Life and Times of Thomas A. Bingham

Acknowledgements

Our author, Tom Bingham, was encouraged by his daughters, Shirley and Sandra, to write his memoirs and, being a man who remembered details, he began this task when he was 80 years old. We can be thankful that he didn't think he was too old to begin and finish the memories of those old days. From his written story, in clear handwriting, Shirley and Sandra typed the first draft. They also, when fossicking around amongst the photos that he had collected over his 91 years, found a number of photos from the early days, photos that Tom had taken {as none of the photos show him) and developed himself. Shirley and Ted then reproduced some of these and gave them to me. In 1988, along comes Margaret, who is looking for a place to stay for awhile, and Shirley kindly suggests she stays at Warrandyte. Margaret, who is fascinated by the early history of the Binghams and Murrays, is shown her Uncle Tom's memoirs. She decides to retype them on a computer and copy to disk. The opportunity to do that arises and she is able to complete this project hoping in the future to put photos and text together into a book. Unfortunately, with the comings and goings from Boston to Australia and back again, the project languishes. However, with the prospect of the Bingham families coming together over a weekend in December, 1995, Margaret finds new energy to complete the task. However, she is somewhat sad that she did not finish the memoirs before her Uncle died in 1992. But, she is sure that Tom wishes that everyone who reads it would gain an appreciation of his "Life and Times of Thomas A. Bingham."

There are other people Margaret wishes to thank. One is her good friend, Marjorie Peloquin, who read the text and suggested changes to make the meaning clearer. In the final production of the book, John Cheffers is commended for his suggestions and efforts to get 50 copies photocopied which was greatly appreciated. Elizabeth and Rachel, two graduate students at Boston University, are gratefully thanked for doing the copying and some front pieces for the book. Jules is another student who is gratefully thanked for drawing the cable car. Thanks should also go to Keith Murray for his delvings into the Patience and Murray families.

Apologies are made also for: poor reproduction of the photos in the copying, the mislaying of the photo taken of Jessie at the South Street Ballarat Competitions, two Chapter 7s, and wrong spelling of names, places, etc. It is hoped that these errors will be pointed out and remedied in the 2nd edition.

In the 2nd edition, the photos were scanned and insert as well as any errors that were noted in the original edition.

Written by Thomas A Bingham
(1901 – 1992)

1st edition Collated, edited by Margaret Rose Cheffers (maiden Bingham) Dec 1995
2nd edition Compiled by Andrew David Cheffers (son of Margaret) Dec 2014

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Chapter 1

Allendale

I have found it hard to start this, but I find that having started something I usually finish it, so here goes!

I am writing in my caravan at the Pacific Coast Caravan Park, South Mission Beach, Queensland on the 15th of July, 1981. It is a good place to do nothing. The sun is warm, the wind a bit strong, but it will die down later. The shrubs are in flower and good fruits are in the offing.

I was born on the 3rd of June, 1901, in Allendale, Victoria. I had better start as far back as I can remember in Allendale near Ballarat. When I remembered it first, it was a busy mining town totally sustained by gold mines in the area the Berry Leads. My father had a carrying business doing carting around the mines and a light service to Ballarat daily, also furniture moving to other parts of the state. He was a self taught blacksmith, but more about that later. We had big stables and a hay shed, a chaff cutter on a second floor, and a room lined with galvanized sheet iron under the chaff cutter to store the chaff. The chaff cutter was driven by a horse walking round in a circle outside and was attached to gearing by a long piece of timber. A shaft went through a tunnel and a belt transmitted the power upstairs to the chaff cutter. One of my jobs as a child was to keep the horse going with the aid of loud yells and a whip. A light piece of timber, which went from the horse's bit to the bearing, kept the horse walking in a circle.

[The following excerpt from a letter from Tom to Ted and Shirley (daughter), dated 14/9/81, is an explanation of the following precious photos of the business in Allendale.

"Dear Ted and Shirley

Not much news this end. This week, I received some photos from Wesley Vine of Bendigo. They are some he found at his Grandmother's place in Ouyen. One is of T.A. Bingham's set up in Allendale with horses and carts outside of house. There are some children, one that could be me. I can't remember. One of a house being shifted on a wheeled trolley with a team of horses and I think a picture of my Grandfather and others. I would like to send a copy to Ron White who is older than me. He might remember as Grandfather and Grandmother lived in the same street as him. There is a chap called Mr. Svenosio in Allendale who Wesley found who knew the Binghams. He might be able to recognize some other people. Also, Jim Bingham in Parwan."

Figure 1 - Photo showing the business in Allendale. Tom is in the dogcart holding the reins, and Allen next to him. Their father, Thomas Alexander is holding the bridle.

Figure 2 - An instance of the adaptability of the carrying business with a group of horses moving a house. Thomas Alexander Bingham is standing in the front of the photo with one of the boys on the Shetland pony.

Figure 3 - Horse and cart ready to travel to Ballarat.

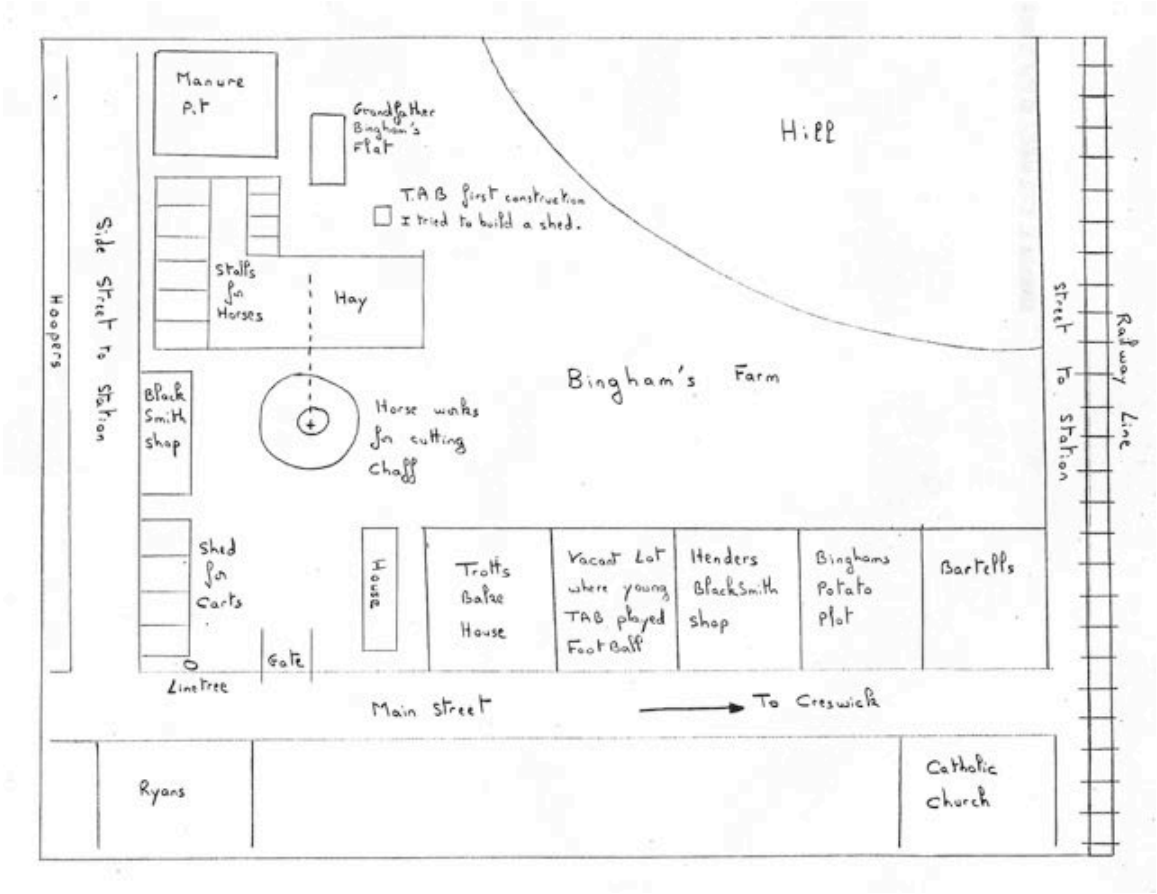

Figure 4 - Drawn map of Bingham's Farm in Allendale.

One of the earliest things I can remember at Allendale is my Aunt Liz giving me a toy fire truck. It had little cast-iron wheels on it and some ladders on a rack on the sides, and there was a piece of string on the truck to pull it along. Our yard was gravel and, when I pulled the truck along with the string, the ladders fell off every few feet. I was always putting them back on the rack.

My playmates were Aleck and Ron White, Harry and Walter Hooper and Eddie Trott. We used to go into the hay shed when it was almost full of hay and hang by our toes from a beam, then land on the hay.

I remember when Poseidon won the Melbourne Cup (1906). I had to go to the Post Office to enquire who had won, and I repeated it all the way home. I used to climb the big pine trees in Main Street. We used to walk and crawl down a drainage tunnel under the main street and other kids called down the water inlets to tell us where we were.

School picnics at Ballarat were super. We went in by train and had rides in a ferry boat, pushed each other in the shallow reed beds and had a terrific time. On sport days at the Allendale sports ground, many games were organized. Lolly bags would be stitched on a coat and a man, wearing such a coat, ran among the kids who would then try to grab a bag. If you missed getting a bag as he came through, you would have to run as fast as you could to catch him so as you wouldn't miss out. Roosters were let loose, and if you caught one you could keep it. The big competition was catching the Greasy Pig. A pig was greased and put in a bag, and while everyone was poised around the person who was holding the pig, ready to join in the fun, it was let loose and everyone chased it. It would double back through legs, etc, and it was hard to hold if caught. We used to build big bonfires and have lots of crackers and fireworks.

We had a big snowstorm one night and next morning my father and mother took a shovel to the top of the hill and built a mound of snow, then rolled it down the hill. It picked up snow on the way down and was about 4 feet high when it reached the bottom. It lasted for several days. There was a concrete water channel near our place, and we kids used to have boat races when the water was running fast. George Quarrell was the man who made the channel. Hoopers lived across the street. Mrs Hooper made saffron cakes and the family had racing pigeons.

Our paddock had docks in it, and I spent many weary hours digging out docks, or hoeing round potatoes. I remember during a potato surplus there was a man selling potatoes for one shilling a bag. He tipped out the potatoes and took back the bag.

Two Billy goats, which were around the town, named Lavender and Musk, had a terrible smell. These goats lived around the rubbish tip and would eat the paper labels off the cans. There were a lot of goats running around the rubbish tips and if they got into a garden at night they ate everything.

Our paddock was sown in oats each year for chaff for horses. My father, to save the edges of the paddock from being ruined by taking the binder over the crop, would cut an area right around the paddock with a scythe. I was supposed to pick up the hay and make sheaves out of it. There was a knack of twisting some hay to make a band. My sheaves usually fell to pieces. We used to stock the sheaves for drying, and would always he on the lookout for snakes.

I can just remember hearing the mine whistle blowing during the night and all the town going to the mine to see who was drowned or killed in an earth fall or water rush. The whistle was tied down and all off duty men went to the

mine to see if they could help with the rescue of mates. The women went to see whose husband might never return.

We boys used to go to Creswick to a woodworking class every Friday afternoon. First we walked the 5 miles in, and then later on we went by White's sulky and left the horse in Sir Alexander Peacock's stables near the school. Later we had one day each fortnight and we went by train. We learned how to use tools, all about the trees the timber came from, and their botanical names. I remember Grevillia robusta {silky oak). The teacher was a Mr. Chambers. He was nicknamed PO, but he was a very painstaking man who would do anything to help us. We made brushes also. He helped us put an exhibit in the Allendale and Smeaton shows.

I was a pretty good Australian Rules footballer among the kids. I can remember a big thrill when I was small, my father lifting me up in the cab of a shunting locomotive. I went up to a signal and back to the yards. The fire in the firebox, and the steam blowing, and the whistle, I remember well. We kids played in the sheep trucks on Sundays, and one day a boy got locked in. We missed him and went back and let him out. We fished for perch in the reservoir, ate watercress from the spring, watched skylarks singing, fed flies to sundews, collected birds1 eggs, etc.

There were also other activities that the kids in Allendale used to love. There were big heaps of roughly round white quartz stones at some of the mines. We used to get a tin dish or sheet of flat iron, carry it to the top of the mound, sit on the dish and slide down with a lot of the stones following us. We picked up lead behind targets at the rifle range. We caught yabbies in the dams, we played Nick Nock with people's front door knockers. There were many rabbits on the mullock heaps. There were live hare coursing where two dogs on a leash, in the charge of a man called the Slipper, were walked through the paddocks. His job was to release both dogs at the same time when a hare was raised. The best place to see this was from a local hill as the hare could turn faster than the dogs and get an advantage on each turn.

In Allendale we had a game called "Shindy". It was played like hockey, the sticks being a piece of gum scrub with the knob being torn from a bush under the ground and the ball or puck being a jam tin. A couple of big stones were the goalposts and when the tin was flattened another was easily found to take its place. I can remember the rules, but the idea was to belt the tin through the goals. Perhaps the whacks we received on the shins gave it the name Shindy. We played Tally High Ho on moonlight nights. This was comprised of two teams playing hide and seek with the whole town to hide in. When the seekers were not making much progress they would yell "Give scent, the dogs want to follow!" The hiders would yell and the hunt would be on again.

My Grandfather Bingham lived in the town. His name was George Bingham and his father, a gentleman, and his mother, Mary Bingham (nee Eldred), lived in Lancashire, England, where George was born. George Bingham married Catherine Bell in Adelaide when he was 23 years old (I imagine it was a shipboard romance). I can just remember Grandmother Bingham. She died and was buried in Creswick cemetery. After she died Grandfather Bingham came to live with us in a hut, which was built in our yard behind the hay shed. I used to go up and call him for breakfast each morning. I went up one morning and he was out of bed on the floor trying to climb in. It was found that he had had a stroke during the night. It was hot weather and ice was used to put on his head. We kids used to get pieces of ice and we thought it was great. He left soon and went to Ballarat to live with his daughter, Victoria (Tory) Lawrie. He died on 25th April, 1909, aged 80 years and is buried in Creswick Cemetery.

I remember him well as a short, stocky man with a grey beard. He used to teach us in Sunday School. At the time of his death, the following children survived him: George - 53; Christina - 51; James - 49; William 47; Victoria Lolita - 45; Mary Eldred - 43; Catherine Smith (possibly married name) - 40; and my father, Thomas Alexander (age 24), who was born in 1876 at Cambrian Hill. He married my mother, Margaret Patience Murray, at Clunes, Victoria, on 1st May, 1895. They were both 24 years of age.

Figure 5 - Children on top of a light Clydesdale with George Bingham on one side and Tom Alexander Bingham on the other

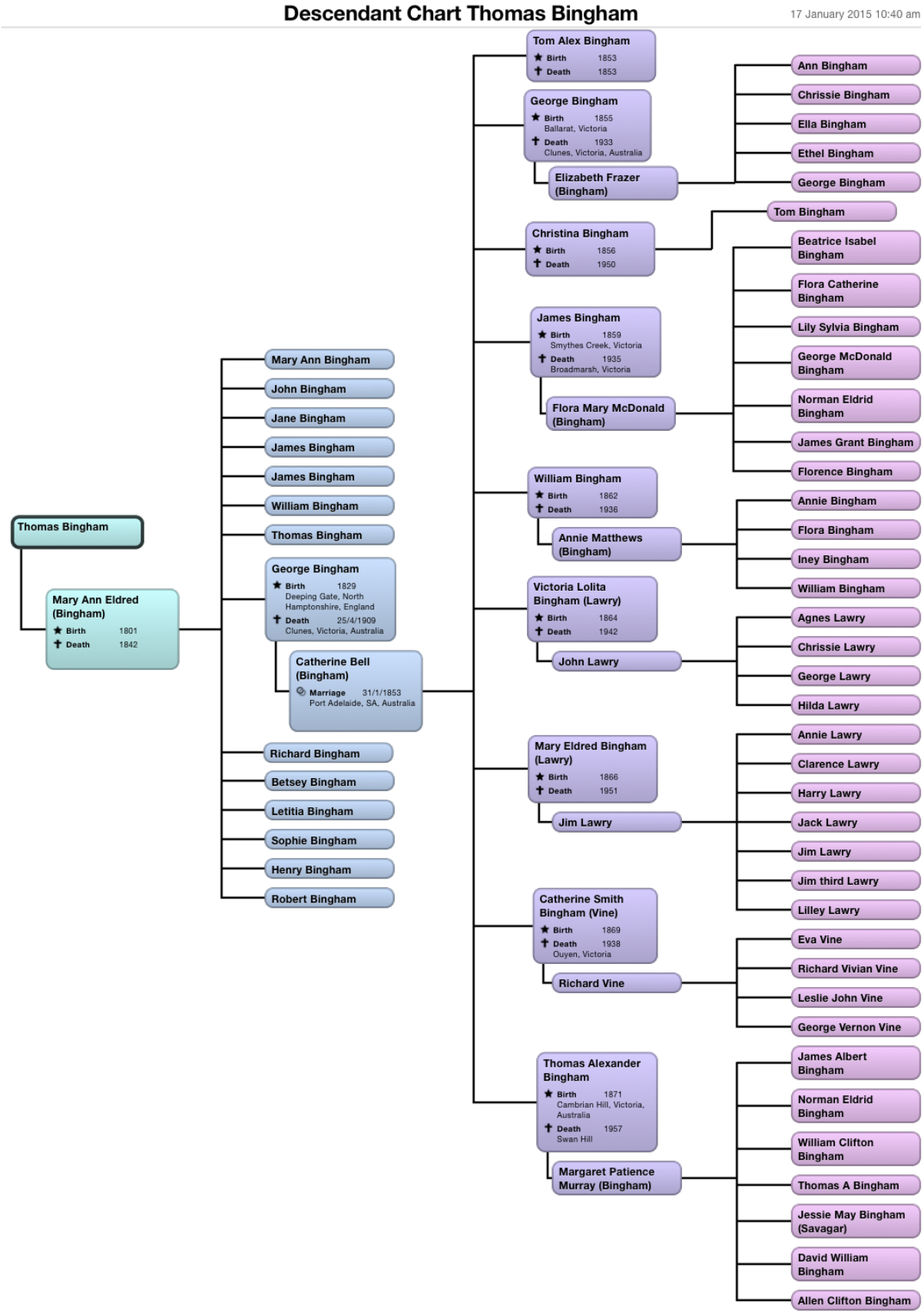

Figure 6 - George Bingham Family Tree

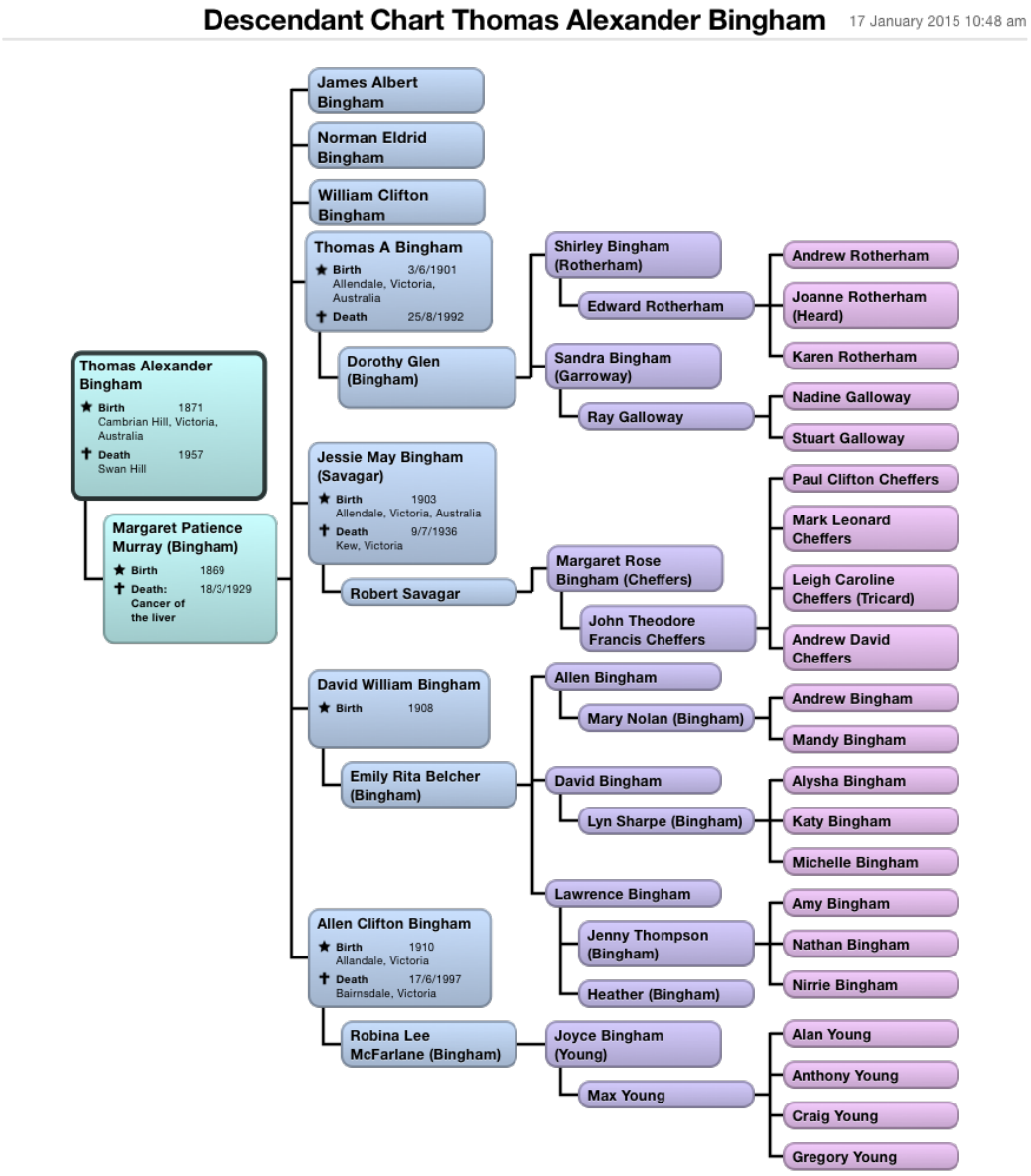

Figure 7 - Thomas A Bingham Family Tree

Talking about Sunday School, we had a cousin, Bill Lawther, who used to play the organ. He was a wag and would give us a bit of the Merry Widow Waltz while waiting for everyone to get ready. There was a nice down slope in the grass at the back of the Church. We used to run and stop suddenly and slide down the slope. If you fell you would go into Sunday School with mud on the rear of your trousers. I remember someone leaving a sulky and horse tied to a picket fence at the back of the church while everyone was at the Sunday service. While everyone was inside, someone took the horse out of the shafts, led the horse to the other side of the fence, put the shafts through the pickets and harnessed the horse again. When the owner came out of the church, he could not make out how the horse was on one side of the fence and the sulky on the other.

