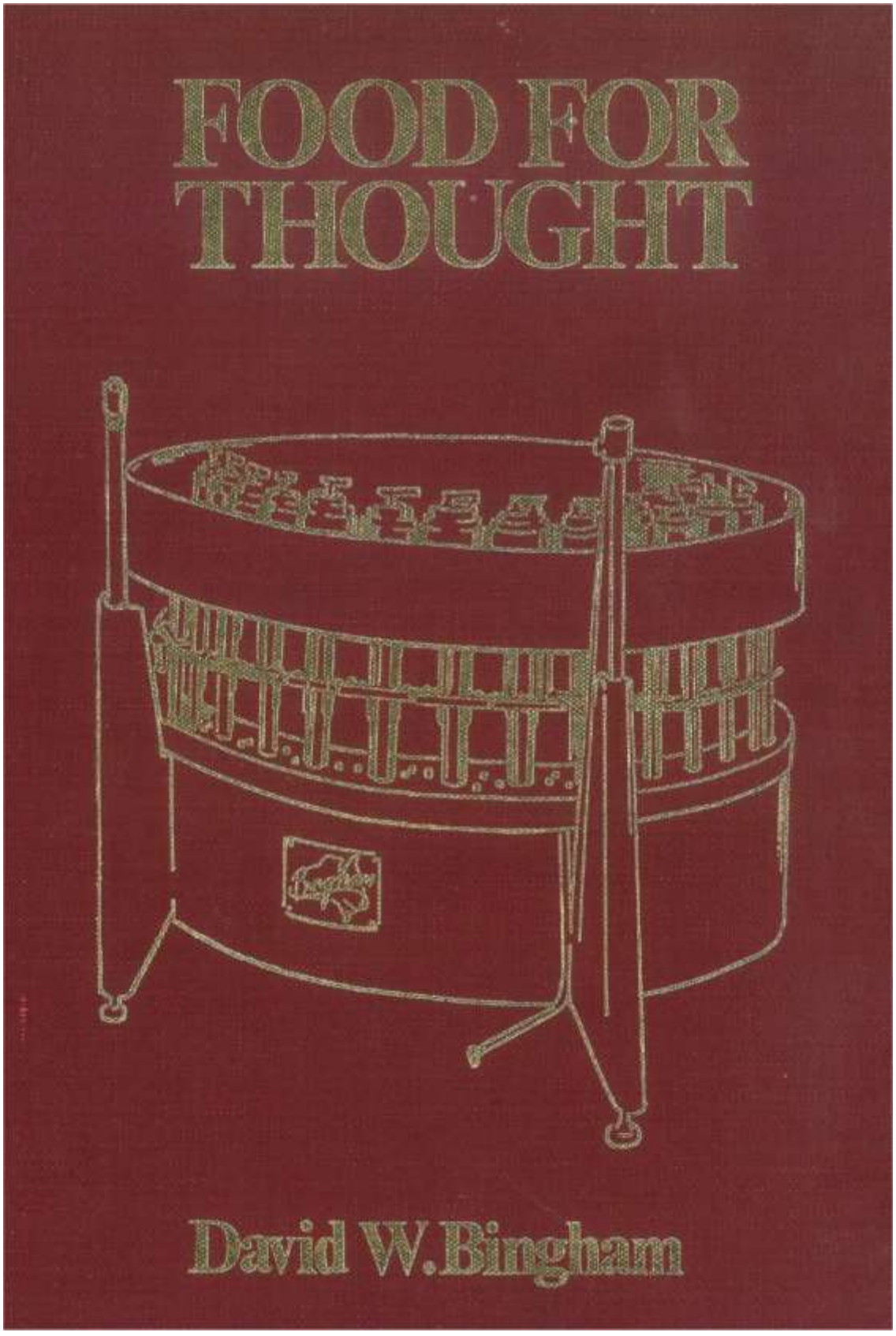
FOOD FOR
THOUGHT
David W. Bingham

Food for Thought

My Life & Work

David W. Bingham

Forward

I was approached by senior members of the C.S.I.R.O. and the Department of Primary of Industry in the first place to write a book on my experiences in the Food Industry and the C.S.I.R.O. made the suggestion that they could supply a shorthand typist to take the dictation. Many members of the Industry had also urged me to do the same. I decided to go ahead, however, without the assistance of the C.S.I.R.O. and I have had considerable enjoyment in reliving the various episodes I now describe in the book.

I am grateful for the help that I received especially from Lyle Pugsley my old friend whom I mention later. He became quite an enthusiast as the book progressed and it was unfortunate that he died before it was quite finished. I saw him a few hours before he died and he grasped my arm and muttered '... the book, the book .... '. I've also had great assistance from two ladies as far as the production is concerned and they are Shirley Pond who typed the original manuscript and Georgina Nunn who has put so much work into the production for printing and the editing.

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Chapter One

The Decline of the Goldfields

July 7, J 908, was a very important day in my life as that was my birthday and my first brush with bureaucracy of which I was not aware at the time. My mother said I was born about 11:30 pm on the seventh and it was not until some 36 years later that I discovered I was born on the eighth as testified by my birth certificate which I had to produce to obtain my third passport.

Allendale, a small town near Ballarat where I was born is now non-existent and was probably going downhill fast at the time. I was the second youngest of a family of seven. The first three were boys who were all dead before I was born. My brother Tom was seven years older, my sister Jessie was five years older, and my brother Allen was two years younger.

My father conducted a livery stables, carrying on business on the premises. This was obviously a good business and the Bingham's were something in the town. Livery stables were something akin to today's auto service stations only the customers required their horses refuelled and their vehicles serviced or maybe they wished to hire a vehicle and horse, or horses, maybe a sulky, a gig, a dog cart, a buggy, a turnout, a lorry, a furniture van with or without chauffeurs (I am sorry, drivers).

The Melbourne train via, I think, Ballarat would arrive and be met by the boys with the vehicle ordered, maybe just to deliver a passenger and bags, but mostly I believe, commercial travellers to hotels, or just hand over to the hirer for maybe a day or longer on a daily basis. The vehicle could be returned to the livery stable for the night. The horse would be stabled and maybe the vehicle would be cleaned for next day, or maybe a traveller with his own vehicle or one hired from elsewhere would require, in today's parlance, parking for the night and the horse refuelled and bedded down.

The earliest clear recollection I have is of "dear old" dad leading me in my night shirt down to the stables and pointing into the sky where a big long flame was clearly visible. I can remember distinctly, and he said, 'That's Halley's Comet, and you would be bloody lucky to see it again.' and at least he was right in this as I was lucky enough to see it again. I was two years old at the time and my memory has proved to be good ever since.

My next clear incident was my effort of, after being dressed up to go out to Sunday tea some place, falling into a big, slimy barrel of water kept at the front gate for passing horses to drink from. No doubt the belting I got helped me to remember but it still did not stop me from watching and prodding the tadpoles, etc.

We had a number of relations in the town, including the Lawther family who owned a shop. There was a cousin Bill and cousin George, and Bill, who was an incorrigible prankster, would do things such as Jetting out Mrs "X"'s goats or fowls or the like and every such prank was always attributed to Billy Lawther and when he was in real trouble he would come down to our mother, Aunty Margaret. She would hide him under the bed and swear she had never seen him when an irate policeman would call. My mother just loved kinds and

kids loved her. In later years George was a very successful businessman and told me they loved our mother better than their own and from what I can remember I didn't blame him.

Later, the Lawthers shifted to Geelong and George became an apprentice at Hoopers Grocery Store. The father, a very kindly man, came down in the world and died of a brain haemorrhage on Princes Pier, where he was a tally clerk, and George, when comparatively young, about 50 if I recall, died similarly at his home in Sydney.

The yard of the stables, sheds, .etc, was quite covered with white quartz from the crushings at the mine. It was a very satisfactory type of surface for the particular purpose it served. My earliest recollections of doing anything useful was having to sit on a seat and drive a horse which was attached to a pole or at least hold the reins, and hit it with the whip to make it walk around in a circle about 25 feet in diameter. This drove a gear which in turn, through a series of gears including two sets of bevel gears, ended up in a vertical shaft in the stables which went up and drove a chaff cutter. Hay was stored in the second floor and the chaff was made by the one horse power. The chaff being fed and cut went straight down into a long bin or trough (really a feed trough).

At a little later date (I was probably about 4 years old) I got the crazy idea that I'd like to roll off the top of the second floor, which was about eight or ten feet above the ground floor, and land on some sheafs of hay which I put down at the base of the wall. So away I went and one day I did exactly that except the two sheaves of hay I'd put up at the wall, had rolled further out so all I did was fall down the eight or ten feet onto hard stone floor which certainly gave me a shaking up and a good lesson.

There were a number of young men who were, if I remember rightly, of the 17-18 age group, who worked around the place and one of them I remember was a great favourite. His name was Jack (Jacko) Couch. Anyway, my mother used to cook breakfast for some of them in the morning, probably about 9.30, when all the lorries and trucks and vehicles had left the premises and I remember her very clearly laughing and recalling that one morning she asked Jacko 'How many eggs do you want Jacko?' and he said 'I don't know'. She said 'Well, how many can you eat?' and he said 'I don't know'. So she kept on cooking eggs till Jacko had had enough and she always used to tell us over the years that Jacko ate 13 eggs for breakfast. That's quite a record. But he was a tall thin fellow who used to have us kids around on his shoulders and we thought he was a great fellow and probably he was too.

Now you would think that with this background that everything in the garden would be lovely, as the saying goes. But like all these things there was one fly in the ointment and that was dear old dad who was a Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde, Dr Jekyll to everyone around town and Mr Hyde to his family and especially to my mother whose life he made a perfect misery; coming home drunk, abusing her for no reason at all and dissatisfied about everything. My mother normally had a maid to help her in the house which was very nicely kept: In fact, everything was really neat and tidy. A thirteen year old cousin working for my mother as a maid told me in later years how the old man tried to screw her and this would be about his normal conduct.

The old man used to boast that the day he and my mother were married it was declared a holiday in the town. This will give you some idea of what a two-faced bastard he was. I'm sure that my grandfather, old George, in leaving the business to my father had in

mind that he was really leaving it to my mother who ran the business for practically all the years I can remember as my father was always away on some camping, shooting or fishing trip or under the guise of delivering furniture to Warrnambool or some other distant place. Always the good trips would be his, sometimes for a month or more on end.

One of the smaller business activities around the place was the supply of several small sample rooms where travellers could display their samples and bring interested people in to seem them, and from this quite a few samples were left behind that were never claimed, including a remarkable stove later taken by us to Leeton in New South Wales.

There were hundreds of small dwellings (huts) around the town occupied obviously by old miners who, by doing a little fossicking and receiving their little pension seemed to exist. As I mentioned previously, there was Billy Lawther's jokes. He was very keen on horses and had some very good hacks. Well, so they seemed to me, from what I can remember. He trained them especially for Sunday mornings when the miners were sleeping off a binge from the night before. He would quietly back his horse up to the walls of the tin huts or wooden huts and at his command the horse would lash out with both feet and kick a1 the side of the building which used to frighten hell out of the occupants. So you can see why Billy wasn't very popular, but he never seemed to do anything really bad -he was just a prankster.

There were some tall stories told about the early days. One of the great dreads of the miners coming home to their huts at night was falling down one of the hundreds of small shafts that had been sunk around on the gold fields on which they had been living. The story is told of one of the miners coming home drunk one night, sitting down in front of the fireplace and falling into the mine shaft. When he came to he looked up and there was the top of the mine shaft looking down at him and in his drunken state he had to scramble out, which he did, reaching the top and collapsing over the side onto the ground outside his hut.

Another story was told about some of the fellows who rode on the hearse - I forget their names. When they were coming back from the cemetery there was a hotel on the way and they would invariably go in and get drunk. The old fashioned hearses in those days were glass all around so some of the wags at the hotel noticed this and when the rider, or whatever they called them, passed out, they put him in the hearse on top of where the coffin goes. When trotting back to town only a mile or two he came to, looked out through the glass windows and thought he was dead. He got such a shock he promptly leapt out right through the glass.

There was one of the odd-ball characters, Jimmy Bets who used to pass our place walking along the main road and keeping his eyes glued to the ground or the surface of the road, especially after rain, and on two occasions he picked up nuggets almost outside our gate which were valued at quite a sum even in those days. I think they talked in terms of fifty pounds, but that sounds exaggerated, but anyway, in today's language they'd certainly be a lot more valuable.

My sister, Jessie, was fond of riding horses and there was a great commotion when she fell off a horse out in our yard and the horse trod on her little finger causing it to be amputated at the first joint. This prevented her from continuing with the piano so in place of learning the piano she was taught elocution and as a junior, I think about 9 years old, she came third in the junior section at the South Street Competitions. I've often thought since

what a great thing it is for a girl to be taught elocution because my sister always spoke very nicely. This line carried on right throughout her life.

Apparently I was a difficult young bugger and my mother used to tell me that I was three years old before I'd sit in the barber's chair to get my hair cut and I had to be sitting on a blue cushion. Another day, when I was only a baby, my mother committed me to the care of Tom, my elder brother and he and some of his friends hooked a rope onto the pram and were racing down the street which was on a slight slope. I was really enjoying it but my mother came out and very nearly fainted at the sight of this high, old pram lurching across and around as it came down the road.

Another time my brother Tom was committed to look after me at the Coronation celebrations of George V and he was cursing because he couldn't go into the 'catch the rooster race' or 'catch the pig race' with the older boys, but lo and behold there he was squiring me around (I think I would have been about four) when the rooster raced across, cut around, left the other boys and ran straight towards us. Tom grabbed it and therefore won the big rooster, a Rhode Island Red. So you see things often work out.

Towards the end of our living at Allendale was an event which is still vivid to me. A large fire burnt all our stables and storage. Dear father was away as usual and it would be about midnight when brother Allen, then about three years old, started making a row and mum got up to get him a drink. When she opened the bedroom door the flames could be seen and the stables were alight. Mum ran out and I followed to see the fun. My brother Tom and other people were trying to salvage stuff but it was mainly the horses that worried them and I remember quite distinctly Tom and one of his friends, could have been Ron White, running along in front of the horses, cutting their halter ropes to let them out but the amazing thing that I remember was the horses turning back and running into the flames and screaming as they were burnt. I imagine they were looking for their friends. There was a great crash as the chaff cutter and the drive, etc. fell down from the second storey. The vehicle sheds were saved by the boys pouring water down the sides at the end of the shed which separated the stables.

About 25 years ago I received a cutting from the Ballarat paper, I think it was the Courier, which referred to this incident of some 25 years earlier. There was no acknowledgement of the sender. It highlighted the story of a roan horse called Sailor that had just died in Ballarat and it had been a shaft horse for one of the fire engines and it mentioned it was bred in Allendale. Well, Sailor belonged to my father and was bred there and trained by him to be a shaft horse on the Allendale Fire Engine. The amazing thing was that, while the horse was heavy, as soon as the fire bell rang he would be out of his stall (because he wasn't tied up) and he would jump the gate if it wasn't open and race up and back for the harness to be put on him. It was said that later in Ballarat, after the horses were done away with, Sailor was allowed loose to gallop to the site of the fire at the time.

My mother used to buy some vegetables from a man called Mounzy who was I think either at Creswick or Broomfield. I recall that he was one of the surviving miners who was trapped in the Southern Cross mine in which many miners were drowned. He and several others (I think it was l l others) survived in an air bubble and were brought out by divers who were brought up from Melbourne for the job. My father always recalled, when he was a lad seeing the railway special train pull up near the mine to unload the diving suits, etc.

When I was 16 and training as a young engineer working for Gordon Bros. Co. at Brunswick I was approached by the foreman blacksmith whose name was Tolliday and he asked me if any of my family had anything to do with Allendale. I said yes and that I was born in Allendale. So he brought me in a copy of an old invoice blank which was set out with the names Bingham & Tolliday and he explained that at one time his father and my father were in partnership. This came about when the Tollidays and Binghams were in opposition and no doubt with the downturn of the mining and therefore less travellers, the coach services between Clunes and Allendale, and Creswick to Ballarat were getting very competitive but he said that my father made the going too tough and they decided to amalgamate. My father was carrying the load of miners no doubt all drunk, from Ballarat to Allendale free and buying them a drink at their destination at Collins' pub. Now this was pretty tough competition but what a sight it must have been to see these two drags or coaches (buses I think they were called) with four horses driven by very competent drivers, changing horses and racing from Creswick to Allendale. You can just imagine the drunken miners, screaming and betting on the winner, and the horses being belted as they galloped neck and neck up the street. Well those were the days of the mines and I've been back there recently and have seen evidence of the many hundreds of mines that had been around there at that time, some good, mostly not, but it must have been a really picturesque sight.

My next recollection was being moved around from relations and friends with my mother. Apparently my sister Jessie and brothers Tom and Allen were with other relatives. I can remember stopping with Mrs Weichardt in Clunes. She was the widow of a Weichardt who was the baker and apparently had been left for her benefit what was to be considered a substantial amount. They had no family but a Miss Katie Patience who would be termed, I suppose, 'an old maid' Jived with her and looked after the place.

My first clear recollection of my stay with Mrs Weichardt was my earning the first shillings in my life by going out each day with an old man and helping him break stones with a little hammer, for which he paid me one shilling per day. How proud I was to run home to mum and give her the shilling. I think I must have been overpaid.

Mrs Weichardt was actually the daughter of John Patience. My grandmother's name was Jessie Patience and she was born at Inverness in Scotland and came out to Australia with her uncle John Patience as a companion for his daughter, who died en route and somehow Jessie was entered as her cousin and was reared by the John Patience family who owned the Caledonian Mine at Talbot and later, the Caledonian Hotel in Clunes. She was married to George Murray at Talbot when she was about 18. It didn't really make any difference but this is the sort of thing that is confusing to historians.

George Murray was 19 years older than Jessie and he had come out to the area as a Millwright and obviously had an important position in the development of the Port Phillip Mine for many years the epitome of mining in Victoria. Jessie Patience and George Murray had eight children, the first four being girls, the next three boys and the last, a girl, Mary. Mary, that is Aunty Mary, was the eldest and told us kids about the early days when her father was a big shot and had a coachman to drive him and was paid a fantastic sum of 1,000 pounds per year plus a free house, etc. Well he obviously was competent but he was also a crazy gambler and it wasn't long after the girls had grown up, that is the second youngest one (my mother) who was the fourth, and had a reasonably good education when the Murray fortunes collapsed due to the absurdity of him putting the entire family fortune of,

I believe, some 18,000 pounds plus some trust money of 8,000 pounds into the Buton & Downes Mine and the water came in and the money was lost.

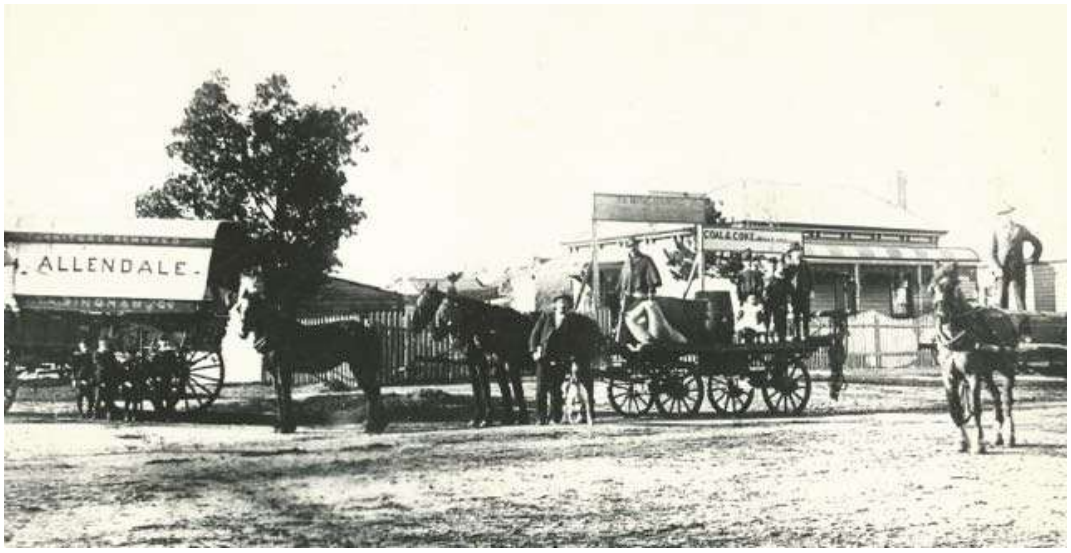
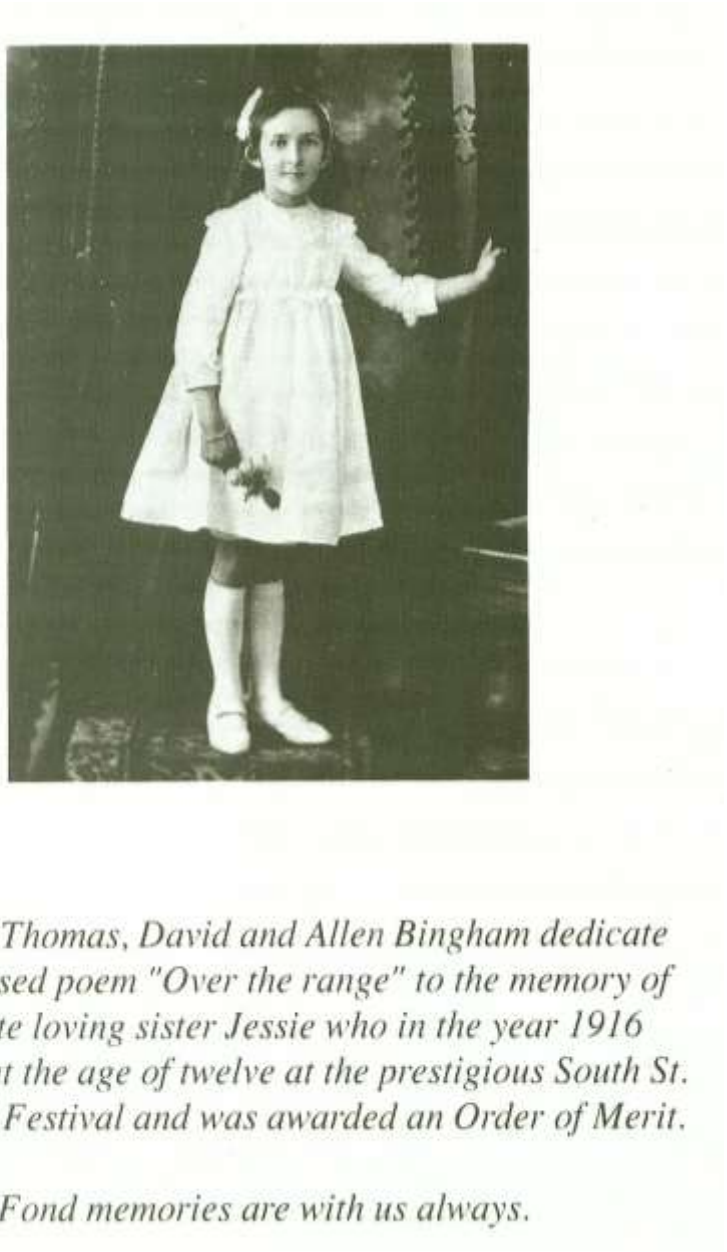


Figure 1 OUR HOME IN ALLENDALE WHERE WE WERE BORN

Figure 2 - TA Bingham Store



Brothers Thomas, David and Allen Bingham dedicate the enclosed poem "Over the range" to the memory of their late loving sister Jessie who in the year 1916 recited it at the age of twelve at the prestigious South St. (Ballarat) Festival and was awarded an Order of Merit.

Fond memories are with us always.

Figure 3 - OUR SISTER JESSIE, AT ABOUT NINE YEARS OF AGE

Taken after she had come third in the Elocution Section of the famous South Street Competitions of Ballarat. The Brains of the Bingham Family.

There were many others who put money in it too, backing his judgement and his reputation. That finished the Murrays in the area and they came to Melbourne and it was only in later years that we had contact with them as the point had come now for us to move on.

My father, in company of at least one or two other people from around Allendale had gone on a tour looking for a suitable place to shift to and at least two or three elected to move on and take up farms in the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area just opening up. For some reason I was shifted from Mrs Weichardt's to live with her nephew (I think his name was

Carl). He was like a number of Weichardts of the younger generation. They were tinsmiths or as we know today, sheet metal workers, and had been so for hundreds of years in Germany. They certainly were great craftsmen and have had significant influence on the industry in Victoria and Australia and are still carrying on in the later generations.

While stopping at Carl's place I went to school. The school seemed to be some way from the house. I know that the road was deserted and I was sent with the Weichardt's daughter, Carly, who had long hair and I used to pull it and both of them would go for me. Usually I would be the first away to school, running all the way so they couldn't catch me. They'd wait for me and to keep them off coming home I used to get a big (what we call today) Bathurst Burr and prod them with this to keep them at bay until we got home. Later, I believe, young Carl became quite a competent musician.

Chapter Two

The shift to the M.I.A., the Farm at Stony Point

Everything was apparently finalised in Allendale and the great trek to Leeton began. Father had gone on previously whilst I was at school in Clunes and the family dispersed, to set up a home in the irrigation area of Leeton. Our new home was at Stony Point about six miles from Leeton and we eventually arrived there after my mother had taken Allen and I. I remember the journey from Melbourne up to Albury quite well. We changed trains and stopped for the night at Junee Junction in a hotel there. We must have got in late because I can't remember anything except getting to bed and getting hauled out of bed early in the morning to get on the rattler to go from Cootamundra to Narrandera and on to Yanco where we disembarked.

I remember we were quite well dressed for kids and we were terribly train sick and in the early hours of the morning as the old train rattled along my mother held us out of the door on the platform between the carriages over the couplings while we, in today's vernacular, had quite a few good chucks.

I think we arrived about midday at Yanco. This was in the days before the train line was extended to Leeton. My father was there to meet us with a lorry 'which he had previously driven from Allendale', and we loaded what baggage we had and we sat on 'buts' of chaff and so progressed for several hours, first to Leeton, then out to the farm consisting of 60 acres of land which was irrigateable.

The general run of the trees still stood on the farm and water was not available excepting the newly dug channels where a certain amount of water was let down through the various channel systems for domestic use. When we arrived there our home consisted of two or three tents with wooden floors and no other facilities. The stove was out under a tree, washing was done in a wash tub and about the only thing to say was that plenty of clean water was available from the channel but that meant carrying four gallon buckets for some 200 yards. My mother was most distressed at seeing this, as she had lived in a nice home at Allendale with reasonable comforts for the day and now to land in this place, and she cried. But quickly to show what a gallant person she was she responded and it was very soon that we little kids were enjoying meals and had somewhere clean to sleep and someone to look after us. There was no slacking and as far as we were concerned that was the start of a five year stint of hard, cruel work and the whole thing was aggravated by the disgusting carrying on of our father Tommy Bingham.

Looking back on the experience I would sort of feel grateful for having had that, but out of it all it certainly put an end to my wanting to be a farmer. It must be realised that the timber had to be cleared. Although it wasn't heavily timbered there were some very big trees and all around us for an indefinite distance as far as viewing was concerned, timber was being knocked down and burnt.

Tommy's system was to blow up the trees with gelignite which he used like an artist. Having blown up the trees he usually exposed quite a lot of the roots and by putting the resultant timber back into the hole created there was a tendency to burn back up the roots and make them easier to grub out. He had great ambitions and selected a site for a home to be built. This was fenced in and large quantities of gravel were spread about in what was to

be a kind of courtyard, with the farm buildings being around the yard perimeter. There was a drainage canal on one side and one of the service channels at the front.

So we started and remember I was five years old and started work immediately doing all sorts of chores. The whole area was one of great activity. All the would-be farmers busy ploughing and harrowing. That was one of the jobs we kids had to do, to drive the horses and do the harrowing after the ploughing had been done. The idea was to put in orchards and this was going to make the fortunes of these people. I've deliberately shied off calling these people farmers as most had never lived on a farm, as our situation.

Tommy Bingham had been running a transport business, but he had been trained, I don't know exactly how, and was a reasonably good blacksmith and a very efficient farrier. Next door to us was (I think on the north side) a man named McCormack, and he had been an engine driver in Broken Hill and ran a chaff cutter system. Next door to them (maybe two farms away) was a fellow named Sam Alexander who was a marine engineer. At the back of us was the Bill Collins family and Bill Collins was a plumber. Next door to them were the Clarks and Clark had been a carpenter and so it went on. On the corner, some one or two miles away from our place towards Leeton, was a farm run by a gentleman referred to as Dr Smith and I understand that he was a Physiotherapist (American) and he was there for a year or two to grow peanuts. The roasted peanuts he planted naturally didn't germinate and he eventually disappeared. He had the nicest home around the place. Everybody except the Binghams had houses built for them by the Government on 'never never' terms but Tommy didn't agree to have a long term debt around his neck and therefore we stuck to the tents.

In the meantime, great activity was taken to lay out the farm for irrigation and to grow on the front of the block, about 4 or 5 acres of citrus, and on the next paddock, about 8 acres probably, peaches and grapes and below that was to be Lucerne and he was going to run some sheep or cattle or something. In any case it was quickly planted with oats and I can remember this was eventually turned into chaff.

Our immediate income seemed to be from growing vegetables on a small, say about 2 acre, area of ground at the entrance of the property and this meant that as the water was not allowed to be used as irrigation, it had to be carted from the channel in four gallon kerosene tins to keep the vegetables watered. This in itself was just one hell of a slavery job for kids.

Then came a very significant event in our lives and that was the opening of the Stony Point State School which was built when we arrived but had not been opened because of lack of teachers, The teacher turned up and the school was opened in 1915. He turned out to be one of the most remarkable men that I've ever known and had a great influence on my life. His name was Stanley Cecil Small. He was a tall thin man and had rather a violent temper which he had great difficulty in controlling. Thinking back over it, as he was teaching everybody from kids (I was seven and there were younger ones than myself) up to pupils of 16 years of age and he had to run each of these classes in one classroom, he really did a remarkable job. This was a perfect illustration of the fact that to be a good teacher it's not necessary to be a great scholar. I don't think he was a great scholar, but he followed the curriculum and was able to control every one of the 60 odd pupils that he had, not only in school matters but also in sport. He seemed to be a real slave to the school which he obviously thought highly of, and in fact, in later years I understand that it was the only school he ever had.

At the time the school opened, or maybe a little before, the great awaited day arrived, that is the day when irrigation was commenced and the water was turned on. Some weeks previously, each farm received a card to fill in ordering the amount of water required and with the card was an illustration of the simple arithmetic workings of how many acre feet you required and it seems to me that these people on the farms were so ignorant on this matter that they must have ordered several times the amount they required. The water was turned on I think about 6.00 am on a Sunday. Our farm was sort of situated between the water bailiff on the main canal and some miles away from the outlying farms. I can remember the water poured down the main canal from the Burrumbed Weir and out into the subsidiary channels and the bailiffs opened up the stops, that is, took some of the boards out of the stops on the canals to let water down into each individual property through the dethridge wheels which accounted the water you consumed. The bailiffs couldn't stop the water coming down and there was no means of running it off anywhere so it had to go onto the farms. I think by about 11.00 am, if I can remember correctly, the whole of the area was just more or less one big lake, Wherever the water could run it had overflowed the banks, washed away the subsidiary channels and check banks, .etc and there it was.

The majority of houses were built on blocks, some probably two feet to three feet above the ground level and I remember several of the people around us just sitting on top of the steps with water all underneath the house and all around the place and any animals they had just slopping around in the water.

I remember going up to the school, I don't know how or why, and looking back down towards our farm onto McCormack's over Gorry's farm onto ours, etc. and both sides of the road there was nothing but water. Water was all over the road and there were people coming on bikes, horses and then sulkies, etc. all rushing up towards the bailiff's house to plead with him to shut the water off, which he couldn't do. So that was the first day's water which took weeks for the drainage canals to take away. But they certainly learned a lesson.

A little after this another event occurred illustrating our life. We were burnt out, that is, our place of abode was burnt. I remember quite well by this time we were really getting on. We had a wooden room for a kitchen which we opened out into another area with half tent and half buildings around. We were sitting in the kitchen after the evening meal and Tommy ordered Allen to go in and get the Bulletin. Allen opened the door to step out and a sheet of flame shot straight into the kitchen and we just had time to run outside and the whole place was ablaze. In fact, it had been burning for some little time because there were several neighbours approaching to try to help us do something. I can only recall dashing down with a bucket and running back in my bare feet, with water in order to help, and I must have been that excited I walked over some broken glass and cut my feet deeply for blood was running from them and I had not noticed.

Anyway, they saved a few things but practically everything was burnt, and I remember Allen and I were taken to spend the next night or two at the McCormacks. I think before this a start had been made on the house which was a pretty rough job but still had its advantages over the places put up by the Government which were walled with galvanized iron and some not even lined and so were just like a furnace in the hot Summer.

The building that Tommy with helpers put up was made with round timber and the walls were the pine scantlings or pine pieces left over from a saw mill somewhere near at

hand. They were sawn one side, the idea being to put the bark outside and then covering the holes up by putting another of the waste pieces on the inside, bringing the two flat surfaces together to exclude the wind and so forth. I always remember the place had folding doors, a type I hardly ever remember having seen since. Where that came from Lord only knows but they had the advantage of being able to open right up to get a draft through the place. We had a couple of pet foals and sometimes in the summer time these foals would come in if the double doors were open and lick up any sugar around and in fact would come in and put their heads over our shoulders while we were having our porridge, and have a go at that too.

The usual day consisted of getting up at sparrow fart, walking down to the back paddocks, getting the horses, driving them back up to the house and feeding them in the stables and then putting their collars on ready for them to be put in the plough or whatever the day's activities were. Then it was rush off to school and get there just when the bell was going when most of the other kids had been up there playing for half an hour. My brother Tom was invariably late for school and this was because he would dawdle along looking at this and looking at that. The behaviour of ants and birds absolutely entranced him. The teacher, S.C. Small, would say 'Bingham stand up, what's your excuse this morning?' 'Well sir,' he would reply 'I was coming along the road and I was just passing Gorry's big strainer post and I saw some ants and the ants ••• ' 'Sit down Bingham, sit down' the teacher would say as he kept giving up.

Canings kept him at school but just never cured Tom from dawdling and looking into every detail and he retained this attitude for his life. My sister Jessie was very smart and was quickly up and teaching the small children, say five or six year olds.

About this time, maybe a little bit earlier, the war started and I remember Mrs Gorre, the mother from next door, a fat jovial, jolly old person coming down and singing out to my mother across the drainage canal, which was too deep to get across, that the war had started, and the next thing I can remember was her coming down again to tell my mother about all the Australians who had been killed at Gallipoli and a number of lads and men from around Leeton who were killed.

I should mention at this stage some peculiar circumstances which altered our lives. Whilst we were in Allendale Tommy had some horses on agistment out somewhere some miles away, probably Kingston, and this was during the Winter time. He had gone out to tend them, taking some horses out and bringing some home. He came home about nine o'clock at night and nobody went out to greet him or anything like that because he would usually come in drunk and nasty and wanting to beat some of us up. So there he was screaming out for help in the wet and raining night. It turned out that while he was out at Smeaton or wherever it was, a horse had fallen on him and broken his leg. So eventually I think one of the lads that lived on the premises and my brother Tom went out and carried him in and put him to bed. He had fixed his leg up, I remember, with a couple of pieces of wood sapling for splints and had bound the whole lot up with a length of braided rein. I say that because it was white and a braided rein in those days was rather unusual as mostly they were made from leather.

So we had a month of peace as he couldn't move out of bed. All he could do was scream out from the bed telling everybody what to do. But the significant thing, and the

reason that I mention this now, is that in setting his leg the doctors set it about half an inch or something short, it may have been a bit more, so he had a hoppy leg so as to say, he limped. He was mad keen to join the army and as soon as the war had started he went to join up and was knocked out because of this limp which made him really annoyed. He tried in several small towns around but always they turned him down because of the limp. In similar circumstances now you could have two wooden legs and they would take you.

Anyway, I've often thought that if he'd been able to join the army we might have had a bit of good luck by him getting killed and then no doubt we would have stopped on the farm because we were really a hard working family with plenty of intelligence.

So early in the war Tommy went to Melbourne and he bought a railway truck load of discarded horse shoes from Vaughan's Stables in West Melbourne. At that time I believe Vaughans had something like 600 horses and a number of farriers but the motor trucks were then starting to come in to use and the farriers, to keep themselves in jobs, would tear all the shoes off a horse and throw them away as usually the horse will clip a shoe on one foot only. So there was a big percentage of these shoes which were virtually new.

He bought harnesses from Kirk's Bazaar in Bourke Street, Melbourne, the headquarters of all the saddlers and horse sales and such. He also bought quite a quantity of saddlery, everything to do with outfitting horses, bridles and saddles also heavy collars and harnesses for vehicles. I think there was a total of probably a little under three truck loads (railway truck loads). He made up the truck loads in off-cuts of steel from the "Lion" Rolling Mills in South Melbourne and these came up to Yanco from where he carted them out to the farm. The shoes, I'll always remember, were placed in a big heap near the blacksmith's shop and the off-cuts of steel were laid out in a proper heap. The saddlery was put in a room in the shed because by this time we certainly had some nice vehicles, stables and sheds for storing and used for the saddlery.

Tommy was doing quite a bit of carting by contract and was away quite a lot, thank heavens, but when he was home he usually had one or two men working for him and when it was a wet day everybody prepared to make something in the saddlery, that is, the old was cannibalised to make new. He was also fairly good at saddlery in a reasonable way, so the saddles that had lost their stuffing were re-stuffed. All the bits were made up and he started to sell these because they just couldn't be obtained during the war.

Being a farrier he especially was able to occupy Sunday mornings being flat out shoeing horses. I think the price was 8 shillings and went up later to 11 shillings so that this was quite a source of income compared with the other people around. We would come home from school and if there was no digging around trees or grape vines or digging out the channels or anything we always had to fall back and match up the sizes of the shoes from the scrap heap, drive out any nails that were jammed in them and tie them up in sets. These were later heated in the blacksmith's fire and then dipped in water which sort of cleaned all the rubbish off and then scaled them off and they were then dipped in a tar mixture. This made them ready a new shoe so not only did you have to pay for the farriering work but you had to pay for the shoes and he also sold the shoes to other people. When I was eight years old and my brother only six, between the two of us we could shoe horses quite competently.

There was one episode as far as the farriering is concerned and that involved a ginger pony belonging to a Mr Smith who had a property farm further down the road from us, and actually was a teacher at the Baobenah School between Stony Point and Leeton. He used to have his horse shod at our place and I would pick the pony up by walking I suppose a mile and a half down to his farm and riding it back. This particular day this pony was rather fractious and would not stay still jumping around and causing the old man a lot of problems.

Now it was incidental that right alongside where the farriering would take place were some harrows (two sets of harrows) with the points sticking up. They were there to be bluntened which meant in fact that you took the _individual tines out and they were heated in the fire and really just bluntened, because going through, the soil was abrasive enough to wear the points (tines) to a sharp point and a razor edge so there they were waiting there to be bluntened. The old man was in a rage with his horse and hit it fair in the middle of forehead with his tarrying hammer and immediately knocked the horse unconscious. It fell over on its side and fell right on top of the harrows and obviously, because it was unconscious it lay there for a few seconds when it scrambled to its feet and lo and behold from its shoulder to its rump there were little spurts of blood showing where the harrow points had penetrated through the skin of the pony. They weren't bad but to look at them you could see that they were exactly the same pitch of the harrows.

I had to take the pony back after it had been shod and sneak it into the paddock without Mr Smith seeing it, and there it rested.

Probably some 20 years later I was in the area on business and was at a meeting and it was disclosed that as a kid I had lived in the area, lo and behold I was introduced to Mr Smith the school teacher who had retired and was just visiting the area. When he knew my name was Bingham the first thing he asked me was to solve the problem. How was it that that pony of his got those blood spots all over so evenly? He said that it had been worrying him all those years as to how it could possibly happen. So he said, 'Please tell me' so I told him, and he was really amazed.

After the 20 acres or so of oats had been harvested for chaff it was stacked in a fenced off area and at times, according to the market, the chaff cutter team would appear on the scene and cut the chaff. Usually it sold but placed in a shed and one of my jobs was to help my mother sneak out a bit of chaff and sell it to passers-by. I think it was 12/6d per bag, and then when the old man found some bags missing eventually there would be a hell of a row. He was such a mean stupid animal he sort of felt that we had to live on nothing.

On one occasion there was a load of chaff to be taken away and the teamster came in and loaded up a wagon which had five horses, the two shatters, the two in front and then the leader. He got bogged repeatedly on one of the crossings and at the suggestion of Tommy he was taken around another way which, to get past the sheds, was rather complicated and the horse (the leader) had no reins on it. It was rather bewildered so Tommy then decided to bring in his own lead horse, Chummy. Chummy was the most intellisgent horse that I've ever had anything to do with. He had been leader of the Government team and was a beautiful roan horse and I think he was of a breed derived from a French breed which were famous for their strength and their working abilities. Chummy was led around on his own on the track he had to take and then led that team around those corners looking back at the wagon

occasionally to see how it was going and taking the team out to the road. Just showing you what a well-trained animal could do.

Chummy, incidentally, could not be tied up. He would not have anything around his neck, in fact, the old man who swore he could tame any horse had to give up because he put a trace chain around Chummy's neck and Chummy choked himself unconscious rather than submit to it, so thereafter he was allowed to run loose. He was the most kindly horse, never had a vice in him, and he and our pony Winnie were great friends. They were always together whereas another white horse we had, Duke, was just a fair devil. He was a vicious rogue, and many were the problems as a feud went on between Winnie and Duke. Duke would wait until Winnie was in the shafts of the sulky or something and he'd be passing and give her a good bite and then Winnie would wait until they were out in the paddock where Duke couldn't catch her and Winnie would back up quietly to the sleeping Duke and let out with both heels straight into his belly and it would go off just like a big drum and then she would scamper away, and so it went on.

We had purchased Winnie one year when the oats had been cut for hay and a large number of horses (I think there would be about 40 including Winnie) were brought in and left there for agistment. In the following months we became so fond of Winnie that we all howled when she was going to be sent away with the others and old Tommy was more or less forced into buying her but he knew he was getting a bargain anyway for she turned out to be a wonderful pony. She had been trained as a stock pony and all you had to do when riding Winnie was to put her shoulder into the beast that you wanted out of a mob and then hang on and she'd do the rest. She could pivot and turn and if you weren't alive, well you didn't last very long.

We used to ride her bareback and just guide her where we wanted her to go with our hands, and when we first got her and we wanted to put a bridle on her in the paddock she used to bare her teeth and rush at us like she was going to eat us. Of course we'd scamper off. Then old Tommy would come out and she knew she was going to get the whip if she didn't submit, so she'd just wander over and he'd put the bridle on her and that'd be it. Then later on when we got so friendly with her, she used to follow us around because we used to feed her lumps of sugar, etc.

One night I had to deliver a message to one of the other farms nearby and riding down in the dark bareback, just steering Winnie with a stick, all of a sudden some nut had a shot at me with a pea rifle and instead of hitting me he hit the pony. The pony immediately reared and threw me off and I must have hit my head as I was knocked out. The next thing I knew, Winnie was licking my face to bring me around.

We used to ride on her standing up and doing all sorts of tricks. In fact I got quite interested in riding a horse standing up and I found that wearing socks made it much easier to stick on the back of the pony. But you had to be prepared to jump well out if the horse stumbled or something, then you would just simply roll and not get hurt.

We had been riding from when we were really small, as having horses around us when we were babies and having to feed and clean them and so forth, it followed that we got to understand horses. And there's no doubt that all horses, well probably all animals, but especially horses, have personalities. These personalities differ just as much as human

beings. You get the kindly horse and the rogue horse, and speaking of rogue horses, apart from Duke who was a magnificent looking white horse, we had other rogues, for instance three legged Jimmy. Sounds crazy, doesn't it, for a horse to have only three legs and still be a rogue.

When the old man very proudly brought home Duke, he put him down in a paddock about three gates away and in those days we didn't have gates but slip rails and there was some maize or sorghum or that type of crop growing in a paddock nearby. After having some lunch we went out and there was Duke eating away at the sorghum and what is worse, because it had water on it, he was smashing it down with his feet. The old man was furious so he got Duke and he hobbled him. He found the slip rails meant nothing to Duke who just stood on his back legs and smashed them with his forelegs. So, to cut a long story short, Duke was hobbled on his backs legs and front legs were hobbled to his neck so that he couldn't lift his head up because we found that in between times with hobbles both back and front Duke would jump along and then he would simply put his head underneath and his neck through the rails and lift and smash the rails across the back of his neck.

Duke went on more or less to this degree for some time until eventually he got over a fence and was slashing around another crop similar to the one I mentioned but in a different paddock. We had a Blue Heeler named Billy who was a real vicious dog on heeling. The old man set off down the paddock with the heeler and the depth of mud and soil in this maize, or whatever it was, was such that Duke couldn't kick out so the dog just bit him and was tearing pieces out of his legs and driving him mad. Eventually, to get away from the dog, he jumped one of the best fences we had which had barbs and he ripped his side right open on the wire and fell unconscious into the paddock. The old man went and got some Friar's Balsam and a needle and put Friar's Balsam under this great slab of skin on his side and sewed it up again. From then on you could have put even a small piece of string around Duke's neck.

He was a lazy horse and he was always put in so that he had to work on his own, that is, for a three team the single bar was set so that with a double purchase Duke had to pull as much as the other horses together, and when he slacked the old man only had to sing 'Heel him Billy' and Duke would shiver and start pulling.

Now we were short of horses and they were very hard to come by during the war and Tommy hired this horse, Jimmy, who was not exactly three legged but one leg was so bent up that it was useless. He couldn't put it on the ground so you might as well say he only had the three. So we were going for a picnic and there was some oats stacked in the yard which was fenced off and left while we went for a fishing picnic for the whole day down to the Murrumbidgee. I'll never forget that night when we came home. The bags of oats had been put up and then a galvanized roof had been placed over them and iron nailed on to keep it dry. Jimmy had smashed this down, so virtually everything was lying around the ground as he had smashed down most of it and ripped open these bags of oats, which held tons of oats, and gorged himself on them. That was the end of Jimmy. The old man, if it had been his horse, would have shot him but as he belonged to somebody else, he ended Jimmy's term with us. It was really a lesson because I'd never seen anything so vicious as Jimmy was at getting from one place to another. He would just smash his way through.

The Goreys next door were very poor farmers and in fact the land was poor because it was a run off from the barren hill near where the school stood. There was a gentleman in the

town of Leeton whom I suppose you'd call a Stock and Station Agent. His name was George Grey and he used to sell ali sorts of implements. He sold Goreys, on time payment (which, incidentally, in those days was quite common amongst the farms) a Massey reaper and binder.

Now the Massey in those days was considered to be the Rolls Royce. Well Gorey planted some oats. He used the Massey binder to cut it and sheaf it and then the machine was left right in the paddock quite close to our farm but well away from both our houses and wild oats grew up around it. The old man had one look at this and decided he'd get it for nothing. On a moonlight night we would be sent over with threats of belting if we didn't do it and take an oil can and we used to carefully crawl around in the moonlight and oil the machine. This would happen every month or two. Then the old man appeared home with one of what they called a 'canvas' off the machine. This was really the canvas conveyor that carried the cut hay from the cutter into the sheaf and this had been thrown out obviously because it was worn out so Tom and I had to go over, again the moonlight (we couldn't use lamps or anything but in the bright moonlight you could see quite well) and take off the almost new canvas from the Goreys' Massey reaper and binder and put the old one on. The new one was carefully wrapped up, cleaned, dried, and hung up in the shed. Some years, maybe two years, later after some bickering Tommy bought the Massey binder from George Grey. The machine was then supposed to be derelict and not worth much. In fact it was a new machine.

This fellow George Grey used to have rot gut whisky liquor stuff there so I think this was the way a lot of his sales were made, because at that time the whole area was dry. There was no alcohol allowed from Yanco, Leeton or, later on, Griffiths and the nearest hotels were at Narrandera. Anyway, the deal must have gone through somehow and the great day arrived when the horses were hooked up to the Massey machine in Goreys and was taken down the road to our place and put in the shed. It was then given a coat of paint and it looked just as good as the day it came out of Massey's showroom.

The Goreys were very nice people but very slovenly and they seemed to exist on some money that was sent home to mum, I suppose from the elder Goreys who had left, and they also ran a few cows as a dairy for milk. Allan was the youngest son, Nellie was his younger sister and Vera and Myrtle his older sisters who lived on the property. Mrs Gorey had a fall and I think broke her hip because she had to go to Melbourne to be treated. It was shocking to see this very big woman struggling to get around with a stick where obviously she should have had a crutch for her trip to Melbourne. Old Tommy, in one of his more lucid brilliant efforts, immediately got busy and cut a section from the wheel of a small wooden vehicle to form the top of the crutch and padded it quickly in his saddlery and put a broom handle neatly in where the spoke had been, thus giving a reasonably good replacement for a proper crutch. Mrs Gorey never returned to Leeton and died in Melbourne leaving the family on their own.

Vera and sister Myrtle I think had left and therefore Allan and his sister Nellie seemed to more or less live on their own, with the father being around somewhere some of the time. My mother used to take pity on the children and would often go up there and give them a feed because they were too proud to come down and beg. As things turned out, Allan and Nellie were very successful in life and Allan became one of the largest rice farmers in the whole area and as far as I know is still going strong.

One or our occupations while in the area was fox hunting, both poisoning them and also running them down with horses and dogs. It was quite an excitement to get out especially say, on a Sunday afternoon, with the ponies, the horses and the local friends and we had a number of dogs. I remember one whippet and Dick, a kangaroo hound and we also had a fox terrier, a proper fox terrier for hunting foxes. He used to ride on the saddle and when a fox was driven into a hole or into a tree he would follow the fox in and chase it out. I can never forget one day he was first off. He used to leap off the front of the saddle as soon as the fox went in and he'd be in after him. He went in after the fox and the fox must have been turned around and waiting for him and bit the terrier right on the nose and when he came out there were tears coming out of his eyes.

I think our biggest night was when we caught about ten or eleven foxes in one night. The system was to get a sheep's head, or better still, a bullock's head and put it on the fire, usually in the blacksmith's shop and sort of half cook it and then take it out and put a rope round it and that was dragged along by the horse to leave a trail. The horse could be cantering which was alright. The bait was made by getting strychnine and pieces of meat. The strychnine was ground to a fine powder and some was put in a slit in the meat and then using a wooden skewer the meat with the strychnine was dipped in hot fat and was then taken out and very carefully put into some paper without the hands touching it so no smell of humans would be on it. So the system was to get not too far from water and follow the canal around on the dry side with this animal head, which incidentally, was also coated with quite a strong amount of aniseed, and drag it along through the grass and every so often one of the baits was emptied out of the paper without touching it, and as I said, this is very effective with foxes but was no good on dingoes. Dingoes seemed to be too smart.

We captured a couple of the baby foxes and put them into a piano case we had around the place, but it was no good, we could not do anything with them. They were impossible to tame. So we wrote to the Melbourne Zoo and as these were particularly good specimens, they were pleased to get them. All we had to do was put them in a cage and have them delivered to the railway station addressed to Melbourne. So they ended up at the Melbourne Zoo.

There were hundreds of thousands of cockatoos around, especially when wheat was being planted. They caused a lot of havoc as they do now and this used to cause a lot of tall stories about the sensitivity and intelligence of these birds. But one of the stories that struck me as the best was a fellow that shot at them till he ran out of shot, so instead of shot he loaded his old muzzle loader up with tacks and shot at the mob of them on a dead tree on which there were thousands. Nothing happened until the tree started to sway and the white cockatoos flew away with the tree (stretching it here a little, I think).

When I would have been about eight and Allen six, we'd heard old Tommy telling one of the neighbours whilst in the blacksmith's shop that one small piece of gelignite, as big as a pinhead put on the anvil and struck with the hammer could cause an explosion. Well, gelignite was put up in a very secure position right near the roof but that didn't stop us and one day when he was away and there was nobody around we got it down and I cut obviously a considerably bigger piece than a pinhead and I put it on the anvil and hit with the blacksmith's hammer. I can just recall that I was staring up towards the roof when I let go of the hammer and it went clean through the iron roof and forever afterwards the old man used

to gaze up at it and try to think how it was possible for something to fall upwards from inside the building and make a hole in the roof.

He was a very good gunshot. He kept his Greener gun in excellent condition and he explained about the kick (that you had to hold the gun close to your shoulder). He was not explaining to us, we were only listening in while he was telling everyone else in the world everything, but not us. Another day Allen and I got out the gun, got two cartridges and we went down to have a shot at something. We sneaked along one of these drains or canals which were dry at the time but there was a lot of corn behind us which had grown quite high, higher than us, and lo and behold here was a crow sitting on a fence. Because I was too small to hold the gun up I lay in the trench and I was going to have one shot and Allen was too. Now you've got to remember that the barrel of the gun probably wasn't more than six feet away from the crow and I put on one of Tommy's coats to deaden the recoil. Well, to cut a long story short, instead of pulling one trigger, I pulled both. The crow disappeared into a mass of feathers and I was knocked over backwards. Very carefully, we took the gun back and cleaned it up, as we thought, perfectly and put it away. But old Tommy knew that gun had been out and he couldn't work out who had used it, as he probably couldn't imagine his little sons doing such a thing. Anyway, it taught me a lesson.

We were plagued by crows and by this time at the back of our house, or shanty, or whatever you'd like to call it. The three of us, that's Tom, Allen and myself slept in a tent and it was in line with a row of posts and these crows would get on the post early in the morning and do nothing but squawk. Now we'd acquired an old 22 single shot rifle and it had peep sights on it, and the peep sights had been opened up to the point where you could shoot anywhere probably within 30 degrees and you'd still be looking at the peep. We very carefully cut a hole in the tent and put a bit of wire around it so we could just get the rifle through nicely and have a look. This hole was dead opposite the tops of the posts so when the squawking went on you could carefully, with a single shot, shoot two crows. You always got at least one so the crows finally woke up to the fact that it wasn't a healthy place to come to. So that fixed that.

While we were there, there was a plague of mice which came on and this was something to be believed. I've seen it written about since and I can only say that whatever's written is not exaggerated because the mice were there in billions. Going out at night the whole of the ground inside the hurricane lamp radius would be covered in mice running and if there was any hay about you could actually listen and hear the whole of a stack moving as the millions of mice ate it and the stack would collapse and that'd be it. We had fenced in our main stacks with galvanized iron around the sides in a sort of octagonal shape but they still got in. One night we were able to see how they did it. They couldn't clamber up one at a time but they'd just get in such a thick mob that there would be a mass of several cubic feet of mice and then they'd start to run out over the tops of the others and were able to clamber in.

We invented all sorts of traps and caught untold quantities of them but it was of no use. They would eat the stuffing out of the mattresses while we were in bed and we ended up tying up our beds so they were suspended, and even so, they would come down the suspension ropes and get into the mattress and you'd be lying on just mice in the morning. We had to put wire on it and that prevented that but it was only necessary to put a coat that you'd taken off (it was cold in the morning) and hang it on a post and the next thing you'd know, when you went to put it on, the pockets were just full of mice.

The plague started to subside, but in the meantime had brought on a plague of cats and it's hard to say whether they were worse than mice because they became predators and took to living off the country. They would eat anything in the way of chickens, ducks or anything in that line at all and we started to trap them and make skins. I can remember now long after the mice disappeared we were still catching these (what we called) wild cats out in the bush and some of them were really big animals. I've often thought about tales of seeing pumas in the bush, the puma was probably an overgrown black cat. But these wild cats were all colours -they were tortoiseshell and black and brindle and out of it all was one cat (we might say a wild cat) we tamed and this was a magnificent looking cat. It was, I don't know, a grey colour but it had a white neck and was a beautiful thing and was one of two kittens we picked up. We could not do anything about taming the other one but gradually tamed Tim, as we called him, to the extent that he would take milk, but then when he got a bit older he just left the house and never came back inside even when it was very cold and he used to forage for himself at which he was very apt. But he used to frighten the devil out of you when you'd be sent out with bare legs and bare feet and, just when you'd forgotten about Tim, one of two things would happen; he'd brush up against your legs with his fur body or he'd leap and land on your shoulders and start purring into your ear. If it was very cold he'd come in to our room where Tom, my brother and I slept and he'd pick on someone to get into bed with. He must have waited until someone lifted the blankets in their sleep because you'd wake up and there he'd be with his head out the blankets right alongside you, purring, but as soon as you woke up he'd get up and go outside without more ado and you wouldn't see him again for a week.

We had some pet sheep and the day came when they were sold and went back into a flock. Now we used to feed these sheep inside on sugar and milk, .etc and they used to love drinking tea. I'll never forget going out into a paddock several miles away shooting with my brother and there was a mob of sheep there with the sheep herders looking after them. They were camped while the sheep were in this paddock. We got talking to them and they were telling us about two sheep they couldn't keep out of the camp. Every time their backs were turned the sheep used to eat whatever they could lay their mouths on in the way of sweets and it turned out to be the two sheep that we had.

A few months after arriving in the Leeton area the old Tommy's lust for fishing led us into contact with the local aborigines who made their home on the banks of the Murrumbidgee a few miles from Narrandera and a few miles from Darlinghurst Point Mission Station. I mention this because the two tribes apparently quarrelled and only one would live in the mission station at a time. I can't remember the number in the particular tribe I'm describing but I think it would be 25 to 40 individuals. The old chief and his mare were very very old and were transported when necessary by two bucks carrying them on big sheets of bark on their heads or just carrying them. They were quite small people and in fact the old couple were very twisted and shrunken or so it seemed to me.

On many occasions the old chief described the coming of the white man who appeared riding a horse. They had never seen a white man and they had never seen a horse. They thought that the horse and rider were one animal and promptly rushed off and hid in the cabungee, which is a tall reed that grew around the billabongs on the swamps. He also describes how it was not very often they were able to reach the river proper because of the swamps and the cabungee, and I remember him describing how at times they would have to cut a path through the cabungee some considerable distance to get to the river. I do

not suppose it worried them very much because the game abounded especially fish and it was no trouble for them to be well fed.

Their camp was the crudest, and the only shelter was the sheets of bark leaning against the trees into which they crawled when the rain came. They seemed to be very slothful and would not move very far from their camp until it was so foul around the immediate area that they had to shift. Then they would carry their bark and their bits and pieces only a short distance along the river bank and repeat the performance.

They were small people and brown (more brown than black) and I say this because there were two Queensland aborigines that were with them at times and they were very black. I remember one of them was called Tommy Foot. These two were black trackers and worked with the police and apparently when not working with the police would live with this particular tribe. Their other activity was obtaining the eggs of the various birds nesting in the trees and the younger members of the tribe would take great risks in climbing these very high trees and climbing out on long, even slender, limbs to get the eggs.

Some of their activities we watched carefully such as the manufacture of a boomerang that took quite a long time comparatively speaking. They showed us how to select a suitable root from one of the trees and fashion it into the shape of a boomerang which was then heated in the ashes of the fire and then scraped using a piece of broken beer bottle to get the exact shape. They obtained the exact shape by throwing the boomerang until satisfied, and the same with the spears.

I think their source of the little money income that they got was from the sale of fish which abounded in the river. The Murrumbidgee River in those days was entirely different in appearance to what it is now. The river flowed along very quietly and it was crystal clear and there were some very nice sandy beaches in the various bends and so forth. About that time the aborigines were stopped from using a barbed spear for catching the Murray Cod. They were using a steel rod J· would think about a quarter inch in diameter and two to three feet long. They swam underwater, and they could really swim, and would drive the Murray Cod into a position, say between a couple of logs where they couldn't freely get away and then spear them. When they had the barb on they only had to prick the cod with the small barb at the end of the rod and then let go the rod and the fish would eventually drown as it couldn't swim with the long rod, but without the barb they had to spear the fish right through and so you'd see them coming up to the top after swimming some distance under water chasing the fish impaled on the spear.

Another sight which is certainly not seen today and that is of teaching children to swim. When I say children, I would think that they would be no more than two years old or less and their method was rather crude, to say the least. They stood on the bank over a fairly deep hole and just threw the kid in. The kid used to sink to the bottom, struggle and take in water and when it was nearly drowned they would dive in, pull the kid out of the water and stand on the bank shaking it by its feet or ankles and shake the water out of it. When the kid revived a bit they'd throw it in again and this went on until eventually it wasn't long before the kid started to dog paddle to the surface.

Later on, after the war had started, for some charitable purpose an Aborigine Games was arranged and this took place on a big billagong between Yanco and Darlington Point. It

was quite an education to see the skill of these people at throwing spears. The target was a wooden stave about 4" wide and about fifty yards away. There were a: number of hits and the accuracy was really something to see.

Swimming events were quite to the fore and one of the swimming events for the water entertainment was a wrestling match between two of them on a greasy pole that projected out over the top of the water. Here again, the way these fellows could hang on was amazing. But the boomerang throwing stands out in my mind particularly because the last two in it were throwing their boomerangs standing in a circle about six feet ii) diameter each taking his place in turn and the boomerangs were being brought back and landing on his foot so regularly and very often the returning boomerang was so accurate that he would catch it. It was getting dark but I can't remember whether or not it was declared a draw before they went on. This was probably the last aborigine sports (real aborigine sports in NSW).

These people wore no clothes at all and this really upset my mother so she went around the district for some months collecting clothes for these aborigines and ended up with a number of chaff bags full of clothes for kids, women, everybody.

Now the day came when one of these fishing trips was on again and away we went. The lorry was loaded up with all our camping gear and clothes and we arrived at the aborigine camp. It was situated just above a considerable sand beach so the clothes were taken down and tipped out on the beach. Well then I will never see such a sight again. These men, women and children went crazy trying to find something to wear. When it was too small or too big they simply threw it up in the air, but they all ended up with something and that included boots and shoes which they absolutely didn't require but they still tried to get them on. There was some semblance of order that came out in the end but you've never seen such a sight with the variation of dress. But that put us in very well with the aborigines and old Tommy arranged for a photographer to come out and take some flashlight pictures of their corroboree around the campfire.

A little later in our visits to their area a big American Negro appeared living with them. His name was Jack Glass and it was said that he had deserted a nigger minstrel group that had been touring the country. Anyway, he lived with these people and dominated them as he was too intelligent, too experienced and too big, so they virtually, in my opinion, became his slaves. When he left he was still around though always dressed reasonably well and as good as the Europeans. He seemed to always turn up when there was free beer on. There are a lot of the Glass descendants around now and they have been comparatively successful both in the area around Nerrandera and also in other areas and I've often wondered if they realise that they are not true Australian aborigines but part American Negro.

One small episode I remember on one of these trips was running down the river bank and stepping over a log right onto a big snake lying alongside the log. I must have stood on it in such a way, and I can remember quite distinctly the softness, but it couldn't bite me before I was off. That taught me a lesson for many years. Just watch out for snakes alongside logs.

Before closing on the Murrumbidgee I would like to mention the story of our cat, a very scraggy indiscriminate cat which was always having kittens. The cat and kittens should have been drowned, but we wouldn't have that so it was decided to take the cat down to the Murrumbidgee and leave it go; a terrible thing to do in my opinion, not because for the cat

but for the way they kill off the native birds. The cat was dropped off and we started for home, which would have been about 20 miles away, mostly across country, not along roads. Do you know that the only track we left was from the lorry wheels and the horse's hooves, but that cat turned up about three weeks later just like a skeleton, so it was decided unanimously that if she was so fond of us that we'd put up with her. So she kept on having kittens until apparently she died.

When I was about nine I made the drawings of my first machine, although I didn't have to do anything about the design (which was designed by old Tommy). It really worked and the very fact that I was able to do the drawings was due to the strict coaching attitude of Stanley Cecil Small, the teacher. He, by this time with his 60 pupils was winning prizes in the area and in fact in NSW, right left and centre. It just shows you that in these days of long hairs, as I might call them, crying about the number of pupils they've got in a class while here was Stanley Cecil Small teaching a class of some 60 from the ages of five or six to the age of 16; and indeed some afternoons after school was closed he used to take older pupils who were illiterate, as some were foreigners, although mostly they were from families that Jived out in the outer fringes away from education altogether.

I remember his methods of teaching Geography, especially as regards to the Continents. He would engage practically the whole school in the project which involved the older pupils laying out reasonably accurate maps of say Africa or South America. I can particularly remember Africa which would be say 15 feet or more in length. When this was done and all the main rivers and mountains, lakes, .etc were marked in then the whole school got to work and each in his turn added a little bit. The small children followed the lines of the lesser rivers and scraped out a groove, knowing that they were creating a river. The larger rivers like the Congo in Africa and the Zambesi were carved out wider to indicate they were much bigger. The mountain ranges were put in and the higher peaks shown. Deserts were shown. Now this immediately gave an understanding to any pupil who had imagination to know, and as a matter of fact I never dreamed that I'd be spending so much time of my life in Africa and to a lesser extent in South America and other parts of the world.

Sport was the same and although S.C. Small wasn't any great sportsman he knew the theory of it and would, for instance in cricket, put a single stump up and put a piece of paper on the ground and make everyone who was interested in bowling to bowl the ball to land on the piece of paper placed at various angles from the stump.

We had two tennis' courts there. These were dirt courts but nevertheless we took to tennis quite enthusiastically and my brother and I and my sister played whenever we could possibly get up as we lived only a few hundred yards from the school. We used to spend a lot of time playing tennis even if it was only for ten minutes before dark, after we'd finished our multiplicity of chores on the farm.

Planting trees was another one of his efforts and today, which is now 60 years later, the trees are still there grown to great heights. As far as trees were concerned the general idea was each pupil brought in a tree and tended it during his time at school and as previously stated, the result of this has been shown by these large trees which are still there. We also got some pleasure out of the competitiveness of trying to make our own tree grow faster than the others.

He was quite strict, very strict indeed. His methods say for teaching English were to send us up as a group, say the ten year olds, to write a 500 word essay on the hill at the back of the school. Now this hill was just bare rock ground and you would look around and there was just nothing to write about. So, only getting about 30 or 40 minutes to write it you had to come back and confess that you hadn't found anything much to write about. After you got six cuts with the cane and sent back again the mind started to work and it was surprising the number of essays that came off that hill and the imagination that was put in by the students to forge a story.

He kept the inside of the school in the same condition as when it opened, there were no ink stains or marks or anything on the desks. I remember on one occasion some pupils, I think there were two or three, broke into the school on a weekend and threw ink and stuff around the walls. He closed the school and for two days or more while everybody came before him separately as he sat at his desk and questioned them about it until eventually the ones who had done the damage were caught up with and punished. Not so much by S.C. Small but by their parents who certainly gave them a hammering. So when we finally left the school, there it was, just as clean and tidy as when we started (in my case three years before).

I had reached Qualifying Certificate stage and passed it when I was ten years old, that is, I had risen from starting school at 7 to 6th grade in three years and this wasn't because I was any genius, it was from the desire to learn and the direction and push of a good teacher.

Of course there were lots of incidents that happened around the area which I can remember quite well and one of our pastimes as far as my brother Tom and I were concerned was killing pigs for people who kept them mostly as pets and just couldn't bring themselves to do it. So they paid my brother and I, in the first case 5/-but I think it went to 10/-, or gave us one of the legs or some portion of the meat. Our method was simply to call the pig and offer it a carrot or something and it would stand up in the pen with its head up and I would shoot it through the head with a 22 rifle and it would fall down dead and my brother would then go into the pen and cut its throat to allow it to bleed and that was all our task involved.

It was a humane way of killing the pig but I remember people trying to hold a decent sized pig to cut its throat because it was said to be the only way to do it. I can't imagine anything more stupid, as with our method it was bleeding from the throat seconds after it was shot. In this way we were able to save up enough money to buy a brand new Remington repeating rifle and this was something in those days.

In 1917 my brother got the urge to experiment with wireless telegraphy and he eventually got a licence to do so. This sounds amazing today maybe, but to get a licence to experiment with wireless telegraphy in 1917 during the war it was necessary to prove that your ancestors back as far as your grandparents were of British descent, and that was something. We worked and had to make everything including the batteries as there were no batteries to be bought - nothing - everything had to be made up and we ended up with a little spark station where we used to tap out morse messages between the house and the sheds.

When we arrived at Leeton it was a real canvas town and I remember quite well the Post Office consisted of four round posts in the ground with some hessian tacked around it

and a window and the words 'Post Office' lettered on it with charcoal but it just served the same purpose.

We had a series of dogs ranging from a fox terrier I mentioned earlier to a big kangaroo hound, that is, a stag hound. This stag hound was the nicest, kindliest dog that you could have around, very affectionate and very rough looking. And then we had Rover the watch dog who came all the way from Allendale with the lorry and he had the amazing ability to walk right between the shafter's front feet. It looked like he was going to get stepped on all the time but he never did. We worked it out that he used to find that that was a safe place when he was attacked by other dogs.

Rover was always looking for a fight and the Clarks at the back of us had a dog who could fight too, but much younger so when they got together in the place it was just on and it was the devil's own job to get them apart. But Rover's favourite competitor was a Blue Heeler owned by a man who had an old Douglas motorbike which was something in those days, and he used to toot, toot, toot on a Sunday morning past our place and the Blue Heeler dog would follow a considerable way behind. So Rover would lie in wait near the bridge and when the motor bike had passed he'd come out and challenge the Blue Heeler and there'd be a terrific fight, very scientific, if one for instance could get the paw of the other one in its mouth and bite, the fight was over. Anyway, the blue dog ended up the winner. The dog was younger and Rover was getting very old for a dog's time. In those days he must have been 15 years old. He had one advantage as being a Collie dog, his big thick hair was hard for the other dog to bite through whereas the dogs with short hair helped Rover a lot. In the end we had to make sure that when the toot of the motor bike was heard (you could hear it miles away) we rushed out and tied up Rover, otherwise he would have been killed. Incidentally, in the end he was that old and decrepit and blind that my brother Tom shot him and buried him near a strainer post when we left.

The whole area around Leeton, Stony Point, Brobenah and just a little further out was made up of, as I mentioned earlier as far as I can remember, everybody but farmers and this gave quite a different approach than the ordinary rural community. For instance they wanted a church and there were carpenters, plumbers and everything else and the women turned up with eats and the net result is that in one day, I think it was a Saturday, the church was erected by the enthusiasm of the residents and it was used for not only church purposes but parties and dances, that sort of thing.

The dances were mostly held in the school, with old Tommy on the concertina or accordion and Mick Collins on the violin, they provided the music and they kept very good time and these nights would go on. I remember one night for supper the ladies ran out of milk so Collins' farm was just across the road their two cows were out wandering around and in the moonlight my mother and Mrs Collins went out and rounded one up and milked the cow for the coffee. This was the sort of spirit of the day.

My mother was a great collector for charity and she would go out collecting with the buggy or a dog cart and would be away all day and come home with the most amazing collection of money, fowls, chaff, oats, anything that was saleable and she'd be as happy as Larry. She even went down and visited the home of Sir Samuel McCaughey who had the North Yanco Station and who hated the area and anything on it because it had been his

property and had been taken off him by the Government for the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area, which was the stupidest thing they ever did.

Anyway, old Sir Sammy McCaughey greeted my mother very kindly and gave her afternoon tea and quite a substantial donation. It must be remembered, old Sir Samuel who's North Yanco Station on which the M.J.A. was based was only copied off his most 19 imaginative irrigation that he had already installed many years before and I don't know when it started. It must have been around the 1880's when he had the vision to see the possibilities and had for those days a huge excavating machine built and brought out from England. It was drawn by two traction engines and it dug a channel which would be anything up to four feet deep if I remember rightly, but it used to discharge the earth to form another bank some distance away from the channel. He followed the line of low hills on the downward slope of course.

Sometimes the surveying consisted simply of pumping the water into the channel and noticing where the water flowed. They would keep the water up as high as possible so that it would go a longer distance and therefore the water would flood out of the canal sometimes and with the embankment it might flood over half a mile wide, maybe wider, and then it would narrow down and just be a channel running.

Now Sir Samuel's idea was so fantastic was that he was able to buy sheep and cattle during droughts of which there were plenty, for nominal sums (I think if I remember rightly something like 6d. per sheep) and he put them out on the long portion (which was some 20 miles to my knowledge) of channel area. He didn't employ stockmen to drive the animals to the channel and get them to feed but employed them to drive them well away from the channel so they would just stagger back when they were nearly dead and get water and grass again. So he kept huge numbers of animals alive until the drought broke, then he'd get many times what he paid for the sheep and cattle back in the sale. He was credited with being the first man that ever owned a million sheep.

He came from a village in Ireland. In later life when I was quite keen on moving pictures, I often showed the film which had been produced with the aid of the Leeton Co-operative Cannery and it was titled 'The Man From Ballymena' and told the story of Sir Samuel McCaughey's life. He also (a lot of people forget) left a lot of money, a huge amount of money in the Samuel McCaughey Bequest which I think was inaugurated probably about 1918 just towards the end of the war or maybe a little bit earlier, I don't know. This sum of money was invested and controlled by a trust, the Samuel McCaughey Bequest, to educate orphans of the servicemen and women of the First World War and it was a tribute to the administration of this fund and with the help of Legacy that all the orphan children from the First World War, and also the Second, were educated. I think it was after some fifty years the Trust had to be wound up so it's only comparatively a few years ago that the Trust ceased.

He was knighted because he gave a reputed l00,000 pounds towards the cost of building the 'Dreadnought' battleship, H.M.A.S. Australia. He had these enormous pumps installed on the Murrumbidgee River near his home to pump the water into the canal and this in itself as an engineer I can say was a remarkable achievement because it was said that the boiler, which was the largest boiler built in Australia at the time, could not be transported by rail so it was dragged over from Sydney by teams. I think it took two years to reach its site at Narrandera on the Murrumbidgee.

The engine pumps were old fashioned (modern at the time of course) and this low pressure boiler pumped the water using these huge pistons. One of the things that always amazed me because I can remember seeing them quite clearly as a kid, was that the inlet pipes which ran in from the river were at least 5 feet in diameter and they were all brick, that is, they were ordinary bricks made into the form of a pipe (tunnel). Now this is something that had to be airtight otherwise the pumps wouldn't have worked. But there it was, the water was pumped out and it went down the channels, flooded out, and from that this amazing empire of Samuel McCaughey was developed.

The largest shearing shed in Australia was at North Yanco and I think there were some 120 stands. As mentioned, it was seeing the irrigation possibilities that the Government in their not too much wisdom took over the North Yanco stations and turned it into this Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area and therefore set a course of what we'll say as failure for the next 70 years.

One of the small episodes that always makes me chuckle when I recall it is the blowing of the water out of Evans' dam. There were not many properties with big dams on them but Evans had a dam and although it was right near the main canal I would rather suspect it was there ·before the place was irrigated but this had comparatively very steep sides and was deep for its size. It wasn't a very big dam at all, I doubt if it would have been 30 or 4-0 feet across or square, but it had these steep sides. It was reckoned that this dam had a lot of fish in it so by this time my brother Tom with his mates and me hanging on got quite adept at using gelignite to blow up water (dams and such) for fish, so the whole plot was hatched. In the first place great care was taken to put the gelignite in a bottle and bring the fuse out although we found by experience it wasn't necessary. So on a Sunday morning, Tom and his friend and I rode our pushbikes down to this dam and we knew that on one side of the road the family was away and that Clem Evans' family were good Catholics and they had driven early to church. So in we lobbed these two sticks of gelignite and brother there was really an explosion but the fantastic thing about it was that obviously due to its shape, the dam was virtually emptied of water. It was almost dry and there were no fish, so forever after until we'd left (which wasn't more than probably a year or so later) the story used to go around in discussions when men met, what sort of whirly wind must have come along and lifted the water out of Clem Evans' dam. We could tell them different.

During the war all building materials, especially galvanized iron and wire, etc. was at an absolute premium, in fact it was very difficult to obtain. There was quite a number of farms which especially had sheds on them, which were not occupied, that is, the owners had left for the war or were not there. So one of the common practices was to thieve the iron off the roof and this was done in the end in a very scientific fashion. I can remember one fellow telling my brother how he was asleep in the corner of this big shed and heard noises, looked up to see the roof disappearing.

The system of removing the iron was very easy and efficient. The thieves would get on top, on a dewy night especially which deadened the sound, and using a sharp set of pinchers, they would cut the top off the nails and the iron could be then quietly lifted and as it w□s damp the iron could be slid around without making a noise. Well, some of the locals were caught with iron claimed to be stolen and this created quite a sensation as there were several well-known lads around the town who were involved. So the evidence (the iron) was put in the Police Station in the town but lo and behold before the trial could come on the iron

was stolen from the Police Station. It was said to have been taken out into the bush and tipped into a dam, so when the trial came on the evidence was missing and the charges were dismissed.

The Police Station in the first case was right on the main street and there was one cell and Lord knows what the inmate of the cell was in for, but it couldn't have been much because he used to be allowed out in the morning and he'd have a discussion with people walking up the street and sweep out the Police Station and the footpath. Then he'd go and lock himself in the cell and sit there reading a book and talking to anybody who'd like to come and talk to him.

There was wild recruiting for labour when we arrived and later on for probably two years as there was just work everywhere to be done and the Government was paying contractors, I think it was 30/-per day, for a horse and a dray and the driver, drayman. Now this doesn't sound very high today, but when you work it out in those days the 30/-per week was probably a Labourer's wage and probably less on the farms and as the horses and drays were all hired to the contractors by the Government (the horse from their stables, the dray from their vehicle compounds) the more people you could put on, the more you could get a day out of it and at l 0/-a day you were really in clover.

I never even dreamed that I'd be back in Leeton in another era, but some 17 years later when I visited Leeton I met a man named Paddy Hourigan, and he was the fireman at the Leeton Co-operative Cannery to which I was closely connected on the equipment side and Paddy had known our family and old Tommy especially. He explained that he was one of the contractors and that he'd hired two horses and two drays and was getting paid, but he'd been working some l 0 to 15 miles out for quite a while, six or eight months, whatever it was, and then he came back because he'd decided he'd finished the job and he didn't want the work for a while. So he told me about bringing the horses and the drays back and that the drays were all numbered just exactly like a registration number on a car because there were hundreds of them. He drove into the yard and the official came out and had one look at the numbers and said to Paddy 'Take 'em away, take 'em away quickly' he said 'Get 'em out, get 'em out' so Paddy took them away and came back. The crux of the story was why he had to take them away. The official explained that two weeks before they'd had a stocktake and couldn't find them and the drays, according to a theory, had been burnt so of course they couldn't resurrect them, so Paddy got away with two horses and two drays.

The builders, or carpenters working on building the houses, were all over the place. Houses were being built about every half a mile, and they were all built on day labour. They used to have a supervisor come around but the carpenters only worked maybe half the time and they used to have a cockatoo sitting on top of the walls hammering away while his friends would be in the house supposedly working but would be playing cards. They wouldn't be drinking much because there was no alcohol to get to drink.

That brings up the subject of alcohol, and a lot of it was potato whisky and all sorts of home brews and it really showed the stupidity of trying to enforce prohibition. Wemys Gordon was the local chemist and he used to import truckloads (railway truckloads) of Atkins Quinine Tonic Wine because it was sold as a medicine and fellows would come in and buy a case at a time. On Saturday nights, especially when the pictures and entertainment were on in the town, we kids would sometimes get in there and these labourers would get raving mad

with this drink, and there were fights all over the place. The kids would be running from one fight to another and one of the protagonists very often involved was this fellow, Mick Collins, who lived near our school, and his family would be in there. I remember going to the pictures and meeting the Collins boys amid great excitement we ran down with them to where Mick their father was in a fight. It was behind a tin fence a bit too high for the kids to get up but one of the elder ones bunked up Leslie who was looking over the fence and there was a terrible upset because their father was getting a real thrashing and that was very disturbing but anyway that just tries to picture the scene of the whole setup in those days.

One of the sources of income as far as the Binghams were concerned was the sale of firewood in lorry loads into Leeton town and this was collected from what was known as the dry area which was non-irrigated and I used to go out with my brother and the old man, old Tommy, and collect the wood. I remember one-morning going out, and at this stage, I'd be about eight years old and had to jump off and open the gate over the canal (on the bridge over the canal) when my foot slipped and I slid down and fell underneath the wheel. I could see there was no hope of getting my leg out quickly and it was black soft soil, I can remember it quite well. So I jammed my leg flat down and to feel the bump of that lorry going over it I can feel it now but l had to carry on or get a belting, so there I was with my leg black and when I got home that night of course I was nearly screaming with the pain.

If Tom my brother wasn't about, I'd have to drive the load of wood into Leeton and for an eight year old kid this was quite a task as the horses we had were rather edgy and inclined to bolt. I'll never forget going over a bridge one day when the reins fell and caught under the shaft of the lorry. Well there I was, I had to tiptoe carefully out along the pole till I got to the end of it and I could lift the leather rein back up again and get back in the driver's seat. I've often thought of the more or less astonishment of some of the customers when I'd pull up, a kid of 8 years old, and tel1 them that the wood was there and you wanted the pound, because that was one thing, there was no credit. The money had to be paid for the wood before it came off the lorry as it was always good wood and there were always plenty of buyers.

Old Tommy, for some reason or another, decided to drive a sulky out to Ardlethan and away we went in very hot weather. Coming back in the evening the horse became exhausted or in the terms of the day 'knocked up'. We were right in the middle of nowhere and had to camp the night. The horse's feed consisted of some chaff and oats filling about

a third of a chaff bag. There was nothing we could do and we had no food with us (we had some water) so as darkness came on the old man took the chaff bag with the horse's feed bag and jammed it up against a post and so I was able to lean back on the post with a horse rug around me. No doubt I slept well because I was that tired I'd sleep anywhere. The old man then said to me 'Well you can always say that you slept under a barbed wire fence.'

There were a lot of characters around Leeton and one of them was the famous Henry Lawson who of later years, I've understood, was sent down there to dry out and was more or less supported by the N.S.W. Government. Henry was, as I remember, a tall fellow with a moustache and he was continually on the bot for booze and he'd come up and whisper in

somebody's ear, you know, for a drink, and say, 'I'm going to write another book, I'll put you in it.' Pathetic.

There was a terrible drought in the surrounding area and the water, even to the irrigation, was greatly curtailed and was undrinkable without boiling and generally cleaning up. Therefore the water to drink came from tanks of rain water which in those days quickly ran out, but we had (I think it was) 2,000 gallon tanks with this Dolicus creeper growing all over them keeping them cool and so we were just allowed sufficient water to drink and to cook with, make tea, etc. It was pathetic. I remember on Sunday mornings people turning up from some distance away just to have a drink of clean cold water. Women got so desperate for something green they would put the tea water and potato water into plant pots with various plants just to have something green around.

The whole area as far as one could see outside the irrigation was just bare. The rabbits, sheep and cattle, etc. had eaten it down and it was just the bare ground and the soil was blowing away in great billowing clouds. Now I think this drought lasted nearly four years so one can imagine what it would mean today. In those days there were no means of shifting cattle other than droving them and this was just impossible because the people had hung on and hung on hoping for rain to come and when it didn't the cattle and sheep were too weak to be driven and so they died; in millions, not thousands. They were so dehydrated when they died that I've seen many cattle where they died leaning against a fence and there the skeleton still stood and they didn't smell because they were just dehydrated. But the millions of crows that this brought about was just a sight to see; these crows zooming around and then landing. The drought went on and on and I think it was something like four years, maybe 1916, and as I said before there was insufficient water for the irrigated area to really make use of the drought.

Everybody's place was packed with as much stock as their grass or crops could stand and this was surprisingly rather insignificant compared with the millions outside the irrigation area that were dying of starvation, and it was said that even on the Monaro High Plains, which was usually looked upon as a place for sending cattle, sheep, etc. in such conditions, the drought had denuded the place. Every day people would look at the sky and you'd see these clouds roll over very often, quite billowing looking rain clouds, even to such an extent that some of the farmers would have their ploughs out ready to start ploughing but within a few hours the clouds would drift away.

I remember quite well that explosives were sent up in balloons to try and seed the clouds but it was no use and so it went on. In the meantime the fruit trees and vines planted in the area and on the· farms such as ours were starting to bear and there was quite an air of excitement when the first harvest was to be sent to the Cannery at Leeton which had just started and then the real tragedy hit the whole district. The peaches which were looked upon to be the main stay, or were supposed to have been the main stay of the area, turned out to be Albertas, that is, soft free stone peaches which were not acceptable for canning. Here we were, through the stupid advice given by the Agricultural Department, all the farmers were back to square one. They were very down hearted and then had to start and bud on other suitable types of peach. I remember one of them was the Golden Queen Peach which was grown on one farm run by people named Barker, for whom my brother Tom used to work.

The Barkers were people with substantial backing financially and I believe owned or had owned a flour mill in Sydney. The sons had different farms and they were adjacent to one another so that they made a much larger farm, probably about 200 acres of better type soil than the general surrounding area and they planted these Golden Peaches, having, incidentally, won a prize as a canning peach when it was presented at an exposition in London in 1912 in bottles as bottled peaches. So the run started and the prunings were selling from the Barker Orchards very rapidly to be used as budding stock throughout the Leeton area and later also at Griffiths, and it is interesting to note that it was from this Barker Farm that the Golden Queen Peach became the most popular peach in Australia for canning, spreading to the Goulburn Valley especially, It was said to be a Rand peach originating in the Rand area in South Africa. This climatic condition would be much similar to Leeton. And here again, I often think of the circumstances that enter into one's life when later on I was to work extensively in the canning industry in Africa where the Golden Queen Peach originally came from.

To give some idea and try to show what small things meant, there was a rather garrulous barber in the town named Jack Scanlon. He was later succeeded by his son and I believe it's still running. Jack used to talk much. My brother Tom was sitting waiting while Jack was cutting another lad's hair who had come in from out in the dry area well away, some 30 miles away, and in the course of conversation, due to the ready sale of grain and other products in the areas at the beginning of the war or a little later in the war, Jack said 'I believe things are going better for you out there' and the lad said, and you've got to realise that this isn't said as a joke, 'Yeh, we've been getting a bit of meat lately.' then as an afterthought he said, 'But the old man's buying the place next-door so I 'spose we'll be back on the bloody rabbits.'

There were several other families who came up from the Allendale area including a family named McKenzie, very fine people, some sons and several daughters. Another family that had farms, and I think they had about three, were the Street family. The boys, just when the farms were getting more or less underway, had enlisted and gone to the war and returned after the end of the war and apparently were certainly not enamoured with the farm life, One had married one of the McKenzie girls and they departed later on and started in Wollongong in making ice and this grew and later became Streets Ice Cream. And it's only a few years ago that the Mrs Street (the Miss McKenzie) sold out the business for a colossal sum to Lever Bros. So there you have the beginning of Streets Ice Cream.

There were two Brocks in the area; big Brock and little Brock. They were brothers. You would never credit it to see the two of them. Big Brock was a huge man, fat and a very smart cookie, whereas his brother lived at a farm several miles away and was just a hard worker. Big Brock had a farm right at Stony Point and he was growing maize. There was a magazine that used to be printed by the Government, coming out every so often and was widely circulated overseas to induce people to come and take up farms in the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area. There was a picture in it when it came out of Big Brock standing in the maize and it was up to his head. My brother Tom noticed that and he said 'Mr Brock, I didn't know you had maize that high down there' and Big Brock said, 'You damn fool, I was standing in a drain. That's how much you can trust these Government set ups:'

There were two blacksmith shops in Leeton doing quite a thriving business, one was run by a man named Cameron who had the larger business, and I think he was a widower

but he had one son Tom, and remember that Leeton or the whole M.I.A. was dry area. Old man Cameron was very keen on brass bands so he formed one and to get the lads into practice, blacksmith Cameron would put on this nine gallon and a good time was had by all, The story goes that Tom the son would be about 17 at the time and it didn't take much to get him drunk. So Tom passed out and the Fire Brigade which were volunteers was next door to the Smithy. They got out one of the stretchers, stripped young Tom naked and painted black and yellow stripes on him, the same as the colours on the wagons. Then with the band playing at full beat two of them carried Tom behind the band and marched up the street. Later young Tom went to the war very early in the piece.

I was about 9 years old when I made the drawings of a machine, the first drafting work that I've ever done and, as I mentioned earlier, being able to do it was due entirely to the tuition of Stanley Cecil Small. Old Tom had organised some other farmers with lorries to participate in a contract of loading and delivery to the railway siding, large quantities of baled Lucerne, which was used for the artillery horses in the war. Soon after the job got going it was found that even though they were wearing gloves and leather aprons, these quickly got ripped to pieces by the sharp stalks of Lucerne so old Tommy drew out a sketch and I did the drawings of the machine which was in fact a vehicle that was towed behind the lorry. It had a tall mast, and on the top of this mast was attached on a ball joint, a round pine pole. One end had a chain with a number of grappling irons that could be grappled onto the bale of Lucerne and then a rope attached to the other end which made it fairly easy to pull down because of the leverage and then walking around using the ball joint the bale was deposited onto the lorry without many worries. It seemed to work alright except they seemed to run out of Lucerne fairly quickly and so the machine stood for, I suppose, two years in our yard until it was sold.

I mentioned previously our neighbours, the Mick Collins's who lived near the school and only a few hundred yards from our place. It was poor ground and I don't think Mick Collins ever did any work on the farm (well hardly at all) and I was always fascinated when going up to play with the other kids, that Mrs Collins always seemed to have several babies around the place and their cribs in which she placed them on the verandah were horse collars and here you would see these babies asleep or lying there gurgling away very comfortable in horse collars.

Mick had a brother, Dinny Collins and Dinny was what was known in those days as a tank sinker, that is, he used to go out into the dry areas and put in dams, some of them quite large, for the property owners and the family lived very rough. They had a big wagon drawn by a considerable team of horses and then other vehicles and an assortment of scoops and ploughs and such equipment. From what I've seen of one of their camps it appeared to me that poor Mrs Collins had this large family to bring up in a tent and under the wagon. Conditions were very crude indeed.

At least once a year the Dinny Collins family with their gear would turn up, generally just before the Agricultural Show would be on in Leeton, and as they would be coming from the dry area usually they would pass our place and it was just like a real old wagon set up with all the people. Some of the kids were driving a sulky, others a covered-'in van while Dinny had the big wagon. Quite a number of vehicles, and they would go and stop up with

the Mick Collins's on the hill and there'd be a great friendly set up. But invariably they'd move into the town next day and when Mick and Dinny got properly drunk they would fight and I mean fight. They'd half kill one another and then swearing at one another the way they would, the next morning the Dinny Collins's would move off to some other site I presume.

But coming in one day past our place we saw an amazing sight. The night before, and this used to happen at least once a year, an Afghan hawker would stop in our yard and camp there and in fact would do his cooking over the blacksmith's fire and he would usually give we kids some little presents like big flaring matches or something like that. So he had left in the morning I think, probably about nine o'clock and proceeded down the road calling no doubt at a few farms on the way until he met the Dinny Collins brigade. At this stage Mrs Collins apparently had been having a real crack at old Dinny because the kids didn't have hats to wear, and, in I suppose a fit of rage or something like that, which would be about the form of Dinny, he had pulled up the Afghan hawker and insisted on buying hats for every one of the family. If I remember rightly there was quite a large family (I think about eight of them) and they were mostly boys but it didn't make any difference, they had to have hats. So some of the boys, when they passed our place, were wearing girls' straw hats and I remember distinctly at least two of the boys had boxer hats. Just imagine a little boy of probably no more than four with a boxer hat on that came down over his ears, .it was really amazing, but away they went and seemed to be quite satisfied. The sequel to this is quite interesting.

Many years later I was spending a lot of time on various visits to the fruit growing areas of the United States and I became very friendly with a Dr Lawrence Detrick (Larry) and he used to drive me around a lot. He was a University Professor mostly, but at this time he was Assistant Director of Research for the Rexall Drug Co., the largest drug company in America, and he worked in the headquarters at Hollywood as the Assistant Director of Research. I wanted to buy a Bolex camera but I really only needed the box, mechanism, etc. as I had plenty of lenses, so he took me out and introduced me to the fellow who was in charge of the camera section of this huge drug store and we got talking. Eventually I bought, at a very large discount, the very camera box that I needed.

In the course of conversation I told him I was an Australian and he mentioned that he took quite an interest in Catholic Church affairs and he had a book of poems which he was reading written by a priest and he said he was getting great fun and enjoyment out of reading a poem called 'The Twelve Boxer Hats' and this in fact was the poem written by a priest, who I think was by the name of Black, about the incident of Dinny Collins' kids and the hats. It took me some time with Larry to convince him the story I told was true of the very incident about which the poem was written and that it happened just close to our farm and that as a kid I remembered quite distinctly the little boys with the boxer hats.

The time is now 1918 and soldiers were returning from the war. Quite a number of emigrants coming in and at this stage it might be mentioned that some of the earliest settlers in the area were Welsh people and were generally known as Patagonians because they had come to Leeton or the M.I.A. after the failure of a settlement of Welsh people in Chile or Argentine in the Patagonia area. So as kids they generally didn't speak English but spoke Welsh, which we didn't know, so when they were called Patagonians we knew who they were and there were quite a few families and they later became quite influential in the whole area. Very hard workers and very honest people.

Regarding our farm, just about the time old Tommy and a group of others had brought a law suit of damages against the N.S. W. Government for making false claims for the soil in the area and also in stating that if a settler took up one of the blocks of 60 acres they would be entitled to a nominal lease and get control of 180 acres out in the dry areas, that is, where it wasn't irrigated and this was never carried out. So after a prolonged court case in which again I was called upon to make drawings of the farm and show different areas where the soil was bad and so forth, and we had a visit from the judge. I can't think of his name but I'm sure that one of the family is a well-known judge now. He came down in the Summer time and would walk from one end of the block to the other with old Tommy telling them what poor land it was and I always remember one of the assistants of the judge was armed with a post hole digger, a manual post hole digger and he periodically took out samples of the soil to have a look at with some of the apparent Agricultural Officers. When he got down to the back of the farm it was like concrete and with we kids hanging around looking on, the judge ordered him to take a sample of the soil so he drove his post hole digger down at the ground and he hardly made a scratch. He then jumped on it, he did everything and he could hardly mark the ground at all and after some futile efforts for some minutes I remember the Judge sort of turning round and walking away again.

Anyway, the verdict was given in favour of the settlers and I'm not certain but I think we got some 700 pounds in damages from the Government and our farm was sold to an Englishman, Mr Falk, who had been an officer, I think, in the British Army and what he knew about farming (to use an old expression of mine) could be written several times on the back of a postage stamp and there would still be room to spare.

He paid his deposit and Tommy arranged with his mate to sell up everything we had which was quite considerable and it took several weeks to marshal the plan. It was a matter of mad activity around our place as the sale was laid out in lots right around the home block, The left over horse shoes, which I previously mentioned came from Yaughans1 Stables were made up into various sets and matched and treated as I mentioned and they were placed out in small heaps and at various intervals around the perimeter of the big yard. As much of the scrap iron ran into some hundreds of sets, 11511 hooks and eye bolts were made up in the Smithy and these again were put in small groups interspersed with other stuff, plenty of it rubbish and at intervals. There was a nine gallon keg of beer put on so as the day proceeded, and it was a two day sale, the drunken settlers were buying stuff at ridiculous prices and so the clearing sale could have been said to be highly successful. I'm only mentioning this because I quite believe that old Tommy had between two and three thousand pounds with which to start again somewhere else.

My mother was determined we'd return to the city where we would have an opportunity to get an education and after the sale, this is what we did.

Chapter Three

The farm is sold and the Binghams move to Melbourne and I start my sixty years association with the City of South Melbourne

We arrived in Melbourne -my mother, my brother Allen and I -and the first couple of nights we stopped at the Salvation Army Hostel in King Street and then went out and lived with our Aunty Mary and Aunt Liz, my mother's sisters who had a home in Spenseley Street, Clifton Hill. It was only a rented place but they were all working and had quite a nice residence. My uncles, that is, my mother's brothers were still away at the war and didn't return for probably a year at least afterwards. So there we were.

Up the road were some Miss Neilsons who conducted the dairy and they had quite a block of land alongside some stables. I don't know exactly how it came about but we got jobs (we were prepared to do anything to get some money). So my brother Allen and I undertook to build a vegetable garden for them. So we slaved away to get 11c to buy a football. It was an undersized football that we saw in one of the shops up in Queens Parade. We eventually finished and got 11c and got our football. We had it stolen from us one day by some local mob but we'd have died sooner than give it up and after a terrific fight we ended up getting it back again. By this time old Tommy had turned up, drunk as usual, and we went out looking for some place to live.

My mother was appalled at some of the slums in South Melbourne and eventually settled for three rooms and I think the use of the kitchen on the second floor of No.3 Dundas Place, Albert Park, which was at the corner of Dundas Place and Kerferd Road. Mrs Smith's husband was a carpenter on the Australian line of ships and he only turned up occasionally. He really fascinated me because he had so much red hair growing up from underneath his collar -he looked like a gorilla. Very nice fellow, but Mrs Smith was a terrible person who used to lead him one hell of a life. It's no wonder he was glad to get away on the ships again.

Allen and I started school at the Middle Park State School and we quickly made headway. It was only a few months before the end of the year, 1918, and the examinations. One of the exams was an entrance examination to the newly opened or to be opened South Melbourne Technical School. So I entered for the examination and I was now ten years old and I passed the examination and lo and behold I was passed out because I was too young, you had to be 11 before you could get to the technical school, and I would not be 11 until July.

My mother was very upset and indeed so, knowing they had no records here in Victoria, I hit on the idea of simply putting my age up a year and I went in and got into the lowest grade in the school, C5. In February an examination was held for regrading and I shifted from C5 to B2. Now B2 was the second highest grade in the school and in the class were some lads of 15 or 16. I was very diligent in study and due to the very good foundation I'd had with Stanley Cecil Small I was able to keep up with the rest of the class and in fact it wasn't long before there was a group of six of us that would always be in it and I usually ran third or fourth.

The general standard of teaching the technical work was in very sound hands as most of the instructors had just been recruited from industry and war service. There were only about 30 or 40 pupils in the first few months while the soldiers were still occupying most of the building (there were several hundred of them) and we were prohibited from going near one side of the school at all because they'd usually be drinking or playing two-up and the language that used to come out of the room was certainly very lurid and one of the greatest pastimes of the soldiers was pinching our footballs, cricket bats, etc. and we had great fun getting them back from them.

Anyway, the time came for the first year and it had to be decided whether I would go into the metal work industry or into woodwork and I had nobody to advise me. The time was coming for a decision to be made and one Wednesday afternoon, which was our sports afternoon, I was coming downstairs after putting my books away in the locker and I happened to glance through the window in the machine shop where all the soldiers were working and there I saw for the first time a lathe being operated and the more I looked the more I became fascinated. So instead of going out to play I sneaked in the door and as the lathe was near the door I watched everything that went on and that certainly decided me on which way I was going to go. I had discussions on the matter with another boy named Ward. We used to call him Doodle Ward, I don't know why, he was only a little fellow but he was a bit older than I was and he was very anxious to succeed as well. So when I was at the age of 12, Ward and I started night school three nights a week as well as doing our homework. And there we were the two of us in the class wearing short pants and it was quite an experience to be with these men and we started off doing the high grade machining work.

Another important person came into my life at this time and this was Jack Cameron who was the senior instructor in charge of the Engineering Department. He took a fancy to me because I was a trier I suppose. He took me under his wing so from then on I rarely went to play on Wednesday afternoons but went into the machine shop and did all sorts of machining work and small jobs under his instruction because, generally speaking, there'd be nobody there on the Wednesday though he'd be there because he used to take a class at night.

So I advanced rapidly and there came a time when at the age of 16 I'd finished the Engineering Trade Course. Not only that, but all the various Mathematics, Physics and English, etc. as well, competing with fellows much older and the great day came of the practical examination which took the whole day. It was quite a challenge of machining on several machines and fittings. Well it came to the marking and a Government Examining Officer was doing the marking, and he gave Bill Moulding, who was aged 22, 96%. I was marked after him and he gave me 96 % for marks but he said that if he'd marked mine first he would have had to give me two marks more than Bill. So Bill and I shared the Brown &. Sharp prize which was looked upon as rather prestigious.

Soon after we settled into Mrs Smith's house in Kerferd Place, old Tommy bought a house at 75 Hambleton Street, Middle Park and this was quite a nice home as judged at the time. It had three bedrooms, dining room, kitchen and bathroom and a bungalow at the back which suited us boys for sleeping quarters and a place to mess about building radios and such. It was a very nice street and we soon settled in there and had quite nice neighbours with a number of children about our ages.

The family was altogether again and soon both Tom and Jessie had jobs, Tom working for Halls Pram Factory in Queensbridge Street, South Melbourne and Jessie working with our Auntie Elizabeth who was manageress of the Cafe Francatelli in the city. Allen and a mate had a paper round in the mornings and I had a job after school, but mainly on Saturday mornings at Bowaters grocer shop nearby. Old Tommy had a contract with the Albert Park Trust to supply two drays and horses and drivers for various work around the park.

My job at Bowaters mostly consisted of weighing out hundreds of bags of one pound and two pounds of sugar, potatoes and the like. It was a small but quite a busy business. One thing I remember, I could buy a considerable bag of broken biscuits for two pence. Mr Bowater was a small man and dominated by a large wife and the daughter Muriel was about thirteen and quite a big girl and would catch me in the back storeroom and wrestle with me and if I had been a few years older I might have better understood her interests.

Allen had a mate who was with him on the paper round and I remember how they overcame a problem of his mate, who lived close by and had difficulty in waking up. They arranged for him to sleep with a string tied to his toe and if he was not up when Allen called he would pull the string which came out under the front door.

Our small group around Hambleton Street decided to build a go-cart and we had a good start to the project with Tom being able to get various axles, wheels and a steering wheel so we ended up with the ultimate in go-carts, for the time, with a formed metal body, padded seat and above all a steering wheel and it was painted red and known as the red terror in the races. Allen and I were very good at playing marbles and quickly started to clean up the district and had to give long odds to get a game or go away from the immediate competition to where we were unknown and boy we would get into some fights and soon learned to stand up and not be bluffed as simply country bumpkins.

Thinking about the contract the old man had with Trust it should have been a very good one as on rainy days the drays and horses and drivers just stood in the depot and old Tommy, being so smart, would be up at the George Hotel doing his money on booze. He had the horses stabled not very far away in stables behind a shop in Albert Park. The place had been, I think, a bakers shop and bakery. The shop was a bits and pieces affair and I always recall the lady who operated it had two small daughters about three years old - twins - and I remember they were so alike the mother had to put different ribbons in their hair to be able to identify them. Allen and I would have to go over early in the morning, feed the horses, brush them down and put their collars on. The collars were too heavy for us to lift and we hit on the idea of lifting the collars into the feed trough and then standing up in the trough and jamming them down over the horse's necks and twisting them right way up. The horses did not like it much but we got it done.

Brother Tom still had his yen for radio, or wireless as it was called in those days, and he commenced to build a spark station and the ariel was to be mounted on a goal post, which had been replaced at the South Melbourne Football Club, and the post was to be mounted on one of the house chimneys. The great day came when it was to be put up and Tom had enlisted various friends and us to help •. The post was hoisted to the roof and Tom was on the roof to manoeuvre the base to bolt to the chimney but he had not taken into account the strong gusty wind. Tom floundered about the sloping slate roof and repeatedly stepped through the slates. Eventually, the post was secured to the chimney by bolts then

we had to get up in the ceiling and put buckets and tins under the leaks and when they filled up with rain water we had to surreptitiously empty and replace them. This was one of the problems we left in old Tommy's hands.

It was a wonderful position for a home for a family where children could get into the city by cable tram for one penny, a beautiful beach close and handy and plenty of playing fields and plenty to interest us with the goings and comings of the ships. Old Tommy had built a small blacksmith shop in the yard and Allen, Tom and I had rebuilt the bungalow to make a comfortable three bed room with enough space for general poking around with our hobbies. The occupation of the bungalow meant there was a big spare bedroom available in the house which in the first place mum let to a Mrs and Mr Jack Keon.

Jack had been quite a celebrity as a leading footballer with the Geelong Club and sort of lived by being a bookies clerk and a professional card player. He was the only person I have ever seen who could stack cards and he persistently warned we boys of the danger of playing cards with other than friends. They were nice people and we did not see much of them as they ate out. One night there was a great commotion when Jack had been out at the foot runners, pencilling f!)r a bookmaker and had dropped dead.

We eventually got the radio finished and we were able to pick up ships and Melbourne radio call sign V.I.M. We had to make up all the components including the batteries and the main thing in operation was to be able to pick the right spot on the crystal to get the best results. Our two cousins were very competent morse code operators, one as a radio officer with the merchant navy and the other an operator with the P.M.G. When they visited us, usually on a Sunday morning, and made our home the base for a swim and lunch, we were really impressed with the way they could translate the morse code messages coming in and carry on a conversation at the same time.

The great day came when it was advertised that the New Systems Telephone Company would, from their offices in Queensbridge Street, South Melbourne, on a Sunday morning broadcast speech and music. We made excellent reception and so had the pleasure of listening to the first broadcast, at least in Victoria and probably Australia, of music and speech.

Swimming was a very popular sport and numerous surf clubs sprang up around the bay and organized swimming sports was carried on at each club especially on Sundays. The beaches were crowded not only with locals but with visitors who arrived in thousands from other parts of the city all travelling by train and trams with a few on bikes, not just to sit around in bikinis and what have you, but to take part in the various events. Larrikinism was virtually unknown.

The Binghams were all members of the Middle Park Surf Club, which still flourishes, and ardent supporters of the junior events. I would go in swimming practically every night when I got home from work and I remember one evening I was returning in shore from the diving board, no other swimmers being about, when I realized I could not make any headway against the strong undertow, the undertow being very unusual in the area. I was not disturbed as I could have gone on swimming for hours. I realized to get out easily I would have to swim parallel with the beach towards the Albert Park pier which was about half a

mile away and this I did, only being carried out slowly. Not far from the pier end, I was able to climb up and walk to my clothes.

I played cricket in the church competition, playing with St Silas' team and we had the distinction of having the famous Bill Woodful to coach us at odd times as his father was the minister of the church. I was a useful medium pace bowler and may not get a lot of wickets but could keep the runs down. We were playing in Albert Park on a very hot Saturday and I had been bowling for I think maybe two hours every time I was called to the pitch. I had slight heat stroke or something and had to leave the ground. As I neared the boundary I heard a shout and turned around and there coming towards me high up was the ball and I shifted a little and took an easy catch and that ended my cricketing career as I never played again.

One of the most amazing events I can recall in my life happened when we were living in Albert Park. We were in the park playing some game when with one accord we all stopped and looked up as the heat on our faces indicated and saw the whole sky was burning and then there was a big rumble from the direction of Port Melbourne and we immediately assumed the South Melbourne Gas Works had blown so we ran helter skelter for Port Melbourne and sure enough, we were correct as one of the gasometers had blown up. Apparently the gas cloud had travelled some distance before igniting to give the explosion and the flame cloud we had seen. It was a remarkable scene with lots, maybe hundreds of people on their roofs putting out small fires, which I assumed were caused by the falling red hot rivets. One section of the brick wall near the Pickles Street gate had been blown across the road and I would venture to say the force taken to shift this wall across Pickles Street, being a really wide street, has never been exceeded. The replacement wall always showed the joint marks of the new brickwork until I believe the whole of the area was cleared.

Whilst we were in Hambleton Street, one morning our mother heard a voice coming from the roof just outside the kitchen door and on investigation found a Galah up there singing out 'Hello George, come and get me George' and mum, somehow, with the help of some steps, got up and caught the galah by wrapping, her apron around him and keeping him in the kitchen until we came home. Well George became a member of the family and quickly mastered the call of mum to the dog Tim and the cat and it was really something to see him looking innocent and leering at the cat or dog when they came past his cage in answer to the summons. George was the most destructive bird I have ever seen and to illustrate this, we built a big cage about four feet high, six feet wide and two feet deep, the frame being made of Oregon timber and a few hours after he was put in the cage and left alone we came outside and he had virtually torn the timber frame to pieces and was stuck in the ruins, so it was back to the wire cage until we could make up a metal cage. George would sit on his perch and say in a very confidential voice 'Come on, scratch cocky' and notwithstanding the warnings we gave visitors, they would do it and all of a sudden he would spin his head and almost sever their fingers; that is learning the hard way. I cannot remember what happened to George but he probably got out and the cat had a meal off him.

One of the most disturbing and nationally disgraceful events took place around this time and that was the Victorian Police strike when on a Saturday the police went on strike. Quickly rioting and looting began in the city and to a lesser extent in the suburbs. Our mother had a very frightening experience as follows.

She was visiting our Auntie in Collingwood and left Smith Street by cable tram to return home to Middle Park, having to change trams in the city and got caught up in the rioting. Eventually the tram reached Queens Bridge and was blocked by a mob trying to tip the tram in front of them over the bridge parapet, into the Yarra River. The passengers on my mother's tram got off and hurried over the bridge to the South Melbourne side and were lucky to get a tram home, she was very shaken.

Next morning a group of we boys went into the city to see and I shall never forget the broken shop windows and the streets littered with glass and remains of the looting. Women were seen inside the shop windows getting undressed and redressed into stolen clothes, including fur coats and the like. We also saw the tram still hanging over the parapet on Queens Bridge. The Government enlisted special police and they had little trouble in getting tough returned soldiers who soon cleaned everyone off the streets with plenty of baton use. Nicholson was dismissed as Police Commissioner and replaced by General Thomas Blarney.

Previously, at the age of J 4, I left school and looked for a job and saw in the paper an advertisement for a boy wanting to learn Engineering. It was the Justice Manufacturing Co. situated in Myers Lane which ran between Bourke Street and Little Collins Street, Melbourne. And here again I was extremely lucky. It was pouring rain on the Saturday morning when I went in to be interviewed, and because of the bad weather conditions I was the only one that turned up so I got the job and here again, I was extremely fortunate. This Company which was only small and employed probably about eight people was owned by a gentleman named Owen. The Company built small sheet metal machinery, that is, wiring machines, circular cutters, beading machines and rollers and this gave me an immediate insight into manufacturing procedures because Owen was a master tool maker and everything was jigged up and his management was excellent and though he worked fairly consistently at the bench or machine he was always very neat and tidy and in fact wore a white shirt, collar and tie with his overalls.

The first day I was there he immediately put me on a lathe turning the beading rollers which are small rollers specially shaped so that they bead the wire into the sheet metal •. I was going carefully along on the job and he came and looked over my shoulder and immediately pushed me aside and started taking very much heavier cuts, attacking the profiling in a very much faster fashion. He then explained to me, and this is the sort of thing which came home, that the material is worth very little and if one out of say five, I think he mentioned, was thrown away so that you make them twice as fast, you are still making a profit. Anyway, here again he took a fancy to me apparently and he put me onto all the jobs throughout the small shop as far as machining was concerned. Incidentally, everything was so closely machined there was practically no fitting work, only assembly.

There were some amusing incidents connected with this operation. It was in Myers Lane next door to Myers Ice Cream. Now the fellows in Myers Ice Cream and we workers in Justice Manufacturing Co. next door, in fact it was in the same building, became friendly, so in the Summer time we'd go up to the top of the third storey which was only a storeroom, where the boys had removed a brick or two out of the wall and they were able to push a billy through on a string and lower it down to the ice cream department where the ice cream makers would fill it up with ice cream. So we had ice cream laid on, and believe me, when even a penny was a valuable coin, this was really something.

This third storey overlooked the windows of a two storey building across the lane, and this was a brothel so it was quite an education to a lad like myself and the others to go up there and see on a hot day with the window wide open, the hard work that this woman would put into her sex.

The Myers Ice Cream Co. was the forerunner of Peters Ice Cream and was taken over some years later. Incidentally, Myer had made Jots of money out of the ice cream business, but I believe he got his start from winning a Tattersalls Sweep. He had an ice cream barrow and used to sell ice cream on the beach down at St Kilda and that's really the start of Peters Ice Cream in Victoria.

After being there about nine or twelve months, I decided it was time to move on because I was unlikely to learn much more there. I saw the position advertised for an improver and that was the grade of those who were working in industry but not apprenticed. It had definite advantages and also disadvantages but the advantage was that you could shift from shop to shop and therefore gain more experience. I secured the job at Gordon Bros. in Union Street, Brunswick and as we lived in Middle Park it was a matter or catching the first train which I think was 5.15 am then waiting some time on Flinders Street Station until the Brunswick train came in and getting out at Brunswick at about seven o'clock in the morning and walking quite a distance to Gordon Bros. shop, but it was well worthwhile.

The Gordon Bros. were a remarkable family which consisted of six brothers, four of which were involved in the business and I think there were three who owned it, or at least controlled it. The elder brother was not around very long before he died but he was, I understand, the Manager of Baker Perkins, the vast bakery engineers, Australian Branch, and he introduced his brothers to Baker Perkins and they proceeded to build machinery for them. Apart from that, their father had been an oven builder in South Australia where they were born.

Their name was Goolack and they were of German descent and were very bitter that in the First World War their father had been interned and this really broke his heart because he was quite a loyal Australian. Ernie the second brother was quite a competent engineer and Bill acted as Foreman and had been a baker and Eddie the younger brother was an accountant and ran the office so there it was. Quite a good combination and they had a fine machine shop for the day. Very quickly I got put onto various machines and could handle machining of almost any description.

There I also had the opportunity of meeting and working with the finest tradesman I've ever known in my life. This was a Frenchman named Henri De Clerque and he had served his apprenticeship in the Toulon Naval Workshops in France and had later deserted from the Navy and gone to South America. He was a Heugenot and was very anti-clerical, but what a tradesman. At that time he only had one eye and was constantly worried about the weather because it pained the eye socket. It didn't matter what he was doing, from the finest tool work to cutting or making up angle iron, it was always the same, it was done quickly and accurately.

I was running at that time a fairly big planing machine and this was an uninteresting job. Because of the old tool steels in use it took half a day for the cut to pass across these plates (cast iron plates) and then I would reverse the tool, set it again and it would take

another half a day to get back. The divider slides for dividing off the weight of bread for dough for a loaf of bread was quite an accurate machining job and took considerable fitting. I always remember Henri coming over to the planing machine when I was planing these slides, not the tables I'm talking about, and I'll always remember him showing me how to put the slide in to the slideways which I was machining, putting a piece of cigarette paper under them and I would take a final cut across both the ways and the slide. He would take out the piece of paper and he would have a beautiful sliding fit.

I was back on these big machines when I got very bored and alongside me within easy reach was a big shaping machine (one of the old fashioned shaping machines) in which the head moved and the work stopped still. I asked Bill Gordon if he could give me a job to set up in the shaping machine because I'd never worked such a machine before so he gave me a job to do. And there I was running two machines quite comfortably, and still having plenty of time.

There was a small old fashioned boring mill also near at hand so I asked Bill if he'd let me have a go at the boring machine at the same time without interfering with the work on the planing machine. He said yes, so there I was operating three machines. It came to Saturday morning when we would finish work at half past eleven and give away a half an hour's pay to catch an earlier train into the city. The amenities at Gordon's consisted of a gulley trap and a cold water tap in the yard. Quite innocently I'd been doing this work only to educate myself. I was a big lad, in fact I don't think I grew afterwards. I was approached and told that I was scabbing by working three machines and that two of the men were going to put me under the tap. Well, all I know is I must have gone mad because when they grabbed me I went for them and in a terrific fight I ended up with a head under each of my arms with my hands locked together and I was kneeling in front of the gulley trap to put their heads under the tap when Bill Gordon came out. Here was Bill trying to pull me back and release these fellows, but I wouldn't have cared if I'd choked them. So anyway I was left well alone afterwards and it was at this time that, as I mentioned previously, I met Tolliday who was the foreman blacksmith and whose father had been partners with my father in the coach and transport business in Allendale.

It was very hard for me at Cordons because of the long hours, I was going to night school and doing a Diploma Course, and the only school doing heat engines two was Swinburne so I used to go without my tea or dinner at night, two nights a week and have to wait to catch a train to Swinburne and be there at quarter past seven. Anyway, we had a fellow named Griffiths who was a teacher there and he was the world's worst. We all ended up failing; just fancy, there were only four of us and out of that, two were student teachers. Anyway, examinations came and we all failed. The next year the course was shifted to the Working Men's College and we had a new teacher, named Chittleborough, who really knew the subject. We went along quite happily but I felt that I would have to get somewhere closer to home and easier to get to work and out of this I got a job with the Park Engineering Co., a small Company in Normanby Road, South Melbourne, and this proved again a very influential factor in my life.

The place was run down. They had a few good machine tools and they did a variety of work, and the very fact that they were so short of anybody around the place who was competent meant that I was pushed on to do all sorts of work and in fact quickly started on operating what is known as a brake lathe, with which we used to bore out and cut keyways

on fly wheels up 13 feet in diameter and this in itself was quite an education. Again, they had a very long lathe which was occupied practically all the time in putting the threads on large diameter or comparatively large diameter pipes, that is, 6" or 8", 20 feet long, so there again, this was a challenge and gave me a great opportunity for getting an insight into factory work.

I may say at this time I could do practically anything in the way of machining that was ordinarily done because I was doing courses at night in say milling, gear cutting and tool making at the Working Men's College. Although milling machines and gear cutting machines were very scarce I still knew what was going on.

I became very friendly with one of the sons, Ernie, who was a rough fitter but quite a character in his own way. He was a great bare knuckle fighter and a teetotaller and one of his main occupations as a sport was to pick a fight with anybody in the pubs and they'd all go for him, so there again, I learnt some of life's lessons about street fighting and what to do when you were down and they were kicking you. I may say that he had scars all over his face and in his hair, He explained how to place your arms around your head and to relax and you weren't likely to be killed.

We used to do the repair work for some of the factories around us. There was Lycett's next door and also timber mills and the like and so I got a good insight into this work because I was sent onto these jobs and though I didn't realise it at the time, I was sent out because these various factories had asked for me. Like many other factories and engineering works the power was supplied by gas engine and this in itself was an education on how much time could be wasted on keeping this miserable engine working. Everything was then driven by shafts and there were no individual motors on the machines at all although they were starting to make their appearance.

The time came when the Parks ran out of money and somehow or another got the lease of some land at the bottom of Brady Street near the wharves and built a tin shed there and we moved everything down there except the big lathes which were no doubt seized by the people who supplied them in the first place. It was a remarkable setup in its own way in that the father, who must have been in his eighties, ran it and he had some reasonable education as an engineer and put himself up as a consulting engineer. He was pretty close, in my opinion, to being a confidence man. There were a number of inventors who referred to him, Lord only knows why, to exploit their inventions or make up models or machines. This in itself was quite interesting to me and I quickly woke up to the fact that only one of the Parks really knew much about engineering. It must have been about that time that I decided I would enter the business and start an engineering shop, thinking to myself that if these people can earn a living I'll make a fortune.

One of the first jobs I had in the new shop, as we called it, was making up a patented or what once was a patented concrete block forming machine and this was quite ingenious but it had been made in the past in small numbers and sold by McPhersons. I think McPhersons used to take so many so that they'd get some money because Parks never paid their bills as far as I could see.

It was pathetic to me after working for such people (as Owen at Justice Manufacturing Co.) that they could build these machines as they did in a real slap happy fashion, so I set to work and made a set of tools and jigs and gauges, and showed that anybody could make

them and that you didn't need any skills at all. So they ended up getting another lad in (he was just a labourer) and under my instruction he was able to make the machines satisfactorily.

There were a lot of challenges as far as I was concerned and one of them I'll always remember quite well was the Kauri Timber Co. which was nearby and they had Jots of trouble because they'd run one of the huge bearings out of the planing machine which was a magnificent piece of equipment. You must realise that ball bearings and roller bearings were not available in those days and therefore for high speed machinery the use of bearing metal, commonly known as white metal, was the standard procedure and these could be very good and I still think in many cases better than ball bearings. They tried several companies apparently to run this bearing up satisfactorily but it kept on failing quickly after the machine was put back into operation and then I was offered the job to have a go at it, and I achieved it satisfactorily. Though I didn't understand at that time the difference between static balancing and dynamic balancing, I must have had an inkling because I very carefully scraped the bearings, which took me days and days. They were huge bearings at that time, shafts of probably 4" or 5" diameter, 18" long, so I patiently ran the head for a few moments with marking, took it out and where the marks were shown I would scrape the bearing away until I had it bedded down and fitted and this paid off because the machine, as far as I know, never played up again and it certainly made some sort of reputation for me with this company.

Another one was the Vale Company of Federal Felters where the felt sheets were made up for putting on the floors of the cars in the cabin. There was a huge length of shaft driven by an electric motor to run these felting machines and teasing machines. I told Arthur Vale that if he were to change these over to ball bearings (as ball bearings for that type of work were available) he would save quite a percentage of the power that was used. He then commissioned me to arrange the changeover and as the shaft was joined by couplings at intervals of, I think, about 50 feet, I was able to do this a section at a time at the weekends, and there again, I had learnt something from an old fitter. To make things easy, I used compression couplings. To make these couplings grip properly I simply rusted the sleeves onto the shaft by pouring some spirits of salt on the shaft before the couplings were fitted.

At the same time as going to night school, as mentioned before, Tom was also going to night school. Conditions as far as the old man was concerned were deteriorating. He was becoming more of a nuisance all the time, coming home drunk and abusing everybody around the place especially my mother, so we decided to put an end to it and leave him. So the family left him and shifted down to a house in Richardson Street further towards St Kilda, and after a while there (I think the rent must have been a bit hard to keep up as it was quite a big house), we shifted down to a cottage further down Richardson Street which was a weatherboard cottage in a terrace and here, modest as it was, our mother found a Jot of happiness.

She'd always been a keen church worker and she took up with the local Methodist Church and put a lot of work into the Women's Auxiliary as she was absolutely inexhaustible as far as working was concerned, and whilst at the church she met another woman, Mrs Laurie Sullivan, and they became great mates. Mrs Sullivan was to play a great role as far as we were concerned.

When I was about 17, Tom and I bought a lathe - a 6" centre lathe, and it was almost a new machine. We obtained it because of a tragic accident in Eildon Weir in which two sons of the lady we bought if from had drowned, so this formed the nucleus of our quite large machinery shop in later years.

Another machine we bought, was a treadle operated Barnes Jigsaw and this was a remarkable machine; simple but effective. I often thought of it over the years as I designed the hundreds of machines.

By this time Tom was working for our Uncle Dave, that is, my mother's brother, Dave Murray, and another fellow named Bob Lemmon. They were in the wire tying machine business and were the original opposition to the Gerrard Company. They cut lengths of wire, and Tom operated the cutting machines. Now this workshop was a rambling affair behind the Gants Wood & Chaff Store in Moray Street, South Melbourne, and we were allowed to put up our lathe and they had a drilling machine and a grinder. Because of Tom's knowledge of wire straightening machines he was contacted by a Herb Chesterfield who, with Charlie Greenwood, an Englishman, owned the Premier Wire Works, a small wire works in Meaden Street, South Melbourne. We started to make up simple tools for them at night and this was a remarkable thing because later on when we shifted our little shop down to South Melbourne it just happened to be in the same street, and we became very good friends with both the Chesterfield family and Charlie Greenwood. We developed quite a ploy for designing and making simple dies and tools for the manufacture of lamp shades and all sorts of kitchen utensils made from wire and this brought us in quite a bit of money.

When I was I 8 we bought a car, the first car we ever owned. It was a Paige and had been quite a significant car in its day but had been badly looked after, but nevertheless, we set to it and rebuilt it, and we cut the springs down to make it more modern and our car was garaged at the back of Sullivan's' home in Richardson Street. There we had a small workshop, I suppose 25 feet by 15 feet in the front in brick and then a roof in the back where we parked the car underneath and this became quite an industrious little place. We even took on jobs and had a man working for us in the day time because we were all still working outside.

The firm I was working for undertook to equip a small tin sluicing mine called the Flaggy Creek Tin Mine up along the Upper Murray and they selected me to go up to put in the plant and this was quite an event as I was employed by the Mining Co. and paid the astonishing sum of nine pounds per week plus keep and when you consider that the miners were only getting two pounds fifteen shillings per week, I was certainly well off.

I worked very hard and it was quite an interesting episode but later it failed because of the poor design of the plant and the fact that tin had fallen sharply in price, I think, from 400 pounds per ton to 94 pounds, and that finished that episode, although, the Flaggy Creek Tin Mining Venture was not without its episodes.

First the machinery was despatched from Melbourne by rail to the Ebden Railway Station which has now disappeared because Ebden is actually under the Hume Weir. The Manager and some men from Melbourne had a rendezvous with the carters, the teamsters who were named Drage. They had two teams of ten bullocks and one team of eleven horses, as you must realise that the horses need a leader. The cavalcade proceeded up the

Murray Valley Highway to Thologolong. I had to stay behind in Wodonga for some business and the apprentice, Billy Grunden who had been sent to come with me, was with the main cavalcade.

MY BROTHERS TOM AND ALLEN AND OUR FIRST CAR
1926 A PAIGE

WILSONS PROMONTORY, 1932. ON THE TRACK TO SEALERS COVE
JACK DAWSON MY FIRST APPRENTICE AND BOB SAVAGAR MY FIRST EMPLOYEE

Figure 4 – Sealers cove

OUR HOME. 75 HAMBLETON STREET, MIDDLE PARK

OUTSIDE MY FIRST SCHOOL, CLUNES

Figure 5 – House and church

Billy had been given a 22 pea rifle by his father or brothers. Billy was a snub nosed kid, quite small, and although he was about 14 or 15 he had never been in the country and I therefore did not understand country life at all. The cavalcade was camped so they would to get water, etc. near a farmhouse on the way. Now this farmer had a big white muscovy drake duck and one of these villains named Guest - we used to call him Tassie Guest because he came from Tasmania - got hold of Bill and very carefully explained to him that if he could only get close enough to shoot this wild white duck it was really going to be a feather in his cap. So lo and behold, right in the view of the farmer, Bill crawled along a bit of a channel (drainage channel) on which the duck was sitting on the water and to the sheer amazement of the farmer, shot the wild white duck. You can imagine the reaction of the farmer; Billy was going down the road like a hare with the farmer after him.

Anyway, we settled in and had a lot of trouble getting the machinery up into place. Malcolm Thompson was the Manager and had put in I think most of the money and it was just a con job for a fellow, old Park, who supplied the plant and a fellow named Hughie Morton who was a miner ex everything. Tassie Guest as I said had worked for the Thompsons and was a most experienced bushman. He had been a footman and a coachman for the Governor of Fiji and a real wit as far as his general behaviour goes. I eventually, with the assistance of the men, got the plant set up. The power unit was a big portable steam engine and this directly drove by a wide heavy belt onto the two 811 pumps, one for pumping gravel and the other for pumping the pressure water for the sluicing nozzle. I quickly found out that by modification of the valves on the engine I could get the engine to drive the pumps but quickly ran out of steam, and I remember one instance I was firing the boiler so heavily that flames would be coming out of the 20 foot chimney.

It was decided that additional boiler power was essential and arrangements were made to purchase a boiler in Melbourne and despatch it by motor truck to the mine. It was only a small boiler, self-contained and it was despatched by a carrier named Jim Sinclair, commonly known as Jock. Now if ever there was a battler, it was Jock. In those days he had, as I found out, this 11 horse power Schenard Walker French truck and he loaded it up with several tons. I had gone into Wodonga to meet him when he came up because there was an additional amount of fire bricks for building in the furnace which I'd arranged to be supplied in Wodonga. Well, I waited and waited, days came and days went, but still no sign of Jock. The phone service was very poor and the road, which is now the Hume Highway, was only a bush track. Eventually, Jock turned up with a tale of woe. He'd blown tyres all along the road and was eventually held up.

