

*Life Stories and Memories of
Margaret Rose Bingham
Cheffers*



Cover image: Margaret Bingham on her 21st birthday – 14 November 1956

Foreword

At Christmas time in 2019, just before the COVID19 virus began to create chaos amongst the people of this earth, I received a Christmas present from Jennifer Cheffers. The present came from a group in Philadelphia called StoryWorth. Their aim was to publish books and they had a unique way of gathering manuscripts to publish. They set up a system where they would email weekly questions to the person who wished to write about aspects of their life. In my case, I wished to leave my children, grandchildren, and even great grandchildren stories about my young life.

As you completed each question, you were required to send your answers back by email to the company. When you felt that you had no more to contribute to your story or stories, StoryWorth compiled them and sent them back as a book. After two years of writing my stories as responses to questions, I received my book in two volumes in March 2022 and it looks great!

Lucky for me, I received this present just before the COVID19 virus and its many variants ravaged our world. In Australia, we closed our borders very quickly in about March 2020 and we had to isolate from each other until 2021. I had an ideal place in which to isolate, a house with some garden. The stories gave me something meaningful to do when in isolation at home.

My stories are factual. The questions I chose were interesting to me and so I set about answering them to the best of my ability and I enjoyed every moment.

Acknowledgements

In acknowledging friends who helped along the way, my first thank you is to Jennifer Cheffers who lit the spark that got me thinking and writing. Jennifer, thanks for editing my words and formatting it magnificently. I agreed with everything you suggested. The result is a book in PDF formatting that can be sent to everyone electronically. A hard copy will be forthcoming.

My thanks to Lyn Bingham who was a friend of my sister and gave me photos and memories of her adventures with Joyce. Margaret Anderson, a friend of Joyce, also wrote of her memories of Joyce.

In the story of my birth father, Robert Savagar, I thank Elaine Bastian (my half-sister) for providing me with photos and memories of her father.

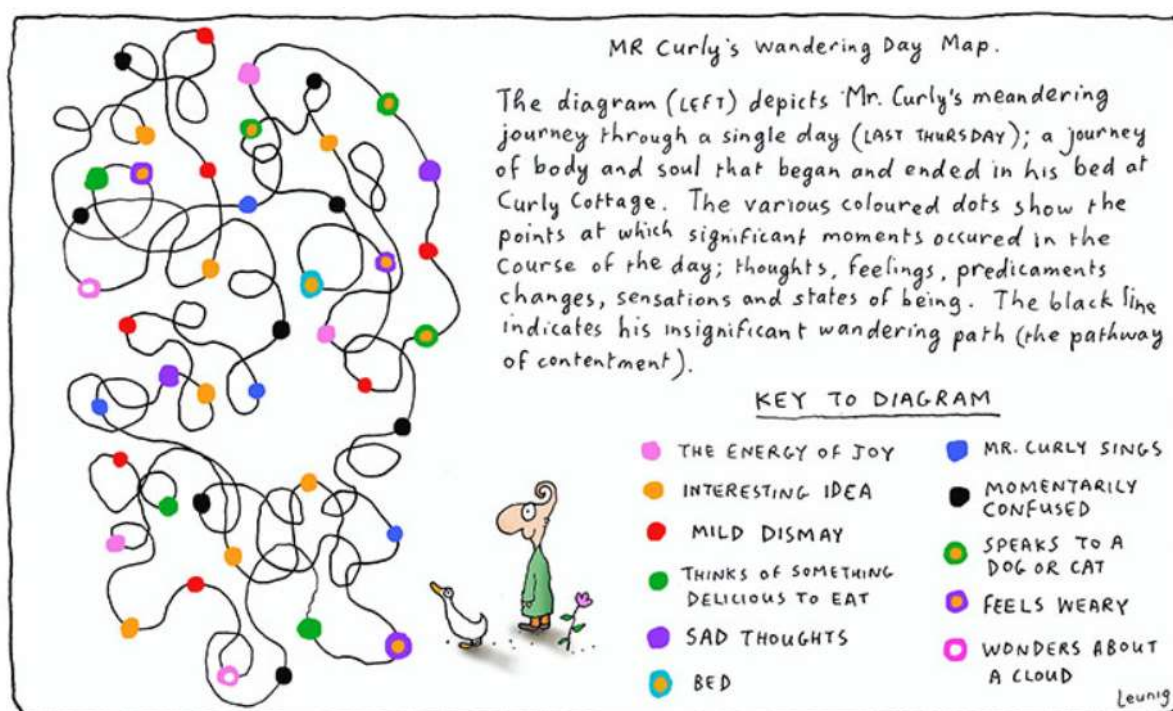
There are two books that helped to provide answers to the stories of my grandparents. My Uncle Dave wrote the book about his life called '*Food For Thought*'. I published a book for my Uncle Tom called '*The Life and Times of Thomas Alexander Bingham*'.

In answering the question, "What was nursing like in the 1950s?", I used information from a book written by Janette Bomford, '*A Tradition of Care 1920-2010*'.

I used the internet often to check my facts and used information and photos of earlier times to bring colour to my stories.

Photos from my collection were also used to illustrate the written word.

Margaret Cheffers
Holder ACT Australia
June 2022



I have been a fan of Michael Leunig's cartoons for several years. As a Christmas present, Paul has given me the famous Michael Leunig Calendars each year for about five years. I was particularly taken with the above drawing on the 2018 Calendar of Mr. Curly's meanderings through his day from waking up in the morning in his bed and going to bed at night.

When I first looked at the drawing, I thought to myself: "This is me!" Yes! My journey every day from babyhood, young adulthood, middle years, and on to older age, it seems to me, has been along a similar pathway negotiating the turns and twists of life going forwards, through and around many connecting loops, resting to ponder and affirm the next step or wondering what to do next in my journey of life. Decisions were not always the best ones, but I always tried to find a better way through or around the loops. My goal for those I love and have loved has been to bring sunshine into their lives and, of course, my life.

Adapting Mr Curly's daily meanderings, the stops on my loopy pathway would look like something like this:

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| ● The Energy of Joy | ● Feels Weary |
| ● Listens to Mozart | ● Sad Thoughts |
| ● Interesting Idea | ● Wonders About a Cloud |
| ● Momentarily Confused | ● Pulls a Weed |
| ● Mild Dismay | ● Drinks a Cup of Tea with a Biscuit |
| ● Speaks to a Dog or Cat | ● Naps in Front of the TV |
| ● Thinks of Something Delicious to Eat | ● Bed |

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Chapter 1: What was your Dad like when you were a child?

As a child during the 1940s to the early 1950s, I had grown up in a family where there was a mother and father, Allen and Beanie Bingham. I was very comfortable in that family life, especially when it included the extended family which consisted of my father's brothers and my mother's sisters and my mother's mother. There was much mingling between both sides of the Bingham and McFarlane (my mother's) families.

My Bingham cousins and my family all lived in the same suburb of Melbourne – Brighton – and not far away from each other. I spent many a Saturday afternoon playing with Shirley and Sandra, who were the daughters of my Uncle Tom and Auntie Dorrie, and also with David, the son of my Uncle Dave and Auntie Em. This meant that each of us went to each other's birthdays especially through primary school age. Laurence Bingham, another cousin, put together a DVD from an old black and white film of Sandra's 2nd birthday on the 25th of August, 1939, taken by Auntie Em that showed Shirley, David and I and other cousins of Auntie Dorrie's family sitting at a table crammed with goodies and Sandra, helped by Auntie Dorrie, cutting the birthday cake with two candles on it. Amazing!!

I also remember another birthday party for Shirley when another photo was taken where all of us were dressed up in frilly dresses and hats. In those days we used to play games before we gorged ourselves on sweet biscuits and cream cakes. One of those games was "Oranges and Lemons, The Bells of St. Clements." I remember very clearly playing this game at birthday parties which had a macabre ending with "Chop, Chop, Chop off Her Head". I have since learned that most nursery rhymes had nasty endings.

You wonder where I am going with this answer to the question: "What was your dad like?" There is sadness in this story, not like the nursery rhyme, of course.

Robert Savagar's Story

This is the story of two families joined together after a tragedy and how it changed my life. I was born on 14th November, 1935 and was named Margaret Rose Savagar by my parents Robert and Jessie Savagar. My name was then changed to Margaret Rose Bingham as a six-year-old when I was adopted by Jessie's brother, Allen Clifton Bingham, and his wife, Robina Lee (Beanie), who had been Jessie's dear friend. In another chapter, "What was your Mum like as a child?" I have written about how my birth mother, Jessie May Savagar, tragically died and how Robert Savagar allowed Jessie's brother Allen Bingham and his wife Beanie to adopt me after he had not been able to provide a home for me after he had remarried.

Allen told me that Robert was very upset when he finally gave me up forever as the rules required in the 1940s. However, Adoption rules were relaxed quite significantly in the 1970s. Because I wanted to understand the adoption rules during the 1940s, I have googled the following:

From the 1920s, adoption practice in Australia reflected the concept of secrecy and the ideal of having a "clean break" from the birth parents. Closed adoption is where an

adopted child's original birth certificate is sealed forever, and an amended birth certificate issued that establishes the child's new identity and relationship with their adoptive family.

Legislative changes in the 1960s tightened these secrecy provisions, ensuring that neither party saw each other's names.

The experience of closed adoption included people being subjected to unauthorised separation from their child, which then resulted in what was often called "forced adoption". From the 1940s, adoption advocates saw it as desirable to relinquish the child as soon as possible, preferably straight after birth. However, in 1984, Victoria implemented legislation granting adopted persons over the age of 18 the right to access their birth certificate (subject to mandatory counselling).

I remember when I did receive a legal copy of my birth certificate for when I needed to apply for a passport or for some other reason, it only gave me "an extract". That puzzled me.

I did not find out about my adoption until I was in my 50s and was not really surprised to find out that I had been adopted within the Bingham family as I didn't really look like either Allen or Beanie. If I had wondered in my early life as to who did I resemble, I discounted this vague ridiculous thought. I quickly discounted the very idea of not being their child as being impossible. I was living in Boston, USA, at the time of this final revelation. What a secret! And it was held by my Uncles and Aunties on both sides of the families. My generation were definitely unaware of this momentous secret about their cousin, Margaret. Was it the right thing to keep me in the dark for so long?

I have no condemnation of anyone who knew, but I do wish that I had known a bit sooner because I missed out on getting to know my birth father before he died. My half-sister Elaine wrote of her father:

My Darling Dad had a lovely outlook on life. He did not judge or criticise but accepted everyone on face value. All our friends loved him.

Margaret – whilst he was with us, Uncle Tom when he came to Melbourne, would visit Dad and he would ask Uncle Tom how you were. He told me that it was the hardest decision he had to make but your well-being came first and he knew you would be well cared for and given a great life as back in 1936, after Jessie died, Beanie became your Mum.



Robert Savagar in his later years

When I returned to Australia in 1994, I made contact with the Victorian State Adoption Department. Two members of the Adoption Department interviewed me, and I was given documents such as copies of the Adoption Papers, my birth certificates as Margaret Rose Savagar and Margaret Rose Bingham, and papers to do with the autopsy report of the death of Jessie. I was full of sadness about the death of my mother and the grief that my father, Robert, had gone through with the loss of his wife and eventually giving up his daughter.

Both couples, Jessie and Robert and Allen and Beanie, had a long and friendly connection to each other before and after their marriages, and it was comforting to know that Robert remained as an employee of D.W. Bingham Pty Ltd. – Uncle Dave's and Allen's food machinery business in South Melbourne – until it was sold. Allen was very affected by Robert's grief at giving up his daughter and secretly on a number of occasions would take me down to the factory on a Saturday morning where I would be left with Bob to look after me while Allen would attend to business he had to finish. I remember this vaguely. It was difficult for both Bob and me as I really didn't know him, and I was somewhat glad to go back home after being in such a dark place. Inside the factory in the room where all the machines were kept always seemed to be darkly lit. Nowadays, I am really saddened about my reactions at that time, but I was only a little girl. Later on, I actually liked going down to see the guys on the factory floor and various people in the offices.



Joyce (centre) and me (third from left) visiting my half-sisters Helen (second from left) and Elaine (far right) and their families in 1994

Another time when I was in Australia and staying with my sister, Joyce Young, who lived in Bairnsdale, Victoria, we travelled up to Melbourne to specially visit my half-sisters, Helen and Elaine. They had gathered all their families together to welcome their lost Sister and Aunt. We had a wonderful evening together as shown in the photo above. Another time when I had returned to Australia to catch up with relatives, Helen kindly put me up while I was in Melbourne.

The last catch-up time was more recently in March 2020 when I was staying with my son Mark and his family in McCrae, on Port Phillip Bay, Victoria. Helen, Clive and Elaine came for a barbecue. My sons, Mark and Andrew, were really chuffed that they were going to meet their Aunties for the first time.



Elaine, Margaret, Helen and Clive at McRae, Victoria – March 2020

Clive, who is Helen's husband, kept looking at me (at 84 years old) and remarking that he couldn't believe how much I looked like Robert. I was amused but when I put the two photos below together, I could see the resemblance.



Robert 1917



Margaret 1936

So, Who Was Robert Savagar? And Where Did He Come From?

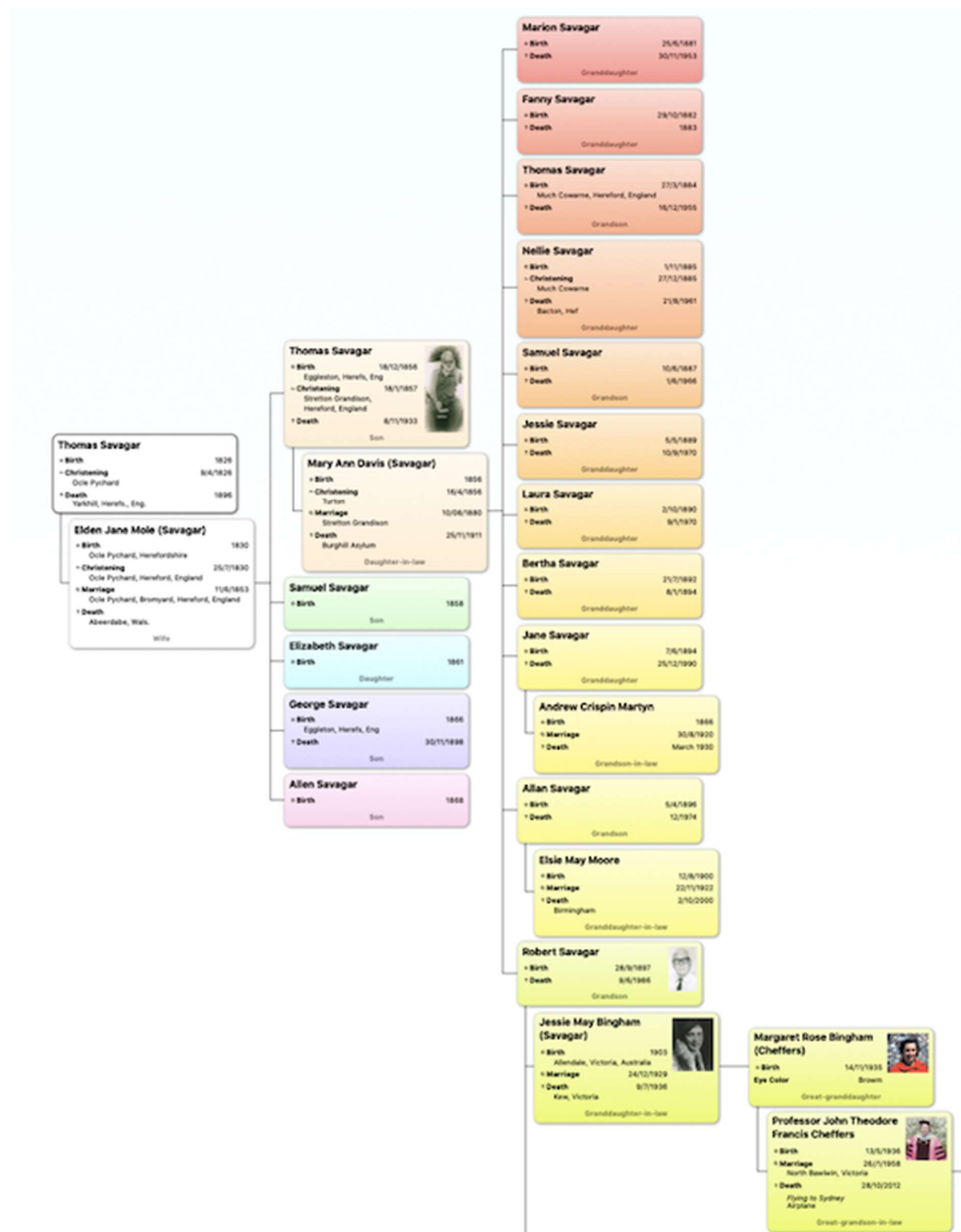
As I had never known about the secret of my birth and who were really my parents until I was in my 50s, I have relied on Bob's daughters, Helen and Elaine, my half-sisters, who relayed to me their story about their father, Robert Savagar. It warms my heart to know how much they loved their Dad.

Robert Savagar, my birth father, was born in Cardiff, Wales, on the 28th September, 1897, and died on 9th June, 1986, aged 88 years. He was the youngest of 11 children born to Thomas and Mary Savagar who lived in Herefordshire, UK. Below are the births and deaths of Robert Savagar's family and siblings.

- Father: Thomas Savagar, born 18 December 1856, in Eggleston, Herefordshire, died 8 November 1933
- Married 10 August 1880 to Mother: Mary Ann Davis, born 1856 in Turton, died 25 November 1911

Their children were:

- Marion Savagar, born 25 June 1881, died 30 November 1953
- Fanny Savagar, born 29 October 1882, died 1883
- Thomas Savagar, born 27 March 1884 in Marsh Cowarne, Hereford, died 16 December 1955
- Nellie Savagar, born 1 November 1885 in Marsh Cowarne, Hereford, died 21 August 1961
- Samuel Savagar, born 10 June 1887, died 1 June 1966
- Jessie Savagar, born 5 May 1889, died 10 September 1970
- Laura Savagar, born 2 October 1890, died 9 January 1970
- Bertha Savagar, born 21 July 1892, died 8 January 1894
- Jane Savagar, born 7 June 1894, died 25 December 1990
- Allan Savagar, born 5 April 1896, died December 1974
- Robert Savagar, born 28 September 1897, died 9 June 1986



Thomas and Mary Ann Savagar's descendants

It is interesting to note that Robert's siblings lived and died in Herefordshire. Most probably, Bob has nieces and nephews that can still be found in the County of Herefordshire and these he caught up when he returned to the UK to visit family in 1975.

Below is a letter from Joyce, daughter of Nellie Savagar and niece of Jane Savagar (or Jennie) after Jennie's death in 1990. Joyce wrote of her knowledge of Jane (Jennie) Savagar's life. I have included the following paragraph as it applies to her brother Robert's life before he immigrated to Australia in 1922.

My Auntie Jenny died on Christmas Day 1990 aged 96. She was born in June 1894, the ninth child of Thomas and Mary Savagar. In the same year her youngest sister Bertha died of scarlet fever, but during the next three years two more children were born, Allen and Robert. These ten children grew up and lived into old age – but Jane as she was christened outlived them all by several years. Their parents were farmers, but times were hard and the mother a delicate and gentle person worn out with childbearing and struggling with housework and the demands of such a large family, died leaving several children still of school age. At that time, they were tenant farmers at Batty Marsh in the parish of Marsh Cowan and to this school the little girl would have trudged across the Meadows and through the wood, as it was an isolated farm at the end of a long and muddy Lane. They had a donkey, but the younger brothers commandeered it for their games and, in fact, played truant frequently (so one of them told me in his 80), especially after their mother died and their older sister Marion came home to look after them. He told me she was very easy with them and they did what they liked! In any case keeping house for them and her father was no easy task as Thomas was an outgoing ebullient character who soon left most of the work to one son, Sam, who remained on the farm. Many are the stories of the father's escapades. Several days a week he would ride off to market in his horse and trap and at night he would be conveyed back home by his faithful horse which knew all the stopping places but could be relied upon to get back to his stable eventually.

When I googled “Batty Marsh,” it seems that there is a farm today called Baddy Marsh that has a web page. However, I imagine that it is not the same farm. I am very unsure to what Jenny's references to “Batty Marsh” mean. Was it the name of their farm or an area of interest?

Elaine, who has visited her relatives in Herefordshire, said that she “got off the train at Ledbury and went to Yorkhill where my cousin lives.” There are some very old Savagar graves in the local church burial ground. I hope one or two of my children or even grandchildren or even my great grandchildren travel to the UK in the future to visit Herefordshire to connect with any remaining Savagars in the county.

Below I have included information from Wikipedia about Hereford. These words certainly paint a beautiful picture of Herefordshire.

Hereford is a cathedral city, civil parish and county town of Herefordshire, England. It lies on the River Wye, approximately 16 miles east of the border with Wales, 24 miles

southwest of Worcester, and 23 miles northwest of Gloucester. With a population of 55,955, it is by far the largest settlement in Herefordshire.

Further, the county of Herefordshire is known to the East for its gentle rolling hills, countryside interspersed with black and white villages and to the West rugged hills and dramatic views, the countryside becomes more Welsh in appearance and its climate and its people. The County of Herefordshire is known as the birthplace of the Hereford Cattle which is a breed known all over the world and especially in Australia.

Herefordshire is one of the English Marches counties, ancient borderlands with Wales whose idyllic landscapes belie their often violent history. The dramatically sited castles hint at this turbulent past and can provide an interesting focal point around which to plan a walk.



I am guessing that Batty Marsh is somewhere between Ledbury and Hereford



High Town, Hereford's main shopping square



Wye Bridge, Hereford

And to think that I have been to England a number of times and enjoyed the countryside very much, especially in Wales, when I travelled with Andy and Leigh throughout England and Scotland by car in 1984. We could have met up with some Savagar relatives that I had not known about at that time. The whole area has some great walking trails.

Robert's daughter Elaine Bastian included the following article describing a Thomas Savagar's walking feat along with a number of photos, letters and news articles she gave me when she came with her daughter Melissa to visit me in Canberra in 2016. While it's not

confirmed how this Thomas is related to Robert, it's expected he was an ancestor. Elaine commented that her "Dad walked everywhere as he never learned to drive." She also adds that she has always loved walking herself. It must be in the genes!" I might add also that I loved walking too, especially in the Aussie bush and later on in the streets of Boston when I lived there. I like to blame the hardness of the red-brick paths in Boston for the arthritic bones in my feet today.

Elaine said:

Here is an article from a '*Sporting Magazine*' of February 1818, concerning Thomas Savager, who performed a wonderful walking feat. Furthermore, who was this Savager? The family are assured that this Thomas Savager was related to Thomas Savagar, Robert's father who was born in 1856. For a real connection we need to investigate the family tree further beyond Robert's grandfather.

The article reads:

Rogers sent to the magazine particulars of Savager's achievement, which was described by the Reverend John Lodge in his '*Sketches towards a Topographical History of the County of Hereford*'. It was stated in that account that at the beginning of the year 1789, Savager, who was also known as Guinea Tom, undertook to walk 404 miles in six days for a wager of 20 pound, an average of just over 67 miles a day.

Heavy odds were laid against the performance, for Savager was 50 years of age, only 5 foot. 4 in. in height, and lame, for one leg was considerably shorter than the other. The line agreed upon for the display of his agility, said the narrator, was on the Turnpike Rd. from Hereford to Ludlow (about 25 miles) and back again. Owing to the unevenness and badness of the road in general, and especially to the lofty Hill of Dimore, which he was obliged to pass at least three times a day, the odds at starting were a Guinea to a shilling against him, and were still further increased on the third day by a fall of snow.

He continued his career with infinite spirit and won his wager five hours within the time allowed. It appeared afterwards, by adding together the superfluous ground he had walked to his lodgings in Hereford, Ludlow, and elsewhere contiguous to the road, that instead of 404 miles! he had actually travelled 429 miles, which makes more than 3 miles an hour for the whole 139 hours.

A great performance under the conditions. I have not at hand a statement of old walking records for so long a time or distance as 400 miles of 139 hours, but the Road Walking National 20 miles Championship record is that of F. Painton (Leicester Harriers), who, in 1924, covered the distance in Windsor Park in two hours, minutes 17, one stroke 56; and the 100 miles walking record, stands to the credit of T. E. Hammond, whose time in 1908 was 18 hours, 4 minutes, 10 one stroke, five sec. The London to Brighton (52 miles) record is W. F. Baker's 8 hours, 16 minutes, 16 in 1925.

As you can see, Bob's ancestor was quite a character and obviously quite fit at 50 when he walked for a bet near his home in Herefordshire, and who certainly liked a pot of beer and was quite open to a bet with his mates at his favourite pub. Bob also liked to have a beer and a bet at his favourite hotel near where he lived in Brighton, Victoria. He would get home from work, clean himself up and be there just 10 mins before 6pm. They closed at 6pm. (This period of time is known in Australian history as "the six o'clock swill" when you could not buy a beer in a pub after 6 p.m.) The Barman would have at least 6 beers lined up for him. The difference being that he did not have a horse to bring him home but walked back home.

Robert's mother died when Robert was a child. Poor woman. She was exhausted. I am so glad that I was able to limit how many babies I had in the early years of my marriage because of advances in contraception. I know that I was struggling with four very young children when I had many tools to lighten the burden that were not there at the end of the 19th century and the early days of the 20th century. The great inventions such as electricity to power washing machines, irons, dryers, etc., etc. are vital in allowing women to continue careers today. Mothers! Are we thankful enough for those inventions that make our lives so different than all those mothers that were in our past history? Upper society was able to hire servants to help in the washing clothes, keeping a clean abode, child minding and many more chores that are made easier today. But not the mother on a farm with little help who relied on older children to do many chores. You had to be a super manager.

The older members of the family were adults and probably had working lives when their mother died. I imagine both Robert and Allen worked to help their father and brother Sam on the farm up until they were adults. I had asked Elaine about whether Bob had had any vocational education before he came to Australia. Her answer was "No, he had no trade." It is most probable that Robert left school when he was 13 or 14. I googled the school leaving age in Britain at that time and found the following information.

In 1900, the Board of Education wanted all children to stay on at school until the age of 14, but they still allowed the majority to leave at 13 or even 12 to start manual labouring jobs under local byelaws. Poor working-class parents did not see education beyond the basic '3 Rs' as relevant to their children's future employment, desirable though many felt it was in theory. Debate among educationists at the start of the 20th century focused on the perceived problem of boys leaving school and going into 'dead-end' jobs, often unskilled work but better paid than an apprenticeship. It was feared such boys ended up as unemployable.

Robert at the age of 16 looked at his future which, I am surmising, did not include working as a farm hand. However, it is most likely that he may have had skills that were learned from working on a farm such as working with horses, cattle, fixing broken machinery, fencing and general labouring jobs.

It was 1914 and World War I was about to happen. Volunteers were being called to fight in this war. We all know nowadays how horrendous that war became. It would be so easy for a young and strong farm hand from Herefordshire to answer the call to arms, especially as he

may have seen it as being an adventure. However, he was only 16, two years before he could officially join the British Army. No worries! Just put up your age to 18 and “voila” you are accepted and in no time at all you are trained to be a gunner for the Royal Garrison Artillery in the British Expeditionary Force (BEF).

Medal Index Cards Transcription	
First name(s)	Robert
Last name	Savagar
Year	1914-20
Service number	185972
Rank	Gunner
Regiment	Royal Garrison Artillery
Service record	Soldier Number: 185972, Rank: Gunner, Corps: Royal Garrison Artillery
Image link	http://discovery.nationalarchives.gov.uk/SearchUI/Details?uri=D5034844
Country	Great Britain
Medal type	British Army medal index cards, 1914-1920
Archive reference	WO372/17
Archive reference description	Women's Services, Distinguished Conduct Medals and Military Medals
Record set	Britain, Campaign, Gallantry & Long Service Medals & Awards
Category	Military, armed forces & conflict
Subcategory	Medal rolls and honours
Collections from	Great Britain
The National Archives	
Transcriptions copyright The National Archives	

Robert Savagar's official war record



Robert Savagar, age 16, in British World War I uniform – 1914



Robert Savagar (back row, second from right) with his unit

I found in Google a wonderful piece called '*Voices of the First World War Gunners*' which described the dangers for gunners and their training. I urge who ever reads this story, look for it online.

Bob found himself on the ship *Orcoma* heading for France to fight against the Germans near the town of Mons, which is situated in Belgium.





A picture post card of the town of Mons, Belgium, around 1914

The Battle of Mons took place on 22-23rd August 1914 and was the first major British engagement of the war. Incredibly, a British force of 70,000 managed to hold off the overwhelmingly superior German force of 240,000 until they were almost entirely surrounded. Then, without adequate food, water or military supplies they retreated and escaped where they had no right to expect even to keep their lives, let alone come through unscathed. It was an incredible military feat that very quickly became ascribed as being down to Angels and the view that God would protect Britain and save the righteous from defeat.

The fact is the army did escape and many in the modern-day would obviously look at the facts. The men had fought a huge battle against the odds before escaping on foot, marching 5 days and 5 nights without food, drink or rest and so obviously any Angels present must have been only through hallucinations or cloud formations.



The last gun fired until it ran out of ammunition - L Battery, RHA, Néry, 1 September 1914.

I believe that Bob did not refer to his experiences in 1914 to 1920 much at all, only to say that it was a “hard time. You were up to your neck in mud!!” Until the day he died he always remembered his war number, which was 185972. Bob took part fighting in other areas of France and Belgium until he was discharged in 1920, well after the war had ended in 1918.

Luckily for our families he survived the extreme dangers of this war, especially as gunners were faced with real danger from mishaps while firing the heavy guns. It would be hard to imagine that any soldier in World War I would not have been injured in some way. Apart from being wounded by bullets or exploding shells you could easily fall over the many obstacles left on the battlefield and break an arm or a leg or the danger of infections from nasty gashes from barbed wire or sharp objects in the field. Also, you could contract many diseases associated with living in horrific and prolonged conditions associated with trench warfare. We know that constant rain caused mud and rats and contaminated food and were not helpful for a soldier's health. Obviously, Bob went through all these difficulties but survived his six years in the BEF in WWI without being seriously wounded.

Robert's Life in Australia

When Bob finally was discharged from the British Royal Garrison Artillery Regiment after the end of war, Bob looked toward what he would do in the future. An opportunity came to his attention when he heard that a bridge was ready to be constructed in Sydney. I imagine that an advertisement for labour that was needed for its construction was put in British Army magazines.

Bob, seeing an opportunity to further his work history by immigrating to Australia, signed up with a company that was set up to help build the Sydney Harbour Bridge. Bob was 24 when he left London, England, on 9 March, 1922, on the Australian Passenger Ship Barradine, to travel to Melbourne and then to Sydney where he would debark and be ready to be part of the workforce that was going to build the pylons for the bridge. Bob came to Australia to work on the pylons for the Sydney Harbour Bridge as a labourer and thus his passage as an immigrant/bridge worker would have been paid for by the Australian Government. It is not clear what kind of work Bob was doing as a labourer, but it would have been dangerous and hard work, especially in the 1920s and 1930s. Below is a description of where and how the Pylons were built for the bridge.

At each end of the arch stands a pair of 89-metre-high (292 ft) concrete pylons, faced with granite. The pylons were designed by the Scottish architect Thomas S. Tait, a partner in the architectural firm John Burnet & Partners.

Some 250 Australian, Scottish, and Italian stonemasons and their families relocated to a temporary settlement at Moruya, NSW, 300 km (186 mi) south of Sydney, where they quarried around 18,000 m³ (635,664 cu ft) of granite for the bridge pylons. The stonemasons cut, dressed, and numbered the blocks, which were then transported to Sydney on three ships built specifically for this purpose. The Moruya quarry was managed by John Gilmore, a Scottish stonemason who emigrated with his young

family to Australia in 1924, at the request of the project managers. The concrete used was also Australian-made and supplied from Kandos, New South Wales.



Sign at the site of the Granite Quarry in Moruya, NSW – photo taken February 2022

Abutments at the base of the pylons are essential to support the loads from the arch and hold its span firmly in place, but the pylons themselves have no structural purpose. They were included to provide a frame for the arch panels and to give better visual balance to the bridge. The pylons were not part of the original design, and were only added to allay public concern about the structural integrity of the bridge.

The pylons were built atop the abutment towers, with construction advancing rapidly from July 1931. Carpenters built wooden scaffolding, with concreters and masons then setting the masonry and pouring the concrete behind it. Gangers built the steelwork in the towers, while day labourers manually cleaned the granite with wire brushes. The last stone of the north-west pylon was set in place on 15 January 1932, and the timber towers used to support the cranes were removed.



Sydney Harbour Bridge showing pylons on each side of span

As I am writing this story for my grandchildren and as most live in the USA, I have included the following information about the working life of a labourer working on the Harbour Bridge build. It is likely that Bob only worked at where the granite was mined for the pylons that were built and helped to put them in place. Otherwise, he did not work on the construction of the actual bridge on the Sydney Harbour, but the following information describes how dangerous life could be for the bridge builders.

The Sydney Harbour Bridge is an Australian heritage-listed steel through arch bridge built across Sydney Harbour that carries rail, vehicular, bicycle, and pedestrian traffic between the Sydney central business district and the North Shore.

Construction started 28th of July, 1923 with the foundation work. The Pier construction was done with Granite-faced concrete. The Architects were John Bradfield, Thomas S. Tait and Ralph Freeman. The Bridge was opened with much fanfare in 1932.

During the eight years of its construction from 1924 to 1932, an estimated total of between 2,500–4,000 workers were employed in various aspects of its building. They included engineers, surveyors and architects, blacksmiths, boilermakers, carpenters and concreters, stonemasons, riggers, crane drivers, painters and day labourers. Most of the men were Australian born but there was a mix of men from overseas with special skills, such as stonemasons from Scotland and Italy, riggers from the US, Britain and Europe and boilermakers from Ireland and England. Many of the bridge workers had been soldiers during World War I and the government gave them employment preference.

Nothing on the scale of the Harbour Bridge had been attempted before in Australia. It was an enormously challenging project, even by today's standards, and the work involved was often difficult and extremely dangerous. There were many accidents and during the ten years of construction, sixteen workers lost their lives on the job. Today, rigorous standards of Occupational Health and Safety are compulsory requirements in all workplaces, but there were very few such standards in those days.

Robert's name is not included in the Honour Roll recording the workers and their work on the Pylon Lookout Website.

Proof of Bob's resilience and survival from his first involvement in the first battle at Mons in WWI as a gunner and now the hard and dangerous work of a labourer in building the Sydney Harbour Bridge is much to be admired. When his particular contract ended and he was free to decide to stay in Australia or go back to the UK, he must have signed up to join the Australian Merchant Navy. It must have been before the build had been completed in 1932 because he was married to Jessie in 1929. Before he had met and married Jessie he had been in the Merchant Navy and had been working as a sailor on a boat that was sailing from Melbourne to Tasmania. While he was on leave in Melbourne, he boarded at the house next door to where the Bingham's were living and that is how Bob met Jessie. Mrs. Murphy rented rooms to the sailors on leave and she was also friendly with the Bingham boys and their sister

Jessie who lived next door. He may have left the Merchant Navy and decides to remain in Melbourne and continues to rent a room from Mrs. Murphy at 382 Richardson, Middle Park.

In the following letter dated November 10, 1929, that Bob wrote to his sister, Nell, he writes about not having any work at that time and wishing to see a future for himself and having met Jessie and wanting to get married. According to Uncle Dave, their relationship began when they would talk to each other over the fence between houses at 380 and 382 Richardson Street. Notice that his letter is dated November 10th, 1929. Jessie and Robert were married on December 24th, 1929, at the Baptist Church in 80 George St., Fitzroy. Robert was 32 years old and Jessie was 26 years old. The marriage certificate is included in the chapter "What was your Mum like?" My Auntie Dorrie was witness to the wedding. There are no known wedding photos of Jessie and Robert which is a shame. If Uncle Tom had been present, I am sure he would have taken photos.

382 Richardson St.
Middle Park
Melbourne. Victoria
10 Nov 1929

My Dear Sister,

I was so pleased to have received your letter a couple of months back and to hear that you are well, and you are getting along with married life and quite happy, and I hope you will always be happy as one is only on this earth for a short while. Well Dear Sister, I would like to get married myself, but things are not too good out here at present. I am getting fed up of running around on my own like a lost sheep, but I don't know what has happened to me this last couple of years. I can't get a go on at all, and now that I am going straight, not drinking, everything seems up against me, but I suppose it is no good getting downhearted. I have a dear little girlfriend to keep my spirit up. She is a good Australian girl. She sends her love to you all. She is putting a note in and also a snapshot of us two. Not a very good one. We had it taken down at the beach on our great Race Meeting Day, The Melbourne Cup. It is a holiday. Everyone makes a betting day of it here. There was 100,000 people there. I did not go. I had a couple of shillings on but not on the right one, so Jessie and I had a day down on the beach that was not very warm. We will be soon having the very hot weather. That is what I like. I can't stand the cold now. Don't know why. I don't know what I would do in the cold over there in the winter. Jessie says she would like the snow. I would like for you all to meet her, but it is a little too far. Perhaps some day we'll be able to. Sorry to say that her dear Mother died about 6 months ago. Poor kid can't get over it. She was a lovely woman. One of the best. She is the only girl. What makes it worse is that she has no sister to say anything to her. You would like her very much. She is about your size, dark. Dear Nell, I have been working about two months, but expect to be out of work next week, so I will be on the look for another job next week. Sorry to hear Dad got a boil on his neck. They are crook things. I had one myself this time last year on the neck. Very near drove

me mad. I have not heard from Jack for a long while. I wrote to him a letter awhile back, but he never answered it. So Harry has sold his houses. Must be doing well now. Yes, Sam should get married and look after Dad as he is getting old now. I don't suppose I will even see him again, but one never knows does one. I often think about you all and wonder how Dad is getting along and how it is I am out here on my own. Suppose I was to be away from you all. How is Marion getting along with her kids and all the people around Newtown? That is a very nice photo of your little stepdaughter and your better half. What is Allan doing now with a large family. I hope he is well and there is plenty of work. I wrote to Tommy for the first time since I have been back. What is he doing in the ??????. So Jessie is the only one that is not married. By the time you get this letter, it will be Christmas, so I wish you all a very happy Christmas and New Year. Hope you are all well. Remember me to everybody. I am reasonably well but there is not enough work. Love from Brother Robert.

Postscript to above letter:

I don't know your name so will have use your old name. Give my love to your little girl. Remember me to Sam and Dad. Tell Dad I often think about him and wonder how he is getting along. I enclose a One Pound note for a Christmas box for Dad. I would like to give you all one, but I haven't got it. Tell him to have a drink with it. Jessie and I wish him good health. Will try and write a bit more often, but when things go right, we don't feel like writing.

Where Jessie and Robert first lived as a married couple is not clear. I know that they did live at 50 Boorool Rd., East Kew, Melbourne, until Jessie died in 1936. However, we do know that during the first six years of their marriage they had two children. The first child was a boy they called Robert, but he, unfortunately, died soon after birth. The death of this child was very distressing for both Robert and Jessie. Jessie had already been very distressed about her mother's death just before she was married and so the death of baby Robert further exacerbated her depression. She must have sought medical advice because Robert and Jessie were advised to have another child. Post-natal depression was not understood at all in the 1930s.

I was born on November 14, 1935. It seems that Jessie was admitted to a mental hospital in an effort to overcome the psychotic ideas which would not go away. Today we know this affliction as Acute Post Natal Depression. This kind of depression seems to occur to many women after a few days after the birth but only mildly. Jessie's stay in hospital did not bring peace for her. I have already written about this part of Robert's life in the chapter on Jessie.

Jessie died seven months after I was born. Beanie and Robert would have been caring for me when Jessie was unable to do so. As I have written in the "What was your Mum like" chapter, her brothers and Robert were so shocked that they kept this tragedy to themselves and so the next generation did not know of the sudden death of a much-loved sister and wife of a member of the Bingham side of the family.



Baby Margaret – circa 1937

If Bob did not have a job when he wrote to his sister, Nell, he did by the time he married Jessie. I am sure that Jessie must have asked her brother Dave to give him a job in the new business that he was about to develop in 1929. Bob was Dave's first employee and that made him the longest to be employed by D.W. Bingham & Co. as he was still working for the Bingham when the business was sold in 1964. Bob became a valued and loyal member of the workforce at D.W. Bingham. He would have learned to work other machines on the factory floor during his long employment at D. W. Bingham & Co.

Uncle Dave has described in great detail in his book, '*Food for Thought*', the step-by-step beginnings in Melbourne of first manufacturing metal clothing fittings for clothing such as overalls. The competition in manufacturing these fittings became intense and it was decided to begin to manufacture other machinery. They decided to sell the plating plant and David describes an instance when Robert was working at the plating machine.

We first advertised the sale of the plating plant and mentioned the fast plating method. The Manager of Sidney Cook's works at Brunswick that also manufactured cloth fittings came to check out the plating machine and was sceptical that it could perform that well.

Dave describes how he was able to demonstrate that it worked:

I took him through down to the back of the works where this plating plant was involved and Bob Savagar was working it. I didn't say anything to Bob, but he was just going to put in a measured quantity of the buckles into the plating tumbler and proceeded to do so, and the juice was fully on and that was it. They were just rumbling around there, the previous lot he had taken out and was washing, and that was going into the dryer and so forth for polishing. But it was only five minutes and I said to Bob, 'Take some out and let's have a look at them.' Well the method of getting them out was simply to put in a hook, which was a piece of stout wire bent at one end, and as the tumbler rolled over, of course it dropped some fittings and they would get caught on the hook, so he lifted them out and just simply put them under the wash water and showed them to us and they were well and truly coloured. The gentleman from Sidney Cook's never had the decency or courtesy to say anything; he just simply walked out. So that was the end. Anyway, we wanted the space and we got an opportunity of selling the plant and the business and recovering the money we had invested in it. So we sold it.



L-R: Allen, unknown employee, Dave and Robert having lunch together.

In this photo, they may have been installing machinery at a canning plant somewhere in Victoria as I can see some bracken growing below the table. This is a photo taken in Victoria for sure where bracken has taken over much of the countryside. They installed machinery in many of Victorian Canning Companies

When I asked Elaine to write about her father, she emailed me her memories of him. Elaine's memories of her Dad have been used to narrate the remainder of Robert's life after the death of Jessie. At this period of Robert's life, he found himself alone again but with a young 7 month old baby to care for. Robert and I continued to live with Allen and Beanie for another two years. Robert left the Brighton address when he married Elaine's mother,

Eveline Sarah Price, but left me in the care of Allen and Beanie at the Bright Street home. Maybe the living conditions may have been difficult to overcome as Robert was going to move into accommodation where Elaine's Mum was already looking after her bedridden mother and it seems their mother's sister and brother lived in the house until they both married and moved away. This was quite a household. However, Elaine has said that Bob made the right decision. As I have written before, Beanie and Allen adopted me in 1942 when I was six.

Elaine wrote:

Dad married Mum on the June 22, 1940, at St Andrews Church, Brighton. They then lived in the Price Family Home in Collins Street, Brighton, with my grandmother who was bedridden with arthritis. She died January 22, 1946. Mum's Dad had died March 1, 1936.

Now about my Mum. She was born 8 October 1906 in England West Derby District, Crosby, Lancashire. I don't know what year her Mum, Dad and Sister Emily came out to Australia. Brother Fred was born here. They lived in the family home which their Father had built at 20 Collins Street, Brighton. He was a carpenter and had a joinery factory on the property. Also, grandmother's maiden sister, Aunt Margaret, came to live in the family home until she died in 1956. Emily married and moved to Glen Innes, NSW. She had 10 children. Fred was in the Airforce. When he married, he moved to Adelaide where his boys were born. Mum was a tailoress and later worked in a dry cleaning business in Hampton. I do not know anything about my mother's early life. After Robert moved from the Bright Street house to marry, two daughters were born: Helen was born on 26 July 1941 and Elaine was born on 8 December 1944. Mum and Dad, Helen and Clive, Bernie and I, and also Kylie (Helen/Clive's youngest daughter), we were all married at St Andrews Anglican Church, Brighton.



Elaine's Wedding Reception
L-R: Bob, Helen, Elaine, Eveline Savagar

Elaine mentioned that while she and Helen were growing up, her father was often away on business for the Bingham's. Up until the Bingham business was sold in 1964, Robert used to catch the train from Brighton to South Melbourne to work for the Bingham's. He never learnt to drive. He walked everywhere. Elaine wrote that after her Dad retired from D.W. Bingham's, "Mum and Dad moved to 44 Wilson Road, Glen Waverly, in the early 70s until Mum died of bowel cancer at Austin Hospital on February 23rd, 1974."

After the loss of Eveline, Robert took the opportunity to travel to the UK to visit his family. Elaine wrote:

In early 1975 Dad rented his house and went back for 2 to 3 months to England to visit relatives. His siblings had died but he was welcomed by plenty of nieces and nephews who absolutely spoilt him. They loved having him visit.

When Robert returned to Australia, he sold his house and stayed with Helen and Clive. In late 1975 he went to live in East Burwood with Elaine and Bernie who had built a self-contained room at the back of their house with shower, toilet and sleeping area. In his room he had a bar fridge with supplies of beer, whisky and brandy. He continued to live with Elaine and Bernie until 3 months before he died.

During the years he lived with both Helen and Elaine he became a valued member of both their households. Elaine goes on to say:

I am so thankful and blessed that we had Dad in our house for ten and a half years but also thankful to Bernie for welcoming him. Even though it is hard to have three generations living together (Steven was 6 months, Simone 2 years 6 months and Melissa 4 years 6 months), they all grew up understanding how to care for older people. They learned to respect the elderly and became caring adults. As Robert often stayed with Helen and Clive during these years, (their children) Leanne, Kylie and Andrew also respected and loved their Grandfather.

After Dad had retired from D.W. Bingham's, he got a job at the Waverly Football Oval cleaning up after the football matches. He was in his 70s when he became a Supervisor. While he was with us, he used to go with Bernie to the Hawthorn Club in Glenferrie Road to clean up after the footy games.

Before we moved to the US in 1969, John was the fitness coach for the Hawthorne Football Club. The whole family would go to all the home games at the Glenferrie Oval. After the games, Paul and Mark would play football on the oval until it got dark and then would go to the car park to join Leigh and me in the car. We were not welcome in the Club Rooms. John had to talk to the footballers after the game in the Club Room but would linger longer to have a beer and discussion with the executive and the players. I used to send one of the kids into the rooms to remind John that we were out in the car waiting for him to drive us home. I wonder if Bob had arrived at the oval when we were sitting in the car in the car park?

Elaine's letter continues:

Bob loved having a bet on the horses. One year, Bernie and Dad went off to the Melbourne Cup and came home separately. In his room he had a table with steel legs. He used to hide his betting money in there. When his eye sight was failing, every Saturday morning Melissa would go into his room and Dad would read out the racehorse no. and she would write on the tab ticket and Bernie would go to the TAB to place his bet.

During the week he would catch the bus to Nunawading Station to get the train to Melbourne every Friday and he would bring home lollies for the children. When our family went on holidays, he would stay with Helen and Clive. He loved catching up with them and seeing his grandchildren. He was an easy-going man with a great sense of humour. He did not have a nasty bone in his body. [From Margaret: I always considered that I had a well-developed sense of humour. In fact, it got me through a few sticky times.]

Sadly, by February 1986, he needed 24-hour care as he was having mobility problems. He was mentally alert but needed physical care. It was a hard decision for Helen and me to make when we put him in a nursing home. In February 1986, we moved him to a nursing home in Armidale. He had plenty of visitors, especially from both Helen and Elaine's families. Dad loved his beer, whisky and brandy. We all took him in beer when he was in the nursing home. There was a lady, Mrs Cox, who used to take his beer to him. He used to ring me up every Saturday Morning with his bets. Sadly, he died 9th June 1986, (nearly) aged 1989. Helen and I were there with him when he took his last breath. He fought so hard not to go as he had amazing strength and determination.

Hope I have given you what you wanted to know.

Love Elaine



Uncle Tom, Auntie Dorrie, Bob – 1980s

I have included here an email from my cousin Laurie Bingham sent to me regarding Jessie's letters to Bob before she died. Laurie remembers Bob, from when the Old Man (Dave) owned the factory in Moorabbin and would get together with Bob.

Hello Margaret,

Sorry I didn't send a copy of Jess's letters some days ago as I said I would. There seems to be a lot on all of the time but that's an excuse I know.

I decided the best thing would be to email a copy to you after I had made them a little more readable/understandable. The copies I have are not very good. My guess is that Bob Savager would have had the originals.

I remember Bob quite well in some respects and, working at Munro, the Old Man would tell me to go and pick up Bob and bring him back to Munro where he and the Old Man would sink a few whiskeys and some hours later I would be whistled up again to take him back. I went to his funeral at the Necropolis with the Old Man. This was before any of us had any knowledge of circumstances, of course. I know the Old Man thought very highly of Bob and he told me so.

I spent some time this morning typing a copy of one of these letters, Jess's letter to Bob, as I understood it. I found it so touching I was in tears. I have attached my interpretation along with the letters. I will have a go at typing up the others as well.

All the best Margaret and did you get the new DVD and does it play wherever?

Cheers, Laurie

Allen Clifton Bingham's Story



Wedding of Allen and Robina Bingham – circa 1938

This is the story of Allen Clifton Bingham, a much-loved Uncle in my first five years and then my Dad when Allen and Robina adopted me when I was six years of age. I have related the stories of my mothers, Jessie and Beanie, in the chapter: “What was your Mum like?” Allen was born on June 1, 1910 and died in 1997 of liver cancer. His father was Thomas Alexander Bingham and his mother was Margaret Patience Bingham (nee Murray).

As related in my story about my grandparents (What were your grandparents like?), I have told the story of the family and carrier business in Allendale, a gold mining town situated in Victoria, the extreme hardship of developing a farm in Leeton, NSW, and then in Melbourne where the Bingham boys (Tom, Dave and Allen) began the development of their metal manufacturing business that became D.W. Bingham &

Co. that was so successful from 1929 until 1964 when it was sold to the company's main rival, American Food Machinery Co.

Recently, I have been rereading some letters that my Dad wrote to me from 1973 to 1988 when I was living in Massachusetts, USA. I have digitized many of these letters and have included bits and pieces out of them that relate to who Allen was in this story. I included Allen's memories of his childhood in my "Grandparents" story. In one of those letters, I had asked my Dad: "What was your mother like?" (Margaret Patience Bingham) and he had replied:

You asked me to tell you about my mother. Well, she was the 2nd youngest of a family of four boys and five girls. She must have been a very good-looking girl judging by a photo we have. She was a very quiet and kind and lovable person. Her lovely disposition was in direct contrast to our father who was jealous nearly to the point of fanaticism, especially when he was drunk which was much too often. Of course, then there developed the old eternal triangle. We all backed mother and I suppose this antagonised him more and life became unbearable for us all so we all just walked out on him and left him everything. I was about 11 then. One of life's mysterious mysteries to me as to how mother became involved with such a man. She came from a very good family. Her father was brought out from England to supervise construction and then manage a large gold mine in Clunes. Tom, who remembers him, said that he dressed with his big top hat and they mixed with the elite.

When I read in Uncle Tom's memoirs and Uncle Dave's book about the abuse of my grandmother by my grandfather, I also agree with Dad that I am surprised that my grandmother could have married Thomas Alexander Bingham. As my great grandfather Bingham (also Thomas Alexander) was a Sunday School Teacher and from what I can gather was a good guy, I wonder if Margaret met Tom at a Young People's Church Social Group or even going to a dance that included young people from Clunes, Allendale and other towns in that area. Or maybe the Murrays had business dealings with the Bingham. But this speculation could be conjectured about many dysfunctional marriages where there is domestic violence.

As I have done in my stories of my fathers and mothers and family background, in order to keep to a timeline, I will relate memories attached to the places I remember living in as a child before I was married. My memories of Allen have also been written about in my memories of my mother, Beanie. It's very hard to separate their stories when Allen and Beanie were acting together in their own special way. However, here are a few special stories about Allen when we lived in Bright Street, Brighton.

My earliest recollections of my life are two incidences when my life was in jeopardy. In 1939, when I was four, Allen was sent to work on installing D.W. Bingham machinery in the Narooma, NSW fish canning plant which was the first Fish Canning business in Australia. Ocean salmon was plentiful near the Cannery and also tuna. Narooma Fish Canning Pty. Ltd.'s newer, bigger building was completed in 1940 and was considered the most modern hygienic fish cannery in the World at that time.

As the job required both installation of the canning equipment and checking to make sure it was in good working order, Allen was going to need a number of weeks to complete this task. Beanie and I came with him to live in a rented house near the Cannery and the beach. Just near the house there was a blackberry bush that had plump, juicy blackberries on it. I wasn't averse to picking them and bringing them home to eat or for Mum to make a blackberry pie.

Early one morning I went over the road to pick them and, while standing with my feet under the bush, I felt a prick. I guess I was screaming because the next thing I remember I was lying on a theatre bed (medical examination table) in the local chemist shop and the chemist was cutting open the fang marks on my right foot to allow the blood to flow. I had been bitten by a red bellied black snake.

For a four-year-old, this meant urgent action was needed. There was no hospital close by and the roads were mostly dirt. The nearest hospital was in the town of Narooma, but the Fish Canning business was situated on Forster's Bay some distance away. I vaguely remember being driven in a car for what seemed to be an hour according to my parents. The drive to the Narooma Hospital was hazardous as the road was very rough and full of ruts and holes. I don't know if they had an antivenom in those days for black snakes, but I think it was "touch and go" for me for about four days and then I was allowed to leave the hospital when I no longer had symptoms of snake bite. Well, I escaped a quick end to my life and here I am today writing my story at 86 years old. And the only proof I have of being bitten by a snake when four-years-old are two small parallel scars on middle of my right foot.

Another time when my life was in danger was when I was about 10 years old; I became very ill with a very painful throat infection. As well as throat soreness and difficulty in swallowing, my throat became so swollen, I had difficulty in breathing. During the evening, Mum and Dad became very alarmed when they could see that I was struggling for breath and called a doctor to come to the house. I was living in Bright Street, Brighton, at the time.

The doctor inspected my throat and recommended that I be treated in Fairfield Infectious Disease Hospital in Melbourne. If you were diagnosed with a serious infectious disease in Victoria in the 1940s, you were treated in the Fairfield Hospital. I was probably driven in my father's car to Fairfield. I don't remember anything until I woke up in a small cot in an oxygen tent and I remember I felt better. As the antibiotic Penicillin was not available in Australia for general use until about 1945, I really don't know whether I had received injections of Penicillin nor how long I had remained in a semi-comatose state.

The next thing was that I was moved to a large room where there were many beds in the same room which were occupied by children who were also on the mend from whatever infectious disease had made them sick. The room was light and airy and there was certainly a light-hearted demeanour from the nurses who were in that room. It's amazing what you remember when you are in your eighties, but I can still hear the nurses singing the pop songs of the day. One of these was a silly nonsense song called '*Mairzy Doats and Dozy Doats and Liddle Lamzy Divey*' written in 1943 by Milton Drake, Al Hoffman and Jerry Livingston. I can still remember the tune.

Mairzy doats and dozy doats and liddle lamzy divey,
A kiddley divey too, wouldn't you?
If the words sound weird and funny to your ear,
A little bit jumbled and jivey,
Sing "Mares eat oats and does eat oats
And little lambs eat ivy."
Oh! Mairzy doats and dozy doats and liddle lamzy divey,
A kiddley divey too, wouldn't you??

What a song to lift the spirits of everyone in the room. I do believe that I was near to death then. Once again, I cheated death!

While we were living in Brighton during the 2nd World War, there was fear amongst the Australian population, after the Japanese began bombing Darwin Harbor and area around, that further bombing may occur further South and may even reach New South Wales and Victoria. This fear was driven also by the fact that the Japanese had sent minisubs into Sydney Harbour.

Allen decided that we needed a bomb shelter in our backyard. He built an iron shelter using the furnace in the foundry at the South Melbourne factory to form it. It was definitely very strongly built and very heavy. I have it in my mind that it may have been delivered from South Melbourne to Brighton by the factory's horse, Blossom, on the dray. Does this sound too ridiculous?

Anyway, in the end, after the war we did not need this iron structure and it sat firmly against the side fence for years until Dad decided to make it into a playhouse for Joyce and me. It was originally designed to be buried in the earth. That would have been a big job and a big hole in the ground, too. I don't know whether the bomb shelter or playhouse in the back garden was included in the sale of the Brighton house. Dad did build another playhouse which was made out of brick with door and a window in the backyard at 12 Rookwood Street. Joyce and I loved playing in it. I presume that this playhouse in the backyard came with the house when the North Balwyn house was sold. Anything that Allen built was going to be solid and, therefore, not easily demolished.

A musical instrument that was a Harp was a permanent fixture on the back veranda when I lived in the Bright Street house as a child. I remember plucking the strings quite often, but the mystery was to whom did it belong? Years later, when I was aware of my birth history, I realized that it probably belonged to Bob who had lived with Beanie and Allen until I was two years old, and it had been left when he moved away. The sound that it produced when plucked was a very guttural sound and echoed with a twang. Not the prettiest of sounds. No tinkling sound at all. I imagine it was a Welsh harp. It seemed to my mind that it remained on the back veranda for a number of years until it disappeared. I imagine that Allen finally remembered to take it down to the factory to give it back to Bob.

My Dad had a dream in his youth about owning a car and he bought the Paige car which is shown in the chapter in my story about my Mums. Allen, in later years, often told me that

the reason he had become a partner in D.W. Bingham Pty. Ltd. was that as the owner of the Paige car he had donated it to the company. It was used in the early days by the company. Another partner in the business was Len Lemmon who was in charge of all things financial. Dave was the main force, driver and visionary, Allen was the quality assurance person and made sure that all machinery that was sold was in good working order and Len was very instrumental in keeping the company in good health financially. Uncle Tom, though not a partner, was important as the Foreman on the factory floor and the person who kept the workforce happy. There was great loyalty to the company from the permanent workforce.



*Bill Wiseman Frank Mullane Jack Townsend Bern Doyle Allen Banfield Heath Biggs
Eric Biddle Anthony Kirkwood Paul Benderson Allen Bingham
Frank Bob Lomas Tom Bingham John Charles Dick Gabe Sam Glover Morris Bant*

Here is a photo taken at a reunion of those loyal workers after most of them were retired

Bob is in front row, far left, next to Uncle Tom

Uncle Dave is in front row, far right

Allen is in back row, far right

The good working order of the food machinery which the company produced during the 2nd World War was crucial to the production of canned food for the Australian troops. The dreams of Dave, along with the hard work of Tom and Allen and their workforce, had moved the Bingham into a quality of life that they had not imagined in their earlier years. For Allen, it meant that he could be freer at how he spent his well-earned money.

During the years of the 2nd World War, petrol was rationed and to save on petrol many Australian men on the homefront turned to fuelling their cars with wood-based gas. Older forms of transport like horses, carts, steam engines etc were still in widespread use up to the end of the Second World War. Blossom, the Draft Horse, and the Dray were kept to deliver machinery or carry supplies back to South Melbourne factory during the war.

I remember Allen had a Morris car that he drove during the War which he converted to being able to be driven with charcoal. I am sure that it may have been driven to Officer to celebrate the Bingham family Christmas a few times. The petrol crisis was not the first time Australia had been forced to think of alternative sources of fuel for cars. During World War II petrol was largely reserved for essential services, so ordinary motorists were offered another source of energy, charcoal. This was turned into a gas by burning it in drums the size of washing machines perched on the rear bumper of vehicles or squeezed into the boot space. Some rear mounted versions were hinged on one side to allow the unit to be swung out of the way to access the boot. The charcoal burner was dangerous to use.



An example of the charcoal burner mounted on back of a vehicle



AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL

RELAWM32956.001

Instructions on how to start a car with a charcoal burner

After the war was ended, when it was easier to buy cars that were manufactured overseas, I remember that Allen began to buy famous brand cars that were fuelled with petrol. Following on from Allen's desire to own top quality cars, I can remember him owning a Plymouth, a Rolls Royce, a Cadillac and lastly a Statesman. As I have written in another chapter, I was driven to my wedding at North Balwyn Baptist Church in the Rolls Royce car. After I was married, I remember going with Mum, Dad and John in the Rolls Royce for a picnic a couple of times. It was surreal to sit in the back seat of the Rolls and be driven up to a picnic ground. I had a history of car sickness as a child and I was once again inclined to feel sick in the back seat of the Rolls. Luckily, I was not sick over the leather seats in the back but as in my childhood, we had to stop now and again and let me out. I was pregnant. However, Dad did not like how it was performing for some reason and sold it to buy a Cadillac. I don't remember being driven in the Cadillac. His next car was the Statesman. Dad did like the Statesman and he kept it for some years when he moved to Bairnsdale. It was eventually sold and the cars he later owned were less pretentious.

Allen and Beanie liked to go on picnics at weekends. Mum would prepare a picnic lunch with sandwiches, fruit and sweet biscuits (cookies) or pieces of cake, all of which would be placed in a special picnic basket that had a set of plastic plates, cups and saucers and cutlery. There was always a tablecloth to cover the wooden table at the picnic spot. Favourite picnic destinations were Bacchus Marsh where I remember scrambling around the Werribee Gorge after lunch and, on the way home, buying bags of apples offered on the roadside near the many apple orchards. I can still remember the delicious smell and taste of the crisp apple when biting into it and juice dripping from your mouth.

Another place that we would visit in the Autumn was Mt. Macedon, an hour's drive from Melbourne. The scenery at that time of the year was like experiencing the Fall in New England, USA. The many deciduous trees planted in the town would be in full Autumn colour. The famous Hanging Rock is located near the town. I have no memory of ever going to climbing up the path to the Hanging Rock when we picnicked at Mt. Macedon. The movie, *'Picnic at Hanging Rock'* was filmed there. I have read the book and seen the movie and the TV series, and I can't believe that I obviously missed out on seeing this famous rock and an opportunity to scramble up its pathway to the top. I will have to be satisfied by watching the movie again and never getting to the summit. At age 86 I would have to be let down from a helicopter anyway.

While I was living at 12 Rookwood St., North Balwyn, my mother and father held two big parties for me. The first was for my 21st Birthday near November 14, 1956, which in those days was when you were considered to be an adult. The other party was for my engagement to John. In a letter to my granddaughter, Mary Cheffers, on her birthday I wrote to her about my 21st birthday party.

Just one more memory and that is to do with my 21st birthday. As I said, I was spoiled and I had a big doo at a place called Tudor Court and there were up to 100 guests which included all my relatives (Aunties, Uncles, Cousins, Friends and friends of my parents). There was dinner and a dance later. I knew your grandfather then and he was there. In

fact, I think he was my boyfriend at that time. We had an on and off affair for a couple of years. I have another photo of grandpa and me at that event. I remember I wore a dress which was a princess line with a scooped neck in a brocaded pink satin (I think). I always liked that dress.



Margaret and John at Margaret's 21st birthday party, 1956

I have wonderful memories of spending school holidays several times in guesthouses near the town of Marysville, 34 kilometres north-east of Healesville and 41 kilometres south of Alexandria, in Victoria. This was the heyday of guesthouses which provided accommodation, all meals, and entertainment all day and in the evening. There were lots of competitions in tennis, badminton, table tennis, lawn bowls and in the evening sing songs, games, etc. My cousins, Shirley, Sandra, Joyce, David, Laurence and Allen, were always there also.

We used to go bush walking in the hills. In fact, I went with Shirley and Sandra with some other girls on a bush walk one afternoon and got lost because we did not turn back soon enough before it became dark. It looked as though we were stuck in the hills above Marysville until morning light. We cuddled each other in the freezing night of May. We were found about 2 am in the morning by some locals who knew the bush well. We didn't have any matches so we couldn't light a fire and none of us were girl guides or we might have thought of taking some with us. That adventure was very sobering, but we got over it very quickly because the next day our parents had arranged for all of us to go on a bus trip. We were not too popular with our parents. This was an adventure I have never forgotten, and Shirley and Sandra often discussed this part of our lives with each other. I used to holiday with my cousins often and we are still very friendly and occasionally we all get together. We were the children of David, Allen and Tom Bingham.

On the 7th February 2009, Marysville - that had a population of over 500 people - was nearly completely burnt out by a terrible bush fire. Many residences and residents were lost on that day. Only two shops in the town were saved and one of them was the Bakery. We were very sad that this disaster had occurred at a very favourite holiday place that belonged to our past. Many of the people who died in the fires were from Marysville. I am sure the town will be like the phoenix and rise again from the ashes but many of those old-time holiday houses have been burned and the heritage has disappeared. I do hope that the Mountain Ash Eucalyptus will regenerate again as I remember well driving on this winding road called the Black Spur to Marysville and seeing the very straight tall trees in the forest as we drove along. There were two roads into Marysville, the road that joined with the road that through the black spur and also another one that was called the Acheron Way that was a very beautiful drive. Both roads were winding and had S bends.



Small knitwear business in town of Marysville wiped out by fires



Trees regenerating after the Marysville fires in 2009



At different times in my adult life when I have been in Victoria, I have occasionally driven on that same drive to Marysville to take a trip down memory lane. Once when I was staying with Shirley at her Tills Drive, Warrandyte house, we decided to drive to Marysville to have lunch at the Bakery.



Marysville Bakery

Allen was very keen on watching or listening to sports such as Australian Rules Football, Athletics, Cricket, and especially golf. Allen was a keen follower of Australian Rules Football and barracked for South Melbourne, of course. He also loved to watch the local games of Australian Rules Football. While we were living in Rookwood St., he would drive on a Saturday afternoon to a football ground in Kew to watch the Kew Amateurs play against other teams in their seasonal contest. I would also go with him to watch John play with his team. One Saturday, we were both watching the game in the front seat of the car when John was knocked down and, I think, he was advised to stay down so he could get a free kick when this irate man jumped over the fence to remonstrate with the umpire and there was a scuffle. The man who jumped the fence was John's father and I remember Dad teasing me about this for a long time. John, who later did a lot of research on crowd violence at different sporting games used this incident to illustrate his interest in researching how what happens on the field may cause violence amongst the spectators.

I always had a keen interest in athletics as it related to the Olympics. John was obsessed with the Olympics for all of his life and most probably went to most of the Olympics from 1956. While I was boarding at Epworth Hospital which was a short distance from Olympic Park I used to catch up and watch John perform for the Melbourne High School Old Boys Association on a Saturday afternoon to compete against other Track and Field Clubs. He ran in the 200 metres sprint, the Long Jump and the Pole Vault. He missed out in being included in the Aussie Team for the 1956 Olympics in the Long Jump because on his third jump, he qualified but in trying to not sit back and spoil the distance, he skewed around on his leg and pulled a nerve in his leg which caused his foot to drop. In 1956, his leg was put in a cast going from the top of his thigh for about six months. There was a long rehabilitation with him being treated by a physiotherapist for a year. He was never given a bill for this treatment

by that physiotherapist. He wore a calliper for the rest of his life to keep his foot in the correct position to prevent him from tripping.

There was great interest in those days of who would be the first mile runner to beat the 4-minute mile. I remember going to many of the twilight meets at Olympic Park in Melbourne that featured John Landy and the young up-coming miler, Ron Clarke. Much of Landy's athletics career was centred around the Olympic Park. He drew huge crowds to the twilight meetings in the run-up to the 1956 Melbourne Olympic Games as he chased history's first sub-four-minute mile. After a distinguished career in agricultural science, in his 70s he lived "across the river" for five years as the Governor of Victoria.

At the Australian Championships, John Landy and Ron Clarke were running against each other in the qualifying mile race to cement their inclusion in the Australian Olympic Team in the 1956 Melbourne Olympics. During this race Landy was sitting mid-field instead of taking his customary leading role. Clarke was tripped accidentally, Ron falls, and Landy's spikes crake his arm as he leaps over him. Landy stops, checks how Clarke was, then regains the field to win. Though Bannister broke the 4-minute mile barrier first in an Oxford Race, the record stood only for a month. On June 21, 1956, Landy surpassed Bannister's time with a time of 3 minutes 57.9 seconds at a meet in Turku, Finland. Unfortunately, he came third in the Melbourne 1956 Games and won a Bronze Medal.

The 1956 Melbourne Olympic Games was a huge event for Melbourne and because both Allen and Dave were eager to see the many world-renowned athletes who would be on show in Melbourne, they bought tickets for both families for each day. I was rapt! I was going to see all these world-famous athletes perform live! The thrill of seeing performances of the Australian golden girls, such as Betty Cuthbert, who won gold medals for the 100 metres, 200 metres and the 400 metres in the Women's relay. Norway's Egil Danielsen's 85.71 metres throw compared to Silver medal winner from Poland who threw 79.98. I can remember being so amazed (along with the crowd that day) to see how far ahead that throw landed. The 5,000 metres and 10,000 metres won by Vladimir Kuts with his unique running style and the American Charles Dumas winning the high jump against the Australian, Chilla Porter, in the evening. This was the first of four Olympic Games that I would see during my lifetime. Later, in the year 2000, I had the privilege of seeing my 4th Olympic Games at the Sydney Olympic Park in Australia. The other Olympic Games I was privileged to see were the Montreal Olympic Games in 1976 and the Los Angeles Olympic Games in 1984.

Allen loved to play golf and every Saturday would drive to the Golf Club to which he belonged. When we were living at Bright Street, he joined the Patterson River Golf Club which was located near Bonbeach where the Patterson River emptied into Port Phillip Bay. This golf course is still functioning today. All the time I lived in the Allen Bingham household, he often remarked as to how he had played on the day. He played quite good golf and was over the moon when his golf card showed a birdie or even an eagle. I don't remember him saying he had aced a hole which is a hole in one. This is a very fluky shot. There were also remonstrations about slicing or hooking the ball too much.

On many Saturdays I accompanied him to the golf course where I sometimes carried his golf bag, which was a bit heavy for me at the time. I do remember caddying for him on the green by taking the flag out of the putting hole and holding the flag close to the hole so he could putt in the direction of the flag. If the ball didn't go in the hole, the flag was moved to the other side of the hole from where the ball sat on the green. He was always on the lookout for special putters to buy. I also learned the type of golf stick he asked for hitting the ball towards the green.

Uncle Dave and my Dad both loved golf and I remember once staying with my mother at the Club Guesthouse for a week with my cousins, David, Laurence and Allen and their mother, Auntie Em. During that week, both brothers played at least an 18-hole game each day. David and I would wander around the golf course and check out the animal life such as goannas that would appear on the trunks of trees on an almost empty golf course during the weekdays. We could also go swimming on the beach which was close by. We each had our own rooms and were treated to breakfast, lunch and dinner. It was very nice. That guest house arrangement no longer exists at the Patterson River Golf Club. The sorry thing about my father's love of golf for me was that he used left-handed golf clubs and so I was not able to use his clubs to try and play golf myself. I do remember that I used to practice golf swings with them.

Dad remained a member of the Club for a number of years but when we moved to 12 Rookwood Street, North Balwyn, he joined The Huntington Golf Club. I don't remember being on that actual golf course, but I do remember having dinner at the Golf Club dining room quite often.

After the D.W. Bingham's business was sold in 1964, Allen and Beanie moved to a house that was on Stephenson Rd., Nicholson, a small village 10 miles from Bairnsdale. This house was next to the farm that Allen had bought after financial affairs of the D.W. Bingham Pty. Ltd. were completed. He hoped to be able to make money from producing fat lambs from cross bred sheep to keep earning money as he was still in his 50's at the time. In later years Dad and Mum moved to Calvert Street, Bairnsdale, and Joyce took over looking after the farm. He no longer golfed every Saturday but occasionally played with Murray, the Farm Manager, and Max, his son-in-law, at the Lakes Entrance Golf Course.

The game of Lawn Bowls took over Dad's sporting interests, especially when he moved to Calvert Street. He belonged to the Bowls Club in Bruthen, a country town not far from the farm. My mother joined in as well and was a very keen bowler. She so enjoyed getting together with the other ladies and loved going to the special events that were held during the year.

As both Mum and Dad loved listening to music, especially at the house on Magnetic Island, they made sure that they had a record player and some records of their favourite musicals that they had seen over many years at His/Her Majesty's Theatre in Melbourne. Allen often played these records and delighted in the songs from musicals which Beanie, Allen and I had seen performed on the stage: South Pacific, Paint Your Wagon, Can Can, The Pyjama Game,

My Fair Lady, Oliver, South Pacific and Carousel and more. We all loved to hear the records of Gilbert and Sullivan.

When Allen and Beanie first lived on the farm on Stephenson Road, Allen bought a beach house for Beanie in Mallacoota, in eastern Victoria. They spent many summers at their beach house and would go fishing in a boat that Dad had bought and kept there. Joyce's family, the Youngs, wished that house had not been sold as it is a favourite place for them to go in the summer, especially Anthony, Shelley and their girls. Mallacoota was nearly wiped out in the bush fires that were so devastating in 2020. Anthony, Shelley and girls Remy and Isla experienced a horrifying night and some days trapped on the beach with fires burning almost to the beach waiting to be rescued by boat or helicopter. The family were rescued days later when they were taken out by helicopter. Amazingly, the house that Beanie had owned survived the fires and was not damaged. I mention this house because that is the house that was sold to help pay for the Magnetic Island house. Mum was not impressed at the time, having not been told that it had been sold.