We had fun at school and also got the strap occasionally. Pat Fennisey was the head and he knew how to lay the strap on. The teacher gave us a note when we had misbehaved, and we took this to Pat who meted out the punishment. I can remember some teachers - Bunny McCutcheon, Miss Stephens, Miss Goodenough. We used to have singing lessons once a week. A poor old chap used to get 1 penny each from us. He had a violin and used to come in some days with

his fingers numb with cold and try and play the violin. His name was Mr. Gutler. I can still remember the things he taught us. A school fight was always a big occasion. There was a small area at the back of Sloan's that was the arena. The two combatants usually got a bloody nose amid shouts and cheers from the onlookers.

I can remember election time when the candidate with the most beer and cheese won the election. The polling booth was at the school, and opposite was Greenwell's livery stables. Tables were placed down the centre with barrels of beer and large cheeses. I think Alf Tolliday had the stables earlier or later.
Our policeman was William Henry Gardner. I remember him wheeling a drunk to the police station in a wheelbarrow and the drunk shouting, "You can't do it, Willy Harry!"

I remember Anderson's Flour Mill at Smeaton, being powered by a waterwheel from Birches Creek. When the mines closed and were sold, my father used to buy certain machinery for scrap. I remember him stacking a large quantity of gelignite on the hub of a big flywheel, lighting the fuse and running some distance behind a shed. There would be an almighty bang and pieces of cast iron would go well up in the air and then would come down with a thud. Then we went around and collected the pieces with the horses and lorry. It usually took a couple of blasts to break up a big casting. The milled steel and iron went to the iron rolling mills. Father used to collect old milled steel and horseshoes until there were enough to fill a railway truck and then send them away for scrap metal . There were a lot of horseshoe sizes used in those days.

Other small businesses that were in the town were Wisharts, the main store; White's Drapers; Weickardt's tinsmiths (I remember Con Weichardt in Footscray); Paddy Carol, the blacksmith; Hobill's the butcher; Trott's Bakery; Collins' Speculation Hotel; Jordan's Cosmopolitan Hotel. There was Mrs. Robinson's sweet shop also. I found 2 shillings once and bought 24 sticks of chewing gum. All my friends had chewy.

We had quite a few relatives in Allendale. Jim Bingham had a farm and office in Ballarat at the stock exchange. He shifted to Parwan and his sons are still there. Mary Lawry (Bingham) was married to Jim Lawry who was a prospector and picked over the quartz heaps. Jack Lawry is the only one left. Bill and Janet Lawther (Janet was mother's sister) had a grocery shop. I can remember something funny about the Lawther boys. Bill and George. They had an organ that had to be pedaled to supply air for the notes. It stood about 6 feet high, and on the sides of the front section were small shelves on which were placed small ornaments. The house was level with the ground at the front, but the ground fell away at the back to where the house was 8 feet off the ground. The result was that the floor was very shaky and springy. When Bill played the organ, the pedal movement made the whole organ sway. I used to watch, fascinated, waiting for the ornaments to fall off.

I must not forget to record the thrill of the week, Saturday night bath time! A big tub would be placed in front of a big fire and mother washed our heads, backs and ears and dried us in front of the fire and then we went to bed. Nights in Allendale in the winter were bitterly cold. I can't remember where the adults bathed.

My father's blacksmithing exploits will always stick in my mind. He used to sit in a blacksmith shop in Ballarat to have his lunch and watch the smiths at work, and then he came home and tried it on us. He would put two pieces of iron into a blacksmith's fire and prepare the ends for welding. Dave, Allen or I would blow the big bellows, then at the word of command we would lift one piece of burning iron out of the fire with lifters, tap it on the anvil, place it on top of our

piece and hit it with the hammer. In theory the pieces were supposed to stick together, but in practice very often they did not fuse and we would get the blame for not holding them right. This made us all the more nervous and confused and got us into all sorts of trouble. A blacksmith's fire is not an easy thing to control. There must be a lot of fire underneath so as to burn the oxygen; otherwise, the oxygen hits the molten iron and makes it burn. Burning was controlled by sprinkling with silicon sand that flowed over the surface and kept the oxygen away. My father used to watch the chain makers in operation and also make short lengths of chain.

As I grew up in Allendale I had more work assigned to me. It is not very easy thinking back to my horse days. I was not keen on being a horse valet. To me, they were just a pain. When all the other lads were out playing, I was home doing something for the horses. However, I had the job of looking after the horses, and this meant feeding them and bedding them down. They were kept in stables that had about 8 stalls and the number of horses varied in number from 8 to 10. The stable was a very solid structure. The stalls had railway sleepers for a floor and they were well fixed down. The horse’s urine drained away between them outside the stalls. The floor was big flat stones. There were big high round rails built into a partition between the stalls. There was a feed bin built at the end. The rope that tethered the horses in the stalls was a very big one. On the end, which went around the horse's neck, there was a big knot. This was put into a knot on the horse's back. The free end of the rope was passed through a hole in the timber of the feed box structure and a heavy piece of wood was tied on the bottom. This had the effect of keeping the rope tight. When the horse wished to lie down, he backed away from the feed box and the timber wrought piece came up and the horse could not get his front leg over the tether rope. The straw for bedding was raked out of manure and stored under the feed bins daily. It was replaced at night with new straw. At the end of the stable, it went to two storeys. The floor above the horse stalls had the chaff cutter. Under the chaff cutter was a big room lined with metal sheets. The oats and bay to be cut into chaff was kept in the other end of the shed. When chaff cutting started, the room under the chaff cutter was swept. The chaff cutting was a horse affair. There was no power to drive the chaff cutter the horse had to provide the power.

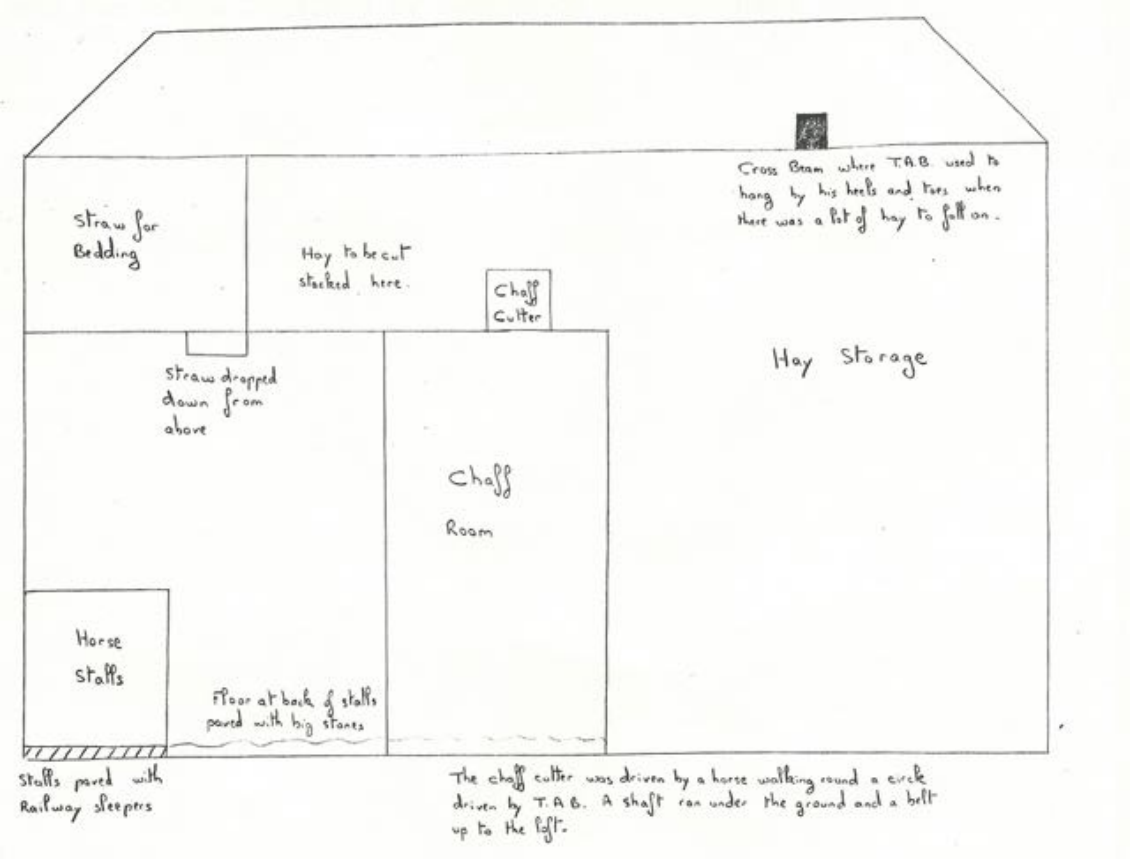

Figure 8 – Drawn map of hayshed

I remember at night when a horse became ill and got down in the stall, we had to lift him up and according to my Father's diagnosis, the horse had a chill, water trouble, strangles (swelling of the lymph glands). As there were no vets about, we gave them a horse remedy: hot beer, ginger, paraffin oil, etc. The technique of giving a drench was to back the horse into a stall and put a halter on it beneath a pulley block situated in the rafters over the stall. A light rope was passed over the pulley and one looped end was put in the horse's mouth and tied over the top jaw. On pulling the rope, his head was forced up and the jaws forced apart. The drench was poured down his throat by means of a curved cow horn cut off at the ends to form a funnel. He was induced to swallow by rubbing and pummeling his windpipe. This was usually a night job done by the light of a kerosene lamp, which left everyone tired and done in.

One of the ailments the driver had to check for were sores on horses shoulders. My father always carried some basil on a tanned sheep skin with the wool removed and twisted horse hair for stuffing the collar of the harness and needle and twine. He could arrange the collar so it did not bear on the sore spot. The horses pulling wagons had big leather traces with a piece of chain at each end and the farm horses had chains for traces. The wagons had a pole between 2 horses and single bars fixed to the wagon. On the farm horses, chain traces went to ground level. Only buggies, gigs, drays and spring carts had shafts where it was necessary to have saddle harness to hold up shafts. Sulkys were very strong carriages with long shafts, a brake on both wheels and a step at the back. The horses were a very long way from the sulky and could not reach the sulky. A piece of rope across the horse’s rump and tied to the shafts stopped him being able to get his back legs off the ground to kick and the application of the brake hindered him from rearing up and falling back. My father had a very temperamental horse named Wallace. He was supposed to be related to Carbine who, I think, was the first winner of the Melbourne Cup. This relationship was

through a mare named Panic. When he was put in the sulky, it took two men to hold him while Father got in the seat. When they let him go, he went out in the road in smart time. Doctors had to rely on horses to get to a patient in a hurry. The doctor had two very smart horses and a groom to drive them. When the doctor reached the home of his next patient, he got out of the buggy and the groom drove the horses around the town until the doctor wanted them. They would not stand still. Doctors' fees in those days were 10 pounds and 6 pennies

When a horse died and had to been taken out of the stall in the stable, it was dragged outside and loaded onto a lorry for the bone mill, which was out in the country on its own. It smelled terrible! t The other horses would not go near a dead one and so we used to put winkers on them so they could not see behind them, and then back them to the chain around the dead horse.

On Saturdays, when other kids were playing, I was cleaning out the stables and pushing the big barrow of manure along a plank and tipping it into the manure pit. Occasionally this was emptied and thrown on the paddock before plowing. One of our horses I remember was called Chummy.

Because I worked so much with horses in my early life, I learned the different types of horses: For our van, the horses had to be fairly tall with long strides in order to cover a lot of ground in a day. These horses were heavy boned for strength. On the farm, we used more of a light Clydesdale type. Farm horses had heavy hairy legs and big hooves to contend with mud and soft earth. Whatever types of horses we had, they all got the same treatment rugs when in the paddock. I've forgotten the ages of the horses, but we had many of them for years. Work for the farm horses varied. They would start about 8:00 a.m., and then at 9 have 30 minutes of rest, then lunch at 12 MD for 1 hour and finish about 5. In the big teams of horses, they started at 10:30 until 3:30 because it took too long to unharness the big team of perhaps 20 horses. All of our working horses were stabled at night. This was necessary because they had to be fed on oat chaff, and the more oats the better. Occasionally, the horses had some crushed linseed meal put in their feed and some times bran. You could not expect heavy work from grass fed horses. On the farm where money was scarce, horse rugs consisted of a strip of canvas along the backbone and wheat bags sewn on the sides. The horses were kept shod while working, but if they were turned out in a paddock for sometime, the shoes were removed.

> *[In Tom's words,] later in a letter to his daughter, Shirley, on her question as to why he went off horses, he replied: "My father's idea was that nothing was too good for his horses as long as someone else did the work.*
> *The wagons used to come in at all hours and I used to have to unyoke them and put them in stalls. Sometimes they were too hot to let drink. You would have to let them cool down and go up later and let them out for a drink. Each morning the manure had to be separated from the straw, and the straw lastly stacked under the manger. Each night this straw had to be put out for the horses to lie on. At times, they got boiled linseed meal and put in their feed, other times molasses. I can always remember leaving the molasses tap turned on and it overflowed the bucket all over the place. Sometimes they got crushed oats. This looked like oatmeal with husks left in. There was the shoeing and the grooming when the coat was coming out, painting the hooves with shellac.*
>
> *I can remember horses kicking at night. The old man would go up to see what was wrong and then there would be hell to pay!" Perhaps it had colic and be down and not able to get up. The whole family would have to*

push on one side as it struggled to rise. Once on its feet, it would have to be dosed with something: sometimes hot beer with ginger. We would back it into a stall and put a rope over a beam and we would proceed to give it the remedy . . . . . (as described before). . . . Of course, this usually took place in the early hours in the morning by the light of a hurricane lamp. I also remember having to wheel a hell of a lot of barrow loads of manure up a plank and over a stonewall every Saturday morning. Can you understand why I don't like horses? I was only 12 when we left there.

One funny thing I can remember is chasing all the stray calves, etc., into the White's yard and having a rodeo riding the calves (big ones). The skin on a calf or cow moves about and when they go, then stop, suddenly the skin slips forward or sideways and off you go. They are good at not stepping on you when you are on the ground.

Last year, when I went to see Ron White, we were laughing about those days.

We visited Clunes occasionally to see the George Bingham family and also the Weichardts. We called Mrs. Jake Weichardt Aunt. We climbed her mulberry tree and ate her mulberries. Her house was cool after the hot drive to Clunes. Her niece, Katy Patience, always looked after us very well and was very pleasant to us. Auntie Jakey was a very correct old lady who taught us German words and phrases although she was Scotch by birth. She had married the baker in Clunes and absorbed his culture. She had a bun of grey hair, wore a black dress and had a white crocheted collar and a gold brooch. She played the piano and sang in a contralto voice (low range). I remember Carl Weichardt, a tinsmith in Clunes. He had quite a large family and one of his boys had curls.

Figure 9 - Studio photo of Jess and Tom

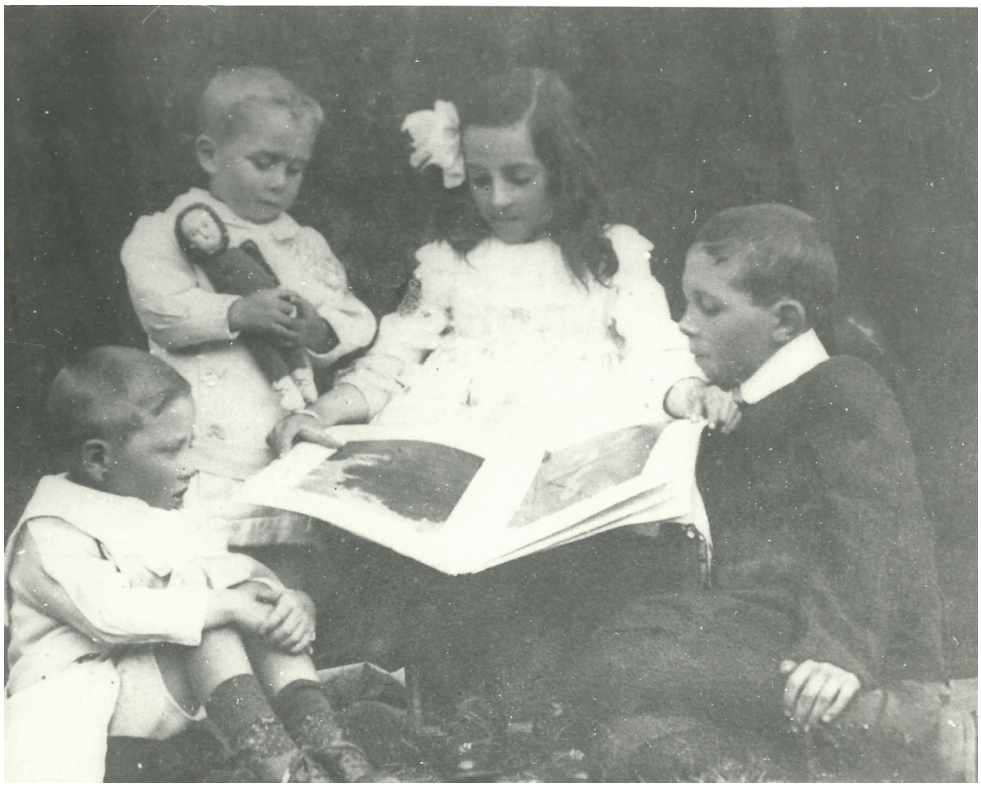

Figure 10 - Studio photo of Jess reading a book while Tom, Dave and Allen look on.

Figure 11 - Tom (Author) reading a book.

Chapter 2

My early days in Melbourne

When I was young I tended to be sickly and spent a lot of time with my Grandmother Murray and the Murray family. I can just remember Grandfather Murray, a very old man with a walking stick and very bent, I remember Grandmother Murray quite well. I had heard as a small child that George Murray was brought out from Scotland or England to erect and start the Port Phillip Battery in Clunes, Victoria. There was also a story about Grandfather Murray that must have been passed down through my family that he had built the battery at one of the mines in Ballarat, He certainly was listed as a carpenter. If anyone reading this can enlighten the Bingham family as to the facts of George's life in Clunes, it would be appreciated. There was also a story about him making a lot of money, that he drove around Clunes in a two horse carriage, was reputed to be a gambler and that he lost his money in the collapse of the Butte Gold Mines, (presumably, but correct me if I am wrong, the gold mines of Butte, Montana, U.S.A) . There are many such tales in that time about men losing their money through gambling. It is also vague in my head as to when the Murray family came to Melbourne.

Grandfather Murray was my mother's father. George Murray was born in Carlisle, England, in 1826 and died 6th July, 1908, at 376 Madeline Street, Balaclava, aged 82 years. When he was 34 he married Jessie Patience who was 18 years old. She had been born in Fortrose, Scotland, and had come to Australia when she was 9 years old. She died at May Street, Preston, 16th of June, 1907, age 65 years. Both are buried in an unmarked plot (Methodist 752, seat 1) in the Melbourne General Cemetery. At the time of George Murray's death he was survived by: Mary Isabella - 45; Janet Patience - 43; Elizabeth - 41; Margaret Patience - 39 (my mother); George James - 36; John (deceased); William John - 30; David Patience - 27; James Patience (deceased); May -24th.

[Keith Murray, Uncle Tom's cousin on the Murray side, sent him the following exert from a newspaper of George Murray's notice of the funeral of his son, James Patience. Keith Murray had done some investigation of the Murray and Patience side of the family. Other exerts of other members of the Murray and Patience history can be found in the Appendix.]

Murray The friends of Mr. George Murray are respectfully invited to follow the remains of his beloved youngest son, James Patience, to the place of internment, The Melbourne General cemetery. The funeral is appointed to leave his residence, "Sunnyside West St.# Preston, today (Monday) 1st August, 1904 at 2:30 pm.

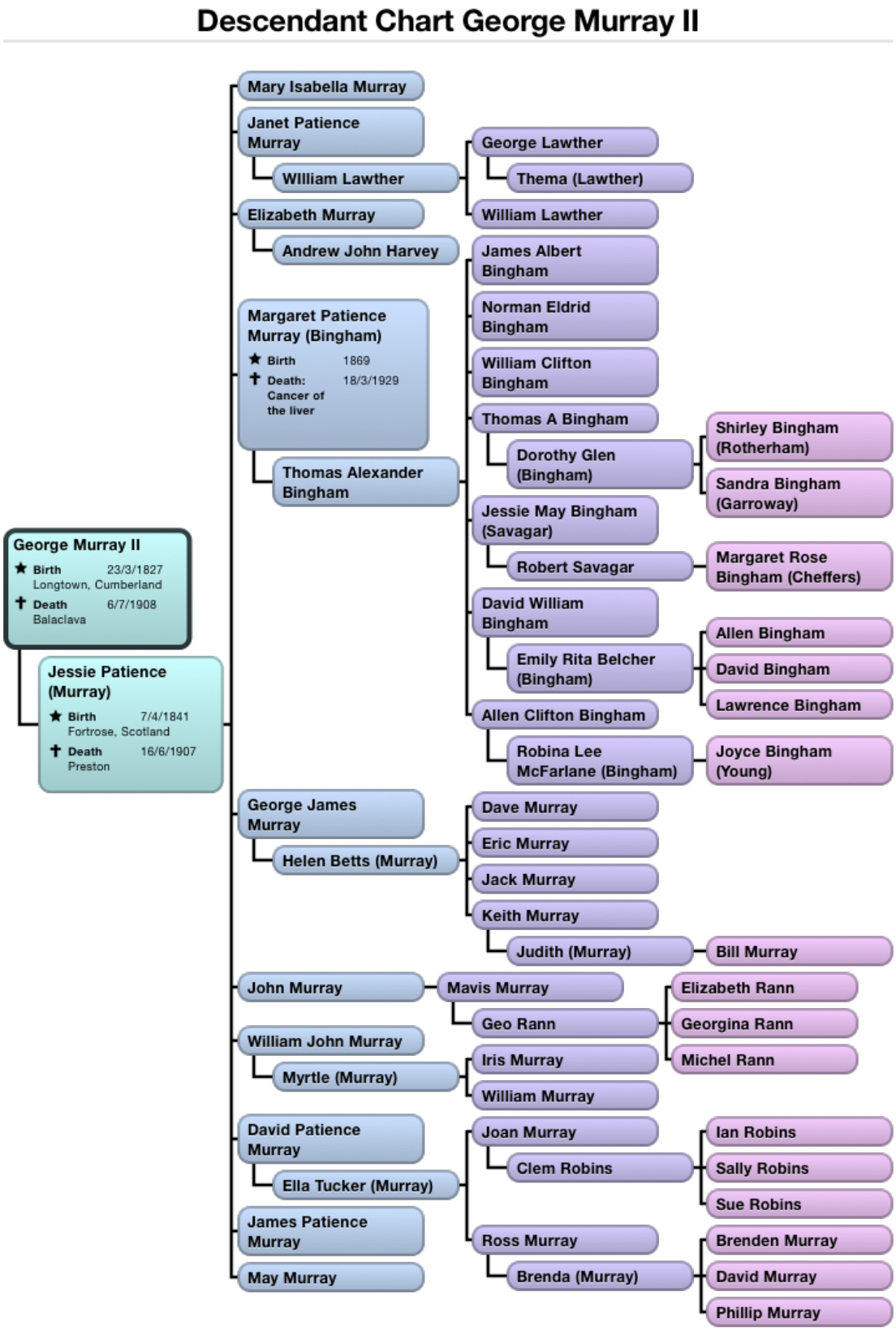

Figure 12 - George Murray and Jessie Patience Murray Family Tree

I think I started school at Preston and I had to walk quite a distance. We lived in May Street, which was a private street, and the street had a big white gate onto the main road. Grandmother Murray used to come down to the gate and carry home my school bag. They lived in a big house named "Sunny Side" and it had wide steps up the front to two sandstone lions at the top. I used to climb on the lions and come off with yellow sandstone dust all over my trousers. The house was big as it had a ballroom with a stage on the end. It had a tennis court and large garden, also a glass conservatory full of exotic potted plants and ferns. All the verandas were tiled in a floral pattern. We had lots of fowl houses, ducks, ponies, etc. On Sunday mornings Bill and Dave used to ride the ponies over hurdles. I can remember the poultry thieves about Christmas. About once a year the family had a ball in the ballroom. I don't know how they got the music, but I remember a disc gramophone.