He was accompanied by his friend, Bill Hayman, who was a second-hand machinery merchant in City Road, South Melbourne. I accompanied them to show them the way and when we got at the foothills to climb up to the plateau where the mine was situated. I remember it was afternoon and the truck had no possible hope in getting up these hills so there was nothing left but to stop, unload the pipes (bricks) and the boiler, etc., right there. Malcolm Thompson had been at the gate into the property to meet us as he had been for several days, having no means of communication. He did not know where we were. Malcolm proceeded down to the main homestead of the Thologolong Station, the property we had to pass through.

Thologolong was owned by the Sutherland family. This magnificent property was later mainly submerged under the Hume Weir and was famous for the Black Pol cattle with which it was stocked. Mr Sutherland had won many prizes. Malcolm was able to use a telephone from the station and ring up and arrange for one of the Drage teams to come to shift the boiler pipes, etc. to the mine.

Mrs Thompson was up at the mine living in rather primitive conditions and was actually operating as cook in the mess for the first part of the operation, though there was no need for this from a financial point of view but she mentioned to me that, unknown to him, Malcolm had a heart condition and she was.an extremely experienced nurse and liked to be around in case he had an attack. She was a really fine person and had a magnificent record as a nurse during the war and had at one time been the theatre nurse for Major Newton, later Sir Allen Newton the great surgeon. I mention this because the number of returned soldiers who had given her presents and written was something and she had many decorations.

Now in talking to the Sutherlands, the conversation came around that there was a Sutherland who died of wounds in the war and Mrs Thompson got discussing this with the family and it was discovered that Sergeant Sutherland, the son of the property owners, had actually died in Mrs Thompson's arms. What a coincidence.

Drage's eleven horse wagon team turned up about a day or two later and we proceeded to load the boiler and the pipes, bricks and other pieces onto the wagon and it will be understood that these wagons had big wheels and stood quite high above the ground. When the boiler and pipes were to be unloaded from Jock Sinclair's truck I had him manoeuvre the truck as to allow the team to pull up a little distance away but alongside the boiler and pipes and well downhill. We cut some heavy poles from the forest and these were to act as skids, so placing them near the boiler and onto the side of the wagon which was lower down the hill it gave us some advantage. The theory was then to hook a couple of horses onto the boiler and pull it up, the poles acting as skids onto the Lorry. First the pipes were hauled up onto the wagon and then a chain was passed over the top of the wagon and attached to the boiler frame. The horses were put in motion, two downhill on quite a steep grade, to pull the boiler onto the wagon. Notwithstanding the use of jacks and bars, etc. the boiler just never shifted so we attached two more horses and the same procedure went on, but no shift of the boiler. So we put six horses on the chains to pull the boiler up and it moved a little so we had possibilities. We belted the horse team to pull harder and as they were downhill, suddenly the boiler took off and the horses, going down quite a steep hill, could not stop, so the boiler shot up onto the wagon and hit the pipes which were laid out on one side and these rolled one on top of the other against the standards and formed a perfect barricade. The boiler was now in position perfectly.

We then proceeded to take the load up to the mine, I think about six or eight miles away, a very, very precarious track. This particular wagon with the boiler was harder to manage than our earlier loads. We had to reinforce (remake) one of the bridges and generally stop and back and fill and it was a very slow project taking us about two days to make eight miles to the mine where the boiler was duly installed and the mine put into operation.

There were, in my mind, two interesting subsequent events to the project and the first was told to me by Bill Hayman on the adventurous drive back to Melbourne with Jock Sinclair's truck. They obtained a load of pipes to be delivered to Melbourne and the pipes were duly loaded onto the truck at Wodonga and they proceeded. But the pipes were so long they stuck out of the back of the tray of the truck quite a distance and Jock and Bill found going along the road that if they went over a bump or a dip the front wheels of the truck 1Nere lifted off the ground and only came back when the pipes scraped in regular grooves on the road which I've mentioned before was only just a dirt road except near the towns.

Now, this is not remarkable but at least 30 years later I was in the bar of the Commercial Travellers Club of which I was a member and right alongside me I heard two of the more senior travellers talking of experiences on the road and one of them went to great lengths to tell how many years before he had been driving down the Hume Highway from Wodonga and every now and again he saw these more or Jess perfectly formed grooves cut in the road and then they'd stop and this went on all the way down to Melbourne or to where they met the sealed road and he had been puzzled all these years as to how or what could possibly have happened. I was able to tell him, and this really astonished him to think that

after all those years the perfect picture that Bill Hayman had painted for me had actually happened.

Now the other one was that I had become over the years a very enthusiastic trout fisherman which meant every possible opportunity I'd be away up the mountains either on my own or with a group fishing the steams in the north east. In this particular instance we, that is my family and I, were stopping at a hotel in Corryong and it was just after very serious fires had been around. I think it was the early fifties. I had been up early in the morning, probably four o'clock and had been out working the streams up on the Nariel River and had returned just in time for breakfast and was relaxing about l O o'clock in the morning outside (the day was hot) having a glass of beer in their small beer garden in front of the hotel. There was a gentleman on another table very busily writing up what turned out to be a report. He turned to me and he said

'Do you know anything about this district around here?'

He explained that he was secretary of the Cattlemen's Association and he was around investigating where these fires had started and how.

'Well, not very much,' I said 'what is it you wish to know?' and he said

'Well, I was up a place yesterday,' and he was trying the pronounce the place name and I said

'Thologolong' and he said

'Yes, that's the place, we went up a track (on horses) to an old tin mine where a couple of prospectors were working and it was thought they may have lit the fire which got away. We did not learn much and we came away but one thing astonished me, the prospectors had explained that in the early days Chinamen started the mine. When we looked around and saw all the old machinery lying around, how smart the Chinamen were to get it up there.'

'Well,' I said 'I was the Chinaman!'

He looked at me and I did not elaborate so he picked up his papers and walked away. It brought back a lot of memories to me.

I spent about nine months at the Flaggy Creek Slucing Mine then returned to Melbourne at my old job at Park Engineering Co. and operating our small shop at Mrs Sullivan's outside the working hours. To keep the lathe busy we employed a turner mostly on repetition work for the S.E.C. and tools and dies for the Premier Wire Works.

The Flaggy Creek experience was very important to me as some two years previously I suffered a nervous breakdown due entirely to overwork and too much study. After the first shock of finding out that when I had thought my brain was signalling my left arm and hand to pick something up in actual fact my right hand was going out and picking the object up, it was only a matter of weeks when I decided drugs were not the answer and only put off the evil turns, which I just sweated out. I did not sleep for about nine months and I would get up and stumble up and down the Middle Park beach near where we lived, until I would fall unconscious and get some relief. I gradually got control and the turns got further apart and by this time I could will myself to sleep and would take every opportunity to sleep and I have

been told of my sleeping at lunch time and my work mates, not believing I was really asleep, would hold light matches to my nose and other tricks.

The change of venue to Flaggy Creek and the wonderful country, hard but satisfying work and good wholesome food, got me back from hell. From my experience I liken the brain to a lump of dough and if it is used on the same sequence too long it gets a groove worn in it and then it rebels and forces us to change our habits. It was not an experience I wish to repeat but I do believe it led me to positive thinking and was the foundation of any modicum of success I have had.

After I returned to Melbourne from Flaggy Creek and having been paid off and my expenses having been virtually nil, I had quite a sum of money, about 1,000 pounds I think. Coming up about that time was an auction sale of machine tools at the New Oswald mine at Maldon and we bought a milling machine and a cutter grinder and something else I don't seem to remember.

These were old in design and they'd had virtually no use, as the Chief Engineer seemed to have the ear of the woman who owned the mine and he had numerous machine tools which were never used. In fact, all he seemed to do was to polish them up. So in 1926 we installed the milling machine in Richardson Street behind Mrs Sullivan's home and things pushed along quite well, the milling machine being a great addition as there were very few milling machines around in any shops in those days and it's something to remember that milling machines in those days were several times dearer in actual money than they are today.

The Park Engineering Firm obtained another job to equip a mine mining tin ore up on the shoulder of Mt Bogong and this was a sort of takeover of a previous failure there when the Company spent something like, I think about 170,000 pounds in exploration. I arrived up there to do the job and after a train to Tallangatta, which was the old Tallangatta, and then by O'Connell's Coach (that is, their open motor car) to Mitta Mitta which was the headquarters.

I arrived at Mitta Mitta and was put up at Mrs O'Connell's boarding house which was spotlessly clean and a very nice place to live. I'll never forget, having arrived there about nine o'clock, it was a crystal clear cold night, the fire was on and I was waiting for some food to be cooked, steak I think it was, when Paddy O'Connell came and in and he said

'What's your name?'

I said 'Dave Bingham' and he said

'Did you ever have any relatives around here in the early days of mining?' and I said

'Yes, my Uncle Bill was around here for one.' so he said

'Oh Yes, I knew him well, he had a sister, your auntie.' and I said

'Yes' and he said

'She married a miner named Dick Vine who used to work here.' and I said

'Yes, that's right'

'Well, I was his best man'.

So that's put me well in with Paddy and he was a great character and he had a very nice family all hard workers and they were sort of married in around the local Mitta Mitta Valley. In fact, some of the O'Connell's are still living in Mitta Mitta.

I'll never forget going in on a Friday and as the O'Connell's were strict Catholics Mrs O'Connell would only serve fish but it was the first time I actually saw it put over when Paddy looked at me and he said to Mrs O'Connell

'Don't give him that stuff, for God's sake, give him something to eat.'

So I got steak or something. Then Paddy said

'What have you got in the way of fish? Have you got any whales or something like that?' he was absolutely outlandish.

She said 'No.' so he said

'Well, I'll have some steak.'

But he was certainly a mine of information on the early morning days of· Glen Wills.

Their mother kept a hotel and my Uncle Bill got the reputation of being the best bullock driver in the area. Some of the exploits Paddy, and later his brother Bill at the Blue Duck Inn over near Benambra, told me about my uncle were very interesting because they usually had O'Connell's pub involved and Bill Bingham was virtually a teetotaller. It's a pity his brother didn't stay that way.

Our mother had become ill but there was nothing I could do to help her by stopping around and she lingered on for almost a year.

The tin mine up on the shoulder of Mt Bogong was a much different affair to the Flaggy Creek sluicing mine as all the ore had to be mined from reefs of which the previous operating company had opened up quite a number. Some effort had been made to get the mill together before I got there. In their wisdom the new company had purchased a fifty horse power single diesel engine to operate the plant. Now this was second-hand and in poor condition but to get this over this rugged terrain to the mine was certainly a job. The engine was jointed on a heavy timbered base to act as a sled, drawn by horses and just followed the pack horse track over the mountains. The going with this engine was very slow because it weighed several tons, that is, after it had been dismantled to the point where the crank shaft and fly wheel had been removed.

One evening I was going ahead to see the way to go and I came to the question as to how we were going to get it across the creek as the bank from the side we were approaching was probably about 12 feet high and we had to get it down and across to meet the track on the other side. Well the grade down to this point from which the engine was being sledded was quite steep and it wasn't a matter of pulling the sled, it was a matter of holding it back. So a wire rope was attached to the sled and back up to a tree to a block (pulley block which was tied to a tree) and the horses were put in so as to hold the engine back. Well, some hundreds of yards before the creek was reached the wire rope broke and the engine on its

sled just simply hurtled down the slope towards the creek and not very far from the edge it hit a stone or a low stump but the forces involved were such that the engine sheered off the bolts holding the engine bed to the sled and the engine just kept on going, sailed through the air over the creek and stood on its end in some sandy silt on the outer edge of the creek, sank some feet into this soil and sand, etc. and there it was.

We were not far from the mine at the time, and we proceeded there for the night and returned next morning and I was in fear and trembling as to what I was going to find when it was dug out. It was dug out and found to be in perfect order excepting one lug on the base which had been broken off but was of very little importance. So there we are, our problems of geeting that engine across the creek were solved very quickly.

Although I used the miners' mess for some meals I lived on my own in a nice (certainly for the time) log cabin which had formerly been used for the District Mining Surveyor. We worked with a will and eventually got the plant running though we had lots of trouble with this damned old engine.

The ore containing the tin I think was a type of granite. The larger pieces were broken down with a spawling hammer and gad and some hard work, then put through the rock breaker to feed the mill and as the ore was ground fine enough it was passed through some pulsator sieves to extract the tin. The man who operated the plant was some sort of a specialist from Melbourne. He didn't impress me much but my job was to run the plant from a machinery point of view without anything to do with processing, so I just looked on but I noticed that when he went and adjusted some of the valves and the speed and the stroke and everything on these pulsator, I used to go over when his back was turned and try it out and see what happened. The net result was it wasn't long before I knew as much as he did about it, in fact, more as he was only guessing. So the next thing that happened was he got the sack. The Manager was an unscrupulous person and obviously he was working in cahoots with some people to make money out of false reports which I would not have a bar of. The Mine Manager resented my interference as he could quickly see he could neither get me to play along with his game or intimidate me so he tried to get me sacked, but he got the sack and I was placed in charge of the mine and this really got some opposition from some of the Manager's followers including his son who worked there as the Foreman.

There was a packer, Arthur, who would bring out on pack horses each two weeks our supplies of goods and food. As explained before, I lived on my own so, Arthur used to sleep in my cabin and go back the next day. I think he came from Lancashire and was an emigrant and had only been out a short time before. He was a nice fellow and I'll always remember him, Arthur, in his own way. Immediately on arrival he would make himself a billy (quite a billy, big enough for two or three people to drink out of) of bread and milk and then put a lot of sugar on it and eat it and he always used to say, 'By goom Dave, if there's one thing I likes better than bread and milk, it's bread and milk.'

Poor old Arthur later left the area and settled down to manage a farm for a widow not very far from Melbourne. Apparently Arthur worked very hard on the farm to improve it and was under the impression that they would be married and carry on the farm together but when Arthur had the farm well under control he was dismissed and she married some other person so Arthur committed suicide.

The engine driver at my direction was named Jack Duncan, a big young fellow who was quite a pleasant person and later on he had a tragic end and by this time he had become a grader driver or some such machine for the Country Roads Board and somehow got hit by a train at Broadford railway crossing and was killed.

One other person there with whom I became very friendly was Billy Pau. He was a half caste Chinaman and was a real character. He was constantly reading serious literature, especially on economics and he had a cabin also to himself. Now in placing machinery in those days, and for years afterwards, and for wooden bridge construction, the timber to be squared was done not by saws but by broad axe. Broad axemen were real artists at squaring up timber, especially heavy timber and even in those days all the sleepers and bridge work was done with a broad axe and these timbers _were squared off and used for structures like the base for the foundations for the machinery. So Bill was very important as far as I was concerned and he became quite a follower of mine in as much as anything that I wanted done was done.

Bill was noted for the fact that he never went anywhere without his two axes which were kept in sheaths and were razor sharp. When we walked from the mine to the mess hut, he would take his axes with him. He would not allow them out of his sight and I remember one day a white gum tree had fallen right across the track. Now this gum tree would have been at least 30" maybe or more in diameter and Bill came with the rest but we walked around the end of the log that had fallen but not Bill Pau, he proceeded to make two cuts through the log about 6 feet apart and when we came back down after having our meal, and he was with us, there was the track open again because the six foot length had been rolled out of the place. To me that was really astonishing and I'm sure that the log could be seen there today if it has not been burnt.

Billy used to carry on a biblical argument with a widow in Wangaratta. She'd write and two weeks later he would write in return having this argument. It was quite something to see Billy studying the Bible very carefully to get answers then waiting with some interest for her reply.

He used to carry round a ten pound note in his pocket and although he was a teetotaller he would be around the hotels and groups and he used to back anything I decided to do around the mine. If anybody argued the point about it he'd say 'I'll bet you a tenner' Well, that would shut them up as there just weren't any tenners around accept his. He had a pack horse and a saddle horse both blood stock and kept in perfect condition. They were clipped, polished and their hooves and saddle were polished and Billy was polished. He was not only a bushman but he was an excellent shearer and this I found out later on during the winter months when the mine was closed and I was left. on my own for some months to keep an eye on things and also to measure the flow of water in a couple of the creeks to see if there was a possibility of using hydro-electric power for the operation. Some of the men were locals and Bill Pau Stopped in Mitta Mitta.

I went in on my way back to Melbourne still with the snow around and I was just in time to get in and hear the story of a surveyor's son being lost up on Mt Bogong and in the evening, a terrible night, Billy had gone and taken off because he said he thought he knew where the lad had left the track. And sure enough, the next day he returned with him. Billy had kept himself alive by chopping wood all night and the surveyor's son had become partly

demented or deranged and he had stumbled and run around all night which kept him alive but he still had to have some of his toes and fingers amputated.

Incidentally, I was snowed in at times but I was alright because I had a huge fireplace and plenty of timber and water, so all I had to do was sit it out but the snow was well up past the door level, so to get out I would have to shovel away the snow. I had one experience of getting lost in the snow just for a short time and I certainly don't want it again. The scenery was magnificent, the sun setting and shining on the mountains was something I shall never forget.

Later on, on returning to the mine operation again I decided there was only one thing to do and that was to rearrange the machinery as to eliminate elevators as far as possible as the elevator chains, due to the flint-stone being so abrasive, would wear out in a few days. I could see the possibility of gravitating the ore to process and I pulled the machinery down to do this and with the help of Billy Pau and others we were making great headway when the word came out that the Manager had struck in Melbourne and I was given the sack so I just left. For the one and only time in my life, at Wangaratta, I was met on the train by a person calling my name for a telegram. The telegram was instructing me to return and finish the job. Well, I won't say what the answer was but I certainly didn't go back and that ended my association with practical mining.

In later years I was in a lift in Queen Street when a man got in and I saw him and I thought I'd recognized him but I didn't say anything as he didn't mean anything. He asked me if I was David Bingham and I replied, yes, and he told me how he and his brother had been tricked into putting all their money into this tin mine by these confidence rogues and had been ruined and they had never recovered from the blow.

Many years later my brother and I were fishing, having a holiday in the Benambra area and we decided to go out to the Blue Duck Inn and fish the local area. We had been acquainted with the Blue Duck and the fellow that ran it in the early days, called Billy O'Connell, known as Clubfoot Billy because he had club feet. The hotel at this time was being run by another character, a retired master mariner who had retired and come up into this area which is right out in the mountains and taken on this small hotel. He had been a master mariner for many years and the captain of ships on the China coast and had great tales to tell about the pirates and their activities. In the course of discussion, and may I say we had only called in to have lunch but the discussions went on, somehow I mentioned Billy Pau's name and this really started him off. It appeared that Billy Pau, who must have been a very old man, had lived at the hotel and sort of acted as a roustabout around the place and he had also done a bit of rabbiting. Well, we talked about Billy and this sea captain was entranced and he said 'that's Billy'. I talked about Billy's craze for economics and he went on to say that Billy had another book published. I know his first book cost him 700 pounds to be published. The captain explained how one night a university lecturer in economics had arrived on a motor bicycle and side car to stop the night. Well, he and Billy started a discussion on economics and talked all night and after the visitor had breakfast and was paying his bill before departing, he said

'By the way, what does that gentleman I was talking to last night do?'

'He's a rabbiter' was the reply

'What a joke' the lecturer said, and departed The captain said to me

'You know, Billy only died three weeks ago here and is buried in the Omeo Cemetery. Go down and put some flowers on his grave, you are the only person that understood him.'

Chapter Four

1929, and I start my own business

Our mother was dying of cancer of the liver, being nursed by my sister Jessie and also my Auntie Mary, her sister, who was a nurse. I was called back home in a hurry to unfortunately arrive a couple of hours after she died but I did see her and she said goodbye to me on the previous occasion.

With our mother dead the whole scene changed and I had to go back to the mine, but I'd finished the job there as far as I was prepared to go and returned to Melbourne and decided then and there to start in business on my own. I was then aged 21 but by a little bit of messing around I had secured from Parks my indentures that showed I'd served a full apprenticeship when I was 18. I had nothing to worry about because at the time there were few things that I couldn't do as far as machining was concerned. I was one of the few who could do welding and what a difference it was learning welding in those days.

The welding school was carried on in a horse stall at Alan Livisidege's stables in Fitzroy and I don't think there would have been more than 3 or 4 pupils when I used to go out there in the day time and learn oxy welding because electric welding was not used widely and it was all bare wire welding which meant they had very cumbersome generators for the job.

We continued doing wire working machinery and built quite an interesting machine for the Gerrard Co. and that was done to make corrugated fasteners that are driven in to hold timber together (sometimes called wiggle nails). We had numerous other jobs offered and it was time to move on. There again, I was very fortunate indeed for in looking around for premises I ran into a gentleman named Murdoch who was a master plumber who invested in factories and he agreed on land he'd leased from the railways in Meaden Street, South Melbourne, to erect a galvanized iron factory with an area of about 4,000 square feet and we shifted my plant down there. By this time I had two additional machines and one was a 9" centre lathe, a Colchester, and this was the first machine, as was reported to me, to come into Australia that had a "V" bed instead of the flat bed and the ways and bed were ground, not scraped in. Everybody scoffed at such an idea but anyway I thought it was alright and and time proved it because this type of lathe became the biggest seller manufactured in England.

I also bought a shaping machine and further drilling machines and we were very busy building machinery for the Gerard's and I was also acting as Gerrards Consulting Engineer for which they paid quite a handsome fee and they were giving us as much work as we could do. They started to sell their wire in coils and by the length and not the weight and by doing this they were able to get a much better price because the coils were specially made and the length was measured on some machines I designed which automatically cut out when the approximate weight was reached (it was fairly close) on the automatic winder. We built a number of spring winding machines and also some automatic wire cutting and straightening machines and from this we got quite a reputation around Australia and New Zealand for this type of equipment and the business was growing rapidly.

I could see that there was only a limited market for wire working machinery so I was looking around for something else (some other line of machinery) for I was determined never

to go into repairing machinery and we never did so. Binghams would never repair a machine. If it came in for repairs it was on the basis that the machine was rebuilt otherwise we supplied spare parts and there again right from the very outset I was determined that proper spare parts would be available for the machines we built. Some of the machines I originally designed were of novel concept and I had no means of showing people what they could do.

My drafting office was in Mrs Murphy's boarding house where we now lived, that is, my two brothers and myself, and in the parlour that we had between the three of us I set up my drawing board and with shaded isometric sketches was able to give quite a good idea of the type of machine that I was proposing.

THE HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS, NORMANBY ROAD, SOUTH MELBOURNE

Figure 6 - THE HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS, NORMANBY ROAD, SOUTH MELBOURNE

We had not been in Meaden Street very long when out of the blue came a rather astonishing enquiry by the way of two gentlemen named Mr Weeden and Mr Aitken from the Northern Timber Mills owned by that famous character Bill Angliss, later Sir William Angliss, and I believe it is still owned by the Angliss family. They requested that I design and build an automatic machine for the manufacture of wire bound boxes. My background to this was that I had worked on these machines when with Parks and had seen some of the absurd designs that were mostly all too light, but then I could see also that it was very difficult to drive into the Australian hardwood used for the cleats and even the American machines that came out here were not doing a very good job. So after a lot of consideration I finally decided and made the drawings of one of the heads because that is the basis of the machine. I then quoted, after a lot of thought (as a matter of fact I had the quote in my pocket when I was going into town to have dinner and go to a show with my girlfriend Emily Rita Belcher). I can't remember the exact figure but it must have been about 1,000 pounds and I insisted that about 360 pounds was to be paid as a deposit. Well Mr Weeden and Mr Aitken came down and they followed me around, they sat around and wouldn't go because they said Mr Angliss had never paid a deposit on a job in his life. He wasn't going to start now. I said

'Well he doesn't get the machine.' and they said

'Look, we've every confidence that you can make the machine.'

'No, that is it.' I said

So eventually they went away very disappointed. I was not altogether disappointed because it was not only a big job but a dicey job in as much as if it didn't work well I had just done all my money in it, and believe me, 1,000 pounds in those days is $40,000 now. Anyway, a few days later I got a ring from Mr Angliss's secretary to say that I was to call up to his office in Bourke Street, Melbourne, which incidentally was on top of the butcher's shop at the top of Bourke Street. So I duly arrived, waited around but he didn't come back, but it didn't make any difference because one of the other Directors of Angliss, a Mr White and Bill Angliss's brother-in-law saw me and said

'Well I've got a message for you from Mr Angliss.' and he took me up to Mr Angliss's office and said

'There you are, there's a cheque in that safe for you for 368 pounds (whatever it was) for your deposit. You haven't got it lightly. Mr Angliss has had you checked out very carefully with the bank and with people that you do business with and they speak of you very highly. You can go away and tell anybody that you are the first one in Australia after 50 years of business to get a deposit from Mr Angliss.1

So that was it. I went away and I'd hit on the idea that all the other machines I'd seen (wire bound box machines) were based on the fact that you passed the timber underneath them and the head didn't move. Now that meant that they were designed just like stapling machines for paper or cardboard boxes where you're dealing with a very accurate thickness of material, whereas with the timber it varies probably 1/8" so I hit on the idea of what was later known throughout the world as the spring head. We got one head made up but we just couldn't make it work. We spent hours and hours, it just didn't work, so in desperation, it was based on the differential action of two eccentrics, we made up the dual eccentrics set and had them so they could be shifted slightly. We had the main shaft with the eccentrics set up

on the spindle of the milling machine and the slides and the rest of the mechanism were clamped on the table. By manoeuvring the eccentrics slightly around in relation to one another the machine started to work and it worked perfectly. So we simply put pins in so the eccentrics couldn't move and though we built numbers of these machines over the next, at least, 15 years, we never did ever measure the actual angle because they were made off the original mock up.

Another machine we were building at the same time was a very difficult one that was used for making wire pegs (clothes pegs) and I only mention this because it was a very

difficult machine and after a lot of trouble we got paid for it and it worked but unfortunately it went to a fellow in Tasmania who was not a mechanic and he seemed to want someone to run over there when it got out of adjustment.

The box machine referred to earlier have a number of patentable features and I applied for a patent in Australia and I think New Zealand, I'm not sure of that, but in Australia the patents were granted and so we started off with the first machine of this description we ever built, for Northern Timber Mills. The machine was not fast, it was making four boxes a minute but had many other good features on it and it went along and it turned out boxes for probably 30 years afterwards. There was a lad feeding the cleats (he was probably about 14) when he first started and as far as I knew he worked and worked for so many years he became the operator of the machine and later on the foreman of the factory and then on to be the Factory Manager. I wonder what happened to him.

We started to build these machines and by this time I had probably 15 men working and three apprentices, Jack Dawson, Dave Browne and Jimmy Sullivan. What fine tradesmen they turned out to be. David Browne later became quite well known in Australia and other parts of the world in the food industry. Now at this stage of our business I had to look around for something to build and I'd read Henry Ford's book, I think it was entitled 'My Life and Work' and he said, which I think today is still true as far as mechanical engineering is concerned; 'There's three industries to be interested in; Food, Clothing and Transport.' So I selected Food as the industry we should look into and I may say that I knew practically nothing about food machinery excepting that I did know a lot about pumps. C.M. Brooke and Sons Oater Brookes Lemos and even later, Tom Piper) at that time had a special type of pump which they couldn't get to work and in desperation their chemist approached me and asked me to go round and have a look at it, which I did. I found that they'd spent a lot of money on getting it rebuilt, and whoever did the job had done everything wrong because this was just a peculiar type of pump, having a very different type of action. So this established my reputation as far as pumps were concerned and I quickly found that there were other people coming to me with pump problems and as I'd made a specific study of pumps and their design this meant quite a lot of work. Unfortunately, a lot of what was offered was repair work and as I say we wouldn't do repair work. So we started to build some of these special pumps.

At the same time, I was looking around for an engineer with experience in the food industry and everywhere I enquired, I'd find the same fellow, John Harbidge, so I decided to look him up which I did and I offered him 2.5 % on any machinery we sold for the design and

he got the job of installing them. Well he was out of work at the time and away he went. The first food machine I ever designed was a pulping machine, that is, a pulp brushing sieve and I rejected what had gone before when they had these old fashioned ideas, put new ideas into it and built it out of stainless steel. In fact these were probably the first commercially used stainless steel castings in Australia, and were they hard, but what a beautiful machine it turned out to be. So these machines started to sell and became quite a nice business which went on for 30 years or more.

We started building retorts for sterilising canned and bottled goods but we had no facilities for making them so we had the boiler work done by Buchanan & Brocks, a firm of marine engineers and I then hit on the idea of having a welded vessel instead of the usual riveting. So after many months of negotiations and submission of designs we had one of these retorts redesigned and built purely by welding, using only a few rivets at the instigation of the inspector, Lord only knows why. This became the first pressure vessel passed and certified in Australia manufactured by the process of electric welding.

At the same time, in discussing things in general with my brother, I decided it was time to get rid of Harbidge as I said to my brother,

'If this is the best of the engineers the food industry has turned out, then we've got nothing to beat.'

I was getting much more work than we could handle in the small shop and after looking around for premises I rented a section of the Titan Nail & Wire Plant at the corner of Normanby Road and Montague Street, South Melbourne. That was just over the railway difficult machine and after a lot of trouble we got paid for it and it worked but unfortunately it went to a fellow in Tasmania who was not a mechanic and he seemed to want someone to run over there when it got out of adjustment.

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'You're Sullivan. Pick him up.'

So Sullivan went off to be hanged I think. Mac's grandfather had the habit of swapping an acre of the land he was given for a bottle of whisky and so Mac in all his actions showed this trait as a descendant of the Irish soldiers. He retired in the end.

We had another man who came to us named Fred Whitlam and he had been a foreman fitter for the big shop, and probably the best known shop in Victoria, Kelly & Lewis Ltd. It was just when they had shifted out to Springvale from the city. Fred was an excellent fitter and he came to me one day and he said,

'Dave, there's a plot against you, they're going to call a strike.'

So he gave me the names of the three fellows who were the instigators and I sacked them, and one of them, a very excellent turner named Joe Renshaw never forgot it and he was in a position many years later, in a union position, to call a strike but never got anywhere.

There was another funny incident that happened which involved three big R.S.J.'s, that is, steel girders. The premises we leased were from a fellow named Murdoch, and Murdoch had these three girders 30 feet long and he said,

'I'm going to put these at the back of the shop if you don't mind.'

'That's alright,' I said 'As long as it's no responsibility of ours.'

Well, some months later a couple of fellows turned up with a jinker (specially designed) with horses to shift the girders, which they did. Some six months later Murdoch turned up to get his girders. These fellows had stolen them and that's something when they had to spend hours loading them. Probably had some sale for them in the first place.

I forgot to mention, that the night that McAvee started we had a burglary and the only thing that was stolen was Mac's gladstone bag of tools and the interesting thing was they'd taken a ladder up the side of the building and dropped the ladder down to a skylight they'd broken open so we got a free ladder.

One morning I was in the Meadon Street shop when a man came to the door and I recognized him as an old schoolmate and I knew he had served his time in a good shop and when he asked if we had any work for a machinist I said,

'Yes, come over and start.'

We put him on a lathe and I will always remember his overalls being threadbare but clean. I told him what to do with the machine, showed him the drawings, and left him. After a while I looked over towards him and he was standing with the chuck key in his hand and that was it. I walked over to him and said something and looked at him and it struck me immediately that he was hopelessly insane and it showed in his eyes and face and he was muttering to himself. I could hardly believe my eyes. So I walked away. Just as I did so two men came to the door and came in and explained they were warders from the Ballarat asylum. They walked over to him and then led him out of the door and he was crying. I thought to myself; there but for the grace of God, go I. He had obviously made one desperate attempt to regain his sanity and had failed.

We took over the Normanby Road premises and moved in over the Christmas Holiday break so we could cut down the waste time as much as possible. I will always remember when the last loads were leaving the Union Can breakup party was in full swing, occupying the road between us and the back of Union Can right across the street. The party was quite riotous with much singing, dancing and lots of grog. I will always remember the astonishment of our rather staid labour force when a couple of the revellers put on a screwing exhibition.

We started operations in Normanby Road and proceeded to push ahead with all lines and at this time had two excellent draftsmen. One of them was Jack Rawnsley who later left

us and became a senior engineer with General Motors. The staff of the drafting office was mostly built up of Bingham trained personnel.

Somewhere about 1931 I got discussing the manufacture of metal clothing fittings in Australia which I think we got onto through my partner in the venture, Bob Lemmon, father of Len Lemmon who later became one of our directors. We had had, as mentioned, considerable experience in forming and manufacture of metal products, including those made of wire, and it was from this we set out to manufacture brace fittings and corset fittings and our first venture was to design and build a forming machine for forming the wire sections. The particular machine was copied from a German machine with some small modifications to suit our purpose. The wire was fed through a straightening device and then cut and entered the forming section where it could be formed into innumerable shapes by variation of the dies being known as the multi-slide machine. This was quite a speedy operation, I think doing about 150 pieces per minute, so we started out to make the lines of overall fittings, (brace fittings for overalls) which are quite familiar, even today and we had quite a success in doing this and at a later stage were turning out about 22,000 sets per day, probably about 70% overall fittings and the rest in fittings for ladies' corsets. The fittings for the overalls were brass plated and they had to be plated automatically and in those days it was known as barrel plating and there was a firm at Richmond who said that they could handle the plating easily, but once again, in the many ventures of which I've been involved, they fell down on the job inasmuch as they could plate but they would plate a slightly different colour of brass and as we'd sent out the fittings in different lots because they had to be later assembled, we'd get them back and they'd be different colours. So this put an end to their manufacture, but we sold them. We read up all the literature and bought a barrel plating machine manufactured in England and we got away with some success but not very satisfactorily and we began experimenting with what could be done out of this, keeping in mind there was no such thing as nylon or other plastics which could be used, which were not electric conducting materials._ We eventually evolved a barrel system different to other people's brass plating whereby they would use anodes of zinc and copper and it depended on the two combining and to the electrons to deposit a definite colour.

We read somewhere of brass plating being done by the use of soft brass plates and we went on to this and proved it certainly could be done. We then found that the faster the plating could take place, the more brilliant was the finish and so we experimented and experimented until such time as we were pouring about 170 amps into the liquid and so depositing a beautifully soft, uniform, bright brass colour to our products, and doing it very fast. So this helped us quite a lot and we continued to manufacture them and this was the same with nickel plating and we found with a new process in using nickel anodes we were able to deposit quite fast and the faster we deposited the more brilliant the final product.

Some of the corset fittings needed to be black nickel plated and as far as we know, this had not been done in Australia and we couldn't find anybody interested but by experimentation and research we were able to establish this process and went on again.

We had about 20 lads working, aged between about 14 and 17, under the direction of Bob Savager who had been my first employee and Bob had this mob of very unruly lads but he was very good in handling them. One of the things that really got you about these kids from the more or less slums around Montague and South Melbourne was overhearing their

conversation. They were talking about doing girls at the back of Laycocks Mills opposite and one said to the other

'Oh don't touch her, she's too old, she's 12.1 so the world rolls on.

We had some really pitiful cases. One lad was only a shrimp of a kid and he always used to come to work, winter or summer, in a pair of sandshoes, no socks, a pair of pants and a singlet and he'd have nothing to eat for lunch. So the lads amongst themselves would give him a sandwich here and there and give him something to eat. He was only a little fellow, but he was absolutely dexterous. He could feed the dies under the presses just like a conjuror. Well, he was there for some time and one of our salesmen, Vaughan King, who was the salesman for the fittings, took an interest in him and by a little research found that he came from shocking conditions. He had two sisters who were prostitutes and his mother and father were drunkards. Anyway, it came Christmas time and Vaughan took the hat around and he got sufficient money to help the kid buy a bicycle and also a pair of sports pants and coat and a pair of shoes as well as some working clothes. It was probably about the middle of January when they came back to work, because in those days there were just no holidays and he noticed that the kid was still coming to work in the old pants and shoes and also he didn't have the bike. He lived quite a way from the place, so we investigated, really going to town on this kid and the kid said,

'Oh well, Mr King, I forgot to hide my clothes that night and my mother found them and took them down and pawned them and Dad did the same with my bike.'

So that was the nature of things in some of those areas around there.

We had another instance of an accident which I think is one of the greatest freak accidents I've seen, and I've seen many industrial accidents. Fortunately, I've never had an accident in any factory with which I was associated which could be termed really serious. Skylarking at lunch time and running across the wooden floor, where there was a certain amount of oil that probably got spilt, one kid fell and he skidded across the floor, past a machine which was working and in fact it was the forming machine that I mentioned previously and he must have put his hand up in the air; and of all things, because he couldn't possibly do it unless he was underneath the machine, his finger went through in the two gears and it just cut it off, just like a knife, so that was bad enough.

Time went on and the competition became very tough and we were dealing in a very tough hard industry, the clothing industry, and they were up back lanes and as I say Vaughan King only got paid on the commissions if the goods were paid for and he used to really have some problems. I remember one time he couldn't catch these people to get the money, but he was a determined fellow and he wasn't going to be put off, so he found that they only worked at night, the factory was locked up but you could see the lights and activity, so Vaughan scrambled up and got on top of the roof next door, went in through the back and demanded the money which he got. I'm only illustrating just how sordid were some of the business tactics of these people, mostly emigrants and no doubt battling for a living.

Our greatest competitors were the opposition fittings made in Czechoslovakia and they used to get a beautiful polish on their products which we couldn't match. We tried all sorts of rumbling and different materials but could never match it. Then I met a person whose company was doing business in Czechoslovakia and their engineering section used to

import many thousands of feet of steel tubing from Czechoslovakia and one time we were able to find out through these people that sold the tubing the method of polishing. It turned out to be quite outside our reach as probably hundreds of tons of these fittings before they were assembled, were placed in big rumbling tubs in the Danube River and the river running down would drive these around slowly and one would rub over the other. They would be left there for some months apparently and when they came out they had a perfect surface for plating.

We were finding that the competition was so fierce there was virtually no money left in it in this section of manufacturing and so we decided to cease manufacture.

In passing, I might mention that our corset fittings were 'Koala' brand and on each of the fittings for holding up the ladies' stockings was a koala perched up in a tree with a young one, and the engraver who engraved the die for us (the master die} took great delight in doing the job and was very proud of it, and so he should have been because if you got a magnifying glass there it was, even though it was only 3/ 16th of an inch high, it was just a perfect replica.

Anyway, we wanted the space and we got an opportunity of selling the plant and the business and recovering the money we had invested in it. So we sold it.

We first advertised it for sale and mentioned this fast plating method. In those days probably the largest platers of screws and all sorts of things like that was Sidney Cook, a firm still well in business and I had a visit one day from the Manager of Sidney Cook's works at Brunswick and he was a cocky, very abrupt person who had many rows with many people, including me. He said

'I haven't called down to buy your plant, but why do you put a statement about brass plating in 15 minutes, and this sort of thing, that's only deluding and telling lies.'(We were still manufacturing}

So I took him through down to the back of the works where this plating plant was involved and Bob Savagar was working it. I didn't say anything to Bob but he was just going to put in a measured quantity of the buckles into the plating tumbler and he proceeded to do so, and the juice was fully on and that was it. They were just rumbling around there, the previous lot he had taken out and was washing, and that was going into the dryer and so forth for polishing. But it was only five minutes and I said to Bob,

'Take some out and let's have a look at them.'

Well the method of getting them out was simply to put in a hook, which was a piece of stout wire bent at one end, and as the tumbler rolled over of course it dropped some fittings and they would get caught on the hook, so he lifted them out and just simply put them under the wash water and showed them to us and they were well and truly coloured. The gentleman from Sidney Cook's never had the decency or courtesy to say anything; he just simply walked out.

So that was the end of the manufacture of clothing fittings, excepting that we'd had a quantity stored in a small storeroom at the extreme eastern end of our factory and there was a small yard there in which I'd allowed my good friend, Barney Hamill to store some tyres,

second-hand tyres. It was only a tin shed and somebody set them alight. The police say it was definitely a saboteur's job. The tyres were burnt with intense heat, so they burnt up to the end of the store and when it was hot enough they turned on the Wormald automatic sprinkler system which was very, very effective in stopping the fire which, incidentally, melted the iron end of the shed but never succeeded in burning anything only singeing a few of the packets or boxes of fittings.

Well, when the war started, some years later, and there were no Czechoslovakian fittings and there were no German fittings so then they came sniffing around - the very people that wouldn't have a bar of Australian fittings and they were glad to get anything.

I can tell you, they paid for it. We had been p□id 400 pounds for the loss of this stock from the insurance company and allowed the stock to be there, in fact it wasn't worth shifting out until the war started and it cost money to move it out, and we didn't want to store it because there was no end in it so there we were. We ended up, I don't know how much we got, but I had no mercy on those people because of the way they treated us. They wouldn't favour Australian manufacturers even if there was absolutely nothing between it. So that was another cycle as far as I was concerned in the more or less history of the Company.

In 1934 the Gerrard Wire Tying Machines Co. approached me and suggested that we could become partners in a Company and this suited me as up to this stage I was the sole owner of the business, and a Company, D. W. Bingham &: Co. Pty Ltd was then formed with the Gerrard Tying Machines Company as 50% shareholders. They paid me some 5,000 pounds for a half interest in the business and this was quite satisfactory and I, in turn, gave my brother Allen and Len Lemmon who had joined us as an Accountant, shares in the business. Undoubtedly Gerrards thought they could get control of the business through finance and have the company working exclusively for Gerrards. Well I didn't agree with this and due to a smart piece of drafting of the original Articles of Association of the company, our solicitor, Mr Maurice Davies of Johnston &: Davies separated the shares into A and B class shares, each having two directors, so if the Gerrard Company had put in more money and taken up more shares, they still couldn't get more than two votes with myself as Chairman and having a casting vote.

After about two years they had not been able to push us into the direction they wanted to, we came to an agreement and bought back on terms (long terms) the 5,000 shares or half interest in the business for exactly the price I sold it for.

The business progressed quite rapidly and we were quickly doing most of our business in the food industry, especially the canning industry; fruit canning industry, and to a lesser extent, meat. We were also still continuing to manufacture the wire working machinery but more expressly in the spring-making range and we ended up in 1938 building a large automatic coiling machine which I consider the finest piece of design work and the best workmanship in general that Binghams ever produced. This machine is still in operation today after 44 years of continuous use.

I was married in 1934 to Emily Rita Belcher and this really set me along on the track to success because she was just right alongside of me and would do the books; do anything. The business continued to expand and we were building quite large machines for the fruit industry in the way of cookers and exhaust boxes and though we didn't have the facilities for

making a lot of the big tanks, we were able to get these made up in other works to suit us, as work was not so plentiful and we had the reputation of being good payers.

There was one thing that I learnt from our association with Gerrards. One of their Directors who, on Gerrards' insistence, became the auditors was Wilson Bishop Henderson, the Bishop in this case being Mr J.R. Bishop, one of the most experienced senior businessmen around Melbourne. As he said 'There's one rule in business, pay and be paid', and I certainly saw to that. He also said 'Have one creditor, the bank or the money people.'

Our association with Gerrards didn't cease rapidly and we were still offered much work from them including designing a new machine expressly for the purpose of tying bundles of newspaper. This was called the "X-Model". Although there was only a limited number built it was a very fine piece of machinery, and showed the versatility of our company because some of the big machines for sterilizing cans in fruit, etc. weigh up to 30 tons. As mentioned, we had not completely dropped out of the manufacture of wire working machinery, concentrating mostly on the manufacturing of spring machines, and those for which we had a steady demand including such items as a small machine for making springs used for curtain rods.

We were induced to start making upholstery springs (that's the waisted spring for upholstering chairs). Then we got some opposition that we were not only building machinery but we were making the springs and selling them in opposition to the people who could buy our machines. Now the machine we'd purchased second-hand had not had much use because the wire made by Rylands Brothers, or Lysaghts was not suitable, it was too hard and there was only a limited amount of English spring wire allowed in. We modified quite dramatically the construction of this Sleeper and Hartley American Spring Winding Machine to use the poor quality Australian wire, quite successfully. So we sold some of the machines to the spring makers but then we decided that the machine could be modified again to manufacture the innerspring mattress light parallel spring. This proved very popular as then there were only probably two machines in Australia for the manufacture of innerspring mattress springs. We altered this and sold quite a number of machines and the industry of innerspring mattresses absolutely leapt ahead, so I think Binghams can take the credit for the real expansion and acceptance of the innerspring mattress.

Now there was a number of competing firms using our machines and numbers of famous manufacturers of springs like F .R.S. put in a number of the machines and both in N .S. W. and Victoria were their factories, also Buist Brothers and Bills BBB Mattresses, and so it went on. There was a special assembly machine which was introduced from America which stapled the innerspring mattress springs together when they were put in the pockets. These machines were very hush, hush and this story now illustrates the sort of thing that used to go on.

I visited F.R.S. Factory in Sydney in Parramatta Road, just along from Broadway. Further out was probably the oldest spring-making company in Australia that had gone on continuously and this was John Whyle &: Sons and they had purchased machines from us, not only for making innersprings but other spring-making machines, so I visited first F.R.S., F.R. Stevens was the gentleman's name and after a lot of hush, hush conversation he took me up into a top room and there was a girl very busy stitching or stapling the springs together to form the mattress. He said

'Don't tell those bastards down the road will you?'

I said 'No'

So then I called on John Whyle &: Sons where normally I would go around about lunchtime because I knew usually they would like to be up the pub to have a few drinks and their meal and it was a great time to get John Whyle the elder and John Whyle the younger, together. After lunch we came back and in a very confidential tone young John said to me

'Well Dave, come in and have a look at our latest machine.'

So I go in and it's exactly the same machine as of course F.R.S. Stevens'. He says

'Don't tell those bastards down the road will you?'

That's how industry went along in those days, and it's interesting that at that time or just before then there was a water shortage in Sydney, very grave, and all sorts of ideas were put forward to save water. John Whyle, the elder, wrote to the paper and suggested that a household brick be put in all cisterns in Sydney and this would save that brick of water every time the cistern was flushed. Well, this was brought into play and did save an enormous amount of water, but the interesting thing was that the bricks stopped in there after the water supply came on again and I would venture to say that even today in some of the very old places if you looked into their old cisterns you'd find a brick still there.

John Whyle the elder was a master tradesman and was probably the first of the spring-makers as he was quite an old man, there's no doubt there were other spring-makers, but he was very versatile in making all sorts of springs, unusual springs. In Melbourne was another spring-making company with whom we did a lot of business and that was Central Spring Works, Spicer &: Armitage. They were in South Melbourne and had quite a works. Tadgell was the Sales Manager and Reynolds the Works Manager and they were a pair of thieves and in the absence of one of the partners who was ill and/or if Mr Armitage wasn't around, and as Mr Armitage wasn't a technical man, everything that went in there Tadgell and Reynolds were getting a cut off, except what we put in, and we put in some very highly successful machines, for instance, for making spring washers. They might not have been the best but they were good solid machines and turned out hundreds of tons of spring

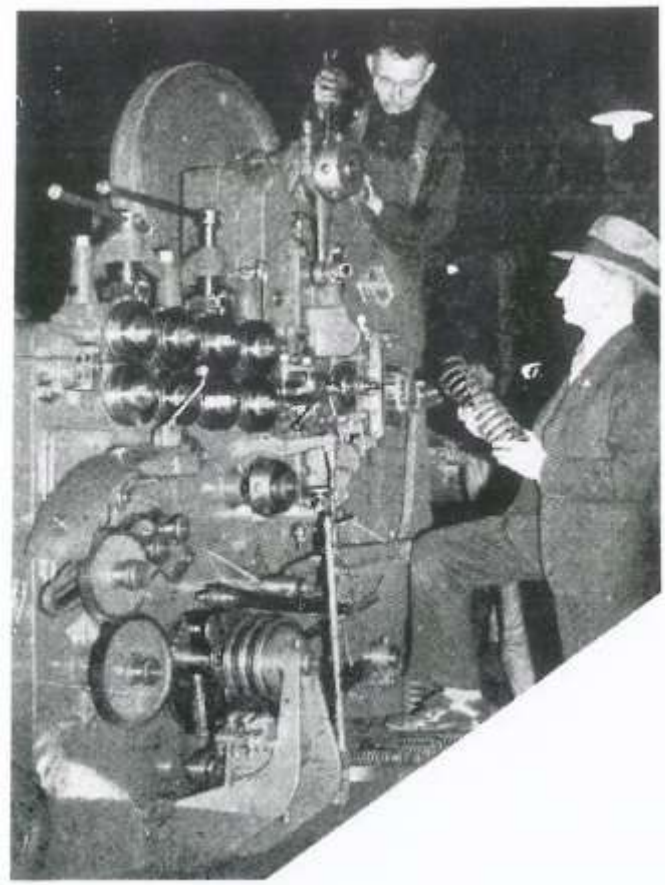

Figure 7 - Automatic spring coiling machine

A large 'Bingham' automatic spring coiling machine being demonstrated to Mr Aubrey the proprietor of The Central Spring Company who were the purchasers. This was in my opinion the finest piece of design and manufacture ever produced by The Bingham Company. Mr Ruwolt told me that in his opinion the presence of this machine in Australia was a significant factor in his being able to produce the 25 pounder field gun. After 40 years of operation, this machine had had little repair work and did not need it. Jim Sullivan, the craftsman making the adjustments, was my third apprentice washers. Later on we built for them a universal spring winding machine and this was a very nice piece of work and worked quite well but we could never get it to work at Central Springs Works. Eventually it was thrown out even though it was almost a new machine, because we just wouldn't pay Tadgell and Reynolds a commission and they found somebody who would, so they put in a German machine and our machine was thrown out.

Figure 8 - OUR WEDDING DAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1934 Outside Wesley Church

We had the satisfaction many years later of getting a visit from Jim Collins who had been the foreman at Central Springs Works and he asked us about the universal spring machine.

'Do you think it would work?'

My brother said 'Yes' Jim said

'Well I can get it, it's in a scrap heap in at a scrap merchants.'

So they bought it and though we didn't do any work on it ourselves our engineers inspected it and gave then the drawings of the parts they needed, so they got it and that I believe was one of the real helpful matters that gave the industrial Spring Co of today an opportunity to get started and the Collins' family still carry it on.

I'd previously mentioned Buist Brothers and Bills and it is a coincidence that I have just seen recently a notification in the paper of Tristan Buist's death. The Bill's brothers, Ray and Harry, were pretty hard doers and were hard working fellows having built up this large mattress business though they had been in the manufacture of beds and mattresses for many, many years they were both in the second generation, both in the case of Tristan Buist and Harry and Ray Bills.

Some years later, in fact in 1954, I decided it was time the family got out and did something to show what can be done when you apply yourself. So I purchased a block of land of one acre on the Nariel River at Nariel and there was quite a story. We went on to put up a nice cabin there for fishing and general holidays. It was getting some few weeks before Christmas and I had arranged with Mayne Nickless to shift a semitrailer load of all the things that were needed to build and equip the cabin and these included six beds. Now there were two special mattresses for my wife and I in our room and they were 71 by 41 so our Binghams Purchasing Officer acting on my behalf went down to see Ray Bills. Ray says

'We can't do that, I'm 4,000 mattresses behind now for deli very by Christmas' but after a while he said

'Oh well I suppose we'll have to make them up for the bastard because we'll never hear the end of it.1

That was part of the real satisfaction that I've got out of my business of building machinery. There was a number of small operators in the game who could not compete with their imported mattresses, they had to make their own and it was our policy to sell to anybody at the same price and give the same service for any given machine. We weren't going to be stood over by anybody and we had plenty that tried to do it. So some of the importers turned from smaller importers to making their own mattresses quite successfully. We certainly made a lot of friends out of it.

Chapter Five

The Trip Around U.S.A. with David Bingham, Barney Hamill and Wally Pask; the Most Business Successful, Educational and Hilarious.

In 1937 we got a big job for new equipment and layout of existing equipment for the Ardmona Cannery (Ardmona Co-operative Cannery) and also at the time we had a big job from the Leeton Co-operative Cannery. By this time Leeton management had changed and Jack Brady who had been Manager for a number of years retired and he was replaced by Harry Williams. Now Harry had been the Manager of the Ardmona Cannery quite successfully and he had originally started in a meat cannery in Melbourne and we had become very friendly with him at Ardmona with the work. We proceeded at full blast and again we were running out of space.

It came to 1938 when, with two of my friends, one, my greatest friend, Barney Hamill, we decided to take off and tour America; my idea being to look up agencies and study the canning industry over there which was the epitome of the world standard, so we booked our first class passage on the "Mariposa" leaving on the 25th April (Anzac Day) 1938.

For business reasons it was necessary for me to stay in Melbourne for a day or two later and so, though I booked on the ship, I went to Sydney by train and joined the "Mariposa" there. The Captain was named Myers and he was rather a non-mixer more or less and a bit of a prude. Now we'd decided that we'd like some Australian beer and when my friends Barney and Wally decided on things they went to it. The net result was that they took down a number of cases of beer and in those days they were packed three dozen to the case in straw envelopes so they took up much more room than today. Anyway they arrived at Port Melbourne and they started to carry them up on board bringing the cases back, but one of the officers stepped in and we were told with the orders of the captain we were not allowed to bring the cases on board so in full view of the captain and his officers we unloaded the beer out of the boxes, out of the straw envelopes and carried them on board in suitcases as luggage and as there was no limit as to the amount of luggage you could carry on board we kept on emptying the beer in the bottles and stacked them neatly under our bed. Barney Hamill and I had an excellent cabin so we stacked all the beer we had on board under our beds and it became very useful later on because the American beer in those days was very poor.

I joined the ship in Sydney and was very sick for a day or two, it was quite rough. Anyway we settled down and we had a great time and in the same way we minded our own business and we had a steady stream of visitors to the cabin when they knew the Australian beer was on. We had two stewards, one named Jean and I always remember him apart from my later association because he was double jointed and when he'd lean on the end of the bed to talk to us he'd click and his arms would go just the opposite way to what yours and mine would. He brought us a table, a big advantage and also saw that there was a large container of ice where it would hold several bottles of beer to be cooled and as we were fairly lavish with tips we didn't go unattended. The poker machines on board were novel to us as we had never seen them so we played them a bit but not very much because obviously you're just doing money. There were some heavy players on board including a gentleman named Poloski and two of his friends and as it later turned out we knew that they

were some officials with General Motors. I was standing playing one machine one day when Poloski was playing next door and he turned to me and said

'Give me a hundred and fifty dollars' and I thought his credit was good so I gave $150. He went on playing. Next day he gave me back the money when I saw him and he said

'What are you going to do in America?' I said 'Oh we're touring around.'

'Are you likely to get to Detroit?' So I said 'Yes'

'Well, if you want to look over a car factory, come and see me.' and I said

'Where will we find you?

'In the Fisher Building in Detroit.'

'What part?' He said 'Just come and ask for John Poloski.'

Well that was it. We landed at San Pedro and caught a bus or it may have been a tram or train to Los Angeles and got installed in a hotel there named the 'San Carlos'. Quite a nice hotel. The San Carlos Hotel was just a brothel but the accommodation was excellent, their price was cheap as far as we were concerned and the girls didn't worry us, they were very discreet so we just didn't see them. I think the staff had never met Australians and they were most helpful. We had a letter of introduction to the Secretary of the Automobile Club of Southern California or rather Barney Hamill had the letter of introduction and we called on them in Figuroa Street where they had huge offices and everything. They had printing works, a map making department and quite a P.R. staff. We were introduced to a gentleman named Earl Reynolds and we became fast friends of Earl's very quickly as his orders were

'Just take these Australians around and show them the town.'

And we made sure we did the paying though he was allowed some expenses so we really got in.

His girlfriend of those days, later his wife, was Secretary to one of the Senior Executives in Warner Bros. Studios, so we were able to get in and see the movies being made and meet some of the stars. Now this was unusual because even in those days though people were coming on tour buses and supposedly seeing the pictures being made these were special shows put on for what they call 'the rubberneckers' and were not getting recorded or photographed at all.

With the help of Earl we bought a car, a seven passenger Chrysler and we removed the two extra seats and this placed us in a position to store our luggage which was quite considerable, as for instance in those days it was necessary to be dressed for dinner every night on board. Thinking back over it we should have dumped a lot of it and picked it up on our way back.

However, one morning we started off and Earl had supplied us with maps in detail (strip maps) with details of accommodation, road signs, everything. It was quite a thick bundle to take us around America. In the meantime he had run us down to Tijuana past San Diego on the Mexican Border so we started off, you may say from the Mexican border and we drove up the West Coast and just kept on going. I personally wanting to see anything in

the way of fruit canning activities. I think the first cannery I went into was a big tomato cannery, the company's name being Fellice & Perrelli and was run by one of the brothers, Frank Perelli and it was strange that Fellice & Perrelli and Bingham & Co. became associated in a number of ways which I can tell later but they also had fruit canneries up further north in the peach growing area, so again I was able to get and see that.

We wen-t on to San Francisco which we really liked and had been advised to stop at the Stewart Hotel on Geary Street and this was very wise advice too. The hotel was run by a Mr & Miss Stewart, brother and sister, Scottish people and the place was run on very strict lines, very opposite to the San Carlos. We were treated very well and excellent accommodation, and we were really able to look over the city which enthralled us, and still to my mind is one of the nicest cities I have ever visited in the world.

We continued north and I was able to see several canning plants and eventually we arrived at Vancouver, B.C. but before this I was able to look into and see some of the pea canning industry, especially on some of the islands off the coast, the Fidalgo Islands and it immediately struck me that these islands seemed to be in about the same position and have the same climate as the north west of Tasmania. I could see possibilities in growing peas in Australia and I arranged for one of the big seed merchants to send out to me some bushells of their well proven seed and also the chemical dusting material which was essential before they were planted.

We continued on and had quite a number of interesting exploits and at Vancouver B.C., as opposed to Vancouver in Washington, we again had some introductions to the people interested in the timber industry in a big way. Their name was McDonald and they turned out to be a huge organisation. The younger McDonald took me around and showed me some of the timber operations but more importantly he introduced me to the salmon canning industry and I was able to get a good idea of the process of canning salmon using this famous machine which cleans, brushes, fins and washes and heads the salmon at a rate of up to 70 fish per minute. All this work was formerly done by Chinamen so the machine has been known ever since its inception as the Iron Chink. We have no salmon in Australia so it was only the general outline that interested me directly. However, I was introduced to a Mr Mather of the Westminster Canning Co. which was in financial difficulties and was disposing of some of its plant and he offered me a complete can making line which mostly was quite modern and very foolishly I didn't take it up. But anyway we kept up some correspondence, later important to me.

We proceeded back and down through Yellowstone National Park and we understood the park had been closed but in a bar in Butte, Montana we were drinking and got into conversation with a small Scottish man and he said he was a truck driver and he comes across the turnoff for the Yellowstone and he'd talked with the ranger the day before who was going down to open the place up. So we thanked him and instead of travelling on we turned south and proceeded to Yellowstone.

In the long twilight in those areas we had the interesting experience of visiting what was known as a C.C.C. Boys Camp, the Civilian Conservation Corps and this consisted of many thousands of out of work youths who were placed in these camps to do work in the parks and also go to school. It was one of Roosevelt’s ideas and seemed to be successful and it seems pretty much to me as though it would work here if somebody had enough guts

to put it into operation. I had a good throwing boomerang with me and I got it from the car and started demonstrating it as I could throw reasonably well, to the boys. They asked to have a got at it. They weren't successful but there was a whole crowd who started running after the boomerang and picking it up and throwing it but they didn't get it to come back very much so they disappeared away in the distance still throwing my boomerang and you'll realise that in this particular area Montana is just flat plains. Anyway we gave up and went back to what we would call today a motel, but in those days it was called a cabin where we were spending the night. Anyway the boomerang duly turned up and that was that.

We left early in the morning for Yellowstone and at the entrance to the park we met the ranger who had just opened up the park a few minutes before, so we told him all about it. There were several bears around and he explained to us what dangerous animals these black bears were and how they weren't to be trusted and mustn't be fed because as he explained they'll be quite friendly while they're being fed but it's when you stop feeding them the trouble begins and he said that two of the things that drives them mad is the smell of dogs and bacon.

We had just registered and paid our entrance fee when he came out and another car pulled in, a Chev car with a family in it consisting of the man and his wife and daughter, the daughter being in the back seat. We were just looking there and the man's car had pulled up and suddenly from one side of the narrow road this huge female bear was pounding, trying to smash her way into the car. It was so quick that we weren't conscious that she had moved from where she was standing. The car's engine was still running so the driver took off and stopped and the ranger went up to him and our car was almost alongside and he said to these people

'Have you got a dog in there?' and after a bit of a lull in the conversation, to the embarrassment of the driver he admitted there was, and here was this dog underneath a rug in the back seat with the girl about 12 years old. The ranger just told them to leave the park and not come back but he said to them,

So they drove away. I took my movie camera and took some pictures which emphasises the statement of the Park Ranger. They move that fast in short distances, it's almost incredible and they stood about six feet high, the great lumbering beasts. There were two young ones, just small bears and they didn't apparently do what mum wanted them to do and they went up a fairly substantial tree. They just ran up the tree with their claws and you'd think that was it. They were out on a limb. Not so, the big bear went up the tree twice as fast and just simply slapped the two younger bears clean off the branch, they fell to the ground and away she came down and just trotted off with the little bears following her. I never forgot that.

Yellowstone Park was beautiful. The snow was about & feet deep from the sides of the road over the pass and we saw some beavers and the snow on the mountains, it was beautiful. We went over a pass about 11,000 feet and down onto road which was running east along Yellowstone Lake and River which continued on. We spent the evening at cabins near Buffalo Bill Cody's home and we talked to a professional bear shooter who was employed by the Government to shoot so many bears per year and this was the shooting time as they were coming out of hibernation and he explained how he got onto them. They would come out and with the white background he could, with a pair of powerful field

glasses, see them for miles away over on say another range and he'd know where they were so he'd go across and the tracks would be fresh in the snow afterwards so he just followed them and shot them. He had pegged out a black bear skin which he said was one of the largest he'd ever shot, and I've got a picture of this.

We carried on east and through to Omaha and Nebraska and then we came to Omaha City which is on the banks of the Missouri River. The Missouri River here was quite large and up to a few years ago there was substantial river traffic with quite large boats which would come up to Omaha or thereabouts. One thing that surprised us were the streets that were paved with bricks and there were many miles of them, it must have taken an enormous number of bricks and seemed to be in very good order. We passed over the river at Omaha and on the other side was the town of Council Bluffs. We then were to continue our journey to Cedar Rapids where we were going to cross the Mississippi River.

We were on the road in the afternoon when it started to rain and we were rather tired and we came to stop at a bar and restaurant on the road, it was quite isolated though not very far from the Missouri River which we'd been paralleling to some extent. We went in and as I was the driver I didn't drink so the others were having a quiet beer and I was playing the poker machines a little, but I didn't like the look of the place at all. There were women around who didn't seem to have anything to do, there were some tough looking citizens around too, in the men's style and I could see, or feel, that we were going to be done over, for our money probably. So I whispered to the boys,

'I'm going to the toilet, I'll see if there is a back way out from the toilets or some place, and I'll come back and you get out as quick as you can, run around the front or get around the front, start up the motor, and as soon as I hear it start, I'll run.'

Well, sure enough, there was a way out the back, so they went out to the toilets and they went around to the front and by this time, I'm playing the poker machines nearer the door. At the same time I noticed they were coming up quite close to me and poking around on machines and everything. Anyway, I heard the motor start and I just off, and ran outside, they chased me, but the door was open and we got away.

As I explained previously, he who was driving was not _allowed to drink, so I would usually, as I'd drive in the afternoon, have a few drinks at night and we were camped in cabins a little distance out of the edge of a village and I decided to walk back and get myself a couple of bottle of beer. So I went into a bar and I got drinking with the Sheriff, and I explained what had happened that afternoon at this place, and he said

'Yes, as a matter of fact we have been very suspicious of some of them, several people have disappeared from around these parts, and it wouldn't be very much of a problem to dump the bodies in the Missouri River.'

So anyway that was it, we survived that problem.

We got to Cedar Rapids and passed over the bridge and continued on to Chicago. We arrived at Chicago on a Sunday afternoon, and all we knew about it was what we had read in the newspapers about gang fights and this, that and the other. There was very little traffic downtown, and we were driving along the street and we passed a hotel, the La Salle, and we drove around the corner passing the hotel and into their carpark.

Things were so tough in those days in the hotel business, we weren't out of the car before there were two porters there, asking if we were going to stay at the hotel, and literally took charge of our bags and that was it, we were now stopping in the La Salle Hotel. It was a really excellent hotel, one of the best I have ever stopped in, and was until many years later when this supposedly fire proof hotel had one of the worst fires in American history with many deaths.

Anyway, we were there and I had considerable business to do in the Chicago area and had the opportunity of going out and seeing the Libby Mc Neal meatworks and meat processing factory and stockyards. This was about a six storey building and the cattle were driven on a spiral around the building until they reached the top which was at the yard and from the yard they went down into the killing section. Up to four thousand head of cattle a day were killed and entirely processed and in fact you could buy the cans of meat and sausage, etc in the basement of the building. They were very helpful and I learned quite a lot about the canning of meat.

On the recommendation of Walter King Sales & Engineering, San Francisco, I contacted a Hansen Canning Machinery Corporation of Cedarburg Wisconsin and arranged to go out and see the President, Mr Walter Singer. This was quite a distance away and I think it took me a day to get there and back again. One of the things that impressed me, I had to get on a little side-line train to get to Cedarburg and it was a mixed train with hardly any passengers, and I got talking to the train man, that is like a conductor here, and he said to me,

'Well, where are you going?'

'In Cedarburg,' I said 'to the Hansen Canning Machinery Corporation.' and he said, 'The Hansen Canning Machinery Corporation is quite a bit out of the town.' 'Well,' I said 'can I get a car to get there?' and he said

'Oh, no. Anyway, we pass right by it, I'll pull the train up and you can get out on the rails.'

So I got out, it was no trouble getting out because the steps on those American trains bring you back down away from platforms and onto where they have the pavement between the rails. Anyway, I scrambled down this rather steep bank and went around with my bag to see Mr Walter Singer. They were quite impressed at the way I arrived because I was there and there was no evidence of automobiles or anything to bring me there, so I explained what happened.

Anyway, I spent a very happy day with Mr Singer and arranged that we would represent them in Australia and also put the proposition that we would manufacture their fillers under licence. He said he would consider this and would write to me at San Francisco, C/-the Steward Hotel. I returned to Chicago from Cedarburg and there was no trouble as Mr Singer ran me into town in his car and we had dinner together. On arriving back at the La Salle Hotel I found out that there was going to be the staff ball in the ballroom of the Hotel and that we had bought tickets, so a great night came and taking the experience from balls in Australia, we went along dressed in a dinner suit and we found that we were the only there in dress. The dress was quite casual. Anyway, Barney didn't like to be so conspicuous

and he went and got changed again, but Wally and I stopped on and were quite conspicuous.

I ended up sitting at one table with an attractive girl and also another two people that I didn't know. One fellow was a squat, powerful looking specimen, and we were having a quiet drink when suddenly there was some noise or something and I looked across and lo and behold our mate Wally Pask had punched a fellow, and there was a bit of a set to. This fellow who was sitting at the table with us turned around and looked on and the next thing I was most stunned to see was him pulling a revolver out of his pocket. Well I could see he was going to shoot at my friend, so I grabbed a bottle of whisky that was on the table, a heavy bottle, I think it was whisky and I got at the back of him and if he had continued to draw the gun I was going to knock him out with the bottle. However, he hesitated, it was only a small table, so I sort of leant over and walked around the table and grabbed his arm by putting my arm around him from his left side and I really hung on to that arm with the gun. I could feel the gun in his hand, but I wasn't going to Jet it out of his pocket.

Anyway, the thing started to cool down and I said to him

'Come and let's have a drink.' So we got up, I still had my arm around him and I was quite strong in those days, and I hung on to him and went down to the bar and I said

'What are you going to drink?' and he said ,

'A beer or something'

and I felt him drop the gun back into his pocket, so I released his arm and had a drink with him. The next thing, the fellow who Wally had had a swipe at cleared out and immediately we became the heroes of the whole of the Ball, and it turned out that this person Wally had swiped at was a Canadian gangman, well known in Chicago, and this fellow whose arm I grabbed was his bodyguard. Well they lost face. They had walked in uninvited, sat down and everybody was too frightened to do anything about it. I would have been too if I'd known the circumstances, but anyway we were in then and believe me the staff treated us very well indeed in the hotel.

We left Chicago and proceeded east to Detroit where Barney wanted to see something of the car industry, but before we left Chicago I said

'Well, why don't we ring Poloski 1

He said to ring him. But they said

'We don't want to push him in, he mightn't be anything.'I said

'No, I' ll ring.' and this was the first long distance call I'd put in in America, and if it had been put in in Australia they would have said,

'Well you'll wait and you will get it in an hour's time or something, maybe two hours.'

So I had just put the phone down after calling the number that he had given us and the girl rang back and said

'Mr Poloski had left for his home, and he will be home in a few minutes and he'll call you back.'

Well it just seemed a few minutes when Poloski called back, so we told him we were going up to Detroit and we would like to see some of the industry if we could.

'No troubles.' he said 'Call into the Fisher Building, and just ask for John Poloski.' so I said

'Where will we find you?'

'Just call in and ask for me. I'll tell them you're going to call.'

Well we were taken up to this suite of offices which consisted of one wing of the Fisher Building, he was second in charge, and in charge of construction for General Motors throughout the world, and what a time he gave us. He immediately got a P.R. man and handed over a brand new Cadillac to run us around, and he just took us around car factories and everywhere we wanted to go. We spent about three or four days there, and in the end we took Mrs Poloski and John Poloski out to dinner at one of the swell nightclubs, passed on a nice bunch of flowers and a box of chocolates to her. She was very very friendly, very nice people, and she explained that John wasn't going to work and kill himself as a big time executive, he was getting out as soon as his contract was up, and they had a big farm in Wisconsin they were going to live on. I wonder if he ever did.

We put the car on a ferry at Detroit and took the ferry to Buffalo having good accommodation overnight. Barney stopped on in Detroit as he had some business to do. We arranged to meet him later on which we did. We got off the ferry at Buffalo, and as again on the instigation of Walter King we contacted the Chisholm Ryder Corporation. The company was the largest manufacturer in the world of vegetable harvesting and processing machinery, and it just happened they were having quite a do there and another manufacturer with whom they had been closely associated was Urschel Laboratories who were manufacturers of cutting machinery for cutting up vegetables commercially. After quite a hectic time, I had been taken around factories and had discussions with Mr Steven Ryder who was quite an old man and had been most unfortunate in that two of his sons who had been running the business had died tragically. His Sales Manager was Cy Seymour and we got along fine. I made an application then and there for an Australian Agency and Cy Seymour said

'Well, I'll put it to the old man but he'll be hard to get an answer from.'

However, we spent quite a time there looking at the falls, and seeing this very very interesting area. It's really a part of American history from the very start of white exploration. We had to move on the next day and we had arranged to pick up Barney at Buffalo. Almost midnight we were back at the Hotel after having the usual night's binge, etc. and Cy Seymour who was with us said

'I'll go now and contact the old man.' referring to Seven Ryder. He came back and he said

'Well Dave, he said that you've got the agency on a platter,' he said 'a silver platter.'

'What do you mean by that?' He said

'You've got the whole agency, all their equipment exclusively for Australia and

New Zealand, but he said don't ask for an agreement because he won't give you one.' He said 'He never gives anybody one. His word is his bond.'

And that was it. So here again, we'd made a great step forward. Now one of the most interesting things that came later after years. Don Chisholm who was the grandson of the original founder of the Chisholm section of Ryder (it was actually Chisholm Scott in the first place) and their main business, and still their main business, was the manufacture of what is known as a Viner, and this is a machine that extracts the peas from the vines. What was done in the fields was to cut the whole vine with a mower and bring the vines to the factory and feed them through these Viners which extracted the peas. It was a remarkable thing and I suppose that I am one of the few who can tell the story of how it happened because of my association personally with both Chisholms and Scotts. Scott later broke a way and started manufacturing the Scott Viner in opposition.

In 1869 or 1870 I think, the Paris Exposition was on and two people were visitors, one was Chisholm a businessman from Toronto and the other was a watchmaker named Scott from Baltimore. There was a German woman showing a machine for the extraction of peas from the shells. That is, you put the shells in, not the whole vine but the shells and this woman's machine so impressed the both of them they hit on the same idea which was to use it by putting the whole vine through instead of picking the pods. They both returned to Canada and the United States not having met and settled down to try and develop a machine. After two or three years they both decided that they had come along some of the way but hadn't solved a lot of the problems but sufficient. They each thought they should apply for patents to protect their work to that point. Now in those days Patent Attorneys more or less didn't exist, and patents were few and far between, and the general idea was you made your models up, sketches and so forth, and then appeared by appointment before the Patent Commissioners in Washington and they would listen to the story and look at the drawings and models and consider whether it was a patentable feature.

Now the most amazing thing to my mind is the fact that both Chisholm and Scott had appointments on the same day, and they met for the first time in the waiting room to see the Commissioners. They started discussing what they were there for and lo and behold both of them were there to patent the Viner, but the amazing thing is each had solved the other's difficulties so they both went in together and the Chisholm Scott Patent came out and this revolutionised pea canning throughout the world and they made large fortunes from their inventions because they were wise in not selling the machines but putting them into factories and they were paid so much per case of peas. And this can be taken as really the first step forward in the automatic canning of vegetables, being later followed by the mechanization of bean picking, processing, especially corn.

We left Niagara Falls with great goodwill, and this lasted all the years and in fact we became agents for 24 years and did a Jot of business in Australia and New Zealand for the Company, and I went back on a number of occasions to see them.

It was Saturday, 24th June when we left Niagara Falls and proceeded to Buffalo where we picked up Barney and then set off for Albany on the Hudson River and which town is the capital of the State of New York. We kept on going towards Boston and passed through to Worcester where I had a look at the Sleep &. Hartley Company's machine works where they built the Sleep &. Hartley Spring Machines. I was not very impressed with their works which was certainly no better than Binghams. We arrived in Boston after passing two towns, Binghamton and Belcherville, that is, named after a Bingham my name, and Belcher, my wife's name.

A few interesting days both in sightseeing and business as the Massachusetts area is so very different in every way from the Western States of America. The people look different, speak differently and act differently. I had a letter of L1troduction to the Dewey and Almey Company who are manufacturers of the sealing compound used in sealing the lids of cans, and had quite an interesting look at their factory where the product is made, the trade name being Goldseal. I was also given a lot of information regarding the processing, and packing of fruit juices, and was given the name of the Ault and Wiborg Corporation in New York who were the manufacturers of the special internal varnish that was used to prevent the orange juice from eating into the can.

I tried to contact my old school mate, Gordon Stanley Brown, who at that time was Professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, well known as the premier Technical University of the West. Gordon was a genius, and the only one I've ever met. We sat together in class at the South Melbourne Tech and he used to do his homework under the desk the same as everybody else. He was keen on sports and yet without super studying effort he could do everything and outstandingly it wouldn't matter if it was freehand sketching, Arithmetic or English, it was all the same to Gordon and later he was to become the Dean of M.I. T. and one of the senior engineers in the world and he got where he did by scholarships as his parents didn't have the money to finance him. I could not locate him on that occasion but was able to do so later.

On June 26th Wally and I pushed on towards New York and we stopped at a place called Uxbridge for the night. Now Uxbridge is a real English village and even the pub was called the Uxbridge Pub and even had sawdust on the floor. Anywhere else that we had been in U.S.A. and we'd mentioned the word 'pub' you'd be looked at as if they would not have a clue what a pub was. We were visiting a small town of Whitinsville, named after the Whiting family. Now this was a company town owned by the Whitinville Machine Company which manufactured textile machinery and it was very picturesque and had been there from the earliest manufacturing days. In fact the creek or small river that flowed through the town was still supplying the power for blowing the blacksmith's forges, though it could be seen that the works were probably much too large for their present sales and that they were going downhill. It was strange in these circumstances that it was said that the whole place was owned by the Miss Whitings, so that if this was right that would be the end of the family, at least in name, with this old manufacturing town.

We ended up leaving the area for Providence and continued on to New York stopping the night at White Plains not very far outside New York. We proceeded on the next day and we had been given the name of a hotel to stop at by John Poloski and that was the Essex House on 59th Street on Central Park. Well, I was doing the navigating and Wally was doing the driving and I was able to navigate exactly right, in as much that we came down and

turned into 59th Street at the corner of the park on the right side of the road to just pull up outside the hotel where we handed the car over to the porters and took a room there. This was quite an expensive hotel but a beautiful place and as a matter of fact it was one of the best known hotels in New York, overlooking the park with very nice service and a very nice view.

I went to see the Ault Wiborg Corporation and met the President, Mr Esposito and talked to him with regard to the possiblity of getting some of the, what was known generally as, Ci Enamel, that is for citrus enamel, for lining the inside of the cans and bottoms and caps. He explained that the actual Ci Enamel was made by one of their associate companies, the Murphy Varnish Co. and he would get in touch with them and see if they would supply us with the quantity. He said their agreement with the American Can Co. did not cover export but he could see no reason why we couldn't get it and he later did this and it was arranged that we would get 15 gallons of the varnish and a box of tin plate already varnished with the enamel. Also there sane made-up beer cans with lids. I also remember that the beer cans were for the Red Top Beer, that was the trademark, and the Red Top was just an ordinary spinning top, I don't know what the significance was, and I haven't seen the brand since. These incidentally came out very promptly and arrived in Australia after I arrived back.

We took in the various sights of New York including the Empire State Building then by far the tallest building in the world, and the first lift or evaluator that I had been in, that went up 81 storeys non-stop. This was just like going for a tram ride it seemed to be so long, then up to the tower right at the top a further 14 storeys, and in those days there was no wire guard around the railing. There was nothing to stop you from stepping over the rail and so committing suicide, in fact, this was rather a popular method of knocking yourself off.

I went down to Baltimore with the idea of interviewing some machinery people who had some association with the Chilsholm Ryder Co. and I certainly got the times messed up. There were several times in America, and in those days there was Eastern time and Central time and Railway time and daylight saving time. The net result was I got a train which I took to leave at 4.30 in the morning to get to Baltimore, but then I was an hour earlier for the train, because New York was on daylight saving or something, and the railway time was different, then Baltimore was a different time again. So instead of arriving as I thought at about nine o'clock at the Robbins Offices I arrived there at 6.30 and astounded the caretaker who was the cleaning the place out. Anyway, I went around the waited and missed Mr Bob Syndall, but later had a nice discussion with his son who was more or less running the business. We agreed to collaborate and I went and saw a labelling machine manufacturer, the Burt Labelling Machine Co. We had a very pleasant discussion with Mr Myason and I went out of the town some distance and met up with a Mr Kyler. He was quite a nice old gentleman and manufactured labelling machines, and I was rather taken by his novel approach in the design very much different from the other two machinery manufacturers of labelling machines. I placed an order tentatively with him for a machine and arranged for the manufacture of his machines in Australia. He was to send me the drawings with the machine.

I returned to New York on the same day, 1st July, and I had a letter of introduction to Mr Watts of The United States Machinery Co. and this was a very interesting discussion indeed because he had spent some time in Australia and was a real authority on woodworking machinery. We discussed the industry and our wire bound box machine, and

he suggested I see the Four One Box Co. which I did. I made an appointment Downtown Manhattan. To make sure I kept the appointment I took a taxi and this from Uptown Central Park. Well the traffic was so dense that I arrived at the office of the Forty One Company an hour late. The Principal who had come down from Chicago to meet me almost had to leave at that time to catch the train back to Chicago and he just simply said

'Well, pleased to see you, we think a lot of your spring head stapling head and we've copied it, it's not patented in the U.S.A.' and I said

'No' So he simply said then to the assembly, 'Give this lad the use of all the patents we have on the assembling of the boxes, the rights to Australia free.' So we parted company and that was it. He said

'By the way, one of your friends' and he emphasised 'friends', 'sold us the spare head you had supplied with their machine and that's how we came to be making and copying your head, quite a compliment from the world's largest manufacturers of these machines.

Saturday, 2nd July in New York, 1938. Wally and I poked around, went to some shows, saw some further sights and tried to locate Barney who had supposedly been going to contact us via Cook's Travel Agency from when we arrived. It was not until the 3rd July, a Sunday that he turned up. As I wanted to visit the Keefer Filler Company's works in Cincinnati, it was arranged that Barney would drive the car from New York to Cincinnati and I would take the plane, so on the Sunday I left in the afternoon to fly to Cincinnati via Washington and had a very interesting trip. In fact it was such a pleasant thing because in those days the planes flew comparatively low and providing the weather wasn't rough you could get a magnificent view of the country. I arrived at Cincinnati and spent the night at the Gibson Hotel and after seeing the Keefer Co. I had discussed with them the possibilities of building their equipment in Australia. But this they were not prepared to do. In fact they were quite conservative in their approach. They didn't have much of a machine shop, and generally speaking I wasn't impressed, but they were very friendly indeed.

Barney met me and we proceeded then to drive to St Louis, a large city on the banks of the Mississippi River. There were some very nice towns on the way, timbered undulating country. We carried on from St Louis on one of the first super highways, travelling west. It being the 4th of July, it was their great holiday. The inward travel towards St Louis was really terrific and it was well that we had a lot of experience by then in driving in the traffic on the wrong side of the road and we were able to maintain it. It got so bad in the end we pulled off and when we saw suitable cabins, stopped the night leaving early next morning. We pressed on over hilly country and then on to the flat open plains of the west where one would see the road for many miles ahead and eventually we arrived at Oklahoma.

Oklahoma was quite a large town and we had never seen anything like oil wells where there's actually one oil well pumping on the Town Hall steps. Pushed on south west over dry and uninteresting country for most of the day, had a little trouble with the fan belt, and here we found a good Samaritan in a farmer whose old farmhouse was on the side of the road in this very desolate area, no other habitation we could see. It was on the bottom of the hill where we could run down and cool the car down. We pulled up, they came out and he said

'Howdy boys' I said

'We're having a little trouble with our fan belt, and very foolishly we just don't have a spare.'

So he got to work and quite quickly took some rope reins and spliced it the right length and we fitted it on to drive the fan. In the meantime he said

'Well, have a cold drink.' and he brought us up some well water. It must have been very deep, it was beautiful and cold.

We pushed on and at Amarillo, or near it we were feeling tired in the afternoon, quite hot, and we went into a bar to have a drink. It turned out to be a Mexican bar where they only spoke Spanish. It was quite common in this area. We couldn't speak Spanish but we got along alright and ended up buying these local Mexicans a few drinks. It didn't take long before they were really having themselves a party, singing and dancing. I'll always remember the building had been either a gaol or a fort or something. It was a heavy bluestone building and different altogether from all the other buildings around the place. It also had bars on the window and it was detached, that is it was out on its own. The noise must have attracted the Sheriff who came in and wanted to know what was going on and we had a chat with him and like everywhere else we were exhibit "A" because we were Australians and they had never seen Australians before. The Sheriff had a beer or two and he told us nearby was the famous Boot Hill Cemetery where all the bad men and the ones that were hung or shot were buried. We bought a booklet on the subject, and on questioning about the big gunfights that were supposed to have gone on there in the very early days, he said that as far as he could read in the record, most of the people who were shot were not shot by revolvers but shot in the back from behind a bush with a .32 20, so there you are.

We continued on and into the Navajo country. This is a very large Indian reservation and there was only the 'trading post'. It had excellent cabins and it was run by an Englishman. The Navajo Indians are good silversmiths and the women weave on very crude looms the famous Navajo blankets very much prized in America and by tourists. They work out in the sun without hats and sit there in the sun and I would say it's about 115 degrees Farenheit.

We continued on early next morning and went in to see the Grand Canyon. This was really a marvellous spectacle and should not be missed by any traveller. I don't know what it would be like these days, but to get the real view of the spectacle it is necessary that the area be free of smog because it is the clarity of the air that looking the mile down into the Canyon gives the awesome spectacle.

We were running short of money as far as cash was concerned, and we found unfortunately the nearest bank that would cash our letters of credit was at Denver which was right away north. We had lunch and Barney insisted on going without his dessert and putting his 25¢ into the poker machine or fruit machine as they were called in those days, and lo and behold he hit the jackpot and we got an extra $8 and this put us in clover because we carried on and eventually we came to go over the Californian Desert.

Now to approach the desert from the east is up a long winding road and over a mountain range not very high and down into the desert, so it is not possible to see what the desert's like before you're actually in it. There were fearsome notices that are put up indicating that you must fill up with petrol, and don't attempt it in the daytime unless you have

ice in your car, and all this sort of twaddle. So we waited until the evening came on to take on this 150 miles of desert and the sun was starting to go down as we drove up over the top of the mountain range and down to the desert. When we were on top the lights had just come on across the desert. Well, I'll guarantee that there was a filling station and beer sold ever 5 or 6 miles, so it was one of the most pleasant crossings of a desert that we'd ever come across.

We ended up for the night at San Bernardino and we reached it very late and we could not get any accommodation, so it looked as though we were going to have to sleep in the car when we ran into the Sheriff in one of the all night bars we were sitting in with nothing else to do. We explained the predicament we were in and he said

'I can find you a bed, come down to the gaol, the blankets are clean, there are no sheets but anyway it will be somewhere for you to sleep.

So away we went down to the gaol and lo and behold he picked a couple of cells with beds in. They were quite clean and then the phone rang and it turned out he had located, because he had previously tried, a room or a cabin. Again I reiterate that there was no such thing as a motel in those days, it was cabins. The actual motel system started in the west coast with what was known as the El Rancho Chain, and they called them motels.

We started off the next morning and drove from San Bernardino into Los Angeles where we arrived in the morning and then we had to dispose of our car. Nobody seemed to be interested in buying it but eventually we sold it for $250 and this included our billy for boiling tea and a frypan which was tied into the spare on the rear of the car. Seeing that we only paid $450 for the car in the first place in Los Angeles and had driven all those thousands of miles right around America, and parts of Canada, it had certainly been a cheap transportation. We called the car Rachael, I don't know for what reason, so we said goodbye to Rachael and the purchaser drove us to the hotel, we took our baggage and that was it.

That night we renewed our friendship with Earl Reynolds and the various groups, and we took them out for a farewell dinner as far as I was concerned, because I was leaving for San Francisco on the Greyhound bus at seven o'clock in the morning which I did, having a pleasant run up to San Francisco.

Again I was quartered at the Stewart Hotel on Geary Street. We had driven across America from New York to Los Angeles in less than five days so you can readily understand the excellent roads compared with our conditions in Australia. My main reason for returning to San Francisco was to endeavour to finalise agencies for equipment and see more of the Canning Industry of California.

On Sunday, 10th July, San Francisco, I had a lazy morning but a very interesting afternoon. I went out to Oakland across the bay with a friend who was a friend of the Chief Maintenance man for the Flying Clipper Service, and I had a look over the China Clipper and was very impressed. It was leaving for Hong Kong in the morning or evening and I immediately thought, what a thrill, and decided that that was the way to come to America and will do it, as I wrote in my diary, I will do it ere long. I didn't quite realise at the time just how soon that would be.

On Monday, 11th July, I went and had a long talk with Walter King of King Sales and Engineering and ended up obtaining the Agency for their excellent line of Can and Jar filling machines, and also their small bottle labellers of which I bought two. Walter King was a mine of information because before starting on his own in his own business, he had been works manager for Bergner and Carter, and it was through a letter of introduction to Mr Charlie Carter that I met Walter; now Bergner and Carter had been probably as large as the Anderson Barngrover Co. in the manufacture of processing lines for fruit, so that Walter was able to give me a lot of information and take me around a number of canneries.

I visited the American Can Co. Western Laboratories where a lot of research work on the manufacture of fruit juices has taken place, and was referred to the Dole Co. where further work was being done. At the Dole Co. I met Mr Alec Donald who was the Research Engineer in charge of the project of finding uses for what was known as the Schwartz Press, and he was doing some very basic experimental work with apple juice and other juices. We became very friendly and ended up being friends until his death in the late I 950's. I also met Mr James Dole of Dole Pineapple Co. in Honolulu. He had been the Principal for years and got into some financial difficulty and couldn't repay money to the bankers, Castle & Cook, and as he said

'I couldn't pay 5 millions dollars, and they took 15 millions dollars off me.'

However, he told me how he had turned the tide in his favour, and had made a lot of money. He waited until this enormous pack of the Dole Pineapple had been packed in Honolulu and shipped all over the country and the world. He then bought a suit against Castle & Cook, because his name (the name Dole Pineapple) was registered in the brand name, and the Court ordered that all the pineapple with the Dole label on it that had been shipped all over the world had to be returned to the plant and the labels taken off, which of course was an insurmountable problem. So they had to pay him, I think it was, 5 millions dollars damages, and another enormous sum, maybe $500,000 a year for ten years to use the label.

He then told me that he was widely travelled as a name James Dole, because of the pineapple, was known very very widely, and he was offered some shares in a gold mine in Canada, and he had to get on and make up his mind quickly before others could find out much about it. So he told me he simply rang up this village in Canada and asked for the name of the leading storekeeper. He spoke to this storekeeper, told him he was Jimmy Dole of Dole Pineapples and was really recognised. So he just asked the storekeeper on his behalf to make enquiries regarding the goldmine and he reported favourably apparently on the battlers who were trying to get it going, so Dole bought into the mine and made a lot of money.

He was more or less filling in time and keeping himself occupied in his late years by this operation of Dole Engineering. He was quite impressed and very friendly towards Alec Donald. Incidentally in later years Alec Donald bought out King Sales & Engineering Co., that is, he bought out Walter King, and we continued our association.

I took a weekend off and spent two days on a trip to Yosemite National Park, which was a glorious sight and a great experience. Incidentally I had rented a horse from the corral to take a ride along the bridle pass in the park and was given a very flighty horse who tried to

pig-root and throw me off, but I was able to point the horse towards the gate and stuck the boot into him and away we went. I remember galloping through a riding school group under the leadership of one of the cowboys. I couldn't pull this horse up so we galloped through the group and immediately the group's horses took off after my mount. They were mostly girls in the school and they were falling off all over the place, screaming, and I felt terribly ashamed. There was nothing I could do about it except I was still feeling very peeved at the fact that somebody who couldn't ride could be given a horse like I had. There could have been an accident, so in returning the horse, which was in a very poor state of fitness and lathering very badly, I came around the corner of the mountain and when I could see it was a straight run into the corral, I belted the horse along and galloped into the corral, stood the horse up on its back legs and got off. Meaning to have a real piece of these cowboys, because I'd asked for an English saddle and had been given a Mexican saddle, on which I had never ridden before, and a Mexican saddle seat is very much different from an English saddle seat. You must ride forward with the legs inclined to be backwards, instead of the reverse on an English saddle. The cowboy in charge took the horse and said

'Thanks very much Mr Bingham for taking the horse out. It's actually the best pony we have here and actually it was a polo pony.'

Which I could wake up to because .it had such a light mouth. He said

'The performance of pig-rooting is standard practice with this horse, and we are not allowed to ride them, so somebody gets the horse, they get on, it pig-roots, they get scared and so they get off and the horse is taken back to the trough. We were very pleased to see somebody handle it.'

I saw the famous Firefall from Glacier Point and in the blackness from the shadow of the mountain it's really spectacular, the great stream of red hot coals fall some six thousand feet and are just within a few hundred feet of the floor of the valley when they're cooled down, so this is really spectacular.

I returned to San Francisco ready for further work in the field of the Canneries and Suppliers. I met Mr Kingsbury who was the Californian Manager for the Ewald Pear Machine Co. and I was very interested in these and saw quite a number in operation and decided to try and obtain the agency for them. At this time the field had been pretty well covered in Australia by our opposition The Food Machinery Co. I had become very friendly with Dick Piez and Arthur Angel who were senior executives of the Dewey & Almey Co. in the west coast, so on the 19th I said goodbye to them and, collecting my baggage went on board the "Mariposa" for the return voyage to Australia.

I found before the boat was nearly ready to leave that a group of my friends had turned up on board, and brother, they turned on a party. After the ship sailed it was getting on towards dinner time and I decided I'd get changed and go down to dinner. Well I got changed, but I never went down to dinner, and that caused some friction with my old friend Barney who I was to meet in Los Angeles as I was supposed to arrange with the head steward for a table for two, as Barney was very self-conscious and shy in company. The net result was, I didn't get a table for two, and we found because I didn't get down to dinner and we were in Los Angeles before lunch on the 20th, that we were at a table for 6 or 8, and this didn't make Barney at all happy. However, it turned out a great success as we were all

different and we met a number of people. Before the end of the voyage, which for me ended at Auckland, New Zealand, we'd all become very friendly, and our table was the envy of all around us.

Arriving in Los Angeles I took the train from San Pedro, which is the Port of Los Angeles, up to the city and met Barney and we had lunch and took off back to go on board. Here again a whole group of friends turned up, and it was on again. I remember one incident when we were packed into our cabin which was quite a big cabin, and drinks were being ordered all around, a young steward turned up with a whole tray of drinks which he was carrying quite expertly in the air on his arm, when he tripped over the entrance to the door to the cabin and simply hurled the whole series of drinks, which was probably about 15 drinks, in all directions around the cabin. Anyway nobody worried about it except him. We left America and left behind a lot of friends who became friends until their deaths, and we, as far as I was concerned, had had a most successful business journey, securing very good agencies, and on top of that a vast amount of knowledge on the Canning Industry and was such as to give me great confidence in the equipment we were building as generally speaking, it was at least as good or better than similar machinery being built in America.

We arrived (after leaving Los Angeles) in Honolulu a few days later, and I again went out to study the pineapple factories. This time I had an introduction to a gentleman named Bob Newton, who was the Superintendent of the big Californian Packing Corporation Plant, Calpac, which was next in size to Dole. I also met the Assistant Works Manager, Sidney Carlson, and here again, we became friends for 41 years until his death. One of the very pleasant sensations in those days was the Royal Hawaiian Band playing as you came up the harbour, the music flooding over the water. The voyage continued on to Auckland via Pago, that is American Samoa, where we went ashore again, and on to Auckland where I got off and my wife was there to meet me.

We made a tour of New Zealand and visited a number of canneries. Here again I formed some associations that were going to last for many years. One of them was a renewed acquaintance with Jim Wattie, later Sir James Wattie, the Principal of J. Wattie Canneries, and I could see that there was great potential for canning of vegetables in New Zealand. This later was proved to be true as it is probably, even today, yielding the most beans and peas per acre of any place in the world.

After spending some ten days or two weeks in New Zealand we caught the "Wanganella" back to Sydney, and we were on 11D11 deck, with just the porthole showing above the water, quite a nice cabin, but we ran into a terrific storm when we left Wellington and the boat was rolling so badly. They had not put the storm cover over our porthole, quite a serious omission. It was rolling so much that I could actually stand on the porthole, and it was quite fascinating to watch it gradually rising right out of the water till you were looking at the sky and then slowly going back again. Then you would see it getting darker and darker as the porthole went deeper into the water. The storm subsided, and we arrived back in Sydney again and was right back in hum of activities as far as Bingham & Co. was concerned.

I quickly arranged that Bingham & Co. would start the manufacture of the Hansen Fillers and also the Kyler Labeller. The Kyler Labeller drawings didn't turn up, though I wrote and wrote, I never did have a reply, and by this time we'd imported a Kyler Labeller. We

found quite a number of problems in it, though basically it was a good machine. So I set to work and was able to improve it to the extent that I was granted several patents on our machine and this became then with addition of further models the standard labelling machine in Australia and New Zealand and other places. Even today the later models are still much to the fore, and probably doing 98 % of the rolling labelling of both cans and jars. The imported King single piston filler worked very well, but it was obvious that it could be much improved if somehow the conveyor could be speeded up because the stopping and starting for the single stroke made speeds above 15 per minute practically impossible. So we never sold the machine, but I designed the model l,C., that is a model single cylinder, Bingham filler and was able to incorporate some patents into the design of it, and one of which was the essential patent on the machine in as much as the belt moved continuously and the filling head whilst filling moved at the same speed as the belt. As of this date I have good reason to believe the I.C. filler, after 44 years, is still the fastest single head semi solids filler.

Chapter Five

Some Experiences of the Melbourne Cup

I've just listened to the running of the 1982 Melbourne Cup and that brings my mind back to the various episodes I've had, in my very very limited association with the Cup and the Cup Day. The first time I was at the Melbourne Cup was in 1919 when for some unknown reason old Tommy, acting now the part of Dr Jeckyll, decided to take me. So we arrived at Flemington and I was placed in a seat in one of the minor grandstands and left on my own with my own money to buy a pie or something and told to wait until after the races down near the entrance to the grandstand.

It was most interesting to me as a kid because I didn't understand it, but I do remember that as the day went and there were showers I think, it turned out reasonably fine but there were a lot of sailors there, and later I learned that it was the usual thing for the Australian Navy to have a number of ships in Melbourne to give the crew the opportunity of seeing the Melbourne Cup. Now there was a grandstand not far away, an old building that had a flat roof and just before the Cup was to be run there was a group of sailors that got up on the roof and some police got up to put them off, so then some more sailors got up, some more police so that when the Cup was being run (I remember very distinctly, I'm sure I was and most people were watching), the sailors and the police were fighting for the position of the top of the grandstand. Artillery Man won the Cup I think by about· eight lengths. I know it was well out in front and old Tommy must have won some money and I believe he must have backed Artillery Man because he was very affable when he picked me up and away we went home.

After that my interest in the Melbourne Cup was virtually very small excepting one of the great racing men of the age was Bobby Lewis, a jockey foremost, an owner and a trainer, and he had gone to school with my mother, at Creswick. My mother jokingly used to say that when she was a little girl it was said in the class that Bobby's mother used to put him under the manure heap to sweat him to keep him small. Anyway we lived in Albert Park near Middle Park and for some reason Bobby Lewis would call in on a Saturday on his way to the racecourse to see my mother to say 'hello'. I remember my mother saying to him

'Now Bobby what am I going to put my two bob on today (two shillings)?' and he would say

'Margaret, there's only one way to be interested in horses and that's the way I do it, and that is to own 'em, train 'em, and ride 'em.' and he was perfectly right because he made, I suppose what would be a record today; he made millions out of the business.

My next interest in the Melbourne Cup was when I was talked into going into a sweep, this was in 1930 and I think the sweep was about probably two shillings or something. Anyway I went into this quite considerable sweep and went down to Park Engineering, as I probably happened to be around in that area because there was no such thing as a holiday for the workers, to listen to the Cup. This was a double sweep and Phar Lap which I had, and had already won the Caulfield Cup. So lo and behold I listened to the Melbourne Cup, sitting on top of a heap of powder which had been ground in this mill at the factory of Parks Works, to learn that I was 34 pounds richer, which today I would think would be about $7 50

but as I had just started in business about two years before, or less than two years, it was really a help.

My next and last, I may say, close interest in the Melbourne Cup happened when (I cannot think of the year) I received a ring from Hector Ross, my very firm friend from Leeton, N .S. W. (we're still very firm friends) to say he was in Melbourne. It was a Cup Day and he rang about lunch time. I asked him where he was stopping at, I think it would probably have been the Kerry Family in King Street. So I said I would come in that is to own 'em, train 'em, and ride 'em.' and he was perfectly right because he made, I suppose what would be a record today; he made millions out of the business.

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Digressing a little, I mentioned the Herald people. They had a famous caricature artist who did the Herald work. He was really famous, his work was fantastic but he was also what was commonly known as a 'pisspot' and spent too much time in The Duke. He was in a pretty bad way once and had nothing done for the next day when he apparently took a piece of chalk and did the work on the slates at the back of the urinal then got full and went home and he couldn't remember. So his daughter came in and apparently, and I would think too, she was upset because her father was in too much of a hangover to do the work that day. The work was there, but it wasn't the girl's position to go in and copy it or do anything about it. Anyway she appealed to some of his pals and they closed off the Men's while she went in and sketched it out to be passed on to the Herald. That is just another example of the characters who used to be around the watering places in Melbourne.

Anyway, let's get on with the story. I met Hec and _we went in for a drink as I've said before, it was a beautiful day, and after lunch and not very long before the Cup, knowing that Hec was interested in racing I asked him

'Would you like to go to the Cup?' He said

'Oh no, oh alright, Yes.' I said 'Let's go.'

Well we went outside to get a cab, but there was no sign of a cab anywhere. We waited quite a bit. Anyway right where we were stopping near the Duke a cab pulled up and discharged two women who were going into the Duke. They were accommodating there. I asked the cabbie if he could take us out to Flemington and he said

'Look mate, you're wasting your time going out.'

'Oh well, if that's the case you can take us out and you've got a double fare.

'Well,' he said 'that's right.'

Well away we went and got out Flemington Road and went down and were quite a considerable distance, I think it would probably be half a mile from the gates when there was just a double bank up of traffic waiting to get in .through the gates. So there was nothing to do but turn back when a policeman on a motor bike came up on the wrong side of the road and evidently the outward traffic from the Course had been blocked and he motioned to our cabbie who was last in line to form another line and follow him in which we did. So we just drove straight in hardly stopping at all. I don't think we did stop. We got inside and the place was just a mass of people. We had stand tickets but couldn't get up to the stands so we wandered around but you couldn't get near the tote or the bookmakers so we decided, we're here, let's go and look at the finish, because it was getting quite close to the starting time.

We went up to the finishing line and the crowd was just dense. Anyway, we pushed along, we just got right opposite the finishing line when there was a great commotion going on. An ambulance had pulled up, the police were bustling about and fighting their way down to the fence (picket fence) and we followed them in. They were creating a gap and we just followed behind them, and lo and behold the pressure of the people had caused two women right on the fence to faint and they were going to carry them out, which they did. So Hec Ross and I stepped in and stood at the fence and took our place and in a few minutes the Cup was run and we were standing right up to the finishing line, so the race was over and there was nothing else to do, there was such a crowd there, so we decided we'd had it for the day, so we wandered back, got a taxi back to the Duke and we'd only left there three quarters of an hour before. It can almost be put in a Guinness Book of Records; to see the Melbourne Cup and back in three quarters of an hour on Cup Day. Lanray was the winner.

Chapter Seven

D.W. Bingham&: Company, 1939

Developments of the New Filling Machines

Continuing the Bingham story, after my return from America in 1938, we put into operation a very energetic developmental program for such a small company, and this included the manufacture of (as mentioned previously) the single cylinder or Model I.C. filler and this became a fast seller. We started to manufacture these in numbers but we just could not keep up with the orders. I then decided to proceed with the development of the M.C. filler that was a rotary, multi-cylinder filler consisting of four heads with the basic mechanism similar to the I.C. filler and this again proved a great success and I secured several patents on it.

One of the interesting features or mechanisms covered by the patents was the use of a slant track or in more technical terms a swash plate adjustable so that the length of stroke of the pistons in the cylinder could be varied at will and I mention this because it is now used on practically all the fillers in the world that are widely known for filling semi-solids and slurries into cans or jars. The patent was for 17 years and the American machine which had captured the market there was the Phaudler and I had visited their factory and they were very progressive in ways and had taken the manufacturing right of the King fillers (I didn't think of this idea).

I made mention that King Sales &: Engineering had sold out his business as far as the manufacturing rights, etc. on his line of King fillers which were very modern at the time, but did not include a piston filler, but his Chief Draftsman as we could call him had gone to Phaudler to help them to get into the manufacture of the line of King fillers, and they had pinched him from Walter King. In fact they found out how good he was and simply offered him so much money that he couldn't refuse it. Walter King was quite hurt about this. I can't think of his name, but I think it was Everett and I had got to know him quite well by my frequent visits to King Sales and we had discussed fillers at great length. My having the patent in America of the means of quickly adjusting the amount filling a can the Phaudler could not copy it and so over the years (I think it was about 14 years) they gradually evolved as close as they could without patent infringements and then when the patent was about 15 years old they simply copied it outright knowing that the two years remaining certainly wouldn't have been worthwhile for me to start a law suit in the United States.

This Phaudler Filler was a good machine and it was then copied (absolutely copies) in England by the Company Mather &: Platt, and Mather was out here (some years later) when we had then developed the now famous T.E.G. filler as it became known, and found he could not sell the copy of the Phaudler he was trying to sell here. It just wasn't competitive with the T.E.G. filler that we had patented and we were making. He mentioned to Alex Jameson the President of the Canners Association who passed this information to me. He said

'Oh well, David Bingham had to copy the Phaudler idea of using the swash plate for the means of adjusting the fill.'

We'd used it on our original, multi-cylinder filler, the M.C. Filler. This made me hopping mad because here it was Phaudler hadn't copied it until the patent had nearly run out and it

still is in use. We had to organise a number of sub-contractors to manufacture parts and in fact, some complete machines because we were becoming inundated with orders and I could feel that war was approaching and my theory had been for some years on this that a war always starts when you get a dictator in Europe and Mussolini was a dictator. So then the war started and there were all sorts of clamps put on Bingham &: Co. were going to come under the direction of the Department of Munitions or something which meant they were going to just stop us manufacturing food machinery and put us on to manufacturing other things. I refused to accept this and said

'If you carry on my brother and I will leave the business, you can take it over, as long as you take out and give us our working capital and hand us back the plant after the war.'

The late Sir Frederick Thorpe had been the Manager of Bevan &: Sons, the large machine tool importers and distributors and their main competitor was McPhersons Ltd. E.P. Bevan had some very good agencies for English equipment and McPhersons did deal with the English principals and Bevan &: Sons was absorbed into McPhersons and Fred Thorpe became the Manager of the Division very successfully. He had been a Colonel in the First World War and he was co-opted into a new department, the Department of Machine Tools and Gauges.

We were due to be taken over on a Friday night and this was now a Wednesday and obviously one of the first things that Fred did was to ring me up and say

'Take no notice of them.' he said 'You'll come under my direction.'

How wise he was, because as you know the war progressed with very little happening in 1939 but in 1940 things started warming up and food production was obviously going to be of great importance, so here again we would not submit to cost plus because this was a damning thing that so called manufacturers were getting money for nothing.

Chapter Eight

The First Real Effort at Canning Fish in Australia in a Modern Way

During 1939 we had designed the installation and operation for a cannery at Narooma in N.S. W. to can the Australian salmon and also tuna. Now my visits to similar canneries in 1938 in USA played a great part because I was quite familiar then in general with the operation and I had the rights to manufacture certain fillers, like the Hansen fillers. I could see that they could be used with advantage to make a more efficient cannery although it was smaller than in general use in the United States. So we went to work and designed a small but modern cannery at Narooma and everything went off on schedule and was opened in 1940, I think it was rather early in that year. The main man pushing for this cannery was the head of a Sydney Group named Mr Jackaman, a carrier and transport man and he gave us all the encouragement he could, in fact backed us I 00% and on top of this we were fortunate to be associated at this time with another man named Johnny Kaalund who was of Danish descent. He had been to sea after he had obtained a diploma in Industrial Chemistry and he had obtained a Mate's ticket in Sail which was a family tradition and he had done quite some fishing on the Baltic Sea and studied fishing in general, so we had a fish-minded person quite capable from the management and chemical point of view. He had had a little experience in another sort of back yard fish canning operation run by John Heine &: Sons of Sydney, but a small business. So we settled down and at that time when the cannery was going to start at Narooma there were several hundred tons of Australian salmon having come in to the lake and had been locked in by putting a wire netting fence across. So we didn't have any problems with fish supplies.

The great opening day came and as the manufacturer I was there and my brother had put the plant in so he was there and some of the roughnecks that worked for us. Well there was a great do, the Premier of NSW came down to open the plant (I have a movie of this incidentally in colour) and they had several barrels of beer for the multitude and they had them in a separate marquee or tent and our smart boys got underneath at the back of the tents and pinched a nine gallon keg of beer and took it up and hid it in the bush. There was a Jot of bush around there then.

Well everything went off alright excepting that I didn't want to be involved up in the stand, so here they were singing out for me, calling for Mr D. W. Bingham and I was having a quiet drink with the boys. The festivities closed and the night wore on and I may say at this time that several of the men were camped in one of the old cannery cabins, just for the day or two. Harry Bell was one of them, he was probably the instigator of the grabbing of the nine gallon. And there they were, it was dark and they took it up into the scrub, might have had a lamp or something. Anyway they tapped the keg and were having a great time. Somebody overbalanced the keg and it started to roll down the hill into the lake. Harry took off after it, fell over a log and broke his leg. But anyway that was it, the cannery went off very well and I think in the first week of operation we packed about 122,000 cans and quite a few tons of tuna, very successfully, excellent product. Then our problems started in getting fish.

The fishermen had never earned so much money and they weren't interested in going out. They had money in their pockets and all they could think of was obviously getting up to the pub. In desperation Johnny Kaalund the Manager, as I have said, had had considerable experience in the fishing industry overseas and knew other specialist canners with his chemistry and food technology knowledge. He could see what was going on and he hired a

speedboat when the day was right, and he went out and with jigs and poles caught some 30 cwt. of tuna.

The war progressed and by this time Johnny had got sick of the lack of fish and had taken a job with Mason Bros. Cannery in New Zealand to can fish and Mason Bros. were our agents for Robot Electrodes in New Zealand. We couldn't sort of object because it was just getting to a ludicrous stage with the price fixing, one of the other things that always happens in wars and Government power play. They could get 1.5 pence per pound for the fish to go to the market but the cannery was only allowed to pay a penny per lb. and by this time the cannery was being run by a fellow named Bill McKinnon, one of our fitters and quite a competent engineer and a really good mechanic. So there he sat it out during the war. They canned a bit of fish, he didn't care, they'd can it if they brought it in, if they didn't it was just too bad and so that was the first time in 1940 tuna was canned in Australia commercially.

I was just recently looking through I think forty years of the history of the Australian Fisheries, that is the primary industries special official Fisheries Report and they had shown each year, or every few years what happened and there was a great display and write-up of 1947 where Green seas Cannery at Narooma had canned the first tuna in Australia commercially. What a lot of rot, because we had started Green seas which was known originally as Green Canneries.

From 1940 onwards till well after the end of the war I'd taken no particular interest in the Narooma activities but there's one thing before Johnny Kaalund had left, there was a Company in Sydney known as Camms Trawlers Ltd. or whatever it was, and they had quite a big business in the fish trawling business run by a Mr Caminetti or Cameretti and his son, and the Secretary of the business was Luke Wright. I mention this that Camm was a short thickset Italian and he was very interested in seeing the cannery so he rang Jackaman and Jackaman apparently said

'Oh yes, you can go through and see it.'

Mind you they just sort of didn't like one another. Anyway on that say-so Caminetti and his son and Luke Wright set off from Sydney to drive overnight to Narooma which is quite a considerable way south and in those days the road after you left the bridge at Tom Ugly's or somewhere around there, was quite a track more or Jess, metal but just a track. It was a bad night, nothing but storms and rain and to make things worse Caminetti was suffering from diarrhoea which meant they had to pull up every now and again to let him relieve himself. So in the meantime Jackaman had rung John Kaalund and told him

'Just don't let them in, I don't want them in.'

Well Johnny Kaalund certainly didn't like the Caminettis so they turned up all bright and eager and he just refused to let them in. Well here they were, they just walked up and down outside the offices of the Narooma Fish Cannery just letting it be known to the world in a very loud voice what sort of bastard Jackaman was. Anyway just after that, Johnny left.

Now Bingham & Co. in the meantime had started to develop an automatic fish cleaning machine, especially for Australian salmon. Now this machine was designed to do very much like the Iron Chink did and does today for the salmon canning of North America in Canada, but in addition, the salmon over there hasn't the scales on that cause trouble here, and they

don't have a pectoral fin that needs to be cut out below the surface. All this was incorporated in the design and we spent a lot of money and got it to the stage where it was showing results, maybe a bit ragged but still as things progressed this would be jumped at because the finnicky ideas when there was no labour about changed when the object was to get the fish into the can.

When the war was around late 1940 we were told to put the machine aside. We were allowed no more time to spend on it or material so Mason Bros. had been watching the development of it and they bought it from us. I don't know what happened to it. I've never found out, but all I can say is today that the canners that are canning Australian salmon, and that's a very small amount of it, would have been very happy to get their hands on it because it was doing about 30 fish a minute and it was heading, de-scaling, cutting the pectoral fin, gutting and brushing and washing. Quite an ingenious machine and undoubtedly since I've thought could have been made practical but as time wore on we would have never have gone on with it because there was so little scope for it in Australia and I quickly woke up to the fact that you had to have quantity production to keep the price down.

We were inundated with orders and especially machines like our nailing machines which were used not only for making up the boxes for the carry of supplies and munitions but also for putting the lids on them where they were packed in the factories. And we had to get these moving and I remember, I think the largest batch we made up was 47 machines in the one batch, which even in those days would have been one of the largest manufacturing programs for nailing machines in the world. I later had several of these models made outside and Telford Smith &: Co. were making one model and Stockdale &: Co., Machine Tool Manufacturers were making another one. We were making some as well. But the days of the nailing machines were coming to an end and together with prospects of the war and the obvious necessity for the manufacture here and development of huge supplies of food for the armed services.

Chapter Nine

Robot Industries Pty Ltd

A Brief History of Ted Geere

Robot Industries was formed for the purpose of manufacturing welding electrodes and the shareholding was myself and my two Bingham Co-Directors and a fellow named Ted Geere and some other people. Ted held the sort of balance of shares, but we were backing him. The other people were a Jewish group and they came in was because they claimed they were metallurgists and industrial chemists.

Now Ted Geere was a remarkable sort of fellow and, in my opinion, he could be proved to be the inventor of the coated welding electrode and when you come to consider the influence this has had on the world, this statement is something. As the story goes on I hope you will have some better understanding of his position.

Ted Geere had been discharged from the Australian Flying Corps in 1918 and had been Director of Aircraft Repairs or Construction at Point Cook and had been one of the earliest aviators in the world; having I think the number 310 (it was certainly no more than 320) on his Royal Aero Club Certificate as a pilot. He was a very well educated man and there has been much controversy as to how well educated he was, but all I can say is that I consider him to have been the most widely educated engineer that I have ever met.

Now Ted became acquainted with and socially involved with Len Lemmon, our Director of Finance. I do not or cannot remember how but he came into our orbit with the idea that we would make arc welding rods (coated rods) and as these were made of wire, we were probably more experienced than most companies both from the company point of view and a personal point of view.

My statement that Ted was the inventor of the coated welding electrode is based on the following. He first produced them by purchasing cut rods of straightened wire of the size electrode required. The rods were first dipped into a slurry of the special formula which was in re-used lemonade bottles. After dipping, the wires were placed in frames and dried for probably a day when the dipping and drying was repeated until sufficient coating on the wire was formed. He then bundled these up and hawked them around to various welders who quickly appreciated the much better welds which resulted from Ted's method than the bare wire. And so he earned a very precarious living.

His activity attracted the attention of a group with capital and a company was formed; The EMF Electrics which mechanized the manufacture and built up a large business including the manufacture of A.C. welding transformers. Ted had disappeared off the scene at this time and we were approached by an EMF director to design a machine for winding a thin wire around the electrode wire. Nothing came of it. We later became associated with Ted Geere through Len Lemmon who had met him socially. We decided to commence the manufacture of welding electrodes; Ted Geere supplying the chemical formula and we developing the mechanical equipment. However, we side-tracked and became involved with a Jewish group who put money into it on a basis of the same amount that we put in, with Ted Geere's share making up the difference.

They were supposed to be metallurgical people and there was at least one or two German people who supposedly had good experience and were graduates in Metallurgy from German universities; remembering this was about 1934 or possibly 1935. We quickly found out that the so-called metallurgists knew very little about it and I can sense to this day that their diplomas were either forged or given to them to allow them to escape from Hitler's Germany but they still had the money in the business and we went along.

We set Ted up to design the continuous machine for making the electrodes and he did every good job on this; very good indeed. But we were at his back to show him how to straighten wire and handle wire and so forth, using our long experience. And so we went into the welding electrode business quite successfully. We started producing a good quality rod.

Not very long after we got going, the name of the Company, Robot, came under criticism as it didn't mean we had a futuristic robot figure doing the welding and this was sort of scathingly commented upon but it proved prophetic as the first big job in the world that became universal was the robot as we know them today doing welding on car lines and other matters the same as we pictured; quite knowingly, of course.

The business continued on and we had two machines (continuous) in operation, running about 100 one foot rods a minute each so we were making say 200 feet of welding electrodes a minute. We improved our means of manufacture and progressed. Ted was the consultant and a fellow named Les Hunter who we'd known as the Manager of Tasmanian Case Co., a company we'd engineered, was taken on as Factory Manager. In production we used mostly young male labour. There was hardly any reason to use men at all. Everything went along alright and we were starting to get quite a name for the quality of our rods.

Before this, as I mentioned earlier, we had come to the conclusion that our partners' representative, the so-called metallurgist, knew very little and he was dismissed and we were very fortunate to get hold of a gentleman named Bill Vale, a diplomat in Metallurgy and also a chemist and an ardent student of everything, including bacteriology and astronomy. We set up quite an efficient metallurgical laboratory but found from Bill Vale's experience and his education on bacteriology we could combine that with the manufacture of machinery much to the advantage of Bingham & Co. in the Food Industry. He was a real enthusiast, and very very capable. We purchased the necessary equipment such as the high power microscope, so necessary for the study of bacteria and spores and other problems in the food industry. I'll continue the story of the activities of our laboratory on bacteria in other States in a later chapter.

In our manufacture of electrodes we were the third and smallest manufacturer in Australia, the first one being the EMF Company and later we had the Oirlikin Company of Switzerland, famous as one of the world's largest gun manufacturers, and then a little bit later the Lincoln Company of America. Over about three years we built up a very substantial business and were increasing our orders to Rylands Bros., a subsidiary of the BHP Company for wire and we had some of the best accounts in Melbourne on a quality basis.

We realised early in the piece that having competent demonstrators to demonstrate the rods was extremely important, so we went out to find the good ones and I think the first one we put on was a fellow named Jimmy Lyle who had been in Africa for some years as a demonstrator for the British Oxygen Co. who were the owners of the EMF Company which

was, in its turn, a subsidiary of Austox, the Australian Oxygen Company. He was well known and respected from his welding point of view, so that we felt confident that the rod would be properly demonstrated. But at the same time, Bill Vale had been working in the laboratory and with two assistants he was starting to really get down to basic research on the metallurgy of electric welding and interestingly in this case, probably a little later on, one of assistants was a young part time student from the Melbourne Technical College, Ben Slavin.

Now Ben was put on without my knowledge in general because I had nothing to do with the day to day operation of the company although I was Chairman of Directors. It just happened that Ben Slavin's father had come to me to get some work done just after we had shifted in to Meaden Street, South Melbourne. He was a very pushy Russian jew and he wanted some help making tools and dies for drilling buttons. The buttons were being made out of pearl shells and such and the holes had to be drilled very close together, and he had a small machine that he had acquired overseas and brought with him. We put up with him because he used to tell some very interesting stories of the Russian Revolution and he showed invoices and so forth from big English companies to show what a large importer and distributor of clothing and clothing fittings he had been in Russia. He told us of how he had escaped from Siberia and then his wife, who was a very impressive type of person had walked through the snow across the border taking Ben and his younger brother with her. So we became, I won't say friends, but acquaintances.

He then took on making parts in his little factory in Fitzroy making ordinary types of buttons and he started making coat buttons for sports suits and that which were made out of leather (leather buttons) and they were pressed in and had a sort of flower in them and a staple put into them. Now this was right up my alley so I made up the dies and for this he had to have each die engraved and they didn't last a long time, so I hit on the idea of getting one engraved as a punch, that is, in reverse, and I used to take the blank down to my friends at Buchanan Brocks, put the punch in which was the reverse of the button and give it one smashing hit under the steam hammer and used it to form in the metal replica of what was required and then it would be machined away and it would cost very little. So we used to sell these and make quite a big margin of profit but I never thought that his son would come to work for us and later after he left us he went to work at the Melbourne Technical College as a Testing Officer and I believe he has been in charge of testing up there and could still be there, although he must be getting into retiring age.

The war was looming and eventually broke out in 19 39 and by this time we were placing orders with Rylands Bros., that is BHP, for significant quantities of wire but not being in the running we were quickly told that we were going to be rationed and we would be reduced. That is, Robot would be reduced to 4 tons of wire per week and this was what we would have to put up with, but we didn't put up with it. In discussions with our very good friends,. Eblings &: Sons at Footscray we made a decision, which amazes me even now, that we'd enter the steel mill business and make our own ingots in conjunction with Eblings and draw our own wire. This was kept a close secret and we went ahead, and this is where Ted Geere to my mind proved a fine engineer. He designed the electric furnace and with the help (then wartime) of the Supply Department of the Government they arranged for us to get the big carbons from the American Company at Niagara Falls and these were brought out air priority. We'd ordered a number of spares because they don't last very Jong but when we got them we could have cried. On opening up these very fancy cases we found one that was split so that set us back, but we still had quite enough to start up.

I think under Ted's guidance we were the first to have an electric furnace in which the arc was controlled automatically and not by human adjustment looking through coloured lenses. Before we could start we had to line the inside of the furnace with a chemical material which reacted with the molten metal to enhance the quality of the steel. I can't exactly think of the name at the moment but it was used in hundreds of tons, maybe thousands of tons by the BHP Company. Our dear old friends, BHP would not sell us a couple of tons to do the job, so we had to then set to work and set up quite a small chemical plant, expressly to make this chemical to line the furnace. This only goes to illustrate just what a drag the BHP Company has been on Australia ever since the damn Company was started.

As things progressed and the war had ended, and incidentally we had made hundreds of tons, probably more than a thousand tons, of standard half size billets of this very excellent quality steel, but were confident that after the war had finished there would be mountains of steel available and we wouldn't be able to compete. So soon after the war we cut out manufacture of wire and went back to buying our wire from Rylands Bros. who by this time would give us any amount we wanted. I think we may have had one hundred tons of billets in stock in the combined companies, Eblings and ourselves and what a blessing they turned out to be, because in the post war period when steel became more and more difficult to obtain and BHP became more arrogant, we were able to get an independent local company to roll the sections we wanted out of our steel. It was a sorry day for us, when we stopped running the mill.

Early in the war in 1941 I was in America and by this time we had awakened to the fact that the diameter of the wire was very very important indeed for the manufacture of electrodes and there was only one way that you could ensure an even diameter of the wire and that was to use diamond dies. No matter how careful these steel dies were made they would wear and even wear a fraction in drawing one coil of wire. There had been some rumours around about using diamond dies for drawing wire and when I was in New York in 1941 I made contact with a diamond cutter and he agreed to make diamond dies. That is, he had had some experience for drawing wire, especially in the lighter gauges, down to say 16 gauge. I had a whole series of these dies made in New York at that time. They were prohibited exports from America along with anything in the diamond line and though they were that small (they were only a couple of handfuls) I could have carried them out in my pocket, I wouldn't do so. Later on, after a lot of effort through my good friend Harper Robinson, Shipping Agents, I was able to get them back to Australia and this started an era when I think the first firm in Australia to use diamond dies for drawing wire was Robot Electrodes. We only used them for the final draw which may have been a couple of thousandths of an inch (diameter) so that they would last indefinitely. We then started a new era of accurate quality of the wire and the electrode and also Bill Vale had by this time, with his continual experiments produced an outstanding electrode and we went on and won success in competitive tests for contracts, for instance the American Navy at that time were all set to let a contract for 70 million feet of welding electrodes and they wrote up their specifications which was obviously written up to favour the American Company, Lincoln. However, the Labour Minister for Supply wouldn't have it and said there had to be a competition in Australia and the net result was a five day welding test carried on at the Sydney Technical College and in the last day the others had dropped out and there was Robot and EMF left in the competition. Robot won the day and no doubt one of the turning

points was our welding demonstrator in New South Wales, Dean Hart, who later started a very successful business for himself in steel fabrication, an excellent welder and he was also the welding instructor at the Sydney Technical College. We didn't get all the 70 million super feet because we couldn't supply that anyway but it set the ball rolling and we were able to use this so we could sell everything we could make. There was a contract for the supply of a large quantity of electrodes over one year to BHP and to help decide they held a three day welding test of all the rods offered. Robot's were the only rods to survive all tests and we were awarded the contract and commenced supply. After some little time BHP found out some of the wire used in Robot rods did not originate from them and without any notice to Robot they reduced the amount we were to supply to one third and again, this demonstrates the arrogance of BHP.

Frank Bottomley, who was a welding instructor at the Melbourne Technical College and also chief demonstrator of EMF, our strongest competitor, was appointed our Sales Manager for Robot and he quickly built a niche for himself in the industry as he was well liked. After the war, welding rods for thin sheet metal as used in the car industry were in strong demand and Ford and General Motors asked Robot to tender which we would not do as they were too hungry. General Motors offered us an order for a very large quantity at 5% more than the tender they had received. This must have really hurt EMF because they approached us with an offer to buy Robot and admitted they were particularly interested in our general purpose rod formula. We sold out for 4 pounds per l pound share and had paid I think 10 % interest dividend for 14 years so it could be said to be a good deal. We would not sell unless Frank Bottomley was offered a secure job and fortunately Ted Geere had retained his shares. We parted company with Ted Geere as an executive early after the war as he became quite erratic though we continued to pay him a pension of I think about 3 pounds per week which sounds silly now but please remember the old age pension was then probably 25 shillings per week. Our foreign shareholders made a play to get control of the company by offering Ted Geere a premium on his shares and he refused. I then called a meeting and informed our foreign shareholders I would buy their shares at par, that is l pound and if they did not sell I would see that the company never paid another dividend. They sold and so we were the sole owners with Ted when we sold to EMF.

Ted Geere had been a pilot in the first flying circus to tour U.S.A. In 1912 a group of young men built an aeroplane in Coolgardie, Western Australia which Ted designed and flew in 1915. This plane was probably the first plane built in Australia of a sound professional design and it was coincidental that I became associated with several of the builders before I met Ted Geere. He claimed to have been Technical Secretary to Sir Hiram Maxim, the inventor of the Vickers Maxim machine gun.

Our director Len Lemmon received a ring from the police requesting him to meet them at Ted Geere's home, I think it was at Hawthorn, with the Director of Lunacy to pick up Ted and take him to the receiving home. It really hurt Len when he had to accompany Ted into the toilet as insisted by the police. Whilst at Royal Park Len had the opportunity of reading Ted's mental history and what a revelation it was. He would go insane every few years with a mental problem which I think was called Grandiose Dementia. The sudden disappearances and reappearances were explained. What a tragedy for a brilliant man. He died soon after admittance.

Ted Geere's invention of the coated welding electrode revolutionized the steel fabrication industry. I was very fond of old Ted for his gentle manner and his eventful life as front line airman and a novel designer. The world soon forgets, as it should be. It is no good looking over one's shoulder; forward and upward must always be the view.

Chapter Ten

As further machines would be needed for the prov1s1on of food to allied armies in the South Pacific, remember America was not in the war at this time, I decided on the types of machines we wanted to build and decided to make another visit to America. Now this was in 1941 and I was going to fly over. Pan American were running a flying boat every two weeks to Auckland, New Zealand but was not allowed to come into Australia because it would have conflicted with British Empire Airways, another one of those stupid things. After considerable negotiations and backing by Fred Thorpe and also Sir David Rivett of the C.S.I.R.O. and Cecil Pewsey of the Department of Secondary Industries I was given a permit to arrange transport and some priority to get to America and return and I arranged through Thomas Cook &: Sons for a ticket to Auckland on the "Awatea", which in those days and almost to the end of its days was skippered by a Captain Davey who was the father of Jack Davey the famous radio personality. The "Awatea" was then a troop ship with a limited number of cabins available for private citizens and later met its end when carrying troops to the first invasion of North Africa.