While they lived in Bairnsdale, from April to September each year Allen and Beanie would go to stay on Magnetic Island to join with their friends, Phil and Freda Camm. Allen had been friends with Phil Camm from his days at D.W. Bingham Pty. Ltd. Phil Camm, along with his brother, were the owners of Monbulk Jams Pty. Ltd., which bottled raspberry, blackberry, loganberry and strawberry jams. I remember Dad made many trips to their factory in Monbulk to work on one of their Bingham machines. These friends greatly influenced Allen and Beanie to buy a house in Arcadia Bay, Magnetic Island, Qld. The other influence was that there was an Arcadia Bay Bowling Club which they had joined and could see from the backyard of their house.



Allen coming out of the beautiful water at Arcadia Bay, Magnetic Island – 1970s

The two couples' escape from Victoria's cold winter to a paradise in Queensland with its winter weather that was ideal for swimming in the warmer waters was mutually beneficial. Mum and Dad would fly to Townsville, the city opposite Magnetic Island, and board a ferry to the island. But Phil and Freda would drive from Victoria to Townsville in their car. One year, when both Mum and Dad were back in Bairnsdale, they were called by the Camm family to say that both had died in a bad car accident driving back from Queensland to Victoria. Both Mum and Dad grieved deeply. However, they still continued to fly to their winter paradise for many years after. Everyone in my family remembers their own stays at Cap Vilano when they enjoyed the swimming, hiking and barramundi and coral fish meals and generally exploring the Island.



Leigh at Magnetic Island, 1970s

Every morning Allen and Beanie joined their Arcadia Bay friends on the beautiful sandy beach at Arcadia Bay to swim in the beautiful and clean waters of the Bay. There was a shark net that protected the swimmers, but I do remember seeing at times sting rays in the waters. These halcyon days continued until Mum became over time very deaf and suffered from Alzheimer's Disease.

When it was clear that Beanie was suffering from her loss of memory and her profound hearing loss, I came over from Boston to spend time with her. This turned out to be her last stay on Magnetic Island and it was the last time I would see her. It was distressing to see that she hardly remembered me (she did ask after Leigh while I was there) and how her profound deafness affected her ability to respond to other people. Dad was cooking and doing all the household chores with which I helped while I was there.

Not long after I went back to Boston, Dad and Mum went back to the Calvert St., Bairnsdale house and Mum was admitted to the Bairnsdale Hospital where she remained until she died. As their house was opposite the hospital, Dad would visit her every day and help the nurses look after her. Alzheimer's Disease was not really understood in those days and I tried to

find information for Dad so that he could understand what was happening to Mum. I had heard her repeat to herself many times while on Magnetic Island: “I don’t want to live like this!” I could see the pain from which she was suffering because my mother hated to be a burden to anybody. It broke my heart to see her distress. I did not come back from Boston for her funeral.



Beanie and Allen basking in the sunshine on the beach at Arcadia Bay, Magnetic Island – 1970s

I am very fond of all my cousins in the Bingham family and when my father felt his brother Dave had said something nasty about his best friend, they didn’t speak to each other for 20 years, but the rest of the family ignored their feud and were on the best of terms whenever we got together to celebrate weddings and other times of significance in the family. The last time I was staying with Dad on Magnetic Island he asked me one morning to go with him to the Real Estate Office in the town. I did not know why we went there until he asked the real estate agent whether he could use his typewriter. Then Dad dictated a small half page letter to his brother, Dave, asking him to meet when he got back to Victoria and heal their differences. Of course, Uncle Tom was behind this meeting as he was always the peacemaker in the family. They never avoided getting in touch with each other after that reconciliation.

After Mum died, Dad did go to Magnetic Island for a couple of more years, but he had health issues that landed him in the Townsville Hospital. Joyce had to fly up to Townsville a couple of times and bring him back to Bairnsdale. He sold the house where he had spent many pleasant days in his retirement and came back to live in a retirement village in Paynesville. He was quite lonely and would often drive to the farm to have a meal with Joyce and Max and the Young boys. I stayed with him in his Paynesville villa for a month in 1997 and then went back to Boston. He was diagnosed with Cancer of the Oesophagus and died of Liver cancer later that year. When I heard that Dad was being cared for in his last days in

Bairnsdale Hospital, I flew back to Australia and then flew to Sale where Max picked me up and drove me to the Bairnsdale Hospital to see Dad.

He seemed to be at peace with his impending death and he was happy to see me. The next day the hospital called to alert us that Dad was dying and both Joyce and I went to see him in the afternoon and were both with him when he passed away. After we left the hospital, we went to the funeral directors who were situated to the side of the hospital property to check on the funeral arrangements. On our way back to the farm, we stopped into Coles to pick up some food as the farm was 30 miles away from the City of Bairnsdale and made sure we bought a Nanna's apricot pie so we could have it for our dessert that night. When Dad cooked his dinner himself, he always made sure he had a Nanna's pie for dessert.

His funeral was held in the Bairnsdale Uniting Church. Many of his friends and acquaintances plus the Young family (Max, Joyce, Greg, Anthony, Craig, Allen), Andrew, Jen and I were at the funeral. Mark and Leigh were living on the East Coast of USA at the time of the funeral and Paul was still in Perth. Many people also came back to Joyce and Max's place next to the farm afterwards. Both my mother's and father's ashes are buried in the Bairnsdale cemetery in a plot.



Allen, late 1980s

John, who was in Boston, sent the following message:

Allen Bingham, business man, golfer, fan of Amateur Football (Kew Amateurs), farmer, thoroughly decent human being.

The Cheffers branch of the family have written their eulogies and expressed their appreciation separately.

Daughter, Margaret and son-in-law John, have simple but important words to add. Allen's humour and candor were always appreciated. His decency is key to our eulogy. Never did he choose the shortcut, the quick out to a human problem. Always he was thoughtful, practical yet decent.

His persuasion along with Beanie to make Margaret's life decent was the evidence to all that he was an upright and decent citizen.

His sense of humour, proportionate generosity and keen observer skills were enough to embarrass the guilty and gives sustenance to the strong. Perhaps the poet, John Donne, said it best for all of us:

*No man is an island,
Entire of itself.
Every man is a piece of the continent,
A part of the Main.
...
Any man's death diminishes me,
Because I am involved in Mankind.
And therefore never send to know for whom the Bell tolls;
It tolls for Thee.*

We that remain are the stronger for his life', Poet Donne says it for us:

... when one man dies, one chapter is not taken out of the book, but translated into a better language and every chapter must so be translated.

I include the following memories that my children Paul, Mark, Leigh and Andrew wrote and said at Allen's funeral. Andrew:

Grandpa! There are a couple of sorry's and thank you's I wished I had said to you:
Sorry for dropping the tractor lift on your toe.

Sorry for bringing home a party to your Magnetic Island house one night and waking you up.

Thank you for the \$200 dollars you gave me to buy a car when I was in high school. The Chevy Nova never really impressed anyone, but it was useful at the time.

Thank you for the opportunity you gave me to live on your farm and to learn about life. Common sense is the answer.

I was always impressed with your inventive nature. Some of your ideas were very sensible and I will carry them on. I particularly liked:

- The hanging cork in the car port so you wouldn't run into the shed wall, and
- The gate that used to open and close when you nudged it with the car bumper.

You were respected by the people who knew you and you had the right to wear a small brimmed hat.

You will be missed.

Andrew

Leigh sent a telegram which was retrieved at the Nicholson Post Office on Monday, July 14, 1997 at 11:15 am

Grandpa was a kind, sincere and generous man. I had the opportunity to get to know Grandpa better when I lived with Auntie Joyce for three months in 1991. We would eat lunch together almost every day. I realized then how sensitive my Grandfather was. It was a side of him I had never known. He had a heart of gold. After that I felt closer to him in spirit wherever I lived. Grandpa has always been there to help me anyway he could. He has been very loyal to me and he modelled family values for all of us to follow. I really wish that I could have seen him before he died but we live so far away. I will miss the stability he brought to our young growing families. I will think of him often. His body may be gone but his spirit will always be with me. We love you Grandpa. From Jessica, Christopher, Marc and Leigh.

Mark faxed the following letter to the Nicholson Post Office on July 13, 1997.

From Mark, Grace, Elizabeth, Mary, John, Thomas, Gracie, Allen and Michaela - his Grandson and Great Grandchildren.

Over the past six months, I have watched my son, Allen David, struggle heroically against a rare disease which may yet take his life at the tender age of two. In watching and suffering with him, I was often reminded of my grandfather, Allen. I was reminded not because my son was named after him and his brother, but because I felt like I have been given a glimpse of Grandpa's strength, courage, fortitude and integrity contained within one really tough Great Grandchild.

Even more so, let me say, that without Grandpa's great wisdom, it is distinctly possible that none of our last five children would have ever been conceived. I will never forget sitting with Grandpa one lovely afternoon on Magnetic Island and his saying, "Mark, let me tell you, if I had to do it all over again, I would only do one thing differently." Sensing one of those moments when true wisdom is manifest, I waited. He said, "If I had to do it all over again I would have had more children. Because, when life is all said and done, the only thing that matters is love." I dare say my children, Johnny Tommy, Gracie, Allen, and Michaela can in part thank Grandpa

for putting in perspective the many fears which might have kept us from having more children. And over the years I had been privileged to witness his great love of his daughters, Margaret and Joyce, and of his Grandchildren. And, of course, I have been privileged to see his daughters' undying love in return. In closing, let me quote from a card Grandpa sent to my son Allen, when he was only one year old. On that card, he had typed his favourite quote a small part of which follows:

*This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!'*
Shakespeare Hamlet, Act 1, Scene 3.

I thank you and goodbye Grandpa. I love you and as I know you will please watch over little Allen David from heaven.

Paul, who was Perth at the time, sent these memories and a poem:

I remember Grandpa with real fondness. As I lived apart from him most of my life and only saw him infrequently, I, nevertheless, felt a very good affinity with him. This was perhaps begun on the 1978 trip my brother Mark and I took from Boston to revisit Grandma, Grandpa and the Youngs. Grandpa was so cheerful and a real joy to be with.

Later in 1986, when circumstances in my life had taken a downturn, I revisited Grandpa again at Magnetic Island. He was again very enjoyable to spend time with, and he was very patient and encouraging at a low time for me. At this time, I began to realise that Grandpa and his brothers at DW Bingham Pty Ltd. achieved great things that all of us grandkids [and cousins] would be doing very well if we did only a small portion of what grandpa and his brothers had done. In particular, I must mention that Grandpa provided for the upkeep and insurance of a blue car that my brother Mark, sister Leigh and I drove to Boston University for four or five years in the late 70s. That car served us well, even when we had to tie one of its doors to the car with washing line. Grandpa's help was a real practical aid in our education. Finally, here is a short poem in honour of Grandpa Bingham.

*Dear Grandpa, we gathered today to say goodbye
So that you can with Grandma finally at last lie.
Thank you, Grandpa for all your good cheer,
Your stories were always worth a good ear.
Hard years through the depression and war at Bingham's
Led finally to Allendale and its cattle and lambs.
From a Peach farm with Tom, yourself and David,
You the middle workshops of South Melbourne Tech braved
To start a wire business and then one as a machinery maker
Which with your brothers you worked as a cast-iron pattern-maker.*

*It was a great country where the Bingham could rise to successes,
Raise their own children and avoid their father's excesses.
Thank you, Grandpa, for all your gifts over the years.
I remember them fondly as my own middle age nears,
And I know the only way your kindness I can repay you
Is to help the young of our family similarly on their lives' way.
If we can be as cheerful with the young and as wise
As you, then on our family the sun will always rise.*

Thank you, Grandpa Allen Bingham

Finally, these are the notes I wrote for the funeral of my father, Allen Clifton Bingham:

Allen and Beanie: The two names had a ring to them. Even though it has been more than ten years since Beanie died, it is still hard to remember Allen without Beanie.

My own family has lived in another country for 27 years, but we maintained our ties to my Bingham mother and father and my children's Grandfather and Grandmother through those years, returning to Australia often with their Grandchildren.

I am especially thankful to Beanie and Allen who faithfully looked after me after my own mother died and kept Jessie's and Bob's dream for me alive through my growing years. I have told my children that I was a spoilt child. Both Joyce and I were blessed with all kinds of blessings in our young lives. We remember that we went away for most school holidays to enjoy the many country and seaside guest houses at which we stayed, the piano lessons, elocutions lessons, attending Methodist Ladies College and getting much help, especially with finance for my own family. Generosity and kindness are what my children will remember of their grandmother and grandfather. They have corresponded with each of them frequently and always sent them photos of their own children.

Early in Allen's life, although he did not talk about his childhood very much, just to allude to it as being very hard. One story about the period when the family lived in Leeton, NSW, in a dwelling that was built for horses, he described winters when the freezing winds would come through the cracks between the upright half-sawn logs that made the stables and blow things off their kitchen table. All the Bingham boys loved their mother very much and were very sorry that they could not have done more for her before she died.

They did have tragedy in their lives especially when their mother and my mother died. However, each Bingham boy worked in his own way and with each other to build a very successful business. This enabled them to live in their retiring years comfortably, each doing their own thing. Allen's life has spanned from 1910 to 1997—a span of 87 years. During that time, he reached out to people along the way doing small acts of kindness and generosity, always quietly and without fanfare. An enduring legacy he has left is the Margaret Patience Trust in memory of his mother, which has and still gives small amounts of money to deserving students studying at

the Tech School that replaced the South Melbourne Technical School to continue their studies.

Allen's example of upright living, honesty and generosity has been passed down to Joyce and me and thence to his grandchildren. Each one of them has those qualities in them so the dream that began in the early 20th century is being carried down to the Great Grandchildren. What better legacy can there be than that!!"



This photo of four generations shows Allen holding Elizabeth Cheffers, his first great grandchild on the front veranda of our house in 18 Vine St, Murrumbateman, NSW - 1985

Back Row: Paul Cheffers, Mark Cheffers, Andrew Cheffers

Front Row: Leigh Cheffers, Allen Bingham with baby Elizabeth, Margaret Cheffers,
Grace Cheffers, Max Young



Young and Cheffers families visiting Allen and Beanie Bingham's interment plaque at
Bairnsdale Cemetery – 1997

Standing L-R: Max Young, Jennifer Cheffers, Andrew Cheffers, Paul Cheffers,
Margaret Cheffers, Greg Young, Joyce Young, Sue Stidwell, Shelley Trease
Crouching L-R: Allen Young, Anthony Young, Craig Young

Chapter 2: What was your Mum like when you were a child?

My dear, dear mother, Beanie Bingham! She was my saviour as I found out later in my life. She was not my birth mother.

Jessie May Bingham Savagar's Story

Jessie May Savagar was my birth mother. She was born in 1903 in Allendale, a small gold mining town in Victoria, Australia. Jessie was married to Robert Savagar. She died tragically in 1936 after gallantly trying to overcome post-natal depression after her first baby, a son called Robert Savagar, died very soon after birth. She became pregnant again as this was recommended to Robert and Jessie to help her get over the depression, and I was born on November 14, 1935. The depression was not overcome after my birth and, possibly, the effect was made worse.

One of my near relatives (I am not sure who it was, it may have been Elaine, my half-sister) who had heard the story from my birth father, Robert, told me the following sad facts that occurred on that tragic night of 17 July 1936:

Baby Robert Savagar died when still a baby and was buried in the family plot in Melbourne General Cemetery. There is no inscription noted on the headstone of the date of the birth and death of this baby.

Jessie developed post-natal depression after the loss of this baby Robert and when she realized her frightening nightmares were not going away, she agreed to seek medical help and so she was in and out of Mental Hospital. She was told that the cure was to have another baby, and this resulted in Margaret being born. However, the depression still persisted and might have exacerbated the delusional dreams in that she was afraid to go to sleep because she had horrific nightmares; e.g., she dreamed of sticking knives into the baby. Robert would walk with her at times to help her during the night. She was so horrified by these murderous dreams that she would not sleep in the same room with Robert and baby Margaret.

At that time, Robina (Beanie) McFarlane (her dear friend) was living at 50 Boorool Rd., East Kew, Melbourne, with Jessie and Robert at the time of my birth. As far as I can gather, Jessie received treatment in a Sorrento based mental hospital, but her symptoms did not abate and may have worsened. She returned to live with Robert at 50 Boorool Rd., East Kew, Melbourne, but was not able to put away thoughts of harming her child and being a burden to Robert, and committed suicide by gassing herself with the gas stove in the kitchen. She left a note on the door of the kitchen that said, "Beanie, don't open the door. Look after Margaret." Because she could not rid herself of the thoughts of harming her baby and, as the medical treatment she had received had not relieved her torment, she believed the only way for her to not commit such a terrible act was to kill herself and save the life of the baby. Her letters outlined below attest to this.

Robert, her husband, Beanie and Allen, along with Allen's brothers and their wives, were so distressed that they did not reveal this terrible tragedy to their children, so much so that Jessie's daughter (myself) was only told by my Uncle Tom when I was in my fifties.

I have also been told, possibly by Elaine:

On the night before she killed herself, Robert had come home from the Bingham factory where he had been working overtime and had gone to bed and slept heavily. Jess had probably got up during the night and been so depressed after another frightening nightmare that she decided to kill herself. It was said that she had been so frightened she would actually carry out those tormenting dreams.

Amongst the papers that I was given when I visited Victoria's Adoption Department was a Police Report. I cannot reveal what was in that Coroner's report as the details are too harrowing. However, I can confirm, from the attending policeman's testimony that the death occurred at 50 Boorool Rd, East Kew, Melbourne.

From the inquest concerning the death of Jessie May Savagar – 10 July 1936:

My Darling Husband,

How I longed to get well to make up to you for all your loving kindness, but my dear it is too late I can't get over it. Forgive me for what I do but I can't bear to think of you tied to a woman in a place like this, also our dear little one growing up and me perhaps still alive.

I know she will make up to you for the loss of me, and then again you may meet someone who can make a home for you, and you will be happy once more.

My dear little one I know is safe in your hands and also Beanie's loving care and if you marry again you will always see that she will be looked after. Give her a good education and don't spoil her but give her a good girlhood so she will have a good start in life.

I have tried desperately to get better for both our sakes but it has beaten me.

What a lovely life we would have had together from now on, but it is not to be, I sacrifice my life for my baby, give her this little thing with my love and tell her ...

And another letter to her dear friend, Beanie, who had most likely looked after me from Day 1:

Goodbye Beanie,

I should not do this in your home. It is the devil in me. I hope the shock is not too much for you, but you have Allen and in a little while you will soon forget. I am first on insanity, I know. Knives beat me everywhere. I know now I haven't had a chance since I came home from Sorrento. It is marvellous how the brain has stood it so long. I hope you will understand when I say these things have taken root in the

subconscious mind and nothing I can do will shift them. I hope Margaret repays you for your goodness to her. If you have children of your own, I hope she will not be too much for you. But Bob may marry again, and I think someone near to you if she will have him, and I wouldn't mind her having Margaret as I know she would be a good to her.

My everlasting Love, Jess

Even during her deep distress over her frightening thoughts that she would never be a normal functioning mother, she was sure that what she was about to do was the best outcome for her baby daughter. You cannot ignore or condemn her very strong feelings that it was better to withdraw from life than to make life miserable for Robert and me, and these feelings were driving her to act so decidedly. Nowadays, even though today postnatal depression is not well understood, there may have been appropriate medications that may have tided her over until she was back to her own self. It is more than likely that she would have come out of her depression eventually to live a normal life being a mother and wife. That is what is so sad that to her the inevitability to ever be mentally healthy again drove her to give up her life to save her husband and her daughter.

The following memories were taken from a letter that I wrote to my granddaughter, Michaela Cheffers, about what I had learned of my parentage from my Uncle Dave's and Uncle Tom's writings.

I thought I would share the story of my birth and young life with you. At 82 years old, reflecting back on how I came to be and how the whole Bingham family protected me through my growing up years, has been quite remarkable. It began with my natural mother and father meeting each other over the back side fence in Middle Park, Melbourne, Australia. My mother, Jessie May Bingham, was the daughter of Margaret Patience Murray and Thomas Alexander Bingham. Jessie was born in Allendale, Victoria, a small town that was involved in the mining of gold. When the gold in this area petered out, Tom and Margaret moved with their children, Tom, Jessie, Dave, and Allen, along with many of the residents of Allendale, to the Leeton area where the NSW Irrigation Department was offering 50-60 acres of land to grow peaches and other fruits so they could be canned for the Leeton Cannery Co. After a lot of hard work and much hardship on this farm, the family moved to the Middle Park area of Melbourne. Because Tom, the father, had been abusing their mother, the siblings decided to take their mother to live in another house in the same area. The Bingham boys would not allow their father to see their mother again. At that time Jessie was also living with her brothers in Middle Park and Robert was renting a room at the house next door. My Uncle Tom, in his memoirs, *'The Life and Times of Thomas Alexander Bingham'*, has written about these days as far as he is concerned.

Of course, my father was Robert Savagar who had emigrated to Australia from Herefordshire in England. Below is the Marriage Certificate of Robert and Jessie Savagar.

IN THE STATE OF VICTORIA—IN THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.
FOURTH SCHEDULE—Acts Nos. 2691 and 2720. Form C.

CERTIFICATE OF MARRIAGE.

Year 1919. Parish or Church District—*West Clarendon* Denomination—*Baptist*

No. in the point.	When and where Married.	Name and Surname of each Party.	Original Condition, also Date of Marriage of each Party (if previously married).	Children by each former Marriage.		Birthplace.
				Living.	Dead.	
61	<i>21st March 1919 St. George Street Sydney</i>	<i>Robert Savagar Jessie May Bingham</i>	<i>Bachelor Spinster</i>			<i>Cardiff Wales Allendale Victoria</i>

12330

We declare that the above is a true statement of the particulars relating to each of us respectively; and that Marriage was solemnized between us on the date and at the place mentioned according to Acts of the Baptist Church.

Robert Savagar
Jessie May Bingham
Signatures of the Parties.

Signature of Minister *A. R. Harrison*
Signature of Witness *L. Jones*

I, James Edmund Harrison, being duly
do hereby certify that I have, this day, duly celebrated Marriage notice (that has been dispensed with by permission of and after declaration duly made as by law required (and with the writ-
Dated this *Twenty fourth* day of *December*
Signature of Minister, Government Social, or Registrar of Marriages *James E. Harrison*

I HEREBY CERTIFY THAT THIS IS A TRUE COPY OF AN ENTRY IN A REGISTER KEPT IN THE STATE OF VICTORIA, IN THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.
REGISTRY OF BIRTHS DEATHS AND MARRIAGES.
MELBOURNE. 21 MAY 1991

James E. Harrison
REGISTRAR.

As I had taken on myself to produce Uncle Tom's book, 'The Life and Times of Thomas Alexander Bingham', and because I knew at that time of my parentage, I included at the back of the book an explanation of how the Margaret Patience and Thomas Alexander Bingham family tree had changed. Only my cousin, Shirley, knew of the tragic story of Jessie and Robert because her father (my Uncle Tom) had told her, so she could write to me with this news. The following is how I broke the news of Jessie and Robert's story and my changed position in the family tree to my Bingham generation when I gave each of my Bingham cousins Uncle Tom's book, 'The Life and Times of Thomas Alexander Bingham', when the Bingham cousins of my generation along with their children and Allen Bingham came together in 1995 at the small village of Metung, Victoria to celebrate each other as Binghams. My news was a big surprise to all.

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, Victoria staying at Shirley's place): Jess had died tragically, and I was her daughter.

Well, I was greatly surprised over this because I always believed 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 but also sadly affected by what had happened to my mother and so was John. We indeed had a laugh about my news,

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 50s. When Uncle Tom died, I told my children, Paul, Mark, Leigh and Andrew. They, of course, were intrigued especially as they had to get used to having a different grandfather and grandmother.

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 on the 24th of December, 1929. Apparently, they had not let anyone know of their intentions, but Auntie Dorrie was witness to it as the above marriage certificate reveals.

Robert, who had found himself after the tragic ending of Jessie, soon after his shock of losing his wife, moved with Allen and Beanie from 50 Boorool St., East Kew, into a house on 33 Bright Street, Brighton, Victoria. Robert and Margaret remained with Allen and Beanie for about two years at this address. During that period of time, Beanie looked after Margaret and became the mother figure in Margaret’s life. Robert, who had met another lady whom he married, left Margaret with Beanie and Allen. Earlier, before the adoption, Robert Savagar felt that he wouldn’t be able to cope and thought he should go back to Wales so his relatives could look after Margaret. However, the Bingham brothers felt that they didn’t want to see the only child of Jessie be taken out of Australia and this encouraged Beanie and Allen to come to an agreement with Bob that they would adopt Margaret and he would continue to work at the factory even though the adoption laws in Victoria at that time forbade the father to see the child again.

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 old). It seemed that Beanie had been living with Robert and Jessie before and after I was born to look after me when Jess was in hospital. 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. The adoption apparently happened when I was about six. But Bob, who worked at D. W. Bingham's and, as Uncle Dave has written, was the first person to be employed by D.W. Bingham & Co., remained with the company until the business was sold in 1964. Bob married again and had two daughters, Helen Ledbury (Savagar) and Elaine Bastian (Savagar).

Bob died at 88 years of age in 1988. I can only be thankful to my adopted father (Allen) and mother (Beanie) for the care and quite lavish lifestyle they had given me during my childhood. They have been very gallant and gracious. I have been incredibly lucky! I am also sorry that I didn’t meet up with Bob before he died. If I had known earlier, I would have certainly made sure that I contacted him so I could get to know him.

The last time I saw Uncle Dave, he especially wanted to see me when I was last in Melbourne before returning to Boston. 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, it is all revealed now and for me there has been a little sidestep 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.



Jessie Bingham

Below I have included memories of Jessie that were related by Uncle Dave in his book, *'Food for Thought, My Life and Work'* and Uncle Tom's book, *'The Life and Times of Thomas Alexander Bingham'*.

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.

Uncle Dave's version of why Jesse took up elocution was:

My sister, Jessie, was fond of riding horses. There was a great commotion when she fell off a horse out in our yard and the horse trod on her little finger causing it to be amputated at the first joint. This prevented her from continuing with the piano so in place of learning the piano, she was taught elocution and as a junior (I think she was 12 years old), she came third in the junior section at the South Street Competitions at Ballarat reciting the set piece, *'Over the Range'*, by A. B. Patterson. I have often

thought since what a great thing it is for a girl to be taught elocution because my sister always spoke very very nicely.

Below is a photo of Jesse taken at the competition and also the poem. I wonder if someone may have recited it at her funeral.

Jessie May Murray-Savagar



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

Over the Range, A. B. Patterson

Little bush maiden, wondering-eyed,
Playing alone in the creek-bed dry,
In the small green flat on every side
Walled in by the Moonbi ranges high;
Tell me the tale of your lonely life
'Mid the great grey forests that know no change.
"I never have left my home," she said,
"I have never been over the Moonbi Range.
Father and mother are long since dead,
And I live with granny in yon wee place."
"Where are your father and mother?" I said.
She puzzled awhile with thoughtful face,
Then a light came into the shy brown face,
And she smiled, for 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, my lass?"
"There are blossoming trees and pretty flowers
And shining creeks where the golden grass
Is fresh and sweet from the summer showers.
They never need work, nor want, nor weep;
No troubles can come their hearts to estrange.
Some summer night I shall fall asleep,
And wake in the 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 that 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.

Uncle Tom writes of the time when the family was living in Middle Park, Victoria, of how he helped Madge Campbell, one of Jessie's best friends, coming down from Leeton to stay with them.

She was looking for a job, so I put an Advertisement 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 Belcher's sister, Till. Of course, Emily married Dave Bingham. Next door in Richardson Street, Mrs. Richardson used to provide rooms for Sailors on leave off the ships at Port Melbourne port. 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.

Jessie was considered by her brothers to be intelligent, have a beautiful voice, a good manager and smart. She managed the third floor of Ball and Welch Emporium (an up-market clothing store) that was next to St Paul's Cathedral which was on the corner of Swanson and Flinders Streets, opposite the famous iconic Flinders Street Railway Station Entrance that is also opposite Melbourne's icon hotel, called Young and Jackson.

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, Victoria. 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 to the movies. It is interesting that Jess's Aunt Liz Murray managed the china shop.



Madge Campbell and Jessie



Jessie and Dorrie



Rex and Madge Campbell, Jessie, Bob Savagar, Dorrie and Allen



Dorrie, Madge, Jessie, Robert Savagar

These photos that were taken by Uncle Tom certainly show how much the Bingham family along with their partners and friends were fond of going on picnics and holidays together to the sea and to the countryside. It is obvious their attachment for one another was very strong.



The holiday group in front of Paige car, early 1930s



Jess, Madge Campbell, Dorothy, Bob Savagar and Alex Campbell on Warrandyte Bridge

Robina (Beanie) McFarlane Bingham's Story



Beanie in her garden, Calvert St, Bairnsdale, 1970s

Beanie had most likely looked after me from Day One, as Jessie had died when I was seven months old and had been in hospital where she was treated for a serious case of post-natal depression for some time before returning to be with Robert and Beanie. Jessie had also written on a note left on the kitchen door for Beanie before she died, “Beanie, look after Margaret.” Beanie, being a dear friend of Jessie, took her dreams for me very seriously as shown in the following story of Beanie.

Grandfather and Grandmother MacFarlane had lived in a town called Greenoch situated on the Clyde River where Grandfather William MacFarlane worked as a painter on the ships that were being built by the large boat building industry in Scotland. Many of the well-known war ships of WWII were built in this shipyard at that time. Beanie was one of seven children. Grandma Mac must have been very busy looking after her family as she also looked after another seven children who belonged to her brother of the McAlister family. I believe that he was captain of a sailing ship that used the winds of the “Roaring Forties” to sail to Australia in record time, carrying needed goods and carrying wheat back to Britain. Beanie told me that most of this family emigrated to Canada.

Robina (Beanie) had emigrated from Greenoch, Scotland, with her mother (Grandma Mac) and father (William McFarlane) to Australia when she was in her early teens. Two of her older sisters (Auntie Margaret and Auntie Nessie) had emigrated before the rest of the family came to Australia. Auntie May, Auntie Nan and Uncle Bill most probably also came out with their mother and father later on. My McFarlane cousins and I never knew why

Grandfather Bill was absent. We never knew him. Probably because he had died of an occupational disease (possibly lead poisoning) to do with being a Ship's Painter on the Ship Docks of the Clyde River in Scotland. This is pure speculation. How they fared in the few years after they arrived is patchy.

It seems from our conversations in the kitchen of Rookwood Street, North Balwyn, when we were having morning or afternoon tea, or even preparing dinner, Beanie may have been staying on a farm in Seymour, Victoria where my Auntie Nessie and her husband, Rueben, and their children lived. I think Beanie may have been helping Aunty Nessie on the sheep farm with domestic work not long after she arrived in Australia. I also remember her telling me that when she went to school in Seymour, the other children used to tease her about her Scotch accent. I remembered my sister and I gently teased her when she said glass and grass. She pronounced glass with a short 'a' and we were pronouncing glass with a long "a". Joyce and I sometimes teased her about her accent, but she must have been very sensitive about her pronunciation. I can just imagine that the school children were cruel about their teasing. Over time, her Scotch accent became less obvious. I distinctly remember her telling me stories about a McAlpine family who lived in Seymour, especially a Donald McAlpine. The McAlpine family were most probably friends of the Freeman family. I got the feeling that she had a crush on Don. He was probably a bit senior to her.

I had heard that my McFarlane Aunts became servants in Australian homes that could afford such a luxury. So, I was brought up in a Scotch culture. They all had accents which I could understand well. I was told various myths as a young girl. If I didn't put salt on my porridge, I was not a Scotsman. (I preferred sugar). Whenever you heard the very sad Scottish song, "Annie Lawrie," it would rain. There are many Scottish sayings that I heard every day but can't remember them now. If ever my Scottish aunts heard a Scottish dance tune, especially when the bagpipes played, they would be up doing the Highland Fling. It was much later when I had become engaged to John, my Auntie Nessie and Auntie May (McFarlane family) invited John and I to tea (tea being dinner). As it was customary to have a glass of sherry before dinner, I had maybe two and I remember being sozzled all through dinner.

During the time I was training to be a nurse, I was boarding at Epworth Hospital in Richmond (Melbourne) and, because Aunty May lived a short tram journey away in Elwood, I would visit her when I went down to the Elwood Beach for a swim. Later on, Auntie May and Auntie Nessie lived together in a small house in North Clayton, Victoria. I was quite upset when I realized that Beanie's sisters and nephews and nieces were not truly blood relatives.

To further my close connection to the McFarlane family I am including an extract from a letter written to Jan Spiers, the daughter of Bill McFarlane, a first cousin, after his death:

Some further thoughts about a much respected and loved cousin. I will always remember Bill as a gentle man with a great sense of humour and who was morally true to Christian values. (Values, unfortunately, that are becoming less important in modern life.) Bill was always ready to participate in the joyous and sad parts of the lives of the

McFarlane extended family. I hope there was a show of kilts and bagpiping to pipe Bill to that place of serenity.

Further to our conversation as to what we do know and don't know about the Bill McFarlane Australian clan. I've enclosed a photo of Beanie and the whole family of William McFarlane and Mary Jane McFarlane (McAllister) (married 31 December 1889). William McFarlane is not shown as it is supposed that he had already died perhaps from an occupational disease caused by being a ship's painter??? However, we can see Mary Jane or Grandma Mac peeping between Beanie and Auntie Nan.



Back row L-R: Auntie Nessie, Auntie May, Jessie May (Allen's sister), Allan Clifton Bingham, Beanie, Grandma Mac, Auntie Nessie, Auntie Margaret.
Front row L-R: Uncle Reuben (Auntie Nessie's husband), Charlie Morris (husband of Auntie Nan), Bill McFarlane. Where was Auntie Kitty?

My mother, Beanie, got together with Auntie Nessie and Auntie May a good deal and so I came to know them quite well and really enjoyed their company. Auntie May was the housekeeper for the Davies who lived in Elwood in a grand house right near the beach. I used to pop in there quite often while I was studying and working for my general nursing diploma at Epworth Hospital. Also, I saw Auntie May and Auntie Nessie when they lived together in Clayton. I was very fond of them.

Auntie Margaret Chisolm lived in Yarra Glen, Victoria. We did not see her very often, but I know Grandma Mac was concerned about Margaret's circumstances. I am not sure why. I think her husband had a temper. These are just the impressions of a twenny.

Auntie Nan, unfortunately, died early and left her family in uncomfortable circumstances with no mother. I think Charlie Morris, her husband, remarried some years later. I am not sure of how the children felt about their stepmother.

I lived most of my young life with Grandma Mac and so I knew her reasonably well.



The first memories I have are when Allen, Beanie, Grandma Mac, and I were living in a suburb of Melbourne called East Brighton at 33 Bright Street. The house was a very modest one storey stucco-brick building that had 3 bedrooms, a lounge room with an open fire, a dining room, a bathroom, a largish kitchen with a wood stove, a porcelain sink and a kitchen table. The kitchen door led to a back veranda that had a laundry at one end where a copper boiler was built, a concrete sink and a mangle to rinse washing.

Monday was always wash day. Washing the family's clothes was a particularly onerous chore. Washing the bed sheets was a particularly tough chore in the 40s as sheets were usually boiled in the copper boiler, fed through what is called a mangle and carried out to be pegged onto the outside line to dry. It was heavy work.

Tuesdays were ironing day. Even sheets were ironed and shirts for your husband and for your schoolboys were always ironed to perfection. Most clothing was ironed because these were the days before cotton was blended with nylon so that ironing was hardly needed. When I was first married, I remember washing sheets in a copper boiler before my father bought me an electric washing machine that had a manual wringer attached. Also, irons were heated up on the stove in the War days before electric irons came on the scene in the 50s. How lucky we are today with our electric washing machines, dryers, and steam irons that

make life so much easier. However, I do remember ironing shirts for John for many years using the old method I learnt as a child but with an electric iron.

The front gate opened onto a concrete pathway that led to the front veranda and front door. A path also went down the side of the house to the garage and the back gate and into the back garden where the outside toilet was situated. The outhouse consisted of a bucket that was housed in a wooden structure known as a “pan closet toilet” or “thunderbox”. The Thunderbox was only emptied by a night man once a week and was carted to the outer fringes of Melbourne, where it was often used as fertiliser by market gardeners or taken to the tip. Because the waste stayed in the pan for up to a week, thunderboxes were really smelly. If you needed to go to the toilet in the night, there was always the chamber pot under the bed.

The house also had a separate garage, a front garden and a back garden. The front garden was mostly lawn surrounded by a privet hedge hiding a wire fence. My father would cut the lawn with a push mower.

The back garden was quite large because a huge pear tree grew in it along with some plum trees. I remember the pear tree produced mounds of fruit. As my mother had acquired a bottling unit, it was a huge task to prepare the pears at picking time for bottling. Grandma Mac and Beanie spent days skinning and halving pears and placing them in the sterilized jars and pouring the right amount of sugar and water to the right level and then placing them in the stewing pot and then attaching the proper lids. She also did this for peaches. The bottled fruit could be relied upon to serve as dessert for a several months. I must admit that I still like canned or bottled pears or peaches with custard. The blood plums from the trees in the back yard were also made into jam. Marmalade was also made using a recipe that definitely came from the “Old Country” as my grandmother would say. She often used this description for many things.

I do remember that when we lived in this house, World War II was being fought and our Australian troops had already been brought back to fight the Japanese in New Guinea and to defend the Australian shores. It was a time of making sure our troops were adequately fed and so many staples were rationed. Australians were never as short of food nor rationed as heavily as civilians in the United Kingdom. Rationing was enforced by the use of coupons and was limited to clothing, tea, sugar, butter, and meat. From time to time, eggs and milk were also rationed under a system of priority for vulnerable groups during periods of shortage.



As my father and his brothers were working in the Food Machinery Business, they were not called up to fight in the military. Their work was considered as vital in keeping the troops healthy. Thus, my mother was not required to work as many wives of men who were fighting in the war volunteered to work in the fields, in factories, etc. to do the jobs that their husbands had done. Mum continued on in her role as home maker in a traditional marriage. Yes, she did all those chores like cleaning, cooking and raising children that supported her husband and children.

While we were living in Brighton, food such as milk and bread were delivered daily by horse and cart. The clapping sound of the horse's hooves on the tarmacked road was a sign that the horse and cart would be passing by soon. I remember calling to the baker to get some bread that my mother had asked me to run and get and the horse would stop while the baker went to the back of the cart where you would wait, and he would give you the bread. I don't remember it being put into a paper bag. The horse got to know the route so well, and knew exactly when and where to stop, allowing the bread delivery man (or woman) to make four or five stops before returning to the cart to refill their big wicker breadbasket and continue their delivery run.

Then there was the "milky". I remember the clinking of glass bottles each morning as the "Milky" arrived to exchange the empties for full ones. I don't know if my memory is playing tricks on me, but I'm sure the milk was creamier then, especially if you were lucky enough to be the first to remove the silver top lid. In those days milk was not homogenized but pasteurized so the fat in the milk would rise to the top of the bottle and you could use the cream for dessert, etc. I also remember vividly that one of these "milkys" was included in the Australian team in the middle-distance race at the 1956 Melbourne Olympic Games.

The ice man was another daily delivery man. Before refrigeration, every house had an ice chest in the kitchen to keep all the perishables cold. The ice man would arrive and pick up a big block of ice from his van with his tongs and deliver it into the ice chest. Over the course

of the day, the ice would slowly melt. It was important to remember to empty the ice water from the drip tray sitting underneath the ice chest every night, otherwise there would be a watery mess on the kitchen floor in the morning! When I was first married, I didn't have a refrigerator but an ice chest, and I remember those big ice blocks being delivered to our place in Plumrae, Canterbury.

Garbage was collected weekly. I remember when the "garbos" used to run behind the garbage truck, picking up the battered galvanized bins and throwing the contents into the back of the truck. These guys would run miles every day up hill and down dale clanging bins and waking the whole neighbourhood.

One special man who came by now and again was an elderly "Chinaman" from whom my mother bought vegetables. I think my mother felt sorry for this old man. He may have grown these vegetables. Door to door salesmen were quite common in those days and my mother would look at what they had to sell. Two items she bought from one of these salesmen were treasured by both my sister and me. I received a set of red-coloured, hard-bound books with bible stories written for children. I read these books often and remember especially Old Testament stories and New Testament stories. The other item was a rag doll that my sister, Joyce, received for Christmas (my sister was seven years younger than me) and my sister called her Mary Jane (after our Grandmother Mac). Joyce kept that doll for many years until it was falling apart. It was much treasured by her.

Grandma Mac (I called her Gran) was a great knitter. Scotland being a very cold country, knitting was a given. As morning and afternoon tea were part of the culture in Scotland, Gran knitted tea cosies. Tea was made in a tea pot with loose tea leaves (no tea bags in those days). Gran followed two tea cosy patterns: one was a Dutch doll pattern and the other was one that looked like a daffodil pattern. They were both outstanding and friends would ooh and aah about them.



Daffodil tea cosy similar to Grandma Mac's

I remember going with Gran to Coles to buy kewpie dolls which were placed on top of the skirt and apron of the cosy. A little Dutch hat was knitted for the head of the doll. She would also knit a base for each cosy, like this:



Dutch doll tea cosy similar to Grandma Mac's

During the time we lived in Brighton, I took elocution lessons like Jessie had and then later on I began piano lessons and these music lessons continued on to when I lived in North Balwyn in the 1950s. Mrs. Stevenson was my piano teacher during the 1950s and with her coaching I passed the 6th Piano examination. The piano piece I played for this exam was Beethoven's *Appassionato Sonata*. I remember that I was extremely nervous when I took these piano exams as the exams were held at the Conservatorium in Melbourne in a sound-proof room with one of the Conservatory Examiners sitting at the back of you. Even though I have not played a piano since ceasing lessons, I have enjoyed listening to classical music on the Classics ABC Radio station and listening to my collection of CDs. John and I both enjoyed listening to Orchestras, especially the Boston Symphony and Classic Orchestra in Boston, USA. The acoustics in Boston Symphony Hall were excellent and John subscribed to both orchestras for many years.

Many years later, my sister, Joyce, and I visited our Uncle Dave and Aunty Em when they lived in Brighton. Before this visit we decided to go and see if we could find the house on Bright Street. Neither Joyce nor I could remember the street number of the house. We thought it might have been 33 but the front of the house had been renovated. No one seemed to be home, so I decided to walk down to the back gate and look in the back garden to see if that pear tree was still there and it was. Amazing! Neither of us had a camera with us at the time and so there is no photo.

Christmas and School Holidays in Officer, Victoria

This is a description of how the Bingham's spent Christmas during the 2nd World War. Paul and I went to spend Christmas Day in around 2017 with Andrew, Jen, David and Alex in their home in Duffy, a suburb of Canberra. Just before we were about to enjoy the dinner before us, I had decided to tell all at the dinner table about my Christmases with the Bingham family cousins, Aunts and Uncles and how my attachment to both sides of my mother's and father's side of the families, especially the Bingham side has remained strong. A few years ago we connected again at my cousin Shirley's 80th birthday.

About ten years ago, while Andrew was on sick leave after a shoulder repair, he updated '*The Life and Times of Thomas Alexander Bingham*' with clearer photos. The following two photos are of a blend of relatives sitting in front of a Christmas tree under a huge big pine in front of the front gate to the farmhouse in Officer, Victoria. I don't know what year it was but in the 1940s and probably Uncle Dave took the photo.



Back L-R: Margaret Bingham Cheffers, Sandra Bingham Garroway, David Bingham
Front L-R: Joyce Bingham Young, Allen Bingham, Shirley Bingham Rotherham, Allen McFarlane

When I was in my tween years, the Second World War was still being fought. The Bingham brothers owned a factory in South Melbourne that manufactured machines for canning fruit, vegetables, and meat products. After the Japanese entered the war, there was a fear that the "Japs" would overrun Australia. The company bought a 20-acre farm in Officer in the state of Victoria.

The families of Tom, Dave and Allen would travel (about 30 miles) to the farm for a

Bingham Christmas. Mothers and children would arrive first so the Mums would do all the cooking before the big day when the Dads would arrive. There were two separate buildings: one had a kitchen and another room for dining. The kitchen had a wood stove, benches, cupboards and a large wooden table and chairs where the family ate their meals and another room used for a dining room. The second building had a lounge room with a fireplace and a few bedrooms and a bathroom. All 13 people were accommodated in some way.

I remember how the Mums (Beanie, Dorrie and Em) worked together to make all sorts of goodies such as meat pies, Christmas pudding, Christmas cake, and peeling veggies and generally preparing the meat for Christmas Day.

Christmas in those days seemed to be exceedingly hot and our mothers, who were preparing dinner using a wood stove, were virtually working inside a hot oven. In those days we only had Christmas pudding for dessert and custard but to encourage us kids to eat it we might find a threepence or sixpence in it, so you had to eat it very carefully in case you swallowed a coin.



Back row L-R: Grandpa Belcher, Allen Bingham, Bill McFarlane
 Middle row L-R: Robina Lee McFarlane Bingham, Joyce is sitting on her knee, Grandma Belcher, Allen Bingham, Emily Belcher Bingham, Laurence Bingham (sitting on Emily's knee), Grandma Mac (Mary Jane McFarlane)
 Front row L-R: Shirley Bingham Rotherham, Margaret Bingham Cheffers, Allen McFarlane

Often, after the huge meal, we all went for a walk up behind the farm property where there was some Australian bush typical of the natural tree forests of Victoria. We used to follow the bush path alongside the aqueduct that was part of the city of Melbourne water collection.

This was a gentle Aussie bush walk and my cousins and I would look for the longest leaf, etc. I think I can vouchsafe for my cousins in the Bingham families that all have fond memories of these walks after lunch.

There were many other times when my cousins and I congregated during school holidays at this very small property just outside Melbourne. Each day in the morning, we all set out to walk to a nearby dairy farm to collect from the farmer milk poured from a stainless-steel milk container into our stainless-steel bucket. On our way back to our place, we would marvel at the different bird songs we could hear as we tramped back, especially going around a bend where we could hear the bellbirds singing. It was near to where our front farm gate entrance was. We would open the gate and continue up to our long drive to the house to have breakfast or morning tea using our hour-old milk. We did not worry about sterilizing the milk in those days. However, I do remember my mother and aunts skimming off the cream off the top of the milk and boiling it to make coddled cream, Yummy!

During that part of our lives there were very few toys that were bought for us and so we used to play pretend games. A favourite game was Cowboys and Indians or Cops and Robbers. Instead of real horses, we used long branches of gum trees with leaves at the end. We would mount these branches holding onto the end part as the horse's head and drag the leaves, which we imagined as tails, along the ground. With the wooden part between our legs, we galloped like a horse around the paddocks. Cowboy and American Indian movies and stories were popular in those days. There was always a story that we would enact.

Another game that was popular with my cousin David was war themes where we used spent cartridges from my Uncle Dave's shotgun. Each cartridge became a soldier and we would line up several in battle formation as if we were facing the French as in the Battle of Agincourt, a famous battle between the French and English famously depicted in Shakespeare's Henry the Fifth.

One of the pastimes of both my Uncle Dave and my father, Allen, was to try and kill the rabbits that seemed to have warrens in the corner of the front paddock. My father was targeting them with a rifle and not having much success, but my Uncle Dave was much more successful with the shotgun which used cartridges.

Rabbit stew and roast rabbit was a common food during the war years as Australia had an epidemic of rabbits. They were a real problem then. In the years after, the main Australian scientific organization (CSIRO) experimented with a disease called Myxomatosis to kill the rabbits. It was very successful but many, many years afterwards, rabbits developed an immunity to it and nowadays they use a vaccine called Calici virus.

Springtime school holidays were mostly spent up in Officer and I remember picking many daffodils growing in the unkempt apple orchard. We also picked bunches of pink and white heath from the roadsides to take home. The pink and white heath is Victorian's state flower,

and nobody is allowed to pick it nowadays.

We didn't have any animals such as sheep, cattle or goats on the farm. However, I do remember that the Bingham factory did own a draft horse called "Blossom" which was used to pull a cart to deliver machinery and parts to different companies in the city of Melbourne. She was finally pastured on the Officer acres when her services were no longer used. You must remember that petrol was rationed during the 2nd World War and other fuels were used to drive cars. I vaguely remembered that wood chips were used in some way to drive cars.

I have many memories of these times and it is the reason I am comfortable and still friends with all my Bingham cousins.

Life at Home

When I lived in Brighton, I attended the Wilson Street Primary School and later on I went to a private school called Cato Middle School located in Elsternwick, Melbourne, which was a sister school to the Hawthorne Methodist Ladies College (MLC). When the family moved to 12 Rookwood Street, North Balwyn, I attended MLC situated on Glenferrie Rd. Hawthorne, Melbourne.

Just after the end of WWII when the D.W. Bingham food machinery factory had become a huge success, my father decided to build a house in a new suburb of Melbourne (North Balwyn). Both Beanie and Allen enjoyed their new home, which was more modern and had been built with a more modern kitchen and more up-to-date kitchen appliances and a washing machine in the laundry. The clothes were still being pegged to dry on a Hill's Hoist in the back garden, which at that time could be found in all Australian backyards. It was a very successful type of clothesline made in Australia.

I cannot remember any gas heating in this house. In those days, the open fire was still a fixture in the lounge room and radiators were used in the bedrooms. However, the temperature in Melbourne was coolish in the winter and mostly temperate. Not like Canberra where occasionally it snows.

My mother had worked in a China Shop and really liked to have meals and morning and afternoon teas served on proper plates with silver cutlery. We always had three meals a day: breakfast of porridge or VitaBrits and Toast with Vegemite or homemade jam and tea. Lunch during the week was an egg or meat sandwich and fruit and placed in a paper bag. Even my father took a packed lunch to work. I took a sandwich to school. Dinner was basic meat, potatoes and vegetables. Also, dessert.

When we moved to North Balwyn, we mostly ate in the kitchen breakfast nook. The table, whether for breakfast, lunch or dinner, was always set properly. My mother was a neatnick. She taught me the right way to present meals and to care for the family. She was a great role model on how to be a perfect housewife. Unfortunately, I tended to be slap dash and lax about being perfect. She was never unpleasant or angry with me, but I was certainly brought up to be a nice woman that my birth mother wanted for me. In those days, good manners

were important. As an example, when you wished to leave the dining room table, you were always expected to ask to leave: “May I leave the table?”

The house had a formal dining room in which a custom-made dining suite was standing. I remember my father and mother inspecting furniture catalogues and my mother picking the type of table and chairs she liked. Amazingly, that dining room set is sitting in my present house now. It was in a shabby state, but before I moved to Canberra, a local craftsman in Murrumbateman had repolished it and brought out the beautiful colour of the wood and now the table, six chairs and buffet are sitting in the eating area of my present house. It is nearly an antique as it was made in the late 1940s and it is in tiptop condition.



However, obviously, my mother, before she was married to Allen, came to Melbourne to find work and was employed by Jessie’s Aunt Liz Murray who managed the Five Towns Glass and China Shop in Elsternwick. Beanie used to tell me that she would bring samples of dinner sets, cutlery, etc. to people’s homes to show. I never did ask her how she transported such fragile goods around. I do remember that she had some lovely pieces of china herself, some of which both Joyce and I inherited. Two pieces that she had displayed in the dining room on top of the buffet were a Crown Derby Biscuit Barrel and another largish Crown Derby piece in their distinctive antique gold and navy design. Somehow these two pieces disappeared and neither Joyce nor I knew to whom they had been given.

Both Joyce and I inherited two tea services. My tea service of 6 plates and 6 cups and saucers in a gold, navy blue Crown Royal design was, I am sure, valuable. I gave this tea set to my daughter, Leigh, to keep as a memory of her grandmother.



Royal Albert Tea Set

A very pretty green and gold tea service was given to Joyce and it is displayed in her Crystal Cabinet today. We both shared the various old plates, figurines, and other objects between us. It never occurred to us to ask Beanie how or where they were bought or their history. I wonder if any of these curios came out with family from Scotland. Or were they bought from the China Shop in Elsternwick?

The dining room was situated at the front of the house and the windows faced out onto the street. Grandma Mac used to love sitting in her special chair placed in front of these windows and comment on what was happening on Rookwood Street. Grandma lived into her eighties. My mother must have grieved after she died as she had been her main caregiver for all the time that I knew her and that was about 20 years. Nowadays, when I am also in my eighties, I wonder at myself at not noticing her distress. In reflection, I was very much into my own life and that was the period when I was boarding at Epworth Hospital. However, Mary Jane McFarlane while she lived with Allen and Beanie, had a comfortable life. I think her ashes are interred at the Springvale Crematorium in Melbourne.

Beanie was a true home maker and was assiduous in her care of my father, her mother, Grandma Mac, my sister Joyce and me. Like many home makers of that time (40s, 50s, 60s) without domestic help, Beanie did the clothes washing, the ironing of many items, keeping the house clean and bathrooms clean. All this was usually done to a timetable. For example: Monday washing clothes and sheets, etc., Tuesday ironing sheets, pillowslips, clothes, Wednesdays visiting family and playing golf or tennis, maybe. Thursday or Friday, gardening, etc., Saturday: cooking cakes, etc for the next week for morning and afternoon teas.

Although I remember watching Beanie cooking cakes and biscuits to fill the cake and biscuit tins on a Saturday, I was always uneasy about her taking the time to do this on a Saturday. I didn't think it was quite fair for her to be labouring like this when my father was playing golf at his favourite golf club every Saturday. She did spoil me for the rest of my life in my enjoyment of cups of tea accompanied by biscuits or slices of cake. My efforts to copy weekly cake and biscuit making in my own home did not merit my mother's cooking abilities. I had to be satisfied with making cakes and biscuits from packaged mixtures. I had four children in short time and, therefore, my efforts to keep everything shipshape were, to me, impossible.

Just after I married John we lived in a house in Katrina Street, North Blackburn, my father, who was also a tidy person, used to visit me on a Monday morning when I was sorting out the washing for the week on the floor, so from the back door into the laundry and then into the kitchen was full of piles of washing waiting for the next pile to be washed in the washing machine and rinsed in the concrete troughs and fed through the electric mangle on the washing machine. Most of the dirty washing was dirty nappies as at one time I had at least a baby and a toddler wearing diapers. I am pretty sure Beanie was more organized than I was, but I had four children to look after. He never criticized me, but I could see his disapproval. But he did buy me the washing machine.

Sometime in the early 1950s, while we were living in North Balwyn, Beanie took driving lessons and acquired a driving license. My father bought her a Mini Minor car that was popular with women drivers. This meant she was able to drive to the local North Balwyn shops to get weekly provisions, go and visit her sisters and also visit the other Bingham wives. Being able to drive a car was important for women to achieve a certain amount of freedom. When I acquired my driver's license when I was eighteen, I used to drive this car also.

Both my father and mother enjoyed going to the theatre (especially musicals) and I remember going to see all the musicals that came to Melbourne in the late 40s and 50s. It was something that all the Bingham boys and their wives before and after they were married enjoyed together. Uncle Tom's wife, Auntie Dorrie, had some exposure to acting at one time, and she and Tom went to many shows. I remember when Andrew, Leigh and I were visiting them in the late 1970s when they lived at the Gold Coast at Mermaid Beach, Uncle Tom showed me an exercise book where every show that he and Aunt Dorrie had seen in their lifetime was listed.

But luckily for me, this love of musicals extended to Allen and Beanie who took me to see *Maid of the Mountain*, *The Chocolate Soldier* and later on *My Fair Lady* was seen by my family at His/Her Majesty's in Melbourne. Going to the ballet was another show we loved seeing, especially when my cousin, Sandra, was performing for the Borovansky Ballet or the Australian Ballet in the *Nutcracker*. The hard work and persistence of the Bingham family to make quality machinery for the canning business, was the reason that my Bingham cousins and I enjoyed such a privileged and comfortable life.



Grandma Mac, Nan MacFarlane (Beanie's sister), Beanie as a young girl and Flora, the dog,
(Scotland circa 1910s)

Beanie was really fond of dogs. The photo of Grandma Mac, Nan MacFarlane (Beanie's sister), Beanie as a young girl and Flora, the dog, front and centre, was taken before the family moved to Australia. I remember my mother telling me about Flora, the dog, many times. She looked after a number of dogs during the time I knew her. I don't remember a dog being present at the Bright St. house but when we moved to 12 Rookwood Street, there were two corgis, two dachshunds and two Cairn terriers that I remember.



Joyce and Johnnie – early 1950s

The photo of Joyce sitting in front of the cubby house with Johnnie lying in front of her brings back fond memories of this dog.

After I married and moved away, I remember giving Beanie a pure-bred dachshund who was called Oscar after another dog called Louie had recently died and Mum was showing some grief. She was vowing to never have another dog. Louie had been a favourite with the family. My mother recounts, in a letter from Magnetic Island to me in Framingham, Massachusetts:

Oscar is just like Louie but is inclined to be most arrogant with other dogs around here so have to keep him on a lead. When I take him for a walk, he wants to take on all the big dogs, most likely it is all bluff. But he loves 'Peda' (Joyce's golden Labrador) and misses her.



Beanie and Oscar (or is it Louie?)



Beanie and Debbie

The photo of Beanie holding Debbie brings back memories of my mother near the end of her life. Very sadly, Beanie had Alzheimer's in the last five years of her life. Her memory really

deteriorated and to make it worse she was very deaf. However, she did remember Debbie and would take her for a walk mostly every day. Allen went with her so she would not forget her way back home.

I remember that all the dogs had a diet of real stewing beef cut up in pieces and lightly toasted under griller. I used to eat some of it myself. I don't think they had canned dog food in those days.

I include here a letter that I sent to my daughter, Leigh, on Sept. 7, 1982 when I was visiting Allen and Beanie at their lovely house on Magnetic Island (off the coast of Townsville, Queensland) about Beanie and Debbie the dog. Reading this letter many years later made me very sad.

Dear Leigh, Good to talk to you this morning. It seems you are bearing up well under the strain of work, keeping house and cooking, etc. Well, I thought I would let you know how Grandma is. She has faded a lot since I last saw her. I would say she has no hearing worth speaking about. She lost her hearing aid recently and Grandpa bought her a new one, the strongest you can get, and it improved her hearing a bit—but to my mind not very much. She no longer cooks the dinner. Grandpa organizes everything—the shopping, the cooking and some housework. Grandma cleans up the kitchen and the bedroom—but she gets easily distracted. They have a bitzer dog (looks a bit like a Cairn terrier) and her name is Debbie. Grandma just dotes on it—she is always losing sight of the doggie and calling out for her. Debbie is a very naughty dog—she doesn't come when she is called. She is a little dog and isn't very good on the lead either, always baulking and pulling—so Grandma gets pulled up and pulled along by her. I have been running on the beach where the coral reef is and I usually take Debbie with me so she can run free (the running hasn't made me any thinner but has certainly strengthened my calf muscles (Ha! Ha!)). Grandpa is scared stiff something will happen to the dog and Grandma would just about collapse. She is looking so frail and thin—she eats enough. She has been going to a clinic for a bad sore on her leg for 8 weeks. It has just now healed.

Beanie was kind to all animals, even to the Sparrows in the backyard at 12 Rookwood Street. She would feed them every day with moistened crumbs from the kitchen. The little Sparrow was not a popular bird because it was not a native Australian bird. In a letter to me from Magnetic Island, Beanie describes she cared for the various birds that were living on the island.

Dear Margaret: I have just finished feeding 4 Currawong birds, quite likely to be the Mum and Dad and their young ones. They come nearly every day. I have seen no sign of their nest around here. Also, I have a pheasant that comes and yesterday he or she came right into the kitchen. I call her or him Princess as it sweeps in just like the two or three Magpies and Curlews also are sitting on two eggs, so I hope they hatch.

Whenever I was able to visit Mum and Dad on Magnetic Island, I remember noticing the resident Currawong sitting in a high Eucalyptus tree in the back garden waiting for its

morning tea of minced meat to be placed on the white “Iron Lacing” balustrade on the porch and seeing the bird swooping down to retrieve its special treat. The curlews were a very interesting bird that seem to be a grounded bird in that they were silent during the day and could hardly be seen because they had blended into the background foliage. At night they were like a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde bird in that they seemed to be running around making very loud blood-curling calls all through the night in that sometimes it was very hard not to think that someone was being murdered close by. Once when I was visiting with Leigh and Andrew, he happened to be sleeping in a bed next to the window and was quite alarmed and frightened by this cacophony of nightmarish noise every night. Also, when Allen and Beanie were living on the farm in Bairnsdale, you could always rely on Beanie to be bottle feeding the orphan lambs from the farm.

To end this story of my fond memories of Beanie before I was married, I need to mention that I left Methodist Ladies College in 11th grade in 1951. As careers for young women in the 50s were very limited, I went to Stott’s College in the City of Melbourne to learn Secretarial Skills. At this esteemed Secretarial School in those days, I learned to type to a speed of approx. 60 words a minute, learn shorthand and bookkeeping. I completed those courses and got a secretarial position at a Children’s Wear Manufacturer in Little Flinders Lane in Melbourne. It was a very boring job, but I did enjoy window shopping while walking through the Collin Street Arcades and onto the Bourke Street to the Elizabeth Street Post Office which happened to be next to Myers, a famous Melbourne department store to collect the mail twice daily.

However, I wanted to be involved in something that was more fulfilling, so I chose to do a Diploma of General Nursing at Epworth Hospital in Richmond, a suburb next to Melbourne. Nurse education in the 50s was more or less on an apprenticeship system where you lived in the nursing residence attached to the Hospital. To complete the requirements of the Diploma of General Nursing you had to work and study for three years. You worked 40 hours a week looking after patients at the hospital and had two days off. Lectures were given on off days. The whole experience was very intense. I was lucky that I could go home on my off days enjoy the comforts of home. My roommate, Betty, was from the country and therefore could not go home unless she was on holiday. If Betty happened to be off at the same as me, I would take her home with me to enjoy Beanie’s fussing around these naive girls who had been launched into the unknown world of nursing.

I hope to expand on my time at Epworth in another section of my life and work especially when I write about Betty, probably my greatest friend.

Since the time when we moved to 12 Rookwood St, North Balwyn (in around 1950), I had attended Sunday School and Church at the North Balwyn Baptist Church. I became very friendly with a group of young people who also attended the church. John Cheffers was in that group. When we were about 17 or 18, he became my first serious boyfriend and I mention him here as he often came to Sunday Night Tea at 12 Rookwood St. His family was going through a very testing time, and he was still living at home but relying on kind people to invite him to tea or lunch to satisfy his hunger. For a while, this relationship was

somewhat an on and off affair. When I did get engaged to John sometime in 1957, my mother commented to me: “He’s a bit wild!”

Whatever, my mother helped me buy a wedding dress designed and made in time for the big day and my father paid for the wedding which was held at a lovely venue in the local area. Below are two wedding photos from that day.



Beanie and Margaret at my wedding, January 1958

My father really liked to buy the latest cars and had a Plymouth car which he drove from North Balwyn to the factory in South Melbourne. Later on, he bought a Rolls Royce. I was driven to the North Balwyn Baptist Church on my wedding day, January 20, 1958 in this car. The amusing memory I have of that day was my husband’s father’s car, an old Austin, in which my husband came to the church was parked behind it.



Beanie and Allen, January 1958

Recently, I wrote to a second cousin of mine, Joan Bushby, a member of the McFarlane family, and sent her the story of Beanie and she wrote back about her memories of Beanie and Allen. I include it here:

Thanks Margaret. Great to read all your memories of times past.

You might be interested to hear some of my recollections of your parents below (just for your information). It's difficult to recall timelines when we start thinking back, but we have lots of great memories as we grew up and then had our own families.

This includes when you and John so generously gave of your time when Charlie, Fiona and I visited Canberra on our way to pick up our son from a Jamboree out of Sydney. I will never forget the fantastic day we had when John showed us around the Institute of Sport and you took us out around Canberra etc. We do hope to get back to Canberra - one day! I don't know where time goes now - we seem to be much busier than in the past, but maybe it's because we move much slower now with all our ailments and dodgy bones!

We loved visiting Auntie Beanie and Uncle Allen as kids at your lovely home in Rookwood St Balwyn. I feel you were possibly grown up by this time. They were such special people in our lives and were always so genuinely happy to see us and

made us very welcome. We would have afternoon tea in the dinette and we thought that was absolutely wonderful, never having seen a dinette before. I must have been about nine at the time. My mother (Jean) was always concerned that we might make a mess and drop some biscuits or cake, although my sisters and I had been brought up to be very careful.

I particularly remember one occasion when our family (Jean, Max and the four girls) visited Auntie Beanie and Uncle Allen when a few years older. We sat in the lounge room for afternoon tea. Mum was very nervous and kept telling us to be careful not to drop anything on the carpet. Your Dad just calmly dismissed her concerns and told her not to worry as they would just use the sweeper later, if needed. I remember a friendly dachshund being in the house when we visited. That is the only dog that sticks in my mind.

It was such a treat to go out into that fantastic cubby house in your backyard and play with all your bits and pieces. We were in awe of the cubby and everything inside it.

When you and Joyce were obviously way too old for the cubby house Auntie Beanie gave us this beautiful self patterned tea set from the cubby. I remember the pieces being transparent with a self embossed design with individual pieces being one colour, but there were different colours within the set. It was just delightful and we played with it in our play house for a long time. Dad had created a separate part right across the end of our garage as our playhouse. Do you remember this tea set?

Your parents were so generous. They would often bring us back gifts from their travels. One year they gave each of us little white cane handbags from Fiji and I know we received gifts on other occasions, although I can't recall now what these were.

I was the eldest child in our family, and I guess from around 11 years of age was very fortunate to be given dresses that Joyce had outgrown. These were always beautiful and stylish for a young person, and I loved receiving them. With the age gap between you and Joyce, you had probably not worn these. They appeared to be virtually new and I initially had to wait a year or two until I had grown more to wear them. Much later Auntie Beanie gave me Joyce's Deb gown for my debut. It was exquisite - so pretty, and I treasured it.

Margaret, you asked if I had received the MacFarlane Family Tree you sent. Yes I did, thank you. We have a new laptop (which after a few months I still can't get used to) and on the day we had the data transferred from the old computer to the laptop (I think it was about the time you sent the Family Tree), I lost some emails., which may have included my response to you.

Thanks again for the photos Margaret.

Best wishes,
Joan.

Chapter 3: What were your favourite toys as a child?

In a studio photo of myself when I was about 8 months old, I have a doll in my lap; however, I have no memory of this doll, but it looks like a wooden doll. Perhaps either my mother Jessie or father Robert made this for me. I remember being told by someone that I used to love a soft giraffe. I do not remember this.

Pedal Car

The favourite toy that comes to mind is a red metal pedal car. As a child I had a particular affection for this car as I could pedal it up and down our concrete driveway and also on the street footpath. I did find an old photo of Andrew seated in a red pedal car with Paul and Mark on both sides. I wonder if my childhood car had survived long enough to be given to Andrew to pedal up the driveway of our house in Katrina Street, Nth Blackburn?



Paul, Andrew (in car) and Mark Cheffers, North Blackburn – late 1960s



The car would have looked something like this when new

Dolls

I also vaguely remember that I did have a doll pram although I don't remember the doll that I may have had.



My doll's pram looked like this one (Doll Hospital in Royal Arcade, Melbourne – 2020)



Photo of two dressed dolls, Doll Hospital in Royal Arcade, Melbourne – 2020

However, I do remember that my interest in dolls was more about dressing them up. I had books of paper dolls with dresses to put on your paper doll. I loved playing and dressing up paper dolls.

I have a strong remembrance of wishing that I could have a particular doll when my mother and I were looking at dolls inside a doll shop somewhere in the city of Melbourne. My mother was just looking at them. The doll may have been like a Shirley Temple doll with Shirley Temple curly hair. Every little girl in those days wanted a Shirley Temple doll with real curly hair that you could comb with a special doll's brush, as Shirley Temple movies were hugely successful. My mother did not buy a doll that time so I remember I was very upset that I couldn't have the doll that I really wanted. I rarely had temper tantrums if I didn't get what I wanted. Usually, I just accepted that and forgot about the momentary anger very soon after. I must have felt at the time enough anger to have remembered this feeling of frustration for it to remain in my memory all this time. It just happened that Leigh, my daughter, was given a Shirley Temple doll by Karen Moller who was being trained to compete in the State of Pennsylvania high jump trials by Leigh's father, John.



Shirley Temple with her doll – circa 1930s

Tiddlywinks

I don't think that I had many toys when I was a small child. One game that I do remember playing on the felt carpet in the lounge room with my father and mother and many times by myself was Tiddlywinks. You needed to practice hitting the discs so that they would fly in the air and land in the metal bowl. This meant that there was plenty of squatting and knee bending and scrambling on the carpet. Also, it was easy to have two sets of discs and play as two persons. That way you could compete against your favourite set of discs. It was an easy game to play by yourself.

I found the below explanation of how to play Tiddlywinks when I googled the following.

Tiddlywinks is a game played on a flat felt mat with sets of small discs called 'winks', a pot, which is the target, and a collection of squidgers, which are also discs. Players use a 'squidger' (nowadays made of plastic) to shoot a wink into flight by flicking the squidger across the top of a wink and then over its edge, thereby propelling it into the air. The offensive objective of the game is to score points by sending your own winks into the pot. The defensive objective of the game is to prevent your opponents from potting their winks by 'squopping' them: shooting your own winks to land on top of your opponents' winks. As part of strategic gameplay, players often attempt to squop their opponents' winks and develop, maintain and break up large piles of winks.

Tiddlywinks is sometimes considered a simple-minded, frivolous children's game, rather than a strategic, adult game. However, the modern competitive adult game of tiddlywinks made a strong comeback at the University of Cambridge in 1955. The modern game uses far more complex rules and a consistent set of high-grade equipment.

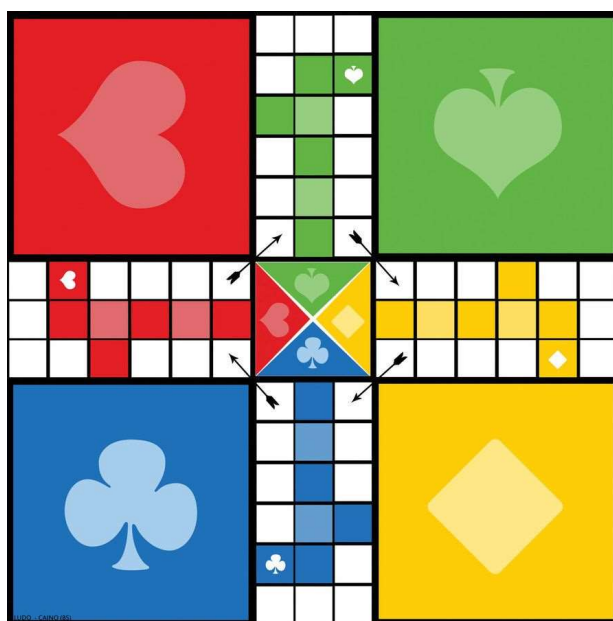


Tiddlywinks

Board Games

Other games that I played indoors with either my parents or my cousins, and often with my friends in Bright Street, were board games such as Snakes and Ladders, Ludo and Chinese Checkers. These games were still popular when my children were small. As I have seen my grandchildren play “Snakes and Ladders,” I will not describe the rules of moving up ladders when you scored with your piece and down snakes when your opponent landed on your piece. Below are rules for Ludo and Chinese Checkers for those who have never played these Board games.

Ludo



The Ludo game board

When you play Ludo on each player's turn, the player rolls the die to determine a move. The goal of the game is to move all four of the player's pieces clockwise once around the board, up the home column, and into the home triangle. To begin, a player must roll a six to move a piece out of the base and onto the start position. Players take turns in a clockwise order; highest throw of the die starts.

Each throw, the player decides which piece to move. A piece simply moves in a clockwise direction around the track given by the number thrown. If no piece can legally move according to the number thrown, play passes to the next player.

A throw of 6 gives another turn. A player must throw a 6 to move a piece from the starting circle onto the first square on the track. The piece moves 6 squares around the circuit beginning with the appropriately coloured start square (and the player then has another turn). If a piece lands on a piece of a different colour, the piece jumped upon is returned to its starting circle.

If a piece lands upon a piece of the same colour, this forms a block. This block cannot be passed or landed on by any opposing piece.

Winning – when a piece has circumnavigated the board, it proceeds up the home column. A piece can only be moved onto the home triangle by an exact throw. The first person to move all 4 pieces into the home triangle wins.

Chinese Checkers

Chinese Checkers (or Chinese Chequers) was invented in the 1920s in America and has nothing to do with China. In fact, it's based on an earlier Victorian game called Halma, which is played on a square 16 x 16 chequer board.



Chinese Checkers board

Equipment – the Chinese Checkers or Chinese Chequers board is in the shape of a six pointed star. Each point of the star is a triangle consisting of ten holes (four holes to each side). The interior of the board is a hexagon with each side five holes long. Each triangle is a different colour and there are six sets of ten pegs (or marbles) with corresponding colours.

Preparation – Chinese Checkers can be played by two, three, four or six players. Obviously, for the six player game, all pegs and triangles are used. If there are four players, play starts in two pairs of opposing triangles and a two player game should also be played from opposing triangles. In a three player game the pegs will start in three triangles equidistant from each other.

Each player chooses a colour and the 10 pegs of that colour are placed in the appropriately coloured triangle. Many rules state that any unused triangles must be left populated with their unused pegs so that they cannot be used during the game, although the game is slightly more interesting if unused triangles are left empty so that pegs can hop through and come to rest in them, if desired.

Objective – the aim of the game is to be the first to player to move all ten pegs across the board and into the triangle opposite. The first player to occupy all 10 destination-holes is the winner.

Play – a toss of a coin decides who starts. Players take turns to move a single peg of their own colour. In one turn a peg may either be simply moved into an adjacent hole or it may make one or more hops over other pegs.

