city and went to a fortress on one of the headlands of the harbour. In the harbour there was a huge newly built oil production platform about to be towed to its site. I remember that despite its prominence, the street in front of our hotel was full of drunks day and night!

The next day we went to the wonderful Maritime Museum situated on another headland on the harbour. Inside it gave the impression of actually being on board a ship. There was a wonderful collection of Viking ships, mostly in an excellent state of preservation, and also the famous raft "Kon-tiki" on which Thor Hyderdal had crossed the Atlantic. Next door to the museum was a "Folk Village" with replicas of houses throughout the existence of the Kingdom. We found this to be fascinating. We really had an interesting day. Whilst I had a rest Diana visited the National Art Museum and the Museum of Modern Art which she particularly enjoyed.

The next day we flew to Istanbul. We had a refueling stop at Belgrade about which I remember two things, one was wheat growing between the runways, and the other was that new passengers boarded near the entrance to the first class cabin. They were mostly peasant women who seeing vacant seats in the first class section promptly sat in them. The cabin staff had great difficulty in persuading them to move. Instanbul Airport is on the European shore and some distance from the city, so we had an interesting drive across the Bosphoros to our hotel, the Hilton. The sight which struck me most forcibly was the festoons of exposed electric wiring passing from building to building. There was also an air of poverty with young men in the streets trying to sell single cigarettes. We saw the famous "Blue Mosque" but we were disappointed to see blue mosaic tiles which had fallen and in places littered the floor. I cannot say that we enjoyed our short visit to this crowded and ancient city. We bought a rug which greatly faded in time and is now on the floor of a room in Ann's house.

Our next stop was Hong Kong where at Wormalds expense we stayed at the famous Peninsula Hotel on the Kowloon side. This hotel picks its guests up at the airport and drives them to the hotel in one of a fleet of Rolls Royces it owns. We did not have this privilege as we were met by Wormalds local manager. We had a beautiful room and wonderful service. We were told that the staff of the Peninsula never accepted tips, but when we left two days later about four were lined up with outstretched hands. I spent a day at the Wormald office and we flew homethe next day.

KASHMIR  LONDON  SALZBURG  ETC  1977

John Lewis of Concrete constructions had made a number of visits to Kashmir and frequently advised me that if I was going to Europe I should if at all possible stop off there on my way. He said that he would make arrangements for us to be properly looked after. He was friendly with a Kashmiri named Ramsam Karima Gooroo who
owned several houseboats on Dal Lake. I believe that he had lent him the money for the construction of a new one. I thought that this was an offer too good to refuse and I arranged a visit on my way to London in May 1977.

We first flew to Hong Kong where we stayed at the Mandarin Hotel on the Island. During our stay we went on a day tour of the New Territories including a visit to the Chinese border. I recall the view into China which was of cultivated fields. I understand that this area is now completely built over. We also visited an ancient walled village, still fully occupied. There were many clusters of high rise apartment buildings and obviously a very big population. After two nights at the Mandarin we boarded an Air India flight for New Delhi which departed Hong Kong late in the evening.

We arrived at New Delhi next morning and took a taxi to the Oberoi Hotel. The taxi was an "Ambassador". At that time in India nearly all cars were all exactly the same, because the Indian Government had purchased from England the pre-war plant which made the Morris Oxford. The importation of other brands was prohibited except for diplomatic or government use. We were very tired when we reached the hotel, and as it was very hot we rested most of the day in its air conditioned comfort. We wanted to save our energy for the main purpose of the trip.

When India was partitioned the State of Kashmir had a predominately Muslim population, but was ruled by a Hindu Rajah. For this reason the Viceroy, Lord Mountbatten decided that the state should become part of India even though it then did not even have road access to India, the main access being from Lahore in what is now Pakistan. This ill considered decision caused immediate and serious trouble between India and Pakistan and a war has continued with varying intensity ever since. When we were there there was a small United Nations force observing the border, but there were no active military operations.

After one night in New Delhi we boarded an Indian Airlines flight to Srinagar. Internal air travel in India is a government monopoly. We were met on arrival by one of Ramsam's sons who collected our luggage and drove us into the city. We were there introduced to Ramsam, who gave us a warm welcome. He was a man of about fifty, of medium height and he spoke excellent English. Srinagar was a bustling town built on the shore of Dal Lake, with the foothills of the Himalayas visible in the distance. At a landing stage we embarked on a canoe like vessel about three metres long locally called a "Shakari". It was rowed with one oar by a boatman standing on the stem. We were seated on cushions under an awning. Ramsam came with us and told us that this shakari was available for our exclusive use at any time.

Because of its height and mild summer climate Srinagar was, when India was under British rule, the summer capital of Kashmir and Jammu and also a favourite summer holiday resort of the British. They found the most desirable form of accommodation was a houseboat on the lake and there was a long line of them anchored by their sterns to the banks of the lake. Our shakari pulled up at one which was obviously very new. Its prominently displayed name was "Scherazade", and it was obvious that Ramsam was rightly proud of it. It was about fifteen metres
long and at least ten wide. It had a longue room, dining room, two large bedrooms and bathrooms, kitchens and servant's quarters. Every room was magnificently paneled in filigree carved deodar, and all were beautifully carpeted and furnished. The was a full staff of cooks, waiters, cleaners etc. - just for us. The cooking was good - all old fashioned English recipes. There was a stairway to the roof where there were chairs for sunbathing. Naturally we were thrilled with such luxurious accommodation.

On Ramsam's advice, in the evening shortly before sunset went went out on the shakari and were paddled slowly around portions of the lake. It was obviously quite shallow, and dotted with small islands. There were numerous craft dredging weed from its bottom to prevent it silting. The men we saw all wore long woolen capes and when not otherwise occupied kept their hands under them. We discovered that for warmth they had wicker baskets of glowing coals tied around their waists. It was really memorable paddling slowly around this beautiful lake in the twilight. We were served an excellent meal on our return and slept like logs in great comfort.

The next morning Ramsam took us to see the wonderful Shalimar Gardens which overlooked the lake and up to the mountains. These gardens had been originally created for the pleasure of the Moguls when India was part of their empire, and they were beautifully laid out to take advantage of the magnificent views. There were numerous summer houses to rest in and enjoy the scene and they were wonderfully decorated and actually constructed from papier mache! They were hundreds of years old and had been built by the Moguls. We noticed beautiful beds of roses and I well remember Ramsam saying "The English did two wonderful things for Kashmir, they introduced roses to our gardens and trout to our streams."

The next day Ramsam drove us out for a day in the countryside. We passed through the crowded and decrepit streets of the town centre and were very soon in the agricultural area. It was a very fertile valley. There were padi fields growing rice, fields of cereal crops, orchards and areas of willow trees. I asked about these and I was told that they were grown to provide the willow for cricket bats and this was quite an important export from the valley. I also noticed that some fields were being plowed with wooden plows drawn by oxen. When I asked why tractors were not used I was told that if they were it would result in increased unemployment which was already a problem. The villages we passed had well built brick houses usually of three stories, the bottom floor being used to shed livestock in the winter. I was particularly impressed by the carriage of the men. They "walked like kings" with straight backs and heads held high. Some of them had blue eyes and I was told that they were descended from Alexander the Great's soldiers. We had an excellent picnic lunch by a rushing mountain stream in the Himalayan foothills in an area of great beauty. It was a memorable day.

Ramsam told us that he had a carpet factory, and the next day his son took us to the showroom. There were indeed some very beautiful rugs and we bought the big silk and wool rug which is on the floor of the longue here and a smaller pure silk one. They were quite expensive, but I did not attempt to bargain partly because I am no good at it, and partly because I thought that Ramsam had gone out of his way to entertain us. Diana also bought a beautiful dressing gown which Tallulah now has.
We were then shown the workroom in which the rugs were made, and Diana feels that if we had seen it first we may not have bought the rugs. The workroom was in a basement and the rugs were woven by young boys. Boys were used because their fingers were small enough to tie the very small knots used in high quality rugs. I was told that there was a high level of unemployment and that the boys considered themselves to be fortunate to be employed.

On our final night Ramsam invited us to dinner at his home, which I understand was an unusual honour. His home was a large four story building, extremely plain in character. He lived there with his wives, his sons and their wives and his two brothers and their wives. It was quite apparent that all four floors were occupied! When we had dinner a table and chairs was provided for Diana and me and everyone else sat on rugs on the floor. The food was served from large copper pots and eaten by hand. After diner the women asked Diana if she wanted to go to the toilet, and as she was going Diana lit a cigarette. As soon as she did so she was surrounded by women also wanting one. It transpired that Ramsam had recently given up smoking and because he had given up all his household had to follow his example. He at one time said to me "Women should be educated sufficiently to read the Koran, and no more".

It was a memorable holiday in one of the most beautiful places I have been privileged to see, and I am greatly saddened by what has happened since. Relations with Pakistan have worsened, the war has intensified, there have been communal riots and I understand that the tourist trade is now dead and the lake is now silted up with weeds. As an example of the importance of tourism to Kashmir, whilst we were there the houseboat alongside us was occupied by a Russian tour party and we encountered a Japanese tour who had come all that way for one day just to see the gardens. We left with some regret, and flew to New Delhi where we again spent one night at the Oberoi Hotel. We left on an Air India flight for London the next morning.

After I had finished my business in London we spent a week end at Hall Place. Geoffrey Hollenden had died and Gordon had succeeded to his title and was now Lord Hollenden. Tom was then living in London and had a studio at Rotherhyth, and he came with us. We then flew to Salzburg in Austria. We had reservations at Schloss Hotel St. Rupert, a small hotel a short distance from the city. It was very comfortable and I remember that the ground floor was paved in polished red granite. It had been a family home, and was filled with elegant antiques and furniture. There was a bus at the door which we took into the city.

Salzburg was an attractive small city divided a the swiftly flowing river Salzach. The visitor was left in no doubt that this was Mozart's birthplace. There was a Mozartstrasse, a Mozart cafe, and a Mozart memorial. On the heights above the river bank was a very old castle which we visited and from which there was a fine view over the city and the surrounding countryside and the mountains on all sides. We spent an interesting day there.

The next day we went to Berchtesgaden just across the German border in Bavaria. It was not very far from Salzburg. Hitler's famous mountain retreat - the "Eagles
“Nest” was at Obersalzburg in the mountains overlooking the town which is situated in most beautiful Tyrolean countryside. We were driven up to the site of Hitler’s house but no buildings now exist as they were all destroyed at the end of the war. There had been chalets for a number of senior Nazi officials including Goring, Martin Bormann, and others, air raid shelters etc. It was a site with wonderful views. The following day we went to Innsbruck and enjoyed seeing the most beautiful countryside in the most perfect weather.

One other memory I have is of a conversation I had with a German gentleman whose command of English was equal to mine of German. He told me that he was captured after the fall of Stalingrad and had been a POW in Siberia for almost 20 years! It brought my own 3 and one half years into proportion.

Our next destination was Vevey, a Swiss town on the shore of Lake Geneva (Le Man), and also the location of the headquarters of Nestle. We stayed at a lakefront hotel which I mainly remember for the surly service of its staff. The whole of the northern and western shores of the lake are Swiss and the southern shore is French territory. Geneva is at the western end and Montreux at the eastern end of the lake. Vevey is a few kilometres west of Montreux. The Swiss side was served by ferries about the same size as Manly ferries. They were most comfortable with dining saloons, and excellent seating. They ran from Montreux to Geneva.

On our first day we took the ferry to Geneva, where we spent some hours, and returned again to Vevey by the same means. It is not necessary to use the ferry as there is an excellent railway servicing all the lakefront towns. We visited the Chateau Chillon on the lakefront between Vevey and Montreux and we took a trip on a rack railway to an alpine resort above Vevey. We again had excellent weather. After three days we were driven to Geneva and flew to Paris from where we were to embark on a TWA flight to Washington USA. The plane was late leaving Geneva and when we landed at Charles De Gaulle Airport in Paris we literally ran to board the flight to Washington. I did not think that it would be possible for our luggage to be transferred before we took off, but all was well and it traveled with us.

We landed at the Washington National Airport and disembarked into a mobile waiting room which took us to the main terminal. Our hotel was near the White House, and it should have been very convenient but the weather was extremely hot and humid and the air conditioning of the hotel had broken down. As the windows did not open we had a very uncomfortable night, and woke next morning very tired. We had intended to visit the Smithsonian Museum and the National Art Museum, but we probably, in retrospect unwisely, decided to abandon these plans and spend an extra day at New Orleans if I could advance our reservation, which I was able to do.

We walked in the parks and streets in the vicinity of our hotel, and next morning flew to New Orleans where we had reservations in a handsome small hotel decorated with iron lacework, in the French Quarter on the corner of the famous Bay Street and opposite a park with the Mississippi nearby. We thought that the French Quarter had tremendous atmosphere with Jazz bands and street entertainers, but we were appalled by the brutality with which the police rounded
up suspected drug addicts or drunks in the park opposite the hotel. We enjoyed the food and service at the hotel. We spent a day on the river traveling by a typical stern wheeler steamer. We saw a number of pre Civil War mansions on the riverbank, and I was most interested in the commercial traffic on the river. There were strings of as many as six heavily laden barges propelled by one tugboat pushing the rear barge. The weather was very humid and I decided that although New Orleans was a place well worth a visit, I would not particularly like to live there.

We flew from New Orleans to Los Angeles where we found that we had to travel some distance to another terminal as at that huge airport each airline has its own terminal as we do in Sydney, but the difference is that in the USA there are so many different airlines. We took a United Airlines flight to Honolulu where we spent a couple of days at the Kahala Hilton Hotel. It is on the eastern side of Diamond Head which I prefer because it is much less crowded than Waikiki. We had a restful two days there, and although we were glad to be back in Sydney after such a wonderful trip we and mixed feelings at returning to Wellesley Road where we then living.

ITALY AND SCOTLAND 1978

In 1978 we were living rather unhappily at Livingstone Ave. Pymble, when Diana heard that Professor Cambitoglu, Professor of Archeology at Sydney University was to conduct a small tour group to Sicily and Southern Italy. She applied and was accepted as a member of the group. It was not possible for me to join her and it was arranged that she would meet me in Rome after the conclusion of the tour. Diana enjoyed the tour and learned a great deal. Gough Whitlam, the former Prime Minister and his wife Margaret were members of the group. Diana told me that they were both so large that it was very difficult for them to sit side by side on a bus seat!

I flew directly to Rome, and as arranged Diana was at the airport to meet me. I was absolutely delighted to see her again. She looked relaxed and rested and I thought that the complete change had done her a great deal of good. We hired a car and were driven to Perugia, the Capital of Umbria, about 150 kilometres north of Rome. Perugia is an ancient city founded by the Etruscans. It is situated on a cluster of hills overlooking the Umbrian and Tiber valleys. There are still well preserved walls dating back to the thirteenth century enclosing the medieval section of the town which when we were there had a population of about 150000. We stayed for three nights in an old hotel with a wonderful view of the valleys below. There was a magnificent Piazza in the centre of the city, and at the end of the day, in the twilight, it was filled with people strolling and enjoying the cool of the evening. There was much to see, and we really enjoyed our visit. The city has a university famous for the teaching of the Italian language to foreigners.

We were then driven to Assisi. It is east of Perugia and situated on a spur of a mountain. We stayed in a hotel in the town for two nights. It is famous as the birthplace of St. Francis in 1182. The most notable building is the church and
Convent of Saint Francesco which dominates the town, with a cliff falling sheer from its outer wall on one side. Its construction commenced immediately after the canonization of St. Francis in 1226 and it is decorated with magnificent frescoes. There are other churches including one known as the cradle of the Franciscan order of priests. This was of considerable interest to me because of my admiration of Fathers O'Donovan and Rogers who were with us in Kuching. Both were Franciscans, and highly educated men devoted to their vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, but friends and helpers to all of us. Assisi was also the site of the convent of the Poor Clares, and order of nuns who led an enclosed life, never leaving their convent. There was much to see and we enjoyed our too short visit.

We had always wanted to spend some time in Florence. From a guide book I selected a small hotel not far outside the city and we were driven there from Assisi. My blind choice turned out to be a great success. The hotel was quite small but we had a very nice room and there was a garden with seats under large trees. Breakfast and lunch were served but not dinner, but this did not matter as there was an excellent restaurant nearby. The guests were of various nationalities, largely European. We were the only Australians. We became quite friendly with a couple from Luxembourg who were attending an Italian Language school in Florence.

The city was easily reached by public transport. It is built on both sides of the river Amo. A bridge - the "Ponte Vecchio" is one of the crossings and it is lined with the stalls of goldsmiths, silversmiths and jewelers. It is a city justly famous for the artists who worked and flourished there over the centuries, including Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Dante and the Medici family. We saw the wonderful collection of paintings in the Uffizi Gallery and we have some photographs of the magnificent bronze doors of the Baptistery. There was so much to see and enjoy that we walked miles. It was a city both ancient and modern with for example a street of high fashion shops leading to the Straw Market. We had a memorable five days there. We then were driven to Pisa, the nearest airport, from where we took a flight to London.

I had business in London and we as usual spent a week-end at the Hollendens. We stayed at Grosvenor House Hotel in Park Lane. I hired a self drive car and after I had finished in London we drove on to Manchester where I called on Mather & Platt. We stayed for a night at a small hotel in Chester. The next day we drove on to Edinburgh. On a previous visit there we had been taken to dinner to a very good restaurant in Prestonfield House, a beautiful old three story house set in extensive grounds, just out of the city, just below Arthur's Seat. I had kept a pamphlet about the building and I noticed that they had bedrooms for the accommodation of visitors. Because of this, when planning this trip, I rang them and booked a room. It was not until we got there that we found that they only had four rooms, each called by the name of a tree - oak, ash etc. There were even peacocks in the garden.

We spent three very pleasant days there. We visited Pam and Ross Flockhart at their house at Humbie, a visit which we all enjoyed. We also again visited the sights of Edinburgh which is one of my favourite cities, perhaps because I have only experienced it in good weather. Our hosts at Prestonfield House told us that they were members of an association called "Scottish Hotels of Distinction " and that
they could arrange forward bookings for us. One of the hotels was "Colloden House" not far from Inverness, and they reserved accommodation there for us.

After leaving Edinburgh we visited Stirling Castle, Diana's Mother's birthplace. The castle which was, and I believe is still, the Headquarters of the Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders of which Diana's grandfather was the Regimental Sergeant Major at the time of the birth. The castle rises spectacularly from the surrounding plain. It was open for public inspection and the custodian was obviously an old soldier of the Regiment. I mentioned to him that Diana's mother had been born in the castle and he looked disbelieving and asked what was her father's name. He disappeared for a while, obviously to look up the records, and came back full of smiles. He was most helpful and showed Diana the room where her mother would have been born, and where she would have played. It was a happy and memorable visit.

We drove on to "Cullodden House" which was a very fine Scottish baronial manor house a few miles north of the battlefield of Culloden Moor, which still seems to exude the misery of the defeat of the Highlanders. We had a beautiful room and the food and service were excellent. By day drove to Inverness and to Mallaig. We then drove south along the shores of Loch Ness and through Port Arthur where we watched the boats entering and leaving the locks on the Caledonian Canal.

It was not far from there to the next recommended hotel "The Isle of Eriska", and once again we were most certainly not disappointed. We had a lovely room and the food was superb, even better than "Cullodden House". The host had been a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, which seemed quite incongruous. Both of these hotels had fine public rooms, beautifully furnished, and morning and afternoon tea was served in addition to all other meals. The hotel was surrounded by grazing land, and Diana was fascinated by the shaggy black faced highland cattle. This was also the first hotel I had seen where visitors were able to bring their pet dogs with them.

We drove to Glasgow airport where we left our car and took shuttle flight to Heathrow and boarded a flight direct to Chicago. We landed at O'Hare Airport, the airport for Chicago. It is said to be the busiest in the world. We spent the night at an airport hotel. I remember that our room was at the end of a corridor with windows overlooking the runways. Whilst we were there I calculated that there was an aircraft landing or taking off every thirty seconds, day and night. The purpose of our visit to the USA was for me to visit the Ansul Company in Wisconsin, recently purchased by Wormald.

The Ansul head office and factory were in the little town of Marinette, just over the state border of Michigan, in fact the border passed through the town, that on the Michigan side being named Menominee. The two towns shared a small airport. We were met by Terry Ruhlman, the Managing Director of Ansul and taken to the local motel where we stayed for two nights. It was interesting to spend a couple of days in what I imagine to be a typical middle American small town. It had a Norman Rockwell feel and appearance. We met at dinner a young Australian Wormald executive and his wife. He had been seconded to Ansul for twelve months and he
told me that socially he and his wife were bored to tears particularly during the severe winter. There were not even any winter sports as the countryside was too flat. He was delighted to get back to Sydney shortly after our visit.

I had a very good plant inspection and met the company's executives. We departed from Nemoninee Airport for O'Hare with a stop at Green Bay, Michigan en route. I remember a conversation with a young woman sitting alongside me in the aircraft. She asked me where I came from because she could not place my accent. I told her that I came from Australia and she replied "Australia ? I think that I have heard of it but I can't place where it is!" At O'Hare we transferred to a flight to Los Angeles and then on one to Honolulu. We again stayed at the Kahala Hilton and unwound for two days before the usual night flight and dawn arrival at Sydney.

BOMBAY NOVEMBER 1981

I have earlier mentioned that Wormald took over the English company named Mather & Platt Ltd. This company had for many years operated a subsidiary in India with its Head Office in Bombay. In the late 1970's Indira Ghandi forced overseas owned companies to sell more than 50% of their equity to Indian citizens. As a result Mather & Platt (India) Ltd. became a separate public company listed on the Bombay Stock Exchange. John Utz was Chairman of this company and Harry Smith, also an executive director of Wormald International was also on the board. The Managing Director was an Englishman, Mr. A.G. Harrison. A Mr. R.A.Shah, the senior partner of one of India's largest law firms was also a director. Because of other commitments John Utz asked me if I would go to Bombay and chair the Annual General Meeting. I thought that it would be an interesting experience and I readily agreed to go.

I left Sydney on 1 November and arrived at Singapore in the evening. Reservations had been made for me for two nights at the Shangri La hotel. I spent one day with Mr. John Avery the Manager of Wormald Security, and the next with Mr. Barratt, the Manager of the Fire protection company. My flight for Bombay left Singapore at 9.30 PM and by arrangement Harry Smith met me at the airport and we traveled together. We were met next morning at Bombay Airport by Mr. Harrison and taken to the Taj Mahal Hotel where we would be staying. This was reputed to be the best hotel in Bombay, and indeed it was very good. It was on the waterfront and distinguished by a huge Triumphal Arch immediately in front of it erected for the visit of King George V. I may say that I had done quite a lot of homework before my trip, going through the annual accounts etc.

We rested in the morning and after lunch in a club in the hotel we went to the office which was not far away. I was naturally impressed by the huge crowds of people everywhere. The traffic was chaotic, but seemed to move remarkably freely. The office was on the first floor of a building and all over the walls and the stairs were hand printed signs protesting against my visit. Harrison told me to ignore them. He said that there was an industrial dispute by some office staff and that this was their
method of protest. He seemed to be correct as there was no other sign of hostility. We discussed the plans for the next day's AGM which was to be held at the Bombay Women's University. I was told that there could be as many as 200 shareholders present and that there would probably be a lot of questions. It was explained that the questions were recorded by the Company Secretary when they were asked, and that I, after suitable briefing, would answer them seriatim at the end of the meeting. Needless to say, this procedure suited me.

That evening I dined with Wyn Harrison and his wife. They lived in a large flat on an upper floor of a very tall apartment block overlooking the sea. The public areas of the building were absolutely filthy, and it was a tremendous contrast when we entered an immaculate apartment. There were a number of guests, mostly Indians including Mr. Shah who told me that he was a Jain and had recently returned from a pilgrimage to a sacred mountain top. I had a most interesting evening.

As the meeting was not until that next afternoon I was taken by Wyn Harrison on a tour of this fascinating city. It was then reputed to have a population of about six million, but no one was too sure of the exact number. Many thousands had no home but the street. I was taken to the huge municipal markets. I saw the Towers of Silence where Parsees laid out the bodies of their dead to be eaten by flocks of vultures, and the huge area where clothes were washed in a river. I saw people dressed in every imaginable garb and some stark naked. Every time our car stopped we were besieged by hordes of little boys begging. There were some very fine buildings from the British colonial era, particularly the Railway Station and the Cathedral.

I believe that I conducted the meeting successfully. There were about 200 shareholders present. There were not many questions and none that were difficult to answer. I talked to quite a number of the shareholders after the meeting. That evening I was the guest at a small dinner party at the club in the Taj Mahal. One of the other guests was a prominent Indian economist. He asked me what I thought of Bombay and its huge population. I gave a careful reply and I will always remember his reply, He said: "You may think that many people here live in great poverty, but I would like to tell you that here in Bombay we have a water supply which works, we have an electricity supply which works, and we have a food distribution system which works. In the Indian villages there are usually none of those things."

The next morning Wyn Harrison, Harry Smith and I set off for Pune (Poona in British times) where the company had factories. The road was narrow and incredibly crowded with heavy traffic, mainly highly decorated trucks. Because Pune was in the hills it had a slightly better climate than Bombay and in British times it had primarily been a military area, but was now a major industrial area. I was impressed with the Mather & Platt factory which was run entirely by Indian staff, and in particular I was impressed by the evident ability of the Manager. I also remember seeing a large factory under construction with all the workers, their wives and children, all living on the building site. I was told that they lived an itinerant life moving from job to job. We returned to Bombay in the evening and next day I had a long flight home via Perth. It was a very interesting trip.
We had reservations on an afternoon Qantas flight to Singapore. David had been staying with us for his Christmas holidays and he drove us to the Airport in Diana's Toyota Celica. After he had dropped us he found that the car would not start. I rang the N.R.M.A and they got the car started. David rang me in the VIP Longue to tell me that he had got back to the flat but the battery had to be replaced. We were very lucky to have made it to the Airport on time.

We had a good flight to Singapore landing at the magnificent new Changi Airport. When we got our luggage we found Diana's case in a dreadful condition, with every lock broken. We booked into the Shangri La Hotel and were terribly tired by the time we got to bed at 2 am Sydney time. In the newspaper delivered to our room next morning I noticed that a shop in Orchard Road had a sale of Samsonite suitcases at a discount of 50%. We made that shop our first port of call and bought Diana a new case. We invited John and Alice Avery to lunch with us at the hotel to repay their hospitality on a previous visit. After lunch we had intended to repack and have a rest, but when we returned to our room we could not open the door. We spent an anxious couple of hours while a locksmith literally cut the lock apart with a hacksaw. At one stage he did not think that he could get it open, but he eventually succeeded. We transferred to a Singapore Airlines flight which departed at 9 PM. Were most impressed with Singapore Airlines, and it became our first preference. We had a refueling stop at Bahrain where we got off for a walk, and landed at Rome in the early morning darkness although it was after 7 am. The airport was chaotic with very long queues at Immigration as several flights had just landed. There were neither porters nor luggage trolleys. We took a taxi to the Hotel Inghilterra where we had a reservation.

It was a very good hotel with beautiful furniture and we had a large and comfortable room. It was situated very close to the Spanish Steps and in the heart of an area of most elegant shops. I bought a suede jacket which I still have. We had a very good evening meal at a restaurant near the hotel. Next morning we took a taxi to St. Peters, which had so impressed me on my previous visit in 1957. I was still impressed with its wonderful state of preservation. This time we spent some time in the Vatican Museum which is housed in the state apartments of the Borgias, who had lived in great magnificence, and the Sistine Chapel. We then went to the Borgese Galleries, housed on one of the many palaces owned by that family, and walked through the Borgese gardens to the Via Veneto.

Next morning we drove to the airport and flew to Venice. It was a short flight but every seat was occupied. There were no booked seats so it was a case of "First come, best dressed", it was very foggy when we landed. This time it was my luggage which had been damaged. There was a large cut in one side of my suitcase. The Venice Airport is on the water and we took a water taxi to San Marco, a journey which took about twenty minutes. The taxi was a very fast, very smart speedboat. The driver radioed ahead and we were met at the landing stage by a porter and we walked with him down numerous lanes and across several bridges to our hotel, La Fenice. It was near the Opera House of the same name. It was
a small hotel and we had a small but modernised room on the third floor overlooking a narrow canal. We had a late lunch at a nearby restaurant and we then walked in the foggy dark around St. Mark's Square. It was very cold but Diana had a new warm coat she had bought in Rome, and I had my padded suede jacket. It was obvious that we were going to need them.

The next morning we took a ferry up the Grand Canal to the terminus at the Piazza Roma. The canal was busy with all sorts of craft: ferries, garbage scows, goods barges, and boats laden with equipment restoring some of the old buildings. Diana was fascinated in seeing famous buildings about which she had learned so much during her architecture course. The sun was out but nevertheless it seemed a lot colder. We walked back through the Rialto to San Marco, and on to our hotel. It was a fascinating walk, and walking is such a pleasure when there is no motor traffic. I bought Diana some Lapis Lasuli beads, and she bought a pair of fur lined boots which she still wears in cold weather.

The next day was bitterly cold, and I do not think that the temperature rose above zero. We went by ferry to the Island of Torcello. Diana, went the aid of Berlitz "Italian for Travelers", was guide and interpreter. There was not much to see on the island except an ancient basilica dating back to 647 AD, and a small museum. It was very cold waiting for our return ferry, and we were very glad to return to Venice where it was a little warmer as the buildings provided shelter from the wind. In high tides St. Mark’s Square became flooded and the city authorities erected wooden walkways so that pedestrians could cross.

We spent 6 nights in Venice. It is a wonderful city for walkers and although it was very cold it was uncrowded and ideal for walking. We visited the Doge's palace with its beautifully proportioned rooms in some of which there was an exhibition of paintings by El Greco and Tinterorello. We of course visited St. Mark's cathedral. There was so much to see, and every day something new. On our final morning we left our hotel in pitch darkness at 5 am. We had taken our heavy luggage to the station the previous afternoon. We walked to the ferry wharf. A ferry came at 6 am and we arrived at the railway station at about 6.30. The train to take us to Vienna was standing at the station, but in complete darkness. There was neither a ticket barrier nor a conductor, but we eventually found our seats. We had a whole compartment to ourselves, one of the advantages of traveling in Winter. Just before the train left on time at 6.50 am a guard came along and switched on the lights.

The train was very quiet and smooth running, a combination of excellent track and an electric locomotive. It ran first through the flat Italian plains and then commenced a slow climb into the Alps. As soon as the train started to climb the countryside became snow covered we left the overcast weather behind and it dawned a beautiful sunny day. It was without doubt the most beautiful train journey I have ever undertaken. The alpine scenery was unforgettable. We arrived at Vienna precisely on time at 5 pm but then had to search for the luggage we had booked through. It took us some time to find it. As usual in Europe there were no porters and we were glad that we had wheels on our cases. We did not get to our hotel until 7 pm.
We were booked in to the Grand Hotel on Kaertner Ring where we shown into a magnificent room. I shot down to the front desk and said that we had not booked such a luxurious room. The concierge smiled and said that in the off season they preferred such rooms to be occupied and that there would be no extra charge. Which was just as well because it was very expensive, but I think well worth it.

Our first morning was really cold. The concierge told us that the outside temperature was only -13 degrees! We walked through a subway and around the Opera House and then along Kaertna Strasse to St. Stephen's Cathedral. We took a lift up the cathedral tower from which we got a wonderful panoramic view of the surrounding countryside. All the roofs were snow covered and in the distance we could see the giant Ferris wheel made famous in the film "The third man". The roadways themselves had been cleared of snow but there were huge piles on the roadsides, seven or eight feet high. The pavements were very icy and slippery.

The next day was slightly warmer only -8 degrees. We walked to the Belvedere Palace only a couple of blocks from our hotel. It was magnificent building in very good order, and it housed a comprehensive collection of Austrian art. Diana remarked that very few of the names had international recognition. The following day we took a taxi to the Schonbrun Palace about 5 km from our hotel. We joined someone else's tour of this incredible building. The furnishings and decorations were almost unbelievable. The Hapsburgs certainly lived in great style and at enormous cost to the State. In the afternoon we went to the collection of modern art at the Lieichenstein Palace, which Diana thought was wonderful, with every prominent artist of the era represented. In the evening we went to a performance of the opera "Fidelio" at the Opera House. We had very good seats and heard a superb performance by the soprano Gwenyth Jones, and a very fine orchestra.

We spent five most luxurious nights at the Grand Hotel. A highlight of our stay was a visit to the National Art Museum. I was not far from the hotel. It was an amazing building with a vast marble staircase. One floor housed an exhibition of Hapsburg treasures- gold and silver plate, statuary, ivory, wonderful clocks and astronomical models, and objects'art of every description. On another floor there was a wonderful collection of paintings by old masters, including Rembrandt, Van Dyke, Vermeer, Holbein, Titian, Velasquez etc.

We left our hotel at 8 am on a very cold grim morning. We booked our luggage through to Paris and got very comfortable seats on the Arlberg Express. It was still cold and foggy as we passed through the suburbs of Vienna but we soon came into clear and sunny weather. We had a wonderfully scenic trip through Salsburg, Innsbruck and numerous alpine resorts. We left our carriage at Innsbruck and transferred to a French Wagon Lit, for the night journey to Paris. Our compartment was a normal sleeping car rather inferior to those at home. An indifferent meal was served in the dining car at 7pm and when we returned to our compartment we found that the beds had been made leaving us with nowhere to sit, and as there was no longue car we were very early to bed.

The train arrived at Gare d l'est at about 7 am. When I went to get our luggage I was told that it was not on the train and would probably not arrive for another two days!
was nonplused so we took a taxi to the Roblin Hotel in the Rue Madelaine, where we had a reservation. After a couple of hours I was convinced that our luggage had been on the train, so I went back to the station. To my great relief it was there. The incident left me with a very poor impression of French railways and their surly staff.

We spent four nights in Paris seeing the usual tourist sights the highlight of which was probably our visit to the Jeu de Paume to see the wonderful collection of impressionist paintings including Monet, Manet, Toulouse-Lautrec, Degas and Rousseau. During our stay we were most hospitably entertained by Jocelyn Altwegg (Rickard) and her Swiss husband Patrick. They took us to lunch one day in a little village called Barbizon and then to the Palace of Fountainbleau which I found most interesting, particularly the Napoleonic relics.

Whilst the centre of Paris is beautiful, the suburbs are correspondingly ugly with block after block of featureless high rise apartment buildings. I spent one day visiting the Mather & Platt factory at Trappes about an hour’s drive out of Paris. Whilst I was away Jocelyn took Diana to the Flea market. She and Patrick really went out of their way to look after us and took us to some excellent restaurants. Whilst I was in Paris I had a telephone call from Malcolm Davis to tell me that Larry Adler of FAI Insurance had made a take over bid for the Mercantile Mutual, hardly good news.

We flew to London in the morning of 27 January and were met by a driver at Heathrow who took us to a small private hotel named 16 Sumner Place in South Kensington just adjacent to the tube station and very near the South Kensington Museum. It was a quiet, comfortable and well run little hotel, and it suited me well as I prefer to be out of the centre of London. I had two very busy days with business appointments in London, and I was pleased that Ben and Elizabeth Hervey-Bathurst had asked to stay for the week-end at Eastnor Castle. I hired a car from a little firm at South Kensington near the station and we had a pleasant drive, leaving Number Sixteen at about 9 am. It was cold at the castle, but after Vienna nothing seemed very cold. I had an interesting tour of the estate with Ben. It is was than 5000 acres of which Ben farmed 2000 himself, and the rest were let to tenant farmers. There were a number of very fine houses on the estate which even then must have been worth many millions of pounds. James and George came to afternoon tea and to see us, so we really felt welcome. We left for the drive back to London after lunch on the Sunday.

I spent the first two days of the week on United Transport business and on the Tuesday evening Nicholas Wills and his the wife (an Australian) invited us to their lovely home in Kensington and then to the theater, followed by supper at the Dorchester. It really was quite an evening. On the Wednesday I caught the morning shuttle to Manchester. I usually went by train but there was a strike. I spent the day at Mather & Platt. I did not get back to our hotel until after 7, and I then joined Diana with Gordon and Sonja Hollenden for dinner at a restaurant. They were very well and it was good to see them again. I had further business appointments but I did have time to spend a while in the South Kensington Museum, which I think is most interesting.
During the previous year I had discovered the existence of another Carment. This was Paul Carment, whose grandfather and mine were brothers. He lived in Norfolk and he had asked us to spend a week-end with he and his wife Beatrice at their home at Martham near Great Yarmouth. I hired a car and we had a tortuous and slow journey through what seemed endless London suburbs before we got on to the road to the coast. We had lunch at a seaside hotel and reached Paul's residence "Alberta House " at about 3 pm. we were warmly welcomed by Paul and Beatrice.

Paul was a small man with a quiet and reserved manner. Beatrice was a particularly nice woman. Paul had been one of Professor Watson-Watt's team who developed radar before the war. He served throughout the war in the RAF as a radar expert and subsequently at the Air Ministry. He was awarded an OBE for his services. "Alberta House" was a two story house about 100 years old, and not very large but very comfortable. It was set in one half an acre of well kept garden. Paul drove us in his car, a Russian Lada, to see his small motor cruiser on the broads. We then had a good dinner and a very pleasant chat. Next morning Paul drove us to see the village of Martham, the river and several views of the Norfolk Broads. I remember my grandfather telling me that he had holidays sailing on these waters.

Paul's son John, his wife and two small children came to lunch. We were not at all impressed by John. He was a very fat young man with poor manners. He worked in a boat repair yard. His wife was a nurse, also very fat but pleasant. I think that Paul had moved from London to Martham to be near his son, but we had the impression that it was not working out. I write to Paul every Christmas, but he is now a sad old man as Beatrice died in 1998. However at the time of our visit they really went out of their way to make us welcome. We drove back to London in pouring rain and got thoroughly lost by taking a wrong turn in a suburb.

I spent all day on the Monday at a meeting at Stratton House. The BET people were extremely disturbed by the industrial troubles in Australia which were particularly bad at that time. They also told me that they were considering getting rid of Charles McMillan because of his alcoholism. We spent the next day as real tourists. We watched the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, and we saw an exhibition of the Queen's magnificent collection of Paintings by Canaletto in a gallery attached to the palace. There had been an article in the newspaper about the Queen graciously making her wonderful collection available for public viewing, but the article did not say that she charged 5 pounds per head entrance fee to the gallery! We walked right around the perimeter and I was amazed by the apparent lack of security in access to the palace grounds.

Next morning we left Number Sixteen. We had been most satisfied with its comfort and service. We left Heathrow for a flight to Toronto. We had booked Club Class with British Airways which we had been led to believe was the same as Qantas Business Class, and it therefore cost a good deal more than Economy Class. It was an absolute fraud. The only difference was that there was a separate check-in counter. When we boarded we found ourselves in the middle of Economy Class and we had exactly the same three abreast seating and the same meals. Ever since I have only traveled by BA if there is no alternative. It was a 7 hour flight to
Montreal where we landed on an airfield covered in deep snow banked up on the edges of the runways. We had a further hour's flight to Toronto.

When we booked into our hotel we found a lady waiting for us. It was Elinor Carment, Bill Carment's wife. Bill and his elder daughter Janis were waiting for us at the airport, but somehow we had missed them. Their son David was also with them. The whole family had come to meet us and it was a most unexpected and pleasant surprise. We all had dinner at the restaurant at our hotel and were joined by my cousin Shiona who I met for the first time. Bill was then Professor of Psychology at McMaster University. They were a delightful family and I was sorry that I had not arranged for an extra night in Toronto. I had heard from Marion that Shiona was really weird, and having met her I could not but agree. She was very fat and as short as my mother. By the time we got to bed it was 4am London time. We stayed at the Airport Hilton which we found to be very good with free transfers to and from the airport.

Next morning we boarded an Air Canada flight to Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. The flight took about three and a half hours. After a 2 hour time loss we arrived at about 1 pm. We were warmly welcomed at the airport by Max and Mary Carment. Bill was a big man, over 6 feet tall. He had owned a large jewelry shop in Prince Albert which he had recently sold. Mary was a particularly nice person. They had only one child, their Daughter Laura who was a social worker in Calgary. Bill's grandfather was my grandfather's youngest brother and had been a farmer and a pioneer settler in Saskatchewan. He had a new Oldsmobile, a beautiful car, and we drove north for an hour or so to Prince Albert. Although it was a bright sunny day the temperature was -12 degrees! The countryside was absolutely flat and featureless, but it looked lovely blanket ed in snow. It was wheat growing country but apparently the farmers only lived on their farms during the time of agricultural activity, the rest of the year they wisely went somewhere warmer. Max had quite a small modern house, well heated and comfortable, opposite the Prince Albert Golf and Curling Club. He was a keen player of both sports. He appeared to be quite well off with interests in real estate and in a uranium mine.

We stayed with Max and Mary for 3 days. They showed us the town and we went into his former jewelry store. It was quite large and we bought a few things including a group of Canada geese which are still in our longue room. It was so cold that instead of having parking meters in the streets they had electric outlets so that motorists could get power for their engine heaters, otherwise they would have frozen. It was a straggling town with little cohesion. Mostly two story buildings apart from some high rise Government offices. There was a branch of the Hudsons Bay Company still buying furs. There was also a gaol, and I imagine that they did not get many repeat residents.

The weather was extremely cold with the daytime temperature varying between -16 and -20 degrees. We went across the road and watched a curling match which was played indoors with a very comfortable and warm viewing room, I thought that it was an interesting game. We were also shown Carment Court a large old people's apartment block named after Max in recognition of his service to the community.
On our last full day we were driven to Prince Albert National Park about 80 miles north. We drove through forests of poplar, birch and spruce looking lovely in the snow on a sunny day. We had lunch at a hotel on a lake which was completely frozen over and it was strange to see a marina protruding from the shore.