The household consisted of Grandmother, Mary, Liz, May, Janet, and at times also Bill and Dave. Bill worked as a grocer at Ree's, Dave worked at George Robinson's, booksellers. Liz worked at the Grand Hotel (now the Windsor Hotel). I can't remember where May worked. Mary kept house for them. She was the eldest and was a big, strong woman. She had been a nurse with Dr. Rose, an old Melbourne doctor. In those days doctors made up their own prescriptions. Aunt Mary had a love for flowers and, in turn, I think they loved her because she grew lovely cyclamen and other plants. When all the family had gone to work she would go out amongst her plants and this was her method of relaxing.

My nickname was Tuck. I remember Liz taking me into the City to the Grand Hotel where she worked. I slept in her room for a few nights and played on the floor when she was below working. She had a room with a balcony near the top, I had my first taste of ice cream there. The maid brought it up. The electric light fittings were made of crockery, and a switch cover was broken. I put my finger in and got my first electric shock.

A big thing once a year was the fire brigade torchlight procession. It started at the Eastern Hill fire station and came down Gisborne Street, then turned down Bourke Street. We were all assembled on Aunt's balcony to see it come down the hill. I could not look over the concrete balcony rail so I leaned out of a hole in the fancy work under it. I got an awful fright when I nearly fell out.

Those were the days when all the wealthy and distinguished people of Melbourne were in the foyer below Aunt Liz's cash office. It was her job to know who could pay by cheque and who had to pay cash. It took some tact not to offend people.

The Murrays and Jim and Jack Harvey had a house in Archringa Crescent, Black Rock, down the bay past Sandringham. We used to take the train to Sandringham and then a horse tram along the beach road to Black Rock. This tram went on to Beaumaris. The road was all loose sand and, at times, the tram ran off the line owing to the sand being higher than the rails. The driver took the two horses off the front of the tram and led them back to the rear where he harnessed them, and in that way the tram was pulled back onto the tracks In later years I had a ride on the first bus in that area. It was a Commer 2-cylinder and had solid rubber tyres. It had high seats and a canvas roof and side curtains The noise and rattling were terrific. It was impossible to talk during the trip to Sandringham. I spent a lot of time at this house. The beach and pier were just down the track.

Bill and Dave Murray and two Harvey brothers were among the original members of the Brighton Yacht Club (I think Dave was treasurer or secretary). I can remember their yacht, “Eric”, and being taken out sailing, and the thrill when

the yacht laid over on a tack. They belonged to the Brighton Yacht Club and Jimmy Douglas used to skipper the boat in races. I remember Frank Beaurepaire giving instructions in resuscitation of the apparently drowned at Brighton Baths. He was a great swimmer. Later be became Sir Frank and founded the Olympic Tyre Co. and was Lord Mayor of Melbourne.

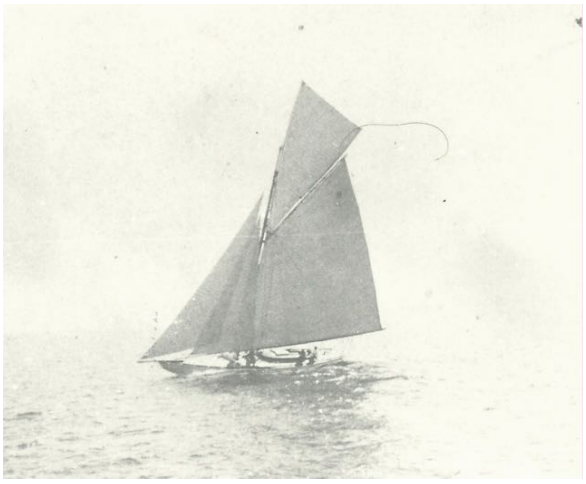

Figure 13 -"Eric"

Chapter 3

Back to Allendale

One thing I must relate. I used to go for trips on the furniture van with my father. I remember going to Warrnambool and that was considered a long trip. We used to travel 30 miles a day as the horses walked most of the way, and we used to get out and walk also to get warm. The roads were rough gravel, no bitumen. I remember one time having to cut a steak for Rover, the dog, off a dead horse on the side of the road.

I will try to describe a trip from Ballarat to Warrnambool. First, you must remember there were no bitumen roads and no motor transport. All horse traffic went on gravel roads. It was considered good going to travel 30 miles a day for the furniture van. Father and I spent hours of our time walking alongside the van to keep warm especially if there was cold wind blowing across the Skipton Plains. This trek had many miles of single width gravel road and the horses seldom got out of a walk. Any transport that wanted to pass could be seen one half hour before we met and, most likely, they would stop for a chat on the road conditions, etc. I made the trip about the year 1907. The sugar gum plantations on the roadside had just been planted and a hedge of prickly Acacia at the base of the trees gave great shelter to cattle. We used to camp at night against the hedges. Everything was primitive. During the midday rest period for the horses, we stopped by a stream crossing the road and we had a large bucket of water, which we gave the horses to drink and put nosebags on. At the night stop, we stopped by a stream or horse trough (all hotels had a horse trough outside.) We would put rugs on the horses and tether them to the wagon. The horses were always our first consideration. We usually slept on the seat of the van if it was raining. You did not take your clothes off, only boots and socks. In the morning, we would quickly put on our shoes and socks and have a quick wash in the cold water. Putting water on the back of your neck certainly make sure that you were really awake to begin the rest of the journey. Breakfast could be 2 fried eggs with a round of pork German that was a big sausage object like a huge sausage. Pieces were cut off and fried with the eggs. We made toast on the fire and had some tea, and that was it. Father ate a lot of onions, as if he were eating apples. At the night stop we ate potatoes. As soon as we had harnessed the horses to the van, we would continue on our way. I can see now miles of straight, narrow gravel road and hear the steel tires of the van pummeling and grinding as we went along. The roads were not graded then and, if we came to a small steep hill, we had to help the horses by grasping the spokes of the back wheels and bearing down to help the horses up the hill. Don't forget that we would travel 30 miles a day on a gravel road surface and very few people on the road. I remember we had a dog named Rover, who used to pick fights with some of the settlers dogs on the way.
I also made a trip to Tabilk, near Shepparton, and once to Bendigo. I had to lead the horses to the trough for a drink and, when they saw the water, they walked over me and gave me a fright since I was quite small. I remember staying a rainy night at a hotel in Tallarook. People can't imagine travelling 30 miles a day on gravel roads these days. At Anthony's Cutting, near Bacchus Marsh, the teams used to wait for each other to arrive, then they would hitch two teams to one wagon and take it to the top, then leave that at the top and walk both teams down to take the other one up. My job was to carry a big stone, and if the horses wanted to stop on the hill, I had to put the stone behind the wheel. I had to be careful not to get my fingers between the wheel or they would get crushed. We

stopped the night at the Wool Pack Inn on the bank of the Lerderberg River. It was a stone structure, all whitewashed inside, with green and blue murals painted on the inside walls. It had been decorated by travelling people. It is a heap of stones on the side of the river now.

Allendale went down rapidly when the mines closed down. The people left and there were a lot of empty houses, all timber. Someone would light one at one end of the town and then light another at the other end of town to see the fire brigade run from one fire to the other. The town of Allendale almost disappeared as people sold and moved away or went on local land when the mines stopped, mostly caused by water at great depths. I remember the day the auctioneer sold off all our property in Allendale when my father decided to go to Leeton, N.S.W. For a start he was thinking of going to Maffra to grow sugar beets, but later decided to grow fruit and grapes, etc. in the Murrumbidgee irrigation area. He traveled north to Leeton first to select block 160 that was 53 acres in the Stoney Point area. He came back to Allendale and drove the lorry and three horses up to Leeton, about 350 miles. This was quite a feat in those days. That was early in 1912, I think.

Chapter 4

Other Experiences in Melbourne

After the place was sold. Mother and all of us kids went to Melbourne. I stayed at Roseleigh, a house near the Merri Station in lower Northcote. This house had a big yard and it was full of roses. Bill Lawther lived with us and he used to hold a mouth organ in his mouth while he played the piano and mouth organ at the same time.

I went to Separation Street School and also Sunday School in High Street, Northcote. I can remember only two things in Northcote. One was a German mechanical band near the school. The band was mounted on a long lorry and drawn by two very fat and well groomed horses. There were two men with it, both dressed in leather aprons and braces with a feather in their hats, Tyrollean style. There was a handle attached to a wheel on the side. One man turned the handle, which worked all the band instruments and provided the music. The other man took the box around for donations from the audience.

The other experience was different. Bill Murray had a grocer's shop at the foot of Rucker's Hill, and the cable trams passed by the door. Once when I was on the tram I rang the bell for the tram to stop so I could get off, but it didn't stop. So I jumped off. When I hit the ground, I rolled over a couple of times, got up, dusted myself and was okay, but it taught me to learn how to get on and off while they were moving. The idea was to stand on the bottom step, hang on with the right hand and start running before you touched the ground. They did not travel very fast. When the cable trams first began to run there were no mandatory stops, and the tram stopped anywhere a passenger was standing on the track or anywhere a person wanted to get off. Later they marked the stops.

I remember there was a small pox scare and we had to be vaccinated before we went to Leeton. People wore yellow armbands so their sore arms would not be jostled.

Chapter 5

Leeton

Written on September 1st, 1981.

Now on this day in 1912 we left Melbourne for Leeton. It was Wattle Day. I can't remember the train trip to Leeton very well, but we had to get out of the Melbourne to Sydney train at Junee Junction about 2:30 am and get a horse cab to a hotel for a few hours sleep and then catch the western mail train about 8:30 am. I think my father met us at Yanco station and took us to Leeton, which was at that time a town of tents and bag huts. I remember a bank in a tent. We went to buy vegetables and fruit at a bag hut. These huts were built of a frame of pine saplings, and had an iron roof; grain bags were cut open and nailed onto a frame.

Our block. Block 160, Brobenah, was about 8 miles North of the town. When we arrived we had a tent, the usual V-shaped roof and fly, and off this a sapling frame covered with bags and an iron roof. We had no rainwater and we used to put square kerosene tins on a sled and take it to the irrigation canal and bring a load of water. To stop the water from splashing out on the way back, we had pieces of timber, almost the size of the tin, floating on top of the water. This kept most of the water in. When we ran out of water, it was necessary to go down and bring up a bucket full.

Our immediate neighbours were South - Goreys, North - McCormacks, East - Evans, and a long way down at the end of the block. West - Clarke. One day we were away and when we arrived home the hut we cooked and ate in was on fire. It had a stove with a flue through the roof. A bit of fire must have escaped and up went our bag hut. This sent the tent we slept in up in flames also and we had to speed up the building of a shed we later lived in. Some clothes were also burned. We had a drainage channel on the Southern boundary.

Our first job after the fire destroyed our dwelling was to make a stable for the horses. This was made of big cypress posts put in the ground and covered with the off cuts from the sawmill. These were half round on one side with the bark still on and flat on the other side where the log was sawn off. This material was the only wood we used in the dwelling in which we later lived.

The farm was a failure as far as the purpose for which it was built was concerned. We were to grow oranges, peaches, apricots and vines. There was only about a foot of soil and a hard clay pan underneath the topsoil. This hard area defied penetration of water or roots of plants; also the soil area was variable. At the front of the block the topsoil was about one foot deep, at the back it ran right out with the clay on the surface. When it was irrigated, it set as hard as a brick, and on ploughing came up in big blocks, which took much rolling, etc. to break up. We grew maize and I had to turn the machine, which tore the maize seed off the cob. That was a tough job for a kid. I remember when we sold this processed maize we did not get a good price because they said the seed was too damp. The machine had to be turned by one person, me, and my sister Jessie used to put the cobs in.

Another back breaking job we did a few years later was harvesting the oats. We hired a stripper (not a girlie one) and this was a big box with a comb in front and a beater over the combs. It was pulled by two horses. The driver sat high on one side and had to adjust the box with combs to suit the height of the

crop. As the comb went forward, the grain heads went into the comb and the beaters spun around and bashed the grain out of the straw and knocked it into the box. When the box was full of grain, chaff, etc., it was taken to a comer of the paddock where the bags were laid on the ground and the back of the box was opened and the grain raked out. When the field was finished there was a big heap of this mixture. And we had to pray hard that it did not rain. The next job was to separate grain from rubbish. This was done by a machine called a winnower. This gadget had to be turned by hand, and was it a killer for a kid. I was not much over 12, but I had to do it. The machine had sieves and blowers and one person had a big shovel and he shoveled the mixture into the top of the machine. The chaff was blown away with the straw particles also and the grain fell to the bottom and was bagged. This was done at about 100 degrees in the shade, but there was no shade. If one turned too fast the grain flew away, if turned too slowly it wasn't clean enough.

The block was No. 160, Stony Point area, 53 acres. There was no school for about 12 months after we arrived. Then a school was started on a small hill above the irrigation area. It was called the Brobenah Public School and the teacher was Mr. S. C. Small, a very fine man. He was not married and boarded at Clark's, some distance behind our place. He used to walk to school each morning, usually with Alma Clark who was lame owing to a polio attack. More of Mr. Small later.

Block 160 had scattered big gum trees across it and these had to be removed. The system was to dig around the tree enough to form a dam, AND then fill the dam with irrigation water. When this soaked in, we had to dig under one side of the tree and cut the taproot. Sometimes they could be pulled over with horses, other times a few plugs of gelignite would bring them down. Once they had been cut down, I would have to get on one end of the crosscut saw and help to cut the tree to moveable sizes. These logs were then rolled by horse power onto a big heap and set on fire. My father always marveled at the ease of burning after his early experience in Gippsland where the timber would not burn. The land was cleared and most of the roots were pulled out and then the ground was ploughed with a mud board plough. It was harrowed and then had to be leveled a bit. We had a timber gadget, which looked like a big gate frame, made from about 9x3 timber on edge, square with three cross pieces across the centre.

Figure 14 - Farm Block

Figure 15 - Brobenah School in 1982

It would be about 25 feet high and 8 feet wide. On pulling this across the ground, the hills would get caught in the cross pieces and the soil would get dropped in the hollows. We usually had three horses to pull it. The driver stood on a board across the top and it was a rough ride.

When the soil was level, we had irrigation channels across the high side of the block. In this channel there were water stops opposite each bay. The water would bank up in the channel and an opening in the bank would let the water flood out on the land on the high side. In theory the water should have run down the paddock evenly, but in practice it took the lowest route. It became necessary to put small banks in its way to make it run over the high spots. Now I must point out that once the watering was started it had to be carried on until it was finished. This usually took four days and nights. One had to accept the job of carrying a shovel and lantern and walking about in water on a freezing night until his feet were numb with cold. We usually had about one hour of sleep, and then we would begin again. It was a hell of a life! ! When it rained the roads were just clay, and some roads were high on a canal side and sloping towards a ditch and thus the sulky would slide down into it.

We had a mail delivery run by Millie Doyle, and she should have received the Victoria Cross for driving along those roads on a dark, wet night, sitting in the rain and pulling up at each roadside letter box with parcels, papers and letters.

Life on the farm at Leeton was rough in the extreme. In the winter we had frosts and fogs. I have seen all the shrubs and high weeds and grass weighed down with frost hanging like icicles, and when we were ploughing the fog would lift perhaps before sundown and we could see how much had been ploughed during the day. Our hands used to crack with the cold and we used to mix lard and sulphur to put on them.

Opposite our place was Evans farm, and they had pigs running loose in a paddock. On walking past on a frosty morning, we could see perhaps a dozen pigs lying in a heap with a layer of frost on them. Evans used to plant a field of artichokes and, when they were ready, he turned the pigs in to root them out and what a mess they made!

During the summer it was the opposite. It was hot as hell for weeks on end, the sun rose over some low hills in the East and beat down all day. It would set over the horizon in the evening, and then the mosquitoes would arrive. We used to use Citronella on them. We had some terrific dust storms. A black mass could be seen forming, and everyone would rush to close all the doors and windows. The fowls would go to roost and the sun would disappear and, if you were caught out in it, you could lose your way and could wander anywhere not

knowing where you were. When it passed, there would be a thick layer of dust on everything.

I must mention the mice plagues. The mice came in tens of thousands. I can remember my bed suspended by ropes from the rafters and the mice digging into the pillows when I was in bed. We used all sorts of traps and poison. We used to buy strychnine, a very poisonous substance, which was a pink crystal. We put it in some paper and ground it fine with a flat iron and mixed it with flour. We poisoned thousands. Other traps were made over a kero tin partly filled with water. They were of a seesaw type with a piece of cheese or bacon on the end; when the mouse walked out to get the bait, the wood tipped up and the mouse went into the water to be drowned. Other variations were a bottle or tin with baits tied on; when the mouse jumped onto the tin, it rolled over and the mouse was caught inside. We put hay stacks on short posts and covered them with tin so they could not climb, but they got in. At night there was just a moving mass of mice. The cold weather seemed to kill them off.

I used to spend a lot of time hoeing around trees and vines. The ground was hard and my back would feel as though it had broken when I knocked off. This brings to mind another job, swabbing vines. To keep the vines healthy, it was necessary to get a piece of rag and tie it on a stick, make a mixture of dilute sulphuric acid and sulphur of iron and swab the vines before the buds burst in Spring, I remember my trousers rotted off below the knees where the solution had been splashing on.

Our father was a mad person, always putting up fences. It was hard work. The posts we used were cypress pine, as the white ants and termites did not eat it. The posts had to be put into the ground about 2 feet deep and rammed at the bottom. The holes for the wire were 1/2 inch and, where the barbed wire went through the post, a one inch hole had to be bored in the post. This was hard work. To pull the barbs through the fence posts a horse pulled on a plain wire that was attached to the barb, when the horse moved forward the spool of barbwire spun around, but sometimes it got caught and one had to be careful not to get hooked. There was the usual barbwire on the top of the fence to prevent the horses leaning over the fence to get maize or something and pushing the fence over in the winter. You can almost imagine Old Tom, with a fence post on his shoulder, and young Tom, with another on his, walking down the paddock on a muddy morning to do a bit of fence repair. I know now where I got that bad back.

Another story about my father was that with thoughts of the Boer War he decided to get a few bags of flour and keep them in case of a food shortage during the War, so he brought home about five bags (these I suppose would have weighed about a cwt each} and put them in the shed. He stacked some superphosphate there also. Later on when he seeded a part of the paddock with the superphosphate and some of the crop did not start too well, he found out that he had used a bag of flour instead of the super, we had a lot of trouble with the mice before we used all that flour.

We had an irrigation channel up the front of the block to supply water to a vegetable garden. We planted mint to get a mint supply. The mint went mad and filled the channel, and we used to have to dig it out from the bottom of the channel to get the water through, we had a crop of watermelons one year, as people used to buy them.

There was an experimental tobacco farm about a mile away and the students used to come over. They were hired to pick the ripe ones. One night someone came and dug holes in a lot of the watermelons looking for ripe ones,

and they rotted. We had cucumbers, both long ones and apple varieties, but they were hard to sell because everyone already had their own. We had a good crop of pumpkins, and I remember my father taking a lorry load to Yanco for the Sydney market. We used to feed pigs on pumpkin, but they have to be given grain also. There was an ostrich farm in the area and they were kept for their feathers, which grow under their little wings and stick out above their leg. Sometimes one or two would get out of their enclosure and there would be an absolute ruckus with the horses going mad and the dogs barking frenetically and chasing them.

I had better describe our house. It was a gable ended structure supported by poles put in the ground; onto this was built a lean to which housed the kitchen and stove at one end and my bed at the other. The floor was hard sack. The main section at the other end of the structure was without a floor; a curtain was the division. The frame was made of round cypress poles and the outside was covered with the offcuts from cypress logs from the sawmill. As these were irregular, a thin board was nailed over the crack on the inside to keep most of the wind out. It was not a solid wall as there were still plenty of cracks and holes and I remember that articles left on the kitchen table were known to blow off when it was a very windy day. Mother did the washing in a tub outside, bailing clothes in buckets. Our stove was a cast iron thing on four legs, wood fired, and the flue went through the roof. Our lighting was a kerosene hanging lamp over the table and other "kero" lamps in other places. This was our abode until we left. We had horse stables, a tool shed with forge and a machinery shed.