Card Games

Card games were also important to amuse oneself or play with others inside your house. The card game of Snap is definitely a very young child's game and one that adults can play with their children.

Other card games that were played in my childhood were Rummy, Patience (Solitaire), Old Maid.

Snap

Instructions – use an ordinary pack of cards that are well shuffled. Deal the cards out completely (don't worry if some players get more than others). Players sort the cards in their hands by rank (number, face cards, etc). The object of the game is to get rid of all your cards. The player to the left of the dealer starts by placing any card down on the table. The next player looks to see if they have a card of the same rank. If they do, they place it down on top of the card, saying "Snip". If they have another card of the same rank, they place it down too, saying "Snap". If they don't, play passes to the next player, and so on. Whoever places the final card of that rank says "Snorem" and wins the right to start the next round with the card of their choice.

Spinning Top

A spinning top, or simply a top, is a toy with a squat body and a sharp point at the bottom, designed to be spun on its vertical axis, balancing on the tip due to the gyroscopic effect. Tops exist in many variations and materials, chiefly wood, metal, and plastic, often with a metal tip.



Jacks

I remember playing lots of games up and down Bright Street, East Brighton, and in the garden of my house with my friends, including “Jacks”. Jacks is a game of ancient origin, usually played with five small knucklebones, or ten in the case of jacks. Originally the "knucklebones" were those of a sheep, which were thrown up and caught in various manners in an open hand or even on the back of the hand. You need a set of five knucklebones to play the game and good hand and eye dexterity.

For any of my grandchildren who may have never played this game with only your dominant hand (left or right), I have included the below information.



Sheep's knucklebones

There are lots of steps in the game, starting with 'Plains'. The steps get harder as you move through them. Before you start to do each step, choose your playing piece (your 'taw') by jockeying.

How to Jockey

1. Hold all five jacks in your hand. Throw them up, turn your hand over quickly and catch as many as you can on the back of your hand. It's easier to catch them if you spread your fingers a little bit.
2. Throw them up again from the back of your hand, turn your hand over quickly and catch as many as you can in your palm.
3. Choose one of the jacks in your hand to be your taw – the one you throw in the air. Put aside the others you caught – they're out of the game for now. If you only caught one, that becomes your taw.
4. Continue with the step you're doing.

Rules

1. You're only allowed to use one hand to jockey, pick up and catch the jacks and do sweeps.
2. After you complete one step, move on to the next and keep going until you drop a jack or make a mistake.
3. When you jockey, some of the jacks will fall to the ground. Don't move them. You have to pick them up from where they fall, unless the step you're doing allows you to pick them up.
4. The more jacks you catch when jockeying, the better. If you don't catch any, it's the next player's turn. If you manage to catch all five jacks in your hand you get a bonus – you're allowed to skip the step you're doing and go straight on to the next one.

5. In some steps, you can do sweeps – this means brushing the jacks closer to each other with your fingers, to make them easier to pick up. Throw up your taw, sweep a jack closer, catch your taw. You can sweep as many times as you like until the jacks are close enough to pick up, but you have to catch the taw each time you sweep. If you drop the taw you lose your turn.

Skipping

A big favourite game of mine was skipping (skippy) if I could find a willing friend up or down the street to join me in how many skips we could do before we lost the rhythm because of getting tired legs. In a group with a long skipping rope, you could have two kids holding each end of the rope turning the rope while one kid or several jumped to the rhythm of the rope. Other children who were watching could enter in and out and join the skipper as long as she/he did not stop the rope turning.

If you only had one friend with which to play skippy, you could tie the skipping rope to the garage door and you or your friend turn the rope and you or your friend can skip. One could also turn a smaller skipping rope for oneself and skip slow and fast while reciting a skipping rhyme such as the two rhymes below.

Some rhymes are intended to test the agility of the jumper by turning the rope more rapidly. The key word to start turning fast is often "pepper" to indicate speed. When "RED HOT PEPPERS" was called, the turners would turn the rope as fast as they could to rhymes such as:

Mable, Mable,
Set the table,
Don't forget the salt,
Vinegar,
Mustard,
Pepper! (rapid turning follows)

Or:

Blackbirds, blackbirds,
Sitting on a wire.
What do you do there?
May we inquire?
We just sit to see the day,
Then we flock and fly away.
By 1, 2, 3.

Skipping was a game I often played at Primary School as it only needed a good skipping rope, two turners and willing skippers.

Hopscotch

Hopscotch is an age-old children's game based on an idea of not treading on lines. Variations of the game are played in many countries. The game's English name expresses its object: to hop over the "scotch," a line, or scratch, drawn on the ground. Lines are drawn in a variety of patterns. Spaces in the diagrams are numbered, and they must be traversed in order.



Girl playing hopscotch

As there were few vehicles driving on streets during the 2nd World War, we would draw the hopscotch lines and numbers with a piece of chalk in the middle of the road. Each player had a marker, usually a common stone.

Here are the rules: the first player tosses his marker into the first square. The marker must land completely within the designated square without touching a line or bouncing out. If not, or if the marker lands in the wrong square, the player forfeits his turn. If the marker toss is successful, the player hops through the court beginning at square one. Side by side squares are straddled, with the left foot landing in the left square and the right foot in the right square. Single squares must be hopped into on one foot. For the first single square, either foot may be used. Subsequent single squares must alternate feet. Squares marked "Safe" (or "Home"/"Neutral"/"Rest"/etc.) or "London" are neutral squares and may be hopped through in any manner without penalty.

When the player reaches the end of the court, he turns around and hops back through the court, hopping through the squares in reverse order and stopping to pick up his marker on the way back. Upon successfully completing the sequence, the player continues his turn by tossing his marker into square two and continuing in a similar fashion.

If, while hopping through the court in either direction, the player steps on a line, misses a square, or loses her balance and falls, her turn ends. She does not get credit for completing

the current sequence and must start that sequence again on her next turn. The first player to complete one course for every numbered square on the court wins.

Hide and Seek

Hide-and-seek is an old and popular children's game in which one player closes his or her eyes for a brief period (often counting to 100) while the other players hide. The seeker then opens his eyes and tries to find the hiders; the first one found is the next seeker, and the last is the winner of the round. To my mind, Hide and Seek was always played with my friends up and down Bright Street in our garden where there were quite a number of good hiding places.

Cops & Robbers and Cowboys & Indians

My Bright Street group of friends also played Cops and Robbers or even Cowboys and Indians in the same garden. We would make up the story as we played and would eliminate our enemies with make believe guns by pointing two fingers at the opposition or even using our own toy guns. If we were playing the imaginary game of Cowboys and Indians, we would run around in a galloping action as if we were on horses. Toy guns and toy rifles were quite common in those days. A good game could be played using water pistols too.

Google tells me that the game is played with two groups, preferably with equal numbers, and a better experience with larger groups. Captains for both teams flip a coin for either being Cops/Cowboys first or Robbers/Indians. Whoever wins the coin toss gets to choose which side they want to play first. Both teams agree the area of play and out of bounds rules. The objective of the game is for the Robbers/Indians to hide and evade capture by the Cop/Cowboy team. If a member of the Robbers/Indians is caught, they are escorted to the prison area. It's up to the cops/Cowboys if they wish to appoint a guard. The robbers/Indians must rescue their teammates. There is usually no time limit associated with this game.

Knick Knock

Usually this was a game played by tweens and we called it Knick Knock and it is a game you can get into trouble with your parents and the people on which you played it. This game has been played since there were front doors to play it on. It was usually carried out in the hours of darkness, the aim is to ring a doorbell or knock loudly on a door, as though very urgent, and run away as fast as possible. To make this game even more exciting and annoying to the resident of the house, you can play variations such as after knocking you hide as close to the door as possible, in shrubs or behind a tree, behind the owners' gate or just around the corner. The test comes when you try a second time on the same door, giving the owner a few moments to settle down in front of their TV, the quicker you do this the more exciting it can be.

Rounders

The following game was competitively played at my Primary School, Wilson Street Primary School in Brighton. Rounders is a striking and fielding team game that involves hitting a

small, hard, leather-cased ball with a rounded end wooden, plastic, or metal bat. The players score by running around the four bases on the field.

I particularly liked playing this team game at school, as it was quite easy to hit the ball as often a normal tennis ball was used in our games. I don't remember there being a rounders ball. As the bat was flat it was easier to hit the ball than with a proper baseball bat. I had difficulty adjusting to playing softball in high school mostly because I couldn't throw the ball straight. Girls' cricket was not taught or played in high school. In fact, if a girl wanted to play cricket, she usually had to play in boys' cricket teams. Mary Ellen Cheffers, my mother-in-law, played professionally in a Women's Cricket Team until her twenties.

Gameplay centres on a number of innings, in which teams alternate at batting and fielding. Points (known as "rounders") are scored by the batting team when one of their players completes a circuit past four bases without being put "out". The batter must strike at a good ball and attempt to run a rounder in an anti-clockwise direction around the first, second, and third base and home to the fourth, though they may stay at any of the first three. A batter is out if the ball is caught; if the base to which they are running to is touched with the ball; or if, while running, they are touched with the ball by a fielder.

Google tells me that rounders was played in England since Tudor times, and is referenced in 1744 in the children's book '*A Little Pretty Pocket-Book*', where it was called Base-Ball. The game is popular among British and Irish school children, particularly among girls. As of 2015, it was played by seven million children in the UK.

Ball Games

I also played simple ball games such as throwing a ball against a brick or metal wall and catching it when it bounces back. One favourite activity I did often, because we had a convenient brick wall waiting for another room to be built on to the Bright Street house for my Grandmother, Mary Jane McFarlane, was hitting the tennis ball against this wall and continue to hit the ball numerous times as it bounced off the wall. I was very keen on improving my tennis strokes in those days especially the forehand and backhand strokes.

Chapter 4: Are you still friends with anyone from high school?

Yes, I did have a friend during my high school years, and she remained my close friend until she died in 2018. Her name was Valerie Pollard (nee Holden).

In my high school years, I lived at 12 Rookwood Street, North Balwyn, an eastern suburb of Melbourne, Australia, in a house that my father built after the 2nd World War. When we first moved into this house, there was no paved road and there was a very large Eucalyptus tree growing in the middle of the road. Anyone driving a car down this road would have had to drive around it. When there was a particularly heavy rain, my father could be heard cursing loudly when his car got bogged up the street. Most times he had to get a tow truck to pull him out. My house was located in the middle of Rookwood Street so once the construction of the street was completed some years later, it connected to one end with Hill Street and down the road with Balwyn Road. Valerie's house was just a walk down the street to Balwyn Road.



House at 12 Rookwood St., North Balwyn

However, I have digressed somewhat from my answer about meeting Valerie for the first time. Each of us went to different high schools. I went to a private school - Methodist Ladies College (MLC) – in Glenferrie Road in Hawthorne – and Val went to the local state high school – Balwyn High School. As I remember it, Valerie's parents and my parents, Allen and Beanie, met each other when my parents were walking along Balwyn Road past Valerie's house and a conversation began over the front fence and part of that conversations was about how they each had a daughter of the same age who did not know anyone in the neighbourhood and thus a meeting was set up for the next Saturday.

I walked down the hill to meet up with Valerie the next Saturday and we really connected, as we were both interested in similar things. Both of us were quite shy and not very gregarious.

As teenagers, like most teenagers, we indulged ourselves in chitchat about boys, perhaps whether favourites would ask us out to the movies, etc., etc. We were both very naive as neither of us had any brothers as siblings. At the time, I was really taken up with a group of young people that I mixed with at the North Balwyn Baptist Church. These young people were also my very good friends and remained so long after I was married. Val and I had similar preferences about liking romance, adventure and mystery novels, which at the age of 86, I still prefer.

On a nice day we wandered through the undeveloped land below our houses where there was a dairy farm at the bottom of Balwyn Road and through the paddocks until we reached a part of the Yarra River. It was quite a long way. There used to be a riding school near the dairy farm as well, and I often used to wish I could learn to ride. I was a bit jealous when my sister did do riding lessons later.

I was allowed to move freely of a weekend, but Val would often moan about how she had to stay home to look after her younger sister, Wendy. Her parents played competition tennis each Saturday and she was also expected to peel the potatoes and begin boiling them at a certain time ready for dinner at night. On those days we stayed close to her home. I must add that there was no TV in those days, and we had to amuse ourselves with playing board games such as chess, ludo, snakes and ladders and various card games.

This friendship continued throughout my teens and into my twenties when I completed a nursing diploma at Epworth Hospital in Richmond, Victoria. I had found company in male companionship by then. I don't remember any of my boyfriends as being very serious at that time. My group of friends at the church were important to me throughout my teens and into my twenties. My future husband was in this group and as he was always very engaging person with whom you could laugh easily, I was love-struck, I think you would call it. I had a good sense of humour and laughed easily which got me into trouble now and again.

However, Val was not moving in an outside group and seemed to only meet friends of relatives. This was very limiting, and it wasn't until she travelled overseas that she would meet her future husband, Lionel.

Val and I went away on two holidays together. Val and I both had jobs in the city of Melbourne. My first job was as a secretary to a businessman who ran a baby clothes manufacturing business located in Flinders Lane. Val worked for the Tasmania Tourist Bureau, which was situated in the lower end of Collins Street near Elizabeth Street, as a shop front salesperson. On each day I was at work, I went twice to the Elizabeth Street Post Office in Melbourne. As there were many shopping arcades between Collins Street and Elizabeth Street with many dress and hat shops and other shops that had beautifully decorated windows, my walking route was through all these arcades inspecting each window and it was a very short detour to visit Val in her shop to say hello.

As Val worked at the Tasmania Tourist Bureau, we decided that we would take a holiday in Tasmania. Val went ahead and booked our holiday together in July. Val had to take time off her job only when it wasn't usual holiday time. This meant that we went to Tasmania in the

heart of the winter, not the preferred time to visit this beautiful island. Air flights in those days were very expensive and so we decided to travel to Tasmania by boat (the Taroona), and also take Val's car, which was a very old Austin Tourer.

I looked up the history of the Taroona, which had been a troop carrier during World War II. The Taroona had been built in Glasgow for the Tasmania Steamers Pty. Ltd. It was announced in September 1934 that a twin screw, oil burning express turbine steamer was being built for the Bass Strait service. Taroona is an aboriginal name meaning "seashell".

The Taroona had accommodation for 450 passengers, some 30 motor vehicles - which were loaded by ship's cranes forward and aft - and carried refrigerated and other cargo. The ship cost some 350,000 pounds (\$700,000), and gave magnificent service over 24 years



Taroona leaving Station Pier, Port Melbourne



A car being slung onto the Taroona

When the time came in July to go on holiday, we drove to the Station Pier in Port Melbourne where the car was slung onto the deck of the Taroona by a crane and we went to our cabin. As I tended to suffer from car sickness, my overnight sea voyage was uncomfortable as my car sickness turned into sea sickness. The seas in the Bass Strait were known to be rough. There was no vehicle ferry in those days and the Taroona took passengers from Melbourne to Devonport.

On debarking from the Taroona, we watched the Austin Tourer slung off the ship. We then proceeded to drive to Launceston where we stayed in a very nice guesthouse for a few days. While there we explored the Cataract Gorge and various other tourist sites. We then drove west to Burnie where we stayed the night and then moved down to Queenstown and Strahan in a day. I cannot remember what route we took to finally end up in Hobart but must have gone back to Devonport.

What I do remember is the performance of the Austin. We did not spend much money on petrol, but I do remember that we had to pour many litres of oil into the car to stop it seizing up on us as we journeyed on the only two main roads that Tasmania had in the 1950s - one to the west coast and the other going from Devonport to Hobart.

In fact, I remember a day on the west coast when we could not get it to start again after we had stopped for some reason. When we could not get it to start in the morning and there was a slight incline uphill before we could push it downhill, we were helped by schoolchildren who had just arrived at school. I think it also had a crank to start it. I also remember it was difficult to steer because of something in the steering mechanism that needed to be repaired. Val, who was familiar with its peculiarities, drove the car throughout our time in Tasmania as I could not manage to get used to it.

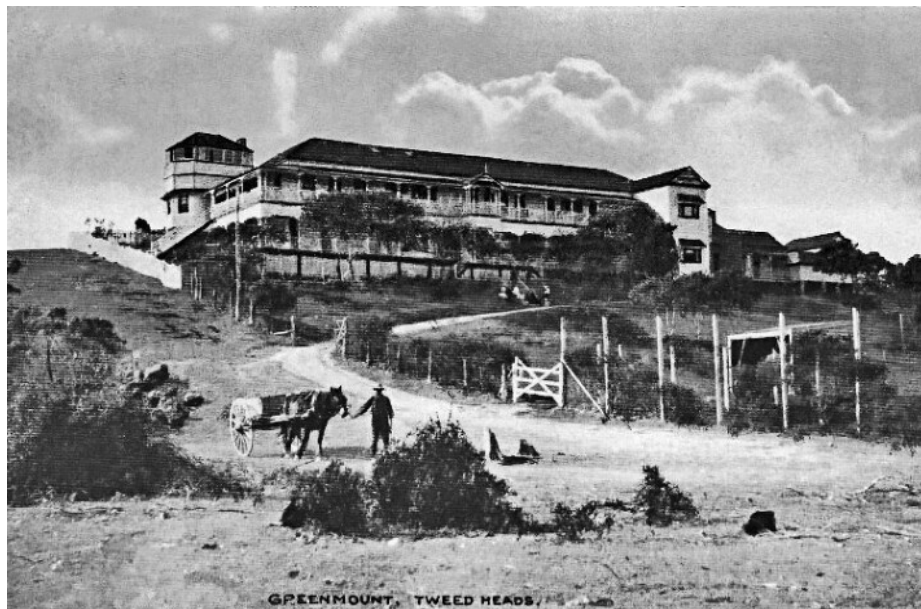
I remember another time when we were staying in Hobart that we decided to go up to the top of Mt. Wellington. Unfortunately, the car could not summon the energy to go very far up the mountain and we had to forgo that adventure. However, Val drove the car to Port Arthur where we enjoyed viewing the convict quarters and heard of their brutal treatment. I also vaguely remember while in Hobart the brakes seizing and having to go through a few traffic lights and policemen waiving us through because we could not stop. It shows what idiots we were as 17 year old girls to have avoided a serious accident.

Somehow, we made it back to Devonport to the ship and the car was transported back to Melbourne. The car was hardly driven again, and I think it finally ended up in the wrecker's yard. I have since then had whimsical thoughts, even though I am 86 years old, about travelling around Tasmania in a luxurious way. I can imagine a friend and maybe a chauffeur to carry out our wish. But knowing how expensive that would be, it might only be a bus tour and an airflight.

Our second holiday together happened just after I had completed my Diploma of Nursing at Epworth Hospital in 1957. For me, they were hard and difficult years as nursing in those days was carried out on an apprenticeship system. You lived at the hospital and worked 48 hours a week in the wards under the critical eyes of senior nurses, and classes happened in

your free hours, which could be your days off. You were paid a very small salary through these years, as board and lodging were free. After completion, you really felt like “letting your hair down”. All I wanted to do at that time was to live it up and experience a lot of things that I had not experienced in my very sheltered life.

Val and I decided to spend our holiday time in Coolangatta, Queensland, and we would go for a month. This was a very popular place for a free and easy holiday. In those days there were fewer motels and more guesthouse accommodation available for young people. We were staying in a guesthouse that was very popular with the young crowd and so we formed agreeable friendships to gather together to enjoy jazz music and dancing and swimming on the Coolangatta Beach just in front of the street where the Greenmount Guesthouse was situated. I remember the Coolangatta Pub had a jazz and dance band, which was very popular with young people, and we attended with our group to enjoy drinking, listening to the jazz band and dancing. Both of us did get into some scrapes with the opposite sex while there but managed to escape any real problems.



Greenmount Guesthouse in the 1950s



Margaret on Coolangatta Beach in 1958

Guesthouses were built throughout the south coast of Queensland in the latter part of the 19th and early 20th century but those at Coolangatta became legendary. In addition to Greenmount, other guesthouses included Stella Maris Beach House, Coolangatta House, Ocean View and St Leonards, with most of these constructed along Marine Parade looking to the ocean. While accommodation in these guesthouses was fairly basic compared with later standards, the guesthouses were a relatively inexpensive way for couples, singles and families to enjoy a holiday at the beach. Guesthouses were social venues in themselves, many of them the setting for holiday romances. Competitions were arranged between the various establishments and these events became a source of friendly rivalry amongst the residents. Each guesthouse had its own song and war-cry that was rehearsed and then performed by guests with gusto, often on Greenmount Beach or at local hotels.

After returning from our adventure in Queensland, I think we both were somewhat eager to approach the next stage of our life, which was in my case to be married on January 20th, 1958 and find a nursing job in a hospital. In a way, this time marked the moving away from friends for a time where families were established, and children were born. It was not long after that Val travelled to England where her family had lived, and backpacked around England and stayed in the International Youth Hostels, and that is where Val became friendly with another traveller and later married him. They both came back to Australia to live.

Through the years from that time, I kept up our friendship, meeting when our children were small and going on picnics in the Dandenongs. There is one picnic I remember vividly and my youngest son, Andrew, remembers this also when by accident my three-year-old Andrew was left behind at Val's place for about an hour until we realized that he wasn't in the car. We quickly turned around and came back to the house to get him and we turned around again to get to our picnic spot. Andrew has written a short story about this from his point of view. For me it is quite embarrassing.

Both of us moved around, Val to various suburbs in the Greater Melbourne area. For me, there was a very big move to Philadelphia in USA. John had received a very good offer to go to Temple University to do a postgraduate degree in Physical Education and later a Doctorate in Education. When John had completed his studies and received his Doctor of Education, we moved to Framingham, MA, so he could take up a position in the School of Education at Boston University. Apart from the years when John worked at the AIS in Canberra, we lived in USA for about 30 years. When I did return to Australia to visit family, I always went to see Val wherever she was living. We did write letters occasionally, as keeping up our friendship was important to us. Sometimes, I stayed in her family home where she was living. One time I was with her family on another holiday on the seashore of Walkerville situated on the southern coast of Victoria.

Eventually, Val came to live in the City of Bairnsdale where my sister and her family were living. I moved back to Australia in 2003 to live in the house in Murrumbateman, NSW that we had bought while John was the Executive Director of the AIS in 1984. I would travel to Bairnsdale to visit my sister, Joyce, by bus that took the route from Canberra to Cooma, then Bombala and then down to the Princes Highway to Bairnsdale, a journey of seven hours. I had been taking this route for many years as I often stayed with Andrew in Canberra when I returned to Australia for a short while. He had established himself in Canberra in the 1980s. Murrumbateman was less than an hour's drive from where Andrew lived.

I continued to visit Bairnsdale annually to see my sister and brother-in-law until about 2020. To visit Valerie who was living at the W-Tree Co-op, I would drive up to Buchan and then up the windy road to Val's house near the Gelantipy Rd. and would stay over for a few days. Both Val and Lionel enjoyed living at the Co-Op for a number of years. They were very committed to supporting the Co-op and its aims of providing a personalized lifestyle opportunity with a reasonable degree of self-sufficiency among like-minded people. What this called for in practice is the sharing of the work of maintenance and stewardship of the land, repair and maintenance of the buildings, fences and driveway, and care and maintenance of the garden and orchard areas. Sometimes this involved shared working bees, sometimes commitment to do a job on one's own, and gave everyone the chance to do the work they were happy and able to do, whilst recognizing limits imposed by outside jobs, family, ability and health.

Val and Lionel also became a member of WWOOF which is a worldwide movement which links volunteers with organic farmers and growers to promote cultural and educational experiences based on trust and non-monetary exchanges helping to build a sustainable global community. Val and Lionel took on the collection of subscriptions to become a member of WWOOF which became very successful for Val and Lionel while they were living in the W-Tree Co-op. In this way they were able to provide opportunities for many people worldwide to learn organic, bio-dynamic and/or permaculture methods, to grow their own food and learn the importance of sustainability and where their food came from at the organic farms where they worked.

This lasted for a number of years, but it became obvious they would need to move to a home closer to medical and hospital centres, and they moved down from the hills to Bairnsdale. First, they lived in two twin apartments and then later they moved to a property near the Bairnsdale train station. Unfortunately, Val became ill and she moved into a retirement home in Bairnsdale. If I was visiting Joyce and Max, I always made time to visit her. I was very sad when I heard that she had died. I wished that I could have said goodbye to her before she died, but this was not to be.

Condensing this friendship of a lifetime in words has brought back many memories of how she and I had big changes in our lives, but we kept in touch. Love you, Val.



Chapter 5: How did your parents pick your name?

My grandmother, Margaret Patience Murray, was born in 1871 in Clunes, Victoria, Australia. She died in 1929 in South Melbourne, Victoria, Australia. She married Thomas Alexander Bingham in 1895 in Cambrian Hill. When my cousin, Shirley, was upgrading the grave of our grandmother, she found this rose growing on it.



“Margaret Patience” Rose found on Margaret Patience’s grave and saved and grown by Shirley (Bingham) Rotherham

She took a cutting and managed to get it to strike. I found later that it was called a Pink-Red Drift Rose, but we called it the Margaret Patience Rose. Joyce had also managed to strike it successfully. Max, my brother-in-law, gave me the one in my photo that came from Joyce’s garden. It is now growing very successfully in my present garden.

As I had never known my grandparents, I researched the memoirs of two of my uncles, Uncle Tom and Uncle Dave, who recounted snippets of their memories of their mother, Margaret Patience, and her influence on them. They idolized their mother because, first of all, she had remained true to her kind nature and Christian beliefs throughout an extremely difficult pioneering, early, married life when Thomas Bingham, her husband, abused her physically and mentally. This affected her sons and daughter so much so that when they were able financially to support the whole family, they took their mother from the family home where their father also lived into another home in Middle Park, Victoria, where she was away from abuse. Unfortunately, she died in her 60s of liver cancer. It was greatly regretted by her sons that she did not live long enough to enjoy a very happy life, as did her sons who all died in their later 80s. Jessie, my mother, had nursed her during this time and was greatly affected by this experience.

My father and mother, Robert Savagar and Jessie Bingham, were married on December 24, 1929. Unfortunately, there are no known wedding photos of my grandmother or mother. It

seemed that Robert and Jessie married somewhat secretly but the marriage was witnessed by my Aunt Dorrie, who was married to my Uncle Tom. What a pity we haven't been able to find their wedding photos. It seems likely that there may have been a photo because Uncle Tom was keen on photography and may have been at the wedding.

Robert and Jessie had two children, a baby boy who was named Robert who did not live very long and is interred in the Bingham grave in the Melbourne Cemetery. This grave also contains the bodies or ashes of Margaret Patience Bingham, Jessie Mae Savagar, Robert Savagar (the baby) and Tom and Dorrie Bingham. Robert Savagar (senior) died June 9, 1986. Jessie died July 9, 1936 tragically.



Bingham family grave, Melbourne Cemetery

I was born in Elsternwick, Melbourne, November 14, 1935, and was named Margaret Rose Savagar. Definitely, I was named after my grandmother, Margaret, but I am not sure why I was named Rose. Margaret Patience Murray Bingham had a Scotch background and I know Rose was a name used by many Scotch families at that time. However, there may have been a sibling of Robert's family who had the name of Rose. I think the most likely reason may have been that this was about the time of Princess Margaret Rose's birth.

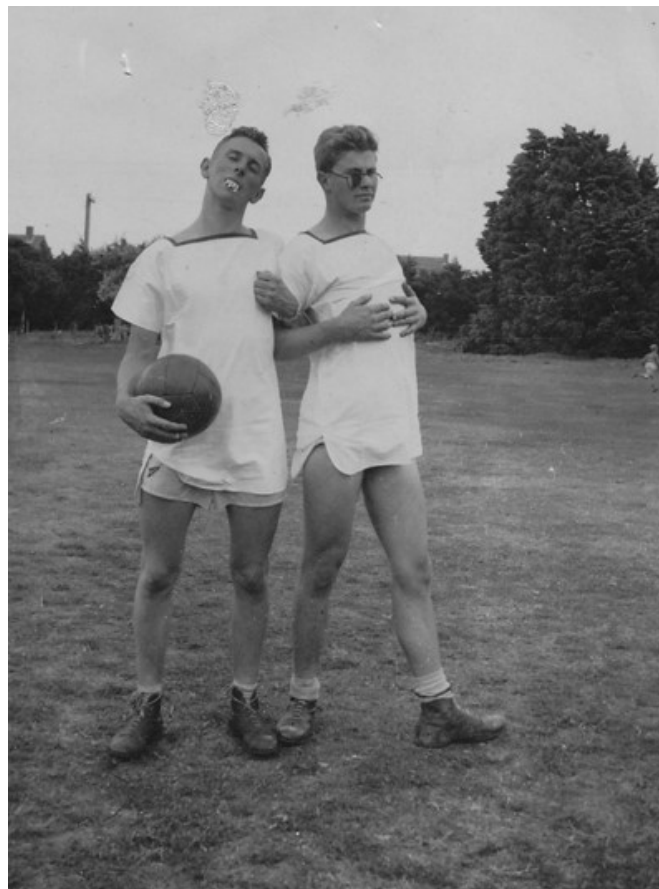
There are two of my granddaughters whose second names are Rose: Michaela Rose and Jessica Rose. Margaret is used as a second name for another granddaughter, Grace Margaret.

Chapter 6: Were you involved in any organisations in high school?

I will write about the friends that were important to me. Most of my friends, apart from my long-time friendship with Valerie, my high school friend, were involved in the Christian Endeavour Group at the North Balwyn Baptist Church in Melbourne. I was a very strong churchgoer in those days and, apart from doing bible study, we played tennis for our Church, we sang together in a choir as music was important to us in those days, and as a group we would go swimming or picnicking together at a park or beach.

I remember vividly a windy and hot Saturday when we spent the whole day swimming and playing games on the beach, the result being that I acquired a second-degree burn over most of my body. My mother was very worried, and our doctor came to see me at home the next day because I was in a lot of pain. All those blisters on my back, legs and arms and wherever my swimsuit didn't cover me became freckles that persisted for the rest of my life. An important lesson! Do apply sunburn skin cream and wear a hat at the beach!

The Protestant Churches in the 50s were very much into providing activities for their congregations in recreational sport and Church camps. North Balwyn Baptist Church was enthusiastic about their tennis, football and cricket teams which involved adults and teenagers. This is where we formed long lasting friendships. Saturday afternoon tennis was a big part of my life when I was a teenager. We played against other Baptist Church teams.



David Jenkins and John Cheffers play acting at a church camp, early 1950s



Unknown (Rod Skinner?), Allan Slavin, Peter Jenkins, David Jenkins, John Cheffers as radio broadcasters at one of the Baptist boys' camps, early 1950s

Our leader for our Christian Endeavour group was Margaret Timewell. My girlfriends were Suzanne Westcock and Dorothy Wyber. Peter and David Jenkins, Melville Edwards and his sister Dorothy, and John Cheffers were people with whom I enjoyed banter and laughter.

Years later, I met up with Margaret Timewell again at a luncheon at a reunion of Older Generation of Methodist Ladies College (MLC) Students. I was surprised to find out that she had gone to MLC, too. It goes to show how incurious I was at that time of my life (as a teenager). I was delighted to see her again after about 50 years. When I returned to Australia in 1984 to live at a 5-acre property in Murrumbateman, Australia, and then Canberra, two or three times I travelled to Melbourne to especially attend Methodist Ladies College luncheon reunions and each time I went I would contact Margaret Timewell as she lived in a retirement home. The last time I had made arrangements to visit her, I could not visit her because someone had contracted a virus at the home. I heard later that she had died.

As John and I had lived in Philadelphia and Boston, USA, for many years, we had not been able to keep up our old friendships at North Balwyn Baptist Church. However, in around 2005, we caught up with our friends at an afternoon tea at the home of Sue Westcott, who had married Melville Edwards. It was good to see them again and catch up with what each had been doing all those years. Their hopes and dreams had been largely satisfied and they had all remained as members of the Baptist fraternity.

Since I have begun to write about these friends and because I wasn't able to get a reply from David Jenkins' email address, I searched the white pages to hopefully find someone's

address. I wasn't able to find David or Melville's address because the white pages only listed a D (instead of David) or M (instead of Melville). While casting around in the computer, it jumped to Newspaper notices of deaths and I found that Suzanne had died last December 2020. Reading this made me terribly sad.

I responded to this news by writing to Melville Edward, her husband, after I had called him and talked with him and I had told him I had some letters Sue had written to me during our early married lives and would send them back to him. I hoped that it would somehow help with his obvious grief. Melville also told me that David Jenkin had also died. I was very sorry to hear that as he had looked after John and me when we visited our Church group for afternoon tea in 2005.

6/47 Foxall Street
Holder ACT 2611
July 12, 2021

Dear Melville

As I promised, I have enclosed 4 letters from Sue written to me in the 1970s. When you read through them, I am sure that you will be reminded of family memories from that time. There were references to your girls. I know they would be intrigued as to what Sue wrote about them. I am sure you will remember also those, it seems to me, happy times in our youth.

My daughter and sons have led different lives, but we are all still frequently in touch with each other and I can only be thankful for their care of each other. There have been times in their lives when life may have taken them in a different direction.

My daughter, Leigh, and her husband, Marc, who was born in France, have steered their daughter, Jessica, sons Christopher and Nicolas through to what now looks like bright futures for them. Jessica is getting married on July 29th. She trained to be a nurse and has been working in the ICU at Yale Hospital since the Pandemic erupted. A brave girl and I am so proud of her. I did so want to go to her wedding, but that will not be happening.

Mark, my second son, is a successful businessman, but is riding the difficult road of having divorced and married again. There are thirteen children from these two marriages. I have managed to keep in good stead with all, but there is still angst against their father. I have missed out on three weddings so far. The grandchildren from Mark's first marriage have bright futures ahead of them and are all fantastic individuals. One of them is now a doctor who has been working in the ICU of the Los Angeles County Hospital but has now two children of her own. I have other great grandchildren from other married grandchildren.

Andrew, my youngest child, has led a charmed life with his wife, Jennifer, who was born in Canada. They have two children, David and Alex. The two of them are

forging careers for themselves as well. As I may have mentioned before, I live close to Andrew.

Paul, who is my oldest child, has been the unluckiest one in that he was diagnosed with Schizophrenia back in 1994 and he could have had a bright future but for this most debilitating illness. However, with a lot of effort to help him, he has been quite stable for some years and lives with me and has managed to keep his employment with Centrelink as a computer programmer for 10+ years. A great achievement and courageous as he has had to face discrimination in his working life.

It's sad that families can lose sight of each other due to one member of the family upsetting their other siblings. This happened in the background of both John's and my families. On looking into the reasons why, it seems it was reasonable. However, my father and his brother didn't talk to each other for 20 years for what one said about a friend of one of them. The rest of family members chose to keep in touch whatever.

I am sure that your family makes sure they keep in touch with each other and that your family members have been blessed by the care from both Sue and you. In one of those letters, Sue refers to her having been on holiday with my family and my Uncle's family down at McCrae. I have a one and only photo which I must have taken because I am not in the photo, but I include it in this letter just for your amusement. I didn't mean this letter to be a long one, but I can never tell where anything I write about goes.

Take care and keep well. Margaret



Back L-R: Allen Bingham, Beanie Bingham, Auntie Em, Uncle Dave, Sue Westcott
Middle L-R: Joyce Bingham, Lawrence Bingham, Allen Bingham,

Seated: David Bingham



John Cheffers in front of North Balwyn Baptist Church, early 1950s

John Cheffers became my first serious boyfriend and I mention him here as he often came to Sunday night tea (dinner) at 12 Rookwood St, North Balwyn. His mother and father were going through a very testing time and he was still living at home but relying on his ability to care for himself. My mother always cooked a 3-course meal for Sunday night, and she was a kind person and would invite him to tea or lunch to satisfy his hunger.

For a while, this relationship was somewhat an on and off affair. When I did become engaged to John sometime in 1957, my mother commented to me: "He's a bit wild!" I should have listened to her! I laugh today as I knew and found out later that he was quite a risk taker and, if I ever get the opportunity to write about our life together with our three sons and one daughter, you may understand how I navigated the bumpy road ahead. Whatever, my mother helped me to choose a wedding dress designed and made in time for the big day and my father paid for the wedding which was held at a lovely venue in the North Balwyn vicinity.

I married John on January 22, 1958, at the North Balwyn Baptist Church where we had known each other since we were about 17. John Rouse, a valued friend of John's, was the Groomsman, and Joyce, my sister, was my Bridesmaid. Pastor Hackett graciously performed the ceremony and our dear friends with whom we spent many fun times together, and many relatives were present at the church and later on at the wedding breakfast.

It was amusing that we had dancing and alcohol at our wedding, both of which were banned by the Baptists. However, I never went along with this restriction as I loved dancing, and John and I often went to the Ivanhoe Town Hall to enjoy the ball room dances that were held in those days. In fact, I was always sorry that I did not go to the Methodist Saturday Night Dances held in their Hall which was just up the street.

After I was married, we rented rooms in some funny places and I did not attend church again until we bought a house in Katrina Street, Kerrimuir. When our children were aged 5 and up, I took them to Sunday School at Kerrimuir Baptist Church.

Chapter 7: What was your best boss like?



Margaret and Marjorie, in Marjorie's piano room

There was a period of my life in the early 1980s when the family lived at 12 Otis Street, Framingham, MA, USA, when I needed to find a secretarial position near to where I lived because I did not have access to a car all the time. I had seen a typist position being advertised in the local Framingham newspaper. This downtown Framingham business offered typing services for anyone who walked in the door who wished to have an accurate, edited assignment perfectly typed. Our house was in walking distance of downtown Framingham. I considered that I was a reasonably accurate typist and had much transcription experience as a medical secretarial employee for Massachusetts General Hospital (MGH) and had contracted to provide typing and secretarial duties to various other businesses in other towns for a number of years working for myself. However, as I preferred to work for someone who could take care of onerous annual tax commitments and I was really interested in working more or less casually but permanently, I applied for the job.

At my interview, I met a 70-year-old lady about whom I found out later was a brilliant editor and typist. Her name was Marjorie Peloquin. Her clients were many, such as lawyers: people who needed a perfectly typed resume, dissertation or book. Many people only brought to her pencilled and rough copies and she would use a red pen to make changes, whether it was wrong spelling, wrong syntax, etc, in the written material. Her clients always went along with the changes because they valued her input. I remember a local lawyer also used Marjorie's service to have court documents with six copies typed on her trusty electric typewriters. Too bad if you made a mistake and had to erase the mistake on six copies and not take too much time correcting it. Wow!



Margaret and Marjorie in her office

I credit Marjorie with improving my understanding of grammar immensely. She would show me a sentence that may have been wrongly spelt or the verb was supposed to be in past tense, etc., etc. I would Hm and Ha and she would tell me how the sentence should be corrected. I certainly learned the different meanings of “there and their”, “effect and affect,” and correct punctuation. This gradual understanding of correct grammar was crucial when I worked as a medical transcriptionist at Massachusetts General Hospital. I was also able to type fast enough to keep up with John’s ability to dictate at a measured rate for the various articles and books for his specialty in sport pedagogy. This meant that anything he had to prepare for various sport pedagogy conferences he attended was completed with very few mistakes after his dictation. He would then go through the typing and correct any errors.

Yes, I did learn a great deal from producing documents and books ready to publish using an electric typewriter. This required attention to detail. You could not backspace on a typewriter any errors like you can do with a computer today. You had to be extraordinarily accurate or that would mean doing the material over again, especially if you were making carbon copies at the same time.

I have to commend Marjorie for instilling in me an understanding of English grammar, not as well as her understanding, but well enough to be able later on in helping me to transcribe from tape medical histories while I worked for Massachusetts General Hospital. I found that this ability helped me when in Australia to pick up temporary transcription jobs especially in the medical field. John, who was a professor at Boston University for 30+ years, wrote many books and articles. Most of those articles and books were produced by me. The many

articles he wrote for presentation at conferences (and he went to many) were produced by him dictating and me transcribing. He dictated to me at a rate that I could keep up with him and this meant there was little error fixing later.

Marjorie Peloquin was married to Verne Peloquin, a music teacher, who taught piano and played the French Horn professionally. His music studio was also in downtown Framingham. During the time that I worked for Marjorie, her husband developed cancer and he died. For a time, she was bereft, but she bravely continued on with her stenography business. Clearing out Verne's studio was very difficult for her as he had a few pianos that had to be sold along with any other musical instruments that were kept in his office. She kept a small concert hall piano in her small lounge room. As she remained with the local music group called the Clef Club and also played in the Framingham Orchestra, the members often brought their instruments to her house to play at their practice meetings. I went to many of the performances of the Framingham Orchestra and remember seeing Marjorie playing triangle and tympany at the orchestral concerts. One of those concerts featured the great trumpet player, Dizzie Gillespie, and other brass players in his band.

Marjorie lived in the town of Hopkinton. Hopkinton is a lovely New England town in Massachusetts. Her house was located on several acres of Hopkinton woodland which was classed as heritage land. The Town of Hopkinton is well known because hundreds of Boston Marathon runners gather annually on the Hopkinton Common to run to the Boston Prudential Building on Commonwealth Avenue, Boston. This particular marathon is the world's oldest annual marathon. The Boston Marathon was held first in 1897 and annually thereafter on Patriots' Day (originally April 19; from 1969 the third Monday in April). For the many years I lived in Massachusetts, I was able to see the runners in different places from the start of it in Hopkinton, near the Ashland-Framingham border in Waverley Street, Framingham, on Commonwealth Avenue near Boston University and once at the end at the Prudential Building. Knowing that the great US women's marathon runner, Joan Benoit, had taken some doctoral classes at Boston University from my husband, I know I must have watched Joan run in the Boston Marathon. She won her first Boston Marathon in 1979 wearing a Boston Red Sox cap, her second in 1983. I did see her win the gold medal in the 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles. I was there on the street cheering her to her victory.

I worked for Marjorie for a number of years with the result that she and I became very friendly and shared lots of other activities, such as my joining her in the local play-acting group. One play that the group acted and enjoyed was '*Same Time, Next Year*' which is a 1975 romantic comedy *play* by Bernard Slade. The plot focuses on two people, married to others, who meet for a romantic tryst once a *year* for two dozen *years*. We laughed a lot performing this play and other play readings.

Marjorie was very fond of dogs and from the time that I knew her she always had a dog that was her companion. I had heard her say from time to time that she loved dogs better than humans. I never really believed her musings. A near neighbour, Jeanne Taylor, allowed her dog to come and keep Marjorie company overnight and then, during the day, it would go back to Jeanne's house over the road. This wonderful German Shepherd would pad back to

keep Marjorie company every night. This came about after Marjorie's husband died and her own dog had passed away. However, she did have a number of dogs that she looked after during her later years. These dogs usually came to stay with Marjorie when they were at retirement age. Unfortunately, I cannot remember the names of these dogs, but I was instrumental in arranging a retirement home for a dog that belonged to the family of a woman with whom I worked at MGH.

Marjorie was a hoarder of interesting newspaper cuttings which she would send to her friends if it referred to something about which they were interested. She also had many books neatly stacked up all over her house. She subscribed to the books that came from '*Readers Digest*'. I sometimes borrowed some of these books.

Often, when I went to visit her when I did not work for her anymore, there was hardly any space on the table to put a cup of tea and a plate of food. She often commented that she was "working on it." She was a collector of elephant figurines, which she displayed on the shelves in her lounge room. Also in that room were large windows that looked out to a meadow. African Violets of different colours were placed on the shelves by the windows where they could be shown at their best. Another feature you could see out of her kitchen window was a bird house with a shelf for seed. It had a squirrel barrier so they could not get up to steal the birdseed.

I must admit I lost contact with Marjorie at times as I found it harder to see her as I may have gone back to Australia for a few months. However, when I returned to live in USA, I did find time to catch up with her, always lunching at our favourite Chinese Restaurant. I often went along with Lilian, a friend of mine. We would drive up the long driveway to her house. I remember that every winter she would complain about the snow and having to get the driveway snow blown after a heavy snowfall. Marjorie drove a car well into her 80s. I remember when an animal (could have been a raccoon) got caught inside the motor part of the car and died and the person who removed its carcass had real difficulty in dislodging it. I think she had to have quite a repair job. She may have bought another car.



Marjorie and Margaret at our favourite Chinese Restaurant in Hopkinton, Massachusetts

When I returned to Australia to live when John retired, I lost contact with her and it was only later that I found out that she had died. She was in her nineties when she died. Below is the notice of death in the Framingham Newspaper.

Marjorie May Peloquin, 94, of Hopkinton, died Sunday, January 25, 2009 at the Metrowest Medical Center in Natick. Born in Milford, she was the daughter of the late Fred and Maude (Stanhope) Aldrich. She was the wife of the late Henry Verne Peloquin who passed in December 1976.

She attended the Framingham Schools as well as secretarial school. She was self employed, having her own secretarial business for many years. She was involved in the Hopkinton Library, a member of the Clef Club, Writers Club, Framingham Civic League, and was a member of 50 years of the Framingham Heart Study. She had a great love of animals.

She leaves behind her friend and neighbor of many years, Jeanne Taylor, as well as nephews and a niece on her husband's side.



Marjorie Peloquin

Her house was located on several acres of Hopkinton woodland which was heritage land. Marjorie made sure that her hideaway heritage woodland would go to the HALT group (Hopkinton Area Land Trust).

When I was reviewing what I had written about Marjorie, for some unknown reason, I decided to ask Google about her heritage land in Hopkinton, MA. Much to my delight and surprise, when I typed Marjorie Peloquin, the following appeared.

This property, originally called Peloquin Estates, was held by the Peloquin family since at least the early 20th century. When Marjorie Peloquin passed away, the

executor of her estate sold it to a developer who built Cobblers Way and deeded more than half of the remaining land to The Hopkinton Area Land Trust (HALT).

Both life-long and new residents of Hopkinton love the town for its beauty, natural resources, and the community's commitment to maintain a wonderful place to live. In 1995, The Hopkinton Area Land Trust was founded to protect, conserve and enhance the town's natural resources and to maintain and improve its quality of life for present and future generations.



Marjorie would be delighted to know that the trails created on part of her heritage land are named after her and are being enjoyed by many walkers. I am very sorry that I won't be walking along these trails as I live half a world away, but if I was, I would feel very strongly Marjorie's presence walking with me.



Marjorie Pelouquin Memorial Trail boardwalk

HALT board members and volunteers completed some major upgrades on the trails at Peloquin Woods and Brook Hollow. On the Marjorie Peloquin Memorial Trail, a new 60-foot boardwalk makes it easy to transverse wetlands. I am glad that there has been a real effort from the HALT members to improve and maintain walking trails.



Stone wall along Marjorie Peloquin Memorial Trail

I remember this stone wall as being near the front entrance and there was also what seemed to be a very old stone foundations of a dwelling which also had some historic significance.



Stone wall along Marjorie Peloquin Memorial Trail

This photo reminds me of going for a walk on leafy path with Marjorie to look for Lady Slipper Orchids in the Spring.



Marjorie and Margaret sitting under the large Magnolia tree in my backyard at 12 Otis Street,
Framingham

Chapter 8: What are your favourite TV shows?

Before the introduction of TV in Melbourne in 1956, just 18 days before the Melbourne Olympic Games, I enjoyed reading books in the romantic and also crime thriller genres, written by authors such as Agatha Christie, Ngaio Marsh, a New Zealand writer of crime fiction, and also Dorothy L. Sayers, another writer of crime fiction. A particular favourite of mine was the Hungarian-British writer, Baroness Orczy, who wrote historical fiction, mystery fiction and adventure romance. Her most famous work was the classic '*The Scarlet Pimpernel*'. She was a very popular author during the 1920s to 1940s.

You can see that my choice of reading material was not very intellectual. I read these authors before TV for me became a sop for my insomnia and unhappiness at times. Later, watching TV crime thrillers and romantic history dramas took over the reading of books. Nowadays, TV watching of documentaries, crime thrillers and romantic history, even branching out to Scandinavian thrillers and Turkish soap operas, still brings a lot of pleasure.

My parents bought a TV in 1956 and, even though we enjoyed actually witnessing the Melbourne Olympic Games at the Melbourne Cricket Ground (MCG) every day of the athletics, we still looked at the TV presentations of our favourite athletic competitions such as high jump, sprints, mile competitions when we arrived home of an evening after watching the athletes compete during the day. Drama came to the Games with the whole Hungarian team asking for asylum in Australia after Russia marched into Hungary and took over the Government.

Another significant great moment in history was shown live on the TV and that was the moon landing in July, 1969. John and I had managed to afford a TV for the family just before the moon landing when we lived in Kerrimuir, North Blackburn (Melbourne). I know any school child who had a TV at home was allowed to come home to watch that event. I do remember that my older children were allowed to come home in time to see such an amazing feat. They were very young and may not remember seeing man's first steps on the moon.

I have to admit that my love of watching TV has not waned since those days. Watching favourite TV shows of a night has helped me mute any loneliness during my married life when John was absent from the home for a few days, a few weeks or many months.

As I lived in Boston, USA, for 30 plus years (1969-2003), it was very easy to become a fan of the TV show, '*Star Trek, The Next Generation*', which was a science fiction story. I liked this show particularly because it portrayed the captain of the Endeavor, called John Picard, played by the English actor Patrick Stewart, and his wonderful team working together to overcome so many problems that occurred during their journeys through space. There were 187 episodes. During the 1980s I worked as a Medical Transcriptionist for Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. I was very friendly with a lady who had been a nun and we both liked Star Trek and often used to discuss the various episodes during our lunch times

In USA, there is no government funded TV channel, but there is a channel called PBS which is funded by donations, as it seeks to portray objective news, etc. As I am not very interested

in American TV shows, I would term myself as an Anglophile. The Public Broadcasting System (PBS) presented a show on Sunday night called '*Masterpiece Theatre*'. The dramas shown on Masterpiece Theatre were dramatizations of English classic books. The most notable was Jane Austen's well-known book, '*Pride and Prejudice*'. One particular rendition that became very, very popular was when the main actor was Colin Firth and the main actress was Jennifer Ehle. I still enjoy watching this version nowadays.



Colin Firth and Jennifer Ehle in *Pride and Prejudice*

The UK crime thriller, '*Silent Witness*', is another favourite of mine. This crime thriller portrays a team of forensic pathologists working together to reveal the true story behind many murders they encounter and investigate. I must admit I am interested in how they make real the parts of bodies and how real people lying on benches can keep still enough for the photo shot. Interesting to me is one of the main characters, Nikkie, Emilia Fox, who is the actress who played the character, Georgina, in my favoured version of *Pride and Prejudice*. I have watched this particular actress grow from a young girl to a woman over the twenty-year period of '*Silent Witness*' production.

Another UK TV show that I also enjoy is '*Call the Midwife*'. This series portrays a team of nuns and midwives helping mothers to give birth in the poorer part of London in the 50s. I also wonder how they photograph these births.

Of course, I have neglected to add in here the '*Inspector Morse*' series which I first saw on PBS in USA. This series was very popular in USA, especially in Boston, Massachusetts, where I lived until 2003. This series was produced from 1987 to 1995 and also until 2000.



Kevin Whately and John Thaw in Inspector Morse Series

With the addition of subtitling available for many foreign movies, I have enjoyed watching crime thriller series produced in Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Iceland. My hearing is somewhat muted these days and so I usually watch all TV programs with subtitles on whether it is English or another language.

For comedies, for me a good laugh was always possible in such shows such as the '*Yes, Minister*' series and also '*Dad's Army*'. As you can see, I enjoy British Comedy.

Many US TV comedies were generated very cleverly during the 60s and 70s. I particularly liked '*Get Smart*' and '*The Flintstones*'.

In conclusion, as I look back on favourite books and TV shows, my preferences have been for stories about teams of characters that are brought together to bring justice for victims or teams who had various skills that could be used to overcome enormous odds as in '*Star Trek*'.

Chapter 9: Did anyone in the family play a part in History with a capital H?

After I had thought several weeks about this question, I decided that I could name two members from my family tree that did create history for Australia.

David William Bingham's Claim to Fame

The first one would be my Uncle Dave (or Old Dave) whose name was David William Bingham. For information on his claim to fame, I have studied his book, *'Food for Thought'*, and he definitely can be considered as important to the development of the food machinery industry in 1930s to 1960s in Australia. He makes this case for recognition very eloquently in his autographical book about his life, beginning from his birth on July 7, 1904 and death in November 1994, David William Bingham had two brothers, Thomas Alexander Bingham and Allen Clifton Bingham (Allen being one of the partners along with Len Lemmon, a friend of Old Dave's) who were vital in this incredible story of beginnings and endings of D.W. Bingham & Co.

The story of the Bingham brothers is one of very humble beginnings in the gold fields of Victoria, to the NSW irrigation of the Murrumbidgee River in Leeton, NSW, to the Melbourne suburbs of Middle Park and Albert Park and then to a factory in South Melbourne. D.W. Bingham & Co. Pty. Ltd, from its beginnings in 1929 to the sale of the company in 1964, was a very successful company. Uncle Tom, in his memoirs *'The Life and Times of Thomas Alexander Bingham'*, has described the early beginnings and descriptions of the machines that were made before the opening of the factory in Normanby Rd., South Melbourne.



Uncle Dave has described in great detail in his book, *'Food for Thought'*, the step by step beginnings in Melbourne of first manufacturing metal clothing fittings for clothing such as

overalls. As the company was willing to manufacture all kinds of machinery that would turn out to be very productive, they began producing a pulping machine for the food industry which was a success. This began the company's reputation as innovative and willing to expand further in the food industry which was becoming very important to Australia as there were fruit and vegetables being grown in many areas of Victoria and New South Wales.

For instance, during the 2nd World War, Uncle Dave designed the plant for canning tomatoes and making tomato sauce for Ardmona, a company that is still producing in 2020 canned tomatoes and other canned fruit and vegetables. During the 2nd World War the Australian Government was encouraging the canning of tomatoes as a source of Vitamin C for the Australian army. Dave had made a journey to USA in 1941 to investigate the canning industry in USA and had made many contacts that would help the thriving business back in Melbourne, especially from 1941 to 1944 when canned goods were very important to the welfare of the Australian Army.

Many close contacts were made in other journeys and other years to USA, South Africa and other countries to expand the permissions that they had already obtained from the companies they visited to make machinery for the Australian market and other countries.

One plant that my father, Allen Bingham, was very proud of was the design and plant that began the Golden Circle Pineapple Cannery at Northgate Junction, Brisbane in 1946. This became a very successful producer of canned pineapple until this time today. My father after his retirement owned a lovely house in Magnetic Island and would go up with my mother, Beanie, to spend April to October in Queensland to escape the Melbourne winter. He had often expressed his desire to go and see the plant many times, but he was well into his 80s before he was able to fulfil that desire.

Allen was also proud of the machinery made for the powdered milk industry. He also told Joyce and me about when he was checking out an evaporator for processing Vegemite at Kraft. The ingredients for making Vegemite (like Coca Cola) were a close-held secret. Even though the Mixing Room was next to where the Evaporator was located, he was not allowed to go into the Mixing Room. Uncle Tom writes about how "after the war they 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." Tom goes on to describe this machine in his book along with descriptions of a Pear Peeling Machine and the twist Peach Pitting Machine. Allen Bingham also produced a Factory Manual which describes with photographs the various machines manufactured by D.W. Bingham & Bros. Pty Ltd.



Tom Bingham and Alan Caple in front of Buffalo Vac Machine

The following are the companies that were clients of D.W. Bingham & Co. over many years: Shepparton Preserving Company, Ardmona Fruit Products Co-op Ltd, Kyabram Fruit Preserving Co., Rosella Preserving Co. Ltd., J.H. Heinz Ltd., Monbulk Preserves, Dalmore Preserving Co., Tom Piper Ltd., Tilloch Co., Holbrook Ltd.

Quite a few of these companies have moved out of Australia, often to New Zealand, although I know that Ardmona is still in the tomato canning business in the Goulburn Valley, Victoria.

In the 34-year history of being in the food machinery business, D.W. Bingham accepted an offer from their main rival, American Canning Co., to sell. After much wrangling, as one can imagine goes on when a very successful business and of great significance in the development of the canning business in Australia, an agreement was reached. The sale for the Company was agreed on December 8, 1961. It excluded the building, the Sydney Office and the land. It seems that Uncle Dave was suspicious of more wrangling before the actual payment in 1963 so organized a writ to be drawn up by Bingham's lawyers. This proved to be a very wise move as American Canning Co., before the date, wanted in Uncle Dave's words, "this knocked off and that knocked off." The writ was issued, and it went to court and the court found in D.W. Bingham's favour and the American Canning Co. was ordered to pay

up. To continue manufacturing, the American Canning Co. had to lease the building and after four years decided to build a factory somewhere else which turned out to be the beginning of the demise of their factory over time. D.W. Bingham had employed 450 people and I guess most of those people continued to work for the American Canning Co., but that dwindled to 2 service people before its absolute demise.

In the Foreword Section of the Book, '*Food for Thought: My Life and Work*', Uncle Dave has written that he was approached by CSIRO (an important scientific research group in Australia) to write a book on his experiences in the Food Industry. Many members of the industry also urged him to do so.

George Murray's Claim to Fame

Another member of my family tree could also be considered as part of Australian history and that was my grandmother's father, George Murray. George Murray was born in Carlisle, England in 1826 and died in 1908 aged 82 in Melbourne. Again, according to my Uncle Dave, he was brought out to Australia from Scotland as a "Millwright and he, obviously, had an important position in the development of the Port Phillip Mine, for many years the epitome of mining in Victoria."

George Murray and his wife, Jessie Patience, had eight children, five girls and three boys. Uncle Dave goes on to write that one of the daughters:

Aunt Mary, who was the eldest, told us kids about the early days when her father was a big shot and had a coachman to drive him and was paid a fantastic sum of 1,000 pounds a year plus a free house, etc. Well he obviously was competent but he was also a crazy gambler and it wasn't long after the girls had grown up, i.e., second youngest one (my mother) had a reasonably good education, when the Murray fortunes collapsed due to the absurdity of him putting the entire family fortune of, I believe, some \$18,000 plus some trust money of \$8,000 into the Buton & Downes Mine and the water came in and the money was lost. There were many others who put money in it too, backing his judgement and his reputation. That finished the Murrays in the area, and they came to Melbourne.

I know from Uncle Tom's book, '*The Life and Time of Thomas Alexander Bingham*', that they still had, by his description, quite a substantial house. All the Murray family were able to maintain their home as they all were working except Aunt Mary who looked after the house. Uncle Tom who stayed with the Murray family in their home in Preston, Vic many times as a little boy, mentions a ballroom with a stage and a glass conservatory, tennis court and large gardens.

Allen, my father, also told me that George Murray built the first battery for the production of gold at the Port Phillip Mine which was situated in Clunes where the Welcome Stranger Gold Nugget was found. Google tells me:

The Port Phillip Company was established in London in 1851, with the intention of operating gold mines in the newly formed colony of Victoria. The Company carried

out minor operations at Reid's Creek near Beechworth and at Fryer's Creek. However, it had difficulty in developing a large-scale operation because of its unpopularity amongst local miners. By 1855, the Port Phillip Company had decided it would be more profitable to forgo mining operations and work at processing ores and quartz for other companies. However, towards the end of 1856, the Port Phillip Company visited Clunes and inspected the quartz reefs outcropping in the Creswick Creek. They then arranged to lease the land and organised a party of miners and formed the Clunes Mining Company, the first and largest company to develop the Clunes reefs. The Clunes Quartz Mining Company agreed to mine and deliver the quartz to the stamps of the Port Phillip Company where it would be crushed and the gold extracted. Eventually the Port Phillip Company took over the management of the mine. The battery and reduction works erected by the Port Phillip Company were, for many years, the largest in Australia. In May 1857, a 20-head battery was erected and by 1860 the works increased to 56 stampers. Production in the mine continued to increase and in 1864 a further 20 stampers were operating. By 1894 all underground mining had ceased at Clunes and The Port Phillip Company Mine had produced 514,886 ounces of gold.



Model of battery for Port Phillip Mining Company at Clunes

I decided to look up what important work skills a Millwright would need. The Wikipedia explained that a Millwright was a specialised carpenter who had a working knowledge of drive shafts, bearings, gearing and mechanical belts. Thus, the genesis of the trade was in building flour mills, sawmills and paper mills. Another explanation of a millwright's duties was described as a high-precision craftsman who installs, dismantles, maintains, repairs, reassembles, and moves machinery in factories, power plants and construction sites. So, George Murray was a highly skilled workman who had had previous experience at building in wood many kinds of mills in his home country. These skills would have been very important in building the old battery at the Port Phillip Company Mine in Clunes, Victoria.

The interesting fact is that the skills of a millwright in those days was a forerunner of the skills of a mechanical engineer of today. This has quite a connection to the Bingham Boys who would have been considered mechanical engineers using metal instead of wood to manufacture food machinery using all the skills of millwright in previous days. Uncle Dave had three sons who in their own ways became mechanical engineers. Two generations later in the Allen Bingham family history is another young man, Anthony Young, who has most of the skills of a millwright or mechanical engineer and works in the Bass Strait oil fields.

I hope to research this story further and find some reference to George Murray in Newspapers at that time. I am hoping that the Crestwick Museum may be able to help me also. As soon as I receive some good information, I intend to add it to this story.

Chapter 10: Which sports did you play in high school?

When my family moved to 12 Rookwood St, North Balwyn, Victoria, I started going to Hawthorn Methodist Ladies College (MLC) from grade 9, until leaving after grade 11 to begin nursing at Epworth Hospital. Prior to this I attended Cato Methodist Ladies School (middle school) for grades 7 and 8.

MLC provided a comprehensive physical education in which team sports and individual sports were taught and played. They had tennis courts, an indoor swimming pool, netball courts and a sports field used for softball. As it was a private school, the opportunity to play in competitive team sports was not as wide-ranging as today. One of those team sports was netball. I was fond of participating in all kinds of sports ever since my primary school days. However, as I had difficulty in throwing a ball straight, softball - which was one of those sports that my high school played other schools - was definitely out for me. Anyway, I always was placed in the outfield, which was very demotivating. Netball was a game that I loved to play and one year I tried for inclusion in the school team. The school netball coach used to make a list of participants as possible or probable. I was listed in the possible, which, I think, meant not likely. I have to admit that there were many other players that were more skilled than I was. I have enjoyed watching games of the more robust game as it is today.

When I moved into grade 11 you were allowed to play a game of your choice on sports afternoons. I chose to play tennis and enjoyed the opportunity to play singles or doubles on the school's own courts. Because I had had tennis lessons throughout my middle school years, I felt more confident of playing a reasonable game. Every Saturday through the summer, I was also playing tennis at my level for the church competitions that were popular in the 40s and 50s. I also continued to play tennis for local adult clubs before and after I was married, including with my sister in law, Judy, in the Ferntree Gully tennis competition in D grade. Wednesdays were Ladies Day. We played until I went to live in the USA in 1969.

What sports did you like to watch during your lifetime?

In my younger days and also until nowadays, I particularly liked to watch Australian Rules Football, especially the AFL (Australian Football League) competition. Throughout my late teens and until 1969 when we moved to USA, John, played notable football at Kew Football Club, Carlton Football Club and finally Box Hill Football Club, and I was very motivated to go and watch and barrack for these teams. We had married during those years and when John was playing for Box Hill, our children also attended. They can remember seeing their Dad playing on the Box Hill ground just opposite Box Hill High where their Dad was the Physical Education Teacher.

My husband was a very good athlete and competed in athletics in the 1950s for his Melbourne High School Old Boys Club on a Saturday at Olympic Park. His specialities were running in the 200 metres, the long jump, the triple jump and most of all in pole vault. Many young men of that time were imbued with a passion to be included in the Australian Olympic Team, which was to compete against the world in the 1956 Melbourne Olympic Games. John chose to try out for the long jump and performed well in his first two jumps in the

Australian Trials. His third try was a mighty effort to achieve the qualifying length but when he endeavoured to not spoil it by avoiding falling back on his backside, he skewered around and injured a vital nerve in his leg which caused his foot to drop. That was the end of his career in serious athletics. However, it did not stop him from competing in the pole vault for his team when he was rehabilitated to be able to move around again enough to pole vault in various competitions in the country areas of Victoria and play football for Box Hill Football Club that was in the Victorian Football League.

I also used to watch John Landy, who later became the Governor of Victoria, and Ron Clark compete in the mile run at Olympic Park and attempt to break the four-minute mile.

John began a new coaching career when he was asked to coach the field games for the Women's Coburg Harriers. Jean Roberts, a discus and shotput thrower in the Coburg Harriers, was one of those athletes who attained inclusion in the 1968 Australian team for the Mexico Olympics. Raelene Boyle was also a member of the Coburg Harriers track club, although John never coached her. She went on to win the silver medal for the 200 metre in the Mexico Olympics.

My husband's interest in Olympic sport continued in various guises throughout his life and it is the reason that I was able to attend the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics, 1976 Montreal Games and the 2000 Sydney Games. I was also able to see the Commonwealth Games that were held in Brisbane in 1982 and Melbourne in 2006.

My husband during his professional life at Boston University did research into reasons why crowd violence occurred in team sports. I was often part of the research group that was made up of his students to go to games which included soccer, American football, Australian Rules Football and also ice hockey. I was lucky enough to be part of a number of studies done for the Boston Patriots, Boston Bruins and Box Lacrosse in Massachusetts. Other studies were done of rugby and soccer in other countries such as Brazil, Europe, the UK and Australia. My role was to monitor the noise meter, with loud volumes reflecting an event on the field or rink.

We also often went to see the Boston Red Sox play baseball and earlier, when we lived in Philadelphia, we often went to see the Phillies, especially when Steve Carlton, their famous pitcher, was playing.

Since I have returned to Australia to live, the only games I have seen played are the AFL teams that come to Canberra to play the team that is playing some of their games in Canberra. I am not a great fan of watching games on the TV, preferring to see games such as tennis and basketball live. Those days are over, but I do still watch AFL on the TV and have seen many games when my grandsons, David and Alex, play soccer and AFL.

My children, especially Paul, Mark and Andrew have followed their father in pursuing various sports and activities and I am sure most of my grandchildren have played sports seriously. I am very proud of all of them.

Chapter 11: What is one of your favourite drinks?

When I first received the question as to what is one of your favourite drinks, I questioned whether this meant a drink that was alcoholic or an everyday drink. To answer this question, I have chosen to refer to several drinks I have enjoyed through my life.

At the present time I would say that my favourite drink is a strong cup of tea accompanied by a pastry, a biscuit or even a piece of cake. I have to blame my dear mother, Beanie, who in another time believed in providing morning and afternoon teas. Before the time of tea bags, she would have a pot of tea made with tea leaves poured into cups with saucers. There was also a yummy biscuit or piece of cake to wash down with the tea. If you preferred weak tea, you always weakened the tea from the pot with hot water poured from the kettle. Before the electric kettle was available water was boiled on the stove in a metal kettle. Of course, the modern-day tea bag and the electric kettle have made the making of tea very easy. My mother was born in Scotland and I presume that she was carrying on the tradition of providing morning and afternoon tea for the family especially for the men who had very strenuous jobs. She did say that she had also helped out at her sister's farm in Shepparton, Victoria, where there were several men who worked on the farm and would need to have robust meals throughout the day. Nowadays, I try to keep the "bickie" or cake to a very small portion as I am aware that I need to stick to a low caloric diet.

Recently, I have been trying out various fruit infusions. I particularly like an organic infusion which is made with rose hips, ginger and lemon grass. It is really refreshing hot or cold. During the summer, I pour hot water over two tea bags that have strawberries, loganberries and raspberries in them in a small jug. When the bags have steeped enough into a muted rose colour, I pour cold water into a small jug and leave in the fridge to drink later.

I am not a great drinker of alcohol. However, at different times of my life I have enjoyed drinking white wine. For about 20 years of the 30 years I lived in Boston, I belonged to the Australian and New Zealand Wine Club of Boston. The Club members were a group of Aussies, New Zealanders and Americans that introduced mostly Australian wines to the people of Boston and Greater Boston by holding dinners and wine tastings at members' houses. Each course of the dinners was accompanied by an appropriate wine. They were a very vibrant group mostly drawn from the intelligentsia of the many universities located in the Greater Boston area. I will try to expand on the story of this group answering another question.

Today, even though I have tasted many Australian and New Zealand wines, I think Aussies and New Zealanders have become great wine makers. I still prefer a not too acidic white wine like Sauvignon Blanc. Nowadays I don't drink much at all but will drink wine with other people. I also like to drink a very good champagne and don't mind placing a strawberry or orange juice in with the bubbles.

In my twenties, I remember that I quite liked Pimm's No. 1 cocktail and also enjoyed a small sherry before dinner. I was not a beer drinker but quite liked a shandy. This was a drink that was completely unknown in USA and if you tried to make one, you have to order a light beer

along with a sprite and mix them together. It was not the same as a shandy as poured by a pub in Australia because the lemonade part of it was different. You could say that I only ever drank alcohol in a social setting.

Chapter 12: Have you ever been a hero to someone?

This is a question that I would have written NO, but on reflection I decided that I could write YES!

In 1993, when I was living with John on Bay State Road in the city of Boston, USA, I received a phone call from a young woman, Jacquie, who was phoning us from Perth, Australia, advising my husband and me that our oldest son, Paul, was in trouble with the police in Perth. This news was very concerning to us in that he had shown signs of mental illness while he was staying with us in a Boston University apartment on 80 Bay State Road, considered part of the Boston University Campus. Paul had managed to complete his Bachelor of Arts, majoring in English Literature and taking some Computer Programming subjects at Boston University. We were very worried about his state of mind as he had shown symptoms of delusional thoughts and strange behaviour. I had suspected that he may have been showing signs of schizophrenia as I had noticed many symptoms of that type of mental illness. These observations had prompted me to do some research about the symptoms of schizophrenia and how it was treated. Paul, at this time, could not see that there was anything wrong with him and refused to see a Psychiatrist.

John and I could see that he was struggling and one night we got a call from the Boston Police to say they had rescued him from the Salt and Pepper Bridge where the Red Subway Line goes over the Charles River and had taken him to the Massachusetts General Hospital where they tested him with a battery of tests including drugs and alcohol that came back negative. As Paul did not have any health insurance, he elected to leave the hospital the next morning. Paul was unemployed at the time, but he still received a medical bill of \$1800 for the tests done. This medical bill was finally paid by John and me several months later.

He continued to exhibit delusional thoughts, and this began to impact on his position at Boston University. The sorry problem at that time of my life was that no one could compel an adult to see a doctor. You had to go to court to become the ill person's guardian. I had heard stories of a father taking an ill family member to the ICU and the ill person refusing to get treatment. It truly was a very vexing problem. He became so paranoid that he would not eat anything that I cooked for him because he thought I was poisoning him, which really alarmed me.

It was about 1990 during a very tough winter that he suddenly disappeared. I learned later that he had gone to New York City for some reason which would not make sense to us, and then to Chicago. A month later, when I was looking in a drawer of a small wooden desk that we had in the apartment, I found a note from Paul saying that he was returning to Australia. He was using the return ticket that he had when he flew to Boston about a year before. It was about three years before we knew that he was living in Perth. During those gap years, I had called the Perth Missing Persons part of the Perth Police to find out if they could find him.

Because I was very worried about what was going to happen to him after Jacqui's alarming phone call, I decided to fly to Australia and see what I could do for him. I stopped in Melbourne for a week where I consulted with Judy, my sister-in-law, whose advice I valued,

and then went on to Perth. I stayed with a second cousin for 2 weeks until I could assimilate to Perth, a city to which I had never been. I found a reasonably rented and furnished apartment in Maylands, a suburb of Perth, and moved in. It was very close to transport, bus and train, and there was a Coles Grocery Store a few minutes away where I could bring any food back in a Coles Trolley. Throughout the 9 months that I stayed in Perth, I found it to be very easy to get around without needing a car.

At this stage, Paul had not seen a GP or Psychiatrist, but it was obvious to everyone he knew in Perth that he had a serious illness. He had been living with Jacqui in a common law relationship. When I arrived in Perth, Jacqui was about 6 months pregnant. Although Paul had not shown any signs of violence, Jacqui asked him to leave because she felt very vulnerable because she was unable to understand his strange behaviour. Unfortunately, he was arrested by the police when he trespassed into someone's house and was due to go to court over this infringement. There had been several court appearances which Paul had not attended. After I had settled myself in Maylands, I got in touch with Jacqui and attempted to smooth the waters. I had heard that Paul was to appear in court very soon and I tried to get him legal aid but was refused.

I made sure that I was present at the court on the day of the hearing as Paul had no legal representation. Jacqui was there as a witness to Paul's recent behaviour. I found the magistrate very reasonable as he seemed to understand issues around mental illness. I was very afraid that Paul was going to end up in gaol. At the end of the hearing, the magistrate asked if anyone in the court wished to express a view. I stood up and told the Magistrate that I was Paul's mother and that I had come all the way from Boston to Perth to help Paul and that I strongly believed that he was mentally ill and that he should be assessed by psychiatrist and he should be admitted to a hospital. Paul had not shown up for that hearing but did arrive some hours later.

He was arrested by the Police and was taken to Graylands Mental Hospital where he was diagnosed as being schizophrenic. I was relieved that he was at last after some years finally diagnosed and going to be treated, if possible. However, apparently, he escaped from the hospital and was taken back a week later where he was put in a locked ward. When I went to see him, he was very angry with me but after treatment with injections of Haloperidol, he was coming back to a better state of mind, especially when the dose was reduced. Paul remained in the hospital for about 8 weeks and then he was released into my care. He stayed with me in Maylands and gradually was able to function reasonably for another few months before I had to return to Boston within one year as otherwise I would have lost my permanent residency in USA. The baby was born during Paul's hospitalization. Jacqui brought the baby, Kye Samuel Bruce, quite often to the hospital for Paul to see.