John Diefenbaker, once Prime Minister of Canada came from Saskatchewan and Max had been a very active worker on his behalf. Max told me that he had refused an appointment to the Senate, which in Canada is a nominated, not an elected body. He was vehemently against Indians whose problems of integration were very similar to those of our aboriginal people, and French Canadians and Socialists. In other words he was a very intolerant man. He told me that his lifelong desire was to "See a Socialist Frenchman falling down Niagara Falls with an Indian under each arm." Max and Mary had been very good hosts and had shown us a great deal of this remote part of the world. I would find it impossible to live in their climate with seven months of winter.

On 15 February (the anniversary of the fall of Singapore) we left Prince Albert in the darkness before dawn and Max and Mary drove us two Saskatoon where we boarded a flight to Vancouver. On arrival we took a bus to the Bayshore Hotel where we had reservations. This hotel is beautifully situated on the waterfront of the harbour and a short distance from Stanley Park. Immediately after our arrival I had a phone call from Fred Church telling me of more serious trouble at the Mercantile Mutual. It really made my day! Diana rang Bruce Shallard and arranged for he and his new wife Joleen to have lunch with us the next day. In the afternoon we had a most interesting walk through downtown Vancouver.

Next morning after a leisurely breakfast Diana and I had a long walk in Stanley Park. It is more than 1000 acres and has many miles of walking and bicycle tracks. We enjoyed the exercise. Bruce and Joleen came to lunch as planned. I thought that Bruce looked better than I had seen him (he was suffering from Parkinson's disease) but Joleen told me that he was having one of his good days. After lunch we drove in Bruce's Cadillac to his summer home at Point Roberts which was a tiny enclave of the US State Of Washington, completely surrounded by Canadian territory. It was a nice little house on the waterfront, now owned by his daughter Meryn. Being in US territory ownership of this house as his official residence enabled Bruce to obtain US citizenship and tax advantages. Normally he and Joleen lived in a camper van in a Vancouver suburb. For all his wealth Bruce was incredibly mean and used every possible means to avoid paying taxes.

The next morning we flew by Canadian Pacific Airlines to Honolulu. We again stayed at the Kahala Hilton, but found that it had gone downhill. It was primarily catering for tours who were allotted all the best rooms. We paid an exorbitant price for a very poor room with only a very noisy window air conditioner. We decided that we would never stay there again. We had 2 nights there and our Qantas flight home which was scheduled to leave at midnight but eventually took off at 3 am. We had a good flight and took a taxi home. The driver told us that there was industrial chaos with a petrol strike, a black ban on repairs to power stations causing frequent blackouts, and a strike on deliveries to supermarkets! I got our cars going and we picked up dear old Chester who seemed very well and pleased to see us. It really
had been a wonderful trip.

I have described this trip in more detail than usual because although I seldom kept a personal diary, I had apparently decided to do so in 1982. This turned out to be a bad decision because in all the legal fracas relating to the Mercantile Mutual takeover I had to hand it over to the company's solicitors for perusal by the lawyers for the opposing party. I made every possible protest before doing so. It was eventually returned to me. It taught me the lesson that even in our so-called democracy anyone's most private diaries and papers can be demanded in the legal process called "Discovery". I have never kept a personal diary since then although it would not matter now that I am retired.

SPAIN PORTUGAL & LONDON 1983

Following our experience of winter travel last year we decided to try it again, but this time in more benign climates.

We left Sydney on New Years Eve on a Qantas flight to Rome. We were traveling Business Class and the plane was so empty that First Class had no passengers at all. We landed in Rome at about 8 am on New Years Day. We were booked into the Eden Hotel. In the afternoon we walked to St. Peters. I thought that St. Peter's Square was unusually crowded and when we entered the church itself we found that the Pope himself was preaching, and very possible space was occupied. I was most impressed by the sight of this huge church absolutely full. We walked back to our hotel through the Borgese Gardens. Although it was cold it was an ideal temperature for walking. The next day we joined a tour which took us to Tivoli and the Tivoli Gardens with their wonderful fountains and water displays, and we also went to Hadrian's Villa. I think that we made the most of our two days, and being winter, Rome was uncrowded. We left next morning on an Iberia flight to Madrid.

Madrid Airport was dirty and confused because of a strike, but we got our luggage without trouble. Our travel agent had arranged for us to be met and driven to the Ritz Hotel. This was a really first class hotel and we had a beautiful room and every comfort. My only criticism of our stay was that as it is the Spanish custom to eat a very late dinner after an afternoon siesta, the dining room did not even open until 10 pm.

The Ritz was situated almost next door to the famous Prado Museum with its extensive collection of old masters and an annex displaying Picasso's famous painting "Guernica", which was subject to special security. There was also a large botanical garden nearby and I enjoyed a couple of long walks there. I was most impressed by Madrid with its wide streets, fine buildings, and fascinating squares. We walked extensively through the city and Diana with the aid of her Berlitz Spanish bought me a very nice suede jacket. I wore it for many years but grew too corpulent for it and I gave it to Vittorio. I am sure that with my present shape it would fit me again! We also went to the magnificent Royal Palace which was open to the
public. The Royal Family did not actually live there but it was used for important state occasions.

We decided that we would take day tours from our hotel, and these proved to be a most successful means of seeing the main areas of interest. On our second day we took a bus tour to Estorial, a town in the mountains east of the city where there is a wonderful palace which is the burial place of the Spanish kings. In the public rooms there were some wonderful tapestries, many being centuries old, but the remarkable feature was that, possibly because of the elevation and clear unpolluted air, their colours showed no sign of fading. We had a most interesting drive through the Madrid suburbs and the countryside.

Our next day tour was to the "Valley of the Fallen". This was a memorial to those who fell in the Spanish Civil War. It was constructed with funds donated from other European countries to alleviate the poverty resulting from the war. Instead General Franco used these donations to construct this memorial. It was also in the mountains east of the city. A vast basilica had been excavated into a hillside with a view down a long valley. There was a large plaza in the centre of which was a huge crucifix. It was a silent place, I thought that it was most impressive, but Diana did not like it.

Our final tour was to Toledo. We had a slow journey and only a short time at our destination, which was a walled city. We returned to Madrid at dusk to find our way blocked by a huge procession which was part of the Christmas celebrations. The procession proceeded down the Paseo, the main north south axis of the city, which had elaborate garlands suspended overhead and the whole route was decorated. The procession was religious in nature but it included elephants and other animals. As the bus could not reach its destination we had a long walk back to our hotel.

On Saturday 8 January we flew to Malaga on the Mediterranean coast where we were met by a car and driver. We had a drive of about 50 kilometres along the coast road to Marbella, where we had accommodation reserved for us at Puente Romano (Roman Camp), a small hotel on the waterfront. I was most unimpressed with Malaga and the road from there to Marbella was one continuous line of holiday resorts, some complete, some under construction, and many abandoned half built. The Puerta Romano was a very nice hotel with white marble floors. I was next door to Bjorn Borg's tennis camp which had a large number of courts, and although the weather was most suitable, none were in use. Again we used the hotel as a base for day tours.

Our first tour was to the Alhambra at Granada. As it was a long drive we left the hotel in a tour bus at dawn, and we had a fascinating day. The Alhambra was built by the Moors in the fourteenth century. It is situated on a hill which dominates the whole city of Grenada. According to the guidebook it was created originally for military purposes and it was originally a fortress and a small city all in one. From every room and every archway, it commands views over the whole of the surrounding countryside. The decorations inside are wonderful. Many of the rooms are decorated with magnificently carved wood. There are beautiful arches on slender pillars and some rooms have pools of water which are not only beautiful,
but also convey a sense of coolness and peace. The buildings are surrounded by gardens which add to its ambience. As an architect, Diana was absolutely fascinated, and we had a memorable day.

Tom, during his first visit to Europe had spent some time in a little village named Jimena de la Frontera, which we found to be in the hills not too far from Marbella, and out of curiosity we hired a car and driver and visited this village which we found most interesting as a true Spanish village unspoilt by tourism. I think I remember it being surrounded by cork oaks.

Our next Journey was to Tangier in Morocco. We went by a tour bus to Algeciras where we boarded a hydrofoil and crossed the narrowest part of the Mediterranean to Tangier. When we landed we were absolutely besieged by people trying to sell us all sorts of things, mostly useless. They were so constant that they spoiled our visit particularly to the Kasbah. It was interesting to look back across to Spain and to Gibraltar nearby. When the time came for our return, a American tour joined us, and many appeared to have sampled the local liquor. They embarked with us on the hydrofoil. Unfortunately, in the narrow Strait the tide was against the wind and there was a short steep sea, so rough that the hydrofoil could not use its foils. Many passengers were seasick, and I well remember the Arab crew selling plastic bags for people to be sick into.

We also visited Ronda, a little village in the mountains with a wonderful view approached by a most tortuous mountain road. I think that we made the most of our time in Marbella, but there is no doubt that the highlight was the visit to the Alhambra. We had excellent weather during our stay and it was difficult to believe that it was Winter in other parts of Europe.

On 13 January we returned to Malaga where we boarded a flight to Madrid where we changed for a flight to Lisbon where we arrived in the early afternoon. We had reservations at the Avenida Palace Hotel, which was recommended in a guide book, but we spent only one night there as we found it to be very shabby and gloomy. We were able to get very good accommodation at the Ritz, a little further from the city centre. Lisbon spans the Tagus river about 13 km from its mouth, the two sides of the city are joined by the 25th April bridge, the longest suspension bridge in Europe, the oldest part of the city is on the north bank of the river. The main feature of the old city is a beautiful square surrounded by collonaded shops. On the north side of the square the land rises steeply and those parts of the city are served by trams.

We spent our first full day walking around the old part of the city. We looked at the shops and Diana found one which sold beautifully embroidered materials from Madiera. She bought a lovely tablecloth which we still have as our best. We took a tram to the castle of St George which is on a height overlooking the city and with extensive views towards the river mouth from a park outside the church. We then went to the church of St. Vincent immediately below on the riverbank. I remember its maritime ambience, with all its pillars carved like ropes. The old city was most attractive with brightly painted buildings and market stalls in the Square. On our return to the hotel we collected our room key and when we opened the door it was
obvious that we were in the wrong room, and we beat a hasty retreat. We had got out of the lift on the floor below our room, and apparently the keys were numbered for the same room on each floor.

The next day we took a day tour to Sintra a small town on the coast north of Lisbon. It was an attractive little town with an old palace which was open for inspection. We were then driven a few kilometres to a Cape which was the most easterly point of Europe.

Fred Church, who was a great traveler, had told me before we left that he would be in Europe at the same time as our visit. He said that he had never been to Lisbon and would like to join us there for a day. Unfortunately, on my recommendation he had booked a room at the Avenida Palace, but he told us that he was quite satisfied as he had a very nice room. We met him at his hotel the morning after his arrival and he hired a car and driver for the day. I remember the driver was nostalgic for the days of the Dictator Salazar. We drove across the huge suspension bridge and had a pleasant trip into the country south of the city. We returned to our hotel for lunch and afterwards Diana stayed to have her hair done and Fred and I returned to look at the old city. It was a warm and airless day and we found that the smog was so bad that we did not stay long.

We took a tour to the major tourist resorts south of the city and to a little village with very colourful fishing boats pulled up on the beach. When we returned to Sydney, Diana from memory did a most beautiful painting of this scene. The painting now receives great admiration from visitors as it hangs in our lounge room.

Some years before a young girl in the village of Fatima some distance north west of Lisbon had a vision of the Virgin Mary and a shrine was erected to the event which was reputed to have healing powers. We took an all day bus tour there. On leaving Lisbon we drove through heavily polluted industrial areas and the through numerous villages. Portugal’s poverty after the loss of its vast overseas possessions quickly became apparent. Many of the villages were so poor that the houses had no running water and the people drew their water from communal wells. Fatima itself looked like a vast car park, nearly empty as it was apparently off season for pilgrims, with shops and stalls selling religious objects. It seemed entirely commercial to me. However we otherwise enjoyed our day and we got a much better idea of the country away from tourist areas.

We left for London on the morning of 21st. January. On Gordon Hollenden’s recommendation we had booked a flat in Sloan Square in a small block called "Middleton Court." It was most satisfactory with a large sitting room on the ground floor but no meals were supplied and our first task was to buy some essential supplies.

During our time in London David was also there whilst on a European Tour, and we had the pleasure not only of seeing him but also taking him to dinner at a nearby restaurant in Sloan Square on two evenings. One evening we were taken to dinner at the Savoy by Hugh Dundas, the Chairman of BET and his wife Robbie. One Saturday we went by train to Norwich where we were met by Paul and Beatrice Carment and taken to lunch at a local pub. We enjoyed seeing them again. We also
went to lunch at Hall Place the next day.

The following day we flew to Amsterdam. We were traveling Economy on this short flight and Diana had an unpleasant experience when we were shown our seats. Seated next to her was a very smelly young man with a knife. Fortunately he was removed from the plane before we took off. We landed at the huge Schipol Airport and took a taxi to the Amstel Hotel where we had reservations. We really enjoyed our short visit to Holland. We went to the Van Gogh Museum which was then newly opened and saw a most complete exhibition of his work. We also went to the Rijksmuseum which displayed a large number of famous paintings by Rembrandt. Both of these museums were within walking distance of our hotel. We also walked as far as Dam Square and we enjoyed seeing the very old houses lining the banks of the canals.

The next day we went on a day tour which took us to the incredibly large flower auctions at Alsmere. It was an amazing place and we were told that a very large percentage of all the cut flowers sold in Europe passed through this place. There were, for example, roses by the tens of thousand and all of identical colour and length in one room and perhaps a different colour in another. The extraordinary thing was that there was no scent. The flowers were in trucks pulled by small tractors and were sold by "Dutch Auction", under which the bids went from the top down instead from the bottom up. The bids were recorded on large dials. It was all very impressive. We then went to the village of Delft, famous for its painted and decorated china. We visited a workshop there.

On our final day we went on a tour which I think was called "A day in the country". Holland was just as I had imagined it - very flat with canals and windmills and picturesque villages. After lunch in a most attractive village we paid a brief visit to the Hague where we were shown over the International Court of Justice. In retrospect we crammed a great deal into one week-end. We flew back to London on the Sunday night.

The next morning it was snowing and the TV was showing the disastrous bushfires in Victoria. What a contrast! We hired a self drive car. Anne Hollenden, Geoffrey's widow was then living at Valley Farm, near Cirencester in Gloucestershire and had insisted that we stayed one night with her. She was a most delightful person. She was Geoffrey's second wife and gave him great happiness in his old age as she was considerably younger than him. She herself was the widow of a well known doctor. I had to drive carefully on the snow covered roads and we arrived at Valley Farm in the early afternoon. It was a working farm but Anne lived in great comfort in a really beautiful old house. Our bedroom was like something out of Hollywood. She made us most welcome and before tea we had a short look at the farm. All the animals were shedded for the winter and some of the barns were being cleaned out and the smell was dreadful. We had a beautiful dinner and an extremely comfortable night.

The next morning we drove on to Eastnor Castle, no great distance, where we were welcomed by Ben and Elizabeth. At dinner that night there were two other guests, a Mr. & Mrs. Bulmer. Mr. Bulmer was the Head of Bulmer's Cider whose main works
were in Hereford. He told me that he was anxious to start business in Australia and strongly hinted that perhaps I might be interested in becoming associated with the proposed Australian venture. I was extremely non-committal as I still had a lot on my plate and as I thought that as so far as I knew very little alcoholic cider was drunk in Australia. However he insisted on giving me a short tour of his works the next morning. We told him that we wanted to spend our last few days in England driving around Devon and Cornwall and he suggested that we should start by staying at a hotel called "Portledge Lodge" near Bideford in Devon. This proved to be excellent advice. It was a charming and very comfortable old building situated at the end of a long inlet where the Spanish Armada was reputed to have sheltered. We spent a pleasant day and night there. The next day we drove to Lands End in Cornwall and stayed the night at a very pleasant hotel right on a beach front. I remember that at night the bay in front of the hotel was lit with the lights of literally dozens of large fishing vessels of all nationalities anchored there. We then drove along the coast and in darkness and pouring rain we booked into a large very English holiday hotel at Bournemouth. The next night we spent at a small hotel outside Exeter in Devon, situated on a trout stream. We then returned to London, having thoroughly enjoyed our little tour of Devon and Cornwall.

We left London on 19th February and had one night staying at the Mandarin Hotel in Singapore, where we were entertained at a Chinese banquet in a private room at the hotel by Mr. Lee Hee Soong, the Managing Director of the Overseas Union Bank which has a large share holding in Milton Corporation. Mr. Lee was a close friend of Fred Church who had asked him to entertain us. At the dinner there were Mr. Lee, his wife, and two charming and very intelligent daughters. One was a doctor and the other a chartered accountant. We had an unusually pleasant evening and we appreciated meeting Mr. Lee's family. Incidentally the Mandarin Hotel is owned by the OUB. We flew home the next evening.

HONG KONG WITH TALULAH THEN SWISS TOUR 1985

We had promised Talulah that we would take her for a trip before she reached the age at which we would have to pay full adult fare for her. We therefore decided to take her to Hong Kong during the September school holidays. There was a slight complication in getting a passport for her because both Ann and John Stephenson each had to formally agree to her leaving Australia. However John had no objection.

We therefore booked a small suite at the Mandarin Hotel from 20 to 27 September. We left Sydney on a Cathay Pacific flight at 2.45 pm on 20th September and after a good smooth flight we arrived at Hong Kong at 9.45 pm. We were met by the local Wormald Manager and driven to the hotel. I had lent Talulah a suitcase for the trip but when she opened it at the hotel she found that in error she had picked up another identical case at the airport. I immediately took a taxi back to the airport and found it practically deserted. However with some persistence I was shown the
unclaimed luggage from our flight and substituted the cases. It was quite a dramatic start for poor Talulah's first trip.

I had a couple of days of business calls during which Diana took Talulah for a sampan trip round the Aberdeen floating market, to the Stanley Markets, and to Ladder Street in the old Chinatown. I then joined them and I well remember our visit to China Arts and Crafts and poor Talulah's indecision as what to buy from the tremendous choice available. She loves shopping and she really loved this store which sold only items made in Communist China. We had a trip on the tram to the peak and a tour of the Kowloon side as far as the Chinese border, and of course trips on the Star Ferries.

We spent a day at Macau, the Portuguese enclave. We went by hydrofoil, the voyage taking about an hour. I was not particularly impressed by Macau, although there were some interesting old buildings. It is best known to visitors for its casinos.

The highlight of the visit was our trip into China itself. We boarded a hydrofoil which took us up the Pearl River. We disembarked at a small port just over the border. There we were taken to a school where the children danced for us. We were given a very adequate Chinese lunch at a hotel and we then boarded a bus for Canton

The road was bitumen and rather narrow. The traffic was mainly trucks but I was surprised to see the occasional taxi. I do not remember seeing any private cars. The country was flat and looked very fertile. There fields of all sorts of crops and many duck farms. As we approached Canton we saw more and more bicycles and when we actually reached the city they dominated all other forms of traffic. We were first taken to the Zoo where we saw our first Pandas. We spent quite a while there. We were then taken to a large modern hotel where we had another meal, then to the railway station where we boarded a spotlessly clean and comfortable train which took us right into Kowloon. It was a most interesting day.

On Saturday 28 we delivered Talulah into the care of a Qantas hostess as an unaccompanied minor and she left for Sydney at 9.45 pm. She was well looked after on the flight. At 11 pm Diana and I boarded a Cathay Pacific flight to London where we landed at Gatwick at about 8 am next morning. We stayed again at Number Sixteen.

We were in London for a week. I as usual had several business appointments. Diana one day had a visit from My Van and Douglas, then a baby. We again visited Gordon and Sonya at Hall Place, and the gardens looked particularly lovely at that season of the year.

We left Heathrow at about 11 am on Sunday 6 October and flew by Swissair to Zurich, where we had reservations at the Baur au Lac Hotel. We had booked for a five day tour of Switzerland the tour starting from, and finishing in Zurich.

The tour bus was comfortable and the passengers from a number of different
nationalities. We had a very good multi-lingual tour guide, and I was most impressed by her ability to switch effortlessly between English, French, German, Italian and I think Spanish. Our first stop was at Weggis on Lake Lucerne and we went by cable car to the Rigi. We descended by a cogwheel railway to Vitenau again on the lake, where we boarded a steamer to the really beautiful lakeside town of Lucerne. Many of the buildings were decorated with elaborate wall paintings. Here we were met by our bus and driven through the beautiful scenery of the Bernese Oberland. Through Interlaken to Bern on Lake Thun.

We then descended to Lake Geneva where we visited the Chateau de Chillon and Montreux. We traveled from there via St. Bernard Pass to Zermatt where we boarded a train for Gorgengrat, a ski resort high up in the Alps with a magnificent view of the Matterhom. The higher mountains had drifts of the previous year's snow. We took the train back to Zermatt where we again boarded the bus. We were driven through the Furka Pass to the Rhone Glacier. There was a walking track across the glacier including tunnels through the ice. We then went past Lake Lugano and the town of Engadine, a name well known to us because this was where Diana's father had spent skiing holidays when he was living in England, and to which he frequently referred.

From the Engadine we went via the Rhine Valley to Tiefencastle and thence to San Moritz. Our final visit was to Vaduz in the Principality of Liechtenstein, where we spent much too long as there was little of interest. We then returned to Zurich, and I remember a large number of hot air balloons hovering over the Lake of Zurich. It had been a very well conducted tour and full of interest. I believe that we did at an ideal time of the year because we had excellent weather. I also remember that amongst those on the tour was a very nice man from Taiwan, who told us that he was permitted to travel but he was not allowed to bring his son who was of military age and liable to be called up.

We returned to the Baur au Lac for one night, and the next morning, Sunday 13th October, by arrangement, we were picked up by a private car and driven across the Italian border to the village of Cernobbio on Lake Como and to famous Villa d'Este Hotel, where we had booked accommodation until the following Sunday. This is a really magnificent hotel. It is situated on the lake front of Lake Como which is a most beautiful lake, with waters of the deepest blue. It was surrounded by beautifully laid out gardens and extensive well furnished outside areas on the lake front for light meals and drinks, or just sitting and sun baking. The hotel had its own private wharf for speedboats and small craft. It was only a short walk to the village of Cernobbio where there was a ferry wharf. There was a ferry service serving all the villages on the lake.

We spent a very happy week at the Villa d'Este. We found that the hotel would close for the winter the week after we left. We have never been back, but each year we receive an elaborate card advising us of the hotel's reopening for the current season. We took the ferry across the lake to the little city of Como, a most attractive old town with a large piazza and an esplanade fronting the lake. We had been near it during our first visit to Italy in 1957 when we visited the works of Societa Anonima Ellettrificaone in the hills nearby. We were told that there was a little shop which was...
famous for the very high quality scissors it sold. I still use, when I do tapestry, a small pair of embroidery scissors which I bought there. When I use them they remind me of a very happy time. We took other ferry trips to other attractive towns on this most beautiful Lake.

On Sunday 20 October we were driven to Milan Airport where we took a 10am flight to Heathrow where we transferred to a Pan Am flight to New York. We arrived at Kennedy Airport at about 5 pm. but it took hours to get our luggage. We found out later that this was because our plane was carrying the body of a man who had been pushed overboard when a cruise ship was hijacked in the Mediterranean and the press were there in their thousands. We took a taxi to the Ritz Carlton Hotel in Central Park South, immediately opposite Central Park. We were shown to a very small room, quite well furnished, but windowless and with the main lift well immediately beyond one wall. We were too tired to attempt to change to another hotel that night and decided that we would move elsewhere in the morning. We had a sleepless night awakened every time the lifts went up and down. The first thing next morning I went to the front desk and told them that we would be moving out because this was about the worst hotel room we had ever stayed in. I must have touched a sore nerve because they immediately transferred to a very spacious room with windows overlooking Central Park.

It was just as well that we had not moved because we had that morning a phone call from Ann to tell us that Carl had an operation. She asked us never to go away again because someone always got sick when we did!

We had a very active four days in New York. On our first morning we walked up Fifth Avenue, which is just around the corner from Central Park South. It is a fine wide street with wide sidewalks. As is well known it is lined with skyscrapers but I was particularly impressed by the Trump Tower, then newly opened. I remember that we had lunch in a cafe there. The Avenue is also lined with fine shops and at many places street theater was being performed. We were also impressed by the number of people eating in the street and earlier in the day the cafes full of customers having breakfast. There was some big occasion taking place in the United Nations and everywhere there were huge stretch limousines, so many in fact that at one intersection there was what I called "Limo Lock".

During our stay we went to the excellent collections at the Whitney Museum, the Museum of Modern Art, and to the new Guggenheim museum with its unique interior design of gently sloped ramps leading from Floor to floor.

Perhaps the highlight of this visit was the boat trip circumnavigating Manhattan Island. It was a fascinating trip, going from the broad waters of the Hudson River and narrow passages such as that between Manhattan and Ellis Islands, and under many bridges from some quite small to the huge suspension bridges joining Manhattan to the mainland. It was a wonderful way to see the huge skyscrapers from a different perspective.

We left Kennedy Airport at 4 pm on Friday 25 October and flew direct to Honolulu where we arrived at 11.25 pm the same night, having crossed the International
Dateline. This time we stayed at the Halekulani Hotel on Waikiki. It was huge and featureless, but quite comfortable with a good view along the beach to Diamond Head. We only went there to rest and catch our breath, and we left as usual at the ungodly hour of 1 am on 27 October and arrived at Mascot at 7 am the next morning. Such an early arrival always makes the first day home seem endless.

MALAYSIA 1978

Although my description of this trip is out of chronological order, I dont think that is material. It happened that one day after lunch at the Union Club, I was talking to Sir Robert Norman, the then General Manager of the Bank of New South Wales (now Westpac). Rob told me that he had just returned from a very interesting holiday in Malaysia. He had arranged it with a company named "Tour East", who picked he and his wife up from each destination, left them as long as they chose, and then picked them up again and drove them to their next stop. I thought that this, coupled with his recommendation would just suit us as I had wanted to revisit Malaysia. I therefore made the necessary arrangements.

We flew first to Kuala Lumpur. Actually it was my first visit to this city as I had not been there when I was in the army. The city was obviously growing fast with many building sites and new multi-story buildings. The colonial era Law Courts and Railway Station were reminders of the past. We arrived during an election campaign. Elections in Malaysia are held in three sections - on the mainland, and in the two states of East Malaysia, Sarawak and Sabah. During the preceding election there had been serious racial riots between the dominant Malay people and the Chinese and Indian minorities. There was no sign of racial trouble when we were there. Our next destination was Penang, again a city new to me. Both it and Kuala Lumpur had been declared open cities during the Japanese war and had therefore suffered no damage.

Our car and driver arrived on time, and on leaving Kuala Lumpur we drove through a tin mining area. Tin mines really are a blot on the landscape but they were very important to the Malaysian economy as the country was once the world's leading supplier of tin. We also passed through rubber and oil palm estates. The country had once been the world's leading supplier of rubber but we saw during our trip, quite a few rubber estates being eliminated and replaced by oil palms. As Malaysia included the off shore oil fields of East Malaysia, the country was self sufficient in petroleum products, and the Government was encouraging the growth of manufacturing industries.

Penang is an island lying immediately off the west coast province of Province Wellesley, the provincial capital. Georgetown, being on the island which we reached on a car ferry. This was a typical crowded Chinese dominated town, but there were desirable beach resorts on the island which were a very popular tourist destination. We stayed at a beach side hotel called the Rasa Sayang, which was very pleasant.
Our next stay was at Frasers Hill, a holiday village established by the British in the State of Kelantan. It is high in the range on mountains which runs down most of the length of the Malay Peninsula. The village was high enough to have a cool climate, cool enough for the holiday cottages to have fireplaces. The drive from Penang was through a great variety of countryside culminating in a winding steep ascent on a road through thick jungle. The trees had been cleared from the resort itself and the small hotel in which we stayed had a 9 hole golf course on which we had a game. We were rather put off when our young Malay caddie informed us that he was the Malayan junior champion! Frasers Hill had been inaccessible during the Malayan Emergency and we were told that it was suspected that there were still some Chinese guerrillas living in the jungle between the resort and the West Coast. We enjoyed our stay in the cooler climate. The atmosphere of the place I remember as being surprisingly British. I should earlier have explained that our itinerary was to spend two nights at each of our destinations.

Traveling through Malaysia one of the big differences I noticed was the very evident signs of the rise of Islam because new mosques were being built everywhere and all the Malay women were now wearing head scarfs. The population is mixed with Malays predominating, then come Chinese, many of whom have lived in the country for many generations, most practice Confucian religions and there are many Chinese temples, and a sizable minority are Christian. Then come the Indians. They were brought to the country as indentured labour for the rubber plantations and most remained after the completion of their indentures. The Malays are the ruling class and have special privileges as "Bumi Putra" (sons of the soil). These privileges include educational preference and preference in employment in the Public Service. Also every foreign owned business must have a Bumi Putra partner. As most of the business community is dominated by the Chinese who object to the official preference given to Malays, there is always an underlying tension, particularly during elections. Although there is universal suffrage, the Malay party (UMNO) had (and still has) the majority in the Parliament.

We were picked up at Frasers Hill and driven by a roundabout route to Qantan, a large town on the East coast. It would have been only a short trip down the mountains to the coast, but as previously explained that was then not possible for fear of guerrilla activity. We found the heat of Qantan very oppressive after the cool mountain air at Frasers Hill, and we did not appreciate the sand flies on the beach. After two days there we had a long day's drive to Singapore. We went south down the main road, passing through Gemas where I first saw action, and Tampin where we were stationed before the war started. We then went down the east coast through Mersing, once the HQ of 22 Australian Brigade, and thence to Johore Bahru where we had to change drivers to go into Singapore. We stopped for lunch at the village of Kuala Kangsar. After a very nice meal we went to the toilet, and to do so we had to pass through the kitchen. If we had done so earlier we would never have eaten there!

We flew from Singapore to Kuching, quite a short flight. We stayed at the "Holiday Inn" a modern and comfortable hotel right on the banks of the Kuching River. It was a distinct change in my previous accommodation in Kuching! The town itself on
the north side of the river was much as I remembered it but on the south bank of the river a large provincial Parliament House had been erected and there were many signs that the future development of the city would be in that direction.

We were met by the Kuching Manager of Sandvik who invited us to dinner on the night of our arrival. The dinner was a Chinese banquet with numberless courses. In addition to the Sandvik man there were another six Chinese men, and , I think because of Diana's presence, one Chinese woman, and also one other European, an Irishman resident in the city. Sandvik's business in Sarawak was the selling of saws and cutting tools to the timber industry which was almost entirely controlled by Chinese . The Irishman was also in the business.

The food was excellent but between each of the numerous courses the Chinese toasted each other with tumblers of neat Brandy, saying "Yam Seng" and then drinking the whole tumbler. I drank only tea as did the Irishman. As the evening wore on the complexions of the Chinese became bright red, particularly that of the host who looked as if he would slide under the table at any moment. I was becoming quite concerned as he was our driver. Fortunately at this stage the Irishman intervened and told our host that we would like to leave as he had promised to show us his house. He took us back to our hotel and I remember him saying that the local Chinese drank so much brandy that Mr. Hennessy himself came to Sarawak to sell it to them!

We had a really interesting time in Kuching. There was no sign of the Prison Camp at Lin Tang. In its place was a Teacher's College. However there was a large gaol. I asked our driver who was in there and he replied "Communists". We went to the wonderful Museum which had been established under the regime of the Brooks and to the Istana, their former residence. Diana was fascinated by the markets. They were both exotic and orderly , all the meat being displayed on marble slabs. We took a boat trip on the river and visited a Dyak Long house. I saw more in three days than I had ever imagined existed during my previous 23 months there. Modernisation had was not yet apparent and there were some charming old buildings. We returned home via Singapore.

SABAH WITH DAVID 1988

In 1988 we planned to visit Darwin to spend a week with David when he suggested that we might go together for a short trip to Sabah. Mum and I accepted the idea with enthusiasm. I was particularly keen to see Mt Kinabalu, which I had sighted on the ship after leaving Labuan in 1943. David made all the arrangements through a travel agent in Darwin. We left Darwin by Royal Brunei Airlines at 6.55 am on 11 July and arrived at the Brunei Dari Salam Airport at 9 am. Although we were traveling economy class, the aircraft, a Boeing 737 ,was most comfortable and beautifully fitted out. There were even gold plated taps in the toilets ! As Royal Brunei Airlines is not permitted to fly into Malaysia we had to wait at the airport until about 2.30 for the arrival of a Malaysian Airlines aircraft. The Brunei Airport was
most luxurious, and it had a separate door for the arrival and departure of the Sultan, and, as I thought rather significant, a praying room. It was practically deserted when we were there and I do not think that it would ever be crowded.

As we had so long to wait we obtained temporary visas and took a taxi for a short tour of the city. We passed a water village and then entered a very modern small city with well constructed buildings and a magnificent place for the Sultan befitting him as one of the wealthiest men in the world. There was also a very large mosque which looked very new. The Sultan's wealth and that of his people is entirely derived from abundant oil fields immediately offshore.

The flight to Kota Kinabalu took only 30 minutes and after arrival we were taken to the Tanjung Aru Beach Hotel where we had bookings. This was a beautiful hotel right on the waterfront with the island of Tunku Abdul Rahman National Park lying a couple of miles offshore in front of it. We had large and beautifully furnished and air conditioned rooms, with beautiful sea views. The hotel had every possible facility including a large swimming pool and several tennis courts on which David later exhausted Mum by playing in the heat of the day, this being the only time when they could get bookings. There were dining rooms serving both Malay and European food. We were delighted with our accommodation. We took a taxi for a short visit to the city and after an early meal we finished a very long day.

Sabah comprises the territory formerly known as British North Borneo of which Sandakan was the Capital. It was not a British colony but was owned and governed by a Chartered Company, the North Borneo Company. Kota Kinabalu was then called Jesselton. After independence the territory became the State of Sabah in East Malaysia, the name of Jesselton was changed to Kota Kinabalu and it became the Capital of the new State.

On our first morning we went into the city. It looked prosperous and there was a multi story circular Government building which dominated it. There was also a fine new mosque. The city was well laid out with good roads. I cannot at this stage remember what we did in daily order but we took daily tours and visited the Tamu (open market) at Tuaran which we all found fascinating as the local people (Kandasan and Bajus) had mats spread on the ground displaying every variety of local produce including pineapples, bananas, chillies, ginger, and poultry. It was a wonderfully colorful scene. We then crossed a river by a wooden "hanging bridge" to the little town of Tuaran which was surrounded by padi fields.

We visited a fishing village where all the houses were built on piles over the water, connected by wooden walkways which were also on piles. We were very impressed by the sight of immaculately dressed school children in spotless white shirts and dresses. Our guide scornfully told us that these people were not really fishermen but pirates.

I got my wish and we went up Mount Kinabalu. Its height is 13455 feet and it is, I believe, the tallest mountain in Borneo. We were fortunate in having a clear day for our trip and there were some wonderful views as we ascended. We did not go to the peak as our bus took us only to the headquarters of the Mount Kinabalu.
National Park which is a few thousand feet below the summit. The park rangers took the party on our bus on a walk through the jungle surrounding their headquarters, describing the flora. I understand that the peak is quite barren being above the tree line and it is usually cloud covered. There are walking tracks to the summit. I wish that we had had the time to walk to the peak, but that would have entailed an overnight stay. There were several huts and camp sites on the trail. One of our fellow passengers on the bus was a young German who told us that he was one of the Sultan of Brunei's private pilots, on loan from Lufthansa. He said that the Sultan had a fleet of aircraft including two Boeing 767s. He also said that the Sultan, when he traveled, never spent a night at a hotel which he did not own, including the Dorchester in London!

We went also to the impressive War Memorial at Kundasang. The memorial is in the hills and was surrounded by quite extensive well kept gardens. At its entrance there is a brass plate bearing the following inscription - "This war memorial was erected in honour of those soldiers and civilians who died in Sabah during the 1941-1945 war. Let them not depart from thine eyes keep them in the midst of thine heart." To me it was a sad reminder of all those who died at Sandakan and on the death marches to Ranau, but it was also a reminder of my own incredible good fortune.

We had a fascinating railway journey to the small town of Tenom. The railway line ran at times along the banks of the very swiftly flowing river Padas. Near the town there was an Agricultural Station with marvelous displays of orchids of all colours and shapes. Nearby was a Murut long house which we also visited. We had afternoon tea at the Perkasa Hotel, a modern 6 story building, well furnished and attractive, but so far as we could see without guests, at least on the day of our visit.

We had one more rail Journey. This was in a little rail motor from Kota Kinabalu to the little town of Beaufort about 50 kilometres north. It was quite an exciting trip because the narrow gauge line ran along the banks of swiftly flowing rivers and through dense jungle. It had many bends and its horn was constantly blowing. We were the only Europeans on board, the other passengers being local people with many bundles. This was an old line because I was aware of its existence when I was in Sandakan in 1942.

Our final journey was a short boat trip to the island of the Tunku Abdul Rahman National Park. We left our beautiful hotel with regret on Sunday 17 July, flew to Brunei and boarded a Brunei Airlines flight which left at the ungodly hour of midnight and arrived back in Darwin at about 6am on 18 July after a wonderful week.

PERMANENT TRUSTEE CENTENARY TRIP 1987
USA LONDON PARIS MAINZ

The Permanent Trustee Co. Ltd was incorporated on 12th. November 1887. As part
of the centenary celebrations it was decided that I and David Davis, the Managing Director should visit the Company's principal correspondents and clients in the USA and in London, and that Diana should accompany us at the Company's expense. I must say that I was surprised at this generosity, I believe that it was in recognition of my success in reuniting the Board after the chaos of Lynn Arnold's final period as Chairman.

We left Sydney for San Francisco late in the evening of Monday 20 April 1987. We had a refueling stop in Honolulu and arrived at San Francisco on the evening of the same day, due to the international date line. We had reservations at the Fairmont Hotel which is on the top of Nob's Hill which overlooks the city. David Davis had calls to make in the city, but as I was not involved Diana and I took a city tour. San Francisco is reputed to in many ways resemble Sydney, but I have never seen any great similarity. I think that Sydney is much superior in all respects.

We left San Francisco for Chicago on the afternoon of 22nd and arrived at O'Hare Airport at about 10pm. Our accommodation was at The Palmer House, a first class hotel where we had an excellent room even though we slept there for only one night. The purpose of our visit to Chicago was to visit the Chairman and certain executives of the Northern Trust Company. David and I spent most of the day there and while we were away Diana visited the Art Gallery where there was a collection of French impressionists amongst other paintings. Van Gatheny, the Executive Vice President of Northern Trust who we had met when he visited Sydney, had invited Diana and I to spend the night at his home at Lake Forest, a commuter town about 20 miles east of the city. He normally traveled to work in a co-operatively owned private railway carriage but as we were to stay at his home he had his car in the city and drove us through very flat country to Lake Forest, where we were welcomed at his home by Mrs Gatheny. They took us to dinner at a really excellent restaurant some distance from their home. They were most hospitable. They had a nice house, but I have never seen one with anything like the decorations. In every room, even the toilets, there were china ornaments, dolls, flowers, animals, you name it and it was there. Next morning we were driven back to O'Hare where we boarded a flight to Providence Rhode Island at about 11 am.

We stayed at the Treadway Newport Resort which was actually on a little peninsula in the Newport Harbour. David did not accompany us on our flight as he had to go to see the National Cash Register Company at Dayton Ohio about development problems with the Permanent's computers. He joined us at the Treadway Resort later in the evening. The next day was a Saturday and we had a most interesting day. David hired a car and we spent the morning in the town itself. It was charming and some of the well preserved and well kept cottages were dated 1770 and even earlier. David and I were fascinated by the large yachts on various slipways. In the afternoon we looked the famous "Summer cottages" of the rich which line the coastline north of the town. Far from being cottages they were all large mansions in extensive grounds. They were an illustration of the vast wealth of the really rich Americans interested in yachting and the sea.

On the Sunday Morning we drove north up the coast to Boston, calling at the delightful old port of New Plymouth on the way. We had lunch at a roadside
restaurant and reached the city early in the afternoon. We were to stay at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, and had a frustrating time getting to it. We were on a road from which we could actually see the hotel, but could not for quite a while find the road to its entrance. When we booked in we were given most comfortable rooms in what was obviously a first class hotel.

We had only the Sunday and Monday nights in Boston, leaving on the Tuesday afternoon. David Davis and I made a number of business calls. The one I remember best was to the State Street Bank. This Bank was incorporated in 1770. In its earlier days it had been a major financier for whaling voyages and in general had big business in financing ships and voyages. As a result it had acquired a magnificent collection of maritime paintings which were displayed throughout the Head Office building. Between business calls David and I managed to fit in a short visit to Boston Navy Yard which maintained some old ships in perfect order, and a short walk round some of the campus of Harvard University. Whilst we were away Diana made very good use of her time and had a good look around the old parts of Boston. We wished that we could have longer in this old city. On our first day at the Ritz-Carlton we were waiting for a lift and when it came who should get out but Hugh Dixon, The Chairman of our principal opposition, the Perpetual Trustee. He asked what we were doing in Boston but David and I did not tell him. We had no doubt that he was making very similar calls to ours!

We left Boston on the shuttle flight to New York at about 6pm on 28 April and landed at La Guardia Airport about an hour later. These shuttle flights operate continuously, not according to a schedule, but as soon as each aircraft is full. I remember that light snow was falling when we left Boston. We had reservations at the Pierre Hotel in East 61st Street just off Fifth Avenue, until 6 May. The Pierre was a first class hotel and were were most comfortable.