I remember when the clothesline was a wire stretched between two trees and it had to sag quite a bit to get the clothes pinned on. A necessary part of the washing, etc., was the clothes prop. This was a long, thin part of a sapling with a fork at the thinnest end formed by a small limb branching off to form a Y. Thus, the fork end was put on the clothesline and the stick was pushed almost upright, holding the wet clothes up off the ground to dry. Clothes props, as they were known, were sold by people going from door to door and piles of them could be seen in the corner of any wood yard.

The tragedy of the Murrumbidgee acres was that on the Government's expert advice we planted Elberta peaches and they were no good for canning, being too soft to stand mechanical handling. Elbertas, being freestones, had a red centre and this boiled out and spoiled the colour of the syrup. In the first year of the cannery, the peaches were weighed in and then taken to a quarry and dumped. The odour and the flies from this waste were terrific. We were told to plant Doradillo grapes, which were a brandy grape, but there was no distillery for miles. The lucky ones packed their grapes into boxes and took them to the rail at Yanco, 10 miles away. An iron truck was lined with a tarpaulin and the grapes were tipped in.

When I was about 13, World War I started. You must remember that communications were bad in those days no TV, no radio. The newspapers were our only source of news and they were always one day late since they had to come by train. So news of the big battles fought came slowly. I remember reading of the almost fall of Paris, the landing at Gallipoli and the Armistice. When the news of the Armistice came by telegraph, it was announced locally by a chap riding a motor bike with a big tin tied to the back of the bike and making a hell of a row, and the chap shouting, The War is over! The War is over!. It took some time to filter out to us but, like everyone else, we yoked our horse into our sulky and went quickly into the town to find out more about this wonderful news.

The main things I can remember about the First World War were the farewell parties to say goodbye to chaps who had joined up, and later on to welcome home parties when they returned. They were always held in the school,

which had two rooms, and a fireplace where a big fire would be burning, as winter nights were wet and very cold and people came from long distances. My father was a kind hearted man when someone else did the work. Many times I had to go long distances in the cold and rain to pick up someone, then get out of bed at 2 or 3 a.m. to take them home. The women supplied the supper, and what a supper! A big copper basin used for washing clothes was used to supply boiling water for the tea, which would be made in a huge teapot and the coffee, which would be made of ground coffee beans. The ground beans would be put in an open muslin bag and put in the boiling water and someone would have to decide how much salt was put in also. I can't remember who was Master of Ceremonies and who called the movements of the set dances. My father would play the accordion and Mick Collins the violin. That was the music. I can only remember people like Ralph Gavel and his brother and also Ozzie Doyle being at some of these gatherings.

My mother used to be a very keen helper in the Red Cross and they used to have market days in Leeton, The farmers had no money so they used to donate so I had to kill them on the Friday before Saturday Market Day and clean and dress them to be sold at the stall. The pigs were the hardest to kill. I used to shoot them between the eyes with a 2.2 cal. bullet and stick the knife into the vein before they stopped kicking. This was to get the blood out of the flesh. They were then put in hot water tins. Scrapers were used to scrape the hair out. This water had to be the right temperature otherwise the hair would not come out. Too hot was as bad as too cold. The fowl got a quick treatment-heads off, dipped in hot water, and off came the feathers. The pigs and sheep were left hanging until next morning and then cut up in suitable sizes for sale.

About this time I met Henry Lawson, A friend of mine used to work in a wood yard that was supplying firewood cut to lengths. I was in the town one day and he said he had a delivery to Jim Gordon's place, which is where Henry Lawson lived. I helped to unload the wood and had a little talk with Lawson. He was a bit deaf and a hard man to get money from.

During the War we had a big drought and there were thousands of rabbits out on the dry area, and they could see the green grass along the main canal bank but could not get it because of the rabbit proof fence along the canal. They used to run into a corner and there would be so many of them that they would climb up on each other's backs, making a tall enough mound for some to be able to hop over the fence. At times there would be a moving mass of rabbits. People used to rush in with heavy sticks and kill them by the hundreds.

We had a bush fire in this area once and it was bad. I helped to put it out. There were leaves and bark built up around the tree and one had to wait until this burned, then get in and bash the grass between the trees. The fire went through a paddock where the horses and cows were kept. The manure caught fire and smoldered, and the smoke got in one’s eyes, mouth and nose. It was most unpleasant.

We had a swine fever epidemic. This is a most contagious disease and it killed a lot of pigs. They had to be burned where they died to keep the crows from carting the virus over a large area. I remember Sam Alexander borrowing my rifle one day and shooting all his pigs and then burning them.

I remember my first shot out of a 12-gauge shotgun. The cockatoos and parrots used to attack corn cobs, One day I got my father s gun and had a shot at the parrots having a feast on our maize paddock, but I did not hold the gun right on my shoulder and when I fired the kickback nearly knocked me over.

We used to go down to the Murrumbidgee River and camp at times, and the aborigines would dance a Corroboree for us. It used to worry my mother that they had so little to wear, she went around the settlers in our area and collected some clothes for them. The settlers did not have much, but they gave things they did not want. Among this collection of clothes were some Hucker Back Waistcoats. These were made of a white, coarse, woven material on which was embroidered in thick cotton various designs and colours like tapestry. The clothes were brought to the camp and tipped out of the chaff bags they were in and you can imagine the scramble. For quite a long time some of the big black men were seen in fancy waistcoats and little else. It used to fascinate me watching how aboriginals used to dive under logs in the river and spear Murray cod and catfish. I have seen two aborigines going down the river in a canoe with a small fire burning on some soil in the centre to save them from rubbing sticks to start a fire when they stopped. The aborigines used to roll up in a blanket, clothes and all, and sleep on the ground. When it rained they had a frame of a hut made of sticks and they put the blankets over it to keep the rain out. The aboriginal camp was on the North Yanco Sheep Station, which was owned by Sir Samuel McCaughey, the man who gave the money to start the Legacy Club. He also gave a huge amount to buy the old battleship, Australia.

I was at the auction sale in North Yanco when that sheep station was sold. I went down to the North Yanco homestead the day the sale was in progress. In a rubbish heap I found a magnet from an old telephone used at a time when a handle had to be turned to start and stop a conversation. I had lots of fun giving people electric shocks working the magnet and experimenting with it. I remember going into a shed to get some lunch and seeing kerosene tins of tea and a tin mug with a piece of timber tied on the handle to dip tea out of the "kero" tins, I got a big buttered bun and a tin mug full of black tea, then walked around the house and marveled at the history going under the hammer. I saw the huge pumps, which were used to flood large areas of country during drought times.

I remember a small thing at school. The verandah had a long seat along the wall. The seat was made of a number of pieces of 2 x 1 Oregon timber spaced apart. Over the years the paint wore off and the grain became exposed. A small kid was sliding along the seat one day and got a big splinter in the fleshy part of his seat. He made a hell of a row so Mr. Small asked Alex Campbell and me to remove it. We took the boy's pants down in the washroom and Alex held him while I removed the splinter. To our delight the boy lived. My father managed to get a straight pine pole, which he topped with a pulley on the top and mounted it in the schoolyard, and we were able to salute the flag on Monday mornings. My mother broke out the flag on the first Monday.

My father bought a greyhound bitch at a pub in Witten, a place about 10 miles west of our town. We had not had the dog for long when it ran off and went back to Witten. I was sent down on a pushbike to bring it back. A mate, Eddie Collins, came with me. We did not follow the roads but went straight across the open country, but even so it was almost sundown when we got there. Well, we retrieved the dog and I tied it to a chain, which I attached under the seat of the bike and started back home. The dog refused to budge, so Eddie had to get behind it and kick it. It ran from side to side and almost pulled me off the bike. Can you imagine the trip home, 10 miles in the moonlight across country finding our way by clumps of trees, etc. Gee, I was tired and hungry when we arrived home. It escaped again later, but we did not go and get it again. The chap more than likely sold it again later and perhaps many times.

I must mention the neighbours in the Stoney Point area. This area was thrown open for settlement by the NSW Government on a Perpetual Lease basis. With this kind of lease one did not buy the land but paid rent, but one could sell any improvements. Thus, it did not require too much money to take up a lease. This system attracted a lot of people from many places and callings from all over Australia. The Water Conservation and Irrigation Commission (WC&IC) had all sorts of experts to show the new settlers how to do things. Many of these experts I did not know how, either, and it was a case of the blind leading the blind. I will try and list our neighbours and where they came from and what their trades were.

Goreys. They were a large family from the Riverina used to the extremes of temperature we experienced in Leeton: summer dry and very hot but with cool nights; winter wet and cold during the day and below freezing nights. Mrs Gorey was a big, kind woman and the family, from what I can remember, consisted of Herb, Harry, Millie, Myrtle, Vera, Allen, Nellie, They had cows. We held church on their verandah until our church was built.

Evans, across the road, came from Sydney, I think.

Deimie Larkin, unmarried, had a farm, later bought by Fred Moore.

Charlie McCormack. Came from Broken Hill. Was an engine driver at the mine and a good father, Sam Alexander. Ship's Engineer, a chap with a good block near McNeil's Bridge.

Dumonts. Went to Newcastle.

Jim Smith. School teacher at Fareborough School. He had a hobby of breeding Border Leicester sheep.

I had a funny experience one day at his place. He had some cattle running on a dry area block and one cow got a leg badly cut on the barbed wire. Clyde Beale brought it in to see if Jim could heal it, but the blood poisoning had got into its system and made it mad and it would charge anything at all. We tried to lasso it, but could not get the rope over its horns and around its neck. We drove it into a lane with a gate at the end. There was no wire in the side fences leading to the gate, so I walked through the weeds to open the gate and the cow charged me. I immediately ran to get out of its way and fell as it went past, the rope trailing. I grabbed the rope and was dragged across a newly ploughed orchard over big clods of earth, my trousers scooping up the earth as I went. At last the cow came to a fence and it was puffing and so was I. We managed to get the rope around a fence post, and then chased the cow. When the rope went slack, we kept taking it up until there was no more room in which the animal could charge. We dressed the wound, but the poor cow was too far gone. We put it in a paddock with lucerne hay, but Clyde shot it next day. That was quite a battle while it lasted.

Below Jim Smith's place were the three Barker brothers. Dick was one, and Arthur and Norman lived a short distance around the corner. Old Mr Barker was in a wheelchair. Cecile was the only girl, I think. I remember one of the boys letting a small snake out of a bottle one day on the verandah and it made for the only cover, the wheelchair. The old chap had to be lifted out of the chair and moved away until they could put the snake back in the bottle again.

I remember a sad scene at the start of the War War I seeing Mother and Father Barker saying goodbye to their three sons who were going off to war. Dick received a permanent wound near his heart a bullet that at the time could not be removed. Arthur came back in good condition and Norman also. The Barkers owned the first flourmill in Sydney.

Nigel. Represented Australia in an early Olympic Games as a runner.

Big Brock and Wallace Brock and daughter, Madge, had a very nice orchard.

Ken Miller, Gavels, Ross, Reids, Doyles, Campbells. Clarks. Bill Collins, Mick Collins (no relation}, Beales, Youngs. I visited the Doyles one very hot day. They had two girls, named Millie and Beattie, and a son, Ozzie. Beattie asked me, "Would you like a lemon drink?" I said, "Yes" So she picked a lemon from a tree, cut it in half crossways, put the skin side in her mouth and closed her teeth, and out shot the lemon juice into a glass. It was the first and last time I ever saw a lemon really squeezed.

Figure 16 - Tom in front of Cubby house

Figure 17 –Hut where Tom lived where his friends congregated as a club

Chapter 6

Staying behind in Leeton

In those days Leeton was a close knit community but there was much dissatisfaction on a lot of blocks in the settlement, and the Government set up a Royal Commission to enquire into the trouble. Judge Dethridge presided and the lawyer for the settlers was Mr. Pike, QC. He was paid by a levy from the settlers. The result was that some settlers received compensation. We received $750 and were able to sell the improvements. A chap from England named Faulk bought our place and Father and Mother, Jess, Dave and Allen went back to Melbourne. This would be about 1920. I stayed behind and boarded at Moore's and worked at Dick Barker's.

The Fred Moore family consisted of Mr and Mrs Moore, Eddie, Emily and Austin at that time. Freddie came later. They came from the South Eastern South Australian Narracoorte area. Mrs. Moore was a bright and lively person, and Emily was a nice girl. I lived in a hut about 30 yards from the house and it became a sort of club for all the young blokes in the area. We bought the Bulletin, Smith's Weekly and other magazines and mucked about on push bikes and stayed out of trouble. Unfortunately, Fred Moore was used to bigger acres of wheat, etc., so they sold and left the area.

I had to find a new home and so I went to live with the Campbell's, about three miles down the road. I continued to work and manage Dick Barker's farm. I got to know the Campbell's very well. There were Mr. & Mrs. Campbell, Bill, Ruth, Bob, Jennie, Alex and Colin. (More about them later.) The house had a verandah all around it and I slept on the East side of it. The verandah was wide and, as we did not get rain from the East, I was okay; but the fogs were terrific. I used to wake up some mornings with a coat of droplets all over any part of me that was not covered. In the summer I saw the sun rise over the horizon until it set over the opposite horizon as a fiery ball.

The head of the household was Mr. Campbell, a man who had knocked about the big sheep stations in NSW and Queensland. He had been a surveyor's assistant in the back country and was a good teller of tales. He used to cut and blend his pipe tobacco. He bought plugs of dark and light and, having a tobacco cutter, he was able to cut and mix it to suit the seasons. In the winter the open fire never went out, and last thing at night some wood was added and covered with a piece of iron. There were always hot coals in the morning. They had milking cows and supplied cream to the Leeton Butter Factory. Mrs. Campbell and Jenny and Bill looked after the dairy part of the farm, and Alex worked on the farm.

Figure 18 - Campbell house

Figure 19 - Jennie Campbell

Colin attended school. Bob had belonged to the Fort at Thursday Island before the war and was sent to France in the Howitzer Battery. He returned and had a fruit farm at Yenda. Ruth was a nurse and later married a wheat farmer. We were a happy family. While I was still working at Barker's, Dick Barker decided to marry and came back from Sydney.

I had better describe Leeton in the early days. It consisted of a small stony hill standing out on a plain. Walter Burley Griffin, who designed the City of Canberra, designed the town of Leeton. There was a big Kurrajong Tree on the top and this was made the focal point of the town, which was designed as a wheel. The centre was on the top of the hill where the War Memorial is now and the roads radiated down from it. The main street was called Kurrajong Avenue. The street where all the shops were was called Pine Avenue. A big water tower was built on the hill to increase the water pressure.

Richard's was the big store, which sold everything. Ruhan and Thomas had a butcher shop made of mud bricks and it was very nice inside. Oscar Washington Barber & Shore built a car, but the engine was too far back. He had to back up the hill as the front wheels were so light on the ground he could not steer it. Cameron's had a blacksmith shop, and Alex Stewart was the blacksmith. He was a firstclass tradesman. That was before any arctolene gas was in use and there was no electric arc welding. Fred Thompson was there later.

The Leeton area was a "dry" area when it first became a town. The nearest pub was Narrandia, about 30 miles away. The thirsty people used to put in a bit of money and get a case of whisky between them, and then it was all out drinking until it was finished. Cameron's blacksmith shop could tell a few tales about this. The big time of the year was when the Cannery was working and many girls came up from Sydney for employment. It was wonderful for the boys.

When the butter factory opened, the first pound of butter was auctioned and a famous novelist bought this at the time Sir Ryder Haggard, author of King Solomon's Mines and other books. The Manager's name was Mr. Faconder and there is a story told about a local man, Paddy Maher, saying to the manager, "Give me a pound of butter." When Mr. Faconder gave him the butter, he went to his sulky, pulled the wheel half off and greased the axle with the butter, saying, "That is all it's good for!" Later the rail line came up to Leeton from Yanco.

I have not mentioned my chaff cutter days. The first money I earned was working on a chaff cutter for Charlie McCormack. When I got my first 25 shillings (about $5.00} for a week's work, it was paid to me by cheque. I had never had one before. I wrapped it in my hankerchief and on the way home I looked at it about three times to make sure I hadn't lost it. I gave it to Father and that was the end of it.

When I began to work on the chaff cutter, Charlie travelled all about our area to wherever there were haystacks. There were a lot of horses about then, and a lot of chaff was required to feed them. Charlie was an agent for John See in Sydney and he had a reputation for getting good prices for the chaff. In order to get a good sample, the hay had to be steamed a bit to make it cut evenly without shattering. When we first began cutting chaff we had a Sunshine petrol engine to drive the cutter and a vertical Boiler to supply the steam for the steamer. We had a lot of trouble with the single cylinder engine, magneto ignition, etc. The process was to dampen the hay with steam as it was going up a covered conveyor and the chaff cutter feeder put this into the feed rollers of the chaff cutter. Three blades attached to the spokes on a wheel spun past the hay and cut it off. It was then conveyed to the bagging section. The bags had to be filled very tightly; However, if they were filled too tightly, the bags would burst. One man did the lifting off of

the bags and he had to be fast to take the bag off, sew and stack it. Tom Seaton was the name of the fellow who did this job. Later we got a steam engine to drive the chaff cutter and supply steam. It was a Buffalo Pitt. We had a spectacular smash with it. I used to drive the engine and sharpen the knives, which were changed about every half hour. One time I was near the front of the engine and it seemed to falter, then the cross head broke, then the piston knocked the end out of the cylinder head and the broken bolts which held the cylinder head on flew past me and hit the wood heap like bullets. It took us some time to repair this. The boiler on the engine was not big enough to supply steam to the engine and steam the hay also. Particularly, if there was a cold wind blowing I had to have the boiler full of water and full of steam and a full fare on when we started, then I was flat out watching the steam pressure and the water gauge. If the water was getting low and the pump was working to put water in the boiler, the steam pressure would drop, the engine would slow down and the engine had to be stopped in order to put water in the boiler. A low water level would let the boiler tubes go dry and the fire would heat them and burst the boiler. I have had some anxious moments trying to keep the engine going until the knife change stop, which was about each half hour. I had to live with the chaff cutter when on this job, as I had to get up at 5:30 am to light up the fire box in the boiler to get steam up by 7:30 am. It was cold on a frosty morning. Some nights I could not sleep for mosquitoes. We used citronella sometimes. This did not work, so we had to get some oil out of the lubricating oil can and rub it on the face and arms to get some sleep, but we were a mess in the morning. Charlie McCormack was there also. I remember at one place the haystack was in a low corner of a paddock and it started to rain. The water came under our hut and we had to bring in logs and put them on the floor of the tent, then straw on top of them and our bedding on top. Some of the straw got down the cracks between the logs and the water soaked up and we had wet beds. It was a tough life for a 16 or 17 year old.

There is one tale I would like to tell. In our area there were three brothers named Street (later of ice cream fame): Eph, Charlie and Dan. Eph was married and Charlie and Dan lived together. It was usual for the farmer to provide meals for the engine driver (me) and the boss (Charlie McCormack). These Street boys used a lot of canned meat, fish, etc. and threw the empty cans outside the back door. The local stray cats used to go through the cans at night and make quite a noise. Charlie said he would put a stop to it. He put a big Mallee root inside the back door. The root had a long handle with a big knob at the bottom. When the cats were busy in the dark, he carefully opened the back door, lifted up the root by the handle and let fly. There was a hell of a noise. He had forgotten about the flywire door and he smashed it to pieces. I don't know who got the bigger shock, Dan or the cats. I met all sorts of people on that job, but they all had no money and were prepared to work for it.

Another thing that is worth recording was the community spirit. A church was wanted in the area. The WC&IC gave a piece of land at the back of the school, and a collection was taken for the material. A carpenter from Leeton came and put in the stumps. Then on a Saturday all the locals came with every tool they could muster. A builder from Leeton was there to supervise the proceedings (I think his name could have been Kinlock). Anyway, the church was built in a day. It was not lined and had a gable roof of rubber aid and was at a guess about 30 x 15 feet. The only amusing thing I can remember concerned Cecil Steer. He used to go to church with polished riding leggings and one day outside after the church service a dog came along and sniffed the leggings, lifted his leg and squirted. Everyone laughed except Cecil.

Another episode that happened was at the Barkers. They had some pigs in a paddock, about 30 I think. The Barkers were undecided as to whether to take them to the bacon factory at Yanco. The factory would hire for you a big box like conveyance in which to cart the pigs. It had big wheels on the back but the axle was bent down so the bottom of the box was only about one foot off the ground. This made it low enough to load the pigs onto the cart. It had very narrow, steel tyres. It was an awful job to get most of the pigs in it, and we did this by laying a trail of wheat up into the truck. Most of them followed this trail and then we put up the tailboard. We then had to catch the stragglers and put them in a spring cart. We managed this by putting the shafts in the air and rolling the pig over the tail board and pulling the shafts down, wheeling the pig to the truck and rolling it over the back end of the box cart. After spending so much time loading the pigs, it was too late to start for the factory, so we had to leave the pigs in the cart all night. We covered the cart over, etc., and put boiled wheat in for food. Next morning we harnessed the horses to the cart and began our trip to the factory, but we had driven it only a short distance when the wheels sank in the earth and the body of the cart was resting on the ground. We tried several ways to get going again, but at last we had to let all the pigs out again into a paddock. We took the cart out on the road about 100 yards and then we laid a wheat trail, which went out of the gate of the paddock and into the truck again. Just as well the pigs were hungry as most of them followed the wheat trail into the truck. Those that did not go into the truck we put back into the paddock. At last we were able to start for the factory, thus ending a frustrating two days of hard work. The stragglers were sold in the paddock for a price. This ended my experience with pigs.