During the first two months I was in Western Australia, I relied on buses and trains to get around. My daughter, who was a keen ice skater and was performing in Disney on Ice Show, had returned to USA to perform with the show. Leigh had left a car with my sister in Bairnsdale, Victoria. A very good friend of John's and me had offered to drive the car to Adelaide where he would put it on the Overland train to Perth. It was wonderful to be able to

use the car and was very important to both Paul and me. During Paul's recuperation period, before I returned to USA, he took driving lessons in order to get a motor license. I used to let him drive me to work and he would return to the apartment by public transport while I kept the car to drive home after work. He did receive his license before I left Australia, but it was after three tries.

Many amazing things happened during my nine months in Western Australia and I hope to expand on this story in the future. I had been working in USA as a medical transcriptionist at Massachusetts General Hospital and with luck I managed to get a part-time job typing reports for the Pathology Department at Hollywood Veterans Hospital in Perth. I was also able to get another part-time job typing reports for a cardiologist. Therefore, I was able to pay for the rent and food and petrol. While I had the use of the car, Paul and I went exploring the countryside and travelled to York, Northrup and down to Albany.

This was a very trying time not just for myself but also for Paul who had to live with his difficult mental illness. The monthly injection of Haloperidol and later on an oral psychotropic drug, Risperdal, were helpful in controlling the delusions but not quite all of the paranoia. However, there are very unhealthy side effects to both these drugs, such as obesity, diabetes, high blood pressure and joint problems. You can continue to take these drugs and put up with the serious side effects or not take the drugs to control your schizophrenia and lose connection to the world. You are damned if you do and damned if you don't.

Two or three years after his breakdown in 1994, he had another episode when he neglected to keep taking the drugs. I went back to Perth again and this time he was forced to take the monthly injection again under a control order. He did recover from this episode and managed to complete post-graduate courses in programming at Curtin University and then worked for a number of computer companies. When I left him in Perth in 1994 after the first hospitalization, he remained in the Maylands apartment and he was able to buy it outright sometime after. He still owns it today but continues to live with me in 47 Foxall Street, Holder, ACT. I also left the car for Paul.

In 2003, when I returned to Australia to live in Murrumbateman, NSW, he came for Christmas and never returned to his apartment in Maylands. The first three years he was in Murrumbateman, Paul studied at ANU and successfully completed a Master of Software Engineering.

I greatly admire Paul for his care of Kye, his son, who has struggled through to graduating from high school and through two years of a Science degree. Paul has been working for ten plus years for a Government Department, maintaining the programming aspect of Australian social services. Paul is very generous with the money he earns as he not only sends money to Kye, he sends money to a Zimbabwean family. They are the children of Matthias Kanda. John had coached Matthias and Bernard Dzoma in Middle Distance Running for the 1968 Mexican Olympics. The Rhodesian team due to Politics was not able to compete in those Games and so Matthias and Bernard missed out in their efforts to get an Olympic medal. There are other charitable organizations to which he donates. I am always surprised at how

much he knows about history and other subjects. He communicates with many of his friends at high school in Framingham, MA, through Facebook.

Has anyone been a hero for you?

It is with pleasure that I can write about a friend, Carole Rosvold, who rescued my family from homelessness in Abington, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. John had come to USA to do a Master's degree in Education at Temple University in Philadelphia. He had done so well that the Temple University authorities had asked John to stay and do his doctorate. This would mean that the family would have to survive on \$6000 a year for another two years. The children and I had left Australia so the family could be together again after John had spent 9 months in Rhodesia, now known as Zimbabwe.

The move required much thought as essentials in USA were twice as expensive as in Melbourne, our hometown, and there was a big question mark as to whether we could survive on our very limited means for another two years after the first year. During these two years, we found only kind and helpful American friends who were generous with their advice, friendliness and even gifts of furniture. On John's arrival from Australia to take up his graduate studies in 1969, one of the Professors, Tom Evaul, had taken him home to stay until we arrived a few weeks later. By the time we arrived in Philadelphia, John had rented a furnished house in Bala Cynwyd. It was a two-storey house built in early 1900s but comfortable. However, we could only rent it for six months as the owner was returning from Florida where he had gone for the winter.

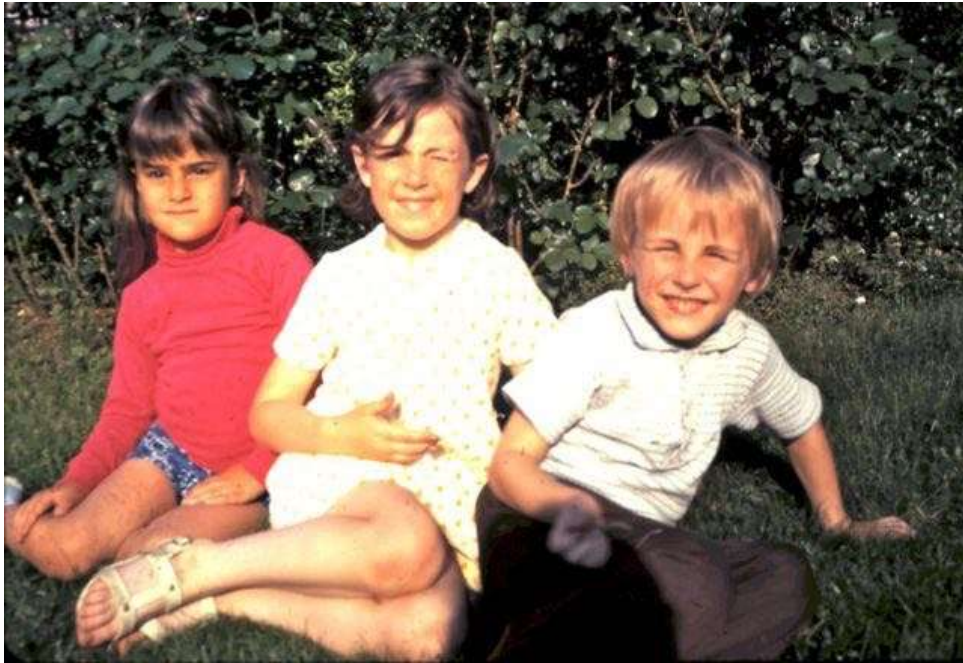
In 1970, John and I and Paul, Mark, Leigh and Andrew were living in a 2-bedroom house in Abington, a suburb of Philadelphia in Pennsylvania. The lease was only for 6 months and we were looking for another place to rent. Luckily for me I found among the letters of that time a note I had rewritten about this episode of near homelessness.

Here we were in this picturesque Philadelphian suburb and we had to move in one week. But where to? We had tried for two months through university contacts and local real estate agents to find a house, a three- bedroom apartment, a duplex, single or twin row house at a reasonable rent where 4 children were accepted. It was a bitter blow when the owner of the row house we had contracted to rent several months hence decreed that only three children were acceptable. What were we to do? Were we to suddenly disown one of our children? It would seem like a traitorous decision.

And so, with a week to go, it seemed as though the worst would happen. The image of our family sleeping in some park with our bits of furniture cluttering up the street re-occurred to me during that week. No, it couldn't happen. We would just have to buy a tent. A kind neighbour advised me that camping was only permitted for a few days in the one place. I thought: OH! NO! We had no car so that complicated moving of course.

Carol and Art – our wonderful friends who lived down the street in Abington drove us to many parts of Philadelphia to see several homes but for one thing or another we weren't acceptable either financially or because we had too many children. I felt like

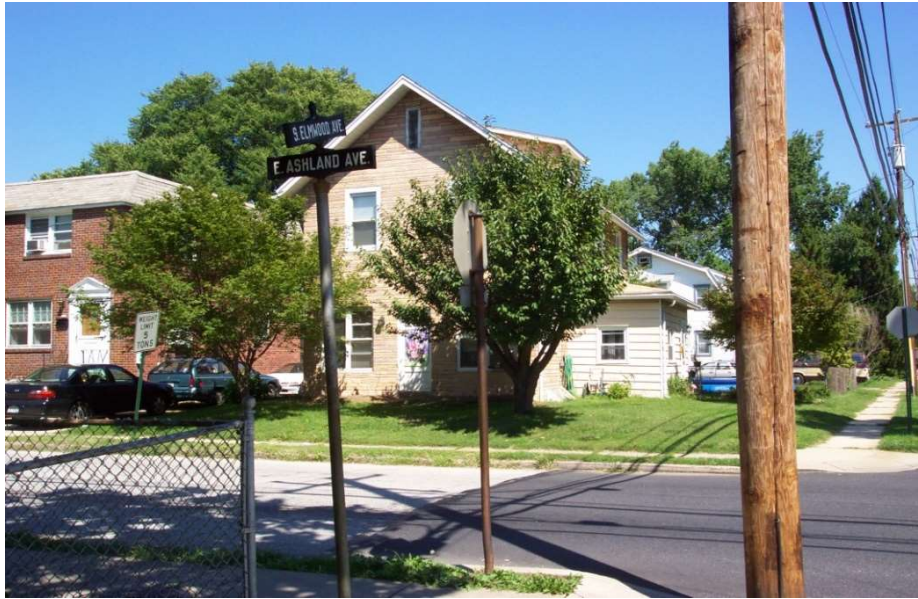
‘Old Mother Hubbard’ in that ‘I didn’t know what to do!’ We had met these wonderful people through our children, too. I think they were intrigued by our Aussie accents and the fact that they had spent a year in Japan had broadened their scope and made them interested in other countries. With this mutual thirst for knowledge, Carol and I had taken the children on various trips to the zoo and other places of interest. We had barbecued many meals together and spent many a night discussing politics, Australia, America, Japan, discovering mutual interests in classical music, especially Beethoven’s Ninth Symphony. That always seemed to be our cue to return to our home across the street. The sight of two very heavy men, Art and John, both conducting The Ninth Symphony to an imaginary orchestra was amusing.



Paula, Leigh, Andrew – around 1970

As Carole and Art and their children, Kim and Paula, were about to move to California in a month because Art had been promoted by the Construction Company for which he worked, they allowed us to stay with them for that month. We luckily found a three-bedroom house behind a hairdressing business in Glenolden, a small town near Philadelphia, and with a railway station close by so that John could travel to Temple University, before they left. Their house had already been sold by the time we moved in with them.

Art went to California to buy a house before the family arrived in California. John had to attend a conference and that left Carole, Kim and Paula to put up with Paul, Mark, Leigh and Andrew and me in the same house. There were a few little disputes between the children. I was very embarrassed when one of my children criticized the kind of food that Carole cooked. In polite society a guest never criticizes the chef or cook. I made sure that recalcitrant kid apologized and stopped his bad behaviour. Below are some photos taken at that time. Below is the house in Ashland Rd., Glenolden, we lived in for two years while John completed his Doctor of Education at Temple University in 1972.



Ashland Rd., Glenolden, PA

Our next move was to the town of Framingham in the Greater Boston area. I hope I have the opportunity to write about this period of our lives in Massachusetts, USA.

Early in the 1980s I took the opportunity to travel to Australia to visit my parents and my sister's family who lived in Bairnsdale, Victoria. It was a great opportunity to see Disneyland in California on the way. I took Andrew with me and we stayed with Carole and Art and family before going to Disneyland in Orange County. It was great catching up with them again and they took us to see the Red Pines Forest and cable trams in San Francisco. That was so many years ago, but I stayed in touch with them up until today. I am a Facebook friend of Carole's and I still find that I feel very much the same about life as she does. Unfortunately, Art died a few years ago, like John died in 2012, and we are now widows in the year of 2020 when we have to be very careful of catching COVID19 which is a virus rampaging around the world in 2020.



Carole, Margaret, Art sitting in front of a background of San Francisco Bay, early 1980s

Chapter 13: What is your favourite joke?

I have to be truthful about this joke which I found hugely funny, I got it off the internet. Hope you find it amusing too.



A minister decided that a visual demonstration would add emphasis to his Sunday sermon. Four worms were placed into four separate jars. The first worm was put into a container of alcohol. The second worm was put into a container of cigarette smoke. The third worm was put into a container of chocolate syrup. The fourth worm was put into a container of good clean soil. At the conclusion of the sermon, the Minister reported the following results:

The first worm in alcohol . . . Dead.



The second worm in cigarette smoke . . . Dead.



Third worm in chocolate syrup . . . Dead.



Fourth worm in good clean soil . . . Alive!



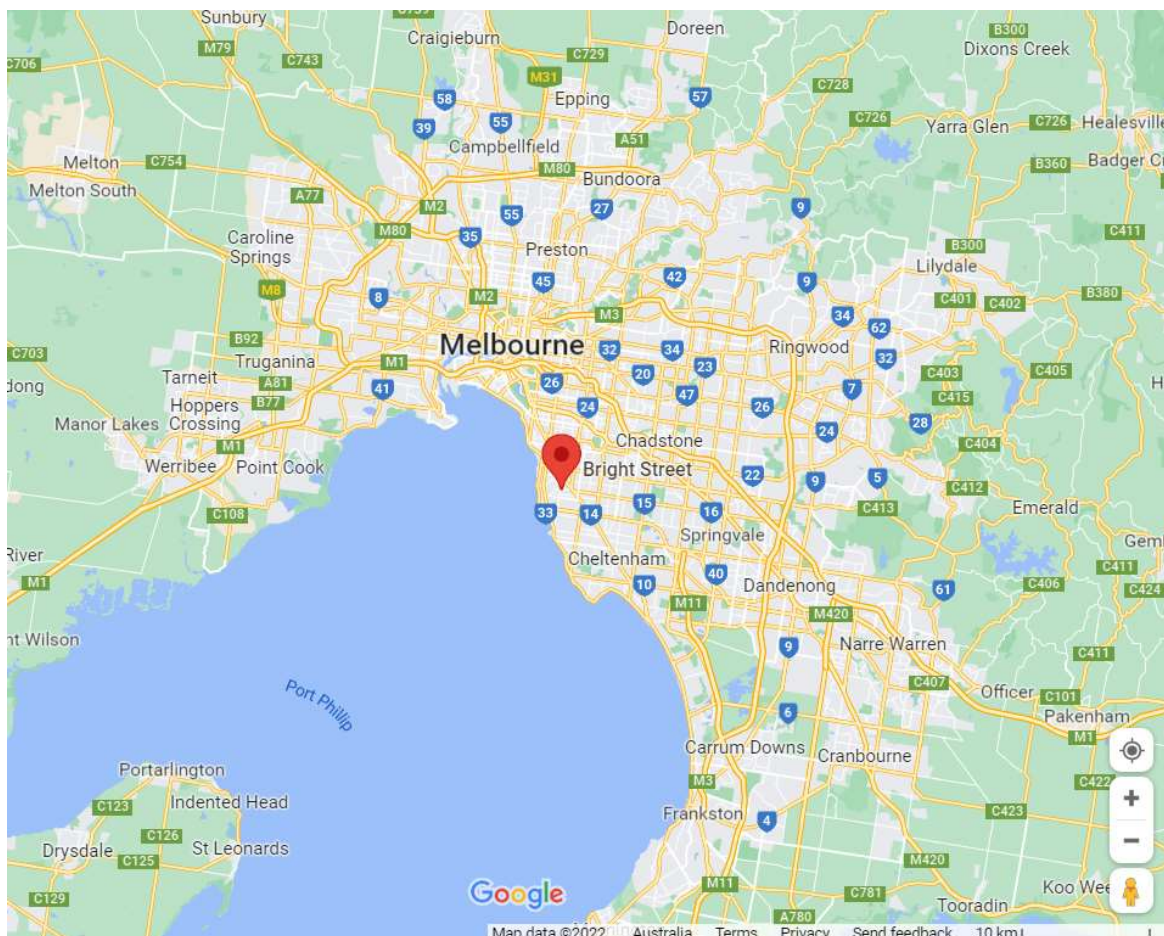
So the Minister asked the congregation, "So, my friends? What did you learn from this demonstration?"

Maxine, sitting in the back, quickly raised her hand and said . . ."As long as you drink, smoke and eat chocolate, you won't have worms!" That pretty much ended the service!



Chapter 14: What was the neighbourhood you grew up in like?

What is a neighbourhood? I am going to answer this question as if my childhood neighbourhood was the distance I walked or biked each day during weekdays and weekends to and from Bright Street (in East Brighton, Victoria): riding my bike or walking to see friends and cousins at the weekends, walking to school and the grocery store down Hampton Street and then to Pine Street to visit my cousins, Shirley and Sandra, and sometimes riding my bike to Edro Avenue to visit my cousin David to play with his Meccano set or other boy things, and also walking down to the Middle Brighton Baths, taking a bus to the local movie theatre, going to ballet lessons on a Saturday, and going to Sunday School at the Church of Christ that was near to the Wilson Street School.



I will begin with a description of Bright Street. This street branched off Hampton Street and joined up with the end of Shasta Avenue at the other end. The significant feature of Bright Street was an area of land on which The Brighton Destructor was built. The streets that formed the boundary of the Destructor were Bright Street, Hampton Street and Centre Road. A very tall Cyprus hedge growing along the perimeter of the Bright Street boundary helped to hide the Destructor building - which had a tall smoke tower - and piles of burned tins in the surrounding land. As you walked down Bright Street from Hampton Street, the huge hedge darkened the footpath and seemed menacing to a small child and gave a sense of mystery to this area. However, I peeped through one day and noticed the piles of burned tins (just

burned tins no bags with rubbish in them). The garbage collectors of those days certainly made sure that its function of burning daily rubbish was successful although we would have small mouse invasions, blow flies which I constantly swatted on the back veranda and fleas, but I never noticed a rat. Because the Destructor building and surrounding area dominated Bright Street, I included the below information from Google on how waste was managed in 1940-50s.

Landfills were the main type of disposal site but incinerators were starting to be adopted as a result of the additional commercial value promoted by technological implementations. Their expense led the city councils to decline the installation of such a plant in 1889, but the plague which later spread in Australia led to a reform of priorities and justification of the expenses. The first decade of the 20th Century saw a rising demand for incinerators.

To my amazement, I found in '*The Argus*' of February 1925, this report from the Melbourne city engineer, Mr. C.E. Tuseen, given to the public works committee of the Brighton City Council:

... that work on the destructor on the Centre Road was proceeding satisfactorily. Progress had been retarded by difficulty in making arrangements for the sewerage which delayed the laying of the floors; but this had been overcome. The slow fires for drying out were now in the furnaces. The plant should be in working order by the beginning of March. The contractors would not hand over the plant until the completion of tests. In connection with the proposed bi-weekly removal of refuse the council has decided to insist on householders putting their refuse into tins impervious to rats and leaving the tins outside their gates. [Garbage tins (bins, cans) in the 1940s and 50s were made out of galvanized iron.]

Our 33 Bright Street property was situated on the flat part of the Street. On the other side of Bright Street, across from the Destructor, there were houses and as you walked further down the street from Hampton Street there were houses built on both sides of the street divided by a bitumen road. In the 1940s and 50s, there were many items delivered or collected by horse and cart such as bread, the "Bottle-o man" who collected empty glass jars and beer bottles, an occasional delivery of vegetables, garbage collection, night men who collected toilet refuse, and "milkos" delivering the daily milk bottles early in the morning. The common sound of a clapping horse was regularly heard in Bright Street and horse manure was duly collected for gardens.



Typical Baker's cart and horse

On a weekday, after we got home from school, my special playmates who lived in Bright Street were Judy, her sister, and Dorothy. They are shown in the photo below.

At weekends my friends were more than likely involved in activities with their families. For instance, in my family, I can remember going on family picnics to the seaside at Seaford and Ricketts Point, both situated on Port Phillip Bay, or to the countryside. Bacchus Marsh, Healesville Sanctuary and Mt. Macedon were favourite places for country picnics.



Play friends who lived on Bright Street, East Brighton (Margaret is third from right)

Amazingly, this is a photo that I have kept for about 72 years. The two small children on the left are most probably the siblings of Judy (the 2nd girl from the right). The boy on the very left is her brother. I am in the middle of the three older girls. Dorothy is to my left and Judy

is right of me. The little girl in front of me is another sister of Judy. Dorothy, Judy and I were my special Bright Street buddies. We played skippy, hopscotch chalk games on the road, hide and seek and many other childhood games mostly in Judy's and my houses or in the street. Other Bright Street girls and boys joined us in our make-it-up games around our houses and chalk and ball games on the road. They could be quite competitive.

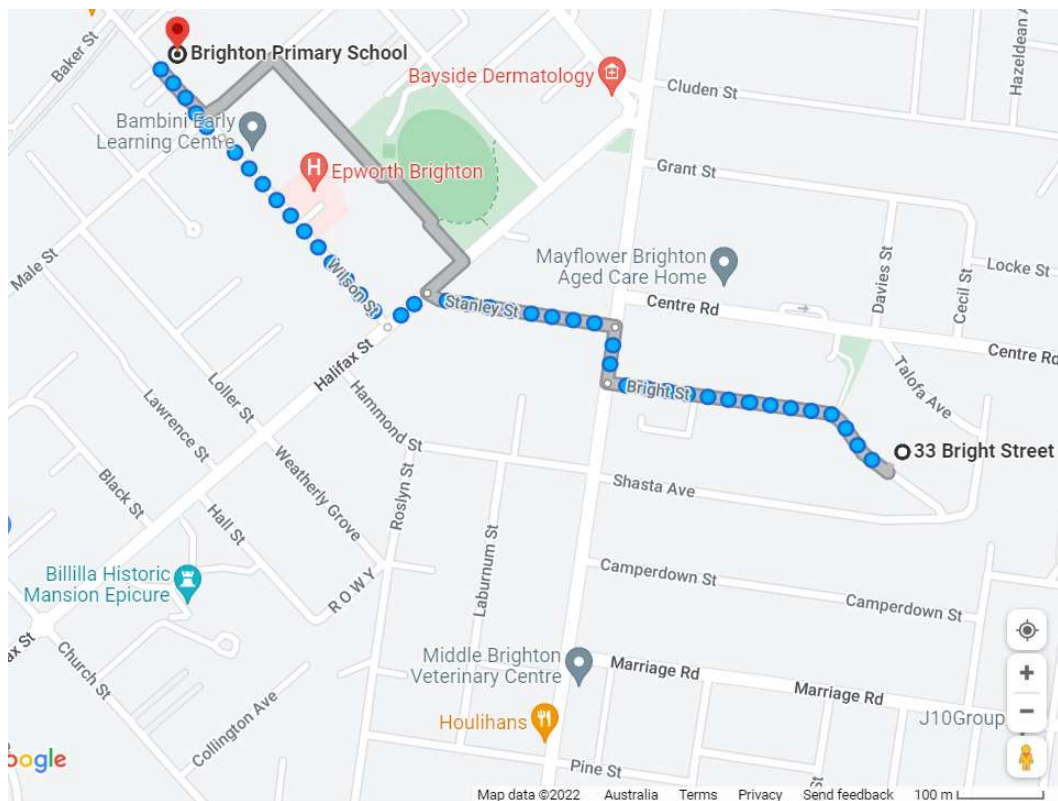
I remember that Judy's father was the Executive Director of the Newsboys Association, a non-government organisation for the newsboys who sold newspapers on the streets of Melbourne. The above photo is one taken by her Dad before he took us to the headquarters of The Newsboys. It was a special day, I believe, and that is why we are dressed up. As a group, we were driven to the rooms situated in the CBD of Melbourne of this famous charity to attend its birthday celebrations. I include a short history of this well-known charity of the 1950s. I am sure that there were many of these organizations in the UK and USA.

The Melbourne City Newsboys Association was a very special association supporting the newsboys of Melbourne City. The idea of helping the young boys selling newspapers in all weathers on the streets of Melbourne came about when wealthy Melbourne merchant and saddler, William Forster, was walking home one night in 1893 and came across three barefooted boys selling newspapers. He took them home for dinner, gave them new clothes and boots, and asked them about their hopes for the future. That was the beginning of the Melbourne Newsboys Club. A few years later Edith Onians began teaching boys at the club at night. She led the club over the next 58 years, transforming it into an education, health and sports centre for the young boys. Historians estimate that about 15,000 newspaper boys had worked on the streets of Melbourne over the last century. Most of them were supported by the Melbourne Newsboys Club which gave them access to an education and skills training, as well as the chance to play sport and go on trips. The club is now known as the Newsboys Foundation.



Newsboys laughing at the newspaper cartoons of the day

Wilson Street Primary School



Map of my walking route to attend Wilson Street Primary School

My school day would begin by Beanie, my mother, waking me up and preparing breakfast for my father and me which was a Vita Brit with milk and a butter and vegemite toast. I am not sure whether I had to wear a uniform at school. In the 1940s and 50s, the wearing of school uniforms was encouraged as it was seen to be a leveller between school children from rich and poor backgrounds.

When I was five-years old, I attended the Infant School located at Wilson Street Primary School in Wilson Street, Brighton. My mother walked with me to the Wilson Street Primary School until I felt confident of walking by myself. The walk to Wilson Street Primary School was 1 km long and was 13 min walk. From my house you would walk up Bright Street to Hampton Street, turn right along Hampton Street for 0.3 km and cross the road to Stanley Street and walk along Stanley to cross Halifax Street to Wilson Street and then walk along Wilson Street to the Wilson Street Primary School. I cannot remember there being someone to help you cross Hampton Street which was a very busy road. There were no Lollipop Ladies in those days.

Prior to 1872, there were three Common Schools in the Brighton district. These were church schools with a total enrolment of 500 pupils. As government grants to Common Schools would cease from 1872, it became an urgent matter for the government of the day to provide school accommodation for the rapidly increasing numbers of children living in Brighton.

Boards of Advice were elected and consulted the Education Department about local needs. It was decided that a school in the Brighton district was urgently required. Land on the corner of Wilson and Male Streets, Brighton, was purchased from Mr Walstab for 450 pounds and a new school was subsequently built.

Architects Terry and Oakden designed the school to be built in brick, have a bell tower above the front door, gothic window arches in the two classrooms flanking the entrance and pairs of windows on the front and back of the two long ‘school’ rooms which ran the entire length of the building.



Original Wilson Street Primary School, now Brighton Primary School

There were also two long schoolrooms situated at right angles to the front entrance with gothic windows on the schoolyard side.

Brighton Primary School number 1542, opened on April 1, 1875 with 625 pupils and 12 teachers. Today there are over 660 students and a staff of 60. This primary school has certainly made a name for itself in that it has under very able Principals pursued very progressive modes of teaching and curricula. It is a school nowadays that values the outcomes for its students and to which parents are happy for their children to attend.



My memories of this school are dim at this time of my life but what I do remember about school from a 5-year-old in 1939 in 1st grade to 6th Grade in 1945 was mostly positive. There were two buildings in the 1940s. The Infant School was used for 1st to 3rd grade and 4th to 6th grade were housed in the main building. There was quite a space between these two buildings where physical activities and sports were played. I remember enjoying playing Rounders on this space.

In '*A History of Brighton Primary School*', and another booklet produced for the 1975 Centenary celebrations, there are collections of teachers', principals' and students' memories of their time at this school. Quite wonderful stories are recounted of memories from each decade from 1875 to 2000. In the early 1940s, World War II dominated the story with many of the fathers of the students being in the army and mothers back at home coping with food and clothing ration coupons. The older children raised money and knitted scarves for Social Services, which sent parcels overseas. Children looked forward to the monthly school paper which contained stories, poems, a song and spelling list. One particular money-raising event that I remembered was a "Penny Drive." This was for the War Effort. Pennies were laid down in a long line between the two buildings. The children were really enthusiastic about attaining the goal of pennies spanning the ground between the two buildings.

Judith Burgess, a student 1939-1940, listed some events that she remembers and I remember as well. The events were: ballroom dancing with Madame Bindley, walking to the Middle Brighton Baths for swimming lessons, sewing lessons at Brighton Beach School, vaccines for diphtheria and polio, depositing 2 shillings a week into the State Savings Bank, and belonging to the Australian Bird Gould League. When World War II came to an end, all the school children were presented with a silver medal.

I remember being in a classroom with other students in my grade and our class teacher when a loud hoot came from the Destructor on Bright Street to celebrate the end of the War. This was the first and only time I had heard it. According to the history book, Mortimer Woodhouse and Mr. Bretherton were the principals in my time.

When the school was celebrating its centenary in 1975, the school asked former students to write their memories of their time at Wilson Street Primary. I wrote about positive memories but included a negative memory that occurred in one of my years and that was my class teacher using the ruler to slap across the knuckles of the students for any misdemeanour, and how most of the students feared this teacher. The Secretary, Madeleine Donnelly, included a letter of thanks for my order of the History Book and went on to say: "It must have been a world-wide phenomenon as I have memories of my convent education in Ireland and being slapped with a ruler for putting a double line on a script letter while writing a sentence!" She went on to say that "corporal punishment in schools no longer exists".

My son Mark recounted a similar story at his father's funeral. As a student who was learning to become a teacher at Melbourne Teacher's College in the 1950s, John was sitting in the back of a classroom watching the teacher giving a lesson. He became perturbed that the teacher was meting out punishment with a strap and criticising students for minor infractions. According to Mark, John walked down to the front and took the strap from this teacher and

then went to the principal of the school to make a complaint. That teacher was asked to come to the headmaster's office and was duly admonished.

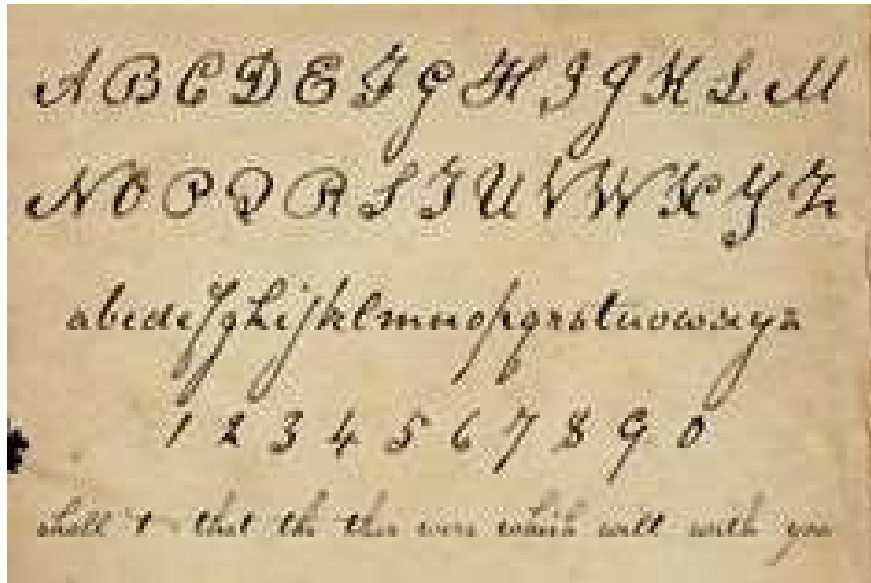
Meting out punishment with a strap or slapping for talking in class, hitting, biting or pushing other children, not being on time and other infractions of behaviour is no longer allowed in modern day schools.

There has been much research into other ways of managing student behaviour since I attended primary school. Much attention has been focused on preparing teachers to use methods of control in the classroom by praising students instead of criticizing them when they make errors and have produced material that shows that they have progressed in their understanding of concepts taught from the curricula. In Australia, bringing in the police, as has been tried in the US when students' behaviour seems to be out of control, would only happen with very serious incidents.

From 1894 to 1968, there was a Children's Home situated on Wilson Street, Brighton, which cared for girls aged 5 to 14. This Home for Children and Girls' Hostel was run by the Mission to the Streets and Lanes, a Church of England organization. The Home began in two terraced cottages in Wilson Street, Brighton, pending the construction of a suitable house further along the street. At first, children attended a school on the premises of the Children's Homes. In later years, they attended local schools.

I have added the above information about a particular orphanage situated on Wilson Street because I remember that there was a girl my age who lived there. I don't know the reasons why she lived there but every day we walked together back to our homes after school. I can't remember her name, but I always felt a bit sad as she left me at her gate on Wilson Street on my way back to Bright Street. I think we may have been quite friendly as classmates. I hope her life was as lucky as mine.

I remember receiving few A marks in my exams throughout my entire schooling from primary through to 11th grade in high school. I was only a C to B grade student. I did not have a good memory and still don't. My favourite classes were History, Geography, Nature Study and Sport. However, I did reasonably well in the three Rs subjects such as reading, writing and arithmetic. Teaching methods used in those days were the rote method of learning of the times table, endless practice of handwriting and a lot of emphasis on correct spelling. As to handwriting, apparently, we were taught at my school the art of copperplate handwriting which was a type of handwriting that formed letters and numbers with more of a flourish than is practiced today. I found an example of copperplate lettering and compared it to my own handwriting, I still write that way but not as much embellishment of the letters.



An example of copperplate lettering

Nature Study was quite emphasized in my primary school days. I think it is a subject that is neglected in this present age and was taught in all classes in primary school. I remember being taught about the Society of Bees, Ants, Worms, and many other insects.

Short History of Gould League of Bird Lovers

We were all encouraged to join The Gould League of Bird Lovers. I think that the Gould League as it is named today was very successful in encouraging those who joined to take care of the whole of the environment whether it be birds, especially the very special Australian animals that now and again intruded into our urban environment. My very early connection to the Gould League certainly influenced me to be concerned about the environment since joining this worthy bird protection society. At least I have not seen young children throwing stones at birds in the last several decades but I do remember it was quite common to see children deliberately hurting birds.

A common sight in Australia was to see dead eagles displayed on paddock fencing in the countryside. Farmers killed many eagles because they were killing their lambs which is unfortunate, but eagles are very important to manage, for instance, plagues of mice or insects. There has been a push to stop this practice by environmental groups recently.

My care of small insects or mammals did not extend to the common snail (shelled gastropod) which I smashed eagerly or dropped them in salt water. I did like butterflies and used to keep certain caterpillars to chrysalis stage to watch the incredible metamorphose of a caterpillar to butterfly stage.

Below is a short history of this organization.

- 1909: Gould League of Bird Lovers formed.
- 1910: Gould League of Bird Lovers develops pledge style membership.

- The Bird Lovers' Pledge: I hereby promise that I will protect native birds and will not collect their eggs. I also promise that I will endeavour to prevent others from injuring native birds and destroying their eggs
- 1930: Certificate and pledge for children in Australian schools. Bird and egg protection campaign results in major behaviour change.
- 1940: Bird protection becomes part of the school curriculum.
- 1967: Gould League of Bird Lovers shortens name to Gould League to reflect broader nature based education and conservation focus.
- 1969: Highly successful venture into publishing with Birds of Victoria.

Gould League continued to pursue activities that benefit the whole environment through the 1970s, 80s, 90s to 2001, when it received numerous national and international awards recognising innovation. There has been a bit focus on nature education through many decades.



Early Gould League poster, given to students who joined

Since those days, I have often wondered if the Gould League is still alive and I am happy that it has now extended its interest in promoting the good care of the present day environment in Australia which includes all flora and fauna on this earth.

Elocution and Piano Lessons

However, I will note here that when I was about 8, I learned elocution from a lady in the community who endeavoured to overcome to a certain extent my Aussie accent by teaching me how to pronounce my vowels, especially the “A,” “I” and “O” vowels and to recite poems. It was a great way to learn to speak clearly if you were going to become an actress. I am not sure it was terribly successful in my case. But I know my mother, Beanie, tried very hard to carry out the last wishes of my birth mother, Jessie. Jessie in her young life had been taught elocution and had won a bronze medal for reciting at the well-known Ballarat Eisteddfod Festival the Banjo Patterson poem, ‘*Over the Range*’. She had also learned to play the piano until she had injured her thumb.

After I finished with elocution lessons, I began piano lessons which I continued until I left high school in 1951. I was grateful for those piano and elocution lessons. Learning to play the piano was most likely the reason that I still love classical music and I have enjoyed listening to many great orchestral concerts all over the world and have enjoyed the privilege of watching plays in Britain, USA and Australia.

Sunday School and Church Life

My grandmother on my father Allen’s and my birth mother, Jessie’s, side – Margaret Patience Bingham – had been brought up as Methodist and had kept this connection to the Methodist Church to the end of her life. I am not sure if Jessie had a strong connection to the Methodist Church but I know she wanted me to be guided to become a “good girl” and thus I began to attend the Church of Christ on Wilson Street near the Wilson Street Primary School. Beanie and Allen were of the same faith but did not attend church but they were happy for me go to Sunday School regularly. They came to the Sunday School Concerts.

After I had completed sixth grade, I attended Elsternwick Methodist Ladies School which later was known as Cato. I used to bike or walk to the tram to go to this school. The suburb of Elsternwick was two suburbs away from Brighton and I do remember vividly how my fingers turned white and hurt acutely when cycling to school especially in the winter. I chose instead to walk up to the tramline that went along Point Nepean Road to go to school on cold days.

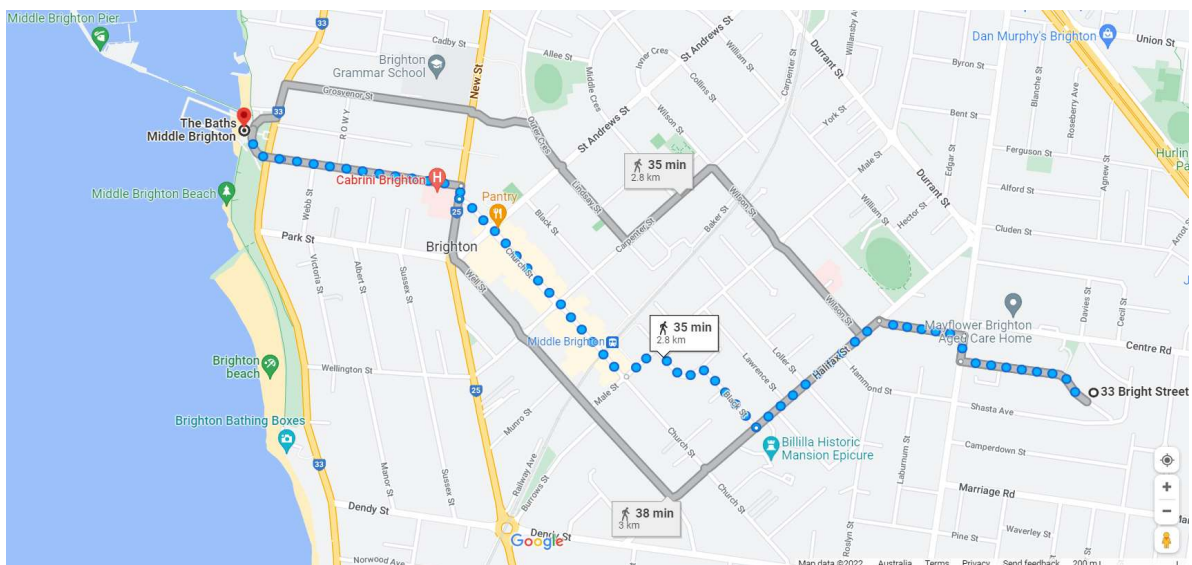
The connection to the Methodist Church by my grandmother and possibly my mother was probably the reason I attended the Methodist Ladies College (MLC) in Elsternwick and Hawthorne until I graduated from school in 1951. In another chapter, “Did you belong to any organizations in high school?”, I have written about my friends at North Balwyn Baptist Church.

Middle Brighton Baths

My parents were quite easy about letting me go to the Middle Brighton Baths and the movies by myself, especially after I was 10 years old. To get to the baths, I walked along Wilson Street, past the Church of Christ and the Wilson Street Primary School and on to the Middle Brighton Baths (see map). The Middle Brighton Baths were known as a safe place to swim,

because they were completely enclosed by a cage to keep out sea creatures. The cage was topped with a high boardwalk from which a confident swimmer could jump from the diving board at the back end into the deep water.

There was always a member of the Brighton Life Saving Club checking to see if any of the swimmers inside the baths were in trouble. I never swam in water that was above my waistline that was very close to the beach area. Because of the barrier around the baths, no sharks could get inside. However, I do remember occasionally seeing what looked like a big jellyfish or a bluebottle, both with poisonous stings, floating in the water at the deep end inside the baths. That kind of jellyfish was not seen near the shallow waters but swimmers definitely did not move anywhere near where it was located in the deeper water at the backend barrier.



My walking and bus routes to Middle Brighton Baths

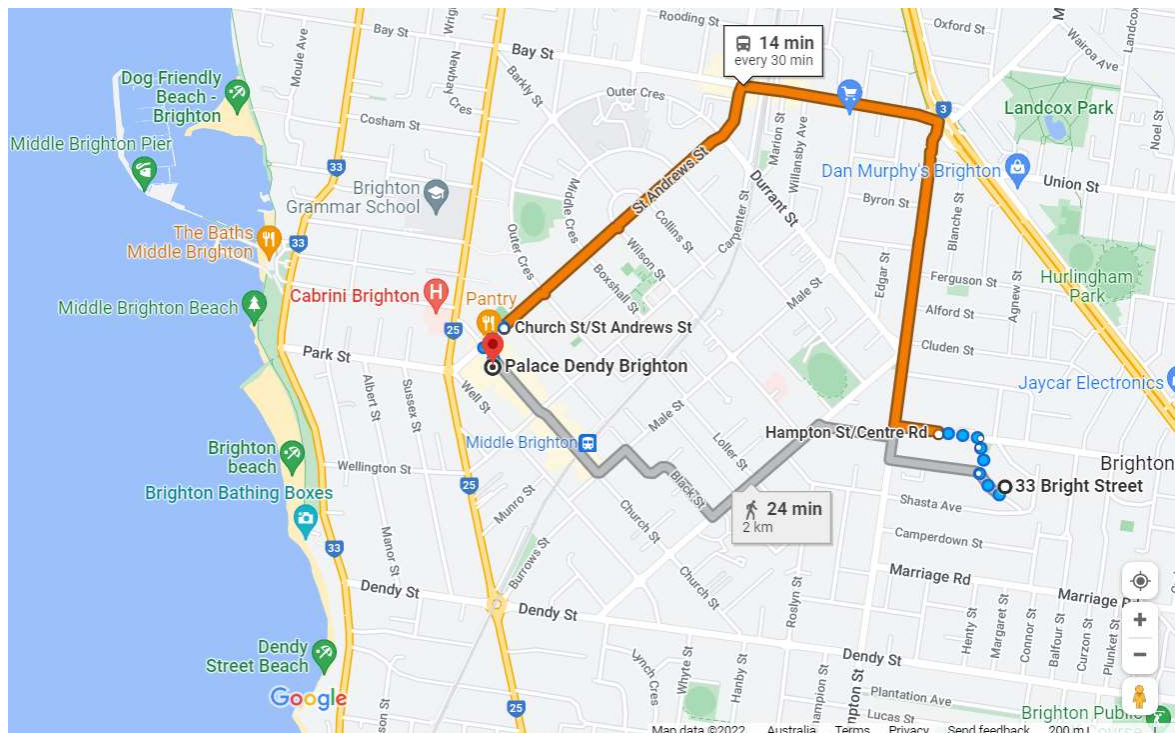
I never learned to swim properly even though I had the opportunity to take advantage of the required swimming lessons at Hawthorne MLC swimming pool. Somehow, I managed to be absent when my class was scheduled to participate. I learned any swimming strokes in the salt water as it was easier not to sink. I always enjoyed swimming in the sea but never ventured too far out or over my head. I needed to feel the sand underneath my feet.



The Baths, Middle Brighton as they look today

Saturday Matinee Movies

Many Saturdays, I was allowed to go to the movies by myself. As the map below shows, I took a bus to the local movie theatre. I really loved going to the movies and this has remained an enjoyable pastime for me from my childhood to my present age of 85. I admit to adding to this story the below description of what it was like to attend the Saturday Matinees in the 1940s and 50s. The only movie that I remember my mother taking me to see when I was quite young was the *'Wizard of Oz'*. I am sure that I was also taken to see all the Shirley Temple movies.



My bus route to the movies in Brighton

An important tradition of growing up in Victoria from the 1940s and 50s was the Saturday afternoon matinee at the local picture theatre, town hall or “flea pit”. There were always two pictures, a serial, a cartoon and perhaps a Pete Smith special to watch while eating Fantaes (chocolate covered caramels), Jaffas (chocolate covered orange flavoured balls) or a Dandy (ice cream), bought from one of the tray boys who would patrol the aisles before the first picture started and again at interval.

The theatre would be packed, with constant noise from chattering, excited kids, regular bursts of cat calls and the sound of Jaffas rolling down the aisle. It was mayhem, with ushers and usherettes continually shining torches on noisy groups in an attempt to restore some form of order.

The episode of the serial would be shown first, with the hero escaping from last week’s dastardly plot just in the nick of time, and end with him about to be lowered into a vat of boiling oil or tied to the train lines with a speeding locomotive bearing down and no possible hope of escape. You just had to be there for next week’s episode to see how he survived.

Whenever there was any kissing on the screen the whole place would erupt into loud jeers and boos. Randolph Scott would have just dispensed with all the baddies, shooting them with his trusty six-gun and would then get a kiss from the heroine, which would ruin everything and briefly create chaos with the audience. If there was a projector problem or the film broke, again momentary bedlam until calm was restored with the film restarting. After interval came the cartoon, a *Heckle and Jeckle* or *Tom and Jerry*, and would be followed by the main feature, which was generally a similar sort of flick to the first one.

It didn’t really matter what was showing: everybody was there for the day out and to have some good, clean, innocent fun!

One shilling would pay for the ticket with sixpence to buy an ice cream or some lollies and that was enough for a grand day’s entertainment.

Here is a list of serials that I might have seen at Dendy Palace Cinema in the 1940s. It would be very interesting to view these serials again:

- 1940 – Flash Gordon
- 1942 – Captain Midnight
- 1943 – The Phantom, The Batman
- 1946 – The Crimson Ghost

Here are some of the movies that I may have seen in the 1940s:

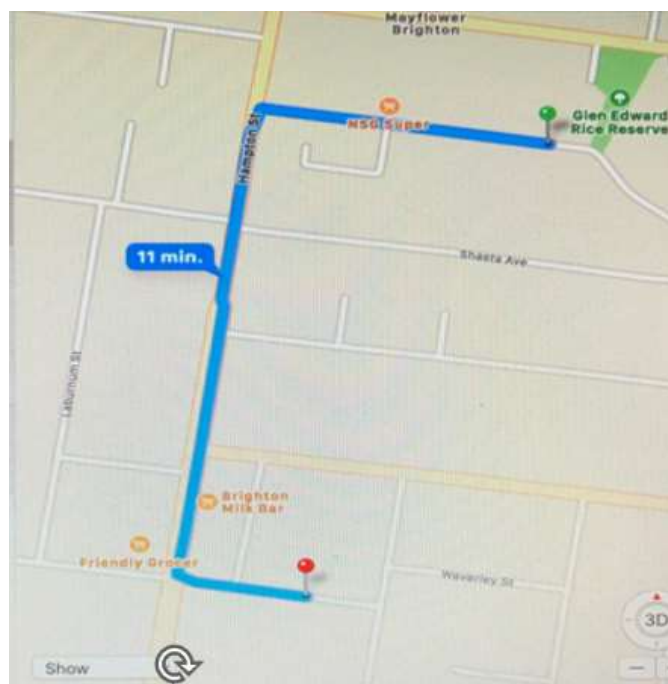
- 1940 – The Blue Bird, Pinocchio, The Thief of Bagdad
- 1941 – Dumbo, Mr. Bug Goes to Town
- 1942 – Bambi, The Jungle Book

- 1943 – Lassie Come Home, My Friend Flicka
- 1944 – National Velvet
- 1945 – The Enchanted Forest, Son of Lassie
- 1946 – Courage of Lassie, Song of the South, The Yearling
- 1947 – Bush Christmas, Fun and Fancy Free
- 1948 – The Boy with the Green Hair, Hills of Home, So Dear to My Heart
- 1949 – Alice in Wonderland
- 1950 – The Secret Garden, The Sun Comes Up

The serial, '*The Phantom*', also featured as a cartoon in '*The Women's Weekly*' magazine. My mother would buy this particular magazine every week and so I looked forward to reading the next episode of '*The Phantom*' every week. Below is a synopsis of the story about '*The Phantom*'.

Professor Davidson and his niece Diana Palmer search Africa for the Lost City of Zoloz, reputed to be the source of a large hidden treasure. Also searching is a local crook, Singapore Smith, and Dr. Max Bremmer, who plans to destroy the peace in which the native tribes have been living. However, Godfrey Prescott, otherwise known as the Phantom, is feared and respected by the natives and is able to circumvent the traps and schemes of the villains.

The Hampton Street Grocer



My walking route from home to grocer and Shirley & Sandra's Home

The above route shows how I would walk to the grocer on Hampton Street before turning into Pine Street to go to play with my cousins Shirley and Sandra on a Saturday or Sunday.

My mother would often ask me to go down to the grocer on Hampton Street to buy something she needed to cook for the evening meal. The photo below shows very clearly what the inside of the grocer shop looked like in 1940s. I do see a set of scales and also remember that weights were used on balancing scales to weigh such things as flour and sugar, which would be placed in brown paper bags. If I didn't make a list of the items I was to buy, I was inclined to not remember to buy at least one thing that my mother needed. Shopping baskets were used to carry items home.



Typical grocer

During World War II, Australians began to experience shortages of almost everything they needed in daily life. At the time of World War II, most drank tea, not coffee. When the Japanese captured many of the countries that grew the tea supplied to Australia, this caused severe shortages. Enemy action in the Pacific also disrupted the normal supply of goods by ship to Australia. Australian troops abroad had to be supplied with food produced in Australia, and when thousands of American troops arrived in Australia to fight the war in the Pacific, they also had to be fed.

To ensure that everyone received a basic amount of essential supplies such as meat, butter, sugar and tea, the government brought in a system of rationing. Everyone had to apply for ration books, which contained a number of coupons. Each coupon gave the holder permission to buy a certain amount of something, usually over a weekly period. Despite the hardship, rationing was well received by the public because it applied to everyone equally. Nevertheless, when the government announced in May 1942 that they would impose rationing on clothing, there was a rush to buy as much as possible before rationing began.

Visiting Cousins on Weekends

As I have mentioned before, my Bingham cousins all lived in Brighton. I was especially fond of the three cousins who were close to me in age. Mostly on a Saturday, I would often walk or bike to Pine Street where Shirley and Sandra lived (see earlier map). Uncle Tom and Auntie Dorrie were their parents. Uncle Tom wrote about his own life which I published in 2005 for a Bingham Family Reunion. The name of this memoir is '*The Life and Times of Thomas Alexander Bingham*'. They lived in a nice house with a big back yard where there was lots of space for fruit trees and probably a vegetable garden, and a big enclosed back veranda. The back yard was especially good for playing different games. Their cousin, Marlene Day, who lived in the next street, sometimes joined us in these games.

I also remembered they may have had chickens, a pet crimson rosella called Joey and dogs. The first dog I remember was a Springer Spaniel whose name was Ricky. Ricky may have been Shirley's dog. Shirley especially loved dogs and I cannot remember Shirley not having a dog as a companion throughout her whole life. They were very important in her life and the dog breeds ranged from German Shepherds, German Pointer, and the last one was a Whippet that was called Darcy.



Shirley, Uncle Tom, Auntie Doris and Ricky, the dog – around 1950

Uncle Tom and the family were very keen on holidaying in caravans and they would travel in a caravan for Christmas school holidays. I remember when my uncle decided to build his own caravan in the backyard of Pine Street during the 1940s and 50s. It took him quite a

long time. The Bingham families were very interested in this project and were always interested in how far the building project had progressed. However, over the years the caravan became a convenient second bedroom as a sleep out for guests at my uncle's last home at Myrtle Beach on the Gold Coast. The Tom Bingham family certainly enjoyed many years of caravan travel to favourite holiday spots. I believe it was also loaned out to some of my generation for holidays as well.

I can remember one summer holiday, just before the New Year, going with Shirley's family to Sydenham Inlet. This insignificant inlet is very shallow and is fed by the coastal rivers of Bemm River and Little River and was known as good place to fish and also as a bird watching place. An amusing memory I have is of Shirley and me rowing a small row boat intending to go over the other side of the inlet. Neither of us had ever rowed a boat before and we ended up going in circles so much so we gave up and pushed the boat through the water that was up to our waistline back to shore. There was a hotel on the shores of this inlet and, as we were still camping nearby on New Year's Eve, I am quite sure that everyone who was camping in the vicinity was at the pub that night drinking and bringing in the New Year as boisterously as they could. I remember also that we didn't catch one fish in the river. I had fun but I think that the family never holidayed at Sydenham Inlet again in their lifetime.

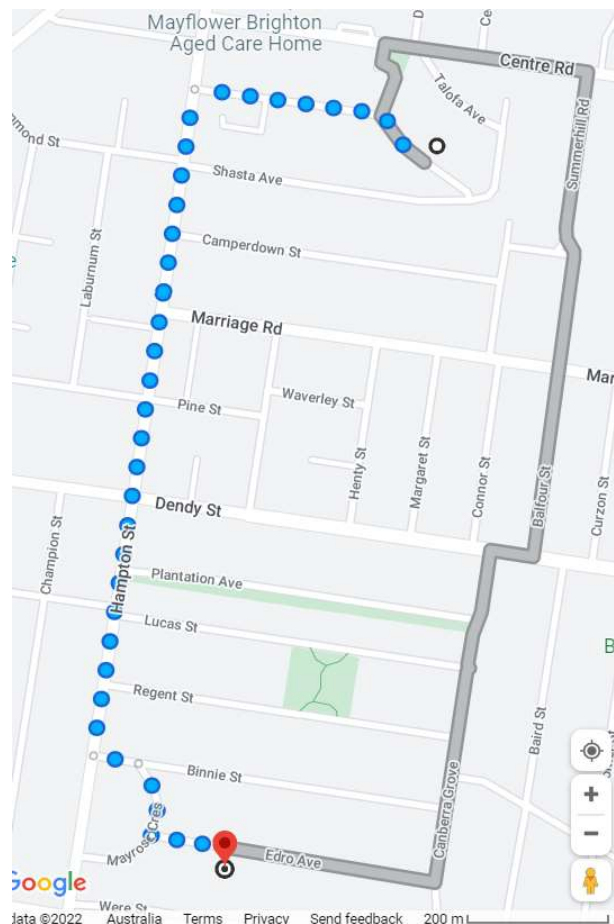
The other memory I have of Shirley, Sandra and myself is that we all attended ballet classes taught by Ms Marjorie Clark. Marjorie Clark's ballet studio was located upstairs on the corner of Wilson Street and Church Street. I enjoyed learning to dance but I think that I found it difficult to keep up with these classes for some reason and left after two years of lessons. I may have become overwhelmed by the piano lessons and also attending for a short while a gymnastics class that used bar bells and hoops etc. However, both Shirley and Sandra remained with this ballet school. Sandra reached a high degree of skill in the ballet world and danced with The Borovansky Ballet Company and later on The Australian Ballet Company.

I used to come to ballet by bus and near the bus stop there was a milk bar from which I always bought my favourite lollies with any pennies I may have had, up to three pence, while I waited for the bus to come to take me home. Milk bars and corner shops have virtually been lost these days. They were a "mind-boggling treasure trove of trays crammed with a vast variety of loose lollies". Some of my favourite lollies and bars were musk sticks, bananas, Fruit Tingles, Aniseed Jelly Liquorice Delight, Aussie Conversation Hearts, Minties and Kool Mints, Violet Crumble, Cherry Ripe, Polly Waffles and Peppermint Crush. However, as the saying goes, "I have always had a sweet tooth," fostered by lots of cake and biscuit eating for morning and afternoon teas in my childhood.

Another thing I remember is that Auntie Dorrie was always making tutus and other show dresses for the various concerts in which Sandra and Shirley were participating. The making of a tutu always fascinated me as often some of these costumes were hanging in the bedrooms waiting to be finished. The ballet students were all ages from approximately 5 years to 18 years and so there were different levels of expertise. The whole concert program included everyone whether they were first year students to more experienced students who

performed in more difficult dancing. One popular dance performed at most concerts was a German Folk Dance. This dance was danced in traditional German folk dresses for the girls and in short pants with braces for the girls who were dancing as boys. There was much slapping of partners, clapping of hands and stamping of feet on the floor in an expressive, rhythmical manner which acted as percussive accompaniment to the traditional folk music.

Now and again, I also visited the other cousin near my age, David Bingham, who lived in Edro Avenue, Hampton, which was further up from the grocery shop (see map). I only remember playing cricket against the garage door up the driveway. I also remember David had a Meccano set which I loved playing with and a pianola in the lounge room on which I played their piano rolls. As I have written about before, the Bingham families often got together for our birthday parties and holidays on a small farm in Officer, in guesthouses in Sherbrook, Marysville and Warburton. In another chapter of my stories, I have written about these adventures.



My walking or biking route to visit cousin David Bingham in Edro Ave

Chapter 15: Who were your grandparents?

Thomas Alexander BINGHAM – was born in 1871 in Sebastopol, Victoria, Australia. He died in 1957 in Swan Hill, Victoria, Australia.

Margaret Patience MURRAY – was born in 1871 in Clunes, Victoria, Australia. She died in 1929 in South Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.

Tom and Margaret were married in 1895 in Cambrian Hill, Victoria. They had the following children:

- Three babies who died early and are buried in Creswick Cemetery, Victoria.
- Thomas Alexander Bingham – born 3rd June, 1901 in Allendale, Victoria.
- David William Bingham – born on July 8th, 1908 in Allendale, Victoria.
- Jessie May Bingham – born in 1903 in Allendale, Victoria, Australia. She died July 17, 1936.
- Allen Clifton Bingham – born June 1st, 1910, in Allendale, Victoria. He died in 1997.

Dave has recounted how ...

The ‘old man’ used to boast that the day he and my mother, Margaret, were married it was declared a holiday in the town (Allendale). This will give you some idea of what a two-faced bastard he was. I’m sure that my grandfather, old George, in leaving the business to my father had in mind that he was really leaving it to my mother who ran the business for practically all the years I can remember as my father was always away on some camping, shooting or fishing trip or under the guise of delivering furniture to Warrnambool or some other distant place. Always the good trips would be his, sometimes for a month or more on end.

Dave continues his description of his father as:

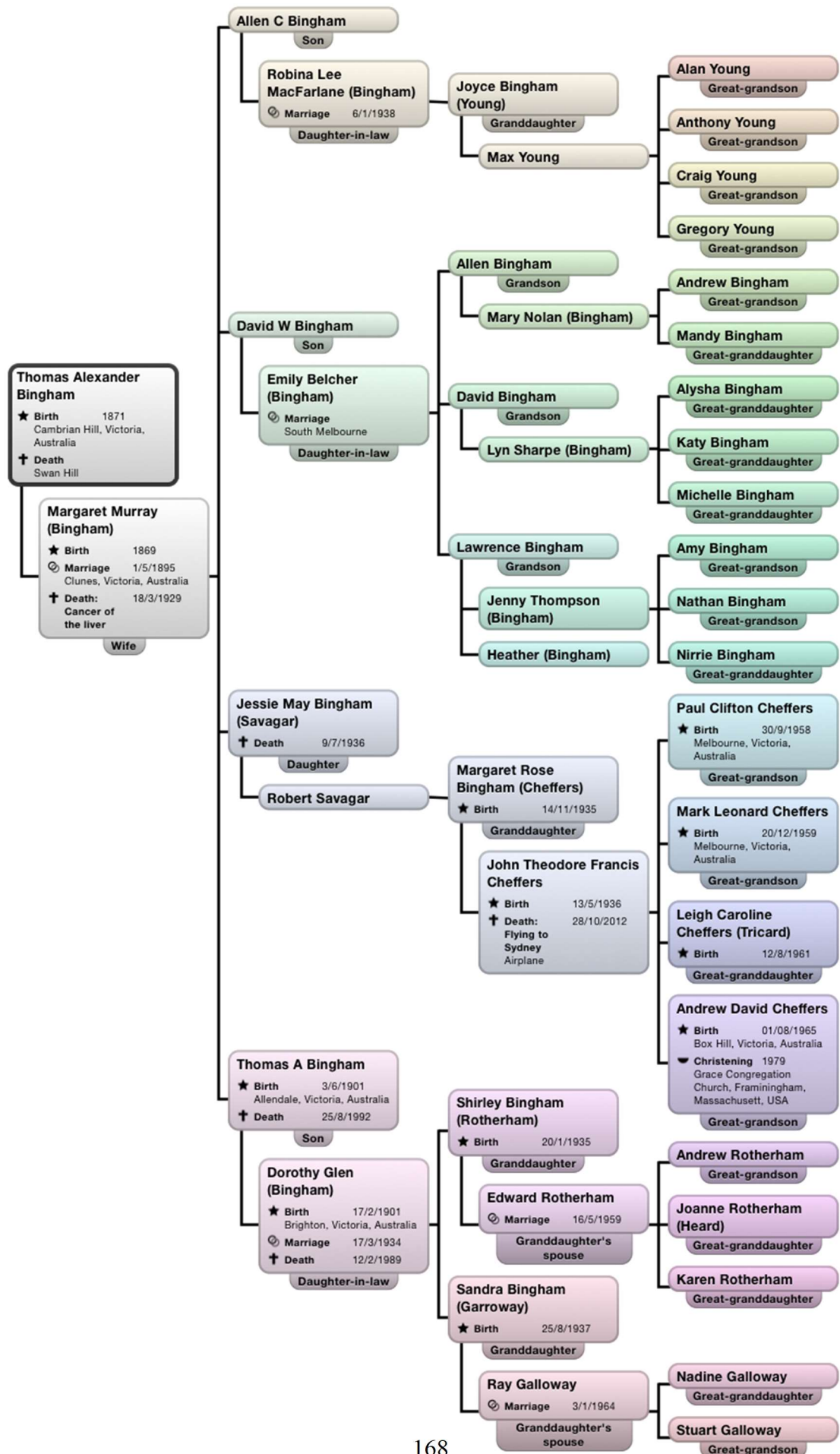
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Dr. Jekyll to everyone around town and Mr. Hyde to his family and, especially, to his wife, whose life he made a perfect misery; coming home drunk, abusing her for no reason at all and dissatisfied about everything. My mother normally had a maid to help her in the house which was nicely kept. In fact, everything was really neat and tidy. A thirteen-year-old cousin, working for my mother, told me in later years how the old man tried to screw her, and this would be about his normal conduct.

Even though Margaret Patience Bingham’s sons, Tom, David, and Allen and daughter Jessie adored their mother, Tom wrote very little about his mother. This is just an extract from Tom’s book, *‘Life and Times of Thomas Alexander Bingham’*, that mentions his mother when he was describing his memories of life. However, we have more expansive description from Uncle Dave’s book, *‘Food for Thought’*.

I never met either my grandfather or grandmother as Margaret Patience died in 1929 and my grandfather Thomas Alexander Bingham had been driven away from the family home because of domestic violence sometime in the 1920s. He died in 1957 in Swan Hill, which is located on the Victorian side of the Murray River. As to my grandmother, her death in 1929 preceded my birth. However, as my grandfather had been pushed away from his family because of family violence, I was unaware of his existence and my generation of Bingham cousins were under the impression that he had died.

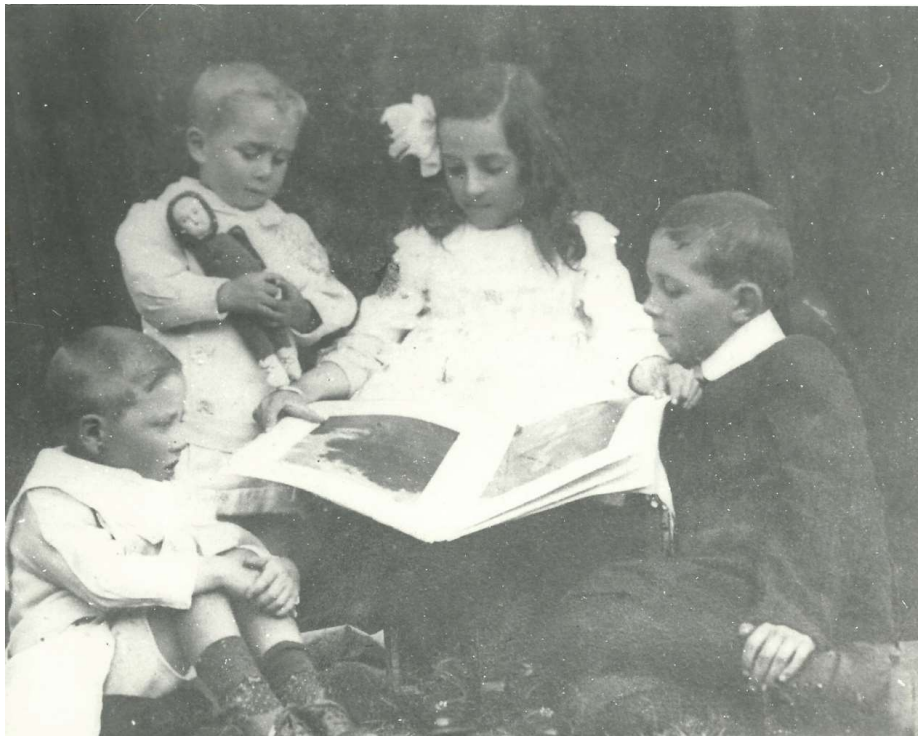
However, when I was about 20-years-old, I answered the phone in the lounge room of our 12 Rookwood Street, North Balwyn house and a policeman asked to speak to Allen Bingham, my father, in regard to the death of his father, Thomas Alexander Bingham, much to my surprise. I related this to my cousins later and they were amazed having thought he had died before they were born.

Thus, I have relied on stories written by my uncles Dave and Tom in their memoirs of their times about my grandmother and grandfather. I must at this point in their story make note of the fear and loathing of Tom, Dave and Allen had of their father because of his treatment of the family, especially their mother. In this story I will refer to Thomas Alexander Bingham as TAB. Below is a family tree of Thomas Alexander Bingham.





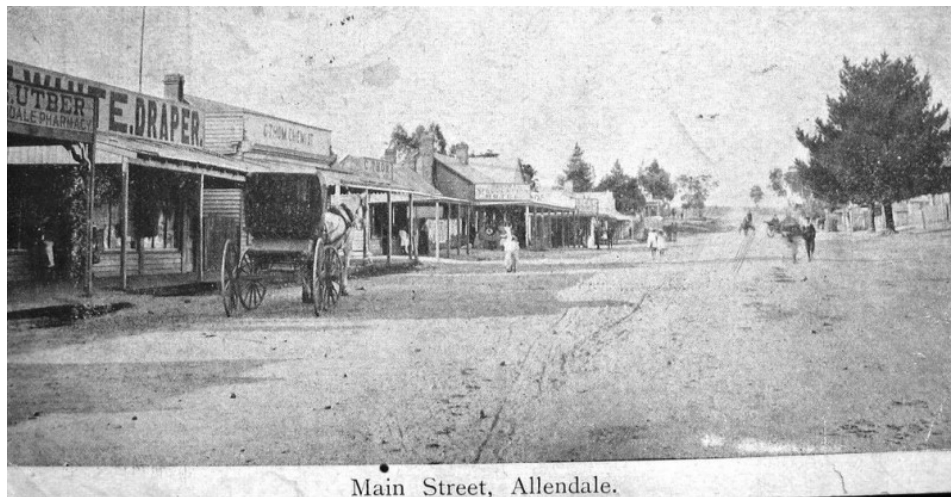
Studio photo of Tom and Jessie – around 1906



Studio photo of Tom, David, Allen and Jessie reading a book to them – around 1912

Life for Margaret and Thomas Bingham in Allendale, Victoria

Allendale in 1901 was a small town near Ballarat. It was a busy mining town totally sustained by gold mines in the area – the Berry Leads. TAB 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. He had big stables and a hay shed, a chaff cutter on a second floor, which was lined with galvanized sheet iron under the chaff cutter to store the chaff.



Main Street of Allendale, Victoria – circa 1907



Margaret standing beside an old Allendale sign – 2018

Uncle Tom gave Dad (Allen) two very clear photos of his father Tom Bingham and mother. I wonder who took the photos because they are very good. Could it have been a professional photo taken as an advertisement for the business or one taken by a Newspaper Photographer for the Ballarat or Creswick Newspaper?



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.

Dave has described his father's business as ...

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

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

For this kind of business operation TAB needed a number of young men in the 17 to 18-year age group to be part of the operation. There are some interesting little memories of their mother that Dave recounts:

My mother used to cook breakfast for some of them in the morning, probably about 9.30am when all the lorries and trucks and vehicles had left the premises. I remember

her very clearly laughing and recalling that one morning she asked one of them whose name was “Jack” ‘How many eggs do you want Jack?’ and he said, ‘I don’t know.’ So, she kept on cooking eggs till Jack had had enough. She always used to tell us over the years that Jack ate 13 eggs that morning. That’s quite a record. But he was a tall, thin fellow who used to have us kids around his shoulders and we thought he was a great fellow and probably he was, too.



Margaret Patience Bingham (nee Murray) in her youth and later in life

Uncle Tom continues to recount his memories of his mother and father:

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. I remember my mother singing hymns around the fire especially the hymn, ‘*Onward Christian Soldiers, Marching as to War, With the Cross of Jesus*’ and ‘*I’m a little candle burning bright in the night. You in your small corner and I in mine*’. Nights in Allendale in the winter were bitterly cold. I can't remember where the adults bathed.

He also remembers that she always had a garden bed of flowers and herbs.

Uncle Dave further wrote:

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, 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 made short lengths of chain.

Uncle Dave also refers to a Bill Lawther, a cousin living in Allendale, who was remembered as a prankster and would get into trouble often.

When Bill was in trouble, he would seek out Aunty Margaret who would hide him under the bed and swear she had never seen him when an irate policeman would call. My mother loved kids and kids loved her. In later years, cousin George, who became a very successful businessman, told me that the kids loved our mother better than their own and from what I can remember I didn't blame them.

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

About 25 years ago, I received a cutting from the Ballarat paper, I think it was *The Courier*, which referred to this incident of some 25 years earlier. There was no acknowledgement of the sender. It highlighted the story of a roan horse called Sailor that had just died in Ballarat and it had been a shaft horse for one of the fire engines and it mentioned it was bred in Allendale. Well, Sailor belonged to my father and was bred there and trained by him.

Dave goes on to recount that ...

... a blacksmith whose name was Tolliday working at the company to which Dave was apprenticed told him that his father and TAB had a partnership called Bingham and Tolliday. They partnered as a carrying business.

Life for Margaret and Thomas Bingham in Leeton, NSW

The reason why the family left what seemed to be a very successful carting business in Allendale to settle in Leeton, New South Wales, was because the miners in the Berry Leads were unable to control the water inside the mines and also because the gold in that area may have been petering out and people were leaving this small town. When it was clear that the family had to move on, Dave recounts that his father ...

... in company of at least one or two other Allendale people had gone on tour looking for a suitable place to shift to and at least two or three elected to move on and take up farms in the Murrumbidgee Irrigation area just opening up.

After everything had been finalized in Allendale, the great trek to Leeton began. TAB had gone previously before the family came up to Leeton to set up a home in the irrigation area of Leeton. This meant that Margaret, Allen and Dave went by train to Yanco.

While on the train Dave recounts that he got train sick and their mother held him out of the door on the platform between the carriage over the couplings while he vomited on to the tracks. They arrived at Yanco about midday which was at the end of the line in those days. TAB was there to meet them with a lorry, which he had previously driven from Allendale. The luggage was loaded, and they sat on the butts of chaff and drove for several hours, first to Leeton and then out to the farm which consisted of 60 acres of land which was irrigatable.

Unfortunately, for the Bingham family TAB didn't take the offer of the NSW Government to build a house as TAB didn't agree with having a long-term debt around his neck and, therefore, the family lived in tents.

Dave describes the land as:

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

As the land had to be cleared of some of the big trees. Tommy Bingham was able to achieve this task by blowing out the trees with gelignite. He had great ambition and

selected a site for a home to be built which was fenced in and large amounts of gravel was used to create a kind of courtyard, and extra buildings were built around it.

Dave attests that he was 5 years-old when he and his brothers had to drive the horses to enable harrowing of the ploughed ground. Of course, TAB still had some of his good working horses to pull the plough and harrower, but can you imagine these very young boys driving these horses to till their land. Tommy Bingham had been running a transport business, but he had been trained. He was also a reasonably good blacksmith and a very efficient farrier.

In the meantime, great activity was taken to lay out the farm for irrigation and to grow on the front block 4-5 acres of citrus, and the next paddock about 8 acres of peaches and grapes. The immediate income seems to be from growing vegetables on about 2 acres at the entrance of the property

However, Tom and David even ages 7 and 5 were roped in to help with the driving the horses to plough, harrow and planting. Because this particular piece of land could not be irrigated, water had to be carried from the nearest channel in 40 gallon kerosene tins to keep the vegetables watered. According to Dave (and I would agree) this task “was just one hell of a slavery job for kids”.

Continuing on, Dave recalls:

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

Anyway, they saved a few things but practically everything was burnt, and I remember Allen and I were taken to spend the next night or two at the McCormacks. I think before this a start had been made on the house which was a pretty rough job. The building that Tommy with helpers put up was made with round timber and the walls were the pine scantlings or pine pieces left over from a sawmill somewhere near at hand. They were sawn one side, the idea to put the bark outside and then covering the holes up by putting another of the waste pieces on the inside, bringing the two flat folding doors, a type I hardly ever remember having seen since. Where that came from Lord only knows but they had the advantage of being able to open right up to get a draft through the place.

This is how Uncle Tom described the dwelling:

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.

We had a couple of foals and, sometimes in the summer time, these foals would come in if the double doors were open and lick up any sugar around and, in fact, would come in and put their heads over our shoulders while we were having our porridge and have a go at that too.