David and I were very busy with business calls on every week day, but by coincidence Patricia Blau was also staying in New York at that time, and she and Diana had a most enjoyable time seeing all the art galleries and the shops. We gave a dinner party at the Pierre for the Permanent's associates to celebrate the Company's Centenary at which Diana really earned her keep as hostess. On the Saturday David took us, including Patricia, for a long drive into Connecticut and to Rest Point Military Academy. On the way back to Manhattan we took a wrong turning and finished up in a dead end street in a very nasty looking black area on the wrong side of the river. David retraced his steps with great speed. He was an excellent driver even on the wrong side of the road, always calm and nothing ever seemed to rattle him, but I think that on this occasion he was a little concerned! On the Sunday I went with David, who is a Roman Catholic, to the morning service at St. Patrick's Cathedral in Fifth Avenue where the Mass was celebrated by Cardinal O'Connor. The Cathedral was packed. Patricia had said that she would also be there and David and I did not expect to see her in such a crowd, but we did. After the service David said to me "Now you have experienced the full liturgical disaster P.

We left New York at 7 pm on 6 May after a very busy and pleasant stay, and arrived at Heathrow at about 7am next morning. We took a taxi to the Grosvenor House
Hotel where we had reservations until 20 May. We felt that we were really in London when on our first morning, immediately opposite our Hotel in Hyde Park, the whole of the Household Cavalry in full uniform including polished breastplates and plumed helmets were practicing maneuvers. It was such a common sight to Londoners that we seemed to be almost the only spectators. Later that day we had a most welcome surprise in the form of a visit from Tom who had come across from Paris to renew his French visa. We confirmed our arrangements to see him again when we reached Paris.

David Davis and I had numerous calls to make in London and one was to an Australian client permanently resident in London who was a member of the House of Commons and was at that time Principal Private Secretary to the Prime Minister, then Margaret Thatcher, of whom he seemed to be terrified. However he invited David, Diana and me to have afternoon tea with him at the House of Commons, and invitation we gladly accepted. He showed us over the House and let us sit in the Strangers Gallery to watch for a while as the House was sitting. It was really most disappointing as the Chamber was almost empty with a series of short desultory debates on Bills which were obviously routine.

We had a wonderful week-end at Hall Place, this time seeing the garden in all its spring glory. I dont know how many gardeners Gordon then employed but everything in the garden seemed to be perfect - not a weed to be seen, and all the vast lawns mowed. Their sons Andrew and Robin were both there and we enjoyed seeing all the family together except lan, but we saw him in London and dined with him and his then French wife. I think that even then it was fairly obvious that the marriage would not last much longer.

Diana had a lovely day in London when she, Pam and Ross Flockhart and Lloyd and Mary Allchin all had a long, and I think very chatty, lunch together at Fortnum & Masons. I also called on United Transport and Initial Services and I think that we also dined with Susan Carr (Richard's widow) and the Wills and Paul Rudder of United Transport. David and I had some important negotiations renewing Directors Professional Indemnity insurance policies with our brokers, and discussions with the Law Debenture Company who specialised in Debenture Trustee
tships, a type of business in which the Permanent was also engaged. When we had completed our London calls David left to see some agency clients in Italy and we continued to a planned holiday in Paris and in Mainz in Germany. So far as the Permanent Trustee was concerned I think that our visit had been successful in making the Company and the services it offered better known, Diana was a great help as a hostess when we entertained business guests.

We left London on the morning of 20 May, and took a taxi from Charles de Gaulle to the Hotel de la Tremoille, a very nice small hotel, very centrally located where we had reservations until 27 May. Tom had been living in France with Fiona MacGregor and for some time they had a flat very centrally situated in Paris and which they had furnished amazingly well with very items of furniture discarded and left in the street. Tom had done a lot of paintings and in addition he had been earning some money housepainting. He came to see us as soon after our arrival and during our week in Paris we saw quite a lot of him and Fiona.
We went to the new gallery at D'Orsay. I did not think that the impressionists were as well displayed there as they has been at the Jeu de Paume. Tom took us to the Cluny Museum in an old convent where I greatly enjoyed seeing the wonderful and justly famous tapestries. We also went with him to the Picasso Museum in the Marais, which contains a very large collection of his later work. A highlight was a day spent at Monet's garden at Giverney. We went by train to Vernon and then by bus to Giverny. We were most fortunate because it was a lovely spring day, and the garden looked lovely. It gave one a real appreciation of Monet's artistic genius. We were also most intrigued by Monet's house. We had time to look at the village of Vernon before our return journey. Tom and Fiona came with us the the Eiffel Tower and Tom came with us to Printemps department store. We took he and Fiona to lunch and dinner.

On on last night in Paris Tom and Fiona invited us to dinner in their flat. Tom told us that the Metro was by far the easiest way for is to get to his address. He gave us detailed instructions and arranged to meet us at his station. Most unfortunately I had my wallet containing all my credit cards stolen by a pickpocket on the Metro. The train was crowded and I was standing in the aisle. As the train slowed down for a station I was given a violent shove from behind. To prevent myself falling I lifted both my arms to the rail overhead, and my wallet was whisked out of my rear trouser pocket just as the train stopped at the station and the thieves had disappeared before I even saw them.

Naturally this put a blight on the beautiful dinner Tom and Fiona had gone to a great deal of trouble to prepare , something which I still greatly regret. However all turned out for the best. Because of the time difference it was still working hours in Sydney and I was able to phone my secretary at the Permanent and ask her to immediately cancel my cards, in particular my American Express credit card. She acted immediately and it was just as well because I heard when I returned to Australia the thieves had attempted to immediately make a large purchase. After my phone call I felt less anxious but an awful fool, and I really do regret that I did nothing to add to what should have been a most enjoyable occasion. I was really was impressed with what Tom and Fiona had done to make their flat so livable and comfortable.

We were due to leave by train for Mainz the next afternoon and first thing in the morning Tom came with me to the Champs d'Elysee Police Station. Tom fortunately speaks fluent French and he reported my loss to a plain clothes policewoman at the counter. She recorded the details and said "Sale arabs" and that was the end of the matter. Most fortunately Tom also was authorised to operate on my American Express card and he was able to use his card to pay our hotel bill. American Express said that I could pick up a new card in Paris next day and when I said that I was going to Mainz they said that I could pick up the new card at their Frankfurt office. Tom was a great help to me in all of this. He came and saw us off at Gare Est at 12.40.on 27 May. He really had gone out of his way to show us Paris and make our stay as interesting as possible.

The train went east from Paris over flat country which I remembered had been battlefields for so many centuries. It was an interesting journey and the train was
quite comfortable but nothing special. We arrived at Mainz at about 8pm. We were faced with quite a problem when we arrived as the station was practically deserted and there was not a porter in sight. To get to the taxi rank we had to climb two long sets of stairs and cross a bridge, and with all our luggage this was going to be very difficult. However Diana, with her usual initiative, found an official and got him to arrange for a man with a borrow to take our luggage across the lines to the other side. We then took a taxi to the Hilton International Mainz Hotel, attractively situated on the banks of the Rhine, where we had reserved accommodation.

The next morning we went by train to Frankfurt about 100 kilometres to the east. When we asked some people at the station which train to catch we caused several heated arguments, but somehow we got the right train. We passed through industrial suburbs with very large factories as we approached Frankfurt. The city had been largely destroyed by Allied bombing during the war and was now a very well laid out modern city with attractive multistory buildings, mostly not cheek by jowl, but with space between them. We found the American Express office without trouble and I picked up my new card which was ready for me. We did in fact find some of the very attractive buildings of the old city, and had a pleasant day before our return to Mainz.

The Hilton at Mainz was a typical comfortable Hilton hotel, but this one had the fascination of being able to see from our windows the ceaseless traffic of tugs, barges and passenger vessels on the great river. The other memory I have is being nearly killed in the rush caused by very fat German women rushing the buffet tables in the restaurant and returning with heaped plates.

We took steamer trips up the Rhine, first to Heidelberg and again to Koblenz. It is a fascinating river with ancient castles on the heights of the banks, little ports and towns and narrows such as where we passed the rocks where the Loreli were reputed to have led river craft to their doom. The cites of Heidelberg and Koblenz were most interesting, with no apparent signs of war damage. Amongst the population were large numbers of Turks who had been welcomed as cheap labour in the early post war years and now that a new generation of them had been born in Germany it was felt that their labour was not needed and they had become very unpopular. Another thing was that Germany had then not been reunited and Frankfurt and its surrounding cities had many families divided between east and west. I only hope that Australia escapes the racial tensions of Europe. We left Mainz on 3 June by train to Frankfort Airport, one the largest in Europe. We boarded a Qantas flight to Singapore via Bankok at 10.30. We were not at all pleased with Qantas when we found our seats saturated with condensation and had difficulty in getting the surly steward to dry them. Qantas is definitely not my preferred airline. We spent a quiet week-end in Singapore during which I wrote my report for the Permanent. We also visited the Krangi War Cemetery. We arrived at Sydney at first light on 7 June.
We left Sydney by Singapore Airlines at 2pm on Thursday 22 April and arrived in Singapore at 10pm that night. We were met and taken to the Shangri La Hotel. We were entertained at lunch the next day by Toh Tian Sur an Executive Director of the Overseas Union Bank, and his very pleasant wife acting for their Chairman Mr. Lee Hee Seng. The next day we were again entertained for lunch, this time by Mr Alan Patmarajah and his wife. He was the General Manager of the Great Eastern Life Assurance Co. Ltd. He was well known to the Permanent Trustee as the Company acted as Trustee holding all the Company’s Australian investments. He was a Tamil Indian and unusually for that race, a very big tall man, full of personality. He also had a very nice wife. We enjoyed both luncheons and meeting these local people. We left for London, again by Singapore Airlines at 10.30 that night and arrived at Heathrow at 6.30 am on 23 April.

I had been told that the Royal Thames Yacht Club in Knightsbridge, with which the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron had reciprocal arrangements, had very comfortable accommodation and I had much earlier, when planning this trip, booked a room there until 29 April. When we arrived at the Club we had to wait for a long time before our room was ready and we were then taken to one of the worst rooms I have ever seen in London. It was in a basement down a flight of stairs. There was neither a lift nor porter service. In addition it was filthy. As I understood that there were much better rooms upstairs I asked for one but was told that because I had booked so late, nothing else was available. I had booked on 24 February! The public rooms and dining room were quite nice and we decided that it was too much trouble to change. Before I left I asked the Secretary for someone to help us up from the basement with our bags and he replied that that was our problem as they had no staff available. Needless to stay I will never again go to the Royal Thames, nor would I recommend it to anyone.

Apart from our filthy accommodation we had a very pleasant time in London as I had only a couple of business calls to make. The rest of the time we really acted as tourists. We went to Hampton Court Palace one day and saw all the gardens there in their spring glory. We went to the British Museum, the Tate Gallery, and to Westminster Abbey. Andrew Hope-Morley visited us at the Royal Thames one evening and it was a pleasure to see him again. We also had an enjoyable visit to Greenwich Observatory.

On Saturday 29 April we flew to Jersey, the largest of the Channel Islands, and took a taxi to Longueville Manor at a village called St. Saviour, which had been highly recommended to us. This time we were not disappointed and it was a most welcome change from the filthy Royal Thames. We had a most beautifully furnished room and the food in the dining room was of a very high standard. We had accommodation booked there until 4 May.

The main islands, in order of size are Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark. Each as a different constitution and the prosperity of Jersey is mainly due to its status as a haven from Inheritance taxes. They are much closer to France than to Britain and
both English and trench are spoken. They were occupied by the German Army from the fall of France in 1940 until the end of the war in Europe in 1944. The occupation of Jersey was quite mild but there was a particularly vicious concentration camp on Guernsey. The people of Jersey were reputed to have co-operated with the Germans throughout the occupation.

The island of Jersey is not mountainous but rises in fairly gentle grades towards its centre. The roads therefore, most of which are very narrow, have a high side usually with a stone retaining wall to prevent land slips, and a low side. This has the result of most cars on the island having deep scratches on their left side. We hired, from a depot just opposite our hotel, a little Renault and I hoped that I would be able to return it without scratches. The main town was St. Helier, which is not large, as the total population of all the islands is only about 135000. This is also the main port. The Island is able to determine its own tax status because it is officially a Dependency and not part of the United Kingdom. It has a mild climate and many beach resorts. It exports fruit and flowers to Britain. There are some very fine houses occupied by expatriates because of the favorable tax regime.

During our five day stay we drove extensively around the island, returning each evening to the luxury of Longueville Manor. We went to Gerald Durrel's famous Zoo now known as the Jersey Wildlife Preservation Trust. There were some very interesting and unusual animals there. The coastal drive was most scenic and interesting with many small bays, picturesque fishing villages, and ancient fortifications and castles. We also saw a remarkable underground hospital built with slave labour by the Germans during the war. By arrangement a merchant banker who lived in St. Helier whom I had met in Sydney took us out to dinner one evening. He told me that one of the main troubles the Islands were then facing was the flight of young people who found the traditional life limiting and unrewarding.

We flew from St. Helier to Gatwick airport at about 11 am on 4 May. I had arranged to pick up a self drive car at Gatwick and I even telephoned on the morning before we left Jersey to make sure that it would be ready for us on our arrival, because we had arranged to drive from Gatwick to Hall Place to have lunch with Gordon and Sonjya. I was very angry on arrival to find that the car was not ready, and in fact we had to wait an hour before it arrived. This made us very late for lunch at Hall Place, which was most unfortunate as Sonja was justifiably annoyed by our late arrival. After lunch we had a rather quick tour of the garden. Not long before our visit Kent and been hit by a hurricane and oak trees in the garden, some hundreds of years old, had been uprooted.

We had planned to spend the next six days touring in southern England, and after leaving Hall Place we drove west until just before dark when we booked in for the night at a comfortable roadside hotel. The next day we drove to the picturesque town of Clovelly on the Devon Coast, where we spent some time, and then on to Porledge Lodge where we had stayed once before. We found it to be as good as we remembered it. We then spent two nights at a the Anchor Hotel, a small inn in Somerset in a very small village called Porlock Weir, on the shore of the Bristol Channel. At the end of our first day there we noticed that a garden a little village called Greencombe was open for inspection, but by the time we got there it was
closing. Seeing our obvious disappointment the owner, Joan Lorraine, invited us to come back next morning and she showed us round what must be one of the most beautiful gardens we had ever seen. It was not on the huge scale of Hall Place, but equally beautiful.

After we left Porlock Weir we drove to have a fresh look at Tintem Abbey in the Wye Valley, and found it to be much more "touristy" than on a previous visit. We then drove to Eastnor Castle where we had a sad visit. Elizabeth had died the year before and Ben was living in a very fine house on the estate. His elder son James and his delightful young wife were now living in the Castle which they had now fully opened up and to which they had made great improvements, much to the Ben's distaste. He had become very morose and was full of criticism of all they had done. Although he was really living in greater comfort than he had at the Castle, he was obviously very unhappy. We had dinner with him and although it was very cold in his house he refused to have any heat, even a radiator. He said it would cost too much. I was very sad to see him so unhappy. I never saw him again because he died not long after. He had always been a hospitable friend over many years, and I learned a great deal about English country life from him. I am afraid that I have not kept in touch with his sons James and George, both of whom had spent some time with us in Australia. James is a merchant banker and George after he left the Army always seemed to be engaged in some devious money-making scheme.

On 11 May we left our car and spent the night at the Sheraton Hotel at Heathrow. We left at 10 next morning for Helsinki where we arrived at about 3.30 pm. We took a taxi to our hotel, the Kalastajatoroppa (Fisherman's Basket) which was some distance from the city, beautifully situated right on the shore of a large lake. We had a very nice room with an uninterrupted view of this lake. The weather was sunny but I still thought it quite cold. I am sure that after the usual severe winter the locals welcomed such warm Spring weather. Our room was in a separate block from the main hotel building which contained the dining rooms, front desk etc, and because of the severe winters this block was connected by a tunnel to the main building. There was easy outdoor access in the warmer months. We were to spend 4 days there.

Finland had a checkered history. It was ruled by Sweden in the sixteenth century and was ceded to Russia in 1809, becoming a Russian Grand Dutchy until it declared its independence in 1917. During the period of Russian rule the centre of the city was almost completely reconstructed, and as a result there are some fine old buildings including the Lutheran Cathedral and the Russian Orthodox Cathedral. The city is a port leading to the Gulf of Finland, and the main square of the city is on the waterfront of the harbour, which itself is dotted with small islands. The population is about 500000.

The city is proud of being the birthplace of the composer Sibelius and in a central park there is a magnificent memorial to him. We visited an underground church with a huge organ, and the stadium for the 1952 Olympic Games. I only wish that the comparative simplicity of those games was being followed as a model for the forthcoming Sydney Olympics. Helsinki is also proud of its status as a cultural capital with museums, concert halls and ballet, and Helsinki University is the
largest in Scandinavia. Even the railway station was designed by Saarinen. Industrially there is a thriving shipbuilding industry and we saw several huge cruise liners under construction.

We had a particularly enjoyable harbour cruise and I remember being greatly impressed by some of the beautiful private houses on some of the small islands. When our vessel docked at the end of the cruise we found that a thriving market with many stalls had been set up on the waterfront end of the main square. I thoroughly enjoyed visiting this city, but I was always conscious that the gaiety and good humor of the people was to some extent relief from the hardships and darkness of a long Winter. When we were there the sun did not set until 10pm. In mid Winter it never rises at all and alcoholism is a national problem.

On 16 May we joined a bus in at the main bus terminal in the city for a tour to Leningrad, conducted by Finsov Tours. We were to return of Friday 19. We had a comfortable bus with only about 18 people on the tour of whom 5 were Australian. We had an excellent Finnish lady guide and a good driver. We left Helsinki at 9am. The distance to Leningrad was about 300 kilometres. The country on the Finnish side of the border was largely one of pine forests, lakes and newly plowed fields. The terrain was flat and the road was wide and well maintained. When we reached the border there was a barbed wire fence stretching out of sight in each direction and guarded by defensive pill boxes. At the border road entrance there were the expected buildings of a passport control and customs examination building, barracks etc. Our bus was unloaded and thoroughly searched. The passengers were examined by passport officials and we then went into a waiting room until our baggage was reloaded. There was a counter for currency exchange and I exchanged a sterling travelers cheque into roubles. The whole procedure took only a few minutes and the Russian officials were quite courteous.

About 20 kilometres inside Russia we passed through the provincial town of Vyborg, where we had lunch in a hotel. As we proceeded there were some obvious differences from Finland. In that country the spring plowing appeared to have been completed, whilst on the Russian side there was no evidence that it had even started. The road was much narrower and not well maintained, and until we reached the outskirts of Leningrad there was very little traffic except rather decrepit trucks. There was a notable absence of petrol stations, and I have seldom seen so many broken down vehicles with their bonnets up and the driver's head in the engine. At one stage of our journey we were held up by a traffic policeman with a radar gun. He spoke to our driver and some money was exchanged. When we got underway our guide explained that the policeman had told our driver that he had broken the speed limit and was fined 100 roubles. The driver settled for 50 roubles which satisfied the policeman who pocketed the cash. Our guide told us that this happened every time the bus entered Russia.

I also noticed that the electricity transmission towers which lined the road were all rusty as they had obviously not been galvanised. As we approached the city a railway line ran alongside the road. It was apparently for local traffic and I noticed that the numerous station platforms had neither seats nor roofs. I would hate to wait for a train there in winter! Villages we passed were mainly of small wooden
houses, some with ornamental carving, and all in need of paint. We reached our
destination, the Hotel Leningrad, in the late afternoon. It was a modern building of
about 12 floors and situated on the banks of the Neva River. Moored to the opposite
bank of the river, directly opposite the hotel was the battleship "Aurora", reputed to
be the cradle of the 1917 revolution.

Our guide led us into the reception desk at the hotel where we were allotted our
rooms. When we got out of the lift on the floor on which our room was situated we
saw a middle aged Russian woman seated at a desk who recorded our names,
room number and time of entry or exit. She did this every time we went in or out. Our
room was adequate but we noticed how badly everything had been built. For
example the window frames were not square and even the cabinet of the television
set in the room was crooked. Diana remarked that this hardly inspired confidence in
a country which made atom bombs! Some years later this hotel was destroyed by
fire and Diana and I well remember the television pictures of unfortunate people
trying to escape from the upper floors.

Fortunately the Hotel Leningrad is not typical of the buildings in this great city
which, despite the tremendous damage it suffered when besieged by the German
forces in the war, is widely regarded as one of the most beautiful in Europe. It is the
second largest city in Russia having a population in excess of 4 million. It is not an
ancient city having been founded by Peter the Great in 1703. It is built on the delta
of the Neva river where it debauches into the Gulf of Finland, and is intersected by
numerous canals, and many bridges. I was amazed that the devastating war
damage to this city which epitomizes so greatly the excesses of the Czarist
regimes, had been so completely restored by the communist governments.

On our first morning we were joined by an Intourist guide and were taken on a
quick but quite extensive tour of the central part of the city which contained so many
magnificent buildings, churches, and the many palaces of the nobility. In the
afternoon we went by the Metro to Nevsky Prospekt, the principal shopping street. I
was surprised by the absence of display windows in the shops. The people looked
adequately clothed and well fed. We also went a little out of the city to see the
Summer Palace with its wonderfully decorated interiors. In the evening we were
taken to the circus where we saw some breathtaking acts.

When we went to breakfast at the hotel next morning they actually ran out of food, I
think after we had been served. We were taken that morning to the Hermitage, the
Czar’s winter palace. It can best be described as vast and set in a square which is
so large as
to isolate it from the surrounding buildings. Unfortunately in such a rushed tour we
had far too little time in which to see more that a small sample of the vast collection
of works of art which had been collected by the Czars throughout their reigns. We
were then taken to see the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, and finally to a shop
open only to tourists and the highest officials. Here there was all sorts of
merchandise displayed, and Diana bought two very fine amber necklaces. I bought
a couple of beautiful papier mache boxes which still fascinate my grandchildren
when they are little. They would not accept Russian currency and I paid for our
purchases with my American Express card.
I regret that we did not spend longer in this fascinating city but we may have seen it at the right time. It was during the Gorbachev regime, but there were many signs of change. For example soldiers were selling items of their uniforms in the hotel car park. The city has reverted to its original name of St.Petersburg, and is widely considered to be the crime capital of Russia.

We returned to Helsinki on Friday 19 May and again stopped for lunch at Vyborg. I had not been able to spend a single rouble whilst I was in Russia, and to my surprise I was able to convert them into US dollars at the Vyborg railway station. We had accommodation for the night at the Palace Hotel right on the waterfront, and next day we left on a 2pm flight to Amsterdam, where we arrived at 4.30. We took a taxi to the Amstel Hotel where we had reserved two night's accommodation. Unfortunately we had a very poor room.

I was very disappointed by Amsterdam which I thought had really gone downhill since our last visit. The Government had introduced a very lenient drugs policy. The city buildings were covered in Graffiti including the Van Gogh Museum which we had so admired on a previous visit. There were shops openly selling marijuana and Dam Square was full of addicts. It was obvious that the lenient policy had attracted addicts from all over Europe. We went on a cruise of the canals which also were very dirty. We were quite glad to leave on the afternoon of 23 May when we boarded a Canadian Airlines flight to Halifax Nova Scotia.

The reason we went to Halifax was that although we had made several previous visits to Canada we had never been to the Atlantic coast. The Halifax Airport was some distance from the city and I did not really know what to expect when we reached it. The city is built on each side of a fine harbour which is the headquarters of the Canadian Atlantic Fleet. We took a taxi to the Nova Scotian Hotel where we had reserved accommodation until 26 May. The Hotel was situated right on the waterfront of the harbour and we had a good large room with a very fine view across to the further shore.

Halifax was occupied early in the 18th century as a French fishing station and permanent British settlement began only in 1749. It was a heavily fortified British army and naval base until it was taken over by the Canadian Government in 1906. The city is Nova Scotia's leading commercial and industrial centre and its ice-free harbour makes it an important export port. Whilst we were there we heard of the disaster which occurred in 1917 when a ship loaded with munitions exploded as it was leaving the harbour, killing over 2000 people and devastating much of the north side of the city. As the largest city in the Canadian Maritime Provinces Halifax is an important educational centre, and there are four universities there, the best known being Dalhousie. The population of the city was about 120000.

We really enjoyed our short visit to this city. It was easy to walk from our hotel along the waterfront where all sorts of craft were moored, and it was not far to the maritime museum which I still regard as about the best I have ever seen. It was also a fascinating walk back to the hotel through the older parts of the city. We went for a tour through the nearby country to a lighthouse on a rocky point with Atlantic rollers

2-90
crashing over it. Whilst we were there I remember a fog suddenly rolling in reducing visibility to zero. Halifax was very different from the west coast that I am very glad that we took the opportunity to see it. We left for our next destination, Quebec City, at about 4 pm on 26 May.

When the aircraft arrived we found it to be a small commuter plane with about 20 seats. We had a very rough flight with a couple of stops on the way, and landed at Quebec Airport at 6 pm. Diana was very glad to get there as she particularly dislikes small aircraft.

We took a taxi to our hotel the famous Chateau Frontenac which is situated on the heights overlooking the St. Lawrence River and where we had reserved accommodation for two nights. When I went to the reception desk I was informed that they had no reservation for me. Fortunately I had with me Thomas Cook’s confirmation of our booking, and with evident reluctance we were given a room. It was a very poor room with a particularly dirty and stained carpet, and when we opened the window it was quite apparent that we were just above the kitchens. So far as accommodation was concerned this trip seemed to encompass the best and the worst, from our beautiful room at Longueville Manor on Jersey, to this. At least it was not as bad as the slum at the Royal Thames! Fortunately the public rooms and restaurants were reasonable.

The Province of Quebec of which Quebec City is the capital, is the stronghold of the Separatist Movement, which is demanding independence from the rest of Canada. As a result all street signs and public notices were only in French, whereas in the rest of Canada they were in both English and French. In fact, in Quebec English was officially banned. Although I am sure that English was well understood by the majority of the population, French was the language most spoken.

We went to the Plains of Abraham, the scene of the battlefield where the English army scaled the heights and General Wolfe lost his life. I was amazed by the steepness of the cliffs the English army climbed. We went to the Citadel overlooking the Plains which had a wonderful view of the river. We also went on a short town tour to places of interest. On our second day we went down to the river and boarded a boat for a tour of the river, which was undoubtedly the largest I had ever seen. We had a most interesting trip seeing both riverbanks. We left Quebec at about 3 pm on 29 May, and after changing planes at Toronto arrived at Vancouver at about 11 pm local time. We took a taxi to the Bayshore Inn where we had accommodation reserved until 4 June.

When we went downstairs next morning we wondered what had hit us as the lobby of the hotel was full on men dressed as Arabs but in most colorful garb. They were members of an American Charitable Society calling themselves the “Shriners” who were having their annual convention in Vancouver, and we were told had taken over most of the accommodation in the city. They were a cheerful and colorful group. We really made the most of this visit to Vancouver. We walked in Stanley Park on our first morning. In the afternoon we went on a short tour to Whistler a ski resort in the mountains only about 1 hour’s drive from Vancouver. On our return journey we came via Capilano Canyon with its suspension footbridge, and also
saw the salmon hatchery nearby.

We had one wonderful day when we went on a tour to Victoria, the Provincial Capital which is on Vancouver Island. Our bus was taken to the Island by a vehicle ferry. Victoria was a charming city. There was a most interesting Museum, and we had afternoon tea at the old Empress Hotel. We also went to the beautiful Butchart Gardens which had been created in an old Quarry.

The next day we went by a train drawn by a steam locomotive named the "Royal Hudson" along the waterfront for many miles to the logging town of Squamish. There was wonderful scenery on the way, bays, mountains and waterfalls. The waters around the town were full of rafts of logs waiting to be towed to sawmills or to be loaded on to ships. We then boarded a tourist ferry which took us back to Vancouver by sea. It was a most interesting day.

We left Vancouver at about 8 pm on 4 June on a Canadian Airlines flight. We did not stay in Honolulu this time, and arrived back in Sydney at first light on 6 June after a really memorable trip.

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**NORWEGIAN COASTAL VOYAGE AND HILL TOWNS OF ITALY TOUR 1990**

We left Sydney by Singapore Airlines on the afternoon of 19 April. We were booked right through to Bergen, and included in the price was a night at the Mandarin Hotel in Singapore. We arrived at Heathrow at 6.30am on 22 April and as transit passengers we did not leave the airport. The early part of our wait I recall as standing in the rain on a road between terminals. We transferred to a British Airways flight to Bergen. It was scheduled to leave at 11.35 but it was about a half hour late. After we boarded they actually refueled the plane with the passengers in their seats, a clear breach of safety rules. The aircraft was very dirty and confirmed by already very poor opinion of BA. We landed at Bergen at about 3 pm.

Bergen Airport is some distance from the city and we had a very expensive taxi journey to our hotel, so expensive that I had to go into the hotel and cash a travelers cheque in order to pay the fare! We were both exhausted when we got to our room in the Admiral Hotel where we had reservations for 3 nights. Next morning when I checked the exchange rate I found that the girl at the desk had short changed me by about 90%. She had given me cash for 10 pounds sterling instead of 100 pounds! It was probably an honest mistake, but I was very relieved to have it corrected. Nevertheless the rate of exchange makes Norway an extremely expensive country for Australian travelers.

We had come to Bergen to join one of the small ships which leaves every day of the year on a 12 day voyage to Kirkenes, Norway's most northern town, and return, a voyage of 2500 nautical miles. These ships carry both passengers and freight and in the far north are the main means of transport. There are 11 ships in this service.
owned by 4 different lines, and all operating on the same schedule. We were to travel on the largest ship the M/S "Midnatsol". She was a modem ship, of 4200 tons, built in 1982. She could carry 330 passengers. As she was not due to sail until 10pm on 25 April we had time to have a leisurely look at Bergen.

Bergen is a beautiful little city built on seven hills around a fine harbour. At the time of our visit it had a population of about 200000 and was the second largest city in Norway. It is an old Hanseatic city founded in 1070 and was originally the Capital. In its development very successful efforts had been made to blend the old with the new, and along one shore of the harbour, known as Old Bergen, old timber merchants houses had been wonderfully preserved. Some of these we visited were workshops where old arts and crafts were still practiced. We spent a most interesting few hours in this area. We also visited "Troulshaugen" the home of Norway's best known composer, Edvard Grieg. It had been preserved with its furnishings as they had been during his lifetime. On the way we visited an ancient stave church, the walls of which consisted entirely of wooden staves sloped inward. I read a little while ago that this very ancient building had been destroyed by fire. We also went by cable railway to the top of one of the mountains overlooking the city, from which there was a wonderful view. Whilst we were in Bergen we had sunny spring weather and we were told how lucky we had been because three successive sunny days were most unusual.

At 6pm on 25 April we embarked on "Midnatsol". Our cabin was at the stern of the ship. It was not large but had two comfortable beds, an ensuite shower and toilet, and sufficient room to stow our luggage. On the upper deck there was a glass walled observation lounge giving excellent visibility in all directions. There was a cafeteria open 24 hours per day as well as an excellent dining saloon. As passengers joined and left the ship at each port seating accommodation was provided for those without cabins. In addition to the Purser's office there was a tour guide on the ship's staff who provided information about each port. On every day of our voyage we passed another of the coastal ships, southbound as we went north, and northbound on our return journey. The ship had modern cargo handling facilities. All the cargo was carried on pallets and moved with fork lift trucks. On the northern voyage general cargo was carried and on the return trip it seemed to be mostly fish.

We sailed from Bergen at 10pm. During the early morning we made a short call at Flora. We then sailed with mountains on one side and islands on the other and we berthed for short time at the little port of Torvik. The next port was Alesund, a much larger town with a population of 35000, and which is Norway's largest fishing port. Our final daylight port was Molde. It was intensely cold, and the hills surrounding the town were still snow covered, the sea between ports was very calm as we were in an inside passage with the protection of islands to seaward.

On our third morning we reached Trondheim, Norway's third largest city with a population of 135000. We were there long enough to be taken on a bus tour during which we went to the Nidarous Cathedral the largest medieval building in Scandinavia. Trondheim is a very old town and we had a short but most interesting tour. I do not wish to attempt to describe every day or every port but I read from the
guidebook given to us on the ship that on our third day we crossed the third of six short stretches of open sea on the whole northern voyage. All of them except one which I will describe later, were quite calm. Our last port that day was Rorvik the principal town of the Vikna Archipelago.

We crossed the Arctic Circle early in the morning of our fourth day, and soon after passed a spectacular peak known as the Horseman, and Svartisen, Norway's second largest glacier. We berthed at the little town of Ornes, and an overland tour was arranged from there to Bodo, and we were able to see the "Midnatsol" passing close below us on her journey. The countryside was mostly covered with light snow, and we crossed numerous frozen lakes and streams. There were many rocky outcrops and a distinct lack of any land which appeared to me to be arable. It was very cold and we were very glad that the bus was well heated. Bodo is the Capital of the county of Nordland, and like most of the northern towns was almost completely destroyed by the Germans during the war. In 1940 760 houses were destroyed and most of the population rendered homeless. Now it is served by both road and rail as well as by sea.

Our only really rough weather was encountered after we sailed from Bodo for Samsund, which required an open sea passage of 56 nautical miles. Dinner was called soon after we left port and we immediately ran into a fierce gale and very steep seas. It became so rough that the passengers who were about to enter the Dining Saloon were instructed, for their safety, to sit on the stairs leading to the Saloon. As we sat there we could see into the Saloon where all the tables had been set for dinner, and as we watched everything on the tables was thrown on to the floor, and most of the crockery was smashed. It was so rough that several people on the ship suffered broken limbs. We eventually arrived in sight of Samsund but the Captain decided that it was too dangerous to enter the port in such heavy seas. We therefore sailed on a further 20 nautical miles in the shelter of the Ofortjord Fiord to Solvaer. We were amazed at the speed with which the staff cleared up the chaos in the Dining Saloon and reset the tables. In a remarkably short time were were sitting down to a very good dinner as if nothing had happened. It was apparent that this was not an unusual occurrence.

I do not wish to attempt to describe every port, but every passage was fascinating and the scenery of mountains and fiords was of at times breathtaking beauty. As a result we spent much of our time in the Observation Longue which was a wonderful asset.

As we sailed north each little port seemed more remote and gave the impression that ours was the first ship to visit for many months. Then, of course, I realised that one of the coastal ships clocked there every day of the year, in the daylong darkness of Winter and the 24 hour daylight of Summer. Even on our voyage we alternated between sunlight and snow. It would be sunny one moment and snowy the next.

On our fifth day we berthed at Tromso, a much larger town, with a population of 46000. It was the Port of Registration of our ship. It has a small shipbuilding industry and fish canning factories and a refrigeration plant. It is known as the "Capital of the
Arctic" because Winter lasts from November until April, during which the average
temperature is below zero. Summer lasts from June until August during which the
temperature averages a torrid 10 degrees. The inhabitants say that although they
have only about 70 days of Summer they in fact have double as there is 24 hours of
sunlight.

The next major event was rounding North Cape, the most northerly point of Norway.
We were most fortunate as it was a clear day and the sea was calm. The Cape rises
to a considerable height sheer from the sea, and its face is covered with the
rookeries of countless thousands of subbreeds. What we could see was entirely
rock, still partly snow covered and without a trace of vegetation. After rounding the
Cape we berthed at Kirkenes, the final port on our northbound voyage. It is almost
on the Russian border and Murmansk is only a few miles distant. From the ship we
could see the aerial arrays of Russian defences. Kirkenes owed its existence to iron
mines which been worked in this area since early in the twentieth century. Quite a
few passengers left the ship here because there is an airport with regular services
to Bergen and Oslo. Whilst we were ashore there we visited a pharmacy. Diana was
talking to the pharmacist who asked her where she came from. When she replied
that she came from Sydney he replied "That's a coincidence because I have just
returned from there". He had attended a Pharmaceutical Conference in Sydney. It
really was strange to meet someone in this remote place who even knew where
Sydney was, let alone having just returned from there.

On the voyage southbound we visited by day many small ports at which we had
called by night on our northbound trip. The largest was Hammerfest the world's
most northern town, having a population of 7500. It is considered to be one of the
best Winter harbours in Norway and is one of the largest fishing towns on the coast.

One other memorable event of our trip south was a visit to Troll Fiord which is so
narrow that one feels that one could touch the rock which rose almost vertically on
each side of the ship. There was only just room for the ship to turn around at its end.
As we sailed slowed through this magnificent Fiord, Greig's "Hall of the Mountain
King " was played over the ship's public address system. It really did add to the
atmosphere of the occasion.

We returned to Bergen on the afternoon of 6 May. The voyage had been an
unforgettable experience and I wish that I could repeat the northbound voyage and
travel south as far at the railhead. It would be fascinating to travel by train all the
way back to Oslo. We spent our last night in Bergen at the Neptun Hotel which was
very comfortable. Early in the morning of 7 May we left Bergen by SAS for Glasgow,
changing planes at Copenhagen en route. We arrived at Glasgow at about 10.30
am the same day. and took a taxi to the Albany hotel.

I was brought up on tales of Glasgow. This was only natural because when I was
young, Mother had at that time spent most of her life there, and her mother used to
send her a weekly edition of the "Glasgow Herald". It then considered itself to be
the Second City in the British Empire, and the world leader in shipbuilding and
Naval Architecture. Unfortunately it is a city whose greatness is past, and at the time
of our visit there was not a single shipbuilding yard left on the banks of the Clyde.
Many of their former sites having been converted to park land. However Glasgow University is still highly regarded.

In our two days in Glasgow we took a taxi to the Burrell Collection a purpose built gallery of arts and crafts a short distance outside the city. In its extensive grounds there was a collection of statuary by Henry Moore. In the city itself there was a tourist bus which made continual circuits of places of interest and we visited the Art Gallery at Kelvingrove, the Pollock House, and the University.

A visit to the Transport Museum was of particular interest to me as amongst the displays was a chart showing the location of all the shipyards which had operated on the Clyde, including the names of the firms which had worked from each location, and it displayed models of ships built by many of these shipbuilders. Mackie & Thompson Ltd. the company founded by my grandfather, was represented by a large ship's lifeboat. I found that the company had built ships at the Govan yard fro 1889 until 1912.

I do not know why they ceased business then as it had been a successful company. It built all of the Bank Line of steel sailing ships, in fact I remember one of them the "Olivebank", visiting Sydney when I was a teenager. The company also built a large number of steel Trawlers and small cargo steamers. They built a small ship for a missionary society for use in the South Sea Islands. She was the "Dayspring" and was christened by my mother. This is the reason why I called my last 2 boats by this name. After the company ceased business my grandfather, who was a member of the The Institution of Naval Architects, practiced as a consulting Naval Architect. He died in 1918 shortly after I was born. I often wish that he had lived long enough for me to have known him.

We hired a car and left Glasgow on the morning of 9 May. I remember that we had some difficulty in finding our way out of the city. I decided to go up the west coast past Loch Lomond because Mother had often spoken of it as her family's favourite holiday destination. In fact she and Dad had their honeymoon there. Maybe we went on the wrong day because it was overcast and the Loch looked exceptionally gloomy. We drove into Oban where we had lunch and then took a road across the country as our destination was Pitlochry in Perthshire. It was like driving it the Australian outback in that for many miles there was no sign of any habitation, just bare, gloomy hills.

I had booked 4 nights accommodation at the Pinetrees Hotel in Pitlochry. I chose this location as a central base from which to see some parts of Scotland reputedly the most beautiful. I picked the hotel out of a guidebook, and for once I made an excellent choice as it was of moderate size, we had a very comfortable room, and the food was Scottish cooking at its best. The host, a Mr Maclennan was always most welcoming and helpful.

My paternal great grandfather was the first minister of the Free Church in Comrie which was about 50 kilometres from Pitlochry. My grandfather was the eldest of his 10 children and had been born in Comrie. I had ascertained from Paul Carment that the incumbent Minister was a Rev. Thompson, and before I left home I wrote to
him and asked if I could visit him and the Church on 10 May. He had replied that he would be delighted to see us. His welcoming letter reminded me of a previous attempt I had made to visit the church, in 1961 I was visiting Glenfield & Kennedy Ltd. in Kilmarnock. When I mentioned my family’s connection with this church, Sandy Robertson, the Managing Director of Glenfield & Kennedy offered to drive me on a Sunday to Comrie, visit the church, and then leave me at Perth Railway Station to get a train back to Edinburgh. When we reached the church the morning service had just finished and the Elders were seated at a table in the Vestry and on the wall at the head of the table was a portrait of my Great Grandfather. I Introduced myself and The Minister replied" Oh, we get a lot of foreigners coming here". I then pointed to the portrait and said that it was of my great grandfather, he replied" We have always wondered who it was !" Sandy Robertson was even more offended by the Minister's rudeness than I was. He was quite outraged and said so.

This visit could not have been more different. Mr Thompson met us at the church with one of the Elders, and showed us over it including the vestry where Rev. James Carment's portrait was still on the wall. It was a cold grey day, and it was extremely cold in the very plain and empty church. There were two Presbyterian churches in Comrie, The Church of Scotland and the Free Church. The two churches amalgamated and the old Free Church is the one now in use. The Minister then took us to the Manse for lunch with himself and Mrs. Thompson. The Manse was a two story stone house in reasonably large grounds. We thanked the Thompsons for their hospitality and I made a donation to the church funds. 

Comrie was said at one time to be the most beautiful village in Perthshire. The river Earn runs through the town and in the main street, as is typical in Scottish villages the houses open directly on to the footpath. The surrounding countryside is undulating, and the land is obviously much more arable than much of Scotland. Rev. James Carment died insane in 1880 at the age of 64. His widow was his first cousin Elizabeth Maxwell. She and some of her family moved to Blairgowrie after her husband's death. She lived until 1917 when she died at the great age of 95. Whilst we were staying at Pitlochry we drove to Blairgowrie to look at the town.