As usual there was a number of my friends on board to see me off and eventually the ship left the wharf and proceeded down the harbour to the de-gausing station where for four hours the ship was positioned some distance from the de-gausing station and checked and re-checked to ensure that magnetic mines would not be exploded near the boat. This system was marvellous as far as I was concerned when you come to consider the devastating damage caused when these magnetic mines were planted in the approaches to the channel ports and other seaways. They were being exploded by the ships when they came in the proximity and yet it was within only a few weeks that the answer came of a very simple method of ensuring the safety of the ship as far as the mines being exploded magnetically was concerned.

The ship proceeded out on its way to Auckland with a load, I believe, of about 700 airmen and a few other servicemen and probably about 50 or more Naval personnel. Now the Naval personnel were supposed to sleep on the promenade deck just adjacent to my very luxurious cabin where I had quite an area, and also a bathroom and easy chair and chest of drawers for my clothes. The sea became extremely rough and it was one of the worst storms I've ever experienced at sea and I became very sick in the night. I remember that I was repeatedly thrown from my bunk and eventually after landing on the floor I woke up and I jammed a suitcase in alongside me to hold me more firmly and this worked. I remember the steward coming in and having a look at what I had done and he saying, 'That's an idea, I'll try it on some of my other customers.'

We were, I think, the second ship in the convoy next to the cruiser "Australia" which was leading the convoy and we were proceeding off the shipping route because I understand they were frightened that there were some more mines around which had sunk the "Niagara" with a large amount of gold on board.

When daylight came I was still quite sick but got up and was rather appalled at the conditions of the ship itself, especially the Naval personnel with whom I had some common interest as I had been in the Navy Reserve and was still actually in it at that time. So that night I brought as many into my cabin as could possibly sleep on the floor and the bathroom and in the bath and at least they were warm because outside on the promenade deck, even

though it had some canvas wind breaks, the water was breaking over them and just poµring on the decks. You can picture how rough the weather was when I'll explain that the easy chair which was a substantial chair crashed backwards and forwards across the cabin during the night and smashed the panel out of the bathroom door and ended up in the bath itself.

Saturday proceeded and I went down to have a look in the main saloon where some hundreds of Air Force were quartered and believe me, it was shocking. The .lads had been sick during the night and lying on the floor they were covered in vomit and the smell was bad. Anyway, the weather still continued badly but moderated somewhat and I'll always remember looking forward from the promenade deck and you could just see through the gloom of the early morning light, the blue stern light of the cruiser "Australia" ahead of us.

We arrived at Auckland at 12.00 am on the Monday of August 11th, 1941 and immediately we were held up because the dock workers had gone on strike because of a bit of rain. I believe the "Awatea" was the only ship of the convoy that was to come into Auckland so you could imagine all these servicemen aboard who were really fed up because they wanted to get away and rejoin the convoy. The position became very tense as the service personnel on board started throwing things at the wharf labourers, and cursing them and in fact some jumped off the side onto the wharf and started to fight and the position was getting quite ugly. Then a small company of New Zealand soldiers appeared and just simply with fixed bayonets stood between the screaming and missile throwing people on the "Awatea" and the dock workers. Anyway, eventually something came about ·and I don't know what happened but we were allowed off and that was all I was interested in.

On Thursday, 14th August, 1941 we boarded the huge flying boat, "California Clipper" for a flight to Noumea. Now this wasn't the first flight I'd made as I'd done some flying in 1938 in America and between 1938 and this time as now I had flown a number of times on the two DC2 aircraft owned by Australian National Airways mostly between Sydney to Melbourne and what a difference it is from today. 1 remember on one occasion hitting Sydney on a wet morning when Mascot Aerodrome consisted of a tin shed with a wind sock on it. We left about 10.00 am and we were supposed to be in Melbourne in about three hours. We were trapped over the Alps at the maximum ceiling of the plane which was about 13,000 feet. I remember that lunch was about to be served and we ran into this very bad storm and quickly the lunch serving was forgotten, the trays being strewn on the floor. Well, as I had mentioned, the pilot took the plane up to almost the limit of its ceiling and we were starting to feel the lack of oxygen, there being no automatic masks in those days. This went on for about an hour. Then the pilot said that he couldn't go back and there didn't seem to be any break so that he could go forward. Petrol supplies were limited and he proposed to go out into the Western District and find a paddock in which to land. Well this didn't cheer the passengers very much as we proceeded west, but when we got clear of the mountains the storm did abate. Nevertheless, it was raining very heavily with low clouds, but by the greatest piece of good fortune we eventually broke through the clouds and right underneath us was the Casterton railway station (I could read the name on the station quite plainly). The pilot was then quite relieved as he turned back for Melbourne, flying a few hundred feet above the railway line.

On another occasion, I remember leaving Sydney the same old time, about 10.00 am, and after flying around Melbourne and getting to the time when the plane would have to turn back to Sydney there was a break in the clouds and strange as it may seem, it was right

over the bridges of Church Street and the Morrell Bridge, so the pilot proceeded along the Yarra, quite low down but still with plenty of safety, until he was over the city and followed the train line from Spencer Street out to Essendon where we landed without any trouble.

I mention this because of the great advances and strides that have been made, and here again when we boarded a huge Boeing flying boat in Auckland harbour the planes that I just mentioned were like toys compared with it. It seemed a huge plane to me and is still quite a big aircraft in physical terms. It was powered by four huge rotary engines and it was a real thrill to take off down the harbour, and when airborne to see the land slipping away.

We finally set off for New Caledonia and the town of Noumea and the weather was quite nice. We had an excellent trip. I think the flying time was about nine hours and we landed again in the harbour at Noumea and it was quite an interesting sight. We were quartered for the night of our visit on a very luxuriously furnished boat that had been a private yacht I understand, and it was renamed "Southern Sea". It acted as a floating hotel for the flying boat passengers and also as an emergency boat to go out on rescue operations if one of the flying boats came down in the sea. It was just a coincidence that the steward on board the flying boat was the same "Gene" who had been our steward on the "Mariposa" and he was very helpful. Later on the purser on the "Southern Cross", who also acted as the local Pan American Manager, was a Mr Higgins who had been the purser on the "Mariposa" and who had, as I recall and mentioned earlier, been with us to conduct the burial service at sea on the "Mariposa" of which we were witnesses.

The weather forecasting and weather information was rather skimpy because there just wasn't the means of obtaining it, and it was apparently picked up from ships and so forth and though we were scheduled to take off the next day, this was impossible because of the weather conditions, so we had the day to look around Noumea.

Quickly growing tired of walking around the town we palled up with two Australians named Ken Butler and Glen Mumford who had something to do with the Qantas base in Noumea, and later we hired a car, for which I paid as my companions didn't have much money to waste and we went for a trip up the coast in this hired Peugeot. I must say that the Frenchman was quite volatile and as none of us could speak French he was doing his best to understand us. I had my movie camera with me as I wanted to take some pictures and as I was sitting alongside him while he was driving I kept trying to tell him when to stop, without much avail. Eventually he hit on it and a grin came over his face and he said 'Foliage magnifique' and stopped right there and pointed to a very pretty wildflower. Well I wasn't interested in wildflowers; I was interested in the panorama and it was only a mile or two before he woke up to this and he hit the nail on the head, I'll never forget it. 'Panorama magnifique', so he used to stop wherever the scenery was_ worthwhile for taking pictures. We were proceeding along a straight piece of road, thankfully, when suddenly the back wheel fell off and although it didn't escape from under the mudguard it seemed quite alarming to us, so eventually we had a look at the nuts which had allowed the wheel to come off, and they were just worn out. Now I was trying to picture if I could do something about it, because that was my business, like flattening the nuts out a little so we could hold them to get somewhere. No worries; he simply went to the glove box and pulled out five brand new nuts and when he put the wheel on he collected the handful of nuts that had fallen off and said 'Vosh!' and threw them down the valley.

We eventually arrived at Lo Far, a very pleasant village on the coast and there we went into the 'Inn de Paris' to see if we could get some lunch. We were running a bit late at this time and were delighted to meet Madame and Monsieur de Beau. Mme. de Beau spoke English with a definite Australian accent and when questioned on this she explained that she had been educated at a convent in Sydney and kept up her English by listening to the radio, especially "Gingere" as she called it and "Dad and Dave" and she explained how her family who couldn't speak English used to get very annoyed and threaten to kick the radio set when she'd be laughing at the jokes and they wouldn't understand them. Anyway, Mme. put on an excellent meal and that afternoon, or rather that day, it was Fiesta Day to celebrate New Caledonia becoming part of the Free French.

So we had been buying a few drinks for the locals and what amazed us was that I think the wine they drinking mostly cost 1 1/2 pence and I remember a bottle of champagne which was the most expensive drink cost I believe 2/6d so I would shout for the bar and would be amazed when it would only cost a dollar or something like that (an American dollar).

More people came into the little inn and the General turned up representing De Gaulle and later that evening they put on a dinner in honour of the General, so we were invited and all I can remember was that dinner was excellent and so were the toasts. Not knowing the toasts we used to get up and I'd go up and kiss the General on both cheeks and we'd both sing out "Viva De Gaulle".

The afternoon wore on until we decided that we'd better ring up Noumea to make sure we weren't going to be left behind. Now we had to get the post office open and to do this we had to get hold of the post mistress. We located her and she had never been in a car before, so in agreement to her coming back into town (as she lived outside the town) we would have to drive her round to show her friends her driving in a car, then she would open the post office so we could get the call through, so everything went off alright.

As the dinner progressed the festivities grew gayer and the local pianist was playing tunes but the dances were quite old fashioned and anyway one of my three friends who were with me quickly organised the pianist to play some jazz music and she gave a demonstration of the dances and this certainly set off a chain of events which ended up with us introducing jazz to this small village of Lo Far.

We'd had dinner and in the dinner party were some charming French girls and their father and mother. One of the girls could speak some English and was terribly keen to get practise at it. I became somewhat concerned at getting back as we'd said we'd be back at midnight. Well then to get my three friends and myself into that car was some job. Paul, the driver, and I would get a couple of them in and one would be missing and by the time we had found him the others would be missing so at last I had to come out and laugh; here was Paul who could just as easily have told us to go to hell and go off without us, sitting at the wheel crying with rage. Eventually we got away and arrived back and I gave him quite a handsome tip as it was quite cheap. I think the whole trip for the day only cost us about $23 and he seemed a bit delighted with the few dollars I gave him for the trip.

We left the next day, the weather having improved, for Canton Island which is a long haul. I think it took about 18 hours and we flew over to the Fijian Islands and also some of

the other islands on the way and P.G. Taylor the famous navigator and aviator associated with Kingsford Smith in his west/east crossing of the Pacific in a single engine plane was sitting near me and he was a delightful companion. We passed over Suva but did not land, and there was some mail from Auckland to be dropped which was to be dropped from the waste chute in the rear of the plane. This was just an opening with a sort of chute running out that you sort of pushed out or something, I can't remember exactly, but there it was a considerable hole and the next thing I know I was roped in by Gene the steward to give him a hand to dump this mail in Albert Park right near the Government Offices. Now this is just a park, and incidentally from where Kingsford Smith had taken off on his famous flight. I think there may have been three bags of mail but one of them jammed and the pilot had already made one turn and was screaming out for the mail to be pushed out so it ended up that Gene was pushing and being a thin person I think he might have easily gone out of the hole because the bag went all of a sudden, but as I was hanging on to him he was quite safe. Anyway that was probably the first air mail ever delivered from Auckland to Suva.

We flew on to Canton Island during the night. It was a pleasant night, but there was always a cold front between Nandi or the Fijian Islands and Canton Island and this was really a bad area for flying, probably one of the worst in the world. The flying conditions were very rough, though as I remember, there wasn't so much wind. Anyway, the plane was icing up badly and this was really frightening. To that stage I thought, 'Well, the wings would ice up and in an hour or so you'd have ice on them'. Believe me, they ice up in minutes and there was two inch blocks, maybe thicker, that were coming off the edge and sweeping back, spinning back and smashing into the fuselage just like a sledge hammer and thank goodness the rubber de-icing system worked alright.

After going through the front we flew on to Canton through the night and it was I think about 10.00 pm when there were bangs and shudders from one of the engines which really sent a shudder through the boat. Everybody then took notice and eventually the engineer was able (and this was the routine) to climb out through the wing and to get at the back of the engine where you could see him in the night with his torch, having a look for the trouble and eventually he made some adjustment to the ignition system or something but again the engine started to run smoothly. I'll always remember hearing one of the crew members, I think it may have been the second pilot who had been watching from the cabin where he got a better view, saying to one of the others, 'I've never seen such a mechanically minded lot of bastards in my life.' and they sure were brother, to think of coming down in that sea and the way it was behaving.

We passed on to Canton Island and there again we were stuck for at least a day, or it might have been two days. This was a horseshoe shaped island which was just nothing more than a coral atoll with no vegetation, never rains and at that time some earth had been brought in by ship and a few palm trees planted. The sovereignty of the island was in dispute and it was a condominium between the British and the Americans. The British had half the island where they had a Post Office and a cable station and I'll always remember Mr Fletcher with his two native islanders who represented British interests, while at the other end of the island was the Pan American Hotel and as the plane only came in every two weeks or more the fellows there were absolutely crazy for somebody to talk to as they would just get sick and tired of looking at one another. They told me that they had built a weekend house, as they called it, about a mile or two across the island at the extreme length where they'd go for the weekend.

The hotel was just the ordinary tropical situation and not having to worry about rain or anything like that there was no trouble at all because the highest point above sea level was about two feet and it was only about two or three degrees off the equator. I enquired about fishing and was recommended to see one of the American Negroes in charge of the boats, which I did, and we got some very heavy lines, hooks and meat for bait and went off at his suggestion down to the entrance to see if we could catch some fish. Well I've never seen so many fish. We then had a quarter in each to see who caught the first fish, and a quarter to see who caught the biggest fish. Well the big problem was that the fish were swimming layers. You just couldn't get the line down past the smaller ones to get the bigger ones which you could see distinctly. Anyway just at the entrance I could see some sharks cruising and decided to try and catch one by using one of the smaller fish we'd caught for bait. Well I spun this around my head and let it go out towards the shark and immediately they were they were just fighting like dogs to get it. Away the line went, we had no reels or anything so then the problem was how to put a brake on the line, so there were three of us using these straw hats we'd borrowed from the hotel to hold the line in our hands, but this was insufficient so we worked out a system of passing the line over and under our shoes to put some brake on and eventually we pulled in a shark I suppose of about six feet and killed it and let it go. Then for the next couple of hours we were just physically exhausted pulling in sharks and letting them go, and I gutted one of the female sharks we landed and several small sharks came out, quite mobile and capable of swimming. I hooked the line hook through the tail of one of these sharks which was about 15 inches long then threw it out and it came straight back and shelved itself on the coral. Sometimes several sharks were following so closely that they beached themselves, so here they were thrashing and everything to try and get rid of it.

Just as we had finished up for the day, exhausted from catching sharks and looking out as the tide had turned and the water was running out of the lagoon, we saw that the sharks were then fighting and eating one another. There was just a frenzy of blood and sharks, hundreds of them and two of our passengers were a Mr & Mrs Gantner (who was a Miss Myer, daughter of Sidney Myer the Emporium King of Melboure) and she and her husband Gantner had been in swimming not more than a few hundred yards away from where these sharks were. When they came around the corner of the coral and saw the sharks she nearly fainted and I don't blame her.

We took off the next day and it was quite an exciting take-off because there wasn't enough ripple on the water to break the suction on the hull of the boat and in the end they tried several times, but then got one of the larger launches to go at full speed which was quite considerable and just throw a wave to break the suction on the hull and the flying boat became airborne.

Though America was not in the war at this time, Captain P.G. Taylor had obviously been flying back military planes to Australia and also on the way up to Canton Island we had diverted. There were only just a few civilians on board (I think there were two Australians) and the rest U.S. military officers and they had all sorts of charts that they were continually looking at and we made several approaches without landing to see the practicability of it at various islands. I'll always remember Fun A Fetee which is a beautiful island and I saw it for the one and only time. The approaches were made on three or four occasions and it was later in the war that this very site became one of the largest bases in the Pacific for the American Army and Navy.

Figure 9 - AMERICAN FL YING BOAT AT CANTON ISLAND

Figure 10 - CAPTAIN P.G. TAYLER (BILL) Famous co-aviator with Kingsford-Smith

On Sunday, 17th August, 194 l, we left Canton Island about 2.30 am and that was then just about daylight for Honolulu and we arrived about l 0.30 pm without any particular incidents and we landed at Pearl Harbour the big Naval base. It was absolutely crowded with hundreds of cruisers, destroyers and other Naval vessels. We had a look around the town that evening and at 11.30 am the next day left again from Pearl Harbour for Los Angeles and this turned out to be quite a nail-biting exercise as one might put it.

The time taken to eventually fly and land just outside Los Angeles at San Pedro Harbour was 22 hours plus and when we were about half way the pilot announced that the very strong head winds had depleted the petrol supply so much that he did not think we'd be able to land at or have enough gasoline or petrol to arrive at San Pedro (that is the port of Los Angeles) so he proposed going straight for the coast instead of in the direction of San Pedro. He said that he had alerted all the ships to look out for us and that he would try to get as close to the coast as possible before coming down in the sea. Well there it is. This time we were still flying over clouds and it looked as though we were going to come down in the sea. There again fortune smiled upon me and the rest because we were some 600 miles out of the coast when a very very strong westerly wind picked the plane up and we were able to land outside Los Angeles, I think it was a couple of miles, with what was stated to be four minutes left of gasoline. Anyway we were quickly towed into the port and that was it. A very momentous crossing of the Pacific at that time and of course one of the earliest such flights. I flew quite a long way over the years with Pan American and they stated that the flight that I have just described was the longest flight they had experienced with a passenger plane.

I started immediately into business and was very much helped first of all by our friend Earl Reynolds whom we had met in 1938 and he was a great help in taking me around and in one instance he took me to San Diego on a few day trips because he had to take down a Mr Williams who was a visitor from the East Coast and was some sort of official Secretary of one of the Eastern Automobile Clubs.

I can't remember ever having met such an uninteresting person; he was bad mannered, dull and didn't seem to appreciate any of the scenery. After we went down the coast until he getting so much on Earl's nerves as well as my own and don't forget I'm only just the blow-in. I was sitting in the back seat and he said he was looking for somewhere to take a few days holiday and we came to a little village some miles north of San Diego and this place seemed to interest him but he didn't know whether we could stop there or this, that or the other thing. Earl took the cue and he went into the cabins (or what you now call a motel) and restaurant and bar and found out that there was accommodation available at a reasonable price. He signalled me that Williams was likely to stop and I got his bag out and had it in there before he could think. By the time he signed up Earl and I had left for San Diego and I never heard of him again, and neither did Earl as far as I know.

I had to look at some of the canneries in San Diego, especially on the sardines and tuna and returned with Earl to Los Angeles area where I was able to contact again such companies which could be useful to Bingham & Co. One of them very very important was obtaining the agency for the Angeles Can Machine Company the largest manufacturer in the world of can closing machinery and they were independent. They sold to anybody whereas the ordinary run of canners who were using other closing machines that were almost invariably made by the Can Co. and only leased, not sold.

One of the real events on this 1941 trip was the meeting with Jim Wattie of Wattie Canneries of New Zealand who even then had a very presentable business. I ran into Jim in the breakfast room at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco and he was on his way home absolutely dispirited and tired and fed up. He had spent several months in England and coming back across the Atlantic had survived being torpedoed and was sick of the while business. He then and there asked me to buy him a can making plant. He gave me the details of the plant that he wanted and he also made arrangements for me to draw on

$100,000 credit, and later on while in the East of the United States I was able to arrange this and probably the last up-to-date high speed line that was available for a number of years, as it consisted of what is known as McDonald Presses for making the ends. Also the machines for applying the sealing compound and a Cameron bodyline that is for making the can bodies, and the Angeles Closing Machines which in combination gave a very efficient high speed line. A little later or even at this time both Cameron and McDonald Companies were in the process of being taken over by the Continental Can Co. of America which when having got control immediately withdrew the machines from sale. They only used them for their own purposes in their own can making plants or for hire.

This plant was taken to New Zealand and we were supposed to get 10% but in the meantime America had come into the war. The supply of the plant was treated under lease lend, and we were supposed to get l O % of total cost which was a considerable amount of money. We also did the engineering and sent the drawings to New Zealand and instructions on how to operate the plant because Phil Hardge our Manager for New South Wales was a very experienced can maker.

Just finishing this story off, we kicked up a big fuss later about not being paid as the New Zealand Government was supposed to pay and honour any agreements that were carried out prior to the taking over under lease lend, but they refused to pay us and we threatened to sue them and in fact the Department of Commerce in the United States even after the war said that they would sue them if they didn't pay us and sue the New Zealand Government. For some 700 pounds I think it was, a small percentage of what we were entitled to, we settled.

Earl gave me an introduction to three gentlemen who ran a cannery, Foster &: Wood, Lodi, California and that was Bill Foster and Don Wood and their Sales Manager was Norman Merrill who later became the General Superintendent of one of the very large bean packing plants in Oregon. I also had close contact with the Californian Packing Corporation's Del Monti executives and they were very helpful indeed, as was everybody without exception that I can remember. They all wanted to help Great Britain in the war effort, and most of them were only second generation from the United Kingdom especially on the West Coast and around the States of Oregon and Washington. I was able to further cement my friendship with the senior executives of the C.R.P.A., the Columbia Packers' Association who were then the largest canners of tuna in the continent of the United States and also through their Alaska packers and their other associates were very large packers of salmon so that I was able to get all the technical assistance for bringing our knowledge up to date at that point.

Travel was now very much easier because of the aeroplane, which was becoming very common with mostly DC3's. There were some Curtis or similar aeroplanes and many of them had sleepers in them which were very good. Flying up past the glorious mountains in Oregon and Washington from Northern California, Mt Shasta and Mt Ranier and Mt Hood can only be reaJly appreciated when seen from the air though we had driven around them on the highways in 1938. I'll mention at this stage my trip to San Diego with Earl Reynolds, of passing the huge consolidated aeroplane plant where the B54 bombers were being manufactured and though we did not know the reason at the time, we saw quite a crowd round and one of these bombers, painted black, screamed down and took off and some time

(days) later it was announced that this particular plane had just broken a record in flying from San Diego to England.

In my negotiations with the Angeles Co. there were two gentlemen involved and Mr Lowell, Snr, who was the Chief Engineer and a fellow named Polly who had been adopted for some commitment by Mr Gunther who was the owner, with his wife, of the whole business. We went out to interview Mr Gunther who was almost totally deaf but had made a room which was sound proofed and in which he had a loud speaker for earphones. When you were speaking to him you spoke into a microphone and to get any message at all it sometimes had to be repeated many times and screaming at the top of your voice, which was very exhausting and after a couple of hours I was becoming desperate. I didn't know where I was getting and he was the man with the say. As it was, he was apparently satisfied and that is how we got the agency. Later when Mr Gunther died his wife took it over. She was obviously a very keen amateur photographer and took some very very excellent pictures which formed the basis of the Angeles' Company calendars which we had received from year to year. Polly turned out something of a failure, I don't know why but there was something that wasn't exactly correct and he was dismissed and young Ed Lowel was brought in from outside the business to take over the temporary management to straighten up the business with his father who was the senior operator. Mrs Gunther had nothing to do as far as the technical side of the business was concerned. Ed told me that he came in to straighten things out as he had quite a successful accountancy business. Well he made such a success of it the business grew and as far as I know when Mrs Gunther died they took it over and certainly Ed had been running the business and maybe he's still running it, who knows.

Don Wood and Bill Foster turned out very very helpful and did everything they possibly could to arrange for me to see a number of plants in the way of canneries and other food plants that normally would not have been available. Foster &: Wood were very very highly thought of as far as the quality of their products was concerned and I think Don Wood as an operator was probably one of the most successful canners that I've ever met. Don had enlisted in the First World War when only about 17 in Canada and later joined the Royal Flying Corps and was shot down and received a broken back which gave him a permanent hunch which didn't seem to worry him so much except it was braced up. His wife was named Fern and their brand was Fernwood which was very highly thought of. She was a very peculiar sort of woman in some ways, quite nice to me but I believe she used to cause Don a lot of headaches as far as her conduct was concerned. She was in the business, and I would think very efficient, and later ran the office of the Wood Canning Co., after Foster &: Wood had sold out the business, to avoid taxation imposition, to Stokely Bros. Van Camp, another very large public company. Don and Bill worked for Stokeleys for some time, but Don got sick of that and a lot of old employees were dissatisfied with the new management and wanted to leave so he started another company, the Wood Canning Co. which was going very well.

Don had a private aeroplane which he used to fly around on business and he also was a considerable race horse owner, and as I mentioned before he was a very wealthy man, but he operated this not so large cannery just as effectively as he did the older cannery. In later years I called on him quite unexpectedly with another old friend of his called Jack Weir and in the course of conversation he invited us to go out for a drink. This was after lunch, so we went down. Jack and I were due back in San Francisco that afternoon but believe me we got

down to this bar, taken there by Don in his wife's new air-conditioned Cadillac which was quite novel in those days. I had never been in an air-conditioned car.

We started talking of old times and it went on and on and on until he decided to go back and get Fern and we'd have dinner there, which we did. In the meantime he was explaining what a dilemma he was in as he'd been down horse racing at the big race track outside Los Angeles, Santa Anita, and he had been drinking with some people there and he got talked into putting $100,000 into an oil well in Texas and next morning he was frightened · to tell Fern how silly he'd been as she wouldn't take it very kindly. Well he then showed us a telegram where the well had blown in and he was now an owner of an oil producing well in Texas and he didn't know what to do. He didn't know how to tell Fern.

I was reading in the paper the next morning in the Financial News that there were three new wells that had come in Texas and one of them was owned by a prominent Canner in California. So there you are, I never asked Don although I met him later on. Fern died not long afterwards but as far as I know Don went on but I seemed to miss him on my various trips over there.

One of the great tragedies, a real tragedy for Don and Fern, was the death of young Donny the son. As I mentioned previously, Don had an aeroplane which he used to fly around to the various places of business and Donny had learned to fly and I believe had a licence. He was only 17 I think at the time and he was not allowed to fly the plane without his father's permission. Unknown to his parents he went down to the airfield some distance from Lodi and took the plane up and I believe he had another school chum with him. The weather was very dangerous for flying and he flew over a range of hills and got lost apparently. Eventually he crash landed, killing himself and I think also the friend who was with him. After that Fern seemed to have a real chip on her shoulder feeling that the tragedy was caused by Don because he should never have had an aeroplane in the first place but of course this was stupid; that's how things go.

After leaving Foster & Woods, Norman Merrill the Sales Manager took me to Stockton and I was able to meet Mrs Wiseberg and see her famous tomato cannery, Flothill Products. Mrs Wiseberg was a character and an outstanding woman, a very pretty redheaded woman who had dropped her husband somewhere along the line, and I believe with some Italian backing in New York, she had opened up this Flothill Cannery to supply tomatoes and tomato paste for a market which previously had been supplied from Italy.

She would not allow anybody in the place and when the various canners found that I was able to see the plant in Stockton and had indeed become very friendly with her and her nephews they "made insinuations". She had trouble with a big strike and got over that by marrying the leader of the Union which was causing the problem and became Mrs Lewis. One story was that during some holdup where the cannery was declared black and no tomatoes were being delivered, she actually had gone out in her car with a driver and with large sums of cash actually stepped into the trucks and held the drivers up with a gun and made them pull into her cannery and then bribed them with a lot of money to say that's where they thought they were supposed to go. I used to make a visit each time I was in California to see Mrs Lewis who was very helpful.

On leaving Stockton I caught the Santa Fe bus to San Francisco and took up the business trail from there, and at first I called on the Americans and Orient Co. to see my old friend Mr Charlie Carter who was just the same as ever but becoming rather hard of hearing and losing his eyesight. He was just as great a gentleman and immediately said to me 'Look Dave, I know that things are difficult for you to obtain dollars, how about if I give you a draft for $700 and you can pay it back to me after the war.' I refused this as I said to him I wouldn't know whether I'd ever be able to pay it back, but anyway he said the offer is there, but I didn't need it.

I called on Californian Packing Corp. and saw Mr Sandborn the Chief Superintendent, and he again was most helpful, helping me to see a number of canneries. For the first time at F.M. Ball Company's place I was able to see F & P peach pitters, and these we later became agents for in Australia and had quite a number of them on hire. They definitely had some advantages but were rather light in construction and didn't have any very big advantage over the opposition machines which were then being developed and I was asked by Calpak at a later date to have a look at an installation of the experimental machines that they had put in, and which incidentally were owned by a joint stock company, the shareholders consisting of Californian Packing Corporation, Libby, McNeill & Libby, and the Food Machinery Corporation and this was known as the Pacific Machinery Co. Later I was instrumental in blocking, or helped to break this monopoly, which is quite a long story.

While inspecting the operation of the peach pitters for Calpack, I met Dick Russell, their research engineer and we became quite firm friends. Incidentally, 700 boxes of fruit at this cannery were held back and especially run for my benefit to give me an opportunity of reporting to Calpak on the possibilities with them. I had to be truthful in this and state that I thought the possibilities were good, but they used unsuitable materials such as gun metal and this should be replaced with stainless steel as the parts were rather fine and the gun metal was not strong enough.

In the course of putting in the Fish Canning Plant at Narooma we had incorporated a small plant for making fish oil and fish meal, and the fish meal plant had been supplied by the Californian Press Co. This had not been very satisfactory and in fact had obviously not been assembled and tested before leaving California. So I went and saw the Manager, a Mr Megan and quite forcibly told him what I thought of the Company and he was very apologetic and I believe they made some allowance to us for modifying the plant to get it working, and I believe it is still working today, or part of it at the Heinz Cannery at Eden.

On Monday the 8th, Ralf Sanborn of Calpak arranged for Dick Russell to take me to Monterey for Monterey was the centre of the big concentration of the fish canneries, especially sardines. It was situated on Monterey Bay and this was a very big operation and was the scene of the book written by John Steinbeck, "Cannery Row", and later on when I read the book it was just there, just as he had written it and it was really something. There was a whole row of canneries on the waterfront and built out over the water and across a narrow street were the warehouses and bars which were nothing more than brothels. And so here we've got nearly a mile of canneries and a mile of brothels, one on each side of the road, and I remember quite well of seeing the old boilers, the old Scotch marine boilers that the people were living, in. In fact I remember the curtains on the fire doors, and also the Chinese store where the Chinaman in the book features.

After the day's occupation we were having dinner together, Dick Russell and I continued our drafting on the tablecloth in the restaurant, the designing of the new vacuum syruper or briner. I never saw Dick again that I remember, but he was a nice fellow.

On Saturday, 13th September, I left San Francisco on United Plane and arrived about 7 .00 pm at Portland, Oregon. It was a magnificent flight with the mountains standing out gloriously with the snow on them. Portland is a very pleasant city and I was stopping at the Multnomah Hotel, a very pleasant place. There are the large canneries and also timber interests, and it is interesting to see the vast log rafts being moved along the Columbia and Willimat Rivers. I went out to see the Calpak's plant and met the General Manager, Mr Roy Lux and also Mr Crapo, a General Superintendent for the North West. He took me to see their large pear operation plant at Vancouver and also invited me to visit Yackama, a big fruit district, reached overnight by North Western Airlines. This was a very pleasant day in looking over, and it's incidental that the Yackama Valley is practically owned by the Yackama and Tocomish Indians and they were the first Red Indians that I'd seen, and when I mean red, they are red, they have got real copper coloured skins and it was explained to me that they were very prone to getting to alcohol and the Department of Indian Affairs had great trouble in keeping the grog away from them.

We paid a visit to the official in charge of the Indian Station which was quite a substantial building and had a big flag pole set in lawns out in the front of the building. It was explained to me that these Indians would come and sit around the flag pole and take it in turns to sit for 24 hours a day until somebody would come along to ask them what their problems were. The Indian Affairs official stated the problems he had of trying to let these people get away for vacations and so forth. As he said, you give them money and they just drink it and then they tried giving them tickets, but that didn't fix them either as they'd just sell the tickets. Then they said they tried having some of the representatives meet the Indians along the various points along the railway and give them the ticket further on. He said that this didn't work out either and their problem was still with them. Mr Crapo took me down to see Calpak's modern bean plant. It had a lot of Chisholm Ryder equipment which I was very interested to see and also Urschel Bean Cutters which were all working very well. The Superintendent was Mr Roy Blundell and his father had come out from England and they were very sympathetic towards the allied war effort. In fact the Blundells had some relations from England stopping with them to avoid the problems in England of the war.

I met a Mr Ed Burns who was the Secretary of a Company which controlled Ewald pear peeling machines, and after discussion he agreed to a price from $3000 to $5000 per machine, and he was willing to have two sent out for trials and they could be returned. I later arranged for four machines to be sent out, and later on we had a considerable number here in Australia. They were compared with the FMC machines which were slower but claimed to give a better yield, and no matter what we did to prove that the Ewald machine did a much better job, we were still not able to greatly enlarge our market for them in Australia.

I went down to Astoria again to see my friends at the big cannery there of the Columbia

River Packers Association and met again Mr Thompson the Chairman. The following day I had lunch with the Vice President of C.R.P.A., Mr Tom Sandos and his brother Fred who were senior executives and later became known world-wide as the operators of a whole series of Tuna Canneries, especially in specific areas such as American Samoa and other places. In the company with a Mr Emans who was a machinery man from California, I visited the Astoria Column which is a memorial to the wintering camp of John Jacob Astor's exploring team that was trying to find the north west passage. It was a remarkable column in as much that it is probably 200 feet high and has the history of the adventures of this exploration party set out in mosaic on the outside of the column in a huge spiral so that to follow the spiral up by ladder you can see the history of the problems of this exploration party in trying to find the north west passage. From the top of the column is a wonderful view of the rivers there because it is at the junction of the Lewis and Clarke, Young and Columbia Rivers, and this Columbia River where it goes out to sea at Sea Side, at this point a little lower down is some l 5 miles wide.

I left Portland for Seattle by air on Tuesday, 23rd September and had a wonderful view of the mountains, snow caps and standing so high above the surrounding country; Mt Hood and Mt St Helens. Since then the terrific eruption of Mt St Helens would have very much altered the look of the country as of today.

I spent Tuesday in visiting the Troyer Fox Plant of the Continental Can Co. and this plant was originally the Astoria Iron Works at Astoria and were the developers and designers of a closing machine for cans which became world famous and was known as the 9 D.S. The actual men who were employed on the development of this machine were Dodds, Pearson, Coyle and Burns. Bert Coyle became the Can Maker in charge at the Shepparton Preserving Co. in Shepparton Victoria and it was he who gave me the introduction to the Troyer Box people and it was a very interesting story to hear from the gentleman involved in developing this machine, of their problems in trying to arrive at a satisfactory curve in their clinching mechanism that would cover all the sizes of cans between the small can, diameter 301 and a largest diameter can which normally used a 401 and to me it just shows again what can be achieved if there's the "stick-at-itness" around and you just don't give up. The Troyer Fox executives certainly were very helpful and showed very considerable interest in showing me around socially and entertaining me, and again at one of the clubs I was asked to speak on the position as far as I could see it from my specific angle on the war, as it was obviously becoming quite evident to many people that America would soon be in the war.

I later visited the Smith Canning Co., makers of the famous machine for cleaning and treating the salmon before canning; the "Iron Chink". I was not impressed at all by the shop and the Company which apparently had passed through several hands was now down to the stage where they made an odd Iron Chink and supplied spare parts and service to those still in use, and quite a nice profitable business, but obviously slowly dying on its feet, whether it did or not I still don't know.

I visited the Leavitt Co. who were representatives for Chisholm Ryder and one of their service men drove me down to the Libby Mc Neil plant at Kent and also took me over to Tecoma and visited the Western Shipbuilding Co. run by Mr Petrich and sons who had a beautiful shipyard, the Western Boatbuilding Co. and there was a beautiful new bait tuna boat the Annabee just made ready for delivery, and I was really interested and surprised to

see the very high standard of accommodation for the crew. It was certainly as good as any that would be expected on a liner and even included a chapel for the crew mostly Portugese.

Whilst visiting the big tuna and salmon packaging plant of the C.R.P.A. at Astoria I saw the start up of the first of the big stainless steel belts to be used in the food industry. This was quite an event and it was made in Sweden by the Sandavic Co. who became justifiably famous for these belts, and they had one of their Swedish engineers out at the plant to see it start up. Lots of improvements were made on these belts and they are still very much in use, but there were difficulties in making them track properly and especially in the joining. The joining of a belt, in this case I think the belt was four feet wide, is quite a job and in those days they had to depend on rivets and braising whereas today of course it's a comparatively easy matter to butt weld the stainless steel belt and once polished off there is little difference in the whole belt.

I visited the Special Equipment Company at Olympia, Washington; Olympia being the capital of the state of Washington, and met Mr Ivan Moorhouse, the Manager and Mr Ray Ewald, the Engineer, and one of those that developed the Ewald pear machine.. The Ewald cannery is quite large and they had quite a number of the Ewald pear machines doing an excellent job. Earl Reynolds and his wife Naomi were spending some time in Seattle at some sort of a convention and Earl in his work as a Public Relations man had to specially squire an Army Colonel who was important apparently to the Company Kaiser Steel for whom Earl worked.

We had quite an evening and when all was ready for bed at 1.00 am this damn Colonel decided he must have some Dungeness crabs; these were crabs that they found in the mud flats. So Earl had to find them and I went along with Earl to keep him company with the Colonel because he was quite a bore. Eventually after at least an hour of driving around the town we discovered some Dungeness crabs and bought sufficient for him to take home and I suppose he woke up his wife and ate them.

I visited a pea cannery at Mt Vernon and also this was associated with a 600 acre plantation of peas and noted that they used one Chisholm Ryder viner to each five acres. So we can see the very considerable scope in viners when you consider that this plant alone would have 120, and they told me the yield was about 4,000 lbs per acre and goes to illustrate why the States of Washington, Oregon and Idaho were the centre of the very large pea canning industry.

On Sunday, 28th September I left by plane for Chicago via Portland, that is we just flew to Portland and straight out again, and I had a sleeper and flew in a nice night over the snow covered mountains, which would be the Sierre Navadas, I think; very, very rugged country. And so on to Chicago arriving about 9.30 am Chicago time, very tired.

I immediately started to investigate and confirm the orders for the Wattie Can making plant with the Cameron Machine Co. and the McDonald Co. and secured the ordering as far as I could go. On Wednesday I had arranged to visit the J.L. Ferguson Co. at Joliet some 40 miles south west of Chicago. So as usual I enquired of the head porter as to the method of getting there, so he told me to catch the 8 o'clock bus from the bus depot. So on Wednesday, 1st October, I was at the depot with the ticket the porter had obtained for me, and just at a few minutes before 8 o'clock I saw a bus marked Joliet and I got on the bus and

the bus pulled out and we proceeded on to Joliet. We came opposite the outer entrance of the huge Joliet Prison. The bus and the load of passengers drove through the entrance gate and the outer security gates after some considerable inspection, and then, it arrived at what would be termed in the old days something like a portcullis. The conductor said

'All out for the prison.'

Well I didn't get out and the fellow looked at me and said

'Aren't you getting out?' and I said

'No, I want to go to Joliet.'

'Oh,' he said 'you should have caught the bus that leaves at three minutes past eight.'

So anyway there I was, 7 or 8 miles out in the sticks, at the prison Joliet. So I got talking to the driver about whether I could get a cab, so he said

'I will drive you out to the main gate.'

Now you have got to remember that he couldn't just drive in and out as he felt like it, so he drove me out to the main gate, then he spoke to the gatekeeper guards and asked them could they get a taxi for me. Well they didn't seem to be able to get one too easily to come out that distance, so in the end after some discussion the driver said,

'I've got another 2 or 3 hours to kill, so I'll drive you in if you don't mind paying for the petrol.' So I said

'That's okay with me.'

So we had a very interesting run in, by this time having no other passengers and he was telling me about all the weird people he takes down, these visitors to this huge prison. He was telling me of some of the silly things they do. He said

'For instance, there is a mother and apparently not quite sane, brings down every two weeks a big cake for her son, and says that she's got hacksaw blades hidden in it. Well, everything that goes into the place and everybody has got to go through the metal detector and the detector shows up the blades and she loses the cake but she still keeps on doing it.'

But anyway I was very taken by this prison as I couldn't see how it was possible for anybody to escape as it's quite a distance to the outer prison and from the outer guard fence which was quite high, and the search lights light this up at night and it's absolutely clean and flat, nothing could move around without being seen.

Anyway, Joliet was quite a manufacturing town and quite a shipbuilding town specialising at that time in the building of the barges that go down the Mississippi River. I went out to Fergusons' factory and found it was very interesting. Later on in the evening I came to an agreement with J.L. Ferguson Senior to manufacture the carton sealer in Australia and he was interested in manufacturing our can casing machine and the labelling machine. So we ordered a machine to be shipped and it was shipped off quite quickly and eventually arrived in Australia. We never did get the drawings from Ferguson and it's to be remembered that once America came into the war, correspondence, business or private was

very, very difficult and so for some reason or another Bingham & Co. had agreed to pay I think 7% on the first 22 machines. The money we couldn't transmit because of the problem of the American Government and the Australian Government, put it into a trust account and it was there, and that became another story later on.

Here we were again putting out in Australia automatic carton sealing machinery just a few months after it had come on the world market in the United States. The opposition machine was somewhat similar but I felt that the Ferguson machine was more straightforward and suited our manufacture better which proved to be true, because we built hundreds of them.

I left Chicago on Wednesday, 1st October, 1941 and flew to Buffalo, New York, arriving there about 12.30 am and booked into the Statler Hotel. Now the Buffalo airport has always served the Niagara Falls area and the Buffalo area as it's about half way between the cities. I was picked up the next morning by the Chisholm Ryder representative and taken to the factory where a big conference meeting was in progress. All the Chisholm Ryder representatives were there and I sat in on the meeting as the representative for Australia, or as old Mr Steven Ryder used to say; 'My representative from the land of the kangaroo'. It was very interesting and out of it one of the main things was I became very friendly with Joe Urschel of Urschel Laboratories, and he was demonstrating his latest machine known as the Model B Dicer which would slice, shred, or dice fruit and vegetables, especially vegetables in the way of potatoes, carrots, and the like. The night I arrived there this party was put on which I understood was also a birthday party of Mr Steven Ryder, and what a party it was.

On this visit to Niagara Falls, which was to become one of many over the next 20 years, I was stopping at the Red Coach Inn and had their best room; Room 3. It was only a small hotel near the falls an quite novel in many ways as it had a good restaurant at reasonable prices and it was very popular with small conventions like the Chisholm Ryder affair.

On Saturday, 4th October after looking round the falls and generally surveying the land in company with Jimmy Leavitt who was a principal at J. Leavitt & Co. Portland, Oregon and he was a Director of Chisholm Ryder and also their representative in the West Coast. Jimmy was a devout Mormon religionist but that didn't stop him from liking a few drinks and there was a British carnival on at the time to raise money for the needy in Britain so we had to go along and Jimmy and I ended up getting very confidential in my room with a bottle of Scotch and we became very good friends after that.

Niagara Falls area is often neglected on the tourist run after just looking at the Falls, but actually it is probably the, most historic area in the United States and Canada as it is right on :the border and it was here that the portage had to take place in getting up the Niagara River and into the lake system, and the Indians had forts here which prevented the Europeans from shifting their canoes up or down to suit the levels of the lakes. Later the French overcame this and then they built forts and some of these old forts are still there, and also the Erie ship canal which connects Lake Erie with the Hudson River some hundreds of miles east and was certainly a mighty engineering feat at the time it was built. So at present time either way it is possible to come up the Hudson River, get in the Erie ship canal across to Lake Erie from Lake Erie to Lake Superior, Lake Michigan, etc and then out of Lake

Michigan down to Chicago ship canal and eventually into the Ohio and Mississippi River system and ending out in the Gulf of Mexico.

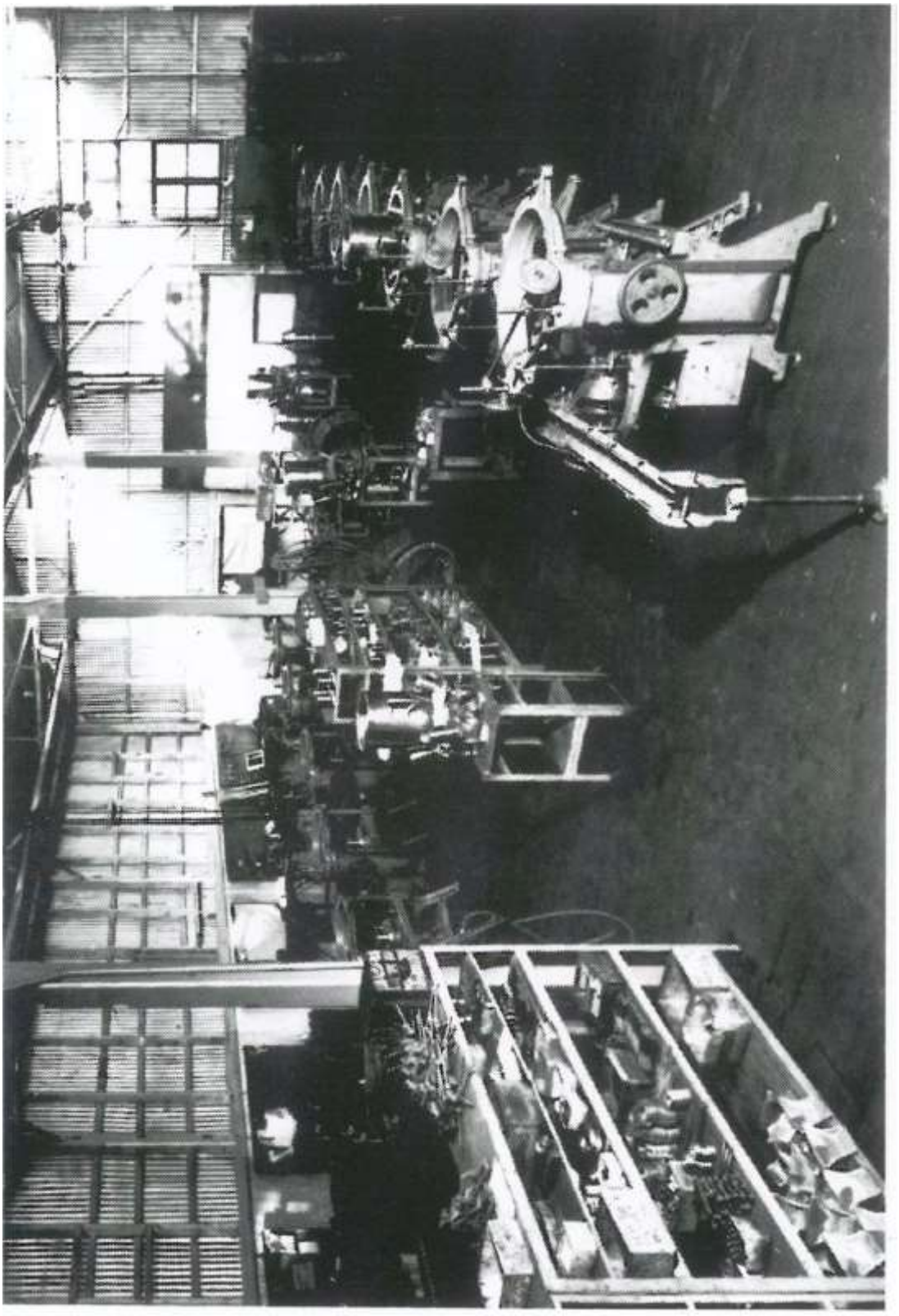

Figure 11 - Assembling Bingham patented MC Fillers

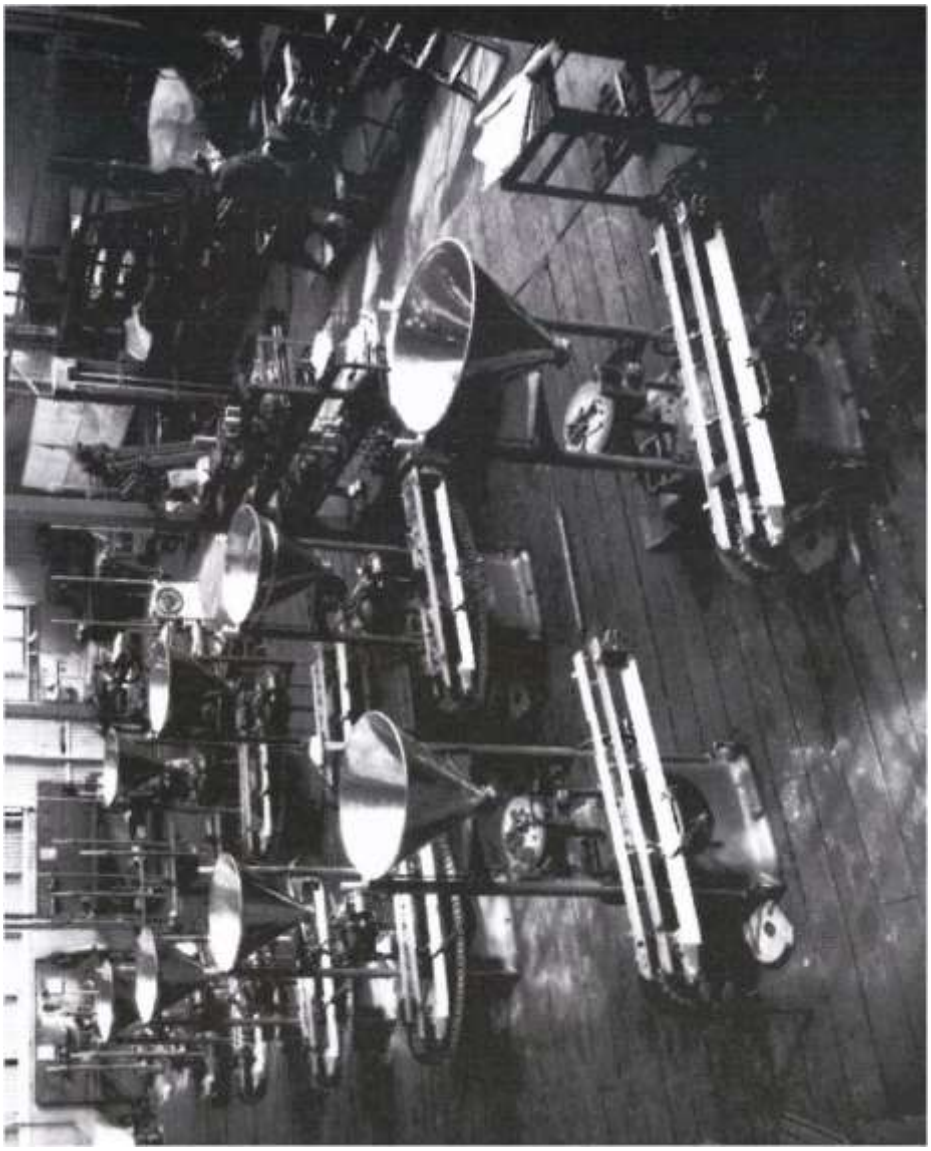

Figure 12 - Assembling Bingham patented IC Fillers

After the next day's rather faulty recovery from the effects of the large dispersal dinner party put on by the Chisholm Ryder Co. I left for Rochester, New York and on arrival went and spent some time at the Phaudler Co. which was building King fillers and had King's engineer there helping them to get them going.

We had a long discussion about the fillers in general and I just can't recall King's engineer's name. I think he was named Everitt, and it was rather fateful that he was talking about building a new type of filler and we had had quite a lot of experience because we already had a superior filler known as the M.C. filler, and incorporated into this filler (I might have mentioned earlier) was the slant track and later when I designed in 1953, a filler to fill semi solids and juice called the T.E.G. filler. In the meantime Everitt had designed and built what is known as the Phaudler filler, which was a sort of an M.C. type of filler with many more heads and this proved a huge success. In fact it became the world's standard filler until its performance was surpassed. I made my patents on the T.E.G. filler and so it is today. I think the T.E.G. filler has proved to be a better machine by winning out in Australia and New Zealand and in Europe so that Everitt left Phaudler and he went to another machinery

manufacturer and apparently induced them to build a different filler, which was his usual practical design worked with some success. But it never took on like the other machines. Our T.E.G. fillers incidentally would have sold in thousands in the United States if it had been properly organised over there for service.

My chief purpose of visiting Rochester was to discuss with Messrs. Bauch & Lomb, very big people in the world in the way of Optics, their spectroscope which by burning metal before it you could get an analysis quite quickly, comparatively speaking. In fact, they claimed 15 minutes and I took all this cross information back to Australia and unfortunately the machines became impossible to acquire due to war conditions and we later found that our formula for manufacture was so good that we didn't need it.

I then went to Worcester, Massachusetts to visit Messrs Oslund Bros. who manufactured bottle labelling machines and was very impressed with the small plant and a very excellent machine. Mr Oslund Senior had his seven sons working for him and they were doing a very good job and I arranged to get the agency for them for Australia, like a lot of other things we could do nothing much with during the war. Mr Oslund introduced me to Morgan Construction Co., Mr Morgan Junior I think, and a Mr Beaton, Engineer Manager of their wire drawing business, and I was very impressed and he told me all about the use of the diamond dies which we were interested in for our Robot Electric Welding rods· and this opened the way for us to get them, and also the introduction to a small Company that made the dies in Brooklyn, New York.

I returned to Albany the capital of the State of New York and got a plane from Albany to New York City, but the weather was very bad, and our plane was very much delayed. Eventually we took off and arrived in New York on Friday, 10th October. My first visit was to the Australian Trade Commissioner's Office, and as usual the Trade Commissioner's Office had balled up things which they invariable did in any of their Trade Offices, and had sent the letters that were sent there to be held, back home.

I went to see the famous Rodeo at Madison Square Gardens and it was really a show to be remembered. Gene Autry who became famous on the movies as a cowboy star in westerns and singing, etc. was so good, there was no doubt about it. He was a wonderful horseman and the spectacle on his famous horse, standing on his two back legs and waltzing completely around the Madison Square Gardens area well to be remembered. I wrote down some of the times; calf-roping 17 seconds, bulldogging 6-2/5 seconds and milking 32 seconds.

Monday, 13th October was Columbus Day, a holiday, but it was not a holiday in Pennsylvania. So I decided to visit the Neway Canning Machine Co. at Hanover, and to do this the nearest plane service was to Harrisburg, from Harrisburg to Hanover is quite a distance. I can't remember exactly but I think it was about 30 miles and to get there I had to take a taxi. I became quite friendly with the driver and he was quite a boxing enthusiast and had taken a great interest in the life story of the Australian boxer Les Darcy and was very happy to talk about it to me as I had some knowledge generally of his career. He didn't charge me the full amount and shut his meter off and took me around a few of the spots to be seen in the area which was very picturesque from the point of view of excellent farming area. We ended up with me taking him to dinner and that evening I caught a late plane back to New York, arriving about midnight.

On Tuesday, 14th October I arranged with the Vianney Die Co. to ship the dies to us and I paid for them. I later had lunch with Frank Elsworth who was an Australian working for the Australian Government in America, looking after the supply of the tinplate so important to the Australian Canning Industry. I'd known Frank when he was with a food chemist with the Jones Company in Sydney and I remember the day that it was announced after the meeting of the canners that Frank Elsworth had been chosen to represent them on such an important position and they .didn't know who he was. And I said 'Look, you can take it from me, he is going to be hard to beat', or something to that effect. He certainly did because in all the manufacture of these things there are always over-runs and he made it a visit and saw the plant men at the various plants making tin plate, and so he was able to get first crack at the over-runs, and Frank used to take it on himself to take everything he could get, it was always useful and this brought protests from other countries including Canada. But anyway Frank went on.

In the evening I went and saw Ethel Merman in "Panama Hattie", and I might say at this stage that one of the greatest satisfactions for me when either in London or New York was to visit the various musical plays especially because they're always well produced and if they're going to be good, they're good there. Ethel Merman with her brassy voice I'd heard on records but had never seen her and sure enough she just has the personality plus, and Arthur Treacher who later became well known for playing the butler, an English butler, in the numerous pictures and only died recently.

I called on the United States Machinery Co. in New York and had a very pleasant chat with Mr Watts the President, who had visited Australia and knew quite a lot about the Australian timber industry for which they had specialised machines. It was just a friendly visit, we were not interested in selling woodworking machinery, other than the general discussions, but later on Mr Bill Taylor who was one of the senior partners was at that time in Australia supervising the erection of a canite plant at Piermont for the C.S.R. Co. and we met on my return to Australia and became quite firm friends. He was much younger than Mr Watts and he said that his father had been a senior partner.

As I said before Bill Taylor was engaged in Australia supervising the building of the canite plant, the first plant of its kind in Australia and which the United States Machinery, that's he and his partners, owned the patents. When the plant was finished, Bill told me of how he had been fed up with Sir Philip Goldfinch, the Chairman of Directors of the C.S.R. and how he suggested to Sir Philip that he buy another plant off them for which they'd taken out patents, for the manufacture of a similar product to canite. Sir Philip was obviously annoyed and upset over this as Bill said it's only a matter of business, and he said you can have the patent rights for the sum of 70,000 pounds, and he said if C.S.R. doesn't buy it I'll sell it to somebody else. Anyway, Sir Philip immediately challenged him as to whether anybody else would be silly enough to put 70,000 pounds into building a plant in competition with the C.S.R. and Bill then showed him a letter of intent from the Distillers Ltd. of England, a huge whisky combine pledging to spend on a plant at the discretion of BiJl a very large sum of money. With this Sir Philip capitulated and bought the patents which were never used in Australia.

Whilst in New York I went to see a really wonderful musical called "I'd Rather Be Right", and this was a comedy incorporating President Roosevelt and his cabinet and their fight over the new labour act Roosevelt was trying to introduce. George M. Cohan was the

actor, and he was made up exactly like Roosevelt in appearance, and the various members of the cast or the play and what crooks they are. Well, one of the members of Roosevelt's Cabinet who was getting mostly all the attention in the show was sitting in the seat almost in front of me, and though they were calling him crook and everything around the place, he seemed to be really enjoying himself about it.

The High Court judges were the men's chorus and ballet and so whenever Roosevelt had nearly finalised something to get over the problems of the U.S.A. at that time (I might say that the whole play took place in Central Park, New York) and he'd just have his Cabinet all ready to go, when out from behind the rocks would bounce some of the old judges of the High Court singing their song, "You can't do that there here" and he was back in trouble again. It was a really marvellous show and it's a pity there are not more of them, though the difference today would be the number of slander cases that would come out of it.

I met Frank Elsworth for lunch and spent the afternoon with him and later we went down in the evening and I took movies of Broadway and the famous lights which were right at their height in those days, and some of the huge advertising displays cover almost a city block, and were colossal in spectacle featuring waterfalls, all sorts of things. So I got out on the road when the lights were against the traffic, took some pictures then on the word from Frank would run across and wait for the lights to change again. I got some very good pictures and neither of us thought at the time that this would be probably the last time that they would be seen as when America came into the war the lights of Broadway, the big advertising lights and everything else were closed down and never reopened. In fact, Broadway then started to go downhill.

Frank Elsworth, incidentally, stayed in the United States doing a wonderful job till the end of the war when he came back to Australia and took over the job of Managing Director of the local company owned by W.R. Grace, a combination of shipping and fruit and all sorts of things who had bought out the Dewey & Almey Co. the large manufacturers, in fact practically world monopoly of the manufacture of the compound for sealing the tops of cans. They had a factory in Australia and Frank took over the job of Managing Director and later became the Director of all the Dewey & Almey or Grace factories in Japan and other places in the East and New Zealand and Australia. He later became a Director of the Institute of Directors but unfortunately died at quite an early age of a sudden heart attack.

After taking the movies with Frank on Broadway, I checked out of the hotel and was ready to leave and he drove me out to catch the 7.00 pm plane from La Guardia field. Now La Guardia was only just a short way from downtown Manhattan and not like it is today, out at the Kennedy field, many many miles away. I had booked a sleeper to Chicago and there weren't very many people aboard as there were only about 13 bunks and it was just a wonderful night. The stars were out as we took off and in those days La Guardia field being so close they used to fly over the city and with all the skyscrapers lit up, it was just like fairyland, absolutely wonderful.

We had just proceeded a little way just a few minutes when a woman on board suddenly went into a panic, temporary insanity, and wanted to jump out of the plane. There was a stewardess on board and she was wringing her hands and didn't know what to do, so I grabbed hold of the woman by the legs and because she was absolutely crazy at this time and very strong, another gentleman grabbed her by the arms and around the body. There

we wrestled with this woman until eventually she started howling and sobbing and sat down with this gentleman and calmed down. No wonder the poor woman had gone temporarily around the twist; in her hand the telegram stated that her eldest son had been killed in Chicago that day and the telegram had only just been handed to her as she got on the plane. She had come down to New York to arrange the funeral of her husband, so there you are. The gentleman calming her down, I don't know his name, did a great job. She was quite calmed down and went to sleep.

On arriving in Chicago on 17th October I immediately contacted the various companies in regard to the Wattie Cannery plant and made all the necessary arrangements for payment and shipping, etc. I was able to see Mr J.L. Ferguson and his crowd again and we arranged and agreed with his Sales Manager, Mr Pete Bowley on the manufacture in Australia of the sealing machine which I've mentioned earlier. I went out to Valparaiso and was picked up by Joe Urschel and went to their factory. I was very impressed with the new dicer and arranged that it should be manufactured in Australia and we would pay 7.5% I think it was on the first 200 machines. The drawings were later delivered and they were excellent. They were very accurate, that is all the modifications had been brought up to date on the drawings and therefore we were quickly and at exactly the right time for the machine to be launched in Australia to meet the demands of the Forces Food programme.

I went down to Hoopeston, Illinois which is about 90 miles south of Chicago, through one of the great corn areas. It was on a Sunday the 19th, and I got on the train and there were several carriages. There were all girls on board. I didn't see anybody of authority so eventually I went along and took a seat according to the number on my ticket. The conductor came along and he looked at me and he said

'What are you doing on the train?'

'Well,' I said 'there's my ticket, there's the seat and everything.'

'Oh,' he said 'you got on the wrong train, this is a special, the co-eds, the girl students have chartered this train.'

There were hundreds of them to go somewhere. Anyway, I told him that I had this ticket to Hoopeston, and he said

'Oh well, that's alright, I'll arrange to stop the train just for you to get off.'

I only had a small bag with me, so at 4.15 in the afternoon I arrived and got off and the hotel was right alongside the railway line. I went into the hotel, a real country hick sort of hotel, it was only a small town, and got a nice big room up one flight of stairs right on the corner of the building. I opened the windows as it was very hot to get some air into the place and lay down to have a bit of a snooze when suddenly there was just a roar and a scream. I just about fell out of bed to get on my feet and here was a train tearing past on the same track that I'd come in on, but I didn't realise that the train was only a few feet from my window, and out flew the curtains following the train, so I thought, 'That's no good', so I then closed the window.

That was alright when about some time in the night I'd opened the other windows because it was on the corner and they were both big windows, and there was a rail road

again. The same thing happened and it was worse this time as I had been asleep and out rushed the curtains on the other side of the corner. It's the only place I've ever seen, and had the experience where the lines actually crossed at right angles, and they were welded lines. That is, the trains were timed and they just flew through this crossing as though there was no crossing, and so this went on, trains every few minutes because I found out afterwards it was on the main line delivering the ore to Pittsburgh. The long freight trains would tear through and you'd just get down and bang and there'd be another one, but then there'd be one coming the other way, so I ended up with both windows closed and it was one of those things.

Well, later on during the war when the Americans had arrived in force, it was after a technical meeting we adjourned to the Hotel Australia to one of their suites and we were having a chat and a drink when in the discussion one of the majors, his name was Major Cobb, claimed that his grandfather was a relative of Cobb & Co. the people who had the coaches here. Anyway, he started to tell the same tale as I've just told, and he was just going to say where it was, when I said

'I can tell you where it is.• and he said

'Well, that's fantastic, I've never met anybody that's had the same experience.' and he said 'Here I come all these thousands of miles here during a war to find somebody who had already had the same weird experience.'

I had visited Hoopeston with the express purpose of seeing Sprage Sells Co. about the possibilities of handling the Corn Machines, and their equipment was quite good and very widely used though they were fairly slack at the time because their money had been made out of the machinery by hiring it but as their patents had run out, and they were selling them, most of the corn canneries were already well fitted out, and therefore there was very little call for their machines. But they did sell and make other machinery. However, nothing came of it because of the fact that Food Machinery Corporation of America, our big opposition bought them out within a very short time so they became a part of Food Machinery Corporation. In fact, Mr Wilson who was the Secretary at Hoopstone was to become a Senior Executive in the Food Machinery Corporation.

Back in Chicago I picked up the welding lenses and later had a final lunch and discussion with J.L. Ferguson and left on the 11.15 pm plane on 21st October for Salt Lake City. We were delayed with bad weather and got away on the 4.30 am plane and reached Salt Lake about 12.15 pm •• Let's remember to keep in mind that the old time DC3's having to keep down lower because of pressurising which had its advantages which I'm sure were more than its disadvantages. The advantage was that you got a beautiful view of the country and, after landing at Salt Lake City I spent a couple of hours being driven around and seeing the wonderful work that's been done there by the Mormons from an engineering point of view in construction. I felt that the Tabernacle built in Salt Lake City had such beautiful acoustics and seats so many thousand people, and yet when it was constructed had no steel in it whatsoever. There are no columns to support the roof which is in the form of a half dome, and it is said to be 11 feet thick at the centre, and just imagine the hundreds and hundreds of thousands of wooden pieces all bound together with rawhide thongs and pegged with wooden pegs.

I flew out of Salt Lake City and on to San Francisco and started the usual round of business to arrange shipment of the Wattie Cannery can making line, the four Ewald Pear Peelers and some of my own personal gear. I carried some very important diamond dies in my pocket and these had to be shown to the Customs when I boarded the plane for home as it was illegal to take out diamonds without an export license, all of which was excellently arranged with Harper Robinson. They did a very good job and from this and other matters we became very friendly and they handled our work and transport packaging and shipment for many years afterwards.

I arrived in Los Angeles on Wednesday, 29th October, quite a pleasant flight. I was able to look over a number of fish canneries with the help of various contacts and friends I'd made, and spent Saturday and Sunday the 1st and 2nd at Earl Reynold's place and met some interesting people associated with the movies.

On Monday the flying boat was due to leave and I waited around and the plane was delayed. The general event was that you stopped in the hotel until 10.00 am and if by that time you had not been informed of its departure it wouldn't be going that day. The plane was delayed for two days and while lying in bed at the Hotel Biltmore reading the morning papers I read a rather interesting article of public notice that that day the George Chaffey yacht, "Mildura" (being in the Estate of George Chaffey) would be sold at auction at San Pedro. This immediately brought to mind a rather interesting matter in as much that George and John Chaffey brothers were closely associated with the original irrigation scheme and settlement in the Mildura area in Victoria. George had returned to California and John stopped on at Mildura and became very well-known indeed, and there is a memorial monument in the town of Mildura to John Chaffey and George Chaffey who set up the very large irrigation system in Ontario, California, and there is a Chaffey College in Ontario with a memorial notice that it was the gift of George Chaffey and is in memory of the work he had done for irrigation.

On Wednesday, 5th November we left San Pedro Harbour in the flying boat for Honolulu and had a very comfortable trip of I think about 16 hours flying time. I arrived again in Pearl Harbour and Honolulu to spend a day there and visit the Calpak Pineapple Plant and again met Mr Newton the Cannery Superintendent, and also his assistant Sidney. Sid Carlson and I and Sid's wife and my wife became friends from then on until Sid died in about September 1981. What a great gentleman he was and he turned out to be such a friend. He visited Australia and we had the pleasure of having him as a guest and we visited Honolulu on a number of occasions to renew their acquaintance. He was so helpful to me with the pineapple canning industry that I was to get a really good insight into it.

We were billeted in the Moana Hotel and the Secretary for Air New Zealand was in the same room and we ended up having quite a few drinks, and then the strangest thing happened. The hotel was absolutely attacked and inundated with swarms of mosquitoes, little black ones and they were vicious. It was the first time that mosquitoes had been seen in Honolulu, and also I would guess on the Island of Oahu. There was no protection against them; there were no flywire doors or anything like that and so long before daylight we were up and dressed and ready to go, and the Secretary for Air was going on with us to Suva and from there to Singapore. He was bitten so badly that it was only a few hours before his wrists, and wherever his bare flesh had been exposed, were absolutely running sores. I'd never seen anybody so badly infected.

Anyway, we took off on Friday 7th from Pearl Harbour en route to Canton Island and for Suva, and we had a lot of publicity in the papers covering this voyage, as it was featuring the first airmail from the City of Philadelphia to Suva. There were several Post Office officials on board including the Postmaster or Assistant Postmaster from Philadelphia, a little sharp man, very nice and we were sitting together. I pestered him so much en route to Canton, that when we stopped at Canton Island he brought out his stamps and gear and so forth so I had an envelope addressed to Suva via Canton with all the things on it as the first Air Mail, and I still have it.

As we were taking off from Pearl Harbour and were flying in the early daylight we just saw the great masses, and I mean great masses of hundreds of destroyers and battleships and cruisers, etc., all side by side in the harbour. I thought to myself, what a fantastic bombing target and even then the Japanese fleet was on its way to deliver the devastating attack on 6th December. In fact I understood later that the flying boat to follow us was shot down before getting away from Pearl Harbour.

Canton Island had not changed, we only stopped there overnight and then on to Suva, and as we passed over the dateline, Saturday, 8th November was eliminated. It was a very pleasant flight and we didn't have any problems with the weather front that was usually around Canton and Suva, or the Fijian Islands, and it was quite interesting as we cruised around Suva and the Islands to see thousands of people running down towards the beach to see the big flying boat. We stopped over in Suva and were given a civic reception and presented to the Governor and it was all very well done with the Fijian troops dressed in the suloos or skirts and looking very smart.

On board the flying boat the passengers were a mixed lot and I think I was the only Australian on board. There were a number of war correspondents dressed in their uniforms going out to the war in the Middle East. America was not then in the war so they were neutral. There was one of these war correspondents, a loud mouthed New Yorker and he was definitely anti British. I'd say he could have been a German spy. Now on board the flying boat we had two passengers, English people, Mr & Mrs Rodney Stone and they were coming out to Australia; to Devonport, Tasmania; he to take over the management of the Ovaltine Food Factory and we had quite a bit of common interest. He was very interested to meet somebody who knew the location as he had never seen it. Mrs Stone was pregnant at the time and this lout of a German sympathiser kept on picking on them, definitely trying to create arguments with them, and just seated himself down beside them and in a loud voice told everybody in general what a lot of bums the British were. He really reached the top of his form when we were leaving Suva the next morning and we were waiting down near the jetty to be taken off on a small boat, when the loudmouth started laughing and slinging off about these Fijian soldiers who had formed a bodyguard when we were presented to the Governor. When this was going on he was really having himself some fun and I was just boiling. I could see Rodney was very upset but he couldn't say anything of course.

We got on board the small boat or launch, and it had a mast in it, and this fellow started off again because all the men and most of the people had to stand up as there was no sitting room. I was standing not very far from this fellow who was leaning against the mast. He started off again and I blew my top and grabbed him by the throat and I was bashing his head against the mast and they separated us. So I just said to this fellow

'Well I'll see you outside the hotel', De Pacifica, in Noumea where we were going to, and I said 'one of us is going to get a hiding.'

Anyway, like all these people he never turned up, but from then on he shut his mouth and I was very popular with the rest of the people who were mostly Americans. I know one was a Canadian and there were others.

We had on board a famous war correspondent and writer whose name was Shapiro and he was the oddest man at reading; the only person I had ever seen who apparently couldn't swivel his eyes. He used to read a book. We had plenty of time with up to 18 hours flying time to read and he used to press his head back against the seat back and then traverse the book at a set distance backwards and forwards across his eyes and he would do this for hours. It was a strange thing, I have never seen it before or since.

We were again quartered on the Southern Cross in Noumea Harbour after being left ashore and we had a day to ourselves because of the weather conditions or something, and on board one of the passengers was a representative of the Civil Aviation Department of the U.S.A. and as such the man really had the crew on their toes. He used to sit next to me and I would goad him about all sorts of things, just for the fun and fancy because we had so many hours to spend. I used to charge him with the fact that if he hadn't been on board I would have been able to go up and have a sit with the captain and have a look around and all this sort of jazz. He seemed to take it seriously. Anyway he was quartered on the Southern Cross in the same cabin as I was, and in the discussions in the evening in the lounge before we retired, we got talking with Higgins the Purser on the Mariposa, and now the local manager and with this jolly little fat man, the Civil Avaition Representative they were asking for suggestions about improving the service. And I spoke up and said,

'Well, you waste too much time, you get us up too early and we just mess around for hours, waiting to get away' and they said

'The reason for that is we have to trim the boat very carefully, so we have to have all the luggage weighed and the passengers' weights and so forth.'

'Well,' I said 'I think that's a lot of boloney. As you know how many passengers there are and you know the average weight of a man and a woman, all you need to do is keep a few of the heavier suitcases back, do your calculations as they go on board and you have them exactly then, and just simply place the suitcases where you want them.' and they thought this was a great idea. It ended up we had a wager in getting away in the morning. I said I could get up, have breakfast and shave and be ready in I think it was half an hour, whereas before this it would take about two hours. The Civil Aviation man, my jolly companion, held the watch so the bell had gone for everybody to get up and I of course didn't move, but I was awake and I had to get up, shave, which I'm pretty slick at, certainly in those days, and had to have a proper breakfast. Well now the breakfast used to take some time to prepare, but they'd overlooked the fact that I'd sneaked in and given the dining room steward a nice tip the evening before to ensure that I had a good plate of bacon and eggs ready to eat the moment I stepped inside the door, so that went off fine. Higgins had entered into the spirit of the thing, and the net result was that I had time to walk down and get onto the gangway and into the flying boat when we were ready to go, and they were very pleased that things worked out so smoothly.

We had an uneventful time at Noumea because our loud mouthed friend didn't turn up, but it certainly made me some friends, and this fellow was ostracized. We continued on after that and arrived in Auckland on 11th November, 1941, and I spent some time in Auckland and later at Wattie Canneries in Hastings where the matter of the can making line was discussed and what was it.

I then left on 17th November for Sydney on one of the Empire Flying boats, and after flying in the big Pan American clippers I was not impressed. We had a very rough trip across the Tasman and it was obvious to me that one of the big problems was that the machine was underpowered and we were flying so low, that I said to the steward,

'You'd better give me a line with a jig on it and I'll do a bit of trawling fish on the way in.'

Anyway, we had a beautiful arrival in Sydney and it certainly is a spectacle to arrive by flying boat and come down the Harbour and arrive at Rose Bay with the waves churning up alongside the seat in which you're sitting. It’s quite a thrill.

Chapter Eleven

My Role Over the War Years and the Importance of Bingham&: Co to the War Effort

The 1941 trip to America was very very successful and proved more successful because now a few days later, America entered the war and the food production was the first priority, and it wasn't long before Bingham &: Co. especially, though there were others, joined in and the priority placed on the production of food processing machinery was higher than the manufacture of munitions or aircraft. The Americans arrived in just a short time, possibly two or three weeks after they came into the war and were represented in the first instance by a man named Theo Posey; Captain Posey, and he was a man of parts which I'll explain later.

Anyway, others arrived and there were various committees formed between the Americans and Australians to further production of food, and I served on several of these committees representing the Australian Government and the Industry. The first big programme, because canning in Australia had been largely developed, was only a matter of arranging for the plants to be varied and changed to suit new products, but one of the main objects was to get very large quantities, thousands and thousands of tons of dried products, dried vegetables especially, and this was the first problem. I was on what was known as the Dehydration Committee and the Americans had brought out drawings of a plant to operate for the dehydration.

Now in the meantime there had been quite a lot of work done by the C.S.I.R.O. from the drying point of view and they had a sound knowledge of the amount of air temperatures and moisture and so forth and the sizes of these big tunnels, but the Americans had the processing section drawings and we were sort of given the option to get in and making some up. This was a Friday. Well I had one look at these drawings and I was absolutely shocked. They were just made up out of wood and galvanized iron and nothing could be worse or cruder, and I immediately thought to myself, these things are going to be hard to maintain, they are going to be hard to keep sanitary, and on top of that when the war is over, what is going to happen to all this junk? It's going to be of no use to the Australian Industry, so I asked leave for the meeting to be adjourned to the following Tuesday.

In the meantime, I got busy and designed a plant which could be duplicated in size to handle 15 tons of vegetables that were mostly potatoes, onions, and carrots at that time, per shift. The drawings were received very well at the Tuesday meeting and at this meeting there were some more practical Americans there who had experience, and they backed my proposals wholeheartedly and the orders were to proceed with the construction of a two line plant to be placed in operation in Dandenong as a test plant, so we really got working on that and in a very short time we had this plant ready to be installed.

It was installed at the Dandy Bacon Co. plant in Dandenong but it was necessary to have boilers to operate these plants and the boilers were being made by Hoskins in Western Australia. Well you can picture it. I think it was at least two boilers were despatched from Western Australia and they were sunk by enemy submarines en route to Melbourne. Actually the Department of Supply couldn't wait so we were given a sort of mass production to build another number of plants, especially starting off in Tasmania and we supplied plants for Smithton, Ulverstone, Burnie, Devonport, Scotsdale and some others, but they were the first that were in. Some of them were operating before the Dandy plant was going and they

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Now there's a perfect example of what happens, as he said

'I've got to keep this job because I can't get another.'

Well, there was the difference; one man gets the sack and the other one carries on in his own way. I mention this because I've struck this so often, where lack of lubrication has caused so much trouble and so much wear and tear, in fact it's my contention and always has been, that a well-designed machine, if it's properly lubricated should never wear out, it should go on forever.

About 1941 the H.J. Heinz Co. decided with the encouragement of the Department of Agriculture, and also the Tasmanian Government, that they would go into the canning of peas at Devonport, and the Assistant Government Architect for Tasmania was to design the buildings under our supervision and we were to do the engineering work and install and run the equipment, which we did. Now the architect was named Alf Amery, and I quickly woke up to the fact that this fellow was very smart, and practical which was a hell of a lot different to a lot of the architects and building inspectors which we used to run into. He didn't exactly give us a tough time, but he made sure that we stood up to everything that we said we'd do, as far as the building was concerned and it was very successful. In fact, it operated very well and I had the satisfaction of knowing from Mr H.J. Heinz the second, who came out here soon after the war, and was looking over Heinz plants, that he had in his books this plant design and the Australian equipment supply and everything and the operation so he went over to see the plant at Devenport and he told me that he was very much surprised, that he felt that it was one of the best small plants they had. Soon after, the plant was sold to Gordon Edgell and Sons of Bathurst, and became headquarters of their very large operations of today, in Tasmania where they operate on peas, beans and particularly french fried potatoes.

As mentioned previously, I had brought out to Australia a quantity of canning pea seed from the North West of America, the seed had been highly recommended and what was more important, there was dusting powder to dust them so that the pea seed would not deteriorate in the ground if it was sown in damp conditions. I selected the North West coast of Tasmania to grow the product. I'm not an agriculturalist but I'd seen them in the Fidalgo Islands off the North West coast of America and the climate was very much similar and so it

proved here and has remained since, that the most, easily the most, successful pea canning area in Australia is the North West of Tasmania.

The sterilizing of cans of peas was done as the standard practice in those days in retorts, and they had quite a number of Bingham retorts in operation, and later we supplied the first pressure hydrostatic sterilizer for the operation of sterilising the cans continuously and fast, and the machine is still operating today after so many years. This machine, this hydrostatic sterilizer was built by Mitchell Engineering Co. of Peterborough in England who started to build these machines in co-operation with Webster Bros., who manufactured hydrostatic bottle sterilizers very successfully.

We found Mitchells difficult to get on with, and in discussing this with Webster Bros., for whom we were also agents for their bottle washing machines and very successfully so, they said they had the same problem, that's why they pulled out.

These last events I have related as far as the hydrostatic sterilizer was concerned took place after the war, so now let's return to the war era. The Bingham lines for the preparation for drying dehydration was unexcelled and we built most of them, I can't remember how many, but I think about 35. When the last seven lines that were to be built, as the war was then changing, tenders came up and again we were asked to tender and I refused to do so, and I simply sent in our list prices as usual, and then the fun started; it just shows you how stupid wars are run.

The Auditor General had complained to the Department of Supply, that there was too much money getting paid to one firm, Bingham & Co., without any audit of the costs, and so the next, I think it was seven lines of dehydration preparation machinery was to be advertised and put to tender, but to add insult to injury, they sent a team of draughtsmen down and they made detailed drawings of each piece of equipment; Lord knows how much this cost, but it was done. Then tenders were called and as I mentioned, we simply sent in our price list without any explanation, and that was it. About a month later we received an order for seven processing lines without comment from them, and I was curious to know what had happened about the tenders. I contacted quite a good friend of mine, Harry Menzies, who was the nephew of Prime Minister Menzies, and a senior executive in the Supply Department, but certainly not helped by his Uncle who apparently didn't go for him much.

Anyway, I arranged to have lunch with Harry and in the discussion, I just asked him straight out what had happened about the tenders. Well, he told me they called for tenders and the tenders came in, and it was a Sydney company, I think it was National Engineering Co., or some name like that, but their tender was approximately twice the price that we had quoted, so he said the Auditor General was quite satisfied that Bingham & Co. were not gouging the Government.

About 1943 the American personnel in the services had increased in the South Pacific to millions and there was a considerable contingent of American specialists or so called specialists here interested in forwarding the food processing and production for the armed forces. Now some of them were quite good, and some of them were only bums who somehow had got into the Army and got commissions; Lieutenants or Captains and even Majors, and they were, well just pushers of their own barrows, and as we had to deal with

them from day to day, I quickly decided the ones that were worthwhile backing remained so, and the others I could not eliminate, but avoid as much as possible because they were going to cause disagreements. I was in Leeton in probably 1943, when I was asked by the General Manager, my great friend, Harold Williams,

'Do you know Professor Jocelyn of the University of California?'

'Yes, I do,' I replied 'I've met him and had discussions with him.' and he said

'Well he's arriving here on this afternoon's train, will you go and meet him because we've never met him, and we don't know him.'

Well I went down to the station and the train pulled in and out comes this short man in a Major's uniform struggling with a couple of decent sized suitcases, and he was extremely short-sighted. This was Dr Jocelyn, Professor of Food Technology at the University of California, so he and I met like old friends. He had just been shuffled around, and being a stranger in a strange land he just didn't know where he was going, and it was a matter of the Command in Sydney wanting to get rid of him; that's what I suspected, because he was a very knowledgeable fellow, very honest. So he settled in at Leeton for a time and did a great job, because he was really a specialist in citrus juices, and in fact was one of the authors of one of the best known books on the production of various fruit juices, and I had met him in the first place at the laboratories of the American Can Co. in San Francisco. Also he was associated with the U.S. Government Western Laboratories which had done much research and later, very very much research on juices, and powdered juices later used on the Nuclear Submarines and such.

While skill is needed to make orange juice powder, to make a powder containing virtually all minerals and vitamins is difficult. Leeton Co-operative Cannery, with our assistance, were the first canners of orange juice in Australia and this was because I was able to get the C enamel. The cans were made here, though I had imported several cases of coated tinplate so that the cans could be made in a limited quantity here, and then we canned about 50,000 I think 16 ounce cans of orange juice very successfully. This had been done before the Americans had entered the war. So later there was much interest in the canning of citrus juices and it was fortunate that Maynard Jocelyn made his first more or less public debut in the industry at Leeton.

While he was in Leeton, probably on several occasions, but on one particular occasion he saw them making jam out of jam melons, and one of the problems in doing this was to get rid of the seeds. He had seen this getting done and apparently had not been very interested, and didn't quite understand, but later on, after his first retirement from the University, he spent some years I believe in Israel working on various projects in regard to juices and also other products and I got a letter from him from Israel asking for information as to how we got the seeds out of the jam melons, after they had been cut into dices. Well it was a very simple process and I sent him the drawings or sketches of how to do it.

As the war progressed it was discovered that the cause, or said cause of the tropical ulcers so prevalent among the troops in the Islands was Vitamin C deficiency, and a great rush was made to produce food that was high in Vitamin C, and citrus juice was one of the best that could be available. Unfortunately Australian production of oranges and necessary plant was not nearly sufficient to cover the requirements, and all sorts of products including

blackberries, and also rosehips, the vines of the bushes that were commonly found in hedges, around the Bathurst area in particular. This was a very old settlement as far as Australia is concerned and there were many miles of these hedges, thornbush hedges used as fences, and Gordon Edgell &: Sons were pushed into processing as many of these as they could. That is, they used to boil them down and get liquor and use

the liquor for both additives and also directly for production of foods with Vitamin C. It was quite a sight, especially on weekends, to see all the families out cutting these hedges down, and then loading them into all sorts of conveyances; old prams, go carts, small wheelbarrows and all, anything that could possibly bring them down to Edgells factory They would wait there in line, sometimes the line would be about quarter of a mile long, they were paid on the spot by the weight they brought in and it helped a little bit, but more important was the fact that the people were demonstrating their effort to help the war.

It was decided by the joint production committees of the American and Australian authorities to commence mass production of canned tomatoes which was a very good source of Vitamin C, and also the tomatoes could be grown relatively rapidly, and processing could be organized. I was commissioned to put forward a programme of production at various plants, and to work out an overall quantity that might be canned and I did this and suggested that we could, in Australia, comfortably can between 80 and 90 thousand tons of tomatoes in the tomato season. This was looked upon as being excessive and I think it was broken down to about 57,000 tons, and when the industry really got their back into it, this was eaten up and in fact the industry could have used l 00,000 tons. These were unpeeled tomatoes and that was one of the first arguments I had with the Americans as they were asking that they should be peeled. Well this would have immediately reduced the capacity by probably two thirds which was ridiculous, especially as the Vitamin C is considerably greater under the skin compared with other parts of the tomato. So away we went.

The next thing, the Americans set, to my mind, absurd processing times at around 205 degrees for the sterilizing after the cans were closed, and I took this up and we had an argument that went on for several days. I was being backed by the Australian Department of Agriculture, as I may say I was on the Committee of Production, as the production member, we had several meetings and I recalled a number of tomato canneries that I had seen in California and could visualise the size of the cookers, or sterilizers. They couldn't have been anywhere near the processing time required, and I worked on the basis of what I'd remembered and had in my diary and stuck to it.

Now fortunately, amongst the Americans was a Major Seabrook, and he was one of the Seabrook family that run Seabrook farms in the United States, who were probably the largest individual packers and growers of vegetables in the world, having some 30,000 acres of vegetables under cultivation. I put this forward and Belford Seabrook unknown to me, over a weekend had got in touch with several of his friends in America by cable, and the cabled returns of the times of processing worked out as I put forward, so my ideas prevailed, and that meant that we had a whole number of canneries normally used for fruit, that could be quickly changed over to canning tomatoes.

There was very little plant required, it was only necessary of manpower and organising a few odds and ends like washers and so forth, and I remember the largest, and still probably the largest daily output of any tomato canning plant in Australia was Ardmona Fruit Products at Mooroopna. The morning the cannery was to open for canning, it was first suggested that we do a little bit and work up from there, but I objected to this and said no, let's start full speed. So they were working on this basis.

They brought quite a large quantity of tomatoes from the field for processing, and they engaged quite a number of women; several hundred, to do the canning. They were all lined up in the big cannery and I was there, and I took a number, I think it would be about a dozen, of the old hands who worked at the cannery and canned the tomatoes at a separate bench, and showed them what I wanted. Then I sent two of these women, one to each side of a canning bench to go down and explain to these women who had never canned tomatoes in their life what was wanted, and this went off very, very smoothly and the net result was that I think the firs.t or the second day at Ardmona, was the most tomatoes that had ever been canned in one day in Australia, and it wasn't very long before we were running short of tomatoes.

There were a lot of queer things going on at that time because the industry as far as the growing of tomatoes was concerned, was largely controlled by Turks and Italians, and some Greeks. It was usual for these Turks, Italians and Greeks, etc. to stick together as nationals very closely and to arrange for groups to work on a farm to produce the product on the farm being owned by maybe one of the family, or a group. In this case one of the largest growers in the whole area was in dispute as they'd split open and wouldn't work together. Well we wanted tomatoes grown urgently, so we called on one of the well-known Turkish farmers to help us out and he certainly did. He was very keen on the war effort, and he induced them and put up a very subtle scheme, whereby one group grew the tomatoes and the other group got their percentage, I think it was 50% of the product. Now this would mean, after picking was finished for the day the cases were all stacked at one end of the field and they had to be inspected by the Victorian Department of Agriculture to ensure they were of satisfactory quality, then the cases would be separated into two different heaps, or stacks and the people who owned the land and had the other influence, 1 don't know what, it could have been supplying the seeds or anything, would retire and the next crowd would come over and swarm over the two stacks and eventually they would pick one. That is, they picked one stack of boxes of tomatoes, and that's how it was, they were paid for those and the other people got paid for the others and they went into the factory.

It made me smile, the sheer ignorance of some of the Government Inspectors because there was a lot of black-marketing of the tomatoes going on, that is, they were not all getting sold to the Government, and they just couldn't see why. Well the position was that the growers, especially these foreign growers would take them down to the Victorian Market in Melbourne and sell them, and they would get less per ton than they would get paid by the Government, and these people couldn't see why anybody would be so silly. But in one instance they were paid cash, and in the other they were paid by cheque and that would go through the income tax, so you can see that it's for a long time that Income Tax has been fiddled.

This tax fiddling went on after the war and is probably still going on, but I also remember a couple of instances, one of my friends up there at Shepparton was the, I think,

International dealer for trucks, and he sold one of the Italian Community a truck. The deposit was paid, and he had brought the truck up to Melbourne for delivery, and had to receive the payment, by an agreement which was going to be either bank cheque or cash. The buyer asked to see him round at his home, so he said alright, and they went around to the dealer's home, and there and then the buyer proceeded to strip off his clothing, and he had all the money, several thousand pounds, sewn into his clothes; he was just a walking bank. My friend said that the main trouble was, they kept counting it and recounting it and each time getting slight variations and so forth.

There was another instance, though this is no reflection on the buyer because he might have been quite legitimate, but nevertheless it smells a little bit. Mick Landy was the General Factory Manager for Shepparton Preserving Co., and had previously been Chief Engineer, and one of the outstanding figures in the technical side of the Industry. He owned a house in addition to his own home, and he sold this and the payment was to be made on a Saturday evening. Now Mick assumed that the buyer would turn up with a bank cheque, and he'd give him a receipt and the keys of the house and that would be it. Mick and his wife had a continuous booking at the local picture theatre for a Saturday night, and Mick was waiting to get away to the pictures when this buyer of their house turned up, and lo and behold he's got two cases, wooden cases, and they were filled with bank notes. So Mick and he were still arguing back and forth and re-counting notes till half past one in the morning, until eventually they got some mutual agreement of how many were in the boxes.

There were a lot of fine and competent gentlemen amongst the food technologists and agriculturists, that were a part of the American forces in the South Pacific, but unfortunately some were neither competent nor of particular good character, due to the shortage of such people. They advertised in the forces for volunteers to come forward who had the necessary technical qualifications and were serving in the ordinary troops.

Now some of these that came out were good, but others were just simply time servers who took the greatest opportunity to sneak out of the Army. One of these was a fellow who was a Lieutenant, and his job was to check on the output and quality of the dehydration plants in the North West of Tasmania, principal Ulverstone and Devonport. He was stopping amongst others at Lanes Hotel in Devonport, when this plant was being installed and started up.

Now Lanes was a very select hotel, as far as Australian standard was concerned, and run by the Misses Lane and their brother, who was a member of the Upper House in Tasmania. The dining room was very very nicely appointed and only small and the waitress was an Irish woman and she always sparkled, she was so clean. She'd been there so many years that everybody was known to her, I mean the ones pre-war, that is travellers and reps. and this sort of thing, and she had a chair for them and that's where you sat. Well there was only one chair available in the whole of the dining room when I went in, so I just promptly went and sat in it, and this started a real argument. Anyway, I had her cut down to size because of this silly foible.

At Lanes Hotel, the Lieutenant (U.S. Lieutenant I'd mentioned previously) was at the same table as myself and our Architect and a fitter who was a red headed fellow, and I can't think of his name at the moment, but we used to call him Bluey; very nice fellow but rather a fiery temper. And one day we were at lunch with this Lieutenant who was a great tall fellow

and poorly mannered specially, and little conversation. He wouldn't ask for something to be passed but would put his hand out and lean right over past somebody and grab what he wanted. Bluey blew his top one day when this Lieutenant had leaned over the table and put his hand right across to pick up something alongside Bluey's plate, and when he had his hand on it, Bluey gave him a terrific crack across the knuckles with the back of the knife. Well that really started something. But anyway, Bluey was quite right, everybody had had this fellow and it wasn't very long before he was back in the forces again where he should have been all the time.

Binghams were particularly interested in the design and installation of a new plant for canning of peas, beans, asparagus and other vegetables for Gordon Edgell and Sons, at Cowra, N.S. W. which was not very far away from their main plant at Bathurst and we had had association with Gordon Edgell &: Sons in practically all of their expansions and experiments from the early 30's. We were very friendly indeed, and they were a wonderful family. Old Gordon Edgell was an egotist but a fine type of fellow, although getting on in years and getting a bit irascible. He had been the Chief Engineer of the Public Works, I think it was, in New South Wales and retired early and went to Bathurst, but when this new plant was going, Major Belford Seabrook who I had previously mentioned, had come up to see the plant start up as I had done, and we were both in the same hotel in Cowra and on the morning of the start-up, Hamble Edgell had induced Belford Seabrook to take a run around and see where some of the products were being grown; this idea being to get him out of the way while we got the plant going.

Just before this time the Women's Land Army Corps had been formed and the girls were starting to come out into the field and help with all sorts of jobs, formerly done by men. Quite a number were attached to the operations of Edgell around Bathurst and Cowra, and Hamble and Belford were out looking at one of the station properties which had been induced to grow vegetables, and very successfully, and Hamble was showing Belford over the shearing shed on this property. As most people are aware, the shearing takes place several feet above the ground and on what would be called battens, that is, like boards with spaces between them; this idea being that the sheep droppings which are very considerable, fall down between the boards, through the slots and underneath the shed, and they are more or less never moved, and that goes on for years and years, and so there were tons of these underneath and they were being extracted for putting on the vegetable patches.

A couple of these Land Army girls were working underneath, and they were talking to one another and they did not realize Hamble and Belford were standing right above them and could hear every word they said. Well the girls were engaged in raking and shovelling out the sheep droppings, and one girl was heard to say to the other one

'Well, Evelyn, when I joined this outfit (the Land Army outfit) I never expected to be trained as a sheep-shit miner.'

Another instance comes to mind as I've mentioned the tomato canning, the most successful of all the cc1-nning operations in Australia during the war, there were a lot of women wanted for the operation mainly at Ardmona cannery at Mooroopna, and the Manpower Department rounded up about 200, I think it was, prostitutes and their friends from around King's Cross and such areas and put them on a train to come down to work at Mooroopna, at the Ardmona Cannery, and it was very hot weather and they duly arrived

after being on the train, and shunted backwards and forwards, I think for about two or two and a half days. They arrived at the platform at Mooroopna and were met by the President of the Shire, and also the Manager of the factory, Arthur Shoesmith. They were welcomed by the President and Arthur, and one of these brassy pieces who had been obviously elected the leader of the women, said to Mr Shoesmith, I think she was addressing

'We've come down here to do a war effort job, and we'll work and look after your business in the daytime, as long as you keep your nose out of our business at night.'

I wonder whether there wasn't some malice aforethought put in in bringing these women from Sydney to this area which was alive with training camps; Puckapunyal, Seymour and several other places around, and also there were some big American camps nearby, so that's where it is, and these women did work well.

Large quantities of processing machinery and agricultural machinery were being imported into Australia from the U.S.A. and this was coming in under lease-lend, which was a reciprocal arrangement and charged against the Australian account for food and clothing, and a lot of this which was coming in in quantities, was probably forty or fifty years out of date and had come out of the warehouses in America where it had lain as scrap iron, though in new condition, and I decided to do something about it.

Just at this time there was another delegation going overseas, composed of some Australians and some Americans to buy a lot more of this junk, and have a junketing tour at the same time. Well, I wrote a long letter to the Herald newspaper and this was published, not as a letter, but as an interview, and there was a lot of scurrying around and that was the end of that proposal, and it saw the weakening of the desire to import this useless plant.

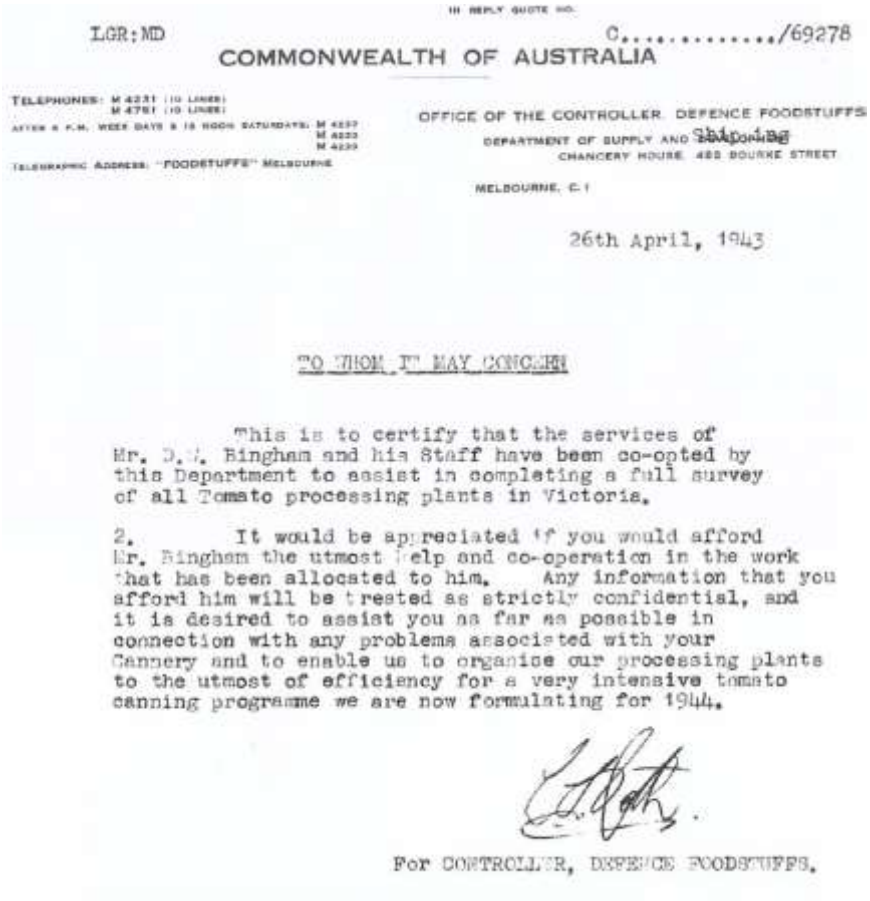
Incidentally, much of this plant was still lying around in Government stores after the war and was sold as scrap iron; whereas looking across the road from our works, was Laconia Woollen Mills, and I think Laconia Blankets were being sold to the Americans for ten shillings each under this lease-lend, and paying from my point of view a lot for this junk, but at the same time I understand that the American blankets of similar quality were charged at 30 shillings to the American Army; these are some of the things that went on. But you must realize that we had nothing to complain about in general, because we just had to have the Americans with us, otherwise we'd have lost the war, and especially in the South Pacific with the Japanese as such a ruthless and competent enemy.

In later years, I was talking to Mrs Lewis of Flothill Products, the amazing woman of the Californian Canning Industry, and she told me that she was absolutely astounded when the Government people came into her big factory at Stockton in California, and took out all their old closing machines that had been in use there, quite usable, but out of date, and took them away and she found out that they were to be sent to Australia and New Zealand for use over here. The machinery that we should have got, and we certainly would have got if I had had control of it, was new equipment, and she said she was just astounded, and they took all this out of date, almost junk, closing machines out of the factory and replaced it with the very latest brand new machines.

One of the most disgraceful episodes in food production in Australia during the war, was the poisoning of 16 Army personnel at Ironridge, and this was caused through canned

beetroot, I think it was, and for no other reason than filthy conditions of manufacture and poor sterlizing, and the net result was Botulism.

Another incident, just to show how things went on, one of the smaller fruit canners was very well in politically, and also very useful to the American Army. They had no sterilizing equipment for canned vegetables, only the sterilizer used for fruit, which was not of a high enough temperature to sterilize vegetables, but they desperately needed a contract and they were picked on to can cabbage. So they had to have a demonstration run and produce some canned cabbage, which was done, the factory manager was one of the smartest in the game and would go along with anything as long as it wasn't hurting anybody, and in this instance they spent a day, or a good part of a day packing cabbages, blanched cabbage, in 30 ounce cans, and then closing them and sterilizing through the cooker, the cooker for sterilizing the fruit. Next morning they were whizzed off to the Commonwealth Laboratories and were inspected by the U.S. Personnel, and they got the contract, I think it was for 700 tons of cabbage, but all the rest of the cans that had been packed that day would blow in a day or two so they were quietly dumped in the tip.



IN REPLY QUOTE NO.

LGR:MD C...../69278

COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA

TELEPHONES: M 4231 (10 LINES)
M 4761 (10 LINES)
AFTER 6 P.M. WEEK DAYS & 12 NOON SATURDAYS: M 4237
M 4233
M 4239
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "FOODSTUFFS" MELBOURNE

OFFICE OF THE CONTROLLER, DEFENCE FOODSTUFFS
DEPARTMENT OF SUPPLY AND Shipping
CHANCERY HOUSE, 483 BOURKE STREET
MELBOURNE, C.1

26th April, 1943

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

This is to certify that the services of Mr. D.J. Bingham and his Staff have been co-opted by this Department to assist in completing a full survey of all Tomato processing plants in Victoria.

2. It would be appreciated if you would afford Mr. Bingham the utmost help and co-operation in the work that has been allocated to him. Any information that you afford him will be treated as strictly confidential, and it is desired to assist you as far as possible in connection with any problems associated with your Cannery and to enable us to organise our processing plants to the utmost of efficiency for a very intensive tomato canning programme we are now formulating for 1944.

For CONTROLLER, DEFENCE FOODSTUFFS.

Figure 13 - WALTER KING IN THE GARDEN OF HIS HOME AT SAUSALITO, SAN FRANCISCO, l 94,1. One of my first American friends and until he died.

Figure 14 - DEMONSTRATING ONE OF MY FAVOURITE INVENTIONS, ABOUT 1934. THE

. Very successful and many sold until the war when the use of fibre board containers took the field. This invention received considerable publicity in U.S.A.

There was another instance towards the end of the war when there was very strict control about the canned goods getting out on the market for civilians. This case in question was of canned meat being known to be on the market, but not satisfying Army demands. In a lot of cases this was nothing more than payola for the inspectors. There had been some scream in the papers about this practice, and the Commonwealth Inspectors had come down and actually went through the stock and counted the stock and you've got to imagine

these rooms full of cans right to the ceiling. They'd started at the back and worked their way forward, and here they were working in the front of this huge stack and the back of the stack was at the back of the building onto the laneway. Well here behind this big stack was a labelling gang running a labelling machine and packing them into boxes, and they were going out for civilian consumption almost in front of the Commonwealth Inspector's eyes.

As the war moved on and Australian foodstuffs were not required in the huge quantities that they had been, although it must be remembered that even when a war finishes, there are still millions of personnel to be fed. So the Canning Industry and Dehydration Industry started to taper off, and also the canneries started to slow down, but more as far as the canneries were concerned was the opportunity to switch over to the civilian market, and this required all the cans to be labelled correctly. So we had an influx of orders for labelling machines and I think one batch we built was between 40 and 50 machines in the one manufacturing programme. Casing machines were also coming in, especially the carton sealing machines because during the war the wooden box as a canned or dehydrated food outer container practically disappeared, and so we started on a programme of a long line of manufacturing these types of machines.

The American personnel gradually disappeared and later we were to form great friendships in other places with them. Maynard Jocelyn went on to help the Chinese and we supplied drawings of our dehydration production preparation line and some of these were built in China under Maynard Jocelyn's direction, and the same went on to a limited extent in the Philippine Islands were Belford Seabrook, now a Lieutenant Colonel was in charge of the agricultural side of the production of vegetables and other field products.

Later on I renewed my acquaintance with Belford and also with Maynard Jocelyn, in America, and later came to stop with Belford Seabrook over several days and had great fun in taking his small sailboat on one of the lakes as well as being able to see the massive operation of their production of canned and frozen vegetables.

Chapter Twelve

Eildon Weir, the Beginnings of the Eildon Boat Club and Our Cabin at Cameron's Flat

In about 1942 a group of us, including my old friends Barney Hammill and Bill Birch became very interested in trout fishing and though I'd fished for trout many years before I just didn't understand the finer points one might say of fly fishing, whereas Bill Birch was a very competent fly fisherman originally from New Zealand. Bill had been badly wounded during the First World War when a shell had gone through behind his legs and absolutely chopped the muscles and his legs right to the bone and he spent some years in hospital. When they wanted to cut his legs off but he wouldn't have this and he said,

'Get me out so that I can walk with crutches and give me a fishing rod.' and so he took to fishing in England and almost cured himself except that he had to walk with a stiff leg.

Now Bill had a dinghy permanently at Eildon and we used to use this for fishing mostly just rowing out, although about this time I purchased two outboard motors and these I'd never seen before or afterwards. They consisted of very high speed engines directly connected to the propeller, that is, the- carburettor was on the top and the gas went down into these little engines and they certainly run when they run but they were terribly unreliable. Maybe this was caused by the poor gasoline that we were running on but we used them to push the big dinghy around the lake a little but this got very tiresome and Barney and I decided to purchase a boat.

In answer to an advertisement at Williamstown we went over and we purchased a sixteen foot registered boat and this had a Chapman four horsepower engine. We bought it and took it to our works where the engine was re-furbished and a new shaft was put in it and also we introduced a clutch.

Now to get this to Eildon was quite a problem because the transport of any such boat had to be approved and a permit secured which was a long tedious job, so we decided to moonlight it up there and we built a trailer to fit on the back of my car and we took it out and left it overnight at Barney's home and went off in the very early hours of the morning and arrived without any problems and launched the boat at Eildon.

Now this boat became very, very useful up there and turned out to be a beautiful little sea boat. It was a carvel built boat and planked with mahogany and it was very tight and the engine was a real winner and we had this boat at Eildon for many years.

Until after the end of the war we stopped up there in a caravan and this even before Laurence was born so there'd be David and Emily Rita and I and the caravan; we used the boat quite frequently. David was about four years old when an incident occurred; his mother was sitting on the banks of the Goulburn River and David was playing around and he said,

'Look Mum, look at the big worm.' but mum was reading a book and taking no notice

'Oh yes, yes oh mum, look at the big worm.'

So eventually mum looked and certainly lept into action because it was quite a

By this time the moorings near the old wall were closed because of the activities of the Utah Construction Company which was building a new wall behind the old one and

incidentally there wouldn't be too many people who would remember that the old wall had actually shifted and the comparatively thin concrete spinal wall had actually shifted I think some thirteen feet in the middle and it had gone outward, that is, the pressure of the earth on the downward side had overcome the balance of the inward side and it bent the wall and opened up some cracks, thankfully not very serious but this had a little sequence, the danger of the wall going being swept away was ever present until the new wall was able to re-inforce it. So to help this possibly dangerous situation automatic phones were put in in various places I think as far as Shepparton so that you could dial directly numbers along the road and in Melbourne. This became used more for placing bets directly as I remember quite well if one deposited 2/6d you could dial a Melbourne number so that this was a very useful arrangement for the workers on the darn site.

The work proceeded with Utah Construction really showing Australian contractors how to attack such a job and they were very nice people to deal with as far as we were concerned. They took care to help us build the Eildon Boat Club site at Cameron's Flat as much as possible. I remember one day, I think it was a Saturday, they said that they would bulldoze in a road down to where the boats could be launched; from the main road around the Lake to Jamieson. They couldn't get permission to drive a track vehicle in the shape of a huge, for those days at least, bulldozer to the site. They just brought it up and Paul Hatch, the Chief Earth Moving Engineer and the General Site Manager, I think his name was Fogg, anyway Fogg said to Paul,

'Let's build them a road Paul.'

So he got busy and surveyed the road down to the mooring and as fast as he was checking the survey Paul was really getting stuck into it with the huge caterpillar dozer, I think in those days it was a DC8. Anyway, it was just worth watching to see the competence of these people upending huge trees, shifting them out of the road and it was only the next day, the Sunday that the road could be used and later on they took an opportunity of spreading some metal here and there on the road and so we had the site down there. Actually the Eildon Boat Club of today was founded on the banks of the Eildon at Cameron's Flat and I have a movie taken of the inaugural meeting named in chalk on a piece of board; the piece of board being on top of the nine gallon that was there for the celebrations. They were a grand lot of members.

We then proceeded to make a cabin which we could transport and we transported the cabin up there and got it on the site and this turned out to be a wonderful investment as there were four bunks and the two boys would occupy the top bunks and mum and I the bottom bunks. We had louvres to let the air in because it was usually hot or warm up there but cold at night and from this base the family had some really good times. Mum and the boys and sometimes with additional boys' friends would spend additional weeks in the little cabin having just a wonderful time swimming and poking around as well as fishing. Mum would take off in the boat with family and go all up and down the weir quite a few miles each way and some of the members who would be more or less living there would worry when Mrs Bingham and mob had not returned and it was getting dark. But as they said, just as they would be getting ready to go out and look for her they'd hear the chug chug chug and the old Chapman engine would bring them home again.

Before we had the cabin a group of us would stop at Miss Fraser's Board House in Eildon. This has now been all removed and as a matter of fact it has I think become a part of the wall or just below it. Miss Fraser was a hard working woman who just had this big kitchen which had been previously to do with meals for the workers at the Hostel who were building of the first wall. Actually later on, although she was always known as Miss Fraser, she married a gentleman named Forester who was certainly a knowledgeable fellow on boats and we paid him, everybody paid him, so much a week to look after the boats which he did quite competently but he was a mean specimen.

On odd occasions we would get fed up and the whole group of us would go to the Hotel at Thornton, a very old place run by Lady Barnwell, the wife of Sir Reginald Barnwell who was probably the Senior Baronet in Victoria and a very nice gentleman to boot. He had been born here and inherited the baronetcy from England apparently. Everybody addressed Lady Barnwell as Lady Bar because she served in the bar and it was quite a favourite watering place for fishermen and farmers and stockmen.

One of the characters from Eildon was Joe. Now Joe was the fruiterer there in the early days, and I think this was much of a blind, he was known as the sly grog merchant but had little activity at all in these later years. He was a huge man and was reckoned to weigh about 34 stone that is, about 476 pounds and he would stand about 7'6" I think; at least over seven feet and he was enormously broad. He was fat, fat to grossness but he was a humorous sort and he couldn't walk very much though they tell _me that once he could get on the dance floor he was a very good dancer, so if the ladies could get him up on the floor he was right. He used to have to get around in the back of a utility or a truck because he was too large to get into a car or get into the truck cabin and one day during the war when we'd stopped off for a drink en route to Eildon on a hot day, the Melbourne bus pulled in soon afterwards and a young soldier got off. He rushed in for a drink and Joe was in the bar and he looked at him in amazement and rushed outside and called to his friends to get out of the bus and come inside and see this fellow.

'Man,' he said 'has he been in a good paddock!'

Another time we were there and Joe was separating two belligerent gentlemen 'who wished to fight. This was in the passageway of the residential section of the hotel just off the bar. Joe's system of stopping the fight was to get between the combatants and by alternately pushing his backside into one wall and then leaning forward and pushing his belly into the other wall so the combatants could not get at one another so an amiable agreement was arrived at and the fight was over. When Joe would wish to go to Melbourne he'd be taken in to catch the train and he had to ride in the guard's van because he couldn't get through the doors of the ordinary carriages. Just another one of the characters one meets.

A Mr Harrison was the Water Bailiff, that is, he was in charge of the Eildon Dam Controls, etc, and he had previously been in the same job at the Glen Maggie Weir in Gippsland where we'd become friendly on the fishing trips we'd had at Glen Maggie. He wished to come out to the duck opening with us and we arranged to take him out. He was a very nice gentleman and pleasant, always helpful to the fishermen.

We started off at daylight to go up the lake and away we went with the boat rather crowded. It came on very dark and the rain just poured and poured; terrific rain, and after

cruising around I think about two of more hours we were lost in the darkness and I had mislaid my small luminous compass. Anyway, Harrison was sitting opposite the engine and he kept on complaining about getting wet. Well we were all wet but had raincoats and hats so we weren't that badly off but he kept on complaining. Anyway, when we got in where we could get some light we found our way back home again. Incidentally, we were back in at six o'clock never having seen a duck, but that's duck shooting. But what had happened to Mr Harrison was he'd sat opposite the flywheel on the engine and the boat had that much water in it that it was above the base of the flywheel, so the flywheel was acting just like a pump and was throwing it underneath Mr Harrison's raincoat and right up in front of him so he was just absolutely in a huge bath and he never forgot to remind us of that for many years after, until he retired.

Another time we were duck shooting and I had some fancy blow up decoys; in fact they blew themselves up, all you had to do was throw them on the water and they looked very real and I put them out and let myself out on to the bank while the boys took the boat somewhere else to various other spots. Well I didn't get a shot but low and behold I'm there and I hear some voices in the semi-light or just about light and along came some shooters and they very carefully shot all of my decoys. Old Barney Hammill laughed and laughed, he thought it was a great joke to see the beautiful pattern the shots had made in my blow up ducks, so that was the end of that.

The Eildon cabin was used quite extensively as it was so close to Melbourne and a group of us would get up there fishing, even for a day or two, and we had some very very enjoyable times. However, the building of the wall progressed, faster than it was generally thought it would. When the wall was practically finished it was indicated to the boat club members that it would probably take three years for the water to come up and cover the area where we had our cabin. Well this was not to be. The water poured in from everywhere and in fact Jack Aird, a Water Commissioner, whose name is commemorated by Aird Bay on the Weir, explained it had more rain in four months than for several years before.

We got word to say that the cabin was in danger of being flooded and so we went up with a group of men from our works with our truck and with care; it was raining and shocking weather, we were able to jack it up and put in on rollers and with a mighty effort with blocks and the truck and people pushing we managed to take it as far up the slope to be out of immediate danger and there again it stopped.

It was used for probably I think about a year when the word came that flooding was imminent again and I went up with a group of 01,1r fellows; Barney Hammill, my old mate and also a friend of his, who we sponsored to be brought out from Wales, he had been a policeman; very good type of gentleman, and as he was not working at that time he came up to help us. The idea was that we would use our boat and I would obtain the use of a heavy dinghy and strap that alongside our boat so that we would form a good sort of platform for putting our furnishings and such on.

We made our base at Jerusalem Creek and went across and cleared out quite a Jot of our fittings, bedding, bunks which were all bolted together and could be moved and took them across to Jerusalem Creek to be loaded on our truck. The last boatload we were leaving with included the refrigerator and the stove amongst a multitude of smaller items and the refrigerator and stove were lying on the door and probably some of the end of the cabin,

because at this time the level of the water would be about two inches below the level of the floor. So we simply took an axe and cut the end clear out of the cabin and pulled the boat up alongside and loaded in directly.

We had a six hundred gallon water tank to be taken care of, so we loaded up the gear and I think there were four of us had to get on the boat and the policeman, I think his name was John, was the last on and the only place we could find to sit him, was up in the air on top of the stove in a chair. So you could see it was in a precarious position with the two small boats. Then we Jet out a Jong line and put it around the tank, the six hundred gallon tank which floated very high and so with careful manoeuvring, thank goodness the water was comparatively smooth and we set off across to Jerusalem Creek and landed there quite effectively and all the gear was loaded onto the truck and brought back to Melbourne and stored in our works. So that was the end more or Jess of the episodes at Eildon Weir.

During this time, through the good graces and help of the gentleman named Rosan who used to run the boat club and who later became a boat builder up there, he informed me that there were some blocks of land on Coller's Bay that would be for sale. These were to be acre blocks, so Barney Hammill and I went up on the Monday morning. We had been in Broken Hill when contacted about the proposal. We hired one of Rosan's boats and paddled up the Jake to where these blocks were for sale and I picked the first block, that was the block that was on the peninsula, but when we got back and went into Mansfield to complete the business, I was informed that the block number one at the end of the peninsula, or headland, had been sold. So I took number two, paid the deposit and left it at that. But when the deal was finished I was surprised to find that I had got the number one block and this was undoubtedly the best block in that area and probably that ever has been. Still the Eildon Weir was practically dry, in fact the Goulburn River was not running.

At Royal Brighton one night, I was approached by a member and he said 'I believe you own an acre of land at Eildon?' and I said

'Yes' He said

'How much would you sell me the block for?' and I said 'How much would you give me for it?' He said

'Seven hundred and fifty pounds.' Now I think I had paid only two hundred and fifty pounds for it and he said

'Don't get me wrong, I suppose you are going to subdivide the acre? I am only after one block, which would be six to the acre.'

So that gave me an idea of the value and I hung on for some time until I think I sold the block for something like two thousand pounds; a handsome profit, seeing we did nothing about it. Since then, I have practically had nothing to do with Eildon, and only have visited the place once again. But it was a grand place for family myself and for friends.

Conditions have changed up there but in the days of the old walls the water would get very low at times and the weir had nowhere near the capacity it has today. At one of these times when the weir was very low and dirty and myself and Emily and the boys were fishing around and boating and we were running aground occasionally, I would step over the stern

and push it off the bank which could not been seen. Just after we had lunch, a picnic on the bank, we got in and went into another small bay and ran aground and I stepped off as usual over the stern and low and behold I disappeared, much to the amazement of the family. I came up and grabbed the stern of the boat and then there was a bit of movement of a wave; just a little slop underneath the boat just where I could see that we had gone aground, was the top of a brick chimney.

During the times when the weir was very low, the moorings would became dry and the boats would be on top of the mud. Even if they were put up on top of a bank, they would still have the problems of drying out and so opening up the planks. Mr Forrester put me on to a pretty smart lurk as you might call it to avoid this and this worked very well. You choose a creek let running in where there was still some water dribbling down and this would always be just muck a few feet deep. You would then get the boat going as fast as possible and drive it up into this mud, maybe fifteen inches and there it would be stuck. You then covered the boat with some cover, we used bags sewn together with some poles on the sides to hold the cover in place and then filled the bags, in our case any sort of small bag, with mulch and packed the mulch in the bags up against the bilges of the boat, right around the boat where we would get in going and get near it.

Then we would run out a long length of light chain, say one hundred feet of anchor chain. Now in say six months' time the weir filled again there would be a great scramble of boat owners to rescue their boats. We never had to worry as when the rains came the water would rush down the small creek and wash away the mud from around the boat and it would float away but not very far as it would be slowed down by the drag on the chain and the boat would be quite tight as the damp mud had prevented the planks from shrinking and if we were not about, one of our friends would put it back on the mooring.

The real era of the wonderful times and fine friendships generated around the weir, was coming to a close and I can always look back and I am sure the whole family will too, with great affection for the time over a number of years we had spent in the area.

Chapter Thirteeen

Around the World by Air, 1946

Soon after the end of the war, in 1946, I decided that it was very necessary for me to get overseas again to pick up the threads of where I'd left off and to be able to expand our machinery business in Australia along modern lines with modern equipment for different products which were likely to emerge from the war-time experience. So after very considerable negotiations and help from Government Departments, I was able to accumulate all the necessary visas and travel arrangements to allow me to travel around the world and back home to Sydney. Much of the journey was via Manilla and the Philippines and across the Pacific stopping at various American bases and then on to San Francisco. This section had to be arranged with considerable difficulty because it was controlled by the A. T.C., the American Air Transport Command, and then the first section was with the American 13th Air force.

On July 1st, we left Brisbane and the night before we left I had spent some time with a friend, John Kibble, who was a Director of Harrisons Crossfield the Agents for Binghams in Queensland, and I wanted to get a bottle of whisky in the first instance to take to my friend in Honolulu, and this was almost an impossibility until eventually John was able to get a private bottle off the Manager of Burns Philp Co. and the bottle of Clan McDuff ended up creating quite a situation for me.

We left Brisbane and flew on to Townsville where we landed for refuelling and also there were some problems with the machine, so we were delayed a few hours which was the usual performance on any of these flights. The plane was really a transport plane for carrying cargo and the seating consisted of two canvas benches running the length of the fuselage each side, and there was just enough room to sit with your knees almost touching the cargo which was stacked to the roof in this case. The plane was a C57, or what later became the very well-known DC4, used so much for passenger service throughout the world.

We left Townsville and at this stage I mention that there was only one other Australian on board, and his name was McKeknie. He was a young man who was going over to America to learn how to operate Sullivans Drilling Rigs. He worked for B.H.P. and this would probably be the first ore rig outfit to be operated here in Australia after the war. As we flew on through clouds and over New Guinea we had to fly through this big mountain range that forms the backbone of New Guinea, and as our plane could not go over the top, it had to fly through one of the passes which had only a limited width, I don't know, probably two or three miles. It sounds a lot but when you haven't got any radar or other of today's modern navigation instruments, it is quite risky flying through clouds. A number of the soldiers on board the plane had done the trip before and knew of numerous planes that had gone into the side of a mountain. They were very severely tensed up, until eventually the all clear was given that we were through the mountain and were to land at Biak Island; a big base.

We were quartered in the Officers' Mess, and as far as McKeknie and I were concerned, this mess was dirty and a disgrace to the Americans. The lavatories, were all in a frightful dirty, filthy mess, and it did not impress me at all. The same, to a lesser extent was evident on other American Military bases' officers’ quarters, although not so with their Naval bases like Guam, which were spotless.

We left Biak to fly overnight to Manilla, and as we approached Manilla in the night we ran into a terrific storm; very, very violent, and we were all strapped in and after flying around in the storm for some hours we were told by the Captain that we were running out of gas, and that he didn't know where he was and that we were to put on parachutes and get ready to jump. He said that he thought we were over the big base, I think it was Henderson Airfield, but he wasn't sure and we only had eight minutes' supply of gas left and he was going to warn us to jump in five minutes and he would carry on for another three minutes and turn the plane out to sea. Just as these words came over the speaker, and we had our parachutes on, I remember saying to a parachutist, one of the Parachute Regiment who was on the bench alongside me,

'What do you do?'

'There's nothing to it Bud. There's nothing to it, just step out.'

We had several demonstrations on the ground of how to handle a parachute and how to tighten the crutch straps, etc. and I'll always remember one of the big gangling Southerners explaining all this, he said

'Don't forget to tighten up that crutch strap, because if you don't you might land with something missing.'

We also were instructed to hang on to the iron or metal grip, which is quite a substantial piece of metal and to count so many after we stepped out and pull this grip which released the parachute, he said,

'When you have pulled it, and released the chute, you can drop it, but', he said 'you won't, you'll land on the ground with clutching hands the same as everybody else.'

Well within minutes of the crucial time, all of a sudden the plane started going down very fast and the next thing, within maybe minutes, I don't know, we crashed onto the airfield with a very heavy landing and the undercarriage apparently was smashed and the plane tilted up and we all ended up in a heap down against the bulkhead and thank goodness the cargo didn't shift. Anyway, it didn't worry us one iota; we were damned pleased to get out of that plane without having to be floating around in a parachute.

As I mentioned, I was travelling with the 13th Air force and eventually was quartered with the men in the Air Force barracks which was in Taft Avenue in Manilla alongside one of the universities; I think it was the St Thomas co, quite a big old university. The monsoon was in full swing and there it was, we were on our own as soon as we were dumped in the camp and shown our bunk, and were also given mess tickets to allow us to enter the Officers Mess for eating.

Also, luckily for us, in the same lot of buildings was the Control Centre for the allocation of passengers out of Manilla, and this was certainly something to be grateful for, because we very quickly became awakened to the fact that here was a city larger than Melbourne at that time, and in a terrible mess, the bombing and fighting in the city had wrecked huge areas; areas say as big as Brighton or Bentleigh and left them just fields, with a few chimneys and other pieces left standing , otherwise the whole of these blast areas had been burnt out. We were not very far from the walled City of Manilla, the old city, and so we

had to call each morning to see whether we had been allocated passage on to Honolulu that day. After that there was nothing we could do until next day, so we wandered around, and I might say that young McKeknie had never been overseas before and I don't think he had much to do with city life, because he was really bewildered, and he just never let me out of his sight; he followed me around everywhere. Another thing was that he had a very limited amount of money to spend, whereas I had plenty, and you certainly needed it.

During my discussions with McKeknie, the potential oil driller, I learned he had come from Mt Gambier and I mentioned I had met a gentleman named McKeknie in what may be termed as odd circumstances, as now described.

About 1935 I was requested by the South Australian Government to make a survey of the three state owned sawmills at Millicent, Penola and a small mill near Mt Gambier. Emily Rita and I, as at that stage we didn't have any children and she would accompany me on practically all my trips, spent the night at Mt Gambier which in those days was noted for the best accommodation between Melbourne and Adelaide.

We arrived at Millicent mill soon after breakfast and went over the mill with the recently installed Manager, Mr Ingram and I soundly agreed with his proposals to rehabilitate the mill. The Ingram family were well known in the Victorian milling industry. After leaving Millicent we proceeded to Penola to examine the mill there and when we had finalized the examination of the operation we were to leave for Melbourne via Mt Gambier to join the highway. The Mill Manager said

'Why go back all that way when you can take a shortcut to the border road and join the highway near there.'

I fell for their three card trick and agreed as he said there is only two tracks when you get to the fence and if you take the wrong one, you will only go a short distance and you will see a sign post reading 'Sandy Water Holes'.

When we reached the fence we found three tracks and he had said the track we were to take was obviously more used than the other track, we took the used track, darkness was coming on and miserable drizzle had started and being winter time, it was cold. We followed the track and soon found it to be going over increasingly rough country just through the bush and I only just managed to avoid bogging many times. Then low and behold we found ourselves back at the fence. We had been following a wood gatherer's track. There being only one track left which we followed, though it was a track in poor condition.

Sometime along the track we approached a stretch of water which looked dangerous and I got out and walked across to test it and found it only a few inches of water and solid underfoot. I drove in about halfway when suddenly we sank through the crust as we found out and were severely bogged. Emily Rita and I tried every way we could but no progress and decided we would have to spend the night there. We had just settled down when an old gentleman on a horse appeared and he proceeded to help but of no avail. The time was now about 9.00 pm when he said he would go and get help and away he rode. I remarked to my wife

'If he returns tonight in this weather he is a fool.'

I had to eat my words because about 10.00 pm we saw a light approaching which materialized into a car load of people from around Sandy Waterholes, a T Model Ford driven by a deaf man, together with his wife who had brought soup and sandwiches.

The party were equipped with block and tackle, axes shovels, etc and worked with a will; jacked up my car and hooked on the tackle and anchored it to a tree. Emily Rita drove our car and the rest got on the fall of the tackle with the T Model hooked on directly to the car. All to no avail; our car went a little and sunk again. They explained we were stuck in quicksands with the water running under the crust and a surveyor had been stuck the previous winter and had to wait until the spring to be dug out.

In a last effort the T Model was tied to the fall of the block so giving a pulling effect on my car of five times the traction of the Ford and we men on the fall also and Emily had the engine screaming; no dice. In desperation I arranged for the deaf man to take a running start on the fall with the rest pushing and with one big squeal our car came out. I was to learn later the whole of the chassis had been distorted, The original horseman came back to the gate with us to ensure we did not get lost and got out to walk home a mere five miles. I insisted on driving him and explained I could find my way back to road by following our tracks. I dropped him near his home and asked his name and he said McKeknie and I learned from the budding oil driller some ten years later that he was the old gentleman's nephew. I had arranged by letter and left three cases of canned fruit at the Sandy Waterholes sight on my next trip so in helping the nephew maybe I repaid a little of our debt to McKeknie Senior.