I have included here my father's (Allen Bingham) memories of his childhood which he recounted to me when he lived in Bairnsdale.

Allen and his brothers, Tom and David, cared very deeply for their mother who was a gentle woman but was constantly abused by their father who was forever criticizing her even though she kept the family together and was a great model of behaviour as has been described by Tom and David in their memories of their early life. Her life with their father was one of toil and torment until her sons were able to take their mother away from their father at a later time when they lived in Melbourne.

I recommend anyone who is interested in reading about this family's progression from abject poverty to success in building a business in engineering food machinery, they read '*Food for Thought*' by David William Bingham and '*Life and Times of Thomas Alexander Bingham*' by Thomas Alexander Bingham. Allen also published a book of photographs of all the machines that were made by D.W. Bingham & Sons.

It seems that the family left Allendale when Allen was 3 years old. They apparently left a nice house and a carting business because residents of Allendale were leaving the gold fields because of lack of gold. Tom Bingham carted between Allendale and Ballarat (all of this is surmised from one of the photos).

The family then went to Leeton, NSW, situated on the Murrumbidgee River where the NSW Irrigation Trust was giving 50-60 acres of land to those who applied for it. The idea was that they grow peaches and other fruits to sell to the peach cannery at Leeton. The family stayed in Leeton for seven years and when Allen was 10, his

mother, Margaret, and Tom, Dave, Allen, and Jessie came to Melbourne to live at Middle Park.

The seven years living in Leeton were ones of great hardship for everyone in the family. The NSW Irrigation Trust did build homes for the people that took up the land, but because Tom Bingham did not want to have a considerable debt, he did not accept the offer. Thus, for about two to three years the family lived in two tents, one was for the kitchen and living area and the other the sleeping area. One vivid memory Allen had of this time was when he opened the flap dividing the kitchen from the bedroom to look or go into the kitchen area he saw that the tent was aflame. Everyone was safe but all their household possessions were lost in the fire. Allen seems to remember staying with another family who lived nearby for a short while. The “Old Man” then must have procured from somewhere a lot of timber. He used this to build a shelter which was to be the stables and the family lived in these stables for the next four years. The memory he has of the “stables” is that none of the wood used to cover the frame fitted and, therefore, allowed very strong draughts to enter the house so that it was sometimes hard to keep things from blowing on to the floor. He also remembers an opening for a window being made in a wall and no cover ever being attached to keep out the heat or the cold or flies.

As the farm was irrigated, there was a canal running at the back of their house. These canals emptied into a swamp. One of Allen’s chores was to look after some ducks that they had. As the ducks were allowed to swim in the canal during the day, they tended to end up in the swamp by evening, Allen, who was a little frightened of the dark, would have to walk 2-3 miles to the swamp to catch the ducks and scurry them across the fields back to their duck house before dark. They also had hens, but they had a certain tree in which they used to roost.

They did grow peaches, but Allen doesn’t remember them selling any of them to the Leeton Cannery. They also grew watermelon because Allen remembers taking his turn to sell them at the roadside. He also remembers that one day he was asked by a man who wanted to buy one were they ripe. Allen did not know how to tell whether they were ripe. With the result that the man took a small sample out of every melon and put it back until he found one to his satisfaction. Poor Allen got into a lot of trouble over that. He also remembers they grew grapes because he had to break up the ground around the vines.

Thomas Bingham was a very hard worker. He had started out as a carrier (as the advertisement says in the photo) carrying people and goods to Ballarat and back. When the family moved to Leeton, he had obviously done a lot of start-up work to get the small orchard to production—a great amount of back-breaking work. However, the fact he had at least three draft horses (one was a chestnut called Blossom who was the leader of the team, another one may have been a black horse called Duke). It is possible that he used these horses to plough the ground at the farm in Leeton. Tom had had a great deal of experience at looking after horses and certainly would have

used this knowledge to his benefit. The horses were also used to carry goods into Leeton, too. As far as the horses were concerned, they were treated very well because they were essential to the livelihood of the family. Allen's father also set himself up as blacksmith. Allen has vivid memories of being the person who worked the bellows (to him they were an enormous size and seemed to stretch a long way from the fire). He also had to hammer the nails on the anvil—his "old man" was always urging him to hit harder and longer.

Allen's memory of his father as a child of less than ten was of someone very severe and, consequently, he was scared of his father. Allen admits that he was a hard-working man, but he also said that he would disappear for long lengths of time, leaving his family to fend for themselves when he, presumably, was drinking in some nearby town. Allen remembers one of these times when his father was absent and the family had very little food, his mother asked Allen to go and ask a neighbour whether she could spare some jam so that they could have some jam for their only food – bread.

This is how Uncle Tom continues in his story of life for him and the family:

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 pigs on the Friday before Saturday Market Day and clean and dress them to be sold at the stall.

Uncle Tom goes on to relate how the family had to contend with a drought, a rabbit plague, fighting a bush fire burning near their property, a serious swine fever epidemic, cockatoos and parrots attacking seeded paddocks and a terrible mouse plague which infested their dwelling. Can you imagine, my granddaughters, your great grandmother managing these crises? To me it seems these experiences would be almost insurmountable. Here is a mother who is enduring great suffering but can still be caring of her children and humankind as we read in Uncle Tom's memories of that time.

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 Huckaback 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.

Uncle Tom continues on to relate how and why Tom and Margaret sold the farm and moved to Melbourne.

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.

Life for the Bingham Family in Melbourne

After the farm was sold, Margaret was determined to move to Melbourne where Tom, Dave, Allen and Jessie could get better schooling and she could be closer to her sisters. They stayed for the first couple of nights at the Salvation Army Hostel in King Street and then lived with their Aunt Mary and Aunt Liz where the boys picked up small handyman jobs. As their mother was appalled at some of the slums in South Melbourne, she eventually settled for three rooms and the use of the kitchen on the 2nd floor of No. 3 Dundas Place, Albert Park. Allen and Dave began school at Middle Park State School where they quickly made headway and after they both successfully passed an entrance examination to South Melbourne Technical School. Both were able to attend this Technical school and both did well in their chosen engineering paths in the next few years.

Later on, their father bought a house in 75 Hambleton St., Middle Park and this was quite a nice home. It had three bedrooms, dining room, kitchen and bathroom and a bungalow at the back which suited the boys for sleeping quarters and a place to mess about building radios and such. It was a very nice street and they soon settled and had quite nice neighbours with a number of children about their own ages.

Dave notes:

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

Whilst we were in Hambleton Street, one morning our mother heard a voice coming from the roof, just outside the kitchen door, and on investigation found a Galah up there singing out "Hello, George," and Mum, somehow, with the help of some steps, got up and caught the galah by wrapping her apron around him and keeping it in the kitchen until we came home. Well George became a member of the family and quickly mastered the call of Mum to the dog, Tim, and it was really something to see him looking innocent and leering at the cat and dog when they came past his cage in answer to the summons. George would sit on his perch and say in a very confidential voice, "Come on, scratch cocky".

Another incident that frightened my mother was there was rioting and looting on when there was a Police strike. Our mother had a very frightening experience when

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

The boys continued to advance on to other jobs that gave them scope to learn engineering and use those skills to tinker with small projects and on to making the wire cages for lamp shades and wire catches on overalls which they sold.

Tom recalls:

It was after the family came down to Melbourne when 'the old man' could not find a steady 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. 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 in 1957. We paid for his funeral. Mother had a quiet life for a few years. She contracted cancer of the liver and died on 18 March 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."

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. Huckaback 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.

Chapter 16: What makes you happy?

GOD'S GARDEN

By Dorothy Frances Gurney

THE Lord God planted a garden
In the first white days of the world,
And He set there an angel warden
In a garment of light enfurled.

So near to the peace of Heaven,
That the hawk might nest with the wren,
For there in the cool of the even
God walked with the first of men.

And I dream that these garden-closes
With their shade and their sun-flecked sod
And their lilies and bowers of roses,
Were laid by the hand of God.

The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth,--
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth.

For He broke it for us in a garden
Under the olive-trees
Where the angel of strength was the warden
And the soul of the world found ease.

These 4 lines of the poem, written by Dorothy Frances Gurney, were pinned up on the inside of a door of a cupboard in the kitchen at 12 Rookwood Street, North Balwyn, a suburb of Melbourne in Victoria, Australia, where I lived as a teenager:

The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth,--
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth.

It must have been a favourite ditty of my mother's and over many years I have copied and found these four lines above as a print, a linen embroidery, indented on stone and as a brass plaque for either outside in the garden or inside in the kitchen.

From a small child, I have had a recurring interest in gardening. When I was primary school age, I lived in a suburb of Melbourne called East Brighton at 33 Bright Street. The house was a very modest stucco-brick building that had 3 bedrooms, a lounge room with an open fire, a dining room, a bathroom, a largish kitchen with a wood stove, a porcelain sink, and a

kitchen table. The kitchen door led to a back veranda that had a laundry at one end where a copper boiler was built and concrete troughs and a mangle in the trough. The front garden was mostly a buffalo lawn that my father mowed with a push mower and a privet hedge that hid a wire front fence. The front gate opened onto a concrete pathway that led to the front veranda and front door. A path also went down the side of the house to the garage and the back gate and into the back garden where the outside toilet was situated.

The back garden had an enormous pear tree, two plum trees and beds for vegetables. There were two verandas, front and back. On the side of the front veranda, there was a Mirror Bush which was perfect for a hideout when playing “hide and seek.” Hide and seek was a frequent game played in our front and back gardens with friends from up and down Bright Street. There was a garden on either side of the path down the driveway to the garage. Two hollyhocks grew in a small section by the back gate where my mother would grow Iceland poppies every year.

Almost weekly, my mother would arrange a vase of flowers for the lounge room. She was able to use anything that was growing in the garden. When the poppies were in flower in the spring, they were used for indoor flower arrangements. However, before they were arranged in the vase, the stems were singed with the flames from the gas stove. For some reason, I remember those poppies because I was never able to successfully grow Iceland poppies myself in any of the gardens I looked after during my 80+ years. Perhaps I should grow them in pots for this coming spring just as a memory of Beanie, my mother.

When we moved to 12 Rookwood St., North Balwyn, to a house that my father, Allen, built after the 2nd World War, he designed the front and back gardens. He was heavily influenced by his recent trip to America. He was proud of the dogwood tree and blue spruce he planted in the front garden as both trees were not commonly grown in Australia at the time.



12 Rookwood St., North Balwyn

A beautiful lavender wisteria grew on the pergola above the front porch. Below is a photo taken on my wedding day of me on the front porch. As I was married in the summer on January 20, 1958, and the wisteria blooms in spring, there were no flowers.



Margaret holding pale pink waterlilies on the porch of 12 Rookwood St., North Balwyn –
January 20, 1958 on her wedding day

The back yard was mostly lawn as the family used to play very competitive croquet on it even though there was a slight slope. We had to hit the croquet ball hard up the incline towards the next hoop. My father also built a brick playhouse in the centre of the back wooden paling fence. My sister and I were born 7 years apart and we both played in that cubby house with our current friends at primary school age for Joyce and middle-high school for me.

A particular memory of that playhouse was when I was out with my boyfriend at night and I didn't make my father's curfew of 11 pm in time and got locked out of the house. I was eighteen at the time so was not considered an adult as the adult age at that time was 21. When no one came to let me in, I went up to the playhouse and stayed in there for the night. My parents got anxious during the night about my whereabouts and called my boyfriend, but I wasn't with him. In the morning I walked into the back door and told them where I had slept for the night. I don't know who was the most annoyed, me or my parents. Even though

my father had an influence on the plantings in that garden, my mother did the weeding and annual planting of petunias. He cut the grass in the backyard with a push mower.

The first garden for which I was personally responsible was a garden at a house in Katrina St, North Blackburn, a suburb of Melbourne. My husband and I bought this recently built three-bedroom house when we moved from a very basic shack-like group of buildings in Plumrae, Canterbury, a suburb of Melbourne. The land and house came with no garden, paths, or front fence etc., thus, it was very basic.

In the 50s and 60s, wives mostly did not go to work after they were married and mainly looked after the family doing domestic duties, and, if you were garden minded, it was up to you to physically dig up soil, plant bushes and flowers, etc. and basically design the garden during the week days. I must admit that this duty was my solace when 4 children close in age were getting into all kinds of mischief. It was not a chore for me, but a retreat. The main feature was a rock garden that became the front fence. Below is a fading photo of Andrew, my youngest son, in the front yard of 33 Katrina St, North Blackburn.



Andrew sitting at the back of the rock garden. The Volkswagen sedan is up the drive

In 1968, John, was coaching the Coburg Harriers, a woman's track and field club. He had a great interest in the Olympics and applied to become the track coach for the Rhodesian Team which was training to go to compete in the 1968 Mexico Olympics. As he was accepted, he left Australia to fly to Rhodesia, (now Zimbabwe). He was away for about 10 months and when he came back after attending the '68 Olympic Games in Mexico, he applied to Temple University for a graduate assistantship to study all aspects of physical education. He was successful and the family moved to Philadelphia so he could commence his graduate studies.

This was a crazy thing to do as we sold our house in Katrina Street to fund the move and to live for a year in USA.

For a couple and four children we only had about 5,000 pounds along with the \$2,500 John got from the university for helping out with the teaching of the undergraduates and also for

being a lifeguard at the Temple pool. After successfully completing his graduate degree, he stayed on to do a Doctor of Education. For the next two years we lived on his stipend of \$6,000, the per annum amount for a Teaching Associate. I believe we were below the poverty line during these three years. The schooling of our kids was also a problem in all the places we lived, and I could write reams again about this also. We managed to get through, financially, somehow, these three years while John was at Temple University.

From September 1969 to May 1972, we lived in three properties in Philadelphia: Bala Cynwyd, Overlook and Glenolden in Pennsylvania. I only remember keeping the gardens maintained. After John had successfully completed a Doctor of Education and was to be employed by Boston University in the School of Education as a Lecturer in Physical Education, we moved to Framingham, Massachusetts, 25 miles west of Boston. At first, we rented a house on Waverley Street, Framingham, just on the border of Ashland, the next town.

After John had attained tenure at Boston University, we bought our first house in Framingham because our children were already attending primary, middle and high schools in that town. We bought what was called a Victorian Colonial which had been built in 1907. This house was a two storied house with an attic and a basement. It had quite nice gardens, front and back and a long drive up to a double garage. Two largish rhododendrons and a mountain laurel bush grew in front of a front porch entrance to front door. A large maple tree shaded the front lawn. This tree was a brilliant yellow in the autumn. Down one side was a hedge of white flowered hydrangeas, a very big sycamore tree and two blue spruces. The back garden had the most beautiful pink magnolia tree. We always knew if spring was early or late by when the magnolia tree came out in flower.



Family posing with Hans, the dog, in front of the pink magnolia tree in back yard of 12 Otis St., Framingham, MA. USA



John and Margaret on front steps of 12 Otis St., Framingham, MA



Margaret with white hydrangeas and 12 Otis Street, Framingham house in background

In 1984 an opportunity came for John to apply for a position as Executive Director at the Australian Institute of Sport (AIS), which is located in Canberra, Australia. He was successful and the family made arrangements to move back to Australia. We sold our Otis Street, Framingham house to an organization which bought residences to house young people with disabilities. We were happy with the sale and, as the Institute was going to pay for our move, we had to pack up furniture and goods, etc. I will admit that I lost control of what was sent to Australia as there were three floors to our house and everything in the house was sent. If we had been paying for such a move, we would have moved less furniture, for instance.

The Institute paid for the family to fly over the Pacific to Canberra. However, as I wanted to spend six weeks in England, Scotland and Greece, we were able to change our tickets to an airflight flying from Logan Airport, Boston to Prestwick, Scotland, then leaving from Gatwick, London, to Athens, Greece, and from there to Sydney, Australia.

In the meantime, John had bought a house in Murrumbateman, NSW, 45 minutes' drive from Canberra. I was always wary of John buying houses when I was not there to help make the decision. He usually bought houses because they looked grand, and not very practical. Yes, this house was big, and it had 5 acres of land. It was a homestead type of house, U-shaped, and had a covered veranda all the way round. It was built on a slope so the back entrance was higher than the front. You drove up a long driveway to the back entrance and you walked up some stairs to a back porch that had two large bedrooms on each side and into a kitchen. From the kitchen you walked into a general-purpose family room to either side of the U. On the left side of the U was another bedroom before you walked through a bathroom into a very big room that could become a separate apartment. If you turned right to the other side of the family room, there was a lounge room with an open fireplace and further down the hallway was another bedroom, a bathroom and then another large bedroom. This house had sliding doors from each room which meant you could walk out of each room to the veranda. The previous owners of our house named it Girrawheen (it's an aboriginal name that means "place of flowers").

Gardens surrounded the house and down to the entrance gate. The people who built this house had owned a nursery that had to be sold because of the death of a member of that household. I think they had planted trees that had been left unsold in this piece of land. When we moved in there were many silver birch trees planted around the house, especially in front of the two-car garage. This we called the silver birch grove. Underneath naturalized daffodils flowered profusely every winter, so much so I was able to give a young teenager, who worked for me in the garden, quite a few bunches to sell on Daffodil Day. (Young men were quite happy to come and do the grunt work in the garden for a reasonable per hour rate. Most of them were very handy young people and were able to mow the grass with a ride-on mower, clip the hedges with a battery hedge clipper and also do many other chores inside and outside the house.)

Other bulbs that came up in that grove were grape hyacinths, Spanish bluebells and jonquils. I planted different daffodils in other parts of the garden in the years I lived there. Most of the silver birch in other areas of the garden did not survive as we went through a drought that

lasted for a couple of years. I made many changes to the garden in plantings of trees. After I had vowed not to grow any more roses than was already in a dedicated rose bed, I planted a line of roses called Seduction in front of a hedge in the front garden. They always bloomed profusely.



Wattle in flower



Birch grove with daffodils



Seduction Rose in Venetian Vase



Standard Seduction Rose at Girrawheen

I estimated that the garden made up about 1-1/2 acres. None of the 5 acres were fenced when we moved in and large parts of the garden were infested with weeds. We fenced off part of the land where there was a large dam (pond) and this made a large paddock. In the years after, that paddock was grazed by horses, cows and sheep. We only owned about 4 sheep and after they had gone, we allowed people to agist their horses or sheep to keep the grass down.

Because we did not want to hand water by dragging a hose around to areas of the garden that needed water, over time my son, Andrew, and I created quite an extensive irrigating system that sprayed large parts of the garden. We, luckily, had found some underground water and we had a bore (well) and so built this irrigation system around that. When the dam was full of water, we could use that also. The paddock had three very large grey box eucalyptus trees for animals to rest underneath and also a line of golden conifers next to the perimeter fence where the animals could find cover.

One area of the garden near the entrance gate that we called The Grandchildren's Park was planted with native trees and bushes such as eucalyptus and acacia. Each grandchild planted their own tree and you have to remember that we had 16 grand children at that time. During this time, nearly all of the John Cheffers' family were together for a Cheffers' reunion in July 2008 which also was held because it was the 50th Golden Wedding Anniversary for John and Margaret Cheffers. Both my daughter, Leigh, and my son, Mark, were living in the USA and they brought most of their children with them to the reunion. Mark had 10 children and Leigh had 3 children. Along with my youngest son, Andrew's two children (David and Alex) and Paul's one son, Kye, this made for 16 grandchildren.

They were housed at my house and with a very good friend who lived down the road, Jean Roberts. On the reunion day, friends and relatives gathered at the restaurant at the Shaw Winery that was just up the street from our house. As the Cheffers families very rarely got together for Christmas due to distance, the menu was a Christmas in July lunch. After our pizza aperitifs and beef or lamb roast and speeches and table wine for the lunch, we came back to Girrawheen for dessert and more wine and drinks. The whole affair was very memorable.

Another feature of the garden was an interesting rockery area. From time to time, as plants died, they were replaced by different bulbs and small native bushes. Yes, as in previous times, the garden was my retreat where I could create a palate of different colours to paint my own paintings. John, as usual, had bought a place that was in many ways impractical, but I loved it and it was a kind of Heaven for me. I even loved the house which was big and hard to heat. I was able to furnish it with furniture we had brought from overseas and add to it other furniture that could make it practical and comfortable. By the time that I sold the house in 2016, it was quite a nice property. In my enjoyment of the garden, I'm afraid that I may have made it all too complicated and I would expect that large parts of the garden would not survive due to lack of water and care if newer owners were not into gardening. Sorry, but I really enjoyed myself looking after it when it belonged to John and me.

In 1987, John had found working for the Australian Institute of Sport had become a political football and had resigned because of a silly investigation which was about a contract for the purchase of rowing boats. Another contract bidder had complained that the bidding had been mishandled. The investigation came to nothing and John was cautioned on how much money he had spent on his office desk. He resigned, but because he had been granted three years' leave-of-absence from Boston University to take up the Institute position, he made arrangements to return to the School of Education when the three years in Australia was finished. Because the exchange rate was at a very low rate for Australia, we did not sell the house at that time and instead rented it when we returned to live in our only real estate asset in 2003 after John retired from Boston University. Just before we took up residency in Girrawheen again, a couple who rented the house held their wedding in a tent in the front garden. It was a great house for big gatherings as we ourselves had found over our time as owners.

The last large gathering was held after the funeral service for my husband at the Uniting Church in the Village of Murrumbateman. Many people came to the service and his interment in a grave in the Murrumbateman Cemetery. He had loved his house so much, that at some time he had been heard that he wished to be interned in the Murrumbateman Cemetery. The grounds of the house could be seen from his grave.

I continued to live with Paul, my eldest son, at Girrawheen for another four years. I was finding the upkeep of the house was a burden and I began upgrading the house for sale, and in 2016 I sold the house and moved to the Weston Creek area of Canberra which was close to where my youngest son and his family lived. I was lucky to buy a townhouse that had 3 bedrooms, a bathroom and an en-suite to the main bedroom and a 2-car garage. What was

advantageous was it had no steps and had been set up for a person who had mobility problems. Also, to my delight, it had small gardens on either side of the house and there was no lawn to mow. I couldn't believe my luck.

The layout of the gardens at Unit 6, 47 Foxall Street, Holder, ACT had been professionally designed by a previous owner. As you entered the wooden gate, there is a rose garden in which there are seven rose bushes that have been growing since they were planted by the landscape designer. I have only recognized the names of two of those rose bushes: Double Delight and The Peace Rose. The others I can only guess at. They have been growing for a number of years and their growth is vigorous and they flower profusely from spring to autumn.

On the other side of the house, the trees are mostly wattle trees and there are two camelias and two daphne bushes. The garden is enclosed with a pittosporum hedge and a large tree-like red robin photinia by the Streeton Drive garden gate. I have kept all the original bushes and trees except for cutting down two large trees: a casuarina tree and a eucalyptus. Here and there, I have added some small native plants and added daffodil bulbs where there was room.

I rely on an organic gardener called Robin to clip hedges, inspect the automatically irrigated parts of the garden and try to make the garden easy to maintain. However, pruning of hedges and roses and two fruit trees is still required. When I was looking to move to Canberra, I was prepared to just have a courtyard garden but was delighted to find a place that had some garden without lawn mowing.



Front courtyard rose garden at 6/47 Foxall St, Holder

Melbourne Botanical Gardens

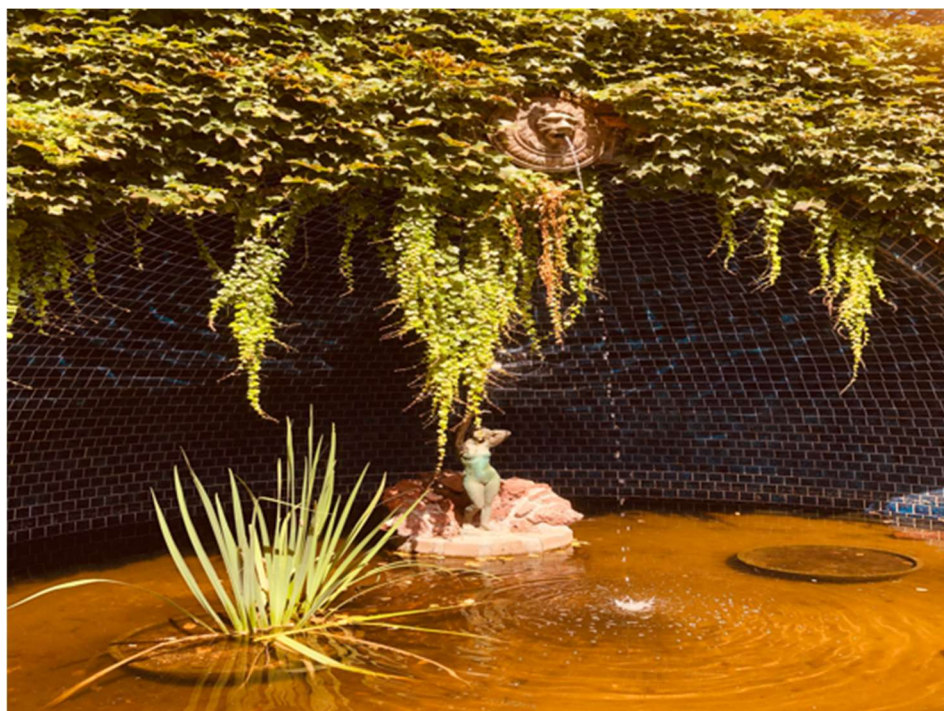
There are two gardens that I have walked through that made me feel that “One is nearer to God’s Heart than anywhere else on Earth .

Visiting the Melbourne Botanical Gardens in March 2020 and the Butchart Gardens in Victoria, Canada, in September 2011, were happy times for me.

The photos below show the Sunken Garden, which is found in the Melbourne Botanical Gardens.



The Sunken Garden in the Melbourne Botanical Gardens



In 2020, when I travelled to see my son, Mark, who was to be in Melbourne for a short while, I hired an electric scooter so as I could “mosey” around the downtown of Melbourne. My first job way back in 1960 had been as a secretary for a small baby clothes firm in Flinders Lane, a well-known street in the CBD. The most pleasant task I had to do each working day was to pick up the post from the Elizabeth Street Post Office twice daily, and this meant that I could window shop along the route I chose each day. My favourite route was to walk through to Collins Street and then go through the arcades that took you to Bourke Street, especially through the Royal Arcade where there were upmarket shops.

On another day I rode on the scooter in the direction of the Melbourne Botanical Gardens where I spent a very pleasant afternoon enjoying the sunshine and the beautiful old trees. I had memories of coming to the gardens as a child with my mother and her sisters, my much loved Scottish Aunties. I loved those gardens then and I still am in awe of them now. I have had a memory of a special place in the gardens then of a Sunken Garden and decided to see if it was still there to see. I was delighted to find what I believed to be the sunken garden of those days and the photos above attest to that.

The Butchart Gardens

At the end of September, 2011, at the end of a very enjoyable bus trip through the Canadian Rockies, the last part of this journey was to visit the very beautiful Butchart Gardens in Victoria, Canada. Due to my arthritic bones in my feet, I need to use a walker and thus would have had difficulty in negotiating all of the 5-acre gardens. I arranged for an electric scooter to be available for my convenience and so I was able to see all the different parts of the garden. I was in “7th Heaven” (whatever that means) during my ride along the paths in the garden. My enjoyment lasted two hours before we had to catch the bus back to a hotel in Vancouver for the night.

I took about 30 photos of these gardens. Just before I wrote about these gardens for this story, “What Makes You Happy,” I titled each one and transferred them from a CD into a document named “Butchart Gardens”. I am allowing myself 4 photos only for this part of my story. I would love to show all of them, but one has to be practical. I encourage anyone in Australia who is going to tour Canada to make sure you see the Butchart Gardens. If you enjoy seeing beautiful gardens do not miss this one!

Below is a history of how the gardens were created, taken from their website:

In 1904 Robert and Jennie Butchart, husband and wife, came from Ontario to settle on Vancouver Island to build a cement plant on a rich limestone deposit at Tod Inlet.

In 1912 as cement production exhausted the limestone deposits, Jennie envisioned landscaping a grand garden in its place and began transferring top soil by horse and cart. Little by little, the quarry blossomed into today’s Sunken Garden transforming the property for her family—and visitors—for generations to come.

Between 1906 and 1929, the Butcharts expanded The Gardens, designing the Japanese Garden on the seaside, the Italian Garden on their former tennis court and the fragrant, overflowing Rose Garden.

Beginning in 1977, great-grandson Christopher began producing a choreographed firework show every year. In 2009, his sister, and current owner of The Gardens, Robin, added the Children's Pavilion and Menagerie Carousel.

In 2004 Two Totem Poles were carved in Classic Coast Salish style by Master Carvers Charles Elliot of the Tsartlip Nation and Doug La Fortune of Tsawout Band, and dedicated on September 9th, 2004 not only to celebrate the 100th anniversary of The Butchart Gardens, but also in recognition of the rich cultural heritage provided by Indigenous peoples.

Today in 2020, The Butchart Gardens is a National Historic Site of Canada. You'll find remnants of the original cement plant and millions of bedding plants in over 900 varieties awaiting you as you wander The Gardens.



Protruding from its centre, a rock mound offers a lookout point of the Sunken Garden, while its walking path winds past the graceful Ross Fountain and peaceful Bog Garden.



The Rock Pool



An arbour of climbing roses, Butchart Gardens - 2011



Pink Waterlilies flowering in the still water of a rock pool, Butchart Gardens – 2011

Happiness is Family

Other moments that bring happiness are when I catch up with my children, and the children of their children – and now there are great grandchildren – through emails and other forms of communication when they live in different places in the world. Below is a photo of Mary Cheffers, my granddaughter who lives in Los Angeles and who works as a doctor in the ICU in the Los County Hospital, when I stopped in Los Angeles for two days in Los Angeles before I flew to Connecticut to stay with Leigh, my daughter in 2015. I had a delightful day with Mary.

Knowing that I love to see gardens, she drove me to the Huntington Gardens in Pasadena, Los Angeles. She also knows that I like to have a cup of tea, so we had high tea at the Tea Room in the Rose Garden of the Huntington. Mary is a very attractive woman and very accomplished and so I was not surprised when she married another doctor who was also working in the ICU, in 2019. Many of my older grandchildren were married that year and I was not able to attend any of their weddings, very much to my regret. Mary has since had a gorgeous baby girl called Grace. I remain hopeful of seeing my grandchildren who live in the United States once more.



Margaret and Mary, Huntington Gardens in Pasadena, Los Angeles - 2015

My Love of Classical Music

Listening to any popular classical music, whether it be from the great classical composers or a particularly melodic movie, is another delight for me. I have collected over the years many CDs of classical music, transferred them to an iPod which I listen to through the day. I also have been to many wonderful classical concerts played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in their concert hall in Boston that is well-known for its wonderful acoustics. My husband, John, and I both loved the classics and whenever we travelled to London or Paris attended a concert that was playing at that time. John also had subscriptions to at least two classical orchestras in Boston, one being the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the other, The Classical Concert Series. Before we moved to USA in 1969, we would often go to hear concerts in Melbourne and Canberra.

Chapter 17: What is the most eventful train journey you've ever taken?

I cannot write that the following story of a journey from Australia to USA and on to Rome where John was attending a Conference and then to Zagreb in Yugoslavia, to Sophia in Bulgaria, and then to Istanbul in Turkey and then back to Rome and finally back to Australia could be described as my favourite trip, but it certainly was an exceedingly interesting, revealing and mind-blowing event, especially as it was taken at a time, as the saying goes, "before the wall came down".

It was great in that it revealed clearly the difficulties of living in a Communist country in 1986. The people living behind the "Iron Curtain" survived in whatever way they could. The "Rules and Regulations" stifled innovation. I was truly impressed with how the people that we met during the following journey manoeuvred themselves through the labyrinth of their Communist masters' rules. We had a very brief glimpse of what it was like to live in countries that were governed by Communist ideology in 1986. The Soviet partition collapsed in November 1989, just three years after our visit to the Balkans.

World events often move fast, but it is hard to match the pace and power of change in 1989. It culminated in one of the most famous scenes in recent history - the fall of the Berlin Wall. The wall came down partly because of a bureaucratic accident but it fell amid a wave of revolutions that left the Soviet-led Communist bloc teetering on the brink of collapse and helped define a new world order. The meltdown of the Chernobyl Nuclear Reactor had occurred in April of 1989.

I typed up this story while working with the Word Processing Group at the Canberra Institute of Technology (CIT) in Reid, Canberra, in 1986. I probably would have got fired if the authorities had found out that I had been typing about this journey in work time but the other girls were all fascinated about some of the things that had happened to me while I had been in Europe. Few people owned computers in those days, but I did own a portable electric typewriter. Between word processing jobs in work hours, I would type a bit more of the story on the computer using the Wang word processing system. Unfortunately, when at 85 I began to answer questions I had been asked as it related to the story of my life, I could not find a copy of it on a floppy disk (remember those?) and had to retype my memories of this journey again in Word. I had kept a copy, though, in amongst old letters and other memories that I had typed since 1986.

December 1986 Trip Through Italy, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Turkey

Dear Friends:

We have had an eventful year in Australia. John resigned from his Australian Institute job. He could not get along with a new Board. As in these high profile jobs for a public company funded by the government, the way he was treated was very unsavoury. A big problem with the The Institute of Sport Board was that his former Board was replaced by the Minister of Sport, John Brown, who picked his political friends who certainly were not John's allies or

came anywhere near to understanding what he was trying to achieve. Anyway, he is out of that job and declares he will never work for the government again. Now he has a job with a company called Health Australia which is situated in Melbourne. He has been consulting with them and now is on their payroll. He introduced a Health Maintenance Package which is to go along with their Health Fund. This company is funded by Swiss Insurance and about 700 private hospitals in Melbourne.

Other members of the family are doing quite well. Paul decided to come to Australia for a while and is now living in Sydney and working for a computer development company. Mark and Grace had two lovely daughters. The oldest, who is nearly two years old is called Elizabeth Ann, and the youngest is about 18 weeks old and is called Mary Loretta. Of course, Elizabeth is a dear little girl and quite advanced for her age. Mark and Grace and family are still living and working in Sydney. Leigh is working for a domestic airline called Australian Airlines and is still skating and even competing sometimes. Andrew is continuing with his schooling in electronics at the CIT in Bruce and works for Tidbinbilla Deep Space Tracking Station, south of Canberra. AWA Australia run it for NASA USA. Last year they helped track the Voyager II as it passed Uranus and also checked Halley's Comet from a satellite. I have been working as a word processor at Canberra Technical College, the Reid Campus, for some months as a temporary part time person (I prefer it that way).

We have a lovely rural property of five acres which has a homestead-style house on it, with a great lot of trees. It is 45 kilometres north of Canberra and is situated very close to farms. It certainly is wonderfully quiet there. Lots of bird life, sheep, cattle and horses and a few unwanted animals, like foxes and roaming dogs. What I find exciting about Girrawheen (Place of Flowers) is how we can walk out on our back porch of an evening when there are no clouds in the sky above to see the great iconic motif on the Australian Flag, the Southern Cross, in front of us in the sky above.

We have made quite a few friends in the area. As it is a reasonable area to grow cold weather grapes, there are quite a few wineries in the district. Murrumbateman, the village we live in, is part of the Yass Shire (Yass is a country town 25 kilometres from our village) and has about 1100 people living there. Because of its near proximity to Canberra, it is quite popular with people who work in the city of Canberra, so we have a delightful mix of entrepreneurial-type people and conservative farmers.

Rome

John and I went to Rome in December so John could attend a conference held in Rome by the School of Education for AIESEP. We took a United Airlines flight from Australia which took us through USA. This ticket was a special deal and actually we flew more than halfway around the world to Rome through America, but we had to stay more than 21 days and leave on a Wednesday and come back on Tuesday. We left December 3rd and arrived in Boston December 4th. We stayed with Art and Wynn Miller, who made us very comfortable. Unfortunately, John became ill on the way and spent most of his time in Boston in bed. We delayed our departure to Rome by three days. It was wonderful to see the Gillieses, the Millers, Pat Hawkins and Pat Herrin and many of John's colleagues at BU plus Marjorie

Peloquin. Also, it was nice to introduce Wynn (who hasn't been in Massachusetts too long) to all the shops in Boston where you can get discounted prices for designer clothes, etc.

We finally left for Rome and arrived there about midday. John, as president of an international sport pedagogy body (AIESEP), was expected to reside at the Scuolo of Physical Education, Istituto Superiore Educazione Fisica, Rome, Italy and so we were duly met at the airport by Renato Mano (the Italian member on the Executive Committee of AIESEP) and Carla (his Assistant), who drove us back to the Italian School of Sport where we were to stay. We stayed at the school in the residences there (each had two single beds and a bathroom and were quite roomy). The conference was on for four days. The stay here was quite pleasant and the people at the school looked after us very well and we had some nice evenings eating at some nearby restaurants. The Executive Committee dined on the last night at the American member's friend's (who happened to be a native Philadelphian with the famous Yankee accent) restaurant. We certainly had a jovial time eating true Italian food.

While John was busy with meetings, two other women and I went into Rome and spent a lot of time window shopping. A lone woman walking the streets of Rome is not to be recommended as large numbers of gypsy pickpockets and unsavoury characters are everywhere. Unfortunately, or fortunately, I did not have too much spending money, but I did buy a beautiful silk scarf for about \$38 US (an amount I wouldn't dream of spending on a scarf in Australia) to dress up a winter dress I wanted to wear to a dinner. It was very interesting to visit an old-time tearoom which was situated on a street full of exclusive designer shops. The clothing indeed was very smart and we did see one dinner gown which was priced at 300,000 Lire which we guessed was about \$3,000 US. It was beautiful!

One day, I walked with a couple who were at the conference from the station to Saint Peter's Basilica. It took us most of the day. I had not been to Saint Peter's before. It is big, opulent, and interesting. It certainly dominates the city. Unfortunately, it was too late to see the museum that day (although I had seen it before). One of the amusing things about this day was how many times we had to look around for a toilet and the interesting places in which these facilities were found: a back street restaurant, Saint Peter's, etc. I must note here that the weather was quite reasonable and it only started to rain on our last day. However, the weather definitely deteriorated from this day to the end of our journey in Istanbul, Turkey.

Because we hadn't used up all of the time we had to stay in Europe, John had decided that he wanted to visit the AIESEP members from Yugoslavia and Bulgaria after the conference and arranged with them at the conference for us to come and see them. Also, the Australian dollar was so pathetic against most currencies that it was cheaper to go somewhere where the currency might be advantageous. We had decided that going by plane was too much money and so took the train from Rome to Trieste (8 hours) on the border of Italy and Yugoslavia and stay overnight, as there was some talk of a train strike in Rome and the next train to Zagreb was expected to be late or not arrive at all.

Trieste and Zagreb

We stayed at a hotel in Trieste close to the station which cost us \$50 and which we thought wasn't worth the money. Unfortunately, it was pouring with rain the next day and there was water flowing everywhere, so we decided to leave on the first train to Zagreb, Yugoslavia, which was supposed to leave at 8:30 am, so we didn't have a look at Trieste (although I had heard that it was quite attractive town).

We got on the train in Trieste at about 9:00 am. It was very cold waiting on the station, as we had arrived at about 8:00 am. We had reserved a first class seat to make sure we got one, but we need not have worried as there was hardly anyone on the train. It was only about one hour's journey to the Italian-Yugoslavian border. But the funny thing was that we were not able to buy Dinar (the currency in Yugoslavia then) in Italy and were not able to buy our ticket. When the Yugoslavian ticket man came along about three hours after we got on the train, we didn't have the right currency. It was rather amusing as we did not speak Italian, but I was able to talk to him in very bad German (we found it was quite useful to be able to speak German for the rest of our journey). We said we had Italian Lira and so the train man tried to work out the difference and we ended up paying about \$35 for the two of us. I think he made a mistake. However, he came along later and said we hadn't paid enough and collected another \$10 from us.

We were reasonably comfortable on this eight-hour journey as we had a carriage to ourselves. But the snow followed us and we saw a full snowstorm as we went through Lubiana (Ljubljana) train station, which is in the mountains of Slovenia. We were lulled into security as far as comfort on trains is concerned. However, when we got into Zagreb about 4:00 pm, we were hardly able to get off of the train because there were so many people rushing in to get a first class seat whether they had paid for it or not. Luckily, we had seen our friends standing on the platform as the train came to a stop about one kilometre away from them. I'll never forget the terrible struggle to get off the train. We could hardly get our luggage off as the door to the outside went the wrong way for us. It allowed people to get on easier. Later on, we found it easier, like everyone else on the train, to hand our luggage out the window to each other or other people. I was also pushed off and nearly fell between the train and the platform. The step was so far above the platform and there was quite a space between it and the platform. It was pretty scary.

John's AIESEP Yugoslavian representative, a truly Balkan-looking fellow from the University of Zagreb, finally caught up with us and took us in his 1978 Citroen to our hotel in Zagreb, The Sport Hotel. It was a very dark afternoon and it was snowing, which turned to slush very quickly. My memories of the train station were of wall-to-wall people rushing on to the train to grab seats and groups of youths singing, along with worried parents sending off their friends on the train who were leaving to do one year's service in the Yugoslavian Army. John's colleague told us that his son was due to do his national service and that he was concerned that he would be sent to an unstable area amongst the Macedonia people.

(Yugoslavia consists of a group of Slavic states (Dalmatia, Croatia, Macedonia, Slovenia, etc.) joined together after the Second World War. There are marked physical differences

(especially in stature) amongst these people in that there are tall people and short stocky people who are presumed to have originated in different parts of Yugoslavia. Our host was actually from Czechoslovakia, originally, but had been at the University of Zagreb long enough to be looking forward to retiring in a few years to his beach home near Split, which is on the Adriatic Sea.)

Like most public buildings in Zagreb, the station was dirty and deteriorating, and we were glad to get into our friend's Citroen (which he said he had spent three years' salary to buy) and go to our hotel. The city of Zagreb, which is the capital of Croatia, appeared to be on this dark and dull day misty and quite uninviting.

As we were being hosted by the University of Zagreb, our hotel and most of our entertainment was paid for during the few days we stayed in this city. Our room was certainly not luxurious, but it was adequate. It was a long narrow room with two beds - end to end - a small table and chair, a radio, and a very small bathroom. A personal douche (or French bidet that seems to be a feature in many of the European hotels) was in the bathroom, along with a bath, shower and toilet, all enclosed in a tiny area the size of a large wardrobe.

We had a very interesting dinner at the hotel that night. It was the worst food I had ever eaten out. I think they must have been all trainee waiters because I have never seen so many supervisors, and, of course, the poor waiters were absolutely nervous. In fact, when we asked for some mineral water and some wine, the poor waiter poured the water into the wine. Not too many people were dining at the hotel that night, perhaps they knew better. We ordered Chicken Kiev (which seemed to be quite in keeping with our surroundings) and got a piece of chicken which must have spent many long years in the farmyard, and perhaps when her days of laying were over, she was killed for our dinner table. We really had difficulty cutting into it, there was nowhere to stab the knife where it would enter the flesh. The French fried potatoes, along with the peas and some potato chips, were not very appetising.

Getting back to the number of supervisors around at the hotel, there seemed to be a supervisor (who usually didn't do the slushy work at all but called on some poor unsuspecting person close by to carry out his/her orders) for every two workers below him or her. As I recollect, the supervisor was a very imposing and plump middle aged woman, directing two poor girls to clean the elevator, polishing the stainless steel and brass inside it and around the doors. Thank heavens I don't have to work in Yugoslavia. There really seems to be an inbred system of seniority and bureaucracy pervading everything, even hotels. Also, there is a feeling of a lack of interest in working and a frustration among suitable people to advance (a big negative for Communism).

We did notice also that quite a few people were drinking early in the morning and it seemed the usual thing to offer a brandy with morning coffee. The next morning, we survived breakfast, which included yoghurt, some funny paste-like meats, sardines (I think), tomatoes, some stewed fruit and some cereal. My choice was to have the yoghurt, which was lumpy, and ask for some honey, some toast and coffee, which was incredibly cold. The breakfast waiters pushed trolleys along with coffee, tea and what might have been rosewater, all of which were tepid.

Our friend met us at about 9:30 am and took us for a tour of Zagreb. There is an old part of Zagreb which has a very old church and some old sandstone buildings up on the hill at the back of the more modern city. You could take a funicular up to the top to get to the old part. It certainly was a nice view from up top, even though it was once again a dull day with plenty of clouds to make it impossible for me to take any photos. (These were the days when cameras had to have a flash attached to it to take poorly lit scenes.)

We then went down again to visit a friend who owned a restaurant (what we would call a dive). He was a table tennis champion who now played for Germany. We have a signed picture of him playing table tennis, and certainly his restaurant displayed his table tennis pictures all over the walls. It had a spiral staircase in the middle of it. You came into the restaurant by the ground floor and then you descended the stairs down to the basement. There were odd little rooms (where some funny looking people were partaking of a brandy or coffee) when went down a few steps. I think he said that the lesbians were there that day. There was certainly no room for us at a table, so we had some brandy and coffee on the ground floor. (This was at 10:30 am.) We proceeded then on our way past the marketplace and church. We were told quite early the Yugoslavian attitude to religion was that they didn't encourage anyone to practise religion but did not prevent anyone openly (mostly older people) being religious.

We were then taken to meet the people in charge of the running of the Universiad Games held this year in Zagreb. They had been loaned two floors in a building which was owned by the only paying business (it seemed) in Yugoslavia – their own petroleum company. I think this company was funding most of the Universiad Games. We were met by a small dapper man with slicked-down hair who introduced himself as in charge of protocol for the University Games. His organisation, he stated, always went like clockwork.

We were shown into the President of the University's room, where we met various officials of note involved in this venture. There were also four journalists there. John explained that he had come to visit the AIESEP members of his Executive in Yugoslavia. He was asked what Australia was doing in sport and there was some talk on swimming and basketball. Yugoslavia has a well-renowned basketball team and usually managed to beat Australia in world competitions. Some comments were made also about Australia's demise in swimming in the last World Games in September 1986.

The next day, there were some short comments in the papers of this visit. I really think they were using us to promote their Games. We were plied with souvenirs such as scarves, pins, booklets and photos of the venues. Their little mascot was a squirrel called "Zagi". We also saw their promotional film which featured Zagi frequently as a relief between different points. Later on, back in our room, John wrote an article for the Melbourne Herald about the coming Universiad Games (I don't think it has been printed as yet).

We were then met by the political commissaire, who could speak excellent English, and taken to lunch at the restaurant in the building, which was an exclusive little room just for entertainment. Our food was excellent and was a welcome change from the night before. It comprised an excellent choice of meats and salads, a veal with mushrooms and a great

dessert and good coffee. We had an interesting conversation with our host (who was really checking us out to see if we had the right politics or were neutral). I suspect we checked out as neutral. After an appropriate time, we were taken back to our hotel.

That night our host and his friend took us out to a very nice restaurant which was situated in the hilly area where there were some very large homes. We learned that some were privately owned and others leased to certain people by the government. The restaurant was brightly decorated with cafe curtains and polished pine. We had a very nice meal there and very pleasant conversation. Even though our host was not as adept at English as his friend, he managed very well, although his friend acted as interpreter much of the time.

The next day we were taken to meet the faculty of sport. These people were very friendly and interested. John had indicated that he would be willing to talk to their students and so they arranged for a small talk at about 11:00 am. John happened to have some slides of the Institute of Sport on him, especially the Sports Science part. The students and staff were suitably impressed with the facilities, even though there were only about 10 slides. However, it was impressed that facilities might make research easier, but research could also be done with little equipment.

Afterwards we were shown around the complex, accompanied by a very nice woman called Schmilke, who was interested in Sports Psychology and teaching research. The facilities for Physical Education were, like most institutions in the world (when you compare it to the incredible facilities for sport at the Institute of Sport in Canberra, Australia), limited and scattered all over the university. Actually, the building did seem to be in much needed repair and a good clean.

We met Schmilke and her husband later and attended a concert at a very large and well-appointed concert hall. We heard the Lubiana Big Band Concert Band who were very good, and they had an excellent trumpeter and brass band. After the concert, we went to have supper in a newly refurbished tea-room, which was very elegant. They were a very nice couple. Schmilke must have been in her late 40s and very sincere. Her husband was quite good looking in a bluff kind of way and had a good sense of humour. He seemed to be a bit younger, but one could not tell. He was a linguist and had been to Brussels for two years. They also told us that their son was attending a high school in America and they had had very grave problems sending him money and how they had been able to overcome it. It was very difficult to obtain other currencies inside Yugoslavia. We found out later that we could not change our dinars into Lev (which is Yugoslavian money) and we even couldn't change US dollars into another currency, only into Yugoslavian money. Probably, they obtained US dollars through the black market.

Belgrade

After our few days in Zagreb, we said goodbye and thank you to our hosts in Zagreb, to begin our next train trip to Sofia, in Bulgaria. But first we had to go to Belgrade, capital of Yugoslavia, to change trains to the capital of Bulgaria, Sofia, where John was going to visit his AIESEP representatives from the University in Bulgaria. The next day we had mostly to

ourselves and I remember I spent most of the day organizing our things, trying to stuff extra presents, books, etc. into any small recess left in our luggage. I forget how much the train tickets were for our train journey from Zagreb to Belgrade, but I do remember our problem buying tickets from Sofia to Istanbul and have described the difficulties we had when we tried to buy these train tickets with Bulgarian money.

Once again, we had to fight for our first-class seats but finally got settled with our luggage spread out on the luggage racks. I think it was the same train with the red plush seats in first class seats (seats that didn't move forward or backward very well). The seats had also been neatly mended at some time. They were certainly pre-war vintage. We were unable to obtain a sleeper as they were all booked out, as the train was making an overnight journey from Zagreb to Belgrade. Our friend Schmilke was also taking the same train but she had a sleeper, but she said she would meet us in Belgrade the next morning to help us in getting the next train which was going to Sofia.

Our companions in the car were a pleasant bunch (even though they could not speak English, my very poor German managed to suit for a while). However, a young woman was brave enough to tell us that she spoke a little bit of English. I think later on she was sorry she had said anything because John plied her with questions which she endeavoured to answer in an embarrassed manner constantly apologising for her poor delivery. She told us she worked as a computer programmer in a town about eight hours' journey away from her home. She was going home for the weekend to see her children. She did say she had spent a short time in the United States to get some training.

We finally pushed the seats so that they met in the middle and we were able to stretch our legs in front (mostly uncomfortable) and tried to sleep. What a journey! I was sure that I was going to end up with a very bad back. At about 6:00 am, everyone woke up and moved around. Fortunately, I had not had to go to the toilet too often over the night, but, of course, when it was absolutely necessary, I took courage and held my breath and made the trip to the toilet and, of course, it was worse than I had ever thought. All the toilets on the trains and in the train station were very similar (absolutely appalling), beyond description. I remember one where the outlet was open and you could see the snow on the track underneath. Probably that one was the most hygienic of all.

Anyway, we finally arrived in Belgrade in the late morning and Schmilke was there as she had said. She made this journey about every month to see her uncle who was about 90 and who lived by himself. She went and cleaned up his apartment and made him a lot of soup. All I can say - what a fabulous woman! Our next train was not due until 1:00 pm, so she suggested that we come with her to her uncle's place for a cup of coffee (greatly appreciated as we had not eaten on the train).

We had to put our luggage in the luggage compartment which was situated in a building outside the station. What chaos! I don't think anyone had any manners in Belgrade. We had a lot of heavy luggage and there was only one way to move it around (unless you wished to be fleeced by the many porters on the station), and that was to lug it yourself. We got it over to the queue in front of the luggage office (which we heard was going to close in about half

hour) and finally managed to be relieved of it for a few hours. There were long delays while the luggage attendants wrote tickets, etc. I think the charges were quite steep, too.

Our friend, Schmilke found us at the line up and we departed from the station and walked into the streets outside the station in Belgrade. As usual, in most cities, the area outside the main station is uninviting and depressing. Our walk took us up a very steep hill past tiny little shops – inside they seemed like holes in a wall, dark and dingy. Of course, the weather was very grey and cold and it looked very much like it was going to rain. We followed Schmilke for about half mile past department stores, banks, etc. We entered one bank just to see if we could change some Dinar into Lev and they gave us some excuse for not changing it to do with it being travellers cheques in US dollars. So once more we were faced with getting on another train with no currency for the next country.

We came to a square where we entered a dingy building and went up two flights of stairs and knocked on a door and someone answered (of course, it was not Schmilke). It seemed we had misinterpreted her directions and gone up one flight too many. We could not even say who we were looking for as we did not know the old man's name, so we tried downstairs and Schmilke answered. We went into a very tiny dining room where the old fellow slept on the divan. He came in and sat down and said hello. He was a very pleasant fellow. He told us he had a brother in Australia whom he had visited at some time. He told us through Schmilke of some of his experiences in Australia. If I remember rightly, he had had been a partisan in the Second World War, and I think his brother had been a collaborator of the Germans (we gathered as much from Schmilke). Schmilke herself did not like the Germans because of some of the things that had happened to her family while she was a very young girl. We had expresso coffee, some kind of precious strawberry preserve (which was extremely rich and sweet) and some very nice biscuits.

After about half an hour, we left to go and have a look at the city. We did wander through the streets and looked at some of the shops, but it was not a very enervating city. Stores were not full of exciting merchandise and people were dressed dully but adequately for the cold. At about 10:30 am we found what looked like a reasonable place to eat (as we had not really eaten since the night before). We entered and went upstairs to have breakfast. We ordered a breakfast with eggs, etc and held our breath to see what we would get. It was only mediocre: cold coffee and cold poached eggs on soggy toast.

We slowly made our way back down the street (which was quite a hill) to the station. The whole morning had been very dull and very cool. John had been looking at the hats in order to purchase one to keep his head warm and noted some that suited his style. We went into the shop, which was a very tiny place (like a hole in the wall) and there was an elderly man who obviously made the hats himself, as there was also an old treadle sewing machine. (I forgot to look at the make of it.) John finally selected the hat he wanted and paid two Dinar (incredibly cheap). Later on, he gave it to Ken Helm back in Murrumbateman because it looked so right on him. We arrived at the station and I was left to collect the baggage from the baggage compartment while John went to buy train tickets and also to find out when the train was going to arrive.

There were no trolleys to carry the baggage so I took a trolley which I thought was alright to take and transported the luggage over to the platform where, presumably, the train was going to come. Unfortunately, a porter came up and asked for \$5 for the use of his trolley. We immediately took the baggage off the trolley and planted it on the end of the platform.

Schmilke found us at about 11:30 am; she had said she would see us off and stay with us until the train arrived. She had suggested that we come earlier than the 12:30 pm time of arrival of the train. We waited and waited and during that time I decided to case out the toilets. I took one look and decided to not use them, remembering just how bad they were going to be on the train. We spent a very uncomfortable time on the station standing up and waiting, listening to the announcements on the loudspeaker (which we could not understand, of course) but we still strained to hear whether we could hear the word, Sofia. In the meantime, it had started to rain heavily and the platform we were waiting on was uncovered so we carried our luggage to the next platform and back again several times. Time was getting on and it was about 2:00 pm and still no train and no information on its arrival and we had moved our luggage from platform to platform about twice by now because of the incredibly bad weather. Someone had told us that the train was coming from Warsaw and it was several hours late. Also, it looked as though a lot of people were going on the same train. One lady came up to me and spoke to me asking me when the train was arriving. I did not understand what she was saying and had to nod my head.

Schmilke stayed with us until the end (what a wonderful lady) to translate for us to make sure we got a seat (because you could not reserve a seat for first class) although we had first class tickets. We had made all sorts of plans on how we were going to get on the train, but the crux was to find the first class carriage as there was no diagram on the station of where the first class carriage was. I expect they did not worry about it as just about everyone never paid first class, but they were not backward in taking your money for a first class ticket. The plan was for Schmilke and I to take a lighter piece of luggage with us and attempt to board the train. People were milling around at this time on either side of the tracks (especially when it was announced it was coming) and we were getting worried about actually getting on as people were going to go through the windows and doors.

Swoosh! It finally arrived at 4:00 pm and Schmilke and I started running up the platform to find the first class carriage. It wasn't easy to find it because first class was only half of a carriage and it wasn't clearly marked. We seemed to be dithering a bit wondering where it was and then we saw it, but the doorways were blocked with people. I got up and got through a small hole in the crowd and got pushed in so I quickly assessed the state of the carriages and found one with two empty seats near the door. Someone seemed to be getting off because they were pushing luggage through the aisle window. I put the luggage down in one seat and sat in the other until Schmilke arrived and we put the other piece of luggage in my seat. By that time John had reached the outside of the carriage and we opened the window and took the luggage as it was handed up to us and stowed in the carriage (it just about took up the whole luggage space). We sighed with relief, thanked Schmilke for her forbearance, and I think she was immensely relieved, too. We said our goodbyes, so thankful for her help and off we went to Sofia.

Sofia

It was going to be another long journey. The train was so late and we knew our friend who was going to look after us in Sofia would be waiting a long while. It was a long journey with many stops and delays, especially at each border where we were checked by both Yugoslavian and Bulgarian border guards. The weather was at the snowing point. We could not see much outside because it was already dark by the time we left Belgrade. We wondered how we were going to get some Bulgarian money and we weren't quite sure what was waiting us in Sofia.

The time dragged on but our companions in the carriage were quite companionable. One woman had helped me to get the seat and get the luggage in the carriage through the window. John and I settled opposite each other, pulling the seats out so we could put our legs up and rest awkwardly. We could only feel relief that we had managed to procure a seat. Once again, unfortunately, I had to use the toilet and found it filthy dirty. I cannot remember whether we had anything to eat, but there was no eating facility on the train. On some of the trains someone would come down the corridor with beverages, cold coffee and tea, very unpalatable.

It took eight hours to get to Sofia and, as we had left Belgrade just a little before 4:00 pm, we did not arrive in Sofia until 2:00 am. The station seemed to be deserted, except for our friends, and it was snowing. They had waited there for hours as the train was about six hours late. Krista, with whom we had arranged everything in Rome, was there, along with a driver and an interpreter. Krista was about in his 60s and a medical doctor, who had become a sports medicine specialist. He was a wonderful gentleman, a tall man with greying dark hair, bushy eyebrows, a Roman nose and twinkling eyes. He had a wonderful, quiet, dry humour. His English was not very good, but his French was excellent. Through the interpreter, a young woman with a pretty face, brown eyes and brown hair, we had quite a good understanding of what everyone was saying to us in the next few days. Yuri was our driver. He was a fresh faced young man who was studying at the University of Sofia and drove us around for the next few days. We learned from our interpreter that she was married and had two young children, whom she was constantly worried about. For a person who had never been to an English-speaking country she spoke English exceedingly well. However, she was somewhat tense about her job and although she did it very well, she had a worried look on her face and could not relax and enjoy herself very much during the time she looked after us.

Once again, we got our very annoying luggage off the train and it was a relief to be taken to a well-appointed hotel called the Rodina Hotel. Our room was very comfortable, with two very nice beds. The bathroom was very modern, and there was a table and chairs also in the room. It was wonderful to get into bed, put your head down and go to sleep after our very tedious train journey.

The next morning, we were delighted to look out of the window at the wonderful view over one side of the city, and the very large snow-covered mountain sitting several miles away. Apparently, this hotel was built by the Russians and we certainly saw many groups go through while we were there. On our last morning in Sofia, we were amazed to see a whole

group of Mongolians in the foyer. Admittedly, I had never seen a Mongolian but their features certainly resembled the drawings of Genghis Khan.

Like all other hotels we had gone to in Europe, we had to hand in our passport for the night while they checked us out. We settled ourselves comfortably and felt exhausted into bed and asleep after our very harrowing journey at about 3:00 am. At 4:30 am, I was awakened rudely by a loud knocking on the door and I went druggily to the door, half asleep, and opened it to see two policemen standing there demanding to see what I thought were our passports. They asked me what our name was in a very loud voice and I told them. I can't remember whether they talked to me in English or Bulgarian, but I certainly talked in English back. I noticed in my confusion that they had passports in their hand and I said the hotel had our passports. They looked and compared photos and then left. I closed the door and went back to bed. I told John in the morning and I think we told our friends, who were somewhat embarrassed about it.

The next day we went down to have breakfast, somewhat unappetising. The breakfast room was quite a large room. All kinds of breakfast foods were set out on the table. Most of it looked to be inedible. There were several plates of sliced sausage meat, liverwurst-like, some sardines or herrings, blocks of cheese, rolls, some horrible looking cereal, stewed fruits, cold toast and packets of butter. Over in one corner was a machine that dispensed cold fruit drinks and which only had a very weak rose water in it. There were young people waiting on tables who were pushing trolleys around to all the tables giving out coffee, tea, cocoa, etc. and all of it was cold. Ugh!! Through our stay in this hotel, I only ever got some yoghurt (which was lumpy), some packets of honey, butter and rolls and cold coffee to wash it down. As there was a coffee and drink bar in the next room, I began to drink some coffee from there where you could get a cappuccino after breakfast.

As our first day in Sofia was a Sunday, our friends had organised a trip up to a skiing resort. We were met by Krista and Yuri, the driver, and we were taken for about an hour's drive up the mountain that watched over the city of Sofia. It had been snowing all night and there was a good cover of snow, and the scenery was definitely a winter scene with trees iced with snow. There was a greyness about the day, a heaviness about the clouds that portended more snow. But even so, the forest on the mountain was well covered and it became even more so as we neared the ski resort. The Bulgarians have really developed this area in the hope that they will hold the Winter Olympics in the not too distant future. We were met by the skiing coach and taken to his cabin where we talked and had tea and biscuits. Apparently, there are other camps for other sports during the summer.

There was an amazingly big hotel that was built at what seemed to be the bottom of a ski run (it would be the bottom of the ski run for me, as I'm sure, if I hadn't fallen down on the way down, I would have skied out of control into this building). It was a very modern design and seemed to be designed like a pyramid. We then went to the camp dining room and had lunch there. It was a very happy affair. Afterwards, we walked back to the van and went back to Sofia taking the same way back.

Sofia looked very grey, but there were quite a few older buildings in the city which were quite attractive. It had some two-storied homes which I presume were broken up into apartments. We were left at our hotel in the early afternoon and it was good to have a sleep.

That night we were taken to a restaurant which was situated on a hill overlooking the city. It was quite cold and Krista had difficulty finding the place, going up the wrong road and then having to turn back to find the right entrance. The restaurant was certainly in a beautiful place, looking over the lit up city. The decor inside the restaurant was very folksy, with sturdy tables and chairs and woven curtains coloured red with folk designs on them.

We sat at a table which was on the second level and overlooked a very small stage. Our companions were Krista and his wife, and one of the coaches, Angel, and his friend. Our meal was very nice and the wine also. After about an hour we were serenaded by a trio which consisted of a bass violin and piano or organ and guitar-playing singer. They entertained us with a mixture of folk songs and continental tunes. There was a large group of people from Spain sitting below us on the lower level and they were having a wonderful time dancing and singing and generally enjoying the entertainment. The group played songs especially for them and they joined in the singing. Later on, there was a snake dance to a tune the group certainly knew. A folk dancing group also entertained us later on, too, with special Bulgarian dances and others as well. The trio returned and kept up the entertainment until 1am. So, early on Sunday morning we were returned to our hotel after a very good night out.

Our interpreter had asked us on Saturday afternoon if we would like to go and hear some church music in the Sofia Russian Orthodox Church on Sunday. At 9:30 the next morning we met with the interpreter and her husband, Daniel, who accompanied us to the church, which was situated in a large, cobbled square in the middle of Sofia. It was a very attractive church which was built in the eastern Orthodox architecture. We went inside and there were many people standing. There were no seats, but all around were very large frescoes of the story of Jesus according to the Gospels, rather friendly paintings. At the back of the church was the altar and the area where the Cantor sang and where the Chief Prelate addressed the audience. On the opposite wall was a balcony where the choir was seated. The man who was doing the singing was a large man who had a deep, resonant, bass-baritone voice whose voice dominated the church. Even though many people were congregated on the church floor moving around, but generally speaking in hushed tones, the atmosphere was still very impressive. We bought a record of this church music and a few postcards. Before leaving the church, we went down into the crypt and looked at all the icons. Our escorts then took us to the Soviet museum to see the history of Bulgaria. We tried to get them to have some lunch with us, but they felt they had to go home to see how their children were doing.

The next morning, the interpreter and our driver were in the foyer anxious for us to get to our first appointment on time. This turned out to be a meeting with some members of the Physical Education Department: the Head of the Department, Krista; Professor Fuchs, who was interested in weightlifting as a way of extending a person's life; and another woman who was a member of the Olympic Academy and who was a renowned coach of rhythmic gymnastics. We were offered some very nice tea and coffee and biscuits and even some

brandy. Professor Fuchs was anxious to tell John about his theories on weight-lifting for the elderly and, although he didn't speak English, he had another weightlifting coach whose name was Angel and who spoke English exceedingly well and who also had been in Australia several times. The rhythmic gymnastics woman told us of Bulgaria's progress in rhythmic gymnastics, and of the current world champion's failure to make the weight in time for a particular training camp and who was then suspended for this infraction. Tough punishment for a very few kilos of being overweight.

Professor Fuchs was very eager to show us his work with the elderly in weightlifting, so we were taken to the weightlifting gym to see several old folks lifting weights. We had some photos of John and me watching these efforts. Two men were in their 90s and another two were in their 70s. We have a photo of one man in his 70s lifting a world record for his age in training. It seemed the professor urged these men to lift in training more than they had done before and it certainly gave them more motivation to achieve better weights. The older men only bench-pressed, but the fellow who was lifting large weights was doing the snatch and lift. Our professor was adamant that older people who did weightlifting were at least physically 20 years younger than their counterparts. Unless ECGs were done on his students, this would be very hard to prove. Anyway, the demonstration proved to be an interesting morning. We were then taken around the Physical Education facility.



Professor Fuchs (pointing), Angel (in the checked sweater) with Margaret and John watching the 70+ year old man lift a world weight-lifting weight for his age

At about lunchtime, Angel and one his students drove us back to the hotel. It certainly was a wild ride. The young man, I think, had only one speed on his car (too fast) and got from A to B by passing two lanes of cars on the wrong side of the road. Incredible! While we were in the car, Angel offered his views about what was happening in Bulgaria and expressed his view that they had not put enough effort into the production of food, and was quite disgusted

that they could not feed themselves whereas historically they had been the bread-basket of that particular area. He felt that they were making too much heavy machinery (probably war machinery).

I must admit that I was glad to rest that afternoon. Angel came back later in the afternoon to take John to see the Olympic weight-lifters train. It was here that John learned of how Bulgaria was training weightlifters then, and also found out the dosages of steroids that were being taken, too. He wrote about this later for the Melbourne Herald. Unfortunately, even though this information would be of great interest to Olympic fans, the Herald seemed to think it would not be of interest to the usual sporting reader. However, I must admit, I found it very interesting, and I am not a sports reader.

As John had expressed a desire to go and see a classical concert, our friends had arranged for us to go and see one of the world's great organists, Hans Glesner, and a Bulgarian Wind Orchestra. We were introduced to a young woman, whose name was Tanya and was a biochemist, and she very kindly escorted us to the concert. It was a very large concert hall, very much along the lines of the Boston Symphony Hall, with seats going around the hall in a U-shape, so that if you happen to be sitting along the ends, you are not really facing the stage, but looking at the other side of the Hall and it is necessary to sit skew whiff to see the stage.

There were three pieces performed, the middle one being a new piece by a Bulgarian composer who just happened to be sitting next to us, much to our surprise. I frankly did not enjoy the composition as it was somewhat atonal music but still expressed our interest to the composer. However, Hans Glesner was tremendous. He certainly was impressive and the concert hall was acoustically wonderful. It really is a tremendous thrill to hear a pipe organ in a concert setting and played by a great organist. The audience was greatly enthused and he gave several encores. It was interesting to go and get something to drink in the interval. We went down quite a few stairs to a basement where there were many people. The people serving were not terribly quick at serving and thus when we were about to get our drinks, the bell started ringing to commence the next part of the concert.

John had expressed to the Phys Ed people a desire to purchase some train tickets to Istanbul so we were picked up in the morning and taken over to the train station, which was underneath a large concrete square with a large building in the centre. Our friends had given us Bulgarian money (about 250 Lev) for expenses when we had first arrived in Sofia, and as we still had quite a bit of that money, we thought we could pay for our train ticket with it. We found out that the ticket would cost us 100 Lev and that came within our budget. We asked for tickets and when we tried to pay with the Lev there was a great lot of discussion which we did not understand. It took a little while for the interpreter to understand what the problem was, she explained to us that we couldn't pay with our Lev as we did not have enough. We had also been told when we arrived that the US dollar was worth one Lev when we first arrived. We had noticed when we tried to change some Italian Lira that there were discounts for amounts of money. (There was a very interesting incident that occurred after we changed our Lira. A young hotel steward came into the elevator with us to go up to our bedroom and talk to us about changing money saying that he could change for a better discount.

Obviously, there was some kind of black market regarding money in Bulgaria.) What it all amounted to was that the two tickets were worth 100 US dollars and, therefore, we had to go and change 100 US dollars to Lev to pay for the tickets. It turned out to be about 250 Lev in the end, which is a great difference to 100 Lev. Of course, we did not have that kind of money at the time and so we had to wait till the next morning and come again to reserve our first class tickets. We ended up getting too much Lev in the end and had to spend it on presents for everyone.

There was another funny incident when I was in great need of getting some sanitary pads. I told my problem to one of the ladies and Tanya took me out one late afternoon to look for gifts and also to buy pads. (I had had this awful feeling that I wasn't equipped enough when I left Italy and was concerned that I might not be able to get some in the Communist countries as easily). The weather was very dark at about 4:00 pm in Sofia (being December); it was dribbling snow and very cold. Even though the under 50s said they were not interested in religion, and only the older people remained religious, there was still a celebration of Christmas, and there were quite a lot of people shopping, presumably for gifts. We went to quite a few places to find the pads and there did not seem to be any and, even though I was fairly successful in the gift line, I was completely unsuccessful in this department. It left me thinking that the western world is certainly more efficient in that department. One of the ladies next morning said she would have a try (I never did find out why they were so hard to find), but she finally gave me a nearly full box which really belonged to her and which I accepted with great relief. I had all sorts of visions of making my own if I could procure the ingredients. That was my one and only look at the shopping centre of Sofia and so it wasn't a very impressive site. There is certainly not the same vibe and bustling of crowds and variety of goods in these Communist cities, especially when you compare them with Rome, which is full of all sorts of exotic clothes and jewellery, etc.

However, I did find Sofia a rather attractive place, even if very cold, even for December, as it had lots of charming older buildings and a very impressive large mountain looming like a sentinel in the not-too-distant horizon. On our last night in Sofia, we were taken to another nightclub by our friends Krista and his wife, our interpreter, Yuri, the driver, and others. This particular restaurant was up the mountain. Once again, it was very cold, but the atmosphere inside was very warm and inviting. There was a good floor show with folk dances and singing and quite a lot of gypsy dancing. We had a very merry time.

The next day, we fixed up our train ticket, shopped a bit more and in the afternoon when John was talking with the group about AIESEP, I tried to make sense of our luggage. We had, of course, collected a lot of books, gifts, etc. This rearrangement took all afternoon as I took everything out of all the cases and folded up properly and filled up empty spaces with socks, put bits and pieces in shoes, etc. Later on, John and I had dinner with Tanya at the hotel dining room. She had expressed a desire to see John before we left Sofia. We met her in a bar at the hotel which was lit with blue light and had soft lounge type chairs, giving the impression of it being a pick-up bar. Anyway, we finally went into the restaurant and had quite a reasonable meal. Tanya was interested in John's experience in the US and told John what he wanted to know about how the East German athletes are brought to a camp in

Bulgaria (where she used to be part of the team which did the tests on the athletes) to experiment on drugs such as anabolic steroids. As John had been interested in the growth of the use of anabolic steroids by athletes for a number of years, he found this information fascinating. He had always been against their use, believing that they are deleterious to the athlete in large doses and makes the competition unequal. It is believed that some of the Australian athletes at the Commonwealth Games performed poorly because they had to come off the steroids in time to get a negative test, if tested.

Our train was supposed to arrive at the station at 10:00 pm and it was arranged that Yuri, the driver, and our interpreter would come and pick us up. They came but their inquiries from a friend of Yuri's, who worked at the station, gave us the information that the train was going to be late, but it wasn't known by how much. They went away and came back at 1 am and they inquired again from the friend who said it was most likely to be about 2 am, so our stalwart helpers stayed for a while and then called again. We departed from our hotel room about 2:00 am and picked up Krista along the way. We were so thankful for all his help as it would have been incredibly uncomfortable at the station as it was not heated during the night.

When we got there, it was so cold that I put on some lambswool boots that I had faithfully carried throughout the whole journey. I had on my long down coat plus a hat and gloves, and I was still cold. We had to wait about an hour for the train to finally arrive and our friends stayed with us, shivering with the cold. When it finally arrived, there was a rush to find a seat. We had paid for first class tickets. Once again, I rushed on and found someone getting off in first class and grabbed two seats, deposited our luggage all over the cabin, much to the consternation of the Turkish inhabitants of the compartment. We sat in our seats and even when someone came by to say it was their seat, we told them we had first class tickets and demanded to see their tickets, which they couldn't produce, of course. We kept on deliberately saying in German that we had "ticket der ersten klasse". After a while, they gave up when we threatened to get the little ticket man. Nobody seemed to hold any grudges and they went and sat outside in the corridor of the train. There were people standing up everywhere in the corridors.