We drove one day to Glamis Castle, the Queen Mother's ancestral home which is still owned by the Earl of Strathmore, who would probably be a nephew. It was open for inspection. It was a very large building with towers and turrets. It was lavishly furnished and Diana and I still remember glass fronted cabinets containing shelf after shelf of most beautiful china. We also visited Blair Castle which I think was equally lavish. We enjoyed the atmosphere of the village of Pitlochry. We left there on Sunday 13 May, dropped the car at Edinburgh Airport, flew to Heathrow and stayed the night at the Heathrow Park Hotel. When I went to open my suitcase I found that it had been so badly damaged on the short flight between Edinburgh and Heathrow that I had to go out and buy some sticky tape in the hope that it would hold together until we reached Italy.

We had booked a Swan Hellenic tour of the "Art treasures of the hill towns of Italy". The Swan Hellenic tours are rather different because they always have a purpose, and in addition to the tour guide who manages accommodation etc. there is always on the bus tours a highly qualified lecturer. On our tour the lecturer was a Professor.
Hermann from Oxford. So far as I remember there were about 20 people on this tour.

We assembled at Heathrow at about 9 am on 14 May and flew by Alitalia to Pisa where we arrived about 1 pm. We were supposed to have been met at the airport by the bus which was to take us for the whole tour, but there was some hitch in the arrangements as the one which had been ordered did not turn up and we had to wait for about an hour for a replacement. This was not very satisfactory and broke down on our way to our first overnight stop at Arrezzo, but was replaced with more satisfactory equipment next day. I am pleased to say that my sticky taped suitcase survived the journey but my first task on after our night at Arezzo was to buy a replacement as soon as the shops opened. This one lasted the distance and I still have it.

The beauty of the Swan Hellenic tours is that everything is well organised in advance. There is no tipping of any kind. In restaurants, hotels or to the Tour Guide. Some places we went to were not generally open to tourists and in most places we were addressed by Professor Hermann in addition to the professional guides who always appear as soon as any tour group arrives.

We stayed at the hotel Continale in Arrezzo for two nights. We had a very comfortable room. After dinner Professor Hermann gave us a talk on the next day's program and a brief description of what we would see. These talks were a nightly event and were most helpful. I am not at this stage capable of describing all that we saw and experienced on this tour, but I will later refer to one or two events which I can still clearly remember.

Our itinerary was as follows -
14/16 May Hotel Continental Arezzo
16/18 May Hotel Montefeltro Urbino
18/21 May Hotel La Rosetta Perugia
21/23 May Hotel Dei Duchi Spoleto
23/27 May Hotel Jolly Excelsior Siena

It was a wonderfully interesting tour. We had perfect Spring weather and there were always expansive views. The towns were wonderfully preserved with many ancient churches and other buildings open for inspection. The elaborate construction and decoration of the churches is telling evidence of the power of the Church of Rome through the centuries of Christianity and of the cost of its maintenance to the community. We also saw many examples of public architecture in the old buildings and fortifications of the towns themselves. Everywhere there appeared to be an air of prosperity. People well dressed and at that time no beggars were obvious.

The towns were clean and well ordered. Our luncheons were always arranged in advance and we had some very good meals. Although we walked a great deal there it was not too tiring and our midday meals were always leisurely. Our hotel accommodation was variable, never five star but usually adequately comfortable. One exception I remember was when we had a room with the shower on top of the
toilet! Our luggage was always handled for us.

One day which remains in my memory was a visit to a church in a small town near Assisi. When we entered the church a young soprano was singing "Ave Maria". She had a superb voice and we were spellbound. The acoustics in the little church were excellent. She was practicing for a wedding which was to take place that morning, and as we left the church the wedding party arrived in the square in front of the church. I have never forgotten the atmosphere listening to such a superb voice in these surroundings.

I particularly enjoyed our stay in Sienna with its famous Piazza Del Campo where each year a famous bareback horse race is held, and its wonderful old buildings and its Cathedral. On our final day in the hills we went to San Gimignano with its spectacular towers and wonderful views over the plains beneath. From there we descended to Pisa, where we had a tour of the Bapistry and, of course a good look at the Leaning Tower. We had a final lunch in the town. Unfortunately Pisa is now a large industrial city and the famous Tower has been preserved in its midst. We left the friends we had made on the tour at Pisa Airport. They flew back to London, and we flew to Rome. I regret that I have been unable to write a full description of the memorable tour but I am prevented by my lack of artistic knowledge. However Diana took many beautiful photographs which are in our albums.

We left Pisa at about 7pm on 27 May and arrived in Rome an hour later. We spent the night in a very indifferent hotel where we were served a lukewarm meal of pasta half heated in a microwave. The next day whilst walking near the Borghese Gardens we were subjected to a very nasty attempted mugging by Gypsy children. One girl approached and asked for money, and behind her were others attempting to put cardboard boxes over our heads whilst they robbed us. Diana had the presence of mind to scream out the worst words of Italian she knew, and they ran away. It was a sad farewell to a city which had given us so much pleasure in the past.

We left Rome by Singapore Airlines at about 3 pm on 29 May and arrived in Singapore at about 9am next day. We did not go into the city, but had a restful day at a

an Airport hotel. We left Singapore by a Qantas flight for Darwin at 1 pm on 31 May arriving at about 7 pm. We spent a happy week-end with David and flew home by Ansett on the Monday. It had been a wonderful trip with the maximum possible variation of scenery from the bitter cold of northern Norway, the somber beauties of Scotland, and the varied delights of the hill towns of Italy.

THAILAND  IRELAND  SWAN HELLENIC MEDITERRANEAN VOYAGE
AND SWAN HELLENIC TOUR OF CATALONIA 1991

I must have forgiven Qantas because we left Sydney on their flight QF001 at 4.30 pm on 29 April and landed at Bankok at about 11 pm. I had the entirely erroneous
idea that the traffic from the Airport to the city would be less dense at that hour, but I could not detect much difference. We were booked into the Royal Orchid Sheraton Hotel until Friday 3 May. It was a beautiful hotel situated right on the riverbank and were shown to a very comfortable room with a fine view of the river. It was well after midnight before we got to bed. We had arranged to leave Bankok on 3 May which gave us 4 full days in Thailand.

During our stay we made 2 notable tours. The first was to see the old Royal Palace at Ayutthau. We went by road and when we left the city I was most impressed by the number of modern factories manufacturing or assembling electronic machinery for well known Japanese or American companies. The palace was set in extensive grounds in which were a large number of ancient Buddhist temples and statues of the Buddha. The Palace was a beautiful building with a fantastic roof, situated on the banks of the Chao Phraya River.

We boarded one of the typical a very comfortable tourist craft for our return journey down the river and shortly passed a large riverside shed in which the royal barges were housed. We passed Wat Arun (the temple of the dawn). We disembarked at a wharf in front of our hotel.

The next day we took a tour to Katchanaburi, the town nearest the bridge on the river Kwai and the allied War Cemetery containing the graves of the thousands of prisoners of war who died on the construction of the bridge and the infamous Burma Railway. We first looked at a small museum and then at the cemetery where I was affected by seeing the graves of so many of the 2/15 field Regiment, but also a number I knew well on HQ 30 Field Battery. We had 4 men on the battery Command Post staff, all of whom came from the same Sydney firm of Chartered Accountants, Le Maistre Walker & Co. They had all died here. I also saw the grave of Bombardier Rosenberg. He had been a wealthy Jewish solicitor with a very good practice and instead of taking a commission in the Legal Corps he had chosen to serve in the ranks of our Regiment. He was 50 when he died. It was a sad reminder to the futility of war. The bridge built by the prisoners was destroyed by allied bombing towards the end of the war and we crossed the small structure which had been built to replace it and took a journey on a little train on the death railway as far as the Burmese Border.

On 3 May we left Bangkok for London at arrived at Heathrow at 7 am next day. As we had booked for an Insight tour of Ireland leaving next day we spent the night at the Sheraton Heathrow Hotel. Next morning 5 May we met our tour guide and the tour group at Heathrow. There were 29 on the tour and Maggie, our guide a young Irish woman, gave us an outline of our proceedings, and unlike our experience with Swan Hellenic she was most specific in what we were expected to give as tips at hotels, to the bus driver and to herself. They amounted to a considerable sum which made the tour much more expensive than we had expected. With Swan Hellenic there are no such extras. We left for Dublin on an Aer Lingus flight at 10 am and landed at 11.15. We had a long delay at the airport awaiting a member of the tour party to arrive from the USA.
We joined our bus at the airport and drove through Dublin and then about 150 kilometres right across the country to Galway on the west coast, where we were accommodated at the Ryan Hotel. The road was very good and the scenery most picturesque. Since Ireland had become a member of the EEC its agricultural industry was very prosperous and it was interesting to see expensive cars parked at farmhouses. Unfortunately their gardens were usually rather neglected. Throughout the tour we found the accommodation to be adequate, but certainly not luxurious, mostly in hotels which I would rate as two star.

On our second day we drove across the head waters of Galway Bay, crossing the River Shannon on the outskirts of Limerick, through Tralee and thence via the Ring of Kerry to Killarney where we spent the night at the International Hotel. We passed fine coastal scenery on the way, and stopped at numerous places of interest and picturesque villages. In the evening we went to a small theater for a program of Irish Folk dances, which we enjoyed.

Next day we continued along the south coast and spent what I remember as being an unduly long time at an arts and craft centre which I think was west of Cork. There were numerous shops selling Irish linen and handiwork. We had lunch at an old house nearby. I also think that it was that day we went to Blarney Castle, but I do not remember kissing the Blarney Stone. After lunch we drove through Cork to Waterford where we were taken on a conducted tour of the factory making the famous crystal, the tour culminating in the factory shop, but we did not buy anything. I was surprised to learn that the Waterford Crystal factory was then owned by the Japanese firm of Noritake. We spent the night at the Talbot Hotel at Wexford.

The final day of the tour took up the east coast and back to Dublin. It was an interesting drive and we were shown some of the sights of Dublin, but as we had arranged to spend 3 additional nights there we knew that we would have plenty of time for a more leisured inspection. We were accommodated at the Royal Dublin Hotel in O'Connell Street (the main street). Although the address was good, the hotel was not as it was being renovated whilst we were there. As a result It was very dirty and noisy. In the evening we went to the famous Abbey Theatre where we saw the River Dancers. They were excellent and have since become world famous. We were blessed with very good weather during the tour and we were impressed with the soft beauty of the countryside, but the tour was not the way to see it because we had too many long stops at places where we were expected to make purchases. We would have been better to have driven ourselves with a good guidebook. Fortunately Diana took some excellent photographs.

We were very glad that we stayed the extra days in Dublin. Because of a municipal ordinance limiting buildings to 10 stories, it is a low rise city. It straddles the River Liffey. O'Connell Street is a fine wide street built on either side of well kept gardens. Although there are some fine buildings few are pre-georgian. We walked extensively and went to Dublin Castle and St Patrick's Cathedral, and externally, the Law Courts and the buildings surrounding St. Stephen's Green, a fine park almost in the centre of the city. We also went to the National Art Gallery. We took a recommended day tour of the Irish National Stud at Kildare where we were shown some fine horses. Nearby was a very beautiful Japanese garden, we
the afternoon of 14 May and flew to Gatwick Airport. I remember that our disembarkation from the Aer Lingus plane was supervised by soldiers carrying submachine guns! We stayed the night at the Gatwick Airport Hilton.

The hotel was connected with the Airport itself by a covered way and next morning we assembled there with our Swan Hellenic Tour Group for a tour of Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey and Italy from 15 to 29 May on a Greek ship "Orpheus" which was on permanent charter to Swan Hellenic. There were about 170 people on the tour.

We were supposed to leave on a chartered aircraft for Dubrovnik in Yugoslavia at about 11 am but our aircraft was over an hour late in arriving for our embarkation. We had an uncomfortable flight as the seats were extremely close together. We really pitied those taller than us, which may well have been the majority. As a result of our delayed departure we did not land at Dubrovnik until late afternoon, and instead of a short tour of this ancient city we had a panoramic drive to Gruz where we embarked on the Orpheus. We were shown to comfortable cabin with twin beds and en suite bathroom and toilet. Orpheus was a Greek ship and we found the Greek crew to be most courteous and attentive. She was not too large, but equipped with an excellent lounge with facilities for lectures, a good library, very good dining saloon and wide decks.

There were 4 guest lecturers and before embarkation we were issued with very complete and well written guidebooks - "Landscape and People", "Greece and Yugoslavia", and "Turkey and the Black Sea". Naturally we have kept these as books of reference. We sailed early in the evening and spent the next day, 16 May, at sea. During the day we had lectures on the tour, its route, and what we would see. We had ample time to examine the ship and its facilities, and settle in. In the evening there was a welcome cocktail party followed by a Gala Dinner.

We berthed early next morning at Itea. We disembarked and busses were waiting to take us on an excursion to Delphi and Mount Parnassus. The ruins mean so much more when each is described and explained by one of the excellent lecturers with us. It was a lovely day and the scenery was enhanced by scarlet poppies in bloom throughout the ruins. We returned to the ship for lunch and in the afternoon we were taken to the Byzantine monastery "Osios Loukas". The ship sailed at 7 pm and at 10 pm we had what was for me one of the highlights of the voyage - the transit of the Corinth Canal. We passed through at about 10 pm, which was just at dusk. The canal is so narrow that one feels that one could touch the walls on each side, the walls themselves tower some hundreds of feet above the ship. It was a memorable and spectacular crossing.

The next morning, 18 May, we awoke in Piraeus the port of Athens. We left the ship quite early for an inspection of the Parthenon. The wisdom of our early arrival was made very clear as when we arrived it was uncrowded and the air was clear so that we had an excellent view of the city below. Before we left there were hordes of other sightseers and the pollution had risen to the extent that the view of the city was blotted out. We made a short visit to the National Archeological Museum and then we were taken on an excursion to Cape Sunion. On our way there we passed through numerous very unattractive holiday resorts, near, but not quite on, the sea.
They were obviously built to provide cheap seaside holiday accommodation for people from the UK and Europe. It made me appreciate the more the Sydney climate and scenery.

The next morning, Sunday 19 May, we spent at sea and listened to some lectures on the sites we would be seeing. Early in the afternoon we arrived at Knidos, our first Turkish port. It was then that we became aware if the terrible racial ill feeling which exists between the Greeks and the Turks. The wrongs, real and imagined, of past disputes and wars never seem to be forgotten. En route we visited the island of Kos, a Greek Island which is the third largest of the Dodecanese Islands. The ship anchored in a bay and we went ashore in launches. There we inspected the ruins of the precinct of Asklepion. This was the site of a medical school in the reign of the Emperor Claudius and on one level there are some beautiful mosaic floors. Knidos is famous for a naked statue of Aphrodite and for its wine. I

At noon on Monday 21 May we berthed at Antalya. We went on an excursion to Phaselis, a port on the Gulf of Antalya dating back to the sixth century BC. We saw the ruins of the ancient town and those of a triumphal arch erected for a visit by the Emperor Hadrian. We also visited the ruins of Perge, also dating back to the sixth century. Here we saw the well preserved remains of a Roman theater with solidly constructed tiers of seats. Finally at the end of a long day we visited the ruins of an even larger and better preserved theater at Aspendos. It is apparent that the Romans were as addicted to pleasure as we are to-day.

on 22 May we berthed at Fethiye where we disembarked for a full day overland excursion to Daylan, a modern town, to see the acropolis, the old harbour and excavations at Caunus. We returned to Daylan for lunch and then embarked on launches which took us down the Calbis river. This was a fascinating journey because the high banks on one bank of the river were honeycombed with ancient temples carved out of the rock. On a lighter note I had bought some delicious Turkish delight at Daylan which I ate as we went down the river. At Caunus there are large scale remains of a Roman theater, a Byzantine church and Roman baths. We rejoined the Orpheus at Mamaris, a beautiful little harbour full of yachts.

We sailed from Mamaris at 7pm and berthed at Kusadasi at 8am next morning 23 May. The purpose of the call at this port was to visit the splendidly excavated city of Ephesus about 20 kilometres inland. The city was established about 1000BC because of its location on the sea at the mouth of the Cayster River. At the height of the Roman Empire the city was said to have a population of 24000 and the ruins are almost all of the Roman period and show the luxury of what was once the wealthiest city in the Roman Empire. Its decline was due to the silting of the river and the retreat of the shoreline. The lack of adequate dredging equipment allowed the silt from the river to spread over the plain on which the city was built. It has been most extensively excavated to the extent that its fine buildings, domestic housing, roads and temples are fully displayed.

We sailed from Kusadasi at about 1pm and at about 8 am the next morning we anchored off the small island of Delos where we spent the morning examining the
restored remains of Hellenistic and Roman Ruins. In the afternoon we berthed at the Greek island of Mykonos. It has a good harbour and in the town itself the houses are all whitewashed. The streets are narrow and a distinctive feature is a large number of windmills. The houses are all flat roofed and their balconies were full of flowers. It was a very attractive little island.

After leaving Mykonos in the evening we berthed at the port of Rethymnon on the island of Crete at 8 am on 25 May. We were met by buses which took us on a most scenic drive through the mountains to Arkadi where we were shown over an 11th century monastery. We then went on to Knossos. Crete is exceedingly mountainous and it made me realise the extreme difficulties faced by the Australian troops who fought there in 1941. We spent the whole of 26 May at sea, entering the Adriatic, and in the early morning of 27th. we entered the Gulf of Kotor in Montenegro. The mountains bordering the Gulf drop to the sea in a series of precipices. We berthed at Kotor Town at about 9.30 am.

Kotor was a sad little town situated at the foot of a steep slope. We went on a walking tour of the town, but there was little to see apart from a rather pathetic museum and a poorly stocked market. There was a general air of sadness and depression. We sailed at about 2.30 in the afternoon and as we proceeded down the Gulf we passed a small island with a number of buildings and pine trees. On asking its name I was told that it was "The island of the dead". Somehow it seemed to me to exemplify Kotor.

Next morning we berthed in Split in Croatia. The dreadful war which resulted in the dismemberment of Yugoslavia was about to start and our tour directors thought it necessary to consult the Foreign Office before entering this port. They were assured that there was no present danger. Nevertheless one could feel the atmosphere of discontent and we saw some men in a violent argument whilst we were having coffee in the main square. Split was quite a large town and a busy port. Whilst there we went on a tour of the Emperor Diocletian's palace which had been excavated but was largely underground. We found it very interesting and would have enjoyed our visit if the atmosphere of the city had not been so tense. In fact the Yugoslav civil war started soon after.

We were glad to leave Split at 1 pm and we berthed in Venice not far from St. Mark's Square at about 8.30 next morning. As our flight to London was not due to take off until 4.30 that afternoon we had time for a quick renewal of our acquaintance with this beautiful city on a lovely spring day. It was a perfect way to end our cruise which we had enjoyed immensely. The arrangements for the tours and the lectures were excellent, and the ship was not too large and very clean and well handled, and the meals were very good indeed. We met some extremely nice people whose company we enjoyed. One with whom I became quite friendly was Viscount Monckton who had fought in Korea in the Brigade which included an Australian battalion for whom he had the highest regard. He invited us to stay with him and his wife at their country home, but as all our arrangement were fixed we had to decline his invitation. We landed back at Gatwick at 5.30 pm on 29 May.
As I had retired from my last directorship in the previous December, I had neither the need, nor the necessity to go into London. The Union Club had recently established reciprocal membership rights with a club known as the Phyllis Court Club at Henley, and as I had received very good reports from those who had stayed there I had reserved accommodation until 3 June. We went there by taxi from Gatwick and found the club to be a large building set in a beautiful garden and right on the banks of the Thames immediately opposite the finishing line of the famous Henley rowing regattas. We were shown to a really wonderfully spacious and well furnished room with a splendid view of the river.

We had a very pleasant stay at the Club. We walked into the town of Henley which I thought was very typically English, and each day we walked on the tow paths which ran along each side of the river. There were quite a large number of pleasure barges, and small motor craft as well as rowers. The Henley Regatta was to take place shortly and a grandstand had already been erected at the finishing line. The food and service at the club were excellent and it was very crowded for lunch at the week-end. Whilst there we went by train to Windsor and had a very good day looking at the splendours of Windsor Castle. I was particularly impressed by the beauty of St. George’s Chapel. Everything about the Castle, its extensive grounds, and the “Grace and Favour” residences appeared to be kept in perfect order. Although it was only a short distance from Henley, the journey took some time as we had to make three changes of trains to get there!

As I had planned this trip as one to celebrate my retirement I had booked yet another Swan Hellenic tour, this time a land tour of the Art Treasures of Catalonia. We left the Phyllis Court Club early on the morning of 3 June and took a taxi to Heathrow, which was not far distant, where we met with the Tour Manager and the Guest Lecturer a Mr. Peter Allnutt. There were only 18 on the tour and we were the only Australians. Unfortunately we found the Guest Lecturer to be quite inadequate. He had been an officer of the British Council in South America and knew almost nothing about art in Catalonia. At 12.15 we boarded an Iberia flight to Barcelona where we landed at about 3 pm. As Barcelona was in the throes of final preparations for the Olympic Games we landed at a brand new terminal. The tour, except for two ladies who had missed the plane, was met by a bus and we were driven into the city where we were booked into the Hotel Colon until 10 June. Before dinner the lecturer gave us an introductory talk about the tour.

The Hotel Colon was very well situated on a square immediately opposite the Cathedral and the old Gothic Quarter of the City. It was probably an unfortunate time to visit Barcelona as everywhere there were frantic preparations to make everything ready for the Olympics - Roads dug up etc. Just as Sydney is now. However this was only a minor inconvenience to us.

Our first morning was spent sightseeing in the Gothic Quarter. This included the Cathedral and its Cloister dating back to the thirteenth century. We also saw the Frederick Mayes museum in the Royal Palace. The city is divided by a wide thoroughfare called a “Ramblas” which runs from the hills at one end of the city to the harbour at the other. In its centre are all sorts of stalls selling everything from birds and animals to food and clothes. We saw this from our bus in the afternoon as
we went to see Gaudi's famous extraordinary incomplete cathedral the "Sagrada Familia" with its soaring towers. I suppose that in the future some copyist will be able to complete it, but I doubt it. We went to the Palacio de Justica, and looked at the exterior of some Gaudi designed houses. We also had a brief tour of the Olympic site in the hills overlooking the city.

Next morning we went on a walk past the Roman walls to the Picasso Museum. I found this to be most interesting as it displayed many of his early works, and they showed his development form a conventional painter to his eventual style. The exhibition also contained engravings and etchings. We had a free afternoon and one of the tour, a very nice young man named Jeremy Bunting asked us to accompany him to the Park Guell designed by Gaudi. The park was on a hill over looking the city and was quite unconvential in its layout. We walked back from the park to our hotel, admiring the architecture and the activity of the Ramblas. Barcelona is proud to be a the capital of Catalonia, and there has been a great revival of Catalan culture and language.

On Thursday 6 June we traveled via the Monastery of Sant Cugat to Terrasa where we visited the ancient Roman town of Egara, which has three churches of considerable archaeological interest. We had lunch in a restaurant in a small town called Sils, and in the afternoon we drove on to Gerona where we were accommodated for 3 nights at the Hotel Sol. I remember this as having been a rather uninteresting day, with a good deal of waiting around. It was at times like this that our lecturer's lack of knowledge became most apparent. Gerona is both an ancient and modern city. The Rio Onar runs through it. In the old city there ruined walls dating back to the 4th and 5th centuries. It is a considerable city with a population of about 130000.

The next morning was spent sightseeing in Gerona. We were most impressed by the old houses lining the banks of the river. They were built "cheek by jowl" and painted in yellows or deep red. We visited the Cathedral and an interesting museum, ancient Arab baths, and the old Jewish quarter. We were at leisure during the afternoon but made god use of our time in a visit to a most interesting art gallery.

On Saturday 8 June we spent the morning visiting the extensive ruins of Ampuria, the Greek and Roman port of Emporium. This is situated on what is now known as the Costa Brava, a tourist mecca for Europeans seeking sun, sand and beaches, It was a lovely warm day and I enjoyed Emporium with its views of the sea. We had an excellent seafood lunch at a restaurant in the town of San Martin de Ampurias. We returned to Gerona via the very well preserved medieval town of Pals, where we spent some time.

We left Gerona on the Sunday morning and drove to Figueras, where in the morning we visited the extraordinary Salvador Dali Museum. It was a fascinating collection of the extraordinary works of this extraordinary man. In the afternoon we drove to the Monastery of San Pedro de Roda which is set on a ridge of the Sierra de Rosas and commanding wonderful sweeping views of the countryside. We returned to Figueras for the night where we stayed at the Hotel President. At dinner
that night we were served with our first payella.

We left Figueras next morning and drove inland through the Olot Basin with its volcanic formations to the Chapel of San Jean de las Abadesas, and then we continued to Ripoli where we visited the former Benedictine Monastery of Santa Maria which had an elaborately carved Romanesque portal. We lunched in a local restaurant. Whilst we were at Gerona we heard of a frightful act carried out by Basque separatists who had blown up the kindergarten of the Police Barracks at Vich, killing and injuring a number of children. As we were approaching Vich, where we to spend the night, we had some feelings of apprehension, but all was quiet. On our way there we visited a Romanesque cathedral with fine murals and also an episcopal museum. In Vich we had accommodation in a Parador, a government run hotel in a beautifully restored old building situated on a hilltop with wonderful views down a valley. We had a most comfortable room and were served a fine dinner. I recall wishing that we could have had a longer stay there.

On 11 June we left the Parador with regret that we could not have stayed longer. We had a long day ahead as we drove to Montserrat, the principal religious and cultural centre of Catalonia. Montserrat is in the Spanish Pyrenees and our approach was by a very steep winding and rather narrow road. We came very close to an accident when on a corner, our bus was driven against the rock wall by an approaching vehicle. Our visit included one to the Monastery where a statue of the Virgin known as the "Black Madonna" is displayed. It is visited each year by thousands of pilgrims and we joined a long queue to enter the Monastery. Whilst in the church my pocket was picked and I lost most of my cash. Fortunately my credit cards were not in that wallet. The Black Madonna certainly did not look favorably on me! After descending the mountain we were actually turning into the hotel where we were to have lunch, when we were hit from behind by a car which did not see our bus turning. The car was badly damaged and its female driver seriously injured and screaming. The bus also was damaged. We were hustled away from the scene and we naturally had a rather tense lunch. Our tour manager had difficulty in obtaining a replacement bus as it was siesta time! As a result we had a long unplanned wait until our new bus appeared. We then drove to the seaside town of Terragona and were booked in to the Hotel Imperial Tarraco where we were to stay for 3 nights. It was a rather nice hotel on the waterfront.

On Wednesday 12 June we spent the morning sightseeing in Terragona. We saw the 12th century cathedral with a famous intricate altar piece, Roman monuments, and we went to the archaeological museum where we admired some of the beautiful mosaics. There were no formal tours in the afternoon and we had a leisurely stroll down the Ramblas of the town. We dined in the hotel.

The following day was the last of the tour proper. In the morning we drove to an ancient aqueduct before proceeding to an important medieval monastery at Poblet where we were shown the cloister, the church and the palace of King Martin the Humane. We had an excellent lunch at a restaurant in Valls, and then proceeded to see the Monastery of Santa Creus. To be quite honest most of the tour saw this monastery but I felt that I really could not take in another and sat peacefully in the garden. That night we had a special farewell dinner at our hotel.
It had been a most interesting tour and spending several nights in some hotels was an advantage. I was most impressed by Barcelona, and would love to see it again. The only real negative was the very poor lecturer and the two ladies who missed the initial flight to Barcelona continued to be late for every meal and the departure of every tour, which infuriated me and I think quite a few others. The accommodation and meals were excellent, and Swan Hellenic's arrangements very efficient.

The next morning 14 June we drove to the Barcelona Airport and boarded an Iberia flight to London. We landed at Heathrow at 3pm. We again stayed the night at the Airport Hilton and left by Qantas for Bangkok early on 17 June. We stayed overnight at an airport hotel in Bangkok and arrived home at 7.30pm on 17 June. Diana had picked up a bad dose of Flu on the last day of the tour and was very glad to get home. However the whole tour had been an unforgettable experience.

CRUISE SINGAPORE TO HONG KONG
VIA BORNEO 1995

At the local travel agent in Mosman I picked up brochure for this cruise, and because it was to call at 4 ports in Borneo, we decided to take it. It was an 11 day cruise plus one day at Singapore and one in Hong Kong. The ship was the "Pearl", French owned with a Phillipine crew. She was not new, British built for passenger travel between England and Ireland, but converted for cruising. She was a ship of 12456 gross registered tons, and carried 460 cruise passengers. The ship ran a series of cruises from the Indonesian islands to China and Japan, and as far south as Sydney via the Barrier Reef.

We left Sydney by Singapore Airlines at 3.30 pm on 22 April and arrived at Changi Airport at 9.25. We were transferred by coach to the Marina Mandarin Hotel, a new hotel near Raffles Square. We had a very good room. We had a full day in Singapore, but as we knew it so well we did no more than walk locally. We boarded the "Pearl" at about 3 pm on Anzac Day, Tuesday 24 April, and were shown to our cabin, a very nice one on the top deck. We had a good look round the ship and had a good dinner served by attentive Filipino waiters. We were unfortunate with our table companions - an American Chinese couple from New York and another lady from New York traveling alone. They were far from being stimulating company. The ship sailed at 5pm.

At 8 am next morning we berthed at Port Klang, (formerly known as Klang), the port for Kuala Lumpur. We had booked for a half-day Kuala Lumpur city tour, and we boarded our bus at 8.15 am. It was election day in Malaysia, and as a result the port was very quiet and the traffic to the city was also very light. The distance to the city was about 70 kilometres. I was amazed by the growth of Kuala Lumpur since I had last seen it in 1976. It was now a very modern city with many new high rise buildings including one with twin towers, then almost complete, which is now said to be the tallest building in Asia. The roads were excellent and the cleanliness of
the city was exemplary. On the way to KL we passed through the new city of Shah Alam, the capital of the Province of Selangor. Its distinctive feature is a blue mosque, said to be the largest in the world. In KL itself we visited the National Museum and had a tour through the city. We visited the National Monument which was set in lovely gardens with an excellent view of the new Parliament buildings. We returned to the ship in the early afternoon. At the time I am writing this Australia's relationship with Malaysia is very bad.

The ship left Port Kelang at 5 pm and the whole of Wednesday 25 April was spent at sea. There were all sorts of entertainments available on board - lectures, bridge and scrabble competitions etc. There was a Captain's welcome cocktail party before dinner. Dinner was in two sittings and after each sitting there was entertainment by a professional troupe. There was quite a good library, a swimming pool, and comfortable deck chairs. The sea was absolutely calm and we had a very, pleasant day. The ship berthed in the Kuching River a few kilometres downstream from the city at 8 am on 27 April.

Apart from the growth which I would have expected since my last visit to Kuching in 1976, I was very impressed by the growth of the city on the southern side of the river. When I was last there practically the only building there was the provincial parliament. That complex is now surrounded by suburbs. The old part of the town and the markets were as I remembered them, but the city itself had grown a great deal and there were many tall buildings. We went on a tour which included a visit to the old Fort Margharita which was built by the second white Rajah Brooke and to the Museum. I was reminded of my days as a prisoner by a violent afternoon rainstorm. We also visited a Cat Museum where we bought a china cat for Marion. We visited the Sarawak Cultural Village where a representation of every type of native house has been built, and attended an exhibition of native dances. This short visit was very different from my previous long sojourn in Kuching. I did not attempt to revisit Lintang.

We sailed from Kuching in the late afternoon and I was most interested to see dozens of illuminated oil production rigs as we proceeded south along the coast. Friday 28 April was spent at sea, and we berthed at Muara Port 33 on the Brunei River, 33 Kilometres from the city of Bandar Seri Begawan, the capital of the Sultanate of Brunei. I well remember that berthed nearby was the most luxurious motor cruiser I had ever seen. I was told that it belonged to a brother of the Sultan, who is reputed to be the richest man in the world. We went on a bus tour from the ship. On our way into the city we passed Kampong Ayer (water village) where the houses are built on piles over the Brunei River. Many of these houses are air-conditioned and have electricity and TV. The inhabitants' cars are parked on the river bank, and include BMWs and other expensive brands. Brunei's citizens enjoy one of the highest per capita incomes in the world. There is no personal income tax, free education and free medicine.

Our first stop was at the Omar Ali Mosque, a very large building with a golden dome overlooking the Kampong Ayer. It also was air-conditioned. We next visited the Royal Regalia Museum where we saw an opulent display of royal costumes and carriages. We then went to the Brunei Museum which housed, among many other
exhibits, a fine collection of brass cannon and Chinese bronzes, and a rain forest room showing a variety of flora and fauna. Finally, on our way back to the ship we went by water taxi to a traditional house on stilts where we were given refreshments. On our tour we passed the huge Royal Palace of the Sultan, said to contain 1788 rooms. We sailed at 7 pm.

The ship berthed at Kota Kinabalu at 7 am the next morning. We refreshed our memory by taking a bus tour which took us through the city to Signal Hill, from which we got a panoramic view. We visited the Likas Chinese Buddhist Temple, and we passed by the golden domed Mosque and the water village. We made a brief stop at Tanjung Aru beach, and finally visited the Sabah Museum. The city had changed very little since our previous visit with David. At 1 pm we sailed for Sandakan.

The ship berthed at Sandakan at 7 am on 1 May under very different circumstances from my arrival on the "Ubi Maru" on 8 July 1942. The "Pearl" was berthed at a new facility some miles from the old town. We went on a half-day tour to the Sepilok Orangutan Sanctuary which is 15 miles from Sandakan. The drive gave me an impression of the development over the many years since I was there as a POW. As the tour bus ground its way up the long steep hill from the coast, I wondered how we had made this considerable climb carrying everything we possessed after two weeks down the holds of the dreadful "Ubi Maru". I was thankful again for my survival and that I still had sufficient good health to return after so many years. We visited a Chinese temple on a hill with a fine view of the coast on our way back to the ship.

In the afternoon with another passenger, an Englishman living in Los Angeles, who had once lived in Malaya and said that he spoke some Malay, we hired a very decrepit taxi and drove to the site of the old POW Camp, about 8 miles from the town. All that there was to be seen was a well kept park with a memorial, and the rusty remains of a boiler which had powered the electricity generator for the camp. The site of the camp itself is now covered by dense rain forest, and I found it almost impossible to ascertain the topography as I remembered it. There were pleasant walking paths through the park, leading to a suburban housing development. All that remained for me was the heat of the afternoon, and unpleasant memories. The ship sailed from Sandakan at 7 pm.

Tuesday 2 May was spent at sea. We were supposed to berth at Manila at 7 am on 3 May, but due to some engine trouble which reduced the ship’s speed, we were about 3 hours late in arriving. The late arrival distressed the Filipino crew, most of whom had not seen their families for months. The wharf was crowded with the families of the crew waiting for the ship. Most of the crew with waiting families disembarked as soon as the ship berthed. There were some very happy family reunions for their short time together. I had though that it was impossible to have denser traffic than Bankok until I saw that of Manila. It was unbelievable. When the lines of traffic stopped women, often with small children, were begging between the rows of cars. We went on a bus tour to Tagaytay Taal Volcano, about 1 hour out of the city. The bus stopped at a factory which manufactured the "Jeepneys" - highly decorated jeeps - for which Manila is famous. The outskirts of the city were a mess.
There would, for example be a modern service station with home made shacks built right up to its entrances. We passed through some coastal towns where the traffic lessened a little, and stopped at a hotel near the peak of the extinct volcano, from which we got a good view of the surrounding countryside. We then returned to the ship. We did not choose to go into the city centre. The ship sailed soon after sunset.

At 8.30am next morning we berthed at the island of Corregidor. This had been a heavily armed American fortress at the end of the Bataan Peninsula, and it did not surrender to the Japanese until about a month after the fall of Singapore. During the siege General MacArthur, his wife and little son were evacuated to Australia by submarine. It is a sad place and we were taken on a tour which included the tunnel which had served as General MacArthur's headquarters, field hospitals and supply depots. Then as we ascended the steep slopes we saw the ruins of the batteries and fortifications. The surrender was followed by the infamous Bataan death march. We sailed at 1 pm.

The next day was spent at sea and the ship berthed at Whampoa, the port of Guangzhou (formerly Canton) at 7am on 6 May. We were met by buses which took us into the city. There had been enormous development as the road between the port and the city was lined with new multi story buildings, many still under construction. Guangzhou was the birthplace of Sun Yat Sen, father of the 1911 revolution and were taken to a Memorial Hall built in his honour and then visited the Chen Chen Family Temple. We were greeted by a lion dance in front of a hotel where we given a welcoming lunch by the China International Travel Service, after which we visited a local kindergarten and saw the children at work and play. Finally we were taken to the "Friendship Store" in reality a fairly ordinary multi story department store, where I bought a couple of silk ties which I still wear occasionally, the interest in them being that they were made in Italy! We also bought a pair of cloissone vases, I was impressed by the fact that during the day we saw no beggars nor any evidence of poverty, although it undoubtedly existed. We sailed from Whampoa at 7pm.

We berthed at Hong Kong early on 7 May and were taken to the Kowloon Shangri-La Hotel, where we had excellent accommodation. We spent that day and the next in Hong Kong, and visited the Art Gallery and the China Arts and Craft shop. We were booked to return home by Ansett and I had upgraded to Business Class which was really very good indeed, I thought quite equal to Qantas First Class. We left the old Hong Kong Airport at 7.0 pm. The airport was really on its last gasp, as in our departure lounge there were not even seats! We arrived home at 6.30 am on 10 May.

We had enjoyed the tour and the service on the "Pearl" but we found little congenial company. The cruise had been marketed in Florida and a majority of passengers came from that State. Middle aged Americans en masse, are not a pretty sight. However It did me good to return to Sandakan and to again realise my incredible good fortune.
SUMMARY

I was extremely fortunate to have enjoyed so much overseas travel in such comfortable circumstances, and for many journeys to have Diana's company.
TRAVELS IN AUSTRALIA

My many years on the "Retreat" board had given me great interest in the Australian outback and the countryside. As the family grew we traveled further and further on holidays, often much to far for them to retain their interest. I am afraid that I was often most inconsiderate in this way. However both David and Tom have inherited my love of the Australian countryside, which Diana shares. Therefore after I retired Diana and I have driven all around Australia, always joined by David for some part of the Journey. However in July 1982 ,shortly after David had been appointed Director of the Northern Territory National Trust we went on a 9 day trip with him from Alice Springs to Darwin via Ayers Rock etc. It happens that by chance I have found a diary of this tour.

ALICE SPRINGS TO DARWIN JUNE/ JULY 1982

We left Sydney on an early morning flight to Alice Springs. We changed planes at Adelaide and arrived at Alice Springs at 12.30, where we were met by David and Tom Fleming. Tom Fleming was a Baptist minister who had been in Sandakan and Kuching with me. He was attached to the AIF as a representative of the YMCA. He was a very fine individual. After our return from the War he was briefly in charge of a parish in a Melbourne suburb, which he told me he found very dull. He then obtained an appointment in charge of the Aboriginal mission at Yuendemu, where he was greatly assisted by his wife Pat. His two sons were both born there. After his retirement he chose to live in Alice Springs where he took a great interest in the NT National Trust and was a member of its Council when David was appointed. He and his wife Pat told me that they were both very fond of David. They both used to come to Sydney to attend the annual reunion of the Old Sandakanians Association, but I did appreciate seeing them again on their home ground. Both of them have now passed away, but I remember them with affection.

David took us to our hotel, the Telford, where we had lunch.It was a clear sunny day with a perfect temperature and during the afternoon David drove us round the town, and I remember admiring the beauty of the surrounding MacDonnell Ranges. That evening we had dinner with the Flemings. They lived in a small flat in a block of 6 owned by Tom.We then went to a lecture to a tour party of NSW National Trust members, one of whom was Mac Knox, the widow of Bruce Knox, whose assistant I had been in the 2/15 and who had been my solicitor and a director of Harbour Lighterage. It was very cold when we left the lecture, the temperature having gone down to zero.

The next morning was clear and frosty and we ,after an early breakfast, left for a drive of 150 kilometres to Hermannsburg Mission.It had been founded by the Lutherans in 1872 and recently handed back to the Aboriginals.It was interesting with some very old stone buildings but the Aboriginal houses were in a terrible state surrounded by rubbish. Most of the inhabitants seemed to be just sitting
chatting in the dust. It was a beautiful drive and the road was very good. We returned to Alice Springs Airport and left for Ayes Rock at 2.15 pm in a Fokker Friendship. There were only 6 passengers so we were able to sit wherever we got the best view, and as it was a lovely clear day the views were splendid. When we landed we were picked up by a bus and driven around Ayers Rock. I thought that it was quite overpowering in its size, particularly as it rises so dramatically from the plain. There had been a great deal of rain and the whole desert was abloom with wild flowers. We booked in at the Uluru Motel, and at about 6 pm we, and about 200 others watched the sun set behind the rock. We had a good dinner and went to our room which was actually only a demountable, and very cold.

The next morning David and I got up at 6 and the bus took us to see the first rays of the sun appearing over the Rock. It was very cold but the sight was worth it. The only other passenger on the bus was a young Japanese businessman in a blue city suit. He looked so out of place. Our plane arrived at about 8.30 am with only 2 passengers. Only 3 embarked. We got back to Alice Springs at about 10.30 where we took delivery of a Holden Commodore self drive car. David then drove us about 100 kilometres to Trapina Gorge, which was very beautiful with red cliffs rising above the ghost gums. We drove on to Ross River homestead and returned to Alice Springs at about 5 pm. The Flemings joined us for dinner at the hotel. They were both very gloomy about any prospect of improvement in Aboriginal problems, in particular alcoholism.