I had my movie camera with me in Manilla, and the usual performance was to get on the Airforce bus outside the camp and proceed to the downtown area where you were on your own until you wanted to come back, because there was absolutely nothing to do in the camp itself.

There were many thousands of people who were starving, and so our daily rations consisted of about a handful of the breakfast Weetbix or Cornflakes and one pullets egg, and the rest of the day our rations went towards feeding the starving people and they would come in in several hundreds to get a little food to keep alive.

So we had to find some places to eat, and one of the big advantages was that I had the money. In downtown Manilla there were a number of beer shops where they sold San Miguel beer; quite a good beer, and to get a load off your feet, you'd go in and in very hot weather enjoy a few drinks, and they were always crowded with servicemen. Fights and brawls took place galore, and it was always my habit of either trying to get a table in the corner or on the side. I was seated on the side one day when two of the waitresses had a row, and one girl picked up a bottle of beer and threw it at the other one. The other one retaliated by pulling a knife out and was going to attack across the room to the girl who threw the bottle, when I saw one of the neatest pieces of interception I've ever seen in my life. A big Marine kicked her feet out from underneath her, then calmly put his instep over her wrist and there she was pinned own by the wrist by his foot while he kept on drinking his beer. When she let go of the knife he kicked it out of the way and she got up and ran away howling; a very neat piece of work.

To get the city moving, transport was needed, and there was no evidence of buses or trams, I believe there were some trains but they weren't running, so the American Army then released hundreds of small trucks and jeeps to be converted to carry passengers, and these little workshops sprang up, mostly run by Chinese who were busy pulling the tops off jeeps and building a top on them, like a tray top which people could get in and sit, that is, they sat where their feet would be normally in the truck's body, and these were running around and gradually coming in hundreds. They are still there today in another form, where they are gaily built up, but not on the same loose system for carrying as many people as in the originals.

Their crew consisted of three persons; one the driver, two the man who took the money, and three the man who sat there with a. revolver in his hand to shoot anybody who tried to get the money, because crime and assault and murder were absolutely rife throughout the city. In fact, I wanted desperately to send a cable, because here I was stuck in Manilla when I was supposed to be in America somewhere and they didn't know at home. Eventually I found a Post Office open and it was very unfortunate because usually I carry money secretly on me but I didn't have the amount to send the cable on tap and I had to fish down and pull out a roll, quite a considerable amount of money. The Pilipino woman behind the counter at this Post Office was terribly upset and she said,

'Please, please put that money away, you'll be murdered, you'll be killed. I'll send the cable and you come back and pay me some other time.'

Then she told me that they used to watch the P.O. and people receiving money would walk down the street and be murdered therefor it; that's how things were.

The City was absolutely devastated, supposedly Manilla and Hamburg were the most bombed out places in the war, and I could quite easily believe this to be true because as far as I was concerned, in Manilla it was just one mass of huge destruction.

Getting back to the transportation system, it is not so long ago that Four Corners, the A.B.C. program, had on a program of the Philippines and especially featuring these jeepneze as they called them, these gaily cladded small buses that run around Manilla. Now the correct name of this system is a Jitney and when I was there, it was just starting to get going. The number of jeeps converted was probably much less than a number of the small one ton trucks that the American Army was handing over. Now I asked an American Officer why they were called Jitney buses and then he gave me obviously the correct answer, because I believe that it is still used today and runs and picks up without much regulation. Now it goes back many many years when there was a public transport strike. I think it was either in Baltimore or Philadelphia and the city authorities gave permission for any person with a vehicle to pick up passengers on certain routes, and to charge them 10 cents which in that area was called a Jitney, so they were known as Jitney buses; that is, they could pick up anywhere and there was the one fare; the whole distance or one block, and so this is exactly what happened in Manilla. You paid l O centavos, equal to IO U.S. cents, the same size coin and there were more American coins in use in Manilla at that time, than there was Pilipino money. So there we have today, the absurdity of them being called Jeepneze which may suit the tourists but it sort of gets under my skin quite a bit because it's obviously not right. I tried to point this out to the A.B.C. when they put on the program on them, but to no avail of course.

My shadow, McKeknie, and I found in one of the worst bombed out areas of the City a structure put up and they had a three piece orchestra and they used to sell horse steaks for dinner. They only opened at night, but anyway they had a regular customer as far as I was concerned from then on because I was getting desperate for something to eat, and in the end after a few days of going there regularly, as soon as I came in the door they would start playing Waltzing Matilda. It was only a small place, and the prices were very high so there were very few people who went in there; some Americans but not too many because I think it was several dollars for a horse steak, but I didn't care.

In one of my beer-hall crawls one afternoon with McKeknie I ran into three Australian sailors off one of our destroyers which was up there at the time and being still a Naval Reservist I was interested. These were very nice lads, but they had no money and couldn't get about much. They wanted to get around and see the town and especially to see some of the night life. There we were sitting in the place about five or six o'clock, it was quite bright in those days in the afternoon, and this beer-hall was run by a Chinaman who could understand English quite well, or r·easonably well, so I suppose I had enough to be getting a little bit venturesome, so they wanted to go around to see Manilla.

Well, there was no transport and it was dark at night, all the streets were full of shell holes, full of water, and the sewerage was getting pumped up and down along the street and down another sewerage hole, done by the American Engineers who had done a marvellous job. I had a discussion with the proprietor of this beer-hall and he took me by the arm and took me outside, and he waited for one of these jitneys to come along. It was an open top, I suppose fully loaded with about 30 people. He signalled it to come into the side of the footpath right outside his beer-hall and they had some discussion for a minute or so, then he came back to me and said

'Well you can hire this Jitney but for the night for $32. Will you take it?'

I said 'Yes' then to my embarrassment, the driver. and his guard and the conductor just kicked everybody out of the Jitney arid left :us .to occupy .it. McKeknie and myself and the three sailors set off to do the town over, which meant mostly drinking halls and brothels. Well I wasn't interested in the brothel side of it, but these young Australian sailors definitely were, so away we went in the Jitney bus. This one had no rain top on it, as I said about 30 people could get into it and away we went. There were five of us and the driver obviously knew all the joints that there were so away we went and we'd pull up outside one of these brothels or beer joints and in would rush the boys, and I would trail after them, only just to keep my eye on them. After meeting the girls and a mutual display of equipment, they'd leave and we'd go somewhere else. But the point about it was, you've got to realize that tropical nights are black when there is no moon, and this was black and the driver of the Jitney would slow down and drive along and suddenly he would pull up because he'd be down in water up to the radiator in a bomb hole, so we backed out and we chased around

and went up on the footpath, and went everywhere, and eventually got around were all kerosene lights, or something, but still enough and what fascinated me was the fact that he drove through the muck and right into the big wide entrance (in the tropics there's no reason to have doors) and he drove right into the entrance of the place onto the actual floor and we got out. By this time, apparently we were looked upon as something of easy money. I immediately settled for a table for the five of us in a corner, a really deep corner, not very far

from where the jeep came in, and this turned out to serve us well. We were no sooner seated when along came the girls to display their wares, when I say that they were quite, very closely dressed, but all smiles and so forth and my three sailor friends picked three girls and started dancing with them on the small dance floor. I picked on a girl who looked a bit better class, and I said

'Well, how much do you charge?'

she told me and I said

'Well, I don't want it, just sit down and keep me company.'

So that suited her fine too, because she obviously was a professional and she just didn't want men just for fun, so she sat down, quite an attractive girl, and we were talking there while the others had disappeared dancing and later they disappeared out to the cubicles in the brothel.

We were just sitting there when a huge man, a sailor obviously in perfect condition came over. Earlier in the evening, there were several fights on the floor amongst the servicemen, and in would come what in the old Navy days was the Military Police, but we called them crushers. They came in and they didn't equivocate; they would grab somebody who was creating trouble and they just hit him on the head or the shoulder blades and threw him out, and right outside the door was probably a foot of muck and slush. You'd hear them go plonk into the black mess because it was entirely black outside. So, this big sailor used to start the fights but seemed to slip out, probably brawl cunning. He came over and said to me while I was sitting with this girl,

'I'm going to kill you.' and he could too, obviously, so I said

'Why don't you come back in half an hour and kill me, I want to have a drink.'

So he wandered off again, drunk but not so silly drunk that he couldn't stand up, and would start another fight, and when the fight got going he'd disappear, and the M.P.'s would come in a grab the other bloke but not him.

So at this time I've got this table which was up in the corner, and I noticed that they were selling this whiskey. God only know what crap it was, but anyway I'd noticed that the bottle had a beautiful neck, so I bought a bottle of this whisky and when he came back the second time, he said

'I'm going to kill you.' I said

'Look, why don't you let it go for half an hour, I want to have a drink.'

So he went; he was just a mongrel.

Anyway, in the meantime I've got this bottle of whisky and I also had a wine bottle with a nice neat neck on it. I was in the corner and I worked it out this fellow was much, much bigger than I am, and I'm not small, and he sat down and I said

'Have a drink.' and he said

'I'm going to kill you.' I said

'Sit down and have a drink.'

As soon as I poured him this rot-gut whiskey, and brother it was abo□t 3/4 whiskey, he drank it in a gollop and then I could see him start to hover and I thought, I've got you with no worries. My idea was that I had this bottle of wine and he had the whiskey, that if he'd have got up I was able to stand up and smack him with the bottle of wine.· Anyway I pushed the whiskey down his neck, so this big brawler fell over the table unconscious in the corner.

By this time I was fed up; I wanted to get back to the camp, and I'd had them, the sailors, everybody. This was another Chinese place so I signalled for the bill, paid it, and tried to find out where my sailors were. I was getting a bit fed up by this time with my companions, which I'd no reason to do, they could do what they liked. I had a nice brown suit on and nice shoes and so forth so I decided to go and try to find them. So I walked out the back because the Chinaman kept pointing out the back door, and I went out the back door. He couldn't speak English, but was showing me, and there was a great row of cubicles down there where the girls were working on their backs so there was nothing I could do.

I walked down the street, because if I had opened the door I would have been killed. I just came around the corner and I ran into a Petty Officer, an American Naval Petty Officer, and I asked him had he seen these fellows, because they were all mates; Naval blokes are mates throughout the world generally. He laughed like the devil and said down the bottom of this small street and around the corner was a Blue Light Station, that's where they went down for their penises to be flushed out with disinfectant, and he said they are all down there. So I went back as I thought they'd be back before long.

By this time I was really getting sour so I called in the Jitney bus boss, he came in and I told him we were going to get home, and if these fellows didn't turn up in a few minutes that would be it. So I paid all the bills; I paid their bills, I paid my own bill and was ready to go and they turned up. It fascinated me, not fascinated, but gave me great thought that here was the Jitney waiting out there for probably two hours, out in the rain and the muck, and he drove straight in through these doors again with the ribbon hangers down, and drove straight in right to the edge of the dance floor for us to get in, and away we went.

Well all I wanted to do was get rid of the whole lot of them. They were on the destroyer, and we started down the embarcadero, that's the road that runs down around the Port. Incidentally, there is an embarcadero in San Francisco serving the same purpose. It was a nice night now and we drove down quite nicely along the road, and there was one fellow, one of the sailors who was horribly sick. He was perking, and it ended up we were driving down the road, and I was holding one side of him by a leg and an arm, and I don't know who was holding the other one, and here we've· got him held over the side where he perks, perks, perks, until we got down to the ship. I can't think of the name, and we take him on board, and we had to carry him and his mates couldn't carry him, they were just as bad. But McKeknie and I carried him up, and I'm not exaggerating, I dropped him on the destroyer and that was it, we came out, and what amazed me was that McKeknie and I were driven back to the camp and the Pilipino who was the controller of the Jitney and his two mates turned around with the $32 and we had the greatest difficulty to get him to take a $5 tip, and he seemed quite happy, he shook hands and said thank you very much.

Without seeing the damage done by the bombing and the fighting it would have been very hard for any person to really appreciate it. I forget how many hundreds of ship superstructures were above the water, and in semi darkness you'd think they were just tied up there, but they were all on the bottom. One of the most amazing situations I've ever seen where damage to buildings is concerned, was a pink coloured building I think about eight stories high. The story I was told was that the American troops were trying to dislodge a lot of Japanese snipers in a building a little distance away, and to dislodge them from the concrete building, the Americans with their tank guns, smashed off all the columns holding the pink eight storied building up on one side, with the effect that the whole building fell across clean through another building which had the snipers. It was possible to look for miles across where once had been dense populations, and there was nothing, just grass growing wildly with the odd sign that there had been a building in a few places.

Inside the old Monastery which occupied rooms on the inside of the old wall which had been previously around the town, tanks had gone through with grenades and other weapons and signs of human remains were stuck on the walls.

On July 4th, the Philippine Independence was declared and really great celebrations took place, and General MacArthur spoke on the radios and there were loud-speakers set up all around the streets screaming out, and great songs, and at the stadium which was specially built in the park right opposite the Old Manilla Hotel, the official ceremonies took place. This was quite interesting.

I haunted the office which allocated the seats on outward planes towards U.S.A. and I realized that other priority 3 people who had been there for months couldn't get out, and it looked at that stage, as though somehow I would have to return home. But on having a close look at the ticket I could see with a little bit of careful rubbing and faking I could alter the ticket to read priority 2. As well as that, I was suffering from the effects of the cholera injections, and I used to haunt the office and put on a terrible act of coughing and spluttering and weakening; a really good act, and eventually the Captain who was in charge of the office got sick and tired of us hounding him all the time. He was also a bit worried that I would get sick, because I understood if you were a foreigner and got sick in travelling with the A. T.C. or the 13th Air force of the Air force there was a considerable amount of trouble to get you admitted to a hospital. So he brought in the Major, and the Major had a look at my ticket and he said something to the Captain and the Captain said, come back and be prepared to move out. I went back with McKeknie my shadow following me and sure enough we had been allocated seats to go out to the airfield and board another trooper similar to which we'd arrived in and after going over the parachute drill, ditching drill, and demonstrations we were given on how to get in and out of a life raft and other necessities of the day, we left on an eight hour flight to Guam, being about 6.00 pm when we left.

As time was going forward, we arrived at Guam after the eight hour flight, about 5.00 am and were given quite a good breakfast, and I was told that I was to be off-loaded. But during the night an incident had occurred on the plane. The bottle of Clan McDuff whiskey which I'd obtained in Brisbane had not been opened in my overnight bag, which was alongside me on top of the fire-fighting equipment. It must be remembered that the passengers on the plane were either walking wounded or a few of the soldiers who had served right from the beginning of the Pacific War right through and were given preference repatriation, and a few V.I.P.'s and McKeknie and myself.

One of the young soldiers was obviously in very much pain, but there was no medical service on board, and so I went up to him and I said quietly

'Would you like a drop of Scotch Whiskey.' he said

'No, I'd like to but this fellow sitting alongside me, he might be only a Colonel but he's got more say than a General; he's a Secret Service man.'

Anyway, during the night, it was very difficult to sleep, you can only doze, and I could see this young man was in a bad way, and he was sweating with the pain, so I had an idea. I carefully went down as though I was going to have a wash, and just sitting near the wash basin was the young man I referred to. I quietly filled one of the paper cups about half full of whiskey and filled it up with water and gave him three aspros and this to drink and this put him to sleep and he was very grateful the next morning.

I went back and put the whiskey in the overnight bag, and the next morning I decided that I might have a wash before we landed at Guam. I didn't know how long we'd be there or what would be the position. Just then, it was just getting daylight and the passengers were stirring and I opened the zipper and lo and behold out came the fumes of Scotch Whiskey in a big way. What had happened during the night was that we had gone up to a higher altitude and the air pressure in the bottle had blown out the cork, and the whiskey had run out, not all by any means but it had run out sufficiently to soak some of my underwear and the towel. I immediately zipped the zipper shut, the soldier alongside me didn't take any notice, but the fellow further along the bench sitting next to him woke up and he shook this fellow alongside me who was evidently a friend of his, and he said

'I'm going crazy.'

So of course the other fellow said

'What are you talking about?'

'I'm going crazy, I know I am. I can smell Scotch Whiskey.'

Well of course I'd shut the bag, so his friend alongside me woke up and he couldn't smell anything because the movement of the air in the plane is pretty rapid, and it doesn't linger around.

When we got go Guam, the first thing I wanted to do was get rid of this Scotch in the underwear, because it's quite an offence with the American Army to be carrying liquor. So I went into the toilet when we landed at Guam; the officers toilet, and took out the offending garments and placed them in under the hot water tap to rinse out the whiskey. There was nobody about except one fellow who had been in another section, and I was close to the door. He walked passed me, but a person coming in said

'Hey, where'd you get it?'

'Get what?'

'Get the Scotch Whiskey you've been drinking.' he said 'You're crazy man, you're crazy.' or something to that effect,

'I can smell it, where'd you get it?'

By this time I'd rinsed everything out and in a flash turned off the tap and put them back in the bag, so again the smell had disappeared, so there it was.

I was told I was off-loaded, and was allotted a bunk number and a hut number and it proved to be quite a strenuous exercise walking at least two miles to where the hut was because it's just a huge town. As I understood, there were over l 00,000 men in the base.

I just settled down to a bit of a rest and I really needed it, I was almost exhausted, when over the loud-speaker in the hut came the request that I immediately report with my gear to the reception area, so away I went again and was told I was going to be put back on the plane to continue on.

We started off again towards Kwajalein, another eight hour trip. It was a Sunday and my birthday, 7th July, and it was the second occasion that this had happened; we passed over the date line, so that on the Monday, it was still Sunday, 7th July, so I had two birthdays.

While we were between Guam and Kwajelein, the first hydrogen bomb was exploded on Bikini Island, and we were about 120 miles north and flying at probably ten or twelve thousand feet, and one of the Colonels on board had the exact position which he had obtained from the Captain of the plane. We all looked and the Colonel who had a pair of field glasses claimed he saw the flash because it was the precise moment it went off, but we couldn't see anything, so that was that.

We eventually landed at Kwajelein and this was a huge airfield and we put down for about I think two hours, and while we were there the planes were landing continuously on two landing strips, and taking off at one a minute, 24 hours a day. Whilst we were in the two hours, there were three planes lost, two with passengers and crew and one a flying fortress, which managed to come down on some little reef, I think it was about 60 miles away, and were later rescued before they would have drowned.

After about eight hour’s flight we landed at Johnson Island. It was about 600 miles

North West of Honolulu and it was a strange sensation landing as the Island was so small that there was barely sufficient room for the planes to land and to take off, so that actually in fact all except their wheels were touching the coral surface which was almost level with the water, that's the ocean. The planes picked up tons and tons of water with the propellers, though it didn't interfere with the pilots because they were sitting forward of the engines, but the plane was just covered with water, as we landed.

We spent a little time there while they refuelled, then we were pulled back by tractor to the extremity of the runway, and held there by the tractor, with some device until the engines were absolutely screaming and the device was let go and the plane surged forward and actually the wheels were coming up as it was over the water again, and we had the same performance with the water coming over the aircraft.

After a nice pleasant four hour flight, I say that by this time the hours are not getting any shorter, we landed at Honolulu and then I was the only one to get off there and I'd arranged, before I left Australia to get permission to stop off for one week in Honolulu. This

was very important to me because I wanted to check on plans for the big Golden Circle Cannery we had contracted to build, and to make sure that I had the process modern and satisfactory and as Hawaii is the largest packer of pineapple in the world, and have the most modern canneries. I also had some very good friends there and I wanted to spend the time with them and check on all the aspects of this proposal which I had taken along. This proposal was quite lengthy and quite a considerable book.

The A. T.C. didn't want to recognise that I was to be taken off the plane, so after lots of messing around I was cleared through customs and health and immigration, and then I refused to leave the building until I was assured that I was to get the five days stopover which had been arranged. They wouldn't give it to me, so I just sat there: The Captain got fed up; he wanted to clear out Sunday afternoon. So I just sat and he just sat and time just went on; he'd go away and come back again, and that was it. So in the end I said to them

'Look, I've paid a full fare from Brisbane to U.S.A. Now if I'm going to be put off here, you've at least got to be prepared to give me a refund of my money.' knowing very well that this couldn't be done.

This made him almost aghast. He sent for one of the Senior Officers and a Major came in, and the impasse started again. I refused to leave the building until such time as I was assured that I could get on the plane in seven days, minimum. Well, in the end he told me that he agreed, that if they put me off the plane they'd have to give me a refund, and he said

'To get a refund, do you know that the refund cheque has got to be signed by the President of the United States?'

Well that fixed the whole situation, because very grudgingly he then gave me an order that I was to spend seven days in Honolulu and go on, but I sure wasn't very popular.

So there I was on a Sunday afternoon, going outside the building with a heavy suitcase and my overnight bag, and a heavy coat. I enquired about transport to the gate; nothing. So there was nothing for me to do but start about a three mile walk to the gate of this huge airport. I was trudging along, sweating profusely and getting very uncomfortable, but I was determined to go through with it, when a car pulled up alongside me and the driver asked

'Where are you going?' and I told him

'Oh,' he said 'I'll take you up to the gate, I'm going to post a letter anyway. I'm the chief of the fire staff here, I'm a civilian.' and a very pleasant gentleman.

While I had been waiting around in the reception area, or what they called the briefing room, there was a telephone there and it was free, so I spent the time, which was hours, ringing up trying to find accommodation, because there were hundreds of thousands, maybe half a million people trying to find accommodation in Honolulu and were sleeping on beaches, anywhere they could park, all over the place. So I rang and rang and rang, and each time I got a rejection I'd ask them where to ring. So some humorous guy gave me a telephone number to ring and said that this was a hotel. I rang up and they said they had accommodation, so I told them I'd be in there in a couple of hours, or that evening. Well, we got down to the gate and as I was going to get out, the driver said

'I'll post the letter in Honolulu, I'm doing nothing, so I'll run you into Honolulu.' which was a real gesture, because I'd have to wait for hours for a bus passing the gate. So when I told him where I wanted to get out, he seemed to be quite surprised. He didn't say anything, so he dropped me off at the crumby hotel in downtown Honolulu and lo and behold, I hadn't known, but I knew as soon as I got inside the door that it was a Pilipino Brothel. Anyway, I was allotted this room and had a shower and there were no bedclothes on the bed, but I didn't care, I just wanted somewhere to put my head down, I couldn't have stood up much longer. I had not slept for days, so I went to sleep. I had locked the door and from the number of knocks I was getting, I wasn't very popular with the girls.

Later on I got up and felt very much refreshed, and I think it was about l 0.00 pm. I went out to walk around Honolulu to try to find accommodation, and I did get accommodation, it was at the Alexander Young Hotel, and being a Sunday, things were much quieter. I was shown this room and the clerk was rather apologetic because he said it hadn't any bathroom with it. But, he said, there was a bathroom across the passage that was independent, and he gave me a key to that so I could have my own bathroom. Well, I was so delighted to get somewhere to stop. I went back to the brothel and checked out. I had paid for the night so it didn't make any difference, they were quite pleased to see me go and I got a cab to the Alexander Young, and I had a very very restful night, I just died.

I went out and started on business next day, but when I came home that night I found that the reason the room wasn't occupied was that it was right on top of a juke-box parlour, and they played these records, blaring out, and the floor was jumping and the thing that will fascinate me for as long as I live was that the favourite tune was "Pedro the Fisherman" and if I heard that played, I heard it played a hundred times. But I found out how to get over the situation; not to come in until about 1.00 am when there were very few then and it seemed to close up. So you can get over all these things.

Figure 15 - Assembling Bingham patent Can and jar labelling machine

Figure 16 - Assembling Bingham patent Casing Machine

I went out on Monday to visit my friend Bob Newton, the Superintendent of the very large Calpak Cannery and was surprised to find that he had resigned and was then handling the Coca Cola franchise in the Philippines and Singapore and Hong Kong. This didn't go as well as he thought it would, except for Singapore and Hong Kong; British territories in those days. As Bob was only a once removed Englishman he got along quite well. Later he entered the Yacht building business in Hong Kong and became the largest yacht builder in the world, and employed some 1500 carpenters and shipwrights. He then started the manufacture of sails in a big way and got the Australian sailmaker Rolly Tasker to go in with him. In later years Rolly and Bob in partnership became the largest sailmakers in the world. When Bob retired he went back to America on a very luxurious schooner that he'd built for himself but unfortunately his retirement in the Southern California area didn't last long; he died, and his sons later took over the business of the sail making and Rolly Tasker severed the partnership.

Sid Carlson, Bob's assistant, and I had become very good friends and we remained friends for some 35 years. I got every assistance in the checking of the plans to ensure that the Golden Circle venture would be as modern and efficient as anything in the world. The week passed very busily and I rang up on the Friday afternoon to enquire when my plane was due to go and I didn't get a very good reception, but after insisting that I had to get some answer, I was told to be up at the Airport reception area, I think it was 5.00 am, so that was it.

I was out at the huge reception area of what was probably U.S.A.'s largest airfield, Higginfield, and then I ran into more troubles. As I explained earlier, the gates are quite a considerable distance from the reception area and when I enquired of the guard at the gate how I was to get down there, and showed him the ticket with everything in order, he said

'I don't know, there's no bus allowed in the place, and that's it.'

'Oh,' I said 'l'll have to walk.'

But the Sergeant of the Guard got hold of a Corporal and said

'Look, how about taking him down in your jeep?' and then they really started an argument, the Corporal said

'You know what's going to happen to me if a civilian is caught in my jeep?'

'Oh,' he said 'go on, there will be nobody about, it's too far for this fellow to walk carrying all the gear.'

So he dumped my big case in the jeep and I got in and away we went. Well, I can tel1 you this; this fellow was so scared to be caught with a civilian that he was just going to get me there, and he just went around all the corners on two wheels, just like a maniac and we were there within minutes. He pulled up, jammed the brakes on, and almost threw me and my bags out. Then the inevitable happened; I didn't do anything for a couple of hours, just sat around until we eventually took off again.

In this case we had what is called a plush. Now as the soldiers or airmen or whoever these servicemen were, would go to the plane they all had big letters, big numbers, a number on the front of the fuselage and I think it was a seven, but all planes ending with the number seven were what they called a plush, and had half seats and half no seats, just floor, and I always thought that this worked out very well because you could sit in the seats and then if they wanted to relax they'd lie out with the blanket on a pillow on the floor, or sit around and play cards.

We were informed over the speaker soon after leaving Honolulu that there would be a mock attack by Navy fighter planes, and immediately this set up a buzz of conversation. Everybody was saying how these fellows can't fly, they'll hit us and as we were flying through sparse cloud, it was sort of an eerie sensation sitting there waiting for these fighter planes to make mock passes over us. Anyway, after about half an hour and nothing happened, the pilot then said

'They can't find us.'

So there was a sigh of relief throughout the plane,

This was my fifth crossing of the pacific, and at that time I didn't contemplate what was really ahead, and that over the next 20 odd years I was to cross the Pacific 40 times.

We had a very good flight, and about 10.00 pm we were approaching San Francisco, and by this time all the servicemen in the plane were getting very agitated and excited, but when they saw the lights of San Francisco come up there were cheers and they were crying and it was very moving. The lad sitting next to me was showing me the watch he'd purchased for his Dad. The pilot took the plane fairly low, flew over the Golden Gate Bridge which· was all lit up, straight up the bay over the big bay bridge, and onto Fairfield, the very large airfield, I think it was about 60 miles Northeast of San Francisco and we landed there and I was very moved when all the soldiers got out and kissed the ground.

We went into the reception area and everybody dispersed very quickly except me and I had real problems. They just didn't know anything about foreign passengers arriving there, and though this had all be done in Honolulu, that wasn't sufficient for the Officer in Charge, so I just sat around and sat around, until the bus for San Francisco had left, and I think it was about 1.00 am. They had found some Immigration Official and he came over and just had a look at my passport and that and saw that it had been stamped and he said everything was okay, but now I couldn't get out of the Airfield; taxi's were not allowed in. So I went along and found out that it wouldn't be until 12.00 the next day when there would be a bus coming to the gate.

But anyway, with more pushing and shoving around, I got chatting with the Officer, I think he was a Lieutenant, in the Reception area, and he said he'd get me put on the car that goes into San Francisco; it left at 6.00 am. I was so determined not to be missed, that I just lay down with my shoes off, .and my bags strapped to my arms so they couldn't be stolen, and went to sleep right against the desk where I had to be. I was aroused in the morning a bit before 6.00 and I put my shoes on, stood up and walked out to where this car was going to leave.

We started off and boy, it was one of the wildest rides I've ever had. This fellow was averaging over 100 miles an hour, just wherever he could, and it turned out, he explained to me (I was scared stiff) that he got so many hours to go into San Francisco, deliver the despatches and mail and return and so by going that fast, he could do it in three hours less the time they allowed him, which he used to spend with his girlfriend.

I had been booked into the Stewart Hotel in Geary Street, San Francisco, where I'd stopped on occasions before. I got there and the room wasn't made up, but this didn't matter to me I just simply sat down in the lobby with my bags and went fast asleep. So here again I was back in San Francisco and ready to go out and get into business and look up some of the friends I'd made.

San Francisco has always been one of my favourite cities, as it just has some charm that Los Angeles has not and it is a comparatively small city on a peninsula, so that it can't grow particularly large, though it is the centre of a whole cluster of population and cities around the bay and adjacent to it. There always seems to be something happening in San Francisco, and the people are I've found to be very helpful, whereas in Los Angeles for instance it's like the saying, 'first in best dressed'.

The climate of San Francisco is very similar to that of Melbourne; in the Winter time it's wet and cold and in the Summer time you get very hot days, but usually there is always a cold breeze that comes up in the afternoons, and it's quite interesting to note that around 4.00-4.30 pm you see the leaves start to rustle in the main street, Market Street, and the next thing the breeze is coming off the ocean up from the embarcadero to cool things down, and it gets quite cold in the evenings.

It's a great place for fogs at certain times, and these fogs come from off the Pacific Ocean. You can see them rolling in in the afternoons, and they come in from quite a distance out. If you are standing on the high cliffs on the ocean side it's fascinating to see these fog waves hit the steep cliffs and actually bounce back and keep on building up. They keep coming up until you can't see the rocks below and all that comes to the top and over the top

they roll, just like waves coming in. Even in those days there were several buildings in San Francisco where you could get above the fog at night and see the skyscrapers just poking out through the fog. These fogs make rather precarious landings

at times on the airport, and it's quite something to put down by the controls without being able to see, and you sink through the fog and there could be anything underneath. The fog looks thick enough to walk on. Anyway, we've always landed, as the runways are towards and away from the bay. That's one big thing I always like; if you are landing at Kennedy Airport or San Francisco you know that they can approach at quite low altitudes without the danger of hitting high ground.

On Monday morning, 15th July at the Stewart Hotel I had a good clean up and a big breakfast; this being the first decent meal I'd had for a couple of days. I went down and picked up my mail at Walter King's office and contacted Mr Sandborn the Chief Superintendent of Calpak and other members of his office. On Tuesday I was picked up by Mr Doore and was taken to see Atlas Engineering and Felic and Perilli.

The next day, Wednesday, I went out to inspect the two fruit plants of F.M. Ball and Mr Ball had just arrived back from Tahiti where he had been stuck over apparently some years. He was surprised to see us as some time previously in Australia I had received a cable from his son-in-law asking us if we could do anything towards helping him get on a ship. Well we did everything we possibly could from our end and as I had some in then with the Government I may have done some good. Anyway, he seemed to think that we did, so this put me in in a big way with Mr Ball and Mr Al Schwaner, his son-in-law and other members of his executive. He was a real gentleman.

Next day I went over to Oakland where Earl Reynolds my old friend was now working for the Kaiser Company and had a long chat with him and later again met up with Dr Joslyn who was now professor at the University of California and we had a long discussion on the manufacture of juice of which we was a specialist. This was important because one of the main matters of interest in this trip to America was to investigate the very latest methods of manufacturing juice, especially orange juice and pineapple juice, although it later took in apple juice and other types of fruit juice and tomato juice. Maynard Joslyn introduced me to Mr Wilder who was in charge of the National Canners Association and he was most helpful as their Western Laboratories were doing a lot of research work on juice and a lot of their findings had not yet become published.

I left San Francisco and proceeded to Los Angeles where I contacted my friend Mr Armstrong the senior Executive for the Southern Californian Fruit Growers Association commonly known as Sunkist and they were certainly big operators. He in turn introduced me to Dr Anthony Lorenze who was Director of Research. Tony and I became firm friends and in fact the friendship lasted until he died about 20 years later. These contacts gave me easy entry to study the manufacture of the juice and at the large Sunkist plant at Ontario I was able to talk with the factory personnel including Mr Dyer in charge of research there and Mr Baily, Factory Manager.

They were using Brown squeezing machines and had an output of about a ton an hour, however they were putting in at that time five Pipkin machines which had been

developed and patented by Pipkin in Florida. These were now controlled by the Food Machinery Company Corporation and later became very very popular around because at that time, I may have mentioned, due to estate squabbles Brown Citrus Machine Company could not manufacture any more machines so the market was quite open to anybody who could circumvent the Brown patents and produce a satisfactory machine and Pipkin turned out to be the most successful. However there were other machines. The most successful of the other machines was the Citramat machine and this was used extensively at Birelys who operated a large pectin plant. They were the holders of the patents on the Citramat and of course used them. They had a very high capacity compared to anything else but it was unfortunate for them that they left too much oil content in the juice and never became really popular.

In later years, the Brown machine came back into operation under the direction of a Mr Bruce Alexander, a very smart operator and they would now be the largest in the world in the use of production of juice, though there are still many Pipkin machines operating.

Another interesting operation was the Mission Dry Corporation. The engineer was a Mr Crosby and Miss Blangstadt, a Swedish woman was the chemist and more or less in charge

of the plant, a very, very competent person. As they were making carbonated fruit drinks, this was a different operation and quite interesting and Sally, as Miss Blangstadt was popularly known, was very helpful indeed.

Tony introduced me to a very very interesting gentleman, Dr Laurence Detrich who was then out of work more or Jess but he had just got out of the army and was going through the traumas of a divorce case. His wife was a well known doctor in the Los Angeles area and she did not impress me one little bit. They had no children and the problem was Larry had enlisted and joined the Army and for safety's sake had made over his half of the house to her and she had very promptly passed it on to her sister and when Larry returned from the war he was thrown out.

Now Larry had been a scholar all his life practically and later became a Lecturer at the University of Southern California at Westwood and had a quite distinct career on the study of the effects of atomic burns. He was an outstanding sort of a character, in fact a real Huckleberry Finn. He was a few years older than I was but he was very keen on fishing and hunting and the outdoor life. He was born in the Go1dfie1ds area of California and was really keen on camping, fishing and everything else in that line which of course suited me down to the ground. We became very good friends.

He was going to marry another divorcee named Evelyn Brunelli. In later years I formed the opinion that she was the most competent person in a general way that I had ever come across. There just did not seem to be anything she could not manage competently and successes in this direction were numerous. She and Larry later married and I used to stay with them. Larry started to drive me around and got to know some of my friends both outside and inside the industry and in later years we drove many thousands of miles in Western U.S.A. and Canada and we had the pleasure of entertaining he and Evelyn in Australia for an extensive holiday. \

Just to illustrate how Evelyn operated, when they were coming through Customs in Sydney a Spanish woman in front of them was at a great Joss and could not get the Customs Officer to understand. Well Evy spoke Spanish, Italian and German as well as English so she listened into the conversation and in her charming way drew the attention of the Customs Inspector to the fact that the woman did not have any baggage because it had been lost and therefore she could not fill in forms as she had nothing to fill in about. So Evy took off for a few minutes and acted as an interpreter to explain to the Customs people as apparently they just did not have a Spanish speaking interpreter at the time.

George Kurtz had been the principal of the Standard Steel Company, manufacturers of equipment for making fish meal, and he was a very smart engineer. He was able to introduce me and squired me around to meet prominent fish canners especially in the sardine and tuna industry. He was a very, very nice person and again he and I became friends for the rest of his life which unfortunately was not many years. He had come from a wealthy family and his father had been the President of the Los Angeles Railway Company which operated the trains and trams in the Los Angeles area.

In the course of our travels, George introduced me to the Overstrom Company which manufactured and patented a screen which proved of great benefit in the screening of juices. They were a very, very nice family consisting of I think five sons and a father who were all engineers and operated this small machine shop, but turning out the quantities of these novel vibrating screens, some of which we immediately took up and installed at the Golden Circle Plant in Brisbane when it was completed. We also got the right to manufacture the machines in Australia as well as representing. They had also licenced some other firm (I think it was the Linkbelt Company) to manufacture them and they later became very well known as Linkbelt Machines. Overstroms were the patentees of them. Incidentally, Overstrom Senior had got the idea for these novel designs when working as Chief Engineer on the big copper mine at Bingham in Montana.

On 7th August I'd gone north again and visited the Food Machinery Company at San Jose and met my friend who was formerly with Chi1so1m Ryder, Mr Bill DeBach. I also later met Mr Paul Davies, the President, and some of his senior executives. At that time they did not have much interest in Australia but had contacted us with the idea of throwing over board their agents who were the Austral Otis Company in Melbourne and giving us the agency, but they wanted too much and I told them straight that our machinery was generally better than theirs so why should we pay them anything. This did not help their ego very much although we parted on a friendly basis, at least on the surface.

I continued to look around and see numbers of canneries and frozen food plants and then later went further north. Whilst in the San Francisco Bay area I was able to see the first of two machines which in the next twenty years was to play a big part in the overall efficiency of fruit canneries.

The first one was the Atlas Turnover devices which could either turn peaches cup up or cup down and the same with pears, not quite as efficiently, but good enough and also the first operation of the Ashlock Cherry Pitting Machine invented by George Ashlock who had a small machine shop in San Francisco.

George had more or less inherited the small shop as he was foreman for the German who ran it. This German died and apparently had no relatives and so George was sort of given the plant and operation to keep the few men employed and they had been making the old fashioned cherry pitters. George then conceived the idea of how to orient the cherries into a certain position and to punch the pit out at the stem end and also to fold back the fruit so well that it was very difficult to detect that the fruit had been pitted at all. He was doing that at the rate of 1700 cherries a minute and it was obviously a great success.

He sold just a few machines and then awakened to the fact that he would be much better off if he was to just lease them on a yearly basis of so much per ton with a minimum of $4,000 per year, I believe it was. As George quickly got out some hundreds of machines at the minimum of $4,000 per year you can see by employing just a few men he had an enormous income. Unfortunately, this was his downfall as he became an alcoholic and later died through the effects of it when only a comparatively young man. A great tragedy and if he had lived it would have been in my opinion the means of upsetting a number of patents and machines that were getting used for pitting peaches as all the automatic peach pitting machines dependent on a system of orienting the fruit so that they could be passed through the machine and the stone removed either by what became known as twist pitting which we handled or the spoon pitting machines of Food Machinery Company.

I spoke to George Ashlock about this in his later years when there were several machines operating on the pitting of peaches and using an orienting device or system which in my opinion was basically nothing more than the one George had invented and patented. He said

'They're alright I know where I stand, I am just waiting for them to get well in and I will sue them.'

And I am confident that he would have won the case but unfortunately he died and the matter was left very open. When I saw the first two turn-over devices put in by Atlas Machinery at one of the Calpak plants in the Bay area and I was asked by the factory manager my opinion of them as they were not performing so well, I said I thought they were excellent but the fault was due to the overloading of the machines. So he went away and cut back at the loading of the machines, .that is, the amount of peaches that were going over each of these machines was cut down and immediately he saw the results, so that started off one of the success stories of the Company which I became closely associated with.

The principal of the company was Ted Harrer and he was a very competent engineer and made a lot of money and he had an interest in a local basketball team. In fact, it was a famous team that toured the world including Australia at one time after Ted had died.

Atlas had quite a nice machine shop, a modern building but whenever I went there I got the impression that something was just off beam as far as I was concerned in operations. Still, they were successful. Their foreman for outside work was a George Kilner with whom I became quite well acquainted and very friendly. He was working and putting in work at the machinery at Golden Glo Brewery and he asked me if I was passing that way

to call in on him. So I called in the afternoon and he asked me if I felt like a beer, so I said yes and we had a drink and he asked me if I would like to meet the President so I said yes. So he took me up the stairs to the office and a gentleman was sitting in the office there and George introduced me by saying

'Exhibition A, this is David Bingham, he's an Australian.'

and the President immediately said

'There's nothing strange about that, so am I.'

It turned out he used to work for Tooth Brewery in Sydney before he went over to take

over the running of the Golden Glo Brewery. It was not too long before Golden Glo was bought out and shut up. But Ted Harrer and Atlas had something to do with the distribution of Golden Glo in the Bay area.

While in the Los Angeles area, George Kurtz introduced me to a Swedish scientist, Dr Lassen, who worked for the Van Kamp Fishing Company on research and he had a zoo where he fed various animals, up to the size of a horse, with different diets and showed clearly the different results that happened, such as fowls being grown with only one claw and all sorts of things, just simply by regulating their diet. He had invented the system of treating what they call Stickwater. Stickwater was the discharge from the presses used for pressing the fish for oil and was the residue after the oil had been extracted. It was simply a messy thin liquid of a brown blood colour and this was let go into the ocean and it created some shocking environmental problems. He had invented and patented the system of condensing this Stickwater down until it was a reasonably thick fluid which was then stored in tanks and a certain acid was put with it and was then sold as an additive for feeding chickens and this had amazing results.

I think it can be fairly said that Dr Lassen had then doubled the laying output of chickens and his patent relied at that time I think solely on the use of this acid as a method of keeping the Stickwater liquid from going rancid. Well it was unfortunate for him it was soon found that the sale was so great for this liquid that there was no need for it to be stored any length of time so Lassen lost out on the real results he should have obtained. Later on the process was carried further and the liquid dried and the dried powder used which is now standard practice throughout the world.

Another machine had considerable effect on the canning industry on the West Coast of America expressly in regard to canning of sardines or pilchards, whatever you wish to call them. George Kurtz patented a machine which not only cleaned the fish, that is, removed the head and cleaned out the inside and washed and brushed them at high speeds, but as they came further along, carried in the special chain, the fish were alternately turned head to tail, head to tail for several fish, according to size and these were then automatically placed in the 16 ounce cans, that is, the 30 l by 4ll can of that day. Still a very popular can. Then tomato sauce was added and the cans closed and the sterilising took place. A very, very popular product but unfortunately it was not so many years before the whole of the sardine packing operations on the Pacific Coast ceased due to the lack of fish coming to the canneries and a number of the factory processing lines were later sent to the West African Coast and commenced operations there using the same packaging system.

After hearing discussions between three of the most knowledgeable persons engaged in the fishing industry from processing and the Fisheries and Wildlife Department of the U.S.A. Government and some from Canada, I'm not convinced it was the lack of fish or the lack of potential fish. I believe that the stream of fish had shifted and now follows a different habitat in its migration down the Pacific Coast of America. One of the scientists who was engaged by the U.S. Government stated he went across the stream of fish and dip netted every short distance, I would think quarter of a mile or something like that, and by weighing the amount of fish in the dip net each time he said he was convinced that the biggest day's fishing which was about I believe 15,000 plus, tons of sardines were processed between Oakland and San Diego, less than a quarter of one percent of fish were being caught and this later to my expectations of appreciation was further supported in a similar situation happening in South Africa.

I continued north to Washington and Oregon and started to contemplate the great social change that had taken place on the west coast of the U.S.A. probably one of the greatest voluntary human movements of all time. Due to the weather conditions during the war, huge Army camps were set up right along the West Coast and San Francisco. San Pedro and Portland areas became great ports for supply and transportation of troops to the Pacific War. Huge aircraft factories were set up and these employed hundreds and hundreds of thousands of people and also there were ship yards all the way at various places but expressly at Richmond and the Bay area and up at Portland, Oregon where the freighters and other ships were being built on a mass production basis and again manned by hundreds of thousands of workers from the east and southern states and it was said that two hundred thousand or more negroes came into the Richmond Bay area to work at the ship yards there and just to see the size of the ship yards on the Columbia River not very far from Portland, it was really staggering to see these colossal enterprises turning out thousands of ships.

Well all this ceased after the war and when I was there it was slowing down a little bit, and probably a couple of million people had departed from California as there was no work and returned to the East to their former homes excepting most the negroes who stopped behind and i□ was just like, to me, the whole of the west coast of America had taken on the atmosphere and conditions of the 'morning after' the huge evacuation had occurred. The whole length was littered with closed down restaurants, bars, deserted army camps and deserted caravan parks and the like which had housed all these people as I say, millions, and they were streaming out of the west coast back to the east coast.

Travel on the west coast was not so bad but in the east when I went over there it just had to be seen to be believed. The main railway stations were clogged 24 hours a day with people waiting to get on trains as air travel was not so important as a means of moving people. At stations the people were sleeping on the platforms with cardboard tags attached to them saying to wake them up at a particular time, with their bags strapped so they couldn't get stolen or making it difficult to be stolen. There were thousands of people sleeping in Central Park, New York when I arrived there.

Before leaving the west coast I visited my friends at the C.R.P.A. Canneries at Astoria,

Oregon and also numerous other canneries including fish canneries before turning eastward for Chicago and as mentioned just previously, the number of people who were just trying to get places and weren't getting there was just hard to conceive.

Hotel accommodation was impossible almost but eventually I got a room at the La Salle Hotel in Chicago because I had been a customer there before but what a room it was. They were building an underground railway right outside the window in La Salle Street so it just had to be kept closed. Fortunately they seemed to finish after midnight but as accommodation was that desperate, one didn't venture out or move until accommodation was assured.

I went down directly to see my good friend Belford Seabrook of Seabrook farms at Bridgeton, New Jersey and it was a truly awesome operation as far as freezing and canning was concerned but particularly freezing as the operation of Seabrook farms as a producer was really awe inspiring. I think there were something like six hundred tractors in use and the amount of produce coming in to be frozen ran into thousands of tons per day. I had a very interesting time with Seabrooks and while I was there over the weekend Belford was engaged on some industry matter and he handed me over to his chauffeur, Jack Saunders, a character if ever there was one. Jack had been one of the five in line for the world heavyweight boxing championship ih the days of Dempsey and Tunney so you only had to look at him to see he was in very good condition and a very very nice person.

So Belford handed over his new maroon Cadillac and Jack Saunders to drive me down to Atlantic City for a weekend. Well what a weekend it ended up. Jack just knew everybody because I believe he had been running a rum runner there but on top of that he was a very nice person in no way argumentative or trying to push his way around and so we had a fantastic weekend and when we returned he insisted, as his wife was English, he could make tea, so we went back to his apartment to have some tea, and he made it. Every time he made it I told him there was something wrong with it; he hadn't done this or he hadn't done that. At last he reckoned he had it all right and then he said

'Well, how's that?'

I replied

'It's alright except for one thing you've got wrong.'

'Well, what's that?'

I said 'You didn't heat the cups.'

He was exasperated. He picked me up, and I'm no light weight believe me, and he threw me onto the bed and he disappeared into the night. I don't know where he slept but he was at work the next day much earlier than I was.

In another trip some years later I saw Jack and he was then the foreman in charge of all the transport coming in and out of this huge factory and I got talking to him when I noticed a fellow in a big truck over the one side away from the weigh bridge-and he was obviously asleep. I asked Jack what he was doing over there asleep like that, had he had a hard day. Jack said

'No, I knocked him out. He came in here drunk; he'd been drinking and I knocked him out to let him sleep it off over there for a while because if the boss here just smells it he's lost his job, and he's got a wife and three kids to keep.'

I thought it was a gesture of a real tough gentleman. Good luck Jack.

I left Deerfield and my friends the Seabrooks and went to Washington D.C. to interview and discuss with the specialist on ponding design for the control of bacteria from canneries waste, at the National Canners Association Laboratories. They are very extensive and they were doing a lot of research work and I got a very good reception as it was only just coming in in an experimental way in America and they were very happy to think that they would have someone out in Australia under different conditions, especially for pineapples, with whom they would be able to check on the results. We discussed methods of aeration and turnover for the ponds and other technical matters and I left and returned to Chicago and went out almost immediately to see the Urschel Company and my friends Joe and Gerald Urschel and found them charming and enthusiastic and interesting in their new developments which were later to become a very big help to us in Australia.

Joe suggested I call on a friend of his named Russ Winters at Green bay, Wisconsin and to get there the best way was to take a train, a local train from Chicago to Green bay, travelling at night and arriving at Green bay in time for breakfast. This was quite interesting because apparently it was a train to pick up milk cans for Chicago and it was outstanding how quietly and competently the train was stopped and started up and how the milk cans were handled quietly in such a way as not to disturb an ordinary person's sleep all the way it was stopping every few miles. The beds were comfortable and it impressed me that you could get something going like this instead of how it would be in Australia; crash, bash the hell with you Jacky.

I found Russ Winters a most interesting and highly technical person to talk to. He had been a trouble shooter for years with the American Can Company and had taken on the job to run this Larsen Company, packers of vegetables in a big way, at Green bay. It was rather an old fashioned plant and before Russ had taken over the management it had apparently been struggling, but he got it back on its feet again to be one of the leading packers of vegetables in America.

I would always try and get back to Green bay on later trips to see Russ who had the same interests as myself in fishing and shooting and later on he took me out to the shooting club at a place called Berlin, Wisconsin and this small club was having a shoot and he asked me if I would like to enter the sweep which I did. I was just the average as usual, but still I enjoyed myself on the skeet shooting which was just coming into use in Australia as against the ordinary clay bird shooting.

There was a gentleman there waiting around when the Secretary went over and asked him could he do anything for him and he said he was waiting for some person. So the Secretary asked if while he was here would he like to go into the shoot and he said yes. So he put his money up but he said he wouldn't be able to take the prize. Well this was a pretty loud statement to make but when he started to shoot it was so obvious why. He explained that he had fired thousands and thousands and thousands of cases training airmen during the War to shoot and he was a professional and his father before him was professionally employed by the Wildlife Services of U.S.A. to go into areas and shoot some of the birds and animals for culling purposes. After he had got every shot he then gave us an exhibition of doing the same thing and the greatest piece of shooting I've ever seen in my life and I've seen a lot of shooting. Well he did exactly the same and got every position of the skeet shoot

including the double rise, standing on one foot and holding the gun underneath his leg with his knee up in the air and he said that usually he could do it with a .22 rifle and get about 22 out of 25 shots. I'd never seen anything like it and most people won't believe it but after seeing him operate I would believe anything said.

It was only necessary to get back to Green bay and in time for a good dinner at an excellent hotel restaurant and then proceed down, get on a train and crawl into bed with a few jugs under the belt and sleep to arrive in Chicago at 8.00 am just in time to get up and have a shave and clean up and leave the train and go back to the hotel for breakfast.

I proceeded from Chicago out to see my friends at Chisholm Ryder Company, Niagara Falls and we had a very interesting time there for a limited period, seeing some of their new equipment being produced and then passing across to Boston to see the Dewey &: Almey Company's laboratories and manufacture there because I knew some of the people who had been out in Australia. I had quite an interesting time with the Dewey &: Almey Company and met my old friend Dick Piez who I'd known on the West Coast and now was back with the Head Office at Cambridge, Massachusetts. This is the town that is the location of many seats of learning including Harvard Unviersity. Bert Buchanan from the Dewey &: Almey Melbourne factory was also there doing a stint.

Mr and Mrs Rogers of Dewey &: Almey took us out for a drive around Boston and through the famous old Lexington Battle Field. This was the battle field at Concorde where the English and Americans first fought. Quite interesting but it just illustrates the numbers that were involved. What a piddling poor show it was.

After looking around Boston, and I'd been there previously, but had not had the opportunity as on this trip to be squired around, I then left for New York and had booked into the St Mortiz Hotel on Central Park where I'd stayed previously, We were late in arriving due to a delay and also to the hundreds and thousands of people that were packing the trains and as previously stated, sleeping on the stations. When I got in to get my reservation I found it wasn't available. There was such a crush as there were several hundred people waiting in the lounge and in the foyer for people to vacate rooms as it was warmer in there. The only alternative seemed to be for the people to go and sleep in the Central Park which was right opposite.

The crush and pressure on the desk clerks was so bad it was said in a few days they were having nervous breakdowns so the hotels employed apologisers to just listen to the tales of woe from the people when they were told by the clerk that they couldn't get a room.

I approached the apologiser and gave him the story and he looked at me and at the same time I discreetly showed him a $10 bill and I said if you were me where would you go looking for accommodation and he quickly scribbled out something on a piece of paper which he exchanged for the bill. It said: Mr Soandso, Nevarro Hotel in 59th Street, just a few doors from the St Moritz. I went up there and it was apparently a private hotel with private apartments and I mentioned the gentleman's name at the hotel and showed him the piece of paper I had and he said

'Yes, that's alright, it's going to cost you.'

I think it was about $25 a night, but quite frankly, I couldn't have cared if it cost $100, I wanted somewhere to sleep. So he took me up and gave me possession of a quarter of the hotel floor on the 24th or 25th floor. The apartment had at least six rooms, two bathrooms, several bedrooms and there I was in sole possession. Apparently these people were away overseas or something. They might have been stuck in a foreign country and couldn't get back and they may have authorised him to let the apartments while they were away to help with the upkeep. Anyway, there was a complete kitchen and all the fittings and I simply used it as a hotel room; very, very comfortable indeed.

I went down to the Australian Trade Commission Office to see if there was any mail and as usual things had been so ballsed up that I got into conversation with a girl with quite an Australian accent but it turned out she'd never been in Australia, she was only an employee there and I think she was an Austrian refugee. She was the most impressive and efficient Australian that I'd met in any of these Trade Commission offices. The usual form was to want to know if you wanted to go to a cocktail party or some other crap. Anyway, I didn't mention it, I said I would come back and I came back to make sure there was no mail before I left for England.

I had called on an old friend of my family, Mrs Powers, her name previously being Fay Gordon, daughter of my very good friend, Bill Gordon. She had married this American, Bill Powers, who was a newspaper man in Philadelphia but things weren't going too well, there were too many strikes. Anyway I stopped overnight with them and had quite an enjoyable time especially going down to the local with Bill's two brothers who were older and much bigger, rough Irishmen. A little later on, after a few months, Bill returned to Australia with Fay and their family was born here and grew up. Bill became Sales Manager of the Herald and Weekly Times and later of the Channel Seven T. V. Station. Quite a nice chap but very foolishly, in my opinion, started to drink and smoke too much and he eventually died a few years ago of throat cancer, a miserable end for a nice fellow. I had booked on to England with American Airlines and the day came when I was to be available about 2.30 pm. It was out of New York Bus Depot and it was a very bad day. I rang up American Airlines and they were quite excited about it and said they had me booked into the St Moritz and I explained that I-had already rung to give them my new address at the Nevarro Hotel. They said it was just as well that I rang as the flight was not going out that day as the weather was too bad. It would be going the following morning, and I should be out at, what was called in those days, Idlewild Field, at a very early hour.

So I had my bags packed just before I was going and I thought I'd go down the street, down to Broadway and Times Square and buy a couple of shirts and possibly some chocolates to take with me. I may say that I'd previously stopped off at one of the large departmental stores I think it was Maceys and I bought the warmest coat they could sell me other than something too exotic and what a godsend this turned out to be.

Anyway, I got drinking in a bar on my own and talking to the barman when a couple of soldiers butted in and they asked me if I was Australian. I said yes and they explained that they had been in the South Pacific and were about to be demobilised and were having a night out before parting and they were quite excited. They had been camped in Melbourne when they originally arrived in the first convoy, in Royal Park and they would go down to a hotel and have drinks there and they could not remember the name of the hotel nor the name of the gentleman that ran it. Well I can't recall at this moment the name of the hotel but

I know where it is. I have been in it many times and it was very popular and very clean and it was rather intriguing to them because it was run by a marine engineer named Harrison.

Anyway, the night wore on and we had more drinks and more drinks and eventually I wandered back home very late at night and took my shoes off and lay down on the bed because I couldn't see there was much sense in getting undressed when I had to get up in two or three hours.

The morning came and I woke up with a start; I had to get going, I was already running late so I rang down and ordered a cab and I thought 'I'm going to miss this plane.' Anyway, all I had to do was put my shoes on and carry the bag down because you have got to remember this was a private hotel and there was no service although it could be ordered. I had already paid for the hotel, but I tipped the clerk quite substantially and got him to hold the apartment for me on the same terms till evening because I really thought I would miss the plane. Anyway, I offered the cabbie an inducement to travel a bit faster than the speed limit, but boy, I had a hangover and a couple of times I had to ask him to pull up while I opened the door and had a chuck.

Eventually I arrived as the emigration was forming up, passed through behind everybody else with my bags and eventually everything was cleared and we got on the plane, which was a DC4 and like most of them was an Army C57 Douglas plane converted to civilian use. I promptly went to sleep, the weather was poor and we were flying through and over cloud and eventually when I woke up the sun was shining and I said to the young man that was seated alongside me and on the window seat

'Where are we?' He said

'We're just coming over Halifax, Nova Scotia and we are putting down I think.' I said 'Why?'

'Well, this engine out here is playing up.' He explained that it was his business. He was an aero engine mechanic and he went on to further explain he was going back to England to marry an English girl he'd met there during the war.

Well, we overflew Halifax which I always remember as having the biggest blast probably next to the atomic bomb and it happened during the First World War when several munition ships, one of course igniting the other, blew up and absolutely decimated quite a considerably sized town.

We flew on and eventually came down at Gander New Foundland. This had been an Air Force Station for bombing and protection of the Atlantic Convoys. Quite a big station but right out in the wilderness and it was just army galvanised iron sheds painted camouflage as usual, and we waited around and they said over the speaker there would be an hour delay for engine adjustments.

By this time it was coming on lunch and they had two sort of canteens there where you could get sandwiches on the house and they had a bar. Well, I was starting to recover a little and I felt like a li ttle bit of the hair of the dog and so I went up to the bar and had a whiskey and I had another one and another one, and while I was there a Catholic Priest came up and stood alongside me and eventually he had a drink. He explained that he'd had a bad night at

a send-off party in the seminary he was attending in America and he was off back to Scotland to resume his religious career.

Well, we were all ready to go and another call came over the loud speaker -further delay, and with this further delay we kept on steadily drinking and eating till probably 5.00 pm when we'd been there about six hours. Departure was then announced and I will say by this time we needed a little bit of support to get on the plane.

Anyway, we settled back on the plane and away we went over the Atlantic Ocean, a fairly rough trip. I'd done enough flying and it didn't worry me, in fact that's one thing when you are up in the air; there's no use worrying. I had the only double seat on board the plane and it was well back and I could take out the dividing arm rest and have a snooze; which I did. I slept through the night and missed out on dinner apparently. Anyway, the next thing I knew it was probably 3.00 am and the stewardess was shaking me and she said

'Mr Bingham, I am sorry to wake you up. First of all would you like coffee?' I said 'Yes'

I always take my shoes off when travelling so I sat on the step which was just at the back of me and had a coffee with the hostess. She then asked me to change my seat. She said they had a woman on board who was sick and mine was the only double seater. So I shifted into her seat and that would give her two seats and get her bedded down. I was quite happy to do this. It was just getting daylight and we were into the northern· hemisphere and it was getting late in the season.

We landed at Shannon in Ireland, the big airport not far from Tipperary. Here again, we were forced down through some problem, so they decided to load us onto a bus and take us to Tipperary to have breakfast and by this time the Scottish Priest and I have lined up again, each not very bright, and we proceeded on the bus into Tipperary. It was now I think about 5. I 5 am, maybe, and at this stage I may mention that it had to be seen to be believed; the number of people stranded on Shannon Airport. There was just nowhere to move; you had to walk over people to get from place to place. In the lounge outside and all around the place it was very cold. Some of these people had been there for several days and could not get out, and it was a real mess.

Anyway, we sat down to breakfast and we hadn't been sitting there two minutes when all of a sudden the Priest and I who were sitting together were approached by a gentleman waiter lit up in a dinner jacket who said

'And what sirs, are you going to drink before breakfast?'

So it was on again and the Priest and I had a couple of drinks and that was it. But I shall never forget that because I have never been approached at that time in the morning as though it was the normal thing to do to start drinking before breakfast.

We had an excellent trip across to England and landed at Heathrow, which was then just a military depot and very poor amenities of all descriptions, and as the plane was late there were not taxis, no buses or transport into the city. Everybody else seemed to have friends meeting them or they were servicemen or something but I was the lone one out and there I was with my two large suitcases and nowhere to go and no means of going

anywhere. I got talking to a young soldier who was a driver of an army car and I explained my problems and he said

'I'm here to meet a General but they have just told me over the phone that his plane has been delayed three hours and I've just got to stop here and wait.'

I said

'How about driving me into London?'

'Oh,' he said 'I couldn't do that I'd be court martialled.' So I said

'It's worth a fiver, have you got plenty of petrol?' He said

'Yes, I've got plenty of petrol.' So I said

'Will we give it a go?' So he thought for a while and I pulled out the fiver and he said

'Yeh, I'll give it a go.'

So he didn't waste any time in getting me to London and I was chucked off at the Great

Eastern Hotel in Liverpool Street, in fact, it was on top of the Liverpool Street Station and it was a real bloody barn of a place, but there again, you were obviously lucky if you could get a roof over your head. So all I wanted to think about was getting a shower or a bath and crawling into bed. Well, the blankets were threadbare and it was getting cold. There was no heating in the Hotel so I started to put my underwear back on again and put my fireman's on and then I put my woolly coat on and that did the trick. I was hoping to get a good warm bed and sleep.

Before this, the night I'd had with the soldiers in New York, I'd run out of small change and I'm a beggar for carrying currency in fairly big denominations so I had to change a hundred dollar bill, which was a lot of money in those days and then I sort of lost track of it; it seemed to me that I had at least sixty, seventy or even eighty dollars of it left and it worried me; not because the money was going to break me but I'd never lost any money and I didn't want to start now. It was in fact an insult to my whole behaviour. So I had been warmed and was wearing my firemans or long johns and when I went down to the bathroom quite a big distance away around several corridors and I stripped off, low and behold, there was the money stuck in the inside of the Jong johns and my socks. So I was quite happy about that. I'd apparently tried to put it into my fob pocket because I don't like pulling out a wallet with a lot of money in it in front of people. Everything worked out fine from then on as far as I was concerned.

Chapter Fourteen

England in Luxury

I started to get around London and one of my first contacts was Sir Robert Barlow who was Chairman of Directors of the Metal Box Company, the very big Company that controlled the manufacture of cans in not only England but Malaya and South Africa and in turn this was controlled by the Continental Can Company of America and it was through the Continental Can Company of America that I had the introduction.

After brief discussions with Sir Thomas as to how he could help me to see something of the canning industry in England, he asked me where I was stopping and I said the Great Eastern and he looked at me and said,

'What do you think of the place?' I said

'I think it's lousy.'

'Yes,' he said 'we'll have to do something about this.'

I explained that I couldn't get in anywhere, so the next thing I know is that there is a note from his secretary at the Great Eastern to say that he had arranged for me to stop at Browns on Dover Street. So I shifted to Browns on Dover Street and I wasn't at all impressed either though it was a much better run place but it was crumby as to structure and accommodation compared with the American hotels.

Going around to see some of the people I wanted to contact, they would ask me where I was stopping and I'd say almost cringingly, Browns, and they would reply; not Browns on Dover Street, and I'd say yes. So the conversation would go on and then I found out from this that to stop at Browns was the epitome of accommodation in London because normally they didn't take in anybody lower than honourable.

The meals and dining service was too much. I think there was a waiter to each chair and the tables were fairly big so that the conversation was almost limited and especially in the presence of this dumb colonial. When it ceased, however, I made myself comfortable and started to get some work done and Browns is about one of the only three hotels in the world that I've ever stopped in or known of where the lift had to be ordered and it was sent up expressly for you with an operator.

Now I was on the top floor and desperately looking for a bit of sunshine in this cold, clouded, fog ridden sky of London. I found that being in the lavatory and looking out through the louvres at 8.00 am, if there was any sun you could see it. Now this might sound crazy and I suppose it's like getting stir crazy, I just wanted to see some sunshine. So at 8.00 am in the morning I'd be looking out of the loo for the sun, the rays of the sun from Browns on Dover Street.

The attendants all wore smart brown uniforms and the lift attendants were two boys probably 15 or 16, small and chubby. Their chubbiness was no doubt from the diet they had been forced to eat during the war. Now I brought over from America quite a number of small chocolate bars as I'd been tipped off that these could be handy. So I rang down and ordered the lift and up it came with one of these smart little boys with his hair slicked back and stood

aside as I stepped in. One of the craziest things about it was one had to be seated before they would operate the lift, that is, you sat down on the padded seat. Well, before sitting down I used to brush past these kids and I'd ruffle their hair up and generally make a bit of a mess of their collar and so forth and the kids would glare at me, but as I was getting out of the lift at the bottom floor I used to slip them one of these chocolate bars. Well, the net result was that I was only there about a week and the kids came up all ruffled up themselves because they obviously had a stand up fight to see who would come up to get me so they would get the chocolate bar.

I wasn't very happy at Browns and they weren't very happy with me in as much as they obviously were getting pressed for accommodation from old customers and it was only Sir Thomas Barlow's influence that sort of kept me there. I went to see Freddy Palmer who had before the war been Manager of a big travel bureau in Melbourne, probably next in size to Thomas Cook's. The war affected the travel business with him, and as he was an Englishman he retired and returned to England but when the war came he decided to try and do something and he sought employment and obtained it in the Office of the Australian Department of Aircraft Production Buying Office in London. I don't know what his actual position was but he seemed to be in charge of the clerical staff.

Now I'd met Fred on occasions with my very very fast friend, Bill Birch who was a very keen fisherman and we'd fished together in many parts. Bill had written to Fred to say I might call in. So I called on Fred and we went out and had lunch together. I explained to him that I was having problems with accommodation and he said he might be able to do something about this so he rang me up the next morning to say something was fixed. It was fixed alright, that is the way things go in these bureaucracies. The girl who types out the British Government courtesy or cordiality list and who undertook to find accommodation for visitors of great importance to England, simply typed my name on the bottom so there it was. I never worried again because I came back to the hotel and found that there was a note there. My clothes had been shifted by valet to another hotel. The hotel and the room numbers were given. So that just worked out fine.

I'd explored a number of companies in London and I decided that the average English food factory that I'd seen was very poorly equipped and second grade compared with America and Australia and I think in our own way we were ahead of the Americans. So I settled down to do a bit of exploring around London and to see what I could do about getting home. When I was looking into the possibilities of getting out, I already had tickets to fly back on the flying boat, I quickly found that there was a hold up of several months with no hope of getting out. So I kept on trying and I was wandering around London and got sick of the climate, and sick of the place and sick of the food, so I approached Thomas Cook, Mayfair Branch, and asked them if they could work out a comprehensive tour of England, Scotland and Wales and they came back with the answer that there didn't seem much that they could do at the moment, but explained they used to have a pre-war royal tour which was expensive.

'Well,' I said 'Why don't you go and talk to them about it.'

So he got in touch with the Head Office and explained to them what I was interested in. So the Manager must have been fairly bright so he said,

'Well, it's going to cost some money but we've got to start sometime, we might as well start now.'

So they worked out a proposition for me to take me about for seventeen days which was the very best of everything; royal suites, Rolls Royce, Daimlers, first class rail travel and the lot.

'Well,' he said 'you know it's going to cost a lot of money.'

He gave me the proposition, saying to himself, well, that's the end of that, when they quoted me 1,300 pounds sterling. So I said

'Yeh, that's alright.'

And I can only say this that the 1,300 pounds was the cheapest travel I've ever had in the world.

I left London accompanied by a guide and I think our first stop was Cambridge where I had the royal suite in one of the leading hotels. This was an old fashioned place, very nice and it was unfortunate that I got a strong dose of the flue at this time and I just simply had to shake it off. So I was into bed early with aspros and all my clothes on including my woollen coat and I sweated it out overnight and was much improved in the morning.

I was guided over several of the University colleges and intimately, that is, showing me some of the bedrooms of the students and also their dining halls and also the examination centre or the examination commission I think it was referred to. Also an extensive tour around Cambridge was made and I left by train for Edinburgh stopping at Newcastle on the way. At Edinburgh I was stopping at the Caledonian Hotel and it just happened that this was going to be the scene of apparently the Ball of the year in which all the guests were required to wear their clan kilts and as I again had the best accommodation in the place and it apparently was included that I was a guest at the Ball, and this was certainly something of a trepidation to me because I don't mind sticking my nose in but to be associated with this ball at which one had turn up in the afternoon and be instructed in the procedure for the dance which everyone had to do.

There was some trouble in securing a partner for me but luckily for me they could not find a Murray tartan that would fit me so with the apologies of the staff and manager I was told I couldn't attend, and boy, was that a relief.

I found around Edinburgh quite interesting but was amazed at the crude living conditions of the royalty including Mary Queen of Scots whose bed consisted of leaves that were laid every day and when we wanted a bath she had to be carried in a chair quite a distance and there existed no toilet facilities as far as I could see.

After leaving Edinburgh I proceeded to Perth and this was Robbie Burns country and I was interested because I had read much of Burns. Here again having this impressive motor car probably a Daimler at this stage and a guide I was able to really get in and see the haunts of Burns in a private way and incidentally have a drink in those little bars that he frequented in the area where he wrote most of his poetry. At one of the pubs near Perth which was a favourite of Burns, he had written a very funny but dirty ditty on one of the panels above the bar behind the shelves to the barman and it was this sort of thing that

made the trip or the tour so interesting; they took out the covering sheet of ply or timber to show me this, which was signed by Burns.

After again touring around I went to Dundee where I wanted to see a jam factory of the famous Keelies and an associated company there made machinery for jam making. I arranged to meet the works manager of the machinery company on a Saturday morning and I went down there to see him and spent quite a time discussing equipment and jam making and other matters, associated matters and in the course of conversation he told me something which is the sort of thing that really staggered me; he said, talking about my travels

'Oh yes, I've travelled too, I've been down to Newcastle.' which I think would be about 100 miles at the most and he said

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'Oh yes, I've travelled too, I've been down to Newcastle.' which I think would be about 100 miles at the most and he said

'My son has been further than that.'

Now this just shows the parochial attitudes of these people. Our plant in Australia was just so far ahead both in equipment and housing that I just lost all interest in anything they might make from then on.

My next stop of any consequence was Inverness and I was particularly interested because our grandmother came from near Inverness. I was put up at the hotel, I think it was the Station Hotel, the first one in the town and Inverness was more or less a one street town in those days and I believe it has developed very much now. I tried to buy a bottle of Scotch Whiskey and was told that the whiskey was off so I demanded to see the manager because it was very cold and I arrived in at 8.00 pm and had a scratch meal, and I said

'Look here, have I come twelve thousand odd miles to see Scotland and drink some scotch whiskey and I can't get any?'

He said

'That's right I am very sorry but we are only allowed, three bottles week and it's just gone.'

So anyway, he said

'Come around to my apartment, I've got a bottle there.'

So we went around there and by the time we finished one bottle it was probably one o'clock in the morning and we were both getting very confidential and from then on my limited stay in Inverness was interesting.

I was picked up next morning by car and this time there was only the driver of the car to take me, I had no guide, but he was a very nice chap. Driving along one of the lochs out some miles from Inverness I said to him

'Do you know anybody around here by the name of Patience?' but he didn't say anything except

'Do you mind if I smoke, sir?'

'No.' I said

So he very carefully scraped out his pipe with one hand with all the bits and pieces as he

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'See that yon village?'

I said 'Yeh'

he said 'Spelt Avoch (pronounced Ock). All Patience's and Jack's'

So I thought it wise not to pursue the matter anymore.

Some years later in Australia I became associated with an engineer at Merimbula named

Jock Minty and Jock had come from around this area so again I asked did he know of the Patience's there and he said yes, that's Oock and, he said, got a great habit of buying old 'herrin' boats, he meant herring boats, and doing them up and selling them as though they were taking somebody down. Here again, I thought I'd better keep quiet.

During the First World War one of our uncles had some leave from France and he went to Edinburgh to see where his mother was born. He got out of the Edinburgh Station which I've explained was at the head of the street and walking down the street on a nice day he ran into one of the locals and he said good morning and had a chat and he said who he was and asked if he knew anyone around there that might know where his mother was born, as he wanted to see the house. This gentleman said

'Well, there's not much trouble in that. I know where it is and as a matter of fact I live in it.'

So there it was, and he was one of the relations, and he said

'By the way, you have a grand-uncle living who is over a hundred years old.' It turned out that he had never met his sister. She was only supposed to come to Australia for a limited time and then return home. But she never returned and the story of her going to Australia was a sort of fable or myth in the family and all he could say was

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'Well to think that your Jessie's son.' he just couldn't get over it.

Eventually my uncle left and had to return to London but apparently the old uncle was a man of some influence in the fishing industry.

I proceeded by train and car to Glasgow and spent I think about three days there being taken around and guided by a gentleman who turned out to be a welfare worker and was on holiday and that's why he was acting as my guide. I found this most interesting because the slums that he showed me and where he worked were to me horrifying because slums in those areas are very much worse than the slums, in my opinion I have seen in other parts of the world where the climate is warmer, because they must be like hell in winter when everything is frozen. He took and showed me a small street there, the name of which I'll never forget, called Paradise Alley. It was a cobblestone street of I suppose a hundred yards, maybe two hundred yards long, it really was just a cobbled lane, not a narrow lane but a wide lane and there were three storey residential apartments on each side and I would imagine that each level or storey was occupied by a family and this was really grim. The only water and toilet facilities were at the blind end of the street so that any water that was needed in the house had to be carried the length of the street maybe to the third floor and of course waste had to be discharged the same way.

He showed me pictures taken of a set of apartments in his area in which four of these small apartments run off the one floor level. It was the third floor that still had the four apartments and the story which he told me was true was of a woman who had left her baby in a pram to go down the street and in half an hour she was back and the rats had eaten the baby.

I gave this gentleman what I think was a five pound note as a tip for the good job he had done in showing me around and he actually cried as he said that it meant that on the few extra days he had of his holidays he could take his family somewhere away, that is, his wife and two children away for a small vacation which otherwise they could never have afforded.

When I first arrived at Dundee I noticed quite an improvement in the standard of the meals served at the hotels and I asked the publican why this was so and he just simply said that those Englishmen will put up with anything and that was that.

I found the meals in Scotland very nicely presented but they have some funny regulations. One day we went to a hotel which was on our way from a scenic trip and to stop for lunch and it turned out that they really put on a show, a meal and I was I think the only one in the dining room which was beautifully outfitted. Their silverware and table linen was really beautiful, but I then saw there was only one place set, then the row started. No, no; the servant, that is my guide, was not allowed to sit with me for lunch. Well, I simply said I'm not sitting for lunch, so after a lot of hoo hah, he was allowed to come in and he felt most embarrassed, but I made him feel at home and insisted so we had a very excellent meal.

Another time we were out and I was taken to an old bluestone hotel off the main road at the bottom of one of the glens and to get into this hotel you simply had to be known. We

went in and there was a very well fitted out small bar and when we left and were in the car I asked the guide what the story was of this hotel and he said that it had just been recently sold and for a very large sum of money so I was puzzled as to how a hotel in such a remote place could pay and he said

'Well, they've got the rights to sell all the whiskey that is made in these local glens without paying the duty'

I asked how this came about and he said

'Well, they are allowed, not officially of course, but they are allowed to make so much whiskey a year and this hotel is the only place where it can be sold.' and, he said 'The reason for it is if they were to stop this illegal traffic the people in the glen would just starve.' So that was his explanation.

My tour took me South to the lake country where I spent a weekend being taken around various scenic spots. It was very pretty and though not as sensational as many other lakes I've seen in the world, it still had a particular charm.

While I was being taken around, the guide said to me,

'Do you mind if I pull up at this farm?' I said 'No.'

So he went in and came out and said

'The farmer is a friend of mine and I've got a few eggs off him, I'll give you two.'

So I took the two eggs and next morning I gave them to the waitress to have them cooked for me. While the cooking was going on of these eggs, the head waiter had to go around and explain to the other tables that when they saw me eating the eggs, they were my own personal eggs which I owned, so that of course they would not get upset and start demanding eggs.

After leaving the lake country we proceeded to Chester which is on the border of Wales and England and it is noted for the fact that the red bricks and red tiles are much different in appearance to the other towns in England or at least to me and I was shown something very interesting there. Going back to apparently pre-Roman times, a bomb had been dropped and gone through the ground quite a number of feet and near the wall of the city and down below had broken into quite a large amphitheatre. Unfortunately we could only look down and see a little of the extent of it because it was too dangerous for people to walk around in case it collapsed.

I found Wales very interesting and quite different in appearance and I was taken to the top of Mount Snowden and down to Cardiff where the huge Cardiff Castle is. It was still used during the last war as these very large towers were able to hold several hundred soldiers as billets and so I suppose generally act as a guard. This is the scene of the crowning of the Prince's of Wales and the present Prince of Wales was crowned there by his mother.

Leaving Cardiff, I then went to Shakespeare country; Stratford on Avon and found this area probably the most interesting I'd seen. It's not only the affairs of Shakespeare but many others; nearby Warwick Castle for instance. I was able to look over Warwick Castle as a

private individual with the guide and had quite a considerable discussion with the bailiff of the Castle. It is or was at that time very much the same as it was when the Earl of Warwick used to sit down with, it was said, some seven hundred people to feed in a huge dining section.

I also learned a lot about castles and one of the things that never occurred to me, but makes sense, is that the ordinary castle gates, or town gates, that one sees today are not right, as almost invariably they had what was known as a brabazon in front of them and the real gate was out at the outer end of the brabazon which was really a fortified piece of area running out of the gate off the portcullis gate which was inside and had the guard house over the top. Now when a group of horsemen approached the gate, it was obvious you just could not open the gates with any number of men fighting their way through so the idea was to drop the portcullis gate. It was just a lot of steel later on but originally I believe they were wooden spikes and dropped with great weight so that they went into the ground quite a depth and then there was a balcony around on which the soldiers could get out and overlook the courtyard so that when the gate was opened the people wishing to get into the town would crowd into this space and if they were allowed in, the gate of the castle or town would be closed and then the portcullis lifted and they would be allowed in. If they weren't liked, there was a nasty habit of the guard going around and pouring boiling lead and oil all over them and generally beating them up. Alongside, in the case of the towns, was the pedestrian entrance and this was made in such a way that the person had to advance side on to get in and up quite a comparatively steep slope which meant that the guard inside with his pike or sword would have a very big advantage and one person struck down would close the entrance altogether.

There is one town I forgot to mention that I visited named the town of York which was very interesting indeed because it's an old town and was at one time occupied by the Danes for a considerable time and it has quite a Danish atmosphere about it, in fact, the streets use the Danish name of shambles, as the name of the street; a street is a shamble and there were certainly some quite old places. While I was there the York Minister or York Cathedral was celebrating its 13 hundredth anniversary. On the York Castle, though it is only quite a small castle, obviously only a fort, it had probably the first of any of the toilet facilities, that is, you sat on an iron grid and made the deposit and then having stepped off, you put your foot on a lever and pushed down strongly which catapulted your deposit over the wall, thus making conditions for anybody walking past very unpleasant.

Kennilworth Castle which is near the Warwick Castle and at one time was owned by the Earl of Leicester and he certainly must have been an egotist as very beautifully carved lettering from and inch to six inches in size all over some of this beautiful old furniture was his coat of arms or his crest and the letter R and L for Leceister. Also I saw there a small suit of armour that was said to be made for I think it was the son or the nephew of Robert's. This small boy apparently was a hunch back. It was beautifully made, and looked big enough for one of our Australian lads of about ten. He was supposedly murdered by his uncle.

The Bailiff of the Warwick Castle explained that if you wanted to know about English History it was only necessary to read the Castle Daily Diary or perhaps there was another word for it and as this was filled in every day and had been so for I think some seven hundred years and all was there the very day that it happened. One things explained to me was that the history books always say, that is intimate, that Robert, Earl of Leicester pushed

his wife, Amy Robsart down the stairs and killed her whereas the records of the Castle seem to indicate she probably did fall down and was killed accidentally as Robert claimed.

Now Robert's later wife didn't like Robert having his lady friends at Warwick Castle while she was at Kennilworth Castle and Robert was said to have taken ill and fallen off his horse and been killed but according to the records of the Castle as were told to me, his wife had come across when he was due home and as Robert and his entourage had driven up to the gates of Warwick Castle to be admitted she rushed out with a glass of wine for my Lord which he drank and very smartly fell off his horse, dead and apparently was no loss to anybody.

On visiting Oxford I was again given a very excellent private view of several of the colleges and was able to admire the country around there in general which is very charming. The most interesting of all the, Lord knows how many, cathedrals and churches I visited, including Westminster Abbey, I think was Ealey Cathedral at Ealey. This was not only a beautiful church but very interesting from a construction point of view and this beautiful tower on the church. On the outside or looking at the foundations of the tower one would suppose that it was supported on stone work but this isn't so as it is supported on the logs of four giant oak trees which it was said took many years to find as they had to match one another to get the beautiful symmetry of the tower, that is, the oak had to be bent a little to bring the tower into position. I was also very interested in one of the plaques let into the walls that usually are associated with these places and this one is an eulogy of the First Abbot of Ealey and the lettering would have taken up at least 6 feet by 3 feet on the wall and goes on to say that he was everything that was possible and the last four words really amused me. After all this about what a marvellous person he was in every shape and form, the last four words read "and still he died".

Chapter Fifteen

The Eventful Trip Home

On returning to London as I was still on the Government's list for accommodation, I shifted around a little but didn't have any problems and got quite good accommodation at times. I was stopping at the Cumberland Hotel which has a very good layout as far as I'm concerned for their accommodation and I had a visit from a gentleman from quite a substantial firm that made food machinery as a side line and he came up with the idea of getting information off me as to how to go about designing a tomato plant for somewhere in the Middle East and I would have willingly told him but it was this snide means of getting information that annoyed me. So he was given instructions that he could spend money and get me drunk to get the information from me. Well, he came to the wrong man because he wasn't even in the race when it came to drinking and I ended up filling him with double gins and having a half myself. He confessed to me that he was an old man and getting out of the game and he was afraid that if he didn't take back some information he'd probably get the sack so I gave him a limited amount of information and poured him into a taxi and away he went and I never heard from him again.

I was very anxious to get away from England as again London was most depressing though it had its humorous spots. It was a time when it was a black out in London still because of lack of power and the food was poor excepting that soon an Australian friend I ran into over there, had discovered a restaurant where you could get a steak but at a hell of a cost, comparatively speaking, but I didn't care, I wanted something to eat. You went up to the first floor and the password was, you ordered special chicken and you paid for it then and there. The "special chicken" was cooked on the third floor and you'd go up there when it was ready.

The pea soup fogs in London in those days had to be seen or experienced to be believed. You could not see any more than just a few feet and it was rather frightening. Coming home one night I was really worried when I knew I was near the hotel but could not find it. Luckily I was able to feel along the wall like a blind person until I found the entrance and dim light and I could see and that was it but I made sure I'd never go out again. Which reminds me of a story in the same circumstances of a cabbie being foolish enough to undertake driving a man home and he gets in the cab and luckily he see .. s a car that's got a registration in the same area as he wants to get to, so he followed the car very closely which was going very very slowly until eventually he ran into the back of the car in front and the man in the car jumped out and the cabbie said.

'Why don't you signal with your hand that you are going to stop?' and the car driver in front says

'What! In my own garage!'

I cabled Mr Beasley the Minister for Supply in the Australian Government and with his assistance I was able to get a seat booking on a flying boat. I think it was to leave Brighton about a week later, though I was reliably informed afterwards that all I should have done was to go down and make a noise by waving a ten pound note in front of the booking clerk and I could have got on. Anyway, time came to leave and taking the train to Brighton to get on the Flying Boat and there were delays so we had to stop at this miserable hotel which had been

a base accommodation for the RAF and it was in a disgraceful condition. Some of the doors were hanging off, and I always remember for the sake of a few minutes with a screwdriver and some screws the door of the lavatory was hanging off. The blankets were absolutely threadbare and with the windows cracked and so forth and these freezing cold winds coming in. It wasn't at all comfortable and we had to hang around until the plane was ready so, I think, we wasted a day there and eventually on a very cold but clear day we took off for home on the 18th November, 1946, and little did we realise the adventures ahead on that particular flight.

We flew at low altitudes, I would think not more than 2,000 feet probably Jess over the Channel towards the Normandy Coast. It was just wonderfully interesting to me because all the Mulberry Port was still in place, certainly knocked about a bit. Also to see the numbers of ships sunk alongside. To fly over this marvellous effort of this Port which was created for the Normandy invasion was just amazing. It must have been fantastic job to get it there and even to see it as it was when we passed over it.

We proceeded south towards Marseilles a little bit west of Paris and you could see Paris quite clearly as we passed down south. We landed at Marseilles, I think it was about 11.00 am and the first of our problems started. We had engine trouble as Marseilles was an unscheduled stop. We were taken ashore in a launch and we went up towards the island near where we landed and this was the island made famous in the book, Les Miserable by Victor Hugo, I think the name of the island was Chateau De vill. Anyway, it was quite interesting because I'd read the book and had taken an interest in it.

We went ashore in Marseilles for a quick lunch while the repairs were being made to the engine or engines. We were taken into the cafe which was on the shores of the Port and we were served coffee and sandwiches. It was a reasonably sized restaurant because you've got to remember there were 40 on the plane. Well what a reception we got. The waitresses glared at us, almost threw the sandwiches down on the plates and the tea or coffee slopped around us and they really went out of the way to spit and show just how much they hated the British. It was an uncomfortable situation and we were glad to get away.

We proceeded on our way to stop later in the evening at Augusta on the northern shore of Sicily. Now it must be recalled that Sicily was the invasion point of the first invasion of Europe and this certainly showed around Augusta where everything was in ruins. We were put up or stabled rather, which is what it was, in the Army Barracks and here again we ran into engine trouble and instead of taking off early in the morning we had to wait quite a time and I'm not sure, but I think we spent almost a day there but we, in the meantime, were allowed to wander around the town.

In the meantime I had made friends with a young or comparatively young English constructional engineer who was on his way out to supervise the re-building of some bridge that had been smashed up during the War in Burma. So we wandered around and it was only a few minutes outside the guards' post when we were approached by an Italian boy who I think was no older than, well I would say by our boys, about twelve but I'll say fourteen, maybe more but he was only a little dumpy fellah and he spoke quite good English and he cottoned onto us of course to guide us around and get some money and he proved a mine of information.

We first of all thought we would like to go and have a drink somewhere so he took us to a bar or restaurant business place and then he asked us what we wanted so we thought we'd have a beer but he thought they had no beer and they didn't, they only had wine and I didn't fancy wine very much and anyway he mentioned that we might like some champagne. So we said yes and so we had a bottle of champagne and were amazed to find it only cost l/9d, I remember quite well, and it was a reasonable grade. But then we got onto the better champagne that was 2/6d a bottle so that was good and this gave us more confidence in this lad. Later in the evening we went back to the quarters and the next morning he met us and took us around to a place which was the black market headquarters; quite a big market restaurant situation. Some of it was under cover and some not but all enclosed in a wall. As we learned, in this black market they brought in everything; it didn't matter if it was vegetables, meat, sheep, fish, anything was sold in this sort of black market. The boy seemed to wander around and say hello to this, that and the other person and it ended up he introduced us to one of these fellows who was wheeling and dealing and who could speak English and I said to him,

'This boy, he seems to be well liked and known around here.' 'Yes,' he said 'he's the cashier for all this black market here.' I said

'What do you mean by that?'

'They pay him, he gets the money and he's got it all over him, stuffed in special pockets and the police raid here frequently and they arrest everybody but this boy. He looks so innocent they give him a kick in the arse and kick him out in the street and he's got all the money on him and that's all the Police raid the place for. Well, there you are; you live and learn.

We left Augusta and I may add that at this time apart from engine problems there was just nothing wrong with the plane. When we first started, from then on. On taking off or landing a whole swish of water used to come into the cabin I was in. It was the lower one but just near the door, the main entrance to the plane and this used to swish in through the door in great quantities. We ended up by sitting with our feet up while the water sloshed around before it drained out and here was the poor steward trying to ram a blanket in around the door to stop the water getting in. Not only the water, it would be freezing cold air coming in when you get a bit high and then we got troubles with the heating system which was run and apparently heated from exhaust from the engines and heating water which was circulated through blowers. As soon as the water started to boil it would blow out the control valve and the whole place would be full of vapour, that is, it would be just like a dense fog inside so then the pilot would have to bring the plane down until the boiling temperature of the water was such that he would control it. This was only one of the things but obviously these planes had been used during the war and they were just generally clapped out.

We went down the Mediterranean and I'd been led to believe, having some experience in yachting and boating in the Naval Reserve, that the Mediterranean could have reasonably good weather and not big seas. Well, we struck a mistral, the wind blowing from the east and it was blowing a gale so much so that our next destination was Cairo and we were making very very little headway against this wind and as the day wore on the pilot had come down quite low to avoid the strong winds higher up and then he turned inland. It was a wonderful spectacle to me at least as we came over and flew just inside the shoreline of Libya and

there it was right underneath us in perfectly clear weather and this high wind making the plane's progress slow, so we saw all the ports or generally all of them that had been the scene of all the fighting that the Australians had become involved in in the North African war, including Ben Gaze and Tobruk and some of the other ports especially. But Tobruk was just a mess, and I mean a mess, in the harbour of sunken ships with some of their funnels sticking out, there they were and I would think there were probably hundreds and then on land the perimeter with the concrete strong points around and the barbed wire was just then getting covered over or getting to the stage where you could see they would be covered over by these sand drifts coming in again; nature was taking back its own.

We continued on inland to Cairo and landed on the Nile River at Cairo and here again we ran into engine trouble and we were put up at the famous Shepherd's Hotel, very comfortable for the time and the best accommodation that I'd had since leaving America. We then, my English constructional engineer friend and I, went to see what was going on when we found we couldn't get away that evening. We had taken a taxi cab to go around and see the sights and we did see some excellent mosques and the like, including the Mohammed Ali Mosque where with a little bit of payment we were able to see everything including the famous stairway right in the centre or nearly in the centre of this huge mosque and it's just some stairway and the stairs spiral up and then they finish. Now it was explained by the guide and also the keeper of the mosque that the purpose of these stairs are for the faithful to be able to recite the Koran and each chapter or verse they can advance up another step and eventually if they can recite the whole of the Koran by reaching the top step they then ascent to heaven and they've no need to come down.

We saw the passing out on this day of the British troops who were evacuating and leaving Egypt and the Welsh and Scottish Regiments left the citadel and were walking down the street with their bayonets towards the ships to leave and you should have seen the mongrel population; they were pissing on them as they passed, spitting in their faces and throwing crap at them and with a marvellous display of discipline there was no response, the troops just kept marching on.

As the afternoon wore on I began to feel uneasy because the taxi driver seemed to be getting further and further away from the down town area. We couldn't speak Egyptian and we were depending on this cab driver. I got more and more disturbed as darkness came on and in those areas it comes on very suddenly. We seemed to be getting further from the city, when all of a sudden right out of the gloom there was a light and I saw a British soldier standing and this was obviously a British post so I told the driver to pull in and he didn't seem to want to and that made me more worried and suspicious. I had my movie camera with me so I just gesticulated and threatened to hit him on the head with the movie camera.

So we went in and I called the guard over and asked him where we were and he told us. I said

'We don't want to be here, we want to get back into town.' and he said

'There is no means of getting back into town, you can't get cabs or anything. This is no man's land; they murder people at night.' So I said

'We have to get back into town because we are leaving the next day.'

So eventually, he couldn't speak the language but he got another Egyptian person who was obviously in the army or associated with the army to speak to him. So I said to the English officer or N.C.O. to 'Tell the bastard that you're going to tell him and tell me all the places where we should turn off; the roads, and what I should look for in the way of signs to get back to Shepherd's Hotel.' and I said

'You tell him that if he deviates one way or the other I'm going to smash his brains out with this camera.'

So after discussions on this the British soldier explained quite carefully to me and my friend the English engineer where we'd look to turn off; crossings and mostly angular intersections to get back. We went over it quite thoroughly till we were quite sure at what we'd look for in signs and that and then this Egyptian speaking man told the driver and away we went. So with the Englishman supporting me from the rear, I stood at the back of the driver with my camera posed over his head and eventually he got back to Shepherd's Hotel and I just paid him the amount and threw it at him and he started screaming at me and started cursing and I couldn't have cared less, we were there. Just one of those adventures that could have ended up with our throats being cut which apparently was quite common.

We went down next day to pass immigration to get back on the plane and there we ran into real trouble, they just wouldn't give us our pass out stamping on our passports. Just for sheer rottenness and buggery. We hung around, we weren't even allowed into the toilets without being pursued by a fellow with a bayonet and we were continually told that the man that had to do this signing was not there but we could see him through a window, sitting down reading a magazine. So it went on and I think we spent the night or maybe it was the early hours of the morning our passports were stamped and we were allowed to go aboard the flying boat with the new engine and took off again, the next stop being Basra, an unscheduled stop.

It was very interesting flying across this biblical country and down the Tigres River, I think it was the Tigres River; flying parallel to it for quite some hundreds of miles I would think. I looked down at this desert we were crossing over and it suddenly struck me as having had considerable experience in irrigation systems, that looking at the shadows, you could trace out quite distinctly the canals coming from the Tigres River and then running out and the other smaller canals running off and you could get quite a picture of the whole of this irrigation system which has so long ceased to exist. It must have supported a very large population.

We arrived at Basra and we had a landing on the Euphrates River at that time because the Tigres joined the Euphrates somewhere around there and there we again had some problems. We were given a short run in a motor boat launch up to where was supposedly the site of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. This was quite interesting apart from the so called Hanging Gardens which I would discount a little; it was the scene of vast date groves where the largest amount of dates in the world are grown and these date groves are watered continuously by the back-up of the water in the river. At this point the Euphrates and the junction with the Tigres are influenced by the tides further down out on the coast and so the fresh water backs up and is sufficient to run in through these date groves and keep them irrigated.

We were taken to a crummy hotel - worse than a crummy hotel - to have a meal. I can't remember the whole set up of that but we arrived there and I looked at it and having my experience in the food industry, I almost shuddered; the cups were cracked, the plates were cracked and I thought what a marvellous haven for bacteria and that's where I might have picked it up but anyway I remember we had I think a bit of fish and a pullet's egg and that was our meal because the flying boat, through problems in Egypt and coming along and running late had run out of food.

We then left Basra and took off down to the island Bahrain where today there are enormous oil refineries but in those days was just a desolate island as a base. We were entertained at the mess of the Royal Air Force and it was quite pleasant having a social drink and chatter and they explained to me that everything was dry because the Sheik of Bahrain being a good Muslim didn't allow any liquor on the island but they said that didn't stop them from drinking. One of their sheik friends on the mainland had a hidey-hole and he said they go over there and they get stuck into it in every way but on the island they have to put on a big face for his followers or his subjects. It was very very hot there, very very miserable place all around but I would imagine today that this would all be modernised and be totally different. I'm glad I was able to see it as it was.

We left Bahrain for Karachi where we spent the night and next day flew to Calcutta landing on the Ganges River not very far from the junction with the Hooghli River and we had an opportunity of walking around some of the streets and I would say without a doubt it was the greatest conglomeration of human misery, pestilence and filth. There was a famine on and the people were dying in the streets in many places. I will never forget seeing a mother who looked like a kid of about eight, clutching a baby of just a few inches long to her breast, and the baby was dead obviously and the mother's eyes were glazed and she hadn't walked very far and she stumbled and fell dead in the gutter. Carts were going around the city collecting the bodies and taking them down to the burning gats along the river where they were thrown onto grids on these huge brick buildings and fires underneath burnt away the bodies and eventually whatever in the way of oils or fats dripped down and kept the fires going. At the same time hundreds of thousands of vultures tore at the flesh until there was nothing left and the bones fell through the grating.

On the river where we had landed and were stationed, I would think that it probably was the Hooghli or the Ganges, they were both large rivers, was where a lot of the shipping came along and these barges were rowed up against the current. When they were going down of course the current carried them down and we were on the wharf or jetty next morning waiting for a launch to take us out to board the flying boat and one of these barges passed going downstream without them working on the oars. Now I would think that there were about twenty women in the passengers with us on the passenger list and we were all standing on the jetty just a few feet away from this big barge as it passed when right opposite us these fellows pulled up the cloth they wore like a bit napkin and pulled out their pricks and pissed into the stream right in front of the women. There was dead silence and to this day I can't think as to whether it was from embarrassment or the size and the variety displayed.

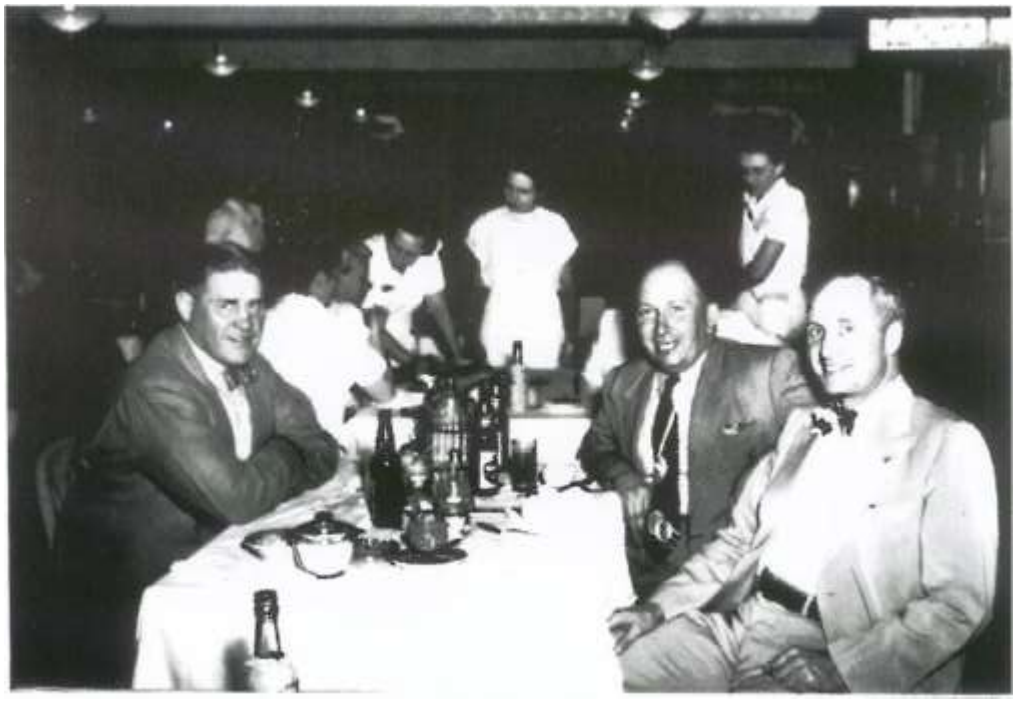

Figure 17 - ATLANTIC CITY, 1946.

My first reunion with Lt. Col. Seabrook of Seabrook Farms, the largest growers of vegetables. 30,000 acres and the first to freeze and package large quantities of frozen vegetables Also Jack Saunders, fourth in the heavy weight line in the Dempsey and Tunney regime.

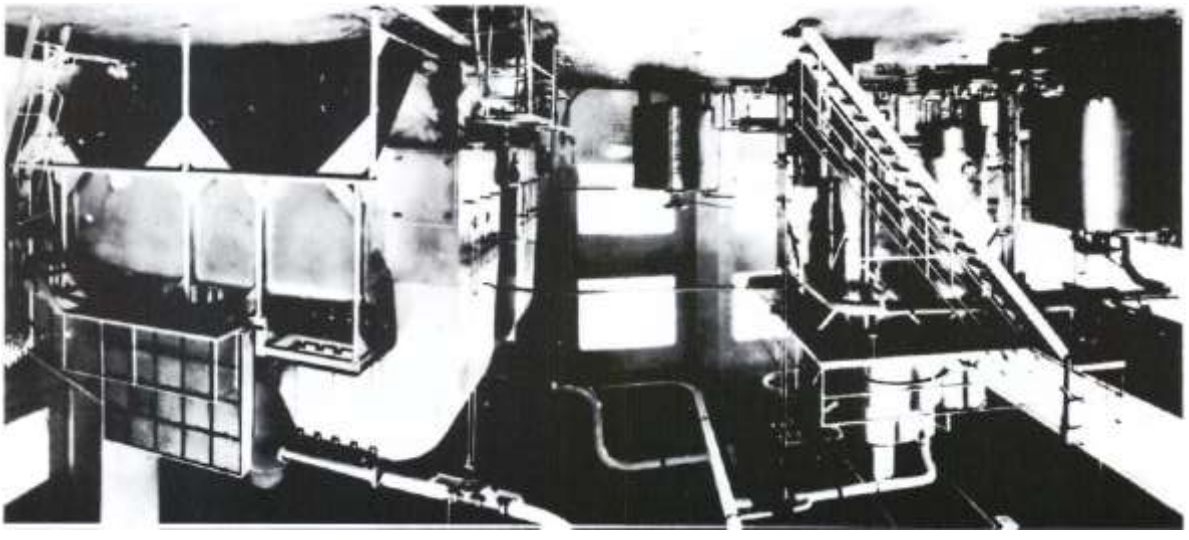

Figure 18 - A BINGHAM BUFLOVAK POWDERED MILK PLANT TO PRODUCE APPROXIMATELY 2000 LBS OF EXTRA GRADE POWDER PER HOUR

From Calcutta we flew to Rangoon in Burma and this was a very very interesting trip as with the flying boats flying comparatively low one is able to get an excellent view of the country over which we were passing and this was largely over the Ganges Delta and it was simply amazing to see the huge area of rice fields and no sign of habitation. All the rice is

harvested and brought back up canals. We approached Rangoon in the evening and the pilot deviated from his course to fly us around the great gold pagoda near Rangoon probably the largest of its type in the world and with the evening sun being low down this huge golden dome was shown off as though with a spot light, it was absolutely enthralling and not to be forgotten. There is another pagoda in Rangoon itself and quite a large one.

We landed on the Irrawadi River which at this stage is probably at least a mile or maybe more wide and it was very busy with thousands of small boats as well as steamers and we put up at the hotel for the night, about the most crummy that you could imagine and by this time I had a very sore throat and it was getting me worried, the last thing I wanted was to be left behind in one of these hospitals, so I was determined to do something about it.

We were warned not to drink any water from the taps or faucets but only the water in the thermos flasks which were alongside the bed. During the night I was up several times gargling my throat with Condy's Crystals made of potash and water, being careful to use the water from the flask. Well, I was running through flasks of water fairly quickly, and there was an Indian guard and servant at the door and I used to have to wake him with the toe of my boot or slipper and show him the flask and he would go away and get me some more. Eventually this got under his skin and he got very annoyed, so he dragged me down to the passageway outside with the flask and around a corner and showed me that he only filled it out of the tap anyway and that I had a tap in the bathroom so why didn't I use the tap? Of course this was all in sign language as I couldn't speak Burmese and he couldn't speak English.

The next morning I felt a bit better and decided to go out and take some movies of the gold pagoda which was quite close in the town itself. My English engineer friend and I, had to leave early (as the daylight comes in early in the tropics) and we walked up the street towards the pagoda and took some movies but coming back he looked up as we were passing these miserable three of four storey apartment blocks and he told me to look out. We jumped back and here an old bitch of a woman had been waiting for us to pass underneath and here she had the bucket of slops, the night's refuse from the family, and was going to empty it down on top of us. Luckily for us she was three storeys up and we were able to get out of the road and may have got a few splashes on our shoes and away we went. But she thought it was a great joke and we cursed her.

We saw quite a contortionist's act by a lad who was black, much darker than the average Burmese I'd seen. There were faucets or taps in the streets similar to the ones that used to be around the various parks and maybe still are in Melbourne and Sydney, where you must hold the button down hard for the water to come out so that you can't use too much or leave it running. Now this lad had a box and he had one foot on the box. He was absolutely naked and I suppose he would have been ·about fourteen years of age. Here he was with one foot on the box and the other on the valve to hold it on but he was able to get down low enough with his hands to scoop up the water and was giving himself a wash all over.

We left Rangoon without any regrets and started for Singapore and we landed in Singapore after a few hours flight and we were put up at Raffles Hotel even though this was just after the war and, believe me, Raffles was not the same low standard of these other holes that we'd been put in. It was a palace and we had one of the first good meals that we'd

had on the trip, excepting that at Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo where the meals had been quite good and as a matter of fact I was able to obtain some strawberries and cream, and believe me, having had nothing like that for several months and had been half starved, one really appreciates it.

There were a couple of small matters of interest. When I was in Cairo I was wandering around the Shepherd's Hotel and somehow or another I walked through a door and along passageways in this very big place and I went into a room and there was a dazzling jewellery display on and a lot of gentlemen in robes standing and sitting around and talking. It could have been a French set up because the salesmen were dressed in

European clothes but the ladies who were displaying some of the jewellery were just like out of a harem picture book. I was looking for some little time when I was approached by some English speaking person and he asked me who I was and I told him. Well, brother, the guards grabbed me and they gave me the bum's rush out of the place. Apparently this door where I'd come in was a back way in and supposedly had been bolted so I don't know who got into trouble; I got out.

While we were waiting to board the plane on the Nile I saw a display in my opinion to illustrate the hopelessness of sanitation to these people. There was a ramp running down into the water of the Nile which was flowing and here was a fellah crapping at one stage into the water and washing his arse, a few feet or a yard or two down along the thing, here was a fellah pissing into it and low and behold lower down here is fellows eating something and dipping the water up with a tin and drinking it. Just makes you shudder to think of the bacteria that must have been around there.

Singapore was still showing results of the war and at this stage the journey ended actually for many of the passengers who were not going to Australia •. Actually here we left the British Overseas Airways and joined Qantas on a similar type of flying boat and we flew down to Darwin. It was quite a pleasant trip and we spent the night at Darwin and went through various health checks and so forth. I must say in those days that Darwin with the health, immigration and customs was probably the worst advertisement Australia could have. Apparently these people were sent to Darwin when they were found to be of no use anywhere else and they were most rude to the passengers and I thought what a great advert for: Australia.

Well we left in the morning on a flight to Sydney and we were flying at 10,000 feet I think and it was a beautiful day, quite bright with no clouds. We had not progressed very far when there was a horrible bang, and looking out the window, and I was right alongside the engines, I saw the outboard engine had blown up and pieces were everywhere and the plane went into quite a steep dive for 6,000 feet. By this time my engineer friend had left the plane at Singapore and I had in the seat alongside me a captain who was learning the route and he had been used to flying these planes during the war and he quickly explained to me that the prop had to be feathered but it couldn't be feathered, or the engine couldn't be stopped until the prop was feathered otherwise it would pull the wing off the plane. So apparently with the fast descent it helped the engine to turn over and the oil from the sump used as the hydraulic oil for feathering the propeller, that is, to bring the propeller straight

and if you run out of oil, well brother you are in real trouble. So the oil was pouring out and the propeller was feathered and we flew on.

We were not supposed to take any movies on the plane but I jumped into the toilet which was right near my seat and through the window of the toilet I took quite a good movie of the engine flying to pieces and people have said since I must have taken it on the ground. Well that was it.

We then started off and there was no hope of getting to Sydney so we were flying towards the Gulf of Carpentaria and the plane was quite low and it was decided that we'd land at Korumbin which had been an Air Force base during the war but conditions were not good for landing at Korumbin and the skipper decided that we'd fly over land and land in the sea north of Cairns. This Captain who was sitting alongside me regaled me with stories of how they were the world's worst to land in a sea if there was any wave strength and he said one of the sponsons has only got to tip a little bit on the end of one wing and it will tear the wing off. Well, that was nice and cheery but there was nothing we could do about it and we were gradually coming down and the other engines were running hot and we eventually came across over the coast at quite a low altitude and low and behold there was hardly a ripple on the sea and we landed without any problems at all and there we sat.

We'd taken our shoes off and while we were coming down one of the women was screaming or talking in a loud voice to her son,

'I'm worried, I'm worried!'.

We were all worried, and at last I couldn't stand it any longer and I said 'Madam, you can only die once.' and that shut her up much to the satisfaction of some of the other passengers.

We came down and the water was coming in the plane slowly but not much and we sat up on the seats and I think it would have been a couple of hours later (all this had been arranged by radio) a big launch came up and it came right under the wing and supported the wing and we just simply got out and they somehow got our luggage out too, although quite a bit of it was wet.

We went taken down the coast and into Cairns on a Sunday afternoon on 24th November, 1946. The number of passengers was a bit too much for the accommodation in Cairns and the women were given some rooms at the hotel while we men were given cots on the Jong veranda and it wasn't very Jong before I organised some beer and sandwiches and we settled down to enjoy ourselves and wait.

Later in the afternoon we'd gone out for a stroll when the Customs had turned up and apparently grabbed anyone they could find around and gone through our bags.

Anyway on the Tuesday morning a group of us decided to go down to Barron Falls for the day and it was quite a pleasant trip and when we came back we were informed that the land plane would come up from Sydney to pick us up. Now this old C57 or the commercial version o□ the DC4 and was due in fairly early in the morning and all our luggage was piled up in the open on the airfield and this had been a bomber station or something and there again Customs turned up and were going through our bags and poking around so that was

that and we eventually got away after a considerable wait because the plane was late coming in.

We landed at Sydney at Mascot Aerodrome which was very crude in those days and all our baggage was taken off and we were put in a bus and low and behold we were taken all the way to Rose Bay to go through the Customs and Immigration again. Well, there was no trouble as far as Immigration went where I was concerned but it seemed so ridiculous so I went to walk past the Customs and I was immediately grabbed by two of the customs fellows and I just really lost my head and I told them off and I said we'd been through the bloody customs twice already, what's going on? So they asked if I had any proof of it and I said yes and produced the receipts I got for paying duty. So that really set them back on their heels and that finished the customs part of it but I don't know what happened to the rest of them who were going to go on from there but I just went out and got a cab and went to the hotel where I was stopping.

I happened to go back the next day to try and find a fishing rod that I'd bought in London which was later found to be lost in Singapore but it did turn up. The group that were all ready to depart again seemed to be quite pleased when I turned up because they thought I was going with them. But I was glad to say I wasn't. So after spending some little time in Sydney, I left for Melbourne on another DC4 and landed at Laverton Aerodrome, the RAAF aerodrome. Essendon at that time was not large enough to land a DC4.

Chapter Sixteen

My Return to Melbourne in 1946 to Find We are Involved in the Biggest Lockout Ever in the Engineering Industry

I was met at the aerodrome by my brother Allen and Len Lemmon my Co-directors and partners and driven back to Melbourne where on the way they really astounded me when I think it was Len said,

'Well, Allen, will you tell him or will I tell him?' So I said

'What's the trouble?' They said

'We've buggered the business while you have been away. We've got a lock out and we haven't been working for several weeks. Fifty thousand employees have been locked out to try and stop the strikes; the sabotage going on.'

So there it was, I'd arrived back with my hands full and plenty of visions of making big strides and found that our output was restricted to what could be done by apprentices and the staff.

Anyway, we got over that and the way was reopened then for extensions and to bring into place equipment for the new generation of civilian requirements and this meant numbers of different machines for different methods and we were well equipped for this and the business moved along very smartly and it was a pleasure to know that the equipment we'd built for the war for the Government factories or Government sponsored factories for dehydration, canning and other products was of such quality we had no trouble in using it to fit in with new ideas and modifications. This really worked out well and some of the rubbish that had been imported was later sold for scrap.

Some of our friends like W .G. Goetz and Sons in the personalities of Jack Goetz and his brother Albert with co-operation from us as to what was required set out to build quite modern closing machines and this was to form a long-time friendship with W .G. Goetz and Sons and in fact I'm still very friendly with Jack Goetz's nephews who've taken over the business as there were no Goetz's left. Goetz went on to develop a modern line of can making machinery and this could have been exploited around the world but Goetz were rather conservative and later on I had the opportunity of quoting Hawaiian Pineapple Company for a huge order of fourteen can making lines but unfortunately could not get Goetz to go along with it.

The war period was one of great activity and with the millions of people wandering the world in desperation to find somewhere to stop and after my trip in which I'd seen devastation and starvation over several continents it was obvious to me that Australia would have to start taking in large numbers of emigrants and this would mean they had to be fed and it would mean a general expansion of the food industry. So we set ourselves out to be in a position to provide service and equipment with our own manufacture and multi-number of agencies to supply the most modern equipment for a vast area of food making and manufacture.

During the War in 1944 our second son was born, Lawrence William, and then in 1946, Alan Edward was born and he was born only about two and a half months before I left for

overseas on the long trip. I could never have gone away with good conscience except that my brother and partner were available to look after the family in trouble and most importantly doctor friends of mine went out of their way to keep an eye on the family and Emily Rita.

We purchased a house in Edro Avenue, Brighton which has been our residence ever since and this was a very complicated deal in as much as that the selling price of houses was restricted and it was just impossible to buy a house at this restricted price so almost every house deal was an under the counter job.

The house in Edro Avenue was just what we wanted, but it was occupied by the person who built it who had split with the woman with whom he was living and he'd run out of money. He wanted to sell for cash which I could do but he had to find somewhere to live and we advertised and found a journalist and his wife who were prepared to take over our place in Laburnum Street, Brighton and in turn the Edro Avenue owner was satisfied to take over their flat in Elwood. This meant very keen organisation as we had to have our furniture for delivery an hour or so after the contents of Edro Avenue had been shifted to Elwood and in case the occupiers of the Elwood Flat had refused or something we could have been in trouble, but all went well.

The switch over was made and in the one day and everybody appeared to be satisfied. The people who occupied Laburnum Street (the unit we had previously occupied) were a journalist and his wife and sometimes I would see him waiting for a bus on my way to South Melbourne and I would give him a lift and we became quite friendly. I never did see the builder and the owner of Edro Avenue again.

Before any shifting was made we had to have the contracts approved by the various government departments and so we had to turn up and sign the contracts. Mr Maurice Davies our Solicitor was a very clever man indeed and a wit to boot. He was well known around the town as being quite a practical Christian and wore a bowler hat and generally looked the part of an old fashioned solicitor. He suggested that the signing take place at the owner's solicitors, which was a big solicitor’s office on the corner of Market Street and Collins Street.

It was a wet day and I arranged to meet the owner outside in my car where we came to a satisfactory arrangement on the price. We went in to sign the contracts and I deposited a bank cheque for the amount to be held until the owner had vacated and it was passed by the Government. Now in the standard contract which was approved by the Government the contract had to be completed in a certain time, that is, if it hadn't been approved by the Government by a certain time the contract would lapse. Now old Maurice very smartly got talking, he was late deliberately and he was talking his old fashioned way to the smart young solicitor for the owner and he said

'Oh well,' whatever his name was, George or Jack, 'that clause is ridiculous, my client certainly wouldn't like to think that he would go into a contract in which he might back out, so let's strike that out.'

So they agreed on that and it was struck out and initialled and, of course, this meant that it didn't matter how long the period was that the Government approval was awaited on, the owner still had to sell under the terms of the contract. However, nothing occurred and we occupied and still occupy Edro Avenue.

I might mention that my wife's life had been made more or less a misery by the woman and family that occupied the unit adjoining ours in Laburnum Street. That is, it was a joint house, two joined and adjacent. She was undoubtedly more or less insane and some of the things she would do would be to ring up in the middle of the night when I was away and I was frequently away, apart from being overseas and in the early hours of the morning and say that she'd seen somebody getting over our back fence to get into the place and all this sort of thing and she used to throw dirt and rubbish over onto our back porch or landing and all sorts. She had a row with the poor woman across the road, when I say poor, she didn't hit back, and one day the woman was all dressed ready to go out and was at her front gate when this woman I'm speaking about came out and threw ripe tomatoes at her and she retreated in great distress and generally messed. When the police would turn up she would just deny it and also as there were no supporting witnesses ever around when these antics would take place, the police could do little about it. However, they did inform us, and I think this has created something of a record, that the family had previously lived in Gardenvale and she had made such a nuisance of herself that she was removed from the area by police order and I understand to get this done it has to be one hundred percent over a certain area that object to her. Anyway, the journalist seemed to get along alright and had no complaints.

I mentioned my picking up the journalist at times and taking him into town and at this time a notorious criminal named Coates had been murdered after withstanding more or less a criminal siege in the flat he was living in, I think around Toorak, and this created quite a story in the papers of his criminal career. On a Monday, I think it was, I picked up the journalist and he stated how he was hard up for a story for his paper which was the 'Truth' and of course wanted something a bit more lurid than the ordinary run of papers and I repeated to him the story I'd heard from a friend of mine on the previous Saturday in the bar of the Queensbridge Hotel just near Queens Bridge.

He had told me that one of the rackets that Coates and his gang had pulled during the war when clothing rationing was very difficult and tight and it was very difficult to save up enough coupons to get a suit made. So the racket that Coates and company had worked was to have fellows go around the country and in hotels and other places and whisper that they had suit lengths to sell, and they were of very good quality. But when talking business in these country areas and towns they found, which would be very obvious, that the buyers said,

'Well, what's the use of buying without coupons, we can't get them made up!'

So the Coates' man said

'That's alright, in another couple of weeks or three weeks, we've got a caravan and tailors going around and they will call on you and you can arrange to have your suit length made up.'

So they sold numerous suit lengths or as it turned out the same suit lengths, many, many times in country towns. Sure enough after the purchase of the suit length which was given immediate delivery and payment, .the man from the caravan would turn up and say,

'Well, I'm here to get your measurements.', get a substantial deposit off the owner of the suit length and take it away and he was told it would be some days, probably a week before it would be ready for fitting as they were very busy and you could see the obvious racket was for them to clear out with the suit lengths to the next town and so on and I believe this went on for a couple of years and the purchaser could not go to the police because they would be breaking the law in buying the suit lengths.

Well anyway, I told this story to the journalist and that week it was published. It was a long story in the 'Truth'. On the following Saturday in the same bar at the Queensbridge Hotel I met my friend again and the first thing he said was,

'Did you read the Truth this week?' He said 'I told you that story about Coates and the suit lengths.' and I said

'Yes?'

'Well, you see, it's true!' He said, not realising that it was his story. Just one of those sidelines that's rather interesting of the multiplicities of such rackets that went on during the war.

Allen was born at Easter time 1946 at- Bethlehem Hospital in Brighton and I took my wife with her gear to the Hospital and I think it was about one o'clock in the morning and she was taken in and I waited for a while to do the registration and was doing the registration when the Mother Superior appeared at the office and said

'Oh, Mr Bingham, are you in a hurry?' I said 'No.'

'Well,' she said 'if you wait a little while you'll find out what you've got.'

So I waited about 20 minutes and was told that it was a bonny bouncing boy.

Chapter Seventeen

My Interest in the Affairs of the Chamber of Manufacturers and the Engineering Industrial Problems

The Formation and Operation of The Engineers Association

During the War there was some disquiet amongst the metal trade manufacturers and especially the Proprietor Engineer that the Victorian Manufacturers Association was not performing as well as it might as regards helping the war effort. These matters came to a head early in the war when a group of proprietor engineers, at a luncheon meeting, decided to nominate candidates to oppose the re-election of long incumbent members who just sat and did nothing. The move was much favoured by the progressive officers of the Chamber who wanted progress.

The first thing was to get rid of the incumbent representatives led by Mr Marshall Eady who was the Managing Director of MacPhersons Ltd and Mr Andrew Aird who was the Managing Director of Thompsons and Sons who had large engineering works at Castlemaine and also at Williamstown. They were very hurt and rather hostile when they were voted out and we voted in some of our own members.

To follow up the victory and get some worthwhile work going we had more meetings amongst the proprietor engineers and others and it led to the formation of what became known as the Vernier Club and a number of responsible proprietors and Managing Directors were invited to join. The only qualification was recommendation to the committee and that they be their own man, that is, they could speak for their company or their business. The number swelled to I think about 32 members. We used to meet once a month for a luncheon meeting at the Hotel Australia and this consisted of some solid discussions with no holds being barred and when a consensus was arrived at these matters were then brought to the Chamber and brought into action in the industry.

I was probably the youngest member but certainly not with the smallest business and it was very very interesting and educational to me to listen to the views of the older members and over such a wide range of manufacturing of machinery and services ranging from Fred Green, the Managing Director of Green Bros and Miller one of the leading manufacturers of precision tools and then to Stanley Newman Chief Chair holder and Managing Director of Engineering Products.

Stanley had had quite a varied career from being educated in engineering to a degree standard with one of the leading universities in England and then as he said, 'When I returned home flushed with my success in obtaining a Batchelor of Engineering degree, my father said, "Well, I've arranged for you to be apprenticed in one of the leading ship builders engineering works on the Clyde" and he said "you'll be living with the people you work with.'"

So Stanley went to live and work out an apprenticeship on the Clyde with the people and as he said this was where he got his real education in engineering. His uncle and also a brother had been marine engineers and by a strange turn of fate they both died in Rio de Janiero of Yellow Jack, Yellow Fever. Today of course, few people would realise what a pestilence this port of Rio de Janiero was not so many years ago.

The Gordon brothers were members in as much as only one member could represent the company in Vernier. The first one was Ernie and Ernie had been the boss when I had worked for Gordon Brothers in my apprenticeship days, but Ernie unfortunately died and he was followed by Bill Gordon who had been the works' foreman in the time I was there. We became close friends after renewing this acquaintanceship.

Malcolm Moore of Malcolm Moore Limited was a great citizen. He had a large engineering business which bore his name but as it was a public company he did not own controlling interest. However, he was a great citizen and it was unfortunate he didn't have any sons to follow. He was the great backer of the flying doctor service and the Reverend Flynn visited Vernier and spoke of his work on occasions and we in the later time collected sufficient funds to build a proper power station for the flying doctor service at Alice Springs. This power plant had a plate on it recognising the gift from Vernier and remained so until a few years ago when the power was put on to the town of Alice Springs and the plant was sold. When Malcolm Moore retired from his business he had an office in the City and I'm of the opinion, and I've good reason for it that a lot of the financial support in the lean years for the flying doctor service came directly from Malcolm Moore. The flying doctor service office in Melbourne was Malcolm Moore's office and his secretary attended the flying doctor service requirements in Melbourne.

I had been rising in the officers of the Chamber of Manufacturers and was a member of the Engineering and Allied Trades Committee and the senior committee in the Victorian Chamber of Manufacturers, I had to spend quite a lot of time at the Chamber, I would think about two or three days□ week. Now Danny Scott, of Scott & Company, was on the Committee with myself and others and he and I were actually in very close business competition. So thinking these matters over I decided that it was time I got out and let Danny carry on with the Chamber of Manufacturers while I helped to put a 'kink' in his business and after returning to my business, this came about.

Whilst a member of the various committees in the Chamber and especially the Engineers' Committee it was decided to form the Engineers' Association, copied or not exactly copied but instigated by the Foundry Association forming their Association. The idea was to form an insurance structure to stop the "wild cat" strikes and to cover to some extent at least the expenses of the struck company, as at that time or up till then the strikes were becoming crazy. It was just hard to realise. Anyway, after a lot of discussions over quite a few months the Engineers Association was formed and I always remember one of the biggest hurdles to get over was to keep it legal and to ensure that the members who qualified to join were engineers under the terms which we desired.

Now the Engineers section at the Chamber of Manufacturers was largely influenced by maintenance staff that is, mechanists, fitters, etc. employed by companies such as Dunlop and other large companies to maintain their equipment and generally they would be only a small proportion of the whole workforce for that big company. So they were inclined to be the front-runners and meet demands from the employees and then this would be a follow on to the general run of the industry. So we ended up with a simple definition which I have never known to be faulted; the definition of an Engineer to join this Insurance structure was that their business was the manufacture of machines and or parts thereof for sale; simple.

Now the whole structure on this Engineers' Association was that you paid in so much per employee into the general fund and should there be a strike on in your works, you had to refer this to the Manager of the Association who would take over the control of the strike and if this was so then the employer would be paid compensation for so much per hour for each of the employees on strike, for an indefinite period.

I was on the Committee of the Management of the Association and with Danny Scott and others (Danny Scott being the Chairman) we had only one or two cases to be fought out with the unions and we were absolutely successful. One of the cases was The Russell Manufacturing Company, of which Russell was the Chief and owner of several companies which later, after his death became known as the Repco Manufacturing Company. Russell only joined because he felt, as he said to us, 'I have never had a strike.' and so a couple of weeks after that we had put a proposal to him, he rang to say that practically everybody who was important was in it, that he would join and low and behold he had the first strike in his history of The Engineers' Association.

The strike was handled by the Association to the Arbitration Court and the strikers went back to work without obtaining anything. Now the basic thing as far as we were concerned was that the strike had to be an illegal strike, that is, it was something contrary to the terms of the award covering that industry and such awards cover many hundreds of items apart from wages.

I became President of the Engineers' Association, even though I had resigned from other activities in the Chamber of Manufacturers. I remained the President for nine years until Bingham & Company was sold and it was no longer of interest to me.

There was a well-known gentleman named John Welsh of John Welsh & Company, engineers and very large manufacturers of gears, including some enormous gears. John had come up the hard way and was a character; a big man with a big heart. I think he was the oldest on the Committee and I was the youngest and when we were in Committee I would sometimes bring up subjects just to get Jack a bit 'wild' and he would tear into me in no uncertain order! After the meeting would be over and they all took place next door to the Commercial Traveller's Club, I would say to Jack,

'Feel like a drink?' and in a very gruff voice he would say

'Suppose so.'

Anyway, we would go in there and stand up at the bar, when I would start to laugh and he would say,

'Bingham, you bastard; you had me in again!'

We became very very close friends and I had in later times stopped at his home in Nagambie to which he had retired.

I had a ring from his family on a Saturday morning to say he was very ill in the Melbourne Hospital and that he was dying. If I wanted to see him, now was the time. So I went in, there he was; he was flaking out, passing out. His eyes were rolling back. He came back and had a look at me and he said 'Old bastard.' I took him by his huge hands and held on. I said

'Come on Jack you're not beaten yet.' and he rolled his eyes up and he said 'Old bastard.' I hung onto him and I said 'Come on.' After an hour, I went out and the doctor went in then and he came out and said

'I don't know what you have done, but he will get over it.' and he did. He lived for about ten years afterwards. So there you are.

During the latter days at Nagambie, they had a very unfortunate experience. They employed a labourer who milked the cows; a general roustabout. He became very objectionable and he was sacked and delivered to Nagambie by taxi to catch a train. That night, he returned and knowing the dogs, he was able to gain access to the house which was never locked. Jack and his wife, Nina, had rooms adjacent and he sneaked in and attacked her and she screamed out. Old Jack was crippled and with only great difficulty was able to get out and get into his wheelchair with the aid of a couple of sticks. Somehow he negotiated the short distance to his wife's room and he attacked this animal with his stick and hit the fellow, who fled outside.

Jack then got Nina to get his shotgun and Jack was out on the porch in his wheel chair but he could look down the pathway and they could hear this fellow cursing and running around the house. Incidentally, it was a bad night. I may say, that in the meantime they had tried to ring the police but found that this scoundrel had cut the wires and disconnected the phone. He had an overcoat on, and Jack looking in the gloom saw him creeping along the concrete path, alongside the house towards the door where Jack was sitting in his wheel chair. Jack screamed at him and shot, not at him but the ground in front of him. By all odds it was a perfect shot, the ricochet removed this fellow's penis and his balls and he rushed off screaming into the night.