Another incident happened with a horse. When Dick Barker went to Sydney he left a chestnut gelding with some local horse breakers to break it into the saddle and harness. They brought it back late in the afternoon and told me it was pretty wild and I had better keep it in use. I thought I had better start then and there. With difficulty I was able to get it into a yard, but could not get near it with the bridle and saddle. It went round and round the yard until I got a long pole and put it through the rails and by gradually pushing the rail lower on one end thus reducing the area of movement of the horse-I was at last able to get the bridle on and then the saddle. However, I could not mount it in the yard and so I led it outside and up to a fence where it could not jump away when I tried to put my foot in the stirrup. I made a short rein on the inside and jumped on luckily I found the stirrup on the other side and the horse went up on its hind legs and took off. With a great effort I managed to steer it into a big dam where it tried to plunge me into the deep water, but by the time we got to the other side it was blown out. I was very wet but I was determined to ride it around and around in the big yard until it quietend. It took a long time to achieve this and it was very dark when I let that horse go. A few weeks later, Dick Barker came home and he decided to take it out in the sulky. We harnessed the horse to the sulky and drove it out onto the road as Dick wanted to drive the sulky around the district. To picture the scene for this exploit you have to imagine the props. The front gate was a tubular one about 10 feet wide, and inside was a track leading through a lot of big orange trees. At the far end of the track was a gate into the yard and the big dam mentioned before. The fence from this gate went over the high bank of earth from the dam. Dick drove to the gate, got out and opened the gate, drove through, but when he got out of the sulky to go back to close the gate, the horse took off, taking the sulky right through an orange tree. Still careering through the orange trees, it came to a second gate which was shut so the horse turned suddenly, to the right, turning the sulky over. It then careered up the bank of the

dam where it jumped the fence with the sulky still upside down. I heard a lot of yelling and I rushed up to where the horse was lying in a tangle of harness and wire in the shafts of the sulky. I sat on his head while Dick got .the harness off the sulky. As you can also imagine, the sulky was smashed to pieces. Dick was determined that the horse should not get away with this, so we scrounged more harness and yoked him into a spring cart. We had a rough ride around the paddock. When we started I had one rein and Dick the other, and it took all our strength to hold him. The horse, after much use, did eventually settle down to the saddle. Dick even rode him to Sydney, which was about 300 miles, but the horse never came back. His name was "Ginger Mick" and he lived up to his name.

Figure 20 –Ginger Mick

Figure 21 - Tom on horse (Ginger Mick)

At home, we had a lovely chestnut pony named Winnie. She was a real kids' pony. We could do anything with her. I used to ride her to the Barkers' without saddle or bridle. We could steer her by leaning one way or the other or with a small stick, or tap her on the opposite side of where we wanted to go. Allen and Dave used to ride her cantering standing on her rump with both feet.
I had to kill a sheep each Friday night, so I would pick a sheep out of the flock on Friday morning and put it in the yard to cool off. When Winnie found which sheep was wanted, she would follow it like a sheep dog, darting and turning to head it off, and, if we were not careful, she could throw us off when she turned. We always had trouble trying to drive one sheep when we rode Winnie.

I always liked making things. I built a boat to go on the canals. I made a frame out of Oregon timber and got three sheets of galvanized iron. This was corrugated roofing iron. I bent two sheets around the frame and attached them with tacks. I bent a piece about half width outwards on the bottom. I flattened the sheet for the bottom and put the frame with sides attached on the flattened out bottom sheet and marked the shape of the boat with a pencil. I cut the bottom sheet about half an inch bigger than the pencil line. I bent this overlap over the flanged edge of the side pieces and made a joint like a water tank. We had a lot of fun in the canals with our boat; owing to its flat bottom, it tipped very easily.

I was always interested in electricity. Dry cells were not known, so one made two cells and produced electric light in a small bulb. The cells were two glass jars with wooden bungs on the top. In the centre was a hole in which a piece of carbon rod was placed. On the outside of the bung a piece of zinc rod was placed. The jar was filled with Salamonac and water. A wire was taken from the top of the rod through a bulb to produce light.

I remember making a model airplane. The motor power to drive the propeller was a one eight square rubber band from the rail to the propeller in many thicknesses. The propeller had to be wound up a great number of times, held over our head and then the propeller was let go. It was not such a success.

I became interested in radio and took a course from Stott's Correspondence College. I kept this going for a long time until Peter Lawry came back from the war and he said it was no good, but I found out later that he was seasick all the time.

I did have ideas of going as a Ship's Operator. I got the course changed to Electrical Engineering. I put in a lot of time but found, on inquiring after I came to Melbourne, that it was no use. So I took a course at the South Melbourne Technical School. I was a slow learner, owing to my poor basic training. I plugged along and got a few certificates in electrical engineering. I studied mechanics for a few years, but it became apparent that I did not have the basic education to continue.

Chapter 7

My working life in Melbourne

The first job I can remember in Melbourne was at Hall's Pram Factory in Queens Bridge Street, South Melbourne. I learned quite a bit about ironwork and coach painting while working there. We made prams and a wallaby toy big enough to ride on. A child sat on it with his feet on the front axle and, by pulling and pushing a lever in front of him, he was able to project himself forward. It had 4 pram wheels, rubber tyred. I made one at home and sold it to get some money to buy a pedal operated jigsaw. This was Bingham's first machine and we used it for years in our pattern making section.

When I came to Melbourne the family was living at 75 Hambleton St., Middle Park. The house was situated tight up against the house on the South, leaving about a 3'6" sideway on the North and a little backyard on the East, There was a sort of room at the back which had been a leather goods workroom for some people who had a leather goods shop in South Melbourne. It had little square windows almost up to a 10 foot ceiling height, and on a hot night it was hotter than hell. Dave, Allen and I slept there. I decided it was too hot, so I knocked part of the wall out and built a bungalow structure with a gable roof and a wide overhang of eaves. We had fly wire under the eaves so it was bearable.

I was interested in wireless and so started to build crystal sets and listen to the Morse Spark stations. I used to buy wireless gear condensers and valves were always changing, so did the circuits. It was a terrific thrill when I heard the first man's voice, Alf Andrew, broadcasting from a studio in A Beckett, South Melbourne. I tried very hard to learn the Morse Code as there were a lot of ships transmitting in code, also the big station on the Domain, V.I.M. When the superhetradyne circuits came in, I could not afford the parts so my interest shifted to photography, which I still practice to keep a record of things that have happened. I have given several hundred prints to friends to remind them of happy occasions.

During this time Jessie, Dave and Allen were growing up. Jess worked in the city in a glass and china store. Dave was apprenticed to R. P, Park, an engineer in South Melbourne. Allen, when he left school, was apprenticed to a builder, Basil Hayler. After some years I went to work for my Uncle Dave, D. P. Murray. The firm was Guy & Murray. They were crockery and hardware agents and they also sold Qppenheimer pipes for smoking. There were a lot of pipes used then. I used to pack crockery and kitchenware and bedroom toilet sets, and these were sent all over the country. One can't imagine these days having to wash in a big china basin and a big jug full of water on a washstand in the bedroom, and having a china chamber under the bed on each side for night relief use, instead of the toilet facilities of today. Even the humble toilet roll had a row of holes so that it could be torn off. This business continued for a few years, Later the partnership was dissolved and the company became Murray & Lemmon. They bought a wire-tying machine from a Mr. Noble, imported a wire-cutting machine and went into opposition to Gerrard Wire Tying Machines Pty Ltd. We had a factory in South Melbourne. It was a bigger place and so we had a bit more room to experiment with machines.

Sometime before World War II, Murray & Lemmon amalgamated with Gerrard Wire Tying Machines. A chap named Noble had imported a wire-tying machine from America. These machines were used to put bands of wire around cases and other items to allow for lighter timber to be used in the making of

wooden cases in order for the cases to be sealed against pillage. The Gerrard Co. was a world wide concern, which owned all the patents of all their machines, except one, which was owned by Murray & Lemmon. When the merger was complete I went to work for Gerrard's. I was Engineer and Factory Foreman and my first boss was Charlie Atkinson. The Head of the business was James Catchett, Sr. I had a lot of experiences when I was with Gerrard's. I used to go up to the dried fruit areas in the summer to service the machines used in the packing of dried fruits; places such as Mildura, Irymple, Red Cliffs, Merbein in the Mildura area; Renmark, Berri, Loxton, Waikiri,and Cadell in South Australia are just some of the places where I worked. I remember being at Waikiri one night and next day being in Adelaide to watch a test cricket match where Larwood bowled a bouncer, which nearly knocked Woodfull out. The crowd hooted and yelled at Larwood. Years later I worked around the canneries in Adelaide on Pear Peelers and Peach Pitters for D, W. Bingham's.

I left Gerrard's early in World War II to join my brothers in their engineering business at Normandy Street, South Melbourne. When I left Gerrard's, Harold Gibbs was the chief; Alex and Allan Brodie were others I worked with, and Colin Gerrard was factory manager. Arch McPhail and Jock Heffernan were another two in the factory. Bill Gregory, Bob Lemmon and Dave Murray worked in the sales department. When I first went to Gerrard"s, Daddy Burfoot was salesman and Old Man Gerrard and Peter Young worked in the factory. This was a rags to riches company if ever there were one. One of Old Man Gerrard's sons, Alex, went to America, and in a hotel, for a small amount of money bought a tool which was called Superior Tool. He patented this and started to make and sell it. The wire was about 14 g. black soft wire, and it had to be cut to length and a loop put on one end. These wires were tied into bundles of 25D wires and sold to be used in the machine. When I went to Gerrard's it was almost superseded by the Gal Wire. I can remember Mr Gerrard, Sr., and Peter Young pulling wire through nails to straighten it and then cutting it by hand and making a loop in the end by hand. Jim Catchett, Sr., patented the B Model and Notched Wire that put Gerrard's on a world patent. All the production was notched wire until coil wire came in and Flat Band strapping.

Figure 22 - Gerard's Ute with additions in position

Figure 23 - Gerard's T model Ute with Dave, Jess, Bob Savagar, Dorrie and Beanie.

I was married while working at Gerrard's and our first house was on the comer of College and Clarence streets, Elsternwick. It seems a long way back though. Shirley was born in 1935 while we lived there. I was always chafing about paying rent for a house, so we bought a house at 14 Pine Street, Middle Brighton, and moved in on 14th October, 1935. The loan was 660 pounds and we paid 2.19.6 per fortnight for 13 years. The place was a weatherboard house faced with a brick front, and I spent a lot of time altering and modernizing it. It still looks good after 46 years. It cost us 991.00 or $1,982. My daughter, Sandra was born here in 1937.

Figure 24 - Tom's family, (L-R) Ray, Nadine, Shirley, Sandra, Joanne, Stuart, Tom, Andrew, Dorrie, Ted and Karen.

Figure 25 - Tom and Dorrie

Figure 26 - Caravan built by Tom

Figure 27 – In the back row, Sandra, Margaret, Shirley at Shirley's Birthday party

Figure 28 - Ballet class, Back row (R-L), Margaret, Shirley, ?, Sandra and nearest centre in the photo is Joyce.

Chapter 8

D.W. Bingham

Dave Bingham always had the idea of starting out on his own, so we bought a 6" lathe and put it in a corner of the factory. We had a good friend. Herb Chesterfield of Premier Wire Works, who let us make the wire frames for the silk lampshades which were all the rage in those days. They were made by stretching different coloured silk on wire frames, which had a design, made with the wire. To turn these out in quantity, we made punches and dies, which were mounted in a press. The wires were straightened and cut into lengths and a number of them were put on the die at once. The press was operated and a number of shaped pieces of wire were produced. These were electrically spot welded to form the shade frame. We made many small machines: eye benders, ring formers. We also made a straightener and cutting machine using the imported one at Murray & Lemmon as a sample. We worked long hours and that was when I learned to turn wood and metal. I remember rigging up a small furnace on a Saturday afternoon and, with a blower and some coke to produce enough heat to melt some brass in a crucible, making a casting of a small lion as used as a car mascot in those days. I used to turn wood and I made a couple of standard lamps and powder boxes and lids, lots of breadboards and rolling pins. We never had much fun, always working and making things. I used to ride a bike and went out Sundays for a ride somewhere.

Looking back on those days, I remember buying the Thornley Lathe which was lying in the back of a big old house in Queens Road, Albert Park. We did not have much money so I surrendered a life insurance policy with the T&G Insurance Co. for 98 pounds to buy the lathe.

It was after the family came down to Melbourne that "the old man" could not find a job as he had no trade and only knew horses. During this time our father was drunk every night and was violent and this was affecting our mother's health. We could not stand it. So Jess, Dave, Allen and I decided to leave him. We found a house to rent in Middle Park and got a carrier one day while Father was at work. We loaded up and shifted all the stuff, which was ours. I went to work in the afternoon and later on, when I came out of the Middle Park station, he was waiting for me. He said, "Don't run away, I know where you live." He came with me to our house and came inside and there was a bad scene. Mother wanted to go back to him, but we threw him out and he never troubled us again. We took over supporting the family. I met him once in the city by accident, but I never forgave him for the miserable life he had led us all those years. He died in Swan Hill years later. We paid for his funeral. Mother had a quiet life for a few years. She contracted cancer of the liver and died on 18.3.1929. She was a lovely person and a terrific mother. I have always regretted that she did not live long enough for us to begin to repay her for her love and kindness. At that time we lived at 378 Richardson St., Middle Park.

> ***Note:*** *{Tom later told me (Margaret) in answer to questions about his mother that she was a very affectionate and religious woman and she liked going on picnics and when in Leeton they went to the Murrumbidgee for holidays and picnics. They camped with the aborigines and they gave them fish. His mother was very disturbed that the aborigines didn't have many clothes so she went around the farms and collected clothes. Huckerback waistcoats, which had been out of fashion for many years, were very popular with them. Something*

about his mother in Allendale was that the house had a big mirror and when there was a thunderstorm, Tom's mother would put a blanket over it as she was frightened of thunder and lightning.}

Saturday night at Allendale was bath night and the water was heated in a big boiler with a tap at the bottom. A big tub was set up in front of the fire. Jess had hers first, then Tom, then Dave and Allen. She used to sing hymns around the fire and Tom can remember her singing "I'm a little candle burning in the night you in your small comer and I in mine." She always had a garden bed of flowers and herbs. The house in Allendale was quite good. It had a colonial stove the fire was right down one side and across the top, oven at bottom. We had suet dumplings with treacle for special occasions. Ice cream had to be made in an ice cream machine. It took hours of turning the handle. While they were in Allendale, they bought a piano and Jess was learning to play but she caught her finger in the mangle gears which left her with a swelling on the ball of her finger so she couldn't play so she took up elocution. She competed in the South Street competitions at Ballarat reciting the set piece, "**Over the Range**," by A. B. Patterson as below.

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 29 - Jess 12 Years old

Over the Range

Little Bush Maiden wondering-eyed,
Playing alone in a creek bed dry,
In a small green flat on every side
Walled in by the Moonbi Ranges high;
Tell me the tale of your lonely life
Mid the Grey forests that know no change,
•I have never left my home," she said,
"I have never been over the Moonbi Range."

"Father and Mother are both long dead,
And I live with Granny in yon wee place,"
"Where are your Father and Mother?" I said
She puzzled awhile with a thoughtful face
When a light came into the shy brown eye
And she thought the question strange
On a thing so certain. When people die
They go to the country over the Range.

And what is this country like Lass?
There are blossoming trees and pretty flowers
The shining creeks where the golden grass
Is fresh and sweet from the Summer Shower.
They never need work nor want nor weep
No troubles can come their hearts to Estrange

And wake in that country over the Range.

Child you are wise in your Simple Trust
For the wisest man knows no more than you
Ashes to Ashes and Dust to Dust.
Our views by a range are bounded, too.
But we know God hath this gift in store
That when we come to the final change,
We shall meet with our loved ones gone before
To the beautiful country 'Over the Range.'

During this time Madge Campbell, one of Jessie's best friends, came down from Leeton and stayed with them. She was looking for a job so I put an add in the Age for a typist, collected answers from the Age office and read through them, picking out the most attractive ones and gave them to Madge. When she replied to an ad, she used this application for a model and got a job working for a photographer, Les Stevens who she later married so I got her a job and a husband. Les Steven's brother, Cyril, married Emily (Em) Belcher's sister, Till. Of course, Em married Dave Bingham. Next door in Richardson Street, the owners used to provide rooms for sailors off the ships. Bob Savagar was one of these and that's how he met Jess. Jess worked at Five Towns Glass & China, Elsternwick and travelled by tram to work. Dorrie lived at Middle Park and travelled on the same tram each day to her job at Bancrofts Dry Cleaners, only a few doors from the china store and became friendly with Jess.

Note: *{Uncle Dave told me (Margaret) that Jess had acted as a kind of marriage broker to her brothers and found wonderful women for them to marry.}*

That is how Dorrie met Tom. Jess was also a friend of Beanie's who also worked at the china shop in Elsternwick. Jess's brother, Allen, was introduced to Beanie through Jess. Allen used to come most Friday nights on his motorbike to see Beanie and they would go out shopping or the movies. It is interesting that Jess's Aunt Liz Murray managed the china shop.

Figure 30 –Madge Campbell and Jessie

Figure 31 –Jessie and Dorrie

Figure 32 – Rex and Madge Campbell, Jesse, Bob Savagar, Dorrie and Allen.

Figure 33 –L-R Dorrie, Madge, Jessie and Bob Savagar

Figure 34 - Jessie, Madge, Dorrie ?? on the Warrandyte Bridge

Figure 35 - Family holiday group in front of the Paige car

We rented a garage from Mr. L. Sullivan of Richardson Street. Mrs. Sullivan was a very nice person and, as we worked late at night and weekends, we had to keep our noise level down. Dave bought an 6" lathe from Demco, the first of a long list of machinery from that firm.

We wanted a car so we bought an old American car, a Paige. It was a tourer with side curtains. It was a six cylinder and magneto ignition. One turned a handle in front to start it, it started very easily. We had not had it home long before we started to modernize it. It had a high and wide hood that used to fold backwards into brackets so one could sit in the sun while driving along. The roof bows were wood, bent, with metal ends. We cut these bows down in height and width and had the roof recovered, and we reduced the height of the back of the car by putting iron packing blocks under the axle and affixing new u bolts. This made the car lower and smaller. We rebuilt the brakes and made new pistons from castings we bought. Anyway, we had a good old car when we finished.

Dave, Allen and I began to go away in the car, and for Christmas holidays we motored to Beech Forest in the Otways, the Tarra valley in Gippsland and other

places. We visited the Grampians in that car for some holidays also. It amazes me when I look back and think of some of the repairs we had to do while we were touring. We had a lot of tyre troubles and the tyres had 90 lb per sq inch in them and when we would get a flat we would patch the tyre and tube along the road. At Tarra Valley we took out the gearbox and rearranged the balls in the thrust race in the end of the crankshaft. To be able to repair the gearbox, we dug a hole under the car so instead of (as they do nowadays) putting the car on a hoist, we were able to work on the car more easily. Another time we took the rear spring out by the roadside when the main leaf was broken and reversed the spring and fitted wooden pieces to carry the weight of the car. This was done near Beech Forest in the Otways. I can remember lots of happenings, but don't know where to fit them into the narrative.

At first we boarded with Uncle Bill Murray and wife. Myrtle. This was a happy setup. They had a daughter Iris, and son, Bill. They were the only children when we left. One amusing thing happened there. When we went down to the Otways for Christmas holidays we came home unexpectedly on Saturday before lunch. Myrtle said, "I don't have any meat for your lunch." We told him, "There is some in the box on the car." One of us went out and brought the leg in and Myrtle cut off some for each of us and also for herself. After we had lunch she was looking at the bone in the leg and she said, "I have never seen such a big bone in a leg of Iamb". We said, "That's not lamb but kangaroo!" I thought she would die. She wanted to be sick and made such a fuss. We had shot it the day before and boiled it in a "kero" tin.

Figure 36 - Camping with the Paige car

Figure 37 - Camping site at Bulga park with the Paige car.

Figure 38 - Allen, Jack Dawson, Dave and Bob Savagar at Darby River, Wilson Promontory.

Before I write more about the engineering business, there are some personal items that should be noted. While we had the Paige car, mother took ill and died. This broke up our home at 375 Richardson Street, Middle Park. We went to live with our sister Jess for a while and then to Mrs. Murphy's.

Mrs. Murphy was like a real mother to us. She had three unusual boarders. We used to come home at odd hours for meals, go out again to work and come home later at night, and she never complained. They had lived at Walhalla in Victoria in the early days and liked to waltz. When I hear the tune, ''Waltz Over the waves" I think of them. The family was George {father) who worked at the South Melbourne Gas Works, Lionel and Lester were twins and Nancy was the youngest. Mrs. Murphy was a very clean, hard working mother devoted to her family.

The first permanent engineering shop we had was at Meaden St., South Melbourne. This area is in the triangle of where the St Kilda and Port Melbourne train lines part. It was a galvanized iron structure with a tar and screening floor. We built the first wire bound box machine here and we were here when Dave and Em Belcher were married. This was the engineering works for a long time until early in. World War II when Dave bought the building at Normandy Road, South Melbourne. Dorothy and I were married in 17.3.34. Jess died 9th July, 1936. Allen and Beanie McFarlane were married during the Christmas holidays (January 6, 1938] . My memory is horribly mixed about this time. I can't remember when we shifted to Normandy Road, but it must have been after the war started as Dunlop's was building life boats there before we moved in. We worked long hours during the war and we had some nasty accidents owing to tiredness in our men. We used to work until 9 pm Tuesday and Thursday and also on Saturday morning. For many years I used to take a carload of work home in a shop Chevy.

I got my first car, a Vauxhall Velox, after the war. I paid a deposit and waited 18 months before I was able to collect it. I bought a trailer and a big tent, 181 x 9'. It had three 9'x 6' rooms, we went to Rosebud and later along the South Coast of NSW and visited Canberra. We have been mobile ever since.

We got our real start in the engineering business when we went to a sale of machinery at the New Oswald Mine at Maldon in Victoria. We bought a milling machine, a cutter and grinder, and this enabled us to do flat machining and cut some gears. It filled the gap until we could afford other machines. The engineering trade is not easy to start in, as it takes a lot of money to get the plant

to do the job. This is offset by the amount of work one does and the way one lives when starting. For years I would come home from working at Gerrard's and go back to work with Dave and Allen.
One person who did a lot of work to start the Binghams in Business was Bob Lemmon. I met him when he was a partner in Murray & Lemmon. Bob was a chap who came up the hard way and the things he told me in his selling business were amazing. He was a good judge of character and could pick a person he could trust. He could see that the Binghams were workers and he backed us, which gave us a real start. In later years his son, Len, reaped the benefit of this trust.

We made wire equipment first spring machines, upholstery spring machines, spring knotting machines, machines for making all sorts of springs; then a huge machine for making big buffer springs for the railway; machines for making spring mattresses, as used these days. We began to build nailing machines for nailing boxes when wooden cases were used to transport items. The machines drove six, nine, and twelve parts at a time. We also built corrugated driver machines to cut and drive the corrugated strip that held the smaller pieces of timber together. Wire bound butter boxes were used for packing butter. We built machines to make these cases continuously, that is, making the staples and driving them in, in one hit. We then began to get orders for exhaust boxes and food machinery. Syrupers were an early product. I could name many people who assisted us to produce these machines, but I might miss some, which would be unfair. After the war we started to build Milk Evaporators and Spray Dryers for the production of a superior type of milk powder. We were the first firm outside of America to be granted a license to build these machines. It was a big stainless steel machine and consisted of an Evaporator, which reduced the skim milk of 4% solids to 40% solids. This was pumped to 300 Ibs per sq metre and sprayed into a hot atmosphere of about 300 degrees F. The result was a fine white powder that was easily mixed with water and had a good flavour. I spent years making them and later erecting them, starting them up and teaching the operators how to run them. Later we had Pear Peeling Machines and the first Twist Peach Pitter. This machine held the stone of the Clingstone Peach in a set of rudder fingers that grabbed each half of the peach. The fingers gave it a quick twist, one in each direction, and the centre grippers were left holding the stone. This saved a lot of material. For more information on the various machines that D. W. Bingham & Bros. Pty. Ltd. manufactured, please refer to the Factory Manual that Allen Bingham organized.