Istanbul

Before we left the train station our friends pressed two packages (of whiskey, bread and cheese) into our hands, gifts for which we were grateful much later on. (They probably got this on the black market, as most shops in Sofia were bereft of anything like this.) This was Christmas Day, 1986, and we were in a train that had begun its journey in West Germany with a whole lot of Islamic Turkish people. The occupants of the compartment were a couple of old people (about late 60s) who seemed to be very affable. We learned through some halting German on our part and better from their part that they had come from Germany. The old fellow said that he had been a window cleaner and his wife had been a seamstress. All the occupants of the carriage were Turkish returning home to Turkey from West Germany. In fact, the old fellow was proud of the fact that he had made enough money in Germany to buy three properties in Turkey somewhere, and I got the idea that he was returning to Turkey to retire.

The decor in the cabin was the usual more-than-worn red velvet seats that pushed out so you could lie down straight, with legs stretching over to the other side. The pictures were of Yugoslavian tourist resorts and, according to the old fellow, the window ledges were about 100 years old, so presumably this carriage was about that old too. (You have all seen the Agatha Christie movie, "Murder on the Orient Express." If this train carriage had been part of that same train that travelled from Paris to Istanbul in the 19th century, then it had lasted a long time. I watched an excellent documentary on the famous Orient Express and it was truly interesting information. According to the documentary, there had never been anyone murdered on the Orient Express. However, there was a time in the first few years when it was known for its luxurious travel.)

The train lumbered on and we were all very uncomfortable. My coat became a blanket and a pillow, according to my degree of discomfort. I had to go to the toilet and I cringed as I went in. Luckily, something I always made sure I have when I am travelling is little packets of Kleenex tissues. Toilet facilities all the way from Trieste to Istanbul on all the trains were awful. There were also no food or drink offered on this train. John had walked outside into the corridor and was watching the bleak scene outside when another young man came up to John and spoke to him in English. It turned out that he was from Melbourne, Australia, and that he was studying at the Fine Arts Design School in Florence, Italy. He had done architecture at RMIT and his advisor had been a friend of ours, whom we had known in Boston, John Woolcott. Unbelievable!!!

Someone in the compartment had moved to another compartment and so this was an opportunity for our new friend and his girlfriend to come and sit with us and talk about what we all had been doing. It being Christmas Day, we pulled out our packages and offered them to our friends and the other couple in their compartment. Our Turkish companions politely refused the whiskey (which was Johnny Walker Red Label), saying they were Islamic and weren't allowed to drink alcohol. Some Turkish men who were walking down the corridor of the train said they couldn't drink alcohol, but did have nips of our whiskey anyway. It didn't prevent us, though, from drowning our discomfort in some Christmas cheer. Between our Aussie friends and us, we were able to polish off the whole bottle before we got to Istanbul. The cheeses and bread were also well received as our Christmas Day meal.

The train went on interminably. An interesting stop was at both the Bulgarian and Turkish borders. The Turkish people were very quiet while going through Bulgaria and, as soon as they had got over the border, they cheered when they got to the Turkish border, but I think they weren't prepared for their own border police. The Bulgarian police came on and inspected passports, sent a dog under and over the train to catch any refugees leaving Bulgaria. The Turkish police were unbelievable. Firstly, they sent a man on to collect all the passports and he carried them off the train in his arms. There were passports dropping all over the place in the snow as he walked back to the office. We all had to stay on the train. We wondered if we would ever see our passports again. I had visions of my passport disappearing down onto the train tracks and the train driver having to move the train to get the passport off the tracks. The whole experience was somewhat alarming.

We must have sat in the train for about an hour before we were allowed off the train. Everybody seemed to know that there was a duty-free shop about to open and everyone was getting their money ready to buy alcohol, cigarettes, electrical goods, and probably contraband. We did get our passports back at some stage and they were brought back in the same fashion as they had been taken. We wondered how they were going to distribute them as they didn't seem to have any system at all. When Australian passport was called out, we went and got them. Then there was a great rush to get off the train to get to the duty-free shop; people climbed out the windows and rushed over to the shop and formed a queue that didn't seem to get any less.

The train waited for them to get their goods and then the customs people came on and threw off about 100 people with lots of luggage so they could inspect their luggage as to illegal goods. The people in the compartment with us were a bit worried, but they did have to cough up more for their ticket as they were in a first class carriage. If you have a vision of complete disorganisation, that was what it was like. We must have stayed at the station for about two hours, maybe longer, while all this went on. The people that were thrown off were left there. Goodness knows when they were able to continue their journey. We finally left that desolate station as it began to snow again. The train trundled on again and our Turkish friends in the compartment were getting excited as they got nearer their home. The weather became darker and darker as the time was passing. We finally arrived at Istanbul station at about 8:00 pm after having been on the train since 3:00 am.

What a Christmas Day! To add to our dismay, the banks in the station had closed and we were left with no Turkish Lira. When the Europeans on the train kicked up a fuss, the Station Manager changed some money for us and the others at very high rates. We carted our luggage outside the station and John bargained with a taxi driver to find us a hotel. We were inclined to go to a hotel called "The Palace" (which would have cost 100 US dollars a night), but he took us to a sleazy part of Istanbul and we found a hotel for about 22 US dollars. There was no one else in the hotel, I'm sure, and they were very eager to please. They were all eager to serve us. They even lent us 2000 Lira so we could go and get something to eat. We were even escorted to this dive by a young man, where we had Christmas dinner which consisted of a selection of Turkish entrees (similar to the Greek fashion), shish kabob and a sweet. While we were savouring this unusual Christmas dinner, we noticed there were men going past our table and climbing the stairs and then coming down the stairs sometime later. There was probably a brothel upstairs!!

Joy of joys, there was a shop around the corner of the hotel which had sanitary pads and lots of fruit. Our hotel room was small but adequate and there was a shower and toilet which were kept clean, but I do remember there was a leak in the toilet so there was a small amount of water on the floor. We were glad to go to bed that night after a very eventful journey. We slept very late and it was about lunchtime before we left the hotel.

We were booked to go on a tour of the Blue Mosque and, of course, the Turkish carpet places. The tour operators had to send a taxi for us as we were on the other side of the city and we got into a bad traffic jam in a tunnel and anyone would have been appalled to see the

fumes that were in that tunnel. We finally continued on our way and found that it wasn't worth the trip as it was so dark, it being about 3:00 pm. Dusk was coming on and the traffic was incredible and it took us a long time to reach the mosque. It was very difficult to see in the mosque as it was very dark and it seemed that they were doing renovations to a large part of it, and there were see-through screens all over the place. It certainly is an enormous building. We also saw the Church of Saint Sophia which has some claim to having started being built in Roman times.



Rug bought in Istanbul in 1986 which is hanging on a wall in 2022 in Canberra

We fell into the trap of buying a Turkish rug for which we paid \$20 US when we went down into the market. But it makes a very nice wall hanging. We'd also booked to go to a nightclub to see some belly dancing. We were picked up later on in the evening and taken all over the city to just go down the street from where we were staying. We finally arrived there and we were entertained by two belly dancers and quite a bit of singing, some folk dancing, etc. and a Turkish meal.

The next day, we decided to take ourselves off to see the Topaki Palace, which turned out to be a large rambling building set in a perfect position to see the Bosphorus. This palace is where the Sultans lived with their entourage, wives and concubines. There were many different buildings included in this Palace, which is now a museum. There were rooms that housed a great collection of Chinese porcelain and rooms where the treasures of the sultans were displayed: large emeralds and gold jewellery and thrones. Another room showed the clothes of the sultans, etc. It is a fascinating place to spend a day.

I cannot remember what we did after we left there. I know we did spend some time in the Turkish Grand Bazaar and we bought a few souvenirs. and we did walk through it for quite some time fascinated by the many exotic items such as chandeliers, carpets etc. It was truly a very colourful place. One evening, when we were going back to the hotel, as we were walking through a corner, all of a sudden, a fight broke out around John and the next thing he

knew was that someone was brushing up against him. He turned around to confront the person shouting at the group and, all of a sudden, the young men melted away.



The interior of the Blue Mosque with its blue-tiled ceiling

Istanbul is a fascinating place, a little bit scary. The two well-known iconic buildings are the Church of Sophia and the Blue Mosque and they are a wonder to see. I know I panned the buildings in this story but I happened to visit them when they were being renovated. The same thing happened when I saw the ceiling of St Peters, Rome. If you are looking for a wonder to visit, don't hesitate to travel to Turkey and savour the many incredible sights to see.

Things to buy are Oriental rugs, Turkish delight, chandeliers, gold jewellery, etc. We had decided in Yugoslavia to return to Rome by plane and had bought at great cost a one-way ticket on El Italia airlines. That was why we were able to take those few days in Istanbul. We returned to Rome in first class as the airline said because we had paid so much for the one-way ticket, we should travel in first class.

On arriving in Rome we took a taxi into the city and found ourselves a very cheap pensione near the station. I'm sure there was no one else in that lodging. We had a very large room with shower and toilet for next to nothing. We indulged ourselves in a nice big Italian meal just around the corner and walked back to the pensione.

The next morning, we took a taxi to the airport and caught our Pan Am flight to New York where we found a cheap Skyways Hotel near the airport. We just walked out of the airport and down the street and found it. It was right next to a diner where we indulged ourselves with good old American food like chicken Maryland, and blueberry pie, etc for next to nothing. We went back the next morning and had a large pancake breakfast with eggs etc. It was fun getting waited on by a very friendly waitress asking us how we wanted our eggs cooked, sunny side up or easy over. After that we departed from New York to go back to Australia and we were journeying over the Pacific on New Year's Eve. We were thankful to find some seats to lie in from Honolulu to Sydney, a welcome break after so much travelling.

Chapter 18: What is your favourite photo?



I took this photo in June 1970 in Philadelphia, USA, of Andy, my youngest son, painted up as an Indian, smiling mischievously as he looks at himself in a mirror. I am positioned close enough to take the photo without, amazingly, any flash occurring in the mirror. I will add here that I did not own a flash attachment for the trip camera that I used in those days. Hence, the light was bright enough not using a flash to spoil the photo. In other words, a fluky photo.

Before Andrew's wedding to Jennifer Johnston in Niagara Falls, Canada, in September 1991, I received an invitation from Jennifer's family to come to a shower party. I was also asked to send a photo of Andrew and also write about something amusing about Andy. John and I were living in Boston, USA, at that time so we were definitely going to be there on the day. I found a copy of the note I sent back to Jennifer's mother, Nancy, and have copied it below.

This photo of Andy as a 5-year-old is one that I consider my most inspired of any photo I have taken in 20 years of clicking photos on a very ordinary camera to record events in my family's lives. We were living in a town called Abington, Pennsylvania, and were very friendly with another family living in the same street as us. Carole, my friend from over the road, and I decided to take our two young five-year-old children to a very special fair that is held in Rittenhouse Square in the city of Philadelphia, every year in June. It was a very bright, clear June day. With plenty of colourful flowers and very green foliage plentiful in this small square (which is well known to Philadelphians), brightly coloured tents, many old-time crafts and goods to look at, and, as you can see, an Indian painting booth (in aid of a hospital). The day was memorable to me and I am glad that I recorded it.

It is very hard to describe the relationship that Andy and I have. We were in each other's company a great deal when he was younger and I feel that is when this caring, empathetic friendship developed between us. John and I are delighted that Andy has found Jennifer and we could wish them nothing better than that a caring, cooperative friendship develops between them as their years together progress.

All our love and best wishes go to them – Margaret Cheffers (Andy's mother)

We were also asked to write something about Andy that we found unique. When I asked my family what we could write about Andy, one of us remembered this amusing event and everyone else said, "Yes, I remember," and laughed. It goes like this:

We had just moved into a 75 year-old Victorian Colonial house in Framingham, Massachusetts, and Andy had met some of the boys in the next street. One afternoon there was a knock at the front door (we had two doors in the front, one which was the original door and was a lovely oak door but we never opened it because it was large and it got caught on the carpet, and another which was considered a side door in which everyone came). When I answered the knock on the original front door and finally opened it, a young boy was standing there. He asked me, "Is David in?" Then I looked at my daughter who was in the front room. I answered, "David?" Leigh said "Noooo." Then I said to the boy, "Do you mean Andy?" He said, "No, David." Puzzled, I wondered what it was about, when light slowly crept into my brain and I remembered that David was Andrew's second name. Then I called out to Andy that there was a friend to see him. When he appeared, I said, "Be home at 6:00 pm, David." Of course, we had forgotten, but he hadn't. Apparently, he had been telling the boys with whom he was friendly that his name was David. So, he was being called Andy at home and David in the next street. He never gave us any explanation. Sometimes Andy used to surprise us like that.

Chapter 19: What was nursing like in the 1950s? Who was your best friend from those days?

To begin this story of my friend, Betty Roots (later she called herself Frankie Rousseau) and how we came to meet each other at Epworth Hospital in Richmond, Victoria, it is important to understand why I was willing to pursue a career in nursing at that time in the mid-1950s.

My first real job was as a secretary to the owner of a children's dress manufacturer in Flinders Street, Melbourne. (I have described my first job in a previous chapter of my long-time friend, Valerie, whom I had met when I was in high school). I remained in this job for about two years, but I was dissatisfied with my role of just being a secretary. I wanted to be part of a profession that had more meaning. I couldn't imagine myself as a teacher as I was not an outgoing person and was not gifted with the ability to express myself or an ability to control young children.

Nursing seemed to be a profession that I could learn and be effective in that role. With this idea in my mind, I began researching where I could achieve this goal. It happened that my boss was a council member of the Victorian Methodist Church and, as I had spent my high school years at Methodist Ladies College, I was drawn to a hospital that was part of the Methodist Church. I was convinced that I had a chance to begin and complete the nursing training to gain a Diploma of Nursing at Epworth Hospital, a private hospital in Richmond, which was close to the CBD of Melbourne. After I had applied and been accepted by this hospital, I was requested to present myself - along with three other young women - to meet the staff who would be working with and training us. None of us had any idea what was ahead of us for the next three years.

I have used the internet to research how nurses were trained in the 1940s and 50s and I have used this information to spark those distant memories locked away in my mind to describe my memories of the training of Betty and me.

In 1950, women entering the three-year nursing training program paid no tuition. Nursing textbooks cost approximately \$55. Nursing students lived in the on-site nurses' residence throughout their three years of training. Still legally children at 18, new nurses were accompanied by their parents who had to 'sign them over' to the care of the 'Home Sister' (the age of consent was 21 years back then).

Most nursing schools would not accept married women, and immediately ended the training of nurses who married or became pregnant.

Nursing school incidentals required upon entrance into this program included:

- one pair of bandage scissors
- one pair of white nurse's shoes (\$8.00) – although brown shoes were worn at Epworth
- two pairs of white nylons (at \$1.00 each)
- three nurse dresses (approximately \$4.75 each)

- six collars (at 35¢ each)
- 14 aprons (at \$2.50 each)
- one alarm clock
- one wristwatch
- one napkin ring
- one steamer rug or coloured blanket
- two labelled cotton laundry bags (20 inches by 20 inches).

Nurses were also required to purchase a cape after six months, which in the 1950s cost anywhere from \$21-\$30. These incidentals were very similar to those required by Epworth trainees.

To help in my research about the nurse training at Epworth Hospital, I was lucky to buy the last copy of a book called '*Epworth: A Tradition of Care 1920-2010*' by Janette Bombford, from Abe Books located in a Melbourne arcade. It was written to celebrate the 90th year of Epworth's existence. It was useful to awaken my memories of the layout of the hospital, the names of the administrative nursing staff who attended to keeping all the parts of hospital administration working smoothly in the 1940s and 1950s. Quotes in this chapter are from this book. It notes:

Nurse Fisher, the daughter of a Methodist minister, trained in the latter part of the 1930s, and remembers being shocked at some of the other nurses who were training with her smoking, drinking and swearing, but soon joined them also secretly smoking, swearing and drinking.

On a certain date and time, I had been requested to present myself to the Matron of Epworth Hospital and meet with the crucial training staff. We were greeted by Matron Holding who introduced us to other crucial staff members, especially our tutor sister who would be arranging and teaching our formal education.

Matron Holding was a trainee nurse at Epworth in 1937, graduating with general and obstetrics certificates. She became the Sister-in-Charge of the Operating Theatre for nine years. During WWII, she joined the Australian Army Nursing Service in 1940 and served with the 2/9th Australian General Hospital in the Middle East and New Guinea. She became the Matron at Epworth Hospital in 1946 as she was a very well qualified candidate. She was "described in later life as having a somewhat stern face, an ample bosom and a heart of gold." Matron Holding was devoted to Epworth, her Alma Mater, and was indefatigable in her supervision of the running of the hospital. It was noted that: "with two telephones at her elbow, Matron is at the beck and call of everyone, and in constant touch with everything that is happening in her domain." My impression during those three years was that she was a very efficient administrator.



Marjorie Holding, Epworth Hospital Matron from 1947-1973

Of course, we all had our preferred Ward sisters. My feared Charge Sister was the Supervisor in charge of Night Shift nurses, Sister Vertican. I have written about her in the following memories of my experiences on night shift.

Nurses' Residence

Nurse Fisher recalls "that nurses had to be in by 11:30pm and come in the front door and sign a book so the duty sister saw you. We soon discovered that there was a little lane at the back where we could creep in undetected."

Another nurse's memories regarding the regulations at the Nurses' Residence were similar as to when I was training. From the time she lived at the residence, she was required to obtain:

... a special pass in order to leave the residence, and that could only occur on the nurse's days off. Once a month a late pass was issued allowing the nurse to stay out till 10.30pm. Life in the residence was highly regimented and tightly controlled. Your room could be inspected for cleanliness and tidiness at any time. A single lockable drawer was the only private space you were permitted; all other drawers and cupboards were regularly inspected. Males were forbidden in the residence at any time (OK mum, whatever you say.)

After we had been introduced to the Matron and other staff our Tutor Sister, who appeared to be not much older than we were, took us to the Nurses' Residence. My fellow companions (Mary Matthews, Judy Burns, Betty Roots) and I (Margaret Bingham) followed her to familiarize ourselves with the nurses' residence. She assigned the four of us to two bedrooms. My roommate was to be Betty. We were made aware of the regulations that went

along with living in the residential home, such as what time lights out, the different times for each shift, where the kitchen and dining room and the bathrooms were, where the linen cupboard was in the hallway.

For all the time that I lived at the hospital, there was no special room in which to meet or entertain friends. If, for instance, you wished to meet your boyfriend on your hours off, the only place to meet members of the opposite sex was in Melbourne gardens such as the nearest garden to the hospital, Fitzroy Gardens. John and I met there often. John and I also used to meet at a café near Punt Road for some café food before we wandered into the gardens. You had to be back through the front doors of the hospital by 11pm before you were locked out for the night. If you missed the deadline, you were in big trouble. Many times, if you were late, you could creep through the convenient tennis court next to the Nurses' Home and crawl through a convenient hole in the fence and get one of the nurses to let you in and hopefully avoid bumping into the sister in charge.

Betty and I quickly became good friends after we had settled into our room. We had lots of fun and laughter when recalling incidents and escapades that had happened through each other's day. Betty's family lived in the Gippsland area of Victoria in the town of Drouin. We often had conversations about our families after finishing a shift in our room or around the table in the dining room. I remember Betty talking about her brother Bill and her favourite sister, Dot.

I was lucky I only lived a tram ride away from my home in the suburb of North Balwyn and I always went home whenever I had a day off. It was always nice to go home at least once a week and get spoiled. Betty didn't have that privilege as she lived too far away, so stayed at the Nurses' home without a break. When we happened to get the same days off (this did not happen often), Betty and I would go to my home and my mother would spoil us both. It wasn't long before my parents welcomed her company on her time off when I was working at the hospital.

Meals at the Nurses' Home

Nurse Fisher also mentions that:

... nurses are always hungry! You didn't dare be late for Sunday night tea. We sat ten to a table and ten servings would be put out and, if there was an empty place, the food would be gone in a trice. It was uninviting, predictable food. Porridge, Weeties and soggy toast for breakfast and lots of boiled casseroles. We rarely had roasts and I don't remember ever having poultry. There was lemon sago and rice puddings for dessert. It was nourishing food but not as good as at home.

Meals at the hospital were very average and we were always moaning and groaning about the daily menu, but it was food and when you worked strenuous hours and shifts, you were always hungry. I can attest to the food in the 1950s. Nothing had changed and I wondered if the same cook of the 1930s and 1940s (as in Nurse Fisher's day) was still making the meals when I was training in the 1950s.

In my third year of training, I was on night duty as was Judy Burns. Both wards had a shared kitchen. Quite often we cooked pancakes in that kitchen. Other nurses visited and picked up pancakes laced with honey, jam and cream or even lemon juice and sugar to eat back at their wards.

Nurse Uniform in 1954

Nurse Fisher also describes the uniforms that she wore:

We supplied our own uniforms and aprons but were given two caps. The first year's cap was like a housemaid's cap: it was flat and drawn in with a string at the back. In the second year we got 'frills'. We used an old toothbrush to dampen the starched drawstring and then used fingers to make the frills. When we qualified, we wore an organdie veil. The dress was a light sky-blue colour and the apron was white. The white cuffs and collars were detachable and starched.

The description of Nurse Fisher's uniform in the 1940s was the same one that Betty and I wore in the 1950s. Below are two photos: The first photo is of me in the first-year cap and wearing the red cape over the starched sky-blue dress and white apron and brown shoes.



Margaret Bingham, Epworth Hospital first year nursing training, 1954



Margaret Bingham, Epworth Hospital second year nursing training – with frilled cap, 1955

Nurse's Stipend/Salary

Trainee nurses paid no tuition and were paid a small stipend, essentially giving hospitals a source of free labour. This created what many nurse historians and policy analysts saw as a system that continued to undervalue nursing's contribution to acute care. We worked broken shifts and only had one day off a week. The maids earned more than us and had better hours, but we didn't resent it. In those days, girls who wanted to be nurses were very dedicated. They were taken advantage of, in terms of wages and conditions, but were willing to do the work.

Trainee nurses at Epworth Hospital were paid a small amount each week, half of which was paid to the hospital for board and lodging and whatever was left was yours to spend as you wish. The discretionary amount was enough for me at least to travel back home weekly on days off and save enough to buy clothes now and again. Our pay at Epworth Hospital did rise slightly in our second and third years of nurse training.

Today, if you consider the pay levels for trainee nurses together with the absolute energy and distress from having to, for instance, give an injection to a patient for the first time and learn other procedures on the go throughout your traineeship, such as inserting catheters into the ureter, they certainly don't reach the levels that registered nurses would be paid today.

Nursing Training and Duties

When I look back on those years and the effectiveness of our instruction (or lack of), all I can say is that it was very different to what I imagine is the nursing education of today. Our mode of instruction was like an apprenticeship situation, as we worked in the hospital 48 hours a week after two weeks of basic instruction; formal classroom instruction was carried out in addition to on-duty hours, and sometimes on days off. This method of learning could only be managed by living at the hospital in what was called in those days, The Nurses' Home.

From the 1950s and 1960s, similar nurse training occurred in countries such as the US, Canada, United Kingdom, Ireland and Australia. Most nurses received on-the-job training in hospital diploma schools. Nurse education has changed very much from those days. Now one can attain a degree in nursing from many universities and advanced colleges of learning and then go on to further study to become a Nurse Practitioner.

The diary below of a Canadian trainee nurse called Iris Eggins was found by her daughter after she had died. Iris was 23 years old when she began her nurse training in 1956 at a Canadian children's hospital. The diary sets out the duties carried out in a 12-hour shift. At Epworth Hospital I don't remember 12-hour shifts but I remember 8-hour shifts. However, everything written in the diary attests to my memories of my friend Betty's and my training at Epworth Hospital in Melbourne, Australia.

Training

Preliminary training covered:

Nursing ethics and hospital etiquette. History of nursing. Hygiene ward management. Beds and bed making (ward, admission, blanket, anaesthetic, fracture, shock, splints, water, epileptic, cardiac). Filling and placing of hot water bags. Admission of patients to wards (admissions, sponge, care of all patient's property). Daily hygiene of the patient (sponging, attention to back, mouth hair, etc.). Lifting and posturing patients. The care and sterilization of clinical thermometers. The methods and temperatures. Discussion patients. The care to be taken in dealing with infectious patients (typhoid fever and tuberculosis). The rules for giving mixtures. How to pour a dose of medicine. The law regarding poisons. Nutrition. The serving of meals. The value of a balanced diet (proteins, carbohydrates, fats, minerals, vitamins, roughage, water). The various hospital diets (full, light, milk, milk foods, fluids, clear fluids, special diets). The care of all hospital property. The preparation and giving of Enemata. Signs and symptoms. Observation of patients.

Nurse motto:

I shall pass through this world but once, if therefore there be any kindness I can show or any good thing I can do let me do it now; let me not defer it, nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

Daily Duties

The diary lists the duties on an average day, which was a 12-hour shift. The trainee nurse's shift would begin at 6am, she was to be unmarried and live at the hospital.

6am: Prepare nurses' morning tea and sister's tea tray, cut bread and butter and set up day room for patients' breakfast. Give out water jugs and tumblers. Sputum mugs to be collected, cleaned and boiled.

7am: Own breakfast.

7.30am: Patient's breakfast, see to patients' tea, saucers always served with cups. Collect breakfast dishes, scrape and stack tidily. Clean food trolley, wash and polish with Bon Ami. Bandages to be washed and boiled and hung on clothes horse. Prepare orange drinks for patients.

10am: Take 10am temperatures. See to patients' morning tea. Tidy dayroom and cupboards, linen and blankets. Attend to mouth toilets.

11am to midday: Give out cutlery for patients' dinner, serve and give out sweets. Collect dinner dishes. Attend to back toilet.

1pm to 2pm: Balcony patients and see to balcony washes.

2pm: Temperatures and Bis Die Temps. Nurses' afternoon tea. Prepare dayroom for tea. Cut bread and butter. Give out to patients' tea – use saucers, collect dishes and stack tidily. Clean trolley.

6pm: Temperatures. Balcony washes and back toilet of these patients. Mouth toilets, patient's supper, tidy day room. Count cutlery and report same. Total fluid charts, tidy pan room and bathroom. Assist other nurses wherever possible.

The diary provides an excellent insight not only into the day-to-day expectations of a trainee nurse working in the 1950s, but also shows the level of activity that was required to keep instruments sterilised, medicines made up and food served.

A nurse was required to know how to make a hospital bed in nine different ways depending on the needs of the patient. "She had to know how to make a bed for a general ward admission, blanket bed, anaesthetic bed, for fracture patients, shock, splints, a waterbed, epileptic bed and cardiac bed," the diarist said.

There was so much a nurse would have to learn that is taken for granted these days. Iris' diary reads:

So much of her time was spent sterilising and cleaning, which is not required today because of disposable packs, or it is done by a central department within the hospital and with the serving of food. She was required to make saline solution from scratch; these days you just grab one off the shelf.

Because my memory of the “nitty gritty” of my training at that time of my life is very dim, a lucky find in Google in an article ‘*Nursing back in the 1950s*’ brought it all back to me, and I can still remember carrying out every one of the above and below duties throughout every working day for the whole three years. The learning process was graduated as you learned and carried out different duties as you progressed through the three years’ commitment.

When I was researching through Google for further information on a trainee nurse’s tasks in the 1950s, I found the following recollections (indented in sections “Pecking Order” through to “Management of Cardiac Arrest”) that were told by a mother to her daughter in a hospital in the UK. It fitted exactly my own memories of my nurse training experiences so I’ve included this information here. Her memories also made me laugh and so I have included this in my story.

Pecking Order

The trainee nurse to the hierarchical structure for nurses of those days inside the hospital: e.g., Doctors came first, matron of hospital next, all staff above you to the mere trainee nurse. Doctors’ orders were to be obeyed and it was the Matron’s duty to delegate who was to carry out those orders.

Putting aside the whole doctor-nurse power dynamics for a moment, there was a definite pecking order within the nurses’ own ranks. Junior nurses were expected to hold doors open for the seniors. Sitting room chairs had to be surrendered to those higher up in the pecking order. Christian names were not to be used whilst on duty. All nursing activities on the ward were directed by the Ward Sister, known affectionately as “The Dragon”.

As I remember it in Epworth, there was also a protocol for a doctor visiting a patient. All nurses, whatever their rank, never entered the patient’s room before a doctor. The doctor always entered before the nurse and then higher ranked nurses always entered the patient’s room first. The senior ranking of the nursing staff in a hospital was:

- Matron of the Hospital (i.e., the head of the nursing staff)
- The Deputy Matron (the second in charge)
- The Ward Sister (responsible for running smoothly the duties of every nurse on the Ward)
- The Third Year Nurse (carried out the Ward sister’s directions and generally made sure all the nurses below her position were working satisfactorily)
- Second Year Nurse
- and below that was the lowly First Year Nurse.

Ward Duties

Rubber gloves were considered “extravagant and uneconomical” and were only used in operating rooms. Universal precautions consisted of keeping your fingernails short and your mouth closed to avoid the splattering.

Every single piece of equipment from linen to sputum mugs, was stamped with the name of the ward. Once a year, a ward stock-take was held, and God help you if a single item was not accounted for.

Anything broken was to be paid for by the nurse responsible. At the beginning of each shift nurses signed on in a large book. The shift lasted until everything was done, at which time you signed out. There was no such thing as overtime.

Yes, you did have to pay for anything that you broke. I had to pay for at least two lots of injection paraphernalia.

Junior staff were allocated the menial jobs such as cleaning out the sputum mugs and scrubbing the bedpans. This was a TB hospital, and every single patient was allocated a sputum mug.

The nurse recollecting this story vividly flashes back to the sound of that kerplop as the contents of the mugs were tipped like gobs of stretchy green-yellow mozzarella into the sluice.

As you progressed through the ranks of seniority, you inherited the more sought-after jobs. Which would pretty much be anything that did not involve sputum mugs

I did look after patients who needed sputum mugs and I agree with the nurse.

The Pan Round

As soon as the night shift nurse came on to the ward, each patient was settled for the night with a cup of hot cocoa or tea. Once the round was completed, the cups were quickly collected and washed. No sooner had they finished their cocoa, the patients were subjected to ‘The Pan Round’.

Patients were not permitted to use the bedpan when nature called, you had to wait for the allocated pan rounds which were spaced out at set intervals. So, imagine a long thirty-five bed ‘Nightingale’ style ward. A single screen was placed across the door at the end of the room. No curtains around the beds. No-siree!

Each patient was then placed on a bedpan, where they sat balanced, eyes front until the job was done. Hours and hours of pent-up solids and gasses suddenly released with a mass-synchronised relief. The resulting olfactory and auditory expungements wafting down through the corridors in chorus.

What’s more, the wards back then did not have toilet paper, but instead used a material consisting of “wiry coconut fibers” called Towa. Bums were tough back then. Wiping of bottoms by nurses was strictly hands on, no gloves. A large trolley

(pushed by a junior nurse) then transected the ward, collecting the full pans and transporting them very carefully to the sluice room. Lock up a wheel on the trolley, and a catastrophic avalanche of metal pans would crash to the floor.

The above description of the nightly pan round is certainly confronting and amusing for anyone who was not stuck with this duty.

In my first-year training at Epworth Hospital, you were only allowed to bring and collect pans from patients, helping them to sit securely and making sure that the patient was left as comfortable as possible in bed on removal of the pan by straightening up sheets and rearranging pillows after positioning the patient. Therefore, it meant you spent a lot of your days in the pan room in your first-year nursing course. Other duties were making beds in a particular way, and the daily important duty of rubbing of backs to prevent bed sores.

The Sluice Room

Here the most junior nurses would spend many a miserable hour. No mechanical flushes or sterilizers here. The Sluice Room was a huge, white-tiled room centered with a bath-sized sink. The room was lined with shelves containing rows of glass jars, test tubes, spirit lamps, wooden tongs, and pipettes.

Esbach's solution, Tinc Guaiacum, Benedict's solution, were all used in the testing of various bodily excretions. Urine was mixed and boiled, adding a pinch of this and a smidgen of that to test for albumen or sugar or bile pigments or pus. Once a week every patient had their urine tested. The nurse allocated this task would find herself surrounded by a bubbling, steaming rack of 35 labelled test tubes.

In my first year of training, it was also your duty to test every new patient's urine. You were usually testing to see if the urine contained albumin rather than glucose.

At any time, you could be summoned by the Ward Sister, and you would have to tell her every patient's name, diagnosis, treatment, and test results. Failure to be familiar with this information was immediate and swift: death by sluice room!

Equipment

The only oxygen available came from large cylinders. These were connected by a rubber hose to a Wolfe's Bottle. The oxygen passed through a glass tube into the bottle that was half filled with warm water to humidify it. When used, this system required constant tending to keep the warm water topped up.

One time, when both Betty and I were transporting a patient on a trolley to another room, we had to go past four large bottles of oxygen standing upright just outside a patient's room in the corridor (they should not have been placed or left there). Just as we were about to pass these obstacles, one of them was touched by the trolley and it began to wobble and then finally fell over and hissed while oxygen was expelled from the bottle. I was ahead pulling the trolley and Betty was behind and I absolutely skipped fast down the corridor not sure

what might happen to me, and poor Betty was left behind. Too bad for the patient. When I looked behind me, Betty had recovered and was not injured in any way.

All intravenous solutions came in glass bottles; the IV tubing was rubber with a glass drip chamber to monitor the infusion rate which was controlled via a metal bulldog clip. After an IV set was finished the tubing was boiled in water, cleaned, and used on the next patient.

Checking of a patient who had an IV infusion of saline or blood was frequent, especially the drip rate. It was important to make sure there were no air bubbles in the tubing.

Surgical rubber gloves were only used in theatres (operating rooms). They were then washed inside and out, tested for holes, hung to dry, powdered and steam sterilized for re-use.

The Mortuary

The Mortuary was a separate building on the hospital grounds. To transfer a body, it was placed in a bed with a hidden recess, that was then made up to look like an empty bed. This is pretty much the same way we transport bodies today.

The heading “the Mortuary” reminded me of an instance when both Betty and I were transporting a deceased patient down to the mortuary. We had to push the trolley outside to get to the mortuary. It was a very rickety trolley. I was the one at the back of the trolley pushing the trolley along while Betty was in front. You had to push the trolley down a slight ramp to the entrance of the mortuary. While we were carefully guiding the trolley down the ramp, the deceased patient accidentally slipped and touched the back of Betty. She let out a frightened scream as she thought the patient had woken up and kicked her in the back. Poor Betty got such a fright, it took her some minutes to recover equilibrium. Our reaction was to carefully proceed into the mortuary to leave the poor patient. However, later we laughed like mad about the whole experience.

Management of Cardiac Arrest

They hadn’t invented intensive care or cardiac care units yet and the management of cardiac arrest was very basic. If a patient arrested on your ward, you were to administer a sharp blow to their chest and then drag them out of bed, face down on the floor. You then administered Schaefer’s Method of Respiration, which as far as I can tell, essentially consisted of giving them a vigorous back massage.

Doctors were summoned to attend an arrest by a series of coded flashing lights on panels located around the hospital. If the doctor did not notice their own particular code, then they never arrived. The nurses dealt with it. If a doctor did arrive, the cardiac arrest protocol was to administer intra-cardiac Adrenaline and intravenous Coramine to ‘stimulate the respiratory system and blood pressure’. (During her entire time as a student nurse, the nurse telling this story never witnessed a successful resuscitation.)

We did not have doctors on call at Epworth Hospital and thus did not have access to the advice of a doctor when emergency treatment was called for. Epworth Hospital catered to patients who could afford private rooms. One ward that only catered to private patients was efficiently run by a Ward Sister who taught me much about looking after private patients who mostly had cardiac problems. I was very impressed by her treatment of a patient who had a heart attack while I was in his room. When I noticed that the patient began to have severe breathing problems and his colour was turning blue, I called out to her to come urgently; she came quickly, ready to help position the patient for her to administer an adrenaline injection into the heart. He was gone a few seconds, but she revived him. He did respond and I remember I caught up with him again when I was working in that same ward during the second year of my training. I remember that he loved to have a whiskey before he went to sleep. She was quite happy to provide this treat and I often thought it was probably the reason he survived for months after his initial attack.

One of the duties that the Ward Sister performed each day was to visit each patient with the menu for the day. I thought it was a good idea because she used this time to listen to the patient's medical and nursing concerns and then could pass this information onto the patient's doctor.

Giving My First Morphine Injection

There is a memory in my mind that is so vivid of my first experience of injecting morphine into the arm of a patient who was in the last stage of cancer. He was sitting up in his bed, which was opposite the staff nurse's station. The nurse in charge on that shift asked me to give him morphine for his pain and this was to be my first time.

I dutifully prepared the injection tray following the directions of a more senior nurse. Before you began this procedure, you washed your hands or put on surgical gloves. The patient's doctor would have prescribed the dosage amount and how often for his patient. In those days, you had to crush the correct dose of morphine pill in a sterile spoon, then hold the spoon over a spirit lamp to dissolve the mixture and add the correct amount of sterile water from an ampoule of sterile water to the spoon and then take the largish glass syringe and plunger out of the tray covered with methylated spirits used to sterilize the syringe and lay it on a sterile kidney tray on which was an alcohol gauze swab. You held the syringe in a certain way and attached the sterile needle to the syringe using artery forceps and then drew up the mixture in the spoon into the syringe and then placed the syringe and attached needle back on a kidney tray. The injection had to be prepared before you walked into the patient's room. When all was ready, you took the tray to the patient, placing it on the bedside tray.

I think the patient had heard the nurse giving me directions and as soon as I walked into his room, he asked me whether this was my first injection. Poor man, this nurse was about to practice on him. He accepted my efforts with good will. After I had swabbed the upper arm with the alcohol swab, I proceeded to deliver the injection subcutaneously by pinching a small amount of the arm of my patient's upper arm between my fingers and used my index finger on the hand holding the syringe to keep the needle on the syringe and piercing the

pinched part of the arm, just under the skin and push the plunger to insert the required medication. I survived! Thank Heavens!

What should be noted here is that the injection paraphernalia of syringes and needles these days come in sterilized packs. Also, the mixtures are already to inject. In most hospitals today there is a Pharmacy Department which would be responsible for correct doses. Delivering pills and injections ordered by doctors to the patient's bedside was the duty of a third-year nurse who would prepare the medication trolley loaded with individual doses and injections for each patient, usually three times a day. Every pill and injection had to be recorded for each patient, and all pills would be counted before placing them back in the locked medication cabinet. Too bad if you were missing even one pill. The key to the medication cabinet would be kept with the ward sister.

There was an experience I had in relation to missing ampoules of Pethidine in the medicine cabinet when I was working during an evening shift in my second or third year. The hospital authorities came to the ward and investigated the disappearance of this very addictive drug. Everyone who had any connection to the ward was questioned. Unfortunately, one of the staff nurses lost her job because she had become addicted to Pethidine after she had been given it to overcome pain when she had had a very serious accident. I remember her mentioning several times that she didn't seem to be able to sleep. I wondered why! One feels a lot of empathy for someone with whom you worked who had become drug dependent.

Night Shifts in the Operating Theatres

The night sister in charge of the operating theatre (Sister Vertican) at Epworth Hospital very rarely came upstairs to the operating rooms during the night to see how the nurse on that shift was faring. She was not a sister who was well-liked as she made the nurse on night duty telephone her within the first minute of starting her night shift and then when your night shift had finished. You got told off if you were a couple of minutes late in contacting her.

When I was assigned a night shift in the operating rooms, I learned a great deal about sterilization of instruments, packs and gauze packs by the autoclave for the operating theatre. Other duties for a night shift nurse were autoclaving of covering sheets and all instruments used for the operations. Gauze swabs were made by folding little gauze squares, ten in a pack, then autoclaved to sterilize them. Early in the morning, stainless steel bowls plus metal kidney trays and all other trays were sterilized in stainless steel sinks bubbling with very hot water, then set up on large sterile trays on moving trolleys for each surgery that was performed that day and covered with a sterile cover. You had to remove each implement from the sterilizer with long stainless-steel lifters. There was a downside to all this sterilizing. Whoever was carrying out these duties had to be careful to not burn themselves with the hot water or by accidentally touching the sides of the autoclave. I do remember getting quite a significant burn from the autoclave and it took quite a while to heal.

Another duty that caused me a very serious back problem was collecting all the linen involved in all the operations during the day and lifting these heavy bundles into a trolley to

be taken away to be cleaned by a private company (which also cleaned nurses' clothing). I didn't get much in the way of care but did suffer this back problem for quite a long time.

Day Shift in the Operating Theatres

In my second year of training, I did find myself in theatre during the daytime, helping as a scrub nurse and assisting doctors. The atmosphere was always quite tense for the untrained nurse. The training for scrub nursing and assisting a doctor was minimal at Epworth Hospital and it caused all trainee nurses (Betty and me especially) a lot of angst and concern and we talked about it a great deal. Being assigned as scrub nurse for different operations was the least fearful, as it meant knowing how to quickly find all required instruments and sterile packs and be able to quickly respond to requests from the operating doctor. Scrub nurses would bring trays of prepared instruments to the operating table and open sterile packs so the doctor could easily take out the sterilized instrument. However, being one of the assistants to the doctor meant that you had to scrub up and pass extremely hot packs and gauze swabs to the doctor. Keeping count of how many packs and swabs were used was a serious task and woe betide if you found at the end of the operation you did not have all the swabs and packs before the operation was completed. It meant that the site of the operation had to be inspected for any missing swabs or packs inside the patient. Scary!! It was always your fault even if it wasn't your fault. I do remember being reprimanded for passing a hot pack that the doctor wanted to be hotter and, when I attempted to make it hotter by reheating the pack into some very hot water and squeezing it, my hands stung through the surgical gloves I was wearing.

Another time I was assigned to work in the operating theatre and help clean thoroughly all the surfaces of the operating theatres; this was always done over the weekends. This included washing all the walls with methylated spirits, emptying all sterilizers of water, and washing all operating tables, trolleys and anything in sight with methylated spirits. During this time, I accidentally put my hands into a bowl of formalin instead of methylated spirits because both had no colour. Over some weeks I lost all the skin on my hands.

It is interesting that after I had graduated and was staff nursing in a very small private hospital called St. George's Hospital in Kew, Melbourne, I was often assigned to surgical duty in their operating theatre. The surgery performed at this hospital was mostly general surgery and I remember assisting with many tonsillectomies, appendectomies and hernia surgeries. The doctors were not so specialized in those days, and many GPs with some surgical experience performed surgery on their own patients.

Ward Supervision

As third year trainee nurses, Betty and I were each given responsibility for being in charge of wards overnight with at least 20 patients. As Epworth Hospital was a not-for-profit organization, they did not have doctors to whom a lone nurse in charge of a ward could refer for help. Yes, the Night Nurse Supervisor was there to help. I have memories of being totally in charge of Cato Ward on night shift that had many patients who had different, serious illnesses. It seems to me that I was assigned there for three months. As most of these patients were private patients who had their own rooms, the ward had a long corridor. You

had to check on each patient continually through the night and so it took a long time to do one round, especially as you had to spend longer times with the sickest patients.

While I was working in Cato Ward, I used to dread Mondays as a particular surgeon performed hiatal hernia operations that day. Hiatal hernia is a type of hernia in which abdominal organs (typically the stomach) slip through the diaphragm into the middle compartment of the chest. The nursing care for this type of surgery was quite complicated in that the patient had drainage tubes protruding from the abdomen, saline and blood given intravenously, etc. Pain management and wound care were all monitored frequently. It really needed the attention of a private nurse monitoring the patient constantly during the first few days. Unfortunately, you had to juggle your other duties caring for the other patients on the ward. During these out-of-control nights, you often had to complete your duties long after your shift was finished.

It was very easy to find yourself in trouble because you had neglected to carry out all the rules. One instance when I did get into trouble was when a patient in Cato Ward had a coronary thrombosis heart attack and was in excruciating pain. His doctor had ordered an injection of Pethidine for pain. I prepared the correct dosage but could not find Sister Vertican (the supervising night sister in charge) to give me permission to give the injection. When she hadn't responded and the patient's colour was turning blue, I wasn't willing to wait as the patient was in deep distress. I gave him the injection, which for the time being helped his pain. Only registered nurses were allowed to give serious pain injections without permission. His heart attack had left him vulnerable to another cardiac arrest very soon in the future. For that infringement, I had to go and present myself to Matron Holding who did admonish me for not getting permission but as the patient had lived for about week after, I was not fired. Close though!

It happened that this poor man died on my watch about a week later and I found myself laying him out. This was a procedure I had only read about, and I remember I did try and follow all the steps with as much dignity as possible. Judy Burns (another good friend) came along to help me after I reported this death to Sister Vertican. Judy and I did what was required but we both began to giggle when one of us put too much cotton wool into the patient's mouth. This was done to make the patient look serene but instead made the poor man's face look lopsided. We did remove some of the cotton wool and the patient's face looked more serene, to our relief.

Rat Problems

As reported by a previous Matron in 1929, "mice and rats have always been troublesome and they are coming into the servery, dining rooms and even the wards." I can attest that they were still a problem in my third year in 1957.

Another time, both Judy Burns and I were on night duty together but each in a different ward. Because I needed to leave my ward for a short time to collect supplies from the front of the hospital, I was alarmed to see Judy as I passed by a downstairs servery not able to move as she was surrounded by 4-5 rats, looking very threatening, that were preventing her leaving

the servery. Not a good place to be in! She was glad to see me and begged me to make a lot of noise so the rats would go back to their rat holes and let her get out of the servery. I made a lot of noise and the rats disappeared. Both of us quickly let the Sister in charge that night and the Matron the next morning know that there was quite a significant rodent problem. I do remember that they did get the rat destroyers into deal with the rodents.

Influenzas and Infectious Diseases

In 1957, an influenza pandemic reached Australia's shores. It was less severe than the 1918 Spanish flu and affected primarily the vulnerable: the young, the elderly, pregnant women, and people with chronic diseases. I had already seen how polio had affected young people and adults in the 1950s.

Near the end of my third year, I was looking after a young woman who had trained at Epworth. She was admitted to the Maternity Ward at Epworth for the delivery of her baby. After she had given birth, she caught the flu which became pneumonia. Her pneumonia was not responding to the antibiotics that were available then. She was very quickly becoming worse, and it was decided to prescribe the newest antibiotic at that time called Erythromycin. The doctor prescribed it orally to be taken three times a day. She very quickly recovered but with damaged lungs. Whenever I have thought about her since that time, I have wondered if it affected the rest of her life.

I do not remember wearing masks or special uniforms at that time. However, my nurse friends definitely believed in the effectiveness of Vitamin C as way to overcome colds and flu. The current pandemic of COVID-19 in the years 2020-21 has affected many adults in the world today with many deaths. It has been important to wear proper gowns and masks to ward off any infection.

Graduation and Beyond

The below photo from Page 107 of the book, *'Epworth: A Tradition of Care 1920-2010'*, shows a group of nurses receiving their nursing diplomas that qualified them to become staff sisters at any hospital in 1957. Both Betty and I are in this photo. Betty is on the left side of Sister Daws and I am slightly to the right of the presenter. I can see that Betty is holding her diploma certificate. Sister Daws certainly merited her dux prize as I always admired her nursing abilities.



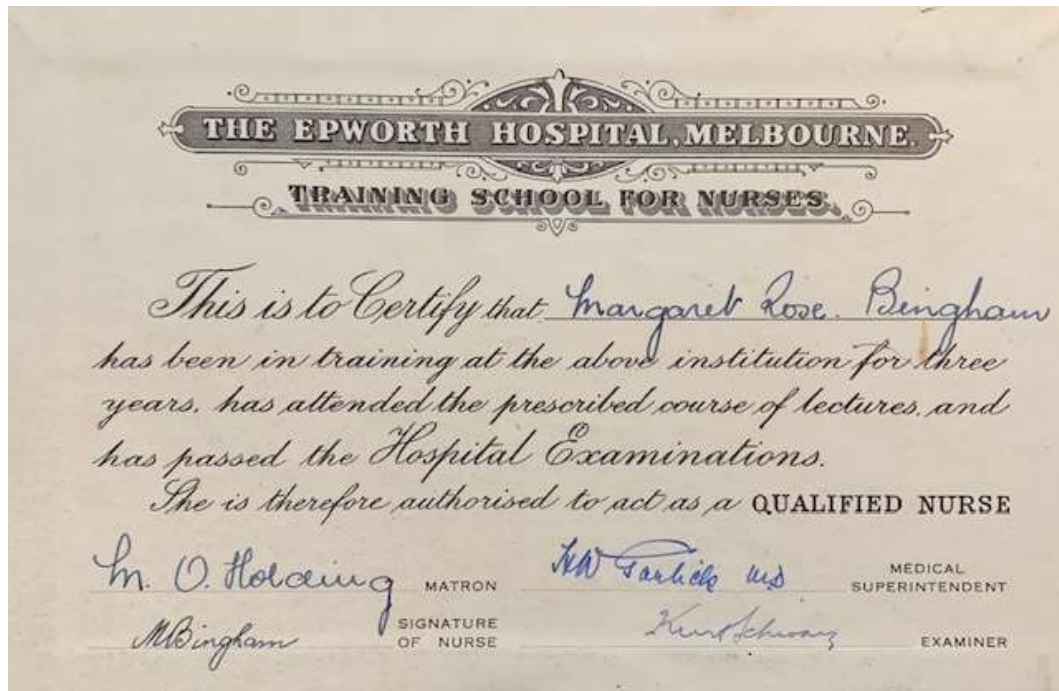
Helen Daws receiving her 1956-57 dux prize from Jill (later Lady) Bolte, 1957



Epworth Hospital Trainee Nurses, 1957

Back L-R: Mary Matthews (2nd from left), Judy Burns (4th from left), Betty Roots (far right)
 Front L-R: Tutor Sister (3rd from left), Margaret Bingham (far right),

Unfortunately, I can only remember in the photo above the names of the four nurses with whom I began my nursing education. I do not remember on what occasion the photo was taken. Maybe the photo was taken after we had all graduated, as I can see everyone is wearing an orchid in their lapel. The faces of the other nurses are very familiar. Mary Matthews, Judy Burns, and I were all in the intake at Epworth Hospital in 1954. The other nurses in the photo were the next intake which happened six months later.



After graduating, salaries for nurses were very low. Many hospitals would not employ married women (this practice continued well into the 1960s in some communities). Up until then, many married graduates worked as private-duty nurses.

In 1948, the labour relations committee of the Manitoba Association of Registered Nurses released a report which documented the reasons why the province seemed unable to recruit and retain enough nurses. These reasons included:

- long hours
- low salaries
- poor living conditions
- too few holidays
- instability.

In Manitoba, the average working week for nurses at this time was 48 hours (and in at least three hospitals ranged from 66 to 90 hours), compared to the public health agency average of 38 – 40 hours. In Australia, I worked ordinary hours of about 40 hours per week.

Both Betty and I left Epworth after graduating. Betty went back home to Gippsland and became a staff nurse at The Yallourn Hospital where it seems she was in a position of authority. I was employed at St. George's Hospital in Kew, a suburb of Melbourne. I enjoyed my time there and – as written before – often found myself assisting in the operating theatre and working as a staff nurse in the wards. I did live in the nurses' home there but had my own room, and there were not the same restrictions as for a trainee nurse at Epworth. As this hospital was founded by the Anglican Church, entertaining a boyfriend in your room was frowned upon.

I worked there until I was married on January 22nd, 1958. Unfortunately, in those days if a nurse got married, you lost your job. For me pregnancy came quickly, and we had our first baby – Paul Clifton Cheffers – in 1958 before the end of the year and our second son – Mark – the next year in December 1959. Leigh was born in 1961 and then my last baby – Andrew – in 1965. During this period of my life, I was overwhelmed with household duties to do with raising children and supporting John. After I left St. George's Hospital, John was the sole provider in our family and remained that way for some years. This was mostly because married nurses were not encouraged to work after completing their training and because childcare was not as available as today.

Before Betty and I finished our training at Epworth, we often discussed what we were going to do next in our lives. There was much talk of “doing midwifery” and each of us thought it was a good idea. However, there were limited hospitals in Melbourne which provided that training. Going to Footscray Hospital, west of Melbourne, was a possibility for me and I thought long about moving away from the Eastern Suburbs of Melbourne where I lived. I did not take up the opportunity. I always regretted this decision. Betty, who was not in a relationship at the time, decided to train as a midwife at the Royal Hobart Hospital. I should have gone with her, and we could have moaned about our treatment by some of the sisters there together. Her disgust is revealed in her letter to my parents:

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Bingham and Joyce:

I am almost too ashamed to write to you after my long silence. However, a bad penny always turns up, so here I am. You were off on a holiday to Mallacoota when you wrote to me, and I am sure you had a comfortable time there. I have been promising myself a visit there but have never quite made it. However, one of these days!

We have been to some delightful places since we arrived here. There seems a never-ending variety of places to go. Time is the only factor preventing us. I haven't taken many photographs yet, but I dare not arrive home without quite a selection as none of my family have been here and are interested in my travels.

We have been away five months, almost six. Seems impossible that half our midwifery training is over. People assure me that the second half of midwifery is better than the first and I sincerely hope so as I have not enjoyed the last few months at all. Listen to me moaning as usual.

The exams aren't too bad, such as exams go. I think the main trouble is that I was so spoilt having a place of authority at Yallourn Hospital and then find myself in the most degrading of situations here. The way some of the sisters treat you in the maternity ward is as one would think you had never been inside a hospital before.

I have had 13 babies so far and, also some have been named after me, so I invent a name when a mother with an IQ of 20 asks me my name as I am aware of what follows: either Elizabeth or Gertrude, and I laugh to myself when I meet two little Trudy's up the street, supposedly called after me. Just imagine Trudy Roots, doesn't it sound ghastly but then I don't suppose it is any worse than Betty. We name the adoption babies we deliver. I called one David John and another one Mark Andrew. But as soon as they are adopted, they are given another name. Usually, some family name a mile long.

How are John and Margaret getting along? Do prompt Margaret to write as I can never remember her address. Their babies will be all grown up before I see them. Joan [Betty's sister] was married at Easter and looked really adorable. They are building in Sale.

Well, I must go as my supper hour is over and as you may have guessed I am on night duty. Cheerio. Love to all. Bet

Betty continued to visit my parents when they were living in North Balwyn and moved to Bairnsdale when I lived in the USA from the 1970s. I have many letters expressing her fondness and gratefulness for Mum's and Dad's interest in her.

A postcard written in the 1980s and sent from South Molle Island on the Great Barrier Reef is the earliest letter I kept:

Dear Bing, John, Buster (Paul). Having a fabulous time up here on the Barrier Reef staying on South Molle, visiting the other islands from here. Had a lovely trip up

through Albury, Canberra, Orange, Toowoomba, Sydney, Katoomba, Brisbane and then by launch from McKay. Aqua planing, water skiing, surfing, swimming, cruising, everything you could wish for or more. The night life was terrific too.

About 200 young people here so plenty of company, envious? Eh! Lots of love Bet

After she had completed her midwifery certificate, she returned to the Yallourn Hospital and nursed there for a few years. After John and I and children moved to Philadelphia and later Boston, writing letters became sporadic. From my memory, she told me that she had married and that her husband had left her with a young baby boy quite early in the marriage. Her marriage broke up when she found out that he was already married. I could only feel that she was going through a huge trauma. This terrible time sent her, it seemed to me, into a dark period of her life. I am not sure why she left nursing to pursue her next career; she went to Teachers' College in the Gippsland area and was rewarded after completion of her Diploma of Teaching Art and Craft as a teacher of Art at Warrigal High School.

Was it that she had a baby to care for and a nursing career was too hard for her to manage in order to care for her son? As I was living in the USA in the 1970s and 1980s, I do not know the specifics of this disaster as communication between us was sporadic. I had always admired her braveness when her life went through so many obstacles at her efforts to move forward. Betty had become a single parent and had to bring up a son. Maybe she felt that having a secure job in the teaching profession may work better because of the school holidays. I don't know how she managed during the baby stage unless she had help from her family as child-care businesses were sparse in those days. The really sad part of her story is that her son developed epilepsy early that continued through his whole life.

In a note sent to me in 2004, Betty illustrates the difficulties she had with her son, Tony's, ongoing behaviours when she wrote that she is selling her Dromana house and that he did not want her to sell:

Tony is over wrought and almost harmful to others and is feeling rejected because I am selling. You really can't win. He really flipped the other night and in his delusionary account into my properties called me everything. He really is a sick young man having attempted suicide in the last several months. So, I appreciate any prayers you can have for him because he really is a beautiful young man.

I caught up with Betty when John and I returned to Australia in 1984 and lived in Murrumbateman for three years when John was Executive Director of the Institute of Sport in Canberra. John returned to his position at Boston University in 1987 when his AIS position became a political football and he resigned. Unfortunately, I had lost my green card and there was a period of about two years before I was given another. Before then, I could only enter the USA on a tourist visa for 6 months. This caused me a great deal of stress during which time I really had nowhere to live in Australia as our house was rented; I stayed with Joyce and Max in their on-site mobile house. I also stayed at my cousin Shirley's home for a long time as well. It took about two years for me to finally be able to return to Boston permanently. I was living in Campbell, Canberra, at the time in a granny flat and working for the public service when I received the green card.

Often when I went south from Canberra to Bairnsdale by bus to see my sister Joyce and my brother-in-law Max, I would later travel from there to Melbourne via the Princes Highway to catch up with other relatives in Melbourne. I would always stop to catch up with Betty by leaving the highway exit to travel on to Betty's property in Drouin. Her son, Tony, had by then moved away and I never met him until I went to her funeral. I remember I spent a lovely afternoon with Betty exploring her property where she was growing proteas and selling the flowers to the public while continuing to teach at Warrigal High School. I could not help picking some of the proteas to take with me to give to those people I intended to visit.

In a Christmas card dated December 1991, Betty wrote:

I have come to the decision to sell this place even though I love it. Such high maintenance and even with my brother Bill here it still gets away. My next move will be near the sea, probably on the NSW-Queensland border. I am going to spend the next few months looking for a little spot. Hope you are happy. I am very peaceful, and Tony is growing up without too much drama.

The next card I received was to let me know that she had moved to 110 Dromana Parade, Safety Beach:

I have good news on two fronts. I have sold my home getting four times what I paid 6 years ago. And my cancer review was positive. No sign of new growth.

She had moved to the sea, but her home was located on Port Phillip Bay, Victoria.

Another note written to me dated 10 July 2000 reveals that she was struggling with a return of breast cancer and a secondary tumour in the spine. The treatment for this cancer was radical with radiation, surgery and chemo plus a long rehabilitation and did finally leave her in remission for a short while but returned in 2006 to overshadow her life until she died.

She wrote that she had financial difficulties since an accident that shattered her kneecap, but that she was beginning to catch up. Tony, who had been living in Queensland, had come back to live with her.

Tony is still with me, his health and lifestyle much changed for the good. I can't begin to think of what it must be like to have huge gaps in your memory, much of which doesn't return after the seizures. But in some ways, he is absolutely brilliant, with an enquiring analytical mind, and amazes me that such intelligence comes through me, obviously the genes go back to those with quite different thinking brain to mine.

She also refers to my mother and father:

I think of you all with love and remember with thanks the great influence your dear Mum and Dad had on my life. The poor little bush pumpkin!! I am certainly a different person to the pre-cancer me but have grown in faith with the love and care of those who walked the path with me. Love, Frankie X. Betty

Another letter to me in 2002:

Address: 4/5 Martin St.,
Rosebud, Vic.

Hello Margaret

Just a little cheer-up note to wish you well as you wing your way home. Joyce phoned last night. She seems to be coping but really hanging out to see you again.

I am sorry that you haven't got your dual citizenship papers through. It is unbelievable. Australia isn't the only country where we are strangled in red tape. They think you are made of money to afford plane fares from here to there. The consolation being the time you can have with your precious family. It must be so hard for you to pack up and fly so far away.

You haven't had an easy life. There has to be a book or two there also. So many places. So many cultures and so little time.

I have good news on two fronts. I have sold my house getting four times what I paid 6 years ago. And my cancer review was positive. No sign of new growth. Some worry of rapid osteoporosis so I am having Zometa. Some Soledronic Acid IV with my 3-week dose of Herceptin (the Wonder Drug) which builds up the immune system. Good news of your Paul. You must be relieved that his health problems allowed his brilliance and his staying power to shine through.

God bless. Love always. Betty XXXXXXXX

Betty's reference to my two-year attempt to become a dual citizen of USA and Australia was made more difficult by my loss of my green card in 1984. It came down to the fact that they needed to find my file that was in Honolulu and send it to Boston. I was very frustrated at the time at the length of time I had to remain in USA, and I had to live with Mark and also Leigh during this time.

Sometime before 2006, when Betty's health seemed to be under control and she was able to be more positive about life, I came and stayed with her for two weeks in her Dromana house. We had a great time! We decided to "live it up": eating out all the time, driving down to Sorrento to catch the ferry over to Queenscliff, going to lunch at Arthur's Seat on the Mornington Peninsula and generally making up our minds about what we were going to do each day. On both the Saturday evenings we went to the Dromana Hotel down the road to enjoy the Traditional jazz band.



Lunch with Betty at Arthur's Seat, Mornington Peninsula, Victoria

In a letter to my daughter Leigh, I wrote:

Getting back to Betty, she is looking as well as she can (and much better than last time I saw her) but she has had a lot of chemotherapy and radiation therapy and the tissues around the surgery still get very tender and painful. Anyway, we brought Betty back to Joyce's place and she stayed for a few days. She also brought her dog (a small cocker spaniel cross) because she had hoped that Joyce could look after her. However, another Labrador (besides Lucy) called Shandy that Joyce had agreed to look after, and who was a nervous and jealous dog, took a real dislike to poor Sophie and I guess that meant Betty had to go back to square one to see that she is looked after if Betty became very ill. I am inclined to say that I will look after Sophie, but I am not quite secure enough to make that promise. Sophie is an easy dog to look after and is well trained. Believe it or not, Betty and I had a nice time, going out to lunch sometimes and going down to Cape Conran one day to see how nice the beach and national park is up the coast of Victoria.

I took Betty back to her home in Dromana and then stayed with a friend in Beaumaris to catch up with the Bingham boys, David, Lawrence and Allen.

I received a note in June 2002 thanking Joyce and me.

What a great spoil you gave me. Brightens my day just thinking of the beautiful people I was with and the superb places we have been. Thanks a million! God bless! You and yours from your old friend, Bet X

The last time I saw Betty was when she was in Frankston Hospital, and she was very ill. When I realized that she probably would not be leaving the hospital, our goodbye was very emotional. I happened to be visiting Joyce who was also being treated for cancer at the time when we heard that Betty had died and Joyce, Max and I decided to attend her funeral which was to be in the Anglican Church in Dromana.

The church was packed with family members and the many friends she had met throughout her life. Betty had arranged her own funeral. We were amused when we saw the cask which was made of plywood painted blue with butterflies and a rainbow sitting on a trailer next to the motor bike hearse. We all agreed when we saw the decorated cask, "That's just like Betty!" I took photos of the cask and her internment. When the service finished, all the visitors got in their cars and followed the hearse to the cemetery. She certainly made quite a statement on the road to the cemetery that afternoon with many cars following the motor bike.





Betty's sisters, brothers, nieces and nephews looking inconsolable by her grave

I have a lovely granddaughter whose name is Ruth Marie Cheffers and she lives in Massachusetts, USA, and as it was her birthday, I sent her a Jacquie Lawson Ecard and as usual I sent her a real card with a cheque enclosed. I have sent these Jacquie Lawson cards to all my grandchildren who live in USA since they were all toddlers, and now many of them are in their 20s and 30s. In the real card I have often sent a letter and told them a little about my life. The below letter was sent in 2018.

Dear Ruth: Thank you for letting me know that you have received my gift. Yes, I love you too. I know everyone girl likes to buy something she would like, and I am glad you are going to use the money to buy something you would like.

It's good to know you have a good friend called Abbey. Every girl needs to have a special friend. I had a dear friend who was my mate when I was working and studying to be a nurse. Her name was Betty. I shared a room with her, and she was a wonderful companion all during the three years it took to get a Diploma of Nursing. Unfortunately, she died about 3 years ago. We had a lot of laughs and I kept in touch with her throughout my years in Massachusetts. I always went to see her when I was in Australia. She went through some real awful health issues in her last years, but she never said how awful it was for her, but if she heard that I was having some kind of difficulty, she always wrote to me and enclosed a passage from the bible. One of those I kept with me always and I will quote it now as it is good to remember when things seem too tough.

“For I am certain that nothing can separate us from his love:
neither death nor life,
neither angels nor other heavenly rulers or powers,

neither the present nor the future,
neither the world above nor the world below—
there is nothing in all creation that will ever be able to separate us from the
love of God which is ours through Christ Jesus our Lord.”

Now these words from Romans 8 were very helpful to me and I hope that sometime in the future you will remember them too.

I don't want you to feel sad about Betty. She lived life to the best of her ability caring about many people such as Tony, all her sisters and brothers, and many of the friends who came into her life whatever the time. I am sure you will be a very good friend to your friends and family all through your life. Yes, I certainly love you and I am sure you will share your warm spirit with many people.

Lots of love, Grandma

Chapter 20: Who was your sister?

To answer this question, I need to return to my story of who was my father and mother? That part of my history in the Bingham family history instead of the Savagar family history is explained there. Yes, I was adopted by Allen and Beanie Bingham when I was six years old. At that time, Allen and Beanie had no children, but they had been looking after me from birth especially after Robert Savagar (my father) had married again and had not been able to include me in his new marriage arrangements. It was with much sadness that he had encouraged Allen and Beanie to adopt me. Not long after my adoption, a miracle happened when they were blessed with a child of their own. They called their little girl Joyce Eunice Bingham, born on the 20th of November, 1942. (It was believed in the 1940s that possibly infertile couples often had natural births after adopting a child.)



Joyce Bingham, as a 6-8 month old – born 20 Nov 1942

Childhood

Look, I admit that I do not remember even being aware of Joyce as a baby. I was seven and must have watched my parents caring for baby Joyce. I only remember in my young life that there was a lot of fuss going on around a bassinet.

However, when both Joyce and I were sleeping in one room, I certainly was aware of her when she began 1st grade at Wilson Street Primary School at 5 years old. We both had memories of the house at 33 Wilson Street in Brighton, Victoria. As there were seven years between us in age, we both were living our lives as young children along different paths. Of course, Allen and Beanie felt a special joy in watching the baby stages and girlhood of Joyce's growth to a young adult, and that is very understandable. But neither of them made me feel different. We both were given a very happy life.



Beanie holding Joyce as a toddler, with ribbons in her hair

We were both sent to Methodist Ladies College when we left Wilson Street Primary School. We both had piano lessons, and Joyce had horse riding lessons at the riding school situated down the end of Balwyn Road. As we grew older, we would be taken to see the Borovansky Ballet which morphed into the Australian Ballet performances at His/Her Majesty's Theatre, and many musical comedies after a delicious three course dinner at Mario's, a restaurant located near the theatre. We were spoilt!!

Joyce and I came to know each other more intimately when we were living at 12 Rookwood Street, North Balwyn. For both of us we met our friends in the near community and at Methodist Ladies College. Because of the difference in age, we moved like passing ships.

After we moved from East Brighton to 12 Rookwood Street, North Balwyn, Victoria, we both enjoyed many weekends going for day trips with a picnic lunch to the countryside at the

Sylvan Dam, Healesville, Mount Macedon and to the seaside at Seaford, Black Rock and Rickett's Point. Allen, as a partner in the food machinery business of D.W. Bingham Co., was able to provide Joyce and me with holidays in Victoria in guesthouses in Marysville, Sherbrook Forest, Warburton, Lorne, Torquay, during each school holiday break, as well as summers at the beach – especially at McCrae, which is situated on Port Phillip Bay. We spent many holidays with our cousins such as David Bingham, Laurence Bingham, Allen Bingham, Shirley and Sandra Bingham.



The Bingham cousins – mid 1940s

Back Row: Shirley holding Laurence on his feet, Sandra, Margaret holding Allen on his feet
Front Row: Laurence, Allen, Joyce



Joyce and Laurence Bingham bringing a bucket of water back to our caravans on the foreshore of McCrae in 1950s



Binghams at McCrae, Vic. - circa 1950s

Back Row: Allen Bingham, Beanie Bingham, Auntie Em, Old Dave, Sue Westcott (my friend)

Front Rows: Joyce Bingham, Lawrence Bingham, Allen Bingham, David Bingham

These photos were taken when David, Laurence, Allen and their mother, Auntie Em, and Joyce and I and our mother, Beanie, were spending the four weeks of the summer school holidays living in two caravans on the foreshore of McCrae Caravan Park. I must have taken this photo with a Brownie box camera. The Caravan Park, as usual, provided tap water, and toilet blocks. In those days, there may not have been any plug-in electricity to hook into. As the McCrae Foreshore Camping Park is situated very close to the beach, as soon as you woke up and had your breakfast, it was only a few steps to reach the sand and a rush into the water to dog paddle or dive under water and stand on your hands and then come out of the water and lay down on a towel on the sand to get a tan. A fantastic time for games with your cousins in the water and on the sand. Often in the afternoons at the weekends, Uncle Dave and our father, Allen, drove us further down the bay to places like Sorrento and Portsea.



Joyce with Johnnie, the Corgi, a much-loved dog at the time, sitting on the step in front of the door to the cubby house at 12 Rookwood St, North Balwyn – circa 1952

In this photo, Joyce is in front of the cubby house that Allen built. For both of us, it was a favourite place to play. Allen never built anything to fall over, even during a tornado. It was built with a strong frame and bricks. We also had a very strong swing set situated near it.

When I was a teenager and Joyce was approaching the teen stage, Allen, Beanie, Joyce and I used to play quite competitive croquet in the back yard. The lawn that we played on was slightly sloped so that you had to hit the croquet ball hard to get to the hoop on the upper side and be careful to hit the ball softer when hitting down the slope. Since those happy days of playing croquet in the back yard, I have often wished I had an opportunity to join a croquet club and play against other competitors. Canberra, a city known for its many sporting fields and other venues for a wonderful variety of sports, has one beautiful croquet lawn court situated right next to the Hyatt Hotel on Commonwealth Avenue and is used by the Canberra Croquet Club. Unfortunately, the game of croquet has fallen out of favour with the populace and is relegated to a few clubs in Australia and playing in the backyards of people's houses.

At this place in my story of Joyce, I am going to include Lyn Bingham's memories of Joyce as they describe her young life at primary and secondary school and the friends she made during that time. They had many adventures together and remained Joyce's friends throughout her lifetime. I will also be adding another friend's memories (Margaret Anderson) in this part of her story as Margaret was a friend of Joyce she met at MLC.

From Lyn:

I first met Joyce Bingham at East Kew State School, probably around 1948. Joyce was born November 20, 1942 and I was born February 1943, so we were quite close in age. I think her family lived somewhere in Kew at the time we first met at school. My family lived in Elliott Ave, Balwyn, which ran north off Belmore Road, crossed Gordon Street and it was then a direct road north, Hardwicke Street to Whitehorse Road.

I cannot remember many details of those early years except that Joyce and I became friends. My parents built a house in Tuxen Street, North Balwyn in the late 1950's early 1960's and I think Joyce's family moved to Rookwood Street, North Balwyn – not sure of the date. Because of zoning I think, we both moved from East Kew State School to North Balwyn State School and for a couple of years after that I attended Boorandara State School which was down the hill in Balwyn Road and not far from Joyce's home.

I remember arranging to meet Joyce for lunch at her home. We must have been allowed to go home for lunch in those days. And I can't remember how we arranged it, maybe a phone call. But I remember sitting at the kitchen table in Rookwood Street at the oval shaped table in the window overlooking the garage. After lunch we then walked back to our respective schools. I guess Joyce was still at North Balwyn State School at that stage. I also remember going to play at Joyce's house and her little cubby house in the back garden. I remember her maternal grandmother Granny Mac who lived with the family. I remember the dirty clothes chute which delivered your dirty clothes to the downstairs laundry. I also remember a photo of her three boy cousins, David, Laurence and Allen – the photo might have been in the cubby house. I didn't think then that I would meet and marry one of those cousins, David.

The Teenage Years

Lyn continues:

For our secondary education I was pleased that Joyce would also be attending Methodist Ladies College in Hawthorn. To travel to MLC, Joyce and I would catch the No. 48 tram. I would walk to the tram terminus and Joyce would be at the next stop, Hill Road, so we would travel to school together. From time to time, it was arranged that I would alight at the Hill Road tram stop and Joyce's dad (Allen) would pick me up in his big black car, a Rolls Royce, and Joyce and I would sit in the back seat in our school uniforms and pretend that we were being chauffeur-driven to school. Allen would be in his suit and on his way to work at the D.W. Bingham & Co. factory in South Melbourne where he worked with the two other Bingham brothers, Tom and David W. Bingham.

I do recall that Joyce received more pocket money than I did, so we were able to buy liquorice blocks from the tuckshop from time to time.



In the MLC garden – 1958

Back – Sue Small, Heather Tully, Brenda Cooper, Sue Carter

Front – Alison Cameron, Joyce Bingham

In 1960, Joyce and I were in a group of fifteen young ladies who made their debut (coming out into society). My parents were friendly with the Mayor and Mayoress of Camberwell, Frank and Jean Broussard, and I was friendly with their daughter, Lois. We attended dancing lessons and for the event we wore long white dresses of Chantilly lace with layers of tulle netting and we wore long white gloves. (I think around that time I met Len and Vi Cheffers). Len Cheffers was the Camberwell Town Manager.



1960 Debutant Ball – with Joyce and Lyn

Young Adult Life

After Joyce had completed her matriculation at MLC, she chose to pursue what was called, in those days, Infant Teaching and thus went to Toorak Teacher's College to learn to teach in the primary schools of Victoria. In those days, all teaching students in the State of Victoria received a bursary while at the Teacher's College. Therefore, you were not required to pay for your training. However, you did have to agree to teach in state schools for three years to repay that bursary. I think Joyce's first teaching stint was at Waverley High where she taught at secondary school level.