He was later charged, and the charge came up at Shepparton and it was only Mrs Welsh's word against this scoundrel who tried to make out Mrs Welsh somewhat encouraged him, which I know would have been anything but the truth. He had apparently got on the train, gone as far as Seymour, got off the train and come back in a taxi, especially to do harm. Unfortunately Old Jack had now become very ill and was unable to give evidence at the trial at Shepparton and amazingly the net result was that this fellow was found not guilty and when there were questions afterwards, it was stated that the jury thought he had been punished enough. That shows some bias especially a place like Shepparton or Mildura, where you have a very peculiar mentality of the local citizens.

I do not think that any of the original Vernier members are still alive, except myself. There were some younger ones admitted after I had left, but I think the whole thing became extinct. It was quite an honour, looking back on this small business club, to experience discussions and the thoughts which went into the running of it. One of the subjects which we discussed many times was the future of tertiary education in Victoria, and I think it was through our efforts that a committee was formed to report and investigate in a preliminary way, the advancement of tertiary education, mainly through the efforts of Malcolm Moore, who went overseas to study education as applied in a practical sense to especially the metal industries.

Chapter Eighteen

The Golden Circle Pineapple Cannery at Northgate Junction, Brisbane

About March 1946 I was in my office when my secretary came in and announced that there were five gentlemen waiting to see me and they had come from Brisbane. So I had them brought in and they explained who they were. They were growers, pineapple growers from Queensland and Alan Maubey who was one of the group, and spokesman at this time said that they wanted to build a cannery and that Andrew Fairley of Shepparton Preserving Company had said that I was the man to do it, and it was from this simple statement that we set to work and created the cannery for Golden Circle or as it was known in those days the Committee of Direction Marketing, Pineapple Section.

Bingham &: Company were in a good position to take on such a job as I had already had two visits to the centre of pineapple canning at the Hawaiian Islands and I always had in mind that someday we would have the opportunity of building a modern pineapple cannery in Queensland as in general the pineapple canneries, and there were a number of them operating in Queensland, were very, very crude and some of them quite dirty in their operations and pineapple canning is one of the things that must be carried on in big way otherwise it is not possible to make use of a modern approach.

Our associate architects, A.E. Amery, started designing the building and our laboratory personnel checked proposed accurate forecasts of costs. This was the biggest job we had handled to date and an all-out effort was made to press forward and this meant a very rugged time for me personally as it was necessary to travel to Queensland while Alf Amery got started on the building design, but of course could not do anything very much until such time as the general layout and product flow was decided upon.

The first matter to be decided was the location of the cannery and after seeing the problems of cannery location already in Australia such as at the Goulburn Valley and Leeton, I was strongly of the opinion that it should be located near the port as most of the product to be canned was to be exported. Now another significant factor was that all the incoming fruit arrived by special train and so it was necessary to be on the railway line. In company, with some of the executives of the Pineapple Section of the Committee of Direction I visited a number of proposed locations on the railway line north of Brisbane and was literally hounded by various community representatives, all with reasons why the cannery should be opened in their area. But this I couldn't· agree with and later on I decided the ideal location would be at Northgate Junction and this has proved to be correct over the many years now of operation.

Northgate Junction had first of all the very big advantage of being the furthest in on the mainline south where railway trucks could be shunted later than 7 .30 am and it must be pictured that if a load of fruit or a train load of fruit was delayed further north, and it could not be shunted if the plant had been further toward the city, then the cannery couldn't run for the day and this of course would be a calamity. Now, Northgate Junction was a remote sort of area as far as the town was concerned at that time and it had been surveyed and sub-divided into lots and lots of small blocks and once it was decided that would be the position, we were given the go-ahead to purchase the land. This meant purchasing quietly as many blocks as we required, most of them just building blocks which were covered with lightly timbered bushland, probably second growth.

There was already on the site a foundry and also another factory manufacturing I think, spaghetti. Now these buildings and blocks had to be purchased and their business moved to other blocks in the area where they decided they wanted to go, and new buildings put up for them. This was done and we eventually got I think, if my memory serves me right, approximately 50 acres of land around there and so the general project location and then the building designs started in earnest.

Before we could get the necessary permits from the Government to go ahead and purchase the land much had to be done in negotiations with the various councils and other authorities to get the area re-zoned. But the biggest problem was a straight-out obstacle by the Government in trying to force us to utilize other sites more readily available, and also, more specifically, to use a portion of the Rocklea Munition Works. For many reasons this was impracticable and I had quite lengthy negotiations with Mr Kemp, the Government representative who I think was Director of Works for the Government. He was very insistent about the use of the Rocklea Works site so I ended up te11ing him that if the cannery was to be built on the Rocklea site then I would retire from the project design altogether and just be prepared to supply equipment to whoever wants to build the plant. Well, the outcome of this was it was now understood that the plant was designed to be built on the site at Northgate and the whole program hinged on this.

Amery and Associates pushed on with the design of the building and ended up, for both price and speed of delivery, selecting some English steel work for the framing of the building; the English trusses being I think 100 feet span and re-designed to suit our requirements as regards lighting and ventilation and these proved very satisfactory.

The building was commenced about August 1946 and Hornybrook Company, under the supervision of Amery, made very good progress. With my overseas trip, especially to Hawaii and with the help of my many friends there, I was able to ensure that the operation and fitting out of the plant was as modern as the state of the art at that time; allowances made for the first time in Australia and one of the first big projects in the world to take the cannery affluent and to treat by a ponding system which had been developed in America by the National Canners Laboratories. Though this was discontinued sometime later and a pipeline some miles long substituted, I still believe that it was a lot of political manoeuvring that went on as regards to this.

There was only one other really upsetting incident in the construction and that was, with the agreement being verbal, that unfortunately the Colonial Sugar Refineries who were to supply the sugar in bulk and set it up in such a way that no bags would be handled and the whole of the sugar would be dumped and fed through the syrup making system automatically, though the cannery had started off using bags while the last of the syrup system was being put in. We had it all ready to run and I had gone up from Melbourne to see the start of the syrup system and was waiting and waiting for the sugar to arrive in bulk containers and rining up CSR, but they simply said they weren't going to supply it in containers, we would have to take bags. This is the workings of a monopoly and the net result was that two hoppers I think to hold about 60 tonnes each with all the necessary elevating gear, conveying systems were scrapped, after the sugary company had agreed verbally to supply bulk.

From the time the buildings had been started to the time the processing commenced less than ten months had lapsed and considering the size of the project I consider this to be very satisfactory and I don't think it has been surpassed in many other projects of similar nature.

The use of vacuum syrupers and steam vac closing as an integrated system to cover the five lines at the cannery was the first installation of its type in the world and since then has become standard practice. We introduced new ideas in the manufacture of juice and these also proved outstanding at the time. From the plant being designed to handle some twenty thousand tons per year and now handles some one hundred thousand tons per year and is easily the largest fruit cannery in Australia. The success of the Golden Circle brought much business to Bingham &: Company from many parts of the world. It all started with five growers coming to my office and asking me to build a cannery.

During my frequent visits to Brisbane especially whilst the Golden Circle Plant was being built several rather humorous and interesting events happened. Lord Louis Mountbatten and a large staff were visiting Brisbane and one of his first public appearances was to address an impromptu gathering at the R.S.L. Club. I understand he stood on a stool in the bar and stated "This is my first visit to Brisbane and the only other contact I have had with your city was when I was stationed with the Far East Squadron in Hong Kong and your cruiser Brisbane was with the Squadron. An afternoon cocktail party was in progress on the flagship "Hawkins" in honour of the ladies of Hong Kong and I was one of the duty officers on deck watch when inspecting Brisbane the crew could be seen to be frantically trying to chase bees off the ship where apparently they had swarmed. The duty officer had a signal sent 'Hawkins to Brisbane. How many bees in Brisbane' and very smartly came back the signal 'Brisbane to Hawkins. How many hawks in Hawkins'".

It was our practice to stop at Lennons Hotel which at that time was probably the best appointed hotel in Australia and was credited with being the only hotel with automatic lifts, no operators being generally employed. Our suites were on the third floor and it was reported in the press that Lord Louis and entourage occupied the fourth floor. In a general beer famine Lennons allowed a modest amount to be available in jugs to each room and we were enjoying a sip with our party which consisted of myself, Phil Hardge, our Sales Manager in Sydney, Alf Amery our Associate Architect and Phil's brother whom we were entertaining with the idea of obtaining information on some work he had been doing on pineapple machinery. After a pleasant session we decided to repair to the dining room for dinner. I pressed the lift button and several times the lift passed without stopping. I knew that if one held down the button the lift would have to stop and it did with a very unexpected result.

The door opened and we were confronted with a uniformed operator who very churlishly called another lift. Standing in the lift was Lord Louis and his aides, a Naval Captain and an Army General. Lord Louis immediately said "Come in, there is plenty of room. Where are you going?" We said the dining room and the door was shut and we started down. Whilst we were on the way down Phil's brother, quite a rough diamond, put out his hand and said "Would you please shake my hand, my Lord, it is the only chance I will have." The lift stopped and the door opened and we prepared to make a quick exit but there, right in front of us, was a complete guard of honour with swords dressed to form an avenue and the military band playing the National Anthem. I stepped smartly back in a corner and as Lord Louis stepped out he bent towards me and quietly said "Lousy lift operator, aren't I." He

then with his aides walked under the avenue of swords to the banquet hall for the Order of St George dinner.

Another incident occurred involving Lennons, at which I was almost present. Our party had left our room for the dining room and on entering the foyer we found it a dark haze full of people who were most distressed, especially a number of ladies who were crying. The main dining room was filled with an oily haze -people's faces were almost black and dresses were the same. We were given special attention as we were house guests and a temporary dining room was set up in the ground floor lounge and the waitress told us the story of how the main dining room had got darker and darker and people were covered in black soot of oil smoke from the air conditioner. Ladies repaired to the toilets and endeavoured to wipe off and repair but to no use. Our waitress had washed her face and her hair, but her face remained smeared and her hair was in a mess. The hotel set up a special office in the hotel reception area to arrange for replacement of dresses and other clothing and this office was kept very busy for a number of days after the event. The sight of the dining room was unforgettable.

Sometime later whilst in a plane en route to Sydney I overheard the happening being described and discussed between two men in the seats behind me. One of the two was simply insisting it was just a fairy tale but I did not butt in to support the story which I knew to be true.

Chapter Nineteen

The Buflovak Agreement

1946 was a very busy era as far as the Company was concerned. The big pineapple plant at Golden Circle in Brisbane, being so successful, brought us other enquiries from various sources with lots of orders for equipment and we introduced new equipment and were able to boost up other processing to a large extent.

I had had my eyes on the possibility of manufacturing in Australia modern evaporation equipment. Now, the evaporators used for milk and tomatoes and other products in Australia and New Zealand were fairly crude in as much that there were numbers of vacuum pans, as they were called, operating. These were very, very wasteful in the extreme; and overseas in Europe, especially Denmark and U.S.A., some new processors, much more efficiently designed had been developed and I decided to approach the Blaw Knox Company of America who were the manufacturers of the Buflovak equipment, which was being installed for many different products, in Canada and America.

After some very considerable correspondence I visited U.S.A. in 1949 to try and finalise a satisfactory agreement. The Buflovak division was located at Buffalo, New York, reasonably close to Niagara Falls. As we had such a strong relationship with the Chisolm Ryder Co. of Niagara Falls, we had a very good entree for discussions with the Buflovak Division. However, I ran up against a problem in as much as the Buflovak Division of Blaw Knox and its associate Buflovak Foundary had been operated by a very conservative family named Dunbar though I do not think, at that stage, there were any more Dunbars active. There was Mr Dunbar, quite an old gentleman, and the Miss Dunbars and they sold their interests to Blaw Knox and still had some influence in the operation.

Eventually I had some long and friendly discussions with George Rowland, the Sales Manager, and he was very much our way and wanted the agreement to go through. The big stumbling block was that they were asking for fifteen percent engineering fees; fifteen percent on the total sales for engineering fees for which they would do the designing and we would do the manufacturing, and this to my mind was too high. However, in discussion with George, he suggested that I agree with the fifteen percent and he undertook that if we could make sales he would 'push' for the reduction to seven percent.

I had been down in Washington and I returned to New York and arranged with George Rowland to meet, I think it was in Chicago. So I returned to the hotel in New York where I still held the room while I was out of town. I had a message to ring George and I had already booked a plane to get to Buffalo at night. I managed to get through to George's home only to find that he had left for the West Coast, obviously that is where I could meet him. I had only (I think it was) twenty minutes to book out of the hotel and get to the airport terminal which was fairly close to the Roosevelt Hotel. Unfortunately I did not meet George at the West Coast, in fact, I never met him again as he had a heart attack and died; very, very sad.

We signed up the agreement on the fifteen percent basis and by 1952, we were in a position to manufacture and turn out our first Buffalo Evaporator, and the associated spray dryer. In the meantime, we had sold an evaporator to be imported and that was a double effect evaporator for the Kia Ora Company to be put in at Bendigo. This was the first Buflovak Tomato Evaporator installed in Australia and was very, very successful. In fact,

Campbell's Soup Company took over Kia Ora and in later years the same equipment is still working at the Shepparton factory of Campbell's. The sales for the Buflovak equipment were going ahead quite strongly and we had a lot of business in front of us with the introduction of the Blaw Knox Buflovak Milk Evaporator and the associated spray dryer (only a small unit) which could turn out six hundred and fifty pounds of powder per hour of the very highest grade powder as possible at that time. This was just what the industry in Australia wanted, as before this there was a multitude of ro11er drying plants turning out powder which was difficult to sell because it was not of a high enough grade. New Zealand was enjoying most of the export market especially in the East for spray dried milk powder. But the introduction of the powder from the Buf1ovak equipment altered that very quickly and we started putting plants in various places and assumed a large business.

Chapter Twenty

The First Frozen Food Plants Built in Australia

About 1948 we secured the contract to build a frozen food plant for Reg Cahill of Cahill's Restaurants. The plant was located at the Sydney suburb of Waterloo and was to produce one ton per hour of frozen beans or peas. This was the first frozen food plant in Australia. Qantas had been producing a few hundred pounds per hour of frozen peas but this could not be considered a commercial venture. The freezing operation was not by a continuous tunnel but depended on trolleys with a number of trays of the product to be frozen being passed through a long tunnel. This was very successful in its day and so the first plant in Australia for commercial freezing of vegetables was underway.

The second· freezing plant to be put in we designed for Lever Bros. to process Birdseye Brand vegetables and these included peas, beans and corn and was located at Batlow in N.S.W. and was built and fitted out in conjunction with the Batlow Packing House Co-operative; Bert Smith being the Managing Director.

This was a very nice plant and here again we had nothing to do with the freezing machinery brought out from England I think which consisted of the special Birdseye type plate freezers. Unfortunately this venture was never successful, not because of mechanical problems but management problems. At that time the Birdseye Company and Lever Bros. were controlled by Dutch directors and there was nothing that could be done as far as the agricultural program without endorsement from the directors in Holland and these just seemed to be always late or it was too late to plant the vegetables or the timing was out. So although they had assembled some very capable executives and specialists in the growing of the product they ended up all being dissatisfied and leaving the operation.

The freezing operation at Batlow was abandoned and the freezing equipment was sent to Gordon Edgell & Sons at Bathurst where, by arrangement, Edgells grew and supplied the product to be frozen and Birdseye had their section and operated the plate freezers. This went on for some time but was later sold out to Gordon Edgell together with the Birdseye brand.

Now it has been stated how the Birdseye brand in Australia had been sold to Gordon Edgells. I suppose technically this is correct but in fact the title to the brand name in Australia for an indefinite period cost Gordon Edgells nothing. The circumstances being that Max Edgell and Chairman of Directors rang me and asked me if I was in Sydney to contact him, and this I did, very shortly after he had rung. He then told me how (Birdseye) Levers were disposed to sell right out of the manufacture of frozen vegetables and to sell the plant to Edgells.

"Now," he said "the problem is I would like some advice as to what we should pay for the brand (Birdseye) and the plant."

"Well," I said "why don't you just offer them the written down value of the plant."

He said "They won't accept that."

I said "Well, how do you know, you haven't asked them."

So he obtained from them and in fact they actually removed the ledger sheets and I was able to peruse these and I totalled up the value of the plant in Levers books and I said

"Well, there it is, offer them that price." He said "They won't accept it."

So he came back to me a day or two later and was very bewildered to say they had accepted it.

So in fact the Birdseye label which is worth many millions of dollars today in Australia was secured by Gordon Edgells for almost nothing. I'll always remember that I think in the first twelve months or less of Edgells taking over the operation as a whole and putting Birdseye frozen vegetables on the market they had increased total sales I think to about five times the amount that Levers had been selling.

One of the amusing parts about this was that they had, I think, two or three Battle Creek Packaging Machines Company's over-wrappers for wrapping packets of peas. The peas and beans in those days were in packets and not in bags. In later years after Bingham &: Co. had sold out I got a ring from Levers as they'd wanted spare parts for the machines which they were using (or similar machines) in their packaging of soap and other products and they asked me if I would tel1 them who the owners were of the Battle Creek Co. as they didn't seem to be able to get much satisfaction from their enquiries and there was dead silence when I told them that Lever Bros. owned it because Bingham and Co. had been getting 15% commission on the sale of these machines and of course, to Lever Bros. These big companies certainly got themselves mixed up on detail.

The next freezing plant was a second plant for Cahill Restaurants and that was at Glenn Innes on the N.S. W. North Coast (central North Coast) and this was a plant for handling, I think, two tons per hour of peas and of beans and other products like corn. Amery &: Associates were responsible for the building design and the erection supervision and this went very nicely and it was quite a nice plant excepting Reg Cahill was rather a difficult man to get along with at times. He couldn't see why Amery had wanted to build up the floor to some feet higher than was the natural level of the surrounding area. Alf pointed out as it was on the site of a Jong slope if there was a heavy fall of rain on the nearby hill the water rushing down would go through the factory. Reg wouldn't have it. So it was built practically level with the surroundings and low and behold it wasn't very long before such a storm did occur and the water rushed down and went clean through the factory about two feet deep.

Reg was the frozen vegetable and frozen food pioneer in Australia and Bingham & Co. were closely associated with him and various other enterprises and in the end this included the installing of the first low temperature evaporator for evaporating citrus juices and producing citrus concentrate which was then becoming widely used in America. This plant was brought out from the Blaw Knox Co. of America, whom we represented and was only a comparatively small plant to handle about two tons per hour or say 50 tons or oranges in the 24 hours. And it was duly landed but then Reg Cahill died and it was quite a tragedy for the industry as he was a progressive gentleman. It was rather pitiful in the end as, due to diabetes, his memory failed absolutely at times. I remember on occasions, at least twice, he rang up to say he'd be in Melbourne and to pick him up at Essendon from the plane. We'd have somebody out there to pick him up and bring him down to the office about 10.00 in the morning usually and there he would sit and just chatter away as he had forgotten what he

had come down to Melbourne for. Then he'd say "Take me back to the plane." and we would take him back and put him on the plane. Anyway, it was not long after that he died.

In the selling of the low temperature evaporator we arranged to have my brother and Len Lemmon the Secretary meet Reg in Niagara Falls when he was over there and they were there to show him something of the equipment of Blaw Knox 11Buflovak11 Division of Buffalo which is quite close to Niagara Falls, and also to show him around. Now Reg had bought a new camera and here he was going around snapping pictures of the Falls and all over the place, with his wife and he hadn't taken the lens cap off. Well, Len Lemmon our Secretary saw this but he just couldn't get around to snatching off the cover without Mrs Cahill seeing it, but Len was not to be outdone. So he went and bought a packet of transparencies for projection of the slides and gave them to Reg and when they came back, Reg's skill as a photographer was obvious, the slides that Len had bought at Niagara Falls and the surroundings were perfect.

Chapter Twenty One

The 1953 Trip by D.W.B. and E.R.B. to Africa, South America U.S.A. and the Canadian Rockies The Conception and Birth of the T.E.G. Filling Machine

In 1953, I decided to again go overseas with my wife, Emily, and to make an extensive tour of Africa, South Africa and Southern Africa and South America. The first problem was to find somebody to look after the boys while we were away and this seemed to be a very difficult problem to overcome to satisfy the mother. With the help of various friends scouting around, especially the efforts of Barney and Alice Hammil, we were put in contact with Miss Patterson of Portland who was a friend of theirs. She had some experience with children's welfare and she came to live in and look after the boys while we were away. They took to her and she took to them and so we left at midnight. It was quite a moment for Emily to leave the family and she stated afterwards that she certainly would not have left Allen, the younger one, if he had shown any sign of a 'blubber'.

We had a good trip to Perth and after a couple of hour's stopover, continued on to Cocos Island, and then from Cocos Island to Mauritius, which at that time was the longest over-water flight in the world, and I think in our case took about thirteen and a half hours. Extreme care was taken on the plane (a Constellation) and this incidentally was one of the first flights made by Qantas to South Africa. The route had been pioneered and surveyed by Captain P.G. Taylor who I mentioned earlier having met on the Pacific Flight in 1941.

We arrived at the airport in Mauritius and we had a one day stopover and were accommodated at the Park Hotel, in a small town called Curepipe; spelt in French, slightly differently, but the actual pronunciation is "Curepipe". It got the name, we were told, as it was the stopping place for the donkey pack trains, bringing produce over the mountains to the northern area, as the ports in the north were subject to a lot of wind and were not very safe, and the Curepipe was where the teamsters of team men stopped and had a 'smoke'.

We were very fortunate to be able to arrange for a car and a guide named Miss Sauche, a French girl, (or of French descent) and a very handsome young lady who had been the leading figure in one of Fitzpatrick's famous travel films on Mauritius. We saw around the island, which is very very like the Hawaiian Islands, in fact, grows sugar cane mostly which used to be the main crop on the Hawaiian Islands. A photo taken of the terrain in Mauritius would not be questioned if one was told it was taken on the Hawaiian Islands.

We left for Johannesburg and arrived on the sixteenth of April and we had booked in at the Langham Hotel which unfortunately did not have the room vacated when we arrived. However, we got a room and it was very disappointing as for a start it was on a shaft or back area where there was considerable noise of cans and such being thumped around in the early hours of the morning. We objected, and were shifted. We found this hotel a very pleasant place to stop and we stayed there a number of times afterwards.

I had been given a letter of introduction to a gentleman named Mr Klipen. This had been given to me by the Managing Director of the Gerard Company of Australia, Harold Gibbs. The Clyde Trading Company of which Klipen's was the principal were the agents for Gerard's in South Africa.

I discussed with Klipen and his Directors the possibilities of starting a branch in Africa and I was immediately put in touch with various authorities to discuss the matter. I received every support until eventually, after a few days, we had more or less, as I thought, arrived at an agreement; a company was to be formed. The Henry Jones Company of Australia had a branch in Africa which in fact was the largest food manufacturer there and calling on them with the good wishes of the Australian companies

I received a very good hearing and became very friendly with those involved, including Mr George Watson and his son Les.

Incidentally, Johannesburg is quite an interesting city but it has very little atmosphere to my mind as it is laid out on square blocks and has an altitude of about seven thousand feet above sea level which as far as I was concerned, and I think most other visitors, the effect of the lower oxygen content made one become tired and drowsy in the afternoons.

We had the opportunity of going to the Central Deep Mine and seeing the wonderful display of the Bantu Dancers on the Sunday morning, I believe about 700 dancers took part, each having their own tribal dress. We were driven around the outskirts of Johannesburg on the Sunday afternoon and it was just amazing to see a large group of Bantu people fighting with sticks and inflicting quite severe blows on one another, so they were bleeding and with small scars on their heads especially. It was explained that they are artists with stick fighting, very much as it was in the early days of England and Europe and we were warned never to try to disarm them and take the stick.

In Johannesburg I was very impressed with Mr Patterson, the Australian Trade Commissioner, who was very keen to give me all the assistance possible and introduced me to various companies and also he seemed to have a very good 'in' with these companies, much different to the average Australian Trade Commissioner I had previously met in other countries. I was a visiting member and attended the Rotary Lunch in Johannesburg and found this very interesting, a number of people had approached me with a number of ideas to help.

On a weekend, Mr Klipen arranged for his son, David, to drive us to the Kruger National Park. We were able to see the animals in their native state in the park which beforehand, before this, was all a story to be read in the papers. The park itself, which I have since visited several times, is undoubtedly a real spectacle; hearing the lions roaring in the morning as the daylight comes and the female lions out for the 'kill'. They hunt very systematically, with some of the pride chasing the animals with their loud screaming to where others were concealed, ready to pounce, which they did. Having killed sufficient for the feed, they cease and it's just astonishing to see the animals when they have just been attacked and several killed, like the various types of buck, knowing that they are in no further danger till the lions become hungry again.

We were able to see the numerous animals in the native state as previously said, and I could understand that one could spend lots of time there over years, because it is such a vast area to cover with so many animals performing differently at different times.

On the Monday we left to return to Johannesburg and stopped off for lunch. We stopped at night at the White River Hotel. Next morning we left for Johannesburg, and stopped off to have a look at quite a large citrus orchard, one of the largest in Africa. This

was the Crocodile River State Pty Ltd, having around one hundred and thirty thousand trees, one hundred thousand of which were bearing. One of the points I had noticed was the very dose planting of the trees, this being possible because all cultivation was done by hand, allowing for many more trees per acre than would have been possible in Australia or California.

After leaving the orange groves, we were driving along on the top of a ridge looking down onto a valley and I could smell tomatoes being processed. I wanted to get down and see what was being done because of my long interest in tomato processing. I was having difficulty in getting David Klipen to really put some effort into finding out where this aroma was coming from. I was determined. We soon found where this small factory was situated, and quite astonishing to me was the effort put in by a Mr Corrigan and his brother.

The Corrigan's were Irishmen and at least one was an Industrial Chemist and he explained how he and a friend had been in the British Air Force and were captured and they were interned on the island of Madagasca which is almost right opposite as far as latitude is concerned to where we were. He explained that they got hold of a small boat and all they had was a compass. They had an engine in the boat but no fuel, so they had to sail the boat. They sailed and sailed but they were getting nowhere when they awakened to the fact that their small compass was being distorted and was being ruined by the presence of the engine. Anyway, they sailed on and landed on the coast of Africa and proceeded inland and came to this farm where tomatoes were being grown and sent to the market; quite a wasteful procedure.

They started to work for the farmer and induced him to build this factory which was an outstanding credit to them as they were turning out paste which was unexcelled as anything I have seen in the world. They had never had anything to do with processing and only learned by experiment and practical application and reading up any literature they could find. They were using an evaporator which they had evolved and this was doing an exceptionally good job, though probably not very efficient from the steam point of view, but certainly most efficient from the labour point of view. For labour, they had plenty.

These were a multi-tube built-in heat exchanger and the tomato puree was circulated through the tubes by flooding the top of the tubes where the vacuum vessel allowed the evaporation to take place and the vapour to come away and the product to come back through the tube. These would only operate for a few hours when they would have to be stopped and the tubes brushed out. But this did not worry them, as Jabour was very, very cheap and the Bantu's would work in conditions of heat that probably European workers would not tolerate.

Mr Corrigan was so excited to meet somebody that knew about tomato processing. I think it was about half past two when we got there, and he talked and talked and talked and just would not let me get away and I ended up getting several sixteen ounce cans of the paste to take back to Johannesburg with me and it was my intention to take these to America to show what beautiful paste could be produced in Africa. The quality of tomatoes in Africa had always been condemned as far as paste was concerned.

As we were getting ready to leave the Corrigans, the evening was drawing in, my name came up at last as 'Young Bingham'. All of a sudden there was a look that came over

his face, he rushed back into his office and brought out an old Bingham catalogue which had a Jot of useful information in it and when he discovered that I was the D. W. Bingham, he was just amazed.

In later years there was a tomato shortage in Australia and a lack of paste, and Bingham &: Company imported I think about seven hundred tonnes of this paste to Australia and it was quite a profitable business.

We returned to Johannesburg and a little bit later, sometime later, we left for Durban, by plane. We stopped in Durban at the Edwards Hotel. I went and saw various companies there from whom we had been in some correspondence as regard the agency, but Durban was not a very big manufacturing town and was sort of an in-between, between the big pineapple fields through the south and the lands through the north, which was mostly sugar cane. I was very impressed with the Edwards Hotel and stayed there on later occasions.

We had booked a car and driver to take us around the coast via the garden route to Cape Town and a very pleasant drive through the homelands of the Xhosa Bantu people, the Transkei.

We arrived at Port Elizabath and visited the pineapple cannery of Associated Canners Ltd. The Transkei country looked quite impressive from an agriculatural point of view but obviously the land had been neglected in that the land had been over used and was scarred. The authorities had obviously brought some pressure to improve the position by wide spread planting of rows of sugar cane to act as wind breaks and prevent erosion.

After calling into various places of interest we arrived at Cape Town and were immediately impressed by the geographic situation. We were very fortunate in being booked in to the Mt Nelson Hotel, situated on the edge of the town and under the shadow one might say of Table Top and adjacent to the Botanical Gardens; one of the worlds few remaining, what may be termed as, grand hotels. We made it our headquarters there • whenever we could get a booking, for some seventeen years. The view on a clear morning of the cloud rolling across the top of Table Mountain is a very spectacular sight. The cloud which rolls across and covers the top of the mountain then drops down the sides is very aptly named 'Table Cloth'.

The surroundings of the Cape at Cape Town and the actual journey down to the Cape of Good Hope is quite spectacular and scenic, and the road very often runs along the edge of very high c:liffs until one reaches the Cape Point which is right at the end of the peninsula. Many people assume that Cape Point is the furtherest point south for the African Continent, but this is not so as the Cape Agulhas is (I think) about sixty miles further south and in between these two capes (points) is the very large bay, called False Bay because when mariners were rounding the Cape, they thought they were rounding Africa but they would sail into False Bay and sometimes be wrecked.

I had a letter of introduction to the Bank Manager at the Head Office of the Standard Bank of Africa in Cape Town and was very well received and they were most helpful in our setting out to start up a branch operation. I was able to survey (tertiary fashion) a number of canneries around the Cape area and decided that if we were to put in a service factory, it

would be at Paarl, which is in a most picturesque situation but is also a convenient centre for the number of canneries.

Incidentally, one of the things that really struck me, was the difference in the location of the orchards. The orchards in California or Australia and New Zealand which are mainly on flat country with very little evidence of mountains in the immediate vicinity; whereas the orchards and the canneries in Africa, in a number of instances, are in a very, very picturesque situation in valleys such as Groote Drakenstein near where the famous Rhodes Fruit Farms are situated and these are on a long slope from the foothills of the mountains and are beautifully (or were at that time) laid out. They were the original gardens and orchards and vineyards owned by Cecil Rhodes.

Not far away, is the famous Stellenbosch University. This is the Africaan university and is very successful. I would think that to some extent, this success is due to the intensity of the students. In primary industry, such as fruit processing, wines, wine making and such allied industries they are probably in· the forefront throughout the world.

I had a letter of introduction to Doctor Neils and I found him most interesting, and also I had the opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with a Doctor Schmit, whom I had met in the Western Laboratories of the Canners Association in California. At this time the University was expanding, and from what I could gather and see, this was being done in a very practical set up or system by the University itself; that is, the engineers and architects who designed the buildings and the building section of the University and supervised the erection were their own contractors. It seemed to me this should be a must in any of the universities as it would develop the students' sense of pride in the work they were doing in designing the University, and would ensure in later years that they would take some pride in having contributed to the advance of the school.

Brookes Lemos Ltd of Melbourne had thoughtfully written to the Managing Director in

South Africa, Mr Rieg Brookes and as he was quite a well known business man in the area and highly respected being the South African representative for several years on the I.L.O. in Geneva. Reg, I had recommended as he had visited the Australian factory for a time. The Brookes Lemos business in Africa was very large, and they had quite a considerable interest in the Australian Factory in Melbourne. They did not take a lot of interest in its day-to-day management because they were bottling their famous "Oros" and "Lemos" drinks not only in Cape Town but in other towns in Africa and also various other countries, I believe as far as Cairo. One of the Brookes brothers, Harry, had left Africa and gone to Australia and was Managing Director in Australia for a number of years. He died and his estate was largely left to his daughter, Cynthia, and his widow and they in turn gave the proxy for voting at meetings to Alex Jamieson who was then at this time, Managing Director in Australia and also he had the proxies for the South African vote which gave him, more or less, control of the Australian business and it ran along quite smoothly and paid dividends and never failed to make a profit. Some of the other Directors who I knew quite well were quite hostile about this position because Alex Jamieson would simply out vote them no matter what happened and this was not good for business, as the dissenting Director viewed it.

I had carried on negotiations with Klipen of the Clyde Trading Company and as

mentioned before, we were ready to sign up an agreement and start a factory in the Rand in the Johannesburg area. I went up to Johannesburg on a rush trip to sign the matter up when they wanted this varied and that varied so I just simply said "Nothing doing" and the proposal was dropped. I cannot trust people who want to change things at the last minute to be their way. As things turned out, it was not of any great significance as we progressed later in Africa, without their help.

We appointed Moolenaar Brothers and over the next year or two we did a little business, but on subsequently coming back we found to our disgust that they had copied some of our machines without acknowleding their debt to the company, so we dispensed with their services. I was very fortunate in help with the Bank, being introduced to Mr E. V. · Howes (Bill), of Bart & Howes, who were one of the leading shipping and customs agents and transport people in South Africa and this became a lasting friendship. We were also introduced to Mr Doble, the Principal of a large accounting firm Gurney, Notcut and Fisher, and also to Mr Fisher, a lawyer and one of the principals of the large legal firm Fairbridge Adherne & Laughton. Between these three gentlemen I was able to establish a business in later years which had quite a significant effect on our lives and the profitability of the Bingham family in general.

I took the opportunity one week-end to visit Associated Canners Ltd at their plant at Worcester and on the Sunday I had a game of golf with a Mr Jack Sax who was the engineer at the cannery, Jim Shelley who was the Secretary of the Company at that period and Simon Heller, the Managing Director of Standard Canners.

We played on the newly set out course at Worcester and this course is incidentally in absolutely magnificent surroundings; mountains rising all around and the course was newly laid therefore, trees had not progressed very far. So we hit off and they asked me what handicap I had so I said "twenty", so I was playing with Jack Sax. They asked me to hit off, so I did. I made a shocking 'slice' and it seemed to go right into the rough, which seemed to me to be an area of bulrushes or similar vegetation. So I stood back to hit a provisional ball when they said to me 'Don't worry, the boys will find it.'; the boys being the Bantu caddies. Sure enough I went over to where the ball had landed as it was quite a long shot and it was a dog-leg from the tee to the first hole and that was just suited to the lie of the ball if it was possible to hit it, and low and behold, here was the ball, set up and surrounded by green shoots which had been burnt. Now it was very obvious to me that the ball had been placed there by the Bantu. Anyway, there was nothing I could object about. They had given me a scratch set of clubs including three wood or women's brassey. Now this ball was so teed up that it just suited the club and I landed on the green for two.

So the game progressed and Jim Shelley who was the Club Champion played off at about eight, and on the second nine I actually beat him off the stick. So we went on and the atmosphere, although I did not notice at the time, sort of deteriorated as far as their attitude was concerned. So we finished the game and they said, 'Well, we had better buy him a drink.' We went into the Club House to have a drink and they said 'Well, here's to a fellow who is not too proud' or words to that effect 'to have a commercial handicap.' Which of course was wrong in two places; I was playing exceptionally well and we were playing 'match play' and this made a lot of difference, and the course was so much easier than the

course on which I had secured a handicap, namely the Huntingdale Golf Club in Melbourne of which I had been a member for many years.

Sometime later I was in Johannesburg and introduced to a young man who had a great reputation for sport and I believe had represented South Africa at Wimbledon, and was also a well-known golf player. I was introduced and he had to drive me around for his Company, and in course of conversation he said

'Did you ever play a game of golf in Worcester with Simon Heller?'

I said 'Yes' and he said

'Oh, that's famous that game, they never got over talking about it; they more or less reckon your twenty handicap was a fake.' or words to that effect. But, I explained the situation to him about, in my opinion, the ball having been 'set up' and he told me a story about a visitor to the famous Rand Club in Johannesburg, which is one of the leading and largest clubs that could be found anywhere. He said the visitor hit off and he had gone into the rough a little bit and when he approached the rough the boys had found the ball, and there they were, very carefully, with their toes, putting it into a good 'lie' for it to be hit and the visitor scolded them in no uncertain terms and told them to put it back where it had been. They said 'Oh sorry, baas, we thought you were a member.'

We left Cape Town on the 29th May, 1953, on the ship Tegelburg, and this was a magnificent ship of the Royal Interocean Line, a Dutch ship, and we had a very excellent cabin. It was very rough when we left and I went to bed as I did not want to become seasick. I knew that if I started alright, I would be alright. The weather fined up and we had a wonderful voyage to Rio and as we were at the Captain's table, we had many friendly games of "liar-dice" in the saloon with Captain Le Due in the mornings. At the table also, I cannot recall their names, was a Dutch Count and his wife and they were journeying to Montevideo in Uruguay to settle there after retiring and when they discovered that we were Australians, and as I said, we were sitting at the same table, they got discussing matters and it appeared that they had been Consul employees at the Canberra Dutch Embassy for seven years and had become very attached to the place. The Countess had lived in Australia for quite a number of years, when she was about twelve years old, I think, so there was an atmosphere set up and the Count recalled once how he used to go trout fishing up in the Snowy Mountains with a group of Parliamentarians and Consulate people and with Australians being the hosts. He mentioned Dick Casey, who later became Lord Casey and Bevan who later become Premier of New South Wales, and others. The point about it was, that he was really trying to get us to recall what he could not recall, the place where they used to go and stop in the cabin in the mountains and work their way around fishing.

Well, after listening to his conversation I then woke up to the fact or I thought I had, that what he was talking about Khancoban and the hut or small house and farm that was known as the Syndicate Farm, the syndicate being some doctors and politicians; Casey, Bevan and others I have mentioned. Just some few months before, I and a group had stopped at the same place, and this so excited them when I was able to talk about the area and what· we had done in those early days. We had tripped from horse-back over what is known as the Geehi Wall and to Geehi to fish and there again they and the sydicate members had built a hut and that was known as the Syndicate Hut. The fishing party to the

Khancoban area of which I was a member had been quite carefully planned as the members came from various parts including Sydney, Batlow and Melbourne, and we were based at the sydnicate farm known as Waterfall Farm at Khancoban. At this time the farm was being looked after by one Bill McLaughlin, who was operating it as a small dairy farm and they got some sort of retainer from the syndicate. Mrs McLaughlin's name before married was Dede Scamell and Mr Scamell, her father, was living with the McLaughlins and what a grand gentleman he was. He had been a pioneer amongst the Snowy Mountains and had explored a considerable area and his name is now commemorated with Scamell's Spur, Scamell's Lookout and other places.

On our fishing expedition I had gone to considerable trouble to take along my movie camera, tripod and all the equipment necessary to make a movie film which we titled "It Is Trout We Are After" and taken in colour; a considerable amount of work went into it. We were able to get some marvellous shots of the mountains and especially around Geehi and further over towards Tom Grogin. In amongst the five pack horses we had a white mare and the mare with her foal which was being taught to carry loads and to become a packhorse. There was a small load which was strapped on her back and it was just wandering after its mother.

I arranged for the whole party to assemble on one side of the ford of the swampy plains river while I got across on the opposite side and set up my camera to take a view and a few shots of the party coming across through the water with Mount Townsend with snow in the background and reflecting into the water, a magnficent picture. While the movie camera was running on the motor, I was yelling to the on-coming party to try and bunch

together as they were inclined to spread out of focus of the lens. As I had a 35mm camera hanging around my neck I was able to take some pictures of the scene that we were actually taking the movie of and these turned out extremely interesting.

I have always had quite an interest in photography, especially during the last fifty years. I have been quite active with the cinema camera as evidenced by the many thousands of feet of film I have taken of many parts of the world. During the 1939-45 war I gave a lot of shows for raising money for the comforts and also gave a number of shows for organisations such as the Salvation Army boys or girls homes and I feel good when I think of the wonderful behaviour of the boys and girls. The shows for the S.A. were usually at the request of my good friend and business and family solicitor the late Maurice Davies and were generally to help at a party during the Christmas time. I was assisted with one show for the boys party by Jim Rodgers our Adealide Manager who incidentally was quite an entertainer. We put on the show after the boys had a few goodies, pitably sparse. I had a brain wave and sent Jim off with ample money to make a call on the shops in Burwood Road and augment the goodies, especially ice cream. He bought out the shops and believe me it made the Christmas for us when we saw the wonderful time the boys had consuming the supplies.

When we returned to Melbourne Bill Burch, one of the party and a very close friend of mine, well known in sporting circles as regards fishing, had the film developed and Hartley's Sports Store, which was the leading sports store in Melbourne in Flinders Street, had asked

Bill if they could borrow the negative of the still of the shots of the horses crossing the stream and they had it blown up and coloured to quite a size, several feet wide and this was exhibited in their window as a fishing· ad or gimmick. After they had finished with the photo of the blown up picture I was supposed to get it free, but they wanted to charge me for it and I was very annoyed so I refused; I think I should have bought it. I was walking along Flinders Street, Melbourne, when I ran into Bill Burch and right out of the blue he said 'Oh Dave, I've got that negative and the post card size picture of yours and I have been meaning to give it back.' so he gave each of them back to me, right then and they were in an old flat wallet and I left them in there. We were leaving for Africa in a few days and they remained in my pocket and coming across these in Africa I just simply placed them amongst various papers and when the discussion with the Count was in session I suddenly thought to myself 'I have that picture'. So, the next lunchtime I was able to show him the picture of Khancoban with the horses and the mountains in the scene and he was highly delighted. He handed it back to me and I said 'No, you can have it.' and he said 'Thanks very much'. I said 'You can also have the negative.', and he was really pleased. As he was going to settle for an indefinite time in his retirement at Montevideo, he said that he would have the photograph done up and also coloured, similar to the picture I was talking about.

Well, we never met the Count or heard from him again but he was a most interesting character. He used to play chess with one of the best players on board, for some time per day, two hours or something, and then he studied Spanish. It must be remembered that most of the passengers on baord the ship were either Portugese or Spanish speaking people, going back to their homelands. There was one well educated Spaniard who told me that in his opinion the Count spoke Spanish faultlessly and he could not understand why he had to study more.

The Count also, or the Countess, had a dog and this dog used to wander around the deck and sometimes would 'crap' on the deck, and this more or less used to infuriate Captain Le Due. As it was a Dutch ship, and owned by the Dutch Queen, he told me he could not make up his mind as to how far he could go to make a move to have the dog placed somewhere in closed confinement. But, he arranged to have a Steward, when the dog was trotting around the deck, follow it to make sure that the mess was cleaned up immediately.

I got bored with the ship's routines, and made sure that when talked into taking part in the games and such that I be beaten and be out quickly. I had little to do and had been doing a lot of thinking on the development of a couple of new machines so I borrowed

image

EMILY RITA WITH SENIOR MANAGEMENT

OUTSIDE H. JONES SMITHTON CANNERY, TASMANIA

image

TAKEN AT THE UGALLI CLUB, GRIFFITH, N.S.W. WITH THE PRESIDENT AND HIS WIFE

AND MY VERY GOOD FRIEND WALTER LINDRUM, THE GREATEST BILLIAR.DEST

letter

11th December, 1951

COPY OF MY PARTY INVITATION AS DESPATCHED AT MY REQUEST BY HECK ROSS.

We had some great Christmas parties.

some drawing instruments and drawing paper from the Chief Engineer, with whom I had become quite friendly and settled back to design a new type of filler, for filling semi-solids and liquids and everything in-between. I made a complete drawing of the essential part, which was the filling cylinder and the valve system and this was put aside and when we returned to Australia it was one of the early developments pushed on by the Company. I did not get much support from our executives and had to do a litt1□ bit of 'standover' tactics to get it pushed on and ended up making a single-head filler, a small machine for test purposes and these were excellent. The net result was that we brought out an entirely new filler from the floor up and this was a magnificent machine in the very fact that it is now, thirty years later, the best seller in Europe and still some of the earliest machines built, going back some twenty-four years of continuous operation at companies like H.J. Heinz, running the machines and still running them at speeds in excess of 400 cans a minute. Also, we were the first to bring out a machine in which the whole of the frame was fabricated from stainless dad steel. This really made a beautiful looking machine and I named it the 'T.E.G.' and it is still known today as the 'T.E.G. Filler'. Many people have asked over the period of all these years 'Tel1 us the story of how the T.E.G. Filler got its name.' as it is known by the trade, and always had been to me the T.E.G. Filler and I tell them that T.E.G. were the first three letters of the ship I was on, the 'Tegelburg'.

On 7th June, 1953, we arrived in Rio de Janero. We had little knowledge at all of the city, other than a series of 'glossy' pictures we had seen. The Captain mentioned that the entrance to Rio Harbour had some magnificent scenery and he allowed me to set up my movie camera on the deck immediately in front of the navigation bridge, which was an ideal position. As we approached the coast, I was able to take some magnificent movies excepting that the light was rather poor as it was only about 5.00 am in the morning. As we proceeded through the islands, which made the approach to Rio de Janero so spectacular, before getting to the bay, Gunabarri Bay, which is comparatively small and would not be any larger than say Hobson's Bay in Port Phillip. One of the spectacles is the deep water channel that goes in and passes an old fort which guarded the entrance, obviously making the entrance of any unwanted ship in the days of long ago impossible because the channel was only a few hundred feet from the fort guns.

We arrived in the Port about 6.00 am and were anchored off for some time and then we proceeded to go alongside the pier and we were going to land. There was quite a crowd there to welcome the ship and the ship's purser, who was very friendly towards us, explained that to get our baggage ashore, we would have to have a porter for each piece, and the porters would not move down and come back for more. So as we had six pieces of luggage, we had to get six porters, and he helped with this. Incidentally, the porters had been coming on board from the seaward side of the ship, not off the wharf, and he explained that the ship was going to be worked that day as it would leave early the next day, and it would save them a day. This was the first example of corruption I was to see. The Police Launch was some distance away alongside the shipping company's representative's launch and it was explained that bickering was going on to arrange for the police to be paid off to go over to the other side of the Bay for the day so that the work of unloading could proceed and it proceeded almost imediate1y because the men had been coming in to work the ship had been coming in secretly through the side of the ship and were down below working before the hatches came off.

At breakfast time, Captain Le Due said

'Well, Dave, if you do not get through Customs by lunchtime, come back on board and we will give you a meal.. If you do not get through by tonight, come back and I will find you a bed.'

I said 'Hey, wait a minute, what is going on?'

He said

'I have seen this many times, they will be held in there and it comes five o'clock and

they will not work overtime so passengers sit in this huge Customs shed.'

Well that was it. Anyway, we had arranged with Thomas Cook &: Sons to have a person

meet us with a guide and a car and with their usual efficiency, he was there, and he was signalling to the purser who was looking down onto the wharf, that he wanted to talk to Mr Bingham. So he came over and I was pointed out to him. There was a young fellow alongside and as soon as the gangway was down, Mr Katz ran up the gangway, probably one of the first, with his friend and talked to us very quickly and said

'I am handing you over, if you do not mind, to my young friend for the rest of the day. I can get in a day with Tourism, if you do not mind, he knows the town and so forth.'

So that was it. Now, we had the six porters lined up and by this time we had passed through immigration, which was quite a job and we were ready to go ashore. The Customs shed had all been shut up and there was a notice on the notice board to say that the Customs shed would be open, I think it was 11.00 am! Anyway, we walked down preceeded by six porters carrying six pieces of luggage and you can imagine, one was carrying my satchel and so it went on.

We proceeded down to the Customs shed and it was shut up. We proceeded down and around the corner and I must say that these Customs sheds are enormous, and in through a personnel door at the end, and there it was, it had to be seen to be believed. Scotch whisky which had been unloaded was stacked in the Customs shed and there was a production line where the wooden cases of whisky were being put on a conveyor (roller conveyor) to be pushed along and lids had been opened up and two bottles of Scotch had been taken out of each case and then the cases had been nailed up. That was the graft for the Customs, at that stage. Captain Le Due explained that the Customs were very ruthless in going over your baggage and you could be in considerable trouble. Anyway, we went up to the Customs bench to have our luggage examined which was all there, the porters had been paid off. The Customs did not even look at our baggage, they just grabbed our passports, stamped them and off we went. More porters to carry them out to the car were provided. When we were outside the area of the Customs Department, the young man said to me

'I spent a little bit of your money in there, Mr Bingham, I hope you do not mind?'

I said 'How much?'

So he worked it out in English money and said

'It would be about thirty shillings.'

So that was alright. Then he explained that if we had had to wait we might have been

waiting all day, as Captain Le Due had explained.

We started out and we were booked in at the Copa Cabana Excelsior on the Copa Cabana Beach, a magnificent hotel. We settled in there and it was in only a very short while when we were taken for our first drive in the car with the young man as the guide. We came back in the afternoon, between five and six, still quite daylight of course in the tropics and we settled down to enjoy a drink when a number of our fellow passengers from the Tegelburg started to come in, they had just got through the Customs. I had always found it a great idea to have some competent company like Thomas Cook & Sons handle your affairs in this way. There we had had a whole day of sightseeing and were back home in good time while the others were still caught up in Customs.

Rio is a very interesting city with beautiful streets. A number of the streets in the older part of town were paved with patterned terrazo marble or some sort of hard stone all over, but disappointingly it was an ill-kept city, or was at that time, and was ten years later. My wife would say 'How nice it would be if you only saw the streets after somebody had really cleaned them up, scrubbed them.'

Brazil is one of the few countries I have visited, other than Germany, that have to my mind excellent beer and this is freely available on the numerous sidewalk cafes and lounges and one of the first things you learn to say in Portugese is 'chop de cevesa' which means 'a pot of beer'. It was customary in those times to pay only when you left the table at which you were seated. I did not see a bar, as we know it. A glass mat is placed in front of you and the beer is placed on top. When an order for a subsequent beer is made, a mat is placed on top of the previous mat and when you are prepared to leave, you pay on the number of mats that you have in front of you. I had a little fun in one of the sidewalk

drinking places by bribing the waiter to give me a whole pile of mats. I placed my glass on the top of those and had a picture taken in the famous Rio Branco, the main drag of Rio de Janeiro.

We were taken around with the guide to see the numerous places of interest in the town. One of the difficulties at that time was the almost total lack as far as the tourists were concerned, of finding anybody who spoke English. French and German were quite common, French being the second language. I wanted to change some English money into the Brazilian money and went down to Thomas Cook's branch on the Rio Branco. I had been warned that it was possible to get a much better rate of exchange on the black market. I said to the teller at the English speaking window, in a quiet voice,

'Where would you go to change money?'

and I showed him the Letter of Credit and in a half whisper out of the side of his mouth, he told me a number further down the Rio Branco. I went down there and this turned out to be a legal black market exchange and as it was sterling that was wanted at that time I was able to change at a much higher rate than the official exchange and by doing this we were able to spend most of our time in Brazil almost free of cost.

There is a shopping centre in Rio; a street, more like an arcade, running off the Rio Branco and here all the fashion shops, jewel!ers, and all this, a magnificent place as it must be remembered that Rio would be several times larger than Sydney and a much older town of course. The shops dosed down very strictly at about 5.00 pm, I think, and then it becomes the parade for the prostitutes and the story told is of a lady who was held up longer at the hairdressers than she anticipated and with her twelve year old daughter was caught in amongst the prostitutes parade and the daughter said

'Mother, do these women have children?' and the mother said

'Yes, where do you think the skippers for the (mentioning the name) Line come from?' the Line being the large line that carried meat and other produce to and from all the ports in the South Atlantic and also Australia.

We were very fortunate that the Australian Charge de Affaires was John Ryan who was very helpful and agreeable and told us much about the Brazilian affairs from the Consulate point of view. He introduced us to a remarkable young man named Edgar Grubel who was an Australian citizen, but formerly a British citizen born in Malaya, when it was a British colony. His mother was a Brazilian so he learnt to speak Portugese at an early age. His father was an Austrian and so he also learnt to speak German at an early age. His father and mother ran a circus which toured around Malaya, Singapore and other areas and in his travels he learnt to speak Chinese and of course he spoke English very we11 because he attended an English boarding shcool with his brother; Edgar, being a little older, was sixteen and he was in the Royal Malay Defence Forces in some way and when Japan conquered the Malaysian Peninsula, Edgar and his brother were captured and were put to work on the Burma Railway. During this time his brother, who was only fourteen, died.

Edgar te11s some gruesome and pathetic and picturesque stories of the terrible time that the prisoners endured. After the war, he was evacuated to England and was il1 for some time, I think about two years. But having been used to the climate in the tropics he could not stand the cold of the British Isles and eventua11y applied for a job he saw advertised in Brazil at, I think, the British Consulate and later transferred to the Australian Consulate.

He was amazing with language ,and whilst we were there, that first time, he was busy teaching a young Afrikaans from the South African Legation to speak Portuguese and in turn he was being taught Afrikaans and I am sure that by now he would speaking it quite fluently. He was rea11y an enthusiastic Australian and would do anything he could to help such as handling invoices and such with the varied Government departments and with his amazing knowledge of languages I am sure was a great help.

Our tours were quite wide and included the "Christ" which was so we11 known at the top of the mountain and also the trip on the cable car to the top of Mount Sugar Loaf which is also again very much featured in Brazilian literature and well used. A trip to the famous Rio race track is well worthwhile and at that time we were taken up to have a look at the President's suite, where I think the minimum bet on the totalizator situated in the immediate vicinity, for the President's guests, was ten thousand cruzerios.

We were taken for quite an extended tour of one of the largest slums on Mount Flavella, which is given the name to these various slums around South America which are called Flavella's. Thousands and thousands and thousands of people were living on the very steep slopes of the mountain, mostly on just some sort of platform built out and there it is. Most of them have to carry the water from the base of the mountain right up to the highest points where they were living. Mostly, except on the lower parts, there was no shelter from the wind and leaves hanging over the top of the framework was the general shelter from rain. Just imagine the filth coming down the side of the mountain from the slums of the people.

People in these Flavellas were breeding at a high rate and we were informed of specific instances where there were three generations still breeding, one family might have as many as thirty or thirty-five people. Now, how is it possible for any society with such a population growth to keep up with any amenities, much less schools, churches, water, sewerage, etc? This, in my opinion, is the main problem that faces Brazil.

Brazil is without a doubt one of the greatest countries in the world and can support a colossal population. The population, I believe, has gone from a few million in 1900 to 120 million today, and most of this is locally grown. Of course there have been many emigrants.

The population is soccer football crazy and the Rio Stadium has a seating capacity about the same as the Melbourne Cricket Ground. But there is a vast difference in that around the edge of the ground and between the spectators and the ground there is a moat, quite a deep moat, to prevent the spectators from attacking the players and generally brawling on the ground. Where the players run in to the ground there is a heavy concrete tunnel to prevent them from being assaulted while they are getting in and back from the grounds.

We did not see the carnival for which Rio is famous, but we heard descriptions about it and one restaurant proprietor in I think, the Avenida Wilson, one of the main drags, said that

it was the time of year that he shut down. He said that whatever money you made, you lost it through broken equipment and wreckage to the shop.

We were taken on a tour into the mountains to one of the old resorts called Petropolis. Now Palacio Negros (the Black Palace) was the summer palace area for the old emperor,

Don Pedro. This is not very large in the terms of European Palaces it was something quite novel in as much as the whole of the interior decoration and the furniture is made of

the black timber, ebony, which is very, very hard and takes a beautiful polish and much of the furniture of the court was inlaid with gold and the gold and the black makes quite a show. One of the little interests in the show was a beautifully made spiral staircase which ran from, I think, the third floor down to the lower areas where the emperor had his private toilet and this beautiful spiral staircase was to give him private access to it.

On the way to Petropolis there is a famous hotel called Quitandina. This was built not so many years before for a gambling casino and was just an astonishingly laid building. Quitandina we were told, means the place of vegetable gardens and as this area is quite mountainous, the Germans grew vegetables here and the gardens were bought for the layout of this casino, which was so lavish in fact, the most lavish I have ever seen anywhere in the world. The whole complex could be judged from the description of the huge indoor swimming pool and this was in the shape of the map of Brazil. The main gambling saloon where the stakes were quite high, was fitted with a sounding dome in the centre, so sensitive that you could whisper at the table where the big play would be on and you could hear the echo of whatever was said, quite distinctly. There was even a children's dining room where all the tables and furniture were scaled down, and provision made for children's stage plays to be put on during the meal. There was a number of salons in which each one was different and represented different areas and courts of Europe.

It had recently been stopped as a casino and was falling into disrepair. When we visited, some ten years later, it was a shame to see this magnificent structure and fittings being neglected and becoming quite decayed. It was understood, that when it was in its 'heyday' there was I think, twice as many or maybe more servants as there were guests. They had beautiful gardens and also riding schools and an outdoor swimming pool, again magnificently laid out in the form of the map of Brazil.

One of the astonishing things to us was that as we were leaving the city of Rio, on this magnificent highway which I think would be about eight lanes, on the outward lane in which we were travelling the driver was held up and he had to have a permit to leave the city, which I believe might have taken two days to get. Apparently not one of the drivers think of doing this as the standard was to put a ten curzerio bill in their licence, the local licence being much like a passport, and these were taken by the tollkeepers at the gates and that was it. One man cynically said to us 'They don't get the lot'. The corruption around this area has got to be seen to be believed.

We visited a theatre to see a show, and that was very interesting to me because many of these 'skits' as you might call them were of a political nature as quite a percentage of the population were illiterate and so it was only these kinds of shows that enabled them to keep up with what was going on in politics, Fortunately, we had with us a young Portuguese speaking gentleman and he was able to whisper to me on the side the contents of some of

the jokes. One of them I remember was a 'skit' on the lack of drainage in the city and one of the clowns said to the other, in between the main acts, which were magnificent, that on the previous Friday the big storm had created floods and at the corner of the Rio Branco and Avenida Wilson he said he saw girls paying the boys to carry them across the street corner so that they would not get wet. The other clown replied 'Yes, I saw that. The way the boys were carrying the girls, I thought it was the girls who should be getting paid,'

There were lots of other political 'skits' and I thought that this was turning the clock back many hundreds of years as far as English and European standards were concerned, because this was the standard sort of procedure in Europe, especially in England, where the state of the local politics would make set by the stage of the theatre.

We visited the town of Sao Paulo which is high up in the mountain and found it interesting. It is quite a large industrial city. It would be the largest coffee growing area in the world, as well as having many industries such as machinery and food.

I visited one of the larger canning factories and was intrigued with the cans they were filling with jam and soup. The larger diameter cans were only about an inch deep; that is, they were like a penny as far as the shape was concerned. These looked a bit ridiculous as far as we were concerned, but it changed my opinion when it was shown that when people bought this can of jam or can of soup they carefully cut out the lid and then they had left behind, a plate which they could use for purposes of eating. So one should be rather sure of these things when offering products in a market because it just shows the necessity of this. In later years I was able to observe a similar practice in Malaya of using these flat cans filled with various products and being bought and used as plates.

Fixed rail traffic in Rio was almost non-existent as far as we could see, and buses, cars and taxis were the main method of transport. The Rio Branco, the main thoroughfare in the city itself, discharges into the Avenida Presidenta Vargas, who was the President at that time. Now this is a remarkable avenue, built to take very, very much more traffic. I think it would be about ten lanes wide if the service lanes on the side are taken into consideration, with plantations down the middle. The buses discharge from the Rio Branco and many of them turn left and there is a stop sign or lights that control the traffic. There is a spot, a street or two further on the route, where the buses line up. It is quite wide and you could understand there were probably about four lanes at least of buses. When the light goes green they just simply tear off and sideswipe and all sorts of minor collisions seem to go on, and nobody seems to take the slightest notice. I was able to get a movie of this by running out from the plantation into the centre of the road and filming just after the light turned green.

The city of Sau Paulo is a much different type of city to Rio and there are many hundreds of thousands of Japanese and Japanese descendants in the immediate vicinity. So much so, that a shopkeeper of one of the largest establishments assured me that it was necessary to keep some Japanese speaking attendants. Now, most of these people have been in the area for several generations and I was looking at a group sitting in a plane, on returning from Sau Paulo to Rio and was a bit puzzled by their appearance. They were tall, well-built people and were having an animated discussion (probably in Portuguese which I didn't understand) and there was no suggestion of 'slit' eyes, and they were brown in colouring, which reminded me of the Japanese. On getting off the plane, a gentleman who was near me said

'I noticed your puzzled expression looking at the gentlemen in the front seat of the plane.' I said

'Yes' He said

'They are Japanese, who have been here for some generations. All they have retained is their colour and their hair, otherwise their stature and their facial features have changed.'

Sau Paulo and a large portion of Brazil including the capital, Brasilia, are located on a plateau and this gives them great advantages for certain crops and also the position as far as hydroelectricity is concerned. All that is necessary is to dam up a valley with more or less a minor dam as far as construction is concerned and then run the water down through to the turbines on sea level and service the big industrial area. This is very evident as the power stations are down near the coast or on the way to the coast to the port of Santos, which is actually, I think, the largest port in Brazil.

This was the scene of the prosperous coffee industry in by-gone times and the coffee market in Santos is still the most interesting building. The main coffee dealers all have their names and coat of arms or ensigns let into the floor of the stalls of the offices they occupied in the main auction hall. There are still vast quantities of coffee sold and shipped from Santos. As we mentioned before, the highway down from Sau Paulo to Santos is a remarkable engineering job as it comes down quite steeply and it is interesting to see these large power stations and the water pipes running to them.

Brazil must become probably the third or fourth largest industrial nation in the world in years to come as they have cheap power and they have a variety of all types of generally wanted minerals in great quantities and an illustration of this is that they were getting to the stage of finishing off a huge hydroelectric project which I think was 6.25 million kilowatts. This was going to be used for production of aluminium and other products containing a large element of power.

Before leaving Sau Paulo, my wife wished to send flowers to the wives of various gentlemen who had been so kind to us and had treated us so well, socially. We found a flower shop alright, but then could not get the woman who was running the shop to understand what we wanted. She realised that we had a list of names but she just did not understand any further. We were about to walk out when she ran wildly from the shop and stopped a young lady who was about seventeen years old and who, as it turned out, could speak English and so she was dragged into the conversation and quickly set matters right. So we were able to make the small courtesies we wanted to. The girl informed us that she was a clerk in one of the banks and had been learning English for some years at a school and she was very pleased she had because she said the English speaking clerks and secretaries are becoming more and more in demand because of the tendency to do more business with America, and telephone conversations and mail had become so much quicker.

In discussing the matter of mail we were warned not to put stamps and post the letters especially if it was overseas mail, as the stamps were valuable and the post office workers would take the stamps off and throw the letters away. The scheme was to take the letters to a post office that 'franked' them, then and there.

When we returned to Rio it was nearing time to leave for Caracas, the Capital of Venezuela and we had to get an exit permit from the police. I made several visits and was 'flogged' off and was told to come back the next day and the time was running on when I was advised to get in touch with a 'go-between'. As it must be remembered that we and all visitors had to leave our passports with the hotel and also to make a declaration as to how much foreign currency you had, this meant of course that if you declared a little and were searched on the way out they just simply took the currency off you. In our case we had to declare a considerable amount of money and I was informed that it was the general policy of the officialdom to keep you in the country for a few extra days and so spend more money on hotels, etc.

I attended the police headquarters with the 'go-between', a young man, and he walked in with me and eventually we had our passports and pushed them over and had a conversation with the official and quite an explosion of words went on between them and the 'go-between' turned around and said

'Take your hat off, Mr Bingham' which I did. He explained afterwards that you are not allowed to wear a hat in a public building in Brazil. Anyway, the scene got more heated and eventually the official stamped the passport and signed our exit permits which we could then hand to the airways. As we left the building, the young man said to me

'You see that he was very wild, and that we had a row?' I said

'Yes' He said

'Not really, he is in my pay and if he did not make a row like that and make it look genuine the others on the desk would suspect and they would want to have a piece of it. Anyway, are your visas long enough?'

I said 'Yes' because we had contemplated going to Argentina. He then said

'Are you sure they are long enough?'

I said 'Why?'

'To get them renewed here is a very big job, you would have a lot of trouble. If you really want to stop here longer, for six hundred cruzerios I will get you a Brazilian passport and you can stop here forever.'

There were two experiences in Brazil that were in our opinion quite a humorous touch. Whilst we were in Sau Paulo, we returned to the Ambassador Hotel late for the dining room and the staff were very keen that we should have something to eat so we settled for sandwiches, but the trouble started. We wanted chicken sandwiches and how do you tell people what you want when they can't speak English? So I drew what I thought was a chicken and they got the idea of the sandwich I think. Anyway, the chickens baffled them and as they were closing up or had closed up, more of the waiters and staff came around to help solve this problem and our table was crowded with staff all competing to be the first to interpret our wishes and when all seemed lost the girl who was on the cash register came up and she looked at the various sketches and then she hit on it and she said 'Ghalena', the word for chicken, and everybody took up the cry, 'Ghalena!'. Away they dispersed very happily and we had some beautiful chicken sandwiches prepared for us.

We visited the famous Copacabana Palace Hotel Night Club and went to considerable trouble to get a booking arranged for us and we got dressed up in the best of our wardrobe and repaired to the Copacabana Palace Hotel and the famous Night Club. Well, it sure was a Jet down. Although this night club would probably seat I would think possibly a thousand people there would have been six or eight people there. We just sat out in the middle of this glassed area and we had all the attendance that we could possibly wish. It was most embarrassing the number of waiters who wanted to help us. The show was quite good but rather flat because there wasn't any audience there to give enough applause to enthuse the performers. This night club was made famous by Carmen Miranda, or the club made her famous, and she went on to play in America in various shows and pictures and popularised Latin rhythm songs and the Cha Cha.

At this time while in Brazil we noticed that the police were tolerant with their treatment of drunks and if a person was sleeping on the sidewalk or footpath as we call it, the police just didn't worry to arrest him but levered him with their sticks up against the wall of the buildings and left him there. Another rather astonishing performance to us was to see police standing on the busy corners with a notebook which we understood was full of numbers of cars that were wanted for some offence. They would get a certain percentage or some payment for the number of cars they caught. It was amazing to see these police dashing between cars and risking their lives to get up to hold up the driver. The driver would be trying to get away so he would also take all sorts of risks in the traffic. The traffic is very slow and very heavy. It was explained to me that you were not sent a summons for a traffic offence, but it was published in the Government Gazette and it was just your business to get the Gazette to see whether or not your firm was involved in a traffic offence. One businessman explained to me that he had to have the Gazette read very carefully when it came out and checked by somebody to make sure that they were not noted and that none of their cars were in trouble.

We left Brazil via Rio de Janeiro to fly to Caracas and we flew at night for several hours up towards the city of Belem, which is right on the Amazon River. The night was clear but we flew through a whole series of electric storms which were very brilliant even though we were flying quite high and these continued on for several hours and no doubt the pilot was varying his course a little to fly around them. Anyway, we came to the Amazon River and I believe at that point, it was about sixty five miles wide and this is just a spectacle because it was just like flying over the sea, you are out of the sight of land both ways and in the moonlight, which it had then become, it was absolutely magnificent.

We arrived at Belem in the early hours of the morning and it was very, very hot and humid, absolutely 'sticky'. Belem is a large port and so an indication of the water flowing down the Amazon. The ships were tied to dolphins; that is, the group of piles especially put in to hold the ships and the bow wave of the water running past the bow of the ships indicated just how much water was going down the river.

We eventually landed at the airport for the city of Caracas in Venezuela. Now this city is several thousand feet above sea level up a very, very steep slope, in fact the road almost zig zags backwards and forwards on the face of the mountain. After landing at the airport, it was not long before we were in real trouble. Something had been wrong with our visas and there we were not being able to speak Spanish and with nobody to meet us, it was just one big argument and eventually we were pushed off into a room. You have got to remember

that there was the dictatorship of Jiminez, who was then in force. We were just getting close to the stage when they were going to kick us out of Venezuela and, not send us on to where we wanted to go, but send us back to Brazil, as apparently the Brazilians had not stamped our passports properly, or something to the sort, when over the air came a call for Mr David Bingham, and I answered the call. Waiting outside that is out of the restricted area, was a Mr Esquivel who had by chance and good nature come to meet us. He was the agent for the Chisholm Ryder Company and as we were agents for the same company in Australia he had been talking to Ed McKinley, the Sales Manager for Chisolm Ryder Company who had informed him that we would be visiting Venezuela at an approximate time. Nothing was definite but Mr Esquivel had turned up each day to meet the plane from Rio in anticipation that we would be on it. This sure made a difference to our situation and after some discussions, as he was absolutely fluent in Spanish because his parents were Spanish although he was born in America, our problem was resolved.

We left the airport and we were able to make the most enjoyable weekend at Caracas. Even the drive from the airport was up this most picturesque road and then to the city, which was quite modern. We were staying at the Avilla Hotel, and Mr Esquivel's employee Mr Cawto drove us around quite extensively in the limited time we had. In one of the areas we came across in front of us a road smash in which a car, a delivery truck and an army truck were involved. Mr Esquivel and Mr Cawto agreed quite cynically that they knew the one who was in the wrong and they explained how the army ran the country and the shocking conditions in the army barracks. Everybody was called up but in the case of Mr Cawto as he had been educated in America and at an American Military Academy he did not have to do military training in Venezuela.

We were taken to a beautiful country club, golf course and many other sports and we were also driven down the Avenida Bolivar. It is a concept of a roadway or I felt when looking at it, it was deliberately designed to outshine the famous Rio, Avenida Presidente Vargas. It was just amazing and like that Avenue (which I had forgotten to mention earlier) all the buildings on the Avenue were of thirty storeys high and had to be made and designed to fit in so there would be miles of this beautiful thoroughfare presented as a whole concept and this is the same with the Avenida Bolivar. In the centre of the town where there was quite a dip into a valley, it had been built over and underneath this giant overpass were the termini for the extensive bus services which operated around the city.

On our way to Caracas from Rio, we flew over the island of Trinidad and saw the great pitch lake, where probably millions of tonnes of pitch have been taken up and used in many parts of the world as a sealing of decks and as seams for ships as well as hundreds of other uses. There were steaming clouds at the end of the lake where the pitch boils naturally.

On Monday, 22nd June, 1953, Mr Esquivel drove us down to the airport and we took a flight to the island of Santa Diminigo, landing at the city of Trujillo. We were booked in at the Hotel Jaraghe. This is a magnificent hotel, and built especially for the tourists.

We had some little delay at the airport, with the Customs, until our Cook's man turned up to meet us, and he was an American negro who spoke excellent English, also Spanish and he cleared the way quite easily for us. While we were there, we watched the Customs Inspectors at work and it was certainly something to see; the women's clothes and everything were spread out on the Customs bench and the seams of the dresses were

inspected to detect hidden diamonds and jewellery. All the heels of the shoes were x-rayed. We were so pleased that we did not have to go through all of this nonsense and we settled into a magnificent suite at the hotel. We were only a few minutes in the room when a very smartly dressed young lady turned up and announced that she was madam's maid and was to help lay out her clothes and so forth. She had no sooner departed when the master's valet turned up, he was dressed in a smart green uniform with brass buttons and he was very black. He spoke excellent English and when I commended him on this he said

'Oh yes, sir, you see I am English' meaning he came from one of the English Islands.

The city of Trujillo is really the old city of San Diminigo, the first place where

Christopher Colombo arrived and made a settlement. There is the tree there that Colombo's ship was tied to and this has died. When it was dead it was encased in a covering of concrete and so it will live on as far as appearances are concerned for an indefinite period. Before it died, a cutting was taken off it and a new tree planted just nearby, which means that it is still the original tree that will be growing. In a nearby church, we were shown a casket which was said to hold the bones of Christopher Colombo. As some sort of big national project, a memorial to Colombo had been seen from the air at great heights. It was in the shape of a cross and the cross was one mile long on the main section so you can see what an enormous project it was or would have been. It was partly built up, the foundations were finished but there was a little neglect that was obvious and it will probably never be finished,

The American negro had driven us out about one hundred miles into the centre of the island and we were able to view large areas under sugar cultivation and also coffee and cashew nuts. I was very impressed with the pineapples being grown as they were in excellent shape and my only criticism was that the core was too large or larger than should be tolerated. This could be overcome by better breeding.

The political set up of the Dominican Republic was one of hard dictatorship by Trujillo but it must be admitted that it was the cleanest and most progressive island or area that we had seen anywhere in the Caribbean or South America, although it was much smaller. The police were well dressed and neat, the army which was very conspicuous was very well dressed, very smart.

On our way out to this place called Montana, to a tourist hotel on the top of the pass on the centre of the island we went through some road blocks and this gave one a very good idea of how tight and strict the police were in control. The car had to run off the road and over into a road check. Even before the car had reached the vicinity of the road check there were formed ridges across the road which forced the car to slow down. When it was driven into the road block, we did not have to get out but Slim, the driver, got out and we had to show our passports and then I noticed we had driven over some mirrors which had lights on them. The whole of the underneath of the car could be inspected while they were walking around and looking in the mirrors. One of the police had a rapier and this was scientifically pushed through behind the seats and under the seats to find any concealed objects, quite a lesson.

We later saw a car accident and the breakdown truck was pulling it away and I noticed that the breakdown truck attendant with the driver, was armed and made no effort to hide the fact.

We were quite impressed with the University Town being built as well as the hospital facilities; it all seemed quite modern. A few years before there had been a terrific hurricane over the island and at one stage we were shown quite a mound, presentable mound, covered with lawn and a monument on the top and I believe it was mentioned that this was where six thousand bodies were burnt of the people who were killed in the hurricane. Slim mentioned that the wind gauge at the observatory had gone to its full extent of 140 miles per hour and even this was exceeded. He said that he was lying in a trench and there were people flying through the air hundreds of feet above him and he showed us the foundations of these small homes where the whole of the people and the contents had been swept away and into the sky by the force of the wind and yet, there had been no destruction of the foundations, that is, the wind had struck so suddenly that it simply wrenched the whole of the structure off its foundations with the people and away.

They are very proud of the market in the town and Slim took us down to see it. I had my expensive movie camera with me which I had no intention of taking through the market as it was too dark to take movies inside. So, I left it on the seat and Slim made no effort to lock the car door which would be a sure invitation in any other place we had been in South America for the camera to be immediately stolen. So I said to Slim

'Aren't you going to lock the door of the car Slim?' and he looked at me and said

'What for? You will be safe Mr Bingham, you could put $100,000 in notes on the footpath here against that pole (indicating the pole) if you put something onto them, so they would not fly away with the wind, you could leave them there and come back and get them later. You know, Mr Bingham, there are two things you ain't in the Dominican Republic. You ain't a thief and you ain't a Communist because if you is, it is only once.' This means, of course, that you are immediately executed.

I walked around the town at night, it was obviously a safe thing to do and noticed that the only place that I had ever been in I think, in any of the Eastern countries or South American countries and for that matter Australia, where the doors front and back and the whole house is quite open to get the best of the breeze.

One morning at about eleven o'clock, or a little bit later, we were sitting near the swimming pool and having a drink and we noticed that there were very few people stopping at the hotel, and they were certainly not the beautiful girls and fellas who had suddenly started swimming in the pool and diving off the platforms and really something showing us some very interesting spectacles. In the pavilion attached to the swimming pool, quite suddenly there was a Rumba Band starting up with the Flamenco Dancers putting on a show, and then it happened. It appeared that an American tourist ship was in and this was put on for the tourists as though it went on all the time I suppose, but they came in with the cheer leader and walked around and then they went and had a look at the dancers. The dancing was taking place at the end of the pool where we were and they were serving West Indies cocktails, rum cocktails to the tourists and a lot of them or some of them did not want them so the waiters were returning with them, and as they had been paid for, every time they

passed me they would give me a wink and give me a couple, so I look with great favour on this particular dance. I kept a note of the music they were playing and later on was able to secure a record and whenever I hear the tune it reminds me of the scene at the pool.

Slim, on Thursday, 25th June, drove us to the airport and we left for Jamaica and via Port Au Prince which is the capital of Haiti which occupies about one half of the island, the Dominican Republic occupying the other half. We have learnt that we were the first Australian visitors to the Dominican Republic in twenty two years. With the brief stopover in Port Au Prince we could get at least a glimpse of the town and the surroundings and this looked a real shanty town; rubbish and squalor seemed to prevail.

We landed at Kingston and stopped at the Myrtle Bank Hotel and found this area of quite an interest, because I think all boys have read many stories of the Caribbean and the pirates of that area. We had some contacts in Kingston and saw some quite interesting old scenes especially around the old Port Royal, the original capital which was inundated with an earthquake or a tidal wave.

We saw the old Port Royal fort and some of the early activities of Admiral Nelson, who had been stationed for several years at this naval establishment and some caskets built into the walls of the fort with a cross on them which was supposed to be where the remains of Nelson's women had been buried. We saw the relics of the famous Sir Henry Morgan and also as an added attraction or something to keep in mind, was the memorial of the men who died of yellow jack which must have killed thousands of people in the Navy as from the lists of ships that come in and the number who have died on each ship. The difference between Kingston and Trujillo was as far as crime was concerned just amazing. It was difficult for a woman to walk down the streets and not to have her handbag stolen off her by a group of young negroes. This nearly happened to Emily Rita who had to push out and get into a shop or something to avoid it. Another one of their rackets was to thieve passports, watches, etc from the rooms and then if you would approach the head porter he would somehow get them back for a reward which was not too high as to leave the goods behind.

I visited a cannery there and while I was in discussion with the Manager there was a knock on the door and one of his staff came in and was highly excited and he brought in a negro who was horribly beaten up and was bleeding profusely and the Manager excused himself and said he would have to go and look after this man who had been taking the pay to a nearby factory and had been beaten up and robbed of the pay for the factory. Generally speaking, we were certainly not impressed with Kingston, other than from a historical point of view.

We had a short stopover on our flight to Miami via Montego Bay in the northern part of the island, where a big resort centre had been built. This was just so modern, compared with the backwardness of Kingston. We had a short stopover in Havana, Cuba and then on to Miami, stopping at a very comfortable hotel and at a reasonable cost.

We took a boat trip to take in the largest areas of Miami beach, which had been much publicised before the war as a tourist resort but this had slumped during the war and was just recovering. There was no doubt to my mind that the war had been both good and bad as being such a comfortable climate, in the very cold winter of the East of America, these partially built and built unsold hotels, and apartment blocks have been used, during the war

and a number were still being used as offices, hospitals and centres for the rehabilitation of the victims of the second world war.

I wished to investigate the juice production areas and we left for Tampa which is on the west coast and not very far away is the town of Orlando. The area around Orlando is very heavily populated with citrus groves and the production of juice was enormous as far as the Australian comparison is concerned. I was able to see a number of the factories and evaluate the methods of manufacture. I was also able to negotiate for the purchase of automatic squeezing machines, which had been used and were still being used prior to the advent of the Brown machine and also the FMC Pipkin machine. As the price was quite attractive, for a second-hand machine, we had the basis to go ahead in Australia with our other equipment to put in plants for the manufacture of orange juice in all forms, including canned orange and frozen concentrate.

The driver of one of the buses we had taken through an area kept on referring to the trees which are branded as Australian Pines which seemed to grow in plague proportions over there. As far as I was concerned, they were She-Oaks, here in Australia and it was interesting to note that in Australia I certainly have never seen them growing in profusion like they grow them over there. Throughout the Western district of New South Wales they mostly grow in small groves, in amongst other trees, that just shows what the growing conditions can do to multiply the vegetation. There was also lots and lots of gum trees, eucalypts, grown both in the southern states like Florida and also California.

We left on 30th June for New York and ended up staying at the St Moritz on Central Park, 59th Street as we had done before when possible. We proceeded to take in the sights; Emily had not visited New York before. We went up to the top of the Empire State Building which is always an interesting place to visit. There was one place where I think you really get a sensation of height, and that is from the lifts which I think the first of which goes up 81 floors and where you then change to another lift to the top of the tower. There are much higher buildings now but I have never visited them.

We had to go to the Rockafeller Centre to see the famous "Rockettes" show. These girls do dance beautifully and with precision, and it is quite a spectacle because of the huge number of girls involved in one show.

I had contacted the representative of the American Machine and Foundry Company in Australia and they had induced me to call on the office in New York with the idea of us doing some business. They were very charming and Roy Hammil was there back from Australia. Out of the whole of the discussions we took a limited agency for their bread processing machinery although we did not do much good with this in Australia, due to the fact that it was too advanced for the average run in Australia for high speed wrapping and packing but we did make their name well known and became very friendly with them.

We visited Pittsburgh, stopping at the Sir William Pitt Hotel and I took the opportunity of calling on Blaw Knox and had a very down to earth discussion with Mr Schneider the President and Bill Rogers, Vice President and various staff, and there were no holds barred. We only represented the Buflovak Division of Blaw Knox located at Buffalo whereas we are at Pittsburgh.

As H.J. Heinze Co. is situated right in the city I paid them a call and spent a very pleasurable time being shown over in detail their operations and I was able to pass on one or two hints for the operation of their bean and sauce fillers. It was strange that companies such as Heinze and others became somewhat inbred because they developed their own equipment and had not seen widely into other plants where they were not welcome or were not at that time. We went on from Pittsburgh to Buffalo and on to Niagara Falls and stayed at the famous Red Coach Inn where I had stayed many times before.

On Saturday we saw the falls again from the American side and later went across them to the Canadian side and had dinner at the famous General Brock Hot-el where there is a magnificent dining room with a view of the falls which are floodlit at night. General Brock was the general who repulsed the Americans from crossing the Niagara River into Canada. Our host was Don Chisholm, the grandson of one of the original partners of Chisholm Ryder, the originators of the first practical pea viner for extracting the peas from the vines. After spending a couple of days at Niagara with Chisholm Ryder we left for Buffalo and then had interesting discussions with the Bufflovak Divison of B1aw Knox and were able to see a special installation at the Dodds Dairy Company and later on we left for Chicago.

While in Chicago, which is a very interesting place, I went out to Valparaiso, Indiana to see the Ursche1 boys and was very interested to see, for the first time, the moulding of what later became known as Shell moulding of non-ferrous parts and later this was to also be developed to using stainless steel metal. To me, it was really a marvellous advancement as the castings were within thousandths of an inch in accuracy and Joe was good enough to give me some samples to bring back to Australia and named the suppliers of the moulding powder. Unfortunately we never did get the opportunity of doing much with this as the moulding powders and the technique were not available in Australia for some years, but it is quite common now.

While we were in Chicago, we went to see a stage show, 'The Maid of the Ozarks', a really rough show but funny and we finished the night having a few drinks at the Crystal Tap Bar at Brevort Hotel. This was in the old days, in fact pre-war, the most famous meeting place for politicians and goes right back to the early days of Chicago and one of the features here was that the bar had a glass tube right around the outside and I suppose it would seat about 30 people, and every now and again they would spin a roulette wheel and whoever had a light that lit up where they were sitting got a free drink. Later on, during the war this was smashed up by some riotous service men and was never properly replaced.

We left for Minneappolis to see the Blaw Knox Plant at Mora close to Minneappolis and were met by Elmer Klapmeir who had visited us in Australia on occasions and had been most helpful to us in establishing the Blaw Knox machinery in Australia. We went to his home and met his wife and two sons, Larry and Jim, and they were in the process of developing a boat building business. They were building houseboats and this was probably one of the earliest line productions of this type of vessel and indeed the common types, and they explained that there were 3,000 lakes in Minnesota and one could spend the whole of their available time when they were not ashore in sailing from one lake to another. In many cases, returned service men had fitted up a means of hauling the boats over the ground, which in some cases meant just a bit of a hill, and putting them in another lake, so you could leave your boat or your houseboat at one of the marinas and just drive out the next week depending on the exploration. A very sensible thing and means of vacation.

On Tuesday, 25th July, we left for Green Bay Wisconsin, driven by one of the Bufflovak service men named Kermit Johnson. We visited creameries or as we would call them here, butter factories, in the area, and then on to visit the Larsen Company at Green Bay. The Superintendent was my very good friend, Russ Winters, and we had a very enjoyable evening. It was just coincidental that nearby there Chisholm Ryder Company were demonstrating their automatic bean harvester which was a means of picking string beans by tractor; the harverster being mounted on a tractor and going up and down the fields. This was the first one in operation, which is now in use around the world and proved a very successful venture for the Chisholm Ryder Co. Incidentally, the machine was invented by a woman and her son. The woman was in the habit of planting in a garden quite a quantity of string beans and then would pick them by dragging or brushing a garden fork through the bean lines or plants and knocking the beans to the ground. She would then pay the local children to come around and pick them up. So this went on and then she said to her son 'Why can't we make some means of picking these beans up?' and so the harvester was born and patented and Chisholm Ryder Company exploited it. Just a few years ago when I was visited in Melbourne by the owner and president of the Chisholm Ryder Company, Manny Llop, he mentioned during the time when I was driving him around to see something of the country, that he had just sent off a cheque to this woman and her son which brought their royalties up to $500,000, so that just shows you what an idea properly marketed can do.

Incidentally, Mr Llop was very sick when he was in Melbourne but he desperately wanted me to take up the agency again and he said 'I'll come back next year and I'll agree to anything you suggest right now. You were our agent for 24 years and built up a big business in Australia. We've never done any good since.'

I attended a Rotary meeting whilst I was at Green Bay and Rotary certainly does bring people together, especially in areas such as Green Bay which was a modest manufacturing area as well as being a port on Lake Michigan. I reached a satisfactory agreement with Elmer Klapmeyer on a proposed program in Australia and he drove us into Minneapolis and we had dinner at Charley's Restaurant, a very fine place and we left at 10.25 pm for Banff Springs Hotel. We travelled all day with mostly flat plains, no trees, mostly across Montana State and that meant this had taken us very near two days travel; it was most monotonous. It was a rather funny thing that some years later I was asked to schedule travel for Dr Frank Bradhurst, the Managing Director of Holbrooks Ltd of Sydney. He and his wife wanted to travel across to Banff to the Canadian Rockies and I suggested that instead of doing as we did and take this dreary train journey that they fly to Moose Jaw and join up there with the Canadian Pacific Railway. However, Frank decided that they would take the train. When they arrived at Moose Jaw, Mrs Bradhurst told Frank that in future he must just follow Dave Bingham's advice, so Frank was unfortunately put back in his seat.

We had a wonderful time travelling around the Rockies and took some very fine pictures and went to the Columbia Ice Fields which are quite extensive. I think there are about six or seven miles from the base to the summit and this was on quite a presentable downhill run. A couple of young men had taken the idea of the light tanks with the caterpillar tracks and adapted two of them to go up the ice fields with a cab on because it was very cold. At the top it was said that the ice was about a thousand feet thick. As far as I can remember, the vehicles carried about 12 people and were quite comfortable.

I had a long talk with the young Canadians and they said that they were doing very well but the big trouble was that it was so rough on their vehicles they had to spend most of the night getting them in condition to do the run the next day and very often they'd only be able to keep one going. Still I am sure they have gone back to much better machines later because they are now quite common around the world. These were probably the first.

We went to Simpson Lodge and met Jim Simpson who was then 78 and he had cut the track into the Bow Lake away back in 1897 and he still seemed to be quite a spry old gentleman. We got some remarkably beautiful pictures and we were lucky because it's not widely known that the weather in the Canadian Rockies is very often inclement with clouds and it is not unusual for tourists to spend a week up there and more or less see nothing of the glories of this magnificent area On Wednesday July 29th we left for Vancouver on the train and these trains were really comfortable and as it was 4.30 in the afternoon when we got on the train we slept during the dull part of the Rockies. In the early morning we started to come through the spectacular part and it really is spectacular, wonderful and to come down in the morning into Vancouver and along the Frazer River it was beautiful.

We stopped at the Vancouver Hotel which had been built pre-war by the Canadian National Railways but now it was a jointly owned Hotel and operated by the Canadian Pacific Railways. The old Vancouver which had been up the street and was rather a novel place because it was about eight stories high, brick and the windows mostly had flower boxes and when the spring was on and these flowers were out in this huge building it was quite a charming appearance from the outside but was rather tattered on the inside and they certainly needed the New Vancouver.

We had a look around Stanley Park and I went out to see a company called Letson Burpee who manufactured automatic can weighing machines that rejected under-weight or over-weight cans and I had quite an interesting discussion with Brigadier General Letson. We later did a little business with them but their equipment was even at that time becoming out of date and other weighing machines were becoming more sophisticated.

We went to Portland, Oregon via the evening train and stayed at the Multnomah Hotel, a very fine hotel and in those days it was the place to stop. I contacted my old friend from California, Norman Merrill who had now become the General Manager of the Blue Lake Packers of Oregon and this was a very big packer of corn· and beans and was quite interesting. Later we went out to see the plant and Emily Rita was taken to lunch at the home by Mrs Merrill and her daughter, a little girl of about eight. The daughter said afterwards, 'Oh, Mrs Bingham speaks English' and this shows more or less how much they knew about Australia.

I went down to Astoria to visit the Columbia River Packers Association with whom I had become friendly on previous visits and they were the largest packers of salmon in continental America and also they were the people who really put American Tuna packing on the market, so they were quite the people to meet and confer with.

There were some beautiful gardens around Portland and it is a very pleasant city situated at the junction of the Columbia and the Willamet Rivers, a very big area for timber and also quite a big port. I think it was about 120 miles from the sea as the

We left for Los Angeles on Wednesday, August 4th on a Western Airlines DC6B and arranged a stopover in San Francisco for the most part of the day as it was only a short journey by air from Portland to San Francisco. Met the various people during the day and one of them was Hugh Jessop, the Chief Chemist of Rosella Preserving Company of Melbourne and he was certainly pleased to see me as he seemed rather lost. I also saw Dick Fox of Fruit Machinery whose peach pitters we had been handling in Australia and they were not proving very satisfactory. At this time the company Fillice & Perelli were experimenting with a method of taking the stones (pits) from peaches by means of gripping the stone and twisting the halves away from the stone and this was becoming very interesting. It obviously had a great advantage in the amount of fruit that was recovered. So I had to make a decision more or less at this time as to what the future of Binghams would be with the peach pitting in Australia and New Zealand as whichever company has the peach business has quite a definite advantage when it comes to dealing with other machinery and we at this stage had nothing really competitive with the FMC Rotary machine.

We arrived in the evening at Los Angeles and I believe this was the first time that we stopped at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel on Hollywood Boulevard and it is a very pleasant place to stop. I was trying to keep up with all the developments in the Fish Canning Industry though there was little scope at that time in Australia and so I would take any opportunity of visiting the canneries, especially those packing pilchards or sardines and also tuna. My old friend Earl Reynolds picked me up and took me down to a tuna cannery at San Pedro the port of Los Angeles and I spent a day with the Romano's who were running the Seaside Stores which catered for the fishing fleet and Romano Senior, L.T., was quite a pleasant person to get on with and I was dealing with the son John Romano. Unfortunately this went very sour in a year or two and we lost quite a lot of money due to that association as there was a little bit of forgery going on the invoices.

In the evening, Friday, August 7th, Earl took us out to San Bernandino, to stop the night and we went to see some show at the Redlands Bowl. This was quite a big open entertainment centre and we met some of the celebrities. On Saturday I went to see the Kaiser Steel Mills at Fontana where Earl was a Senior Executive and found it very interesting and I was able to take some movies of the pouring the molten metal by climbing up the columns, which didn't do my clothes much good. After spending the day at the mills, Earl took us out and we spent the night at the Arrowhead Springs Hotel, a very pleasant place and one of the places that were very early as far as tourist resorts and convention places.

On the Monday we caught the bus back to Los Angeles and again I took up the rounds of various people with whom I was associated including the Angeles Sanitary Canning Machine Company of which Mr Lowell Snr. was then the senior person and they were the largest manufacturers in the world of can closing machines and we had the right to sell their equipment anywhere and did so in later times as far away as Formosa or Taiwan and New Zealand. I was very interested in the American Machine & Foundry Bread Slicers as the slicing of the bread was starting to come into Australia. Unfortunately the AMF slicers were just too fast and too expensive at that time for the Australian industry, but like a Jot of other things we were to look on and see the machines become generally used in Australia.

I also took the opportunity of spending some time with Dr Tony Lorenz our friend who was with the Sunkist people and was always able and very helpful to get us information and

introductions. It was at this time that I was able to further my acquaintance with Dr Laurence Detrick (Larry) who became a friend until his death.

We spent some time with Minor Hartmen, the patent attorney who looked after our interests in U.S.A. I was able to see the Agricultural Departments regions laboratory and meet Dr Pete Bevans and it was these sorts of contacts that were so useful in getting the very latest information on the developments within the food industry and especially in this case with the development of the orange juice and general processing of oranges which some years later became such a large industry in Australia. In this case at least we had the satisfaction of supplying the first modern processing plant for the manufacture of concentrated citrus juices. This was not until some years later.

On August 13th we left again by DC6B for San Francisco and booked in at the Drake Wiltshere Hotel. One of the first things that I did on arriving in San Francisco was to activate our B.C.P.A. tickets home to Sydney. I spent some time in the San Francisco area with various friends, especially those who were interested in the peach pitters we were handling in Australia and also to further investigate the new peach pitter that I mentioned before which became known as the Filper.

On Saturday, August 15th we were invited and accepted the invitation of Henry Carmein and Mrs Carmein to visit Yosemite Valley. This has always been an interesting drive to me but on this occasion I was very, very disappointed indeed, as the Yosemite National Park as I'd seen it, I think about fourteen years before, had changed dramatically for the worse. There was a wide sealed road into the Valley in place of the old more or less gravel track and the place was cluttered up with all sorts of hot dog stalls, etc, etc, etc, and the charm of the Valley as I first knew it had gone and the numbers of cars that were there had to be seen to be believed, there were hundreds of thousands. In fact, it was broadcasted over the radio as we were moving towards the Valley from San Francisco, that there were traffic jams in and out of the park. However, we spent a very enjoyable weekend with Henry and his wife and returned to San Francisco on Sunday, August 16th.

I took the opportunity of again checking on the Special Equipment Company Pear Peelers which we were handling in Australia and also again various peach pitters that had been developed or were being developed. At the same time the automatic feeds for feeding the peach pitters were in an experimental stage at F.M. Ball and fitted to the fruit machinery machines which we had or were handling in Australia. This obviously was a successful installation, though only small, but it really did show the possibilities and the practicability of using automatic feeds on the peach machines therefore starting a real revolution in the processing in canneries. Whereas hundreds of operatives (mostly girls) were previously employed in the canneries to feed the peach pitters, nowadays or from then on some hundreds of peach pitting machines would be operating with a couple of persons just watching to see that the flow of fruit was kept up to the automatic feeds.

While in San Francisco I had a long discussion with Mr Richardson, a senior member of the U.S. Department of Justice and this discussion was on the very big court case the Justice Department was bringing against Messrs Pacific Machinery Company which consisted of F.M.C., Libby McNeil and Libby and also California Packing Corporation. He thanked me for the work I'd put in to help them which of course was definitely in Bingham's

favour as it would break the monopoly of our opposition Food Machinery Co. who were being able to stand over the canners to get the rest of their equipment in.

On August 20th I had a lunch with a number of senior executives of the Californian Packing Corporation including Don Saxby, Charlie Eames, Mr Ericson and Mr Cerritti. I visited the Fruitvale Canning Company and had long discussions with another old friend, Bill Pagetto.

On Saturday, August 22nd, we went down to San Jose to stay at Dick Fox's place. They had a small farm and Dick and his wife had no family and they were very gracious in taking us around. They took us down to Santa Cruz and we saw this mystery spot which really is still a mystery to me today; the sensation is weird. I took some photos of Mr and Mrs Fox who were quite substantially different in height, he being quite a small, short man whilst she was quite a tall woman and yet when I took the picture of them standing each on one end of a board which was supposed to overlap some effect from underneath in the rocks and it certainly comes out even; whereas if you reversed the position of course the photo exaggerates.

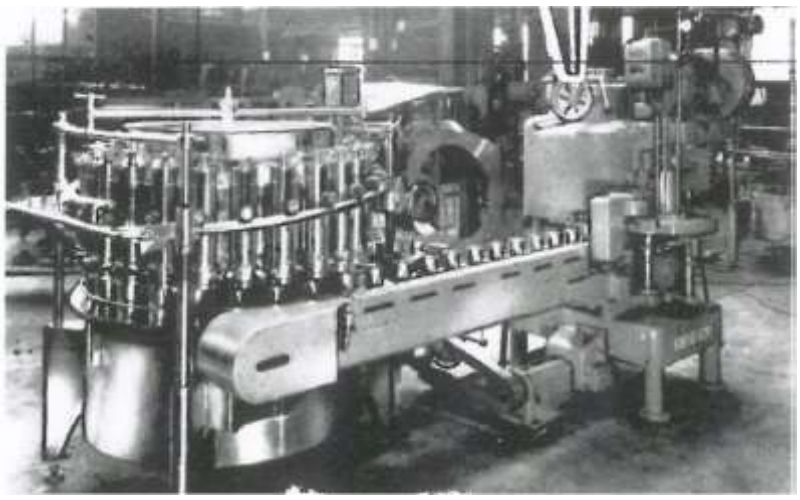

Figure 19 - T.E.G. FILLER NONSPILL COUPLED TO CLOSER Speed 600 cans per minute

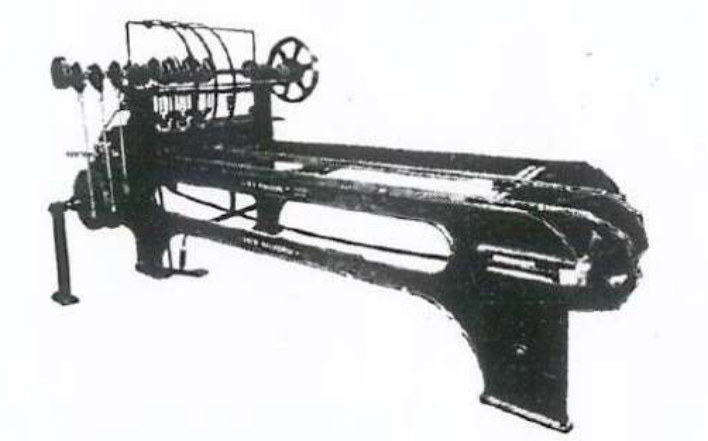

Figure 20 - MY FIRST PROFITABLE INVENTION, 1932

The wire bound box stapling machine, the spring head stapling machine, copied around the world.

Figure 21 - EMILY B., SIDNEY & AGNES CARLSON, HONOLULU, 1953. Our friends for 40 years.

Figure 22 - BILL HOLE, EMILY B., BOB LENHART, SIDNEY CARLSON, HONOLULU, 1958.

A great management team.

On August 27th we had a few drinks with Dick Fox and later on left for Honolulu on I think another DC6B. I say this because at that time there was a tendency for the airlines to change over to Lockheed Constellation Aircraft. We were met again at Honolulu by Sidney

Carlson and Agnes Carlson, as gracious as ever, and we were booked in at the Old Moana Hotel; such a pleasurable place to stop before the onslaught of the crazy tourism of Honolulu as today. Again, I was treated very graciously in access to the big pineapple canneries including Libby McNeil, Calpak and Hawaiian Pineapple Company. So here again I was able to have a look at the latest developments in pineapple canning and generally discuss the industry with such operators.

On September 2nd we left Honolulu for Canton Island and arrived at 6.15 am in the morning and later took off for Nandi in Fiji and we had quite a pleasant trip through this very, very unusually bad cold front which can give an aeroplane much bashing in clouds and turbulence and ice. We arrived in Sydney at 7.00 pm, this being September 2nd, and so concluded a world tour which had been most successful both from a pleasure point of view in seeing such a wide cross section of the world and also from a business point of view cementing many relations with companies previously associated with. Also giving me a great opportunity to evaluate the possibilities of the South African fruit industry. I had with me the drawings I'd made of the vital parts of what later became the TEG filler which became very well-known indeed and is still, even today some 30 years later, a very popular filler being built in parts of the world.

Miss Paterson had been looking after our three boys while we were away so long and she had done a grand job and the boys became very attached to her and in fact kept friendly and contacted her for a number of years afterwards. My brothers and their wives also had contributed to making sure everything went along smoothly while we were away and I am confident that later tours were made, or more or less made possible by the fact that Emily Rita was more confident of travelling and leaving the boys with a housekeeper.

The Canners Convention was on in Melbourne in early October and Bingham and Company always had some considerable interest in presenting the technical side of the industry as we saw it. I was invited to be the guest speaker for the dinner, the convention dinner, in the Gold Room of the Hotel Australia with I think 500 people being present. I may say that I wasn't the first speaker chosen but Sir Rober Menzies, the Prime Minister had been asked but unfortunately he had to withdraw. I was scheduled to speak for 20 minutes but I was speaking especially on the effects I thought the industry would suffer from competition from South Africa as the canners in general in Australia knew very, very little indeed about the industry in South Africa so I was able to enlighten them to a certain extent. I also took it upon myself to forecast some of the problems that the Australian canners would encounter in years to come. It was going to be necessary to rationalise their operations as their market would probably shrink. Unfortunately all this came about and today the Australian Fruit Canning Industry and other sections of the canning industry have reached an all-time low and again this year are absolutely dependant on Government handouts to keep operating. This has been a real disaster in general to the fruit growers who today are engaged in uprooting orchards and changing them into other agricultural pursuits such as dairying. Only just recently one of the old canners mentioned to me about my forecast and how correct it has been.

It also illustrated to me that we would not be able to sell the large quantities of canning machinery in Australia that we had been doing in the previous years from in fact the early thirties. I was determined to push on in other directions especially in the milk industry as far as evaporation and spray drying was concerned. So the orders for canning machinery were

still coming forward but mostly for replacement with more modern machines and in this position we were very well placed as we had the large hydrostatic sterilizers about to commence and later on a number of other lines of equipment.

The development of the TEG filler was energetically pursued and the more we experimented and built pilot heads the more satisfactory the machine appeared to be and when put on the market there was immediate response and orders were coming in very well indeed and what was more, the machines were doing an outstanding job. One of the early machines was put into Edgells' new baby food factory at Bathurst and they were making or commencing the manufacture of Gerbers line of baby foods licenced from Gerbers America. We had supplied most of the factory with the whole line. The big opening day came and Mr John Ross the Managing Director of H.J. Heinze in Australia was present and the line was running. He was an Englishman and had only recently arrived to take over the operation of Heinze in Australia and he sat down near where the filling was taking place into the cans and he watched the filler for quite some time, say probably twenty minutes, and then he stood up and I was there and he said 'Well, that's the best exhibition of filling I've ever seen' and it more or less put the seal of acceptance on the TEG filler. Heinze ordered them and the original machines are working today at Heinze doing some 400 cans per minute and has been so for about, it must be 25 years or more.

There was a recent statement on the packing of condensed milk in Indonesia using a TEG filler and it was intimated that this line had packed at that time one billion cans of milk. Condensed milk is a good product to fill but needs extreme accuracy and it was on this basis that a number of the fillers had been used and are being used in the East on the filling of condensed milk but they have also been used for a variety of products from soup, juices, meat, pet foods, etc. The largest manufacturers in Australia of pet foods use TEG fillers which have been running for many years turning out fantastic quantities of cans and incidentally being followed by the Bingham designed hydrostatic sterilizers and then through Bingham labellers. The Bingham organization was running along very satisfactorily and I kept the pressure on to bring out new products and negotiated to build more machines under licence from especially U.S.A. and United Kingdom. It’s a matter of anticipation of the market requirements because it takes several years to introduce a new machine.

Chapter Twenty Two

1954 Trip to U.S.A. Meet Up With Barney &: Alice

The History of Narie Buraddoo and the Start of the Olympic Adventure

Our older models of machines such as the Sieve Pulping machine, reducers and numerous other equipment were selling steadily and we saw that these were backed up by good service and parts and it gave us some satisfaction to know that having almost from the start, from 1930, kept details for the manufacturers' spare parts together with the history of the machine and modifications that may have been made to suit the particular use, all this added up to giving the purchasers a lot of confidence to buy our equipment in a used condition so that they could then know that they could get parts or maybe the application changed over.

In 1948 I decided to put on a party for the industries with which we were involved but it had to be my own party in as much that all types or various friends were invited irrespective of whether they had anything to do with our business and I think this basically made the almost fantastic success to these parties.

In the first instance and for some years it was organized by Neil Duncan a friend of mine, who had some flair and certainly the energy to pursue the organisation of the parties being held at that time in some reception rooms in Queens Road, Melbourne. The parties became so popular that we had to expand them and it ended up that we operated for thirteen years, that is, I put the party on each year from 1948 until 1961 and it was coincidental that the 1961 party was the night of the day in which we completed the sale of Bingham & Company to the Food Machinery Corporation.

We had some really wonderful entertainment. The parties started at 6.00 o'clock and usually finished in the early hours of the morning. Every detail had to be correct and through my various friends such as Jim Allen of Gordon Brothers we even had our own temp right system for chilling the beer to the exact drinking temperature. Jack McCleish of the Checkers Inn in Port Melbourne would get in the beer specially and have it put in a cold room for the exact temperature for delivery. I usually would put on some sort of movie show of my travels as one of the items but then the show would go according to program.

When we shifted to Tudor Court in Caulfield the whole party was expanded and I had the pleasure of entertaining so many friends both inside and outside the industry that it was something to be invited and I am sure this mix of people in the business and out of it was something that made it a success. Harvey Picken, a Director of Containers Limited, for instance, was a regular guest and he became very friendly with the welder from General Motors, Reg Turne and you couldn't imagine two different sorts of characters living in different worlds but they used to look forward the whole year to meeting up and having a good time.

We used to operate two bars so that the guests could be worked out and whenever there was entertainment on, both bars were closed and so the drinking was kept within control. The proprietors of Tudor Court would go to great lengths in organising the supper which was buffet style but the decorations were such that after I think about three parties at Tudor Court by common consent the supper display was set off and was not opened until there was an opportunity for all the guests to walk past and admire the decorations. I

remember one of them was a small Spanish Village, several houses all made out of different coloured meat and it even had small electric lights inside. Another one was made up of crayfish and there was one giant crayfish in the centre conducting the orchestra of smaller crayfish, all of which were outfitted holding in their claws some type of musical instrument. The big crayfish conducting this orchestra was clearly labelled "Dave".

The 1958 party and the succeeding ones until the final in 1961 were all organized and conducted and supervised by Lyle Pugsley who had by this time become our Advertising Executive and what a great job he was to do. He had vast experience not only in advertising generally but was also a journalist, an art critic and artist. Lyle and I became very firm friends and stlll are and he still helps me out with his inimitable flair for producing machinery advertisements from the very lush to the run of the mill. He lifted the whole tenure of our advertising and presentation in all sorts of ways so that Binghams were probably the first to do this with such results, that is, there were plenty of other firms who spent more money but never got that personal touch that Ly le was able to put into it. I think that his big final effort before we sold out was the production of a catalogue of Bingham fylachinery which I don't think has been equalled and is unlikely to be in the immediate future. Unfortunately this was quite a big project and was not finished completely when we sold out.

We had many well-known entertainers of international and local status on our shows and I always remember one sticking out in my mind because of the amount of organisation that had to be made. We obtained the services of one of the Tivoli circuit artists who was performing in Melbourne and we had to get him out to Caulfield and he had to put his act on and be back again into the Tivoli for the second performance. Now this sounds just like one thing or another, ordinarily we had plenty of time, you just went by the clock but thing□ can happen and so we had to have a taxi standing by; not only one taxi but he had to be followed by another taxi in case it broke down both ways.

I remember him as giving this very finished, uncommon show and he had nothing to say, he didn't speak and when he got a terrific ovation and we requested him to do, you know, something else and of course for payment for generally these artists don't work for fun, and I don't blame them, he just simply stated that that was all knew and nothing else; he had no, you might say gift of the gab, he stood there, having done this wonderful act and that was it.·

Two of the best known businessmen in Melbourne were Stanley Gadsden and his brother Norman; Stanley being Managing Director of J. Gadsden & Sons and his brother Norman, Director. Stanley had three sons by the names of Bruce, Lindsay and Ron, who had been senior executives of this huge organisation until this present time when they are getting out, retiring. Norman Gadsden was a very fine man but he had an unfortunate tragedy with his son, having done tours of duty as a pilot in the Air Force was back in Australia supposedly on easy street instructing when at Mt Gambier I was told his pupil froze on the controls and they dived into the side of a hill and both were killed. His sister was later lost in the Alps. She had obviously shown more stamina than her companions who were lost with her but it was very, very unfortunate, she did just not reach the hut.

The last night of -party nights on the 8th December, 1961, I had just pulled up outside to park my car when there was a toot and Norman Gadsden said to me,

'Where is your car parked?' I said 'Up the road a bit.'

'Well,' he said 'go and open up the boot.'

So I went up and he drove his car alongside and he practically filled the boot with expensive liqueurs, wines and liquor and he said

'Dave, we've never given you anything, so please take it as a gift in appreciation from Stan and I.'

Early in the 1961 party Stanley Gadsden approached me for a short confidential chat and he said,

'Dave, do you mind if I leave early?' and I said 'No, you suit yourself.'

'Well,' he said 'I am very ill and they told me that I shouldn't be coming tonight and I told them to hell with it, I hadn't missed a party in the thirteen years and I wasn't going to miss this one.'

He died I think about three weeks later.

I had another similar experience with another very fine person, Harold Richardson of Richardson Gears Company, who were manufacturers of very large gears. Harold had been sick and he said the same thing to me. He said

'Do you mind if I leave early, I am ill and I don't know, they keep telling me it's only some small chest complaint but,' he said 'I feel it's something different.' and he was right. He died of lung cancer shortly afterwards; a very fine person.

The following are some of the artists that appeared at my parties: Lou Toppano, famous accordionist; 'Argus' the Boy Wonder; Gregory Dempsey who became Leading Tenor at the Paris Opera; Lance Fairfax, musical comedy star and many others.

In 1954 I decided it would be wise to visit America again to clean up some problems with our agencies but more especially to come to some decision if possible to obtain the agency for Australia, New Zealand and South Africa of the torque pitter which later became known as the Filper Pitter. This was the new development I had previously mentioned but now some of them had been built and it was a clear opportunity to come to some decision as to their use in Australia and other places.

I left Sydney on Saturday, 21st August, 1954 in a Qantas Constellation and had a pleasant trip, arriving at 8.30 in San Francisco on the Sunday. I recall this trip because of the rather hilarious turn of events that went on in the plane. My seat companion was Peter Cameron who was the Manager of Pratt Brothers, Sydney one of the largest printing firms and he was going over to Cuba I think to see some super, super machine especially made for printing telephone directories. He had not been to America before and we hit it off quite well on the plane and there were a number of Qantas staff on board including one of their public relations ladies. Also we had on board another lady whose husband was a Captain or Senior Office on the plane and we understood she was the only woman in Australia that had a licence to fly these four engine planes which she did for some part of the trip. I understand that she was going to represent Qantas at the Vancouver Airport which had just come into

use and Qantas apparently were a bit apprehensive of the performance of the Canadian staff as it was a dangerous aerodrome with I suppose the limited amount of instrumentation of those days.

We also had another American woman in our section and she was not at all pleasant. The drinks were flowing fairly strongly between a group of us and Peter would hand over a glass of beer to us and sort of half trip and spill a bit on this woman. If you'd heard her performance moaning about the plane, the company and this all happened before the beer episode then you didn't blame him and she lived up to her reputation. I understand she was a travel agent and therefore getting a big discount on her fare and was returning from somewhere overseas with great quantities of goods, saleable goods. She got in the early part of the line to pass through Customs and so buggered the line for everybody else for some considerable time which of course made the others furious, most of whom had only one bag to be counted. It got so bad that in the end the Customs at Honolulu just shunted her and her staff aside and told her to wait until they were ready.

When we arrived at San Francisco I took Peter for a drive around the night life places, a few of them at least, and he was absolutely astounded as he had never seen these topless bars and the general fun and games that went on in some of these places. I was also able to get him into the St Francis Hotel where I was stopping and he went off in great humour the next morning.

As the main purpose of my trip was to come to a decision on our future in regard to the handling of peach pitting machines we already had some fifty special equipment company machines leased in Australia and these were quite satisfactory in comparison with any other spoon pitting machine. Unfortunately there had only been fifty built and it was only through our experience and tenaciousness that we made a success of them. The earlier machines were not very efficient and then Special Equipment Company had developed a patent which varied the depth of the spoon cut according to the size of the stone and also a new and improved method of applying the spoon cut. It had not been satisfactory on the experimental machines in the San Francisco area but I decided that this was due to the poor manufacture and so we took a chance and bought the remainder of the fifty machines, and then in Australia we developed the latest system they'd patented and which we had the rights for use on the fifty machines.

Unfortunately, at a later date, Ivan Moorehouse the Manager of Special Equipment who had promised me that he would not dispose of the patents without giving Bingham & Co. the opportunity for acquiring them, didn't do this and he sold the patents to Food Machinery, our opposition, so we had no hope of building or acquiring more of the Special Equipment Company machines as we were using them.

At this time there was great activity in the development of peach pitters and the Fruit Machinery Company's machines were being fairly widely used amongst the shareholders of the Fruit Machinery Company who were all canners. We were handling them in Australia and had a few machines but as mentioned previously these were not very satisfactory as they were too light. So here I was to make a decision whether to develop our own machines further in Australia or somehow acquire the rights of the new twist pitter manufactured and developed by the Filper Company who again was composed of several canners but mostly

by the Felice Perilli family canneries which were quite extensive. We came to an agreement in general principle and it was left at that.

I later on dismissed our association with Fruit Machinery Co. and later on their machines were broken up in Australia. By this time over the years I'd become quite well known amongst the various canners of many companies and in fact I was greeted in all sorts of manner as I came in but the most common was 'Here comes that Aussie bushranger again.' or 'Here comes the Aussie Commuter.' which was all very good for getting information and they were really fine people.

I continued to carry out recovery tests at various canneries accompanied by whoever was interested in that particular machine, that is, with Dick Fox the Manager of Fruit Machinery at Lodi and various others of Felice Perilli men at other plants. As mentioned before, the recovery from the Filper was outstanding and the only problem I could see was that it left the interior of the fruit with rather a ragged appearance compared with the clean cut of the spoon. However, some claim was made that the flavour around the stone was stronger than through the fruit and therefore the flesh being torn off gave the resultant canned fruit a better flavour. I think this could have been marginal but of course we played it up as much as we could and we got the agency.

On Thursday, 2nd September Jack Wear picked me up at 8.00 am and we drove to Sacremento to see the big Birkett Richards Cannery and met again Mr Richards and his son and also Mr Ten Elyk. We finished at Birkett and Richards early and decided after lunch to go across to Lodi and meet up again with Don Wood who had started up again in the canning industry after selling out with his partners in Foster and Wood starting again as Wood Canning Company and it was just as successful as ever, he was undoubtedly the smartest canner that I ever met. He not only turned out quality but he watched the whole standards of fruit and had an exceptional name. The head buyer for what is known as A & P which was a huge chain in those days right across America and I believe were the first firm to have a turnover of one billion dollars a day. The A & P stood for Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company which is very old and their shops were noted by the way they were always painted red and rather old fashioned looking. They paid for this later.

I found it wise to frequent the same bars for a drink as the bar keep and the management get to know you and keep an eye on things for you, that is, some of the bars around San Francisco are not without the possibilities of a mugging and so forth, not in the bar, but as you are leaving. So I used to frequent a bar across the road from the St Francis in Geary Street and get a meal there which was very good food at a very modest price and there was a lady in charge of the bar and her name was Mrs Dobleman and she was a pleasant person and she explained that the bar was really owned by Bob Campbell. Now Bob Campbell was quite a noted person in as much that he owned Bob's Steak House right across the road on the same side as the St Francis Hotel and it was really an excellent restaurant for a modest price; good food and open 24 hours a day. Mrs Dobleman explained that Bob Campbell was on one of his benders and he had just gone out and was coming back and I had met him because I had been a frequent visitor, in fact, one of his early customers when he opened the restaurant in about 1941 and so it was quite a number of years that I had been visiting the restaurant as it was open 24 hours a day, seven days a week. So I got talking to Bob, Bob Campbell and I said to him

'Well, you've got a reputation of never buying anybody a drink.' as I'd bought him one or two. Anyway, this really got his back up so he wouldn't stop buying drinks and we had to finish the night up otherwise I don't know what would have happened to him. The one thing I always remember was having had the, opportunity of a conducted tour by him of his restaurant and especially the kitchens which are quite extensive. They were absolutely beautiful, they were in the basement and everything was stainless steel and tiled and you just couldn't imagine a nicer and cleaner set up. He also owned another small night club not very far away. There was another bar near the restaurant known as Coral Gardens and was taken over from a management point of view by Mrs Dobleman and her husband David Dobleman so I used to go in there and drink and this was just a general cut of the bars around San Francisco but it was very well managed and clean and quiet. So I used to go in there. I would go in there anytime. You didn't have to drink, you could go in and just sit and talk to some people. That's one thing about San Francisco, it's a friendly town, not like Los Angeles or New York. If you spoke to anybody in those places they'd think you were trying to take them down or you were a confidence man or something.

On Saturday, 11th September, I had dinner with my two good friends from the University of California, Professor Joslyn and Sherman Lennard who was in charge of their laboratory and test section. They invited me to go along and spend some time at Davis California where the campus for the food school was very large. The food section or food school was located right in the heart of the big production area for fruit and vegetables and the general set up was most extensive.

They arranged for me to stop at the University on Saturday night and on Sunday morning they took me up quite early and gave me access to their many tests and the results of their experimental work on not only canned peaches but other products and this again reinforced my feeling that the twist pitter would be the one.

I returned to San Francisco by motor train and this was certainly a very very pleasant journey; I think it is about sixty miles.

On Tuesday the 14th I had lunch with a number of the superintendents of the Californian Packing Corporation, Delmonte and that was the last time that I think that I saw them in a group. On Thursday I wrote a number of letters back to Melbourne and also other business letters. I was going to leave on Saturday morning early for New York, a direct flight and on the Friday night when I got back to the St Francis Hotel I found a note. It was about 12.00 midnight and there was a note in my box to ring Sir Andrew Fairly who was the well-known gentleman who was Managing Director of the Shepparton Preserving Company and might be said to be the king of the Shepparton area.

The note said 'Ring me whatever time', so this I did. He said,

'Hold on for a minute Dave and I'll get dressed and come down.'

So he came down and said

'Well, you're here and I didn't want to let it be said that I didn't buy you a drink.' I knew he had some other things on his mind but while I had been waiting for him to be dressed I went across to the Coral Gardens, the bar across the road and said to Mrs Dobleman that I was going to bring over a knight, Sir Andrew Fairly, to have a drink so to give us a table

somewhere quiet. Well, she sure took me at my word. When I went back to the hotel, Andrew wanted to go into the lounge there which was crummy, a stuffy sort of place which I didn't frequent. We went across to the Coral Gardens and my friends had arranged a table and a small fire at the back of the lounge where they had what was called a weenie roast; that is, you could grill these small sausages and have them while you were having a drink. Well, this looked very good and when we were sitting down two very attractive young ladies turned up to help us along with the evening and the net result was that the only thing I remember in the conversation was Andrew asking me 'Did you know about Bob Gent?'. Bob Gent was the Managing Director of the Kyabram Fruit Preserving Company and had pinched Jack Byrne from Harry Williams, that was, Jack Byrne was the Factory Manager at Leeton and Harry Williams was the Manager, the General Manager.

He said

'You know, that's not too good.

I said 'Break it down, there's only two fellows who would do such a thing.' and he said 'Who's that?'

'Andrew Fairley and Bob Gent.' I said

'You reckon that?' and I said 'Yes, I do.'

Anyway, we had a pleasant evening and he never forgot that episode, he brought it up at times and asked me to recall the name of the place. Later on his health started to deteriorate and I don't think that he went overseas as far as America again though I know he went to Honolulu.

I had an excellent flight to New York and this took a little under seven hours to do 2,628 miles which in those days was just marvellous and the very fact that the plane could fly high meant that you didn't get into the cursed bumps and turbulence over the Rockies and Sierra Mountains.

In New York on the Monday 20th, I called on Mr Nagel the President of the Crown Cork and Seal Company at their head office which was on 42nd Street and very high up; probably 30 or 40 storeys high. I had already met on occasions Miss Doris Edwards, Mr Nagel's secretary, and what a lovely person she was. She was a jolly girl who'd been born in Brooklyn but spoke perfect English. Her father had been an English lecturer at one of the universities and she was not at all pleased with the way the average American misused English.

My old mate Barney Ham mil was over there or due in, or had been in and I had given him Crown's office address as a mail pick up place and written to Mr Nagel and he had informed Doris about it. Well, Barney wasn't used to heights and when he went up to collect his mail, in his way, he said to Doris

'Well, you don't have any pigeons up here.' because he was looking out and there were usually pigeons sitting around the eaves, she said

'No.'

He said 'Too high for them!'

I had a very interesting time in going over to make a tour of the huge American

Machine and Foundry Plant at Brooklyn, the largest manufacturers in the world of cigarette and cigar making machinery and also they were very large in bakery machinery, and some of it was being made in Brooklyn but they had other works around America and they also made the first that I know of the handyman's universal wood working machines.

As a manufacturer and being associated in the design and development of machinery all my working life I was most impressed with the A.M.F. Plant at Brooklyn. It was the most efficient plant I'd ever been in because they combined a system whereby they were making machines in small batches that had a production line assembly operation going on. Mr Arthur Illies was the Superintendent a.nd they showed me everything they could because they wanted Bingham &: Company to start manufacturing in Australia some of their machinery in the bakery line. So they got out their work cards to show me the hours that were put in assembling them and the cost basis for their price. I was very, very impressed but also woke up to the fact that I couldn't see that Bingham & Company, without terrific amount of expense could enter into the competitive production as the Australian market was very limited, in fact, very, very limited at that time because we were trying to introduce their high speed bread slicers and wrappers with Ii ttle success because it was just too fast for the average bakery production in Australia.

Barney Hammil and his wife Alice turned up to meet me at the St Moritz Hotel where we had developed the habit of staying and did so for a number of years afterwards. Alice was keen to go to one of the New York Night Clubs so I arranged to have dinner at the Versaille Night Club, and accompany them with Doris Edwards. We had a really good night, and the show was excellent; but the prices! It used to be said around New York that there was a line up in the morning for men to do dishwashing as they couldn't pay the bill the night before. But every time we ordered another drink, Alice and Doris would have a coke and these were costing us about two or three dollars each. Barney kept looking at the bill that grew and grew and grew and he was nearly in a state of despair. I didn't let him off the hook though, but I had plenty of money so I insisted on paying for the evening as I'd invited them out anyway.

Figure 23 - OUR HOLIDAY HOME AT NARIEL

Figure 24 - D.W.B. FLY FISHING ON THE UPPER MURRAY

I explained that I was going to Niagara Falls and had suggested that we go by train to Boston and then across to Buffalo and on to Niagara Falls. We stopped at the Sheraton Plaza Hotel in Boston after a very nice pleasant train ride (which is no more) up the East Coast between New York and Boston. Barney was a little astounded, we had quite good seats but the train was rather crowded. So I grabbed the train man, like a conductor here, and suggested to him that if I made a noise like some dollars that he could get us one of the compartments and after haggling and some exchange of money we got it and there we sat and we had an excellent meal, excellent view, and a very very pleasant journey, one of the most pleasant train journeys I think I've ever had.

I arranged that we should take a tour around some of the old parts of Boston including the old battlefields where the start of the War of Independence took place and generally it is a charming area or was; I think the times are changing. With so much old England about Boston and also of course it's a great seat of learning as the prestigious Harvard University and Boston University and several other universities are situated there as well as the famous Massachusetts Institute of Technology where I had mentioned earlier that my good friend, Dr Gordon Stanley Brown was the Dean of the Engineering Faculty.

On Monday, 27th, we left by air for Buffalo and then on to Niagara Falls and this was a very pleasant enjoyable time for Barney and Alice as they had been battling around Europe for months and not having any friends it took the edge off, in my mind anyway, touring. But Barney and Alice fitted in with the members of the staff of the Chisolm Ryder Co. and were enthralled by their tours round the Falls which were easily arranged. I was busy looking into their new machinery and it was· no novelty to me to see the Falls anyway. I left Barney and Alice there and they stopped off for a few days and had an excellent time. I left for Chicago via Detroit and Barney told me later that they were still charging to my Room 3, various entertainments and dinners that some of the Senior Executives were having. Bert Brewer explained that Bingham's business in Australia for Chisolm Ryder was of such extent that it could easily stand three days after I left.

In Chicago I went to see the A.M.F. people and they owned the union company at Joliet and I went down there to have a look at their new proofers and rounders. I had the

opportunity of visiting the very large meat works and cannery of Swifts Limited in the company of a young serviceman named Trangman. It was very interesting to discuss some of his experiences as a Sergeant in the Marines or in South Pacific War and some of the stories he told were certainly ghastly.

One of them was in one of the landings they over-ran the Japanese Pi11 Boxes where they have these heavy machine guns and he said the only way they could be moved out was with the flame-throwers and he said he remembered one Pill Box blazing away and through the bamboo logs he said there was the machine gunner burning, his finger frozen to the trigger, and there was this shape, this Japanese soldier burning away and the gun still firing.

On Saturday, October 7th I left Chicago for Fort Wayne and from then to Lima to visit Hamilton Company for which we were agents in certain types of can making equipment. I also wanted to see the Fairbanks Morse Company regarding some automatic scales which were associated with a conveyer belt and the scales automatica1ly recorded the weight going over the scales continuously and we had planned to put this in at the new Kia Ora plant at Bendigo we had designed, that is, we had been contracted for the whole of the design including the buildings. This proved very satisfactory at Kia Ora, Bendigo but it was not used for long because the growers of tomatoes, mostly Italians, objected to it because the standard practice, at least for a number of them, was to pull in and put their tomatoes on the trucks over the weigh-bridge and when the tomatoes were put over the scales they were tipped immediately open and so it was only the tomatoes weight. Whereas, when they were weighed over the weighbridge the tomatoes and boxes were weighed and each box was supposed to weigh an amount and so collectively was taken off the load. But it was standard practice more or less for these people to hose down the loads before they came in and quite a weight could be absorbed by the wooden boxes. Anyhow, this doesn't fool the canneries they must make allowance for it but it was just unfortunate that you can't see everything when you're trying to progress.

I left for St Louis with the idea of seeing the Barry Wehmiller Company with whom we had been negotiating for them to manufacture certain of our equipment and we would take over the agency for their equipment in Australia and possibly build it. But this came to nothing because we had conflicting equipment in the form of the bottle washers from England, that is, the Webster Washers, so we never proceeded with it and I don't think we lost out in the end.

I arrived at Los Angeles and immediately contacted my old friend Tony Lorenze. I was staying at the Town House, a very nice Hotel not very far out of town. One pleasant morning I walked into downtown L.A. and was stopping off to have a beer on the way, it was very hot, at the Statler Hotel and found there was Rotary on, so I stopped for Rotary.

On Saturday, 9th October together with Larry Detrich and Evvy, his wife, and Early Reynolds, we went to see a newly opened aquarium which was a very, very fine show and probably one of the earliest ones that swept around the world.

On Monday, 11th October, I left for San Francisco and after spending a few pleasant days there, left San Francisco for Honolulu and had rather a rough trip of about ten and a half hours and stopped off at the Edgewater Hotel in Honolulu and went around the canneries again and was well and truly looked after by my friends, especially Sid Carlton and

Agnes his wife. I also had the opportunity of visiting the Island of Maui and visiting the Maui Pineapple Company's Plant and it was quite an interest to me.

On Wednesday 20th, I left for home and arrived at Mascot on Friday 22nd October, because it must be realised that you picked up a day when going over the date line. So ended my 1954 trip to America which was rather an easy trip with some worthwhile results.