We left the hotel at about 8.30 next morning. It was very cold at first but got quite hot as the day progressed. David drove us about 150 kilometres to Fine River, calling on the way at some beautiful gorges including Ormiston and Glen Helen. Each of these beauty spots was served by an excellent road with spotlessly clean and well ordered car parks. At each there were signboards showing what there was to be seen, and a description of plant and animal life. David told us that all this was the responsibility of the Conservation Commission. We had lunch at Fink River but we were unable to cross the ford leading to an alternate route and we therefore returned to Alice Springs by the way we had come, arriving there at about 3.30. We then went to the Alice Springs Show which was in its first of two days. The people were fascinating, stockmen, Aboriginals and locals of all shapes and sizes. It was very hot and dusty. It showed Alice Springs to be a very lively town. After dinner we went to the Flemings for supper and had a fascinating talk with Tom about his 25 years as a missionary in Central Australia.

We had an early start and left Alice Springs at 7.30 am for the 530 kilometre drive to Tennant Creek where we arrived at 12.30. The hired Holden was very comfortable and ran beautifully. On the way we paused briefly at Central Mount Stuart and the Devils Marbles. Tennant Creek, in spite of the closure of the copper mines we found to look quite prosperous and there were quite a few new buildings. In the afternoon we went with a friend of David's, Michael Hester, on a short tour in a 4 wheel drive to the old North Star Mine from which there was a superb view over the desert. We picnicked with damper and billy tea, something I had not done since I was a child. It really was a very good day.
We left Tennant Creek about 9 and drove 600 kilometres to Katherine. The road was good but there were a good many road trains. There were few towns, and a few wayside service stations. Elliot was the only settlement of any size. We also had a look at Daly Waters and the cemetery at Elsey. I was surprised to find that a sealed highway now goes almost all the way to Roper Bar, right past the Roper Valley homestead. We stopped for a while at Mataranka and saw the hot springs. We arrived at Katherine at about 5.30. The town was unrecognisable from the one I first saw 20 years earlier.

We had a late start and a leisurely morning next day. Diana had her hair done, and David and I read newspapers on the river bank. We than drove to the Katherine Gorge National Park, where we had lunch. The park was beautifully laid out with well watered lawns and it was spotlessly clean. At 1.30 we went on a trip up the spectacular Katherine Gorges. In fact we visited three. We traveled with a party of about 50 people in flat bottomed boats propelled by outboard motors. The cliffs rise sheer from the water which is very deep. There is beautiful vegetation, pandanus palms etc. and we saw a couple of quite large crocodiles. Between each gorge we had a rough scramble over tumbled rocks, and the passage was quite difficult in places. We stopped for afternoon tea at a deep waterhole where David had a swim. There were some quite elderly people in the party who found the going very difficult, as I myself did on a subsequent visit some years later.

We left Katherine at about 8.15 next morning and drove to the Kakadu National Park. We had about 70 kilometres of sealed road and then well graded dirt road. Our first stop was at the UDP Falls which drop into a beautiful lagoon surrounded by pandanus palms and floating with water lilies. A lot of the country we passed through was being burnt off and I remembered that this is what used to happen at "Roper Valley" in the dry season with the object of preventing major fires, and encouraging a green pick for the stock. We saw hundreds of head of buffalo, and a cheeky dingo walked slowly across the road. We were to have stayed the night at the Cooinda Motel at Jim Jim, but when we got there we found that they had no record of the booking David had made. I was not sorry as the accommodation was in metal demountable huts and the whole place looked dirty and unkempt. We drove out to the camping area on a superb lagoon and then on to other beautiful pools tucked away amongst the red cliffs. It was a fascinating drive, and the scenery was splendid. We called at the recently opened headquarters of the National Park. It was very well set up. We stopped at Nowlangie Rock where David walked in to see the cave paintings. Whilst he was away I found that we had a puncture. I also found that the jack would not work and that we had no other tools. Most fortunately a passing tour guide came to our rescue with a jack. We stopped at the South Alligator and Adelaide rivers, and reached David's house in Stuart Park in Darwin at 6.30 pm.

Next morning we returned the hired car and I drove David in his to his office. It was in a beautifully restored old building on the Esplanade known as "Lyons Cottage", formerly the office of the overland telegraph. I returned to the house and then Diana did some shopping for food and we spent a pleasant day driving around the waterfront environs of Darwin. We lunched at the restaurant at the Museum which is also the Art Gallery. After lunch we examined the Gallery which had a surprisingly
good representative collection of contemporary Australian paintings. Like most public buildings in Darwin, the Museum is new and most attractive, situated on the waterfront of the harbour. We picked David up at his office at 5 and he drove us around the suburbs which I thought were well laid out with a very good standard of construction which is now compulsory under the building code. The temperature all day was ideal.

The next day we decided to have a picnic lunch and we drove back down The Track" - the Stuart Highway - to Adelaide River where we looked at the War Cemetery.. We could not find a suitable spot for lunch, so we went back up the road and turned off to Batchelor, which was a real surprise with lush lawns, gardens, and tall trees. All of this because of an abundant water supply. Batchelor was once the headquarters of Rum Jungle Uranium until the deposit was worked out. It then housed the School of Australian Linguistics and an Aboriginal College of Education. On the subject of aboriginal education, Diana and I had been horrified by the laziness of the Aboriginals we have seen since we had been in the Territory and now had some conception of the difficulty and depth of the problem. At the time of writing, March 2000, the problem is no closer to solution.

I had a bad cold and stayed at David's house most of the day. He has an extensive library and I enjoyed myself browsing through some of his books. The house was a typical pre-cyclone Darwin home, high-set with 3 bedrooms and a fair sized garden. It was leased by the National Trust. That evening we had dinner with My Van and Fred Robins. They had a very nice well built house, one of those built by the Government after Cyclone Tracey. The Falkland Island war was then in progress, and Fred, a former diplomat in the British Foreign Office, laid the blame on them. Apparently Britain had for many years trying to persuade the Falkland Islanders to accept Argentinian citizenship. We had an excellent Vietnamese meal. My Van's sister Cam Huong was then living in Darwin and had recently become engaged to be married to her present husband.

Saturday 10 July was our last morning in Darwin and David drove around the city. Cyclone Tracy certainly did enormous damage, but it also caused a tremendous improvement in building standards, and enabled good town planning as the city was rebuilt. David had given us a memorable visit to the Northern Territory and to Darwin. He had planned everything with great care and he had been both a wonderful host and a very knowledgeable guide. Our plane for Sydney was due to leave at 1 pm but was an hour late in departure. We were very sad to say good bye to David. We had a flight home via Brisbane and did not arrive until 8.30 pm. When we opened the door of the flat we found a large "welcome home" sign from Tom. He had also brought us fruit, milk etc. We did appreciate it.
I had been driving a Volvo 740 for about 4 years but Diana and I both found it although a very good car to drive, to be rather lacking in power and slow to accelerate. I therefore asked Scuderia Veloce Motors who sold and serviced it, that if they had a 6 cylinder model demonstrator for sale, I would be interested. Shortly afterwards they rang to say that because a new "Top of the Range" model had just been released the directors of Volvo Australia were changing over, and 2 760's were for sale. They had done less than 20000 kilometres and were in first class condition, really only just run in. I bought one and found it a beautiful car, with excellent performance and equipped with all optional extras. I thought that it would be an ideal car for a proposed trip around Tasmania.

A naval architect named Hercus had designed large seagoing "Wave piercing " catamarans for a Tasmanian builder. They were of all aluminium construction and very fast, averaging 40 knots. They were exported worldwide, and one even held the transatlantic speed record. A service using two of these craft carrying both cars and passengers had been established from Port Welshpool near Wilsons Promontory in Victoria to Georgetown on the north coast of Tasmania, and that is the reason why we had decided to take the car across and drive round Tasmania.

We left home on Sunday 2 February and drove down the Princes Highway to Bega, where we spent the night. The next day we drove across the Victorian border and through Lakes Entrance, spending the night at Bairnsdale in Gippsland. On Tuesday 4th we spent the night at Yarram, and on Wednesday we drove to Port Welshpool. The Seacat arrived at about 1 pm and disembarked its passengers and their cars. We then drove on to the lower deck where our car was secured and we went upstairs to a spacious passenger lounge with aircraft type seats. The Seacat left Port Welshpool at 2pm. We sailed close enough to Wilsons Promontory to see seals sunning themselves on the rocky shore, and then entered the Bass Strait. There was rather a big swell which gave the vessel rather a strange motion which made some people seasick, but fortunately not Diana or me. We berthed at Georgetown at 6.30pm. It took very little time to unload our car and we drove a short distance to the Pier Hotel, where we had a good meal and comfortable accommodation.

The next morning we drove to Launceston, the road following the Tamar River. There were some very fine views of the river. We did not stay long in Launceston, but just after leaving we stopped at a National Trust house called "Entally House" in the little town of Hadspen a few miles west of the city. The house was quite interesting but there was a really lovely garden which we enjoyed. We drove west through very attractive country to Deloraine, then north to the coast again at Devonport, along the coast road to Burnie where we spent the night at a very indifferent motel. Burnie was an unattractive industrial town, the main employer being a paper mill. As we reached Burnie in the early afternoon we drove along the coast to Stanley which is on a peninsula into the Bass Strait. It was an interesting drive.
We had a longer drive the next day as we went to Strahan which is the only town on Macquarie Harbour midway down the west coast. We had booked accommodation at Strahan inn for two nights. This was a motel of a much better standard than that at Burnie. We had a comfortable room and there was a good dining room. On the afternoon of our arrival we walked around the little town and then along the coastal beaches which were pounded with wild surf. It was exhilarating walking. The next day we boarded a launch for a cruise up the Gordon river. We were shown the dreadful island on which the recalcitrant convicts had been sent from Port Arthur to work the timber. They were treated with unbelievable brutality. The river was wide, dark, and somehow primeval, heavily timbered right to each shore. At one stage we landed for a walk through the forest on a raised timber walkway. We were shown one huon pine said to be 2000 years old. On returning we crossed the narrow and shallow entrance to Macquarie Harbour, said to be the scene of many shipwrecks.

The next day we drove to Queenstown, where the copper mines had left a scene of absolute desolation with the hills surrounding the town completely devoid of vegetation. We then had quite a long tedious drive to Lake Pedder, which had been constructed by the Tasmanian Hydro-electric Authority, amid a great deal of public controversy. We booked into very indifferent and very decrepit accommodation at the Lake Pedder Motor Inn. This visit was really a mistake as there was nothing of much interest to be seen. We had a poor meal, and when we came to leave next morning the whole place seemed to be deserted to the extent that we could not even get breakfast.

The next morning we drove to Hobart, where we spent some hours. We walked along the harbour waterfront, where we had lunch. We drove to Battery Point, a picturesque suburb with nineteenth century houses and attractive gardens. We then drove to Port Huon, a small town about 60 kilometres south of Hobart where we had booked for two nights at the Port Huon Holiday Village, which was quite comfortable, and certainly an improvement on Lake Pedder. During the afternoon we went for an interesting and scenic drive to Southport, the southern limit of the road.

The next day 11th February we drove to Kettering where we took the car on a vehicular ferry to Bruny Island. It was a drive of about 60 kilometres and the last 20 kilometres were on a rather rough and narrow road. The day was wet and misty and we only just caught the ferry. The views from Bruny Island should have been spectacular but unfortunately the weather reduced visibility. We drove as far as the lighthouse on South Bruny Island. We retraced our steps back to Port Huon.

The next day we drove through Hobart and across the bridge over the Derwent River and went to the historic town of Richmond where we looked at some old buildings and the seemingly inevitable gaol. We then stopped at Eaglehawk Neck on a narrow strip of land leading to the Tasman Peninsula. We stayed at the Fairway Lodge at Nubeena, where we had bookings for two nights. We spent the next day at Port Arthur, where we were shown the historic and terrible gaol. It was a wet and unpleasant day and this served to give the whole area an atmosphere of gloom. We were glad to leave and return to our motel for the night.
After leaving the Tasman Peninsula we drove about 150 kilometres up the Midland Highway to another interesting and historic town named Ross. We then drove east through Campbell Town and another 60 Kilometres through mountainous country until we joined the Tasman Highway, and on to Bicheno, a larger town right on the east coast. We spent two nights at Bicheno and then had a very long and interesting drive north to St. Helens and then west to Scottsdale from where we went north on a narrow secondary road and then west, again on a very narrow road to Georgetown where we again stayed at the Pier Hotel, where we had good accommodation. We spent two interesting and restful days at Georgetown on one of which we drove to Low Head on Port Dalrymple and saw an interesting little museum and the Pilot Station. On Monday 17th, we boarded the Seacat again at 8.30 am and after a very smooth passage we arrived at Port Welshpool at 1 pm.

It had been an interesting tour but we found the accommodation to be in general of a very poor standard. Thomas Cook had made our bookings and in retrospect we would probably have been wiser to do them ourselves, as we did on all our subsequent trips in Australia.

After unloading the car we drove on to Bairnsdale where we spent the night. I planned to return through the Snowy Mountains, and I saw on the map that there was a road from Bairnsdale to Omeo and thence through the Victorian Alps to Tallangatta where we could spend the night before joining the Snowy Mountains Highway. The distance was a little over 300 kilometres, The map showed the road to be sealed except for two stretches of about 50 kilometres west of Omeo. Alas for the best laid plans! When we reached Omeo I stopped for petrol and asked which road I should take out of the town. Instead of the road to Tallangatta I was directed on a really awful unsealed road, so narrow that I could not turn the car around and with deep corrugations on every one of seemingly hundreds of bends. As the road was very steep in parts it was a nightmare drive and it really tested the types and suspension of the Volvo, which I am glad to say came through with flying colours. Eventually, much to our relief, we reached not Tallangatta but Corryong almost on the NSW border, where we thankfully able to book into a motel. It was by far the worst drive I can remember.

SYDNEY DARWIN ADELAIDE SYDNEY 1993

This was the last trip during which I was able to do much driving, as I still had sufficient sight in my right eye. We left Sydney on 29 June and spent the day with Ann and her family. We spent that night at the Alpine Motor Inn on the Great Western Highway at Katoomba. The next day we drove through Bathurst, Orange (where we bought two folding directors chairs for picnics on the trip), then through Molong and Wellington to Dubbo where we spent the night at the Golden West Motor Inn, a very ordinary motel, but adequate for one night. The distance traveled that day was 412 kilometres.
On 1 July we drove up the Newell Highway through Coonabarabran to Moree, a distance of 379 Kilometres. We stayed at the Artesian Motel, so called because it provided access to the hot springs which are reputed to have remedial properties for the cure of arthritis etc. We looked into the building and when we felt the heat of the water we decided that it was not for us! Moree was then a prosperous and nice looking town. Now it has become the scene of a great deal of Aboriginal trouble and I understand that it has become necessary to board up many shop windows.

Next day we entered Queensland, crossing the border at Goondiwindi. From where we drove due north until we joined the Warrego Highway at Miles, and thence to Roma where we had excellent accommodation at the Overlander Homestead Motel. These were drought years and as we drove west the country became increasingly drought-stricken. That day we traveled 433 kilometres. Roma was famous for being the site of the first commercial discovery of natural gas in Australia, and the Moonie oil fields are, by Australian standards, not far distant. The Roma Hospital was supplied with natural gas over 50 years ago.

On 3rd July we continued along the Warrego Highway to Charleville. This was a short drive for us - only 265 Kilometres. The further we drove west, the more dead kangaroos we saw on the roadside. In drought times they come at dusk to feed on any grass or herbage on the roadside. They are transfixed by the lights of any approaching traffic and many are killed by colliding with vehicles. It does not matter much if they are hit by heavy vehicles such as road trains, but serious damage can be caused if they collide with a car, even one equipped with a bull bar. I made it a principle in my outback travels never to drive at night or even after dusk. On the Queensland section of this trip we passed literally thousands of dead kangaroos. Charleville is one of the largest Queensland outback towns and it services a wide area. We stayed at the Warrego Motel, but dined at Coroneys Hotel which is a wonderful old nineteenth century building very well known in the district. We had a very good meal.

The next day we drove to Augathella where we joined the Landsborough Highway. We drove through Tambo and Blackall to Barcaldine on the Capricorn Highway where we stayed at a very good little motel. It had good sized rooms which opened onto a broad verandah well furnished with comfortable cane chairs. Dinner was brought to our room. Barcaldine is on the railway which terminates at Longreach and it has a picturesque railway station and more pubs than any town of its size that can recall. More importantly, it is the birthplace of the Australian Labor Party which was formed more than a century ago beneath the "Tree of Knowledge" which is still there. To celebrate the centenary of the Party a museum in the form of a giant tent was created, surrounded by a fine garden with ponds, streams, and little bridges. In these grounds a school of the era has been erected and a railway station and railway carriages. It was a really interesting display and beautifully maintained.

Our next stop was Longreach a drive of only 108 kilometres, so we had a leisurely start to the day. We booked into the newly opened Albert Park Motel which was close to the also newly opened Stockmans Hall of Fame. This is a very well designed building, set in well laid out grounds, and it contains a really excellent display of all aspects of Western Queensland station life, including housing,
furniture, clothing, tools etc. There was a good refreshment room where we had lunch. I am pleased that at the time of writing, this Museum still attracts thousands of visitors. There was the usual museum shop at which I bought myself an "Akubra" hat, which I still wear. There was a very good restaurant attached to the motel and we dined well. Longreach had not grown much since I used to visit it regularly in the "Retreat" days, but despite the drought it appeared fairly prosperous.

The sixth of June was a long day as we drove 634 kilometres. We drove first to Winton, the on to Julia Creek, where we joined the Flinders Highway to Cloncurry, where we made a brief stop before proceeding to Mount Isa, where we stayed at the Burke & Wills Isa Resort. The town is hardly attractive as it is dominated by slag heaps and the pit head gears of the mines. It was once one of the world's largest copper mines and it is still in production. We dined at the motel and had an early night as we knew that the next day we had an even longer journey.

We started at first light and drove out of Mount Isa on the Barkly Highway. We traveled through fairly hilly country on a rather indifferent road to Camoooweeal, a little settlement practically on the Northern Border and 188 Kilometres from Longreach. It was definitely not a place where I would choose to live! We filled up with petrol as there was not another bowser until we reached the Barkly Roadhouse another 150 kilometres further ahead. Traveling in the outback I think that it is wise to fill up with fuel at every available opportunity. As soon as we crossed the border into the Northern Territory the road was excellent. There was no speed limit, and it was completely flat and featureless country. Driving long distances at high speed under these conditions can become mesmerising and we stopped and changed drivers at regular intervals. We reached the Stuart Highway at the Threeaway Roadhouse, where there is a memorial to Rev. John Flynn. "Flynn of the Inland" the founder of the Flying Doctor Service, among other achievements. We then went south for about 50 Kilometres to Tennant Creek where, at David's recommendation we stayed at the Safari Lodge. That day we had driven 651 kilometres, and because of our early start and the ability to maintain a high average speed we had reached Tennant Creek quite early in the afternoon. Again at David's recommendation we dined at the Dolly Pot Restaurant next door to the motel. It was interesting because it was both a motel and a squash court! There was a hill overlooking the town which we attempted to climb to see the view but we were deterred by the presence of a large crowd of drunken Aboriginals.

There is little I can say of interest about our drive to Katherine the next day. The road was excellent but the presence of many road trains at times made driving difficult. The distance to Katherine was another 648 kilometres. The only settlements we passed were Elliot, Daly Waters, and the slightly larger establishment at Mataranka where there is a motel and camping ground for visitors to the thermal springs there. At Katherine we stayed at the Frontier Motor Inn. The day's run had been 648 Kilometres.

Our drive to Darwin was another 315 Kilometres, passing through Pine Creek, an old mining town, and Adelaide River. When we reached the satellite town of Palmerston we phoned David on the car phone and told him that we expected to reach his home in Casuarina Drive Nightcliff at approximately 2 pm. That proved to
be the exact time of our arrival, and as we drew up, so did David. I remember that he seemed to take our punctuality as a matter of course, but we were really very proud of ourselves to have driven such a huge distance and arrived on a set time. I always enjoy seeing David in his unit and seeing such things as Mother's great grandfather's Sheraton bureau. It must be one of the world's most traveled pieces of furniture! I also greatly enjoy the seafront walk across the road from the unit, and the wonderful sight of the sun sinking into the sea at the end of the day.

We were in Darwin from our arrival on 9 July, and we left on the morning of the 13th. David was, as always, a wonderful host but still had to go to work each day. I walked each day on Casuarina Drive. It is very well laid out with a walking and cycling path, well kept lawns, and an Olympic swimming pool. It runs along the top of a cliff about 20 feet from high water mark. There are big tides in Darwin and at low tide the water is about three hundred yards from the shore. Unfortunately stinging jellyfish make swimming dangerous in most months. We spent some time at the Museum and I was very impressed by the additions to the maritime section. David took us to dinner one night at a restaurant at the end of one of the wharves in the harbour. We were entertained by people bungy jumping from a crane. At that time of the year, the "Dry Season" Darwin has a climate which I find very enjoyable. Warm days and nights but not great humidity. We also went out through the very pleasant suburb of Fannie Bay to the park land at East Point, the site of wartime heavy artillery installations and quite a good Military Museum.

We made a fairly early start on 13 July. We stopped at Adelaide River, a pleasant little town, and looked again at the war cemetery. We also visited the now heritage listed Railway Station. The next town was Pine Creek, a historic gold mining town where the mines had been worked by many Chinese, some of whose descendants still live in the town. The was a well graded dirt road from there to Grove Hill, where there was a most interesting old corrugated iron pub, still with every room in its original condition and furnishings. We spent a fascinating time there. Then we returned to the Stuart Highway at Pine Creek and thence to Katherine where we again stayed at the Frontier Motor Inn. We looked at the Railway Station which had been restored by the NT National Trust. Unlike Queensland the Northern Territory had experienced a good wet season and there was lush growth everywhere.

The next morning we again traveled south down the Stuart Highway. We stopped at Mataranka, once a stop on the old Darwin - Katherine railway. I remember that live cattle for export from Roper Valley to Hong Kong were loaded there in the 1960's. We drove a little way down the new Roper Highway and visited the cemetery at Elsey Station made famous by Mrs. Aeneas Gunn's book "We of the Never Never". Diana took a photo of the graves of the Gunns. He had died in the early 1900s and she in 1961. There was also a sad grave of an "Unkown Stockman". This had been very harsh country for the pioneers. We visited the hot springs at Mataranka before rejoining the Stuart Highway. We next stopped for petrol at The Larrimah Hotel which appeared to sell everything. Our next halt was at Daly Waters where we inspected the old aircraft hangar. Daly Waters had in its day been a regular refueling stop before aircraft had their present range. The little town had been established as a watering place and halt on the route over which cattle from further west were driven right to Queensland, often as far as Mount Isa. We
stopped again at the little settlement of Newcastle Waters, again one of the old
watering places on the stock route. Kerry Packer, Australia's richest man now
owns Newcastle Waters Station and has had a magnificent homestead built there
although I doubt that he has spent more than a couple of nights in it. We continued
on to Tennant Creek, stopping at the old Overland Telegraph Station on the way.
We again spent the night at Safari Lodge and dined at the Dolly Pot.

We had a drive of 531 Kilometres from Tennant Creek to Alice Springs. We stopped
at the Devil's Marbles, an extraordinary series of huge boulders, and at the old
Barrow Creek Overland Telegraph Station. David had booked us in for two nights
at the Outback Motor Lodge, where we had large and comfortable rooms with
cooking facilities. On our first evening, just at sunset, we drove up to a lookout with
an excellent view of the town and the surrounding Macdonnell Ranges. Alice
Springs was now a clean, prosperous, and well laid out little city, with its ambience
rather spoiled by the camp of seemingly eternally drunk aboriginals camped on the
dry bed of the Fink River.

The next day we drove through the ranges to Glen Helen, a most beautiful place
with a blue lagoon surrounded by the red hills of the ranges. On returning to Alice
Springs we visited the Strehlow Centre, an excellent complex which included a
very good art gallery and the wonderful Strehlow collection of artifacts of the Arunta
Tribe. Finally we visited Pat Fleming, now a widow. She was living a nice little
house with its back garden adjoining the golf course. Pat told me that Tom used to
make very unclerical remarks whenever he saw Japanese golfers. She seemed
quite well and one of her sons was also living in the town. We dined in a restaurant
in the town and looked at several collections of Aboriginal paintings on sale. David
showed us some of the successful work of the National Trust had done in the
preservation of important old buildings. As the railway from Adelaide terminates at
Alice Springs there is a considerable industry in the transfer of cargo from rail to
road, and extensive maintenance facilities. There is also a Court complex and
Government offices concerned with aboriginal affairs, road maintenance, national
parks etc. There is no doubt in my mind that the town will continue to grow in
importance as an administrative and tourist centre.

From The Alice" we drove to Kings Canyon, a distance of 326 kilometres. It was a
really beautiful drive as the roadside was covered with wildflowers and lush growth.
We stayed at a really very good motel with most comfortable rooms with views
towards the mountains which surrounded the canyon. The canyon was a deep
depression with a walking track along its perimeter. David walked the track, but I
am afraid to say that I did not think that I would enjoy climbing the hills. David, being
a great walker thoroughly enjoyed himself. There was a cafe serving the camping
area and we chose to eat there instead of the restaurant at the motel. This was a
mistake as the food was very indifferent.

From Kings Canyon we drove on unsealed roads until were within about 100
kilometres from Yulara. The change in the 11 years since our last visit was almost
unbelievable. Ayers Rock as we then knew it, was a small collection of mostly
demountable buildings and a camping area. Now we drove into a complex of 3
large hotels, camping grounds and a shopping centre. We were booked into really
first class accommodation at the Sheraton Ayers Rock for two nights. The Yulara Village is 30 kilometres from the rock itself. We drove out to the rock the next morning. I looked at the steep climb leading to the top of the rock, and I noticed a number of brass plates in memory of those who had died on the ascent, and warnings of the dangers. I decided immediately that it was not for me although there were many people making the ascent. They were tourists from all over the world. There was a walking track around the base of the rock. Diana and I walked part of the way, but David performed the whole circumnavigation in what seemed to me to be an amazingly short time. We had a good dinner and a comfortable night in our luxury hotel and next morning we drove about 30 kilometres to the Olga, another spectacular outcrop of rock but not to equal the sheer size of Yulara. However we went for a most interesting walk. We returned to the hotel and had a quiet afternoon as we knew that we had an extremely long drive next day to Coober Pedy in South Australia, a distance of 660 kilometres.

We made an early start and drove due east along the Lasseter Highway for 242 kilometres to Eriduna where we rejoined the Stuart Highway and turned south. We had now left the lush vegetation of the Top End and the Centre and had entered the South Australian Desert. We passed the occasional roadhouse and saw to the west some salt lakes. It got colder as we went south. As we approached Coober Pedy we passed mile after mile of small mullock heaps. Hardly a beautiful landscape. There were neither trees nor vegetation. In the town itself the majority of the population lived underground in homes which had been excavated. This was because that these excavations maintained an even moderate temperature and enabled some relief from the tremendous heat of the summer.

We were booked in to the Desert Cave, an underground motel. It was cool with an even temperature and the rooms were well furnished and of adequate size. There was a surprisingly good restaurant with silver service. This was above ground. Shortly before our arrival there had been a series of disappearances and it was thought that people had been murdered and their bodies disposed of in unused mine shafts. There was a very large police investigation in progress, and when we went in to dinner the South Australian Chief of Police was at the next table, having come from Adelaide to personally direct the search for the missing. I dont think that they were ever found. Diana thought that Coober Pedy was the most unattractive town she had ever seen, but David finds it fascinating.

Our next destination was Hawker in the Flinders Ranges and we knew that we had another long drive ahead, this time 647 Kilometres. Again we made an early start. It was 530 kilometres to Port Augusta and on the whole of that journey we did pass a single town. Those of any size, Roxby Downs and Woomera, were not on the Highway. We left the Stuart Highway at Port Augusta and after only 40 kilometres we reached the attractive old town of Quorn. We the traveled a further 66 kilometres through attractive wooded and hilly country to our destination, Hawker, which describes itself as the gateway to the Flinders Ranges. We were booked in for two nights at the Outback Motel.

We spent the next two days happily exploring the beautiful Flinders Ranges From Wilpena Pound in the south to the small settlement of Blinman in the North. It is an
area of beautiful trees and lush undergrowth surrounded by the ranges. We had
magnificent views from many places on the road, and from tracks leading to scenes
of particular merit. We returned to Hawker each night. There was accommodation at
Wilpena Pound but I think that we made the right decision by staying at Hawker.

On 23 July we left for Adelaide, a drive of 400 Kilometres. We stopped at the
attractive old towns of Wilmington and Melrose on our way. We had
accommodation booked at the O’Connell Inn in North Adelaide, which we found to
be most suitable. My Van and Fred Robins had by then left Darwin and were living
in Adelaide and they came to dinner with us at our motel on the night of our arrival.
David left early next morning for his return flight to Darwin and we were very sad to
see him go. However we always realise how lucky we are to have a bachelor son
who is prepared to spend so much of his precious leave with us. His knowledge of
the Northern Territory really made that section of our journey quite fascinating. As
always he was wonderful company, and having a third driver on some of our very
long days on the road made a tremendous difference.

We left Adelaide on 27 July and joined the Princes Highway. We drove along the
stretch of the coast known as the Coorong National Park and stopped at the small
coastal town of Robe. We drove on across the Victorian border and spent the night
at Portland, quite a big town and a port from which live sheep were exported to
Saudi Arabia, and the site of a large aluminium smelter.

We went from Portland along the spectacular Great Ocean Road. We stopped at the
beautiful little town of Port Fairy, and drove as far as Lome, where we turned
north. We stayed at Shepparton in Victoria and at Jerilderie in NSW on our way
home. It had been an excellent and most instructive trip, and the car had performed
beautifully, the only damage being a hole in the water reservoir for the windscreens
washer.

DARWIN TO BROOME AND RETURN JULY 1986

For my recollections of this holiday with David, I am relying on photographs and my
memory. My appointment diary shows that we left Sydney on 23 June, and returned
to Sydney on 9 July. As the trip took 10 days I assume that we had 4 days in
Darwin. David had bought a new car, the first model of the Mitsubishi Magna. It
seemed at the time to be a good car but it proved to be very unreliable. The power
steering gave trouble during the trip, and subsequently the engine had to be
replaced. I will not attempt to describe exactly what we did in Darwin, but I have no
doubt that David looked after us with his usual care.

On our first day we drove from Darwin to Katherine where we stayed the night. Next
morning we joined the Victoria Highway. We stopped at the Victoria River crossing,
one of David’s favourite camping grounds, distinguished by large ancient baobab
trees and extensive views of the river. We then drove west to Timber Creek where
there was a Police Station and a store. The road was very good and the scenery
grand with a range of mountains to the north in the Keep River National Park. We then crossed into Western Australia and drove on to Kununurra, where we spent 2 nights at a motel.

Kununurra is a substantial town and is the headquarters of the huge Ord River irrigation scheme which was established by damming formerly northward flowing rivers and creating Lake Argyle. It was originally considered that cotton could be grown in the area with the ample water available for irrigation, but these attempts failed. However considerable success was achieved in growing tropical fruits and vegetables. We went to a lookout from which we could see the whole area and we also visited the shores of the lake and the remains of some of the buildings of Argyle Station, most of which is now under the waters of the lake.

Our next destination was Fitzroy Crossing. Shortly after passing through the little settlement of Turkey Creek we were most unexpectedly held up by the Panton River which had flooded the road seemingly because of rain in the hills to the north, as we had not had any in Kununurra. We were held up for about an hour until David plucked up courage and followed the first vehicle to drive through the water, which was then subsiding. There were a surprising number of vehicles held up on either side of the river. The next town was Halls Creek. It was I believe originally a gold mining town and we drove a little out of the present town to look at the remains of the original settlement. We knew when we were approaching Fitzroy Crossing by the rubbish on the roadside which extended for at least 10 kilometres. It was a very dirty, mostly Aboriginal, settlement, and we stayed the night in a very poor motel attached to the local pub.

The next morning we drove to Geikie Gorge National Park and went on a boat trip up the Gorge. It was a memorable trip. The deep waters of the gorge are bordered by high sandstone cliffs eroded into strange patterns. It was a really beautiful place. After this tour we had a drive of about 300 kilometres to Derby. It was a wonderful contrast to Fitzroy Crossing, as it was a clean little town with well kept houses and gardens. We stayed at a very good motel in comfortable rooms. The prosperity of the town is due to the nearby presence of a RAAF airfield and to diamond mines in the vicinity. Just before entering the town we passed some really huge baobab trees, obviously hundreds of years old. There were smaller specimens in the town itself.

We next day drove to Broome, a distance of 223 kilometres. Broome is a fascinating old town. It is situated on the north shore of Roebuck Bay and has a 30 foot tidal range. The town was established in 1883 after the discovery of extensive pearl oyster beds offshore. It became the centre of a prosperous pearling trade and a multi ethnic society with Europeans from various nations, Malays and Japanese continues. It is the principal town in the Kimberleys and also the site of a meat works. Just north of the town is the magnificent Cable Beach.

In 1942 it was the site of a horrific tragedy. All the flying boats from the Netherlands Air Force were sent from Indonesia filled with women and children escaping the Japanese invasion. They landed at Broome to refuel. They had just completed refueling and had re-embarked their passengers when their presence was
betrayed and they were attacked by Japanese aircraft. All the Netherlands aircraft were sunk and all passengers killed.

An English property developer, Lord MacAlpine, visited the town in the 1970's and was fascinated by the well preserved old buildings, and also conscious of the need to preserve them. He built a holiday resort at Cable Beach and did a great deal to encourage the restoration of old buildings including, churches, houses, and even the old picture theater. Modern tourist facilities and shops were also built. The town is still a centre for pearl trading, and its warm winter climate has proved a great attraction to European tourists. At the time of our visit much of this work had been completed, including the creation by Lord MacAlpine of a private zoo near Cable Beach. It was also most interesting to visit the cemeteries. There were any Japanese graves and in the European section Diana located the grave of a child of the grandmother of Zara Selby, who is still a close friend.

We found much to interest us during our two days in Broome. We had quite reasonable accommodation in a motel in the town. We then retraced our steps right back to Halls Creek, a drive of 770 kilometres. Halls Creek was a very definite improvement on Fitzroy Crossing. We spent the night at a reasonable motel.

The next morning we drove a further 375 kilometres to the turnoff to Kununurra but continued on a further 56 kilometres to Wyndham a small port on Cambridge Gulf, and the site of a meat works. I would describe it as being the worst looking town I have ever seen in the Australian outback. We drove to the top of a hill overlooking the town, it was low tide and we could see in the mud the tracks of numerous crocodiles. They did not even look out of place. We did not spend long in Wyndham but returned to Kununurra for the night.

We left for Darwin early next morning. We had intended to spend the night at Katherine but made such good time that we continued on to Casaurina Drive. David had planned our trip with great care and was a fund of information. We returned to Sydney on 9th. July.

SYDNEY PORT DOUGLAS KURUMBA BRISBANE 1996

In August 1993 because I had retired and because I had more sight problems, plus some family pressure we decided that we no longer needed 2 cars. I had the Volvo 760 and Diana a 1979 model Citroen. Diana thought that we should have a smaller car than the Volvo 760 and we both thought that the Citroen was too small and too much of an orphan for our very long outback trips. We decided with some regret to own only the one car, and on 23 August 1993 we traded both cars in on a new Volvo 850 GLT sedan. This was a new model with 5 cylinders and front wheel drive. We bought the top of the range which was supposed to have everything. Unfortunately it proved to be the second worst car I ever owned, the worst being my 1950 Jowett Javelin. I will not go into the litany of all its faults except to say that on the trip I am about to describe the air conditioning failed as soon as we got to the
tropics and really needed it.

We left Sydney on Saturday 18 May with the intention of driving north along the Pacific Highway, but we found it to be in such a state of disrepair that we turned off and spent our first night at Gloucester. From there we took a very interesting drive across the Dividing Range to Walcha, where we joined the Oxley Highway until it reached the New England Highway, and then drove on to Armidale where we spent the night. The next day we had another good drive into Queensland, through the fruit growing area of Warwick, and on to Toowoomba where we found a good motel opposite Toowoomba Grammar School.

From Toowoomba we had a beautiful drive to Kingaroy - Joh Belke Peterson's country. Although we arrived quite early in the afternoon I recall that we got the last available room in the motel of our choice. We were amused by the road signs and car stickers advertising both fundamental Christianity and opposition to the new restrictive gun laws. Kingaroy looked a very prosperous town. The next day we drove through hilly country to Bundaberg on the coast.

Bundaberg is quite a large town with a population of about 35000. It is situated on the Burnett River. It is the centre for the large sugar plantations in the district and has manufacturing industries for the sugar industry, a sugar mill and a rum distillery. Approaching the town we passed through the first sugar farms of this trip of which we were to see hundreds.

From Bundaberg we drove on the Bruce Highway for 500 kilometres over familiar territory to Rockhampton where we stayed the night. We continued next day a further 350 Kilometres to Mackay, another sugar town again with a population exceeding 30000. We visited Eimeo Beach where Diana and the children and her father stayed for a week years before when I was visiting Swiss Aluminum. She found it remarkably little changed, except for signs warning against crocodiles and a dispenser of vinegar to put on jelly fish stings. We also drove to a seaside resort named Seaforth about 40 kilometres north of the town.

We stayed the night at Mackay and then continued up the Highway to Proserpine where we made a side trip past Airlie Beach to Shute Harbour, the principal port for chartered yachts for cruising in the Whitsundays. We had stayed at Airlie Beach for a few days some years earlier and found that it had grown considerably. We returned to the Bruce Highway and proceeded north to Bowen, a delightful little seaside town facing the sea with miles of attractive beaches. We spent the night at a motel which was quite comfortable.

Our next stop was the city of Townsville, one of Queensland's major cities with a population of over 90000. It has never been one of my favorites as it is situated on a vast salt pan, However it is a major port with a large artificial harbour. It was then Australia's principal army base and the junction of railway lines south to Brisbane, north to Cairns and west to Mount Isa. James Cook University has its headquarters there and also the Australian Institute of Marine Science. It also has a considerable industrial base. We stayed there for 2 days in a pleasant resort just out of the city. We visited a fine aquarium filled with colorful tropical fish and walked
through the older part of the city.

From Townsville we drove through Ingham, Cardwell and Tully and turned off the highway to Mission Beach, a really beautiful resort with a lovely beach and just inshore of Dunk Island. We knew of it because we had stayed there on the previous trip to which I have just referred. We stayed in a very comfortable motel where every room opened on to a hundred metres or so of lawn and shady palms and then to the miles of beach. We stayed there for two days and then drove on to Cairns by a roundabout Route.

We stopped for a cup of morning tea at Innisfail then left the Highway and drove up into the mountains almost to Atherton and then down to Gordonvale and on to the Cairns Airport where we had the great pleasure of meeting David when his plane arrived from Darwin. When leaving the airport we found that the car air conditioning was not working. It never worked again for the rest of the trip. We did not go into the city but drove from the Airport to the Cook Highway, our destination being Port Douglas, a distance of about 80 kilometres. It was a really beautiful drive. I think that this stretch of road is one of the most scenic in Australia, as it runs close to the coast and past beautiful beaches. As they are inside the Great Barrier Reef there is usually very little surf. When we turned off the Cook Highway we found the short drive into Port Douglas was lined with palms. These had all been planted when the now fugitive Christopher Skase was building the Mirage Resort. We had reservations at a motel called the Lazy Lizard, which we found quite adequate.

We spent the afternoon looking around the town. When I had visited it years before on my Mercantile Mutual trip inspecting the Cairns Branch it was a little fishing village on a hill with only one restaurant. The difference I now found to be almost unbelievable. There was a large marina lined with craft of every description, and adjoining it was a walkway lined with shops and some very good restaurants. We dined well that night.

The next morning 1 June, we left our motel and drove through the town of Mossman and then on to Daintree. It was another beautiful drive with a range of mountains to our west and the coastal plain of sugar cane farms on our east. We crossed the Daintree River, a very considerable stream, by a vehicular ferry and the drove on a rather indifferent unsealed road to Cape Tribulation. We passed a number of resorts on the way. At Cape Tribulation there is yet another really beautiful beach, but with the usual warning against stinging jellyfish. There was some very fine scenery on the undulating road. On our return journey we went into the village of Daintree where we ate in a cafe which had until shortly before out visit been under floodwaters from the river. We returned to the Lazy Lizard for the night and ate at a nearby Chinese restaurant.

The next day we again spent in Port Douglas this time looking at the resort hotels, and the very fine beach. We drove into the Mirage which is fronted by a magnificent golf course, in the most immaculate condition. We walked into the public rooms of the hotel which were very fine, the main lounge leading to a path to the beach. We visited another resort hotel called "Treetops" where all the rooms are
overhung with trees and palms. Again it had direct access to the beach. Finally we went into a beautiful little weatherboard church named appropriately "St. Marys by the sea."

On 3 June we had a long day. We retraced our steps back down the Cook Highway as far as the turn off just north of Cairns up into the hills to Mareeba, and then south through Atherton until we reached the Kennedy Highway on which we continued until we reached the Gulf Development Road, along which we drove for another 150 kilometres until we reached Georgetown. Where we spent the night at the only motel. Before we left Port Douglas Diana had bought sufficient fruit for much of our trip, but to our dismay we were stopped shortly out of Atherton and all the fruit was confiscated by quarantine inspectors because of an outbreak of fruit fly. Diana was naturally upset. During the War thousands of soldiers of the AIF had been stationed on the Atherton Tableland and we passed signposts indicating the sites of the camps.