Figure 39 - Tom and Alan Cable standing in front of the milk evaporator, Buffalo Vac in Colac.

During my time at South Melbourne, I saw great changes in engineering construction. When I started. Exhaust Boxes were in use. The cans containing the food were circulated in these to bring them to a boiling point before the lids were spun on. Later on, they were replaced by Boiling Syrupers and Vacuum Syruper machines. We were very successful at building Vacuum Syrupers. The cans of fruit had to be cooked after the lids were put on. This was done in a huge machine where the cans were carried through a big tank of steam and boiling water for a certain length of time until the contents were cooked. The trouble was that the temperature in the tank could vary.

The construction of machines went through many phases: wire working machines, then wire bound box machines and end staplers, corrugated fastener driving machines, nailing machines, spring forming machines for upholstery springs and other uses. In those days in the Food Machinery business, machines were made for treating all kinds of fruit and vegetables: machines for peeling pears and machines for de-stoning Clingstone peaches, called peach pitters. The business was sold to our opposition, Food Machinery Corporation in 1960s. The many reasons for winding up this very successful business should be referred to D. W. Bingham and A. C. Bingham for more information. For a while we continued to service our Peach Pitting Machines for which we retained the patent, and D. W. Bingham began a business in Moorrabin where we built a line of machinery to make fish fingers. This new venture was also part of the reason why David Bingham and I took a trip to Johannesburg, South Africa

Figure 40 - David Bingham and Tom on the Dominion Monarch.

Later in my career at the South Melbourne works I had the job of starting up new machinery, etc. One job I will relate was one I will always remember. David Bingham (D. W. Bingham's eldest son) and I went to South Africa. This was a milestone in my life, as I always liked travelling. Curiosity would always lead me to wonder what was over the next hill or around the next corner. We left Port Melbourne on the "Dominion Monarch" Shaw Saville Line on. It was quite a change from our ordinary way of living. We had to conform to the ways of strange people and we were served by the crew in many ways. One thing I do remember is that there did not seem to be enough fresh water on board for everyone to have showers and fresh baths. I suggested a time when I wished to have a bath, and the cabin steward had my bath of hot salt water ready at 7.30 am. I used to lie in the bath and as the ship pitched over the waves, bow up and then bow down in the trough between the waves, and as the bath was set lengthwise in the ship, the water in the bath would be right over my shoulders and your feet were out of the water, then the water would rush down to my feet and arms were out. This water movement had a relaxing effect. When I had a good soak, I had a quick wash with fresh water and went to the cabin and had my morning cup of tea.

It was the greatest place to eat one could imagine: morning tea, breakfast, tea or Bonox at 10 am; lunch; afternoon tea; dinner; supper; and one had only to lift the phone and get anything at any time. Christmas on the ship was something to remember, also New Year's Eve and the Piping of the Haggis all done to the correct Scottish ceremony.

We had a good 16 days to Cape Town. We arrived on 2nd January, landing in Cape Town fairly early in the morning, and had our first taste of Afrikaan officialdom. We were all interviewed by Immigration and Health Department people who made sure we had our return ticket. We had a good agent who attended to our cases, etc. and we were taken to a hotel. We were moved next day to another, then we took charge of a small Commer Panel Van and went out to Paarl about 50 miles from Cape Town where we stayed at the Central Hotel which was our base to service peach pitting machines in the canneries in the Cape area.

The way these machines worked was that a peach was placed in the machine so that the saturation mark was up and down. A serrated knife came down and another rose and held the peach by the stone; four rubber fingers came in on each side and grabbed the halves; one set of fingers twisted forward and one set backward, with the result that the two peach halves were twisted off

the stone. We had a good many problems, but managed in spite of them. Later we went over to the Indian Ocean side of Africa to start up a pineapple cannery at Port Elizabeth and East London, This proved a tough job. We had a lot of contact with the natives and the Afrikaans people.

We spent a week at the Kruger National Park and saw the wild animals in their natural state. It was a good season and all the Springboks and other grass eaters had sleek and shiny coats. We saw monkeys, baboons, hippopotamus, giraffes, zebras, wart hogs, and snakes, but no lions. We lived in a compound at Pretoria Kop and had to be in by sundown and could not get out of the car while in the Park, It was a very interesting trip. From there we went to Johannesburg to return home by air.

We left Johannesburg one afternoon and went to Mozambique and then across the Island of Madagascar and landed on the Island of Mauritius about dusk, it was very hot and humid. We were taken by bus to Curapipe, a park area in the highlands in the centre of the island. This place is on the Tropic of Capricorn and is very tropical. We had a meal in the hotel, but the sleeping areas were in units scattered through huge, park like gardens. The hotel section was connected by paths to the units and, as it rained frequently, inside the doors was a large rack of king size umbrellas. We picked one when we went anywhere. We had to stay here one whole day. The next day we hired a small car and driver, and in the morning we took a trip around the island, calling at a zoo and fishing village. We intended to visit the Mosques in the afternoon, but it rained. We did see how industrious the Indian population was. They seemed to live in huts of bamboo with thatched roofs. As far as I could see, the floor was a thick layer of bamboo leaves and the fowls were allowed to come and go, the same as people. Some people had a big dray like cart with a huge ox in the shafts. The soil on Mauritius is volcanic and very fertile. On the lower fields, sugar cane was grown. Higher in the volcanic hills the pumice stone is thrown up into long mounds and beans that produce vanilla were growing over the stones. Between, these mounds tomatoes were growing, and higher up in the hills there was sisal cactus growing. This sisal was used for rope making and the long spiky leaves had to be cut and bundled and carried on people's backs down the mountain to the road where it was stacked ready for the cart to pick it up. The women did a lot of this carrying, and they never went home without a large bundle of grass hay on their back for their goats. We took off from the airport about dusk, as in those days they had to navigate the plane by the stars. We were heading for Cocos Keeling Island in the Indian Ocean. The manifold on the plane engines ran red hot all night just outside the windows on the plane. We flew over the wreck of the battleship Emden and landed on a long runway. We had a shower and breakfast and as there was a bit of maintenance on the plane to be done, I went for a walk up the runway. On one side large waves were coming onto the shore, the other side faced a lagoon which was nice and calm. We arrived in Perth before dark, but the plane had brake trouble and we did not arrive in Melbourne until about 3.30 or 4:00 a.m.

After working at D. W. Bingham's in Moorrabin for a while, I decided to retire. We sold our house at 14 Pine Street and built a house at 87 Petrel Avenue, Mermaid Beach, on the Gold Coast of Queensland, and moved into it on 2nd May, 1968. This house was partly designed from an Age small house design and it has been very successful. It was a new life for us and we were very happy here, but because age crept up on us and we were not as mobile as we were. We had very friendly neighbours who helped us a lot, particularly Mary Powe who looked after us as a daughter would. In 12.2.1989 Dorrie died and I briefly lived in a unit

for elders on the Gold Coast. I now live with Shirley in Warrandyte and visit Sandra for a month every year.

The success of the Bingham brothers can be attributed only to their working together and working hard. Each of the brothers had his own unique qualities which blended well into their one common goal: D. W. Bingham for his designing ability and initiative, A. C. Bingham for his commitment to getting the job done and making sure it was to quality standards, and T. A. Bingham for his grass roots knowledge and wisdom. They all demonstrated an ability to use unique remedies to solve mechanical problems. There was no shirking of the tasks ahead of them and, as it has been shown in these memoirs, they took great risks and with their efforts they achieved many rewards. We all attended night school at the South Melbourne Technical College and the school's motto at that time was:

Good positions got and kept
Were not attained by sudden upward flight.
But while our companions slept
We are toiling upward in the night.

Figure 41 - Logo of D.W. Bingham & Co

Figure 42 - David, Tom and Allen Bingham

Figure 43 - David and Emily in Dave's office at Edro Ave 1994

Figure 44 - Bingham gravestone Melbourne Cemetery

Margaret's comments:
I have spent a great deal of time collecting the family histories, but I haven't been able to find much about personal memories of the first generations in Australia. I hope when someone else researches the families of the Murrays and the Bingham's, he/she will read this and say, "Good Old Tom! ! "
25/5/83.


Figure 45 - Tom and Dorrie later in life.

Chapter 9

Comparisons of yesterday with today (1980)

Looking back on both ends of my memory, I think some comparisons might be interesting. I suppose transportation would have advanced the most. I have seen transport advance from horse to airplane. The first motorcar I saw had a steering lever instead of a steering wheel, big wheels and solid rubber tyres. Horse drawn carriages were the first mode of transport that I remember. All the doctors usually had a very nice carriage with horses and a groom to drive them. While the doctor made his call, the groom drove the horses slowly around the block to keep them from being restive. When a doctor got a night call that was of life or death urgency, he needed a faster mode of transport. Horses used to bolt sometimes, and people have been run over by a runaway horse and buggy.

I will try to describe the transport around Melbourne about 1925. I can't remember too much about horse transport, only occasionally did we travel by Horse Cab. There were two horse trams that I remember. One went from Royal Parade, Parkville, to the zoo. There were two horses hooked to a cable tram and they pulled the tram on this very short run. It was a kind of novelty ride for the children.

The other tram went from Sandringham Railway Station to Beaumaris and Black Rock. It was quite an experience to travel from Melbourne to Beaumaris. We took a steam train from Melbourne to Sandringham and caught the horse tram, which was pulled by two horses, outside the Sandringham Station. From there the tram would be pulled along Abbott Street and onto Beach Road. Now this road, which followed the beach on the cliff high above the water, was very sandy and it was a big job to keep the sand off the rails. In fact, the sand was so thick in places that the tram sometimes left the rails and the horses would have to be unharnessed and reharnessed on the other end in order to pull the tram back onto the rails again. The horse stables were at Red Bluff, which was about the midpoint of the journey, and it was there that the horses on the tram were replaced by a fresh pair and the tram continued on its way, bumping along again to Beaumaris and back again to the Sandringham Station. Of course at the end of ride, everyone would pile off and make their way onto the beach at Beaumaris where families would picnic and enjoy the beach and water. This service went on for quite a few years.

As speed became more of a factor in our lives, buses were introduced and they were faster than horse trams. I also had a ride on the first bus service. The bus was a "Commer, " a two cylinder job with solid rubber tyres, a painted canvas roof and side curtains for when it rained. The seats were very high up, as if they had been put on a truck, and the noise when the bus was moving was enough to stop any conversation. This service also went on for many years.

I had better describe the cable tram and how it worked. This tram was in two sections; the front part was called the dummy and attached to it was the car being towed. The dummy, where the driver or "gripman" was stationed, would become wet on a wet day because it had no sides on it and thus it was left open to the air. We went along with your feet ten inches off the ground. This section had seats all around, facing outwards. There was a seat on each side holding about six people and facing

outwards behind the gripman. Then there were two small seats at each end, still behind the gripman. The traction and control gear that the gripman worked was a lever with two half cups on each side, and this went down under the roadway to join the cable underground, and with the will and strength of the gripman who grabbed the cable, the tram was pulled along. Now this cable was running all the time, and the progress of travel depended on the dexterity of the Gripman and the speed of the cable.

The passenger car that was towed by the dummy had an entrance platform on each end open to the outside. There was a long seat down each side and plenty of straps hanging from the ceiling for those who had to stand. They used to be packed in like sardines in rush times. I have gone into Melbourne from Albert Park standing on the coupling casting on the back.

When the cable trams first started there were no stopping places and they stopped anywhere along the road. The tramways used to sell City Tram tickets for 1 penny each. It was possible to go anywhere in the city for 1 penny (1 cent). The shops and offices used to buy rolls of 1 penny tram tickets and hand them out to messenger boys, etc. The conductor would walk up and down between the dummy and the tram, moving among the passengers to collect fares. The conductor did not give receipts but he had a number of long straps of thin, coloured cardboard hanging on the front of his coat. These strips had numbers in small squares down both edges. When a fare was paid the conductor had a hole puncher with a bell, and when he punched a hole in the strip in the colour showing the value of the fare, the bell tingled and the small punched out piece stayed in the handle of the punch. This could be opened by the supervisor with a key and checked against the conductor's cash pay in and cardboard strips punched.

` Now, having described how the trams operated, I will try to tell you how the power was transmitted to the tram. If you can, imagine miles and miles of cable about 2.8 inches in diameter moving along under the street surface. The cables had to be supported on pulleys under the road. It was impossible for the tram to be pulled around a corner on the cable, as the grip would not go around the guide pulleys. The corners were arranged so that when the tram sped up to the corner, the gripman could drop the cable and the tram would go around the corner on its own momentum. Then the gripman would pick up the cable on the other end of the curve.

To make this possible, the track on the road had a piece of white stone imbedded into the road. The gripman would know that if he stopped at one stone in the road he would have to get enough speed up before he got to the other stone where he had to let go of the cable and the tram would glide around the corner until he could pick up the cable again. There was a corner at the top of Collins Street, turning downhill into Market Street where very often the tram would stop. Many times at the corner of Collins and Market, all the male passengers had to get out and push the tram around the corner. I remember one time when this happened on a wet night when the tram was full of passengers.

Sometimes young boys would have a game with the cable where they would pries a lid off a kerosene tin and tie about 3 feet of string on it. They would wait until the tram passed, then drop the string down the cable slot in the road, and the string would tangle onto the cable and the tin lid would bounce up the middle of the road. It would make a terrible

noise, which would frighten the horses until it caught up with a tram where the string would break and the lid would be left on the road.

These trams ran long distances: Sydney Road, Brunswick to Bell Street, Brighton Road to Glenhuntly Road, South Melbourne to the Beach, Port Melbourne to the Beach to Richmond. These long distances required miles of cable and lots of power to pull them along. Big winding stations were established at certain points: Gertrude Street near Nicholson Street, Fitzroy; Abbotsford Street, North Melbourne; Port Melbourne; Brighton Road; South Melbourne are winding stations that I remember. These stations contained big steam engines with a very large grooved pulley pulling the endless cable. Big boiler installations were required to service the engines and tall chimneys were needed to scatter the smoke.

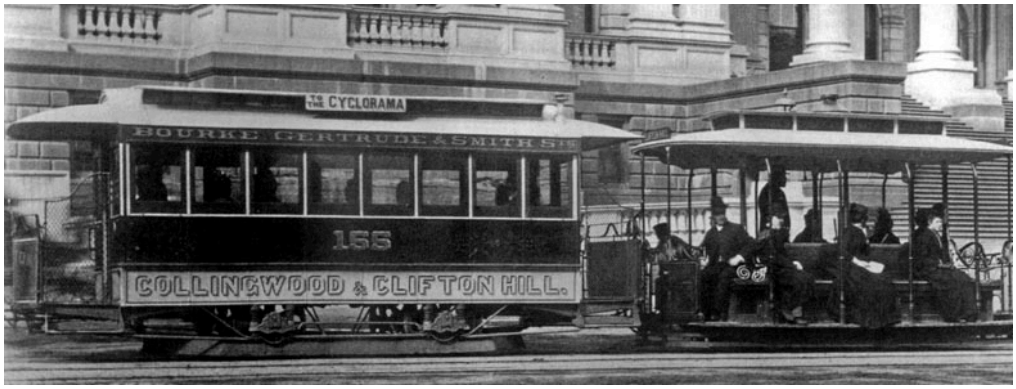

Figure 46 - Melbourne Tram Car (Courtesy of collectormm.com.au)

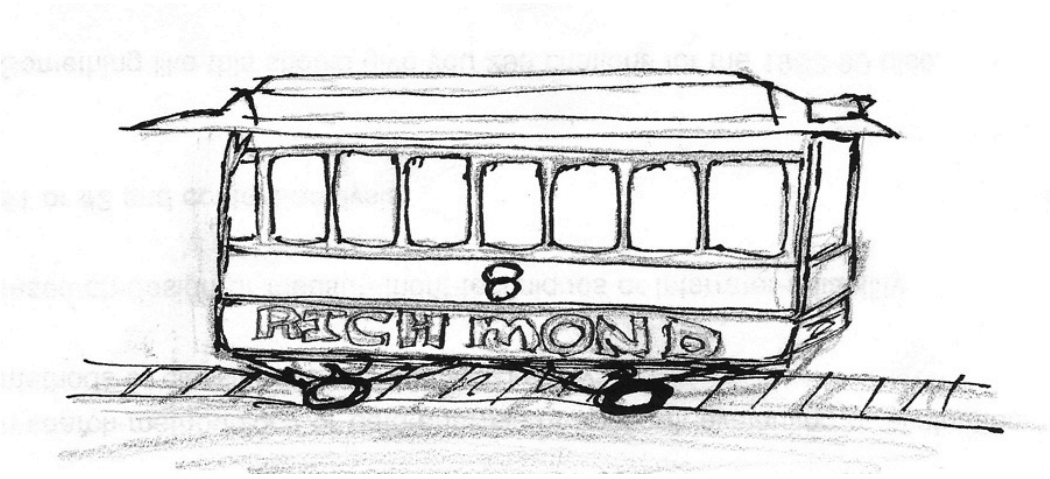

Figure 47 - Tom's drawing of the Cable tram

It was a big undertaking in the times when factories for making concrete were meagre and welding was not known. There was a tunnel under the road and pullies for cable support affixed to metal supports. These supports were bent towards the centre at the top and at the centre slots for the grip to go through, bars held onto this piece. I have not seen them put in, but I have seen the trouble they caused when the electric tram was installed in their place gas cutting all these supports off and filling in the slot. The cable service was stopped at 12 o'clock Saturday night until midday Sunday, to allow for its maintenance and greasing. I salute our forefathers for showing guts and doing a fine job in their installation.

There were disadvantages to the cables though, the main ones being the rattle of the pullies and cable under the road. However, this was a good form of transport as one could get on or off when they were travelling if

one knew how. There was a boxer named Harry Stone who used to use the trams in Brighton Road as a pacer. He would trot along the side and someone would call "Hop Harry". Harry would hop, so he got the name "Hop Harry Stone".

The first electric tram I saw was a private tram service. The Malvern and Prahran Tramways Trust had a tram going down Glenhuntly Road Elsternwick. At points at the bottom of the hills along this line there were sumps where the dirt and horse manure from the road went down the cable slot and settled at the bottom of the sump. These had to be cleaned out often. A man would pull out a square plate in the road, stand a bucket and a red flag near the hole, climb down into the hole with a shovel and throw the mess out onto the road where it would be picked up and put on the council garden beds. To my knowledge, no one fell down the hole and there were no traffic accidents caused by this hazard. When the trams were taken off the road at night two horses towed them to the yard where they were cleaned and maintained.

At the other end of the transport scale I remember a bullock team hauling a big load of chaff from the chaff cutter. There would have been about 14 bullocks yoked in pairs to a chain down the centre. Bullocks had certain advantages in the mud because their cloven hooves spread out when they pulled and they did not slip as horse slid. The bullock driver had a long handled whip and the bullocks really strained forward and kept the weight on.

I remember the big horse teams. There would be about 13 horses. There were no reins or guidance gear. The lead horse had to be a very intelligent and proud animal that seemed to know what to do on the drive command. That horse kept all the other horses following him. I have seen a huge wheat wagon loaded with chaff taken around the paddock and between the posts in a fence, just by command of the driver's voice. The driver rode a horse alongside his team and carried a whip. At the farm the big horse teams were usually worked from 10 am to 3 pm because they took too long to yoke and unyoke to stop for lunch. In hot weather some teams got a drink from a bucket.

Still on horses. James Sharp's big timber firm of James Sharp had a number for their timber wagons. They had stables in Normandy Road, South Melbourne. The horse stalls stretched a full block, from Normandy Road to Munro Street at the rear, with stalls on both sides.

Still on horse transport. I remember when the big transport firm of Mayne & Nicklaus started and when they first became parcel carriers. They had a lot of one horse covered wagons and these were painted red. In the suburbs there were little metal boxes, also painted red affixed six feet off the ground onto telegraph poles. If you wanted a parcel or a case taken from one part of Melbourne to the other, you put a note stating where the box could be picked up in this metal box. The Mayne & Nicklaus driver came along in a carriage, took the note out of the box with the information on it and picked up or delivered the parcel to a home or place of business. These metal boxes were high enough for the customer to reach and the driver to open without anyone getting out of their vehicle. I can remember my Uncle lifting me up to put a note in one of these red boxes when I was too small to reach them myself.

The steam trains were always a thrill to us kids. We used to put pins and small nails on the track and get them flattened out. I can't remember

when the steam trains changed to electric trains, but when you travel by train sometime and go through those huge cuttings, please remember that the soil was all carted out by horse and dray, the drays being loaded by shovel by big strong men.

I remember the first aeroplane I saw; it was just a speck in the sky. When Edward, the Prince of Wales, was in transit on a boat in 1913, he was on the battleship, Renown, and his mail was off loaded from a ship in Adelaide and sent by plane to Sydney. The plane followed the train line and I remember the noise it made like a motorbike. It was very slow. I remember my first trip in an airplane was in a DC3, flying from Essendon to Adelaide. The plane was towed out to the tarmac by a tractor.

As a youth I worked in the city and was familiar with the back doors to several of the big buildings. I could go a fair way in the city without going on the street if I went down a long passage, out a back door, down a lane, up another lane, in a back door, perhaps up a few steps, along another passage, across a street, and so on. All those buildings have been knocked down now.