For some years, in company with numerous friends, especially Barney Hammil and Bill Birch, I had been fishing the various streams in the North East, and we had taken a great liking to the fishing the upper reaches of the Nariel River, and so would visit that area in the start stopping at Corryong and driving in the early hours of the morning, and later on using a caravan.

I had become friendly with several of the farmers including Bob Hodgson, who was the owner of a considerable property on the upper Nariel and he had another place of some two hundred acres on the Scrubby Creek, this was separated from his farm by another smaller farm. There was really an excellent spot at the junction of Scrubby Creek and the Nariel River which was on a knoll, had a beautiful site, a beautiful position and was also far enough off the road with a small reserve in front to be free of the effect of the traffic passing which in those days was not very much, mostly timber trucks. I negotiated to buy one acre of land on the corner of his property and we agreed at a price which believe me was high, but it was such a beautiful spot.

Anyway, I insist always in having a survey made, and so I had a survey made of this acre and this took some considerable time because I had to wait for surveyors to enter the area. To our great surprise we found that it was not Hodgson's block at all, it was actually on a public road that had been proclaimed but not used. So I either had the opportunity of taking another acre in a much lesser position or having the road shifted, so we applied to have the road shifted and eventually the Government Surveyor re-surveyed the road which still doesn't exist, only on paper, and the closure of the road was gazetted in the Government Gazette and the purchase was finalised.

I designed a small cottage around a standard steel frame and Barney Hammil and I went up in between doing a little fishing and we set to work putting in concrete stumps to suit the framed building I had purchased and I had it laid out in such a way that the window in the small sitting room faced up the valley to the east which meant that you got the scales they were tipped immediately open and so it was only the tomatoes weight. Whereas, when they were weighed over the weighbridge the tomatoes and boxes were weighed and each box was supposed to weigh an amount and so collectively was taken off the load. But it was standard practice more or less for these people to hose down the loads before they came in and quite a weight could be absorbed by the wooden boxes. Anyhow, this doesn't fool the canneries they must make allowance for it but it was just unfortunate that you can't see everything when you're trying to progress.

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the framed building I had purchased and I had it laid out in such a way that the window in the small sitting room faced up the valley to the east which meant that you got the money on and generally have their fun as usual. But we had not progressed far enough at lunchtime so I suggested to them that they stop at my place and I'd cook some lunch. We also had plenty of beer for the afternoon and I'd act S.P. Bookmaker and take the bets with a 15 to l limit S.P. So they agreed to this, my old mate Barney Ham mil was the barman. At four o'clock when the work was finished we worked out that four dozen beer bottles had been broken and put in with the foundations of the fireplace. The betting had gone on and we had a radio to check, but with all the bets they had not won anything and in fact had collectively lost fifteen pounds which was about what I was going to pay them, so they were paid, and then in the following week returning to Melbourne I bought fifteen pound's value in Tattersalls tickets in their names and sent them up to the mill again; they never drew anything, so I'd done my best.

I was somewhat disappointed with the performance of the fireplace which had an opening built where it was possible to pull a log through and so have some big logs to burn which I'd seen on some of the mines I'd been on. But to improve this, I designed a heating system whereby cold air was taken in through one of the openings in the form of a stainless steel flue and which had I think about fourteen holes to take a two inch copper pipe and in the front of the fireplace I made a radiator of galvanised iron, which was six feet by three feet and this radiator was an inch thick and unseen from looking at the fire the copper tubes from the stainless steel flue at the back of the fire came through and connected into the back of the radiator, so that cold air would come in and be heated and come out into the room. This was amazingly successful and there was no need for large fires to keep the place warm and it was finally balanced to the point that a small opening of a window was sufficient to balance out and there was no draught so this went on and we had quite a time as the inside of the chimney was properly fire bricked and this of course also helped the efficiency.

We went on I think about twenty more years but by this time the family had grown up and didn't have the opportunity of getting up as often as they would like and it was left to only Emily Rita and myself to go up there which was delightful but we always found that much to do around the place just to keep it from falling to pieces more or less and we got very sick of it and too old to be climbing on the roof, and so I decided to sell it.

By this time the trees had grown and it was quite a picturesque place. Barney Hammil and I spent quite some time up there and we had built a septic tank system and I think this was probably the first septic sewerage system in the whole of the Nariel Valley, and it certainly created a sensation.

The shed at the back in the first place formed also the tank stand on top of which we had a thousand gallon tank. About 1958 I gave Laurence and Allen the task of designing and building a steel tank stand about twenty five feet high and there again Barney and I had put in the concrete foundation blocks for the stand and it turned up and it was really an excellent piece of work for two lads. Everything fitted except one hole had to be filed off and no doubt it will be standing there for many, many years. We had some trouble finding a solution of getting the tank up onto the stand and here I had the assistance of Eddie Brown and the idea was to shift the thousand gallon tank down over a lean-to and then to hoist it from there up to the stand by using a derrick leaning over and this was made out of two pieces of wood about six inches by one inch, the only material I could find, and get my hands on and we

hooked the tank up and the theory was that Emily Rita would drive my car which was a big pontiac up the hill and the derrick pole would straighten up and the tank placed on top.

Well, everything started off fine, but I noticed the derrick pole was starting to crack, so I was screaming out to Emily to drive faster, and she woke up and drove, and here was the car going up and the net result was that when the derrick pole stood upright it smashed and the tank fell down almost in the right position. It's not likely to be seen again.

In later years we had quite an efficient pumping set up to pump water from the Scrubby Creek and this water is unexcelled as far as I've ever seen. Although the Nariel was clear and fine, it just wasn't as good as the water from Scrubby. Incidentally, Scrubby Creek, I found out in my investigations, in buying the original acre of land had been the last selection. in Victoria, that is, it was two hundred acres which was selected and held by putting a hut on it and doing some work by Hodgson's father, I think it was.

I think it was probably about 1978, that is, after twenty-four years I sold the property and regretfully, but it just wasn't possible to carry it on and as the family had expanded and grown up it can be readily seen that without somebody being there frequently to look after it, it would soon fall into decay.

One of the funny instances that happened there was when we had a pet galah which we called Curly and Curly was allowed to fly around. We're not sure but we think it was a she, and she would sit up on top of the chimney and scream out, and she spoke quite well. It was hard to understand how she picked up some words such as one day sometime after breakfast when the fire was out, but still warm Curly was sitting on top of the chimney and fell down it and she got tangled up in the copper tubes down over the fire place and she was screaming out 'Come on, come on quick!' and she was right too! She was just black with soot when we got her out. When other galahs came around, which was frequently, one of them at least took a great fancy to her and tried to court her but this frightened the devil out of Curly who had no idea of recognising other birds. Anyway, in the end, Curly became too much for us and was given to the Sanctuary at Healesville.

Before we left there, there was quite a small settlement growing below us on the river, where two dwellings were built and there is now one on Scrubby as Arthur Nickless was the owner of Hodgson Farm and he sold the Scrubby to the gentleman and his wife that own it now. I only saw the start of their development. I wanted to buy Scrubby on a number of occasions, but Hodgson's was too much of a bush lawyer to my mind and I just couldn't come to terms with him. Because I was going to put a wall across, I'd actually done the surveying and had the equipment to do it and to build a four acre lake, which I had planned to grow trout and also to make other spots to make it a real picnic area, even to the extent of having some specially developed traps for catching the arch enemy of the trout in Victoria, the shag, and when I think of the wonderful fishing that was there over the years, practically all this has gone, as the shags clean out the rivers, especially when the small trout are put in.

With the bitumen road now running up past the property the whole atmosphere has changed, and the traffic is quite heavy, quite a lot of it going over the top to Omeo via Benambra. It is interesting that it was probably my grandfather who went over this track, probably one hundred years ago as my Uncle George who was the eldest of the Bingham

family told me that his father had described to him the fording of the Murray River below that and he recognised it as being Tintaldra where there was in the early days a ford where the Murray could be crossed. I had never seen Tintaldra but my uncle's description was that vivid, down to the placing of the trees, that I was able to recognise it when I first saw it.

Nariel township was surveyed many years ago when there was, it looked like, another gold field had been discovered, and in fact, the remains of the old mines at Zulu Creek which is only another name for the Nariel in it's very upper limits and other places even along the creek have shown where some effort at working a mine had been taking place and there was also an abandoned mine across the river only a short distance from where we were. The blocks at Nariel were sold and I believe it was only since we left that a number of the blocks were laid out, only about a mile and a half further up the road from our property.

During the many years that we were at Nariel we had some wonderful times both from a sport point of view and companionship. I always recall a funny instance when we were up there before we got the electricity on, that is, we depended on the little generator to generate the light. I had a group of friends up with me including my old mate and skipper of the boat I sailed on, Frank Benne! "Bushy", and others including Barney Hammil of course, because he was always with me, and Owen Hagger and others. Owen Hagger had to return to Melbourne with Vic Roberts and somebody else and so he was up very early and I had their breakfast waiting for them, or getting ready for them, when Owen had to have a shave, and he used an electric razor. It was really raining, and up there it rains in torrents. Here was this scene with the members of the group sitting down having a cup of tea at the table in a little lounge looking out at Owen standing in this pouring rain in his dressing gown and slippers with an umbrella up, the car hood up and the electric razor hooked onto the battery. I think that's one of the funniest things I'd seen. In later years Barney Hammil and Owen and I became very well known as the three musketeers, usually being around together.

Anyway, we eventually left Nariel after I sold the property and I'm sure it will have wonderful memories for the boys, as it had a very significant influence on their way and outlook on life because they were able to learn something of farming and they even ran the dairy farm I think for a week or two weeks. So ended the Nariel episode excepting that I don't think that I have mentioned that I waited and waited for the bill to come in from Mayne Nickless for the transportation of in the first place, the semi-trailer load over the mountains, and eventually Ralph Davis, my very good friend, who was the Managing Director, rang me and said

'Look I'm tired of you questioning me about this invoice for shifting the load to Nariel. How about if you pay for the petrol and then we'll be square.' he said 'Mayne Nickless have been doing business with Bingham's for about a hundred years,' which is true 'and they've never asked for anything, and as you treated the driver well we think that'll be fair enough.' It was a nice gesture.

The beautiful starlit nights at Nariel were really something and I vividly recall that Emily Rita and myself were sitting back in the sun chairs looking into the sky to see if we could see the Sputnik and sure enough we spotted it going over and the view was absolutely perfect and it was one of those things that must never be forgotten, to think that was the first time a vehicle was orbiting the world.

Another number of instances that I recall was the workers for Smith's Mill going home on Sunday night after a weekend down at Cudgewa or Corryong, I think mostly Cudgewa. In those days we didn't have a garage and my car especially would be parked just out in the open on the knoll alongside the dwelling. Sometimes in the early hours of the morning, on these beautiful nights, you'd hear a truck coming up the road and this would be the Smith mob returning to the Mill and they would see the moonlight shining on my car and then you'd hear the voices in unison 'How you going you old bastard Dave?' and off they'd go.

But to get some idea of how these fellows would work, I had the three Griffith boys down on a Sunday morning to put in a little bit of concrete about twelve feet by eight feet and four inches thick. I induced them to call in and they had their mother with them, and she was a wonderful woman and they got to work and it took them exactly twelve minutes to level out that ground, mix the concrete and put it in place and trowel over it and when it was finished, it's still around somewhere, I got a picture of her posing with them down doing the trowelling and her with a big whip to smarten up the boys.

One of the Smith Brother's, owners of the mill mentioned was a member of the Stock Exchange Club in Melbourne, as I was, and we met at fairly frequent intervals and talked about these tough mill workers, as Smith Brothers had a number of mills at various places. Smith would always laugh when he was telling the story of how sometimes the police would pull up in their jeep, just mostly social calls on the trip over the mountains, and he said next thing you'd know all the machines would be running but there'd be no workers, they'd all taken off into the bush. They were certainly a rough mob, but good hearted fellows and good workers.

Emily Rita was very fond of walking, not only in the country but around the city and she spent many happy times walking in latter years with her dog, a labrador bitch, Wrinkle, who was really a part of the family.

At about this time, there was much interest and excitement preparing Melbourne for the 1956 Olympic Games and in the course of my affairs at Royal St Kilda Yacht Club, I was approached by the Commodore, Jack Stooke, the Commodore of Brighton, Dick Franklin and Aubury McKenzie, the Commodore of Sandringham Yacht Club to see if I would be prepared to finance the building of a 5.5 Class yacht, to hopefully represent Australia and compete in the Olympic Games. I agreed to do this and the project was started. We decided that it would be necessary to have the best skipper available and the outstanding skipper at that time was Jock Sturrock of Royal Brighton Yacht Club and he was approached and was willing to skipper the boat and so we set to work on the development of it; quite a considerable project.

On checking of designs around the world, we decided to get a Swedish designer and we then arranged for J. Savage and Sons to build it. This company was well known and run by two brothers, Jack and Tom, real gentlemen to deal with, and Bob French was their Foreman. We had every assistance from all directions, to make the project a success, and it included Bingham's engineering expertise and manufacturing facilities. The work proceeded but it wasn't officially known who was the backer of it and I became known as 'Mr X'. I frequently visited the Savage works to see the progress and I'd invariably be accompanied by Barney Hammil and he sort of got the nod that he was the mysterious owner.

Aubury McKenzie, as Chairman of the Harbour Trust Commission gave all the facilities and help he possibly could and had the wind and weather records going back many, many years and conditions on the Bay, all of which were essential as the boat had to be designed and built to suit the conditions of Port Phillip Bay at the time of the year, October/November, when the Olympic racing would take place.

Eventually the boat was launched, being christened by Emily Rita, and named by her, Buraddoo which meant in aborigine 'Gentle Breeze'. Everything went off well at the launching and later the sail around to demonstrate the facilities of the boat, and with the experienced crew it quickly showed great promise and eventually went on to become the first 5.5 registered in Australia and though the registration number was KA5, 5.5 it was I who selected the five as it was the first 5.5 sailing in the bay. There was another so-called 5.5 designed and built locally, but it didn't measure up so it could not be designated at 5.5.

There were some thrilling races in l 955 and I think early 1956 on Sydney Harbour for the right to represent Australia. We had very strong opposition from Gordon Ingate fondly referred to as 'Wingnut', who had later become quite well known in his efforts in other classes of yachting. So, when I was in America, I approached the sailmakers Charlie Ulmer with regards to sails for the boat and we did get some of them and also some of the Ratsy and Lapthorne, no expenses spared to make the boat go. I bought the winches both halliard and sheet winches from an English Company and these were very poor pieces of work and I quickly designed new ones and built them in our works, and we went to all extremes to try and make the winches reliable and I quickly awakened to the fact that when the operation of the winch usually depended on one small spring engaging the paw I, this wasn't quite good enough, so I fitted them all with double pawls, as a backup pawl, but also made it so that the springs could be replaced in probably less than a minute. All these small matters paid off and later on another old friend, Dudley Sinclair, who was the only one to give me any financial assistance, not that I would have taken it, but he was in a position to cast the big lead keel and he undertook to do this free of charge as far as labour was concerned and I paid for the material that was used. Well, Dudley and I, in one of those moments, took a ticket in one of the big Tattersalls sweeps. Then I promptly forgot about it, and later on in 19 56 on returning from Japan, I was rung by Au bury McKenzie, the Chairman of the Harbour Trust Commission and invited with Dudley, Jack Stooks and Barney Hammil to meet them for lunch at the Checkers Hotel in Port Melbourne. So I turned up and they were all there and we had a drink and a talk and then Aubury cleared his throat and said,

'Well, Dudly and you won a thousand pounds in the Tattersalls sweep, and while you've been away we've heard about the new spinnaker that's come into use, produced by Madam Herbelet of Paris, so we thought that you wouldn't mind if we spent the money on a new spinnaker for Buraddoo.'

Well, I quite agreed with this, there was nothing much I could do about it anyway, they'd already spent the money.

Chapter Twenty Three

19 56 and Bingham &: Co. Design and Engineer the Ta wain Plant The Trip to Tawain, Japan and Hong Kong The Set Up of the Siddons Plant at Robinvale

In early 1956, Bingham &: Co. had tendered for the supply of engineering and machinery for a pineapple cannery in Taiwan, that is, Formosa, and it was necessary for me to go up there and see the site and discuss the proposal with them, as it looked at that time as though we would get the job. In fact, as it was an American sponsored job and our competitors were the Food Machinery Corporation of America we felt quite pleased that we were selected. White Associates of New York, the consulting engineers for the U.S. Government in recommending our tender, said that our prices were slightly lower than the Food Machinery Corporation but even if they had been slightly more they would still have recommended Bingham &: Co. as their engineering work was superior.

I left Sydney on a Qantas Electra the four engine turbo prop aeroplane, one of the finest aeroplanes on which I have ever flown, once they got over their initial tragic problems. I always remember we were flying at 12,000 feet, over and through clouds and whenever we dived into the clouds it would become quite turbulent and very uncomfortable, so the skipper would take the plane a couple of thousand feet up. It was perfectly clear so we had a very smooth trip and every now and again the radio would be coming over calling for him to come down, as he was two thousand feet higher, but he didn't hear them until we got clearer weather further north.

I landed at Manilla and this was almost within a day or two of July 4th. As mentioned earlier, I was in Manilla on July 4th, 1946, so it was just ten years and here I was back in Manilla with my movie camera but at this time, what a difference.

I was in excellent accommodation at the Hotel Manilla and had a couple of days to spend there before there was a plane available to carry on to Taipai in Taiwan. So I decided to try and take movies of the same places I'd filmed in 1946 to compare the conditions. So I wandered out in the morning and hired a cab. Now this cab was driven by a bright young man, but it wasn't his car and it wasn't registered. It actually belonged to his brother-in-Jaw but he was running it i11ega11y to make a Jiving to keep his family, and his brother-in-Jaw who was getting fifty percent of the cut. Well, when I told him what I wanted to do he was wildly enthusiastic and he went to all sorts of trouble to take me to the exact spots from where I had taken these movies, and I got some beautiful movies of the University near which we had been billeted in 1946 and which was now getting restored as it was so damaged. I have pictures which would be unique in as much as they show the devastation of the University main building partly restored and then with everything built over. I'd taken pictures originally down Taft Boulevard from the top of the Y .M.C.A. Building when it was just a flat roof on the top with a guard fence around so it was easy, but now the same building was no longer part of the Y.M.C.A. but was a part of a newspaper building; machinery being in the lower floors and offices on the top. These offices had just a hip roof in galvanised iron and low and behold, this young man, goes and induces the authority there, whoever it was, to allow us to go out and take a movie from the top of the roof, but to get on the roof one had to go up a rope ladder from a window and then on top take these movies. Well there I am stupid enough to do it and I'm on the roof standing in my socks

taking a movie when there's absolutely nothing to hang on to and if I'd slipped I would have fallen down three stories onto the concrete.

Anyway, all went well and he later took me home to where he lived and he was quite proud of it. He had a wife and two kids and here they were, he reckoned almost living in luxury because they had an area maybe twelve feet by ten feet on a verandah which they had put canvas around and there they lived, slept, everything. It was spotlessly clean, his wife and the kids were clean and he seemed to be quite happy; I won't say contented because he was obviously an ambitious person.

That night he wanted to take me to see the Julai which is a very fast ball game that originally came from Spain. This was quite thrilling and you sit down and look on to the Julai game which is fast and furious and the betting goes on. You pay a small commission to a registered runner, and you give him the money and who you're backing and he runs down and puts the money on. You either win or lose; I mostly lost. Anyhow, it was quite a night, and the next day he drove me out to the airport and I caught the China Line plane to Taipai, and this was a Curtis plane, very much like a DC3. When I saw it on the runway I thought, well, we've got a long way to go over the ocean, I hope it's alright. All I can say is that it seemed to be the best maintained plane and also had the best service of any plane I think I'd ever been on.

One of the innovations seemed to me was their food service. They served the meals, either Chinese or European, whatever you desired, in quite a range, at any time. I thought and always have thought that this seemed to be a common sense way to do it, as very often people get on a plane and if they're travelling east or west they get out of synchronisation in their system and one doesn't want a meal at the clock time. It also allowed the girls to serve quietly and without the great hustle and bustle that usually goes on at meal times, in the ordinary run of planes.

I had a lot of difficulty in getting visas to get in to Taiwan, but this was not because of the Taiwan Government but our own immigration and passport people. I arrived at Taipai and was met by a group of Chinese people including an interpreter especially selected for my benefit and also some citizens of quite considerable importance. And it wasn't long before I was installed I think at the only European style hotel accommodation in Taipai, excepting a small hotel which had been altered from a Japanese shrine.

The room I occupied was at the Friends of China Hostel and was quite comfortable. It had a toilet, that is, a water closet of English manufacture but was rather old and leaked considerably and was noisy. I'll tell you more of that later.

I was invited around to a party or an afternoon party, or lunch put on by General Wang and Mr J.P. Huang. Now these two gentlemen were high up in Government circles and were also principals of the Taiwan Sugar Corporation which was the body who would operate the Pineapple Cannery that we were to build. These two gentlemen were two of the most impressive people I've met anywhere, anytime and I'd have said that they, especially General Wang, would have taken all the attention if they'd walked into a room full of people, anywhere. He was really a strong looking character, of medium height but enormous shoulders and extremely strong features. He had been and was the main support in the Army for the General Kao Chiang Check and Mr Huang was one of the principals on the

Economics Control of the Government and he, I understand, had been a lecturer in Economics at Harvard University.

The actual Chinamen who were to operate the cannery took me in hand and started to show me the sights around Taipai with the aid of the interpreter and we drove around in a jeep. This was an experience to see the way the Chinese people lived in the really traditional style and although the Japanese had occupied Taiwai I believe for some sixty years, they had not interfered with the life of the people and the absolutely amazing farming and agricultural activities of the island. One must realise that the island is about two thirds the size and area of our state of Tasmania but probably half the island on the east side is absolutely mountainous, extremely rugged. Some of the mountains I believe rise to a height of 13,000 feet. On the west side are plains which are used mainly for rice growing and it's absolutely astonishing to see the care and the tending of these rice fields that produce not only enough rice for their population, which I think at that time was about 13 million, but also have enough to export it,

There was still considerable Japanese influence evident for some of their language I believe they use Japanese rather than Chinese. There was a lot of talk of the dictatorship of the local Government but with this I could not agree as though I cannot speak the language I had been in several countries where dictatorship was practised and in those countries it was usual, as far as my own observations were concerned, for the population to sort of melt away at the sight of a policeman, but here that was not so. In fact, on occasions the policeman on_ point duty would be seen to be arguing the point with one of the motorists or the small three-wheeled taxi cabs which is a good indication to me that they weren't being treated too badly.

It was just amazing the care the people took with their produce. I remember seeing a young man on a bicycle riding down the street, and in his basket which was strapped onto the carrier of the bike were quite a number of rabbits and they just seemed to sit there and made no attempt to jump out and I don't think they were tied or anything, they could have been. He was so careful, obviously to get the rabbits to the market in a good condition, that he actually pulled up at each intersection where a street met with the sun and it was very hot and he would hold the bike and wheel it with one hand and with the other hand hold his wide brimmed straw hat over the rabbits to keep the sun off so that they would arrive and they would just look perfectly groomed.

Another thing that really amazed me was the snake shops where snakes were sold to eat and in these shops were lots and lots of snakes; thousands of them. The shop attendant would put his hand into one of the glass cages and take a handful of these writhing snakes and put them in a brown paper bag and weigh them on a scale. The buyer paid up and just took the bag and wandered off.

I spent quite a few days around Taipai as I had to see various Government officers with regard to the importing of the necessary equipment we'd tendered for, to make sure the matters of payment were clear. I was taken at least every night to a restaurant for dinner with the group of Chinese and the interpreter. We must have been considered of some importance because as we'd pull up at this, apparently outstanding restaurant, that was about four storeys high, and these restaurants are very much different to what we would consider in this country a Chinese restaurant. We would step out and the staff would be

clustered just inside the entrance and they would be screaming out as loudly as they possibly could, making a real din and this I was told was to let everybody in the restaurant know that the most important guest of the evening had just arrived.

Now these places all consist of rooms of varying dimensions to suit the size of the party and all the customers are men, there are no Chinese women in the parties, so when seated in the room at the table each person is allotted a girl to look after his requirements in the way of drinks - not waiting. They are simply to see that your glass is full and that you get the right service. Here again, it was really fascinating to hear these girls screaming out as loudly as they possibly could to ensure that their man got the best service.

Luckily, it was mostly beer that was drunk and it was very light beer and such hot weather. It didn't make much difference to me how much I was to drink, though it had some effect on the rest of the party. The interpreter had his chair pulled up right alongside me with his ear cocked in case I said something, for it was his job ·to interpret everything I said and he was very very anxious he should miss nothing because he said that it was his first opportunity since leaving university to bring himself to the notice of the Great Ones and this, believe me, was very embarrassing. The food was very good and was very well presented.

The toilets are marked in Chinese, apparently men and women, or ladies and gentlemen, whatever it is, with the doors alongside one another, but both doors are connected. I went into one of these toilets wanting to get rid of some water and there sitting on a chair at a basin and mirror was a girl making her face up, while another girl was doing the same as I was doing, but she was sitting on the seat, all in this very small area. Then in the end, you must allow a really small girl, I don't think she'd be any more than eight or nine or something although she looked much younger than our size here, and you must let her do it, that is, she was there to wipe your penis when you've finished. If she'd not been allowed to do it she would lose face and also of course she was looking for a tip but she would cry if you didn't because she would feel that she would get the sack or would have lost face. With the drinking, I woke up that the girls were very very good on the scissors cuts paper game, where you must break in at the correct place in this jingle and I used to back the girls and they would invariably win. Now this didn't suit the men at all because they lost face and the girls wouldn't take any money for a start but the money was that small in value that I'd get a heap of notes and the whole would lot wouldn't be worth fifty cents, American money. So as we were usually on the top floor, I would just throw it out the window so the girls quickly changed their ideas irrespective of what the men thought.

I noticed in places around that there were fireworks going off and I was told that this heralded the opening of the new shops and was the first day of their being open, of course the shops are open all the time, there is no closing if they don't want to.

I used to get rather tired of being with these people all the time, so I would sit in my room and they would sit outside the door around a small table and I would stick my head out the door with the idea of going out and getting something to eat and they'd say something to the interpreter which meant let's go to dinner Mr Bingham and I would snarl at them and go back inside and sit down again and very often I used to sit in the toilet and work and try various things to try and stop this noise in the toilet as I had nothing else to do and nothing to read. I'd to out a bit later and sure enough they're still sitting there so of course in the end you go to dinner.

The Chinese in general, to my mind, are the most curious people I've ever met. We left Taipai by train to go south and this train was a narrow gauge very clean and the track seemed to be in excellent condition and there were open carriages with seats just more or less like a bus; two seats on each side and two seats opposite, that is, not looking either forwards or backwards but at one another, and on these attached in the side of the carriage were some special fittings to suit a glass which had a detachable hinged link and there was one for each person. This glass was to put the mint tea in to satisfy your thirst as you travelled, and it was amazing the dexterity of the boy who would run up and down, and I say run, with his huge kettle of mint tea, cold, and he would lean over and you opened the lid and he, from quite a distance, would pour the exact amount and it would curve down through the air into your glass. Quite an acrobatic display.

They also served very attractive lunch boxes on the train, and very nicely packed with various products though we didn't have any because I guess that would have been too easy. We had to have a real gung to meal. We proceeded south to Chang Wha where the company had a board factory making what we would call canite, a board for building purposes. I was quite impressed with this modern factory and it was a strange coincidence that we were the agents in Australia, for the people whose firm supplied the machinery for the manufacture, and as I've mentioned previously it was a similar plant to that operated by the Colonial Sugar Refinery in Sydney.

We had lunch and again boarded the train and proceeded south to Kaoh Siung. This was all through country which was absolutely waving in rice; everything was rice right around the houses which are on stilts as far as I could see, and the girls dressed in colourful hats mainly and carrying parasols to keep the sun off them and their arms were totally covered by gloves and they walked abreast a few feet apart and they did the weeding with their toes and this was the only part that was not covered. In the evenings when they'd finished they'd take off all this clothing and get dressed in their colourful cotton dresses and then parade around the villages where they lived. They were very careful everywhere I saw these girls working in the fields to make sure they didn't get sunburnt or their skin became rough and it was just astonishing to see these girls working in the fields then see them come out of their little houses in the evenings to walk down the street.

Everything available, as far as material goes, was used and the various systems of watering to get the irrigation was just astonishing to me. For instance, one of the systems of getting water onto the rice fields was to have a bamboo tube, that is a bamboo log that had been hollowed out, pivoting, and one end would sink into the canal that ran around these fields. The canal had a little walk away on top of it so that the person operating the pivoting bamboo would first of all allow it to sink into the canal by being back down the little foot track on top of the bamboo and when that section had filled with water he would run up right to the front of it which used to tilt the bamboo on its pivot and out would run the water and so this went on. To look across the fields and see the activity of these people doing this all the time without let up was quite amazing, as well as the ploughing and dragging of the plough by a bison, or buffalo and tended usually by a small boy.

Where the soil was not suitable for irrigation, that is, it might be just a small area usually of rock or hard clay and about three or four feet wide to a little larger, they would place soil on top and plant one or more tea bushes so that area wasn't wasted. I thought at

the time what an amazing difference these people would make to the land along the Murray or the Murrumbidgee so far as irrigation and production was concerned.

I noticed the small neatly printed board stuck into the fields and asked the interpreter what it meant because I could see they were all the same, and apparently it was sold as a standard mass article and he informed me that it was an invitation that if you wanted to crap, please crap on my land and so they would get a little bit more manure. Just amazing.

We arrived at Kaoh Siung which is a big industrial area and port, and certainly today must be quite a big city, and here the authorities put on what I took to be some sort of municipal lunch for me, and it certainly was, I think there were fourteen courses and it's just bad manners if you don't have a little of each and make a general mess all over the table. One thing to remember with all these Chinese and this goes for Chinese almost any place, is that all the tables are round because everybody knows that the evil spirits congregate at the corners therefore you can't sit near the corner of a table. Also, shoes had to be removed before entering any building; it didn't matter whether it was an office or a restaurant and these were put away in a sort of letter-box and the boy attendant would have them ready for you on leaving. Also the tea ceremony must be gone through before any business discussions take place and this consists of handing around first scented hot towels to wipe your hands and face and then the tea is served. Quite a difference from the rush and bustle of doing business at home.

I'd also forgotten to mention that at Chang Wha I was requested to have a look at the processing at a pineapple canning factory as they were having trouble with cans blowing. Well, I had a look at the place and it was certainly a decrepit filthy operation but the final result wasn't so bad because they did use a lot of water around the place keeping reasonably sanitary conditions. Their problem was that they were putting too much pineapple in the can because they felt if they didn't fill the cans up they would be in trouble with the Government inspectors who might inspect their products at the port before export and this is where the fault lay. There was not sufficient liquid in the can with the fruit to create convection currents during the sterilising period to ensure that the whole of the contents of the cans were sterilised. I asked "them through the interpreter, and you must realise this becomes very complicated and takes quite sometime, for some scales so that I could show them the amount to put in because I could well remember just what the drained weights should be. Anyway they eventually found a pair of decrepit scales and some weights. Now this was a balance scale which suited me because I was able to show them through various gestures and the interpreter what they were doing wrong. However, if they took any notice I don't know because that was it as far as I was concerned.

While at Kaoh Siung I wanted to see and ensure that the cans we were going to have to use at the cannery at Taitung would be satisfactory and I was taken there and met with much ceremony and eventually had a long discussion with the can making manager who didn't seem to have a very high status and I had to eventually force my position to get discussions with him and Mr Lui, who was really an amazing character. He had worked I think with Curtis Wright in America for quite a number of years as a production engineer and then he had gone to China and had worked as one of the executives building the Chinese-made Curtis Wright Fighter Planes at the beginning of the Japanese War and had,

he claimed, turned out fourteen hundred fighter planes in China and that as the Japanese advanced in China they picked up the machinery and carried it away up into the mountains and continued to make the parts and engines for replacement of the fighter planes and finally he had ended up parachute dropping with the American General Stillwell's force in Western China as he of course was an experienced engineer and on top of that had the facility of being able to interpret the Chinese and various dialects with the Stillwell command.

I asked him how he ensured that the rollers on the closing machines were kept in good condition because this is really the basic means of ensuring a good seam on the cans and he took me out to a small section of the building and there were two Hartford comparators. Now these were the very latest type of machines or tools in the world for accurately projecting the shapes of various tools and especially of seaming rollers and there were girls going through these and projecting onto the screen the shapes in a much better and more efficient way than we were doing in Australia. So I was mighty relieved when this came about as they obviously had a man there who really knew what he was doing but as I say, strange as it may seem, I have the feeling because he hadn't come from the right area or something he wasn't so highly thought of by the head of the Taiwan Sugar Corporation.

Whilst at Kaoh Siung I was stopping on my own at what the Chinese with me referred to as a Chinese-American Hotel. Now I don't know how this worked out because it only seemed to be two American or European style rooms and I had one of them and it was on the left hand side of the entrance once you were inside and opposite was the office door of the management. The doors to my room were huge old fashioned doors known as french doors. They were quite heavy and high, I think they would have been seven feet by about four feet, great ponderous doors and had a ponderous lock and a ponderous key. When I would ask for my key they wouldn't give it to me and even though it was only about two paces to my door they would call the boy who would come out from somewhere underneath the counter and he would carry the key across to my door and turn back the lock, open the door and present me with the key. Then I would go inside and I had not unpacked my clothes as I was only stopping there for a couple of nights. Low and behold on the opposite end of my room, that is, if you continued to walk down the entrance passage to the end of my room and turned left, there was only a low fence maybe thirty inches high at the most across the end of the room which was quite open. So to get into my room I'd only need to walk down, turn left, step over the low fence and I was in. But no, you'd lose face to do that, that can't be done with the Chinese.

Now the rest of the hotel except this other room that I'll tell you about was made up of dormitories and very clean, very tidy but there were just men, women and children and beds the whole length of this quite big building. Some of the women, especially the older ones would come along and if I was in the room they would step over the low fence and go and open up my cases and there would go through my things, smiling at me all the time fingering the material and either smile or shake their heads or something and put them all back exactly, close the case and bow and get back over the fence. Again, it was just plain curiosity.

While I was at this hotel, a wedding took place where the Chinese girl was marrying a sailor of the U.S. Merchant Marines because it must be realised that Kaoh Siung is a very big port and I was taken and shown the room that had been reserved for the bride and

bridegroom for that night. The girl's family had placed bed covers and figures and also an incense burner in the room and it was explained that it was most important because this was to ensure that the marriage would be successful and fruitful and they would have many sons. Just another episode in the lives of these people that I didn't even think about.

On leaving Kaoh Siung we were to catch a plane to Taitung and this was a DC3. Going out to the airstrip lo and behold here a plane came in and there was quite a long queue, certainly a number of plane loads, streaming out onto the airfield waiting to get in the queue, but being privileged we were taken on board before the rest were allowed to get on. I was the last of our party being the largest and fattest and I sort of half got on the gangway when a dear old lady allowed to get in front of me responded by giving me a real dig in the ribs with her elbow as she pressed forward. On top of the steps was a large Chinamen who was the steward and I had the seat which is the first seat forward of the entrance door so I could see what went on. As these people came up the steps with their baggage, if the bag was too big for them to put under the seat, or on their lap, the steward just simply took it and threw it into the back of the plane and the people took their seats. Lots and lots of children involved, as there always seemed to be lots of children wherever the Chinese people were. The children are very obedient as far as I could see, and either they or the Japanese children, as the plane went up in the air and sank in a pocket, would all sing out in unison, their voices getting higher the faster the plane dropped or rose.

We arrived at Taitung which is only a short journey and this was to be the site of the cannery. I was taken out first with my baggage to what was known as a guesting house where the travellers or visitors were accommodated. Now the guesting house just consists of one large room with toilets off it, and it served all purposes. For eating there was the round table, and for sleeping you just slept on the floor on mats and it is very hot.

We first of all had lunch and this was quite an experience because it was obvious that I was the first European more or less that they had anything to do with and they sat at this table with of course the chopsticks, and they obviously wanted to show that they also had European eating utensils, so there plonked on the table, was a fork. Now this fork had obviously been used for beating eggs or the like in a basin for so many years, that the prongs had worn off to an angle of probably forty-five degrees. They just wanted to see how I would use this eating utensil, but I had nothing to use it on. It must be recalled that all the Chinese meals that I've ever had were all-made up of pieces that can either be handled with a spoon or chopsticks. The table manners according to our standards are absolutely shocking. I forget how many, I think it was about eleven types of ginger sauce were put on the table and these were in small serving jugs and suchlike and when you want something you just don't ask somebody to pass it, you lean over the table and get it, with the net result that there were arms flying about all over the place and the sauces spilled in great quantities and this is supposed to be good.

After returning from seeing the site where the cannery was to be built I took some photos and also some movies and returned for the night to the guesting house where discussions took place on the various aspects of the design. Now working this on technical terms through an interpreter who was non-technical became a real horror session as far as I was concerned because I used to have to spend lots of time trying_ to get my ideas across as they were responsible for the building design and the services, that is steam, water and so forth and some of the proposals from their drawings were just not acceptable and for me

to explain why was quite a job. But anyway, I got over most of the troubles one way or another because, strange as it may seem, the Chinese language apparently doesn't have a lot of technical terms to cover the technical expressions so would use English words, and so frequently, by sharpening of the old wit I could to some extent follow because of the insertion occasionally of these English expressions.

When the time came for bed there was a real shuffling going on and low and behold they brought in a wooden bed just like a child's cot but it was high off the ground and it was all fitted together beautifully and they just pushed it all together and there it was. Then they put up some screens around the bed, inserted in slots in the floor or something like that.· Well it was my bed. Now to me it soon became obvious that they'd made this bed for Europeans apparently off a catalogue or something, that is, they had no dimensions to it and they'd just seen it in a catalogue. It had no mattress or any form of bedding on it at all, whereas on the floor there was a mat. So the position was that they were determined I was going to use this bed, they were going to see how a European slept. So I got undressed, put my pyjamas on and climbed up and I had to climb up to get onto the bed and lay stretched out there on a flat, wooden surface which was most uncomfortable. So as soon as there was no sound I climbed off the top and climbed down and I slept on the mat on the floor, thinking that I'd be very smart and do the right thing, I woke up early as I thought the next morning and decided to crawl back into bed again, and then the fun started. It was quite early and not quite light but the girls around the place, apparently the servants and the like, had all their eyes glued to the cracks in the screens and when they saw me climbing back up onto the top of the bed again that was too much for them, they all started giggling; what a fool I felt. I don't know how long they were there, I never acknowledged it, but they must have been waiting very quietly and patiently there to see what happened and looking to see me getting out of bed. But anyway, face was saved and all went well.

By this time I was getting a little bit acclimatized to the food. For instance, breakfast consisted of some fruit and then huge chunks of sliced bread toasted, some flavouring placed on it and you dipped it into the tea, the hot tea, to eat it; that was breakfast.

I was very anxious to take more movies of the area and the custom was to be taken around in the jeep. But very often by the time I'd got the interpreter's attention and he had told the driver to stop, we were well passed where the wanted to go. So I asked the interpreter what the word for stop is in Chinese and he said 'ting' (as far as pronunciation goes) so we were tearing along the road when I saw something I wanted to take a movie of, I sang out 'ting' and he jammed his brakes on and I went clean over the windscreen. But anyway, we got on alright after that.

While I was there they took me up to show me some of the pineapples that were being grown for the cannery and incidentally I was very impressed by the pineapples which were known as Smooth Cayenne and are the pineapples which were developed in Hawaii. Many of these Chinese formerly worked in the earlier years in Hawaii and had smuggled back slips for these good pineapples and they cared for them very much. To visit one particular small farm we travelled first by jeep, as far as the jeep could go, then we climbed into a strange vehicle, a two in line ox cart with wheels not more than thirty inches apart and pulled by water buffalo, and there was just enough room to stand up and grip the rails of the vehicle itself on either side, that was sure a narrow vehicle. We proceeded higher up into the mountains with the jogging and sometimes steady pulling of the oxen. We reached the point

where the oxen could no longer go higher and we had to get out and walk and believe me it was very hot.

We, or rather I, struggled up I suppose the last mile and here we came to this farm and the farm was stuck on the crest of the mountain area and the soil that grew the pineapples and rice had been brought up on the backs of the farmer and his uncle. I think 'uncle' in the language means anybody who is a friend. They had filled these little gullies in first with some rubble at the bottom, heavy stones and then some lighter stuff, then brush and they had actually made these small paddy fields and had directed small streams of water from various places on these little plots to grow the product. Also the fertiliser, grain seed and everything had to be brought up this torturous path on these people's backs. The farmer I mentioned, the younger one, was obviously very, very strong and well developed with great muscles on his arms and also across his back, and also the calves of his legs, showing the work that was put into it.

I was informed that these two cropped about fifteen tonnes of rice and pineapples each year and seemed to be quite happy though I wouldn't like to try and get Europeans to do the work with such enthusiasm in the same conditions. The farmer selected a pineapple to give to me. He handed it to me and took it back off me and handed it back again and the interpreter explained that he was showing that he was giving it to me; it was his finest pineapple and he wouldn't take any money whatsoever for it; it was a gift to me and it was a nice pineapple.

So we drifted back to the guesting house and I remember at night it's very still apart from the barking of a dog, the whole area was quiet and I woke up with a start. I'd been dreaming and I was listening to music being played; not another sound. This would have been about 2.00 am and I just didn't know where I was for a while, but anyway of course it came back to me and next day I asked through the interpreter who the musician was and he said he didn't know but it was probably one of the workers around the area there being drunk and playing the one string fiddle. I'm not sure, but I think it's called a Samosan. These are some of the weird things that can happen.

Whilst I was there the group decided to take me up to one of their famous spas where they bathe in the special spring water. I don't know the name of this place, it was some distance from Taitung in the mountains, and we got up there and there was a village, quite a village, and there was some sort of hostel or hospital where the soldiers would recuperate. Here's this bath place in the centre of the village, and I have to take a bath. Apparently they'd never seen a European before so they all came down to the bath house to see me and there would be at least two hundred, staring in through the windows and everywhere as I had a bath. They'd never seen anybody with a hairy chest before and this used to fascinate them and especially where there were some of the girls about. As I say, their curiosity is startling, to say the least, the girls would sneak up to me and giggling away would all of a sudden grab one of the hairs on my chest which is quite hirsute and pluck it out and run off giggling; they wanted to make sure it wasn't stuck on.

The Chinese people are extremely polite and I would just through sheer boredom, tell a joke to one of them and they wouldn't understand it, their sense of humour is entirely different. They would walk away puzzled and go and get hold of somebody who could understand English and Jo and behold it might be the next day and you would be standing

there and the same Chinaman would come up and he would look you straight in the face and say 'Haha haha, very funny, very funny!' and bow and walk off; he had forgotten that he had to laugh the day before.

We continued lengthy discussion on the design of the plant, as I said before under extreme difficulties but eventually I got it across to them. As I was leaving next morning for Taipai we had ended up about 10.00 pm and I was exhausted, I could hardly speak I was that hoarse, but apparently I got the message across and I certainly slept. Lo and behold, they woke me next morning about 6.00 am and I still don't know how, but they had completed during the night a complete set of architectural and layout drawings of the services I wanted altered. Now I don't know how they did it or where the people came from who were around there to do it, they must have had them, you might say, hiding in the wings or something. But I was just glad that the matter had been finalised and I was getting out.

I left Taitung in company with the usual entourage flying this time up the East Coast as we had come down the West Coast to get to Taitung. This is magnificently beautiful scenery on the coast and along there I believe it is credited with having the tallest cliffs in the world on the sea front and the mountains move right away continually upwards from the sea to I believe some 13,000 feet.

The trip to Taipai was uneventful and I arrived back at the Friends of China Club where I had stopped previously and again I was entertained for a day or two and also had further discussions covering the Letters of Credit and other matters appertaining to the job. My interpreter was always at my ear and going down the main street of Taipai, which is quite a fashionable area, and these very smart Chinese girls walking both ways and having these split skirts and blouses looking quite smart, as a bit of something to say I asked the interpreter if these girls wear pants? Now that really started something, because me immediately had a conference; everybody stopped and they were looking up the street and eventually down came a very attractive looking Chinese girl and the next thing they had her backed up against the wall of a building and there was a furious argument going on, you could see her face was getting very red but it didn't make any difference. The poor girl had to lift her skirt up to her waist to show me that she did wear pants. Of course, I was probably the most embarrassed, but one has to laugh at these things.

They decided that on the Sunday before I left they would take me up to a mountain resort where the aborigines put on a dancing performance for tourists. These aborigines, as they're called, are the inhabitants that previously inhabited Taiwan before the Chinese and they are Caucasian people and have fair skin and red hair amongst them and they put on this rather pathetic dancing show and we had lunch at this place.

In the meantime, before leaving Taipai I had requested to know if we could take a Chinese girl with us to fit into the movie to show some personal interest rather than just flat moving picture. To this they heartily agreed, and to my astonishment we went down and pulled up at some sort of a girls' hostel in the main part of town and they went in and quite ruthlessly awakened these girls in their beds and demanded that the prettiest come with us, to which the girls refused. So there you were, there was a conference amongst them on the footpath outside and then it was agreed that they would get Miss Soo who was the girlfriend of the entourage.

Figure 25 - TAISTICO PLANT AT TAITUNG, TAWAIN

Process and engineering design Dy Bingham & Co. who also supplied most of the processing plant.

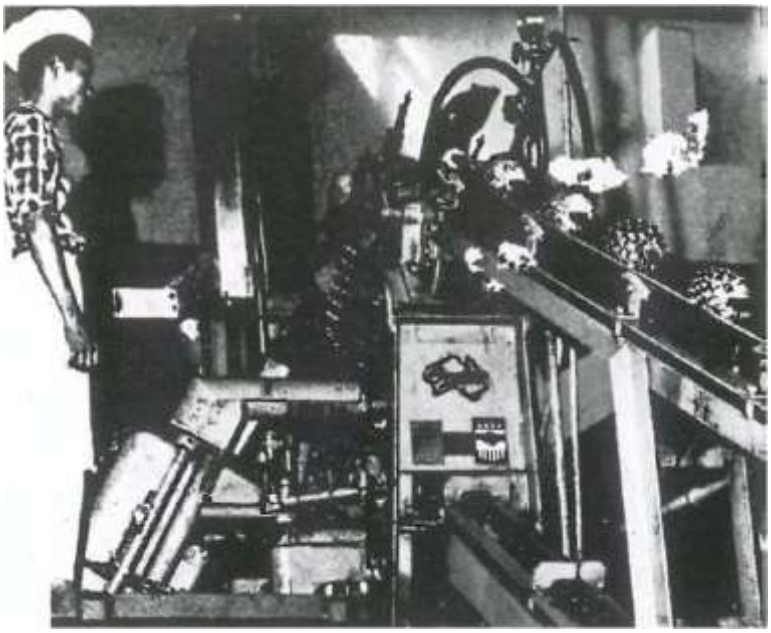

Figure 26 - A BINGHAM PINEAPPLE PEELING, SLICING AND CORING MACHINE

Figure 27 - EMILY B. BREAKS THE CHAMP AG NE TO LAUNCH BURADOO Jack Savage of the builders in the foreground

So we went away, around to another place and the Chinaman in question went into this house and later appeared with Miss Soo, who was quite an attractive little girl; they are all very small. To illustrate their attitude, she spoke English and she had a newspaper parcel which I was told contained her good shoes that she certainly wouldn't use to go up there but would put them on when I was going to take the movies. Now to get to this place, after a considerable journey by car, one must take a trolley car which is pushed by two of the workers, normally field workers. The two little trolleys run on the rails that normally carried the sugar cane and they had seats bolted to them, just like wooden forms. Now they are only quite narrow tracks and so the little vehicle was narrow. Well, Miss Soo had to sit alongside me because she was the smallest and I was the largest in the beam. So we went up pushed by these two labourers and we had two trolleys that is the group of us, right up to where we got to the top of the gorge.

In the gorge, the line was actually built out on bamboo scaffolding off the walls of the cliff at times, and looking straight down, we're looking down maybe fifty or sixty feet onto rocks and there were no guard rails or anything.

Anyway we arrived safely and I took the various movies and we had to cross a footbridge over the gorge, quite a substantial footbridge I suppose sixty or seventy feet above the river and there were no rails or anything except just boards on this footbridge and there were literally hundreds of children playing on it, the little babies more or less a couple of years old sitting with their legs dangling over the top of the gorge. I just wondered how many fell off! Nobody seemed to worry and the kids played happily enough there but I was expecting to see them fall off.

Anyway, we finished the day quite interestingly and commenced on the way home again on the trolleys and this was really a thrill in as much as there were no brakes on these trolleys and the only means of braking was for the operators to jam their poles they used for

pushing us up, between the wheel and the frame somehow because the track in places was quite precipitous.

Anyway, away we went, and believe me I don't want to do it again. At some of the places you whiz around the bends and there facing you right out is just the gorge, nothing more, and the rocks. So Miss Soo was hanging onto my knee with her hand saying "I scare, I scare!" and I said "What do you think I am?" So we eventually were much relieved, well I was and Miss Soo I'm sure, when we got down to the bottom and took the cars home again.

When I returned to Australia, our sons had been reading a Geographic magazine and they had pictures of this very trolley set up and the description of it by an American tourist and she stated that she had asked one of the operators "Isn't this dangerous?" and he said "Yes, but only to the passengers, we can jump off!" and that was about right too.

Before leaving Taipai for Tokyo I was taken on a tour of some of the shrines and one of the Chinamen who spoke reasonable English explained that Buddhism is not so much a religion but a way of life, and they didn't seem to be very careful in their conduct at their shrines. In fact, they walked around laughing and joking and more or less walking over some of the worshipers including I was told some students. There was an old lady before the altar and she was throwing some bone pieces or something, they were a form of talismen I suppose, and the guide explained that she put in so much money which entitled her to so many throws and they landed on the tiled floor in front of the shrine and she then looked at them and they were to bring her good luck but, as he explained, if they didn't come out with luck with any of her five throws she was then allowed to draw a stick out of a vase and set it up on the shrine and this would bring her good luck, because, as he said, they were all good luck sticks, so you can't miss.

I left Taipai and Taiwan with considerable relief, not because of the conditions because I had been really looked after, but being on one's own with these Chinamen, living with them, it creates quite a nervous tenseness trying get them to understand what you may be thinking and to get the message across especially in business and technical matters.

I would strongly advise anybody who wants to tour in the East to visit this island and to see this wonderful agricultural set up where these people farm as they have done for probably thousands of years. I would think that this is the only place in the world to really see Chinese agriculture because it must be remembered that all the other lands of the East have been fought over in wars but with Taiwan, the Japanese surrendered without a fight. So in their occupation they'd apparently not interfered with the local customs nor agricultural operations especially, so they'd gone on as before. When Chiang Kai Chek and his army in retreat from the mainland came there, here again, apparently they didn't interfere with the governing and operation in general of the country, but took the position more like a federal parliament, moving temporarily into one of the states.

The place was particularly heavily fortified and I'd been assured by one of the leading Australian Air force Officers, after seeing the aerodromes and the hundreds of fighter planes on them and stacked away in bunkers alongside the runways, that they were some of the best aerodromes in the world. Whilst I was there and apparently a little before, there had been some sporadic raids on the mainland China by soldiers from Taiwan and the reaction by the mainland to these raids was to kill many, maybe hundreds, of the relatives of the

people of Taiwan as most of the coast and the mainlanders simply butchered these people, took photos of them and then dropped these pamphlets on Taiwan and these were actually being picked up when I was there. It's certainly a deterrent to think that if there's any more raids that that's what is going to happen to your relatives, as it is as well to remember that the Chinese place great store on families. Taiwan is the _place to see the old customs of Old China.

I left Taipai and continued on my journey to Tokyo and was booked in at the Imperial Hotel which is now demolished and replaced, but it was a famous hotel of Western style and very well appointed, very excellent service. I was to meet Alex Sturrock, my old friend from Royal Brighton Yacht Club and as I was walking up the steps of the Imperial Hotel lo and behold I almost bumped into another member of the Royal Brighton Yacht Club, a Mr Peter Dobby, who was engaged in the Wool Trade and visited Japan. We settled into rather a tight schedule of sightseeing in Japan and on my landing at Haneda Airport which is adjacent to Yokohama I first of all was very impressed by the damage the American bombers had done in these gaunt huge factories which I understood were formerly aircraft factories, and the whole of this area of Yokohama had been practically demolished and yet it was getting rebuilt at a furious speed. We had a driver and an interpreter to help us around and this was very necessary up there, because the Japanese writing was so much different to the European system, it is almost impossible to pick up any of it; to find a toilet is quite a job.

Anyway, we proceeded on our way and first took in a few sights around Tokyo itself. These included some immense shopping arcades and also the Tokyo Station was immense and the noise was quite distinctive and very loud caused by the thousands upon thousands of people using the station both in and out and wearing wooden clogs which clackered onto the footpaths. This went on all night, it didn't seem to make much difference what time it was, there seemed to be crowds going in and out of the station.

We were taken for a run around the famous Ginza and the guide who was a young university student speaking excellent English with an American accent, informed us that there was nothing special about the name Ginza and actually in fact Ginza Streets were in practically every town of any size in Japan and the interpretation is the 'Street of Silver Bankers' as in times gone by, silver was the main currency and the bankers tended to congregate in these streets.

We were entertained at various restaurants and there were not very many European tourists at that time and all the tables and chairs, especially the chairs were actually small to western standards and Alex and I couldn't jam ourselves into a number of them. Where chairs were not used and you put your feet under the table and sat flat on the floor on a cushion it was to me unbearable; my back would ache and ache till I could almost yell, but they are very polite people and if you are going to go along with the show you must stick with it.

Another thing that took our interest was when we attended a huge vaudeville review at the theatre and at half time the men went to relieve themselves at a long trough and lo and behold there were as many girls doing the same thing with the men and the guide informed us that what had happened was the women's section was not nearly large enough so the overflow of girls just simply came in and used the men's. There was no embarrassment, but it was certainly unusual for us. .Comparatively early one morning we left by car to visit the

famous shrines at Nikko up in the mountains and quite some distance from ,Tokyo. These shrines are very beautiful and if any person wanted to see something different -they should visit the Nikko Shrines even if they were on a boat only in port for one day it would be to go straight to Nikko because it was the one place that I saw; in Japan that was tqtally different to any others I've seen, and it's very spectacular. On the way up the mountains on a rather, comparatively speaking for those days, rough track we kept on passing thousands of school children who were walking along the roads in companies, -all dressed in school uniform and it was explained to us that they would stop at special hostels overnight and continue on to others as their tour progressed. I've never seen so many young people on the move and so orderly as these groups with an adult looking after each group and it seemed to be a very orderly set up and seemed to be very practical the way they carried their little bags and stopped the nights in these places at obviously cheap rates.

Near Nikko is a very famous Japanese hotel, a comparatively small hotel in the true Japanese style. We stopped the night at this hotel and found it very interesting indeed. The scenery was quite nice and the mountains very spectacular with the snow on them.

On another excursion from Tokyo we were driven up around Mt Fujiama and were very lucky we were told to see the mountain with the sun on it as it is obviously covered with clouds and one is considered to be lucky to strike it when you can really see how beautiful it looks in the distance.

We went from Tokyo to Hakone and we were able to see the huge golden figure of Buddha. This is just close to the sea and apparently not so many years ago it was housed in a suitable building but a tidal wave had come up and washed away the building but it left the figure of Buddha behind and so it has been left now quite open. We made a cruise around the Lake Hakone and returned.

We left Tokyo for Kyoto Osaka area and visited Pearl Island the famous Mikimoto Pearl Farm. This is not a very interesting sight but it is one of those things that looks better on paper than when you see it. We spent some time on the island and bought two pearl shells, which was the normal practice; I forget for how much, but all guaranteed to have a pearl in them. I picked a small shell and a larger shell and the old lady who looked after the bucket with the shells said to me "Small shell, big pearl." So it was, the largest shell had a small worthless pearl, the small one had quite a nice sized pink pearl. Later on, back at the hotel I put them in my case but in one of the pockets in quite an obscure place and as they were only small things, I thought, 'Well, it's tucked away there and I can forget it'. Well, it wasn't to be.

We stopped at the Hotel in Kyoto and this was a really beautiful place and here I arranged for two Geisha girls to dance in these beautiful gardens while I took a movie. Well, the girls said they couldn't dance on the grass so I had to pay for a big square of carpet to be taken out of the entrance I think it was to the hotel and placed outside for the girls to perform their dance, which was quite picturesque and very interesting.

We had a look around Kyoto at the shrines and other places of interest but were not very impressed because it is to some extent we understood a place of quite religious significance and also a seat of learning. But the shrines were very dowdy compared with the shrines at Nikko and the guide, interpeter, informed us that it was the practice of the

Japanese tourist bureau not to emphasise Nikko Shrines to be visited; first because if they are, the other shrines look uninteresting and so they wouldn't be drawing the crowds that are necessary.

We left Kyoto and returned to Tokyo to proceed from there to Hong Kong as by this time it was getting a bit tiresome as it was very repetitive and the drives around the country through the villages were pretty much the same.

The whole of Japan was obviously one of bustling activity and we were given some rather vivid stories of problems during the war with the American bombing and it was very obvious that in general the Japanese were beaten before the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. According to the guide, who had lived through it, he was just too young for the army, each night there were hundreds of thousands of people who left and went up to caves in the hills not far from Tokyo. But, he said that the fires caused the casualties and this must have run into many thousands.

Now it's interesting to note that the fire stations in the villages and small towns are very conspicuous because if a fire starts in these places, with all the houses being of wood, a conflagration takes place very quickly if the fire is not brought under control.

There is a small matter that anybody visiting this area should take mind of and that is get a card or two on which is written in Japanese the name of the hotel where you are staying because otherwise the driver hasn't got a clue. If you can't understand to some extent Japanese even the streets names sound different, but if you can approach the cab driver and show him the card with the written address, that saves a lot of trouble. We found that the cab drivers were quite honest, whereas I would hate to think of what would happen in many other countries of the world if you gave a cab driver just an address to go to, indicating that you obviously didn't know where it was. I am sure that if it was in New York, or even moreso in Paris, you would end up being taken plenty of miles out of your way.

We left Tokyo after I had given up the idea I had of trying to find somebody who could build Bingham equipment under licence for shipment to South America. In those days Australia had little contact with South America in regards to shipping and yet Japan and Hong Kong and Singapore have good regular services. The state of the industry in those days was not as advanced as it is today so I had to give away the idea.

We arrived in Hong Kong and were booked in at the famous Peninsula Hotel in Kowloon. The airport was just getting extended at that time and the runway was getting built out into the bay and to do this these myriads of people, families, were working cutting out huge blocks of blue stone and these were hauled away and dropped in the ocean to form the base. So today the hill is cut away to form the foundations of the bay extension, it is not part of the runway itself. These people were cutting these huge blocks with wire and water and some abrasive and it was amazing the patience that it took to cut the blocks, I would think that some of them would be twenty foot cubes; twenty feet, by twenty feet, enormous pieces of rock. When they would be cut with the wire and abrasive deep enough they were then split by the use of wedges, a really fantastic feat of construction. I can't see how they would do it much differently today, accepting that it would probably cost too much, as bulldozers alike would have no hope of doing the work that these people did.

I class the huge lounge at the Peninsula Hotel as the real crossroads of the world, as you can sit in there in the afternoon and get great entertainment by seeing the different people passing through there in groups and singles, every colour and nationality.

The Swedish Trading Company, a huge Swedish business with a Hong Kong branch was Bingham & Company's agents and the representative of the Swedish Trading Company who handled our business was Mr Ivanchenco and he was one of the most interesting men with whom I had ever spoken. He had been in China from when he was about eight years old and had walked around China in vast areas with his father who was a Russian merchant and they would go from fair to fair with the samples and display them at the fairs in these various cities and some of the figures that he mentioned were really staggering. I think it was Tietsin Fair on the Yellow River, the Yangtzi River was so vast that it took two weeks for the fair, but in that two weeks there might be some fifteen hundred junk loads of goods sold.

He mentioned matches; he said they were sold by the packet and then by the box and then singly because he explained that it was necessary to have at least one match around the place in case the fire went out, and they would have to relight the fire. He said that in those days honesty of the Chinese merchants was absolute. There were no written contracts; the contacts were made and the contracts fixed by what he described as sleeve talk. They would clasp their hands together one to the other like shaking hands but the sleeves would cover the hands and they would talk with their fingers about prices and if they came to an agreement, they would bow and that was it and, he said, many, many millions of pounds and money would be passed this way. He said sometimes the debtors wouldn't be paid for years but they would always be back to pay. If the merchant failed to pay, his family would then pay, but if his family couldn't pay he would commit suicide rather than face the disgrace of not paying his debts.

As Mr Ivanchenco said, now they have come to what they are, but at that time he described the problems there. He claimed that he spoke seventeen different dialects and also wrote fluently in Chinese and also Japanese which is similar I understand. He was trapped in Hong Kong by the Japanese and he said he was held up for a couple of days till he said he saw what they were doing and he got hold of their exit documents and he just wrote himself out a set of documents and took them down and got on the ferry after being questioned and the Japanese had checked his credentials and went to Macau, the Portugese territory and stopped there until after the war. He said he wasn't popular with the communist Chinese and therefore he couldn't visit the old places in China but he handled all the correspondence and discussions in Chinese for the Swedish Trading Company and had some enormous business such as S.K.F. Ball Bearings.

The communist authorities in Canton had heard of my activities and wanted to come to Hong Kong to have some discussions with me on the Tuesday but I didn't wait for them because although we didn't mind selling machinery to produce food I wasn't very keen on helping the communist regime to run it.

We visited a number of places, for instance, the special railway up the peak, and the dinner at the floating restaurant at Aberdeen and other places of interest. Hong Kong is certainly a wonderful place to visit for a limited period without one having some business connections there.

We left Hong Kong and flew to Singapore and again I reiterate how much difference there is flying today when the plane is so high, there is virtually nothing visible in distinction on the ground. But in those days the flying was relatively low and on this particular flight we came down and followed the coast a lot of the way over Indo China and other interesting areas.

In Singapore we stopped at the famous Raffles Hotel and here again it's an old fashioned place and only recently getting rebuilt but it had quite a charm about it and we found our stay in Singapore quite interesting. We did our business there and we were also able to see and meet one of the competitors that would be in the races in the Olympic Games and we were well entertained at the yacht clubs. We were also taken out to a very interesting race track and this was in those days beautifully kept and there were hundreds of Indian women employed in cutting the grass with that special type of cutter which they swung with their hand and which acted pretty much as a mower does today and I was informed by a golfer that they can actually cut a golf green more accurately than a mower and would probably concave the surface better than a mower.

We later on left Singapore and we flew to Perth. Alex kept on to Melbourne but I stopped off for a few days to clean up some business matters with some of our clients in person and I was quite pleased to be back again in Australia as I was getting a little bit tired of the East especially living with these people whose customs are so much different to ours.

I can advise anybody who would be visting that area, that if they have to select one country to visit I strongly suggest they visit Taiwan where as mentioned before, you will see an era of Chinese culture which has not been really disturbed for many hundreds of years whereas war has ravaged every other country in the whole of the eastern area.

The whole of the trip as far as I was concerned had been very successful and later on we were to make quite a business in the area and the progress of building the machinery for the new pineapple plant, the pineapple canning factory in Taiwan proceeded well and after some problems were overcome in the dealing with the people it was considered to be quite a successful job, and one thing to remember is that you usually get the business for spare parts and service and the spare parts for these pineapple factories consist of numerous items, but some of them are quite expendable and therefore have to be replaced yearly. Bingham &: Company had the profitable business for quite a number of years in supplying parts for the pineapple plant.

I probably should mention at this stage that the pink pearl which I mentioned earlier was stolen out of my case.

In the early fifties we had sold a low temperature evaporator to Reg Cahill of Cahill's Restaurants in Sydney. Now this was a special low temperature evaporator and the first modern juice evaporator in Australia we designed had built for the express purpose of handling a moderate amount of orange juice per hour, two tons of orange, and evaporating this down to quite high densities, that is, 42 degree bricks if necessary, and it would operate at temperatures which were quite low and in fact down as low as 37 degrees F. So it can be seen that an extremely high vacuum is necessary and this was obtained quite simply by back up steam ejectors which would produce a vacuum of 98 percent and more of the

ambient barometric pressure, so that one of the problems with these machines is to keep them to the stage, as for instance, a hot day would need no steam supplied at all.

It was quickly found however that it was unnecessary, to produce really good orange juice, to go below about 57 degrees F. as regards evaporating temperature and this made the operation considerably more simple as if the temperature was to fall. it would only take a matter of minutes before some tons of orange juice being processed would be frozen into solid blocks and then this would take days to thaw out. It was unfortunate that we never got the plant into operation before Reg Cahill died. It remained in his estate for some time. I think it would be about the time that I returned from Japan and the East. It was sold by the estate to Roy Siddons of Siddons Industries manufacturers of hand tools.

We undertook to erect the plant for Siddons at Robinvale where he had a magnificent irrigated farm of 640 acres, that is, one square mile right on the Murray River. This was mostly planted with olives but it also had a considerable amount of orange groves. We were to supply only the engineering supervision for the erection and we put one of our best outside men on this with the most experience, Bill McKinnon, a very likeable fellow, and one not to lose his head easily. But Siddons only saw fit to erect the plant mostly at weekends, which meant that he would come up in his Rolls Bentleigh and work through Friday night until Sunday night. Eventually Bill McKinnon gave up trying to explain to him that all the flange joints and pipe joints had to be as near to perfection as possible otherwise they would leak and even a slight hole or leak not larger than a pin head would destroy the whole operation. However, he looked on and eventually the plant was largely put together without the use of bolts on the flanges and they were ramset, that is, the ramset fastening system for which Siddons Industries were the distributors and manufacturers.

The great day came when the plant had to be tested and according to Mr Siddons everything should be ready to go. We had the instrument people who had supplied the control instruments, a very important position, to be there and one of our senior engineers to be there. Now before the testing the whole plant is filled with water and subjected to some pressure to detect even the most minor of leaks which would have to be repaired before the plant could operate. The ill-fitting pipe joints and flanges were that bad that they had difficulty even getting in enough water, to the great amusement of Bill and our Senior Engineer, and of course, to the discomfort of Roy Siddons. The water just more or less poured out of the leaks. So that was the end of it. It all had to be pulled to pieces, and under the supervision of Bill McKinnon and experienced fitters, put back together again.

Now the machine that was to do the squeezing for the extraction of the juice was a second-hand machine in good condition which I had bought in Florida U.S.A. and this could handle the modest amount we wanted to do in oranges which was about two tons per hour, that is roughly fifty tons of oranges per day because it was necessary to operate the plant for 24 hours a day and six days per week before we stopped and cleaned. Roy had intimated to me when we were going into the economics of putting the plant in in the first place that he had some 1500 tons of oranges available and as we would need not less than 2000 tons to make it a viable proposition we struck a real problem when it turned out that Siddons farm could only supply about 350 tons.

As I was well known down the Murray in the citrus and dried fruits industry because of supplying packaging machinery, I decided to go down and see if I could talk to the industry in

general, that is mostly co-operatives, into supplying a limited amount at a factory price for the plant. But I was unsuccessful, in fact it thoroughly amazed me when I spoke to Ted Eagle of the Barham Packing Company and he told me if I remember rightly that he packed for his own purposes at the co-operative some 250,000 bushells making him probably the largest grower in Australia. I explained to him that with all the plantings that were going on which is indicated in the available graph, that they would be wise to ensure that there was sufficient factory fruit available to keep the Siddons plant in operation at Robinvale. All to no avail, and looking back over the problem we now know that the orange juice manufacturer was taking probably 90 percent of the fruit that's grown, and still much is imported. So these were some of the problems we faced in trying to pioneer anything.

We secured for the plant operation a young man with considerable experience and whom we could recommend and later on we suggested to Roy Siddon that he employ a food chemist to ensure the quality was kept right and we again found him the right man. But he didn't last long, because he said he was sick of sitting around most of the week and then be expected to work continuously from Friday to Monday, so he left. Then I think Bill Wheeler, the Manager was engaged and by this time Bingham & Company had given away the association because we just could not get the necessary co-operation to see the plant operated correctly

Some of the events that went on up there, it's just like a Keystone comedy. To save the large expense of having a continuous freezing system for the frozen orange juice we introduced a pasteurizer so that the juice could be quickly almost flash-pasteurized before canning and with the cans being sterile the juice in this condition would last quite a considerable time under ordinary conditions, certainly enough time to get it through the few hours to be driven to Melbourne and frozen at the works of J.R. Allen & Son who were the distributors.

Well, according in Bill Wheeler, one of the most bizarre incidents in the canning industry that I'd ever heard of took place. Roy decided that the juice would be sent down by rail and so save money on transport. It was pointed out to him that there was no suitable vehicle even on the property to transport the juice to the station so Roy said they would use the old truck which had no brakes or lights and was only used to drive around the plantations with manure and supplies and the like, and it had no proper tray on it. The tray was fixed up and a heap of this orange juice that was not sterilized but only pasteurized before canning was loaded on the truck and then started off on its journey to the railway station quite a distance away. As the truck had no battery, that was another problem. So Roy undertook to tow it with the Bentley to start it and Bill was to blow the horn when the truck started.

Well, away went Roy and, in Bill's words 'having no brakes', he blew the horn and Roy stopped dead and Bill said he estimated he was doing 4-5 rph when he passed him, in fact, it snapped the tow rope. Anyway, he was on his way. He remarked to his off-sider in the truck as they were going down the road that there was a lot of roadworks in progress and he had to climb over the road at a spot and he hoped they wouldn't meet anything because they had no brakes. Lo and behold, a semi appeared almost then. It hit the old truck they were driving, and turned it over onto its side and emptied all the canned orange juice onto the road.

They got out and surveyed the damage and Bill sent his offsider some distance up the road to where they could see a farmhouse to ring up Roy and tell him, which he did. As he said Roy's response was so fast probably the fellah hadn't put the phone down before Roy was back and they decided to patch it up. So they patched it up and got loaded up again, got it towed to start, and away they went. When they arrived at the station the train had left and it was probably a Thursday so that the cans of unsterilized orange juice had been sitting on the station in the heat for about a day and a half and before being put in a louvered truck and taken down to Melbourne, arriving sometime on Saturday. Again, more hot weather.

Our friends, Messrs J.R. Allen & Sons were the agents for the juice and had the facilities to freeze it. The General Manager was a friend of ours, Colin Crone and he got a ring from the railways department to say that there were explosions going on in a truckload of orange juice at Dynon Road Yard, so he went out there and sure enough there were explosions going on because the pressure in the cans had built up that much they were blowing the cans to pieces. We had not heard of this until we got a complaint from Roy Siddons that there was something wrong with the plant. It was only of course after investigation that we finally found out the series of stupid acts that had brought it on.

I think about that time Siddons plant at Robinvale closed down and sometime later, maybe a year or two, I had a ring one night from Archie Spooner the Chairman of Directors of Tom Piper Ltd to ask me about the plant, was it any good? Would it work? I said, yes of course it would work. He said he had been offered the plant and had more or less agreed to buy it on some amount of cash and shares of Tom Piper and so the assets up there as regards some of the machinery had been grossly exaggerated but this certainly didn't fool Archie and his brother. Anyway, the plant was installed at Tom Piper at Port Melbourne and continued to give excellent service for many years and was the first commercial operation turning out an excellent quality frozen orange juice.

So later on, some years later, the public went crazy on it here and there were plants put in all over the place. It is now the standard method of marketing juice and also the sale of the orange juice has risen so sharply that much of these concentrates are imported from various countries such as Brazil, Florida and Israel. A considerable proportion of this frozen concentrate in 44 gallon drums is stored by the family warehousing company, Munro Frozen Warehousing and it's quite a large business receiving something of a set back with the frosts here sometime back, I think two years. Anyway, the industry was started in operation at Robinvale but the idea was Reg Cahill's and his family's company were the instigators.

Chapter Twenty Four

Bingham a□d Company were progressing very well and reasonably smoothly and it was obvious to me that something would have to be done about exploiting our agency in South Africa for pitting machines, that is the Filper Pitting Machines.

So on February 1st, 1957, David Browne our Sales Manager and myself left Sydney, first stopping at Darwin and then after refuelling and servicing, we left immediately for the Cocos Islands via Port Hedland, flying straight over the aerodrome there and then on out to sea without stopping. It was only sort of an emergency to come down if they were short of fuel for the long haul to Mauritius. I said to Dave Browne as we were passing out over Port Hedland and out to sea

"Well, there it is, we are leaving Australia and we've got to sell at least 80,000 pounds worth of equipment while we are away."

and he was very subdued and said

"I thought we were going on a trip to learn things" and I said

"Yes, but I've never left yet and not come home without having done enough business to pay my expenses."

In this case I estimated it was going to cost about 8,000 pounds so we had to do about 80,000 pounds worth of business for the ten percent commission to pay our way.

"How are we going to do it?" he asked

"I haven't got a clue. But we will do it." I replied

And so along this spirit we arrived at Cocos after a pleasant flight and then on to Mauritius where we followed the usual performance in those days -that was to land at Mauritius and to be taken to the small town on the top of the range called Curepipe and then to have a day stopover there.

This was very pleasant as usual and we engaged a Madam Boofet to be the guide and she spoke quite fluent English but I was rather dismayed to find that the girl who had previously shown us around in 1953, Georgine Saushe, had had various problems and was then in a mental nursing home, a very pretty girl and I was sorry that she met such a fate.

We left for Johannesburg and previously we had met up with a gentleman on the plane, an Australian known as Max Gamble, though I had never met him before, he was so like his brother Keith Gamble, an agricultural officer for the Heinz Company, we asked him if he was any relation and he said yes and this carried on for quite an interesting flight. Unfortunately we were delayed in getting away from Mauritius and did not arrive into Johannesburg until quite late at night and had had no dinner and only a light lunch as we were supposed to arrive by lunchtime.

We were booked into the Carlton Hotel which was at that time probably the largest hotel in South Africa but not the most modern and was later pulled down and is now an enormous complex. By the time we had booked in, that is David Browne and myself, as we had rooms reserved, it would be about 2.30 am. Unfortunately Max Gamble who was with us

couldn't get any accommodation at all and he had to leave next morning a bit after 5.00 am to catch a plane to Kenya or someplace where he was the Agricultural Officer for the big Australian Coffee Company growing coffee and tea. I went into the Night Club which was just closing down and enquired as to whether or not we could get a meal and, knowing my way around a little, I made a noise like some dollar bills and they said yes, so we sat down to quite a good meal of steak or something like that just as the band was closing down.

Now there is nothing I like better than to hear some music of rather pleasing type of melody played while I am eating, so this time we had a few drinks and I asked the orchestra whether they would play something and here again I paid them and they said yes, quite happily. So there they went, they played, we ate, Ole drank, they played, we ate and we drank, and the net result was we left about 4.00 am from the Night Club.

Everything else was closed and Keith Gamble took his suitcase up with him to my room and he just had time to have a shower, a shave and a wash when it was time for him to leave. Fortunately Dave Browne and I didn't have to get up that early. I never met Max Gamble or his brother Keith again but I saw some reference in the paper over there some years later where he had been appointed to some other government position. I am sure that his flight from Johannesburg on North would have been without any pain.

We started our sales tour by interviewing Mr George Watson of Henry Jones Ltd who had been formerly Sales Manager but who was now Managing Director and his son Les Watson was the Manager of the big plant at Paarl.

We caught the 6.00 pm plane to Cape Town and had a very unsatisfactory trip really as the plane was overcrowded and it was a very hot day and not flying very high the atmosphere inside the plane almost became unbearable, in fact a number of women passed out. On a Wednesday I visited in Cape Town and had a long discussion with Mr E. V. Howes the Senior Executive Shareholder of the business of Dart &: Howes who were probably the largest shipping agents in Africa and also had a very virile travel agency which became quite important and useful to us. We were stopping at the Grand Hotel but then moved to the Mt Nelson and we met two of the senior representatives of Associated Canneries, Mr Simon Hellar and Dr Sacks. We had a long discussion with them and I thought that eventually we would do considerable business with them. We picked up our hire car which was a small Morris and went up to Paarl via Groote Drakenenstein to see various canners on the way including Mr Ward Gant and Jimmy Swanning of Gants Foods and Mr Sands the Engineer. We had arranged for two Filper machines to be installed at Gant's Food Factory and to be run in tests against two F.M.C. machines. We visited the Jones' plant at Paarl and they were running about 17,000 cases of peaches per day. They bought outright a number of F.M.C. Peach Pitters so it would be fairly difficult to shift them. We visited Rhodes Fruit Farms and met Mr Vasagie who was the Manager of Rhodes Fruit Farm Plant, a very nice operation. Though Mr Vasagie was of Afrikaans descent, he was very pro-British and had an English wife. The Rhodes Fruit Farms incidentally are just the most magnificent set up of any orchard I've ever seen. From the old Cecil Rhodes home which has a magnificent position on the hill overlooking the orchards which run down for quite a considerable distance. These orchards consist not only of fruit but also of grapes and, in fact, I understood at that time they were marketing 150,000 boxes of grapes per year in Europe. The cannery and the farms were now owned by three businessmen, and they had given Mr Vasagie as Factory Manager instructions that the quality of the products he canned had to be so good that it

would be the best .and they said that if in their travels around the world that they opened a can of Rhodes Fruit Farms' and found the fruit unsatisfactory, he would lose his job. It was quite a nice atmosphere to start in operation with as the Filper we thought would meet their requirements and so it turned out. We arranged demonstrations of the Filper machines and they were very impressed.

On Sunday, March 3rd we took the cable car up the cableway to the top of Table Mountain and it was very thrilling so I took a lot of movies. It was certainly something, to me at least, a little bit nerve-wracking as the cable car swings, and it was open -that is, you could lean out and look down over the side, and you are looking down thousands of feet. You get quite a relief when you are coming up and you can see the Cable Station at the top of the mountain getting quite close then all of a sudden you go over the top of a crevice and the crevice is actually the full depth of the mountain -quite a shock to suddenly come over the top when you think you are at the end of the journey and look down to find you are looking down thousands of feet. Dave Browne reckons that he left his fingerprints forever in the steel angle iron surrounding the top ridge of the body of the cable car.

We picked up our Austin 50 car in the evening which was much better than the small car we had. We then carried out numerous tests and visited continually over the next few weeks numbers of canneries around and on top of which I had to arrange for the transmission of funds to America and also to arrange our own banking facilities and to also see the Secretary for Industry, Mr De Waal Myer and they were all very helpful. I

was most impressed. There wasn't the shilly-shallying that goes on in dealing with our own government departments, they just said straight out yes or no.

We later on visited the Langeberg Ko-operasie at Ashton and arranged for tests. Our opposition Sales Manager, Peter Perkins for F.M.C. was there also trying to sell pitting machines because this time we were starting to liven them up a little bit. We got excellent results and became quite friendly with the personnel. While walking around the canneries it was just amazing to see how the natives carried trays of filled cans of fruit on their heads and on dishes of trimmed fruit without touching them.

While in Ashton we visited the Ashton Canning Company run by a father and son, the Barnard's. Now Mr Barnard had originally worked in Melbourne for A.J.C., that is, the Australian Jam Company at their plant in Prahran as Foreman and later went over and worked for Jones' in Paarl before starting this small cannery, and they seemed to be going very well. Mr Barnard was ill at that time and he remained unwell for several years and I didn't see much of him. But his plant was managed quite ably by his son Koos, who was a real Afrikaans.

On our way back from Ashton, we called in to demonstrate the Filper at the Associated Canneries Plant at Worcester, managed by Mr Jim Shelley who had been Secretary when I'd been there previously. They had lost our machine temporarily but eventually it was found and we set it up for demonstration which was very good. I finalised in Cape Town the banking account with the Standard Bank of Africa and also arranged with Mr De Waal Myer who referred me to the Secretary to the Treasury Mr Gerald Brown and Mr Brown was quite helpful and gave our company the right to transmit funds from the Filper Machines to

wherever we wanted to send them, mostly to America. But, as I pointed out to him, if I had an open ticket to transfer these funds I would see that they were transmitted at the best advantage to the South African Treasury, and faithfully carried out this over the years. I must say that I found that the Standard Bank of Africa was very very efficient, especially dealing in international monetary transactions and much in advance of the Australian banks we dealt with.

On a Sunday, we drove down to Cape Point to the lighthouse that is the lighthouse beyond at the very tip of the Cape of Good Hope. It is quite picturesque and the wind was that strong that we had to crab fashion down and hang onto rocks even on the path. The feature of this area is that there are a number of baboons that are loose around there and they are quite a nuisance and are also somewhat aggressive, especially if annoyed. The biggest problem with them is that they sit all over the cars and they just crap all over the cars.

We came back via Simon's Town which is on the approach to what is known as False Bay. This is a huge area of bay that stretches, I think, about sixty miles to Cape Aghulas. Now Cape Aghulas is really the most southern tip of the African Continent, and not the Cape of Good Hope as many people assume. False Bay is where the currents of the cold Atlantic Ocean meet the currents from the comparatively warm Indian Ocean and this is quite remarkable. On a previous trip there I had remarked to a friend who had driven me there why were the people all swimming in one area of the beach and rather crowding it out while to the west of the point there was comparatively nobody in that water. I imagined there might have been sharks or rocks or something. He said

"No. Come down." So we walked down.

He said "Take you shoes and socks off." which we did and we walked in and then sort of walked parallel with the beach. Well I can just assure you that walking from the area in which the swimmers were and was influenced by the warm water from the Indian Ocean, until you walked into the cold water of the Atlantic Ocean was quite a shock -and so it was very easy to see what divided the swimmers. It was rather interesting at this point because a lot of people sort of assume, and I certainly did, that Cape Town is sort of way down south in latitude when actually it isn't. It is about the same latitude as Sydney and has weather conditions very similar to Melbourne, and it was actually a little north of Port Elizabeth on the east coast of South Africa, which has a semi-tropical climate more like Townsville. It is apparent that one time the Cape Town area and Table Top Mountain and the surrounding mountains were an island and that the water would come through and across between the Indian Ocean at False Bay and gradually over the years this has built up so that it is just flat country after one leaves Cape Town to go east. This is a strip that runs from False Bay around to Cape Town.

One of the highlights at this point was our visit to Royal Cape Yacht Club on a night that Gordon Burn wood was speaking on the Olympics in Melbourne in 19 56 for which I think he was the Captain· of the South African team, he was certainly skipper in one of the classes and we became quite friendly here. I didn't see him again for some years and I was coming out of a Hotel at a place called the Whale after having lunch and he was coming in and we just had a friendly minute's chat and off. They were really nice fella's the South African Yachting Team. I was made an Honorary Member of the Royal Cape Yacht Club and

I gave them a trophy called the Burradoo Trophy named after my 5.5 yacht which represented Australia and some years later I ran into Burwood, the first thing he said to me was that we raced for your trophy last Sunday.

We had arranged to have the demonstration machine transferred from the Jones' factory in Paarl to Gant's Food Factory and was able to give a good demonstration but could not contact Ward Gant and on the brainwave of Dave Browne we went out to Laurenceford Estate which was owned by Mrs Gant that is Ward Gant's wife. What a fantastic place this was! Consisting of some 9,800 acres of orchards, forests, grape vineyards and it was magnificent to see. They had a lot of natives working for them who had been working for them for generations. I was led to understand that Ward Gant's wife had been the grand-daughter of one of the large merchant retailers in Cape Town and it was beautifully kept. Most of the Bantu People who lived in their quarters which were quite pleasant, had worked there for generations. It is hard to criticize these situations when compared with their homeland, as in this instance, they were even given vitamin shots every so often when they were examined by doctors and everybody was kept in work of some description even just for their keep. I remember one very old native who was practically blind and his job was to just wander round the vineyards ringing a bell occasionally to frighten away the birds.

The Gants had, for private operation, an enormous water storage for irrigation, had their own winery where their wines were processed not only for themselves but for other people around.

This was certainly an empire. Something worth seeing. We had lunch with them and Dave and I certainly really punished him on the virtues of the Filpers in these operations and also other equipment. This turned out to be of considerable importance so later on we leased them seventy Filper machines. On again visiting Mr Manning, the General Manager and Mr Vasagie of Rhodes Fruit Farms, Mr Manning said he would not consider leasing any equipment but would be interested in buying it. I had lunch on a later occasion with Mr Vasagie and his wife and in the end he said

"Well, there is no good bluffing, we want the Filpers."

So he got the machines and that was a turning point in our success in Africa of introducing the Filper Machine. We, at this time, unfortunately had to shift from the Mt Nelson Hotel to the Sea Point Hotel. We could not stop any longer at the Nelson due to heavy bookings. The Sea Point Hotel was just a place, but very nicely situated right down on the beach at Sea Point looking out over the Atlantic Ocean.

The meals there were quite indifferent and we decided to look for somewhere better and certainly better we got. We started to have our meals at the Manchester Hotel in Strand Street. This was an old hotel but their restaurant was one of the best I've ever been in in the world. It was run by a Mr Turner who had come out there after the war. Pre-war, his family had run a big catering business in Scotland for various events and he certainly knew his business. The one thing was that you could sit in the lounge when you had been allotted a table and had ordered your meal and when the steward came and told you that your meal was ready, you went and sat at the table because if you didn't you couldn't get a table again, as everything was served as it was cooked – beautiful. There was only one other hotel that I can remember having the same set up and that was one of the old hotels in Singapore, The

Adelphi, where the same thing occurs and it is very good because you know that you are going to get your meal when you want it, how you want it. In later years I became quite friendly with Mr Turner as I invariably had my dinner there if I was on my own.

On Wednesday, March 20th, we caught the 1. 15 pm plane to Port Elizabeth on the East Coast to have a look at the Pineapple Industry there and to see if we could do some business. I may say that in the meantime, apart from quoting Filpers and pushing the Filper business for which we were in South Africa, we were also quoting Bingham's Standard Equipment though not with any great success up to that moment and keeping in mind that I had warned Dave Browne that we had to sell at least 80,000 pounds worth of equipment, things weren't so good, but I still stuck at it and we quoted any possible instance we could to all· the canneries. As it later turned out some would take them up even not in the same year.

We ended up staying at the Marine Hotel in Port Elizabeth and it was very noisy and in the end I dragged one of the mattresses into the sitting room as we had a suite. Soon after arriving we made again the acquaintance of Mr Sam Richardson of the Richardson Brothers whom we had previously met in 1953 and immediately he gave us free seats to the "Barrets of Wimpole Street" which was showing in one of their theatres. Sam was quite peeved that he had not received a copy of the movie that we had taken in 1953 and I had not sent it on because I felt that it would not be of much interest to them. However, later I rectified this on return to Australia and did send over the short film taken on their magnificent property.

On Thursday, 21st March, we visited the Langeburg Factory at Port Elizabeth that was handling pineapples and met Mr Buchanan the Engineer, very nice fellow, and Mr Levison, Production Manager and Dr Gerschell, the Manager. The place was in one hell of a mess and these old Ginaca machines they had were doing an awful job and so were the F.M.C. Slicers and copies thereof as obviously they had built some themselves. They were definitely interested in some pineapple peeling and coring machines and we undertook to give them a layout of the proposal we had. We showed them a movie of our pineapple peeling and coring machines in operation and they were very impressed. Later, I contacted Fred Short, Director of Henry Jones' and Manager of their pineapple factory. I was not very impressed with their factory, but it was certainly a long way ahead of Langeburg as far as neatness and operation.

We visited for lunch with Fred Short and his wife and he turned on an oyster lunch and they were very large oysters and generally speaking I shied off large oysters of any kind in general because I think of the old Stewart Island Oysters which were imported from New Zealand which were large and had no flavour and were tough but these large Port Elizabeth oysters were beautiful and certainly we had a skinful of them.

Fred Short did not have any direct say in ordering equipment and we left him. But in the meantime I set Dave Browne to work on a layout idea for the Langeburg Factory and using (a tall fellow) the windowsills which were about two feet wide as this multi-storey building was concrete, as a rest and with some instruments we had picked up and he was able to develop a layout showing the general proposals and this was submitted to the drafting staff and Mr Hansmann who was, I think, at that time the Chief Engineer of Langeburg and other members.

We had a very pleasant evening out at the Marine Hotel with dinner and afterwards David Browne and I gained the impression that Dr Gerschell and Mr Levison the Factory Manager were on the skids and this proved to be true. On the Saturday we went out to what is known as Farm Whitney which is still I believe operated by Jones' IXL and was then owned by the Jones' Company and was met by Mr Hurl the Afrikaans Manager, a well-educated efficient operator. They put on a dancing show for us and were throwing around quite a bit of tit. There were 1200 acres mostly under pines but later plantations had been much better contoured and producing about 4,000 tons of cayenne pineapples per year and this is probably now up to maybe 10,000 tons. On Sunday, March 24th, I was able to contact the daughter of a very old friend of mine in Melbourne, a Mrs Hannley. We later went out and had lunch at the Golf Club with them and in the course of conversation in walking around we were shown the dense mass of almost impenetrable growth of this type of bush and was told that the Bantu caddies lived in there somewhere and there had been a couple of murders and rapes taken on there.

Incidentally, Mr Hanley and his wife returned to Melbourne and he was appointed the Administrator for Geelong College and I think he later went further up the ladder.

On returning to Cape Town we perused the organising of the Filper operation in South Africa in a legal sense and I had arranged for the final agreements to be printed so that they looked quite businesslike and this was arranged by Fairbridge Ardern &: Laughton, the legal company which was handling the business and proved a wonderful asset and so very friendly. Mr Paul Fisher had not been well but his assistant carried out everything and we distributed these agreements around, copies and then started to pursue the matter of cleaning up the possibilities as we could not hang around Africa forever. Things started to happen and to finalise a number of agreements I felt it necessary that Rhodes Fruit Farm's Agreement be finalised as Mr Manning, the Manager, had intimated they would proceed. Dave Browne and I went out to the Fruit Farm in the evening and put it to Mr Manning, in fact I laid the agreement down on the table for him to sign. He didn't sign it at that time, and offered us a drink, in fact, he had some good whisky and I just sat there having an odd talk and we were there for quite some time, I would say for over an hour, and Mrs Manning was obviously getting quite upset as she apparently had a dinner party on that night. I was not impressed by this for I was there for one job and that was to get this agreement signed. So I just kept on drinking quietly and talking to Mr Manning and Dave Browne, seeing the situation, became quite embarrassed, but it didn't make any difference to me. I wanted to get it signed and I wasn't going to shift until it was. It started to get dark and Mrs Manning came in all lit up and eventually she called John Manning out to somewhere outside and she must have said, for heaven's sake, go in and sign it and get rid of this fellow. So he came back and signed it and away we went, back to Cape Town to have an excellent meal at the Manchester.

The signing of the agreement with Rhodes Fruit Farms, because of the respect for this company held by the fruit industry, helped us significantly in signing up other companies. A few days after our visit to Rhodes we had in sight leases for some 200 machines, giving us a rental of a minim um of $140,000.

Fruit Pitters Pty Ltd had their registered office in the same office as our accountants Messrs Gurney Notchutt &: Fisher whereas our operating office was with Dart &: Howes Pty Ltd where Bill Howes had made a very comfortable office available and so we were in and

out frequently, Bill Howes and son Graham were always interested in our progress. Bill mentioned to me that each year he received an invitation, and he thought he could secure one for me, to The Deciduous Fruit Board's big cocktail party and thus give me the opportunity of meeting leaders in the fruit industry. The chief guest was Mr Duplessis, the Chief General Manager of all railways, all harbours and all airways. I was introduced and found he was quite interested and friendly and he asked me did I know Mr Aubury McKenzie, Chairman of the Melbourne Harbour Trust, and I said

"Yes, I know him very well, he is a great friend of mine."

He seemed to admire Aubury as I did too, and he explained that he had been a member of a Commission of Enquiry into some port which I think was Rangoon in Burma and Aubury was also one of the Commissions. I had a discussion with him and it was about that time that South African Airlines was going to start its service from Australia and we had travelled on Qantas, which was the only one available, and that flew out of Darwin as mentioned earlier, which I felt was just stupid as far as the South African passengers were concerned but it certainly suited Qantas and of course with Qantas it doesn't matter what the passengers think, if they can use them in monopolistic tactics, the passengers rate a bad second. I explained and suggested to Mr Dupelessis that they should come in and out through Perth, and explained that in my case and every other businessman who came from the Eastern States en route to Africa could generally do some business on the way by stopping off and joining the flight at Perth, and I found this very convenient because by stopping off at Perth and spending a day or two there before going on, I could do considerable business, whereas flying up from Sydney to Darwin, which is the end of the road as far as Australia is concerned for commerce of any significance and then flying from there and bypassing Perth, flying direct to the Cocos Islands and then Mauritius, Johannesburg. He must have thought about it and later on he put on a small party at his Cape Town apartment, as apparently he and his wife had apartments at various places because of the significance of his job. So Bill Howes and I were invited along with a number of people and we carried on after the main party closed down, probably about 1.00 pm, and we had further long discussions on the problems of Australia and South Africa especially on fruit export, and he again brought up the subject and we discussed at length the reason why they should start and fly from Perth and of course this is exactly what South African Airlines did and they forced Qantas to do the same. One of the gentlemen I met at the big party was a man named John Redding, who was a friend of Bill Dunstan's and Bill Dunstan was connected with one of the leading firms in Melbourne and his brother was a newspaper reporter, Keith. He later became quite prominent and his father was Sir William Dunstan V.C., the Chief of the Herald.

I had Mr Fisher make out an agreement for D. W. Bingham & Co., that the agency for South Africa to be given to Moolenaar of Deljosaphat, really a suburb of Paarl. I'd great hopes for this agreement but it didn't mature and these two Hollanders (this is, born in Holland) turned out to be unreliable as regards to keeping the agreement, but I was not to find this out till later. We'd now reached a stage where we would receive a very considerable order, I think it was six pineapple peeling and coring machines and two trimming belts and slicers. We were now about to tie up the loose ends and depart for Europe. As far as direct sales were concerned, we had sold much more than I had given Dave Brown as a minimum and I think somewhere in the region of 130,000 pounds sterling.

We flew to Johannesburg preparatory to leaving for Europe, and during our brief stopover I saw the Zulu Land Pineapple Growers representative and it was truly amazing to see the size of some of the pineapples that he displayed. The ones I saw were supposedly comparatively small, yet they were two feet long and probably about nine to ten inches in diameter, but too big for processing in the normal way and I rather suspect that they would be found to be watery on the inside, much of this stuff that is grown under tropical conditions is.

We paid a courtesy call on the Australian Trade Commissioner and took him out for a drink and then on Friday, April 19th we left by DC6B, the French Airline U.A.T. and had rather an unpleasant trip in the afternoon to Brazzaville in the French Congo and here we had quite a, rather to me, bizarre experience.

This was a French City and we were stuck here again with engine trouble or something, some hours delay, it was very hot and we wanted a drink. We had French Francs, Australian Pounds, Sterling, U.S. Dollars, South African Rand, but they simply refused in the bars and the shop to take any such money and demanded of all things, Belgian Francs. Now, Brazzaville is on the Congo River and further downstream is the large city of Leopoloville and apparently they did all their business in getting supplies through Belgian Congo so they just wouldn't take French money even though it was a French country. Anyway, after a lot of hee-hawing between several of us we got them to agree to take German Marks and there was a German gentleman there who was going back to Germany and he had considerable money in Marks, so we bartered American Dollars for Marks and settled down to have quite a pleasant chat amongst, I think, about six of us including the German.

It would have been probably about 8.00 pm when we left to fly to Nice and we were informed that we would come down at Port Lemay, the big French base for the Foreign Legion. After we had left, and this time we were showing a little sign of wear from the amount we had drunk at the airport, we were served by the French stewards. There were no female stewards on board and only a handful of people on the plane so we were fed champagne. We had beautiful steak, a really excellent meal, everything and plenty because there were so few on the plane. But anyway the stewards started drinking and lo and behold sometime after the dinner they just passed out, flopped into the seats and fell asleep. That left us with the bar fully open and no barman. So acting in turn as barman, we had what might be termed a skinful and we then prepared for bed and I think we had sleeping berths, or at least well laid out sleeperettes, and I didn't wake up all night.

We didn't come down at Port Lemay and when I woke up, probably about 2.00 am, I peered out of the window and there was brilliant moonlight. We were flying over the Sahara Desert. Now I've flown over many deserts, or so-called deserts, and there is usually something in the way of vegetation no matter how sparse, but flying over the Sahara to me was uncanny, as the sand dunes were absolutely stark, there was nothing but sand and we were flying comparatively low and I could see in the moonlight distinctly the waves of sand and no sign of anything, just sand and I was lying there looking out of the window for some hours and eventually I could see it was cold. It looked cold. We carried on over the mountains of Northern Africa and there it was just the opposite, the plains down to the sea looked absolutely lush with vineyards and orchards and all sorts of agricultural development.

We flew over the sea and landed at Nice at about 10.15 am and we got some accommodation after great difficulty at the Mondial Hotel. The suite we had was old· fashioned but quite nice at the first glance. We were really amazed at the bathroom, as the bath was so big and long and so high off the floor, a little stairway was fitted in to get into the bath. Soon after we retired, we woke up to the fact that the noise was just terrific as the hotel had never been designed for today's traffic. So in desperation, sometime in the night, I got up and dragged the mattress from the bed and put it in the bath and slept in the bath on the mattress, and the high walls of the bath kept the sound out and on top of that the bathroom was itself reasonably quiet. In the morning I dragged the mattress back in and repeated that night in the bath. There were only two nights we were stopping anyway.

We went to Monte Carlo on the Sunday and saw the beautiful yacht harbour in Monte Carlo. There was a race on for the 5.5 which was the class of my champion Australian boat. The French boat, the Jilliate, which-we had raced against in Port Phillip in the Melbourne Olympics, was racing and we had a nice conversation with the Skipper and the foreword hand, Mr Herbelet.

We went up and visited the Casino and I may add at this time we had been joined by a young sailor from one of the American U.S. cruisers in the harbour at Nice and he just wouldn't let us out of his sight. He was in ci viii an clothing and he explained that he joined the Navy and ne had lived his life on a small farm in the mid western area and just didn't know anything about foreign cities and the difficulties with the language. I went into the Casino and watched the play and eventually ended up in one of the rooms, and I may say that the Casino looked absolutely threadbare, the carpets were worn and the whole place looked neglected and there was not such a lot of players.

I was at one of the roulette tables and there was a French lady there and she smiled and I said something to her in English and she immediately replied in English, as I couldn't understand the French, so I suggested that we put up a few francs each, and she said

"Well, I come in on occasions, but I don't expect to win."

So I said "I will give you the money and you bet for the both of us," and she did and we had a few spins and did our money. She thanked me, I bowed and thanked her and that was that and we returned to Nice and the Mondial.

On the monday morning we had to leave early on a plane for London and taxis were very scarce, but we had ordered one the night before. There was a German commercial gentleman who was stopping there, and he wanted a taxi to the airport°too and asked if he could share the cab and halve the fare. So we agreed to that but he said "Let me do the negotiations."

Well, then we got an object lesson which I have found too often in dealing with the French. We had hardly left the hotel in the taxi when the German was speaking in a loud voice to the taxi driver and he altered his course and whenever he went to go on another run around the German soon put him back on the spot and the net result was that we got out to the airport from the hotel (exactly the same in reverse that we had got two days' previously for 1325 francs) only now the charge was less that 800 francs.

We had a pleasant trip on an Elizabethan, and what seemed to us, rather an antiquated plane, but the weather was excellent and we landed at Heathrow and booked in at the Mayfair Hotel. On Thursday, April 23rd, we went up to Peterborough by train to see Mitchell's and discuss problems that we were having in Australia with the Mitchell Webster Hydrostatic Sterilisers. On the way up we passed through some glorious country which obviously had been arranged to appeal to the tourists. Not very happy with Mitchell's and the Mr Mitchell who I interviewed, I more or less decided then and there to sever our connection with them and go out on our own with a new design that I had been working on.

We saw four factories, or rather three factories, using Mitchell Hydrostatics on vegetables and I was able to confirm one of the problems we were having which Mitchells had denied.

I noticed a girl sitting away from one portion of the machine where the cans came out and noticed that she didn't have anything to do except watch the machine. I drew this to the attention of Mr Peter Holland, the Manager of the Department for Mitchell's and he seemed to imply that it had nothing to do with the machine, however he walked out ahead of me and I went back and questioned the girl and sure enough they were getting a jam-up of cans exactly the same as we had in Australia where you would certainly not get away with having a girl sit there and watch it.

We returned to London and I had lunch with Mr Carnegie Potts, who was the Manager of the Barry Weimuller Company in England, and after considerable discussion on the bottling lines and washing and filling, and our association with Crown Cork and Seal, I promised to send in results of my discussion in New York with Crown. We also visited Cross and Blackwell Factory and promised to send them information on the possibility of them starting up in Australia. I made a suggestion that they should join up with Raleigh Preserving Company of Brunswick, but nothing became of this.

We later went on to Ipswich to see the MacBain Pea Harvester in operation and was quite impressed. Mr McBain was a very nice person and there seemed to be reasonable possibilities in the machine, and they arranged to send one to Australia and somebody with it and we would manage the operation of it. The outcome was that later on we spent a lot of money on it and got nowhere, because it just wasn't a competitive machine.

We picked up a car in London and, as it was a weekend, started off first to have a look at the various sights around London that Dave Browne had not seen and some of which I had not seen either. We went down to see the famous Greenwich Nautical Museum on the Thames River. We got lost in the afternoon and by the time we found the Museum it was shut. We later went up to Chesterfield which is famous in England for its Cathedral which has a leaning tower, which leans out of the vertical a considerable amount. I can't remember why, but that was it. The other matter that I remember of Chesterfield was the hotel which was very old and clean and rather backward as regards modern hotels and we had to go up a staircase to the top of the hotel to our rooms and believe me, I can always remember them as the steepest and highest steps that I had ever experienced. Carrying a bag you had to hang on to the rail. The stairs were very near to being a ladder. Anyway, we visited Sheepsbridge Engineering Company and discussed with them the agency for the Horex Filler, vacuum filler for sauces and the like. They were the manufacturing licences for the Horex Company in America and we were representing them in Australia as it was very

difficult indeed in those days to get an import licence to import equipment from America. We had previously seen an eighteen head Horex machine working in London on Coffee Essence and doing a good job and we later imported some of these and they operated very successfully in Australia. They weren't what you would say a very clean looking machine but they just worked well which is all we wanted.

Whilst talking to the management of Sheepsbridge they introduced us to the management of the Steel Works which was in integral part of the buildings and Sheepsbridge Engineering had stated that the Government when nationalising the steel works had taken over the Sheepsbridge Steel Company and left out Sheepsbridge Engineering. Sheepsbridge Engineering had the rights to manufacture tower cranes used so much now in the construction of high-rise buildings. They had manufactured quite a number of them in anticipation of being able to sell them in England with the huge building program that was going on from war damage but they found that they couldn't sell them because they were not allowed to be used. So they quoted us a price which was ridiculously low for us to sell them in Australia and, low and behold, when we returned to Australia we found we had the same problem, they would just not be passed by the local authorities to be used on the buildings, again showing the ludicrousness of some of the government regulations, as they now are used on practically every large building.

I found later that my friend Lance Reichstein of Industrial Engineering Company Ltd had endeavoured to do the same thing with another English crane and had fallen foul of the authorities in the same way.

All the time since we had left South Africa I had been depressed by the continual hangover of the financial crisis back in Melbourne due to the non-payment of drafts we had put through for the large order for the pineapple machinery which we had sent to Taiwan and I was anxious to get to New York to find out what the holdup was on the payment as we had spent lots of money and time with various legal authorities and Government officials right to the highest in Melbourne and Canberra and they could see no way out and the banks started to blow down our necks regarding our overdraft which had swollen to some extent due to financing this big deal to Taiwan.

On Monday, April 29th, I got a cable from Melbourne saying that they (the Chinese) had paid up a considerable amount which relieved the financial position. We had a pleasant flight, eleven and a half hours from London to New York, and found that we had been booked into the Waldorf Astoria, one of the most expensive hotels in New York. This had been arranged by Crown, Cork and Seal's office. I delivered some 800 feet of coloured film to Kodak for developing and also ten colour rolls of 35mm film. I called on the Irving Trust Company in Lower Manhattan to find out what was behind all the trouble in negotiating our invoices and Letters of Credit for the plant for Taiwan. I was introduced to the Manager of the Foreign Bills Department, quite a comparatively young man, very pleasant indeed. I was rather hostile when I started but quickly he pointed out to me that it was our fault and that the others who supplied equipment had all been paid, and we hadn't. I then found that there were small discrepancies in our invoices of just a few cents on various items though the total came up exactly the same, but in- this case a considerable amount of money was involved. They could not pay it as it was not exactly the same as the Letter of Credit. Then the other matter was the way our bankers had read the agreement and according to the international

situation the freight rates had fallen a little and we had only charged the lesser rate, whereas the allowance in the original agreement was for a higher rate and here again, as he said

"We must pay you the higher rate, that is, you must charge the higher rate" and this was something less than $100.

"Well," he said "AH you have to do is alter your invoices to be exactly the same as your

Letter of Credit and we will pay the money. It's right here."

So the way he put it, we would have to have new invoices put out. I was thinking fast and I suggested,

"Well, I have a Power of Attorney over the affairs of the Company which I always carry with me when going overseas."

Now, this gave me absolute Power of Attorney, that is, I could dispose of the business, make agreements in any shape or form, so I said to him

"Why can't you just alter the invoices and I will sign the alterations and that will be it."

So he said

"Have you got your Power of Attorney with you?"

And I said "Yes."

So I gave it to him and he had a look at it and said

"We will have to go into this but I can't see any reason why it can't be done. Why don't you take a walk down the street for an hour or so and come back."

So I did that. As a matter of fact, I walked down to Battery Park and sat down and looked across to the Statue of Liberty for half an hour or so. I then walked back up the street to the Irving Trust Company and he was there waiting for me and he had altered the invoices to what was correct and I signed the declaration that the alterations were in accordance and then he had a document in which we undertook never to sue the Irving Trust Company for the balance between the higher rate of freights and what we had charged.

Now I suppose that didn't take more than a quarter of an hour at the outside and it was now about half past eleven. He said

"That's alright Mr Bingham."

and I asked "When do you think this money will be in Australia?"

He thought about it for a while and said

"1.30pm."

So away I went, and sure enough it was cleaned up that easily and yet here in Melbourne we were getting all the bullshit put over us about the banks can't do this and can't do that and our Q.C. advice. If the bank had known in the first place about international

dealings where the invoices claimed on the Letter of Credit must be identical to the Letter of Credit attached to the contracts. What had happened was in the translation from Chinese to English, the small discrepancies had come out, but that made no difference, we only had what would be a copy of a copy and not a copy of the Letter of Credit attached to the draft which is available and they just wouldn't credit in Melbourne that I'd fixed up the whole matter so easily, and it caused us such a lot of worry. But again, it taught me a lesson that you never trust a bank as I remember David Robertson, the brother of the McPherson Robertson, the chocolate king, telling a group of us one night that if the banks were lending umbrellas they would want them back the day it rained, and I've seen to it ever since never getting committed to a bank on an overdraft as this can be called up at any time and the best situation is to borrow money for a period of time ahead.

We had a long discussion with Mr Ponter, the Export Manager of Crown, Cork &: Seal and endeavoured strongly to put our case for the agreement for us to be agents, Bingham and Company to be agents in Australia and New Zealand for Crown, and also to manufacture under licence. In the export office in New York we had a long discussion with the office manager Joe Valdez and also at a later time we became friendly with the accountant Joe Abuelo. Both of these gentlemen were Guatemalans and had lived in New York most of their lives, but it was just an illustration of how necessary it was for such companies as Crown to have people who spoke Spanish and the various derivations likely to be encountered from people coming from South America where the Crown business was enormous. Australia was just a small matter as far as market was concerned.

In later years I became very friendly with the two Joe's and one day we went for a quick sandwich across the road. This was when their offices had been shifted to Columbus Circle. After our sandwich and beer I asked Joe where an address on Broadway was. I gave him the number and he quickly worked it out.

"Oh" he said "that's about six or eight miles from here. It's right down at the lower end toward the Battery. Why?"

I said "I think I'll walk down there today, I want to make a call down there." "Are you crazy?"

he said "Why?"

"Walking all that way!"

"No" I said and away I walked.

And I did walk all the way down there, but unfortunately it was getting a bit late by the time I got down there and the office I went to see was closed. But it was one of the most interesting walks I had ever had in New York as I made cuts backwards and forwards through a number of small parks and also small enclosed areas where the old homes were still much in evidence. We were interested in the manufacture of portable cranes which are associated with the Quick Way Company and I noticed one of these cranes being used to unload steel at a construction site and I hung around watching for a while and here again it showed the American efficiency concerned, because this was in a busy part of the city and all of a sudden the roads were blocked off and very quickly several big semi-trailer loads of

steel work appeared on the scene and it was only a few minutes and these loads were unloaded onto the site by these cranes and the street was cleared again.

I got discussing problems with a gentleman there who turned out to be the architect of the building and it was quite an interesting hour that I spent as he explained the intricacies of the structural work which he said was mainly handled by one firm and in this case they had undertaken to erect a storey every two weeks and they were well ahead of that. I asked

"Why?"

"Well," he replied "I don't know, I think they employ and pay more money and get a better type of structural worker."

Incidentally, on another occasion waiting in a bar I got talking with an Indian, American Indian, and he explained that he was a structural worker and he and a group of other Indians had no fear of heights and they took on the most dangerous jobs in the way of building work such as on bridges and towers and the like and he said that he only needed to work three months a year and he could go down to Florida and enjoy himself during the cold months and I said

"Don't you feel nervous when you are out on one of those bridges or buildings when you are right out on your own?"

"No" he said "It doesn't seem to affect us at all." which is remarkable. I have read since of these people but never again have I had the pleasure of meeting one of them.

We went down on Saturday, May 4th, to Seabrooke Farms of Bridgeton Jersey to see our old friend Belford Seabrooke of the war days in Australia and also Steve Schmidt the Engineer. I was very distressed to learn that Mrs Seabrooke, a charming woman, had lost one leg due to cancer and, not so much later, she died of the effects of it.

Whilst in New York we met several of the Carlton &: United Breweries technical staff and Sales Manager including Ted Williams who was the Chief Brewer and as far as I know, the only (up to that time) top beer brewer in the big breweries in Australia who was not a foreigner. Ted was a very nice fellow and we had been friends for some years. I also met Brian Breheney, who was in New York with the object of trying to sell some of Carlton&: United's beer, more as a stunt to get publicity and get recognised for the export possibilities, and he was getting very browned off because he couldn't find anybody who was interested. So I arranged with Brian Breheney that he should meet Harry Shipman who was the Manager of a very substantial high grade restaurant and bar complex at Scarsdale, which in those days was the most 'in' residential area around the city of New York. Harry had married the daughter of a very good friend of mine, Lesley Freestone, during the war when he was in Australia and he had mentioned to me on visits out to see him on previous trips that he had been extolling the virtues of Australian beer and his customers would say why the hell you don’t get some. So anyway Brian arranged with him to sell a quantity of beer to Harry and Brian was quite pleased that he was able to get this order at that time, and this of course has now grown into an enormous business.

On Wednesday, May 8th, Dave Browne and I left for Niagara Falls via Buffalo. We were picked up at the Buffalo airport by Harold Buckley who was a serviceman for Chisolm

Ryder and later became Sales Manager of the whole organisation. We had long discussions with Ed McKinnley who was the Assistant Sales Manager of Chisolm Ryder Sales and Burton Brewer, the Sales Manager. We introduced the McBain Pea Harvester and the Mitchell Cooker. Later on we called on Buflovak and had some small discussion and again met our old friend Sandscrant who had been the Buflovak Engineer to come to Australia and start us off on the first plant in Australia for the manufacture of tomato paste. Sandy was a real gentleman and very well spoken and he was much down on the sloppy English used by many Americans.

We left for Chicago and spent some time there especially going out to Valparaiso to visit the Urschels again and had an inspiring day and discussions with Joe and Gerald Urschel. They showed us their very excellent new machines, and we were impressed with their new Model F. Dicer.

Back in Chicago we spent a pleasant evening at the Heidelberg which was a German Beer Hall type of restaurant and night club. I arranged, by a little bit of monetary consideration, to get a table near the stage and for one of the well-presented dolls in the performance to come down and sit on Dave Browne's knee and make love to him very embarrassingly, which certainly introduced a bit of fun for the audience.

We had a pleasant flight on Sunday, May 12th, to Los Angeles and stopped at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel which became our hotel on later visits when we could get in.

Again, we contacted our friends at the Southern Californian Citrus Growers Co-operative and found that our friend Mr Armstrong had retired and his place taken by Mr Wilcox. We later went out to the Sunkist Plant and Ontario and saw the latest development and met Mr Finlay and came back via Knotsberry Farm, which has now become a very, very big miniature Disneyland type of centre.

We met Larry and Evelyn Detrich and we were very upset of hear of Tony Lorenzo's death. I called on the Angeles Company and saw Mr Kobe and Mr Ed Lowell and discussed the supply of closing machines as we needed a very fast closing machine for attaching and driving the Crown, Cork and Seal bottle and can fillers, but did not get anywhere with this and this laid the foundation of my approaching the America Can Company and they agreed for us to sell their machinery in Australia, not an exclusive agency, but good enough as they said as long as we were doing the job it wouldn't change and this proved to be true as over the years we sold a very substantial number of their machines and it was absolutely beautiful equipment.

We left by air for San Francisco and again had a look over a number of canneries, though these were at this time closed. We discussed in general the Filper agreement, the outcome being that the President Genero Felice agreed to reduce their terms for Australia, and if necessary to South Africa, to five years instead of the seven and this was about as far as we could go. We concentrated on working out details and studying servicing the Filper machines and showed them pictures of the Mitchell Webster Hydrostatic Sterilizer in operation and they were very interested and in later years when we had developed a superior machine to this they were installed in parts of California.

Wednesday, May 22nd, we went to Sunnyvale with George Kilner to see a very good set up of Filpers at Shuckles Cannery. We later had lunch with the Manager Weston Gear, Jim Fowler, and Dick Fox. I think this was the last time I was to meet Dick before he died.

On Thursday we left for Honolulu, had a very good flight and was met by Sid and Agnes Carlson and signed in at the Reef Hotel.

On Friday we spent the day at the Calpack Plant and I showed our pineapple peeling and coring machine film and also the Mitchell Webster film. These all created interest and talking points for creating interest on more collaboration.

Saturday, May 25th was our David's birthday and I sent a cable. We were taken around the island by Sid and this was quite interesting to Dave Browne.

On Sunday, May 26th, we had a quiet day and did some shopping as Honolulu is without a doubt the greatest place we have ever visited to buy real quality sports shirts and other similar clothing articles. We were given dinner at one of Sid and Agnes' friend's, Ben Circklin, and next day we left for home.

We arrived home on the 29th May and had completed a highly successful trip having firmly established the Filper operation in Africa and had received actual orders for probably 130,000 pounds and had appointed a representative and manufacturer of our equipment in Africa. This latter arrangement didn't work out.

The whole of the journey had been quite pleasant as far as business was concerned excepting the lousy episode of the problem brought about by ignorance of the Australian Banking System.

Chapter Twenty Five

Further Trips to America, England and The Continent

In 1957 I decided to make a few major alterations in the management set up of Bingham and Company and to this end appointed Ian Hicks to be Office Manager. This turned out to be highly successful as Ian was a very competent solicitor and also had practical experience in commerce and some years of a degree course at the Melbourne University. It took him some twelve months or more to re-organise the costing system and this involved considerable research and eventually we were successful and getting the costings on a practically continual basis by using a book-keeping machine in use here.

The costs were presented twice weekly to the Directors and thus I was able, and my brother also, to study the cost of the numerous jobs that were being processed in the works and this was all done for the expense of just one additional man. Also, Ian was able to make a study of our various insurances and by consolidating a lot of them we were able to get better cover and saving - I think some 16,000 pounds per year, that is, he was saving his wages several times over and this also allowed Len Lemmon to put aside his responsibilities as the Director of Finance and to concentrate more on the direction of sales and he was a master salesman. We were able to build up a group of specialist salesmen and we had brought Hector Matheson, our New Zealand Manager, to Australia to be Assistant Manager here. He specialised in the beer bottling and beer canning equipment, bottle washers and the like. This gave us quite a boost in sales of the Crown Cork and Seal's machines, which were beautiful but expensive, to the leaders of the industry and a little later we put in a line for Carlton & United Breweries which we guaranteed would fill 860 x 13 oz cans of beer per minute and connect directly to the closing machine which put the lid on. At the same time we introduced the first automatic packaging lines here and these packaging machines were guaranteed to do 34 cartons per minute and though Carlton United never ran the line to full speed the whole line was easily the fastest and most efficient in Australia.

The Webster Bottle Washers moved along quietly but although they were big pieces of equipment they sold and people were highly satisfied with them. We also introduced a little later, in co-operation with Tarax Limited, the canning of soft drinks in Australia. Here again, the Crown filling and closing machines, from Angeles in this case, were highly successful.

I decided to seek the services of an advertising executive and as the operation was quite small I was looking for somebody that could write advertising and lay it out, do the artwork and supervise the production. When I mentioned these requirements to some of my friends in the printing industry and in the advertising industry they said we'd never do it, it couldn't be done. They said that we would have get the services of several people. Well, we proved them wrong, because we obtained the services of Lyle Pugsley who had been the advertising executive on one of the Launceston newspapers, I think it was the Launceston Examiner, and he had served his time in printing and graphics and he was an artist and in one fell swoop we had the thing sewn up. It wasn't long before we were getting along fine and I let him have his head most of the time and we then started to produce some remarkable advertising when associated with machinery which is generally and, even today, very stultified and no great appeal as far as I'm concerned. Lyle's work became very important as the advertising he was putting out both for magazines and for postal contact

was excellent. The packaging machinery for which we were agents and also 1icencee manufacturers was moving along fine and we were able to secure the services of a salesman, an Englishman, Alan Vicars, whose family had been in the manufacture of biscuit making machinery for generations and he knew a lot of the problems associated with this which was quite helpful to us.

In about 1957 we introduced the first of the Bartelt Packaging Machines from America and these were machines especially designed for packing cake mixes first into the film package which contained the powder and also had the flavour packets also in with the powder ready to be mixed. Then several of the packets were inserted into an outer carton which usually held three of the envelope packets of the mix and then, though we never introduced them here, these could be then marshalled on the extension of the same machine and put into the outer shipping box. These machines were reliable and, comparatively simple and a credit to the manufacturers who had come to the fore in packaging in America by winning a competition to supply the Lipton's Tea Company with a large number of machines for packing the bagged tea, small bags for individual cups.

And so, the structure of the company was such that it was growing and growing and was highly profitable and we were spending large amounts of money on research development for new products and new machines and it was becoming obvious that our capacity was more than capable of handling the amount of machines wanted in Australia and New Zealand. We were exporting numbers of machines to other countries supplying three small sterilizing plants for cans to Communist China and other machines to various countries including Africa and Brazil.

I started to think in terms of opening out a works in England to supply the European market because although the common market had not been in existence it was obvious that Europe would become a big market for food processing machinery as generally speaking, from what I had seen of their plants over a number of years, they were backward compared with Australia and U.S.A. So I started to look into the possibilities of opening up in England and engaged a consulting engineer to make an investigation and later in 19 59 I decided to visit U.S.A. and Europe for a number of reasons, including to look into the possibilities to manufacture in England.

We had become agents for the Seegar Brothers of Stuttgart Germany who were probably the largest manufacturers in the world of malting machinery, that is, machinery for producing malt for breweries and there was quite considerable business looming in Australia for expansion of malting.

Emily Rita and I left for Australia on 2nd September, travelling by a Boeing 707. This was our first experience of flying on a jet and it was really wonderful taking three and a half hours to Fiji, landing at the Nandi Airport and from then only six hours, twenty minutes to Honolulu. When you consider the time on my first trip by plane then this would have been more than thirty hours in the air to reach Honolulu. We again met our very good friends, the Carlsons, and we were staying at the Reef Hotel.

I had a very interesting discussion at the Hawaiian Pineapple Company, the largest of the canners, regarding the possibilities of introducing Bingham machines and was very well received and spent considerable time with the various technical staff on discussing

hydrostatic cookers and other Bingham specialties. I was strongly of the opinion, after all these technical discussions, that there was enormous potential for the hydrostatic cookers in the Hawaiian factories and this was for the English built machinery which we later superseded with our own design machines which were far, far ahead of anything else in the world at that time.

On September 6th we left on United Flight 76 at 8.40 pm for San Francisco and arrived at 7.30 which I think, with the time lapse, probably gave us flying time of about eight hours and when you come to consider that this eight hours flying time compared with the first time which took twenty-one or twenty-two hours, how the jet travel was shrinking the world.

On arrival in San Francisco I was greeted by Bob Gent, the Managing Director of the Kyabram Fruit Preserving Company in Victoria and a very good and solid friend of ours. I took Bob and his wife and Emily to dinner at one of my favourite restaurants in San Francisco, Vanessis, which specialises in grilled steak, right there in front of one. I was able to introduce Bob to a number of canneries and processing plants and also to Felice and Perelli and see the possibilities of the Filper Pitters with the flesh being twisted off the stone. I was taken around and introduced to, apart from my old friends, a number of other fruit processing plants and had long discussions with them as now I was becoming known as the 'Aussie Commuter'. By this time I was certainly well known in the food processing industry on the West Coast of America and had become not only technically friendly, or friendly on a technical basis, but also quite friendly in a social manner with numerous luncheon engagements and such.

On September 12th we left for Los Angeles and were met by our very good friends, Larry and Evelyn Detrich. Later on, we went out to have a look at Disneyland with them and, as this was the first time we had visited Disneyland, we were very impressed, and I was especially impressed by the monorail way transport system that seemed to me to have very big possibilities in shifting masses of people and probably still has. But the entrenched equipment and entrenched thinking will make it very hard to see any of these in the immediate or even the distant future.

I again visited the Brown Citrus Machine Company's works at Whittier and I never ceased to be taken with the completeness of the power system. They simply had a pipe punched down into the yard in the works which gave them a supply of natural gas from which they drove an engine and generator and so were quite complete.

While in the Los Angeles area I had a very interesting discussion again with Ed Lowell of the Angeles Company and brought right up to date on the latest closing machines. While I was travelling around for business, Emily Rita was taken around by Evelyn and able to see much of the areas not usually seen by the tourists.

On Wednesday, September 16th, we left Los Angeles and flew to Denver, Colarado to discuss the matters for the manufacture in Australia of the Quickway Machinery in the way of mobile cranes and mobile power shovels and the like. They were turning out one machine a day. They were very nice people and Denver is a very charming place in as much as its altitude is about 7,000 feet and has a different climate to the usual western town. We were taken for quite an extensive drive by Bob Herbst and his wife and visited some quite interesting old mining towns which have been kept and reconstructed for the tourist trade

and these were very interesting indeed. I generally agreed that Bingham and Company would carry on the manufacture in agreement with Quickway but they had to credit us with the $10,000 we had paid for the drawing of Model 105A and they were going to re-design a machine more suitable for our purposes and their own, as the 105A was more or less suited and built for the American Army.

While we were in Denver we were stopping at the Gosham Hotel and this was quite a nice place. Quite pleasant. Early after we arrived in Denver, I visited a large brewery which was using Crown, Cork and Seal equipment which, as previously mentioned, Bingham and Company were agents for. I noticed whilst they were transferring the stream of bottles around a corner they were having problems with an odd bottle falling over and causing a jamb up. I mentioned to the gentleman who was taking me around that we had had a similar problem in Australia at the Richmond Brewery and had overcome it fairly simply and that was it. The gentleman excused himself a minute later and the next thing I knew he had an engineer back to talk to me. I spoke to the engineer at the corner with the trouble about how we had overcome it.

We were leaving on the following morning to fly to Cleveland, Ohio at 7.30 or earlier, when I got a ring from the Brewery, and he asked if he got somebody out to pick me up could I come out and see the alterations they made and whether they had them right. So I said yes, so I think it was about 7.30 am and I was picked up and whizzed out to the brewery. They had made one small mistake which they immediately rectified and away went the line, perfect. They thanked me, and I have never seen them since.

Now I have mentioned this to illustrate the difference between the English approach and this American approach. I was later in London visiting a factory which was bottling some liquid, I think it was a special type of sauce, and low and behold, here at the corner, they again had some trouble and I just casually mentioned to the Factory Manager and the Manager who was taking me around that we had the same problem in Australia and had overcome it. He made no comment and that was it. Now, the Manager left me at the front door, where I had a car waiting and there was a side entrance for goods to enter this factory and I just shook hands with the Manager and was walking to the car when out from the goods entrance came the Factory Manager, who had obviously been waiting there, and

he said "Mr Bingham, I heard you mention about the overcoming of that problem on the bottling line."

"Yes" I replied

"Would you mind telling me how it was done?"

"No."

So I explained to him exactly, and he was quite quick on the uptake, and he said

"It's commonsense isn't it?"

"Yes," I said "It's quite simple."

So, there's the difference. The Manager didn't have enough nouse to jump on an idea, good or bad, and compare that with the American in Denver who not only got the information

to make it, but also used me up to make sure that it was made up the way it would work. Just the difference.

On Saturday, September 19th, we left by air for Cleveland, stopping at the Manger Hotel, just a pub, and the brewery convention was starting on the Monday and here it was being attended with our old friend from Melbourne, Tom Croke and his wife. We had a similar object in being there to try and get some common approach with the Barry Weimiller Company to make their big walking beam pasteurisers for the bottled beer.

On Monday, with the opening of the brewery convention, I went and made myself known to the Crown contingents, who were quite considerable and was of course taken into the fold as the representative from Australia and turned out to be the furtherest away. I was then pressurized for the rest of the days we were there by the various meetings and discussions from breakfast to dinner by the Crown crew, quite interesting.

Tom Croke and I had long discussions with Carnegie Potts regarding the manufacturing licence in Australia for Barry Weimiller and at this stage I might explain that Carnegie Potts Company in England had the sole rights for England and the British Empire, including Australia, and though we got on quite well with the Barry Weimiller Company in America we weren't getting very far with Carnegie Potts. Now this gentleman was only small and oviously a bit of a fox, wore spats and the like. I can't remember whether he had an eye glass. Later on in England we heard a funny story about him when he had decided to send a load of waste timber to his mother's place from the factory, and when the carrier arrived at Cargegie Potts' mother's home they asked for Mrs Carnegie Potts and the lady looked at them and said

"What are you talking about?" and they told her, so she said

"This Carnegie Potts, Sammy Potts, that's his name. He's my son."

Anyway, that was their business.

On September 23rd I again attended the convention and was roped· into being

interviewed in a radio broadcast about the convention and as I was apparently the farthest away from home I was questioned about the brewing business in Australia and I pointed out to the interviewer that the Australians were the largest beer drinkers in the world. To which he replied,

"I understand that Belgium is." and I said

"Yes, that may be so, but that is because their beer is light, while in Australia it is heavy."

Now I don't say that that is anything to boast about anyway.

We left late that night for Buffalo and Niagara Falls which we reached about 2.00 am. Stopped again as usual at the Red Coach Inn and had a very pleasant discussion with the Chisolm Ryder Company and Emily Rita was suitably entertained with visits in the area.

Mr and Mrs Croke had turned up and we ended up having dinner at the Brock Hotel across the bridge in Canada at Niagara Falls, Ontario, and again, as usual the lights on the Falls were just as pleasing and spectacular as ever.