There is a railway from Georgetown to Croydon, a one car motor rail. It really now serves no purpose other than as a tourist attraction. We stopped at Croydon an interesting old settlement with a courthouse still in good condition. We have a photograph of Mr. Justice David Carment sitting in judgement. From there we drove on to Normanton where we stayed in a surprisingly good motel.

From Normanton we drove to Kurumba the headquarters of the prawning industry on the Gulf of Carpentaria, it is only about 70 kilometres north of Normanton, through very dry desert country. We found there an excellent hotel with a good dining room where we had a meal. I think that we all felt a sense of achievement in reaching Kurumba. Although most of the gulf Development road was unsealed it was well graded and not rough and gave us no trouble.

From Normanton we drove south on the Matilda Highway to Cloncurry, a distance of about 380 kilometres. The road was being upgraded from the status of being a development road and was unsealed in part. The country was in very poor condition and desperately in need of rain. In Cloncurry we stayed in motel attached to a pub, where we had one of the worst meals I can remember, corned beef and cabbage swimming in water. We had a look at an interesting little museum relating to the Flying Doctor Service, otherwise Cloncurry had little to offer.

At Cloncurry we reached the Landsborough Highway and drove through McKinlay and Kyuna to Winton. Although most of Queensland had had reasonable rains this whole area was in a terrible state having endured years of drought. From Winton we continued to Longreach. We did not this time stop at the Stockman’s Hall of Fame as we had all seen it quite recently, but continued on to Barcaldine where we again stayed at the very good little motel on the Highway. We again visited the Australian Workers Heritage Centre, which David found to be most interesting. That day I now find by looking at the road map, we traveled more 600 Kilometres.

From Barcaldine we drove south through Blackall, Tambo and Augathella until we joined the Warrego Highway about 100 kilometres east of Charleville, and drove on to Roma we we spent the night at the very good motel we had stayed at on a
previous trip. The next morning we drove east through Miles, Dalby and Toowoomba to Brisbane where because of its affiliation with the Union Club, we were all able to stay at the beautiful old Queensland Cub, which is situated very close to the Brisbane River and the Botanical Gardens. The bedrooms had been completely refurbished and we had most comfortable rooms.

The next morning David had arranged for us to meet Jan Crombie and her husband at the Exhibition Centre which had been built when Brisbane hosted the World Trade Fair. It is situated on the river bank and we lunched there and had a very pleasant visit. David flew back to Darwin early next morning and Diana and I had a quiet day in which we went to the Botanical Gardens. The next day we drove home down the New England Highway. It had been a really interesting trip and we had traveled through every possible variety of Australian countryside. As usual David's presence for an important part of the trip, greatly added to our enjoyment.

**ACROSS THE NULLARBOR AND RETURN 1976**

When we returned from our trip to the Gulf the Volvo 850 continued to give almost continuous and often serious trouble. At great expense I had a new compressor fitted for the air conditioning but there was no improvement. We had two blowouts in the left hand front tyre. On each occasion the inside of the tyre was shredded obviously by some fault in the front wheel drive. The horn would not work, but the most serious fault was that the engine would stop without warning. Mum had a very nasty experience when this happened in heavy city traffic. The Scuderia Veloce people who had sold it to us and serviced it were embarrassed because the 850 model was known as a trouble-free car. They were unable to even find the faults in ours. I decided that we had to get rid of this obviously dangerous car. I did not want to get another Volvo, but Mum persuaded me to stick to the brand as their service was usually good and she knew and trusted the people at Scuderia Veloce. As she was the driver I agreed, not without considerable misgivings, and at a very substantial loss, in trading the 850 in on the top of the range Volvo, a 960SE station wagon. This is a 6 cylinder rear wheel drive car. Very few of this model are imported and it therefore has the disadvantage of being rather an orphan. Fortunately to date it has proved to be most satisfactory, as it should considering what it cost!

I had always wanted to drive across the Nullarbor to Perth, and with some trepidation as I had by then lost confidence in the Volvo make, we decided to make the trip in May / June 1996. We left Sydney on Monday 19 May, and drove via, Dubbo, Nyngan, and Broken Hill to Port Augusta. We stayed overnight at Nyngan and Broken Hill and reached Port Augusta on 23 May, where we had very good accommodation at the Hi-Way One Motel. This town is at the head of Spencer Gulf and has a population in excess of 13000. It at one time had important railway workshops, but they have somewhat declined. However it is an important service centre for a very large area, and wool and wheat are shipped from the port.
Next day we got an early start and left the town on the Eyre Highway. A few miles out we ran into dense fog, so dense that we could not even see the dividing lines on the road. We had a very uncomfortable drive, always aware of the huge road trains. The fog was so thick that we could not even see the very conspicuous features of Iron Knob and Iron Baron which are the source of ore for the Whyalla steelworks. We traveled more than 100 kilometres before we had clear visibility. About 150 kilometres from Port Augusta we reached the little wheat town of Kimba which is distinguished by a large sign announcing it as being half way across Australia. There was also a sign saying that it was 1453 Kilometres from Perth and 1276 kilometres from Adelaide. It really did make us conscious that we were a long way from home. We continued through very marginal wheat country to Ceduna which is on the coast of the Great Australian Bight, and again a wheat export port. We stayed overnight at East West Motel where we had comfortable accommodation and a good dinner. Diana was naturally very tired having driven 480 kilometres that day, 100 of which were under the most difficult conditions in the fog.

On Sunday 25 May we continued west to Eucla which is just over the West Australian border. There were several turnoffs from the road to lookouts to see views of the cliffs and the ocean but it was unseasonably wet weather and there was no visibility which was a disappointment. The road trains sent up huge sprays behind them in the rain. The main feature was a roadside sign saying that we were on the world's longest straight road 146.6 kilometres! Apart from a few service stations there were no towns. We had intended to spend the night at Eucla but although we had traveled 482 kilometres we had made such good time that we decided to carry on another 100 Kilometres to Madura where there was a motel which was quite adequate and there was quite a good dining room. We were glad that we had extended our journey the previous day as it was still another 470 kilometres to our next destination, Norseman. The weather had improved and we made very good time on an excellent highway. There was little of note to see as the road ran well inland. We reached Norseman, a gold mining town, in the early afternoon and booked into the Norseman Eyre Motel which we found to be quite immaculate with a very good dining room. Don Idle had been a master of the school at Norseman and Jan may be very familiar with this town.

On Tuesday 27th. We drove to Kalgoorlie, a distance of only 168 Kilometres. We visited the nickel mining town of Kambalda on the way. Like most new mining towns in the west, it was well laid out with houses and gardens of a good standard. When we reached Kalgoorlie we booked an indifferent motel, the Hospitality Motor Inn. In the afternoon we went to the "Big Pit". This is an excavation of such huge dimensions that large ore carrying trucks look like ants at the bottom. It was created by joining together a number of existing pits. Gold prices were satisfactory at that time and the town looked prosperous. There were a number of very well preserved old buildings still well and truly in use. There was a road leading out of the town which had at its entrance the following notice -"No food or fuel for the next 862 Km. Cook." This gives an idea of the vast distances and sparse population.

The next morning we had a later start as we had only a short trip of 295 kilometres ahead to Meredin. We drove out along the Eastern Highway through Kalgoorlie's
twin town of Boulder which again had attractive well kept 19th. Century buildings. The water pipeline which made possible the development of these waterless areas runs alongside the highway. We passed through Coolgardie, only 39 kilometres west of Boulder, then Southern Cross and then Meredin. We stayed at Potts Motor Inn on the western outskirts of the town. This is all wheat growing area and Meredin has the usual silos and is on the railway line to Perth. We had a look round the town during the afternoon.

We were due in Perth the next day. I had estimated the distance to be only a little over 200 kilometres so on our way we made a fairly brief diversion to the little town of York, with its beautifully preserved buildings. It was also I believe one of the towns in which Don Idle had been Headmaster. David had taken us there many years before when he was on the staff of the University of Western Australia.

It is always an anxious time for a complete stranger to enter a major city, but we found that our road maps were so good that we really had very little trouble, even with me as navigator. When we had visited David when he was living in Perth and we stopped for a few days to see him on our way to Europe, he had arranged accommodation for us at the Kings Park Motel, and we booked in there again. I am very glad that we did. It was easy to find and it had been recently refurbished. We had a really nice room. We were early enough to stop and enjoy the extensive view of the city from the heights of the park before we booked in. Diana should have felt a great sense of achievement in driving so far without relief and in such a variety of conditions. We arrived at the motel on Thursday 29 May and stayed until Saturday 31st.

Don and Mary Idle met us at the Motel the next morning and gave us a delightful day driving us extensively around Perth and Fremantle, where we had lunch. They went out of their way to give a wonderful tour. They came to dinner with us at the motel, and just before we dined David arrived from the Airport, having flown down from Darwin. I was able to introduce him to Don and Mary. It was wonderful to see him again and to know that he would be with us, not only to give us his company, but also to share the driving as far as Adelaide. We also spent the next day in Perth with David, and lunched at an excellent restaurant in Kings Park.

We left Perth on a very wet morning, but fortunately we soon drove out of the rain. We traveled south through Bunbury and Bussleton and before driving on to Margaret River, took a side road to Cape Naturaliste, where a lighthouse marks the most westerly point of the Australian mainland. There is a brass plate there commemorating the fact the the Cape was sighted by Matthew Flinders on HMS Investigator when he commenced mapping the West Australian coast. At Margaret River we booked into the Cape Freyuncet Motor Inn, a large establishment. Margaret River is the centre of the Western Australian wine industry which is highly regarded and growing and is close to good surfing beaches.

Next day we drove through national parks and karri forests and then along the south coast to Albany. The weather was showery and I recall us just getting time to eat a short lunch between showers. We continued along the South Coast Highway to Albany. This is a historic town and is the southernmost town in Western Australia.
It is situated on the northern shore of Princess Royal Harbour, King George Sound. The first European Settlement was established there in 1826. It was an important port until the establishment of the breakwaters at Fremantle, and a shore based whaling station until 1978. As soon as we arrived we went to the lookout overlooking the town, but got only brief views because the rain soon blotted out the view. We stayed at the Travel Motor Inn. Whilst we were on our way to the motel the car phone rang. It was quite unexpected as we did not know that anyone outside the family had the number. It transpired that it was My Van to see if we could get together when we were in Adelaide. David had given her the number. In our new car we have a digital phone, and although it is very good the digital network is as yet not nearly as wide as analogue. I really cannot why Beazsley, when he was Minister for Communications in the Keating Government, ordered the change.

On 3 June we drove 479 kilometres to Esperance. The road was mostly inland from the coast, but we did get occasional glimpses of the sea. Just before entering the town we passed a wind farm. It comprised about 20 windmills with twin blades situated on a hilltop. It was a real surprise to see 21st century technology being tried in such a remote part of the world. I liked Esperance which is on the shore of the Great Australian Bight. We stayed at the Travel Inn Motel which had extensive views out to sea. The surrounding country is wheat growing. I would have liked to spend another day there but but we were on a tight schedule as David had to return to Darwin at the end of the week.

We left Esperance early the next morning as we were facing the longest segment of the trip. First we drove back to Norseman, a distance of 200 kilometres, where we rejoined the Eyre Highway. We had intended to spend the night at a motel at Cocklebiddy, but with David at the wheel we made such good time that we continued on to Madura where we knew that there was a reasonably good motel. This part of the journey was through generally featureless country. I remember that we talked to two highway police at the motel who were just about to go on duty for the night. They told us the the speed of the road trains at night was almost unbelievable. I was glad that our day's journey was over.

Next day the weather had greatly improved and we drove back to Ceduna. This time we visited all the viewpoints along the coast and the ruins of the old signal station at Eucla. The views of the wild southern ocean, the cliffs and beaches were worth the whole trip across the Nullabor, and it was such a pity that the weather had prevented us seeing them on the journey westward. We spent the night again at the East West Motel.

On Friday 6th we drove from Ceduna down the west coast of the Eyre Peninsula to Port Lincoln. I consider the coastal scenery of the Peninsula to be one of Australia's best kept secrets. The views of the surf from the Southern Ocean crashing against the cliffs and on to the beaches is quite awe inspiring. The only settlement of any size is at Coffin Bay on the shore of a bay of the same name. From there the road continues east to Port Lincoln which is quite a large town. There is a thriving fishing and tuna growing industry and large wheat silos and wharves capable of accommodating quite large ships. We booked into the Hilton Motel where Diana and I had stayed once before and remembered as being very good. We were not
disappointed and had very comfortable rooms. After booking in and unloading our luggage we drove along a very rough road called "Whalers Way" to the southernmost point of the Peninsula. I think that David enjoyed this part of the trip.

From Port Lincoln we drove next day up the east coast of the Peninsula. This road runs along the sheltered waters of Spencer Gulf and there are quite a few small towns and fishing ports. We again spent the night at the Hi-Way One Motel at Port Augusta.

Our next stop was Adelaide and we went down the coast of the Yorke Peninsula and visited Port Broughton where we had stayed with the whole family many years before. We then rejoined the main road and drove through Adelaide to a motel near the airport. As it was Sunday there was almost no city traffic. We arrived about midday and in the afternoon we drove to Henley Beach where we had a lunch of fish and chips. David left for Darwin early the next morning and as usual we were very sorry to see him go. I think that he did all the driving from Perth. We left Adelaide again in dense fog, and returned home staying at Mount Gambier and Warnambool. We then took the Great Ocean Road again. It is always to see its spectacular scenery. We turned north and spent a night at Colac and then home with one more stop on the way. It had been a very successful trip and I was very pleased with the performance of the new car. Diana greatly appreciated the ease of loading a station wagon.

SYDNEY DARWIN KIMBERLEYS PILBARA
INDIAN PACIFIC MAY/ JUNE 1998

We left home on 11 May and spent the day with Ann, and the night as usual at Leura Gardens. We then stayed one night each at Gunnedah and Kingaroy, and then two nights at Bundaberg. It was fortunate that we stayed there because Diana had serious dental trouble, and although there were several dentists in the town, she was by almost a miracle, able to get a cancellation with one of them, who fortunately she found to be very competent. As this was to be a very long trip and because Diana would have to drive without relief all the way to Darwin, I planned to spend two nights at several towns before the very long drive across the Barkly Tableland.

We then spent two nights at Rockhampton., spending one day renewing our acquaintainship with old scenes, which we enjoyed. We stayed at a small motel, the Cattle City, at the entrance to the city. It was very indifferent.

We left Rockhampton on 17 May and took the Capricorn Highway through the big coal mining town of Blackwater and stayed the night at the very pleasant town of Emerald, which proved to be a great surprise because just out of the town there is an extensive irrigation area fed by Lake Maraboon, a very considerable body of water. There were pleasant picnic spots by the lake. In the town itself there was a
very well kept railway station dated 1900. The season was good and the town looked prosperous.

The next day we drove on a further 315 Kilometres to Barcaldine, where we again stayed at Landsborough Lodge, this time for two nights. We had a leisurely stay and the motel was as comfortable as I had remembered it to be. We again spent some time in the ALP Memorial village. It was very well maintained and I found it most interesting, particularly the old schoolhouse which had been reconstructed.

We then drove on to Longreach, where we again spent two nights. We spent nearly all of one day at the Stockman's Hall of Fame, and saw a very interesting slide show as well as the other exhibits which had been increased since our last visit. Longreach is the location of the birth of Qantas and the Company had recently opened a museum of its early history at the airport. I found this also to be most interesting. We again stayed in comfort at the Albert Park Motel.

Our next stop was Cloncurry. We were not looking forward to again staying at the only dreadful motel, but to our great surprise we found a brand new one. It was really very good. The rooms had pise walls, most suitable for the climate, and the dining room was built with a great deal of beautiful recycled hardwood. I hope it is successful. Cloncurry can certainly do with it.

We spent the next night at Mount Isa. It was interesting that on this trip to the west we had not seen a dead kangaroo in contrast to our previous trip in the drought. We had very good weather and the country appeared to be in good order. We left Mount Isa at dawn next day as we had a drive ahead of more than 700 kilometres. Camoweel looked as uninviting as ever. The Barkly Highway was in perfect order and we made very good time, reaching Tennant Creek in the early afternoon. Diana arrived with a sense of great relief, having driven so far in such deserted country, there being only one roadhouse between Camoweel and the Stuart Highway. This time we stayed at the Bluestone Motor Inn, which we found quite good.

On 25 May we drove on to Katherine. The town had been inundated by a huge flood the year before, but when we arrived the visible damage and been repaired. We stayed at Knotts Crossing Resort Motel, a little out of the town on the road to Katherine Gorge. It too had been flooded and only very recently reopened. All the damage had been repaired and the rooms re-carpeted and re-painted. We had an excellent room and a very good meal in the newly restored dining room. The Manageress told us that they, fortunately, had been fully insured.

We reached David's home on the afternoon of 26 May. Diana was very proud of herself having driven all this very considerable distance, and very relieved that we would have a co-driver from Darwin to Perth. We stayed with David until 29 May. He took us to see Northern Territory University where there were a number of new buildings since our last visit. It is very well situated at Casuarina, and I am sure that given the rapid growth of the area, and its proximity to the emerging economies of South East Asia, it will become a very major Institution. Sadly, its progress has
been almost brought to a halt by the Howard Government which is, without doubt the most anti-intellectual Australian Government in my lifetime. I cannot understand why, at a time of great prosperity, it has chosen to drastically reduce funding for all forms of tertiary education. I always thoroughly enjoy a few days at David's unit browsing through his wonderful library of biography and history, in which we share a common interest. I also enjoy watching the magnificent sunsets at that time of year.

We had a leisurely start on Friday 29 May and drove to Katherine, stopping at Adelaide River on the way. We again stayed at the Knotts Crossing Motel. The next day we drove on to Kununurra. We stopped on the way at Victoria River where there are now anti crocodile warnings prominently displayed in the river bank. We stopped again at Timber Creek. On reaching Kununurra we stayed at the Mercure Inn where we had good rooms. We had heard that Andrew Craig, a school friend of David's and one of the sons of very old friends of ours David and Ronia Craig, was living in Kununurra. He was working for the Western Australian Dept. of Agriculture, as far as I can remember on a research project. This rather surprised me because the last time I had heard of him he was an engineer at Mount Tom Price. The Craig family at one time lived in Iluka Road. I had been at Shore Prep with David Craig, who has had a most distinguished career as one of Australia's leading scientists.

Andrew was a very pleasant dinner guest and he gave us a lot of very interesting information about the progress of the Ord River Scheme. Since our last visit there had been very considerable progress made in the growing of vegetables and tropical fruits, and I was surprised to see experimental areas of sugar cane of considerable size, particularly at a time when the very large sugar industry in Queensland and northern NSW was suffering from depressed world prices and severe competition from beet sugar grown in Europe. He told the location of a lookout giving a wonderful view over all the cultivation, which we visited first thing next morning and I was interested to note that there were very few farmhouses, the farmers apparently preferring to live in the town. I was an interesting visit.

Next day we drove on the Great Northern Highway, with its mountains to the north, through Halls Creek, which appeared to have grown considerably since our last visit, and seeing baobab trees, to Fitzroy Crossing, where we received a very pleasant surprise because instead of the dreadful motel we had stayed in during our previous visit, we found the Fitzroy River Motor Lodge, a really pleasant motel with several wings of comfortable rooms, all high set because of the occasional floods in the river which was nearby. There was a good dining room, and a service station, serving both the motel and an attached camping ground.

Next day we left for Broome. We have photographs of us all having morning tea under a huge baobab with a trunk which must have been almost 30 feet in diameter. We booked into the Mercure Inn Continental, which was very poor with very small rooms. We drove on to Cable Beach where we thought we would have lunch. It was incredibly hot and the only shade was from palm trees and all of it was taken up by people trying to escape some of the burning sun. We got something to eat from a kiosk and eventually found a patch of shade. We had a look at the Cable
Beach Resort built by Lord MacAlpine. It was a series of detached huts. It was reputed to be very expensive, but I did not think it looked very attractive. We drove to Gantheaume Point from where we could look back along the whole length of Cable Beach. We renewed or acquaintance with the town itself which had grown a great deal since it had become a tourist resort. We dined at the motel.

On 2 June we drove 610 kilometres to Port Hedland. The road was very good, with little traffic, but in the whole of that distance there was only one possible stop - the Sandfire Roadhouse 240 Kilometres from the town. Port Hedland is Australia’s largest iron ore shipping port. Some of the largest bulk carriers in the world regularly call here to load cargoes of iron ore from BHP’s mines west of the port. The ore is brought to the port by trains more than a kilometre in length. We stayed at the Hospitality Inn Port Hedland Hotel which was very comfortable. It was a well laid out and prosperous looking town, and I noticed that many houses had a boat on a trailer outside them. On our way into the town we passed a large area were salt was being collected, and also shipped out. In 1993 Port Hedland had a population of over 13000. It is probably greater now because of the work force employed by BHP in its diastrous building of its hot brickette plant.

Our next destination was Karratha, a distance of only 242 Kilometres from Port Hedland. On our way we stopped at the old town of Roebourne which was established as far back as 1866. We visited the old town gaol, now an interesting museum. We then went to another historic town, Cossack, which in its day had been the first port in the north west and the headquarters of a thriving pearling industry until it a slump in prices for pearl and shell in the 1870’s. There was a very old cemetery which David found most interesting. The harbour at Cossack gradually silted up and shipping then used Port Samson, where we had lunch at a seaside hotel. When we reached Karratha we booked into the Karratha International Hotel. We drove out to the deep water port of Dampier a short distance from the town. The port was established by Hammersley Iron for shipment of iron ore from their mines at Tom Price and Paraburdoo. Karratha is also the administrative headquarters of Roeboum Shire and has a population of about 10000. A most important development is the collection point for the north-west shelf gas project. We went to a lookout which had a view of the works, the size of which astonished me.

We then went on to Exmouth. I had originally estimated this to be a journey of over 700 kilometres, but we found an unsealed secondary road which saved us at least 200 kilometres. On this road we prayed that it would not rain as it would have been very difficult if wet. We passed through Learmonth where there is a RAAF Base about 50 kilometres from Exmouth. On reaching Exmouth we had accommodation reserved at the Potshot Hotel Resort. Exmouth was originally built by the Commonwealth and West Australian Governments as a service centre for the US Communication Base at North West Cape, but because of its excellent climate and proximity to Cape Range Park with its beautiful beaches, it has become a very popular tourist resort. In the afternoon we drove out to North West Cape, where there is a lighthouse and a very fine view of the coast. We then drove into the national park and visited the park headquarters which had an extensive display of the local fauna. The road to and from the park ran past fine beaches.
After leaving Exmouth we took a side road up to the top of the range overlooking the national park, from which we again had wonderful views. Our destination for the night was Carnarvon, a distance of 354 kilometres. On the way we also stopped at Coral Bay, a favourite holiday fishing spot. We booked into the Hospitality Motor Inn and in the afternoon we drove about 40 kilometres north on an unsealed road to Port Quobba where there was a beautiful beach very exposed to the ocean and with a rocky bottom with spectacular blow holes. Carnarvon is built where the Gascoyne River meets the Indian Ocean, and it has broad streets planted with palms, bougainvillea and hibiscus. It was founded in 1876 and was originally the port for pastoral activities, then a whaling station. Because of its beaches and fishing it has become a popular tourist destination for people from the Pilbara and from Perth.

Our next destination was Geraldton, a distance of 481 kilometres. About 200 kilometres south we took an extraordinarily interesting side trip to Hamelin Pool. The pool is at the end of Shark Bay but sandbars and a bank of sea grass prevent tidal flushing, and this with high evaporation results in the water in the pool being twice as salty as seawater. This saltiness has resulted in the preservation of an ancient life from known as “Stromatolites”. Most of these are elsewhere in the world only discovered as fossils, but in Hamelin Pool they are alive and well. They are in the form of spongy domes formed by tiny blue green algae. A walkway had been constructed from which it was possible to look down on this primitive life form. We also diverted and drove into Kalbarri National Park a fine drive past deep gorges and rocky outcrops.

At Geraldton is a large town with a population of about 22000. It was founded in the 1840's and today it is the administrative centre and main port of the mid-west of Western Australia, and is the centre of an expanding industrial, mining and fishing area, and a growing tourist destination. We stayed overnight at the Hospitality Inn. We drove through the town on arrival.

On Sunday 7 June we drove to Perth, a distance of 423 kilometres and again stayed at the Kings Park Motel, this time in a very indifferent room. Don and Mary Idle took us all for a very enjoyable dinner at a restaurant within walking distance of the motel. It was good to see them again.

The next morning David left very early by taxi to the airport to return to Darwin. He had been wonderful company and he had done all the driving since we left Darwin. Without his knowledge I doubt that we would have visited many places of great interest. We had driven more than 10000 kilometres and the car had performed faultlessly. We have arranged for ourselves and the car to return home on the Indian Pacific Express which was due to leave Perth in the late afternoon. We thought that it would be a good idea to make a trial journey to the Railway Station, and it was just as well that we did so because several roads were under repair and the diversions not particularly easy to find. We had to be at the Station at least an hour before the train’s departure to enable the car to be loaded. We arrived in very good time and had lunch at the Station. I then watched the car being loaded. When we boarded the train we found our cabin to have two bunks one above the other and a very small shower and toilet. It was very clean and well ordered. The train left on
time.

The early part of the journey before darkness set in was very scenic as we traveled first through the suburbs and then through the hills outside Perth. The train ran very smoothly and quietly. There was a public address system available if one wished information on progress. We had a very good meal in the dining car, and we later found out that the food was supplied by Qantas Flight Catering. We were awakened next morning by a steward bring us a cup of tea, and looked out to see that we were traveling through desert. Whilst we were at breakfast our cabin was made up for daytime use. During the night Diana had most unselfishly insisted on sleeping in the upper bunk in which she felt rather unsafe as there was really nothing to prevent her falling out of it.

On our first day we stopped at Cook an almost deserted town which had formerly housed settlers before steel sleepers had been installed. The train traveled at a steady pace and stopped at sidings on several occasions to enable passage of freight trains to pass. We found the journey very restful and the scenery always interesting. We stopped for a while in Adelaide where several passengers and cars disembarked and others came aboard. We then traveled to Broken Hill where we had another exchange of passengers.

After leaving Broken Hill we had a fascinating journey in the late afternoon past The Menindee Lakes and we saw many kangaroos and emus just before dusk. On our final morning we passed within sight of Ann's house at Wentworth Falls we arrived at Sydney Central Station, right on time at 9.15 am on 11 June. We had quite a long delay in getting our car unloaded and found it to be absolutely filthy covered in a mixture of dirt and diesel oil. Diana had to borrow a cloth from a train cleaner to clean the windscreen sufficiently for her to drive the car. It was indeed the only blot on a very well conducted journey.

This very long trip completed our circumnavigation of Australia. It would not have been possible without the invaluable assistance and enthusiasm of Diana and David. I think that was extremely fortunate in having such wonderful companions. I have heard many people say that they would like to drive around Australia, but I often wonder how many have actually done it. Equally I know that many people view the prospect of such a journey with horror! We Australians are a most fortunate people to live in such a wonderful scenic and peaceful country in a troubled world.

**MISCELLANEOUS JOURNEYS**

In the preceding section I have endeavored to describe my recollection of our major journeys in Australia but there were many others. On several other occasions we flew to Darwin and with David we had trips to Kakadu National Park seeing some of the ancient rock paintings and boat trips on Yellow Waters Lagoon, a boat trip up the crocodile infested Adelaide River, and the beauty of the incredible bird life at Humpty Doo.
One trip I will never forget was when we took an all day tourist flight. We first visited Jabiru and were shown the Ranger uranium mine, then Yellow Waters Lagoon and the rock paintings and Jim Jim Falls and finally a memorable flight at dusk along the Arnhemland escarpment, and finally landing back at Darwin as the sun was setting. We have also flown to Bathurst Island and spent a day seeing the very different Tiwi culture.

When Carl was 12 he flew with us to Darwin and David as usual went out of his way to show him the sights including Kakadu where we stayed at the Crocodile Hotel and Carl over estimated his capacity for buffalo sausages! I think that he sometimes found the long distances tiring, but he was fascinated by crocodiles and had his fill of seeing them at the crocodile farm outside Darwin. He also loved his first experience of flying.

I also have not described two holiday trips to New Zealand. The first was on the South Island, flying into Christchurch where we hired a car, and driving to Queenstown and Milford sound, returning via Mount Cook. We had terrible weather the whole way, the only fine day being our first. On another occasion we went to the North Island, landing at Auckland and visiting the Bay of Islands, Rotorua and Lake Taupo. I regret that I did not keep detailed records of these journeys.

Diana and I also made a number of shorter trips. On one we drove through Adelaide, then to Whyalla and down the east coast of the Eyre Peninsula to Port Lincoln, and returned by the road which leads north through the centre of the peninsula. We were most impressed by the vast area of wheat being grown. The really arable soil ceases a little south of Whyalla, after that the desert commences. We returned via the Murray Valley spent two very pleasant days at Berri on the way home. On another occasion we had a pleasant holiday in the Grampians.

We have also spent holidays on both the north and south coasts and up and down the New England Highway. We have visited Canberra regularly. In recent years we have stayed at the Commonwealth Club and visited the National Gallery each time there is a new exhibition. On several occasions we extended or journey to visit John and Janet Harrowell when they were living at their property “Rockwell” near Dalgety. Never was a property more appropriately named as there were more rocks than grass! They ran a herd of goats and I think always lost money. They subsequently sold this property and bought a house at Oberon where we stayed with them several times.
I suppose that it was a mid-life madness which caused me to persuade Diana that we should move away from our home at Iluka Road where she had been so happy and where our children had grown up. It was an extremely selfish act on my part, and one which greatly affected the family at a time when they most needed a stable base. In retrospect it was a move which in many ways I greatly regret, because I am sure that at the time it caused an unpardonable disruption to the lives of our children. It most certainly resulted in some very unhappy years for Diana.

It all started when in September 1972 Diana and I went to Bowral for a golfing holiday. I was then 54 and at the peak of my business life, rather stressed, and in need of a holiday. As I remember it, Bowral was looking at its best and I suggested to Diana that we should see if we could buy a holiday home there. She thought that it might be a good idea and so we called at the offices of the local estate agents, Burton of Bowral. He showed us several large houses, two right on the golf course, and then he showed us "Burradoo House" in Burradoo Road. It was a large, beautifully proportioned two story house, badly in need of external painting, and set in 5 acres of ground with a very fine garden in front, a swimming pool at the rear, and 3 acres of horse paddocks behind. There was a double garage at on side of the house, and sheds at the rear.

Inside it had been beautifully decorated. On the ground floor after entering from a spacious front porch, there was a beautifully proportioned entrance hall from which led a gracefully curved staircase. There was a fireplace on one side of the hall and a guests toilet off it at the rear. Doors on one side led to a large lounge with glass doors at one end leading to the garden, very fine Chinese curtains, and an Adam fireplace. Doors on the other side of the front hall led to a gracefully proportioned dining room with a butlers pantry between it and the kitchen at the rear of the house. The kitchen and laundry and a walk in pantry were in a separate wing at the rear of the house. Upstairs there was a large master bedroom with a walk in wardrobe off to one side and a large bathroom at the other. There were two other large bedrooms and one slightly smaller one and a large second bathroom. We fell in love with the house and immediately decided to buy it as the price seemed to be very reasonable. I think that I can say that we never fell out of love with the house. It was being sold by a dentist named Paul Dunworth who, with his wife and 2 girls was going to practice in London, and was anxious to leave as soon as possible.

We paid a deposit on the house on 19 September 1972 and after all the legal formalities had been completed the purchase was completed on 7 September. The house was purchased by Diana from her own funds which she had inherited on the death of her father 2 years before. We also purchased from the Dunworths at a very reasonable price, a number of items of furniture which they were not taking with them to London.

The children were extremely surprised and not too pleased - particularly David - at or move. However David was the living at University House in Canberra whilst he was studying for his PhD at the Australian National University and Ann was about
to marry John Stephenson. Tom was attending Julian Ashton's Art School. We originally thought that we would maintain both houses and spend only the weekends at Burradoo, but it was soon apparent that this would not be practical. I remember that Ann, in particular urged me not to sell lluka Road but to divide it into two flats, which, again in retrospect, would have been a very practical solution, but I stubbornly refused. We therefore decided to sell lluka Road and buy a suitable home unit for Tom to live in whenever he pleased, and for us to occupy when we were in Sydney.

We placed lluka Road on the market for sale by auction, and in the meantime looked for a suitable unit. We on 27 March bought a brand new unit on the 15th floor of a block at the end of Whaling Road North Sydney. The auction of lluka Road did not really arouse as much interest as I had expected, but it was sold on 18 April with us leaving leaving a portion of the price as a mortgage.

Diana then had to cope with the stress of two moves. This was an extremely difficult time for her but she coped magnificently. The first was to Burradoo and the second to Whaling Road. We had to buy some beds for Burradoo House, which we did in Moss Vale, and we also bought a three quarter sized billiard table which gave us great enjoyment. We also had to buy a dining table and chairs for the unit, and refrigerators and washing machines for each location, otherwise we had sufficient furniture for both places, a far cry from our few possessions when we first moved to lluka Road.

The unit did not work out. Although it was a very good unit with a magnificent view down the whole of the harbour, being on the 15th floor we found the height a little unnerving particularly from the balcony. It was also very lonely for Tom as he was frequently there alone. I could not blame him when he decided to move out and live with friends. We then decided to let the unit. This worked out reasonably well for a while, until the L.J. Hooker Ltd. the agents we had appointed to manage it and collect the rent, against our specific instructions gave our names to the tenant who became a nuisance. As soon as his tenancy expired we sold the unit making a minuscule profit. This was our one and only attempt in an investment property.

We really loved living at Burradoo House. We had it repainted outside, the water main replaced and the electric wiring renewed. Diana had a great deal of pleasure in restoring the garden which had been beautifully laid out but was in a neglected condition when we moved in. A main feature was a magnificent circular rose bed in front of the house. The climate was ideal for roses and we had some wonderful displays. We had a climbing Peace rose on the front of the house which really was a picture when in bloom. There was a line of tall pine trees along the front fence and many varieties of trees in the grounds. My contribution was sitting on the ride-on mower cutting the lawns, an almost continuous job in spring and summer, and one which I greatly enjoyed.

We soon made friends locally. We joined the Bowral Golf Club and Diana joined the Berrima District Art Society. Diana enjoyed her golf and was a member of the Associates team playing other clubs, but the B.D.A.S. gave her very real enjoyment. Joyce Allen, who was herself a fine artist was the instructor and she and Diana got
on particularly well. I had some Sydney friends in the district and we quickly also made others from fellow members of the Golf Club. We were very proud of the house. David frequently came down from Canberra for the week-end and sometimes brought friends. We also frequently entertained friends from Sydney for the week-end. After her marriage Ann and John Stephenson bought a farm at Kangaloon only about 20 kilometres from Bowral, and we were able to see quite a lot of them. Tallulah (then named Brook) was actually born in Bowral Hospital. So everything started very well.

At first we drove down to Sydney usually on Monday morning and stayed in the unit, returning on Friday afternoon. We usually traveled on what the railways called the "Southern Highlands Express", and they must have has some sense of humor because it stopped at every station including the tiny platform at Burradoo within sight of our front door. It was a time of considerable industrial disruption and we found it so unreliable that we more often drove down. After we rented the unit we usually stayed at the Union Club, which was all right for me because I had meetings to attend, but very boring for Diana. I decided that the time had come when it was imperative that I reduced my workload and I sent letters of resignation to a number of the Companies of which I was a Director, including Australian National Industries, The National Bank, the Permanent Trustee and Wormald. They all accepted except Wormald. John Utz came up to Burradoo to talk me out of it. The others accepted with varying degrees of regret.

Although the reduction in my workload enabled me much more time to enjoy Burradoo House, it transpired that I had made a bad choice of the boards to retain. The first takeover bid for the Mercantile Mutual was received very soon after we had moved and the troubles arising from my discoveries of the real state of affairs at Tooth & Co. very soon became a worry. This meant that frequently I went to Sydney only for the day, which meant a drive back at night unless I took the train. When I was away for longer Diana did not always come with me as she became more engaged with her interests in the community. However this meant that she had far too many lonely nights.

For the first year or so we had a live-in caretaker, a Mrs Lake. She also looked after our two dogs and did some cleaning but I think that she liked to think of herself as the housekeeper. She was a lugubrious soul and far from good company. As time went on and one of us was usually there we dispensed with her services. After some time we did find a reliable and knowledgeable gardener.

Dad was then living at the Yacht Squadron and at least monthly I used to pick him up there and drive him back to spend two or three days with us. He usually went back to Sydney by train. He loved Burradoo House. He was staying with us and Diana and I were both working out in the garden and when we came inside we found him lying unconscious on the lounge room floor. We called an ambulance which took him to Bowral District Hospital, where it was found that in falling he had dislocated one shoulder. He was a very large and very heavy man. After a few days at Bowral Hospital they did not seem to have the facilities to cope with a man of his size and weight and, with the help of a Dr. Read arrangements were made for him to be taken to Dalcross Private Hospital in Killara where he had three shifts.
of private male nurses. He made some recovery but died on 3 June 1976.

When we bought the house the Dunworths had been keeping a couple of horses in the 3 acre paddock behind the house. Without livestock this area quickly became overgrown and for the first two years we kept 2 calves there to eat the grass down. They became a nuisance as they tended to escape into the garden. We had no need for this land and in 1975 we had a survey carried and a battle axe block was created, which we sold without trouble.

Bowral was a beautiful area with an excellent climate. Spring and Autumn were delightful, Winters very cold with frequent frosts and some snow, and moderately hot Summers, but to many flies! My reduced workload and increased leisure in such a delightful place greatly improved my health. It became evident that we could not afford to indefinitely maintain this delightful lifestyle unless I continued to earn a reasonable income and I found the commuting to and from Sydney increasingly wearing. It nearly broke Diana’s heart when I decided that we must move back to Sydney. She loved Burradoo House and had put enormous effort into the house and the garden. She had enjoyed the social life, the golf, and above all the Art Society. She was aware that if we moved again she would have to almost completely rebuild her life. At this stage of my life I doubt that at that time I really gave sufficient or consideration to her problems. She had done so much for me with so little reward.

I wanted to move back to Mosman or somewhere nearby, but Diana then thought that this would be just going back, and a retrograde step. We therefore decided to look for something suitable in the upper North Shore and in August 1976 we purchased 21 Wellesley Road, Pymble. It was an almost new two story house, having had only one previous owner. It was on a battle axe - block and overhung by huge gum trees. On the ground floor were a lounge, study, a well equipped modern kitchen leading on one side to a rather small dining room and on the other to a breakfast nook, and a good sized sunroom with a parquet floor. Upstairs were a rather small master bedroom with a walk in wardrobe and an ensuite bathroom, 3 other bedrooms and another bathroom. There was a good sized double garage and a very adequate swimming pool at the rear.

We then arranged to sell Burradoo House. We appointed L.J.Hooker and a local agent jointly and they strongly advised a sale by auction. After we moved to Wellesley Road we disposed of surplus furniture items and the billiard table by auction in Moss vale, leaving a minimal amount at Burradoo House. We kept the garden there in order during the inspection period, but our hearts were not in it. The auction was held in Hookers sale room in Sydney and was disappointing with only one genuine bidder and the house was sold at the reserve price. The sale resulted in a very small profit, but I had hoped to do much better. Perhaps we might have got a better price if we had rejected the auction bid and kept the house on the market for private sale, but having made up our minds to return to Sydney we at that stage just wanted to sell it.

Although Wellesley Road was quite a nice house the rooms seemed very cramped after Burradoo House and Iluka Road. We had quite nice neighbours and we were
only a short distance from Marion and David Wood. We were still members of Elanora and used it occasionally, me, more than Diana. Diana also enjoyed art classes at Wahroongah. For some reason we were never really very happy at this house and we decided that perhaps we should see if we could find something we liked in Hunters Hill which would be a complete change of scene from both Pymble and Mosman. We looked at several houses and we were quite attracted by a very inappropriate but quaint weatherboard but for once, good sense prevailed. We were shown a lovely stone house in a good sized garden to which we were greatly attracted, and we agreed to buy it at the offered price. Next day I received a phone call from the agent saying that the owners had accepted an offer made before ours which was therefore rejected. I did not believe him as I am sure that the owners had accepted a higher offer. This was disappointing as it was a beautiful house.

After our failure to buy the house at Hunters Hill we made another move which was a bad mistake. In November 1977 we signed a contract to buy 77a Livingstone Avenue Pymble. We actually did not get possession until 20 February. As we had sold the Wellesley Road house on 31st January we had to put our furniture in store and stay at Elanora until we could get possession. The bedrooms at Elanora are really attics and it being summer were very hot and uncomfortable.

The Livingstone Avenue house was actually a very good, well built and well designed house with a well kept garden. It had a spacious longue and dining rooms, a large sunroom, 3 bedrooms 2 bathrooms and a double garage. It should have suited us very well but we were never happy there. The neighbours simply ignored us, and I felt that we were treated as some sort of foreign objects. During our time there I had to go to hospital for a prostate operation, which made an increasing difficulty for Diana.

As it was obvious that we had made a bad mistake in this move, which gave pleasure to neither of us, I decided that I should look around the district between Neutral Bay and Mosman for a suitable house or Unit. One day I saw an advertisement for a unit on the waterfront of Kurraba Point and I thought that I should have a look at it. It was 2/125 Kurraba Road, a new block of seven units, the one on offer being owned and occupied by the developer. The unit was unusually large having 4 bedrooms, the master bedroom having a walk in wardrobe and an en suite bathroom, a second bathroom, a large longue with a dining area at one, end a large studio type room and a modern kitchen. It had 2 verandahs one leading from the longue which had a superb view, and one from the master bedroom. The block stood on an absolute waterfront on which was an old boatshed and a swimming pool. There was an area of badly neglected garden between the building and the boatshed. There were 2 undercover car spaces. The disadvantages were a narrow badly designed entrance, and a westerly aspect, and the fact that the entrance roadway was unpaved.