It may be interesting to give some indication of the way certain services and jobs were done in earlier times. The job of loading ships is one about which I have first hand information. About 1922, just after the First World War, I worked as a tally clerk at the Williamstown wharves, Melbourne. At the time I was there it had been a good wheat season. The wheat was handled in bags and it was a big job transferring the bags into the ship. Imagine a large ship tied to the wharf and a rail truck, which had been brought down from the wheat country, standing along side the ship. One gang of men (known as Wharf Labourers even in those days) would be in the rail truck lifting the wheat bags out and standing them near the entrance, where another gang of men would lift the bags on their shoulders and carry them to a rope sling on the ground. The bags would be placed on the sling until there were ten in the heap, a hook would be let down from the ship and this load would be hoisted into the hold of the ship where another gang of men would stack them. The men working on the ship were called Stevadores. My job as tally clerk was to get a card from the clip on the truck and write the information on it in my book: name of sender, where from, truck number, etc. I also had a sampling tool. This was a piece of polished steel tube about 9 inches long, with one end cut off to a long angle giving it a sharp point. The other end of the tube had a knot soldered to it so the tube was clear and wheat could flow through. I had to push the sharp end into the wheat bags and catch the wheat, which came out of the tube. By spreading it into my hand I could see if it had any thistles, burrs, smut or rust which are fungus diseases, which affect wheat. If the impurities went above a certain percentage, the truck was rejected and sent to a cleaning mill and the farmer was charged for the cleaning. I was expected to carry this task out about one in every ten bags and these samples were handed in to the office each day. Each clerk's sample was mixed at the end of loading the ship, a sample of this large sample was an average of the quality of wheat in the ship. The loading went on all day and all night until the ship was full. It was terrible standing on the wharf all night in a cold wind. When I finished work I would walk down to a pier and take the ferry Rosney to Port Melbourne and walk home to Albert park.

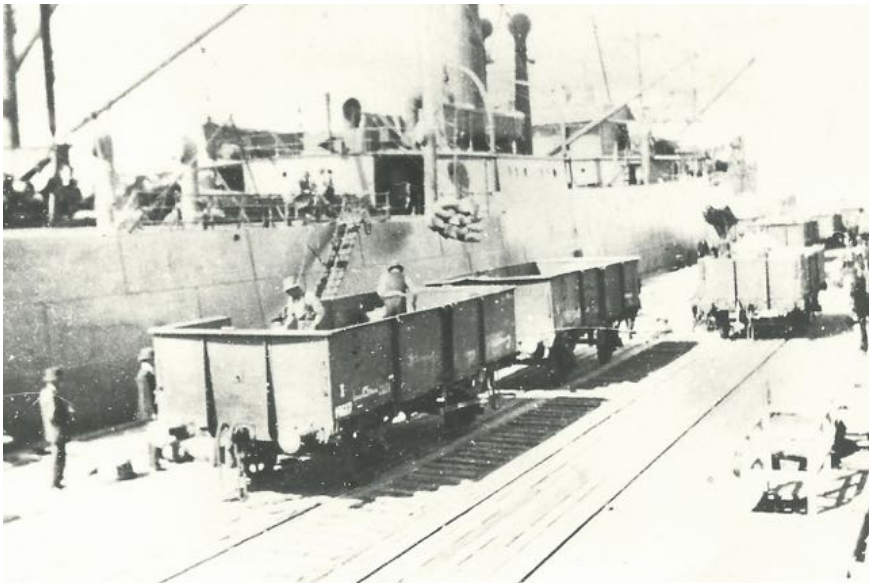

Figure 48 - Loading wheat in Williamstown

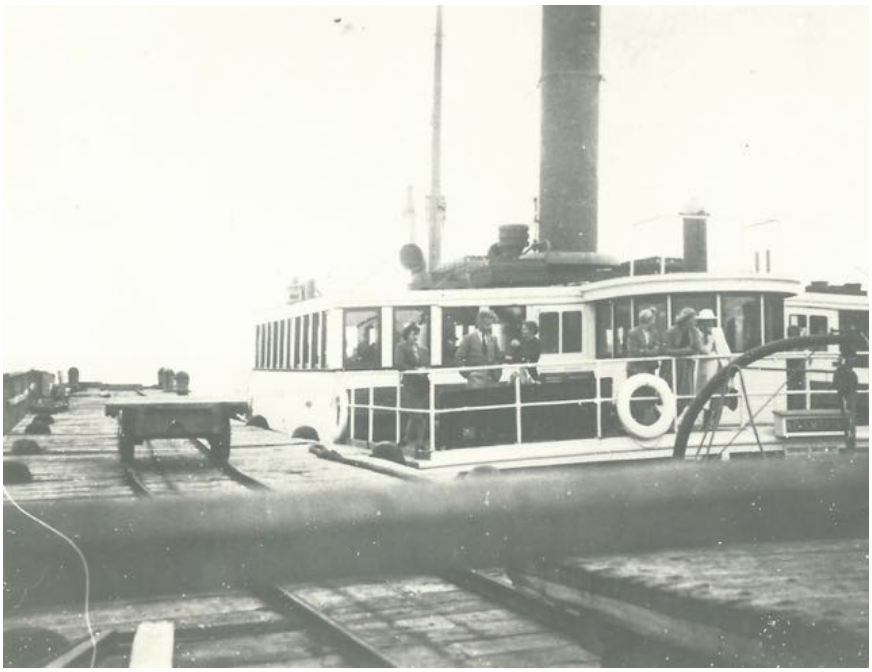

Figure 49 - The ferry between Port Melbourne and Williamstown

While at the wharf loading wheat, I saw a great many ships. Some came from France with a ballast of sand for making glass. This was unloaded by hand and winch and sent to the glass works at Spotswood. The sailing ships had no heavy machinery in the holds weighing them down and so the holds were just like big tanks with the masts going right down to the keel. It was necessary for the ships to carry huge loads of wheat in order to keep them well down in the water. It was quite a sight to see the tugs towing them away from the wharf and down the bay a little way, where their sails would be run up and off they would go to other ports in various parts of the world. Often crew members kept fowl and a pig or goat on board there was certainly plenty of wheat to feed these animals.

A great thrill for me in those days was to go to Geelong aboard the ship, Rodina. People used to embark at the wharf on the West side of Queens Bridge. Many times I have nearly exhausted myself carrying a case down from Flinders Street station in the cold mornings, afraid that the boat

might have left before I arrived. There were always a few sickies on board before we got to Port Arlington and the quieter waters of Corio Bay. There were other steamers, which went down the bay to Sorrento and Queenscliff. They were paddle steamers with paddlewheels on each side. Their names were Weeroona, Hygea, Loongana, and they were often used by picnic parties going down the bay.

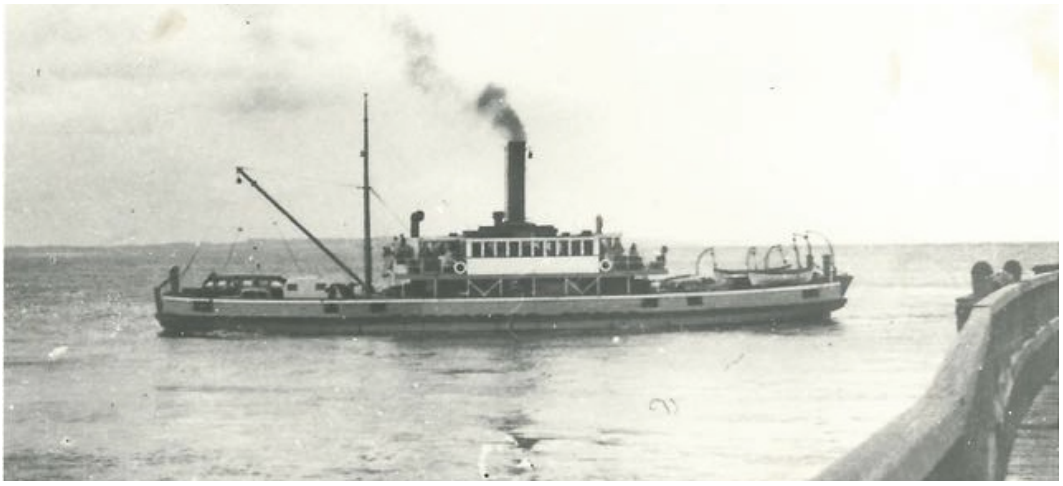

Figure 50 - Ferry from Stony Point to Cowes before the bridge was built.

The wharfs were located across the bay from Beaconsfield Parade, a road which follows the sea for about two miles from Port Melbourne to St Kilda. This street had gas lamps in the centre dividing area and the view from Williamstown wharf was quite beautiful, especially watching the lamplighter on his bike riding from one light to the next. He carried a long rod with a hook on the end to light the lamps. From his position at the bottom of the lamp he would reach up and hook the rod into a ring on the lamp and pull it down, turn the valve and let the gas flow into the lamp where a small pilot light burned all the time. After a long night's toil on the wharf we were always glad to see the lamplighter come along next morning and put out the lamps one by one.

The houses in those days were all gas lit. It was quite a big job to install them as all the lights in the house were on wall brackets and were connected to each other by a small lead tin pipe, which had to run to each room. The gas was burned in a gas mantle, which was a small open woven cotton piece, something like a thumb stall in shape, which was impregnated with a mineral called thorium. The mantle was put over a small frame or tube and tied with a running string on the bottom. Now this was burned off and a skeleton of material was left on the centre frame. This was very fragile. It became white hot with the gas burning and gave off a white light, which was good to read by. This same arrangement is still used in bottled gas lights today. The most popular brand name for gas mantles was "Veritas," and these were made in Germany. When the light was turned on, it made a hissing sound. The gas metres were situated outside the building where the meter reader could see them. Many old houses in the early suburbs had the meter box on the verandah at the front door and they were often disguised by enclosing them with wood to make a seat. In order to control the amount of gas used, some people had slot machines into which they put pennies (1 cent pieces) every time they wanted gas.

While I am reminiscing, I'd like to mention some things, which we take for, granted nowadays but which haven't always been in existence.
Getting a bath:

In roughly about 1890 there was no hot water in the bathrooms. I know this as my Mother used to work at the Grand Hotel, now the Windsor Hotel, which was and is even now one of the best hotels in Melbourne. One of her jobs was to cart two big cans of hot water by service lift to the upper floors to any guest who wanted a bath. When we were young we bathed in a big washtub. Later, when we grew older, we had to carry hot water from a copper in the laundry to the bathroom and pour it into the bath. Then came the bath heater. This was a small tank like gadget which stood at the rounded end of the bath. The water was connected to it by a copper pipe coming from taps in the bathroom, and to supply the hot water a fire had to be lit underneath the tank already filled with water. The first kinds used newspapers bundled together, but later on wood chips were used. After the fire was lit the water was turned on, and the amount of water flowing through controlled the heat of the bath. Later, gas heaters were used. These had a pilot light on the gas tap and the pilot was lit and turned inside the heater; this turned the gas on the gas burner and the water passed through the heater, the temperature of the water coming out was controlled. This way one could have as much hot water as one liked. These gas heaters had one fault: if the pilot light went out while it was being turned in, the gas would flow and fill the heater and, if one tried to light it again, the gas in the heater would explode and wreck the heater and give its operator severe burns and perhaps start a fire in the house.

The first electrical immersion heaters, like those used today, were small things mounted on the wall above the sink to get hot water for washing dishes, etc. You must remember that the older houses were not built with the hot pipes laid on, so other ways had to be found to distribute hot water.

Another thing, which I remember, was the Milkman and the Rabbit Oh. To understand this, you must know that in all the older suburbs there was a 10 foot wide lane running between the back fences of the houses. This served as a back outlet for the rubbish bins and other purposes and perhaps where there was no sewerage. The Milkman used to drive down the lane calling in a loud voice "0-A- Lay-ee!" (Try yelling "Oh-a-Lay-ee" as loud as you can.) You went out the back gate with a billy or jug as you heard him coming and he would come along and measure out the milk from his large can with his pint and a half measuring container on a long handle, and pour it into your billy can. With a friendly wave and a good day, he would continue to rattle down the lane yelling all the time.
It was the same situation with the Rabbit Oh. He would call, " Rabbit Oh, " several times and you would go out of your gate to wait for him to drive up and then you would indicate which rabbit you wanted and he would skin it before he gave it to you. Lots of rabbits were eaten those days; poultry was generally used only for festive occasions.

I think I have referred to how some household jobs were done, but perhaps the job of washing the clothes might be interesting. At present the clothes are loaded into the washer, a couple of dials are set and then the machines do the rest. In my recollection it was very different. First of all, houses had a washhouse, which was a room at the back of the house adjacent to the yard. In this room were two laundry tubs, made of either

metal or concrete, with a cold water tap over each (the waste water would drain down the household drainage system which, in some cases, emptied out into the roadway). In one corner of the room would be a copper, a round copper vessel about 24 inches in diameter and 18 inches deep. This vessel had a flange protruding outward around the top and was usually bricked in and suspended by this flange so that it hung over the fire area high enough to build a fire under it. When the fire was lit in the grate in this brick structure, the flame would contact the outside of the copper and any water put into the copper would boil. There was a space right round the copper and the smoke went up the chimney and out of the room at one corner. It was necessary on wash day to boil the clothes with soap. This was usually a bar of soap about 3" x 2" and 12" long. Slivers were cut off from the bar with a knife and put in the water and frothed up.

It was quite a job on washday to light the copper and have split wood handy to keep the water boiling. A piece of round broom handle was used to lift the clothes and turn them while boiling and then lift them from the copper into the troughs for rinsing. They were rinsed in bluing to bring out the white. There was a wringer that was clamped onto the division between the troughs, and, when the handle was turned, the clothes were drawn through two rubber rollers that squeezed the water out. The clothes would then be thrown into a wicker basket and carried out to the clothesline. On a wet day the clothes had to be removed from the line and brought inside to start the wringing process again. It was a hell of a life in the old days. There were some women who went to different houses on different days of the week, and they were called Washerwomen. I hope today, those young women who may happen to read these paragraphs on washing clothes will appreciate how easy some household chores have become because of the wonderful technical advances that have been made in this day and age.

I remember the police strike when the mobs took over the city. All the shop windows in Bourke Street, between Swanston and Elizabeth Streets, were broken and the shops looted.

It was about this time we went touring in Gippsland on pushbikes. We took the train to Bairnsdale and then biked to Nowa Nowa and on the way back we spent Christmas Day at Swanreach. There is a lot I could say about those bike trips, carrying all our gear on the bike. Dave and I went to Wilson's Promontory on bikes along the beach before there was any road. We stayed at the Darby Chalet.

I can remember when the city streets were paved with Jarrah blocks, something like a brick, and they were covered with sand and the horse drawn cabs went along quite silently. Unfortunately, when they got wet, the blocks tended to buckle up.

Looking back now, it seems incredible that houses had no electricity and phones. Our house in Leeton was a good example of a country house as we used an open fire over the top of the oven with brick holes on each side. There were two bars across and cast iron and enamel pots with lids and long handles. There was a swinging arm attached to the side of the fireplace. When it was swung over the fire, the kettle or billy could be hung over the fire from the hooks on this bar. All the boiling was done over the open fire. For baking, mother used to put a shovel full of red hot coals under the oven. When it came to lighting it, we had a “kero” lamp suspended from the ceiling and counterweighted so it could be pulled down for cleaning the chimney and shade. In various parts of the house

some “kero” lamps were hanging on the wall. We used candles to go to bed. We used to put on a big log and sit around the fire and get warm before bedtime.

Later in Melbourne we used other fuels. In each area of the Melbourne suburbs there were fuel merchants and these sold and delivered wood, coal and coke. Boxwood blocks, which were about 14” long, were popular as they suited the side fired stoves. The blocks could be bought as sawn or split, ready for use. A firm at the North Melbourne railyards, Stucky & Co., always had a large number of rail trucks, which had come down from the country, being unloaded. I had heard that the Stuckys had three sons who were known as "Wood," "Coal," and "Coke." We did not use much coal as it used to smoke and blacken the ceilings. Coke was a good fuel, but small wood was required to start it and it had to be burned in a special cast iron container and the heat came from the hot cast iron stove. Briquettes became very popular when the brown coal was mined in Yallourn. It made a nice clean hot fire, but there was a smell of sulphur. Another fuel that was available in towns and cities was gas. There were big gas making places set up around the cities and it was piped to houses. This fuel was used for stoves and, with the aid of a gas mantle, it provided a very good light to read by.

After electricity was introduced, electricity was used for lighting and gas was used for cooking and heating.

I can't remember when I saw the first dial telephone. I don't know when telephones appeared, as I lived in Allendale and Leeton where there were no phones. The first phone I used was one from which the earpiece was held to the ear while the caller listened for the operator to say, "Number, please." Now we usually had Central Exchange and Windsor Exchange. If you were ringing from the city, you would say to the girl, "Central 4786," and she would plug you in if the line weren’t engaged. If you wanted Windsor, she plugged you in the Windsor Exchange and you had to ask the next operator for the Windsor number. I think the first Melbourne Telephone Exchange was run by a stockbroker, Byron Moore, and Melbourne I was Robinson Bros., Ships Engineers, near the Swinging Basin in South Melbourne.

Can you imagine not having a refrigerator in the house? I can remember when we had to rely on a Coolgardie Safe. This was a perforated metal safe usually and toweling was stretched over the sides and door. On the top was a big tray of water. Strips of toweling were placed with one end in the water and draped over the outside of the safe, and this caused the toweling all around to stay wet. By placing the safe in a draught between two doors, the water in the toweling was evaporated and the butter, etc., inside was kept a bit cool. A tray at the bottom, which could be emptied, kept the water off the floor. This idea was expanded to a big frame with a Hessian bag over the frame. Later on there were ice chests. Ice making businesses flourished when ice chests were being used. The iceman came to the house at least three times a week to put a big block of ice in the compartment at the top of the ice chest. The first cheap refrigerator, I think, was the Silent Knight, invented by Sir Edward Halstrom. This was operated by a kerosene lamp and brought refrigeration to many people in outback places.

Appendix A - Additional information about Jessie May Savagar

Provided by Margaret Cheffers (Bingham)

Along with the written memoirs, there was other information not included in them but found in letters and photos with Tom's papers. It is scattered information so readers of these memoirs can make whatever deductions you wish.

One mystery that everyone from my generation was intrigued about was what had happened to Jessie. We had never known or seen Jessie. That mystery was cleared up when I asked Uncle Tom about this, and back came the answer from him in a letter, (I was in Boston and he was in Warrandyte staying at Shirley's place).

Jess had died tragically and that I was her daughter. Well, I was greatly surprised over this because I always believe that Allen and Beanie were my mother and father. Well, I ruminated for three days and then decided to tell John, my husband. I must admit I was truly bemused by this piece of news and so was John. We indeed had a laugh about it and he said, "Well, you are not the same person as I married. You are a fraud.!" Well, we both kept this news to ourselves as Uncle Tom was afraid that my Dad (Allen) would be very upset with him if he knew that he (Tom) had told me. Well, I was in my 50's. When Uncle Tom died, I told my children, Paul, Mark, Leigh and Andrew. They, of course, were intrigued. I must add here that Uncle Tom made sure that I knew that Jess, my natural mother, and Bob Savagar, my natural father, were married but apparently they did not let anyone know of their intentions but Auntie Dorrie was witness to it. It was only due to Jess's death that my father (Bob) allowed Allen and Beanie to adopt me (I think Beanie had always looked after me as Jess died when I was 7 months and they had all been living together). Unfortunately, in those days the natural father had to agree to never see the child again and the child, as was the custom in those days, was not told. Later, when I approached Allen about this he told me that it was the worst day of Bob's life to give up his own child. This apparently happened when I was about six. But Bob who worked at D. W. Bingham's remained with the company until the business was sold. Bob married again and had two daughters, Helen and Elaine. Joyce and I went to see them in 1994 and we had a wonderful evening together. Bob died at 88 years of age in 1988. I can only be thankful to my adopted father (Allen) and mother (Beanie) for giving me everything. They have been very gallant and gracious. I have been incredibly lucky!

The last time I saw Uncle Dave, he especially wanted to see me when I was last in Melbourne. We talked a little about how he admired Jess and what a great loss to the family her death was. All the brothers were very fond of their sister and suffered her loss greatly. He told me that he had felt, intuitively, a great sadness at about the same time she had died when he was driving back from Sydney to Melbourne. Tom, Dave and Allen felt very strongly the loss of their sister and strove in each of their own ways to make me a welcome member of the family. Well, cousins, it is all revealed now and for me there has been a little side step into a new position on the Bingham family tree.

I have included some photos that Uncle Tom sent me when he told me the incredible news. I want to share them with you. They show how close everyone was to each other in that they all spent time together.

Figure 51 - Jessie Bingham

Figure 52 - Jessie Bingham

Figure 53 - Family of Bob Savagar's two daughters: Helen 2nd from the left, Margaret, Joyce propped up high and Elaine next to her.

Appendix B - Who was Jessie Patience?

Further information on the family tree, Jessie Patience was Margaret Murray's mother, Tom Bingham's Grandmother; the following is information on the Patience family, which was researched by Keith Murray whose grandmother and grandfather were Jessie Patience and George Murray. He had sent Tom Bingham notes on what he had found out about Jessie's family and they are reproduced as he wrote them.

JESSIE PATIENCE AND GEORGE MURRAY:
PIONEERS and FOUNDER of an AUSTRALIAN FAMILY LINE

Jessie Patience:

There is evidence to suggest that Jessie was born at FORTROSE, Scotland (death certificate) but was christened Janet in the parish of AVOCH, county Of ROSS and CROMARTY (LDS) on 13-11-1841. AVOCH is also a small village about 3 km south of FORTROSE, which is described in an early travel guide (Murray's Handbook for Scotland, 1903, p. 452) as a somewhat lifeless seaport. AVOCH, pronounced AUCH, was a thriving fishing village with the tradition that inhabitants are descendants of the occupants from a ship of the Spanish Armada blown into the Inverness Firth and wrecked: certainly many of them are darker in colour and speak with a softer accent than the other inhabitants of the Black Isle. Another tradition is that "AVOCH is occupied by descendants of a Danish colony who have preserved many Norse words and expressions in their Saxon tongue." It is clear from the parish records (LDS) that more than 60 per cent of the Patiences in Scotland were in the parish of Avoch and the majority of the remainder were not far distant; e.g., Rosemarkie and Inverness. I have been told (D.W.?) that the population of Avoch (the village) was or is largely composed of Patiences and Jacks. The two names being many times linked in marriage in the records (LDS). It is possible that Jessie's two sisters each married a Jack. Isabel to Simon Jack and Margaret to George Jack.

There are several points to support acceptance of Janet as Jessie's baptismal name:

(1) there is no record of any Jessie Patience in Scotland until 1855 and then only three up to 1870 (one only in Avoch) . Janet was a favourite Patience name with some 50 Janet Patiences being christened in Avoch parish in the 100 years before Jessie;

(2) on her marriage certificate she gave James and Isabelle Patience as her parents (with a daughter Janet referred to above.) Jessie's age on her death certificate, on my father's birth certificate all agree with her birth in 1841;

(3) Her Uncle John and Aunt Janet are easily identifiable in the records (LDS), i.e., John as brother to James, her father. Jessie's age on emigration in 1852 at 11 years, recorded as Janet Patience, also agrees with the christening of Janet Patience given above.