I came to the conclusion on this visit that Chisolm Ryder Company was not doing too well and was short on money and I generally felt that Captain Styles who inherited the business from Mr Steven Ryder, his uncle, was not particularly interested in the whole situation and would be keen to flog it off, as I think I had mentioned previously, he was a retired Coast Guard Captain and was not the slightest bit interested in the manufacture of machinery, as far as I could see, and later on it was proved to be true, because it wasn't long before he sold it to a gentleman named Manny Llop, a very nice, and very smart Engineer who rebuilt the business to its modern day substantial interest. Probably Captain Style's problem was that he had no family in the male line to carry on the business.

We said goodbye to the Croke's and also to the Chisolm Ryder people and left for Chicago on September 27th. In the meantime, we had had no success in getting accommodation in Chicago right up to the evening before when a chance acquaintance at a dinner party had said he might be able to help and he went right then and there and rang from Cleveland and arranged for us to get a room at the Lincoln Park Hotel which is just some short distance out of Chicago.

So on arrival at Chicago, we went to Lincoln Park and found a hotel, quite a presentable place but out of town and there was nothing except a room. We had a very amusing part of the evening's entertainment at this Lincoln Park Hotel, the walls were very thin between rooms and we were asleep in our room when there were voices and doors banging and a man and a woman arrived next door and they must have been absolutely, as the saying goes, 'full as boots'!. The woman was tormenting the fellow and repeatedly requested that he make love to her, and she said

"Come on you slab, do it to me, you can't do it." and she goes and this went on for some time and she says

"And I go and have an abortion just to suit you and now you can't even do it to me."

The world is a funny place.

I met several interesting industrial leaders including Mr Finklestein of Fairbanks Morse

and discussed with him the various machines in which they specialised because it must be realised in Fairbanks Morse was one of the largest of the industrial complexes in general machinery in the United States and the Morse family had been well known in politics for several generations.

I went to visit Cauley Miller Company and had nice discussions with them regarding a small wrapping machine especially suitable for stores and the like to wrap various sizes of packets. I had a discussion with them about the possibility of manufacturing in Australia but didn't get very far. I didn't press it much. I was interested to hear the story of how Miller had invented bread wrapping which is now practically universal.

I again renewed my acquaintance with Mr Lyle Green of the Peter's Machinery Company who made some very nice packaging machinery and had one speciality, that is,

the machine for putting the jam or cream and the like in biscuits, that is, sandwich machines. These are very fast and universally used in the best of factories. Unfortunately, I didn't get very far so Mr Lyle Green was very sympathetic and explained that the company was owned by Mrs Peters as her husband was dead so she was rather loathe to do anything out of the ordinary as apparently she was trying to sell the whole plant.

We left on very friendly terms and later on I was rather annoyed when I introduced the machine to Arnott's in New South Wales and they later bought over our heads in U.S.A., at probably the same price, and of course we couldn't squeal because we had no agency agreement.

I visited the town of Anderson to have discussions with the Lynch Corporation to arrange an agency and manufacturing agreement for their packaging machinery especially their Robowrap, a pillowpack forming and filling machine which had a very good reputation. I was very impressed with their works, which were quite extensive for their speciality and they had been one of the only two manufacturers until they were charged under the monopolies act for manufacturing glass blowing machinery.

The outcome of these discussions was that later we were able to reach an agreement with the Lynch Corporation and we manufactured a number of the Robowrap machines in Australia.

On Saturday, October 3rd, I flew over from Chicago to Minneapolis where I was picked up by our old friend Elmer Klapmeir and driven out to Mora where the Buffalo plant was situated and had a long discussion on our various problems in Australia which weren't very much as we were doing a lot of excellent business.

I stopped overnight at a motel and had breakfast with Elmer and his son Jim and wife Julie drove me into Minneapolis and I caught a DC3 plane to Cedar Rapids, stopping at the Sheraton Hotel.

Cedar Rapids is in the State of Iowa and as it was a dry state you had to have a licence to get a drink or belong to a club. I quickly found that in the Sheraton Hotel, which a large hotel is, that you could join a club for 25 cents, which meant you could get a drink anytime as long as you were a bone fide club member.

On the Monday I had spent a very, very interesting day with Cherry Burrell Company and talked with the Export Manager, Mr Bishop and later had the pleasure of meeting Mr Cherry Senior who was the Chairman, quite an elderly gentleman who was quite astounded to find that two of my very good friends from Crown, Cork and Seal had now joined the Cherry Burrell Company. They were Frank Bell and Ed Pocock. Knowing these two engineers was certainly a big help in the discussions and in reaching an agreement where we could represent them in Australia, which we did. Unfortunately, as will be noted, later events overtook Bingham and Company and we did not do much business, though the possibilities were very large indeed.

I took the train out to Tremont, Indiana and was picked up by Joe Urschel to see their plant which had just been built and I was certainly most impressed as it was all air-conditioned, which even today is quite unusual for a considerable engineering plant. They had also put in a new heat treatment plant especially for heat treating stainless steel knives,

etc, and this was all operated as far as the heating was concerned in an ammonia atmosphere which stopped any sign of oxidizing or discolouration in the process. The new Urschel Plant was near the town of Calumet City which, being incorporated, had all its own laws and it was nothing more than one big gambling and brothel city and there was only a very small town comparatively speaking and I think it had 1500 saloons in it. I remember quite well one stage in Chicago even before I got out there the word was around that the Police were going to make raids in Calumet City on the Sunday and apparently this news was just broadcast so that everybody stopped away and then the Chief of Police of Calumet City raided the various brothels and gambling saloons and found nothing out of order. I will always remember in the papers later in Chicago showing "Calumet Chief finds nothing wrong with the saloons in Calumet City" and it shows the pictures of the prostitutes having tea parties. Sunday was the big day when the invasion would take place from Chicago and surrounding areas.

Joe and Gerald Urschel gave me full details of the new casting method for these very accurate castings they were making and it was unfortunate that we never did have the opportunity of introducing them into Australia and add to the many Bingham firsts.

I again contacted the Ferguson Company at Jolliet and had discussions with them and they were interested in marketing our labelling machines and casers in U.S.A. and they were developing a new end-on top cartoning machine and said that they would be happy for us to build it on a ten percent basis which we had done on the other matters and we left it at that and later on we were able to supply the first high speed automatic packing lines built by Fergusons to fit on a line we would supply to later to the Carlton & United Breweries.

I had long discussions with Mr Carlson of the Clybourn Company who had a very excellent line of cartoning machines so it ended up I was ready to pay $1,500 for the drawings and eight percent on our factory costs and these were later to become quite important to us but again, due to events overtaking us, we were never able to fully exploit the manufacture of these machines in Australia but it was a very pleasant association.

On Saturday, 10th October I took the opportunity of purchasing the first of the polaroid instant cameras to come out and I found this was of immediate interest as with the flashlight I was able to take pictures inside machines and immediately check whether it was satisfactory and if not make adjustments to suit. The camera probably paid for itself in the first few days that I had it.

We later spent the evening at the Gay Nineties Bar (Emily Rita and I) and the La Salle Hotel.

Now, I first stopped at the La Salle Hotel twenty-one years before and the Gay Nineties Bar had been a feature of Chicago and probably still is. One of the stories at the Gay Nineties I always remember that always tickled my humour. The story is a man turned up and requested an interview with the idea of getting an engagement to put on an act in the Gay Nineties Bar and he said that he had a mouse that played a small piano and a canary sat on top of the piano and sang opera. Well, the bar manager had a look at his act and said that he would give it a go and it was a terrific success and after the month of the engagement had gone he wanted to engage it for a further month and the owner of the mouse and canary said,

"No, I'm sorry I can't do that, I'm too worried."

"What's your worry?" asked the manager

"It's not a genuine act," he replied "it's a trick."

So the manager of the bar said

"Put it on again." and he did so and then said

"I can't see anything wrong with it, I'm prepared tog<_> ahead with it."

"No," the man said "I can't do it, my conscience won't allow me. There's a trick to it." "Well," said the manager, "there can't be any trick."

"Yes, there's a trick alright, that canary doesn't sing opera, the mouse is a ventriloquist!" On 11th October we left for New York and it was I think some special day, St Columbus

Day, and we were stopping at the St Moritz Hotel in Central Park, our favourite spot. In the evening we went to see Birds of Spring play at the Martin Beck theatre and brother, it was really rough and incorporated two castrations and one abortion.

I called on Fairbanks Whitney and Crown, Cork and Seal office and renewed my friendship with Joe Abeulo and Joe Valdes. We then got ready to leave for London and then for three days we could not get a plane out as through various mess ups of Qantas and eventually we got out on a BOAC Comet to London and it was a beautiful day, flying time of six and a half hours and we ended up booked in at the Grosvenor Hotel and this was quite pleasant. I later met Tom Croke in a bar at the Cumberland Hotel. When I came in, he had been speaking to another gentleman and it turned out that this gentleman had been quite i11 and for some years had been a theatre manager and in the meantime I was explaining to Tom that we had tried to get in to see this big show at the Hippodrome which had just opened up again as a night club entertainment and he said

"I might be able to help there." and he went away and came back and said

"I've fixed it up, you be there and ask for the Assistant Manager, he will know all about

it."

This proved to be right as we went there and the seats and the table that he had obtained us was excellent, it was right against this hydraulically lifted stage or platform. It was a semi-nude show and all I can say is that I was sitting so close to the rising hydraulic stage that when the girls came up out of the floor I had to sort of get aside otherwise my face would have been wiped by the girl's boobs as she passed.

It was an excellent show and we were very appreciative of this.

On Tuesday, October 20th, I had a long and pleasant discussion with Charles and Alex Webster, covering the manufacture in Australia of their bottle washers, I also had a long discussion with them regarding the Mitchell exploitation of the Webster designed hydrostatic can sterilizers which we were building in Australia and they expressed the opinion that they

had pulled out of the operation of building hydrostatics in conjunction with the Mitchell's because they just did not get along with them this I agreed with and I think it was more or less the start of my thoughts towards developing a Bingham Hydrostatic Sterilizer with a number of advantages and with several we could probably patent. This proved to be true.

Later on in the company of Peter Holland the Sales Manager for Mitchell's we visited Mitchell's Head Office in Peterborough, and Emily Rita was entertained for the day by Mrs Holland and had quite a pleasant time.

Peter was a nice fellow and quite progressive and over the past number of years he had built up a big business of his own in food machinery in England. I was dissatisfied with my discussion with Mitchell's and decided that we would probably go our own way, and at that time I had to think up a machine. Peter took me to see the United Canners Factory at Boston and was surprised to meet Dr Gershell a South African whom I had met in South Africa and who was now the Managing Director of United Canners.

We had an interview with Mr Carnegie Potts and didn't make much progress and I had more or less given away the idea of co-operation for building their pasteurisers in Australia in co-operation with Tom Croke's company, The Progressive Corks Pty Ltd.

Over a weekend we hired a car and Tom and his wife and Emily Rita and I paid a visit to Stratford-on-Avon and other places and took the opportunity of seeing 'A Midsummer's Night Dream' one of Shakespeare's plays at the Stratford Memorial Theatre.

We visited around the area and had quite a pleasant weekend. We had arranged to meet Tom Croke and his wife in Stutgard, Germany at a later date and Emily and I left London on a BF A Viscount for a very pleasant trip to Stockholm, via Oslo in Norway. There was a big rainstorm in Stockholm when we arrived but this cleared up and we were stopping at the Grand Hotel which, on our understanding had been turned into a Museum. Well, it was like a museum to start with. It was a very nice hotel to stop in. Everything was rather in the Grand style of the old hotels, we had a beautiful view looking out over the Baltic and surrounding city.

We had several car trips around the city and surroundings and went up to the University town of Upsala and visited country areas on the way and also passed and had a good outside view of the Findus, that is, Nestle and Company's big frozen food plant.

Winter was approaching and already much of the livestock had been moved indoors for the winter. One of the curious things to us was that in Stockholm the cars were driven on the left had side of the road but had the steering on the left hand side of the car, and it was explained that they were going to change over and no doubt have, to driving on the right hand side the same as the rest of Europe.

On our final evening we had dinner at the Grand where we were staying and this is a magnificent dining room, one of the finest I have ever been in and I was fortunate enough to be able to arrange for the orchestra to play two of my favourite melodies, "Softly Wakes My Heart" and "Only Make Believe". Emily Rita said I had a lot of cheek to ask them to do it but I found as in all these cases they were only too pleased to do it especially when getting some reimbursement in the way of cash, because mostly they like people to take an interest in what they are playing.

We left next morning by SA5 Plane for Copenhagen, Denmark, and here we were stopping at the Hotel Anglliteer and this is really a fine hotel again, more in the old fashioned style and no doubt there are many of these new structures that have now been put up. We spent quite a pleasant trip around Denmark and made quite extensive daily tours to various parts of the country as it is very flat. Because of the castle's connections as the scene of the play, Shakespeare's play Hamlet, we were particularly interested in the Kronsburg Castle and whilst we were viewing the castle a large swinging boom of a crane located in the Berminster and Wayne Shipyard and Engine Building Works swung overhead and to see this large piece of machinery passing over the top of the castle just seemed to be so terribly out of place. I may say that Berminster and Wayne are one of the largest, or was one of the largest ship and engine builders in Europe. We visited the Fredarsbourg Castle which was the royal home in Denmark and I think for a time no visits were allowed. This was very, very interesting, not because of the ornateness of it but the sheer quality of a lot of the artwork, the general atmosphere and the position of the castle. We were told that the upkeep of this place of interest in Denmark was largely supported from profits from the world famous Karlsburg Brewery, apparently much of the shareholding or even the lot had been left to a trust and the profits or income from the brewery shareholding was put to this purpose with obviously a very good effect. We visited the famous Tivoly Gardens and other places of interest around Copenhagen and all in all we found it to be one of the friendliest cities that we had visited. One thing to note is that we found that most of the population and especially the younger population could speak good English and wanted to get the opportunity to talk, I suppose this was to test themselves out as English was taught as a second language in the schools, and this would no doubt have a great effect on their relations with England.

I was able to visit a big vegetable cannery and also with a frozen food section and had a very interesting discussion over equipment with the Director of Production and I showed him much of our literature. He was most impressed and I am sure that if circumstances had not dictated otherwise we would have been exporting equipment to them.

We left Denmark and flew to Stuttgart in Germany and stopped at the Hotel Reich Ban, situated on the station. This was just a pub. It must be realised that at this time even though the war had been over now for some fourteen years there was still terrific amount of damaged areas in and around the city of Stuttgart, as it had been the target for a terrific amount of bombing due to its importance as a manufacturing centre.

Our guide for the tour of the city was Miss Edith Rudolph and she did her best but unfortunately torrential rain spoilt the visit around the city to a large extent.

I was returning to the hotel after visiting Thomas Cook & Sons, our Travel Agents, and I saw a folding umbrella in the window and went and bought it. Now I still have this umbrella, though I lost it a few times, it always seemed to turn up and it has done an excellent job. I later learned that a woman had patented this in Germany at Hitler's time and her royalties had been taken off her and had been dropped. I suppose many others had been copied, but I've had this all these years and it still serves me well.

We met Tom Croke and his wife at the airport and later had dinner at the Rathskellar in the basement of the Town Hall. This place is quite famous and had been in existence for many, many years. In English it actually means the Rat's Cellar. I was very interested in the Stuttgart Castle as this looked in perfect condition and it was explained to me that during the

heavy bombing the castle was largely demolished and yet here it was exactly as it had been, for probably a thousand years. Well, I found that pre-war the Germans had made detailed drawings of these buildings and put them away so that they could be replaced exactly as they had been. The Seegar Brothers Works were just outside Stuttgart and I think that town's name is Bad Constaat and also in this vicinity was the famous Mercedes Benz car museum as Mercedes Benz were the first manufacturers of a standard motor car in the world.

We had a couple of beers in the bar in the basement of the hotel Graf Zeppelin and Emily Rita and I had in our itinerary a drive to Heidelberg down the Nekkar River and this was really interesting. We went past all the old castles overlooking this big river and finally ended up in the historical university town of Heidelberg, where we had lunch at one of the famous restaurants that had been there for many years, probably several hundred years. I was very interested to see the locks in the river as it was a continual stream of barges, power barges being towed up and down the river and in 90 miles we passed about six locks. One of the coat-of-arms on the way down on one of the old castles overlooking the river was where it was understood the river traffic was held to ransom and forced to pay a fee to the owner of the castle. Translated the owner's motto on the coat-of-arms was 'You can kiss my arse'.

We returned by the Autobahn and at very high speeds. I think I worked out that we were doing about 120 miles per hour and I may say that the Autobahns built by Hitler's regime were excellent because they had been put irrespective of the reaction of buildings and people involved and I was very impressed with the grading on the curves.

Tom Croke and his wife, and Emily Rita and myself were taken out to a village some distance away from Stuttgart to a night festival put on to celebrate a new vintage and there was quite a considerable number of Seegar employees there from the Engineering and Sales Departments, probably 150 people. Ursula Seegar, a girl about seventeen years old was the interpreter as she spoke excellent English and had in fact spent some years working in London just to learn English.

It certainly was a night to be remembered and gave us quite an insight into the mentality of the Germans in general. This wine which was the new wine for the year tasted pretty much to me like vinegar and therefore I certainly didn't drink too much but it was being drunk in steinfuls by the rest of the crowd and they were singing songs and even though almost every one of them was drunk, when the toast-master banged his stein on the table there was dead silence and he then instructed them to sing a song and they sang it. Just imagine what they would be like in Australia. They would be booing and throwing stuff, but not here, they just did exactly what they were told and it ended up that Tom Croke and I were pressured into singing Waltzing Matilda and I don't think that we impressed them very much.

This village was not bombed or damaged by common consent of the combatants in the war and the hall that we were gathering in was reputedly a thousand years old and the whole village was as it was and it just had to be seen to be believed. I have never seen such an old place anywhere and the next morning I came back especially to take a moving picture of the old village. The movies don't make the best of the atmosphere, but still they are interesting.

We later signed an agreement with Seegar Brothers to build their equipment in Australia but we never did build any of their machinery here but we had quite a pleasant relationship with them.

On Saturday, October 31st, Emily Rita and I left by DC3 for Zurich in Switzerland, and then changed there to Geneva where we were stopping in a very fashionable hotel. It was very wet and it must be appreciated that as far as I could see in Geneva there were very few verandahs and the net result was that straight high buildings simply shed the rain from the windowsills into the footpath so that it was very uncomfortable getting around, I was thankful that I had my collapsible umbrella. I was walking down the street and to get out of the rain I went into an entrance of a building and just happened to notice that it was the headquarters of the Rolex watch which was guaranteed to keep time within four seconds a day. It was losing about six, so I went upstairs to the reception area and spoke with the lady sitting behind a table in the luxurious salon and explained my position. She spoke perfect English and said;

"Well, it's not very much Mr Bingham."

"No" I said "but it is not within four seconds."

She said "Quite right, have you got a little time?"

I said "Yes"

"Give me the watch"

So she took the watch and this lady was dressed in an evening gown and she was beautifully coiffured and in the fastest time I have ever seen anything done, she had the works out of the watch, and still can't see how she got them out as it was all sealed up. Anyway, by this time she had pressed a bell, a smart young girl turned up dressed in a blue uniform and she had by this time put the works in a little box and gave it to the girl with this note and away this girl went.

She said "It will probably take an hour, will you wait or will you come back?"

Well, there were plenty of magazines and it was a comfortable chair and it was raining like hell outside so I said I would stay.

In less than an hour, the watch was returned, the lady just as expertly placed the works back in the case and handed it to me.

We went for a short trip on Lake Geneva and later we were taken, as part of itinerary, by Cadillac into and over the Forclaz which I understand was the original track of Napoleon when he went to conquer Italy.

The scenery was beautiful and we went to Martigny and Montroe and later we came back through Lausanne around Lake Geneva and I was able to see the huge new headquarters of the Nestle Company. I had been associated with Nestle in Australia and New Zealand for many years and it was of interest to me to see this headquarters. It was in a curved high rise building on the edge of the Jake with acres of lawn around it. Most

spectacular with the background. It must be remembered that Nestle is the largest company engaged in food production in the Western World.

On the particular tour we were supposed to go up Monte Blanc on the Cable Car but when we got there it was blowing and the car had just come down and it was getting swung around quite a lot and they said they were not going up again today and I was very thankful, because looking up those thousands of feet and seeing this car swinging around didn't impress me at all.

Around the lake at Geneva there were thousands of apartments and high-rise blocks, and everyone must have had a dog because they take these dogs and walk them around the lake on this beautiful wide footway and you can't look at the scenery because of the amount of dog crap there in tons. I understand today that something has been done about this but I would say that it was one of the most disappointing things about Geneva and unfortunately gave me a bad impression.

On November 3rd we left for Madrid and had a beautiful view of the Pyrenees as we passed over them with the snow covering and as again the advantage of the old planes that they didn't fly so high, so with such a nice day it was a beautiful sight and we stopped at the Hotel Castellanar Hilton in Madrid. Quite a nice hotel. I was quite impressed with Madrid and certainly have some beautiful buildings and also the boulevards were strikingly laid out. The Royal Gallery in Madrid was certainly impressive and quite large. We were interested to see the number of artists painting copies of the old masters and our guide explained that they pay so much to do this. I wouldn't be surprised if they sold them. They could fool me, because although I appreciate these wonderful paintings and works of art, my knowledge is limited.

We visited the home of Goya, the famous painter. It was interesting because of its construction. It was well down in actually a cellar and it was understood that the house originally belonged to a Jew and he lived in seven storeys of cellars. Next door to the Goya's house is one of the large religious institutions of one of Goya's masterpieces showing the miracle of the angels coming down and lifting the Abbott of this religious institution, the original Abbott, straight away to heaven. Certainly a miracle.

We went for a long day tour to Toledo and this is an old, old city and it is walled, very narrow streets and was famous way back in the middle ages. We went around and visited all sorts of places and they do some beautiful work in the way of jewellery and inlaying. One of their favourites, one of the deals in those days was to buy these fancy paper openers which in fact was a copy (in miniature) of the famous Toledo Blades, as the Toledo Blade was the most famous sword in Europe and the proud possession of the duelling fraternity and I was astounded when it was explained to me that the blades were right or left handed, they had a slight set either way so that when they pierced a person's body they curved inwards so that if they struck anything they went in deeper. Quite a pleasant idea! The two envelope openers, or papers knives you might call them, one of them being stolen in a burglary. The work is very, very fine and the steel is actually tempered and beautifully resilient. I have seen some that had been brought from Toledo in later years and those are just cheap, lousy gimmicks. Toledo was the scene of much action during the Civil War and the military college was a huge building just outside the walls with a parade ground in front and it was at this stage that the rebels had demanded the surrender of the cadets and the Commander in the College

and they produced the Commander's fourteen year old son. The Commander called to his son, 'Die like a man', and they shot this fourteen year old boy!

We came back to Madrid a different way, and saw some impressive work being done on irrigation along this particular river we were on, not a particularly big river. Coming through one of the villages we saw a group of cattle being driven up the street by these Spanish Cowboys who were dressed exactly the same, more or less, as the Mexican Cowboys and our driver explained how the Mexicans copied the dress from the Spanish who originally controlled Mexico. I urged the driver to get ahead of them and at a corner I got out and made a movie film of these cowboys driving the cattle. When they had driven them past where I was, apparently that was the end of the road for them they got off and came over and were talking to me and gastrulating and eventually dragged me into a catena, or wine saloon and here they were drinking wine out of the pig skins, just squirting into their mouths. I had to have my sip too, and all great joy and singing was going on for quite a few minutes, while Emily Rita was fuming out in the car wondering what was going on.

We were very impressed with the amount of work and building that was going on outside Madrid and the large numbers of factories being built and the rebuilding of parts of the University which I understand was as close as the Republicans got to Madrid.

Madrid is certainly a city worth visiting much more impressive than many, many places that get more tourist advertising. The bullring is very substantial and an impressive stadium though I certainly don't share their enthusiasm for bull fighting.

On November 5th we left by air for Paris and arrived about 7 .30 pm and we were booked in at the Hotel Maurice on the Rue de Ravioli, quite an impressive hotel and one of the outstanding ones in those days, in Paris though they charged like the Light Brigade, still it was very good accommodation. Here again, we came up against this old lift or elevator where it was necessary to sit down and the elevator slowly wound its way up to the floor on which we were stopping. I had a considerable amount of business to do in Paris and I wanted to get out to the Dairy Show Exhibition at Port de Versailles on the outer suburbs of Paris and this was a new Exhibition Building, and I was very, very impressed as the layout was in such a way that the exhibits could be put in and taken out quickly by travelling cranes which covered the whole of this area of some acres.

I met Elmer Klapmeir our old friend from America and spent a very interesting time having a look at the exhibits. In the layout of the exhibits was also a point, easy to find as there was quite an impressive colour of decorations and the exhibits were in streets and there was an opportunity to get some elevation and look down at the streets and you could pick where the exhibition stand was in which you were interested. I thought this was quite something. I talked over with various machinery manufacturers as I was very interested in getting an agency for an automatic butter making machine, they didn't use the old fashioned churn but a continuous system and there were several of them at the exhibit, but none of them were really performing to compete in quality and products of the big churns in use in Australia, however I kept it in mind and I secured an agency for a good looking filler and also a capping machine placing caps on jars and plastic containers and the like, unfortunately we were never able to exploit this because we just couldn't get import licences. We went out to one of the night clubs and had a very expensive evening, and later on we went for a tour around the city visiting a number of famous buildings including the Cathedral of Notredame,

and I was particularly interested in the construction of this building which is novel in as much as the Bastian's are on the outside, and the building is actually hung from the outside, normally these buildings are put up and are attached to the columns or Bastian's on the outside. On this day we were being guided by a young lady who certainly believed in her religion, and very keen to show us the various religious artefacts and so forth and on the front of the entrance to the Cathedral there is a plaque that shows the miracle that happened there when the first Abbot or head of the set up was taken up to the hill behind the Cathedral which is some distance away and there his head was cut off. He put it on a silver salver and walked back to the Cathedral with it and this is a miracle. "It sure is." I said to the girl "Hey break it down, I can believe so much but that's the limit."

We were supposed to go the Eiffel Tower but the lifts were out of order that day and that cut that out. Everywhere in Paris the tourist is the sucker. So much so that in various parts of the city on buildings were notices for the tourists if they thought they were being cheated to ring this particular number and make a complaint.

Emily Rita and I decided on Saturday to go and have dinner at the cafe Royale in the Monmatre, the Bohemian section of the city and we weren't going to get taken down so we would stick strictly to the menu which I remember was roast chicken. We sat down and the waiter came along and asked us would we have a special sherry. Well, we had seen the price of the sherry on the list and so we said yes. So we had a couple of these and I think the total dinner cost was 650 francs that is 1300 for the two of us. When the bill came it was about several hundred francs more than we anticipated and when we screamed out about it the head waiter came along and showed me the menu and in small, almost unreadable red lettering at the bottom was special sherry and this special sherry was I think 600 francs or some ridiculous price per glass, so we were taken again.

We visited the famous Follies Bergeres Night Club Theatre set up and were not overly impressed by the show though of course if one spoke the language it would probably be more interesting. Emily Rita was not impressed when she found that you had to pay quite a small sum to use the ladies loo and I found when we went to get to seats we had to pay the usherette some money otherwise we were just left standing there waiting while everyone else was seated in front of you.

We were to leave early for London and I asked the Hotel for the account to be ready at 6.00 am and the account was there and here again I found out that they had a ridiculous amount again, I think it was about 120 pounds for special telephone calls to America. I had never made a telephone call as I had been a wake up to this type of business which was a standard take in many hotels. It has been my general practice to have the call and then go and pay for it so that nobody can say that you have calls on your bill to be paid at all. Well they ended up having to get the Manager or Assistant Manager from somewhere, we waited and were getting upset because time was getting on and we were due to fly out to London. Anyway, when he saw that it was no use in bluffing he rushed away and came back very apologetic saying that there had been some mistake. To my mind there wasn't any mistake, it was just a try on. We went to the air terminal with our guide, that is the Cook's man who was a very nice Englishman who lived in France after the First World War, got married and live there. He quickly found out that the flight to London was closed due to fog and unlikely to go out so he immediately booked us by ringing some friend of his at the railway station to

catch the Golden Arrow Train to Calais and from there to catch the ferry to Dover. He went to great trouble to get us seating tickets for the restaurant for lunch.

Well, I have been in some crowded trains and buses but I have certainly never been in one more crowded than the one we were in, on the Gold Arrow Train. Everyone was standing everywhere in the carriage. Fortunately for us this guide had fought his way through and found a couple of seats for us and here we sat. There were people standing in front of you everywhere and in fact I will always remember the large carriage that we were in, that it was a multi-seating job with a ladies toilet and the crush was that much that some young fellow had been pushed and he pushed the door clean in and there he was sitting for the whole trip on the seat in the ladies toilet and just couldn't get out. When we reached Calais there was a pushy woman, a vulgar type obviously, who had been around and she knew all the tricks. She fought her way to the window and as the train slowed down she screamed out for the porter who, seeing some money, came along. So he trotted alongside and she handed her suitcases out to him and when the train came to a halt she simply elbowed her way out and was on her way to the boat. We of course were stuck with the fact that we had to get out with our luggage. It was quite interesting coming along in the train to see the numbers of derelict concrete dugouts in the sides of the embankments of the railways, remnants from the war. We eventually got onto the boat and had a very smooth trip only taking an hour and ten minutes to Dover and it was such a nice day and the cliffs, White Cliffs of Dover, showed up magnificently.

We again, on arrival, were able to get good seats on the train special to London and were booked in at the Mayfair Hotel, one of the nicest hotels that I've stopped in over a period. I had not mentioned previously that in London we had an office, in company with two other Melbourne firms, acting as our London Office and Mr Haughton was the chief of it, quite a smart gentlemen and did quite a good job for us for some years.

I visited the Apex Engineering Company and met Mr Pecks and his son, who apparently owned or controlled the company and I submitted the proposals that Bingham and Company would manufacture their patented mixer in Australia. This was a remarkable machine and very widely used now because the patents have run out and though we only had a limited time to market these in Australia, we did so very successfully. The mixer was known throughout the world as the 'Y' Blender and had the great ability to blend very minute proportions into powder mixes quite thoroughly and easily, and more in the case of chemicals, reliably.

I later had discussions with Torn Croke and Carnegie Pots, again, re the manufacture in Australia of the Barry Weirnuller Pasteurizers. I didn't get anywhere excepting that I had a promise from Carnegie Pots should they manufacture in Australia in agreement with Torn Croke's company, Progressive Corks, special reference would be made to working closely with Bingham and Company. I had a long discussion with Mr J.H. Price, a very capable engineer with High Technology, and he agreed to do special investigations for us in England and the Continent. He had formerly been the Manager of the Weapons Establishment in South Australia, Salisbury and had only returned to London which he bitterly regretted because he said his wife just nagged him into it. We never did have the opportunity to fully extend our co-operation with Mr Price but I am sure he would have been a real benefit to the operations we should make in Europe.

Further discussions with Peter Holland of Mitchell's Engineering in which Mitchell's agreed to a reduction of 7.5% royalty on our Australian built Mitchell Can Sterilisers.

On Wednesday, November 12, in company with Alex Webster, I visited Manchester and was taken over the works of the organisation that manufactured Webster Bottle Washers also a series of bottle fillers and other equipment associated with the bottling industry. This was quite a large work, probably five acres and actually had formerly been the old Crossley Brothers Motor Company Works. I was not very impressed with the operation compared with Bingham's, though it was larger, it looked rather dowdy and probably inefficient. It obviously had a lot of built in know-how in the workers that had been making these machines for so many years. They were manufacturing quite a large number of cordial fillers for aerated water bottling machinery and these were obviously well and truly out of date and I questioned them as to what the market was and they said they mainly went out to India and they sold very well out there because they were cheap and most of the bottling works that would start up out there were family affairs and one of the family would work in a factory having almost invariably one of these antiquated bottling machines that was the only one he knew and that was the only one he was going to have.

It was very cold up there and considerable snow around the ground. I went and had the opportunity of seeing a very large dairy with a number of bottled milk sterilizers installed by Websters and I was very impressed with their operation and the popularity of the sterilized milk was such that they were taking out one ordinary standard milk bottling line to put in another sterilized milk line. That is, the milk was supplied in the ordinary 24 oz bottles and this could be bought off the shelf in shops and it represented in this big city of Manchester about 80% of the milk to sell in this way and in homes where there was not such a great number of refrigerators. This could be understood to a point. Alex Webster explained that it went deeper than this as the children had been brought up on this milk and it had a flavour all its own, not unpleasant at all. He also said that scones made with this milk have a slightly different flavour to the pasteurized and sterilized milk. I was quite impressed. Later one of these plants was put in South Africa and was quite successful, though it never took on in Australia and I cannot understand why.

At this stage I might mention that Bingham & Company some years before had been involved in putting in or more revamping the large Glaxo Baby Food plant at Port Fairy in Victoria and they were using rollers for the manufacture of the milk powder and had been using this for many many years and when asked why they didn't put in one of our spray dryers which made such an excellent produce which was hard to tell whether it was reconstituted or fresh and it was explained to me that babies over generations have gotten used to the cooked taste of different flavour of the baby food and they were just too frightened to change it.

We went out of London for the weekend in a hired car and came back on the new Ml Highway that had just been opened, I think it was the day before. There was no speed limit, and we were very impressed with the quality of the road which was far in advance of anything in Australia.

Back in London we received a favourable reply from Seegar Brothers in Stuttgart and visited various breweries and also came to an agreement for Bingham's to build the Webster Bottle Washers in Australia and also with Apex to build their very efficient mixer.

While I was making various business visits, Emily Rita was taking the opportunity of visiting the show places of London and outside London such as Windsor Castle and the various department stores and shops. I took the opportunity of calling on the famous gun makers, Purdey & Sons, to discuss with them the possibilities of getting an extra set of barrels for my Purdey Gun so that it would not be so heavily choked on the barrels as at that time the gun was close choked or full choked on both barrels. So I had to end up ordering a new set of barrels which was rather costly in those days even about 600 pounds and I had to send the stock and the fore piece to London to have them fitted.

While I was visiting Purdeys the Managing Director took the opportunity of showing me something of their museum of guns there and it was very interesting indeed to see the guns that had been made for people with deformities and some that they simply had to pull the trigger and the gun hung on them as they were cripples of various description, all sorts of things. Whilst I was in the shop, or in the office, some important people, two brothers and a sister arrived from Saudi Arabia to take delivery of a set of guns they had just finished. New guns. These were beautiful works and they were gold mounted completely and the small gun had been made specifically to suit the sister and I had the opportunity to, on the side, have a look at this beautiful workmanship. My gun is one of those pieces that any person interested in workmanship would be pleased to own and is beautifully engraved and partly gold mounted.

We had been turfed out of the Mayfair Hotel at this time as they had been previously booked, they had done their very best too and they did obtain accommodation of a sort in Kensington for one night and then for two nights and then we had a final night in London stopping at the new American Hotel, run by the Hyatt chain which had become quite extensive around the world in later years.

An amusing episode happened at the hotel when there was a knock on the door at 5.00 am and I got up to answer it and as I opened the door a very smart looking girl walked past me and I said to her, 'You must have made a mistake.' She realised that there was something wrong and she had come to the wrong room - obviously a call girl. But the amusing part about it was my wife's reaction when she said 'Are you sure it wasn't 5.00 pm yesterday you ordered it for?' Anyway, it all went off alright and we then left London for New York but this time it was very cold and very foggy and uncomfortable. We were to travel by BOAC Britannia-Turbo Prop Aircraft, one I was fond of because I had had some experience with this aircraft. We sat in our seats and it was announced that there was going to be a delay. This was not unusual in those days with aircraft. After some time, probably at least an hour, of sitting around, the door was opened and the heater was off because the engines weren't running and it was simply below freezing point. The repairman who turned out to be an electrician came in and he was standing at the back and I went and asked him what the problem was and how long it was likely to be. So he said

"If this plane was an American plane, this fuse box should be just around in here and I could do it in a few minutes. But," he said "as it is the fuse box is out on the wing and I have to take off two covers and crawl through out there, it won't take me two minutes when I get there, but it is going to take me three hours to get to them and back again."

So with this, Emily Rita and I got off the plane very smartly indeed because it was difficult to get seats across the Atlantic and I asked to get my baggage removed from the

Britannia and knew, because I think in those days if it was over a half hour's wait you could insist on your baggage being removed. Well they got the baggage off and I left Emily Rita to look after that side of it and I very smartly went down the row of offices of the companies and booking offices that were flying the Atlantic and asking for a quick flight and finally we wre able to get on a Comet, which would go via Iceland because apparently they can't carry enough gasoline to get over direct.

So we left in the Comet and flew up to 51,000 feet which in itself is quite a pleasing experience and quite a thrill and as they took the northward passage to Iceland we were coming out close to the Pole and it was just getting dusk at the time and because of the altitude up and down and at the height of 51,000 feet, the curvature of the earth was quite plain and as we rose up and down several times there was this beautiful sunrise and sunset as the sun, and we were flying towards the west, would go down over the earth and then we would go up in the air some thousands of feet and low and behold the sun would rise again, as far as we were concerned. Of course it was only the plane. A marvellous spectacle, one we will never forget.

One other little point on this trip that I will always remember, Emily Rita was sitting near the window and there must have been a screw connected to the outside, just a small screw head and the freezing weather outside and the moisture inside was such that an icicle was forming and coming out the head of the screw. I insisted that Emily Rita was not to break it off, but just to see how far it came out. It came out about the thickness of a match and stuck out at least two inches or more.

We landed at Reykjavik, the Capital of Iceland and it was very cold but not snowing, the snow plough had left a bank of snow on each side of the runway about eight feet high. We were there for some time while being refuelled and it rather amused me to see that they had between the departure lounge and the aircraft a hut, or a small building, and it had a door in and a door out and this is where all the passengers picked up their duty free liquor to take into New York where you can bring in a gallon, five fifth gallon bottles, which is the ordinary size whisky bottle and everyone trouped through, handed in their tickets because they all had to pay for them, got their bag and walked out the other side. Some had whisky and others had a mixture.

We landed in New York and being several hours late we had missed our booking with the St Moritz Hotel and this was quite serious because there was just a mass of people wanting accommodation, because there were quite a few conventions on, including the packaging convention which I was very interested in indeed. But the St Moritz had taken a chance and reserved a room for us at the Henry Hudson Hotel which was further over on Eight A venue, on Eight and about 57th Street, a very large hotel and accommodation was alright but it was apparently a haunt of the sailors and servicemen for a weekend with their girlfriends, but it was alright with us.

Next morning I called on Mr Finklestein of the Fairbanks Whitney Company at their New York office and when he asked where we were stopping I told him the Henry Hudson, and he looked rather surprised and I explained the situation.

"Oh" he said

"It's a pity you didn't ring me I may have been able to help."

So he left the room and I was talking with his secretary and she said

"Oh yes, Mr Finklestein would have been able to get you a room alright."

"How's that?"

She said "He owns several hotels in New York."

He arranged for me to go out to their service office in New Jersey and he was sending a car to pick me up. Well, this Henry Hudson Hotel went from one block to another and with the one entrance on each block and I tipped the doorman either way to make sure that I was contacted when the car turned up. But the whole of the population I think that was around at that time, a considerable crowd of people at around 9.00 in the morning were to see this Carey Cadillac, this was from the Carey Motor Company, who supplied these special supa dupa luxury Cadillac's extended for visiting royalty and such. For one of these to turn up at this third rate hotel created quite a sensation for the loungers. When I was eventually contacted he was nearly going to leave because they hadn't contacted me and he was a bit doubtful whether he had been sent to the right hotel. Anyhow I turned up and got several glances of respect as the door was opened with a flourish for me and I got into this very large Cadillac and proceeded away.

He turned out to be an excellent driver and also quite a knowledgeable gentleman. He told me that the last time the car had been used was by one of the kings from the Middle East a couple of days before.

I had a very pleasant day with Fairbanks Whitney and they were quite keen that we should become interested in manufacturing various equipment that was controlled by the· Fairbanks Morse Company. I found the packaging Exhibition in the Colosseum Buildings to be very interesting as there I was again able to contact the several representatives of the several companies with which I had been negotiating for agency and manufacturing agreements and was able to reach agreements with them. I also obtained the Peter's Company complete line and was able to reach agreement with the Clybourne, that is, to sign the agreement. The technical men were well in evidence at the packaging show and here I was able to discuss with them various problems in servicing and endeavoured to ensure that Bingham &: Company could give real service to the customers.

At this time, Emily Rita had been able to obtain accommodation at the Plaza Hotel on 59th Street, corner of 59th and Fifth Avenue and here we were rather unlucky that the staff had gone on strike over the weekend and morning tea service trays had been just simply left in the passageway outside our rooms. Still it didn't matter much.

On Saturday, November 21 st, we went to see the show entitled 'The Pleasure Of His Company' starring Cyril Richard and his wife Madge E11iot. Quite pleasant entertainment and I certainly thought at the time that Cyril and Madge had come a long way from the first show I saw them in in Melbourne where they were the supporting dance team for Maud Fayne and Leo Franklin in 'A Night Out'. Maud Fayne as the lead singer and Leo Franklin as the comedian, they were really a very high grade team and Maud Fayne had a beautiful voice and didn't need microphones to fill the theatre with melody.

Incidental to this, Maud Fayne came out in a revival some years afterwards but her voice had gone downhill.

We went to see the musical 'The Flowerdrum Song' and it was very, very pleasant entertainment and we were pleased to see this again in Melbourne, I think it was, some years later.

We left for Pittsburgh on Tuesday, November 24th, and in the afternoon of that day I had a long meeting with the Blaw Knox Senior Executives including the President, Cordies Schneider, a very obviously confident gentleman, and his Director of Manufacturing, George Copetz. I had previously not reached a satisfactory agreement on procedure in Australia with the management at Buffalo and especially Ed Hegg the Sales Manager who seemed rather dull to me. Schneider said to Bi11 Rogers, the Senior Vice President,

"How much business did we do in Australia in the previous three years prior to Binghams taking on the agency?"

Bill Rogers said

"Nothing, no business."

and Schneider said

"We11 how much business have we done in the last three years?"

Bill said "I forget, I think it was $3,000,000"

Schneider said "What the hell is wrong with these people in Buffalo?"

Cordeis Schneider, the President, said to Bi11 Rogers,

"Ring Buffalo and tell them to give Dave what he wants."

and then he arranged for me to be flown by the company plane from Pittsburgh to

Buffalo especially for a rehash meeting with Ed Hegg in Buffalo.

The name of the plane was Snow Shoe, it was a specially fitted out DC3. When he said 'our plane' I was picturing some small plane and in the morning when I got up to meet the Blaw Knox car which was to take me to the airport it was snowing, very heavily, and I thought 'My god, what have I let myself in for now?' Anyway, we arrived at the Pittsburgh airport which is some distance from the city and quite an awkward airport to approach because of the mountainous area. We waited for some time and I was introduced to the pilot and his assistants and had a cup of coffee while I was waiting and they nonchalantly had the men hose off all the snow from the plane and I boarded and we took off and as I was the only one on board I had the VIP treatment.

On the flight over there on discussing the flight with the pilots, they arranged that I sit in a small seat in between, to the rear of them a little and they explained the whole procedure. We had to land through the snow which turned into fog lower down. It was quite interesting to see the approach and how once on the right course any slight deviation from the course immediately made a special sound in the earphones of which I had a set.

Anyway, I had a long meeting with the various sales and technical staff and they agreed to reduce the overall engineering payments and also to try and work more with us in the way of special designs to suit Australian conditions. The one that I pushed for then and had been pushing for was the placing of the Rotovac, that is the agitated film evaporator for producing heavy concentrates, to be attached as a second stage to a single effect re-compression unit and thereby giving the advantage of economical steam consumption and a well controlled heavy concentrate.

We returned in the afternoon in the company plane 'Snow Shoe' to Pittsburg and on the way the bar was opened especially for me so I was able to settle back and enjoy a few whiskeys and a ride back at Pittsburgh to the William Pitt Hotel, one of the finest old hotels in the U.S.A.

Thursday, November 26th, the Thanksgiving holiday, Emily Rita and I caught an early plane from Pittsburg to O'Harefield Chicago and were booked in at a very nice hotel, the Sheraton Towers, right on the Michigan Boulevard. On the flight from Pittsburgh we saw the country virtually covered with snow and most of the stock were now under cover so that the whole of the area, everything was covered in snow. It was quite cold in Chicago too, though the sun came out, the temperatures were quite low and certainly I suppose fifteen degrees below freezing.

On Friday, I had numerous meetings with the executives of the firms with whom I had been negotiating and this was all signed up and we had certainly by this timne accumulated quite a range of packaging machinery.

Emily Rita was keen to get out of the room on the Sunday as it looked such a nice day. We went for a walk but didn't get more than a few blocks down Michigan Boulevard when we were very pleased to get back to the room, it was just too cold for us.

I went on Monday to Cedar Rapids and had further discussions with the Cherry Burrell people regarding the Australian Agency and manufacturing rights. I had a look over the shop and was again very impressed with them.

On Tuesday, December 1st, we left by DC8 for Los Angeles and I will always remember the little problem we had in that we had left the flight as I was still doing business in the morning. We had our bags packed and stored ready to go and there was a line-up of people for the cab in front of the Hotel and when it was my turn to get the negro doorman, he was informed where we had to go and this was of course a big, long trip out to the airfield, so it was a funny thing but our bags got mislaid and it wasn't till a negro taxi driver came to top of the rank that our bags were somehow found and we were on our way and we just made it in time to catch the plane.

It was very interesting going over the country as going west, the temperature was rising and the first few hundred miles there were no cattle visible, then there was less snow and a few cattle were visible until we passed over the very western areas all the cattle were visible.

We were met by Larry and Evy Detrich and settled in at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel again. I had a long discussion with Bruce Alexander regarding the future in Australia of the Browns Citrus Machine and was very impressed by his sincerity and though we could not

come to any fixed agreement it was sort of touch and go. I found out afterwards that he was being influenced to some extent by Joe Perelli with whom we had been having quite a deal with the Filper Peach Pitting Machine which was largely controlled by the Fellice and Perelli families.

We flew to San Francisco on Thursday, December 3rd and I had discussions with Alex Donald, my old friend at King Sales &: Engineering. With the backing of Gordon Edgell and Sons I visited the Gerba Baby Food Plant at Oakland across the bay from San Francisco

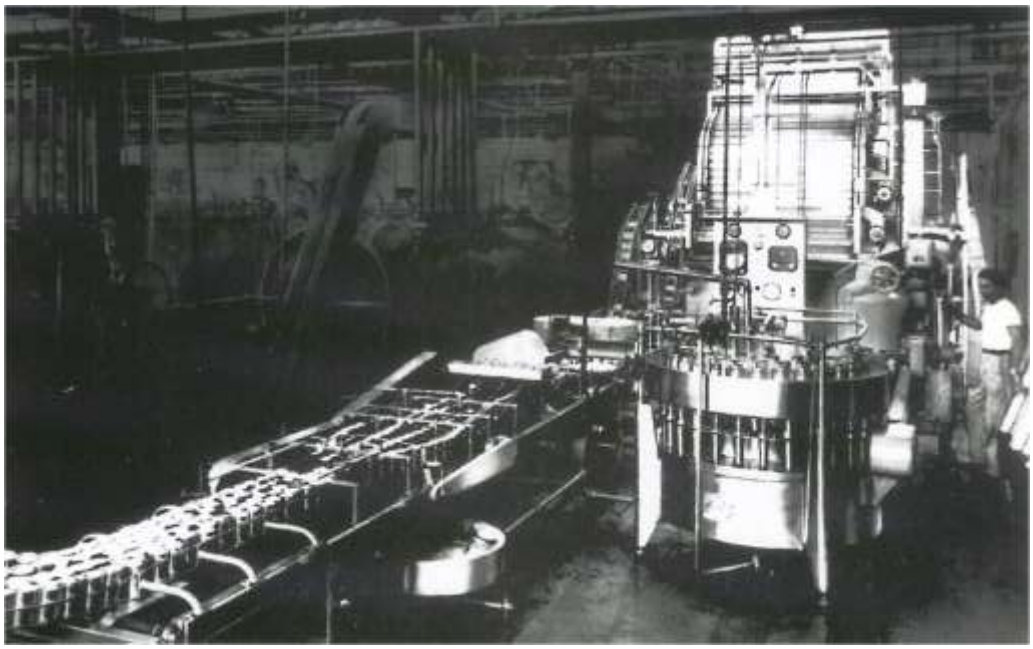

Figure 28 - VIEW OF BINGHAM HIGH SPEED FRUIT PROCESSING LINE, 1960

500 cans per minute - the world's fastest. Featuring the Bingham patented Accumulator, Bingham patented Vacuum Syruper and Bingham patented Hydrostatic Sterilizer

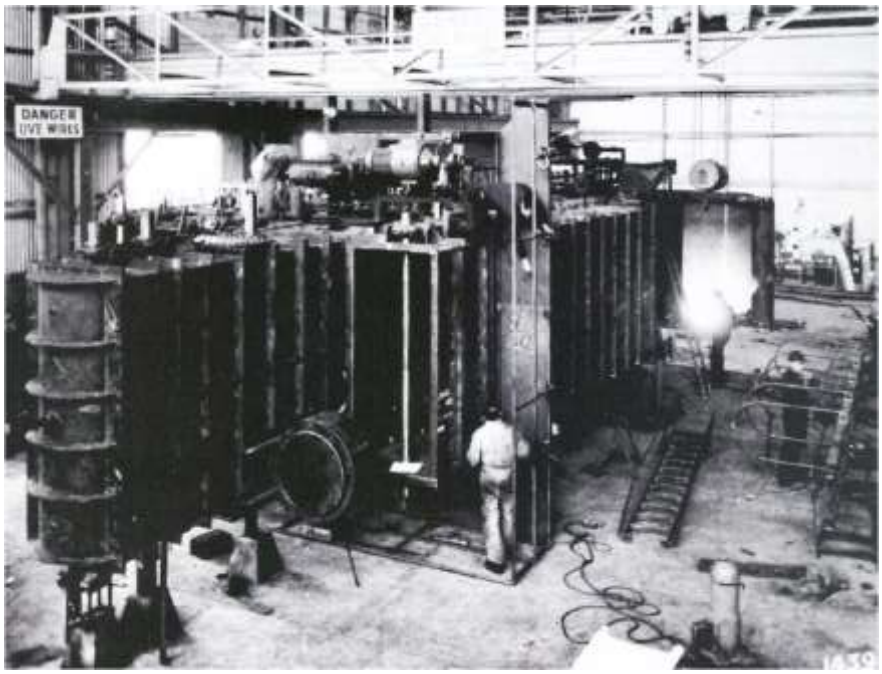

Figure 29 - A large hydrostatic sterilizer being assembly on site.

and this had a great advantage of giving possible higher speeds with the same size of machine as would be for a much smaller capacity in the earlier Mitchell design. Mitchell had patents on the type of carrier that was used and the carrier itself didn't impress me and was one of the reasons I wanted to get away from the Mitchell machines. We now had completed the design of this hydrostatic steriliser and it was put into the shop for production. To go with this line it was necessary to have a high speed vacuum syruper and though we had been building vacuum syrupers for some years and they were doing a good job both in Australia and overseas, they were rather complicated as far as the head was concerned and especially with the much increased speed that was necessary. So I again got busy and designed the VKS line of Vacuum Syrupers and the drawing office set to work to elaborate and prepare for the manufacture of my new design and one of the main points I was able to overcome by the simplest of means was what is known as a "No-Can No-Fill ". The beauty of the idea was that the speed was immaterial as each mechanism was a part of the filling system and this worked perfectly without any modification at all.

I was disturbed that the drawing office was slipping back on the production schedule on the general design of the syruper and I decided that I would do the production drawings of the head itself which is the most singularly important part. I produced these drawings at home down to the details for manufacturing and as far as I know these drawings are still in use. As I had not been doing any serious detailed draughting for a number of years I was a little bit concerned about my tolerances which are quite small and also the sizes of such things as O Rings and I knew that there was quite a bit of jealousy in the drawing office that I was doing the drawings. I had our senior production man go over the drawings with me, confidentially, and to check that my tolerances were practical and so the drawings went into the drawing office and were used for the production of the VKS series.

I always consider that the patents on this machine and the invention in general is the best that I have ever produced. Here it is now twenty-three years later I dictate this that the machine has been unexcelled anywhere in the world both for the job that it does as a

vacuum syruper and also for speed, as the larger of these machines would easily handle 1,000 per minute and I think that is also unexcelled today.

Just of recent times I had visited the Heinz Fish Cannery at Eden as I have been associated with Heinz right from their beginnings in Australia and had become very friendly with the management. The Heinz Eden Cannery is only a few miles from our home at Merimbula. Heinz Eden were having trouble getting the oil into their tuna in the can for tuna and oil pack because of the density of the tuna, the oil simply flooded around the outside. I spent some several years trying to induce them to put in a Bingham VKS and have the oil forced in by atmospheric pressure. They bought a machine which was not from the manufacturer but it had not been used and was an eighteen head machine amply fast for their requirements. They had it at the cannery for some two years and it is only some six months ago or there about that they put it into operation and with astonishing results. I just learned that the American principals of the fisheries division of Heinz had discounted the possibilities of using a machine and couldn't see it in operation. However, as I mentioned, they put the machine into operation and were really astounded with the results and here again I have just visited them and they explained how the problems came about in getting it into operation and mentioned that again the American representatives were out at Eden and seeing the machine in operation suddenly found an interest and enquired where they could be obtained for installation in their other factories.

The Bingham High Speed Line was installed at Kyabram. We had guaranteed it to do 400 cans per minute but I had in mind that I would design it to do 500 cans per minute. It was installed by Alan Caple, one of our top young, engineers and our son David and they made an excellent job of it and one of the problems we had to face up to was accelerating a mass of cans from a conveyor into a single line and here again this developed mainly or along the lines that my brother Allen put forward and this was the only situation or equipment that I have ever seen to do the same job and work excellently. The machine, this line processed I think 16,000,000 cans in the first year of operation which was a considerable proportion of the total number of cans processed in Kyabram that year and Jack Hopley the Manager said that they had used quite a considerable amount less sugar, which is one of the largest expense items in canning fruit and as he said they had altered nothing except put in the new line that he was giving the saving in the non-use of the sugar to the accuracy of the fill on the VKS syruper.

I had forgotten to mention that when the plant started up and got into the first run which was a dummy run, terrific vibrations started in this very high column which is about 50 feet high with probably l 00 tons of water started to sway backwards and forwards and this sounded really dangerous so I had them shut it down and l thought 'What are we going to do', knowing this would ruin the whole thing; it couldn't operate like this. Well, I worked out a simple system and had it made almost overnight in as much as to put a surge drum on the top of the column and a substantial pipe out into this surge drum on a tangent just exactly the same as a cyclone used for dust and air separation, that is, a surge of water was allowed to spin around in the surge drum and as it slowed down it went back to where it started from in the base of the machine. It worked perfectly. As soon as the machine had settled down into operation the surge stopped and no more problems. Wally Laidlaw was the engineer at Kyabram in charge of processing, a very, very nice fellow and knowing him I thought to myself 'Well, I wouldn't mind betting that Wally would put the speed up on this to see what

he could get out of it' and when I went up after the end of the season and had a discussion with Wally he said

"Yes, I put the speed up to a little under 500 cans per minute and it was no trouble at all."

Well, that was it. That really put us in the business of having, probably, without exaggeration, the most efficient processing line in the world and it was at that time the fastest with unlimited possibilities of speed.

After the process I obtained a number of useful patents, both on the vacuum syruper and the hydrostatic sterilizer and these patents have been used in machines ever since. Unfortunately, it was only a few years later that Alan Caple died of cancer, a most untimely death.

Chapter Twenty Six

19 59 Trip to Singapore and Malaysia

To Demonstrate Pineapple Peeling and Coring Machine and Pineapple Grader

We had sold one pineapple peeling and coring machine to the Government of Malaysia remembering that that was in the days of Malaysia and Singapore being the one nation. We left on June 8th, 1959, by BOAC Britannia, that was the big four engine turbo prop English machine, a plane which I had a lot of time for. To me it was unfortunate that they did not pursue it and manufacture more.

Our flight from Melbourne via Darwin took about 12.5 hours flying time. We booked in at Raffles Hotel and later met Mr Buchler who was the Chairman of the Pineapple Board who were arranging the demonstrations of our machines.

It was quite interesting talking with Mr Buchler and his wife. She was born of Dutch parents in Indonesia and spoke Indonesian and fluent Mandarin Chinese as well as, of course, excellent English. He was a Swiss and spoke various languages and, interestingly, he was in Singapore during the Japanese occupation and because of his Swiss neutrality he was not interfered with by the Japanese, but he certainly told some gruesome stories of what he had seen go on because he could move about quite freely.

One story was how the Japanese suppressed the Triads, the secret societies. He said that they gave all the members of these societies a few weeks to register with the Japanese Police and then they would line up every male in the streets in certain blocks and strip them and they would be checked. Apparently all these Triads had some secret mark on their bodies to indicate which one they belong to. If their name wasn't on the list, that is, they hadn't been registered, they just made them kneel down in the street in front of all the people and beheaded them. Certainly an incentive not to forget to register. All these records were passed back to the British at the close of the war so the British were in a position to control them too, but they'd certainly got out of hand by 1959.

Our machines were installed at the Lee Pineapple Company situated on the main road just a few miles north of Johore Baru, the capital of the state of Johore. It had been well installed and Alan Banfield, one of our most competent engineers, who was with me, checked it over and we found troubles with the air compressor which went with it. This air compressor had been bought outside from the manufacturers, who had boxed it and sent it to us ready for shipment. We found that there was something wrong with the automatic pressure switching and I make no claims to being an electrical man, neither was Alan, though no doubt he could have found the trouble. One thing that I got really mad about was that it was obvious that this compressor unit had been assembled and never tested which demonstrates the sheer bloody ignorance of the Australian manufacturers that they would send a machine thousands of miles away without a test run.

The troubles with the terrorists were just coming to an end in Malaysia and Singapore, more especially Malaysia and the atmosphere in the canneries and generally around the country was very foreboding, very ominous. You could feel it in the glares from the five or six hundred cannery workers and they obviously had the management scared. The employees virtually dictated how the factory was run, as they lived on the premises in a village which

was a part of the cannery operation. Incidentally, the canners were obliged to supply a village and also a hospital and schools for the whole of the family.

The workers were right against the installation of any labour saving machinery which was nonsense because without it their pack was quite poor quality. We were told, and saw evidence ourselves, that the workers in their village would have a meeting and look down from the village to the cannery yard to see the amount of pineapples coming in and they would simply work out how it was going to be packed and then they would come down and do it.

We had to put a secret indicator on the pineapple peeling and coring machine in the way of a bit of grease with a hair set in it so that if the machine was tampered with at night or was moved at all the hair would be broken or moved. One of the Singapore canners who had one of the pineapple peeling and coring machines had his locked up in a solid barred box so that the whole of the machine was covered over and heavily locked at night.

This bad atmosphere caused us a lot of trouble and it took a good deal of effort and diplomacy to get the machine into working order. During a meal break I picked up one of the machetes that they use for trimming the pineapples, at which they are extremely adept, and split a pineapple in half. The owner of the knife saw me from across the factory and rushed over to me, pulled the knife out of my hands and made threatening gestures with it towards me.

We could have had the engineer at the cannery have his electrical wiremen check on the wiring of the compressor but he was just too frightened to ask it to be done, so we had to bring an outside wireman in and in this case we were given all the help possible by the Metal Box Company, manufacturer of the cans, who were keen to see the industry expand. The Metal Box man fixed the wiring in a few minutes and we were off to a start. And for the start off we got shocking results, very poor work, and we shut down after running a few baskets of fruit to do some thinking. It was obvious that we wanted to speed up the nose as the fibres in the pineapples that we were processing were very much tougher than the pineapples in Australia, that is, the smooth Cayenne, of Hawaii.

We made various alterations and started to improve results by speeding up the circular knife, but even then didn't get the results we should have got. I decided then that there was some difference in the knives they were using on their semi-automatic machines and ours but I just couldn't see what it was.

Mrs Buchler, in a joking way one night at dinner said to me,

"Well, you invent things, why don't you invent some chopsticks that a European can use."

Well, we all laughed and anyway over the next day or two I thought to myself 'Why not?', and I designed a small fitting to go onto chopsticks which could be concealed with the fingers, underneath the fingers, holding the chopsticks and I wanted to get the fitting made which needed a little machining, so I approached the Chief Engineer to make this up. I explained what it was for and he got interested because the Chinese people, in my opinion, are the most curious people in the world, or at least, that I have met.

Now, the Chief Engineer I'm sure could understand English quite well, but he always professed ignorance and we had to have an interpreter there to talk to him and he shunned us like we had the plague.

He became interested and we made little modifications and I had the Cannery Manager to be the model to try it out. So there you are, I got the Manager and the Chief Engineer interested in a little project and therefore they became a bit friendly and this went on for some days and I put it squarely to the Chief Engineer that there was something different between their knives for cutting the diameter of the pineapple to ours.

He didn't say much, he went away and got a knife and he showed me, so I went quietly and had our knives taken out to the Metal Box Company where they modified the knife to suit the Malaysian pineapple set up and this it did.

The chopsticks were finished and we had many laughs with them because I carried them around in my pocket and a European can use the chopsticks just as easily as an experienced Chinaman.

There were a number of people interested in these experiments that were turning up all the time on the technical side of it and one of these included Dr Parbrey, who was an Australian specialist in agriculture but from an American university, and he was married to an American girl. Now, you've got to realise that the average Chinese woman is quite small and here was this big American girl and Dr David Parbrey was quite a big Australian. Mrs Parbrey had an excellent figure and she sure had a nice pair of boobs, which were hardly ever seen on a Chinese woman.

One day, Mrs Parbrey came through the cannery with her husband and I'm not exaggerating, the whole of the male population, and in fact the females too, stopped to admire her. She had such an elegant dress on which had quite a deep 'V' and also was not very long. The men just absolutely goggled at her and Mr Gwee was saying

"I wish that woman would leave, I wish that woman would leave! She shouldn't be allowed in."

But any way, it was quite a sensation for everybody as far as we were concerned.

We eventually found that the pineapples we were testing had definitely been loaded up and bad fruit mixed with them. Now, no machine will handle rotten fruit and it is very difficult with pineapples to tell from the outside whether they are rotten inside or not.

But eventually the great day came when the Government Inspectors c1nd various canners and other people were to assemble to see the machine in operation and we were to run about 150 oaskets of fruit. I insisted that the Chief Fruit Inspector of the area should be there and inspect each pineapple as it came up on the conveyor to go through the machine, to see that the fruit was sound. Now, I assume that he might have been frightened of the Triads, who have a habit of murdering, and so he had to choose between them and letting himself down and loosing face in front of the Government Heads. I think that out of the 130 baskets of fruit that ran through, he rejected about 30 baskets so the workmans' little plot fell through and the demonstration was a huge success.

To give you a further idea of the mentality of these people, there was a demonstration of the grading of the pineapples and for this the grader was not set up in a line but was just set up in a yard to grade into boxes. They would then check the grading, which we knew would be quite satisfactory. They were told to feed the fruit onto the machine and the machine stood about 6 or 7 feet, which is considerably taller than the average chinese, so they simply started throwing them and in the end they were actually throwing pineapples up in the air and they were coming down and bouncing inside the machine and bouncing out and they thought this was a great joke. I simply walked away with Alan Banfield and told Mr Gwee that was his problem not ours.

So that was more less the end of the operation. In the meantime we had been driving around quite extensively in the local area and quite a few miles and usually in company with various officials. One day we went to lunch at Dr Parbrey's home up on the edge of the pineapple field some miles from Johore and there we were shown the posts where a machine-gun had been mounted to guard the house, I think there were about three houses. They also showed me the hole up in the jungle quite a short distance away, comparatively speaking, where the Communists had a machine-gun post and every day strafed the houses. The jungle was that thick they just couldn't root out these Communists with ordinary methods.

Great credit was given by everybody to the wonderful job that was done by General Templer who was in command of the forces to suppress the Communist insurrection. Basically his idea was to starve out the insurrectionists by stopping any food getting through. This was particularly successful and we saw and had occasion to be part of the program in a minute way.

There were towns set up like the town of Pecan Ananus, or Pineapple Town; ananus meaning pineapple. This was enclosed with barbed wire and also a heavy, high fence to which there was attached running leads for dogs as well as machine-gun posts at each corner and lights. The people were allowed out to work in the pineapple fields and rubber plantations at early morning, probably about 5.00 am. They were not allowed to take any food whatsoever with them and they worked then for about six hours and were returned to the town again. In that way, no matter what the terrorists did, they were denied their main sources of food.

Templer's program had repercussions even in Australia on the Ovaltine factory in Tasmania near Devonport. They were going at full speed with the manufacture of Ovaltine, most of which was being exported to Malaysia where it was being infiltrated out to the terrorists. Ovaltine, being a concentrated food, was very valuable to them. When Templer's program came into full force the Ovaltine factory in Tasmania was virtually shut down.

One day we were in our car, Alan Banfield and myself were pulled up by the soldiers on the roadblock and our car was searched and we had two chicken sandwiches which we were going to have for morning tea or something and these two chicken sandwiches were taken off us and they explained why and I agreed with them because anybody could have held us up. The other remarkable thing was that over the obviously thousands of miles of roads, the vegetation had been cut back on each side at a distance of about 20 feet, so that the terrorist couldn't conceal themselves. Previously they could get close to the passing

traffic without been seen and actually fire through the firing slits on the armour of the cars and light tanks, but now this was also largely eliminated.

Just before we arrived in Johore we were told of the situation at the cannery, where the small holders, that was the small independent growers of the pineapple, were lined up with shotguns they had been given to defend themselves against the terrorists. On the other side of the road was a screaming mob of cannery workers who were on strike, and in between were a couple of lines of soldiers, the Royal Malaysia Regiment and this was the sort of atmosphere that went on there.

The Triads had many officials scared and for good reason. One of the older members that came down to Melbourne couldn't speak English but he liked to have a few beers, so we got along fine. When he went back they simply walked up and shot him on the doorstep of his office or home. The Manager of the Pineapple Cannery, I think it was the International Pineapple Company, not very far from the Lee Pineapple Company, probably no more than a mile, apparently did not agree to the demands of the Triads so they just simply blew his head off one morning when he walked out of his house to walk to the cannery.

I was amazed to see how nonchalantly the Gurkas walked through the worst area of Singapore to their barracks, seeing they were so small. So i said to an Englishman I had met

"How do the Gurkas get along getting home at night?" because it is notorious for murders and there would simply be a notice in the paper, 'Fifteen bodies taken out of the canal this morning', hardly worth a mention. He said

"There are two things these Chinese terrorists don't like; Alsatian dogs and Gurkhas, because if that little fellow takes out that knife when he's going home somebody has got to be hurt and they get highly respected."

Lee Pineapple wanted various quotations for packaging machines and other equipment and I wanted to get them typed out, but here again, it is a problem because I had been tipped off that if you went to a typing agency at that time, and I am quite confident that things have altered favourably, the typing service doing the job got more money by selling the copies of your quotations to your competitor than what they charged for the typing.

All this time I had been living in a Chinese Hotel in Johore which was quite comfortable. We had a separate suite but it was a building obviously designed to stand more or less a seige as there were no windows low down and it was a heavy concrete building and at night a heavy steel grill was closed across the entrance and a number of Indians were allowed to sleep in there as a protection from anybody trying to get in.

The banks had a system of avoiding hold ups which I think could be well thought of in Australia, in as much as no money whatever changed hands at the counters, but all the money was taken and issued from another storey further up, entirely hidden and there were numerous small baskets lowered and raised with the various instructions in them. There was also always an Indian Sikt guard, sometimes two, with a shotgun on all the doors. So if a man had got in, hard to say how, they could shoot the workers down below but they wouldn't get any money as there wen□ no quantities of money being handled. That would take the incentive out of a lot of bank .robberies.

I arranged with the Manager of the hotel to borrow a typewriter and he was to look around and see if he could find a girl that could do some typing. He eventually turned up with an attractive Chinese girl who was not very good on the typing but her cost was cheap. So we set the typewriter up in our suite and she would come in in the mornings for an hour or two and do the necessary typing.

"Oh, it was very bad when they went back to England and I couldn't go with them."

But she also explained to me that there were several of the Chinese working in the hotel and they couldn't speak to one another because they spoke different dialects. One of them I remember was Hainan Island, a big island in the gulf. She said they all have the same name. So they were employed because with the same name it indicates that they come from the same family. It was very interesting to note that there is quite a limited number of surnames in Chinese.

The Buchler's had a pleasant Chinese girl stopping with them. I think her age was probably about eighteen or nineteen, maybe more, maybe less, and she came from Indonesia and had formerly been some associate of Mrs Buchler. She had a limited permit to live in Singapore and the idea was that they would find a Chinese husband for her, a convenience husband. If she married a Singaporean Chinese she could then stop permanently in Singapore and the Buchler's were going to pay, I think they mentioned 200 pounds to the Chinaman who married the girl and then he would disappear and she would go on living and working with the Buchler family.

Our demonstration of the machines had now been accepted as being highly successful and we were preparing to finish up that particular section of our work. In looking around the cannery I noticed they had several English and European machines such as Labelling machines and Casing machines and some, I think, fillers which were not satisfactory for the work, in fact, they were beautifully finished in most cases but shockingly antiquated in the modern sense. One of them was an English Labelling Machine which we knew quite well in Australia and it was quite antiquated as far as efficiency was concerned and they had put it aside and were hand labelling the cans. This was going to be of some importance in dealing with the Pineapple Company when we returned to Australia.

We returned to the base at Singapore and Alan Banfield then soon returned to Australia while I carried on with the rest of the job of trying to sell canning machinery to other food processors, no matter what they processed and this brought me into some quite interesting situations and contacts.

I was shown a jungle hideout of the terrorists 'that had been discovered' but though this was only a few hundred yards off the road, because of the darkness of the jungle, it was not possible to reach it without somebody who knew the way. The track twisted and turned and eventually you reached, what could be described as, the lair of these people. It was extremely crude and they must have lived in there under shocking conditions.

Just a few miles from the capital, the terrorists were known to be in a small jungle area just a few miles wide by a few miles long and this was patrolled on the outside with military vehicles on the roads which had been especially put in to isolate the group of terrorists. They wouldn't come out and they couldn't catch them in the jungle so there was a continuous patrol set up on the outside of the jungle area and then artillery commenced a barrage of

firing into the jungle on pattern shooting apparently the aeroplanes dropped bombs and helicopters hovered overhead, screaming out for them to surrender. The din must have been terrific because some of the residents of Kuala Lumpur who had heard it in the distance said it was night and day bombing and shelling and with the scream of the loud speakers they were nearly driven silly.

In the end the terrorists gave up, not because they were subdued by the fighting, but the noise had sent them more or less insane. They stumbled out after about three days and this was one of the last of the big engagements with the terrorists.

Lots of people condemned the police for not being more active in suppressing these terrorists, but it seemed to me that they did a very good job. There was a memorial outside Kuala Lumpur for the policemen who died in the terrorist campaign. I think some 700 of them were killed, although this figure may not be accurate.

On Sunday, June 28th, I left by DC3 Singapore for Kuala Lumpur and had a very interesting flight, especially over the rubber plantations and over the large tin dredging operations near Kuala Lumpur. I stopped at the Merlin Hotel, a very nice hotel indeed and the price of a small suite, $41 per day, was quite modest when you come to consider that the rate of exchange was about two to one in our favour.

I ran into Bill Cairns, the Australian Trade Commissioner whom I had known for many years in Australia and later went and met Mr Wong Tok Chia of the Amoy Canning Company and he very kindly drove me down to Port Swetenham to see some more canneries and pineapple plantations. On the way we passed through Klang and the tin dredging operations, using both the bucket dredge and nozzle sluicing, which were certainly on a vast scale compared with anything else I have seen in the world. The old Tronoh Dredge from Harrietville, Victoria, was set up but was not operating and I was told it had not been highly successful since the bucket ladder had been increased very considerably.

I was not impressed at all by Port Swetenham for I had an idea of taking a boat from there up to Thailand and other spots but the boat didn't appeal to me and also the town didn't appeal to me so I returned after seeing some of the canneries which were very, very crude. The first time I have ever seen a canning bench of solid brick face with concrete and tiles and a tile top. It was just a big block in the centre of the factory. It would have been a sight for the pineapple growers in Honolulu and the Philippines to see how they were growing in the area around Port Swetenham; the number of different types of pineapples growing in the one row. I even saw one of the derivations of the Australian Smooth Cayenne with runners on fifteen feet long with one pineapple on the end ot it.

On Tuesday I had a long discussion with Mr Irvine, the Secretary for Agriculture in the capital of Kuala Lumpur and Frank Canary and a Mr Bolschen and they discussed the general proposals to put up a new cannery and I undertook to survey the best place for it to be located. I later gave this a preliminary once-over and agreed that with a further approach from them we would be in a position to quote them.

I returned to the Merlin Hotel and ran into a young fellow who I knew in Australia and he introduced me to others; some Englishman and some other Australians. They insisted on taking me around to see some of the watering places in Kuala Lumpur. In three different

places we were propositioned to have these girls for 50c per time. One place was extra cheap, it was only 1 /6p Australian money, or about 25¢. That's cutting it a bit fine.

I had lunch on the Wednesday in a very nice Chinese restaurant with Mr Wong of the Amoy Canning Company, Mr Limoof of the Bank of China and Mr Dan from Manila, who was an engineer of considerable experience and knew my very good friend, Bill Taylar in America.

I caused some smiles with the use of my special chopsticks. They in fact complimented me on the way I used the chopsticks and when I showed them the device that enabled me to do it they thought it was a very jood joke and Wong Tok Chia asked whether he could copy the idea so that he could send chopsticks with chinese meals he sent for Christmas presents to friends in Europe and America. I said yes, knowing full well he would do it anyway.

Some years later I gave a letter of introduction to an Australian who was going to visit Malaysia and the pineapple industry to call on Wong Tok Chia. Apparently, he had immediately said and with the scream of the loud speakers they were nearly driven silly.

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Some years later I gave a letter of introduction to an Australian who was going to visit Malaysia and the pineapple industry to call on Wong Tok Chia. Apparently, he had immediately said

"Mr Bingham. I remember him quite well, the man with the patent chopsticks."

He said that he had made fifty of them and sent them to Europe with his Chinese food. I returned to Singapore and Mr Dan was on the plane and we had a rather interesting

discussion on the manufacture of particle board such as canite and masonite for which my American friends held the patent licences.

On Saturday, July 4th, I went to Johore with Mr Buchler and gave evidence at the Royal Commission on the pineapple industry. That night I had dinner with Mrs Nan Sturrock, Glen Cooper and Mrs Cooper. Glen Cooper was then a senior Air Force Officer and later retired in A45tralia with an Air Vice Marshall's rating. His wife, Maureen, was the niece of a well-known publican in Melbourne and she inherited a great deal of money. It just so happened that her uncle and auntie were very good friends of mine. Funny how these coincidences happen.

On the Sunday I went out and took some movies. I came across a rather picturesque procession and was approached by one of the members of the procession who he informed

me it was a Malaysian wedding and of some importance and I would be very welcome to attend and take some movies, which I did and found this was very interesting indeed and quite colourful.

On Monday, July 6th, I went to the experimental station with members of the Commission and explained how the pineapple line worked, and went to Lee Pineapples and explained how the Peeling and Coring Machine worked and ran it without knives.

That night I came home to Cathay Hotel and got a nasty call from what I think was a drunken member of the Canning Industry who was very annoyed that I had run down the quality of the fruit. Well, it was just a bit of bad luck.

On Tuesday, my birthday, I went to Malaysian Breweries, Tiger Breweries, and was shown around by Mr Wanshers, who was a Dutchman and a senior technician with the Dutch Heineken Breweries and it always amused me that across the road was the opposition brewery, which manufactured another brand of beer but underneath the road was a full sized road connecting the two breweries so that in true Chinese style everyone knew that they were both run by the same company but face was saved by the road concealing the intercourse between the two. I went out shopping and bought myself a Rolex GM2 watch; a very fine watch. This included quite a lesson in salesmanship from the Indian trader who sold me the watch. He showed me the invoice from the company, the Rolex Company, where he had made five Malaysian dollars on the deal, virtually microscopic compared with the value of the watch, and he said

"Well, you obviously weren't going to buy and I've made five dollars, what's wrong with that?"

He said that the boy that went around to get the watch while I waited was doing nothing anyway, so there it was.

That night, July 8th, I had dinner with Bert Smith of the Batlow Co-operative Corporation and Professor Parker, two members of the Royal Commission.

Incidentally, Bert Smith has just died and that's some twenty five years later. He was aged 93 when he died.

We had dinner at the Adelphi Hotel, my favourite feeding and drinking trough. I had frequently been to their restaurant and in my opinion it was one of the best for food and one of the few places where you can sit at the bar until your number is called indicating that the food is cooked and ready to serve.

We had frog legs and steak extra good. Due to my frequenting the dining room and I suppose my liberal treatment of the orchestra, the orchestra played 'Only Make Believe' as I sat down.

I gave Bert and Parker the full dope on the proposal for a small cannery and they seemed very surprised that the Government had been working on it.

On Thursday, as my tour was coming to an end, I had dinner with Mr & Mrs Buchler at the Princess Restaurant and with Mr Jack Butland of New Zealand who was also on the

Commission. I was told by him that Les Davies of F.M.C. was hanging around having followed me up there. Rutland said;

"That bastard."

Friday, I took a few photos and had an excellent lunch at the Adelphi, probably for the last time ever.

The plane was already 35 minutes late when we left for Australia but we had a pleasant flight back. I claimed this to be a very successful trip, and it was to prove, over a period of years, the salient factor in selling a number of machines to Malaysia and Singapore.

Chapter Twenty Seven

The Sale of the Company to the American Food Industry Corporation and the Launching of La Cima

1961 opened up for us in business as one of exceptional activity and practically all our new developments were coming into operation and we started to manufacture the Lynch Robowrap Filler Pack Machine and Clybourne Machines. Clybourne machines were supplied for such products as "Rice-a-Riso" and also for various products such as Cornflakes and the like, very excellent machines.

The year progressed and about August at lunchtime one day my brother Allen and Len Lemmon and I were standing outside our works office in Normanby Road having a general discussion and one might say informal directors' meeting when the speaker system called Mr Lemmon. Len had been about to leave for lunch, the same as myself, so he said

"I better go and answer that."

So he went inside and came back and said

"That was a call from Les Davis."

Les Davis was the Managing Director of our opposition company, The American Food

Machinery Corporation interest in Australia.

"He said he wants to see me urgently, so I might as well call in to see him on my way into town. I will give you a ring."

We were very curious although I had an inkling as to what was going to happen because quietly I had been working towards this over a period of years. Len returned and he was rather dazed. He said

"The Food Machinery Company want to buy us out!"

So went to lunch. I already over the period had gradually built up the price in my mind that I considered a reasonable one for the company and in later discussions with them they more or less agreed to consider our price and then they accepted the price subject to a thorough check of our accounts and this we were not particularly keen about as it was giving them too much information. However, with some general sparring we agreed to make limited information available and they wrote out their requirements. They had a small gentleman named Abercrombie come out from America to work in conjunction with our Company and go through the accounts as we were agreeable. He eventually said, apparently, that they agreed.

He was a real ferret to me, and secretive, which didn't go with my nature I suppose.

Anyway, the big day came when the Directors of Bingham & Company and the Directors of American Food Machinery Company in America met in a secret conclave in one of the public board rooms in the city and the group included ours and their solicitors.

The general history of the business was put forward and at that time I had been in business for 34 years and eventually everything was passed except any bad debts. They questioned me on any bad debts and I said

"We don't have any."

So Mr Ferret Abercrombie got busy under the desk and had a look at his notes and said "What about this 74 pounds that is owed by Marshall Manufacturing Company in

Brunswick for hire of packing machines?"

And I said

"Well you little know-all bastard that has been paid"

and I was so damned annoyed when he started to question my veracity.

The sale was for the Company and did not include the building in Melbourne which was our main base of operations and also our Sydney Office and land over there. But it did include the other block we had in Normanby Road, known as Neill's, where incidentally we were about to erect a heavy construction plant for the manufacture of heavy chemical machinery and we had the land that had already been tested for putting up a 40 tonne crane. They leased the building off us for I think five years. Eventually the great day came for the settling which was to take place at the Food Machinery Corporation's offices in Kingsway. The final signing took place and the Chairman of the Food Machinery Corporation of Australia was Sir Norman Brookes, well known as the champion tennis □ayer in his younger day□

The three of us with our solicitor, Maurice Davies, left the building on December 8th, 1961, a day that will be remembered as far as I am concerned and by this time it was some 4.00 pm in the afternoon. We had to allow them a percentage, I think about l 0%, which would have made the amount they had to pay and the amount they held on promissory notes about 50,000 pounds. When we got outside the offices I said to Maurice Davies

"Get busy and prepare the writ"

he said "What are you talking about?"

I said "Get busy and prepare the writ to lay onto them when they refuse to pay or default on this payment in February next year, 1963."

He said "Are you crazy?"

"No, I can see their game right now, they do this and their takeovers are numerous, they have a standard procedure. They agree to your terms and in this case they will want this knocked off and that knocked off and so it will go on, any excuse whatever."

"Are you serious?" he asked

"Yes, I'm serious and get to it."

Over the months this is exactly what he did and exactly the way the event turned out. When the payment was due, Emily Rita, myself and Allen and Laurence were actually

stopping in the Alvear Palace Hotel in Beunos Aires and I received a cable and I cabled back, serve the writ and I immediately got a cable from Maurice to say that had happened (they were extracts from I think Shakespeare's Henry Vth in which he complained of his reserves being withdrawn and absent) and that was amusing to me because Maurice and I are both interested in Shakespeare. Anyway, the outcome of it was against my brother Allen and Len Lemmon's idea. The writ was issued and went to the court almost immediately. The result of the court was in a two day hearing and that it was adjourned for three days and Food Machinery were told to pay up otherwise on the resitting of the court, judgement would be given against them and they had to pay the costs, which certainly grabbed my heart and also old Maurice Davies. So that ended the whole matter excepting that they'd leased our building and it was about four years when foolishly they left, and they had an option to buy the building, but anyway they decided to go out and build a much bigger plant in one of the outer suburbs and from then on they went downhill.

Until now, instead of as in the heyday of both of us being engaged in the building food machinery in Australia employing about 450 people, this has now dwindled to this time of January 1984 and they have ceased to manufacture in Australia and at the last I heard they only had one or two employees on service work.

It was always my policy to be very careful about expanding manufacturing capacity when we were rushed with work I would farm out or have the work farmed out to the numbers of shops in Victoria and New South Wales and even to South Australia and this could easily take up any amount of manufacturing capacity that was necessary without having to put on extra employees and spend a lot of capital cost. Now I was left with the international hire business that is in New Zealand and South Africa and also in Australia of the pitting machines and also the pear machines which was excluded from the sale and formed a company wholly owned by me called Fruit Pitters Pty Ltd and carried on this fairly lucrative business of hire of processing machines or preparation machines especially the Filper Corporation's pitting of peaches, and I was able to expand this considerably in Africa and to some extent in New Zealand and also in Australia where the latest cannery to be built was Riverland Fruit Products Pty Ltd and they included, I think, some thirty-three Filper Pitters but what was more important, they were the latest pitters with the automatic feed and that is this became the first plant in Australia to have the automatic feeds which meant no labour was involved as regards feeding individual machines.

As I had several hundred machines on lease in Africa it became necessary for visits over there and I severed all business connections with my two partners Allen and Len and set up quite a modern workshop in Levanswell Road, Moorabbin, which I bought. There was my brother Tom who left the company and came to work for me and also Murray Kemp who was the Foreman of the machine shop at Bingham &: Company but he simply said he had worked for the Bingham's practically all his life and he wasn't giving up then. So he said if you can't find me a job I will find something else, so I was only too pleased to have him. He was a single man and quite a competent yatchtsman, and a very good field sportsman which suited me very much indeed because from a yachting point of view, especially at Binghan &: Company, I had quite a competent crew I could call upon to sail with me when necessary.

In 1960 I obtained the drawings of an off-shore cruising boat and from John G. Alden I was wise in selecting this company's design as the other famous designer Sparksmen and Steven of New York offered to modify one of their designs to suit the heavier conditions

around Southern Australia but I rejected this and the Alden design was 24 feet on the waterline and about 34 feet overall. It was a very modern approach to the vessel's design today. It was unusual and had a modest draft of five feet, one inch, and this design of which, I believe, some twenty-six had been built, had been performing very well in offshore racing in the east coast of America and though I wasn't particularly interested in racing I wanted to have a boat which could be seaworthy in extreme conditions and to help in this I set to work and redesigned some of the fittings such as the rudder steering arrangement and fitted almost the first automatic pilot in Australia and the mast I redesigned to be made of duralium and this was a fabricated tapered mast with rectangular section.

Before we proceeded with the general construction of the mast I had, I think, an 8 foot section subjected to stress tests including bending and torsion and this was shown to be very, very strong indeed compared with wooden masts of that time, in fact the torsion test showed that over the eight foot length which was also clamped so that eight feet section could be twisted to 368 degrees and up till that time it would come back to the original shape and at the 368 degree mark, which was of course 8 degrees more than a complete circle, the rivets sprang out.

I have always looked upon the mast's construction as one of the best pieces of sheet metal work that Bingham &: Company ever turned out. The eight foot sections were spliced together. As much as I say spliced, they were made of three members, a 'Z' shape in the centre which could not be seen and then the two sections that formed the rectangle and none of these coincided so there wasn't a complete joint at any one place and this proved to be very satisfactory indeed. The two compartments which were formed in the cavity of the mast were later filled with expanding plastic and this was the first plastic supplied by the IC! Company in Australia and we had to go to great lengths to get it in as we had, I think, fifteen seconds to deposit the correct amount right along the mast and repeat this for the other section and also the various wires had to be embedded in the expanded plastic and also spares in case one broke. The mast to my mind proved a most outstanding success as it was only a little bit heavier than the specified weight of the wooden masts which had been designed for the boat. The wooden hull was built or was being built at that time by Jack Guitteriez and he was a master craftsman. He worked on the basis that he and his assistants were employed by me and I paid the rent of the premises so that by doing this it was quite legal only to pay the sales tax on the material used and I was very fortunate in having friends around and I found that one friend, Des Walker of Thomas Walker & Sons, a very keen yachtsman, had a quantity of Huon Pine and he was prepared to sell me this although he had kept it in mind to use in building his own boat. However, Jack heard of some timber seasoned Queensland beech, having seasoned for some eight years and Jack followed up this supply and he found that it was a builder named Davies and when he heard that it was for me he said

"Well, Dave Bingham did me a good turn, so now I can return it."

So although he had kept this timber for his own use, he sold it to me and it was Queensland Beech with eight years seasoning, but the fortunate part about it was the planks were about fourteen inches wide, some of them thirty-four feet long and about an inch thick and the net result was that in the whole of the planking I think there were only about three or four joints, otherwise the planks on the hull are full length and kept water out by two lines of cotton rolled into grooves and this shows where the craftsmanship comes into it. It was a

slow job getting it done and then I decided to fibreglass the deck. This had been the first time such a thing had been done. Incidentally, the deck had been specially moulded out of 5/8" marine ply to suit the design and this proved a wonderful piece of work and I decided to have it fibreglassed and ran into difficulty in drying it. It involved numbers of radiators suspended over the deck, but eventually it was all put down and it proved a wonderful success. I had special rigging made, solid rigging out of 5 / 16 stainless steel for the shrouds and the stays and, here again, this proved very wise because now it is some nineteen years after the boat was launched and there has never been a breakage of the shrouds or the stays and the mast has done a really remarkable job as the boat has been in some very .heavy weather in Bass Strait without any but minor problems occurring.

When the hull was finished we had it shipped to our premises in Moorabbin and we went on to fit it out from there ourselves, that is, the engine, which incidentally was a Mercedes 38 HP Deisel with a Borg Warner hydraulic controlled gearbox, and again this has proved a wonderful success and has never faltered in use irrespective of the boat sometimes almost standing on end.

The great day came for launching. I'd arranged to have it launched by crane at Duke & Orrs Dock in South Melbourne on the Yarra. This is where today the Polly Woodside is exhibited. We had a minimum of trouble in stepping the mast and getting the shrouds and stays fitted and eventually I slept on it overnight and next afternoon my brother Tom and I set off under the engine, to deliver the boat to our moorings at Brighton. We christened the boat La Cima, named after a small village on the top of the Andes Mountains, probably one of the highest villages in the world, in a very, very picturesque position and this was called La Cima, which I understand in Spanish means "the top". The boat lived up to everything we expected of it, and is still being sailed by our sons, but more especially David. He is a very keen and competent yachtsman. When I was sailing the boat, which was up to about 1975, we averaged probably 600 miles per year, which was quite good recreation.

Chapter Twenty Eight

The America's Cup Challenge

1960, being the year of the Olympic Games in Rome, the yachting world was set and I was hotted up for selection for representation in the Yachting section,

I decided to enter my boat 'Buraddoo' in the 5.5 section that is the largest class of yacht to compete. Numerous run-offs for the Olympics were used and after some very smart sailing in Sydney by Jock Sturrock and his crew, consisting of Ernie Wagstaff as Forward Hand and David Bingham Jnr as Forward Hand, they were able to beat the contender, Gordon Engate, generally known as 'Wingnut' and the boat was duly selected to go to Naples to represent Australia in the class.

The gear was overhauled and the boat got ready. I designed a special steel cradle for it to sit on and it was eventually loaded at Port Melbourne and later, one of the early 707 flights across Europe took the crew and all the Australian competitors in various classes.

The performance of the boat was satisfactory as far as I was concerned. I think we came twelfth in the series, about the middle of the field. The Americans had built a boat especially for the conditions which were very unsatisfactory from the yachting point of view. One day Georgie O'day, the American skipper, when asked by David Bingham if he was going out to practice that day said

"Hell no, if we went out to practice in wind like this the boat would fall to pieces."

Anyway, that ended the involvement in the Olympics and when the boat was returned to Australia after storing it for some time, I later sold it to an Engineer in Sydney and I have not seen it since.

At the Tokyo Olympics in 1964, Bill Northam steered his 5.5 to victory in the class and won, I think, probably the only Gold Medal that Australia has ever won in a keel boat in Olympic competition and that I think was the last time the 5.5's were included in the Olympics. Now it is more of a standard class than a formula class that is used.

In the experience of the Olympics I at least had the satisfaction of helping to produce a boat which proved successful in world class as well as a crew and this has given me a lot of satisfaction as I think that 'Buraddoo' was the first keel yacht built in Australia to be a winner of a medal, even though it was a Bronze. Medal in the 19 56 Olympics.

The year of 1962 started off as something of a stalemate as far as I was concerned because of the reaction of selling the business which had occupied some 35 years of my life, leaving me with nothing to do except marshall the forces of money and see that was invested and also to operate the Filper Peach Pitting business.

I had formed another company called Fruit Pitters Pty Ltd to handle the business of the leasing of the Filper Peach Pitters in New Zealand, Australia and South Africa and there was little to be done for several months because the machines were out and it was only a matter of getting the agreements changed over from Bingham &: Company to Fruit Pitters Pty Ltd and that was about all I could do at that time.

I had made a decision and let my head go and bought a Cadillac which was some car in those days. I believe there were only about nine in Australia that were allowed in. It was a blue colour and certainly turned out to be a magnificent car, even though we did have some strife with it at the start with sudden complete brake failure. I had one hair-raising experience with this just after the brake companies and General Motors had been unable to find the cause. I had a sudden call from the Southern Cross Hotel from an old friend, Bill Foster of the Foster Wood Company of California. Unfortunately, he had written a letter to me stating that he was coming out here but had sent the letter care of F.M.C. as he thought we had amalgamated with them rather than F.M.C. buying out Bingham & Company, and he had only one day before he had to leave to go back to America. I was really annoyed to find out that F.M.C. had illegally opened the letter which of course is a serious offence. I picked up Bill at the Southern Cross and we were going out for a drive around the various areas that I thought would be of interest in the short time we had.

Figure 30 - OUT ON LA CIMA ON PORT PHILLIP BAY

Figure 31 - WITH OWEN ALLEN AT HIS HOME IN EDEN

Friends for 50 years.

Coming down Wellington Road at a fair clip, this was outside the built up area in those days, I was to pass over, I think, Springvale Road and I put my foot on the brake and there was no brake whatsoever. I really got scared. I pulled up and went on after a while • As it turned out, when the brakes weren't getting used, that is just tootling along, the oil was getting boiled by the oil pipe passing too close to the exhaust pipe, this being caused by the changeover from a left hand drive to right hand drive.

Anyway, this was eventually fixed up and the car became quite an object of interest when seen around. It had everything that opened and shut as far as car operations were concerned. The windows opened and closed automatically, the seats went up, down, backwards, forwards or tilt and were all controlled by button control. But it was the air conditioner that was quite a novelty in those days around Australia and it was quite a substantial machine taking up I believe 20 HP to drive it.

I was frequently in the Leeton and Shepparton areas in those days and when my friends would come up to speak to me at the car, I would not lower the window to talk to them but wait for a minute and have the car really cold and then open the door and you would see the look come over their faces as they did not realise what was happening when they would feel the cold air falling onto their legs, most of them would only be wearing shorts. Well, I wouldn't bat an eye and occasionally they would walk away quite bewildered as to what was wrong with them.

We had a good many trips in the car and there was only one case very close to a bad accident on the run down to Merimbula. I went behind a truck and I was doing about 70 mph and was getting ready to go out and pass the truck when I saw another vehicle going down so I promptly went back in behind the truck and put my foot on the brake, there was no brake

again and I immediately slammed the car into reverse and it stopped in, I suppose, twenty feet with the wheels screaming backwards. It was later determined that this had little effect on the gearbox of automatic drive.

The trouble had been that in those days they didn't have any visual reservoirs to check on the brake fluid and I had been entrusting one of the local garages to service it and they had not checked the oil in the brakes for years and there was a leak that was so minute it was only wetting the dust around the coupling but it had just leaked that little bit over the years and as I was going up a hill I had lost the last of the oil. The oil was filled up at the next stop. Luckily, a friend of mine had been coming up quite close behind, unknown to me, and spotted the problem. At the time we were in the mountains between Orbost and Cann River so he followed us to Cann River where an examination showed the lack of oil, and all was well after that.

Later on I was stupid enough to sell this perfectly good car. It had only done some 45,000 miles when I sold it and I sold it for 1,000 pounds. The gentleman that bought it was an Italian I believe and his wife insisted that she be driven to and from the hospital to have her first child in a Cadillac. So at least it served some purpose.

Later on in 1961, the American Cup Challenge was launched for Gretel I to sail against Weatherly at Newport Rhode Island, the usual venue of the America's Cup. As I knew the skipper, Jack Sturrock, well and also his crew, I was quite interested and as I wanted to go to America to discuss some outstanding problems we were having with the Filper Corporation, Emily Rita urged me to go over and see the Cup. In conversation at the Stock Exchange Club I found out that my friend Basil Cardan of Cardan Advertising was also interested in seeing it and he said he would be there but he had to go into hospital to have a serious operation but he said he'd be alright and we left it at that. I was to book accommodation at a motel and to include the extra bed if he was able to turn up.

I left Sydney at 7.00 pm on August 2nd, 1962, and I had an excellent flight, averaging 670 mph to Nandi and reaching Honolulu at 9.30 am. I was met at the airport in Honolulu by Sid and Agnes Carlson and was first through the Customs, I reckoned one minute after entering the building. Sid certainly knew his way about in Honolulu. I made some enquiries of Mr John Campbell of the Hawaiian Marine re the sale of Field Instruments Yacht Fittings in the U.S.A. He didn't seem to be very interested but I had arranged to show him the samples that I had taken with me.

On August 3rd, I was drummed into giving a talk on Australia at the Consulate Corps Luncheon. This was entirely off the cuff and I was sorry that Sid had not warned me but simply invited me to go along and then introduced me to give the talk. Anyway, everything turned out alright accepting that the rest of the Consulate Corps were rather formally dressed, while I was just in a Hawaiian sports short and sports pants.

I later saw John Campbell again regarding the yacht fittings and he was very interested. I agreed to work out some prices for him, however, he wanted to get the agency for the Pacific Coast of America as well and this I couldn't agree to. This was the first interview and the first real talk to sell overseas. Australian Yacht Fittings has now become, over the years, a very big business with the two Australian companies having amalgamated

and having their own distribution system in America, although one original company, with the people I had selected as most suitable, is still handling the fittings of one of the companies.

On August 5th I took Sid and Agnes to an excellent breakfast at the Halekulani Hotel and they then took me to the airport where the plane to Los Angeles was then one and a half hours late. Sid had a card into the Pan American rooms so the time went pleasantly enough. It was rather interesting as it was the first time that I had struck this method of getting more custom.

In my discussions with Sid I tried to induce him to retire as he wasn't particularly well and it was just unfortunate that he didn't heed my advice as his health started to go downhill over a the following years.

Well, I had a deluxe seat on a Pan American plane and a beautiful flight time of about four and a half hours to Los Angeles against the 22 hours or more I had taken on the first flight. We were now flying at 30,000 feet instead of 8,000 feet.

We were held up in Los Angeles for about 45 minutes because of a 'go slow' strike in handling the luggage. Larry and Evvy were still the same as ever and Larry took time off to drive me down to Newport on Number 101 Highway inland. Inland traffic is so bad it took us two and a half hours from the highway to do fifty miles.

The boat harbour facilities were terrific compared to anything we had in Australia and showed what was going to happen out here.

I interviewed Mr Boyer of Bellbird Marine and showed samples of fittings and came home to think of appointing Southern Californian Distributors. I arranged to send proper pricelists of the landed San Francisco price.

I saw Bruce Alexander of Brown Citrus Machine Company and had a pleasant lunch. I discussed the position and he was disappointed that we had sold out but said he would wait for the boys to start in business. This didn't happen and we missed out on a very good agency and I sometimes wonder that if I had been more insistent with him that we could have taken this up. As you will recall, I personally signed a five year agreement to stay out of the food machinery business but this was nothing to say that the boys couldn't have started on their own.

I had a nice visit with Larry and Evvy, meeting some of the old friends including two rather interesting people; two school teachers, Gerehart Bakker and Elna. Mrs Bakker told an amusing, if not tragic, story of the stupidity of the average people anywhere. She had a Volkswagen car of which she was quite proud and used to skid around in it with great verve and dash. Now she was a very big person, young but really a big woman and she was driving one morning when she skidded and overturned and she was pinned underneath the car. Although there were plenty of people about, nobody made the slightest effort to help her and after singing out long enough she eventually braced herself and lifted the Volkswagen off herself and up righted it again.

They showed some marvellous pictures taken in a drive from Cairo to Capetown in Africa in ·a specially fitted out Volkswagen van which had a turret which rose up. They had great quantities of all sorts of lenses and cameras and they really had some magnificent

pictures and they were especially taken with the Karoo area in South Africa Larry and I went out and ordered a special fishing rod made of plastic - supposed to be THE thing. It didn't come up to my expectations. Before we were to start on the fishing trip I decided to visit San Francisco and clean up some items there of business as regards Filper and other matters and this I proceeded to do. I met Sal Manero, an old friend, and his brother Henry and saw some of their new developments. Incidentally, I decided to purchase the rights of Sal Manero's invention of the Automatic Lubrication and I had an agreement written out covering this. It was unfortunate that we never seemed to be able to get the lubricator off the ground and there were various reasons for this but the main thing I must say is that I never seemed to be able to put enough work into it to get it marketed and developed.

Whilst I was in the San Francisco area I had several long talks with George Kilner and George Felice of the Filper Company and they were very critical of our service work in South Africa and Ray Camazon had been over there and had fallen out with Stan Barton, our man in charge of the service work in South Africa. I agreed to put on another serviceman in South Africa and it was left at that. So it was very obvious that there was something wrong and some lies were being told somewhere. It was obvious to me that Stan would need some checking up to see what was going to happen.

Sal Manero very kindly took me down to see Marine Hardware Company where I met a gentleman named Reynolds who had been a draftsman at the Chisolm Ryder Company and he remembered me and in turn he introduced me to the gentleman, Norman Wright, an agent, who was financing his operation on the manufacture of fittings. It came about that they took over the agency in the first case for the Pacific Coast and this more or less ended my association with the sale of boat fittings in America. Though I thought that Norman Wright was a suitable agent for the West Coast, he just didn't impress me for the whole of America, which he got off Gordon Chatfield which turned out to be a very lucrative business for Norman Wright.

I later had a discussion with my very good friend, Earl Reynolds, who had just recently retired as a senior executive with the Kaiser Steel Company. He was willing to go around America and negotiate and select, in the various areas which he felt would be satisfactory, suitable people to act as agents for the fittings. It was a great pity that he didn't get the opportunity to do this, as his only fee was first class accommodation and transport as he and his wife wanted the opportunity to travel and visit members of the Scout movement. Earl had just previously been the Chief of Boy Scouts of the United States and this in itself is a wonderful honour and he had, by his personal influence, got considerable help. I know in one instance in California where he had a lot of land assigned to the Scout movement for recreational purposes.

It was just impossible to calculate how successful the Yacht Fittings business would have been if Gordon Chatfield had realised the possibilities, as being associated with the Chief Scout he would be respected in every community in the United States. Anyway, it didn't work out and Norman Wright got the exclusive. The cost of introducing Australian Yacht Fittings to the United States market was $122, which was for taxi fares which I charged Field Instruments, the operating company of Gordon Chatfield.

On Thursday I went out and bought some fishing gear at a disposal store and there was a fair range of gear that suited me and I had lunch with Gary Long and his wife Lucha,

who was a Mexican girl, and this was quite an experience. They lived in Sausalito and I had not been there for many years and it was quite an eye opener to see the thousands of yachts situated in these beautiful marinas.

Gary and Lucha were quite different people; Lucha, she being quite a dark Mexican girl and very vivacious. Gary was a professional musician and played the piano in some of the night clubs. I later had the opportunity of taking them to dinner in return at the Mark Hopkins Hotel, the top of the mark, which is well known, and we had a real reception as Gary was well known to the band which was playing there. They insisted that we wait until the club closed officially and then they carried on quite a turn. We had a really good party with a few of the stars, and though I paid for it it didn't cost so much and it was a wonderful night as far as Gary and Lucha were concerned as they were just two battlers who were struggling to put together an act which they would be able to do on their own. I don't know of course what happened to the act because after this I never saw them again.

I took a Western Airlines plane to Los Angeles on the Saturday and had a quiet evening with Larry and Evvy and had a bag packed ready to go on a fishing tour with them. This was to start the next day, a Monday. We drove out through the desert and into the high country around Bishop and further north, taking in many of the old mining towns which certainly reminded me of Harrietville and Beechworth back home. As the exploration for gold took place at about the same period in time, it was not surprising the villages and towns looked alike.

We visited some very interesting country places and Larry introduced me to one of his old time friends who was an old Sheriff, a real old westerner in one of the towns we visited.

Some beautiful fishing waters and absolutely flogged to death and, as a matter of fact, I talked with one fisherman who said that over at some other lake there was a good run of fish on as big as 8-9 inches long. I caught one fish and using a small mosquito fly and turned over probably fifty others. They were too small. On one occasion I saw the Fisheries and Games Department emptying thousands and thousands of small fish into one of the streams and there were hundreds of fishermen of all ages fishing just a few feet apart on the river into which the trout were being emptied. They were catching them almost as fast as they were going in. The whole area is enmeshed in good roads and very, very scenic old towns - beautiful scenery, quite interesting. There were numerous people using snorkels and little suction, vacuum cleaner things on the back of little rafts to suck the gold, or endeavour to suck the gold out from the crevasses and around the rocks, apparently with some success otherwise it would be ridiculous for them to carry on.

The first part of the tour was concentrated around the Mammoth Lakes and the first one where we stopped was Convict Lake and all I can say is that it was a dreary spot, almost snowing with an icy, freezing wind and as far as I could see there were no fish being caught, though it was heavily fished. I far as I was concerned it could be given back to the convicts.

After spending a night at Convict Lake we moved north around the northern part of Mammoth Mountains and they certainly were very nice and there were numerous resorts. One of them we visited was Reds Meadow Resort on the San Jaquin River upper reaches.

We then visited June Lake which is quite a resort, having numerous chair lifts and ski resorts unoccupied and not in operation as it was the summer time. We visited the other lakes in the area, being Gold and Silver and Mona, which is a big salt lake with seagull colonies. We fished in various creeks and rivers with little success though I didn't mind as the scenic surroundings were really beautiful and it was a pity that it was so much overfished. In its heyday it was the home of the Rainbow Trout which must have been wonderful.

There were numerous extinct volcanoes and later on, on Friday morning, we left for Reno over a very picturesque road and passed through several beautiful valleys and had breakfast at Bridgeport and met various people of interest.

We ended up stopping at Mates Hotel in Reno which, like the other hotels, was really a gambling casino and in fact the whole street was jammed with gambling casinos and various places where you can get married or divorced in quick time. A number of casinos with thousands and thousands of poker machines gives you some idea of how these people just simply want to get rid of their money. It is quite in order for one to sit at a poker machine and order a meal of any description, drinks of any description and also have the girls attend your requirements, all without shifting.

We later visited some of the smaller towns nearby including Virginia City where it was claimed that the roulette wheel there, which spins on the outside and is about six feet in diameter, has been spinning since, I think, 1867. I know that it only had a limited time to go before it would have been spinning for a hundred years without stopping. As the attendant explained to me, it was run on gemstone bearings and one spin would keep the machine going for several hours. The saloon there, The Silver Dollar, where this roulette table operates, is decorated with the effigy of a large bosomy lady extending up two storeys with a long dress coming right down to the floor and her dress is entirely made up of silver dollars, and by the way, it was the usual thing to get weighed down with change in the way of silver dollars at these places because Nevada is one of the states that produces silver and therefore they try and encourage the industry by using silver dollars in place of paper money in the way of change.

We took another trip over the mountains to Lake Tahoe, which is half in California and half in Nevada. It was really a jewel and just a shame to look down the mountains into this beautiful water and see the sewerage discharge and all sorts of refuse floating around in it.

We returned and stopped to have dinner at a very nice restaurant several miles out of Reno in a very isolated position and in talking to the barman he said that there was quite good quail shooting around there in the season and it certainly looked beautiful country for quail shooting. He also mentioned that there was a young geologist who had found gold in an area and he had told nobody exactly where and would go in secretly and get the gold out and dispose of it. This could have been quite authentic because of the amount of gold that was taken out in the early days.

On leaving Reno about 7.30 am on a Monday, we followed Route 40 to the town of Auburn and then the famous 49 Trail right down to Senora, a most interesting and beautiful drive. We went and visited the famous Donna Memorial Camp where the Donna party

perished in the snow when only a few hours from the final drop down into the Californian valleys.

We stopped at a very nice motel at Senora and proceeded back to Los Angeles on Tuesday, September 4th. The return trip over 49 Highway was very interesting till we got onto Number 99 that is the main drag south. The traffic was just screaming along and Larry did a great job of driving. We had lunch at Bakersfield and returned home about 2.15 pm. In the San Fernando Valley the smog was shocking and I felt sick. How people put up with it, I don't know. On Wednesday I booked appointments to see Schnyder and Rodgers of Blaw Knox in Pittsburgh and also Joe Urschel of Urschel Laboratories. I went out to the University with Larry and saw some of the fire devastation. Caught the supposedly 11.15 am take-off at 1.15 for Chicago, and arrived in Chicago 3 hours, 8 minutes after take-off, certainly some advance on my first trip and stopped again at the Sheraton Hotel where I had stayed previously with Emily Rita. I then looked around to get some special cylinder heads for the boys' drag racer, a 12 cylinder Lincoln, but without success.

On Saturday I went out to Val Paraiso and was met by Joe Urschel and spent an interesting day with Joe and Gerald Urschel. Joe mentioned that one of their special cutting machines was doing a great job on a new produce made of corn chips. The corn chips are first soaked in water then cut on the Urschel Mill and rolled out after mixing with salt, garlic, etc and fried in coconut oil. Now this was a long time ago, considering it was 1962, and it is only now that these chips are starting to be made in Australia.

I left Chicago, for Pittsburgh in a Caravel and was very much taken by this aircraft. To me it had a fantastic climbing ability and speed. I found that I had been booked into the famous Duquesne Club, the most exclusive in Pittsburgh and certainly one of the most exclusive in America. This of course was arranged by the Blaw Knox Company. I had a very interesting discussion with Bill Rogers and Cordes Schneider who asked me to get some details on Malcolm Moore Limited as they thought there might be a possibility of them taking an interest in it. They asked me, if they were to put up a million dollars to buy shares, whether or not I would take an interest as a Director on the Board of Malcolm Moore should this come off. I gave it a lot of thought but I rejected it as Malcolm Moore's was in a down position at the time I knew I could not see myself sitting by and seeing a company of which I was a Director mismanaged and slipping without being able to do something about it. So they never took an interest in Malcolm Moore's.

I visited Crown, Cork and Seal and had a very long friendly chat with Joe Abuello about the agency as Joe was in charge of exports and I found that my old friend Joe Valdes had died in the previous March and that several members of the company had left. They were very dissatisfied with their new agents in Australia and asked me to approach Tom Croke to see whether he would take on the agency to be operated in conjunction with his agency for Barry Weimuller.

Incidentally, I was stopping at the Sheraton Atlantic Hotel on Broadway at 34th Street. This was quite a nice place and was originally another well-known hotel in the earlier days in New York. It was lavishly laid out but a little bit old fashioned, as are some of the hotels today, but it was a very nice place to stop at. I enjoyed making myself a cup of tea by buying tea bags and sugar and using a little immersion heater I carried with me which could be used

at various voltages. It was quite nice in the evenings to get back and have a really good cup of strong black tea.

I had lunch on the Thursday with my old friend Harry Menzies who was the Australian Trade Commissioner in New York and Neil Bennell who was one of his staff and a son of my old sailing mate, Frank. I took Neil to see the food exhibition which was on at Coloseum and it was a very good show and included a number of South African companies which were our customers for our Filper Pitting Machines but there was no Australian exhibits at all. This rather upset Harry Menzies when I told him, apparently they had known little about the exhibition.

On September 14th, I left for Newport on a DC7 and then by air taxi to Newport as the larger plane could not get into the small drome. We had a room at a motel some distance out of town, just off one of the main highways which I found to be quite convenient, although it wasn't modernistic as far as motels went. It was quite good and the proprietor was very helpful and understanding. I ended up meeting Basil Garden there, in fact, he was waiting for me and we ended up grabbing three rooms, two of which had been booked but not taken up.

On the Saturday, the first heat of the America's Cup we went out on a 130 foot luxury launch, the Highlander, as the guests of Harry Menzies who was a friend of the owner of the launch. He put on a beautiful meal and there was quite a crowd on board.

It was a spectacle that had to be seen to be believed - to see probably 2,000 craft leave their moorings and go out to the start, about nine miles out of Newport Rhode Island. There were all sorts of craft. Hundreds of different types of yachts, cruisers, steamers, ferry's including a big tug up from New York which had been specially fitted out by the tug owner for his guests. There were also several period boats, that is, boats built and manned in the order of a long time ago. One of them was 'The Black Pearl', a square rigged Barque that was manned by absolutely black negroes and they were dressed as pirates, but this wasn't show because they could sail that boat magnificently and it was quite a substantial boat, probably 150 feet long.

The race eventually got underway with the Coast Guard Cutters and the Naval Destroyers keeping the onlookers away from interfering with the race. It was very obvious, a few minutes after the start, that Gretel I was going to have difficulty beating Weatherly, sailed by Bus Mosbacker, as he pulled away from Jock and Gretel by simply being able to point higher and maintaining a good or better speed.

After the race was over we retired to the headquarters of the Australians which had been named the Royal Cameo Yacht Club. It was really just a drinking dive on the jetty on which Gretel I as well as Sir Frank Packer's big boat were moored. I got discussing matters with the members of the crew and representatives of the crew were very upset about the management of the whole project, blaming the problems on Sir Frank Packer and his management. I suggested that as I knew Jock Sturrock very wel1 I should approach him and put it to him succinctly that we will hoist the black flag, which meant that if Jock wanted them to they would mutiny and refuse to sail until Packer took his nose out of the running of the boat and let them get on with the job. It was a very unfortunate atmosphere and later got worse as the series progressed. I approached Jock but as I expected he wasn't interested and would sail the boat as he had been instructed by Packer, which would have to be

ethically or Jock would not sail the boat. During the evening we ended up having quite a few drinks and a long discussion with Cedric Turner who was the boss of Qantas Airways. On Sunday we went out in the morning on the Highlander again and were filled with cocktails and bits and pieces. It was very pleasant. In the afternoon we had received an invitation to attend the Australian Ambassador Beal's, I think it was Howard Beal, cocktail party at the Naval Base. It was a rather dull affair and we ended up in the Base kitchens where all the food was being prepared, and having such a good time with the staff and one or two of the Australians that we forgot what time it was and found that we were locked into the Naval Base as everybody else had gone home.

Anyway, we eventually got out of this and, the Monday being a lay-day, Basil and I took a hire car to Mystic Bay where there is a tourist attraction of an old museum port and much of the original buildings plus a lot of interesting material on the old whaling days. It was very interesting indeed to see the actual conditions that these whalers lived in for sometimes years on end. On these whaling ships you have to crouch down to crawl around the living quarters and the smell of the whale oil cooking must have gone right through the boat all the time. All you had was a bunk and you could pull out your sea chest and sit on it, otherwise there was virtually nothing and yet it was astounding the amount of profit these ships made, even in today's terms.

Basil and I had dinner on the Monday night with Jack Bowen and his wife, Betty. Jack was a well-known member of the Royal Brighton Yacht Club and also the proprietor of a large timber mill and joinery, which is now being operated by his sons under an abbreviated name.

On Monday night, the barometer started to fall and it blew and rained. We were again on the Highlander and after leaving the bay it was quite a heavy sea, though the wind had abated to about 20 knots, but the seas were held over from the night before. This had a sharp effect on the welfare of most of the passengers on this beautiful launch, as they got very sea sick, the net result being that there were only a few of us who could handle the situation. We didn't lack for food or drinks.

It was a wonderful day for Jock and his crew who sailed a beautiful race and ended up winning by 40 seconds. One of the greatest mysteries, that to this day I still cannot understand, is that the town fleet went mad and in fact there were several fires started in buildings and sheds along the waterfront from the rockets which were fired into the air. There were rockets everywhere. The local boats and the fire ships that are used for putting out fires were using their water cannons to great effect, the whole thing was just one madhouse.

I went down to have a look at the Weatherly crew and found they were looking very dejected and neglected. All the enthusiasm was for the Australians.

Back at the Cameo Yacht Club here again the place had gone made. The crew ended up on the bar singing Waltzing Matilda and dancing arm in arm around the bar. Even with old Sir Frank Packer and his hairy legs when he pulled his pants up.

There was a terrific amount of goodwill for the Australians around at that time which we had noticed when we had first arrived and cruised into the Viking Hotel which was 'the' place there. It must be realised at that time, Newport Rhode Island was not nearly developed as the tourist set up that it is today. Undoubtedly this America's Cup started the ball rolling. It

was mostly a sailor's town because of the base for the Pacific Destroyer Fleet which ran into some hundreds of vessels which were moored at the Naval Base. Later on, this was closed down and they shifted further south. This had a very depressing effect no doubt on the town.

The next day was a lay-day but I could not understand why the Australians asked for a lay-day when they had similar weather coming up on the Wednesday and they had the American crew demoralised and could have kept them so. Anyway to make use of the lay-day we went around on a conducted tour of the city and found it very interesting. There was a tunnel situated under the town running from the wharves where slaves were landed. The slaves were taken along the tunnel to the auction rooms towards the centre of town and there they were sold.

We were absolutely astounded by the ostentation of the Vanderbilt's' home and the homes belonging to other well-known people who built in and around Newport for the Summer months. They were just something to be seen to be believed. In one instance, I think it was the Vanderbilt's, there was a scaled down version of the main house, furniture and everything just complete, built in the grounds for the children to play in. These had continued to exist because under the city regulations it was illegal to sub-divide the holdings and this caused great hardship to the owners. I think the Vanderbilt's got over this by giving the building to the nation as a historical interest, and Miss Vanderbilt still owned an apartment in one of the top storeys of this fantastic home. It was not only the buildings themselves but the gardens so beautifully laid out and extending to hundreds of acres. Amongst the buildings was the home of Jackie Kennedy's parents and a Kennedy mansion as well.

On Thursday was the 3rd heat and the weather was light for drifting but Gretel was not up to Weatherly in it. Jock got an excellent start but fell into a hole and Weatherly went through.

That evening we had an interesting few drinks and discussion with Sir Ian and Lady Potter. On this day we had changed our boats and we were on a 21 O' ketch called the Argosy. This had belonged to some Swedish banker who had it built and it was one of the most unlovely and awkward boats that I have ever been on. It was just a big ketch and the sails were very heavy and there was no special gear for putting them on. They had to be hauled up with hand tackles and I don't know about putting them up but we had the opportunity of helping pull one down. It was the only sail on the Mizzen and it took probably half an hour with at least five people. One of the crew would have to clamber up the mast and put the tackle on, this is known as 'handy billy' where you get quite a mechanical advantage, two of us on this pulling down, we would pull down a few feet of sail and this would be reeled in by the other members, the crew.

The Captain said that the main boom weighed about 3,000 lbs and it was steel and no matter what he did he could never stop it from bouncing around and smashing up whatever gear he put on to hold it. He was talking of his experience of skippering the boat down through the Indian Ocean to places like Madagascar, having been chartered by the oceanographic society.

It had one advantage that there were holes in the deck that seemed to be running down into small sets of cabins and a sitting room. I didn't see anything of the cabins but Bill

Northam, who was our immediate host, selected one for his guests and that only numbered about half a dozen of us.

Now we had on board his overall boss and he was General Johnson of Johnson & Johnson, the baby powder people, who was the one chartering this huge white elephant and the old General was a real character, a very, very, nice person to speak to but he wore a 3/4 length coat and also a hat which I reckoned was a cross between a Hornberg and a Boxer. When Bill would see the General had gone down below he would signal everybody off the deck down to his cabin where he had ample supplies of booze and so could carry on quite an intelligent conversation on the progress of the race by somebody nipping out intermittently and viewing the affairs and reporting back. In discussions with the crew they explained that the boat belonged to, I think it was, some company but they were mostly tied up down in Florida and I said to the head steward

"Do you ever go out much?"

and he said "No, we never go out. I've been on it for two years and we've never gone out from our wharf tie up. They ring up on Friday and say that they would be moving off about lunchtime on the Saturday, get sufficient provisions on board, etc for a weekend cruise. They will all turn up probably by 2.00 pm on the Saturday and they will decide to have a few drinks and then more drinks and then they will decide that they won't go until Sunday and Sunday comes and they leave to Monday and then it's too late."

One day we had two of the American Olympic Games Yachting team, who sailed in the Dragons and Stars, on board, quite nice people. Some other keen yacht people from further North were also on board.

During the course of time you realise that organising the manoeuvres of this large group of boats had to be carried out very precisely and the head Coast Guard boat blew its whistle and signalled that all boats had to turn to port. It was quite crowded and our big lumbering Argosy was closely followed by a Naval Destroyer and luckily for us the Captain of the Argosy, an old Norwegian, saw what the problem was going to be and instead of turning to port he went on the way he was going and sure enough in minutes a Naval Destroyer astern of us came straight at us and had we been turned to port he couldn't have helped but go straight into us. As it was, with our boat carrying on to starboard it was, if anything, lengthening the distance between us and the destroyer and it must be remembered that it is the boat's stern that moves when the rudder is moved.

Jack Linnacer, the Commodore of the Royal Brighton Yacht Club was also on board and was so astounded that he put his hand up to stop the destroyer. The bow was coming straight for us and it was only a matter of a few feet when the reverse action of the propeller took up and we lumbered past. Two Americans on board were very upset about this and later on they took the matter up with the Local Admiral with the result that the Destroyer Commander was reprimanded.

Anyway, I was going off on my own to jump over the side because as the Destroyer was coming at us he would have hit us on the quarter and ploughed clean through us. I had my heavy movie camera and also a still camera but I was rather disappointed with the results because with the bouncing of the boat and the distance, as we were not allowed any closer, the results were not satisfactory enough to really demonstrate the drama that was

going on before our eyes. I mention this because this was on the last race and Gretel having lost it ended the series and the whole party was dispersed.

When we were nearing Newport Harbour there was such a crush of boats it was impossible and dangerous for the large craft we were on to go in, therefore we were sort of lying there pretty much in the one position when a radio call came over, taken by the boat, and that call was for me; 'David Bingham urgently wanted ashore' and that they would send a boat out for me. Well the boat eventually turned up and it was just a small runabout. Well I ·got down into it, clutching my heavy camera, trying to shield it from the spray and here we went off about a mile through all this conglomeration of boats and the water churned up by the boats and it was just a miracle we didn't go over the side and turn over. Anyway, when we reached the jetty I was all anxious to know what it was all about, when I was informed that they urgently wanted to know_ whether or not I would like to go to a party that night.

When they explained later, they said that they were just waiting to hear the language when I went down clutching my camera and I came up again. There were really no worries about it, they knew if I had got a dunking I would have no trouble swimming ashore if necessary.

Summarizing the context in general; it could not be called a yacht race, but a challenge match because there must be three starters at least to have a yacht race. The fourth heat was the closest that any of the America's Cup races had been up to that date and that was Weatherly winning by 26 seconds and on the first mark less than 10 seconds between the boats. General thoughts were that if Jock and his crew had had more time and more races against similar boats and had better management, Gretel would have won the America's Cup.

On Sunday, September 23rd, we were invited to afternoon tea at the Bonnie Craig home of old Mrs Stewart Duncan, aged 88, who was the Queen of the society and believe me she lived in some house. About one hundred rooms and a ballroom to hold up to 800. We had an interesting discussion with the old lady and a good cup of tea and cake, but the old lady's mind was definitely wandering and we sort of left unannounced when she had wandered off.

I got an invitation to a dinner put on by Mary Beck and this was a dress affair in an old colonial style and I wrangled an invitation also for Basil. I can't remember how I got mine. Anyway, we had a very interesting evening, beautifully presented and it was at this show that we met Mrs Duncan.

It was getting very cold at this time and on the last day we were out due to the weather conditions. Previously I had decided to try some warm underwear, long underwear, and found that this just couldn't be bought in the ordinary menswear shops and somebody woke me up to the fact that I should try a ski shop. All the towns in that area, the whole of the north-east of America, have ski shops because most of the people go skiing and I went in and bought some underwear; some singlets or undershirts and long-johns, the type used by skiers. This was entirely new to me as it was quite an open weave that clung onto the skin very much. Anyway, I put them on and I was very pleasantly surprised at how much more comfortable and warm they were than the previous underwear I had been wearing and I may say that there was quite a breeze blowing at the time and the temperature was 13 degrees

Fahrenheit which you realise is nearly 20 degrees below freezing and in fact the papers said heavy snow falls had been experienced a hundred miles up the coast.

Next morning, Wednesday, September 26th, I caught the air taxi to Providence and then flew to New York, where I had a pleasant chat with my friends at Blaw Knox and I got the President's secretary to write two letters to the RCA Institute and also a couple of radio companies institutes in Washington regarding enrolment of David Bingham Jnr to do a course in electronic engineering. Later on, luckily for us, he was able to get in the university in Los Angeles area known as the Northrop Institute. This was due to the good offices of Dr Lorenz and also Dr Larry Detrick.

I had booked and had a first class ticket to take me down to New Orleans where I had never been. This was just a tourist trip with no business background but it was a very bad day in New York and raining and very cold and out at the airport I was waiting to board the plane when it was announced that there would be a considerable delay for the New Orleans plane. The bags had not been put on the plane, so I had mine withdrawn as a few minutes after the delay was announced I thought to myself 'Why the hell should I poke around going down to New Orleans when I can go straight to Los Angeles and meet up with friends and have a pleasant time.'

So I was able to get a red carpet flight on my first class ticket on American Airlines and at an altitude of up to 41,000 feet we were very soon in Los Angeles and met by Evvy and Larry Detrick and it was just a pleasant time for me.

I rang Ed Lowell of the Angeles Company but he was out and Larry drove me down to see the Duvoct Rubber Company regarding the Automatic Moulding Machine they had developed especially for building up tyres automatically for re-capping and this was on behalf of my old mate, Barney Hamill. I also tried to get the Lincoln Head again for the boys but this was, I found, impossible and after a very pleasant dinner I was ready to leave for San Francisco.

On Monday, October 1st, I arrived in San Francisco where I saw Sal Manero's apricot pitter and had chats with Norman Wright and finalised what his conditions were for handling the Australian Yacht Fittings. I was very disappointed that my very good and old friend, Alex Donald, a keen yachtsman of King Sales Engineering Company, had decided that he wasn't interested in the Yacht Fittings and what a mistake he made as Norman Wright's business flourished with this agency and probably was the greatest expansion that his business has had for many years. As the Filper Agency was practically my only active agency in the food industry I had to spend time with them and I took along tape recordings of Ray Camezon's talk on the servicing of the machines.

I later had dinner with George Kilner and Ray at the Edgewater, a well-known place in Oakland and Ray drove me back to San Francisco and I later rang Larry Detrich to say goodbye and started back home, stopping over in Honolulu which was very pleasant as usual with my various friends there.

I arrived back in Sydney with the conviction that we would have to spend more time on the Filper Agency operations in South Africa, and that I would have to be present in Africa for the 1963 peach season.

Chapter Twenty Nine

The 1963 Tour of Southern Africa, South America &: U.S.A.

By Emily Rita, Allen, Laurence and Myself

I arrived at the idea of Emily Rita and I, together with Allen and Laurence taking a round the world trip which would do them good and also introduce us to new countries and new scenery. We had a limited amount of time to arrange the various visas to visit countries, other than Africa, which was quite easy then but eventually changed. We had to wait until we were in Africa to finally get the Peruvian visas fixed up., The boat we had booked, the Van Spilbergan, was a modern, in fact the most modern cargo ship operated by Interocean Lines. We would also travel on the Bossevane from Capetown to Rio De Janero.

We booked two suites or a combined suite from Melbourne but at the last minute more or less we were told that they weren't available until we got to Perth. So we had to fly to Perth which was quite an experience. Because of very high winds we had landed at Kalgoorlie. The T AA plane was also there. We were flying on one of the best planes we had ever flown on - a Lockheed Electra, the four engine turbo prop.

After hanging around in very poor conditions at the aerodrome in Kalgoorlie we eventually got off. We were flying Ansett and were the first to Perth but we had a hair-raising landing. The cross winds were very, very tough and the pilot was obviously battling to control the plane when we landed, which was with such a thump that we smashed the under-carriage. I believe that the TAA plane flying behind us saw the results and went back to Kalgoorlie.

We spent quite a pleasant time in Perth which I always find a nice place to visit. The summer weather was living up to Perth's reputation. We made visits to the Perth Yacht Club, and enjoyed the use of a car which was on loan to us by our good friends Harrison &: Crossfield.

Jack Chewles, being the local manager, was a real gentleman and he ended up talking me into going to the races with him. He was a Committee man and knew what was likely to win. As usual, I didn't bet much so I didn't lose much.

We went to the Mundaring Weir where, quite a number of years before, we had built the terminal valves to stop the build-up of the pressure from the plunging of the water. AU very interesting.