I went home and described what I had seen to Diana and strongly recommended that she should have a look at it. We went down next day and Diana immediately decided that we should buy it. We signed a contract on 20 July 1979 but did not obtain possession until 30 October. We had most difficult and uncooperative vendor, but this time it acted to our advantage as we did not settle the sale of
Livingstone Avenue until 5 November, this time at a reasonable profit.

We had agreed with the uncooperative vendor that he could have the curtains in the unit, but when we moved in we found that he had not only taken the curtains, but also removed the curtain rods and fittings. Then, just to make things more difficult in the middle of the process of our moving in, he rang the electricity people and had our power cut off. Fortunately it was quickly restored when I rang as the electricity authority who found that the supply had been transferred to my name. I had only briefly once met this man and I have no idea why he tried to inconvenience us. Otherwise the move went well, and we were very glad to leave the unfriendly atmosphere of Livingstone Avenue.

I attribute my increasing restlessness and frequent ill-considered moves, to my increasing alcohol consumption. I was brought up in a teetotal household. Until Dad retired from Cockatoo he never drank. He said that there was far too much drinking in the shipping business and in the Navy. We never had alcohol in the house. After he retired from Cockatoo Dad was a modest whisky drinker. When I was in the army I drank a few beers mainly to be sociable and to conform. When I returned home, and during the early years of our married life, I drank very moderately, and very seldom spirits. After my heart attack in 1961, my cardiologist, Dr. Raftos, recommended that I should drink a small whisky in the evening as he said that it was a good relaxative for the coronary arteries. Increasingly over the years I drank more and more, and after a while I became to depend on, rather than enjoy, alcohol. When we went to Malaya in 1979, I decided to give up alcohol altogether, and I can say that never for a single moment have I missed it. For me smoking was an addiction, alcohol was, thank goodness, only a habit. I am not an alcoholic, but I do not have the strength of mind to drink in moderation.

The move to the unit was most successful. We both felt at home in Neutral Bay. I had lived there until I was 21 and we had spent the first years of our married life there. David was born when we were living in Bertha Road. It was wonderfully convenient for me as the steps leading to the Kurraba Wharf were only about 200 metres from our front entrance. I could watch the ferry leaving High Street Wharf, which was directly opposite our front balcony, and know that I had sufficient time for a leisurely walk to catch it to town from Kurraba. Diana could wave to me as the ferry passed. She was also able to resume playing tennis with the group she had belonged to for many years before we moved to Buradoo. She had been playing whilst we were at Pymble, perhaps the only redeeming feature!

I bought a 10 foot fiberglass dinghy and a small outboard motor. I went to some trouble in finding a dinghy which had a heel so that it would row and tow well. It did both. I rigged up a block and tackle to pull it up into the boatshed, which was otherwise empty. I used to go for a row shortly after dawn when the water was usually as calm as a millpond. Sometimes, if conditions were suitable, I rowed round Fort Denison. It was very good exercise.

If I had a late meeting I often walked to the city, across Anderson Park and then the Harbour Bridge. I could be in O’Connell Street in an hour. We also took season tickets to the Opera which we enjoyed and found the ferry travel ideal going to and
from the Opera House. Most of the time we were there I owned a 30 foot motor cruiser "Dayspring" and for quite a while I was able to rent a mooring very close to our boatshed. We enjoyed the swimming pool, as did Ann and Tallulah (then known as Muffin).

We made quite a few alterations to the unit. We had the kitchen enclosed, new carpets in the longue, air conditioning in our bedroom and in a front room we used as a sitting and TV room, ceiling fans installed in the lounge, and sunblinds on the balcony. The most important thing was that we were allowed to keep our dogs, Inga and Chester. Inga had to be put down shortly after we moved in, but Chester, who was christened by David, had his own little run and "poo" area just off the balcony outside our bedroom. We were sufficiently close to the park at the end of Kurraba Point for Diana to take the dogs walking there. We were very sad at losing Inga, who had been a wonderful little friend.

Now, to the disadvantages. Under the Strata Titles Act, the owners of the various units elect a "Body Corporate" which is responsible for the administration of all areas of common interest not specifically the property of any one unit. The responsibilities include the payment of municipal rates, insurance, maintenance of grounds, payment for electricity of common areas etc. The Body Corporate is supposed to prepare an annual budget on the basis of which levies are made on each unit, usually according to size. Most Bodies Corporate employ professional managers to whom they delegate all the detailed work. At 125 Kurraba Road, unfortunately, they did not, and the Body was very badly managed.

When we moved in 5 of the units were owner occupied, and 2 were let to tenants. Most of the owners were pleasant people with whom we got on well. However nobody took any responsibility for common tasks such as replacement of globes in the car park, removal of rubbish, gardening or cleaning the pool. For the first two years Diana was President and she got a lot done, but we found that she had to arrange everything. One of the first major tasks was the concreting of the drive. When the work was completed Diana got a cheque from the Secretary to pay the contractor. To his fury and Diana's acute embarrassment, the cheque bounced and we paid the bill ourselves until we eventually got a refund. It appeared that the Secretary had not been collecting the levies.

Diana also engaged a gardener, and a contractor to clean the swimming pool and had the boatshed painted and a new ramp built. She also arranged for a the swimming pool to be fenced to comply with the law and keys were given to each unit holder. I used to take the surplus rubbish to the waste disposal at Gore Hill. It seemed to us that unless Diana or I did something, nothing was ever done.

After about 2 years Diana handed over her duties as Chairman to a QC who owned and occupied the penthouse. Some legal problems had arisen concerning the construction of the roof and he was obviously the most suitable person to deal with them. One of the problems with the swimming pool was that one never knew whether those using it were guests of the unit owners or occupiers or trespassers as the owners never bothered to lock the gates. This could have easily created problems with the public risk insurance. The trouble was that the Body Corporate
was never properly managed.

After about 3 years I became more and more convinced that we would be better off if we had a house of our own without the often annoying problems associated with joint ownership. My desire was to return to Mosman. It was entirely my fault that we had ever left that suburb. I should have listened to Diana's good common sense. She had always been happy in Mosman. I therefore quietly over a period kept my eye out for sale advertisements for houses in Clifton Gardens and in the areas overlooking Middle Harbour such as Wooleysley Road. I saw an advertisement by Jim Lindsay, the estate agent who had sold lluka road, for a house in Kardinia Road overlooking Taylor Bay. It was far from ideal but we thought that it had potential and we made an offer for it. Jim Lindsay passed on our offer but advised that it had been exceeded and advised us not to increase our bid. He then showed us other properties which he had on his books but none that attracted us.

As we looked around Mosman we saw a Californian bungalow in Fairfax Road which had been submitted for sale by auction by Raine & Home but not sold and was still for sale. This portion of Fairfax Road was a short cul-de-sac ending in steps leading down to Burran Avenue. The house was one from the corner of Kirkoswald Avenue and one of only 4 houses on its side of the street. It was externally badly presented. It had a rough stone fence on the street frontage and a short drive to a small single detached garage. There were no gates. There was a Yachting World Keelboat, a class of yacht about 30 feet in length in the front garden. However in the garden were some magnificent palms and a very fine liquid ambar tree. The house did not particularly interest me but Diana was insistent that we should have a look at it. We rang the agents and the young manager said that it was a large house and would not suit us. Diana sensibly replied that we would be the judge of its suitability. We asked the agent to make an appointment for us to inspect the house.

The house was owned by a Mr. & Mrs. John Lorimer but neither of them were present when we made our inspection. There was a tessellated tiled front verandah. Inside was a hall. On the left was a large well proportioned dining room with double glass doors opening on to an outside deck and on the left a master bedroom and a smaller second bedroom. Next on the left was a bathroom and toilet and a spacious back hall with stairs leading to an upper story and double doors leading to quite a large longue with glass doors leading on to the deck and a magnificent view over Balmoral Beach and through the Heads, a marble fireplace and double doors leading to a glass walled back verandah, again with a wonderful view. The kitchen was very small and old fashioned.

Upstairs there was a recent addition consisting of a very large room with floor to ceiling windows on three sides and a superb view. There was also an en suite shower and toilet. The house was set on stone foundations and in the basement were three large rooms, one of was used as a laundry, and a shower and toilet. The smallish rear garden had some fine trees and camellias. Although it was obvious that there was quite a lot to be done, the flat site and very fine views attracted us and we made an offer which was immediately rejected by the Lorimers. We subsequently got a call from the agent to see if would increase our offer, but we
refused. We forgot all about it and we were going away for a National Trust weekend at Mudgee when the agent rang again to say that our offer had been accepted.

Diana signed the contract 26 October 1983, (the house was to be her property paid for from her own funds,) and we, by appointment, met the Lorimers. We by then knew something about them as their daughter, an architect, was married to Gary Rothwell a property developer whose father, Ken was a very old friend of mine. He and I had been at Shore Prep together and I often played golf with him at Elanora. John Lorimer seemed a pleasant man but his wife Joan gave the impression of being rather difficult. Certainly the young estate agent seemed to be terrified of her. We had another look at the house and discussed moving dates. I insisted that the boat must go from the front garden. My dear friend John Minter acted for us in the purchase and found Mrs. Lorimer, or her instructions to her solicitor, very difficult to deal with. At one stage she even tried to increase the price and then to alter the terms of the contract. Eventually the sale was settled on 25 November. Very sadly John Minter died immediately after. He was one of my closest friends and one of the best solicitors I had ever dealt with.

Having entered into this substantial commitment it was essential that we arranged for the sale of the unit as soon as possible. Because I did not think that auction sales had served us well in the past, I thought that I should bring in four estate agents and ask them to recommend a sale price for the Unit and recommend a sale price. I compared their valuations and decided that we should try for the highest. I then appointed all 4 of them on the basis that the first with the sale price should get the sale. As a precaution I arranged bridging finance with the Bank in case we had to settle for the house before we had sold the unit. In the event it was not necessary as my unusual method of arrangements for the sale of the unit worked perfectly and it was sold so quickly that the sale was settled and the cash received on 30 November 1983.

We moved into Fairfax Road at the end of November 1983, and what a contrast it was to the unfriendliness of Pymble. Margaret Payne, an old friend lived just around the corner in Kirkoswald Avenue and immediately rang to ask us to dinner with them because we would be so tired after the move. We thanked her for her thoughtfulness but refused. Our excellent next door neighbours Brian and Judith Ahearne moved in the same day, and we had very friendly offers of assistance from David Johnston opposite and a friendly welcome from Dick and Rona and Butler next door. I knew Dick at the Bowling Club and their eldest son David had been a friend of David's at Shore. We had fallen among friends and the friendship continues to this day. No matter what repairs had to be made to the house none were really major, and right from the start we knew that this time we had not made a mistake.

We made a very good profit on the unit but we could have made much more if we had let it and held on to it for a while. However I am a terrible judge of real estate. It transpired that we moved just at the right time because the next year another block of units was built next door making life extremely unpleasant for the people who bought ours.
The Fairfax road house was quite old, having been built about 1912. It had been substantially altered over the years, particularly during the Lorimers' period of ownership. John Lorimer apparently was a very bad amateur handyman. All his work was badly done. For example if something was supposed to have four screws he would only put in two. He did not even wallpaper behind doors which were usually open. We found that in the large front room which they used as a dining room and is now my study, he had blocked up two set of stained glass windows. The kitchen stove was an antique and had to be replaced. All of these faults made a great of work for Diana in the early months after we moved in, but she coped wonderfully and with her usual imagination. We were most fortunate in securing the services of the brother-in-law of Tom's then girlfriend, Jan Carter. He was in his final year of a building degree course and his work was excellent.

Initially we had some internal painting done, and installed some cupboards, of which there was a surprising shortage. We had fly screens installed on all the windows and burglar proof locks, new kitchen stove, sink and benches were fitted and front gates. A concrete drive into the garage was laid. These are just an example of the many tasks which faced us during our first two years here. However if these defects had not been there the house would have sold for a great deal more than we would have been able to offer.

In 1986 we had a tandem double garage built. It leads into our library which occupies some of the space formerly covered by the deck. This has made a tremendous difference to our convenience as there is direct undercover access from the garage to the house. At about the same time we moved our bedroom upstairs and this also has been a great success particularly since we had it air conditioned. In 1998 we had the deck, a typical Lorimer construction, replaced before it fell down, and new windows installed in the bedroom to replace yet another botched Lorimer effort. Diana also so the wonderful idea of moving the laundry from under the house to the unused space in the garage, and this has made a tremendous difference.

There is always something to be done to an old house but as we have just had it painted it is in very good order except the old roof which the experts say should be replaced, but as long as it doesn't leak, it will have to last. The garden has been a great interest for Diana, but unfortunately our only unpleasant neighbour, a Mr. Hargreaves at the rear of the house has over the years successfully compelled us to have all trees overhanging his grounds removed, including a particularly fine paperbark. We have been very happy here. The house suits us so well with its convenience and closeness to transport, with a bus stop virtually at our door.
FAMILY

DAVID

As mentioned earlier, David was born on Christmas Day 1949. For reasons which now escape me he was christened in Shore Chapel. Perhaps I chose this location because of my regard for Rev Nigel Backhouse, who had married Diana to me, and perhaps to in some way demonstrate to the old boys who were my contemporaries, that I had not been expelled when I suddenly left in 1933. I do remember that I had some trouble in arranging for Mr. Backhouse to act as it was normal for the parents to promise that the child should in due course be confirmed as a member of the Church of England. As Diana and I were nominally Presbyterians, we made no such promise.

David was a fine healthy baby and we were very proud of him. At "Domira" he had his own nursery which Diana and I had decorated with appropriate wallpaper, and he was the centre of our attention. He was only a toddler when we moved to Iluka Road. It is very difficult to be the first child, and David was understandably mystified when his mother briefly disappeared and came back with another little individual who demanded some of the attention to which he had been accustomed. However he soon settled down to the fact that he now had a small sister, and later in 1954 when the family was again increased by Tom's arrival. I think that Diana's illness with pneumonia, shortly after Tom's birth, and his having to go to stay with Marion, must have been very difficult for him to understand at the time.

When we first moved to Iluka Road, David was almost the only small child in the street, but that situation very soon changed. The first was the result of circumstance. Our original neighbour Eustace Summers, a rather interfering little man who had been Editor of the "Christian Science Monitor" decided to sell his house and buy a chicken farm on the Central Coast. It so happened that very shortly after the Summers' house was for sale, I was lunching at the Union Club and sitting next to me was Peter Stephenson. Peter was an architect and had been in the same year as Diana at Sydney University. His father, Sir Arthur Stephenson, was the senior partner of Stephenson & Turner, who were at that time probably Australia's leading architectural firm. Peter was a partner in the firm's Sydney practice. He had married Veronica (Ronnie) Williams, the daughter of a well known Australian singer, and they had four small daughters. Peter was complaining that he had to get out of the house he was renting and was looking for a house which could accommodate his family. I told him that there was a house next door to ours which might suit him. He immediately got up and left the room. Next day we heard that he had immediately inspected the Summers' house and agreed to buy it. He did not even give Ronnie the opportunity to inspect it before he agreed to the purchase. In any event he and Ronnie, and Anne, Jane, Clare and April very soon were our next door neighbours.

The next arrivals in Iluka Road was the Stockwell family who had moved from Perth. Ron, the father, was Sales Manager of one of the Unilever companies. He had been in the RAAF during the war and had been shot down during a raid on Berlin. Like me he had become a POW. Margaret, his wife, came from Hobart and...
they had two boys, Harvey and Guy. The final arrival was a little girl we found on
our front porch clad only in a little bathing suit. We had some trouble in finding out
who she was and where she lived, but we found that she was Jocelyn Rickard who
lived on the upper side of the road. She had a brother Colin. Her father Joe had
also been a POW in Changi and her mother Mary became a good friend of Diana's.
This new influx of children meant that ours had plenty of companionship.

David was a very shy little boy and this influx was very good for him and enabled
him to grow up with other children who became close friends and they were able to
take advantage of games together in the surrounding bush and the rocks on the shore.
During the long summer holidays Diana and other mothers often used to take the
whole tribe swimming at Clifton Gardens baths.

When David was 5 he started at a little half-day kindergarten run by two elderly
ladies, the Misses Godson in their house in Kardinia road. Diana used to take him
and pick him up as it was only a short distance from home. I believe that the
Godsons' house was the first built when Clifton Gardens was originally subdivided.
The atmosphere was very kind and I think that he was happy there. He had the
usual childhood illnesses - chicken pox, mumps and measles, and he was very ill
indeed with measles. The main threat to children at that time was Poliomyelitis
which at times reached epidemic proportions. This terrible disease was eliminated
by the discovery of the Salk vaccine, but by that time our children, although they
had to be inoculated, had passed the critical age.

David's first taste of a proper school was Mosman Church of England Preparatory
School, known locally as Mosman Prep. It was conducted in the church hall of St.
Clement's Church of England in Avenue road. The school was owned by a Mr.
McDougall and one of the teachers was his wife who was always addressed as
"Sir" by the boys. It was a boys only school and the boys wore a uniform of grey
shorts and jackets, blue shirts with a school tie and a cap with a mitre badge. The
uniform was almost identical with that of Shore Prep. I think that the boys played
cricket and football, but I do certainly remember that they all had to learn boxing,
which Diana thought was quite unnecessary, particularly for the very small
boys. David, I think looked on school at that time as an unfortunate necessity. He
loved home and the school holidays and was always miserable as the new term at
school approached.

In retrospect I was a very poor father particularly to David, of whom I always had
impossible expectations. He could not possibly have done more than he did to
please me, particularly as he had inherited by lack of the coordination which is so
necessary for ball games, and in the classroom my mathematical inability. Instead
of criticizing him, I should have looked at my own performance as a boy.

He entered Shore Prep in the first Term of 1960. There were only three forms in the
Prep, each of about 20 boys. The Headmaster was a Mr. Jamieson who seemed to
have a very good understanding of small boys, and I think that David enjoyed his
two years in the Prep. When he entered the main school he was in the first year of
the "Wyndham Scheme" under which secondary education was extended by one
year. There was to be a School Certificate Examination after 4 years, and a Higher School Certificate after 6 years. I think that there were 5 forms in each year and so far as I remember David was usually in the first 4 years in about the middle. Cricket and football were compulsory, as was the Cadet Corps after the age of 14. David always did well in History and English but maths remained a weakness which I, above all fathers, should have understood.

In the School Certificate David passed without distinction, but unsurprisingly failed in Maths. I then received a letter from the school, signed by a Mr. Jenkins who described himself as "Master of the Middle School". The letter informed me that in view of David's indifferent result in School Certificate, there was no point in his attempting the Higher School Certificate and therefore he should not continue at the school. I made an appointment to see Mr. Jenkins, who I found to be an extremely arrogant middle aged man. My first question was to ask him if he knew my son. He was really taken aback and after some thought admitted that he did not. I then asked him if he would recognize David if he saw him and he admitted that he would not. As it was then perfectly obvious that he had given no thought at all to his letter, I told him that I most certainly not take my son away from the school, and if he wished he could refer the matter to the Headmaster and I would tell him the same thing. I have seldom been so angry, particularly as I was suffering myself from my own lack of education, and although I was a very bad father I was determined that my children received the best possible education. David in the Higher School Certificate in 1967 got a brilliant pass with first levels in Modern and Ancient History, and Geography. He passed in English and not unexpectedly failed in Maths. He got the Geography prize, a Commonwealth Scholarship and a Teachers College Scholarship. I hope that the arrogant Mr. Jenkins learned to know something about the boys under his care before he ever again wrote a letter such as the one he sent me.

David wished to obtain an Arts degree. Sydney University would not accept his Higher School Certificate pass because he had not passed in Maths, however the University of New South Wales had no such objection. Their only requirement was that in first year he should pass in a subject called "History and Philosophy of Science." As the University was at Kensington it was quite a long journey from Clifton Gardens, and we bought him a Toyota for his 21st birthday which he greatly appreciated. He settled very happily into university life and he also worked very hard. I still well remember him getting the notification of his first year's results from the post box, opening the letter, and coming down the front steps calling out "I've passed". He was only looking at his result for the compulsory History and Philosophy of Science. He then found that he had credits or distinctions in all his other subjects, which I think included History, Drama, and Political Science.

The Vietnam War was then in progress, and the Australian Government had instituted a most unfair method of conscription based on a ballot of dates of birth. If a young man was balloted for service he had the option of 2 years full time service in the army with almost a certainty of being sent to Vietnam, or 5 years part time service in the Citizen Military Forces. David, as an insurance against being sent to Vietnam if his birthday came up in the ballot, joined the University of New South Wales Regiment. It was very wise of him to do so because 25 December came up
in the ballot. As a result he spent at least a substantial part of every university
vacation for the next five years, in military training. He had no real interest in
soldiering but he was forced to serve for four years in the School Cadets and
another five years in the C.M.F. I never heard him complain, he took it as part of life.
It was a most unfair system and I don't think that he ever learned anything useful.
Although I had many years of military service, I was against Australia's involvement
in Vietnam. Apart from the rights or wrongs of our involvement, I, having served in
that area always considered it to be an unwinnable war.

David had a brilliant career at the University of NSW. He took an honours year and
graduated in 1971 with the only First Class Honors degree in History awarded to
his year. His honours thesis was "Australian Communism and National Security
1939 -1945". As a result he was awarded a Commonwealth Post-graduate
Research Award and was admitted to the Australian National University in
Canberra to study for a PhD. He was most fortunate that his work was supervised
by Professor Manning Clark, who is undeniably one of Australia's great historians.
Whilst in Canberra he lived at University House, a residence for graduates and
post-graduate students from all parts of the world. As a result, he has friends with
whom he has kept in touch, in various countries. During his first year in Canberra
he drove home to Sydney on most of his free week-ends, and made many visits
when we moved to Burraodo House.

His PhD thesis was entitled "Australian Liberal. A political biography of Sir Littleton
Groom. 1867-1936." He was awarded his Doctorate in 1975 at the very young age
of 25, Diana and were naturally immensely proud of his achievement. Whilst he
was studying in Canberra he taught Australian History as a part-time Tutor at the
Canberra College of Advanced Education.

After he had been awarded his PhD was offered Tutorships at Sydney University
and Macquarie University and a temporary Senior Tutorship at the University of
Western Australia. He also applied for a diplomatic cadetship with the Department
of Foreign Affairs, but fortunately he was not selected. He accepted the position at
the University of Western Australia. He spent 1975 and 1976 at this university ,
living in Currie Hall, a student's Hall of Residence, and acting as a Residential
Tutor. In 1976 he was a Temporary Lecturer, but wishing to secure a more
permanent appointment in 1977 he accepted a position as Lecturer in History at
the Capricornia Institute of Advanced Education in Rockhampton. I think that David
enjoyed his time in Perth and I believe that perhaps he would have stayed there
had a permanent position been available. Whilst he was living there he took his first
overseas trip, an interesting and adventurous journey to Nepal.

When he first moved to Rockhampton David rented some accommodation in the
home of a fellow lecturer, but when the latter moved to Brisbane I assisted David in
the purchase of a house at 243 Carpenter Street, North Rockhampton. This was a
comparatively new house, high set with 3 bedrooms, a lounge/dining room, kitchen
and bathroom. The garaging was under the house. It was walled with
"Hardieplank", had a fibro roof. It was in good order and had a reasonable area of
garden, mostly lawn. It faced a quiet street and was quite close to the C.I.A.E.
David was on the staff of C.I.A.E from 1977 to 1981. He taught Australian, Central Queensland and Modern European history. I think that for much of this period he had one colleague in History. He traveled extensively in central Queensland. He was a member of the Rockhampton City Council History Committee and a member, and subsequently Chairman of the Rockhampton Branch Committee of the National Trust of Queensland. Diana and I visited him several times whilst he was in Rockhampton and, as always, enjoyed his hospitality.

Whilst he was in Canberra David became very friendly with a beautiful young fellow student, a Vietnamese girl named Tran My Van. He brought her down to see us at Iluka Road, and several times to Burradoo House. When she graduated My Van was appointed a Lecturer at Darwin Community College. She married Fred Robins, an English diplomat who she met in Saigon when he was a member of the staff of the British Embassy. After their marriage he resigned from the British Diplomatic Service and was appointed a Lecturer in Marketing at Darwin Community College. He bought a house in Darwin and David spent a holiday with them. He was obviously attracted by the city and the Northern Territory. I think that he found that there was very little scope for advancement at C.I.A.E. and he applied for and was accepted for the advertised position of Director of the National Trust of Australia (Northern Territory). A house in Stuart Park went with the job. I imagine that he took this appointment in order to have a break from academia. He started his new job in 1981.

It is appropriate that at this stage I should sat something about My-Van. When Saigon fell the whole of her family were in Vietnam. When the first boat people arrived in Darwin she acted as their interpreter, and became very well known in the Vietnamese community. She had tried to get her youngest sister out before the fall of Saigon and I made unsuccessful representations to sponsor her immigration. She was the first of the family to escape and after an unbelievably difficult journey, including some time in a refugee camp in Malaysia she came to Australia and was in a refugee centre at Villawood before she was able to join My-Van in Darwin. We were then living in Livingstone Avenue and I went to Villawood and she spent a day with us before she went to Darwin. She is now happily married and lives in Canberra, has two sons and works in the National Library. Her husband is a successful computer programmer. We have seen her several times over the years and always hear from her at Christmas. Since then My-Van has managed to bring the whole of her family to Australia - her mother, 2 brothers, one with a family and one a bachelor, and another sister and her family. It was a most remarkable achievement. All the family have jobs and none are dependent on Australian welfare. My-Van and Fred and their son, Douglas now live in Adelaide where both have academic jobs. My-Van has been awarded an Order of Australia Medal, and is a member of a number of Government committees and was a director of SBS television and radio. She is a very small woman with enormous determination and I think that her achievements are most admirable.

David’s new job must have been a difficult change for him. Although the NT National Trust was only a small body, it covered a vast area, and had committees in such areas as Alice Springs, Tennant Creek, Katherine etc. He was responsible for the total administration including policy, finance, and supervision of consultants.
and Trust properties. He also served on the Northern Territory Heritage Advisory Committee and on the board of the Australian Council of National Trusts. I think that he found the most difficult and frustrating of his duties to be that of dealing with politicians and public servants. However the job enabled him to travel extensively throughout the Territory, resulting in a wide network of friends.

The establishment of tertiary education in the Northern Territory was considered an unnecessary luxury by successive Commonwealth Governments for many years. I believe that this opposition was fueled by the caliber of the Commonwealth public servants sent to Darwin. Roger Dean, a former Administrator of the Northern Territory, who I knew quite well, once said to me that "They spend the first year settling in, the second avoiding work and the third getting ready to go home.". The result was that for many years, those seeking tertiary education had to leave the Territory.

Eventually The Darwin Community College was established. It later changed its name to the Darwin Institute of Technology, and in 1983 David accepted an appointment there as Lecturer in History, and was promoted to Senior Lecturer in 1986. In 1986 he was appointed Senior Lecturer in History at the University College of the Northern Territory which had been established as a College of Queensland University.

In 1989 these two bodies combined to form the Northern Territory University, and David was appointed Senior Lecturer in History. He was promoted to Associate Professor in 1991 and to the rank of Professor in 1996. In this position he has numerous other appointments within the University, including the supervision of Doctor of Philosophy, Graduate and Honours students. The excellence of his work has been honoured by his nomination as "Postgraduate Supervisor of the Year, Northern Territory Students Association, 1997". In 1999 he was awarded a Fellowship of the Australian College of Education, "In recognition of outstanding contributions to education," and also in 1999 he received the Northern Territory University 1999 Award for Excellence in Teaching in the Higher Education Sector.

At the time of writing Australia has the most anti-intellectual Government in its history. At a time of almost unprecedented prosperity, University budgets have been severely reduced and the newer Universities such as the Northern Territory University have been affected more severely than the older institutions. Commonwealth Scholarships have been eliminated and replaced by a repayable higher education loan. The effect on David's area has been most severe and has resulted in major staff reductions. It must be most frustrating for him.

Since his return to academic life, David has written prolifically, including three books, and he has been co-author of several others. He has published numerous papers and articles in journals and other publications. He has delivered papers in the United States, Canada, Germany, Austria and France. He writes the six-monthly political chronicle for the "Australian Journal of Politics and History", and he is Chairman of the Northern Territory University Press. In addition he has maintained his interest in the NT National Trust and the Historical Society. He is an extremely
cultured, widely traveled, man with very wide interests. Diana and I are immensely proud of his achievements.

Despite the fact that he lives so far from Sydney, David has often said that we probably see as much, if not more, of him than we do of Ann and Tom. He always spends his Christmas leave with us, often as long as four weeks, and as already recorded he has accompanied us on many of our long trips around Australia. We have of course frequently visited him in Darwin during the cooler time of year. It is a great pity that he has never married because he is wonderful with children and greatly loved by his nieces and nephews. However, from a selfish viewpoint, it has been wonderful for Diana and me to have a bachelor son.

ANN

Ann was born on 10th. September 1951. Dr. Moon who attended Diana during her pregnancy with David had left Neutral bay, and we went to a Dr. Douglas Stucky whose consulting rooms were in Military Road Cremorne, and who had been highly recommended to us. He was very good which was just as well as Ann had decided to be very difficult during Diana's pregnancy. She was always the wrong way round, and every month Diana visited the doctor who turned her the right way up. To the best of my recollection, she promptly returned to her former position. When she was due to be born, she decided against it, and poor Diana was given doses of castor oil in an endeavour to persuade her to see the world. Eventually her birth was induced at St. Monads Hospital. For the event she decided to turn herself the right way up, and by then she weighed 10 pounds! She was a very healthy baby and we were absolutely delighted to have a daughter, and as a matter of fact, we have been ever since.

I was out of the office when she was born, and I learned of her arrival as soon as I returned. I immediately took a taxi to St. Monan's, and when I saw Diana I remember her saying "Now we really are a family."

Ann was christened on 13th. January 1952 by Rev. Gray Robertson at Scots Kirk, Mosman. Knowing the Australian proclivity of lengthening names we decided to call her Ann without an "e". As a result, everyone except me calls her Annie. We did not give her a middle name, a fact she later resented. I told her that she could choose any name she liked and I would have it properly registered. She still has yet to decide on the name.

As a baby she was much quicker than David had been - quicker to walk and much quicker to talk. She also read at a remarkably early age. She was always a very happy child, and when David went to the Misses Godson's Kindergarten she could not wait to go too. As a result she started there when she was only 3. She started at Queenwood, a private girls school at Balmoral in 1956 and spent the whole of her school life there, leaving in 1969. Because she was so young it was recommended that she repeat her first year. The school was owned by a Miss Medway and a Miss
Rennie. It was a very good school and Ann was very happy there. She was good at all sports and had colours for netball, tennis, cricket and diving. She at the finish was wicketkeeper and Vice Captain of the NSW Schoolgirls cricket team, and was a Prefect. She always got good reports and in the Higher School Certificate got four first levels, English, Ancient History, Latin, and French, and two second levels, Maths and General Studies, and naturally a Commonwealth Scholarship. She was placed 20th. in NSW in Latin.

She was a gregarious child, and made friends easily, and when she became a teenager these naturally included boys. As a result our house always seemed to have visiting friends of hers. When my father left to live at the Yacht Squadron she took over the two rooms which he had occupied, and decorated the walls with her own attractive mural design. She painted very well, and it is interesting to remember that our neighbours, Norma and Bruce Coombes, bought one of her paintings. At that stage I thought that she, rather than Tom, was the artist of the family. In fact all three of my children spent many hours drawing. David's were most imaginatative depictions of his future family, and of generals covered in medals. When our swimming pool was built she was undoubtedly the best diver in the family. She also was a good sailor and sailed for a time as crew on a Heron dinghy with a Mr. Lawson who was a director of a firm of publishers representatives who were clients of Norton & Faviell. The dinghy was kept at Balmoral. I was not sailing then as I was recovering from some heart trouble.

Unlike David, Ann had no trouble in being accepted as a student by Sydney University. We bought her a car before she started there. It was a very sporty two seater Triumph Spitfire, coloured dark green. With her long blond hair she really looked something driving it. She started at the university in the first term of 1970 and thoroughly enjoyed her first year. Obviously she enjoyed it rather too much, as she did not do well enough to retain her Commonwealth Scholarship. Her attention to her studies had been distracted because she met an Economics student, John Stephenson.

Sometime in 1971 John Stephenson came to see me and asked if he could become engaged to Ann. I thought that he was too young, but I could hardly refuse as both he and Ann were over 18, and he did not legally need my consent. However I appreciated being asked, and naturally consented after asking Ann if this was what she really wanted. John was a tall thin young man with red hair and beard. He was a tremendously keen long distance runner, and sometimes he ran all the way from Lindfield, where he lived, to Iluka Road. His father, David, was a senior officer with the Commonwealth Savings Bank and his mother Enid, was the daughter of a Moss Vale grazier. They were very nice people.

John graduated at the end of 1971 and he and Ann were married by Rev. Graham Hardy at St.Stephen's Presbyterian church in Macquarie Street on 28 December 1972. The reception was at the Yacht Squadron. John had obtained a position as a master at Newington College, Stanmore, and the position included a nearby flat for them to rent. All this happened at the time we were about to move from Iluka Road, so it was an exceptionally stressful time for Diana.
Before she left school Ann had bought a pet white cockatoo, which she named "Ulysses". After it had one wing clipped to prevent it flying away, it always seemed to me to be a very unhappy bird. It had a loud raucous cry, and it was definitely not my favourite. I insisted that when Ann married Ulysses should be her dowry and in due course my wish was granted. Also before she married Ann's glamorous little Triumph was traded in on a most unglamorous Toyota combi van, but this vehicle had the great advantage of having sufficient to accommodate Ulysses in his cage.

After they were married they moved to the flat at Stanmore. It was directly under the flight path of aircraft landing and taking off from Sydney Airport, and I recall Ann telling me that Ulysses always added to the aircraft noise when they were overhead. At the week-ends they frequently visited us at Burradoo and sometimes Enid Stephenson's parents at Moss Vale. Ann had inherited some money from Diana's father's estate and because of John's grandfather's connection in the district they were able to purchase, at a reasonable price, a farm with about 50 acres and a substantial weatherboard house on the highest point of land just outside the little village of Kangaloon, about 20 Kilometres from Bowral. The property was on the hills above Robertson, a town which is reputed to enjoy the highest rainfall in NSW, and on a clear day it had wonderful views right to the coast. Ann and John had at the time, all sorts of plans for its development and ideas of them both obtaining teaching positions in the district. They called it "Squirrel Hill Farm".

At the end of his year as a master at Newington, John decided that he did not want to continue in the teaching profession, and they moved to rented premises first at Newtown and then at Glebe. They returned at Kangaloon at the week-ends. Ann was then pregnant and her baby, then called Brook, and who now is Tallulah, was born in Bowral District Hospital on 13 February 1974. I think that Ann took a year off from University that year. I do not remember what John did that year but I think that it was during that time that he decided to study nursing.

In 1976 Ann, John and a group of friends decided to buy a house at 9 Avenue Road Glebe, which they would jointly own and in which they would live communally. It was large old house in good order situated on a wide and pleasant street, and very close to Sydney University. During my many years as a director of a trustee company I had seen several bad examples of the complications which could arise in the joint ownership of property, and I interfered to the extent that I advised it would be prudent for the house to be purchased in the name of a proprietary company in which all the intending residents could hold shares. Rather to my surprise, my unsought advice was accepted and a company named JAC Bach Pty Ltd. was formed and it became the owner of the property. I remember that I opened a set of account books for the new company. John and Ann's share holding came from the proceeds of the sale of the Kangaloon farm, which I think proved very difficult to sell, and then on extended terms.

Ann graduated from Sydney University with the degree of BA with honors in Education. She then worked at the Marrickville Womens Refuge for 1976 to 1978. In 1979 she undertook a mature age degree course in the study of Law at the University of New South Wales. She graduated with the degree of LLB in 1981.
was delighted that she had a law degree as I had always considered that she had all the mental qualities needed to make a good lawyer. After graduation she worked in 1982 for the Law Reform Commission, and in 1984 she was appointed firstly as a Tutor, and then a Lecturer in the Law School of Macquarie University. She retired from the University pending the arrival of last baby, Luciano in 1992.

Whilst she was living in Glebe my close and loving relationship with Ann suffered a set back which was entirely my fault. In my father's lifetime there had been unprecedented scientific changes. My lifetime has seen the acceleration not only of material, but also social changes. The rigidity of my upbringing and my lack of education made it difficult to come to terms with the necessarily radical actions and thoughts of the new generation. Ingrained social habits such as the sanctity of lifelong marriage were proved to be of little value, as in many cases were the teachings of the Church. The rising generation did not accept political change without question, and demonstrations against unpopular causes, such as the Vietnam War, unheard of in my youth, most of which I had spent either in the army or in prison camp, were increasingly common. I was aware that these questioning views were probably strongly held by Ann and her communal friends, and although I do not think that I ever expressed my views they were reflected by my capitalist occupation and way of life. As a result I do not think that I crossed the threshold of 9 Avenue Road more than 3 times during the period in which it was Ann's home.

In 1978 Ann met Vittorio Cintio, then a social worker at the Children's Hospital, and they have had a wonderfully loving relationship ever since. Vittorio is the son of Italian migrants, his father from Rome, and his mother from Trieste. He has a degree in Social work from Sydney University. Over the years he and I have, I believe, become very good friends. I greatly admire him for his love for Ann, and his children, and the fact that he very seldom refers to the trauma of what must at times be an extremely difficult job.

When we moved back to Kurraba we saw a lot more of Ann, and she came to see us quite often bringing Tallulah (then known as Muffin) for a swim. She was visiting us one day in November 1982 pregnant with Carl, when she started to bleed profusely. Diana called an ambulance which came quite quickly. They were taking her to Royal North Shore Hospital, being the closest, and Diana had great difficulty in getting them to agree to take her to Royal Prince Alfred where her doctor was. Poor Ann spent about six weeks in bed in the hospital before Carl was born on 8 December, our first grandson. Diana visited her very frequently during this period, and later when Ann was ill she quite often went to Avenue Road to look after Carl. Diana's close relationship with Ann was quickly and permanently restored.

In 1985 Ann and Vittorio and the children moved out of Avenue Road, and bought a house in Mary Street Leichhardt. I thought that it was a terrible house. It was a fairly small weatherboard cottage and I thought that it only stayed upright because the wall on one side leant against the house next door. The floors all sloped and their was no proper kitchen. However I think that they were happy there as it was their own place and they were able to live together as a family. They did a lot of work to improve the place, and Ann recently told me that the house is still there and that the front garden she planted is flourishing. Vittorio was at the time in private
practice and working part time at the Children’s Hospital. I am unsure of the order of events but he took on a full time job with T.A.F.E. and some part time work at Nepean Hospital at Penrith.

After a while I think that he disadvantages of the Mary Street house became increasingly apparent and they decided to look for something more suitable. Ann thought that in their price range, houses on the lower Blue Mountains offered the best value. However one day she asked Diana and me to come up the mountains and look at a house which interested her. It was not on the lower Blue Mountains, but in Wentworth Falls. It was a well built weatherboard cottage then more than a century old, standing on an acre of ground. It was in reasonable order except that the owners were dog breeders and the dogs were kept often in the house so that everything smelt strongly of dog. It was clear that Ann was aware of the possibilities of the house and I agreed to assist her to finance its purchase. They moved in April 1987.

Since then the house has been substantially altered to meet the needs of the growth of the family. Carpets and floor coverings had to be replaced to eliminate the odour of dogs, the laundry was rebuilt, a separate one bedroom hut built in the garden, the verandahs were renewed, and in 1999 a large storage shed built. Rosie was born in Katoomba District Hospital on 18 February 1988 and Luciano on 13 February 1992.

In 1991 Vittorio was appointed as Head of the Social Work at Nepean Hospital and his responsibility has increased over the years. I think that he has a most difficult job. He leaves home at about 6am and travels by train to Penrith. He is frequently on call at week-ends, and on these occasions he is provided with a car by the hospital. I greatly admire his capacity of shedding the difficulties of his work when he enters the front door on his return home. He seldom reaches home before 7pm. Until Ann became pregnant with Luciano, she too commuted to Macquarie University, sometimes by a combination of train and bus, and sometimes by car. When Diana and I were overseas we always lent one of our cars (when we had two) to Diana.

Tallualah, who at that time called herself Jo-Anne, usually shortened to Jo, completed her school education at Korowal School, a small independent private school at Leura, within walking distance of Ann’s new house. She obtained her Higher School Certificate and then enrolled in a degree course in Social Ecology at the Richmond Campus of the University of Western Sydney. She did not find this to her liking and after a break during which she traveled around the east coast she attended the Nepean Campus of the University and graduated with an honours degree in Visual Arts. In 1999 she, by correspondence with Charles Sturt University at Bathurst, obtained a Diploma in Education. She has now been approved to undertake a PhD course in Art at her old university. She has also been living at home for the past couple of years and is a great companion and help to Ann.

Carl, Rosie and Luciano are at present all at Korowal. The school has one class for each year from Kindergarten to the Higher School Certificate. The children are treated with great kindness and understanding and if Ann’s family are any example
they all love their time there.