EMIGRATION:

In the case of her Uncle John as guardian, her Aunt Janet and with three cousins, Margaret, David and Janet (baby), Janet came to Australia in 1852 on the maiden voyage of the Marco Polo which made history by

halving the usual time of passage {to 68 days) from Liverpool to Port Philip. It was under charter to the British Court and carried 661 Scottish highlanders, out of a total of 888, mainly in family groups. Its captain, James Nichol {"Bully") Forbes adopted for the first time a recommendation for a route involving great circle sailing. This involved sailing South in the Atlantic well across near South America, then some 700 miles below Cape Town, along the edge of the Antarctic pack ice, below Heard Island and then picking up the Roaring Forties with clear sailing then to Port Philip. I have read somewhere that Forbes was so anxious to leave Liverpool that the migrants were not warned of the route and the extreme cold: they could not have been clad for the conditions. Also, a child with measles was embarked which accounted mainly for the death during the voyage of 51 children, one of which was baby Janet Patience. This voyage must have been an exciting and perhaps at times an horrific experience for a girl of 11. It is a pity we have no accounts or impressions handed down to us by the Patiences on the MARCO POLO. However, in the Penguin book, "The Long Farewell," by Don Chartwood, there are several diaries printed in full of other voyages to Australia about the time. This book has also many references to the MARCO POLO and its flamboyant captain. Tom Bingham gives the ages of the Patience party, taken from the shipping list as: John Patience (35), Farm Labourer; Janet (29) Jane (Jessie) (11), Margaret (4), David (2). There was also a George Murray, aged 26, listed as an agricultural labourer from Carlisle. I am confident, however, that this George Murray was not Jessie's future husband for the reasons I give later.

Why and when did Janet change her name to Jessie? My guess is, on her arrival in Australia, as many emigrants did. Perhaps as a result of baby Janet's death. Or later, when with two Janets in the household, there may have been confusion. We will never know.

JESSIE'S PARENTS:

On her married certificate, Jessie named them as James and Isabella. An interesting fact concerning the use of the names Isabel and Isabella was that there was a sharp change in the use of Isabel to Isabella in the Patience clan in Avoch around 1840. Janet's own sister was the last Isabel Patience in the records followed by 15 Isabella Patiences up to 1874. It seems quite possible then at her marriage in 1860 Jessie wrote her mother's name in accordance with current usage. From the full parish records (LDS), Janet was born on 7-4-1841 to Isabel and James Patience (Fisherman), married on 8.9.1835. Isabel was a daughter of Lewis Patience (Fisherman) of Avoch, but the register gives no indication of James' parents. Two possibilities are Alexander (Dutchman) Patience/Isabel Jack and George Patience and Kathe Gorian, based on time between marriage and christening.

JESSIE'S SCOTTISH RELATIVES (LDS)

Parents: James Patience (?); Isabel Patience (c:16-10-1814) (Patience maiden name also), married 8.9.1835 in Avoch Parish.
Siblings: Margaret (c. 26.3.1837) [Janet T or Jessie, c. 13.11.1841], Isabel (25.7.1843); Donald (5.8.1845).
Aunts/Uncles: - maternal Katharine (10.8.1818), Margaret (11.8.1816). John (20.6.1814) - shoemaker and guardian to Jessie (until her marriage).

Aunts/Uncles: - paternal uncertain.
Aunt-in-law - Janet, daughter of David Patience, married John Patience above (8.10.1846). As an "adoptive mother," she must have had an enormous influence on Jessie's development between emigration and marriage.
Paternal Grandparents: - (1) Alexander ("Dutchman"),
(Fisherman, Seatown) Patience, and Isabel Jack (m. 24.5.1798).
George Patience (Fisherman, Seatown) and and Kathe Golian (m. 6 Jan, 1809).
Maternal Grandparents: - Lewis Patience (Fisherman, Seatown) and Helen Patience (m. 16.11.1809).
Maternal Great Grandparent: - Donald Patience - "Catter" (Fisherman, Seatown).

George Murray:

My father's birth certificate gave George's birth place as LONGTOWN, Cumberland. However, in the parish baptismal records (LDS), the "place of abode" of his parents is CARWINLEY. In a visit to the area a few months ago, we found Carsinley (only shown on Ordinance Survey map) to have only 2 or 3 houses. It could have been a small hamlet, but more likely was the name of a farm. It is about 5 km NorthEast of Longtown and about 2 km from the River ESK, which is the border. ARTHURET is the parish and Arthuret Church is about 1/2 km South of Longtown. We found no Murray tombstones of great interest. I would say the family could not afford the expense. After the birth of three children, the place of abode changes to LONGTOWN, so this where George must have spent his late childhood and early adulthood. Longtown itself is very dull the "modern" town built about 1850 is very flat with wide streets. The postmaster told me that there were a good many Murrays in Longtown. A clan map shows a pocket of Murrays not far away in Scotland on the North shore of Solway Firth. The border country of a few centuries before was always in a state of unrest; the border was fixed in 1660. Records (LDS) show Murrays in the parish in the mid 1500's.

George, on his marriage certificate, gave his parents as William Murray, carpenter, and Mary Rewell (also mis-spelt Ruel and Rule in baptismal records). George Murray has entries for 1.1.1826 and 28.3.1827. Presumably George (I) died so we must accept George (II) as our forebear. There is another George Murray recorded (c. 1.10.1826), (parents, George Murray/Margaret Davidson) who would be only a few months older than "our" George and also from the same parish - Arthuret. Is he the George Murray on the MARCO POLO with the Patiences in 1852?

EMIGRATION:

In the death certificates of Jessie and George Murray,
David (son) entered for, "How long in the Australian Colonies?" 56 years and 52 years, respectively, corresponding to an arrival year of 1856 for George, i.e., 4 years after Jessie. This would agree with the idea handed down to Tom B. from his parents that George was "brought out" from England to start up The Port Philip and Colonial Gold Mining Company's battery in Clunes (in 1857). My father also told me that his father was "brought out" by a large mining company. I have a description of the construction and function of the Port Philip battery. It was very large with some 80 stamping heads. Constructed mainly in wood, it is understandable

that George, a carpenter, would be involved. The sheer size, however, would require a large team, and we may never know precisely what George's role was in the construction. [What did he do then for the next 20 years? Tom B. says that he had quite a big job in Clunes and drove around in a two-horse carriage.]

MARRIAGE:

One must assume that Jessie remained with her Uncle/guardian and Aunt between arrival and marriage. On her marriage certificate, Amhurst is given as the "present" and "usual" place of residence of her and her guardian and also of George. George would have been working in Clunes for a few years and would have had to travel daily the 14 miles to and fro, or come home at weekends. Jessie gave her age as 19 and George his as 29. George must have understated his by 5 years, perhaps in deference to the fact that he was marrying a minor. [Calculations would have made him 34 - the 37 years on his death certificate is, I think, a mistake, and 4 could readily be transcribed as a 7.] They were married in the Church of England schoolhouse, Amhurst, on 12th July, 1860, given away by her guardian, John Patience. They must have soon moved to Clunes as her obituary notice says, "the deceased who was a niece of Mrs. J. Patience, Sr, arrived in Clunes in 1859 (60?), then being a bride and left about 12 years later." Clunes in 1859 was a rough township, floundering in deep black mud, with houses built anywhere, and on very small allotments, each defined by a picket fence in a valley almost devoid of trees. I attached Xerox copies of a photograph in 1859 and a later engraving c. 1870. where did they live initially? In 1872 they lived on the Smeaton Road where my father George James, being the eldest son after the four girls. On a visit to Clunes several years ago, we found only three, apparently very old, weatherboard houses remaining in Smeaton Road and photographed the one nearest the creek and close to Albert Street which joins it at right angles. John Patience had a Family Provision store in Albert Street (D.W.) probably close by. In 1859, the official population of Clunes was 1,000 and 2 churches, and in 1873 it had leaped to 6,200 plus 7 churches and 48 hotels, from which the decline began. 1873 was also the year of the miner's "Riot" who turned back Chinese "scab" labourers on the edge of the town. When did Jessie and George actually leave Clunes presumably for Melbourne (North Carlton)? certainly after December 1872. This information is probably in the birth certificates of John, Bill and David and may give their full Melbourne addresses. In James obituary notice they were referred to as former residents of North Carlton. I have an East Brunswick address, obtained from my parents wedding (October 9, 1901) announcement, given as 271 Barkley Street, East Brunswick. This is only one street from the boundary with North Carlton. A whole row of houses, including 271, gave way to a supermarket warehouse. A few years later, they moved the "country" to the property, Sunnyside, May Street, Preston, described so graphically by Tom Bingham in recollection of some childhood years there. It was here that Jessie died on June 16th, 1907, "after a short illness from paralysis." The obituary notice also describes her as having "a very kindly and charitable disposition which endeared her greatly to her many friends and earned her respect and esteem of everyone who knew her." This feeling comes through in Tom B's description of his grandmother meeting him at the gate and carrying his bag the same feeling comes through in Dave's

photograph of a kindly, old lady dressed for church. The family must have moved very soon after her death to The Avenue, Balaclava, also mentioned by Tom B. George died about year after Jessie on 6th July, 1908, of "old. age." His death occurred at 376 Madeline Street, Balaclava. Was this the local hospital or the residence of one of his daughters? (Mary or May?) He was 82 years, occupation contractor. It is surprising that Dave Murray (son) had no knowledge at all of George's parents to insert in the death certificate. Is there any obituary notice and eulogy for George as we have for Jessie? The only comments about George handed down are not at all flattering "irascible," "gambler." He must have been an incurable gambler! Tom B. relates how he "borrowed" Jessie's gold chain and watch to pay a gambling debt. We may now never know of any good qualities he must have had.

CHILDREN OF JESSIE AND GEORGE:

These have been listed by Tom Bingham, but I include them for the sake of completeness. Taken from George's death certificate, they are Mary Isabella (45), Janet Patience (43), Elizabeth (41), Margaret (39) , George James (36), John (died as a baby), William John (31), David Patience (29) , James Patience (died 30.7.1904, at "Sunnyside," West Street, Preston, aged 21 years) . May (24). These ages can't be strictly accurate and do not tally with those on Jessie's death certificate some have not aged at all, others by 2 years. Again, for completeness, it might be worthwhile to record together the actual birthdays and place of birth of Jessie's and George's children. The first five must have been born in Clunes.

More information?

My son. Bill in Melbourne is trying to find a George Murray entering Victoria in 1856 or near and which ship. Also, at present, looking at the Scottish Census of 1851, which may give greater detail of the Patience family (with Janet at 10 years) even to the street and numbers of Fortrose (?). Also, a more detailed examination of parish records of Avoch and Arethurst may give further information.

It would be fine if we could obtain their actual birthdays, not recorded officially at the time. They may be in a family birthday book or bible, handed down in one of our families. We found a wedding invitation gave us a great deal of information. We are grateful to David Murray, initially, and to Tom Bingham for making available the photograph of Jessie. It is a pity we appear not to have one of George in the family. Further sources of information possibly are the small historical Clunes Museum and Clunes records; e.g., it might be possible to pinpoint the Murray house in Smeaton Road (D.W.). The museum was closed on the day we visited there

The picture we have of Jessie and George is still somewhat obscure and it would be fine if we could fill it out a little. I would appreciate any comments, particularly on the speculations and assumption I have made.

Abbreviations:

Tom B. (Tom Bingham, Brisbane); D.W. (Miss Dulcie Weickhardt, Maryborough, Vic.; d.cert death certificate; m.cert, marriage certificate; L.D.S. Records of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints. Geneology Department

K.E.M. {Keith Murray) 24.5.87

Further comments arising from exam of the photocopied parish registers of Avoch (LDS):

(1) Found Janet's birthdate (7/4/1841) . If we could find a written record of the same date applying to Jessie in Australia it would be conclusive evidence to link Jessie with Janet.
(2) There is a recorded link between Isabel and (Janet's mother) and her father Lewis P (and Helen P), also John as a brother whose age would have been 38 on emigration. It's given as 35 in the ship's papers but 8's and 5's are easily misread or he reduced his age purposely. Q. Why did he declare himself a farm labourer when he is indicated (at marriage) to be a shoemaker?
(3) Most of the male Patiences in Scotland are recorded as fisherman. Earlier (pre circa 1820) they were from Seatown (the seaside port of Avoch?) I did not see any entry "carpenter" which Jessie gave for father's profession on her wedding certificate. Perhaps she just followed George's lead.
(4) At Jessie's Aunt Margaret's christening (1816) Seatown), we was sponsored by an Uncle George.
(5) GEORGE's relatives in Cumberland emerge quite clearly from the records from ARTHURET (LDS)

Parents: William Murray (Joiner) on 18.5.1797 (Arthuret) and Mary Rewell, b. 2.9.1804, Carlisle, St. Mary - lived CARWINLEY and LONGTOWN.
Siblings: Ellinor 7.11.1824; George 1.1.1826 died very early; Robert 14.3.1830, Margaret 20.8.1831; Thomas 23.2.1833, Janet (Fergus Graham - vicar).
Grandparents: William Murray (Joiner), Slealands and Mary Little (Kirkandress upon Esk) m. 17.9.1796, d. 1824?
Maternal Grandparents: John Rewell and Mary Armstrong Uncle (P) George c. 2.3.1796
Noteworthy is the occupation of Joiner or Carpenter extending from George backwards to his grandfather William (circa 1770) and onwards to his grandson James (b. 1905)

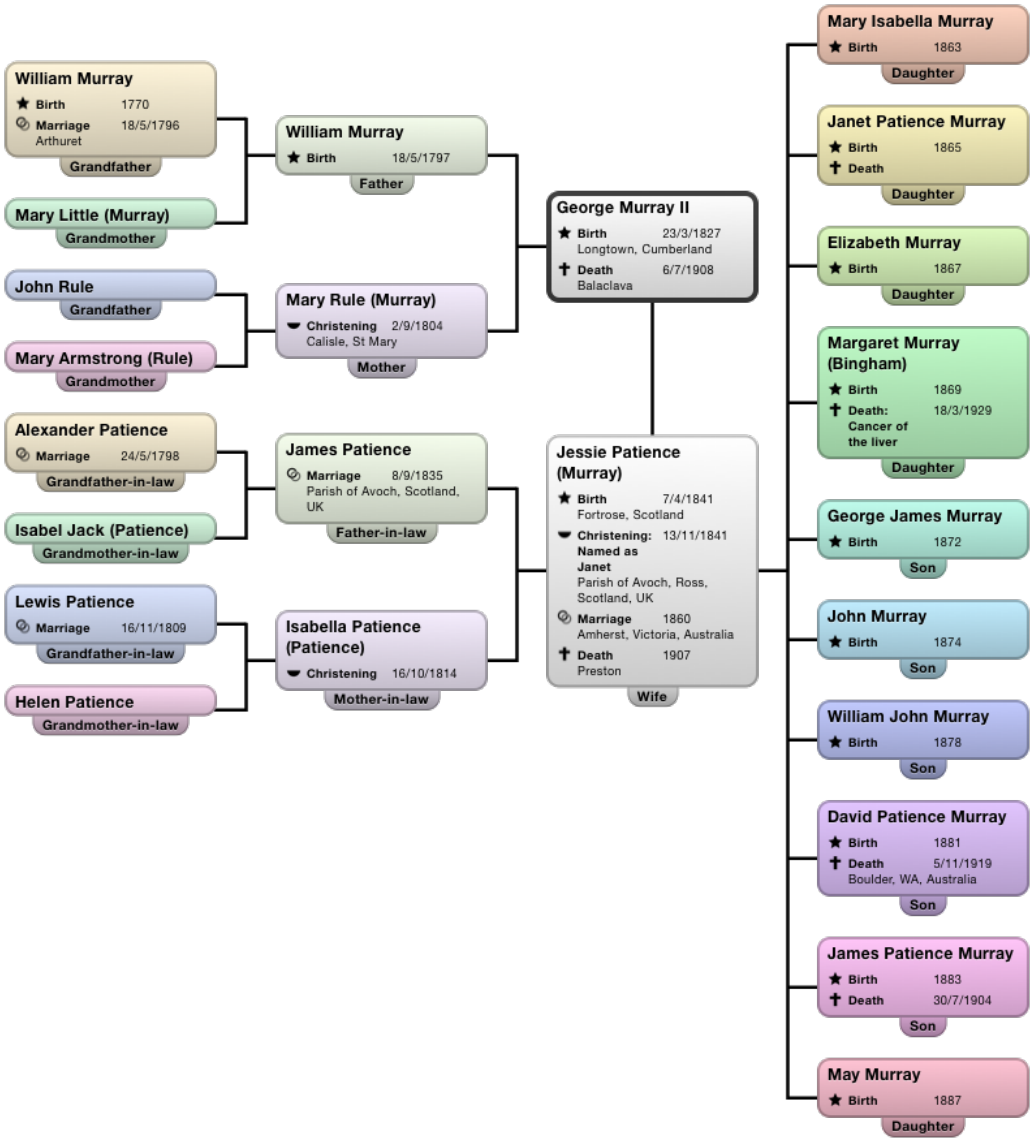

Figure 54 - Family Tree of William Murray and Mary Little

Figure 55 – The Arthuret parish(area) in Scotland established 1660

Obtaining Family Tree history

A letter was sent:
To: Tom Bingham
From: Dulcie Weickhardt:
Unit 4, Isabella Warton Place Dundas Road Maryborough, Vic 3465 14 May, 1985

Dear Tom:
I was recently shown a photograph of old Amherst and a friend was kind enough to have some photostats run off it, one of which I enclose (for you to keep). The information we have is that the church on the right of the picture is the Methodist Church, the one on the left of the picture is the Church of England, and in the centre, in the background, is what was called The Common School. I think in all probability it would earlier have been The Church of England Schoolhouse in which Jessie Patience was married. /We are endeavouring to get more information on this, but as the older folk die out, so too does much of the history. It was a very old photograph, but it has come up quite well in the photostat. I have sent one to Keith Murray. I have two Sunday School prizes (books) presented to Auntie Jakey and her brother David (my mother's father) . They were given him by the Superintendant of the Primative Methodist Sabbath School in 1861. It would appear, therefore, that at that time the Methodist was the only Sunday school there. They were given for regular attendance, and for prowess in the anniversary presentation of "Seven Colours of the Rainbow." Aunty also extolled her prowess as a "reciter," and for her "collecting and bringing other children to Sabbath School."
It's a bit of a puzzle, because Jessie was married in the Church of England schoolhouse in Amherst a year earlier, 1860. Perhaps the Church of

England didn't have a resident minister or Sabbath School Superintendant, whereas the Methodists did.
My sister Jessie and I are fairly convinced that she was named after your grandmother who had died five years before Jess was born. I can imagine Auntie Jakey suggesting the name to Mum.
Did you know that John Patience and family, including your grandmother, proceeded up to Jim Crow (now Daylesford) almost immediately upon arrival in 1852? Here John took charge of, and kept the stores on the station property of a Mr. Parker. (Mr. Parker was well spoken of as a fine man and one who befriended the aborigines, and he's been written into books of that era.) Then John joined the rush at Forrest Creek and worked very successfully in partnership with Mr. W. Appleby and Dr. Richmond, this latter acted for many years as Hon. Sec. for the Clunes Paddock Mine. From Forrest Creek he made his way to Daisy Hill, Amherst, where he worked successfully at the renowned White Horse Claim. (Mum said Grannie Patience (Janet) told her many times that they went to Amherst in a horse and dray a popular mode of transport in those days). And in May 1853 John bought Connell's business in North Clunes and moved there. He and Janet went for a trip to Scotland in 1875 after John's term (2 years) as Clunes Borough Councilman was over. John died at North Clunes, Victoria, on 27th October, 1894, at aged 78 years.
I am also returning Jessie's photo herewith. Many thanks for loaning it to me. I've had a couple of photostats run off as I'm still waiting for my nephew to come and lift out the main box of photos. He and his wife have just had their first baby, Adam John, after six years marriage, so he hasn't been up as often as hitherto. However, now we know what Jessie looks like, we may find a photo. I sent a photostat to Keith in case he hadn't one. I hope you and Dorothy are as well as you can be. It's freezing here today, but I'm getting through the winter rather well all told. Kindest regards to both of you. Dulcie.

Figure 56 – On the left, C of E Churches and it's Common School house and the right is the Methodist Church in Amherst, Victoria.

The following is a photo of an old wooden house with a large shed (once stables??) is the first house in Smeaton Road on RHS after leaving the township and over the river. It is near Albert Street where John Patience had his hotel and store. It may have been close to this or (near this house) where your mother and my father were born. We didn't have time make enquiries. Keith Murray's notes on the back of the photo.

Figure 57 –Old Wooden House on Smeaton St Clunes

The following are some newspaper cuttings of funerals and weddings of the Murray's and Patience's.

Funerals:
Murray, On 20th July at "Sunnyside," West Street, Preston, James Patience, beloved youngest son of Jessie and George Murray, late of North Carlton, Aged 21 years.
Murray:
The friends of George Murray are respectfully invited to follow the remains of his beloved youngest son, James Patience, to the place of internment, The Melbourne General Cemetary. The funeral is appointed to leave his residence, "Sunnyside," West St,, Preston. Today (Monday) 1st August, 1904 at 2:30 p.m.
November 5. 1919:
J. Murray was one of the pallbearers at the funeral of David Patience (my grandfather) in Boulder, Western Australia.
1909, 4th July:
Daniel Patience (nephew of Mrs. John Patience), late manager Burns Philp Co., Queensland, at his residence, "Kuranda," Sydney, N.S.N.. Lived many years in Clunes, Victoria, left about 1884 for Queensland. Cairns and Townsville, office of Burns Philp Co. Afterwards worked up a branch of firm in Brisbane. Lived in Queensland for 23 years. Moved to Sydney for health reasons. Died aged 56 years. Left a wife in Sydney, aged mother and sisters in Melbourne. (Daniel Patience's wife was a Miss Sarah Ann Chard (Ann Patience?).
Wedding:
Harvey-Murray: On the 3rd April, 1915 at St. Giles Presbyterian Church, Parade, Norwood, S.A. By the Rev. J. Hall Angas • Andrew John Harvey to Elizabeth Murray of Northcote, Victoria (both formerly of Clunes.)