We were stopping at the Palace Hotel and though it didn't have the glamour of some accommodation today it was still very pleasant.

On December 26th, we went on board the Van Spilbergan and found our cabins had been held as they expected us to come aboard in Melbourne as we had booked. So it just shows you that with red tape things can get messed up.

All the flowers they had put in for my wife had died, nevertheless, it was beautiful accommodation and as it was air conditioned and there were only eleven passengers on board, there was nothing much we could do to get into trouble.

The other passengers were mostly a group of Rhodesians who had been holidaying in Australia with the idea of emigrating but they didn't as far as we know. Also on board was an American lady who was the Principal of a considerable girl's school in Wisconsin and she was quite a character and had travelled widely. As I knew the area in which she was situated, I further added to the conversation.

The boat was one of the latest built by the Royal Interoceanic Line and it had been built to repel pirates which was unusual as far as I knew of boats. There was a way down to the engine room from the bridge which was totally secure and the way up to the bridge could be isolated by a shutter or draw-bridge being dropped and also there was a means of getting from the engine room to the hand-steering mechanism which was situated right in the stern of the vessel as it was explained that members of the officers, not the boat, had had many brushes with pirates and some of the stories of how the crew had smuggled goods into various countries were just amazing. The officers were so scared that they just kept their noses out of it because they said that the 3rd officer on one voyage to Java, I think it was, had informed on the crew importing a lot of carvings and they were blatantly pushing these over the side of the other side of the boat from where the search was going on by the Customs. Well, they said the 3rd officer disappeared next morning.

To further illustrate this shocking position for the crew to be in, a young lady working in a travel agency in Capetown told me that she had been given a free passage to South America but she had to sign on as one of the crew. She said the crew in one port, I think it was Santos, went ashore about 6.00 am and she said they had suitcases ladened with goods to be smuggled and these would not be trifling matters. They walked down a gangway, heaped up with this baggage and down the bottom of the gangway was the Customs Inspector. Each of these Chinese crew members had a $50 American bill in their mouth as they couldn't hold it in their hands they had so much luggage to carry, and the $50 was simply taken out of their mouths as they passed off with their smuggled goods.

The Van Spilbergan was on a paying off trip, that is, it would be paid off when it reached Africa, in this case Durban, which meant there was a complete changeover of crew. As the Captain is credited or discredited with the amount of supplies he has on board it is to their advantage to have as little as possible to hand over to the next crew so that it is all put down as a standard amount.

Captain Bloomers was also 'paying off' in Durban and he had reduced his liquor supplies until there was virtually nothing on board except bottles of gin. Well, there's one thing I'm not keen on and that's gin of any description. Usually they are very pleased to sell liquor to the passengers and it was quite a surprise to me that I couldn't get a bottle of whisky. The boys and I became quite friendly with the Chief Engineer and the second Engineer, and the second Engineer. Knowing his Captain's propensities for being economical, the Chief Engineer had put in a stock of a couple of cases of Johnny Walker Whisky some of which I would help get rid of every morning before he went on watch at 11.30 am, very pleasant.

I always believe in carrying some useful medicines with me. Certainly not in the ordinary manner, but it just happened that one of the largest pharmacists in Melbourne was a particular friend of mine and knowing that I was not likely to use them for any illegal purposes, he gave me a series of products which he felt could come in useful and sure

enough they did. As there was no doctor on the ship, there could be rather awkward incidents, In the case of one of the other passengers, a Rhodesian, who had trouble with one of eyes which became very, very painful, obviously and also looked quite dangerous, I eventually decided to give him some of my eye ointment made up of the special brew. This drug incorporated in the ointment fixed his eye up in about three days· and he was very, very grateful. I gave him the tube and told him that it may come on again. When we landed at Durban, he came to the hotel we were staying at and gave me a replacement tube, which must have been a nuisance for him as he would have had to see a doctor to get a prescription for it.

In this vast expanse of water all that could be seen was an odd whale and I don't think we saw one vessel after leaving Fremantle until we were getting close to Durban. There was little to do at all on board and it became very monotonous but we ended up with quite a nice party and the Captain put on a special Chinese meal and he more or less insisted that chopsticks were used. As we were sitting at his table we had to comply. Now as I mentioned earlier, I have a fitting to go on the chopsticks and I arranged for a set to be made for Emily Rita and myself, though the American lady I mentioned previously had a bright idea. She got the chopsticks and tied them to an ordinary fork which was quite a good idea. As they were using chopsticks with the fork attached to them. Anyway, the special Chinese meal went off well, except the Captain was not pleased with the tidy appearance of the table when we had finished and just before he sent for the chef to congratulate him on the fine meal the Captain proceeded to spill the sauces and leftovers all over the table cloth and explained that if the Chinese chef had come in and seen the cloth nice and neat he would be insulted.

Emily Rita and the American lady went well with their chopstick forks and I went well with my patent chopsticks but I had to conceal the secret from the Captain as when the New Zealand farmer who was being coached by the Captain intimated that he thought I was handling the meal better the Captain, the Captain was not at all pleased.

There was quite a number of cadet officers and cadet engineers on board and the Chief explained they had an overall surplus in the company due to the laying up of ships, so to keep the engine room cadets employed they had them working on the engines' adjustments and, interestingly, taking performance charts. This was quite an education to our boys.

The Chief Engineer was quite a character and all the officers spoke good English but he knew more about the race courses from Brisbane to Adelaide and Perth than I did because he had traded as an engineer and crew member of the Royal Interocean Line ships going back to pre-war when they were regular callers at the various ports and he apparently was quite a keen racing man and immediately he was in Durban he was off to the races.

He explained that he was getting compulsory retirement when he returned even though he was only about 52 or 53 years old and he said he had already got another job as Chief Engineer on another ship. Se he said he was not going to occupy the 'widows row' as he called it. This was apparently a row of houses where the officers retired to and quickly died off from nothing to do. Incidentally, in discussing the previous trip to Rio 19 53 on one of the Royal Interocean Liners, Tegleberg, with Captain Le Due, Bloomers told me that he had known Le Due, in fact they were running about the same vintage. They were both prisoners

of war with the Japanese and Bloomers said he was on the point of starvation when Le Due issued him with an extra amount of rice which he said just saved his life.

We arrived at Durban on January 8th that is about 13 days after we left Fremantle. The Van Spilbergan docked about 7.30 am and having had our breakfast we were all ready to go when we found that the Customs Officer had not turned up and though we were cleared by Immigration we had not cleared Customs and there was nothing to stop us just walking ashore and taking our bags with us. But we always found in the past that this only creates further problems. So I think we borrowed a trolley and I took our luggage around to the Customs Shed which was open and was quite a distance from where we were berthed. The amusing part about it was that I couldn't get into the Customs Shed through the Customs Officers as they said that I had been passed through, I was out, and that was that. So then I sang out to one of them "Don't you want to have a look at this bag of gold I'm going to export?", and that immediately started things quickly. They let me in with the baggage and in a very nice manner Okayed it and we were on our way.

The weather was mostly wet and raining. People tend to think of the Indian Ocean as dry and hot but it was anything but that.

Somehow or other, probably by cab, we got to the Edward Hotel which, incidentally, is one of the few five star hotels in Africa and unexcelled in the world for service, accommodation and, in fact, everything. We put a call through to Hubert Rowntree who was formerly a representative selling our equipment and who we understood was living in Durban. I had a lot of time for Hubert. His wife Jane answered the phone and explained that Hubert was out of the insurance business in which he had done very well and was back at sea again as Chief Officer on a big ocean-going tug but she said he is unlikely to get any further because he can't speak Afrikaan and she said she'd been trying to teach him but he was just one of those people who can't learn languages. So there it was, he had an ocean-going job and, because he was a very skilled navigator, the crew had threatened to strike if he was not with them.

Hubert's father had been connected in some way as Administration Officer on the line that ran the Queen Elizabeth and the Queen Mary. I think it was the Cunard Line.

Hubert had risen in the service until he was Chief Officer and the youngest that they had at that time and during the war when the Ille de France was taken over by the British and operated as a troop ship on the East Coast of Africa. While Hubert was the Chief Officer on the Ille de France and he describes an incident when they were steaming up the coast of Africa doing 30 knots and one night when he was on watch he had a premonition and he screamed out the Helmsman "Hard starboard" and then "Hard port" immediately after which the Queen Elizabeth passed, just a few feet away, doing 30 knots. This was of course in the days before radar. He got such a shock that he became paralysed and sat down. Later on, there was a court martial of the Officer in Charge at Mombassa Naval Depot who had given Queen Elizabeth and the Ille de France the same course. They had been on such an accurate course they would have hit each other head on. Just imagine what a mess that would have made, with these two huge ships ploughing into one another and they having probably 15,000 troops on board. Hubert doesn't seem to know why he gave the orders, it was just one of those things.

He became very highly thought of and when he met his wife, Miss Slattery, and decided to come ashore the Company, I think it was the Secretary of the Company, took him to lunch to try and talk him out of it and pointed out that as he was a senior or one of the senior Chief Officers, and he was so young in comparison to the rest of the Chief Officers, he could not help but become the Commodore of the Fleet. It was usual in those days when they reached that stage they would be knighted. Anyway, he came ashore and worked for a company which was selling Bingham equipment and we became friendly and later on, after leaving that job he was very successful in insurance, becoming Inspector of)ne of the big areas. But again, the sea lured him back until this time when we arrived over there he was on this sea going tug. Incidentally, some of the largest tugs in the world are based in Durban.

I had arranged for our company car to be shipped from Capetown to Durban and it was i.11 ready there for us. It was an Australian Holden car and had beef} checked.

It is a real pleasure to stop at a good hotel where the service is excellent and not

Verdone with flunkies running around handing messages to one another. That's why it has 1lways given us great pleasure to stop at the Edward Hotel in Durban. Everything is so 1icely done. In our suite there was a nice selection of drinks in the refrigerator in the 1oungeroom which is replaced each day and you simply signed a sheet for what had been 1sed, that is, if a full bottle was used.

The meals were very good and a pleasure to entertain anybody there. We had Jane Rowntree in for the first evening on arrival day and after having a drink and coffee in the lounge room after dinner, we met up with the Chief Engineer and the second Engineer, our friends from the Van Spilbergan, and so we ended up with a pleasant party and Jane insisted on driving them back to the boat. May they had a pleasant time with a few more drinks, who knows.

The following day as a trial run in the car we travelled north about 200 miles in Zulu :..and this was the first time that Laurence and Allen had the opportunity of viewing the natives or viewing the Bantu people and Zulus are such a good class that it was a very pleasant time. We had a puncture and we started to do the necessary jacking up of the tire when from out of the wings as you would say on the stage, these Zulus appeared, very friendly, and they sort of took over and changed the wheel for us and laughing and happy 111 the time. Then we made a mistake, for while the boot was open the keys were thrown n and the boot was accidentally closed so we had no keys to start the car as we didn't 1ave a spare set at that time. It didn't really matter very much as the ignition lock was 1uickly sorted out and we were ready to return to Durban.

The scenery up this coast was very pleasant and well populated by Zulus. We saw a new Zulu town that had been built and it seemed quite a pleasant, small town.

There were terrific rains on the mountains and it stated on the radio news that a family travelling in a panel van had been washed away off the main road by a flood and four of the family were drowned.

We returned to Durban with the small problem of how to open the boot with the keys locked in it but this was easily overcome. We got an address or two out of the phone book and for a comparatively small fee one of the locksmiths, as we call them, turned up and it

took him only one minute to open the boot an he then advised us where to get new keys cut and this was done so that we had a spare set when we left for Port Elizabeth,

We started off from Durban and drove down through the newly formed National area of The Transkie of the Pondo and Xhosa Tribes. Emily Rita and I were quite astounded by the difference in the way the country had been cultivated in the ten years since we had taken a similar drive by hire car.

The fields were better laid out and windbreaks of maize, used to stop the soil erosion, were much in evidence. In various places we saw tractors in use. Now this could only be done by the peoples of the Afrikaan nature who were zealots for doing things and doing them right.

We pushed on to Umtate, stopping for the night at the Grosvenor Hotel, quite a pleasant hotel. I had a little bit of a conscience problem for I had promised to ring George Watson when we arrived at Durban and though Umtata is relatively remote as far as telephoning to Johannesburg is concerned, the lady in charge of the hotel was very helpful and eventually I got onto him.

When we left to go further south we were instructed where to call the Jones people. We left Umtata fairly early and drove down a pleasant road to East London, the whole of this being quite interesting for the views of the native life and the various number of Kraals that we passed.

As Laurence was doing most of the driving it at least kept his eyes to some extent off the topless native girls who were seen along the roads. The Xhosa people are some akin to the Zulus and much more intelligent and better organised than many of the tribes.

We were stopping at Deals Hotel in East London and this was quite a nice modern hotel. We were contacted by the secretary of the local Henry Jones factory and picked up and taken for a nice tour around East London and later we met up with Fred Short, the local director, whom I had met before and had become quite friendly with.

Now it was obvious that George Watson had given instructions that we were to be properly looked after and this was certainly done. They arranged a rendezvous for us with the man from Farm Whitney which was the beautiful big farm previously mentioned on which they grew the pineapples and employed such a greater number of labour.

We were quartered in the guest cabins on the Bosman River and Fred Short and Andrew Purdin arranged for quite a display of dancing by a group of girls from their works and obviously they got quite a kick out of being able to perform. Fred said on no account to offer them money because they would be insulted. He did arrange for a bag of sweets to be given to each of them on our behalf and this seemed to please them very much.

We spent some time fishing in the river as the cabin verandah is actually over the river and you can fish and eat and drink at the same time. The boys were given a motor boat to tear up and down the river, so they had a great time. It was a very pleasant stop and quite a nice introduction to Africa for the boys.

We left early next morning and continued on our drive around the coast to Capetown, stopping the night of Sunday, January 13th, at Wilderness, the local motel. This was only

fair, and very hot. There was a lot of re-afforestation taking place around this area which in years to come would improve the appearance around the area very much,

We continued on our way toward Capetown around the coast and stopping at Mossel Bay where we met up with my South African Service Manager, Stan Barton, and also Mr Conradie, the Manager of the local Langeberg Cannery.

There was a very good installation of 48 Filper machines in this factory and they were getting excellent recoveries from it, This was largely due to the amount of extra hand labour that was put into sorting the fruit which gave them more dozens of canned fruit to the tonne than many others were getting and though inefficient in labour it was certainly efficient as far as we were concerned and we utilized these recovery figures for impressing other Langeberg Ko-operasie Canneries.

We eventually arrived in Capetown after an interesting and pleasurable trip. We booked in at the Grand Hotel on the main drag of Capetown, Adderley Street. The Grand had been built not so many years before and was quite a modern hotel, but something about it was lacking. I had stopped there on a few occasions previously and it was one of those places I always felt was good to get away from. Emily Rita and I had a disagreement over my having the pianist in the lounge play several of my favourite pieces but, here again, it is no worries to the players, they have got to play something and they just love to know that somebody is listening to them and appreciating it.

The weather was extremely hot and it was noted soon after we arrived that the temperature in Paarl, which is about 40 miles north-east of Capetown and where we had our service shop, registered 114 degrees Fahrenheit. This is rather abnormal for Capetown, like it would be for Melbourne, as Capetown and Melbourne's climates are very similar in many ways.

The boys had an opportunity of looking around Capetown and we stopped at the Grand Hotel for about three days and then we left and booked in at the Fairmede· Hotel at Rondebush. This hotel was able to fit us out with a decent size suite as it was more a hotel for country people from further north and out of town in Africa coming in and spending a holiday at. It was on a short cut as far as eliminating the city was concerned from Paarl and the other fruit areas in which we were interested.

I always remember quite an experience on our drive out from the Grand Hotel in Adderley Street, Capetown to the Fairmede Hotel. It is a little bit difficult to get out of the city at that point as it is one of the older parts of the town and it must be remembered that Capetown is more than 350 years old. We took the wrong turn or went up a one way street and were pulled up by a police motor cyclist and when we explained to him what we were trying to do he very kindly piloted us through all the traffic and out onto the main road to Rondebush, it was a very nice gesture.

The boys were engaged in helping demonstrate the automatic feeds for the Filpers and also, particularly, the repitting machine we had brought over from Australia. This gave them a very good opportunity to tear around the country in all sorts of natives villages and small towns to do the work and I also had them design a small conveyor system for helping with the automatic feeds so the time went pleasantly enough.

Bill Howes was just as big a help as ever and the Dart &: Howes Travel Department looked after our travel bookings and everything with remarkable efficiency. Peter Sproul was the Manager and this travel department was very alive. He didn't cater for off-the-street clients but had the entire business of many of the large companies in Africa such as the Shell Oil Company and the like. I asked Peter to plan a tour for the family to Victoria Falls and Kariba Dam. This was arranged but we first had to go to Johannesburg. So after Emily Rita and the boys had seen the various sights around Capetown, including the thrill of going to the top of the mountain on the cable car, we left Capetown on Friday, February 1st, and we were going via Bloemfontein and had lunch at Langesburg and later about 4.30 pm we reached Coleburg and stopped at a pleasant hotel, the Central.

Looking outside the hotel as we were looking over the small town we saw a group of convicts, jail prisoners, returning for the night from working in the fields. The general idea is, I believe over there, that you can hire prisoners for field work at so much per day from the prison authorities. The amusing part about it was the 30 or 40 Bantu prisoners who were in the ·charge of one white warder were all laughing and joking as they went up the street and one of the prisoners was carrying the warder's shotgun Obviously there was no shame about being in jail.

We continued on next day through the Orange Free State and we saw these huge fields of maize growing and this took hours to pass, quite a spectacle. When we crossed over the Vaal River at Vereging, the boys took some movies of the place and the surroundings as it was of quite historical interest. It is interesting to note, around in especially the backroads where there had not been so much development, the number of old forts that were built mainly by the British in the Boer War. I suppose it is just as easy to leave them standing as to spend the money pulling them down.

We arrived in Johannesburg about 5.30 pm and booked in at Langham Hotel where we had stopped on other occasions. On the Sunday we went to see the famous Mine Dancers at the City Deep Mine. This is always a great spectacle and well worth anybody visiting the area to go and see, Later we went out to have our evening meal at George Watson's home at Bryanstone.

On Monday, February 4th, we left by air for Victoria Falls via Bulwayo and had quite a pleasant flight. We were booked in at the Victoria Falls Hotel which is quite an old place but very nicely kept up and also quite an interest.

Peter Sproul of Dart & Howes had recommended that we should not miss out on what is known as the Dawn Patrol. This is a flight in a six seater aircraft which takes in portions of the river but also flies out over what is known as the Caprivi Strip. This is one of those odd things that happened in Africa in the good old colonial days, when the Caprivi Strip was left to allow the Germans to build a railway line between German West Africa, which is now known as Namibia, and their East African areas. They lost this after the First World War and, I believe today that theoretically it is a 'no man's land' although South Africa has incorporated it in their area for security reasons. Having practically no habitation and, as was explained by the pilot, being the site of an inland sea, it means in this case that the forests only grow to a certain height and as they are not very thick the plane can fly quite low near the tree tops without any danger of running into a tall tree.

Figure 32 - LAURENCE AND DAVID LANDING A FISH AT NUG, NUG, BUFFALO RIVER

This picture was featured as the Australian entry in Children of the World photo exhibit.

DEPARTAMENTO FEDERAL DE SEGURANÇA PÚBLICA

SERVIÇO DE CENSURA DE DIVERSÕES PÚBLICAS — D.F.S.P.

LICENÇA ESPECIAL PARA CINEGRAFISTA

O CHEFE DO SERVIÇO DE CENSURA DE DIVERSÕES PÚBLICAS, EM CUMPRIMENTO DO QUE DETERMINA O ART. 36 DO DECRETO Nº 20.493 DE 24 DE JANEIRO DE 1946, CONCEDE AO SENHOR DAVID WILLIAM BINGHAM, DE NACIONALIDADE AUSTRALIANA LICENÇA ESPECIAL PARA FILMAR PAISAGENS EM BRASÍLIA-BF, E SÃO PAULO.

ROGAMOS ÀS AUTORIDADES DO PAÍS, DAR TODO O APOIO AO REFERIDO CIDADÃO A FIM DE TER PLENO EXITO SUA MISSÃO.

BRASÍLIA, 11 DE MARÇO DE 1963

OMAR DO PRADO LIVA
MJ CHEFE DO S.C.D.P.

Figure 33 - Licenca Especial Para CI Egrafista

When we arrived at the Victoria Falls in the evening, the flight office of the Dawn Patrol was closed and having a bit of a brain wave I approached the English girl who was on the reception desk and asked her about it and she said I would have to wait till the morning. Well there was obviously a group of people wanting to get on and there are only six seats so I did the right thing and the girl agreed to take the pilot's diary, as apparently they were quite friendly, and write in it that I had booked the whole of the charter. So I had chartered the plane for the morning which gave us the four seats plus a seat to put our camera and gear on and, believe me, this caused some real upset in the morning when these American tourists turned up to book onto the plane only to find that we had the lot. Now this seems a little bit selfish but we wanted to see and the plane only carried so many, so as far as I was concerned it was first in, first served. Now one woman was particularly nasty about the fact that we had the seat for the camera gear. Well this may be so but I found by experience that if there is an outsider on a flight such as that, it is more difficult for the pilot to take everybody into consideration, whereas in a group such as family it is easier to decide where we all want to go. The net result was that it was one of the most satisfying experiences I have ever had in flying in an aeroplane. I suggested to him that he stop out as long as he liked and we would pay for the extra time, so he really appreciated our conversation because we had been around such a lot. He took us down to really show us the animals and the thing that amazed us was that the animals took no notice of the aeroplane because it was up in the air. They would just glance up and go on with their feeding.

We saw all sorts of animals, such as lions, who were in groups. They didn't bother moving, but just played around while the pilot flew around so we could get movies of them and more importantly, to have a really good look at them. This went on with a number of the big animals, especially the elephants and it was really a gorgeous morning.

On the return flight he went out and came back down the Zambezi River quite a way and it was interesting and very picturesque to see the river but also to see the wildlife in the river, such as the rhinoceros and the crocodiles, sporting themselves. There were plenty of big crocodiles and they would lay out on the banks of the river and sandbanks and make no move when the plane passed over, so this made the trip to the Victoria Falls.

I have seen a number of falls but I had never seen anything as spectacular as the Victoria Falls. The Niagara Falls in America are quite puny compared with them and not nearly as spectacular because of the peculiar nature of their position. We had a really good look at the Falls taking many feet of movies and the boys took some movies of Emily Rita acting up as though I was about to throw her over the Falls, causing a laugh in general.

After looking around the Falls and the surrounding areas it seemed a shame when, soon after, the Guerrilla War broke out making it unsafe for tourists in the area. Even though a new casino had been built near the old hotel, all of this less fell into disarray. As this is one of the world's prime spectacles it is a great pity that so many thousands of people will never have the opportunity, in the immediate future, of seeing these wonderful falls.

We left Victoria Falls by plane for Kariba Dam and flew almost the length of the Kariba Lake. This lake is formed by the dam and is certainly a vast stretch of water. It may be remembered that when it was getting filled, great efforts were made by various societies to save the animals that were gradually being trapped by the rising waters. It is not an

interesting lake in as much as it is just a big open dam that's obviously only recently formed and it has not much more character than an oversized farmer's dam.

The Kariba Wall is a remarkable achievement and Kariba was on the site of the road that the elephants used when they migrated over the mountains. One of the engineers told me that the road up generally followed the track that was formed by the elephants over hundreds, maybe thousands, of years, as they had chosen the route with the best grade. One of the things that immediately interested us was that the small bus in which we were taken from the aerodrome was subjected to very close inspection for the Tse Tse fly and this was done by running the car over mirrors and spotlights. As was explained to us, it was generally recognised that the Tse Tse fly spread from one part of the country to the other by hanging underneath the chassis and other parts of the vehicles. There is also quite an area around this particular place where malaria is rife and the Government had issued information pamphlets describing the general habitat of the malaria mosquito and, here again, it was reckoned that the malaria mosquito was generally carried by people passing from one part of the country .to the other. They explained that if a house was properly fumigated so that the eggs or lava of the mosquitoes were killed and care was taken, the malaria could be eliminated from quite large areas.

The Kariba Dam is of enormous dimensions and was in its day one of the wonders of the world as far as engineering is concerned, To give some idea of the base amount of water that passes down the Zambezi River, the outlet valves for letting water go in flood times consisted of pipes 30 feet square each and there were four of them. Just imagine the fantastic amount of water that would pour through 4 x 30 feet square openings.

They were having some trouble with scouring lower down. It must be realised that this was planned for an industrial era which had not at that time come to light and there was very little comparative load on the power station. Going down into the bowels of the earth or rock in the actual power station or generator room, was quite something. The Engineer in charge showed us how the consumption was going up as it was about 12.00 am, or a little bit later, and the people were turning on their electricity to cook their meals. I think the power station at that time was about 3,000,000 kilowatts and it was planned for a similar station to be built on the Zambia side of the river, but no work had begun on this and it was hard to see this getting done for some time.

One of the points that was interesting was the huge refrigeration cost of putting an enormous footage of pipes in the wall. The refrigerated water would be pumped through these pipes to stop the concrete from setting too fast and thereby weakening it.

The hotel we stopped at was just a small place but quite pleasant and during the evening I had a few drinks in the lounge with some Rhodesian soldiers who were stationed there and they seemed apprehensive of the future with the breakup of the Federation. As things turned out I think they would be more interested in getting out of the country than worrying about their pensions.

After leaving Kariba, we flew to Salisbury, the capital of Rhodesia and this was quite a fine town in these days, excellently laid out, very nice streets and buildings and all very clean. We stopped at Miekles Hotel which was as good an hotel as virtually any I had ever stopped in.

After a pleasant look over Salisbury and its surroundings we left by air for Johannesburg and on Sunday, February l 0th we left Johannesburg in our car and drove to the Kruger National Park and Game Reserve.

There we occupied a two bedroom Rondavel, which means round house and this is of the same appearance as the native built Rondavels and very comfortable and all for R 13.50 for two nights, just imagine how cheap that is for first class accommodation in one of the world's great game reserves.

We had a look around that evening and saw a few buck but went out early on Monday to take an extensive drive to Skakuza. It was a very hot day and we saw numerous animals - many zebras, giraffe and baboons, all sorts of birds and animals and all in their wild state. Several of the baboons actually jumped onto the car and one of them was sitting up on the back window over the boot and persistently trying to get his hand through the glass to pick up a camera on the back shelf. He just couldn't make out why he could see this camera but when he went to put his hand out of course he would hit the glass. It was quite an interesting study. After a few minutes we decided to leave in the car so they all jumped off at the command of their leader and bounded away, screaming out to all and sundry.

On Tuesday we were one of the earliest cars out, just daylight and we were able to see two lions or probably lioness as they were setting themselves up to make their kill for the mob or pride as it is called. It is really amazing how well a giraffe can fit in and his camouflage is perfect. You can be only a few yards and away and staring straight at him but not see him.

We left to drive back to Johannesburg via Pretoria where the boys were quite interested to take some pictures and movies of the Voertreker Monument, an enormous structure I think you would say something after the style of our Victorian War Memorial. We also took pictures of the public buildings which are quite a spectacle as they are mainly made of brick and contain most of the Government offices. We also drove past the big prison where prisoners are hung every so often being brought there from various parts of South Africa.

After spending some useful time on business around Johannesburg, Emily Rita and the boys were particularly interested in going up the big tower to see the surrounding area. This is quite a spectacle as it scans out for several hundred feet in height.

On Friday 15th, we left Johannesburg about 6.00 am, travelling fast back to Capetown via Kimberley in this case, whereas on our trip up we had gone via Bloomfontein. It was very interesting at Kimberley to see this enormous hole in the ground, largely filled with water. It was a mine about a mile across and I don't know, but I would say, 1,000 feet deep, and it was amazing to think that this was all dug out with shovels and picks. There were pictures showing the activities around on the mine which was swarming with people.

I was quite interested in details of the big gun that was made there in the railway workshops to answer the fire from the big gun that the Boers were letting loose onto the town during the siege. The shells were made there as well and while the siege was on the women and children were taken down into the big mine. The mine still works but not to the activity as previously.

The boys were pushing the car along quite fast and it must be remembered that these national roads skirt most of the towns and villages so that it is possible to maintain quite high speeds and in the very hot weather this is dangerous. I got out and felt the tyres at one point while I was having a cold drink and they were quite hot so I just forced the boys to slow down and just as well they did as we had only gone a few miles at the slower speed when we had a blowout. Laurence was more or less an inexperienced driver as he only had his licence probably a year and I was screaming out to him not to put his foot on the brake. The net result was the car swayed backwards and forwards, nearly rolled over, but finally came to a standstill on the other side of the road with the rim torn off the axle. This was quite a problem for us. But anyway we got the spare tyre and rim back on again and went on to Britton where we stopped for the night with the intention of getting another rim and tyre, but no luck.

Though the nearest sized car to ours was the German Opel car, also a General Motor's product, one had five bolts and the other had four so that wouldn't fit. Just an example of the inexperience of Australian manufacturers in not waking up to these things because there were certainly a lot more Opel's in use and they were practically identical to the Australian built Holden. Anyway, we had to drive back to Capetown, at a more modest speed, without a spare. Thank goodness we didn't have any more trouble.

We spent some time in the Cape Provinces area on business, and the boys were kept very busy on service work and they got to know the country quite well as they would be off early in the morning and I would take things more leisurely and get into the office in Capetown at probably 9.00 am. Anyway, we cleaned up everything to our satisfaction and we were booked in to join the Royal Interocean Liner, Boissevain, to travel to Rio.

We got on board on the evening of February 26th and left at 6.00 am in the morning. Excellent weather. Generally the conditions on the ship were nowhere near as interesting as they were on our previous trip ten years before as it was obvious that there were not the number of people travelling as previously. We were unfortunate at getting put at the table in the dining room with a the doctor and another lady doctor and an old man, an American, who I think got ill before we got to Rio and he was certainly getting close to the end of his days. The old man was very moody and I had one or two arguments with him so, to keep the peace, they were usually down before us and this worked out alright. We made other friends on board and one of the only notable things that happened was that they were advertising that you could have a cocktail luncheon right at the swimming pool so another South African couple and Emily Rita and I decided to give it a go. So we sat up in style and we really had an enjoyable time with half the boat looking on to see what we were getting. Anyway, it was quite alright and we arrived, after a very uneventful trip, in Rio de Janero, arriving on March 8th, about 4.30 am. Here again, we were met by Mr Puller who was quite an interesting gentleman and he straightened everything out and we got through the Customs after the usual pay out of a small amount. We booked in again at the Copacabana Excelcior which we had previously stopped at, and so we were set up in style overlooking the famous Copacabana beach.

Rio was pretty much the same and after the boys had a good look around as we had comprehensive private tours arranged by Thomas Cook, we decided to go out again to Petropolis and see the old city, the capital in the early days of the Emperor.

We called in at the Quitandina Hotel which had now been turned into a country club and allowed to run down. It was just a shame to see this magnificent building just falling to pieces. The huge kitchen underneath the basement, with streets designated for various activities of cooking, was just a shambles. Lots of it had fallen to pieces and was disappointing to see compared to when we had seen it almost in its heyday some ten years before.

We visited the Black Palace and the furniture in jet black ebony with the gold fittings was still very beautiful and after a look around the small town of Petropolis we returned to Rio.

We went out to dinner with our old friend, Edgar Grubel, who took us to a sort of beer garden and dance floor with general entertainment and we had quite a good evening. There was a series of tables near us or tables put together to form one long table for some acrobatics club and they ended up after their dinner taking off the covers and doing some remarkable acrobatics on the table. It was quite an interesting evening and was running along nicely until a brawl started and ended up with a middle aged man with a stiff leg being ejected. I sensed by the conversation that this man was up to mischief and would be back so I said to Edgar 'Let's get out of here'. So the bill had just arrived and I was settling it when the man who had been ejected previously came in with a whole team of toughs and they took over and it was a free-for-all going. I saw one man in the bar hit by a wooden bar stool and whether it killed him I don't know but he took such an awful crack on the head that he passed out, and we passed out too, getting out of the place as conveniently as possible.

After doing the usual sightseeing for the benefit of the boys, including a tour to the top of Mount Sugarloaf on the cablecar and seeing the general run of the town, we left for Brazilia, the capital of Brazil, on Sunday, March l 0th, and had quite a pleasant trip getting there. We had not been able to obtain any useful information about the place excepting that it was out in the wild and it was a new capital and we got the impression that it was a strange place. When we arrived at the airport it certainly was a bit rough in

appearance excepting they had a beautiful airstrip. We were supposed to be met there by Thomas Cook's man but there wasn't anybody to meet us. We were in a bit of a quandary until I got talking to a gentleman there who was picking up some passengers in a mini bus and he turned out to be a German who had lived most of his life in Brazil. He was also the local tourist man and later we found that he was the agent also for Cooks, so after this discussion he agreed to take us around to see the various parts of Brasilia over the next two days. I think it was about 13,000 Curzerirs, or an amount that was quite reasonable.

As it turned out we had picked quite a winner. Though he was born in Germany our travel guide's mother and father were born in England of German parents and they had gone back to Germany after the First World War and his mother was an old lady, I think in her eighties, and she used to come over and visit him. He had been a member of parliament for some fourteen years I think and representing the party which had been in power when Kubasheck was President and he had originally come up to Brasilia with the President and a group of his followers to help in building this fantastic city.

I think it was the greatest piece of work that had happened in the world for many centuries as far as overall design and conception goes • It was a complete city and I think it had a population of around 250,000 and was built in the jungle and the whole concept of building the city and its services are controlled under a master plan by an American company and this was being very strictly adhered to.

The general plan of the city is in the shape of an aeroplane with the fuselage and the wings showing out over a great area. The site was picked because it was in the centre of Brazil and attempts to get away from the coast and Rio de Janero to open the land up. With this I heartily agree as it is in the centre of Brazil. The centre is indicated by a monument just on the edge of the city where the centre of Brazil is shown.

Everything is so modern, these huge blocks of offices are for the ministries and take up a huge area with great lawns surrounding them and what was really amazing is that the lawns are over the top of great underground garages or carparks and so it goes on. There is hardly an intersection of any of the main roads - they all pass over one another and having been designed like this from the beginning, they haven't got the problems that are associated when they are done from old cities.

We visited a school which happened to be a Presbyterian school and here again, it was most modern and made our boys really green with envy to see the standard of accommodation. With many other points of interest, the whole city has been constructed in such a way that undoubtedly it is one of the most significant capitals in the world.

There were so many places to speak about. One must mention, for instance, the Roman Catholic Cathedral which, when viewed from a distance, shows the form of a Cardinal's hat protruding above the ground with this huge glass construction and the main cathedral which seats thousands of people is underground. The President's palace is a very modern looking place and quite spectacular inside and I may say that this German friend who was driving us around didn't like the then President and he appeared to be known by the guards because he just drove down to the President's palace and said; 'The bastard's not home - let's go in.' So, in we walked and had a good look around the bottom floor and up to the second elevation by stairs, all over the whole building.

We later had the opportunity of seeing the High Court and also the National Library and when the librarian was told we were Australians he became quite interested and pointed out that an Australian, I think about 100 years ago, had written the first constitution of Brazil which has recently been brought up to date by Sir Owen Dixon of the Australian Judiciary. It was pointed out then that, within a few hundred miles of the capital, there was still a large number of Indians living in isolation who had to be brought under control before any more development could take place. The highway over the mountains to Belem, which was an enormous project in itself, had to be discontinued for the time being as the Chief Indian Administrator had to learn the new language of the Indians who were harassing the road workers and killing them off and eating them. Now the road which I think comes from the coast, was a wide highway of at least two lanes each way and this ran I think a distance roughly equivalent to the distance between Eden in New South

Wales to Bourke in New South Wales and this was all over the mountains. So this huge project plus the building of Brasilia had all been produced in about three years. Our guide said that his sons ran timber mills in the state of Minas Geria and at the height of their activities were sending up some 28 truckloads of timber per day and it was reputed that 100,000 men worked on the building and construction of Brasilia and the surroundings -three shifts seven days per week, and one day off per year which was May Day.

We were stopping at the Hotel Nationale in Brasilia and when we booked into this place in Rio de Janero, we just didn't know what we were looking for or looking at and here we were in the magnificent hotel, I think it was some 21 storeys high, had numerous swimming pools and restaurants and excellent accommodation.

We were taken out to the other areas where a lot of land had been opened up and the one suburb had been set aside for industry and this seemed to be making some progress. In other areas not developed so much it was surveyed and land could be obtained free of charge if a house of decent dwelling was built on it. I think it was just astonishing to see the effort being put in by the people, in just two years, to build accommodation for themselves.

We had a view of the original Government offices built out of slabs of rough sawn timber and it was said that numbers, I think something like 30, of the carpenters had been taken and eaten by wild beasts such as tigers, while the building was originally getting built. This will give an illustration of the terrific effort and all to be made in three years.

It was wonderful to see more offices and buildings being finished. For instance, we saw the site where the Australian Embassy was to be built and this again had to conform with the general overall design of the whole area. It was really a most interesting part of our journey to see this wonderful place, Brasilia, and I strongly suggest that anybody who is travelling in South America should go and see it just to see what can be done if there is a real national effort behind it.

We left Brasilia and flew to Sao Paulo. We were stopping at the Onata Palace Hotel and this was very good accommodation. In the ten years since Emily and I had previously visited, Sao Paulo had grown enormously and was fast becoming one of the largest cities in the world and is the great industrial centre of Brazil.

We took a car ride down the mountain on an excellent highway, a very scenic and difficult construction, to the Port of Santos which in earlier times, and probably still is, the main port for the export of coffee. At the coffee market can be seen long stalls where various families have their headquarters for bidding on the auction floor. The floors of these had their coat of arms and various other embellishments all done in marble terrazo and though this building was probably not nearly as ornate as previously it was still a very, very interesting place. One of our drivers was rather amused, telling us how he read the advert for coffee, 'grown in the mountains'. He said as though it was something special - coffee only grew in the mountains.

We returned to Sao Paulo and after the usual problems we left to Buenos Aires in Argentina and here again we were stopping at the Alvear Palace Hotel in downtown Buenos Aires and this also was a very fine hotel but there was quite a depression on and this hotel had been a gambling casino and the top floor was made up of the gambling room and large restaurant although these had not been in use for some years.

We again had a very efficient Cook's guide and was able to see around Buenos Aires which is not a very interesting city as there are no geographic features as it is flat. In fact probably the highest point that hasn't been man-made may be only three or four feet above the level of the water in Rio de Plata which, incidentally, is about 37 miles wide and running at this point. The water is simply pumped into the treatment basin from the river and then distributed. Floods apparently don't occur because of this enormous expanse of water running all the time and to raise the river a few inches would take an enormous flood higher up.

We were told that the staff at the hotel were practically working for nothing but had their accommodation and meals free. This seemed to be the paternalistic set up of a considerable number of families in the towns in Argentine where these huge houses could

not to be kept up because it cost too much. A number of servants simply lived on in the houses and shared as best they could with the families.

After coming from Brazil which has a large population of negroes and negro half-coloured people to Argentina, there are noticeably not as many coloured people seen on the street, as the Spanish, Italian and English people predominate. I believe that all the coloured people were chased out of Argentina.

The people were very friendly to us and we were shown around everywhere. We wished, however, that Buenos Aires was a little more interesting as it was all so flat. We visited the famous Opera House, a very imposing building but looking rather run down.

One of the other things that struck us very markedly was the low conditions of the cars and in fact in the main streets it looked like a vintage car parade. This was explained by the lack of foreign exchange to buy new improved vehicles.

We were, one day, taken by a motor boat down the river to the Delta area which is really an amazing place to see. The Rio de Plata is such a wide river and although it was running, the silt beds were built up and there were literally hundreds of islands with waterways between them and the only way, until recently, to get from one island to another would be by boat. These boats consist of everything from a single skiff to big motor boats. I believe that the Delta area was one of the areas of the world where criminals could evade the police by simply island hopping, although they say it isn't nearly so easy now as the police can use helicopters.

It was a Sunday that we went down there and apparently it was quite a place to go for Sunday picnics. One of the things that surprised us was that there seemed to be hundreds of boats being rowed sedately along with girls and fellows. The fellows mostly sat in the back seat while the girls did the rowing. There were some very large ferries, mostly tied up and lying idle and it was explained that these were used or had been used on the normal run across the river to Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay. Apparently, due to hard times, there was not nearly the traffic as of yesteryear, but still it was an interesting area and down river there were various amusement parks and hotels that catered for numbers of people on weekends. The whole industry's economy, with the thousands of small boats tied up as well as many very large ferries, was obviously not well.

We were taken to see the grave, or what was said to be the grave, of Eva Peron. This was unusual as the cemeteries are built in racks, coffins are put in the racks, just like a locker of the railway station, but of course the coffins are longer and pushed in end on. I had no reason to know whether it was true or not or whether it was an old wive's tale but it was supposed to be more or less secret. However, the highest point in Buenos Aires, as far as we could gather, is the hills on the top of which stands the monomument to Eva Peron. Now these hills were put there by human endeavour, which was obvious as the whole area was flat. The reason for the graves being in racks above the ground was that the whole area was a water table just beneath the surface of the ground and it was not possible to dig graves other than in water.

One day we were taken out over an interesting area which gave some indication of the extent of the pampas, the vast area of land that is the backbone of Argentine's economy. The town where we were taken to is called Lajuna and has this large basilica where it was said that faith healing took place. We had a look at the colonial museum and we walked up the Basilica quite a distance. I don't know why, but there would have been several hundred yards of paved tiling, and the pilgrims had to crawl on their hands and pray to get to the Basilica. There are various artifacts and bits and pieces sold in the numerous shops which, obviously, live entirely off the people coming to pray or seek medical benefits. During this ceremony the people are blessed by the Bishop and the whole ceremony, as I understood it, was conducted from an open car driving through the streets.

We had a guide in Buenos Aires called Schafter, an odd character who originally came from California as quite a young man and had walked the whole way down the west coast of the America's and across the Andes to Argentina. I certainly would have liked to have spent more time talking about his adventures. He mentioned that he nearly died of thirst on occasions.

We went to a well-known floor show putting on peasant dances called the La Querencia and there was a bar where we had steaks. Now, Argentina claimed to have the best steaks in the world and I would think this could be true but, as I said, if one had to press on the knife to get it through the steak the knife must have been very blunt.

The Pampas is really something to visualize and think about. It has more than a thousand miles of river flats which have soil as deep as 50 feet down so can keep cattle and almost anything. The cattle are bred on the properties in the upper reaches of the river system and gradually brought down from property to property until they are ready for killing at the huge meatworks right alongside the river. The meatworks are mostly owned by American and British interests.

It is a great calamity and tragedy to the Argentine nation that foot and mouth disease has mostly killed off the export of meat which has led to their particular difficulties, and let Australia into the markets of the world where they normally could not compete. It is well to remember that gradually more areas of this huge delta country are being cleared of foot and mouth disease and they now export their prime beef to the world markets. Australia should contemplate this because when they finally clear the country of the foot and mouth disease and their goods are accepted on the world markets, especially America, it is going to be a sorry day for Australia.

Whilst we were in Buenos Aires, there was some disturbance between, I think I remember rightly, the Army and the Air Force and it got to the stage where the army was lodging shells over the city onto one of the air force bases. I believe the air force retaliated by bombing the army base.

It was time for us to leave for Bolivia and this was to be via Asuncion in Paraguay and by an aircraft, one of the older Constellations or maybe a DC7. We flew off from Buenos Aires in cloud and this deteriorated to a terrific electrical storm as we were approaching Asuncion. We had a really frightening experience there as the plane came down to land because he came down too far up the runway and assuming that he couldn't make it he had to abort the landing and keep on going and, believe me, with the terrific lightning that was lighting up everything, the tops of the trees seemed mighty close as we climbed over the end of the runway to come around again. He certainly didn't make any mistake the second time around because he bounced the plane down and we had a very rough landing, but still I would rather have a rough landing than a crash.

We left Asuncion for the long flight to La Paz in Bolivia. La Paz is situated on the Alto Plana which is probably the highest of the larger plains in the world and because of the problems caused by the altitude it was at that time only the older planes that could land and take off at the airport which had a terrifically long runway. It certainly was the first and only time that we ever arrived at an airport where, at the bottom of the aircraft steps, a couple of attendants waited with a stretcher, apparently to pick up the passengers who had passed out due to lack of oxygen. We didn't realise at that moment how the high altitude was going to affect our weekend in La Paz and surroundings.

Now La Paz is in a very peculiar or novel situation as the Altoplano, the approaches to La Paz, is practically flat and all of a sudden you are looking down into a large basin, just as though it had been scooped out. At the bottom of this basin and climbing up the sides a bit is the city of La Paz.

We were booked in at the best hotel which was the Sucre Palace, meaning sugar palace hotel. This would be about a tenth rate hotel in other cities. The city itself is not very picturesque except for its position, and the people are very poor and ignorant to the point where it was quite common to see women and men having a crap or a piddle in the gutters in the main street.

The Cook's guide was quite a nice young Spanish woman and went to great trouble to try and be helpful. We had a look around the older part of the town and came back for lunch. Emily Rita was starting to complain of headaches and being sick and she had to lie down. The girl guide gave her some oxygen tablets for her to take, which she did.

The following day we had the highlight of our trip to Bolivia, it was unfortunate that Emily Rita was too sick to make it. We started off to see the Lake Titicaca, one of the largest lakes and considered to be the highest lake in the world at some 13,000 feet above sea level. There were a lot of ruins around this area showing the considerable activity which must have taken place in older civilizations but it was such a miserable area it is hard to see why anybody would go there of their own volition. They would probably be there as refugees. The water was very, very cold and ice had formed in the little delta areas where the streams

ran into the lake. Even so, women were crawling through this slush and muck and planting potatoes by sticking a stick in the ground and putting a potato in.

The interesting thing about this area is that it is the home or the place of development of three of the greatest food crops used in the world, and that is; tomatoes, potatoes and corn, and yet the potatoes are small and there were, we understood, 46 varieties of them in various colours, not at all like the ones we know, and of course very small. The tomatoes are more like berries and the corn is only very small.

These people live in shocking conditions and their dwellings are virtually rock huts. When it rains some of these places are so small they have to back into them and sit on a seat of stone. Apparently the weather comes from the one direction and they sit there out of the rain and probably snow.

We went out on the lake in a nice motor boat to visit some of the islands in the lake and one of the places we visited was where the reed boats are made. Now these reed boats are made of reeds as mentioned, and the fishermen paddle them and fish sitting on top of the reed bed and there are hundreds, probably thousands, of these deserted boats swilling in the shores of the lake where they are just left to rot when they become too water logged through rushes rotting. On the island that specialised in the manufacture, or building, of the boats, the rushes were being dried and bound up into forms and then larger forms until eventually the shape of the boat took place.

We were also shown some weaving of the llama wool, by the crudest methods and by the look of the people they were in a shocking general state of health, looking syphilitic and sick through eating and chewing the cocoa leaves, which is the source of cocaine.

If the slightest breeze comes up on the lake, all the boats head for home and they have a little sail to assist. It is said that if you fall into the water you immediately die as the water freezes onto your skin and there isn't a hope of survival, so they don't take any more risks than necessary.

We had an extra sandwich or two and I suggested that we give them to one of the fishermen and the boatman beckoned him alongside and when he was offered the sandwiches he could obviously hardly believe he eyes because he tried one and immediately grabbed the other one and munched away very excitedly. What a life!

When we returned to La Paz there was a procession on in the town and great goings on and it appeared that it was their national day. Later in the evening, the slopes of the bowl in which the city was situated were lined with people and when it got quite dark, and it gets very dark in these circumstances, the candles were all lit up to form the words in a huge area, in Spanish of course; 'Back to the Sea', which we understood was to reiterate the national determination to get a sea port as they had lost their sea port in a war many years before with Peru.

Inflation was shocking and the biggest currency note, I believe, was 1,000 Boliviano. Now they also had down as far as 2 Mills which was 1/2000th of the Boliviano notes and yet the 1,000 Boliviano note in Australian money was worth less than two shillings.

On the final day we were to be in Bolivia, Laurence and Allen and I decided to live it up and we spent a million for lunch. We ended up making up the million we had to spend on strawberries and ice cream for 300,000 Boliviano. While waiting to pay our check out bill I was disgusted to see a human being come in carrying a huge, what we would call, sea chest on his back. He was bent down and the sea chest was tied to him with ropes and this big Spaniard who was with him was directing him and screaming out at him and this poor creature had no boots or shoes on. He went to stand up and the case that he was carrying, which was heavier than himself, fell over and there he was tied to the case lying on top of it. They cut the ropes off him and he scrambled to his feet and got a little money off this fellow who screamed at him again and he ran outside like a dog.

The women seemed to do most of the marketing and they almost invariably a11 wear boxer hats whereas in Peru they wore Panama hats, all identical, which makes them more noticeable. It was upsetting to see the donkey trains coming in to La Paz loaded up with the leaves of the Cocoa bush from which Cocaine is derived and it seemed as though a big proportion of the population were continually stunned by chewing away at these leaves and becoming doped with cocaine.

From our hotel window one night we were able to witness one of the most remarkable spectacles I have ever seen, only possible because of the peculiar setting of La Paz in the deep bowl close to the equator and at an altitude of sane 13,000 feet. The sun was setting in the west and had gone down over the rim of the Altoplano and La Paz was in inky blackness and then, as suddenly as a light being switched on, a high snow covered mountain to the east a number of miles away was beautifully illuminated in all its glory in the black surroundings. A fantastic sight.

We said goodbye to La Paz without any regrets and I was very thankful that the plane was on time because I was frightened that Emily Rita would become unable to proceed. Once we got on the plane to fly to Lima, however, the pressure of the plane soon brought her round and she was quite well by the time we arrived in Lima a few hours later.

We had a beautiful flight over the Andes which in places were so high we had to fly through the mountains and with the snow on them and the air being so clear we just sort of felt that we weren't quite with it. We flew down toward the sea and then up the Pacific Coast to Lima which is a desert and yet there was the starkness of the Andes Mountains, standing out, snow covered, a really marvellous spectacle.

On our arrival at Lima we were picked up and we booked into a hotel, the Hotel Crillon and it was a really magnificent hotel and beautifully appointed and was just the opposite to the one we had left in La Paz. It is, to me, quite fascinating that it never rains in Lima, or has never been known to rain, although it nearly rains. Fog comes down and the clouds almost precipitate but I was assured that it never had precipitated. As a result of this, various factories employing a substantial number of people just have no roofs on them, so when you look at it from the side it looks just like a factory, but if you look in through the windows you see the machines just set up around the floor but no roofs above them.

Lima is a very, very old city in our terms and I think it was said to have the oldest university in South America and also the remains in the Cathedral of the famous liberator of

South America, Simon Bolivar. It struck us as odd the several tonnes of gold around Bolivar's shrine when there were so many people starving.

The thieving that goes on there must be enormous because it is one place, though I believe there are others, where they have a national, one might call, pawn brokers where stolen goods are taken and bought at a small price and the rightful owner can go along and buy back his own goods if he finds them. This was an enormous place. They also have a special section there where cars that are stolen can be bought back at a price and they are left in a certain position in the city with the keys in it once you pay up. We viewed one of these criminal organizations when we just happened to be passing an area where a huge amount of car repair was to take place. This again was right out in the open because, as I said, it doesn't rain. While we were there was a great shouting, horns were blowing and there was a general disruption and it appeared that the police had chased this stolen car which was driven into this huge area. Everybody blocked the police from the front and sides, and the police probably didn't try very hard, so by the time they got to the place where the car had been taken there was nothing there -it been absolutely wrecked and the parts distributed.

We had two interesting tours out of Lima and one was quite a distance south to where some excavations were going on in some Aztec ruins. This was quite an enormous undertaking and one of the streets of the city which they were excavating was several miles long with the usual pyramids used as a part of the ceremonies and though the boys climbed up, Emily Rita and I didn't bother. It wi11 be interesting to see what happens There was some irrigation around the site of this town, the water coming down the river from the Andes Mountain. This was quite a startling sight, the green set out against the desert. It showed the possibilities of what must have been. Apparently the consistent westerly winds dry up the area and start to shed their moisture over the Andes Mountain. So on the one side of the mountains you have this terrific river system and on the Pacific side, desert.

One day we had quite an interesting tour from Lima following the railway line up to the top of the Andes, 17,000 feet, and this railroad was just something worth viewing. In fact, the ideal way to do this trip again would be to ride the railway, as it is a remarkable engineering feat. Right on top of the saddle where the railroad carries on down, on the east side of the Andes, there is a statue on one of the peaks to commemorate the English engineer who had designed the railway and he certainly deserved it. The switchbacks where the train passes over the road goes into a mountain and does a complete turn, rising all the time and coming out, crossing another railway bridge higher than the first and going into a mountain on the other side of the valley and coming out again. There were some very picturesque scenes on this road to the top and there was a small village near the top called La Cima which is where I got the name for my yacht.

All in all I would recommend spending some time in Lima and the surrounding areas as they are much more interesting than other places and hotel accommodation and restaurants are very good. A very old friend of mine, Jock Sinclair, a carrier who I mentioned earlier in this narrative, told a tale of how he and another fellow deserted the ship at Calloa, the port of Lima. Now I don't know how many miles it is, I would think it would be probably a 100 miles to the Andes Mountains and they decided to follow the railway line up over the top of the mountains and down the other side, as the mountains didn't look very far away, but they walked all day and they looked at the distance they had come and the way they had to

go and they came back again. I always remembered this story because it struck me also that the distance of the mountains was deceptive but it was because of the marvellous clarity of the atmosphere, the clearest I had ever seen it anywhere.. This story was confirmed by .Jock Sinclair's son, Dr Jim Sinclair, who is our family doctor today, but he went on to say that all the men were encouraged to desert the ships when they arrived there because they were always found and put in jail and the ship's master would know they were there and bail them out when he wanted to sail, and avoided paying them wages while they were in jail.

The boys were greatly amused at the ornate telephone in the bathroom alongside the toilet and they had their photos taken using the telephone whilst occupying the toilet. After the usual little problem of getting an exit permit, we boarded a CPA plane, Canadian Pacific Airways, and flew direct to Mexico City, a very pleasant city and our first visit there. We were notably impressed by the beautiful layout of the city which is at an altitude of about 7,000 feet.

I had never heard of it before as being the Venice of the Americas but this was apparently so as they were filling in the last of the big canals while we were there and converting it to a highway. Apparently it was the lakes and waterways that made it possible for the Indians to defeat the Spaniards for many years. On the outskirts of Mexico City today there is a lake with a lot of canals running to and from it where much of the Indian life and customs are stiJl carried on and we had the opportunity of going by boat through this maze of canals and seeing the Indian way of life, where all sorts of food and beverages were available from passing boats and also they put on various shows, it was quite amusing. This apparently was a very popular weekend pastime for many of the people of Mexico City.

The city was rapidly expanding and another thing that you never realise is that a considerable amount of the area was an old volcano and it was on this volcanic rock that many houses were being built with that Latin flair for architecture and concrete and many of the buildings, though not large tousles, had individuality and style. We were most impressed by the beautiful Avenidas which run through the town and we had the pleasure, if you can call it that, of visiting one of the Mexican night clubs not generally known to the tourists and it certainly was a rowdy affair.

All in all, we were very impressed with Mexico City and I was able to purchase a set of long playing records of Mexican music including some beautiful brass and I think some of the nicest band music I have ever heard.

We visited the Emperor's palace, now a museum, and one of the works of art consists of very large murals setting out the history of Mexico painted by one of the great national artists. The history of Mexico, shown so graphically, features a big hose or pipe running through the theme of the story and each picture shows the Spanish clergy of the Catholic church, forcing the Indians and Mexicans to dig for gold, diamonds and all sorts of wealth and shoving it down this tube which ended up, it depicted, back in Rome. The artist was certainly not an admirer of the church.

We left Mexico City with some regret as there was so much to see there and we then flew on to Los Angeles in a DC8, CPA. I had cabled friends in Los Angeles and invited them to have dinner with us on arrival, as the aeroplane was due in at a nice time for dinner. I left the arrangements as to the venue to my friend, Earl Reynolds, who did a nice job as usual

and had lined up for us to have a meal at the airport restaurant. The meal on the plane was served during the flight be we refused it, but the boys thought they would have some chicken sandwiches. I think there were very few in the first class, just our family and two or three others and the stewards and stewardess just simply poured chicken sandwiches into Laurence and Allen and were just amazed at how many they could put away. But they still came up for their dinner in Los Angeles.

I was refused admission to the restaurant as I didn't have a tie on, just wearing a sports shirt, but after some flurry the Manager came to light with a tie that somebody had left or that they kept there for that purpose, so I had this horrible tie around my neck and the maître' was satisfied and we sat down to a very enjoyable evening meal and reception back in Los Angeles.

It had been a very, very interesting tour of South America and I'm sure an education to the boys that they are not likely to forget. We spent a few days in the Los Angeles area with our numerous friends and then went on to San Francisco area where the boys were able to have a look around and had an interesting drive with Emily Rita up to the Redwood Forest north of San Francisco, driven by my very good friend Sal Manero.

We bought some sporting equipment in the way of rifles and clothing and such in San Francisco and then proceeded to Honolulu where again we were able to spend a few delightful days with our very good friends the Carlsons and others whom we had known for so long.

Leaving Honolulu we proceeded back to Sydney, landing in Sydney about April 15th, which meant that we had been away from Australia for about four months. What an area we had covered! All in all, it was a very successful trip both for business and pleasure.

Chapter Thirty

1964 Pitters in South Africa and the Start of Munro Fisheries

Munro Foods Pty Ltd as agents for the Atlantic Tuna Corporation

I Visit America to Find Some Disquieting Information Coming From Africa

re Filper Service Visit Africa in 1965 with Ray Camezon and George Fillice

and Sell the Agency Back

1967 I Make My Final Overseas Trip to South Africa and the Long Way

Around the World and Back to Melbourne in l O days

1964 started off with my company, Fruit Pitters Pty Ltd being in a reasonably good position as an established machine rental business, especially for peach pitting and with the number of machines in Africa, Australia and New Zealand it presented a nice income and was more than sufficient to keep my old employees going and also to make a little cash.

I spent the 1964 season in Africa, that is, arriving in Africa about the end of March, and checked over the machines as to operation and everything seemed to be going quite well. It was wonderful the way the methods of operational control worked out with Bill Howes looking after the clearing of the machines and storage and delivery. Paul Fisher, Senior Partner in Fairbridge, Arderne and Laughton was looking after the legal side as well as Arthur Dobell, Senior Partner in Geurney, Knotcutt and Fisher, leading accountants. This all made for a novel and successful operation of the Filper business in Africa.

While around Capetown, I heard of another fish company being started called the Atlantic Tuna Corporation and the man behind the scenes was Mr A.P. Dupree who I tried to contact without any measure of success. I pressed on still without success but eventually found that he was coming down from Johannesburg to Capetown and would be at his home sometime, I think it was about 4.00 pm. So I went out to his home and made myself known to his wife and said that I was over from Australia for a short visit and I really would like to see Mr Dupree. She let me in and sat me down so that he couldn't do anything but see me when he came in. We had a very interesting discussion and I made a proposal that they give us the agency for the distribution of their frozen fish fillets in Australia. He later arranged that I should meet his Manager, Mr Stan Green and also the Sales Manager, Mr Jim Ferrera. They had, I think, three very fine freezer-trawlers and these were the first of the big ships or comparatively large trawlers to be used in the area. They were much ahead of their opposition Irvin &: Johnson and I became very friendly with the three senior executives and it ended up that we came to an agreement which is quite novel in as much that we agreed to sell on a percentage basis, I think it was fifteen percent on the best market price which gave us incentive to obtain the best price and to sell as much as possible. Whereas the general run of selling in Australia was a bit haphazard and if the market dropped you could do a lot of money.

They envisaged getting their operation going during 1964 and it was left at that and on my return to Australia I had an agreement drawn up along the basis that we had discussed and later we registered a company, Munro Fisheries Pty Ltd as the distributing company, and an agreement was signed early in 1965 and we started to receive fish soon after; but not before I had again visited South Africa.

I decided it was necessary to discuss matters further with the Filper Corporation and so Emily Rita and I left for America arriving in Honolulu on August 13th, 1964, and we proceeded on after a day or two and spent a couple of weeks in California seeing our old friends both inside and outside the industry and had long discussions with Filper on the introduction of the automatic feeds to the machines.

Later on in 1964 we started to get some complaints filtering back through the canners in Africa and this was hard to understand. Our Service Manager in Africa, Stan Barton, denied their allegations and it just got to the stage where the Filper executives wished me to accompany them to Africa in the 1965 season, which I agreed to do.

Emily Rita and I after leaving California via San Francisco, came back to Honolulu to have a couple of weeks' vacation amongst the various islands, some of which we had not seen and so here again we arrived on August 28th, stopping at the Reef Towers Hotel.

We left on th0 Sunday, August 30th for Maui, stopping at the Napili Kai, a most enjoyable place to stop, beautiful situation on the beach, and then we left Maui and arrived at the Island of Hawaii and went up to the Volcano House where we stopped the night and had a look at the volcano in a little eruption. We left the Volcano House for Kona and stopped at the Kona Inn.

Now this was quite a place and while I was there I was talked into entering the world's big game fishing championship, which was of little interest to me. But the Manager pleaded with me and said that they were short of members and there was a good boat that had a vacancy; would I be in it? So I agreed and out I went and there was a lady and three other fishermen and we cruised up and down and up and down in a certain area and it was most boring as I had been used to yachting where you get the action. Eventually my line got a strike and I, like a gentleman, let the lady have the rod and she played the fish for probably half an hour, maybe less and then it came back to me. There I sat, put the brake on and wound the fish in when the line went slack and then it would run and come back and this went on for I suppose another half an hour until I was becoming very bored with this type of fishing. I would much sooner have a 1.5 lb rainbow trout on a fine cast in a mountain stream any day. Eventually, the fish got reasonably close to the boat and the man in charge of the boat said

'Oh, I'm sorry Mr Bingham, but I think it's foul hooked, you woufd be very lucky to land this.'

and I'm thinking 'Good oh'.

So eventually out ran the line again and the fish was leaping out of the water and he threw the line out and spat out the hook and away he went. Everybody was commiserating with me. Anyway, we eventually came in without any fish and I don't think any fish were caught that day by any of the boats. But was I glad, because the Manager of the Kona Inn told me, and again he was commiserating with me,

'Of co''rse we would like to have had a fish because the press are all here to take the pictures and you would have had your picture taken with the fish.' and all this guff.

Whilst we were there at Kona we took a ferry trip along the coast to the bay where the Captain Cook Memorial is and where he was murdered. It is quite interesting, but one of the interest parts of this trip was the way the dolphins wait, and really put on an act for the passengers on the ferry. The ferry master explained that they wait in one spot where they know the boat turns to come home and they just simply tear under the boat and put on a great performance of leaping out of the water; remarkable!

We left Kona and proceeded by air to Kauai, stopping at the Hanalei Plantation which was a hotel specifically built to house the personnel who were engaged in the production of that great film 'South Pacific' and it is from here that this site was selected because the fog, or rather cloud, cuts off the peninsula and sort of leaves the peninsula as though it is an island and this became the famous Balihai Island in the picture. Whilst we were there we heard that it was possible to hire a boat and with another young American couple, we hired the boat and it was very interesting because it wasn't a professional trip, apart from the fact that we were paying, but was run as a sideline by one of the engineers from the Power Station and we were lucky he had a shift that didn't coincide with our time.

Well, we took off up the coast in this 22 foot, or maybe a bit longer, Bertram Speed Boat. It was quite an experience for me to see how these boats sustained their speed by simply leaping from one wave to another. The boat had twin motors which could be stopped almost instantly and so provided some really sensational boating. The scenery on the coast was quite interesting but it certainly got more interesting as we got to the more isolated parts of the coast and we had a very interesting experience when we were taken into a cave, and this can only be of course accomplished if the weather conditions are such that the swell is not too high. We went in this cave which doesn't go straight in but turns around and we were shown the dwelling of a hermit who was living on a small beach inside the cave and he had a notice up to this effect. The boat operator happened to know that it was one of those rare occasions when the hermit was in the city. We went through his tunnel and out into the open and there was this small beach just like something from a fairy book tale.

One of the other islands that we visited is known as Bottle Island and this is where large numbers of fishing floats come across the Pacific from various places and the currents seem to end them in this area. Where the bottles are found is a prohibited zone wh0re bombing practice and ship firing practice and other military tests are carried out and yet our guide explained to us that people would come in the very early hours of the morning, knowing what time the practice shelling and bombing starts and they would select from the bottles or these floats, pick them up in q"antity and then go and hide in a cave while the bombing was on and when the bombing ceased they would go home. He also mentioned that it was said that there was a herd of sheep on Bottle Island which had accustomed themselves to drinking sea water and I would imagine that there was still some rain which fell on the island but this is just something to think about.

We ended up after leaving Kauai, returning to Honolulu where we spent three days with our friends and having a very pleasurable time before catching the plane back to Australia, arriving about September 12th, 1964.

Soon after our return I was very busy making arrangements for our agency for the South African fish and to do this I formed a company, Munro Fisheries Pty Ltd and found a place where we could store at low temperatures the goods, and thinking about how to

operate as far as sales were concerned. I ended up being very, very lucky as my very good friend, Frank Benne!, was just in the process of closing down his business in hearing aids as the product he was representing was not good enough.

Now Frank was at a loose end and he had certainly caught a lot of fish but had never sold any. I conned him into the job and we had an office in Market Street, Melbourne, which was quite convenient for our customers and the Cold Store which we had rented a section from Sennets. Frank was left with the task as I decided as a previous arrangement that when the Americans arrived we would tour the canning industry before proceeding to Africa. So I left him, holding the bag as it may seem, and he took to selling fish as though he had been at it all his life. Quickly we had disposed of I think the first 1650 501b boxes that were sent in the first shipment.

Soon after, on 1st February, the Americans arrived and we left for Shepparton and were very well received by Sir Andrew Fairley and shown over the cannery by George Crespin, the Works Manager and Laurie Plumeridge, the Engineer. We also had time to go over to Kyabram and have dinner with Frank Eagle, the General Manager and Jack Hopley, the Factory Manager, and were very well received. Then next day we saw over Ardmona Cannery again, being given every help and hearing. We then proceeded to Berri, South Australia and the installation of 33 automatic Filpers had just started up and Tom Bingham, my brother, was in charge of the operations there and also he had our son Allen with him, as his assistant.

The automatic feeds were not going too well and the Americans were rather unhappy but they found out in checking the machines that the feeds had been wrongly assembled which they seemed to think was our fault. So I started to cock up the old ears a little bit when this started and we then left for Adelaide after this modification was put in hand. In Adelaide we saw some of the other canners of a smaller nature.

I may add that at Berri we entertained the Directors and the Senior Executives of the cannery and were very well received. The Americans certainly couldn't say that the name of Bingham was any detriment to their exportation of their pitting machines. One of the amusing things to me, though some importance to them, was that I had to undertake to find a church where they could go to mass in the mornings and I had to find a Catholic Church in each town we visited. Quite frankly, I felt like telling them to go and find their own church!

Anyway, in Adelaide we stopped at the Flinders Hotel with my brother Tom and son Allen and later I assembled with the Americans then proceeded to Western Australia and from th re on to Africa.

We arrived in Africa, I think, about 7th February, and settled in to work. Bill Howes was very helpful in getting hold of a secretary for me for the period I was likely to be there. Her name was Miss Lawrence and she was a very experienced secretary with a very wide background including being one of the team that typed out the Peace Treaty of the 1939-45 War in which they were virtually imprisoned for a couple of weeks so that no leakage could occur. She, before coming to Africa, had been the social secretary to the British Embassy in Madrid and she quickly caught onto the operation of the Filper and certainly kept the servicemen on their toes as they had to report in when they went from plant to plant.

I was stopping at the Mt Nelson Hotel having my usual small suite there on the ground floor and this caused some resentment from the Americans because they were down the Sea Side Hotel which was just a hotel and I think that it had suited Ray Camezon when he was in Africa previously 'because of the players' and he had selected the hotel for them.

We started going around the various people using the Filper and they got a very good reception especially from people like Rhodes Fruit Farms and Lengeberg, but it quickly become obvious to me that the whole purpose of the trip was to have the agreement with Pitters broken and the only way they could probably do this was to prove that the service was unsatisfactory.

They sure went out of their way to try and do this and visited the South African Preserving Company's plant where we had some 30 Filpers in operation and they claimed that Nichol's the English Manager was dissatisfied with the service and this possibly to a minor degree could have been true. But it is well to keep in the back of your minds that for years they have been crying on our shoulder, not to use too many spare parts because they have to supply them free and of course our serviceman didn't replace the parts probably as quickly in some cases as they may have.

But anyway, on returning to Capetown after their visit to Ceres where the S.A.P. Plant was they picked quite a fight with me in the office and then and there I made up my mind that it was time to get out and leave them to it because they would definitely form some problems which would be hard to overcome. I was not that much in love with the business as to put up with any standover tactics. The association became quite uncomfortable and their man, McIntyre came down to Mossel Bay with me to see the plant in operation and we had a really wonderful run there as the recovery the Manager was getting was phenomenal and the reason for this, or part of the reason was that they were checking over the weights of the cans before they went into the syruping machines and the net r sult was that they would be taking out pieces of fruit and adding to and building up empty cans which meant that they were getting abnormal counts and so improving recovery. They had built themselves a washing machine which was damaging the fruit to some extent and I made suggestions on how they might modify this and I also spoke to them about hydrostatic cookers.

On leaving the company to drive back to Capetown, McIntyre immediately attacked me and said

'God Damn, we spent an hour and a half in there talking to them and you never mentioned our product once!'

so I said

'Well, they are doing everything we want them to do and they are our best advert.'

'Oh,' he said 'Look how crude the place is.'

I said 'It might be crude man, but it's getting the recovery of the fruit and that is the best advert the Filper can get.'

He was most disagreeable. We went along the road and I was driving in the middle of

Figure 34 - DECEMBER 1961, THE HEAD OFFICE STAFF

Taken outside the factory and presented to me immediately after I resigned

Figure 35 - DEAD EYE'· DICK FOX

the intrepid American explorer, dropped in to Bandy-wallop yesterday just in time to pay the entrance fee, a gallon of "plink", for the local duck shooting championship which he won easily. Our picture shows Dead Eye being declared the winner by referee Ross, well-known for his unscrupulous judging.

After the picture was taken, Dead Eye nonchalantly leaped upon his camel and was last seen loping off across the plains in the general direction of Sydney, from where we understand he will paddle his own canoe to New Zealand doing some wailing on the way. In our brief interview Dick expressed himself completely satisfied with his trip into the wild interior, made for the purpose of demonstrat-ing to the aborigines his patented method of smoke signalling in shorthand.

Note: Dick Fox was a widely experienced and respected cannery engineer from California; a keen shooter. After a big shoot at Tuckerbill, Leeton we loaded him as shown and then made arrangements with some of our printing friends at a leading newspaper publishers of a widely circulated women's weekly. Before they closed down the run they changed the name and ran a few hundred copies of the 'Bandywallop Newst which was sent to many of Dick's friends but not to him. As he toured around California he was met with congratulations and a lot of mirth the road which is only a two lane, but not divided road back to Capetown and I was more or less driving in the centre of the road. There was no danger because you can see long distances ahead, and he said

'God damn it, why do you people always drive in the centre of the road? Why don't you keep over to the right side?'

Well now, the reason for doing this is where the bitumen and metal had broken away on the edges, and this was quite frequent, there are some nasty holes that can occur and you can get into them before your can see them. So I pulled over to the left hand side of the road and drove along and we were averaging a fair clip and he had the window open and he was half asleep when all of a sudden I think I deliberately let the car fall into one of these deep holes and we got such a jolt that he nearly disappeared out of the window. So when he came to I said

'Now you know-all bastard, you see the reason why we drive in the centre of the road!'

Another time we were up at Paarl at the big Henry Jones Factory there and had been taken around by Les Watson, the Manager and we came across 'and had been shown their new can-making line which was incidentally made by John Heine in Sydney, Australia. We came to the flanging machines which to some extent look a little bit like testing machines but are a totally different type of machine. So to test out I said to this fellow, McIntyre,

'That's a pretty good looking testing machine there.' and he said

'Yes, it does look a good testing machine.'

So in front of the rest of the crowd I turned around and said

'You bloody know-all, that isn't a testing machine at all.' because I was really annoyed at this fellow putting over all the bull in the place and he was supposed to be a specialist in cans and had been selling cans in America.

Anyway, another time when they were with me, I wanted to take some pictures of the beautiful sight of the Table Cloth, that is, the fog gradually rolling over the top of the Table Mountain and this is really a spectacular sight and it is hard to get movies of it. They said

'What's the hold-up? What are you looking at?' so I ignored them and took my movies. But we then got down to the stage where we had to fix a price and I made them a price which was cheap but it was satisfactory as far as I was concerned and that was equivalent to about $40,000 for the goodwill of the business and we would carry on for the season and get our commission on the rents for the 1964 season.. When this was finalised and we agreed in a letter that they wrote on the subject they soon cleared out back to America, but just before doing so, they were complaining about us not replacing the knives quick enough, so they rushed in and they arranged through Dart and Howes to take a shipment of knives and I remember quite distinctly that it cost 600 pounds sterling for the freight charge from California to Capetown by air. When we opened the box, or they opened the box I happened to be present and low and behold they had sent out thousands of these knives at such a high cost and they were just cast-offs from their scrap heap in California. Now it was obvious to me that they were going to have us use these and be discredited with the canners.

After they had gone I had to shift out of the Mt Nelson Hotel because they had been booked ahead and Miss Lawrence suggested, as she knew the Manager of Arthur's Seat Hotel, that I shift down there and this I did on a Sunday. It was very nice accommodation indeed. Now I had a refrigerator at the Mt Nelson which I was specially allowed to keep in my suite and I wanted this and took this down to Arthur's Seat with me which happened to be on a Sunday afternoon. Now, the housekeeper of Arthur's Seat was a really big Afrikaan woman. I can't think of her name, but she refused to allow the porters to take the refrigerator up to my suite. So I said that I wasn't going to take the suite until the refrigerator was allowed to go up, and I said that Mr Saunders, the Manager, had already agreed with it and in her abrupt way she went away and rang up Mr Saunders and he said

'Yes, Mr Bingham is allowed to have the refrigerator in his room.'

So she came back and said in a sort of brusque way that the refrigerator was allowed in my room.

When I came to connect it up in my suite the first thing that happened was that the power take off was too much and I blew the fuses. It was a Sunday afternoon and nobody was around the Hotel so I thought

'My golly, I'll have to find out where this is.'

so I went out and I could see a fuse box down one of the passages and I assumed that they would have the numbers of the rooms on them. Sure enough, I went down, opened the cabinet and there was my room number and pulling out the fuse I noted that it had burned out. So I just swapped it over to another room and put the other one in and everything was alright. But of course the p-rson whose room I had taken it from came back in when it was dark; no lights. So he screamed out at the electrician and the hotel management and eventually they came along and just replaced the fuse. This suite I had was on the sixth floor with a glorious view overlooking both the ocean and the bay and had a sitting room and two bedrooms as well as another small room. The meals were not good but they were alright for breakfast and invariably I had other meals outside.

I arranged to show off some moving pictures of canneries and other interesting pictures to some of my friends and also to members of the industry and I arranged for savouries and drinks to be supplied and this was really done in style, and at a very, very

reasonable price. The savouries and the decorated table was one of the best I had ever seen. Later on, before leaving Africa I decided to entertain the groups of canners and we had two parties arranged. Miss Lawrence being careful to separate them as there was quite a jealousy in the industry between the Afrikaan speaking people and the English speaking people, and she was so thorough in this that she went to the Night Club, which was "The Night Club" in those days, on the top of this big building down near the sea shore and she insisted on looking at the kitchens to see that they were clean and also to induce the Management of the restaurant to alter the layout of the seating. She then had a friend of hers do table cards with painted motifs on them. Quite good and good enough that the people could take them home. Another smart innovation she brought in was having printed menus of two different meals so you could select either one or the other or if you wanted to, transpose from one menu to another as long as this was filled in as soon as you came in. This proved very successful as it gave us a wider choice at a reasonable price without any hold ups when it came to serving. A present was purchased for each wife in the form of chocolates and these were presented to the men as they left. The whole thing was very smooth, thanks to Miss Lawrence.

We were still running the Filpers and the servicing was going along alright and as the season was nearing the end. I in the meantime had been cultivating the agency for the fish fillets and our first shipments had arrived in Australia and had been very well received. There was one complaint that I had, for I am a great believer in going around to see the customers and see what they think and one of the hotels that we were supplying, the chef pointed out the 5 lb solid block of fish was a nuisance because they had to be thawed out, which took several hours, before you cold separate the fillets nicely. He said that if somebody wants an order on Saturday night and there is no fish thawed, all you can do is get the block and put it under the hot water tap and tear it off, which is quite unsatisfactory. Well, I had an idea that I could pack by interleaving the film so that they would come apart. I arranged for this to be tried out at the Atlantic Tuna Corporation factory at Paarden Island and with Mr Nico Bacon, the Manager and his foreman. Mr Dupree, who was the Chairman of Directors had okayed the experiment but I just didn't seem to be able to get anywhere with Mr Bacon so I mentioned this to Mr Dupree and he simply rang up and told Bacon to do as he was instructed by me and I packed, personally, two 5 lb cartons of the fillets. As they take several hours to freeze, I came back the next day and they took them out for me to have a look at and I opened them up and they looked as if it was a possibility to separate them, but you don't know. So I just stood there and threw the fillet block hard onto the concrete floor on the flat and immediately all the fillets shattered apart and from then on it was known as the Shatter Pack and immediately they changed overnight then and there to packing.

The opposition soon followed on and as far as I know, it spread to other companies all over the world, being known as the Shatter Pack. So that in this way I think a simple idea had quite an influence on the marketing of fish fillets.

We were getting some 2,000 x 50 lb blocks per month, plus several thousand smaller cartons of smoked fish and the quality of the smoked fish was certainly the best offered anywhere and their top brand was called Waneta Brand and I later induced them to place the big fillets in a separate printed film bag which was sealed and I had some recipes printed and placed on this smart looking package, and this became a great seller.

I remember one Easter we sold some l 0,000 boxes of smoked fillets. We became probably the leading importer of fish and this was not only because of the quality of the Atlantic Tuna Corporation's pack but also that Irvin & Johnson Company of South ·Africa which had their own branch in Australia had used such high handed tactics in dealing with the buyers in the market that they were disliked. So, in general, though the prices were the same, we would be given the first opportunity and there was no price off the cutting except on the smaller fillets imported from the Japanese ships working off the coast of Africa. Both Irvin &: Johnson and Munro Fisheries agreed that they could sell at a cent discount because of the smaller size.

We imported some blocks that were normally packed for the manufacture of fish fingers and had given some thought and discussed the matter with the Atlantic Tuna Corporation as a possibility of making fish fingers in Australia. The name Munro Fisheries was decided upon in a manner which greatly amused our old solicitor Maurice Davies who asked to be informed as to how I arrived at Munro.

'Well,' I said 'I will never have another business that I run under my own name because everybody wants to speak to Mr Bingham and most of the time I wouldn't have a clue what they wanted.'

So he said 'How did you hit on the name Munro?'

and I said 'That is the name of the street behind our old premises in South Melbourne.'

So he said with a grin

'Well, that's logical, isn't it.

Before leaving Africa I was invited to lunch at Parliament House and present was a minister and another member and my friend, A.P. Dupree, to thank me for my work on behalf of the fruit industry in South Africa. They said they were sorry to see the firm sold out.

In the meantime I had been in contact with the Treasury to withdraw my rights or the permission they'd extended to me over the years of being able to send currency out of the country without the necessary Treasury permission. I understand that when the Filper agents or rather the company they had started in Africa went to transmit the money as we would have done they were told that it just wasn't on. It was a nice ending to a very friendly and generally efficient and aggressive people and as I previously explained, to the Australian Canning Industry they would be hard to beat and so time has proved.

On returning to Australia I set to work to investigate the possibilities of manufacturing fish fingers and actually had sample blocks sent over. We made up a large deep freeze for experimental work and proceeded to look into the matter and we decided to go ahead in this regard. I purchased two acres of land in Friars Road, Moorabbin, and this was two blocks sloping about ten feet to the rear. Now on the opposite side of the road where the Coca Cola bottling plant was situated they had at the back of their premises a hill and looking at the hill it looked about the right size to fill our block up.

We levelled out enough land, about 20,000 square feet and proceeded to design and erect a factory for the manufacture of fish fingers and this was the first factory I designed to be kept under air pressure all the time and have no other ventilation so that any time the

door was opened the air would come out instead of in and as the air was filtered going in we got completely clean conditions. The ceilings were put in; first section of aluminium and the second section of colourbond.

This was a very nice factory, only small, with about 10,000 square feet, but we also erected a nice attractive office block with amenities and after long arguments with the various authorities, such as the Board of Works, I was able to have put in a six inch sewer and this sewer was down 19 feet at the entrance of the block which meant that we had ample room for the fall to take this sewer right around any portion of the block. Special attention was given to sieving the waste to ensure that no objectionable matter got in the sewer.

Having completed the general building design and obtained the various permissions from the numerous authorities, it was a matter of planning the building construction. During one of the usual sessions at the Royal Brighton Yacht Club I learned that my old mate, Col Patience, was about to retire and I suggested he may feel like taking on a job as clerk of works. TL is was in a joking sort of way but I was serious as I knew of this vast experience as a Civil Engineer. Some days later in a similar situation at the Club, he asked me if I was serious and I said, certainly. He said that he would accept the job and I agreed and he could come and go as he pleased.

I may explain at this stage that my Grandmother's name was Patience and in an around about way I was about a second cousin of Col's though the older members of the Murray family, that is, my mother's family were quite friendly with the Patience family. Col was the second youngest of a large family now spread around the world. Col was a very big man and big in every way.

I arranged to borrow the services of a foreman builder from my very good friends Hansen &: Yunken, one of the largest of the Master Builders and his name was Mick Whitelaw and he arranged for his son Snowy, also a foreman builder to come with him. What a team they made. Col was doing twice as much as anybody. He got along fine with everybody and had a great influence on our sons who affectionately called him 'cous'. He worked for us for 13 years and finally ill health caused him to retire. He still came to see us regularly until he died of a heart attack at about eighty years of age.

Col worked in the factory doing any job and one of the real incongruities involving Col happened like this. My dream was of getting the hill opposite shifted in thousands of cubic yards of filling and Col was keeping an eye on where it was placed as well as running the fish finger cutting section assisted by a slim lad named John Bond (who incidentally merited later some considerable notoriety as world champion quiz master). It was afternoon tea time and I happened to be outside the factory when suddenly the door flew open and out rushed Col taking great long strides with small John Bond trotting to keep up. Col had the dumpy level to check the filling level and John had the staff, both dressed in long white work coats. A few minutes later and the levels were finished by the old master and it was back to cutting. I thought, 'What other place could such a scene occur?'

Eventually we started off to collect our equipment which, following the traditional method at the time we manufactured fish fingers, consisted of mainly meat saws and plastic boxes. We purchased two machines which would give us supposedly 650 lbs of fish fingers

per hour for the battering and the breading and we built a fryer of considerably larger capacity and we purchased the first tunnel expressly designed for freezing fish. This was known as a Lewis tunnel and was put in by R.G. Werner&: Company, refrigeration engineers. It consists of two belts; the top belt where the fish fingers entered first case hardened the product then they fell down a shoot that returned on what was known as fluidized freezing where huge blasts of frozen air was pushed through so they actually jostled about. Well, we found our first problem when we tried to get someone to manufacture the breading for us and we found that we just couldn't get any satisfactory results; the colour varied and the product varied. So there again we struggled and introduced for the first time in Australia a specialised mixing system, which was rather crude, for drying and dyeing the crumbs and the mixture to end up with the actual breading to be applied.

We developed various machines and had the satisfaction of patenting the first automatic· packing machine to place fish fingers in an end-opening packet, that is, the packets were broken out automatically, placed in the conveyer and the fingers were then pushed in for 10 oz packets. A later machine for 14- oz packets where we developed a patentable feature in which the fingers were actually carried in and not pushed in and this created a new system. We also used a double poly-coated board, printed in four colours and this all made for a very attractive pack. When we eventually put them on the market starting off first selling modest amounts of the bulk fish fingers for caterers and restaurants, it was evident to me that we would have to have greater volume to develop the market and make any money so we purchased some larger machines from Greer Company for a 22 inch breading machine and that gave us the foundations for improving our output.

We had a lot of trouble with the refrigeration which had not nearly the capacity. In the end we had to threaten action with Werner's until they undertook to revamp the whole thing and improve their refrigeration and in the end their section proved very satisfactory. The manufacture of the machinery was all done by Fruit Pitters Pty Ltd which was the company we had used for the servicing of the Filper machines. We later changed the name from Fruit Pitters, to Pitter Pty Ltd and I was very busy on the drawing board getting detailed drawings and details out for the manufacture of a series of new machines and was able to do this because I had a basis of some of the old Bingham hands, including my brother Tom and Murray Kemp our ex-machine foreman and Tim Wells who was a very good turner and I had a very nice machine shop; limited in size of course but good machine tools. In addition to this, getting the drawings out in a hurry enabled the work to be spread and on weekends I contacted a number of old Bingham hands to come and work on the Saturdays and be paid at overtime rates and this worked out fine as I put on a good meal for them at lunchtime and always had some beer and biscuits and cheese for when they finished up. So the net result was that it was run more like a club and we really got results.

Unfortunately, my brother Tom retired about that time and Murray Kemp died suddenly; one of the most distressing losses I have ever experienced because Murray was a real Bingham follower and he only left the old Bingham Company to come and work because he was faithful.

Looking back on the program of building this equipment it rather astonished me, the amount of work that we got through and it is well to be remembered that these machines weren't thrown together; they were built off standard, proper drawings in a proper way and spare parts were made at the same time. To illustrate what could be done, we decided in

later years to improve and increase the size of our heat interchanger for heating the oil for the fryer and we were going to repair this but on a Wednesday night I decided that we would make a new one. I had the drawings of the new machine finished by about 2.00 pm on the Thursday and construction was immediately started on the frame and the whole thing was concentrated on by everybody that was available, and though the outer sheeting wasn't on, the new heat interchanger was installed on the Sunday with the fire-bricking being finished, the pipe work finished and was ready to start on the Monday morning. This proved with some little modifications a huge success. I often wondered where anybody else would have attempted to manufacture this quite presentable piece of equipment from design to installation in four days.

Our sales of fish fillets from Africa proceeded on a steady profitable business and this was able to largely support the expansion of Munro Foods over the years. From a personal point of view it was also a happy period in as much as Col Patience and I would go down and have lunch at the Central Hotel five days a week, and very often we would have friends call in and we would enjoy their company, especially my old mate Barney Hammil and also quite a number of others including George Purbrick who was my friend, the estate agent and who had been of great assistance over the years. Also, just before he died, Freddy Andrews came over unexpectedly and he was by then frail but in a jolly mood and had a couple of small beers and really enjoyed himself. Another visitor was Harold Holmes, ex-Director and Manager of Kia Ora Products. Harold would call in at times and one of the last times he came in he brought along two hats; really top quality Borselino hats which he knew I had commonly worn and I selected one of the hats, a beautiful grey hat. It wasn't long after that Harold took ill and he eventually died of cancer. A hell of a nice fellow.

To keep the Saturday workers in food for 1unch I got in the habit of making up the meals in frozen form and this in itself is quite an activity for me. On some days I would make as many as sixty meals and freeze them so they could be drawn out and used. As time went on and our friends passed away, Col Patience and I usually had our meal in my office and we used to have quite a range of meals from roast to spaghetti, sausages and mash, and curry. It was interesting that we had put out for a short time a curried fish, which was really a nice product and this was to use up the throw-outs of the fish fingers, and eventually we found more profitable uses for the raw material and ceased to manufacture the product.

As the line of machinery was completed the plant was stabilized out and was then largely a matter of sales and in this regard Frank Benell and later some assistants did a good job. We had some women demonstrators and it was really a grand job because they had confidence in the product and they went all out to sell in the stores and we found that this was the cheapest and most successful means of putting our products for the public, as the product was of such high grade that it was unbeaten as far as quality was concerned in Australia and times we had never lost out in the blind test or a test carried out by such as the Choice Magazine. I remember Mrs Sparks our leading demonstrator, sold I think about 200 boxes, that is cartons, of fish fingers in one week of selling, that would be three days of selling in one store. This is really shifting stuff.

About 1968, on a Friday morning I was lying in bed in my suite at home when Emily Rita brought in a cup of tea and had a cable for me which she said would take the smile off my face. It was a summons, an urgent summons, for me to attend a meeting on the following Wednesday in Capetown. This was difficult, but it was so urgent that I had to go, so I got

Lorraine Jennings, our girl in the office, to start off and drive me around to the American Consulate to get a visa renewal and also Thomas Cook to arrange the various tickets.

First of all, the only possible way I could get there was to go via Bombay in India and fly across to Nairobi and down the East Coast of Africa, but thinking this over I didn't like it as the Indian trip smells; I mean smells, and also I thought of a flight Pan America run from New York to Dakar West Africa, so it was arranged that I go by this. So from the Friday morning until the Saturday lunchtime when the various offices shut I was all set to go. Cook's hadn't even been paid anything but they issued all the tickets and I caught the plane on the Sunday morning and on a direct flight to Honolulu and then to Los Angeles and then arranged for a stop overnight and on early next morning to New York to catch the Dakar plane.

Everything went very smoothly and first of all I had the pleasure again early on the Monday morning of arriving at Honolulu to find that my friends Sid and Agnes Carlson were at the airport to meet me and though we only stopped for about half an hour we went in and had coffee in the VIP lounge into which Sid Carlson had a ticket.

Arriving in Los Angeles I immediately had a very heavy evening with my various friends and this was the last time I was to see them.

Taking the plane next morning which was about 5.30-6.00 am this was a red carpet American Airways flight, and we were really given the treatment. I had to go via Chicago and the plane was held up with bad weather and eventually landed at Kennedy Airport running about half an hour late. I then found I had difficulty in getting from the American Airlines terminal to the Pan American terminal and after some problems I got a cab. This was at least a mile or two miles and snowing heavily and I eventually arrived at Pan American expecting that the plane would have already left but they had held the plane up because of weather and I was not the only passenger that they were waiting for but they did have a car waiting at the American Air Terminal to pick me up and take me back but for some reason there was a mess up.

So we started on the long non-stop flight across the Atlantic Ocean to land at Dakar and on the flight I became quite friendly with the cabin crew who happened to be, by coincidence, a husband and wife team. She was a Swede and normally flew on th1'1 Scandinavian route because of the language advantage and here they were for the first time, really old hands and when they found out that I had started flying with Pan American almost 30 years before, they got quite excited and ended up giving me au the attention, plenty of drinks and whiled away the time overnight.

I was surprised as we approached Dakar, when we were issued with tablets for protection against malaria, as I had never thought of Dakar as being a place for Malaria but they said yes, as a matter of fact, they had a Captain who failed to take his tablets and died, as this particular Malaria bug is very serious.

I then started the trip of flying all the way down the west coast of Africa in perfect weather and had a few observations along the way as there were many coloured people coming on board. One thing that amused me was an African gentleman with three wives and he would come up to the first class and they went in the economy class.

On the day we were in Dakar there was an attempt to assassinate the President and when we got to Accra it was just an illustration of how crazy some of these countries had gone financially. Here was the really fine airport but going downtown where we had to spend some time there were numbers of quite considerably sized buildings, several storeys high, in which the steel frame was standing and just rusting away with the various trees and other growth growing up in amongst the steelwork. One of the constructions there was a beautiful highway out from the city and it was a really top freeway, quite wide and yet all of a sudden it ended in the jungle into a track; just a mud track. All this money had been wasted.

We had a marvellous view of the river systems of Africa because we were flying high, around 30,000 feet and on a clear day you could trace the big river systems like the Niger and the Congo quite clearly and I found this very interesting indeed. We approached Johannesburg at night and while flying over the Congo we ran into a very, very bad electric storm. It was a 707 jet that we were flying in and they took the plane up to about 43,000 feet to try and avoid the storm but it was of no use, we were in this terrific storm where the plane was repeatedly struck by lightning and thrown everywhere. It was standing up on its nose and rolling and the women were screaming and it looked like quite a menacing sort of situation, but eventually we got through and landed at Johannesburg late at night, or early morning, and I was all set for the meeting in Capetown on the Wednesday morning.

After discussions with A.P. Dupree and Stan Green it quickly became obvious as to why they wanted to see me so urgently. The Irvin &: Johnson and Atlantic Tuna Corporation had decided to amalgamate and Irvin &: Johnson had a lot of property interest in Australia in the way of cool stores and distribution centres. Three out of five senior council had given a ruling or an opinion that if the amalgamation of the two companies went on, Munro Fisheries would become the sole Australian agents for the two companies and of course this was a real stumbling block because Irvin &: Johnson couldn't possibly agree.

I called on our solicitors Fairbridge, Ardhern and Lawton and was very upset to find that Mr Fisher who handled business was away i11 but it was taken up by Mr Robert MacSimon, and he did a great job and I explained that I didn't want to stand in the way and that we would need to be co-distributors and some compensation should come our way and in the way of increased commission.

So this meeting went on for several hours with me running, and I mean running up and down between the meeting spot and my office which had been loaned to me by Dart &: Howes and Mrs MacSimon and eventually Dupree and Stan Green agreed to a formula and they got the Directors of Irvin &: Johnson to agree that we would get increased commission and that we would work on a formula of having equal distribution for the combined companies products and should one company, that is, Irvin &: Johnson Australia, or Munro Fisheries sell more than the other and there because of a shortage of fish that would need to be taken into consideration in re-distribution of the products.

Well, everything turned out alright, a new agreement was immediately drawn up by Mr MacSimon and I think it was signed either the same day or the next day. There was nothing for me to do then as I had no other interests in Africa and it came to Friday, it s Good Friday and the long weekend was holidays and there was just nobody about whom I knew. So I decided there was nothing left for me to do so I would return to Australia. I was stopping at the Mt Nelson Hotel and met up with a young Frenchman there whose father had been in the

French Army stationed in Vietnam and he had married a Vietnamese woman and this young fellow was the Sales Manager for the Solo Carburettor Company in France and he was doing nothing so I said to him we will go for a drive. So I hired a cr1.r and drove down to Cape Point and back. He had to leave and it wasn't until I was dropping the car off at the aerodrome that I suddenly discovered his camera, quite an expensive camera, in the locker. I forwarded this to his company in France but never to this day found out whether he received it or not.

Ongoing up to Johannesburg I had a day I think or maybe two to put in and there saw one of the, I would say without a doubt, greatest misadventures for a piece of equipment that I have ever seen. That was the big automatic, I think five storeys high, automatic parking station, where the car is driven in and from then on is automatically handled. When you put the check in you can get it out the same way, it comes down the five storeys and out. Well, low and behold the electronics had gone wrong and there was this five storey high building packed with cars on the Thursday night when everybody wanted them to go away for their Easter holidays. I have never seen such a crowd of furious people before but there was nothing that could be done and it was still that way when I returned to Australia as they had to fly out a man from Mitchell Engineering Company who, incidentally, we had previously represented in Australia and New Zealand in certain lines. So I just don't know what happened, but it certainly was a mess! There were fellows threatening to take an axe and chop their way in to get their cars out. Well, one of those life's experiences.

Here I was, I arrived back in Melbourne on the Wednesday, ten days after I had left and made a Jong trip around the world. Modern aeroplane travel has certainly shrunk the earth's surface for the individual. This was my last overseas travel to this date; June 1984,. I had been travelling around the world for approximately thirty years and had crossed the Pacific more than forty times, numerous times across to other canneries and up to the East. When I had settled in I just didn't want to travel anymore; I was sick of travelling.

The manufacture of fish fingers and other similar products progressed quite rapidly and built up quite an organization and sales until 1975 when the Whitlam Government got in and started going crazy with taxes and handouts when all of a sudden we found that our profits were being eroded and there was a lot more involved to finance the business. Just to mention a few items; women's wages doubled and the cost of getting a women's uniform laundered rose from 18¢ to 92¢ and other taxes went up the same. It was still a profitable business and after operating until the end of October, four months into the new financial year we had a turnover of close on $700,000 and made a net profit before tax of $51,000 and this was after allowing for the write-off of a number of stocks of cartons and other supplies that had become redundant.

We had decided to enter the low temperature storage business and set off to design a modern storage building of about 250,000 cubic feet. This was pushed along hard so that when Munro Foods closed down their manufacturing operation we were well into the way of getting the cold store low temperature store erected.

In the last years of operating Munro Foods in manufacture we had done a lot of the relevant work and one of the machines which I took a particular interest in was a skinning machine for skinning small fillets of fish; more expressly, fish with a hard skin on, as we found a ready sale for skinned fillets of Redfish and it appeared at that time as though we

would be able to get plenty of the small fillets which we had been putting out and which I had renamed Red Schnapper. I had a good reason to call it Red Schnapper as this had been mentioned as the name of this fish in the Commonwealth Year Book many years before and was a very much more attractive name as far as selling was concerned than the name of Redfish because there are Redfish everywhere and it was very much like the schnapper, and so today much of this redfish is sold as Red Schnapper.

One of the big ideas of the skinning machines was the skin was torn off so that the recovery was improved by about 2.5% and also the red blush was left on the fillets after it was skinned which could be clearly seen when it was cooked, fried and therefore gave pertinence to the name Red Schnapper.

To this time we had been using little press advertising other than the promotion advertising for Coles and the like in promoting Munro products. We decided to do a limited amount of T. V. advertising on a current program of running a quest for the best weekly recipe that was sent into Channel 7 where we appeared each week and they also got a prize, of products and also a money prize. This went over very well as far as public reaction was concerned and I appeared a couple of times myself. One of the surprising things that came out of my personal appearance was of people ringing me up and introducing themselves as a Bingham of either name or female Bingham married to another family. But it was quite interesting from the information we gained about the Binghams in Canada and America.

From 1975 we made rapid progress as regards the volume of sales and with the Coles Farmland Fish Fingers which were being sold in increasing amounts as w0re our Munro brand and the other brands that were being manufactured. Much thought was put into methods of improving the efficiency of the manufacture and we were then in the process of developing a system to link up the three cutting machines to automatically reduce the blocks for fingers with a minimum of labour and to this end I designed a frame-saw that is a reciprocating frame of blades and this incorporated the use of a stainless steel buzz planer because if there were any nodules or discrepancies in the blocks it was usually on the top side and so these were removed just before the cutting took place. We were able then to synchronize the turning and feeding of the slabs into the second operation where two more cuts were made with twin band saws and thus to finally eject the slabs ready for the final slicing on the slicing machine which is fed by manual labour. This could have also been automated but we were not very interested because this was the only stage in the process where it was possible to detect any problems with the blocks with regard to quality as when the band saws cut in quite close to the operator, and struck any fish that may have been tainted or bad it was immediately detected by the smell of that area of fish by the heat of the cutting blades of the band and the slabs were put away. It was surprising how keen the operators of the slicing machine became, they would notice any fine discriminations in colour which might also indicate some problems, and at least allow the slabs to be put aside for testing.

We also developed the manufacture of a special type of ball which could be made of various mixtures of fish, meat or poultry and these were called Party Bites and this is a name which has stuck very closely. My idea was to create a ball which had a crunchy outside skin and then an attractive tasting inside. Now with the ordinary run of balls that were made on forming machines, the texture of the ball when finally made was regulated by the type of

machine to handle the mixture and generally to my mind it was too sloppy. My method of making balls was to extrude a small firm cylinder and for this to be rolled down to a rolling drum with deflectors, specially developed, and also to be fed with a certain amount of powder that was normally used for the making up of the batter solution.

We eventually developed a ball which could have various mixtures such as meat, cheese, fish, etc and these were widely accepted and we continued to manufacture these after we ceased the manufacture of fingers. I was able to get satisfactory patent cover both on the general formation of the ball and the method of manufacture.

The factory and equipment was leased in 1977 to Petersville presumably for the manufacture of the products we had previously manufactured but we were surprised to find after a very preliminary run they ceased to manufacture all lines except the balls and for three years turned out approximately 1,000 tons and then they left and we had considerable argument with them to have the plant reinstated as to comply with the agreement. In the three years we had the amazing experience of not getting a reply to a letter or a telephone call. In our opinion it was the worst exhibition of mismanagement we had experienced.

After Petersville three year lease expired, we carried on various negotiations with a number of prominent companies such as H.J. Heinz and Campbells Soups and both of these companies Australian managements were in favour of leasing the plant but alas their head offices in U.S.A. rejected their proposals and we offered the whole plant for auction in December 1982. Much of the plant was sold at a satisfactory price but a considerable amount was not sold and we are hopeful of disposing of these at an early date and so ending a very interesting venture which gave myself and the boys a lot of interest and experience.

Fortunately we put in store a pallet load of our fish fingers, patties and sausage sticks thinking they would last indefinitely and we now regret we had not put away a lot more as they have all been eaten. The quality of the Munro products was so much better.

I am typing this at Merimbula and all day there has been much hammering from outside on the verandah where we are having a small sun lounge added. The funny part of the deal is it started off to be a laundry and a small room but E.R.B. decided the washing machine could fit into the bathroom adjacent and with this I agreed and we fell in love with the idea of taking up the already framed up area as a sunroom. So the laundry turned into a sunroom and the builder does not yet know of his framing being removed in as much as is necessary for the laundry. It is only the Binghams who would be so crazy.

We have been at Merimbula for some five weeks, having arranged to have new moorings put down for our boat "Emily Rita" and the boat shed painted where necessary and generally put in such order as I think will last for say fifteen years without much attention, by which time I hope with confidence the boys will see it is kept so if their children take to sailing and fishing they will have a good set up. I certainly relinquish the use of them with real regret but with the memories of the great times our Merimbula facilities have brought to myself, E.R.B. and the host of friends now dead, and hopefully, the family and later the grandchildren's children will find enjoyment in the challenge of the sea and use the home, boat shed, slipway and moorings.

Having now reached the age of 78 years and having been married to Emily Rita for 52 years and still enjoying each other's company most of the time, having had virtually no serious arguments with the credit being mostly in Emily's corner; the rearing of the three boys has certainly been her great achievement as so much of their lives I was absent. The boys now successfully established in business and each happily married with families, still jump to attention at their mum's request.

An old farmer on whose invention I worked when a lad gave me some very sound advice which I have used on a number of occasions, when speaking at weddings: "The success of marriage depends much on one of the partners keeping their mouth shut at the right time".

Another old friend my mate Barney Hammil, whose character was the most highly respected heck this advice: "Never be a liar or a thief and so you will never have to worry as to where you met him before".

An old adage I have proved many times and which has been very useful to me in my many travels with strange people: "Smile at one hundred percent of the people and ninety-nine percent will smile back at you".

Bill Shakespeare had words for every occasion but as a way of life his words from Hamlet:

"Polonius's Advice to His Son Laertes"

Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue, Nor any unproportioned thought his act.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar

The friends thou hast and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,

but do not dull thy palm with entertainment

of each new hatched, unfledged comrade.

Beware

of entrance to a quarrel; but being in, bear with it that the opposed may be ware of thee.

Give every man thine ear but few they voice

Take each man's censure but reserve thy judgement.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, but not expressed in fancy; rich not gaudy, for the apparel oft proclaims the man and they in France of the best rank and station are of a most select and generous choice in that. Neither a borrower or a lender be for a loan often loses both itself and friend

And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

And this above all to thine ownself be true and it must follow as the night the day

Though canst not be false to any man.

I have always used a routine in travelling: Sleep whenever the opportunity occurs; eat whenever the opportunity occurs. If you do this you can exist for a day or two under adverse conditions which seems always to come up quickly and usually totally unexpected, Have more money available than thought necessary. If possible you can always bring it back or maybe give it back.

Chapter Thirty One

1974 Trip to Alice Springs

In 1974 Emily Rita and I decided to take a vacation to Adelaide and Alice Springs and Ayers Rock via the Murray Valley Highway to Mildura. We had an invitation to visit the Arts Centre and Opera House complex in Adelaide and we flew across and spent a couple of most interesting days looking _over the then not quite finished opera house and theatre complex. We were most impressed and felt that the opera house had much better acoustics and a much more pleasant interior than the Sydney Opera House which to me was a little bit like the Pyramids - good to look at from the outside. We were also taken with one of the theatres which wasn't quite finished in which the stage was in the centre and the audience surrounded it, similar to Shakespeare's Globe Theatre in London.

One of the reasons for our trip to Ayers Rock via Alice Springs was the fact that a very competent young lady who'd worked in the office of one of our companies for a number of years was then running the office and reception of one of the motels in Alice Springs and she arranged the various necessities for it. We had good accommodation, but unfortunately no meals, at a motel situated across the Todd River. One of the first interests was to see the number of aborigines camped in the waterless bed of the river and my wife remarked on the number of pregnant women that continually passed along the track in front of our motel; some of these women being very young indeed.

I contacted the Director of the Flying Doctor Service to see whether or not they were still operating the power plant that our Vernier had donated but he informed me that now that Alice Springs had the power on, there was no need for it and it had just been sold.

We had a hire car and we drove around a number of tourist attractions around Alice Springs and included a stopover night at a ranch which was very well managed and quite a pleasant experience.

We had arranged to charter a plane to fly us to Ayers Rock and wait overnight and bring us back. It was a twin engine Cessna and we had a pleasant flight to Ayers Rock and though we were stopping in a so-called first class motel it was a very crummy place and a crummy experience. The operators just didn't seem to understand the necessities of catering for tourists. However, all that was forgotten when we arranged to see the Rock at sunset and to make sure that we also saw it at dawn and, incidentally, a hire vehicle was available to take us around the Olgas and various other places including a close look from the ground of the Rock. Also we had the view from the plane. The view of the Rock just exactly at sunrise from a dark night, especially if the Rock has some moisture on it, is in our opinion the most spectacular sight in Australia and that with the Barrier Reef could be taken as the two reasons for tourists to visit Australia. That is not saying that there aren't thousands of other pleasant places to be in but they do not compare favourably with other world spectacles. Ayers Rock and the Barrier Reef are unique and we've advertised and spoken about them to many of our overseas friends.

We were due to leave via plane at about 11.00 am but the pilot approached me and asked if I would mind if he took a few groups of tourists to circle the Rock and see it from the air. These took about ten minutes each so I said we weren't in a hurry and so that's what happened. Eventually we went aboard the plane to return to Alice Springs.

After we made the run and went up in the air a few hundred feet, the pilot started making some violent manoeuvres with the plane. He would suddenly more or less stand it on its tail and the like and I immediately woke up to the fact that it had undercarriage trouble. So we went around the circuit and came back and of course we knew what was going on than because I was sitting alongside him and he was talking over the radio to the base which was right underneath. He could not be sure that the wheels were down and he was having trouble with the hydraulic pump. So he told the control that if he had to make an emergency landing he would sooner do it in Alice Springs so away we went.

He tried repeatedly during the flight to get the wheels down and I was convinced there was nothing wrong with the plane except that somebody had forgotten to check the oil in the hydraulic system as I could hear the pump grinding for a while and then getting a little oil and working. As we approached Alice Springs he arranged by the radio to fly low down over the control tower and they would have a mechanic present with a pair of field glasses to look as closely as possible at the undercarriage to check it. As we were approaching Alice Springs the pilot was desperately trying to hand pump the wheels down with the hydraulic hand pump, flying the plane with one hand. I was sitting alongside him and at last I said to him

"Look, I'U do the bloody pumping, you just fly the plane."

So eventually we arrived over Alice Springs and as we went across the top of the control tower we looked and could see the ambulance, fire carts and other emergency preparations. Seeing these various emergency equipment’s in place as we came down the runway on the other circuit to land I said to Emily B.

"Well, if we're going to leave our bones in Alice Springs, we're certainly going to do it in style."

Anyway, the plane came down very quietly and there was no trouble so we got out of the plane and without saying anything further to the pilot we left to join the Adelaide plane later. I have been told that the pilot came in very carefully indeed and an observation was made that he greased it down.

So that was our adventure again with a private small plane. On returning to Adelaide we later picked up the hire car and drove to Mildura and took a plane back to Melbourne.

Chapter Thirty Two

Halley's Comet

It is now the middle of 1986 and I always looked forward to 1986 as a special year because of the return of Halley's Comet in which I have taken considerable interest. In fact, in the last year or two I had been in communication with the American Space Agency who very kindly gave me details and a special brochure that they'd put out telling of the advent of the 1986 Halley's Comet visit. Also Sidings Springs Observatory was very courteous in answering my letters in regard to specific enquiries.

As the beginning of the year approached I had made enquiries as to where I should be to best observe the Comet and suggestions varied from Deniliquin in N.S. W. to even Merimbula.

An advertisement came out which stated that Ansett Airways was putting on special flights and that they would be at 30,000 feet, well over the cloud structure on the estimated best nights to see the Comet. I decided to buy a ticket and with this Laurence decided to also. So we paid I think $265 each for the flight which turned out the greatest airways suck-in that I've ever been in. First of all the Comet was much more obscure than when I originally saw it in 1910 when lit up a considerable portion of the sky. Even though I was very small I can remember it quite vividly.

We arrived at Tullamarine and joined the flight. The night was suitable and it was said that it was the first time a commercial plane had flown absolutely blacked out, that is, there were no lights at all. Now the plane was obviously overcrowded and had a tourist version of the seating, that is, six seats wide on a 727 and what I couldn't understand was the double plastic on the inside of the wall of the plane which obviously stopped the view to a great extent especially as the comet was high in the sky.

So we started off and Laurence pushed me into a window seat and we had another young man occupying the third seat. Well, away we went and we couldn't see anything. It astounded me that the pilot didn't have the nous to roll the plane a little so we would have a view out the windows to a higher altitude. Anyway the farce continued on and a number of people, especially a lot of American tourists on board just didn't worry about seeing the comet. They couldn't get down to see it. The young man near us crouched on my feet and tried to look up but got sick of that.

There was a strike on as usual so we eventually landed at Launceston just to refuel. At least we had a look at the new Launceston airport in our travels. On the flight back to Melbourne we were given a very mediocre supper, not that it worried me whether we had it or not. So that was the end of Halley's Comet excepting that I got the best view.

The next night, that's the ninth of April, Laurence arranged for his camera tripod to be set up at the right angle and clamped the field glasses on it and from our back yard we were able to get as good a view as was generally possible of the comet. But it was still a very very poor imitation of the first comet visit within my lifetime.

I had a return of the sickness, the Asian Flue, or whatever they call it and this put me out of action for about a month and when I'd come on deck again, Emily Rita had quite a bad attack of shingles which is a very discomforting and dispiriting sickness and so I was forced

into to stopping at home to help in general with cooking and such and we progressed along and she is now on my seventy-eight birthday getting into some reasonable shape but not nearly entirely cured. However, I hope we will make the visit to Merimbula in the near future where I have a further council disagreement in company with our neighbours, especially Trevor Stannus our next door neighbour who also has the same problem and I'm mighty pleased that he's so competent. We think that we must win the case.

Chapter Thirty Three

It's about time that I finished this book and I'm now in a position where I can look at my past life especially the last fifty years in the food industry and get considerable pleasure from my memories of knowing and helping and working with so many notable members of the Industry and to think of the great effect that they had.

I will mention Fred Andrews who was the Works Manager of the Rosella Preserving Company for many years. My opinion of Fred and his knowledge of the developing of recipes, being in a position that he could order them into production gave the Rosella Preserving Company a pre-eminent place in Australia for a number of products and Rosella Tomato Sauce became his standard. It was from Rosella's works that others such as Ak Grant and a number of others went to rival firms and copied the recipes. The various soups put out by Rosella were very well accepted by the public and here again they became the standard to which others had to copy to carry on in business successfully. I mention this because even H.J. Heinz brought out certain products that would be common in America which didn't take on in Australia when they first started and they admitted that the more they advertised tomato soup and vegetable soup the more Rosella sold until they took the easy path and today Heinz soup is similar to Freddy Andrews' soup of years ago. Even the soup business in New Zealand took after Fred Andrews' products. Ak Grant who had been the Foreman for Rosella later became the Works Manager for Ardmona Fruit Products and also Leeton Co-operative Cannery became ill in rather strained financial circumstances and I introduced him to Jim Wattie, later Sir James, of New Zealand and Ak sold a number of his soup recipes, I think there were seven in number, to the Wattie Canneries for a substantial sum of money that helped him over a difficult period.

One of the earliest men in the Food Industry was Lyle Longmore of Longmore and Company and he was a pharmaceutical chemist I believe and was a close relative of the Longmores Pharmacy in Melbourne, one of the earliest and recognised pharmacies. His father sent he and his brother off to sea on a sailing ship and Lyle I think when he got as far at Mauritius turned back home, he'd had enough and he entered the Food Industry. The brother continued on to become a ship's master and a very successful marine surveyor. I think Lyle Longmore can take the credit for upgrading the tomato processing industry in Australia. In about 1929 he imported a plant from America with g-lass lined tanks, because stainless steel was not available, and he put in some excellent filling machinery and also imported strains of tomatoes which he had planted, particularly around the Bendigo area where they had a pulping plant. I had the pleasure and the profit of later re-organising the entire process for his tomato sauce and probably some of the equipment is still being used today. The Longmore Company have long passed out of existence but the brand White Crow is still around and the product is still of an excellent quality.

I have to smile when I think of my various interviews and arguments with Mr Palfreyman who was the Managing Director and Chairman for so many years of Henry Jones IXL In fact, I think his management of the company stretched for more than seventy years and it is unfortunate that he has no direct family remaining in the Industry. I think of the times and enthusiastic work put into the milk industry by Christensen, I can't think of his first name, who was the chemist for the Federal Milk Company located at Bacchus Marsh. In about 1936 he approached me and between us we worked out what was to become a

revolutionary approach to the canning of condensed milk, that is, unsweetened condensed milk. The process of manufacturing the canned condensed milk was controlled right from the receipt of the milk through to the filling and closing and this involved totally enclosing the milk so there was no bacteria likely to be present in the condensing of the milk and then right to the filling machine were stainless steel pipes which were all sterilised before use. The open top cans were flame sterilised which was Christensen's idea. I was able to design a machine which, as far as Bacchus Marsh was concerned, used petrol gas as the flame and our aim was to heat the cans momentarily to 300 degrees by the impingement of a swirling flame straight into the can and it was Christensen's idea that this would kill the bacteria by direct contact. The cans were immediately cooled in sterilised air and in an enclosed conveyor they went onto the filling room which was totally enclosed and the air was circulated, we estimated, thirteen times a minute and sterilised. The caps were sterilised in an electric oven and handled by girls who wore sterile clothing and gloves.

The whole thing turned out very successfully both mechanically and from a product point of view and Federal Milk Lifeguard brand showed increased sales. When the war started there were large quantities packed for the armed forces and this came under attention in the Middle East as in the deserts in hot conditions Federal Milk Lifeguard brand came up much better than other milks and this caused an enquiry into the reason and the net result was that the government took measures to find out how the process worked and quickly passed on the information to rival companies and so the whole of the industry in Australia, New Zealand and South Africa at least passed over to using a similar method which was in fact I think the first commercial application of aseptic canning. Bingham and Company benefited by the disclosures and had the opportunity of supplying a number of pieces of equipment to help the changeover of the larger manufacturers. Ernest Barr recently retired as a senior executive of the H.J. Heinz Company was associated with the development of the new method as a representative from the MacRobertson Chocolate Company who were largely interested in the Federal Milk Company.

I was closely associated with Kraft Limited from their early beginnings in Melbourne. Not right at the start by any means but from when they had taken over Professor O'Hara's South Melbourne college building in Kerferd Road, Albert Park and turned it into a factory for the manufacture of Red Feather cheese, canned cheese and later on with the advent of Dr Callister, the vegemite, now famous, was developed and we were closely associated with the equipment required and remained so until our company was sold.

The original business was owned by Mr Walker who was I think probably the man who started up direct wholesaling, that is, selling from vans to the shops and I understand that he had complete rights with MacRobertson's Chocolates. He went on and on and had special trucks fitted up and then to keep his trucks in good condition he started Walker Engineering Company at Essendon and this company was really well equipped for its time for the service of the trucks and later manufactured a number of small machines and parts; very successfully. Mr Mason, the Sales Manager, became Chief Executive. The Walker Cheese Company had some connection with the Kraft Company of America and took over the main portion of the multi-storeyed building that had been erected for A.W. Allen a confectionary company and so it remained until such time that they moved to a large area in Port Melbourne.

Many notable people passed through the Kraft organisation while I was associated with it and these included Mr Gerard Osborne who later became Managing Director for many years, Mr Lionel Hill was Works Manager succeeding two other very solid citizens, Gordon Keeley and Bill Walker. Frank Daniels was the Engineer for a number of years. The success of the Kraft Company clearly shows what can happen when a good product is marketed and manufactured correctly. Roy Holt was another executive of the Kraft Company who went on to distinguish himself in the biscuit industry as a director and Victorian Manager of Arnotts Biscuits. Many people in the Industry associated with Kraft will recall with pleasure and some admiration the loyalty and honesty of purpose of Harry Meadows who was a mechanic in their packaging machinery but so very earnest. Harry, incidentally, and I had something in common. Harry was older than I but we were both born in Allendale.

One of the most notable men who had great influence was Sir Andrew Fairley who built up the Shepparton Preserving Company from a bankrupt organisation to where it was when he died when it had immense capital reserves as well as a very very modern plant, unexcelled, I think, in the world.

Figure 36 - THE BINGHAM HOME AND BOATSHED, MERIMBULA N.S.W.

Figure 37 - THE BURADDOO, CLASS 5.5

Owner : David Bingham. Designer : Laurins, Sweden Builder : J. Savage 6c Sons, Melbourne

Crew: A. Sturrock, E. Wagstaff, David F. Bingham Australian Champion 1955 - 1961

Bronze Medal 1956 Olympics

Australian Representative 1960 Olympics

Bob Gent was the Managing Director of the Kyabram Company and he spent more or less a lifetime patiently building up Kyabram from a very comparatively small cannery to a most modern plant and I think it was recognised as the most efficient fruit cannery in Australia and had a number of very successful operators such as Tom McMaster-Smith as Works Manager and later on two other old friends of mine Jack Burn and Jack Hoply.

Archie Cameron who with Harry Williams started off the Ardmona Fruit Products Co-operative both had very interesting careers in the Food Industry. Archie, who had little schooling and battled around on his own, got his first job in the Food Industry by climbing up onto the roof at the back of the house where his friend was living and sleeping on the floor in the room. He later got a job when he was 17 with the Cockatoo Preserving Company and later became the Works Manager when he was 21, a very considerable effort. Harry went on to Leeton and had a notable time with Leeton especially during the war when he expanded the cannery operations greatly. A lot of the younger members in the industry that came on

and have just recently got into the retiring age, including Jack Byrne, Bill Gilchrist and Jack Hoply, can thank Harry for the start he gave them.

The can making industry is one of exceptional importance to the production of food. I know from bitter experience the problems, of which there are plenty, associated with the handling of unsatisfactory cans as the manufacturer of the machines handling the cans became the meat in the sandwich between the canner and the can maker. I give full credit to Harry Chambers of Chambers and Bennet for introducing a standard of cans into Australia unsurpassed and later on this was followed by the various amalgamations. The Chambers and Bennett can makers became the Southern Can Company with a considerable overseas interest in it and later it expanded to become Containers Ltd and they and Gadsdens made up the backbone of the canned goods production requirements. It is interesting to note that probably one of the first ladies to become really important as regards industry was Miss Parasene who became Secretary and in fact the Managing Director of the Southern Can Company.

Stanley and Norman Gadsden, the senior executives for Gadsdens were fine people and we became very close personal friends and later their sons took over and carried on the high standard set by their father and uncle.

Many yea;·s ago I was asked to adjudicate on a claim by the Ardmona Fruit Products for damages and the cost of cans supplied by Gadsdens and after seeing the cans in operation at Ardmona I gave the verdict in favour of Ardmona and this at the time didn't please Stanley Gadsden but he came around to my way of thinking quickly when at a later meeting in their office I explained the reason why. There was nothing wrong with the cans but they had not specified the amount of vacuum the cans were limited to and Ardmona were having trouble with blown cans Ak Grant, the Factory Manager had insisted on increasing both the temperature and the length of their exhausting period, that is, the process that forms the vacuum to a point where it was too high for the can, in fact for any can and as Gadsdens had not specified any vacuum limits on their cans I was forced to give the verdict in favour of Ardmona.

I do not think there was any company or family in the Food Industry of which I was more closely associated than Gordon Edgell and Sons. Firstly, Gordon Edgell Senior and his wife with whom I stopped on occasions and the two sons Hamble and Maxwell. Their operation started canning in Bathurst and it was only a short time, about two or three years later when I became associated with them and from then on we were associated closely in supply and equipment and helping them plan their extensions and they were indeed successful. They had everything going for them as they grew their own product when they started, that is, asparagus, and expanded into other vegetables as their plants grew. Gordon Edgell Senior was a professional civil engineer with considerable degree and both Maxwell and Hamble were well educated and followed on the family tradition. It all seems a shame to me that neither Maxwell nor Hamble had any sons to carry on but they both had a fine daughter each. I've already written about the general activities and expansions of their plant and can only think nostalgically of the excellent executives they had especially their engineers Morris Blanch and Guy Jessop both engineers of sound technical training and experience.

Eric Tarry has had the longest experience with which I've been directly acquainted in the Food Industry as he started with Brookes Lemos about 1932 and ended up as Director of Jones IXL which covered nearly fifty years and we've been friendly all this time and since his retirement and my withdrawal from the Industry.

I started business on my own in 1929 and this was just at the start of the world depression which hit Australia very hard and it seems now I am approaching the end of the road that there is going to be another bad depression as the 1930 recession was caused by the same things as are causing this depression today and the food industry is going to suffer and exporting, which is necessary for Australia to maintain their standard of living is going to become very difficult. We must pay our way nationally and this means we must have a favourable export balance. The cost of labour in Australia is probably the highest in the world nationally but this must be lowered because where America and Japan can afford high wages Australia cannot simply because our market is not big enough and this position that I could see coming on some 25 years ago was the main reason that I knew it was time to get out of manufacturing in this country. If we have a large population then it is possible to keep a standard of living high enough by cheaper production, that is robots and automation but this doesn't fit in where there is a small population. I could envisage that our production of food machinery had to move overseas because we were spending considerable amount of money. In 1961 we spent some 81,000 pounds on research and development very successfully and we were developing equipment ahead of its class in the world but we could never have built up a business sufficiently large enough with the high labour costs to be able to ship this to other parts of the world on long shipping distances and this is exactly our problem today as shipping costs are just too high and the people in general must realise that they have to lower costs and in my opinion the easiest way for them to do it with the less pain is simply to extend the working hours to not less than 44 hours which I think from experience would mean a drop in labour costs of probably 30%.

I greatly admired the work of Roosevelt in America pre-war when he started the C.C.C. (Civilian Conservation Corps) for the training and helping of the youth of America by starting large camps in the Western states where it was work hard in the mornings and then to school for I believe vocational training in the afternoon and this went on to the evenings as well. These camps were very large and it is to me ridiculous to say we haven't got work to be done of a similar nature in Australia and it is well to remember that the cost of anything is to feed and clothe and house the people that do the particular job and must be tackled if Australia is going to get somewhere.

The defense situation of Australia is obviously lamentable and we talk of what is going to be done and it sounds to me that it will need a lot of modification in approach. I was a member called up by conscriptions of the Naval deserve and served in it for several years and all I can say is that it was educational and the understanding and friendship built up during the time lasted a lifetime.

Shepparton Preserving Company

Andrew Fairly

Mick Landy

Tom Peat

Bert Coyle

George Crespin

Laury Plumeridge

Ardmona Fruit Products

Co-Operative Limited

Arthur Shoesmith

Archie Cameron

Harry Williams

Bill Bennet

Ack Grant

Frank McNeal

Jack Monk

George Muir

Jim Simson

Jack Simson

Kyabram Fruit Preserving Co.

Bob Gent

Tom McMaster Smith

Jack Aird

Ralph Gartner

Wally Laidlaw

Arthur Pollard

Jim Stock

Charlie Crighton

(Molly Hurley)

Rosella Preserving Co. Ltd

Alex Cato

Andrews Senior

Jack Turnbull

Fred Andrews

Stafford

Clarry Lee May

J.H. Heinz Ltd

Hervey Williams Cormack

Claude Deems

Henry Dennet

Brian Gleason

Reg Harrison

Tony Bardsley

Ernest Barr

Len Crowe

David Bateman

Dirk Kramp

John Henry

John Ross

Monbulk Preserves

Camm Senior

Phil Camm

Len Camm

Bob Camm

Roy Hancock

Dalmore Preserving Co.

To Tom Piper Ltd

Takes Over Brookes Lemos Ltd

Archie Spooner

Norman Spooner

Bill Dowdney

Gordon Robson

Eric Tarry

Alex Jamieson

Peter Winch

Harry Brookes

Peg Leg Brookes

Charles Brookes

Tilloch & Co.

Arthur Penfold

Holbrooks Ltd

The blind Chairman - Mr Naggs? Frank Bradhurst (DR)

Gordon Robson

Henry Jones Group

Mr Ack Palfreyman

Fred Peacock

Allen Robinson

Doug Jones

Les Pearson

Jack Pearson

Tom Boyce

David Boyce

Tom Boyce Junior

Bill Duthie

R.M. Gow Ltd.

Stewart Gow

Gordon Gow

Norman Gow

Batlow Packing House Co-Op

Bert Smith

Harry Dube

W.C. Douglas Ltd.

W .C. Douglas (Billie)

H.M. Douglas

Ken Higgins

Raleigh Preserving Co. Pty. Ltd.

Mr Dyarnn Senior

Allan Dyason

Jack Dyason

Tom Pidney

Bill Hunt

Kia Ora Ltd

John Dixon

Rowley Dixon

Jack Dixon

Harold Holmes

Jack Davenport

Kraft Ltd

Mr Mason

Dr Allister

Gerrard Osborne

Miss Osborne

Frank Daniels

Gordon Keeley

Lionel Hill

Bill Walker

Roy Holt

J. Wattie Canneries

Jim Wattie (Sir James)

Gordon Wattie

Ray Wattie

John Cole

Leeton Co-Operative Cannery Ltd.

Jack Brady

Phil Hardge

Joe Waters

Bert Brady

Jack Brady (Junior)

Hee Ross

Jack Byrne

Keith Dickinson

Bert Lowe

Harry Williams

Henry Williams (Victoree Products)

Henry Williams

Ernie Williams

Bill Turnbull

Francis Longmore (White Crow Brand)

Lyle Longmore

Cottees Ltd.

Harold Cottee

Neil Cottee

CLUBS TO WHICH I BELONGED

Royal St Kilda Yacht Club

Royal Brighton Yacht Club

Royal Yacht Club of Victoria

Sandringham Yacht Club

Honorary Member Royal Cape Yacht Club Middle Park Surf Club

Middle Park Bowling Club

Cordiality

Commercial Traveiiers Association

Fly Fishers Association

Sportsmen Club

Patterson River Country Club

Huntingdale Gold Club

Melbourne Gun Club

Victoria Gun Club

Melbourne Cricket Club Restricted Member

Merimbula Fishermens Club

The Offshore Cruising Club of Victoria

The Stock Exchange Club *

*The Club I valued most as being just a businessmen's club with a high standard of member; friendly, based around the stock exchange. It was a great loss to the business community when it closed because of falling membership and exodus from the Melbourne centre after 6.00 pm.