Diana and I have, until my illness at in April 1999, usually driven up to Wentworth Falls at least once each month, spending the afternoon and evening with the family and the night at a local motel. Since I have retired and time is no object, we usually drive up, through Windsor and Kurrajong, and then up the Bells Line of Road to Mount Victoria and down to Wentworth Falls. We find it a very pleasant drive with much less traffic than the Great Western Highway, which is much quicker. It is wonderful to spend time in a house crowded with happy children and to have the privilege of seeing our grandchildren grow up. They are bright, good looking and intelligent children, although Carl is no longer a child but a muscular young man. My only hope is that they have happy, healthy, useful and contented lives. David has a wonderful way with them and they all greatly look forward to his visits.

For many years Ann and her family have spent a week during the Christmas school holidays camping at Honeymoon Bay, and during the year they rent a house at South West Rocks for a week. In the past two years they have been joined by Tom and his family and it has given me great pleasure to know how well Luciano and his cousin Felix get on together.

Since her retirement from Macquarie University Ann has renewed her youthful interest in music and has been the leading influence in an a capella group. She has a lovely voice. She is also most interested in her large garden and which grows almost all the vegetables for the family. She loves her life in the mountains, although I must confess that I would find the climate trying. She and I have a very close and loving relationship as she has also with Diana. I often think that it is perhaps a pity that in the future she will be unable to make use of her excellent legal qualifications, but given the dynamic nature of law it would be very difficult for her to gain a Practicing Certificate without attendance of a fairly lengthy course at the College of law.

Ann is a wonderful daughter and she has from Diana inherited a fine mind.

**TOM**

Tom was born, again at St. Monans, on 1 September 1954. When Diana found that she was pregnant Dr. Stucky, the obstetrician who had delivered Ann, had gone to England and we went to a Dr. Mutton in Bradley's Head Road. Diana's labor pains started during the evening of my birthday, 31 August, and I drove her to the hospital. As her pains ceased for a while I brought her home again but very soon I had to take her back to the hospital. Tom, therefore just missed out on sharing a birthday with me. I have the impression that the doctor did not arrive until after the event. He was a fine healthy baby and we were delighted to have an addition to the family, and another boy.
He was a most delightful small boy, always full of smiles. He was quick to walk and talk. I think that children progress more quickly if they have older siblings. When the time came when we thought he might like to go to kindergarten, as the Misses Godson's had retired, we sent him first to a very small one at the end of Iluka Road, run by a Mrs. Heath and her daughter. He did not like it, and in 1958 and 1959 he went to Killamey Kindergarten in Killarney Street. This was much more to his liking. He went to Mosman Prep from 1961 to 1963, where he did very well. Whilst he was at Mosman Prep he complained that he sometimes could not see the blackboard clearly. We had his sight tested and it was found that he had quite severe myopia. I still remember how bad I felt when he got his first pair of spectacles, came home, looked out of the lounge windows and for the first time saw the other side of the harbour.

He started at Shore Prep in 1964. I think that Mr. Jamieson was still the Headmaster of the Prep School. Tom started in the lowest form and had the distinction of being introduced to the then Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, as the smallest boy in the school. To-day he and I are both the same height. We are both small men but with the essential difference that he is very slender, and until recently I was very overweight.

He settled in immediately and performed brilliantly the whole time he was in the Prep and finished top of the top form, with a string of prizes, and was awarded the Junior Closed Scholarship which paid his fees for four years in the main school. Diana and I were immensely proud parents. The Trustees of the Shore Building Fund almost immediately approached me to make annual donations to the Fund equal to the value of the Scholarship! Looking back I am extremely sorry that I agreed to make donations of 400 pounds ($800) each year. Under the administration of the then Headmaster B.H. (Jika) Travers, who I knew fairly well as I had been in the Prep with him, prowess in sport took precedence over academic achievement.

I believe that Tom performed most satisfactorily in the much more competitive atmosphere of the main school. He was always in the top form of his year, but because he had won a scholarship, if he did not come very close to the top in any subject I would get a bad report at the end of the term. I well remember one in which he was reported as being "Abysmally ignorant" in a subject in which I knew that he had an excellent knowledge. Thereafter I regarded the school reports as completely worthless.

Because of his poor sight I requested that Tom be excused from cricket and football which were otherwise compulsory, and he became a most successful cox. He was successively cox of "A" tub, which was never beaten, then of the second four which also had an unbeaten record including the GPS Regatta, and finally of the first four which was second in the GPS Regatta. These regattas were rowed on the Nepean and drew large crowds of supporters from every school competing. Finally after much weight lifting and body building exercise he put on enough weight to row as bow in the second junior eight. During these years Diana made countless trips to the school rowing sheds at Gladesville, bringing him home after practice. She also was on of the team of mothers who cooked for the boys whilst
they were in rowing camp. He also had to join the School Cadet Corps which he really disliked. He was at first a bugler in the band until it was noticed that he could not play the bugle, and then a medic.

Tom wrote very well and had a number of short poems published in the school magazine the "Torchbearer". He was also a member of debating teams. However, at all times his great love and main interest was Art. He secured a very good pass in the School Certificate and was awarded a Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship. However he was obviously unhappy at Shore and he asked me if he could go to the International School for his last two years. Most unfortunately I refused his very reasonable request. This was an ill considered decision which I have come to deeply regret. It is a demonstration of my insensitivity. Shore insisted that the boys wore a uniform of a grey suit of an extremely old fashioned cut and ridiculous straw boaters unchanged since the nineteenth century. At a time when long hair was the fashion they insisted on short hair. However although these were irritants, I really believe that Tom was completely fed up with the anti-intellectual atmosphere of the school. My experience of the school's complete misunderstanding of David should have taught me a lesson. To the best of my memory I did not even discuss with Tom his request to go to the International School. I just rejected it out of hand. It was further proof that I was indeed a very bad father and that I had learned nothing from my own experience.

I thought that Tom, with his artistic and mathematical ability had the attributes which were most suitable for him to be an architect and I had the idea that he could follow Diana and her grandfather into a very worthwhile profession. I therefore insisted that he should include Physics and Maths as well as Art and English in the subjects he took in the Higher School Certificate. He got a very good pass in this examination including first levels in English, History and Art, and he was awarded a Commonwealth Scholarship. As a final gesture, although he was without doubt the best artist in his year, he was not awarded the Art Prize because the Headmaster thought that his hair was too long!

Tom has always had a very clear idea of his aims and ambitions and he decided that the only thing he wanted to be was an artist. He has followed this most difficult path with complete dedication. Although he had a Commonwealth Scholarship he refused to go to University electing instead to study at Julian Ashton Art School. After we moved to Burradoo and he was living mostly in the flat in Whaling Road, he decided that he would be happier if he lived his own life and he moved, initially to live with friends in Gerard Street Cremorne. He refused to allow me to pay his fees for his second year at Julian Ashton's and refused the allowance I was giving him, which was the same as that I had given to David and Ann until they received their inheritance from Diana's father's estate. I think that he must have gone through a very difficult time, and I know that apart from painting he supported himself by various jobs such as factory work and delivering telegrams. We did not see much of him during that time.

In 1974 he had a portrait hung in the Archibald prize exhibition at the Art Gallery of NSW. He must surely have been the youngest artist to have an entry accepted for hanging in Sydney's most prestigious portrait prize. In 1975 he was living in what
been a waterfront warehouse in Nicholson Street Balmain, on the end of the Balmain Peninsula. In April of that year he entered a painting which won the Berrima District Art Prize at the annual exhibition conducted by the Berrima District Art Society. In the same year he had a landscape "Night Road" hung in the Wynne Prize. It was bought by the Art Gallery of NSW, and unfortunately, to the best of my knowledge has never since seen the light of day.

Towards the end of 1975 he had his first solo exhibition. His lease of the warehouse had run out, but he was able to hire another next door. He hired a girl to sit at the desk, and hung his paintings. The exhibition was a sell out and provided him with sufficient funds to go to England where he had arranged to rent a studio. Whilst based in London he traveled extensively spending some time staying in the little village of Jimena De La Frontera near Algeciras in Spain, in Tuscany, and in Scotland, and he must have spent quite some time in Brighton because a large painting of Palace Pier which he exhibited on his return now hangs in the executive offices of the Mercantile Mutual Insurance Co. He returned to Australia in 1976.

After his return Tom rented a floor of a disused warehouse in William Street and in October 1977 he again mounted a self managed one man exhibition at this address. Again it was successful. Some time later he became Artist in Residence at the Glebe Estate Workshop, and during this period he studied silk screen printing and produced some very fine prints which I greatly admire. As a matter of interest Diana has purchased a painting from each of Tom’s exhibitions and we have hanging in our home in Fairfax Road a complete retrospective exhibition of his work. It was during this period that he met Jan Carter. Jan was the daughter of a Queanbean doctor who had once practiced in Mudgee and was well known to the Whitney family. She was, when Tom met her, a physical education teacher. We liked her very much. This was just at the time when Southern Rhodesia, (now Zimbabwe) made its Declaration of Independence and they were advertising for Australian teachers to go there. Jan applied for and was accepted for a position and Tom decided to accompany her. They lived in Salisbury (now Harare) but Tom traveled widely and adventurously, not only in Zimbabwe but also in Zambia. Unfortunately he contracted a very bad dose of malaria. Tom was never much of a correspondent, and he was often in my thoughts.

In December 1982 Tom had a long feature article published in the "Sydney Morning Herald" entitled "Life in Salisbury with Bob and the wailers". In it he gives a wonderful picture of the city and is of interest to note that he said that when it was discovered that he was an Australian, one question he was regularly asked was "And how is the situation with the aborigines?" It appears that in the interim we have not advanced one single step. He also describes a visit to "Camphaven" where refugees were being helped to build their own schools by a group of Danish volunteers called People Helping People. As this was the commencement of Mugabe's reign, so full of promise, it is very sad to read of the mess the country is in to-day.

Tom returned home via Moscow and London and arrived in Darwin on 30 April 1982. He stayed with David for a few days and then rented a house at the Rocks for
a while. He had a successful exhibition at the Hogarth Gallery and then returned to 
Zimbabwe. He returned home at the end of 1983. I thought that he looked very 
unwell. He was so thin that he could easily have passed unnoticed in a POW 
Camp. He spent some time at Bellingen with Diana Conroy and some time with us, 
and in 1984 he was appointed artist-in-residence at Geelong College for the year. I 
think that he enjoyed this appointment. He had an exhibition of his work whilst at 
the College.

On his return to Sydney in 1985 he at first rented and then purchased a flat in 
William St. Kings Cross. He wrote and illustrated his book entitled "Days and Nights 
in Africa" and arranged for its publication by Peter Crayford Public Pictures. 
The publication of such a work must have been an extremely difficult task. He had 
an exhibition at the Mori Gallery in Leichhardt, and immediately after its opening he 
left to join his then girl friend Fiona McGregor in Paris.

"Days and Nights in Africa" was published in April 1986 and received excellent 
reviews. He and Fiona lived for a time at Campagnatico in Italy but mainly in Paris. 
Tom had an exhibition of lithographs at Gallerie Cannibal Pierce in Paris in 1987. 
He returned to Australia at the beginning of 1988 and there was a successful 
exhibition of many of the works he had completed whilst he was away at the Robin 
Gibson Gallery in Darlinghurst in February of that year.

In 1989 he bought one of a long row of two story semi-detached cottages in 
Womerah Lane Darlinghurst, but with a postal address in Barcom Avenue. It had 
been a boarding house and when I first saw it I thought that it was a wreck. 
However Tom had recognized its potential. He worked very hard in restoring it 
including replacing floors, plumbing and electric wiring and, of course painting. 
One of the original tenants when it had been a boarding house stayed on for some 
years. Tom was right in recognising its potential as it has greatly increased in value. 
Practically all the houses on the terrace have been restored and it is wonderfully 
convenient, and amazingly quiet although only a couple of hundred metres from 
Kings Cross. He also sold the William Street flat at a reasonable profit.

However the main event of 1989 was that he met Jan Idle. She is a wonderful 
person. She was born in Western Australia where her father Don was a State 
School Headmaster. She spent her final year of high school on a Rotary 
Scholarship in Japan. She has a Bachelor of Education degree, and after 
graduation spent a further period in Japan. As a result she speaks fluent 
Japanese, and has acted as interpreter to various groups of Japanese 
businessmen. Jan is also a talented artist, and whilst in Japan she studied the 
making of woodblocks. She has been wonderfully kind to me, particularly during 
my illness in 1999.

Tom and Jan now have three children - Felix Idle born on 30th June 1992, Fenn 
Idle born on 11th November 1994, and Matilda Idle was born on 18th August 1998. 
Tom and Jan are wonderful parents and the children have given Diana and me a 
great deal of pleasure and pride. Felix is now in his third year at school, and is at 
present attending Crown Street Public School where he has made excellent 
progress. Fenn is in the kindergarten at the same school which is within walking
distance of their home. Incidentally it is the oldest public school in Sydney, having celebrated its 150th birthday last year. He also is a very bright child. Matilda is a most delightful little girl. It is wonderful that they have a girl in the family. As their other grandparents, Don and Mary Idle live so far away it is good that they have spent two Christmas holidays in Perth with them.

Tom is so good a father that it makes me realise what a bad one I was. Despite the demands of parenthood he since his return to Australia in 1988 had six one man exhibitions. He has been hung in the Archibald Prize in 1997 and again this year. He had been hung also in the Sulman prize and has won the Waverley Art prize and had drawings hung in the invitation only Kedumba drawing prize. In The Art Gallery Of NSW Year 2000 prize exhibition he had paintings hung in the Archibald prize, the inaugural Sportsman’s award with a portrait of Don Idle who played football for Western Australia, and a drawing the the Dobell prize. In addition he has a landscape and a portrait hung in the Salon Des Refusees at the S.H.Irvin Gallery. He has become a well known and highly regarded painter.

I addition to painting, Tom has continued also with his writing and had had several short stories, often illustrated, published in various newspapers and literary journals. In 1988, much to my surprise, he said that he would like to take the children to see me march on Anzac Day. I was delighted that he would be interested. He, Jan and the boys, did watch, and I am afraid that they had a long hot wait to catch a glimpse of my unit. In the Sydney Morning Herald Good Weekend magazine on 24 April 1999 he had a long article published entitled "My Father's War". Never in my life have I been so touched by an article. After reading it I felt very humble in the realisation that although I had at times neither understood nor properly appreciated Tom's way of life, he had always understood me and mine.

I feel that I must quote two extracts from Tom's article which very deeply impressed me the first is "And yet deep within him there must remain a dark pool of bile that all his conscious efforts will never drain away. Indeed, the grey ghost of Dad's suffering, his lost years, the miracle of his survival, hovered around my mother, my brother, my sister and I as we were growing up - the hurts and slights we suffered were tiny compared with what he had been through. It was rarely spoken of, but heavily present. The Moral Tale of his survival." I honestly can say that I never consciously sought too more than briefly refer to my experiences, indeed it would not have been possible to leave them unmentioned, but I greatly regret that these references had such an effect.

The other reference is "In my twenties (I realise in hindsight) subconsciously I put myself into situations of insecurity and, at times, danger to try to match Dad's experience, to perversely gain his approval. And yet all he really wanted was for his children to have a safe and happy life, and at the same time to be loyal, honest and industrious. My father emerged with his passage through fire with all the Calvanistic values of his ancestry intact. This passage with its deep understanding affects me very deeply and has made me really understand Tom's deep affection and understanding. It is far more than I deserve.
Jan Carter returned from Zimbabwe some years ago. Tom met her again when she was working in Adelaide. She frequently visits Womera Lane and is Godmother to one of the children. Through her, Tom met the owners of “Middlebank Station” north of Whyalla, and he has had several painting trips there. I am so pleased that he has such an appreciation of Australian outback scenery which is so dear to me, and which he depicts so well.

DIANA

I have left the most important member of the family to last. Diana is the lynchpin which holds the family together. She is the love of my life, and without her I would not exist. She has given up so much for me, her career as an architect and as an artist. She has nursed me through illness, encouraged me in my business, and put up with my selfishness. It was Diana who gave the children understanding and the happiest childhood possible with a father like me. It was she who helped them with homework and with all the problems of growing up. It was she that attended to all their needs, and provided them with a happy and welcoming home when at the same time putting up with my self centered neglect of my parental responsibilities, and for many years looking after her father, and, in particular mine. She has been a marvelous traveling companion, and a wonderful hostess. Everything she does, she does well. The comfort in which we have always lived is entirely due to her high standards and immaculate planning. She most certainly deserved more help than I have ever given her.

We have now been married for more than 51 years. We have had some difficult times when I was ill, but many of memorable happiness. I have never treated her with the consideration she has deserved and she has always unstintingly given me so much love affection and understanding. In my marriage I have been the most fortunate of men.
FAMILY HOLIDAYS

As the family grew we usually went on holidays during the May and September school holidays, but the first one of which I have any memory was when in May one year when Tom was a very small boy, we rented a house in Cliff Drive Katoomba. It was a nice little house with a big open fireplace and wonderful views from across the road. I had just acquired my first Holden and we had good weather and picnics in the Megalong Valley and on the Cox's River.

The next I remember was a disaster. We rented, unseen, a house at Bundanoon. It was a fibro cottage in bad order with an unsanitary toilet out the back. John Wood came with us and we went to the usual walks around Bundanoon. I remember John and David having a tussle in which David was pushed through a fibro internal wall, leaving a boy sized hole which we covered with a chair, it was a dreadful little house. Another disaster was when we rented another house in Katoomba, It was not a bad house but in a suburban street and the weather was foul. I think that we came home early.

On the other hand a memorable success was when I hired a caravan for two weeks. It was a Gypsy Caravan. I picked it up from a depot at Crows Nest and parked it in front of our house in Iluka Road. We were immediately the envy of all the children in the street. The caravan was made of plywood. So far as I remember it had a double bed and two folding bunks. I think that poor Tom slept on the floor. It had an override brake and towed very well. I cannot recall exactly where we went except the Dawson River Caravan Park just on the outskirts of Taree, where we spent several enjoyable days. I also remember driving on a dirt road through a bushfire in our wooden caravan.

Although this is probably not in chronological order, I remember that we had one other caravan holiday. On this occasion we took with us Guy Stockwell whose mother Margaret had recently died suddenly from a brain tumor. I recall that we camped one night alongside the Cotter River, and for several days at Lake Eucumbene, formed as part of the Snowy Mountains Scheme, and by then very popular with trout fishermen. It must have been during the May holidays as Ann had gone to Perisher Valley with a group from Queenwood and we picked her up from the chartered school bus as it passed through Berridale. I also remember that I was supposed to attend a board meeting of Rex Aviation Ltd. at Bankstown, and a light aircraft was to pick me up at Cooma Airport early in the morning, and return me in the evening. The aircraft duly arrived over Cooma, and although we could hear it circling, the ground fog was so dense that it could not land, and so I got an extra day's holiday.

One of the Chartered Accountants Research Society's congresses was held at the old Hotel Canberra (now the Hyatt). This hotel was designed by Burley Griffin. It was a single story building with a number of wings radiating out from a central core containing longues, the dining room etc. The bedrooms were all in the wings and at the end of each wing was a suite comprising a bedroom, longue and a verandah which could be closed in during bad or cold weather, and of course a bathroom.
was a guest one night in one of these suites and I thought that it would be ideal family accommodation. I therefore asked at the office for the tariff and I was told that the accommodation was charged per head. Most fortunately the Hotel Manager had been listening in the background and he came forward and said "Nonsense you will be charged for the suite, not for the number of occupants. I want this hotel full, not empty." As a result by taking a suite which accommodated the whole family in comfort I was able to secure very cheap and excellent accommodation and we had several delightful holidays at the hotel.

During our holidays in Canberra we visited all the local beauty spots, most of which are now covered with houses, but we also went to such places as Mount Stromlo Observatory, and Mount Franklin and the Cotter River Reserve. We also went to the Kosciusko area on each visit, and visited both the Then embryo Thredbo Village, the Perisher Valley and the Summit. Tom Sulman usually paid us a visit and we played some golf together.

As the children got older the scope and length of our holidays increased, and the long car trips might have suited me but I doubt that the children always shared my pleasure. One long journey which which I well remember was in the September holidays in 1962. I had a new Humber Super Snipe car which I had purchased by selling a few Australian Oil & Gas shares after the Moonie find. We spent the first night at Tamworth and then down to the coast via the Apsley Falls, spending the next night at Kempsey. We then drove on to Ballina for the next night, and woke next morning to heavy rain. I cannot remember what my original plan had been but we continued across the Queensland border to Noosa Heads which was then a delightfully situated small town with only one motel where we stayed for some time. There was a fine ocean beach and a lagoon on which we hired canoes for the children. Unfortunately this paradise had one tremendous disadvantage - sand flies. They drove everyone to distraction except me, because my POW immunity apparently protected me from sand flies as well as mosquito.

On another long journey we drove to Adelaide via the Murray Valley Highway intending to visit the Flinders Ranges and the Barossa Valley. We found nothing to interest us in the Barossa valley but we found a very pleasant spot at Port Broughton on the Yorke Peninsula, where we spent two or three days. Our visit to the Flinders Ranges was aborted because as we approached them on on unsealed road it started to rain and I thought it unwise to continue. We turned back and spent the night at Port Augusta. From there we went to Broken Hill where we visited Pro Hart's Studio and I bought a painting for Diana's 40th. birthday, which now hangs in splendour on our garage wall.

I cannot remember sufficient detail to describe all our holidays which were always spent driving. I do recall various incidents such as the drive from Nyngan to Bourke during which there is only one bend in 200 kilometres and Tom singing The long, flat, black bitumen road to Bourke." I also remember our car being pelted with stones by Aboriginal children as we entered the town. On this trip it think that it had been my intention to go as far as "Retreat" but when were were approaching Engonia it started to rain heavily and I ran out of courage and turned back. We traveled also extensively on both the North and South Coasts. This was the time
when motels were being built in all country towns so that there was usually very adequate and reasonably priced accommodation as an alternative to the dreadful country pubs. I did particularly want my children to grow up seeing as great a variety of our countryside as possible, most of which I myself, had not previously seen. Whereas most families who could afford it would go to a beach for a summer holiday, I am afraid that mine were condemned to a seat in a hot car. The boys used to annoy each other and poor Ann was frequently condemned to be the peacemaker sitting between them.

I still do think that these travels were worthwhile and that we all benefited from knowing more about our own country. Things seldom turn out as one imagines. David, who I thought was very much the city boy has lived most of his adult life in small cities, Ann the city girl, lives in a country town, and Tom has lived not only in Australia but also in Africa and Europe.

**SPORTS**

I have tried to play a number of sports, but I have demonstrated very little ability at any of them. I have very poor eye to hand co-ordination, small stature, indifferent physique, and I was never a fast runner. I have, over the years participated in the following.

**Yachting and sailing**

I cannot remember when I first went sailing on my grandfather's yacht "Athene", but I must have been very young. I can remember being dressed up in a sailor suit for the occasion when I was very little.

"Athene" was built in 1906. She was 34 feet in length, with a beam of 8 feet and a draft of 6 feet. She had a waterline length of 22 feet and a long counter stem. She had a whalebacked cabin top known as a coachouse, so that the head room in the cabin was over 6 feet. She had a long self draining cockpit, and the decks were covered with canvas covered with waterproof paint. Originally she was a gaff rigged sloop, but she was converted to a Bermuda rig in about 1937. She had an auxiliary engine, a French De Dion single cylinder motor car engine, converted for marine use by a water jacket through which seawater was circulated. The cabin was very basic. Forward of the mast the space was occupied by two anchors and their cables, and bags of sails. Astern of the mast were two bunks each about 7 feet long and covered with brown cushions stuffed with horsehair. The toilet facilities consisted of a bucket and a dipper, and the cooking was done on two kerosene stoves. Water was carried in two earthenware containers called "Demijohns" each holding a half gallon.

"Athene " was built of full length New Zealand kauri planking and had spotted gum frames at 6 inch centres. There was a ton of lead on the outside of the keel and about a half ton in ingots in the bilge. She sailed very well and when sailed to
windward usually had the lee gunwale submerged which meant a wet seat for everyone in the cockpit.

My grandfather usually sailed on both Saturday and Sunday throughout the year. He sailed in races which were held in Spring and Summer, but in his later years when he was in his eighties, my father skippered her in races and he stayed ashore. On Sundays a 12 foot cedar dinghy was towed. My grandfather dropped anchor for lunch in various sheltered bays according to the direction of the wind. He owned his own mooring in Careening Cove and when the wind was from the east or north east he anchored at Store Beach at the Quarantine Station, in North Harbour when it was from the south, and Taylor Bay in westerlies. He sailed on Sundays except in the most extreme weather.

As I got older I became quite a good hand. I learned to skipper and I knew the operation of every rope. I was always unafraid of heights and I loved to climb the mast and sit on the cross trees when she was gaff rigged. She raced very successfully during the 50 years of our family ownership, mostly when my father was at the helm as he was a very good skipper. Before the war I often got some school friends to add to the crew, and after the war Diana and I provided all the crew. I sometimes skippered her myself with some success. In my youth there were so few yachts on Sydney Harbour that I used to boast that I knew the name of all of them and who owned them!

Athene was laid up in a shed during the war and was refitted in early 1946. I and some friends did a lot of work on her. After a few years of racing she required some major repairs including replacement of a number of planks and a new deck. She also badly needed modernisation, and my father did not think that he could justify the cost of repairs and reluctantly sold her. She was repaired by the new owners and raced again in the Middle Harbour Yacht Club for a number of years. I am not aware of her eventual fate.

Before the war a new club called the North Shore Dinghy Club was formed. Its headquarters were the old boatshed alongside Kurraba wharf. Its rules were very simple. It was formed to conduct dinghy races and the boats could be of any shape or length provided that they did not carry more than 100 square feet of sail. I sailed in a few races with a school friend, Tony Hammond, and then I wheedled enough money from various sources to re-rig the Athene's 12 foot dinghy, which had been designed to sail as well as to row and tow. I sailed for a couple of years without success. The dinghy was built of cedar and had copper nails. Over the years the copper nails rotted the timber causing a condition known as "nail sickness". The poor old dinghy leaked so much from this cause when under sail that I had to stop sailing her.

I sailed for a season as forward hand on a very fine yacht named "Janet M" owned by a man called L.H.Martin. She was at the time the largest yacht racing in the RSYS No.1 Division, but not large by to-day's standards. She was later wrecked north of Eden on the NSW coast. I then made a bad purchase of a Bluebird class yacht which I named "Athene 11". The Bluebird class yachts were 21 feet long, built of plywood with sawn timber frames and an iron keel. They were designed for construction by the amateur builder. The one I bought was very cheap, and most
certainly amateur built. After I bought her I had her slipped and had one of the iron keel bolts taken out for inspection. It came out in two pieces, having rusted right through in the middle. Iron sets up an electrolytic action with seawater, and the usual method of preventing corrosion by electrolysis is to have a so called "Tribute block" of zinc secured to the hull. This neutralises the electrolytic action. In the boat I purchased this precaution had not been taken, and so I learned a good lesson about iron keels. I had to have all the keel bolts replaced. The boat was extremely difficult to sail because of excessive weather helm. This meant that she rounded up in every gust when sailing to windward. The reason was that she had not been built true to plan. I tried with notable lack of success to race her with the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club, which had a Bluebird class. After about 2 years I was able to sell her.

My next effort at ownership was much more successful. I saw an advertisement for a small yacht which at 1200 pounds was within my means. She was moored at Pittwater and Dad insisted in coming with me to look at her. She was a raised deck masthead rigged sloop. She had a doghouse entry to a reasonable cabin, a self draining cockpit and a 5 HP single cylinder Simplex engine. She appeared to be in good order and I bought her. I christened her "Athene 111". As I wanted to bring her to Sydney I hired, a mooring in Mosman Bay, and at Newport I bought a small dinghy. I arranged for a friend of mine, Don Norton, (quite by chance his father was the Norton who founded Norton & Faviell) to crew for me when I sailed the new boat down to Sydney. We left Newport very early one morning as it was mid-summer and the season of strong north easterlies. These winds increase in strength during the day, and I wanted to get an early start before it blew too hard. Unfortunately, the north easterly came up as soon as we cleared Barrenjoey, and rapidly increased in strength. This was good in one way, because we had a following wind and rapidly reached our maximum speed. Unfortunately the seas came up with the wind and twice we were "pooped" by a wave breaking over the stem and filling the cockpit. Although the cockpit was self draining, the sudden weight of water pushed the cockpit drains below water level and I had to round up into the wind whilst we bailed her out. We were very glad to get under the lee of North Head, and back into the harbour.

I raced this boat in the third division of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club's races. I made some alterations to her rig, in particular the size and shape of the jib, and these were so successful that she sailed very well and I won the point score for the 1958/59 season. This really was my only yacht racing achievement. Unfortunately the Amateur's handicapping system was based on the principle that if you won a race your handicap was automatically reduced, and by the end of the season I was on scratch which handicapped me out of any hope of future success. We had some pleasant Sunday sailing, sometimes with Diana and the children, and sometimes with my father and David. This was rather difficult as Dad really was a bit too big for the boat. However he always dressed for the part with a blue blazer and yachting cap, and I think that he enjoyed it. It was much more difficult for Diana with the children, and we were always careful to try to pick the right weather and to come home if it looked nasty. For reasons I cannot now remember I sold this boat in 1960.
After my heart trouble in 1961 I was a member of the crew of the RSYS Starters Boat for, I think, 3 years. The principal Race Official was John Shaw, who was then NSW Commissioner for Main Roads, John had been a Major in the 8th Division, and of course a POW. He was Officer in Command of the 2/12 Field Company, Royal Australian Engineers, and was awarded the DSO. His bravery must have been outstanding because I do not think that more than three other DSO's were awarded to the whole Division. He was an excellent and meticulous race official, and he had an encyclopedic knowledge of the rules of yacht racing. The Club Secretary, Lloyd Burgess, also was a member of the crew. He was a survivor of the sinking of H.M.A.S. Perth in the Battle of the Sunda Straits between Java and Sumatra in 1942, and as a result, also a POW. These experiences created an unspoken harmony between the 3 of us. The Starters Boat at that time was always a hired work launch from the firm of Stannard Bros. These boats did not provide any creature comforts such as padded seats, and were often filthy. However I had some very interesting and enjoyable Saturday afternoons, and I learned a lot about the conduct and rules of yacht racing.

A friend of mine, Robert Minter, had a yacht built in Hobart. She was about 40 feet in length and solidly built of huon pine. She was named "Narawi". Robert had no racing experience, and in fact very little yachting experience, and he asked me to sail with him for at least a season of racing and instruct him and his crew. As a result I had an enjoyable year sailing with them, but as "Narawi" was moored in Rose Bay I often did not get home until late on Saturday evenings, particularly in light weather when the races were slow.

In about 1964 a new class of yacht called a "Folkboat" appeared on the harbour. These small yachts were the result of a design competition held between the Scandinavian countries - Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Finland. The winners from each country were brought together and instructed to prepare a design of a small yacht which was seaworthy and cheap to build. The result was called "The Scandinavian Peoples Boat", or Folkbot. They were 24 feet in length, clinker built, that is to say with overlapping planks, and excellent seaboats. They were quite fast and easily handled. The design was such a success that these boats were built all over the world. A firm named Hald & Johansen operated by two Danes built a number of them at Dee Why, and they rapidly grew in number until classes were established to race them at the RSYS and at the Middle Harbour Yacht Club.

After a lot of thought and several visits to Hald & Johansen I ordered one. When Dad heard about it he said that his great desire was to have his name as owner of another yacht, and he persuaded me, rather against my better judgement, that he would bear half the cost if his name could be joined with mine as the senior joint owner. The design of the hull was standard but otherwise it was flexible. Some of the boats had doghouses and others coachhouses. I had the cockpit seats lengthened as I intended that the boat should be comfortable for the family and friends, and I specified that it should not have a self draining cockpit. My experience with my previous boat had convinced me that if a wave came on board it was better that it fall to the bottom of the bilge, where it could be pumped out, rather than filling the cockpit and destroying the stability of the boat. The standard engine being fitted to these boats was a light two stroke with a small propeller. Unfortunately Dad was
not satisfied with this arrangement and insisted that a much larger engine be installed. This resulted in a much larger propeller to drag, which had the effect of a considerable reduction in the speed of the boat.

I was very pleased with the construction. The hull planking was marine plywood but the cabin sides and the cockpit combings were teak, the cabin had a toilet, a gas stove and a small sink and there were two full length bunks, the head room was quite adequate for me but, of course, not for Dad, we had full length cushions for the cockpit. We had a cockpit awning which if erected meant that we could sleep 4 if camping. The mast and boom were aluminium and I got the sailmaker to provide and install all the rigging. When completed she looked a very pretty little yacht and Dad had her registered at the RSYS with the name of "Athene IV". I had a mooring laid in Taylor Bay, and I bought an aluminium dinghy which we kept on the rocks just below our house.

When I came to race my new boat I found that because of the larger engine and propeller, she was noticeably slower than the others, and we were very unsuccessful, often coming last, much to the disgust of my crew. However she was a very good family boat and we had some very happy Sundays sailing on her. As Dad could not get into or out of the dinghy, we always, when he was with us had to pick him up at Mosman wharf, and leave him there at the end of the day. On one occasion we tried camping overnight at Store Beach with the children. It was not a success as there was really not enough room for all of us. My last race finished in disaster. I had just crossed the finishing line which was just off Cremorne wharf and was beating up towards Bradley's Head, when I collided with another yacht which came round the stem of an anchored ship. I was in the wrong. I should have given way, but I did not see the other boat which actually mounted our coachouse doing a good deal of damage. I thought that we would sink, but when we separated I found that we were not leaking and I started the engine and we got home. The boat was taken away for repairs, and I have never raced again. I was deeply ashamed particularly as photos of the collision appeared in the Sunday papers next day. I sold her at a considerable loss in 1970, and I have never seen her since.

When we moved to the unit on Kurraba Point I bought a 19 foot fiberglass launch which we kept on the marina at the Spit. It was a nice little boat with a twin cylinder engine and a top speed of about 8 knots. She had a small cabin and a toilet and cooking facilities. I christened her "Dayspring" after the name of a ship which had been built by my grandfather's firm of Mackie & Thompson for missionary work in the South Sea Islands and christened by my mother. I think that it is lovely name. This boat was also built in a factory at Dee Why. We had some happy days in her and when I heard that the same builders were building larger cruisers I traded her in on the larger boat which I named "Dayspring 11".

This was a much larger and quite luxurious boat about 30 feet long and beam. She had two cabins on deck level, one which could be turned into sleeping accommodation and also containing the helsman's station. Astern was an open area. The main cabin had two berths, gas stove and refrigerator and a shower with hot and cold water, and of course a toilet. She had a powerful and economical Ford diesel engine, which had a water jacket which provided the hot water. She had an
electric anchor winch and a depth finder and CB Radio. We made good use of this boat, particularly after we were able to rent a mooring just off Kurraba Point. We visited parts of the harbour we had never seen previously, such as the whole of the Parramatta and Lane Cove rivers, and the upper reaches of Middle Harbour. Tom and Jan Carter accompanied on a trip to Pittwater and left us at Newport. We moored at the RSYS Careel Bay establishment for a couple of weeks, but bad rainy weather drove us home. Diana found the task of picking up the mooring difficult, and as we had really made as much use of the boat as we wanted we sold her shortly after we moved to Fairfax Road.

Since then I returned to the RSYS Starters Boat for about 3 seasons. Conditions had changed very much for the better as the Squadron now owned two powerful purpose built craft for use as starters boats. I did not enjoy it as much as previously and the loss of the sight in my right eye was a disadvantage.

Golf

In 1946 my father arranged for me to have some golf lessons from the professional at manly Golf Club where was a member. I completed the course of lessons but seldom played as the public courses were few and very crowded and the private clubs had very long waiting lists. My best friend John Harrowell had been a very keen and good golfer since he had joined Killara Golf Club as a Junior Member and he proposed me for membership of this club. After a wait of at least two years I was admitted as a provisional member. Members of this class had to pay full entrance fees and annual subscriptions but were only permitted to play on Sunday mornings and certain week-days. I duly became a provisional member but it really was a waste of money as I had so few playing rights.

Fortunately Sir Kenneth Coles who was President of Elanora Country Club, which was situated on the heights above Narrabeen Lake, and which had a very fine course, asked me if I would like to become a member. Membership was by invitation only, and new members had first to buy a Club Debenture from an outgoing member. Sir Kenneth made everything very easy for me by putting me in touch with a member who wished to sell his Debenture. After a very short time I was a member. I found that I knew quite a lot of members including friends whose standard of golf was nearly as bad as mine. Even good golfers welcomed me to the Club. For many years after a group of us, all very poor golfers, used to play on Saturday mornings. The club had a very nice clubhouse with beautiful views out to sea. There was quite a large dining room where we used quite often to go to excellent Sunday buffet lunches. There were billiard tables and two bowling greens. Diana also joined as an Associate and enjoyed it, particularly as she was a much better golfer than me. In fact I was so bad that I never got off the maximum handicap. However I did enjoy playing with my friends. Diana and I retained our memberships while we were living at Burradoo, but eventually my sight troubles caused me to give up golf, and as I thought that it was too far to go to play bowls, and I reluctantly resigned.
Bowls

When I was 65 I was invited to join the Warringah Bowling Club in Bradleys Head Road. I found that I knew quite a number of members, and after lessons from Dick Sautelle whom I had known since I was a little boy in Neutral Bay, and who was a very good bowler, I was let loose on the members. Bowls is a fascinating game, and it is a real pleasure to watch good players, but I played with my usual ability.

I must say that for many years I enjoyed bowls unless I had a really bad day, and after I retired I played as often as 3 times each week. However over the years the number of new members steadily decreased with a consequent increase in the average age of the remainder. Now it is a really old man's club, with no young members and even very few in their sixties. In fact the average age must be well in the seventies, although it is over 90 years old and has a very pleasant clubhouse and three excellent greens it is a dying club, and would in fact not exist without a fairly strong ladies membership. Although as I write this I am still a member I have not played since my heart surgery. Although I am quite capable of playing I do not find the company of other aged men particularly stimulating. The nature of the residents of Mosman has changed dramatically in recent years, and I believe that the decline in membership is due to the fact that most of the wealthy new residents consider bowls to be a working man's game.
CONCLUSION

My lifetime had encompassed a period of almost unbelievable change. When I was young horses were by far the principal means of road traction, now they are recreational animals. Who in Australia to-day had seen a horse plough or a dray drawn by two horses? Motor vehicles were rare and in their infancy. Steam was king. It propelled railway trains, ships and industrial machinery. What an outcry there would be to-day if the pollution from the smoke of locomotives, ships and industrial power plants was still being caused. When does anyone remember the dense fogs on the harbour caused by smoke, and the mournful dirge of fog horns.

I have lived from the time when home telephones were a rarity and when there were only manual exchanges and rudimentary communication between and country towns and even capital cities, and overseas telephone calls were just a pipe dream of the future, to to-day's instant communication to any part of the world, no matter how remote. Radio was in its earliest stages of development and TV had not even been invented.

Flight was in its infancy. The first flight from England to Australia by Ross and Keith Smith occurred when I was a boy, and I well remember the excitement of Kingsford-Smith's first crossing of the Pacific. Passenger flight was for the very few adventurous individuals. We still believed that its future lay in the development of airships. Now, air travel is as simple as catching a bus, and we have put men on the moon. We have made huge strides in the conquest of space, and much of our instant information results from the deployment of thousands of Satellites.

Despite all these wonderful developments, and vast advances in medicine and science, I have never known a period when mankind was free from the barbarity of war, and I doubt that that time will ever arrive. I am thankful that my family have escaped its horrors. It is a terrible condemnation on man's inhumanity that so much of the earth's resources and so much of our best scientific efforts are being devoted to the production of ever more fearsome engines of mass destruction.

Australia with the assistance of the USA escaped Japanese occupation and has so far escaped the horrors of invasion or civil war, but I am greatly saddened that our High Court has found that Australia was illegally annexed by Britain, and that my generation is now blamed for the present plight of the Aboriginal population and the denial of their rights of ownership as well as the policy of separation which resulted in the "Stolen Generation". Although recent Federal Governments have, since the Mabo Decision which found Britain's occupation of Australia to be illegal, tinkered with the edges of Native Title, the problem will not be solved and reconciliation between black and white will never occur until the primacy of Aboriginal Title over the entire continent is legally recognized. The seeds of hatred between Aboriginals and the Non-aboriginal population have been well sown and are flourishing to the extent that I worry for the future of my grandchildren. My own generation will be remembered not for any achievement, but for the legal mess its has left which has caused so much hatred and bitterness.
David does not agree with the above paragraph. He says the Mabo decision dealt with only one island in Torres Strait, and although the Court has found that a form of land ownership existed before the British came, it has never ruled on the legality or otherwise of British occupation. Whilst I bow to David’s superior knowledge, I still consider that my generation has left to our children and grandchildren, a legal mess and a racially divided people.

I am extremely fortunate that medical advances and the love and affection of my family have enabled me to live to my present age. It was only by a miracle that I survived the war at all, and although my health has been generally good there have been times when only skilled medical attention has enabled me to continue with a normal lifestyle. For many years my cardiac troubles were controlled by medication but major cardiac surgery on 31 March 1999, from which I have made an excellent recovery has undoubtedly preserved and lengthened my life, but restored me to good health. I have since 1972 suffered from eye trouble which I attribute to my POW experience, and after numerous operations I have for some years been totally blind in my right eye, but a lens implant has given me good sight in my left. This operation would not have been possible as recently as 30 years ago, and I have been extremely fortunate to live in these medically advanced times.

I wish that I could look back on my life and say that I was responsible for any particular achievement or contribution to the good of society, but I cannot. I have had a most fortunate life, lived in considerable comfort since the war, and had both the time, and the financial means to enjoy my hobbies and extensive travel. Above all none of this would have been possible without the love, understanding and help of my dearest Diana.