When Joyce was going to MLC, she was very friendly with four friends with whom she travelled in a van from Naples to London, after arriving at Naples by ship from Australia. Lyn continues that story below:

In 1965, when we had been working for a few years and saved up some money, we arranged to take an overseas trip. There were four of us, Joyce and myself, my cousin Heather Tully and Andrea Dickson. We departed in March 1965 from Station Pier, Melbourne, on the Italian passenger ship, Galileo. The voyage took 24 days, and the ports of call were Adelaide, Fremantle, Singapore, Bombay, Aden, Port Said and Messina. We disembarked in Naples, Italy, and were very appreciative of the fact that there was a brand new Combi van (from Joyce's dad, Allen Bingham) waiting for us to travel around Europe in for four months, visiting twelve countries. It was a wonderful adventure in many ways. Joyce very capably did most of the driving of the van, although we others took our turns to give her a break. Andrea had relations in Sweden, and this enabled us to stay with some of them and experience life in Stockholm and other places in Sweden. When it was time to leave Europe, we put the

car on a ferry at Bergen (Norway) and sailed through the night to Newcastle in the UK.



First Photo in Europe in 1965: Heather Tully, Lyn Sharp, Joyce Bingham

From Newcastle we drove to the Lakes District to spend some time in that area of England and from there we drove towards London and eventually found somewhere to live for several months. This was the upstairs section of quite a large house at No. 7 Aberdare Gardens, West Hampstead. Eventually we all found temporary work and settled into life in London.

When Joyce was living in London and teaching in one of the primary schools there, Beanie came over to see her and they both travelled to Scotland in the school holidays to sightsee and, also, see those places where Beanie spent her young life. Beanie was born in Greenoch, Scotland, situated on the Clyde River where the big ship building industry was located. Joyce was intrigued at how excited her mother became when she was seeing places familiar to her. Joyce was heard to say that by the time Beanie was to return to Australia, she had problems understanding what she was saying because her Scottish accent had become so strong in the short visit to Scotland.

While Joyce and Beanie toured throughout Scotland, Lyn shares the story of how she met Joyce's cousin, David:

Joyce's mother Beanie visited us, and she took Joyce to Glasgow to look up some of her Scottish relations. During this time, David Bingham (who had been living and studying electronic engineering in Los Angeles, USA) was returning home to Australia and decided to visit the UK to do some business for his father, and, having

been given Joyce's address, he decided to look her up. On 8 September 1965 he appeared outside 7 Aberdare Gardens. Joyce was away with her mother and it was my turn to cook dinner for Heather and Andrea.

That was the first time that we had met each other. I invited him in as he was a fellow Aussie and a cousin of Joyce's. We finished up going to have a Chinese meal with the other girls as I don't think he was impressed with what I planned for the evening meal! A couple of weeks later he invited us to drive to Manchester with him and we girls stayed at Stratford-on-Avon and David went on to see to the business for his father.

We invited him to dinner at our flat one night. Sometime after that he said he planned to drive to Cornwall. As we had by now sold our van, and David had a hire car, we took time off work and joined him, eventually travelling through Cornwall, Wales, and Scotland – David, myself, Heather and Andrea. By the time we arrived back home, Joyce and her mother had returned from Scotland and I think Beanie caught on to the fact that there was something going on between David and myself. We had taken a liking to each other and spent several weeks together in London, sightseeing, going to shows etc. before he returned home to Australia. We wrote a few letters to each other – there was no email in those days and phone-calls were expensive.

After I returned home to Australia with Joyce, just before Christmas 1965, I went out with David for a couple of years. We became engaged in May 1967 and were married in August 1967.

Before Joyce and her friends travelled through Europe to London, she had become very friendly with a young man called Max Young. Max became Joyce's boyfriend, and she was his girlfriend. Max was not very happy about Joyce being away for some months and I think he was worried that she might meet someone else while overseas.

Lyn continues with her story of Joyce and Max getting married:

When Joyce came back, she and her boyfriend Max Young became engaged and were married in December 1966 at the MLC chapel, Fitchett Chapel. I was pleased to be asked to be her bridesmaid. And, of course, David was a guest at the wedding. There was a lovely reception at the Windsor Hotel in Melbourne.



Max & Joyce wedding – 19 December, 1966
L-R: Geoff Young, Max's Mum, Max, Joyce, Beanie, Allen



Max & Joyce Young



Max and Joyce with Margaret, Mark, Paul and Leigh at the Windsor Hotel

Because Joyce was teaching at Waverley High and Max was working at Dave Bingham's (he liked to be called "Old Dave") new business, Munroe Foods, situated in Moorabbin, Victoria, they moved into a house at Crocus Crescent, Glen Waverley. Munroe Foods was set up by D.W. Bingham after the food machinery business was sold in 1964. During the time Max and Joyce lived at Crocus Crescent, they had two children, Gregory James (born in 1970) and Anthony Gavin (1974).

Establishing the Farm – "CARINYA"

In 1964, Allen decided to invest his share of the proceeds of the sale into a 500-acre dairy farm on Stevenson's Road near Bairnsdale. The aim of the farm at that time was to produce fat lambs for the food market. Thus, Mum and Dad sold the house in North Balwyn and moved down to the farm and took residence in August 1964 in a nice house adjacent to the

500-acre property. As far as I can remember, Mum and Dad began their venture into the fat lamb market using Dorset Rams crossed with Border Leicester sheep.

Murray Carley, who had lived in that part of East Gippsland and had experience with sheep farming, became the farm's Manager in November 1964. Murray, his wife Joan and six children – Michael, Kathleen, Jim, Margaret, Jennifer, Janine – lived in the farmhouse on the property, which was at the end of a laneway called Kettle's Lane, later named Bingham's Road.

With Murray's help and Allen's ideas, they changed the dairy farm into a mostly fat lamb project. During the years from 1964 to 2001, when the farm was sold, it was worked by Allen, Murray and Joyce, and had again evolved from producing only fat lambs to merino wool production and then to a Bond sheep stud which could produce a mixture of lamb meat and wool. In later years, cattle were the main focus.

Farming, in Australia especially, is reliant on decent weather and that means adequate rainfall and reasonable conditions in the winter for the lambing season. The Bingham farm had its fair share of drought conditions when grain crops failed and insect invasion such as a terrible grasshopper infestation had to be overcome. Basically, it weathered very difficult times for farming and at one time had to reduce its Hereford breeding cattle quite significantly due to drought conditions. It is very expensive to buy breeding stock.

Moving to the Farm

So why did Joyce and Max move to live next to the farm and when? After Uncle Dave had decided that his frozen fish business was not proving to be a great success, he decided to close it down altogether. In its later years, Uncle Dave's factory became a repository for all kinds of frozen food that belonged to other companies until it was sold. This meant that Max was still important to keeping up with the maintenance on the refrigeration at the factory. But both Max and Joyce wanted to move out of Melbourne. At this time, the Bingham farm was slowly developing, and it was put to Joyce and Max that they might like to move to the farm property and build a house on the corner of Stephenson Rd. and Kettle Lane. They were both keen on the idea and moved to Nicholson in December 1975.

Firstly, the family lived in a caravan in the Bairnsdale Caravan Park for six months while construction on their own home started. However, when Dad and Mum left to go to Magnetic Island during the months of April to October, 1976, the Young family moved into their house on Calvert Street, Bairnsdale. The Young family were able to move into their new house by December 1976.

Even prior to the move, Joyce had been coming to the farm on weekends from Crocus Crescent, Glen Waverley, helping with shearing and other farm duties, and so was keen to continue to assist in the farm's development. So, with Dad, Joyce and Murray's advice as manager, the farm began to develop further. During these early years, Max and Joyce had two other children, Craig John (1978) and Allen Clifton (1980), who were both born in Bairnsdale Hospital.



Young family portrait - late 1980s
 Back L-R: Greg, Anthony, Max
 Front L-R: Craig, Allen, Joyce, Allen

To give a clearer picture of Joyce's efforts and input into keeping the farm going during the 70s, 80s, and 90s, I have included some of her comments of life on the farm from the many letters she sent me during the years I lived in Boston, USA. She also kept me up to date with the health of Beanie and Allen, and the bringing up of Greg, Anthony, Craig and Allen, and passed on the news of the Bingham and McFarlane relatives. During the 30 years I was in USA, I came back to Australia for a few months at a time and stayed at the farm for quite long periods.

From Joyce's letters:

10 June 1974 - Calvert St., Bairnsdale

The farm is having a good season now. There is plenty of grass and the lambs are arriving thick and fast. Some were sold the other week for \$17 which is quite a good price.

13 Aug 1976 - Calvert St. Bairnsdale

Fortunately, we have had some good days of rain here, so the ground is moist again and we just have to keep our fingers crossed for a good Spring. I don't 'throw' feed around. Those bales are pretty heavy. I help load them and then drive the tractor while Murray puts the hay out. The horses are great at the moment. Both have lost a lot of

their 'over condition' and are just right. I use them quite a bit for driving the cattle or sheep. Anthony is very keen to ride and always wants me to lead him around on the horse.

12 Nov 1976 - Calvert St, Bairnsdale

I have not done any riding for a while. The last we did was bringing the cows and calves in for marking which is a big job. It took 2 hours chasing them around the lane to get the calves in the yard. Sprite was really knocked out, not saying anything about the rider!! We have just finished crutching the ewes, about 900 of them but to me it seemed to be 9,000. Unfortunately, we have a very small number of lambs this year and they have been slow to fatten up, so we are expecting about a \$5,000 loss on the farm.

15 Dec 1977 – Nicholson

I have been busy doing the boring household work but there are so many interruptions here during the day that often I just give up. Dad is here each day sometimes for a couple of hours and then Murray usually drops in around afternoon teatime. I've just finished cooking for shearing till we start again in January, but at least I can get out and give a hand in the shearing shed although I am still pretty useless at throwing the fleeces onto the table. I need a little stool or a lower table!!!

Unfortunately, my mare (Sprite, Joyce's Welsh Pony) had a still-born foal again, so we have decided not to join her anymore, but I hope to join the filly soon. Both the boys are doing a little bit of riding, not by themselves. I would like to get them a quiet pony, but all are too dear.

Our season here began well but, unfortunately, the rains did not come, and the ground is very dry, drought conditions again. We planted a feed crop of millet for the cattle which was growing well but now is nearly dead. I have a beaut vegetable garden going and Max has built a fence to keep out rabbits and dog. I've picked lettuces already and have peas, beans, tomatoes, potatoes, red-beet and sweet corn all doing well. Hope it will save on the food bill.



Andy sweeps up the leftovers from the fleece while Harry, the farm shearer, clips a sheep –
1975

15 Aug 1978 – Nicholson

(In this letter Joyce tells me about Paul and Mark visiting the farm)

Tomorrow we are initiating them into farming as we will be marking lambs today and tomorrow.

21 Feb 1979 – Nicholson

The farm is very dry now but so far we have avoided any fires. Murray went away for a holiday during January and there were a couple of bad days and I was very glad to see him home. Apart from all the minor catastrophes that happened while I was in charge, for example, the bull got into the cows when he should not have ... may have some calves at funny times this year! Also, six ewes decided to die for no particular reason.

We have just finished shearing which is a big job. A week of cooking for them has put off any ideas of running the local pub!!! I was working in the shed while Murray was down the paddock collecting sheep, so Craig (now aged 1) got his initiating into shearing. Had the little cot there in the corner so he just slept when things became hectic. The best times as far as he was concerned were morning and afternoon teas.

5 May 1980 – Nicholson

Firstly, farm report. Murray says 'no news is good news' and that I can fill in the rest ... how lucky. We have not had any good rain since that weekend when I came from hospital, so things are very grim. The rest of the state's drought areas had good falls of rain last week, but East Gippsland missed out. Fortunately, Dad was well in the picture before we left so we have prepared as much as the finances will allow. Dad, in

his usual wisdom, bought in hay early and got onto lucerne hay near here and we carted it as soon as it was cut. I'd say we have spent about \$4,000 on drought feed.

All the cows and calves were sold off except the milkers as there has been no feed for them. Each cow will be about \$400 to buy.

In referring to the milkers, the first task of the day for Joyce was to go to the milking shed where the four milking cows were already waiting to be milked. This milk was not pasteurized but provided milk for the family and, also to other families in the vicinity. Joyce charged a very small price for a litre of milk. I have a good photo of Joyce milking a cow.



Joyce milking one of the four milking cows

Our ewes have started to lamb and so far we have had no problems, but as things get even drier, the ewes may not have milk. The horses are doing well. I thieve bales of hay for them, and Max buys a bag of oats every few weeks ... \$8 a bag. When I go out to feed them, it is like the opening up of Myers bargain sale. They push and fight to be first up and, of course, old Sprite always wins. That is how Craig got kicked on the cheek. When he climbed through the fence, they thought he was bringing oats as he was copying me and taking little handfuls to them. Anyway, he had a beautiful black eye for a while, but all is nearly gone now. Cindy's foal has become very friendly and easy to handle and the kids have called her Chips, but as yet the filly has no name. Because your suggestion of Penny is not appropriate as she is a very odd colour.

5 Oct 1980

The last week has been very hectic. To begin with we were crutching the ewes for three days which meant food and shed work. I enjoy doing it so there is no dreariness about it. I'm still catching up with the washing and ironing, etc., that piles up while I am out.

Our weather has been shocking with hot strong winds. As you may have heard, the country from Bairnsdale over the border is ablaze. It is very serious, and it has been declared a state disaster area. They have called in the Army and as many fire tankers as can be found as far away as the Mornington Peninsula. Also, every bulldozer from here to the border is in action. Max was called out on Friday night and was not relieved until 8pm last night (Saturday). He had one hour's sleep on the ground on some forest track. Murray has gone off on tonight's crew and Dad is not pleased as he is trying to get a fence finished in the new paddocks so we can put sheep in there.

27 Dec 1981

Turning the clock back a little way, I must say how wonderful it was to receive your letter and card and present on my birthday. I was feeling a little neglected as you would know from also living in a house full of males and when the letter arrived right on the day, I was so thrilled, and the little chains are just what I have been wanting for ages but never could afford.

As I mentioned in my card to you, Murray had an accident and is still off work which has been a heavy strain on Max and me. At this time of the year, we are heavy into hay making and I had to feed all the casual labour as well as drive the truck or rake the hay for baling. It was very hectic for a couple of weeks and the kids were being very rushed. Now, of course, we are nearly three weeks overdue for shearing owing to strikes and rain. Since the rain, it has been very muggy, so the sheep are getting a lot of blow-fly strike. This means that I have to check them each day and treat any struck ones. Catching sheep out in a paddock is bad enough but with full wool on is hilarious ... many mouthfuls of dirt and sheep dung have I had!!!



Flock of sheep ready to enter the Wool Shed to be sheared on one side of fence. Shorn sheep (very white) being pushed out into the other enclosure – circa 1980

I am inserting here a note from Margaret Anderson written in the early 1980s about the beginnings of the Bond sheep stud. Margaret was a boarder at MLC and she and Joyce were very good friends for life.

After I got married Joyce still visited as she and Max did. Joyce and Allen drove up to have a look at Robert's Bond Corriedale sheep. After that visit, I think they bought Bond Corriedale rams from Peter Wetblade, taking them home in a trailer behind the car. Murray Carley could enlighten you more on that as he was often with Joyce when they were getting sheep or rams from Peter.

Joyce and Max visited at least once a year. I am sorry but I cannot remember any great things we did other than general farm work and water skiing, except for when they came up to the farm for my daughter Anne's wedding. Joyce helped me with the finishing touches on Anne's wedding dress. She actually ironed it and helped with all the last-minute things that needed doing.

Now back to Joyce's letters to me

14 April 1982 – Nicholson

After months of hot debate, Dad and I have finally come to an agreement on how the farm is to be run after Murray's time is up next April. Albing is going to run beef cattle and I am going to run the sheep stud in partnership with Murray. The stud will have nothing to do with Albing and Murray will lease the remaining acres to run his flock of sheep. He will still have to work part time at the mill for a few years unless the stud takes off with a bang, highly unlikely. The top Bond Corriedale ram sold for \$2,500 at the stud sale at Lockhart last Friday. What a shame we couldn't afford him!!

6 Dec 1982 – Nicholson

I suppose the climate is cooling quickly now over your side. We've had crazy weather!! the last couple of days with hot spells with intermittent thunderstorms. Poor Murray has cut some grass for hay and every time he is ready to bale it and down comes the rain. At the moment, I am sitting in the sun, leaning up against a tree stump in our back paddock while Murray is putting in a new post and gate with much hindrance from Anthony and Craig (now aged 8 and 4). They love going out to work in the paddock with him and are off at the first chance. Thank goodness he has plenty of patience with them. I suppose one develops it after bringing up six children. It is a beautiful view up here as I can see right across to the lakes and everything is lush and green as so far have managed a pretty good season, too good for bush fires though.

Tell Leigh that I have taken both my horses to be serviced by a neighbour's stallion, so if one of the foals is a filly, I will call it after her.

Craig is growing fast. Murray says that he should qualify for the Guinness Book of Records for the child who falls over the most and constantly has bruises and scratches on his forehead.



Craig helping out at the milking shed

17 Dec 1982 - Nicholson

Dad is still giving orders. I have a new method now and that is to agree with whatever he wants and tell him it's right or lovely and he goes off quite happily. He has just put a fridge in the caravan for us and he has, of course, done an excellent job much to Max's amazement. He's also making his own beer in my dairy!

There has been no rain other than a good fall last week. Plenty of very hot days and lots of hot dry days and hot dry winds. Most of Eastern Australia is in severe drought conditions. Our grass is very brown and dry and lots of dust. I sold 4 vealers a fortnight ago and they were \$60 down on the previous ones. My lambs still look miserable to me, but Murray says they are ok. Dad is wanting to sell some to test them on the market, but I'd rather hang on till February. Murray has just finished having all his sheep shorn so that was a busy week, feeding the shearers and giving them a hand now and again. He was unable to have the wool classed yet, so it is stacked all over the shed right up to the ceiling. A classer is supposed to come this weekend so he can then bale it and hopefully sell.

15 Aug 1983 – Nicholson

Murray finishes with us in two-days' time. The farm has been unable to make enough to pay the ever-increasing wages and affiliated costs. Murray is still going to live on in the house and pay rent. Don't know about Joan (Murray's wife). We have given

him 250 of our younger ewes and three rams to run here for two years and then the remainder of the old sheep he will have their lambs and wool for two years and then we will sell them. After the two years, I hope he can afford to agist his sheep here and run the property and I will have a flock of 300 Bond sheep. Corriedales I will breed for fat lambs and get rid of the Merino Border Leicesters. Of course, keep that under your hat from Dad! Starting next Monday, Murray will be working at a timber mill with his mate for 4 days and one day here. Thank goodness he will be around as I can see me in a dither. We will also contract him to do fencing and fern spraying. It is a very sad time after being here for 18 years, but Dad was very worried about money so this was a fair way out. They are pretty low in capital now and live very simply.

5 Sept 1983 – Nicholson

I think Andy is enjoying his stay, but I know that at times it is a bit quiet here as we are not much on the social life. He has met two boys who have taken him about, but I think he misses the girls!!! He is quite confident to milk the cows on his own, and also checks the sheep each day, has even pulled a couple of dead lambs. Last week I had to call the vet to a cow who could not calve, so he was able to assist in putting the chains on the body and pulling it from the cow. We were able to buy a three-day old calf from a neighbour and the cow is taking to it. During shearing, he was a great help and learnt how to throw the fleece, and also was able to earn a bit extra money.

12 Nov 1984 – Nicholson

Our stud sale began rather disastrously with the classer only selecting 12 rams out of 33 as they got wet in rains we had on Saturday night rather unexpectedly = must have been the leftovers from Sydney. Anyway, as the day progressed things improved and we sold 10 rams, the top making \$185. That night there was a lot of soul searching and I'm sure we have learnt how to improve things for next year and just work a bit harder.

TAMBO VIEW BOND STUD

1st Annual Production Sale

Offering:

**33 FLOCK RAMS
BRED FROM PASTORA BLOODLINES**

and
Field Day of

**B^{IG}
OLD
EAUTIFUL** **BONDS**

**Wednesday, 7th November, 1984
at 1.30 p.m.**

**ON PROPERTY "CARINYA"
BINGHAM'S ROAD,
NICHOLSON**

**Account M.J. Carley & J.E. Young
Phone (051) 56 8244**

Selling Agents:



BAIRNSDALE

Bond sheep being bred at Nicholson

Bond sheep, claimed to be Australia's newest breed sheep, are being bred in East Gippsland.

Murray Carley and Joyce Young of Tambo View Bond Stud, Nicholson, told "The Advertiser" about their Bond flock.

"Originally we bought Bond flock ewes because we were paying high prices for first cross ewes for fat lamb production.

"With Bonds we can breed our own replacement ewes and still sell the wether portion as fat lambs with the ewes

cutting more wool than a first cross.

"We went to Lockhart, N.S.W., the home of Bond sheep in 1982, and purchased stud ewes and rams from the Pastora Stud as we found they were very suitable to this area.

"On September 7, this year we went back to Lockhart for their annual Bond ram sales and purchased another Pastora stud ram with very dense fleece to join to our finer wool ewes," they said.

The origin of Bond sheep dates back to early this century.

The fixed type, originally famous as the "Commercial Corriedale, originated in 1909 when Thomas Bond of "Yarren", Lockhart, mated his Saxon/Peppin Merino Stud Ewes to Stud Lincoln rams and subsequently selected the progeny to better suit the harsh Riverina environment.

Mr Bond's fame as a sheepbreeder quickly spread throughout the eastern States and came to the notice of the Australian Corriedale Association.

In 1932, his flock was officially inspected and around 3,000 ewes were registered as stud Corriedales.

In 1979, the name Commercial Corriedale was changed to Bond Corriedale to honor Thomas Bond and celebrate 70 years of breeding success.

Aloeburn, Triggervale and Pastora Bond studs resigned from the N.S.W. Corriedale Association in October 1983.

The principals of the studs then convened Bond stud breed meeting at Lockhart March, 1984, to explain their reasons for leaving.

Thirty N.S.W. and Victorian breeders voted to leave the Austral Corriedale Association and form the Australia Bond Sheep Breed Association.

The aim of the body is to promote improve Bond sheep Australia. Its members are currently selling around 3,000 flock annually.

Bonds are essential dual purpose sheep subject to seasonal conditions, produce a yielding, very 1 stapled, white 2 micron wool of excellent style with a soft ever.

The most outstanding feature of the wool is superior handle.

Bond breeders believe that the strain's staple length and have are a direct result of years of careful selection and the breed's unbroken ancestry.

These quality coupled with heavy cutting potential (8kg/13-17 lbs), are reasons that Bonds performing profitably in such a wide diverse environments.

The wool tri opinion of these superior qualities is spelled loudly and clearly in results of special wool sales at which wool has sold at premiums over ordinary crossbred wool.

Bond rams of Tambo View Bond will be displayed at a field day "Carinya", Nicholson November 7.



Joyce Young and Murray Carley display a Bond ram at their stud property at Nicholson. The breed is attracting increased attention in East Gippsland (see story).

For many years, Allen and Beanie enjoyed retreating every Victorian winter to their lovely house on Magnetic Island and chatting to their friends every morning when they sat on the sand and swam at Arcadia Bay which was in walking distance to the house. During Allen and Beanie's time in North Queensland in the 1980s and 90s, Joyce and Murray would be attending to all the aspects of farming life. This continued until the farm was sold in 2001. After Beanie died in 1984 and Allen died in 1997, Joyce and I became shareholders of the property. Joyce and Max, as executors of Allen Bingham's estate, put the farm up for sale after considerable work was carried out to show the farm in the best light. They both did a sterling job to overcome many problems associated with the estate. Thus, the remaining funds were distributed to both Joyce and me. Joyce was compensated for all her work on the farm when Dad left his two-bedroom unit in Paynesville to her, and I gave her a block of Westpac shares.

The “MLC Girls”

Lyn Bingham takes up the story of how she and Joyce along with their MLC friends kept in touch for many years:

Joyce and Max had four lovely boys in the following years and finished up moving to Bairnsdale where Allen and Beanie had moved to. Joyce studied and learnt farm management and thoroughly enjoyed life on the farm. We would visit from time to time and call in if we were on our way to Merimbula, where David's family had a holiday house. Joyce and Max would always try to come to Melbourne if there was a get together with the other MLC friends and/or their husbands.

In 1999, the MLC group decided a combined holiday would be fun and after much discussion we chartered two yachts out of Hamilton Island and spent a week sailing around the Whitsundays in Queensland. Max was skipper of one yacht, and David was skipper of the other. Following this we spent three nights in a rented house on Hamilton Island to round off the holiday. It was a thoroughly enjoyable holiday.



MLC girls and husbands - Whitsundays yacht charter trip 1999

L-R: Mike and Sue Smith, David and Lyn Bingham, Joyce Young, Brenda Cooper, Heather and John Charlesworth, Max Young, Alison



MLC girls' Whitsundays yacht charter trip 1999

L-R: Brenda Cooper, Alison Rowe, Joyce Young, Lyn Bingham, Heather Charlesworth, Sue Smith

Lyn continues her story:

Joyce and I were quite friendly with a small group of other MLC girls and since leaving school in 1960 this group had stayed in touch over the years. Some of them lived abroad in the early years of marriage but to this day (November 2021) we have kept in touch with get togethers several times during the year and quite often inviting our husbands along. The others in the group are Brenda Cooper, Alison Cameron (now Ross), Sue Carter (now Smith), Sue Smail (now Bond), Heather Tully (now Charlesworth) who is my first cousin, plus Joyce and I.

With Joyce living in Bairnsdale, we did not catch up so often in later years, but I will always have happy memories of my long friendship with Joyce as she was my oldest friend. Sadly, she passed away at a far too young age. She always showed much love and devotion to Max and her four boys. David and I have kept in touch with Max over the years.



MLC girls and husbands - 1981

Back: Sue and Mike Smith

Front L-R: John and Heather Charlesworth, Alison Cameron (now Ross), Joyce Young, David Bingham, Max Young, Brenda Cooper



MLC girls 1994

L-R: Brenda Cooper, Sue Smith, Sue Bond, Heather Charlesworth, Joyce Young, Lyn Bingham, Seated: Alison Rowe



Caption: "These six girls, all from Melbourne, are on holidays at Ocean Grove. They were photographed yesterday displaying a variety of beach hats. They are from left: Joyce Bingham, Alison Cameron, Lyn Sharp, Susan Carter, Sue Smail and Heather Tully."
(December 1961)



Re-creation of the Ocean Grove photo 37 years later – 1998
L-R: Joyce Young, Alison Rowe, Lyn Bingham, Sue Smith, Sue Bond, Heather Charlesworth

Life Outside the Farm – The World Beckons

USA/Canada #1

Joyce came over to USA twice. The first was to attend Andrew and Jennifer's wedding which was held in Niagara Falls, Canada, on 14th September, 1991. I wrote a description of their wedding when I wrote a letter to Paul in December '91. He was unable to come to the wedding because he was living in Perth,

I am sending you photos of the wedding, but I just thought I would fill in the details for you. As I said before, Len (Cheffers, Andrew's Uncle) and Vi (Andrew's Aunty) were here the week before the wedding. Dad (John, Andrew's father) and I had procured for a sum from Boston University Property two one-bedroom apartments for three weeks, so they stayed in one. We had a great time with them, and they travelled with us to the wedding.

We all went to Niagara Falls on the Thursday before the wedding. Dad and I stayed at the Ramada Inn and we took three rooms which were connected together. One was for Mark and the kids (Grace, Mary, John) and the other was for us. (Unfortunately, Grace could not come as she was about to give birth to Tom). The room in between us we used as a meeting room. Joyce and Max, Lyn and David also came from other parts of the USA on Thursday and stayed at the Days Inn, which was next to the Ramada. Our meeting room was used a lot over the days we stayed in Niagara.

Dad had hired a car to ferry our group around. As everyone came into Buffalo airport, it came in handy. Leigh also arrived on the Thursday and stayed at the Days Inn. Of course, Dad had bought some Aussie wine in Buffalo to use in our meeting room.

Actually, the preceding week Rodger, Matt, Damian, and Craig, who were Andy's Aussie friends and who were to be groomsmen and MC in the wedding party, all stayed with Jennifer's mother in Niagara Falls. As John had responsibility for providing the drinks for the wedding, in the days before the wedding, Andy and Jen made several trips across the border to meet friends at Buffalo airport and used the opportunity to buy wine and beer. It was cheaper in the USA as Canada had a whopping tax on alcohol. There seemed to be no problem with taking our case of wine over the border. The customs people didn't even look. We told them we were going to our son's wedding. Anyway our manoeuvres were successful. So on the Thursday evening we had a very convivial party in our suite with Joyce, Max, Lyn, David, Leigh, Len, Vi and Rodger, Damian, Craig, Matt. Nancy (Jennifer's mother), Andy and Jennifer also came to visit.

The next day, Friday, our group from the previous night and also with my grandchildren, Elizabeth, Mary and John all met at Denny's (a pancake place in the next block) for breakfast. After our breakfast, John and I decided our mission was to take Joyce and Max to the Outlet stores to buy a suit for Max to wear to the wedding, so we set out in the afternoon to go back to Buffalo to the outlet stores. As John had become familiar with Buffalo because he had been helping the University of Buffalo

to put on the World University Games in the previous weeks, we took Joyce and Max to an Outlet called Syms. John related later on that Joyce made Max try on every suit his size just to make sure that the one they picked out first was the best. John also picked out a very pale pink shirt for Max and, of course, this choice of colour took a little time for both Joyce and Max to get used to. Anyway, sometime later, Joyce admitted that the shirt went well with the suit. With that mission accomplished, we drove back to Niagara Falls.

That night we went to Nancy's place for the pre-wedding dinner where we met family and some guests who were to be at the wedding. John and I had met Jennifer's father, Les Johnston, and his wife, Sue, way back in March when John and I went from Boston up to Niagara to meet Jennifer and her mother and father. However, at the pre-wedding dinner we got to meet Jennifer's bridesmaids and her sister Betsy, and they presented to Jennifer and Andy a scrapbook of memoirs and photos, etc., about themselves. Our special friends in Boston, John and Pat Herrin came to the wedding and they arrived on the Friday night and came to the dinner as well. It was a very enjoyable night.

Next morning, we all met for breakfast at Denny's again (you will see a couple of photos with David, Lyn, Joyce, Max and Elizabeth at a table in Denny's Pancake House).



Max, Joyce, Elizabeth, Lyn, David at Denny's

After breakfast, it was decided that Joyce and party, along with Elizabeth, should go for a ride on the Maid of the Mist boat which goes nearly underneath the Falls. Everyone on that boat had to wear a yellow raincoat so they didn't get too wet when they were near the Falls. Elizabeth described to us later how she had been lifted up off her seat with force of the draft and Lyn caught her as it appeared she was going to fly

off into the Falls. (I don't think it was quite that bad, but she would have had quite a fright, and it makes a good story.) Unfortunately, I could not go on this adventure because I had just had my hair done for the wedding and I thought I had not better undo all the work the hairdresser had done in the morning by having water falling on it.

The wedding was at 3pm on the Saturday afternoon at the Uniting Church in Niagara Falls. So we all got dressed up in our best finery (kids included) and went to the Uniting Church nearby. Both Nancy and I (as the mothers) were taken to our seats by Rodger and Damian. Then both Nancy and I went up and lit a candle each and placed them on the Communion Table. Then the bridesmaids and groomsmen came down the aisle and, of course, Jennifer came down the aisle on her father's arm to where Andy and Matt were waiting. (I'm telling you (Paul) all of this because the photos will tell you the whole picture.) The ceremony went off very smoothly. Joyce who was sitting behind Dad and I and was keeping an eye on Elizabeth, Mary and John. Little John decided to come and sit next to Grandpa and took the most direct route, under the pew. However, the kids behaved beautifully and got the required amount of attention that was their due.



Joyce, Leigh, and Margaret with Elizabeth, Mary, John

When the service was over the Wedding Party along with fathers and mothers went to the Niagara Parks Botanical Gardens for wedding photos. Because the group were so attractive and the bride so pretty and the groom so handsome, it seemed as though thousands of photos were taken as we were there for two hours. You can imagine Dad becoming restless, etc., etc.

The reception was at 6 pm at the Ramada and everyone had a wonderful time with good old Canadian cold salmon and salads and more beautiful desserts that Jennifer's mother's friends had made. There was a disc jockey, and everyone had a great time dancing. Craig, Andrew's friend from Aus, was the MC for the reception moved the ceremony along with great skill and handled everything with great aplomb. Andy and his Aussie groomsmen and Craig charmed the whole place and certainly made the whole affair very pleasant. (There are more photos of this part of the affair where you will recognize some people). We were really proud of the young Aussies who really set a happy and nice tone to the evening. It ended about 1am.

Unfortunately, Max and Joyce had to catch a plane to Boston the next day at 8am and had to get a taxi from Niagara to Buffalo airport in time. We were leaving Buffalo at 11am and Lyn and David were on a direct flight to Boston and were leaving about 11am also. When we got to Buffalo Airport, we realized we didn't have an actual ticket (we were booked) so had to pay for another one and it was touch and go as to whether we were going to get on that plane as it had taken longer than we had thought to take the rental car back and then get to the airport. We had given Joyce and Max a key to get into our apartment and Lyn and David were arriving at Boston airport at about the same time as Joyce and Max who had taken an around about trip to Boston. Our plane had taken us to Newark before we could go to Boston, so we arrived after everyone else. With all of us zigzagging all over the East coast of USA to get to Boston, it was good to see that everyone had made it to our apartment.

Dad and I, before leaving Boston, had prettied up the apartments where Max and Joyce and Lyn and David were going to stay with some prints and pot plants. So they were comfortable and both apartments were in the same building so they usually had breakfast together.

Joyce and Max, who had had various descriptions of Boston described to them over the years, were eager to see the city. So we relaxed together during the afternoon in our apartment and went out to Chef Chang's for dinner that night (as you know, Dad's favourite Chinese Restaurant). The next day was Freedom Trail Day and we took the subway up to North Station and walked all the way back to Kenmore Square which took most of the day. The weather had stayed fair but Tuesday it was wet, so everyone went to the Museums and shopped. Dad also took Joyce to the New Balance factory outlet in Brighton where she bought sneakers for Greg, Anthony, Craig and Allen. The other days were spent going out to the North Bridge and the Wayside Inn. We had a picnic at the Little School House and then drove over to Hopkinton to see Len Zaichkowsky's new house. It really is a beautiful house and built by the students

at the Framingham Technical College. We took the folks over to Harvard and mooched around Cambridge another day. Another night we took Max, Joyce and Leigh to Art Miller's (John's colleague and boss) place for a barbecue. We also took everyone out to see Mark, Grace and kids in their new house. Joyce was thrilled to see Elizabeth, Mary and John. I think we even went to Cappuccino's for dinner one night. We really packed in the experiences. I had two tickets to see a play at the Huntington Theatre one night and we got some more tickets so that everyone could see a play called, *'The Snow Ball'*. Another night John had two tickets to the Boston Symphony and we were able to obtain more tickets so everyone could hear a great orchestra. All these things Joyce lapped up and had the greatest time. David and Lyn are good company and the whole week was wonderful.

Joyce was spending money like it was growing on trees, so much so that we got this call from Los Vegas one night at 8pm from Max asking us if we could lend them some money as they were going out to the Grand Canyon the next day and had no money. After much thought as to how we were going to get them some cash in Los Vegas where they were spending the night before going to the Canyon, it turned out to be really easy to get them cash. There is a Western Union place near the Boston University School of Education and they wired it out in about 5 minutes and Max was able to collect it at one of the Casinos not too far from where they were staying the night. I thought this was hugely funny as here they were in the top gambling city in the USA and no money to them until 8am the next morning. So I guess you can say they were a couple who went through Las Vegas and never gambled. They were very embarrassed about it. Anyway, they had a great time and also had a nice time in the Canadian Rockies.

USA/Canada #2

Some years after Andrew's and Jennifer's wedding in 1991, I got to know Nancy, Jennifer's mother, quite well when she came to Australia from Canada to stay with Jennifer just before David was born, and also later when I was with the family in a holiday house for a week at Bawley Point, on the NSW coast. Nancy was there with Whit who was her companion at the time and later they were married.

When I was staying with Leigh who at that time was living in Fairport in New York State, I took the opportunity to drive up to Ottawa and stay with Nancy for a few days. Now and again, I would phone her about family news. One of those times after I had heard that Joyce wanted to come over and visit us in Boston (in 2001 or 2002), I discussed with Nancy whether I could drive Joyce up to Ottawa to visit. Joyce was going to be in Boston in October, and I thought it would be a good opportunity to travel north to Ottawa and show Joyce the wondrous colours of the fall. When Joyce had got over her jet lag, we set out in our car from our apartment on Bay State Road, Boston to New Hampshire to visit Joy Butler and her companion Clare Robson overnight. They were wonderful hosts, and we had a very pleasant time enjoying the New Hampshire house and catching up with what they had been doing since Joy had finished her doctorate at the School of Education, Boston University.

John had been her main advisor. After Joy had completed her doctorate, she had become a Professor at the University of New Hampshire.

We left early the next day to continue our journey up to the border of Canada in Quebec. I don't remember any particular problems with the route until we stopped at the Quebec Tourist Bureau at the Canadian border. We had gone through customs without a problem. For American tourists, you only had to show your driver's license to the customs people. However, before we even left Boston, I had been unable to buy a map of Quebec and Ontario and, when I asked if I could get a map of Ontario at the Quebec Tourist Facility at the border, they didn't have any. In fact, they were not a bit helpful. I thought there is a real disconnect between these two provinces which is cultural.

At the end of the 20th century, GPS was not widely available, and maps were the only way to guide yourself to your destination. I think we drove about 200 miles westward to the Ontario border before we were able to buy a map in the Province of Ontario at a gas station at which we had stopped to buy food and fill up with petrol. We continued taking the main road beneath the city of Montreal. Unfortunately, it was 5 o'clock and, as it was a Friday, we had to drive along this big busy road when the traffic was super heavy with drivers returning home after leaving work and, also, we were driving into the sun. At some point along this road when I was supposed to take a left in a fork to proceed to Ottawa, I took a right instead simply because I could not see the big sign ahead until I was almost underneath it. However, we travelled on toward a road further on which would take us to Ottawa. Somehow, we did finally reach Ottawa at about 9 pm. We were supposed to be at Nancy's apartment at 5 pm and I was still lost, and it was getting dark, about 7 pm, and I was becoming anxious. You might say a bit panicky. At one stage I took a wrong turn and ended up on the wrong side of the road for a short time. I quickly realized I could be in trouble!! I had noticed a hospital sign along the road and decided to go and visit the hospital to ask someone for directions as there did not seem to be any shops, gas station on that road. As it was, we were not far away from reaching our destination. At the hospital we found someone who was able to give us directions and actually guided us in their car to the apartment. It was about 10 o'clock when we finally found Nancy's apartment. What a relief!! I was very thankful to that kind person! Nancy and Whit had become concerned about our whereabouts and were very happy to see us even though we were very late.

We had a lovely few days with our hosts and lapped up all the attention we received. Nancy took us to see the highlights of Ottawa, the very impressive Parliament buildings and a demonstration by the Canadian Mounties of their horsemanship.

When the time came for us to return to Massachusetts, we took a different road south. We drove down from Ottawa and crossed the border of New York State and then into Massachusetts by following the road along Lake Champlain. The interesting thing about that road was that we got stuck behind a school bus travelling very slowly and stopping to let school children off the bus at their stops. It was many miles before we were able to pass it and move on at a quicker pace.

We continued South along a road that was very scenic and took us to lovely New England villages, through Williamstown where Williams College and the Francis Singer (or Clark) Art Museum is situated. This town is one of the prettiest villages in Western Massachusetts and so we decided to find a restaurant and visit the Clark Museum. I had been to the Museum before, and I knew that there were many Renoir paintings on display, and I was sure that Joyce would enjoy seeing the paintings of this well-known impressionist painter. It was a lovely day, and we enjoyed this part of our journey very much.

We continued south to West Stockbridge where we visited the Norman Rockwell Museum that houses the many posters of that great illustrator for the Saturday Evening Post magazine and stayed at the West Stockbridge Inn for the night and enjoyed our dinner there. I had visited this lovely village many times as John and I had gone to many concerts played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the summertime at the Tanglewood Music Bowl where we sat on the lawn or sat on a chair inside. Joyce and I continued our journey next morning by the Mass Pike Eastward through to Worcester where we stopped to say hello to Mark, Grace and the children. We may have stayed there for the night and travelled back to Boston the next morning. Our round-trip journey to Ottawa and back to marvel at the fall colours along the way was a great success! I was sorry to say goodbye to Joyce not long after we returned to Boston.

Singapore

In 1997, John was due to give a keynote speech at the AIESEP conference in Singapore, and we persuaded Joyce to come as well. Joyce and I spent a few days before the conference seeing the sights and generally enjoying ourselves. One of the places we went was to a jewellery exhibition where they also made rings, necklaces, etc. for clients. Joyce and I both decided that we would like a new ring for each of us. I picked a ring with three small rubies set in a gold ring to replace the engagement ring Jessie May had left me as I had mislaid it during the comings and goings of my life. Joyce had a ring made of sapphire and diamonds.

Also, in that time before the conference we went to a resort area in Malaysia for two days. We went with some of the Boston University group that was also attending the conference and had a wonderful restful time. The conference was a huge success and John's speech (*'No Man Is an Island'*) was brilliant and most people agreed with me. John had been put up in one of the palatial suites in the Grand Plaza Hotel and Joyce and I also enjoyed the facilities that had two black marble bathrooms, two bedrooms and a dining and sitting areas. We also enjoyed mixing with other members of AIESEP, the international sport pedagogy group of which John had been President for 12 years. A Taiwanese group took John and I to an expensive Chinese restaurant one night in order to discuss with John their preparations for the next AIESEP conference. There was quite a protest from the Chinese delegates as was expected, but John had been clear to the Chinese that there would not be any discrimination against any country wishing to hold an AIESEP conference. So you can see that our time in Singapore was full of eventful experiences.

Queensland

In 2000, Joyce accompanied me to another AIESEP conference, this time at Yeppoon, a beautiful seaside resort area near Rockhampton, Queensland. This conference was organized by the University of Central Queensland, Rockhampton, and held at a very comfortable resort with a large pool and conference rooms. The pool was a great place to lounge around and was used by all the delegates that attended. The AIESEP group are very international and members come from all over the world: Europeans, Asians, South Americans. John was the current President, and many of his students who were presenting papers were attending. Joyce and I were there to lap up the luxury and have a holiday. I knew all the doctoral candidates and professors from Boston University very well, so Joyce and I joined in with the get togethers amongst the BU attendees. It was great weather!

When the conference was over, Joyce and I had decided to travel by train to Hervey Bay and stay with Joyce's brother-in-law, Bob, for a few days. We took the opportunity to visit Fraser Island where we toured the island in a bus and enjoyed looking at the surrounding scenery as we were driven all over the island. After leaving Hervey Bay, we took the train to Brisbane where we caught up with our cousin Sandra and her husband Snow, and then continued our journey back to Melbourne by air. I went with Joyce back to Bairnsdale.

The Final Years

After the farm was sold in 2001, Joyce found that she had more time to find a part-time position at a local childcare business in Bairnsdale. Joyce's previous college education and teaching experience from an earlier time was not adequate enough to teach in the modern-day kindergarten. She enrolled in a diploma in Childhood Education at Bairnsdale TAFE College and did most of it by correspondence.

After she completed her diploma course, she began to work for a group that provided early childhood education for children, especially indigenous children, in remote areas of the Victorian Alps. This meant that they travelled by van which was stocked with everything that was needed such as toys and games to set up early learning child centres. They travelled from Lucknow to places like Bruthen, Swifts Creek and Omeo.

Unfortunately, because she had some abdominal pain in early 1997, she had an ultrasound which showed that she had two large ovarian cysts for which she had a hysterectomy and removal of the ovaries. The pathology for the smaller cyst showed some nodules on the outside that were showing cancerous cells. There were microcells in the fatty tissue which surrounded the cyst. Joyce and I went to see an Oncologist who thought that at this stage it was an early-stage ovarian cancer. After her operation, she commenced three-weekly chemotherapy on December 17th, 1997, and went for six treatments over the next few months. These toxic chemotherapy treatments are unpleasant, tiring and can make you feel nauseated and lose your hair. For nine years, Joyce battled to stop the unfolding spread of the cancer growing over this time period. Joyce put up with more treatments which did not seem to give her a true remission and died on August 12, 2009.

In 2003, John and I returned to live in Murrumbateman, NSW, when John retired from Boston University in 2002. I was freer to travel to Bairnsdale by bus from Canberra and I visited the Young family quite often before 2009. I had come down to see my sister who was in Bairnsdale Hospital sometime before her death. Margaret Anderson (a school friend of Joyce's) and I, along with Max, were at her bedside when she was drifting away for a couple of hours and we both left Max to say his final goodbye. I stayed on for the funeral.

A Thanksgiving Service for the Life of Joyce Eunice Young was held on Tuesday 18th August, 2009, at Bairnsdale Uniting Church in Lucknow. Greg and Sue, Anthony and Shelley, Craig and Allen came down to the house to arrange the service. Everyone was agreed that the hymn '*Morning has Broken*' should be part of the service and if there was to be other music it should be a song sung by Joyce's favourite songstress, Judith Durham. Many of Joyce's friends from the Bairnsdale area and long-time friends and relatives attended the service. On the coffin was a plaque placed by the Bumberrah Fire Brigade. Of note, the Bumberrah Fire Brigade were there to give their thanks for Joyce's efforts in fund-raising, particularly the annual camp drafts, in any way she could, and for supporting Max's commitment to the Bumberrah Fire Brigade for his many years of service. Brenda Cooper, who is a Uniting Church Minister and was one of those MLC girls who met together every year to celebrate their friendship, delivered the Reflection. The service ended with the rousing song, sung by Judith Durham, '*Put a little love in your heart, and the world will be a better place*'. The Fire Brigade formed a guard of honour as Greg, Anthony, Craig, Allen, Andrew and Murray carried the coffin out to the hearse.

There were tributes to Joyce's life from Jane Neate, Craig on behalf of Greg, Anthony and Allen, and Aileen Cooper on behalf of Max. As my family were spread out in USA and in Canberra, I had put together a tribute from Paul, Mark, Leigh and Andrew and read it out at the service. My family had always enjoyed Joyce's company and, in many ways, she had saved all of them when they had had difficult times in their lives. Andrew and Jen and their boys travelled from Canberra to be at the funeral.

What Margaret Wants to Say to Joyce

From Paul (my son), living in Murrumbateman, NSW:

I can remember a time as a little boy living with Max and Joyce in Glen Waverley for some weeks before the family left to live in America which turned out to be many years. During that time a Cookie Monster was thought to be roaming ghost like in the night sneaking cookies out of the tin. Everyone thought it was me, but it could have been Max.

Leigh (my daughter) living in Fairport, NY:

You rescued me when I had a skating accident in Perth. (I was skating with 'Walt Disney World on Ice', and I fell on the ice and compressed some vertebrae.) I came to stay with you during rehabilitation for some months as my family was in USA. I have thought of you often and I will always remember your chirpy personality that made

everyone smile and have fun. And from Jessica, Christopher and Nicolas, we really enjoyed seeing our mother's favourite sister last July 2008.

Joyce, remember when I phoned you from USA and asked if you could use Andy on the farm? You were a little taken aback but you said, "Yes, send him over!" The following are Andy's memories of this.

When I was living in the US, age 17, I wanted a break from the blackboard. I was given the opportunity to experience life working the land in the heart of East Gippsland. I thought I was going to live at the Young's place far from anywhere. Little did I know that it wasn't far from anywhere but a small communal village with a school, shop, caravan park and a pub. There were sheep everywhere. The farm jobs were saved up for my arrival, like filling the hay sheds, weeding paddy melons from the hay, paddock and cleaning the sheep dip. At that time, I thought those jobs were hard, but when I look back now they weren't hard, they were different. You and Max, Grandpa and Murray certainly helped me to look at the world differently. However, they needed much persistence and much humour. Grandpa, who was a detail man, improved my attitude to detail. Joyce, you also arranged for me to go on a bus/camping trip to the Birdsville Track and I loved it and also met some wonderful friends. Unbelievably, I attained an Aussie accent before I went back to USA.

I have a family now and I can appreciate how hard it was to bring up four boys, care for a husband, entertain a father and mother, milk the cows, make the lunches, taxi the boys and all the other jobs that go along with managing a family. Joyce was remarkable!! She looked after me as well as everyone else. When I returned to the US, I went back a different person, not the 100lb teenager who had arrived, but a young man who had learned what a hard life was all about.

In recent times, my wife, Jen, and boys (David and Alex) and I have had some wonderful times with you and Max. Both of you are very special to me. There is a small place in my heart that makes me feel like I am returning home when I visited you and Max. That small place is hurting now and I'm going to miss you, Auntie Joyce. God bless you!"

Grace (married to Mark, my son, living in Massachusetts, USA):

I remember when I was a young Mom in Australia working in Sale on the Esso audit for two weeks. I came with my two-year-old daughter, Elizabeth, in tow, and left her with you to care for while I was in Sale. When the work was completed, I returned to the farm to pick her up. Joyce had dressed her in a new outfit. I found her cooing over Elizabeth and talking about how she looked like a "doll" in her new dress. Another fond memory was when Mark and I visited you and Max while on our honeymoon, and we went out spotlighting. What an experience! Joyce, you were like no one I had ever met before. I will also be praying for Uncle Max and the rest of you who will miss you so much.

From Grace and Mark's children – Elizabeth, Mary, John, Tom, Grace, Michaela, Joan, Mark, Ruth and Oscar – Mary wrote the following words:

Your presence has been felt in my family and, even though we have spent little time with you, we always felt so comfortable when we did see you. I will also be praying for Uncle Max and the rest of you who will miss you so much.

Margaret and John:

Joyce, I don't think I ever thanked you enough for being my banker over the many years I was in USA. Thanks again for taking pity on me when I had to remain in Australia after I had lost my green card and was virtually homeless. It was many months. The thanks could go on and on but, lastly, I have to thank you for making all those sandwiches for Murrumbateman Uniting Church's fundraising at the Murrumbateman field day last year.

Joyce, your life was a kaleidoscopic life which took you in many directions. However, what was important was that it was a life that mattered as these lines taken from a poem called '*Live a Life that Matters*', express:

So what will matter?
How will the value of your days be measured?
What will matter is:
Not what you bought but what you built;
Not what you got but what you gave.
Not your success, but your significance,
Not what you learned but what you taught,
Not your competence but your character,
Not how many people you knew, but how many will feel lasting loss when
you are gone,
Not your memories, but the memories that live in those who loved you,
What will matter is every act of integrity, compassion, courage and sacrifice
That enriched, empowered or encouraged others to emulate your example."

Joyce, your life mattered to your family, relatives and many, many friends. Thank You!

One year later on the 20th November, 2010, Joyce's birthday, the family gathered to inter her ashes into the Max and Joyce brass cemetery niche at the Bumberrah Cemetery that is situated in Johnsonville on the road between Bairnsdale and Lakes Entrance. Below are two photos that were taken at that event.

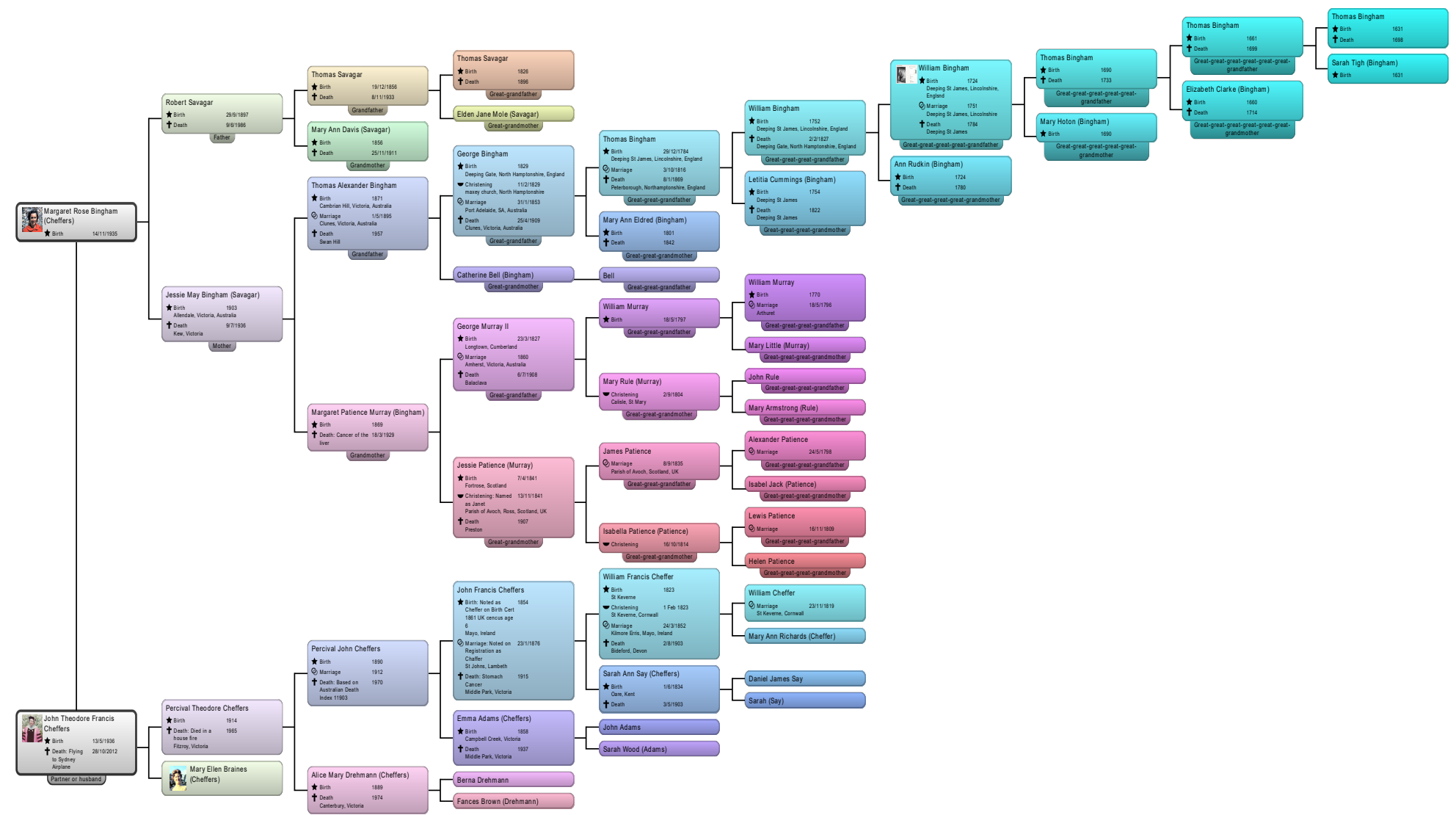


Joyce's friend from the Fire Brigade piping Joyce's Ashes at Bumberrah Cemetery



Plaque for Joyce in the Bumberrah Cemetery, Victoria

Appendix 1: Ancestors of Margaret and John Cheffers



Ancestral generation key: (for Appendices 2-6):

10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1
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Appendix 2: Savagar Ancestral Line

10. **Margaret Rose Savagar Bingham** (Cheffers) - b: 14/11/1935 (Melbourne, Vic) -
m: John Theodore Francis Cheffers - m: 20/1/58 - b: 13/5/1936 (Melbourne, Vic) - d: 28/10/2012 (flying on United Airlines to Sydney)
9. **Robert Savagar** - b: 29/9/1897 (Herefordshire, England) - d: 9/5/1986 (Melbourne, Vic) (father)
m: Jessie May Bingham (Savagar) – m: 24/12/1929 (West Hawthorne, Vic) - b:1903 (Allendale, Vic) (mother) - d: 17/7/36 (East Kew, Vic)
8. **Thomas Savagar** - b: 18/12/1856 (Herefordshire, England) - d: 8/11/33 (grandfather)
m: Mary Ann Davis (Savagar) - b: 1856 d: 25/11/1911) (Grandmother)
7. **Thomas Savagar** - b: 1826 – d: 1896 (Great grandfather)
m: Elden Jane Mole (Savagar) (Great grandmother)

Appendix 3: Bingham Ancestral Line

10. **Margaret Rose Savagar Bingham** (Cheffers) - b: 14/11/1935 (Melbourne, Vic) -
m: John Theodore Francis Cheffers – m: 20/1/58 - b: 13/5/1936 (Melbourne, Vic) - d: 28/10/2012 (flying on United Airlines to Sydney)
9. Robert Savagar - b: 29/9/1897 (Herefordshire, England) - d: 9/5/1986 (Melbourne, Vic) (father)
m: **Jessie May Bingham** (Savagar) – m: 24/12/1929 (West Hawthorne, Vic) - b: 1903 (Allendale, Vic) (mother) - d: 17/7/36 (East Kew, Vic)
8. **Thomas Alexander Bingham** - b: 1871 (Cambrian Hill, Vic) - d: 1857 (Swan Hill, Vic) (Grandfather)
m: Margaret Patience Murray (Bingham) - m: 1/5/1895 (Clunes, Vic) - b: 1869 (Clunes, Vic) - d: 18/3/1829 (Middle Park, Vic) (Grandmother)
7. **George Bingham** - b: 1829 (Deeping Gate, North Hampshire) - c: 11/2/1829 (Maxey Church, North Hampshire) -
d: 25/4/1909 (Ascot St., Ballarat, Vic; buried in Crestwick Cemetery, Victoria) (Great-grandfather)
m: Catherine Bell (Bingham) – m: 31/1/1853 (Port Adelaide, South Australia) - b: 11/12/1831 (Dumfermline, Fifeshire, Scotland) - d: 1904 (Allendale, Vic) (Great grandmother)
6. **Thomas Bingham** - b: 29/12/1784 (Deeping St. James, Lincolnshire, England) - d: 8/1/1869
(Peterborough, North Hampshire, England) (2X Great-grandfather)
m. Mary Ann Eldred (Bingham) - m: 3/10/1816 - b: 1801 - d: 1842 (Herefordshire, England) (2X Great grandmother)
5. **William Bingham** - b: 1752 (Deeping St. James, Lincolnshire) - d: 2/2/1827 (Deeping Gate, North Hampshire) (3X Great-grandfather)
m: Letitia Cummings (Bingham) - b: 1754 (Deeping St. James, Lincolnshire) - d: 1822 (Deeping St. James, Lincolnshire) (3X Great grandmother)
4. **William Bingham** - b: 1724 (Deeping St. James, Lincolnshire) - d: 1784 (Deeping, St. James, Lincolnshire) (4X Great-grandfather)
m: Ann Ruskin (Bingham) - 1751 (Deeping St. James, Lincolnshire) - b: 1724 - d: 1780 (4X Great

grandmother)

3. **Thomas Bingham** - b: 1690 - d: 1733 (5X Great Grandfather)
m: Mary Hoton (Bingham) - b: 1690

2. **Thomas Bingham** - b: 1661 - d: 1699 (5X grandfather)
m. Elizabeth Clarke (Bingham) - b: 1660 - d: 1714

1. **Thomas Bingham** - b: 1631 - d: 1698 (6X grandfather)
m: Sarah Tigh (Bingham) - b: 1631 (6X grandmother)

Appendix 4: Murray Ancestral Line

10. **Margaret Rose Savagar Bingham** (Cheffers) - b: 14/11/1935 (Melbourne, Vic) -
m: John Theodore Francis Cheffers - m: 20/1/1958 - b: 13/5/1936 (Melbourne, Vic) - d: 28/10/2012 (flying on United Airlines to Sydney)
9. **Jessie May Bingham** (Savagar) - b:1903 (Allendale, Vic) (mother) - d: 17/7/1936 (East Kew, Vic)
m: Robert Savagar - m: 24/12/1929 (West Hawthorne, Vic) - b: 29/9/1897 (Herefordshire, England) - d: 9/5/1986 (Melbourne, Vic)
(father)
8. **Margaret Patience Murray** (Bingham) - b: 1869 (Clunes, Vic) - d: 18/3/1829 (Middle Park, Vic) (Grandmother)
m: Thomas Alexander Bingham - m: 1/5/1895 (Clunes Vic Australia) -b: 1871 (Cambrian Hill, Vic) - d: 1957 (Swan Hill, Vic)
(Grandfather)
7. **George Murray** (II) - b: 23/3/1826 (Longtown, Cumberland, England) - d: 6/7/1908 (Balaclava, Vic) (Great
grandfather)
m: Jessie Patience (Murray) - b: 7/4/1841 (Fortrose, Scotland) - c: 13/11/1841 (named Janet, Parish of Avoca, Ross,
Scotland) - d: 16/6/1907 (Preston, Victoria) (Great grandmother)
6. **William Murray** - b: 18/5/1797) (Great grandfather)
m: Mary Rule (Murray) - c: 2/9/1804 (Carlisle, St. Mary (Great grandmother)
5. **William Murray** - b: 1770 (3X Great grandfather)
m: Mary Little (Murray) - m: 18/5/1796 (Arthurst Scotland) (3X Great grandmother)

Appendix 5: Patience Ancestral Line

10. **Margaret Rose Savagar Bingham** (Cheffers) - b: 14/11/1935 (Melbourne, Vic) -
m: John Theodore Francis Cheffers - m: 20/1/1958 - b: 13/5/1936 (Melbourne, Vic) - d: 28/10/2012 (flying on United Airlines to Sydney)
9. **Jessie May Bingham** (Savagar) - b:1903 (Allendale, Vic) (mother) - d: 17/7/1936 (East Kew, Vic)
m: Robert Savagar - m: 24/12/1929 (West Hawthorne, Vic) - b: 29/9/1897 (Herefordshire, England) - d: 9/5/1986 (Melbourne, Vic)
(father)
8. **Margaret Patience Murray** (Bingham) - b: 1869 (Clunes, Vic) - d: 18/3/1829 (Middle Park, Vic) (Grandmother)
m: Thomas Alexander Bingham - m: 1/5/1895 (Clunes Vic Australia) -b: 1871 (Cambrian Hill, Vic) - d: 1957 (Swan Hill, Vic)
(Grandfather)
7. George Murray (II) - b: 23/3/1826 (Longtown, Cumberland, England) - d: 6/7/1908 (Balaclava, Vic) (Great
grandfather)
m: **Jessie Patience** (Murray) - b: 7/4/1841 (Fortrose, Scotland) - c: 13/11/1841 (named Janet, Parish of Avoca, Ross,
Scotland) - d: 16/6/1907 (Preston, Vic) (Great grandmother)
6. **James Patience**
m.: **Isabella Patience** (Patience) - m: 8/9/1835 (Parish of Avoch, Scotland) - c: 16/10/1814
5. **Alexander Patience**
m: Isabel Jack (Patience) - m: 24/6/1798
5. **Lewis Patience** (father of Isabella)
m: Helen Patience - m: 16/11/1809 (mother of Isabella)

Appendix 6: Cheffers Ancestral Line

10. **John Theodore Francis Cheffers** - b: 13/5/1936 (Melbourne, Vic) - d: 28/10/2012 (flying on United Airlines to Sydney)
m: Margaret Rose Savagar Bingham (Cheffers)- m: 20/1/1958 - b: 14/11/1935 (Melbourne, Vic)

9. **Percy Theodore Cheffers** - b: 1/6/1912 (South Melbourne, Vic) -d: 18/10/1965 (in a house fire)
m1. Mary Ellen Braines (Cheffers) -18/9/1935, b. 23/5/1913 (Market Harborough, England) - d. 11/4/1984 (Eildon, Vic)
m2: Audrey Anderson (no children)

8. **Percival John Cheffers** - b: 1889 (Melbourne West, Vic) - d: 1973 (Vic)
m: Alice Mary Drehmann - m: 1912 - b: 1890 - d. 1975 (Vic)

7. **John Francis Cheffers** - b: ca1854 (County Mayo, Ireland) - d: 9/7/1915 (South Melbourne, Vic)
m: Emma Adams - m: 23/1/1876 (London, England) - b: ca 1858 (Salcombe, Devon, England) - d: 30 May 1937 (Middle Park, Vic)

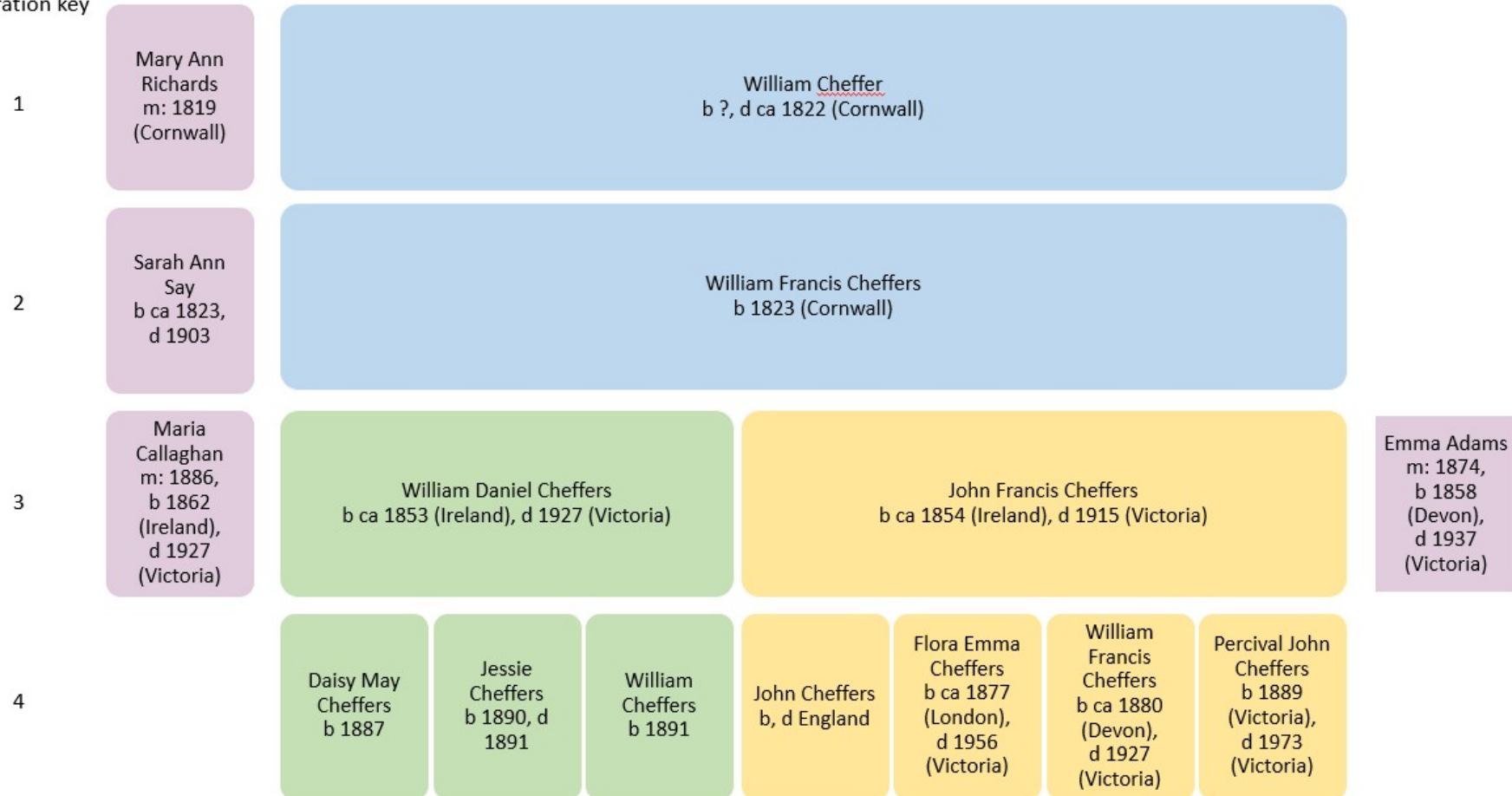
6. **William Francis Cheffers** - b. 17/1/1823 (St. Keverne, Cornwall, England) – d: 2/8/1903 (Bideford, Devon, England)
m. Sarah Ann Say - m: 24/3/1852 (Kilmore Erris, Mayo, Ireland) - b: 1/6/1834 (Oare, Kent, England) - d: 1903

5. **William Cheffer** - b: unknown (Cornwall?) - d: ca1822 (Mounts Bay, Cornwall, England, buried in St Keverne Cemetery)
m: Mary Ann Richards - m: 22/11/1819 (St. Keverne, Cornwall)

Appendix 7: Descendants of William Cheffers

The Cheffers today in Australia can trace a common lineage back to William Cheffer (Cheffers) of Cornwall, and are descended from one of two of his grandsons: William Daniel and John Francis.

Generation key



Additional information on these ancestral lines is outlined here, with particular focus on the many descendants of William Francis Cheffers and Percival John Cheffers.

1. **William Cheffer** - b: unknown (Cornwall) - d: ca 1822 (Mounts Bay, Cornwall, England; buried in St Keverne Cemetery, Cornwall)
m: Mary Ann Richards - m: 22/11/1819 (St. Keverne, Cornwall, England)
2. **William Francis Cheffers** – b: 17/1/1823 (St. Keverne, Cornwall, England)
m. Sarah Ann Say - b: ca 1823 - d: 1903
3. **William Daniel Cheffers** - b. ca. 1853 (County Mayo, Ireland) - d: 1927 (Cheltenham, Vic)
m: Maria Callaghan – m: 1886 – b: 1862 (County Cork, Ireland) – d: 1927 (Cheltenham, Vic)
 4. Daisy May Cheffers - b: 1887 (Richmond, Vic)
 4. Jessie Cheffers - b: 1890 - d: 1891 (Clifton Hill, Vic)
 4. William Cheffers - b: 1891(Hotham East, Vic)
3. **John Francis Cheffers** - b: ca 1854 (County Mayo, Ireland) - d: 9/7/1915 (South Melbourne, Vic)
m: Emma Adams - m: 23/1/1876 (London, England) - b: ca 1858 (Salcombe, Devon, England) - d: 30 May 1937 (Middle Park, Vic)
 4. John Cheffers - b: (England), d: (England)
 4. **Flora Emma Cheffers** - b: ca 1877 (London, England) - d: 1956 (Coburg, Vic)
m: Albert Ernest Richard Turner – m: 1903 (Victoria)
 5. Albert Eric Cheffers Turner - b: 1904 (Victoria)
 5. Jack Turner - b: 1906 (Victoria)

Descendants of William Francis Cheffers

4. **William Francis Cheffers** - b: ca 1880 (Plymouth, Devon, England) - d: 25/7/1927 (Preston, Vic)
m. Elizabeth Bella Marriott - m: 4/6/1903 (Melbourne, Vic) - b: (Fitzroy, Vic) - d: 9/2/1937 (Lang Lang, Vic)
 5. Evelyn Beatrice Frances Cheffers - b: 1903 (Carlton, Vic)
m: Frederick Woolard - m: 1930 (Victoria)
 6. Laura June Woolard - d: 1998
m: Stirling
 5. William Frederick John Cheffers - b: 1906 (Hotham East, Vic)
m: Florence Joyce - d: (Victoria)
 6. Shirley Cheffers - b: ca 1933
m: Leo
 7. Leigh - b 1972
 6. **Joan Cheffers** - b: ca 1948
m: Gordon Clements
 7. Caley – b: 19/6/1986
 - 7 Tyler – b: 9/8/1988
 6. Kerry Cheffers - b: ca 1950
m: Bill
 7. Rita - b: 1979
 7. Corrina - b: 1981

5. Percival Charles Gordon Cheffers

m. Jean

6. Raymond Cheffers

5. Irene Elizabeth Ellen Cheffers - b: 1911 (Northcote, Vic)

m1 John Probert

m2 Heenan

6. [1] Carole Probert

6. [1] Gary Probert

5. Olive Edith Florence Cheffers - b: 1915 (Victoria- d: (Victoria)

m: Mervin Pike

6. Trevor Pike

6. Glen Pike

6. Graeme Pike

6. Darryl Pike

5. Ellen Alicia Cheffers - b: 1917 (Victoria)

m: Russell Webb

6. Kay Elizabeth Webb

m: John Ilton

7. Jeremy Ilton

7. Nicolas Ilton

6. Helen Pamela Webb
m: Lindsay Barrington
 7. Johnathon Barrington
 7. Alexandra Barrington
 7. Christopher Barrington
5. Lionel Francis Cheffers - b: 6/1918 (Northcote, Vic) - d: 18/4/1993 (Brighton, Vic)
m: Gwendolyn Ruby Colman – m: 1/6/1942 (Geelong East, Vic) - b: 22/10/1920 (Maryborough, Vic) - d: 20/5/1992
 6. Brian John Cheffers - b: 24/2/1945 (East Malvern, Vic)
 6. Jennifer Gwendolyn Cheffers - b: 6/7/1947 (Oakleigh, Vic)
m1: James Donald Cousland - m: 2/4/1970
m2: Hugh Richard Bayford - b: 22/2/1950 (Victoria)
 7. [1] Emily Jane Bayford - b: 4/7/1973 (Carlton, Vic)
 7. [2] Charles Alwyn Bayford - b: 20/12/1976 (Fitzroy, Vic)
 7. [2] Thomas Francis Bayford - b: 23/4/1981 (Fitzroy, Vic)
 6. **June Maree Cheffers** - b: 30/6/1950 (East Malvern, Vic)
m: Edmund Seamus Leahy - m: 1/6/1972 (Balaclava, Vic) - b: 12/3/1950 (Caulfield, Vic)
 7. Edmund Seamus Leahy - b: 30/12/1972
 7. Patrick Herin Leahy - b: 22/6/1975 (Coburg, Vic)
 7. Damien Alexander Leahy - b: 16/7/1978 (Portland, Vic)

- 6. Mark Andrew Cheffers - b: 31/10/1961 (Oakleigh, Vic)
- 5. George Edward Cheffers - b: 1920 - d: ca 1942 (Katherine, Northern Territory)
- 5. Isobel Joyce Cheffers - b: ca 1922
m: Rendell
 - 6. Jan Rendell
 - 6. Sandy Rendell

Descendants of Percival John Cheffers

4. **Percival John Cheffers** - b: 1889 (Melbourne West, Vic) - d: 1973 (Victoria)
m: Alice Mary Drehmann - m: 1912 - b: 1890 - d. 1975 (Victoria)
5. **Percy Theodore Cheffers** - b: 1/6/1912 (South Melbourne, Vic) - d: 18/10/1965 (house fire, Victoria)
m1: Mary Ellen Cheffers (Braines) – 18/9/1935, b. 23/5/1913 (Market Harborough, England) - d. 11/4/1984 (Eildon, Vic)
m2: Audrey Anderson (no children)
6. **John Theodore Francis Cheffers** - b: 13/5/1936 (Melbourne, Vic) - d: 28/10/2012 (on United Airlines to Sydney)
m: Margaret Rose Bingham – m: 20/1/1958 (North Balwyn, Vic) - b: 14/11/1935 (Melbourne, Vic)
7. **Paul Clifton Cheffers** - b: 30/9/1958 (Melbourne, Vic)
p: Jacqui Bruce
8. Kye Samuel Bruce Bingham - b: 15/5/1993 (Perth, Western Australia)
7. **Mark Leonard Cheffers** - b: 12/12/1959 (Melbourne, Vic)
m1: Grace St Thomas – m: 1983 (Worcester, MA) - b: 20/11/1959 (Worcester, MA) (divorced 2014)
8. Elizabeth Anne Cheffers - b: 22/8/1985 (Sydney, NSW)
m: Nathan Schroeder - m: 6/6/2006 in Worcester, MA
9. Marie Rose Cheffers - b: ?
8. Mary Loretta Cheffers - b: 27/3/1987 (Sydney, NSW)
m: Todd Schneberk. - m: 6/1/2019 (Santa Clara, CA) - b. 2/11/1984
9. Grace Ella Schneberk - b: 26/12/2019 (Los Angeles, CA)
9. Francis (Frankie) Schneberk - b: ? – d ?

8. John Percy Cheffers - b: 28/7/1988 (Worcester, MA)
m: Annie Bateman – m: 6/8/2016 - b: 23/5/1995
9. Therese Anne Cheffers - b: 29/6/2017 (Ave Maria, FL)
9. Nathan Cheffers - b: 18/2/2019
8. Thomas Francis Cheffers - b: 4/10/1991
m: Mary Sinott – m: 30/7/2019 (Ireland)
9. Maximilian Andre Joseph - b: 31/12/2020
8. Grace Margaret Cheffers - b: 17/5/1993
m: Paul DeMasi - m: 6/1/2015
9. Hazel Maeve DeMasi - b: 27/5/2016
9. Philomena Bella DeMasi - b: 26/9/2018
9. Leo Allen DeMasi - b: 15/8/2019
9. Grace Juliana Day DeMasi - b: 16/2/2022
8. Allen David Cheffers - b: 8/11/1994 (Worcester, MA) – d: 23/2/1998 (Boston Children's Hospital, buried in Worcester, MA)
8. Michaela Rose Cheffers - b: 14/5/1996 (Worcester MA)
8. Joan Ellen Cheffers - b: 17/1/1998 (Worcester, MA)
m: Kolbe DeMasi - m: 29/6/2019
8. Mark Allen Cheffers - b: 24/9/1999 (Worcester, MA)
8. Ruth Marie Cheffers - b: 29/9/2001 (Worcester, MA)

- 8. Oscar James Ignatius Cheffers - b: 21/1/2004 (Worcester, MA)
- . m2: Christine Renda - b: 28/12/1967
- 8. Cecile Cheffers b: 4/6/2020
- 8. Andrew John Cheffers - b: 22/11/2013 (Cape Cod, MA)
- 7. **Leigh Caroline Cheffers** - b: 12/8/1961
m: Marc Tricard - m: 1/4/1995 (Worcester, MA) - 1/12/1967 (Tulle, France)
- 8. Jessica Rose Marie Tricard - b: 9/11/1995 (Worcester, MA)
m: David Schneider - m: 7/2022 (Mystic River, CT)
- 8. Christopher Jean Phillipe Tricard - b: 15/11/1996 (Worcester, MA)
- 8. Nicolas James Marie Tricard - b: 4/5/1999 (Worcester, MA)
- 7. **Andrew David Cheffers** - b: 1/8/1965 (Box Hill, Vic)
m: Jennifer Johnston - m: 14/9/1991 (Niagara Falls, Ontario) - b:17/5/1966 (Toronto, Ontario)
- 8. David Allen Cheffers - b: 31/3/1998 (Canberra, ACT)
- 8. Alexander Leslie Cheffers - b: 30/3/2000 (Canberra, ACT)
- 6. **Judith Cheffers** - b: 2/4/1938 (Melbourne, Vic)
m: Ron Adam - b: 22/6/1932
- 7. Peter Adam - b: 14/9/1955
m: Fran Forde b: 16/3/1957
- 8. Bethany Adam - b: 24/7/1985.
p: Ryan

- 9. Elle – b: 1/3/??
 - 9. Hugo – b: 3/11/??
- 8. Stephen Adam - b: 22/4/1987
p: Lucia
 - 9. Sadie – b: 22/5/2021
- 8. Benjamin Adam - b: 11/10/1989
- 7. Jan Adam - b: 25/5/1959
p1: Anthony
 - 8. Kristen Adam - b: 22/7/1981
Leesa
 - 9. Makayla Adam b: 5/8/2010
 - 9. Abby Adam b: 25/2/2013
- . m2. Peter Milliken
 - 8. Rhianna Milliken - b: 11/2/1985
p: Brett
 - 9. Eva – b: 21/3/??
 - 9. Luka – b: 15/7/??
 - 9. Marley – b: 19/11/??
 - 8. Luke Milliken - b: 20/5/1987
 - 8. Erinne Milliken - b: 28/8/1988

- 9. Reuben – b: 6/5/2017
- 9. Archie – b: 6/5/2017
- 8. Emma Milliken - b: 14/7/1990
p: Zac
- 9. Lewis – b: 9/6/??
- 9. Billy – b 15/12/??
- 9. Zara – b: 22/1/??
- 9. Lenora Grace – b: 18/8/2021
- 7. Annette Adam - b. 16/4/1964
m: Kevin Hagen b: 19/12/63
- 8. Rebekka Hagen - b: 28/12/1986
- 8. Matthew Hagen - b: 9/5/1989
- 6. **Robert Cheffers** – b: 21/11/1943 - d: 21/11/2021 (cancer)
- 6. **Carol Cheffers** - b. 23/8/1948
m: Colin (divorced, no children)
- 5. **John Albert Cheffers** - b: 1914 - d: ?
m: Betty Victoria Lougham - b: 30/7/1919 - d: 25/5/2017
- 6. Pamela Cheffers - b: 22/9/1942
m: Terry Newth - b. 9/2/1941

7. Joanne Newth - b: 4/10/1969

m: Joe Farrugia

8. Lana Farrugia - b: 16/6/1991

8. Torri Farrugia - b: 18/3/1993

8. Amber Farrugia - b: 25/10/1995

7. Kerry Newth - b: 1965 (Melbourne, Vic)

m: Tim Sandos

8. Nicholas Sandos – b: 16/3/1986

8. Brooke Sandos - b: 12/10/1996

8. Meredith Sandos - b: ?

6. Russell John Cheffers - b: 2/1/1948

m: Marlene Casey - b: 4/1/1949

7. Glen Cheffers – b: 2/1/1973

m: Megan

7. Guy Cheffers - b: 27/4/1974

m: Natalie

7. Dean Cheffers - b: 29/8/1975

m: Kelly

7. Mark Cheffers - b: 6/5/1977

5. **Leonard Francis Cheffers** - b: 1917 - d: 27/7/2005

m: Violet Jessie Rowe b: 20/3/1921 - d: 23/7/2006

6. Jeffrey Leonard Cheffers - b: 17/12/46

m1: Glenys

7. Darian Cheffers - b. 19/1/1972

m: Heidi

8. Rhonan – b: 16/8/2006

8. Carlin – b: 28/4/2008

7. Freya Cheffers - b. 9/12/1974

m: Stephen Parsons

8. Jasper – b: 14/9/2004

8. Arkie – b: 24/9/2006

. m2: Anne

7. Lauren Cheffers – b: 29/10/1981

m: Craig Osboine

8. Avril – b: 3/8/2004

8. Lilly – b: 19/6/2006

. m3: Lexie Rossiter

6. Roger Cheffers - b: 6/8/1949 – d: 2/11/2000

m: Danila Repsy

7. Kristel Amber Cheffers - b. 12/2/1979

m1: Chris

8. Klara – b: 19/5/2001

8. Zak – b: 23/2/2005

8. Jett – b: 4/10/2009

7. Ben

8. Ruby – b: 2/6/20??

7. Cassie Cheffers - b. 22/4/1981

m: Mick

8. Eden – b: 25/11/2009

8. Pip – b: 11/11/2014

6. Julie Cheffers – b: 4/6/1957

m: Greg Bartley – b: 18/11/1955 (divorced)

7. Matilda Rose Bartley - b. 18/10/1994

7. Edie Grace Bartley - b. 22/8/1997

Appendix 8: Additional Family History Research

We have been fortunate to have obtained information from others' research into the Cheffers family tree, which has been incorporated into the previous appendices. Some of this correspondence has been included here as it adds colour and movement to what would otherwise be just a list of names and dates.

If you are interested in the long history of St. Keverne, Mawgan, and other parishes of the "Lizard of Cornwall," the St. Keverne Local History Society website <<http://www.st-keverne.com/History/>> has a wealth of information about the area's archaeology, Canon Diggins, The Barque John, Parish Genealogy, The SS Mohegan and more. Canon Diggins has much to write about the history of Cornwall.

Cheffers in Cornwall in the 16th to 18th Centuries

This article was written by Andy Millward, whose mother was a Cheffers, and published on the St Keverne local history website. The connection between his family branch in England and ours in Australia has not yet been made.

Tregarne, St Keverne, Cornwall
8 July 2002

"The Cheffers Family"

My investigation into the parish in 1999 I was too busy to attend to family history matters but having got to know the areas slightly I decided recently to spend some time finding out more of the CHEFFERS in this parish

The first thing to do was to look through my files and I was surprised to find how much I had on Saint Keverne, and even more surprising was the number of times the family was mentioned in relationship to the hamlet of TREGARNE where we are living.

The parish of Saint Keverne was divided for administrative purposes into four sections called "TURNS" and the smallest of these is TURN TREGARNE which consists of 11 farmsteads and two small villages.: PORTHALLOW and PORTHOUSTOCK. All of these are at least early mediaeval settlements and many of them are older with evidence of prehistoric earthworks and field systems. TURN TREGARNE occupies about a seventh of the area of the parish and is an area of first-class farmland which is sheltered from the prevailing westerly winds.

The family was certainly present here in the 16th century with Thomas Cheffers paying 4d in the Cornwall subsidies of 1543. This was a tax imposed by Henry VIII to finance war with France and only payable by those who owned one pound of goods or land or who had an annual income of £1 from any source. It seems from the amount that he was paying that he was fairly affluent. We also have evidence from the parish records of christenings, marriages and deaths in the latter half of the 16th century, but

these are fragmentary as the records are somewhat damaged.

The same records show a large number of Cheffers living in or dying in the first half of the 17th century but the best source for how prolific the family was is the protestation returns of 1641. In the turmoil before the start of the civil war between king and Parliament, it was decreed that all adults over the age of 18 must sign to declare that they supported “the true reformed Protestant religion”. We find nine males, adult, Cheffers signing this return, three of whom are called Richard!

St Keverne was active in the various campaigns of civil war with Cornwall declaring for the king. The local Squire was Hannibal Bogan of Lanarth who was also in command of the militia, and he certainly served in various actions including a revolt after the main tumult had died down and he marched the same St. Keverne Militia into the next parish of Saint Martin and fortified the ancient earth work at Gear, from which he was driven back to Saint Keverne of being defeated at the bridge over Creek of the Helford River. How many of the family were involved in these troubles it is impossible to say but the poll tax of 1660 after the restoration of the monarchy mentions 7 Cheffers, but four of them female.

At this point the wills that we have found come into play and I must pay tribute to Jane gives for all her hard work in transcribing them. In 1624 we have William Robard alias Cheffers, a fisherman of Saint Keverne, dying and he mentions 13 beneficiaries called Cheffers including four called Richard!!

Between 1624 and 1698 we have 10 wills from Saint Keverne including five from chaps called Richard Cheffers. The wheels seem to indicate that they were farmers who did a bit of fishing or fishermen who did a bit of farming but the fact that they had wills indicates that they were not day labourers but had property. It is doubtful if they owned the property, but they would have leased it from the landed estates who seemed to own most of Cornwall.

In Cornwall the property was usually let on the “three lives” system. In drawing up a legal document the lease would be for 99 years or three lives and three young persons would be named. Bearing in mind the problems of infant mortality, this was not such a safe bet.

When we purchased Tregarne from the vendors, Chris and Sue Harris asked why we wanted to move to Cornwall, and I mentioned that my mother's family came from the Lizard. They asked what was the family name and when I replied Cheffers they exchanged glances and then explained to us that just behind the Meadow we had just purchased with our new home was a field called “Chafers ground”. I was told that a lease existed and was in the possession of one of our neighbours whose family had farmed land in Tregarne for many years and a few weeks ago I asked if I could borrow it. To my surprise my neighbour produced 20 documents on parchment together with a number of typed transcriptions. These give a very full picture of the manner in which the land and the tithes have been transferred through the years. The

tythe I thought was the payment due to the church on the produce of both land and sea, but these had been sold on at sometime in the 18th century and was sold to further entrepreneurs and subdivided in two parts.

The earliest document is a tithe agreement in Tregarne, dated 1712, between William Cheffers and two brothers Nicholas and Anthony Penrose and mentioning their parents, Thomas Penrose and Joan, and an agreement of 1704. Also included in the agreement “a garden in the eastern end of a field called “Mennallack”. This field name still exists, and its location is defined under the 1845 tithe map.

In 1726 a list was drawn up on this same area of land with the addition of other named fields, a dwelling house and barn together with orchards, sheds and stables. This was between William Cheffers of Mawgan in Meneage and Anthony Penrose of Saint Keverne. For the sum of 160 pounds William agreed to transfer all the listed land and buildings to Anthony. The lease to be for fourscore and 19 years and the three lives named are his brother Nicholas Penrose, his son, Anthony Penrose junior and William Cheffer's son Angell. This choice caught my interest because why would one man name the son of another in a business transaction, but when I looked at my family tree, I find that William had married Grace Penrose in 1701. So it was all being kept in the family.

William is placed in the lease as being a resident of the nearby parish of Mawgan but he was born and married in Saint Keverne as were his three sons and he must have moved to Mawgan in his mature years. The parish records for Mawgan are few and far between for the early part of the 18th century and I am not sure if I will be able to trace him through these to complete the family history side, William is the brother of my five times great grandfather as listed on the family tree that Anna in USA produced for us in 1995.

The remaining leases show the transfer of land and tithes on this property through the years and as I read through them, I was hoping that the buildings mentioned would turn out to be where we are living but it turns out to be found next door. But when you consider that how we had come upon Tregarne out of the blue, 50 yards out is not bad!

Various other documents have come to light and one that caught my attention is entitled in “God's wonderful deliverance” published in 1798. This recounts the story of how John Sanders of Lanarth was blown out to sea in his fishing boat during the autumn of 1704 and he and his crew ended up in Brittany. Even though Britain was at war with France [surprise, surprise,] their Breton cousins gave them shelter and when the weather abated, they sailed back to Coverack. To celebrate their deliverance, they had a service at Saint Keverne Church and the clerk, “John Cheffer”, sang part of the second part [from the 18th verse] and the third part of the 107th Psalm. I looked in the church rates book and in the Tregarne section found “John Cheffer for mending church books and cloats 1s (shilling)” and further on “John Cheffer for being Clerk 4 pound”. This continues until 1726 when another person is receiving the full pound.

The church rates book is a record of income and expenditure between 1721 and 1745 and shows Abraham Cheffers paying his Poor Law rates for the properties mentioned in his will of 1740 and in 1737 he becomes churchwarden and thus responsible for the running of the accounts. Amongst these is a payment of 6 shillings and eight pence for the “burial of Matthew Cheffers. In 1740 we have widow Cheffers paying for the farms at TRELOYAN and ROSENITHON and in 1745 we find “James Cheffers . . . buried in the church for 6/8 pennies. The archivist at the Records Office tells me that this was the customary fee for burial in the nave but if you paid more you could be buried nearer the altar.

The William Francis Cheffers Family in Cornwall – 1800s

Research by Margaret Cheffers

Sent to Mark Cheffers in the following letter dated 28 July 2006:

Yes, we do know where your great great great grandfather was born and quite a bit about him. The last (earliest) direct descendant to our family was born in St. Keverne. Your father and I went there, and it is a beautiful village situated on the eastern side of Cornwall, very quaint. Fantastic granite church overlooking the small village which has two pubs. We had lunch in one of them and there was a poster on the wall showing the locations of all the ships that had been shipwrecked off that coast. That part of Cornwall is called the Lizard. In fact, in the churchyard there was a grave and stone commemorating 100+ people off one of those shipwrecks.



The St. Keverne Church overlooking the Three Tuns Pub, where we had lunch and where we saw posters of the positions of shipwrecks off of the Lizard Peninsula



Camphor box where all the births, marriages and death certificates were kept in the 1800s



Cemetery next to St. Keverne Church

There was another mass grave of another shipwreck also in the graveyard next to the church. We did not find any burial stone inscribed with Cheffers in that churchyard as most of them had fallen over and weren't readable. A bit of gossip re William Cheffers (who was William Francis Cheffers' father) was that he drowned in Mounts Bay (which is situated off the town of Penzance) on a smuggler's ship. He was forty

and died before his son was born (i.e. William Francis). His mother's name was Mary Anne Richards. We met an Anthony Richards outside the church who said that we might be related. Unfortunately, we did not follow this up. It is unfortunate because we do not know for sure who William's father and mother were. And so we do not at this point know how we are related to other Cheffers families in that area. (Andrew Millward's research on the drowning of three men, two brothers whose surnames were Gilbert but were related to Cheffers and a William Cheffers or Cheffers is very revealing as written.



John chats with Anthony Richards, a potential distant relative through Mary Anne Richards

Amazingly, his son, William Francis, was in the British Navy and, also later, a Custom Officer. We do know that William Francis was the father of at least three children that came to Australia and John Francis was one of them. Anyway you can look this up on the St Keverne web site which is a complete record of all the parish records which were kept in a large camphor box and is now in the church. Cornwall is beautiful and you wonder how anyone could leave such a place but of course those that worked in the tin mines were vulnerable to the market of those days. Farmers also found it hard to make a living. That is why many left for places like Canada, U.S. and Australia.

Look up Andrew Millward because he has a lot to say about the Cheffers. He moved to Cornwall and built a house there next to a field that was called Chaffer. Unfortunately for us in 2006 when we stayed in Falmouth, Cornwall for a few days, he had died, and his wife was still living there when we went through. I only spoke to her on the phone briefly and we were not able to get together. She seemed a very nice lady. As you know, I love family history.

The Cheffers Migrate to Australia – 1880s

June Leahy (nee Cheffers), a distant cousin descending from John's grandfather Percival John's brother William Francis, has been corresponding with Margaret since the 1980s or so about family history. The following two letters provide context to two of the branches of the Cheffers family in Melbourne:

P.O. Box 71
Portland, Vic. 3305
Australia
September 30, 1998

Dear Margaret

I am sorry to have taken so long to respond following receipt of your parcel of goodies. I have just had a really good look at the contents and today have been trying to make some sense of other data I have collected in light of what you sent.

First, I must say how pleased I am to have received the certificates. Most of my research has been in Australia except for the coastguard part and some dabbling on the IGI (an old version).

I'll go backwards here and tell you that the Herbert Cheffers, etc., in Melbourne appear to be descended from Richard and Wilmot, if I read Bert Cheffers tree correctly. I'll send an outline of where I think they fit and when and where they arrived. I went and checked out their South Australian records today (very quickly). There are some other Cheffers who were floating around Victoria who I am hoping to work out, too. There was also a family in South Australia very early (Richard and Ellen nee Bullock, with children Helen, Richard James and Thomas). I don't know who they were either.

I recently wrote to every Cheffers in the Australian phonebooks and most of the replies have been from people on our line. I am waiting on some relations to put pen to paper so I can update my files. I will enclose a copy of the list, also a copy of a recent Victorian electoral role, copies of the Victorian birth, death and marriage indexes and some copies of certificates I have obtained as well as William Francis' coastguard record.

The reason you could not find John Francis' birth is that he and his brother were born in Ireland (see dates on coastguard record, Victorian death indexes and John Francis' death certificate (his brother was informant)). Also, on this certificate the mother's maiden name is given as SAY. I think we need to find a marriage for William Francis and Sarah Ann. The SLY on the English death certificates you sent doesn't seem to quite fit as Sarah Ann's maiden name. Can we find out from anywhere else?

My family? Of my Cheffers' Aunts and Uncles only three Aunts are still living and Auntie Irene is failing fast. Aunts Nell and Betty have been very interested and

helpful and I hope will soon send heaps of written information. I think Nell has addresses, etc., for most of my cousins (all 20 or so of them). Dad (Lionel Francis or Ted) died about five years ago. He had his own plumbing business in Chadstone where I grew up and it seems all his brothers were also plumbers though Perce was a policeman, builder, motel owner, etc., as well (I have just found this out from his son's wife).

I have three siblings, Brian lives in Belgium and trains equestrian riders and horses, he is unmarried. Jennifer lives in Canterbury in Melbourne with her two sons. She was legal secretary until her second marriage and since that ended has sold designer clothing. Mark lives in Malvern East with his partner Gay. They have no children.

I live in Portland with my husband Ted. I completed a Bachelor of Arts at Melbourne University, majoring in history and psychology, then teacher training, and finally ten years ago a post grad in teacher librarianship. I work at the local secondary college as a teacher librarian. I met my husband at uni where he studied commerce. He is the local district curriculum coordinator for the Department of Education.

We have three lovely sons, all living in Melbourne, one working, two studying. Edmund is a physiotherapist, Patrick is currently completing his honours year in commerce having studied a combined degree in commerce and science, and Damien is halfway through a commerce degree. All have studied at Melbourne Uni.

You might be interested to know that Patrick will be working for Boston Consulting Group when he finishes his study so will spend a short time in Boston for initial training. He worked for them last Christmas and really enjoyed it. Unfortunately, he has been very ill with glandular fever this year so is completing his study part time, hopefully finishing in the middle of the 1999.

I did know of your husband's work at the AIS. I actually thought of seeking him out during one of our visits to Canberra when my husband was in the middle of his ten years as the local swimming coach, but wasn't quite brave enough. All our boys swam at state level, a good effort when the local pool closed for most of the year. The swimming is now finished and though I am still a qualified referee I don't see much of the pool. Ted is now president of the local football club having done a lot of other voluntary sports administration.

I started family history several years ago and am enjoying working on all my ancestral lines as well as dabbling on those of my husband. I joined the local genealogical group and also the Genealogical Society of Victoria and wish I had more time to spend in Melbourne using the records of the library. This is one of the most rewarding hobbies I have ever had, enabling me to make contact with people like yourself who share my interest as well as sharing my family.

I hope you find this package useful in filling in the gaps on your database. I have most of my information on a computer program which can be downloaded via the internet using gedcom if you have a compatible program, though I have now sent you

most of what I have. My next aim is to acquire William Francis' naval record prior to his joining the coastguard. It might give us the next clue to where our Cheffers line began and were we fit with the rest.

I'll keep you posted with any more progress I make. I tend to work in fits and starts when I have time and when I have a breakthrough somewhere. This is the best I have had on the Cheffers. I will write to Bert Cheffers and to Anna Whitney too, I couldn't really make sense of the outline tree she sent.

Thanks again for all the information.

Regards, June Leahy

Second letter from June Leahy (undated)

P.O. Box 763
Portland, Vic. 3305
Email. tleahy@iconnect.net.au
0418932204

CHEFFERS

I was born June Maree Cheffers in 1950 in Melbourne, Victoria, Australia and have often wondered about my family tree and the origins of my family. Dad used to say we were related to all other Cheffers in the Melbourne telephone directory, but I never met any of them. Unfortunately, it was not until after Dad died that I decided to really try to find a connection. Following are the results of my research over the past few years. I hope you might share my interest and help to complete the tree.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME

I have read two theories on the origin of the surname Cheffers. An expert on heraldry showed me the name in a book, with the suggestion that it originated from the Cornish words, "chy" and "fer" meaning "house by the market." The other theory is that it comes from the old French word, "chievre" for goat, and that Cheffers means goatlike. I will take the nicer implication of this, and hope my ancestors were agile and sure-footed. Other associated names and spelling variants include Cheffer, Cheever, Chaffer, Cheffers, Chefre, etc.

The earliest evidence I have of the name is in Cornwall around 1600. The main areas it appears are in the far west of Cornwall in places like St. Keverne, St. Martins, Manaccan, Mawman and Helston (all located fairly close to each other).

Cornwall, along with Scotland, Wales and Ireland are areas to which the original Celtic population was pushed over many centuries through constant European invasion of the British Isles (e.g. by Romans and Vikings). It is also an area where seafarers put ashore from all kinds of foreign ports, for all sorts of reasons, eg. honest

trade, smuggling, shipwreck and exploration.

Perhaps the first Cheffers were British Celts in origin or maybe they came to Cornwall from Europe. The people of French Brittany seem to have a close connection with Cornwall.

MY CHEFFERS FAMILY

WILLIAM FRANCIS CHEFFERS

William Francis Cheffers was born to William and Mary Ann Cheffers (nee Richardson) in St. Keverne, Cornwall on 17 January, 1823 and christened on February 1, 1823. St. Keverne is located on the southern coast of Cornwall in the far southwest of the UK. It is the name of a parish and there is also a small town with this name on current maps.

William Francis Cheffers was in the navy before joining the coastguard which was set up to patrol the British coast as part of the defence force and to control smuggling. He was nominated from HMS Asia in 1851 to the coastguard as a boatman to Inniskea (Inishkea) Wexford, County Mayo, Ireland as a commissioned boatman. His wife Sarah Ann Say must have accompanied him to Ireland, as at least two children were born there. William Daniel and John Francis Cheffers both list county Mayo as their birthplace. Both would have been born around 1853 and 1854. It is possible they were twins as each carries his father's name.

William Francis requested a transfer and moved back to Cornwall in 1853, stationed at Cadgwith Station, Gweek port, Falmouth District, where he remained until 1865. He had a break in service and was then sent to Gorran Haven Station, Falmouth, as chief boatman on a salary of 2s2p per diem. He had three good conduct badges and his character was described as "very good."

William Francis was described on his record as 5'9" with dark hair, hazel eyes and a fresh complexion. He had no distinguishing marks or wounds and his character was "exemplary." His trade was listed as "sea" and he served on the coastguard vessel Achilles each summer as part of England's reserve defence force.

What finally happened to William Francis and his wife Sarah Ann I do not know, nor do I know if they had other children born in Ireland or England. I do think it is likely that William Francis stayed in or near Salcombe as his son John Francis married Emma Adams who was born in Salcombe.

I have the naval and coastguard record of an Ernest Thomas Cheffers born in St. Goram (sic) in 1868. Perhaps he is another son born at Goram Haven. Does anyone know?

What happened to the boys born in Ireland I do know.

JOHN FRANCIS CHEFFERS AND WILLIAM DANIEL CHEFFERS

William Francis' sons, John Francis Cheffers and William Daniel Cheffers, both found their way to Melbourne, Victoria, Australia in the 1880s. I do not know for certain on which ship each travelled, but I know that John's wife Emma and their two children departed from Plymouth and arrived aboard the Potosi in 1885. There were few other passengers aboard (certainly no others with children) and I suspect that John may have worked his way as part of the crew, if not on this ship then on another. William probably did likewise.

Both men appear in Melbourne directories from the late 1880 at various addresses in Carlton and North Melbourne, Northcote then at Middle Park. There were several other Cheffers in Melbourne at this time but I do not know of any definite connection. (Some names were Herbert and George, can anyone tell me if they were related?)

William Daniel married in Victoria to an Irish girl Mary Callaghan in 1886 and they had at least four children, Daisy, Jessie, William and Ida. Jessie and Ida died young and I have not traced what happened to William and Daisy. Both William Daniel and Maria died in Cheltenham, Vic.

John Francis married in London around 1874 to Emma Adams from Salcombe (the daughter of gardener John Adams and his wife Sarah Wood). John and Emma Cheffers had a son named John who died in infancy, a daughter Florence (Flora) Emma born in London, then a son William Francis born in Plymouth. After the family arrived in Melbourne another son Percival John was born in 1889.

John Francis died in Middle Park in 1915 from stomach cancer, aged 61. He is buried in Brighton Cemetery. His occupation was given as carpenter. This fits with the notion that he may have worked his passage from England as part of a ship's crew. Emma died in 1937 and is also buried in Brighton.

Of John's surviving children, Flora married Albert Ernest Richard Turner and two sons were born in Victoria, Albert Eric and Jack. I know nothing of their descendants.

William Francis married Elizabeth Isobella Marriot in 1903. Their wedding took place at Holt's Private Matrimonial Agency at 448 Queen St., Melbourne, his occupation at the time was plumber. William gave his address as 104 Chetwynd St., North Melbourne. William (Bill) and Elizabeth (Lizzie) lived in Northcote and had 9 children, Evelyn Beatrice Frances, William Frederick John, Irene Elizabeth Ellen (Rene). Percival Charles Gordon (Mickey), Olive Edith Florence, Ellen Alicia (Nellie), Lionel Francis (Red), George Edward and Isobel Joyce (Betty).

William was working as a commercial traveller at the time of his death from tuberculosis in 1927. Elizabeth was killed in a car accident at Lang Lang just 10 years later. He is buried in Preston Cemetery, her ashes are at Fawkner.

Of their children, I do not have a complete family tree but Lionel Francis (also a

plumber) was my father so my own branch is complete.

The third child of John Francis Cheffers and Emma Adams was Percival John. He married Alice Mary Drehmann and they had three sons Percy Theodore, John Albert and Leonard Francis.

FINALLY

I hope you have found this information interesting though I am sure some people will find inaccuracies. I would love to hear from any person with additions to the Cheffers Family Tree or with amendments to make.

I have completed my research using the Victorian birth, death and marriage indexes. I have acquired a number of marriage and death certificates, and I enlisted the aid of a professional researcher in England for the coastguard information. The rest I have gathered from people from whom I have gathered other information.

Sadly, my family tree is far from complete. I have been unfortunate in having very little contact with my Cheffers' relatives when growing up so my ability to contact them now is limited (not knowing married names etc.), and I regret not having started this research before my father passed away.

I am interested in acquiring any information to increase this family history. If anyone can help with names, dates and places of births, deaths and marriages, nicknames, addresses, interesting biographical notes or stories, family bible entries, copies of photographs, certificates, documents, etc. I would be really grateful. I am willing to pay and costs involved.

I would also like names and addresses of anyone who could help me in my research.

I enclose my Cheffers family tree for you to examine, and, I hope, add to.



John Cheffers and distant cousin June Leahy enjoy an ice cream at Portland Vic – early 2000s



John Cheffers, June Leahy, Margaret Cheffers, Ted Leahy in Portland Vic – early 2000s

Cheffers Men in World Wars I and II

Research by Paul Cheffers (using Australian War Memorial records)

Sent to his mother, Margaret Cheffers, in 2005:

World War I – William, John and Francis Cheffers

In WWI Australia had a volunteer army which sent over 300,000 men into battle on the Western Front. 60,000 of them died and 150,000 or so were wounded. These were huge figures for a country of 3,000,000 people. WWI was clearly the most bloody of all Australia's wars.

In WWI three Cheffers fought on the Western Front. William Cheffers died in 1917 in battle at Passchendaele, which is near the Belgian French border near the coast.

Francis Cheffers and John Cheffers also served on the Front. All three were knocked out of action during 1917.

Francis Cheffers was wounded and died of his wounds near Sydney in 1921.

John Cheffers was the brother of William Cheffers. John Cheffers was shot in the heart at Pozieres. John lived until the 1960s so he recovered from his wounds.

Pozieres was a small village in Northern France where Australia suffered 5000 casualties in one day. Pozieres remains the most bloody action Australian forces have ever been in.

Francis Cheffers and William Cheffers are on the Australian War Memorial's honor roll plaques which can be seen inside the Australian War Memorial in Canberra. I believe the plaque numbers are 141 and 172, or close to these numbers.

John and William Cheffers were related to Herbert Cheffers who played seven games for Collingwood in the Victorian Football League in 1907. It is not known how they are related to us Cheffers but they almost certainly were related as they came from Melbourne where our clan originated. They probably are from the other Cheffers family that lived in Melbourne and of which we had contact with until the 1930s. Every Cheffers is related to each other by some link, most of them from the Cornwall connection in England.

There is a picture of a group of Australian troops reclining in camp during 1916. The War Memorial says that they believe a Cheffers is in the picture.

World War II – Percy and Len Cheffers

In WWII a volunteer army was later supplemented by a draft. Eight Cheffers served along with the one million Australians who eventually joined the armed forces during WWII. One lady Cheffers also served. The two Cheffers from our clan who served were Percy Cheffers and his younger brother Leonard Cheffers, who recently died in Melbourne. Leonard Cheffers joined in 1943 and served sometime in New Guinea with the Engineering Corp.

Percy Cheffers joined in 1940 with the 2/2 Infantry Troops Workshop, which was part of RAEME, the Engineering Corp. As such, Percy was not a front-line combat troop, but he was probably just behind the combat line, around 400m to 800m behind, fixing up electrical equipment. He seems to have fixed up tanks and he did a lot of work with radios. Joining in 1940 as a private he was a First Class Warrant Officer in May 1945. This ranking is just under a Lieutenant and is about the highest ranking an enlisted man can get.

I have Percy's war record in Perth where my apartment is. He served in combat areas three times. The first was in Libya where he probably was with the 2/2nd Army Field Workshop.

There the Australians won a notable victory at Bardia and Tobruk. The Australian sixth division and another allied division defeated 10 Italian divisions to take most of Libya from the Italians early in the war. Although this victory is not often highlighted today because it was not a decisive victory, it was notable because of the disparity between the numbers involved.

Percy always thought that the Italian troops were easy to beat but he thought that the German troops were an entirely different matter. His son, John Cheffers, relates that they used to fire at the Italians then charge. Then they took over their buildings and ate their supplies. Unfortunately, this state of affairs did not continue once Rommel and the Germans entered Africa.

The sixth Division was the first shock division of the Australian army. After defeating the Italians it went to Palestine, with Percy attending. It then was sent to Greece to stop the German invasion. Once again, the Italians had invaded Greece from Albania, but were stopped by the Greeks. The Germans were coming in to stop this problem from continuing. Parts of the Australian Sixth fought the Germans in Northern Greece but had to hurriedly withdraw from Greece since there was no practical way to stop the Germans. Parts of this force withdrew to Crete which was invaded by a daring air attack by the Germans soon after. The Germans put crack troops into gliders and had them land on Crete. The Australians, along with other Allied troops, fought a bloody encounter with the Germans, and the Germans quickly lost 5000 men. Parts of the Australian force evacuated but around 2000 Australians were captured by the Germans in Crete and served out the war in prison camps.

Percy was not in Greece and Crete, staying in Palestine. The Sixth division lost most of its heavy equipment in these two campaigns and was basically withdrawn back to Australia after this.



Percy Cheffers works on an electrical coil at Maddalina Libya in 1940, taken by Frank Hurley, the famous photographer of the Shackleton Antarctic expedition.

They, along with Percy, travelled to Ceylon where a Japanese invasion was expected. The Japanese sent a carrier force with invasion troops to attack Ceylon, but a little heralded but bloody air fight between the English planes on Ceylon and the Japanese carriers forced the Japanese to withdraw, sparing Ceylon.

Churchill wanted these troops to go to Burma but the Australian Prime Minister John Curtin objected three times and successfully got the Australian troops home. Churchill had a fit and refused to provide air cover or naval escort for the Australian troopships. So for two weeks 40,000 Australian troops traveled the Indian Ocean to Fremantle Western Australia without escort or air cover. This was almost certainly the most dangerous act of the war for Australia and it is said this decision did more to age the Australian Prime Minister, John Curtin, than any other. Curtin died due to stress caused by the war effort in 1945. It is also revealing that Australia and England have not fought in close quarters with each other since that time.

Percy reunited with his family in Melbourne, as my father John Cheffers can still remember. He retrained and spent nine months in New Guinea between 1943 and 1944. I am not sure where he went during this time but Leonard Cheffers remembers meeting him there during this time.



A Mr. Goodman and Percy Cheffers fix a radio, Morotai Indonesia – May 1945

Morotai was a small island east of Borneo which served as a jumping point for the Australian invasion of Borneo. Percy was in the third landing on the island off Brunei. He was three months in the combat zone.

Percy, in this last action, fought with the famed Ninth Division, which pushed back the German line at El Alamein and created the salient that forced Rommel to commit his crack troops. With his crack troops unable to reduce the Australians, the British armour broke through the German lines to the south and Africa was won. Percy was not in Africa for this battle but did eventually serve with this division in Brunei.

So Percy, who is either our father, our grandfather, or our great grandfather, had a fine war record. He was in two entirely different combat zones, Africa and the Pacific. He was awarded the Star of Africa, the Star of the Pacific, and the 1939-1945 Star.

As I have said Percy was usually not in the front line, although he was probably pretty close. A lot of his work would have been involved in getting bogged vehicles of all descriptions out of the mud and fixing them up so they worked again. There was lots of this work in the Pacific. There is a family story that he used to go into tanks and fix them up after the troops inside them had been killed. Apparently, he did not like that. I do not know many who would.

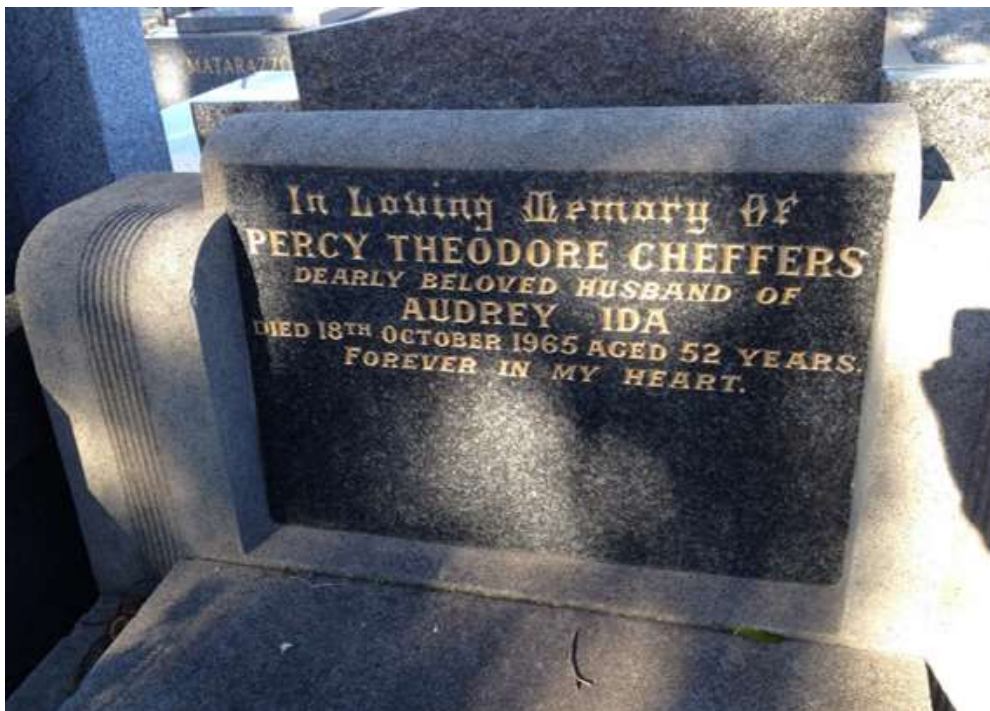
I also suspect that he basically became the lead radio fixup man in the division he served. The radios back then were not solid state as transistors had not been invented. They used vacuum tubes which blew out often. With these bulky pieces of equipment

being carried around the desert or the jungle the need for regular maintenance or fixing up would have been great.

Since it is very helpful to an army when its vehicles run and its radios work, Percy would have been a very useful soldier. If your tanks don't work, you do not win the battles. Certainly, the RAEME history, which is available at the Australian War Memorial Research Centre, details that the 2/2nd Army Field Workshops fixed up around 15 tanks after the battle of Bardia so that 21 tanks could be used by the Australians to take Tobruk the first time. The officers in charge of this action were awarded medals for this. Having 21 tanks for an engagement instead of 6 can be the difference between winning and losing. It is possible that Percy Cheffers was one of these mechanics that got the tanks working again.

Percy was delisted in 1945 and returned to private life. In 1953 he reenlisted and served as a captain for two years. He seemed to be unable to make the transition between head of a workshop, which his evaluations said he was capable of doing and becoming an officer. So he resigned in 1955 and went back to private life.

In the mid 1960s Percy died in a house fire in Fitzroy. There is a Sun Herald article on this from the time. Apparently, three people tried to save him but to no avail. He is buried in Melbourne Cemetery.



Percy was also a good Australian Rules Football player. He played 8 games for St. Kilda in the Victorian Football League between 1936 and 1938. He would have played in the Reserves most of the time during those years. Apparently, before that, he played for the Melbourne reserves and, according to John Cheffers, his son, knew Norm Smith, who later went on to coach six Premierships with Melbourne in the 50s and 60s. We have a small newspaper article with a picture of the young Percy being

promoted to the St Kilda first for the game. He usually played on the wing but this game played on the half forward line.

A lot of this information on Percy Cheffers I have pieced together over the years, since I never met him and I am his grandson. But I think it is important to respect and even honor the great contributions that Percy's generation made in the World War, particularly since it has given us two perhaps three generations of peace. And certainly, also, because his generation fought so that society could improve over time and become kinder to the weak instead of ruthlessly destroying anyone who was not desired, as the Nazis and the Japanese warlords stood for and practiced.

Yours,

Paul Cheffers

A Chance Meetings of Cousins at the Folies Bergère, Paris

Below is a description of a chance meeting between John Cheffers and Joan Cheffers of different branches of the Cheffers' family, descended from two brothers, William Daniel Cheffers and John Francis Cheffers, who came to settle in Melbourne from Cornwall, England in the 1880s.

Correspondence to Margaret Cheffers is from Anna Whitney, whose mother was a Cheffers. As with Andy Millward, the connection between her family branch in England and ours in Australia has not been established.

May 21, 2001

Thank you for your letter updating all that has been happening to you. I don't know when you will read this as you say John might be taking a sabbatical and might be in Australia from Jan to June. If so, you will have it waiting for you when you come back.

Just recently, I had a letter from a cousin who has given me most of my earliest Cheffers information. Because of the pressure of work, he has not been able to work on his family research in the last few years. He has recently retired and can now give more time to his research. [edit: This research is included earlier, from Andy Millward.] And guess what! He bought a property located in St. Keverne parish in Cornwall where it all began. At least, as far as the Cheffers family is concerned from his letter, he sounds very enthusiastic about getting re-involved. I am going to ask him to try and find the missing link between the English and Australia branches. I hope that his good luck holds out.

The lists that you sent me from the Civil Registration has been a gold mine to me. I have been gradually ordering copies. Most of them, I have been able to place. Some, however, needs more checking to identify. I have incorporated into my family history tree. I know that they so nor how your branch I would gladly send you a copy of it.

On the personal side, there is not much news. My sister is 84, my brother 78 and I am the “baby” at 76. We just keep going in spite of aches and pains. At last count we have had 10 nieces and nephews, 24 grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren with one more expected in September.

I enjoyed hearing from you and am looking forward to more updates.

Fondly Anna Whitney

Letter from Margaret Cheffers:

61 Bay State Rd., Apt 6,
Boston, MA 02215
August 28, 2001

Dear Anna

As you can see, I am back in Boston until January 2002 and John’s sabbatical is January to June 2002. I hope you are keeping well. It was great to get your letter and read about your recent efforts as far as Cheffers family tree is concerned. Yes, I am still interested in finding out the very intriguing connection for our branch of the Cheffers family to the early Cheffers in Cornwall. What is the name of your relative who has bought some property in Saint Keverne? And what is his relationship to the Cheffers family tree?

John and I hope to visit Cornwall in the next year or two. John is going to retire from Boston University in August 2002. A little project that I started a couple of years ago was to digitize our large family tree from your Cheffers family layout, but it has almost stumped me. If you can spare a copy of your family tree, yes, I would like a copy. I think I sent you a copy of June's very well-done Australian family tree.

Did I ever let you know the real reason for both families not speaking to each other? A few years ago, John and I were holidaying in Paris and while there one afternoon we decided to go to the Folies Bergère. We went to buy some tickets at the theatre and found out that we could buy tickets for 10 francs if we came back at 6 o’clock. When we returned to the ticket office at 6 pm, there were many young people from Commonwealth countries in a queue waiting to buy a stand-up ticket to see the show that night. While we were waiting behind the brass bar that separated the people standing up and those who were sitting down, a group of Aussies were asking others from where they came, and John and I were swapping our names backwards and forwards. When John mentioned his name to someone, a young woman piped up and said, “What did you say is your name is?” He announced himself as John Cheffers and she said, “Well, my name is Joan Cheffers.” After further questions, we found out that she also had grown up in Melbourne, Australia, and she was actually the daughter of William Cheffers. You can probably see from the Australian tree where she fits in. John didn't know she existed, and she was unaware of his existence, but they both

knew the connection with the grandfathers. At that time she was working mostly in London and sometimes in the ski fields in Europe and had a boyfriend who needed to come to Montreal, Canada.

Some two years later, she came with him and stayed with us in Boston. She spent a week with us, and in that time period we went over what Joan had in the way of her family tree. She also told us about the scandal that John's grandmother had caused which was that Alice had had a sexual relationship with the boy next door to her and who was the fiancé of her niece. We never confirmed this because we have never been game to bring it up with Uncle Len who is the youngest son of John's grandmother. Uncle John would probably confirm it, but we have not seen him in years. So apparently her behaviour was so outrageous, according to the other side of the family, that they broke off all contact.

Joan also had the birth certificate of her great grandfather who had been born in Devon. Joan also told us that she had heard that one of our great, great grandfathers (who was a gardener) had married the daughter of the Earl of Clark. But that may be hard to confirm. We do have a copy of a marriage certificate of a grandfather (forgotten how long removed) that showed his occupation as a gardener.

About a year later, we went to London for a holiday, and decided to spend some of that time in Saint Catherine's House where the old records were kept. We just looked up all the Cheffers names going back to early 1800s. That is where the database I put together came from. Anything in the 18th century and before was not available.

Do you yourself travel at all? Recently, my husband and I spent two weeks driving through New Hampshire, Maine, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. These places are truly beautiful. I know you live in New York, and I notice the town you live in is called New City, but is that NYC and is it reasonably easy to travel to? Maybe, sometime, I can come and visit before we retire to Australia next August 2002.

Our son, number 2, Mark Cheffers, has another baby girl, called Ruth, so with six girls and three boys in his family, he has evened with William Cheffers of the early 20th century family in Australia with the nine children so the boys in his family are John Percy, Thomas Francis and Mark. Allen Cheffers. My younger son has two boys, David Allen and Alexander. Leslie. So there are five male grandchildren from our family to carry on the name. It is interesting that two of the grandsons live in USA and two live in Australia. We also have another grandson who lives in Perth, Australia. Who is a Cheffers but goes by his mother's name: Kye Samuel Bruce.

Margaret

Below are Joan's two letters about coming to visit us in Boston.

26 Fellows Rd.,
Swiss Cottage, London
29 May 1979

Remember me, I heard you mention your name in the Folies Bergère in Paris, early June a couple of years back (1977) and came up and introduced myself as Joan Cheffers. We worked out that we were related, somewhat distantly. Well, I am still travelling around, have just returned to London after working the winter season in a ski resort in Switzerland, discovered it is only \$59 to fly to New York, so I'm off! I leave here probably end of June, stay in New York til I've seen enough (or had enough), then go to Toronto where I have a lovely friend who's been begging me to come and see his beautiful country for ages!

John, could I ask a favour of you which is a bit embarrassing seeing I met you briefly—but could you write a letter saying we're relatives and that you're my host or sponsor or whatever it is that impresses visa or boarder officials?. The American Consulate told me such a letter makes it easier to "get in." I'd really appreciate it if you could.

I'll be working in London for a few weeks to earn some spending money. The weather is still far too miserable to do any sightseeing—so it is head down, tail up for a while.

Hope to hear from you soon,

Bye for now. Joan Cheffers

Dear John and family:

I was delighted to get your letter. Thanks for writing back so quickly. I've checked into the flights and fares and as I want to go "stand by" I found that the fares to Boston are cheaper than New York and I have more of chance of getting on a Boston flight (standby) too. So, I'd like to take your advice and fly direct to Boston, stay a few days in Boston and get my bearings, then bus down to New York for a week or so. I hope that's ok with you! Then, come back, relate my tales of horror or whatever and then head for Toronto. There is a Morgan Horse Stud somewhere in your neck of the woods. I'd like to spend a day there too.

So I plan to leave London on either Monday 2nd or Tues 3rd, July, fly direct to Boston. I get in mid-afternoon, I think, and give you a ring for directions to Framingham!

It'll be nice to meet up with you again. I am getting quite excited about visiting the States! Bye Joan



Cheffers family having a pre-drink in the dining room of our house in 12 Otis Street, Framingham, Massachusetts, when Joan Cheffers came to visit us in Framingham - 1979

Left of table: John standing, Andrew and Mark sitting

End of table: Margaret and Leigh

Right side of table: Paul and Joan

The following letter is from Joan Cheffers written in 1989. Her comments on how her father Lionel Francis Cheffers used to tell stories of the family is certainly a loss to our understanding of our Cheffers family tree.

41 Parkedge Road
Noosa Heads, Qld 4567
Phone No. 071 473746
17 March 1989

Dear Margaret and John,

It's nice to hear from you again. I am enclosing what I have on the family tree. Dad died nearly six years ago. He was fascinated with the family tree and could talk for hours on it. Knew all the dates and names. It's a great shame he and John never got together, they would have had a wonderful time!

My life has been fairly quiet since I returned to Australia. I celebrated my 3rd wedding anniversary yesterday! And now have two lovely daughters, Caley Alain born 19/6/86 and Tyler Elizabeth born 9. 8. 88. Gordon and I built and moved into a new house a year ago, two doors up, #41, from our old home. I won't be returning to

the workforce for a long time, if at all. Gordon's doing very well and has about 40 men working for him in the building trade.

We're hoping to get to the States in three years' time for Gordon's Manhattan Beach CA 20th high school reunion, so maybe we can slip up to Boston for a day or two and leave the girls with the grandmother.

I got a copy of my grandfather's entry of birth whilst I was living in London in 1980. It looks as though the person who wrote back then in 1880 couldn't quite decide whether the surname was Cheffer or Cheffers. As you can see, the "s" in Adams and Frances is quite clear, but not so in Cheffers. I should have tried to get a copy of my great grandfather's birth certificate at the same time. Can't think why I didn't!!

Remember my ex boyfriend Richard Van Danning from Toronto, Canada . He still writes and phones me. He was travelling through New Guinea three years ago, so flew down to Noosa to see me. Needless to say, Gordon was not very impressed! Richard became very ill during his two days here, then so did I and my daughter. Caley was born 3 months prematurely a few days after he left. Our illness was actually totally unrelated, but so coincidental I had hysteria, I think he had very bad New Guinea belly.

It's always nice to hear from you and news of your family. Please keep in touch.

Fond regards, Joan.

Below is my reply on the 5th June, 1989 from my address at that time:

23 Gellibrand St.,
Campbell. ACT 2601

Dear Joan:

Thank you for your prompt letter. It was good to hear about all the good news from your family and the photos were lovely. What pretty daughters you have. I am sure that I told you about our grandchildren, Elizabeth Ann, Mary Loretta and John Percy Cheffers. There is a John Cheffers again. It seems to happen mostly every generation.

Thanks for the family tree and the page about some things that your Dad told you. Maybe we should get William Francis Cheffers' (Great Great Grandfather) marriage certificate and his birth certificate. How did you go about getting the birth certificate of John Francis? When I get back to USA I could write and get one if it is available. Did you ever go to Stoke Deverall? Regarding the Clark legend, maybe we should get Emma Adams birth certificate and her mother's. Which generation tried to claim the Chancery money?

I remember my own grandmother (her name was Mary Ellen McFarlane) had a story about money that was in Chancery for her McAllister family, too. (It was her mother's

side of the family apparently). Her father was supposed to be the “black sheep” of a family that lived on the Isle of Mann and he wouldn't have anything to do with them and he changed his name.

It sounds like a real story about the Earl of Clark's daughter. Did she run away with the gardener? Sounds possible that she married without permission or had to. The gardener's name must have been Adams. Such speculation! You could go on for hours. It's funny that John's sister's married name is Adam (Judith). Hopefully, I will be in London in the next two years, and I am determined to go and find this part of Devon. John and I went to London last March (before I came back over here) but it wasn't long enough to go exploring. Next time. As it was, we had a great time. Went to Coventry and Leicester.

One thing I will do is get in touch with a Jim Cheffers in California and I will send him your info and see if we can make some connection with our family. I have sent your info to Len Cheffers (John's Uncle), in an effort to see if I can get some more info out of him. However, I erased the story about his mother, Alice Cheffers (Drehmann). I think he is a bit sensitive about his mother. John Albert Cheffers (John's Uncle) wouldn't mind, he'd probably laugh his head off, but not so Len.

I think Grandma didn't have enough to do. I did meet the lady when she was in her 70s and she was still quite lively and she obviously had an interesting effect on her grandson, John. She used to look after him a lot and probably spoiled him rotten, a fact that I have had to wear for 30 years. Ha! Ha!

Another story that I heard from John's mother (who did not like the lady at all and I heard her say she was a “wicked woman,” probably referring to the affair story) was that (I don't know whether she did this more than once) one day when she was walking down the street she pulled her skirts up and made a big exhibition of herself when she saw someone she didn't like (this might not be quite right). She might have gone through some kind of midlife crisis. Also, she also was chastised and berated by some in the community where she lived because her father had been in the Prussian Army and all Germans at that time (2nd World War) were made to feel unwanted wherever they were living in Australia. It seems she probably was a very energetic woman who was too idle and prone to some exhibitionism, says the psychologist (me). I think John has inherited some of this and probably makes him such a good teacher and speaker and tendency to flamboyancy. So I think I can thank Grandma for a few things.

Well anyway, from what I can gather from John, his Grandfather Percy was a wonderful person. Joan told us that Percy John was a top shorthand writer and had a school or college of his own teaching business skills. He was also a journalist and was the Sporting (Racing) Editor for the Argus. He was in his 70s when I knew him, and he was always very nice and loved to talk to John. He and Grandma lived down at Dromana then and I remember the house being a modest affair, wooden, with a large kitchen and a large dining room. Unfortunately for us mere females, Grandma

used to keep the women away from Grandpa so the fellas could talk to Grandpa. I remember feeling a bit annoyed at being stuck in the kitchen with Grandma. But the people to tell stories about Grandma would have had to be Betty (John's wife) and Vi (Len's wife) because they would have got the same treatment. I'm sure everyone who knew her has Grandma stories.

Regarding all those Aunties and Uncles of yours. Are they all alive? What do you know of them? Was your father in touch with any of them? Well enough of that.

I had to come back to Australia in March to finalise my American permanent resident card so I have been working in Canberra and am living at the above address but am expecting to go back to USA at the end of June. I thought while I'm here I would find out a bit more about the Cheffers family. I recently typed up my Uncle's memoirs and found them fascinating. John also had an explanation of the name Cheffers or Cheffer and when I find it, I will send you a copy of it.

The weather in Noosa should be nice if it avoided all that rain. Canberra has been mild and wet, but cold weather has arrived now. My father (Allen Clifton Bingham) is up at Magnetic Island. He goes there every year and owns this very comfortable house very near the beach. It's beautiful but terribly boring if you are by yourself. I had thought of staying up there with him but I'm not eager to go unless I can get a job in Townsville. Anyway, I should be returning to USA shortly.

Since both Leigh and Andy are living in Canberra. I see them quite often. Andy has graduated from Bruce TAFE now with an Associate Diploma in Electronic Engineering, so isn't that great! Leigh is still working for Australian Airlines and still skating but not as seriously. Her boyfriend, Bill, a Canadian who, of course, is an ice hockey player, has gone back to Canada so she is feeling a bit woebegone, but she is looking forward to good days to come.

Fond regards, Margaret

Note: There always has to be a Chancery Story to a Family History and we have one that seems to include Emma Adams, the wife of John Francis Cheffers that is John's Great Grandfather. Either Emma Adams or her mother was supposed to be the child of a daughter of the Earl of Clark and the gardener who was employed on the estate. Between 50 or 60 years ago (more like 100 years ago now) there was talk that there was 1-1/2 million pounds in Chancery waiting to be claimed by descendants of the Earl and the family was gathering up cash and making arrangements to attempt to claim it, but evidently it all fell through.

Another Distant Family Connection Emerges

The interest in finding out about my husband's Cheffers ancestors began and was pursued when we were in London in 1989. It was further sparked by the following letter from a possible relative, Charles Albert Cheffers, called Bert, who had written to one of our children, Paul. Somehow, he had found Paul's address and had sent his family tree to Paul, who mentioned it to John, his father. I wrote the following letter to Bert. We continued to communicate for a few years with Bert, not with new news of our Cheffers part of the Tree but with Xmas greetings, etc. Unfortunately, there was a year when we did not get a Xmas greeting and I presumed that he had died. There were no remaining Cheffers in Albert Cheffers' family. We never did find out how we may have been related but our family trees seem to emanate from the same part of Cornwall back in the 1800s.

Below is a copy of the letter I wrote to Bert in 1997.

61 Bay State Rd., Apt 6
Boston, MA 02215
January 6, 1997

Dear Bert:

Just when my husband (John Theodore Francis Cheffers) and I (Margaret Rose Cheffers, (nee Savagar Bingham)) had thought our research into the Cheffers family tree had come to a standstill, your letter was a welcome breath of fresh air to our stagnant inquiries. I am enclosing some letters, copies of birth certificates and a family tree from our investigations over the years. I don't know whether you will be able to make sense of any of it. If everyone to whom you write send you such things as well, I can imagine what a giant jigsaw puzzle you might have. Your letter reached some of our children and that is how we received a copy of your letter. I think your inquiries are about to bear fruit. Don't be surprised if you receive letters from my adult children.

I basically have been the "keeper of the papers." We had been in London for a week in 1989 and had spent about 3 days at Saint Catherine's house looking up all the old books there, noting anyone who had been born with the name Cheffers or names similar. These dates were only from as early as 1839.

Some years later, I put this information into a database to see what sense I might be able to make of it. One of the most interesting facts was that most of the Cheffers families had been born in Cornwall. Our particular part of the family seemed to be in the area of Plymouth and also in Lambeth, London. As William Francis had died in Biddeford, Devon, we surmised that is where our family had roots. William Francis was the earliest forebear we could find. Apparently, it would be necessary for us to be in Devon or Cornwall to trace the tree further. I have enclosed the four pages of the database from that research.

We also have some information on some marriages and deaths but it is not all encompassing. My database is not yet completed. Your name and that of your brothers' names are on that list, that is if your mother's name was Allsopp. However, we could not find the birth registration of John Francis Cheffers, the great Grandfather of my husband who immigrated to Australia. We estimated that he would have been born about 1854. We found his children's births and obtained their birth certificates.

We certainly would like to correspond with you re the Cheffers and would love to have a copy of the family tree you mentioned. Please let us know if we need to send money. We would appreciate any hints you have that may help us to investigate further. We intend to take a holiday in Devon and Cornwall in the near future and need some direction as to where to go to find the information we need.

Bert, as you can see from our family tree (enclosed), we are from an Australian branch of the Cheffers family. Our forebear who came to Australia from the British Isles was my husband's great grandfather and was named John Francis Cheffers. My husband is named John Theodore Francis Cheffers, the John Francis after his great grandfather and Theodore after his great grandfather on his grandmother's side. Apparently, the first child of the John Francis Cheffers was another John Francis but must have died as a baby, then a daughter, born in 1876 was named Florence Emma (we don't know what became of her). The next child was named William Francis (born 1880).

John Francis and his family arrived in Australia in 1883. Another son, Percy John, was born in 1890. Percy John was my husband's grandfather and my husband had great respect for him.

Percy John had three sons, Percy Theodore (my husband's father), John, and Leonard. These three brothers fought in the Second World War in the Australian army. Percy Theodore served in El Alamein, then Sicily and then in the jungles of New Guinea. John and Leonard also distinguished themselves during the war as men of character. My father-in-law, Percy, was psychologically affected by his war experiences and had difficulties when he was repatriated. He died in a house fire in tragic circumstances in 1965. Both other brothers have done quite well for themselves, both retired and still living in Melbourne in comfortable circumstances. They would be in their 70s.

As for my husband John Cheffers, he has had a life-long interest in sport and pursued a career in physical education or as he terms it: Human Movement. He was born in Melbourne in 1936 and, after attending Melbourne High School, went to Melbourne University to become a physical education teacher. He had played Australian rules football and participated in track and field. He taught for 10 years in Melbourne high schools and then decided to pursue further education in USA in 1969.

John and I had been married for 11 years and had four children when we left Australia to go to Philadelphia so John could do a Master's and Doctorate in Education at Temple University in Philadelphia. This task was successfully completed in 1972.

Even though we endeavoured to obtain a suitable position in Australia then, there was nothing as he was too well qualified for most university positions. John finally became an Assistant Professor at Boston University in Boston. We have lived in Massachusetts since 1972 except from 1984 to 1987 when John became Executive Director of the Institute of Sport in Australia. Having had some difficulties with the bureaucracy, he decided to return to Boston University. Since then, he has become the President of a world body in sport pedagogy and has travelled widely in Europe, England and Asia. We are still living in Boston.

Our children were all born in Australia. As you can see from the family tree, we did not pursue the usual names associated with the Cheffers through generations. Our children in birth order were named Paul, Mark, Leigh and Andrew. However, our son Mark, who has 7 children has tried very hard to continue with names that seem to crop up in the Cheffers “mob.” I must admit that John and I were unaware of such a heritage when we had our children. Not much information was passed on to us from John’s father and grandfather. I am sure that the grandfather especially could have told his son Percy about his father, John’s great grandfather. We only heard rumours.

Our children were educated mostly in USA where they attended primary school, high school and three went to Boston University. When we came back to Australia between 1984 to 1987, our youngest son Andrew went to technical college to learn electronic engineering. As a matter of fact, all of them have lived some years in Australia in their adult life. Paul has lived in Australia since about 1989 and now lives in Perth. Andrew remained in Australia after we went back to Boston and worked until recently at the deep space tracking station South of Canberra. Mark worked in Sydney for Price Waterhouse for two years and then went back to Massachusetts to do a Master’s degree in Business at Harvard and has remained there. Leigh, our daughter, lived in Australia from about 1984 to 1992 and then joined the Disney World on Ice show in USA as a skater. She married a French man named Marc Tricard and they remain in Massachusetts. Andrew married a Canadian girl, Jennifer, whom he met in Tasmania on a camping trip and lives in Canberra and Mark married an American girl, Grace, and lives in Worcester MA. Paul is unmarried but does have a child who is called Kye Samuel Bruce. So, we have two children who live in USA and two who live in Australia. We return to Australia about once a year to see everyone. As we ponder our retirement years, making up our minds as to where we should live is becoming problematic. We would like to return to Australia but having that much family in the USA is concerning.

The fortunes of my husband’s siblings, Judith, Robert and Carol, has been somewhat checkered, but they all live in the State of Victoria. We do not know too much about Percy John’s brother’s (William Francis’) family. The little we do know is from Joan Cheffers. My husband could only vaguely remember some things about this family. We surmised that there must have been a very serious split between the families, and according to Joan, it definitely had something to do with John’s grandmother Alice (born Drehmann). According to Joan’s father, Lionel Francis Cheffers, Percy John’s

wife, Alice, was a real character and had an affair with Lionel Millson, the young son of a neighbour living in Mansfield Street who happened to be the fiancé of one of Alice's nieces. Pretty Bad for even these days!!!

Our meeting with Joan was very interesting. It happened when we went to Paris for a vacation in the late 1970s. We had decided to go and see if we could get tickets for the Folies Bergère and found out that we could buy standing room tickets for 20 francs if we came back at 6:00 PM. When we came back at 6:00 PM, there was quite a number of young people from the Commonwealth countries who were doing the same thing. Some were Australian. While grouped behind the brass bar that divided standing room and seats inside at the back of the theatre waiting for the show to commence, there was much inquiry from the Aussies where compatriots were from. When John said he was born in Melbourne, one woman asked him to repeat himself when he mentioned his name. She said, "What is your name?" He said "John Cheffers." and she replied, "Well, my name is Joan Cheffers." After more questioning they both found that they had been born in Melbourne and were related. We were incredibly intrigued and gave her our Boston address. She called us up about two years later and we invited her to stay with us. She brought with her a rudimentary family tree and told us some of the things her father had told her. There are a couple of letters from her and replies by me since then which I have included in the enclosures. I only include them as being of interest. But she did spark out interest in finding out more. Your letter has certainly sparked our interest again, too.

In my investigations into the deaths of Cheffers in Victoria, Australia I found that a William Daniel Cheffers had died in 1937 and his mother and father were listed as William Francis Cheffers and Sarah (Sly or Say), the same parents of John Francis Cheffers. We know a little about this family and haven't had the time to investigate. If only Joan's father had written his memoirs, we might know a lot more and not be so ignorant. If you could see any connection between your family and our family, we certainly would like to know. Also, some time ago a Jim Cheffers who lived in California wrote to my husband. We never got around to replying. Also, in 1984 we had a letter from a Gladys Cheffers who was 80 at the time and lived in California also. I think we did reply but we never heard from her. We presumed she had died.

However, from our investigation at St Catherine's house, it was made clear to us that the families of Cheffers had made a big bolt from Cornwall and immigrated to other parts of the world. Your statement seems to confirm that notion. We are intrigued as to why they left. We have speculated but had no clear answers.

I am writing this letter at my son's place and his address is in Australia. I am visiting him at the moment, but I shall be back in Boston in the middle of February. I must admit it is nice to escape the cold of Boston. However, we have heard that Europe has had record breaking cold, so I hope that you are not suffering through that kind of cold. I hope that this letter finds you well and that I will hear back from you in the near future. It occurs to me that if your letters bring about much information about the

Cheffers, that tentatively a “return to Cornwall for Cheffers” could be thought of in the future. It would be amazing to see how many turned up too. If I can be of any help, please let me know. It might be helpful for you if you could get an email address. “Surfing” the email for Cheffers might be interesting. Both my husband and I wish you the very best in the Cheffers mission and hope to see any results you had in the near future.

Best regards, Margaret Cheffers

The letter below is his reply:

24 Tormynton Road
Worle.
Weston-Super-Mare
North Somerset
England
May 16, 1997

Dear Margaret and John:

I hope you will forgive me for having taken so long to reply to your most welcome letter. I have no excuse for not having at the very least acknowledged that I had received your letter and can only hope that you will accept my sincere apology.

I had heard from your son Paul, in which he said that I would have by then had all the family news from yourself, which I must confess threw me a little as I had up until then received letters from Mike Cheffers, who lives in New Zealand and Jim and Shirley Cheffers who live in Whittier, California.

But it was long afterward that your most interesting letter came through my letter box, mind you, I was a little confused when I saw that it was posted in Australia and on opening it saw the address in the USA. But all was made quite clear when I read the contents.

I contacted Andrew Millward, who is a second cousin, he was also quite excited to hear of your letter and visited me, it was a hasty one. He took all of the letters away with him in order to study the contents more fully. I understand that he may have made contact with someone with someone through the internet, but I am not sure who.

But let me tell you a little more of my family, starting with my grandfather and grandmother.

Grandfather John Cheffers was born 1854 and married Elizabeth Downing born 1855. They had a family of ten children as you will see in the family tree. My father and his twin sister, May, were the youngest. They moved from Helston area in stages because of grandfather’s job. He was a supervisor employed on the building of

bridges, etc., for the railway and this is how they came to eventually live in Birmingham.

My father, who was known as William, married my mother Lillian Allsopp and I was born 1923, Stanley 1924 and David 1930. My father for most of his working life was employed as a shop assistant in men's clothing.

On leaving school, I was apprenticed to tailor and served my time until I was called up to serve in the 8th Battalion of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment in 1942. I was released in Jan 1947. I had met Beryl during that time and we were married in June 1949. Unfortunately, we did not have children. Beryl died as a result of a heart attack in May of last year, she had suffered from asthma from childhood.

Stanley married Lucy Dolman and they had a family of three daughters and one son. Lucy did not enjoy the best of health, so we had quite a lot to do with children in their early days, so much so that the younger ones were confused as to who was mother, so Beryl became known to them as "Auntie Mom". After both Stanley and Lucy died we became their adoptive parents. Since Beryl died they have all been so supportive and wonderful to me, so I have an adopted family of four children who are all married and between them have ten children.

David married twice. He and his first wife divorced and he later married again. There weren't any children from either of the marriages. David died a while ago.

I left the tailoring trade in 1950 and started work in an engineering company who manufactured steel fabrications and systems for the scaffold industry. I retired two years ago. I was by then 72. I still have a part-time job, two mornings a week. It helps me to cope with my life now as it means that I do get out of the house and meet people.

Enough about me then, I will include with this all the information that I have, so that you can add to that you already have. I have looked at the information which you sent to me but I cannot see where our families branched apart, it needs further delving.

So for the time being, than you for your letter and who knows, if you should visit England again in the future, it would be nice to meet you in person.

My regards to you both and your family. Bert

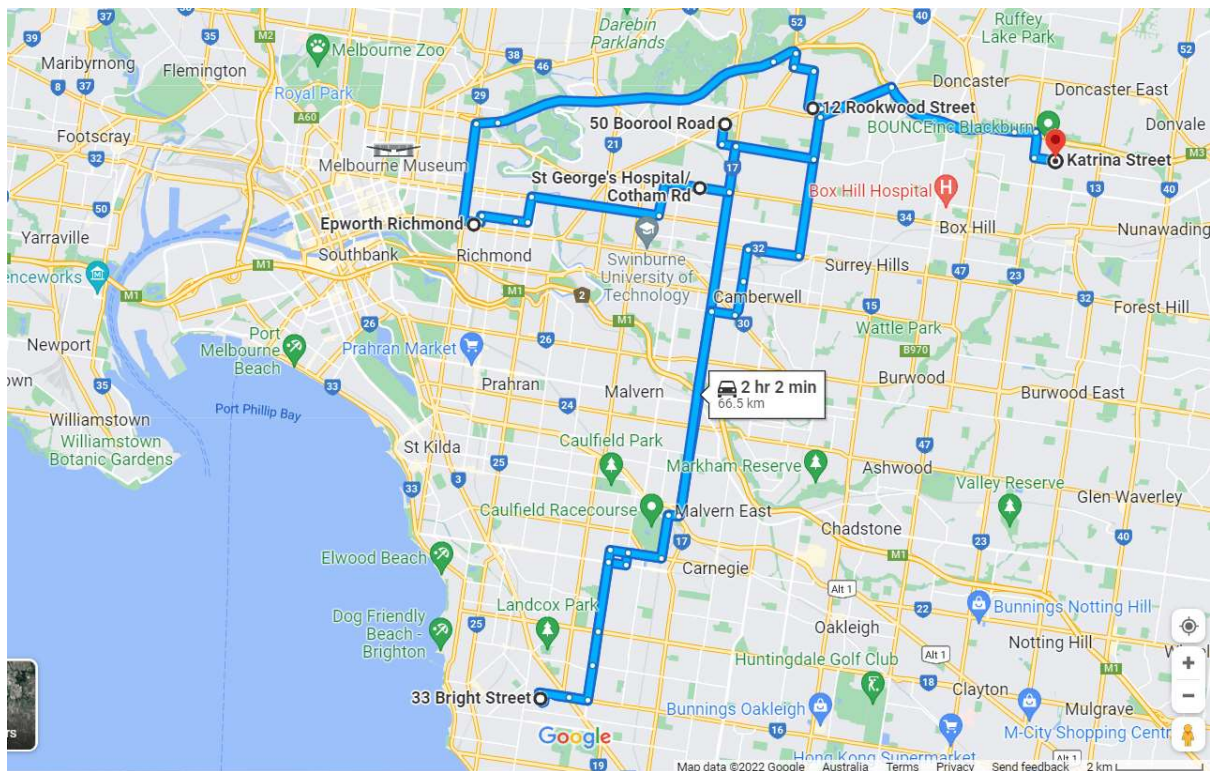
Appendix 9: Places and Maps

Places I Have Lived

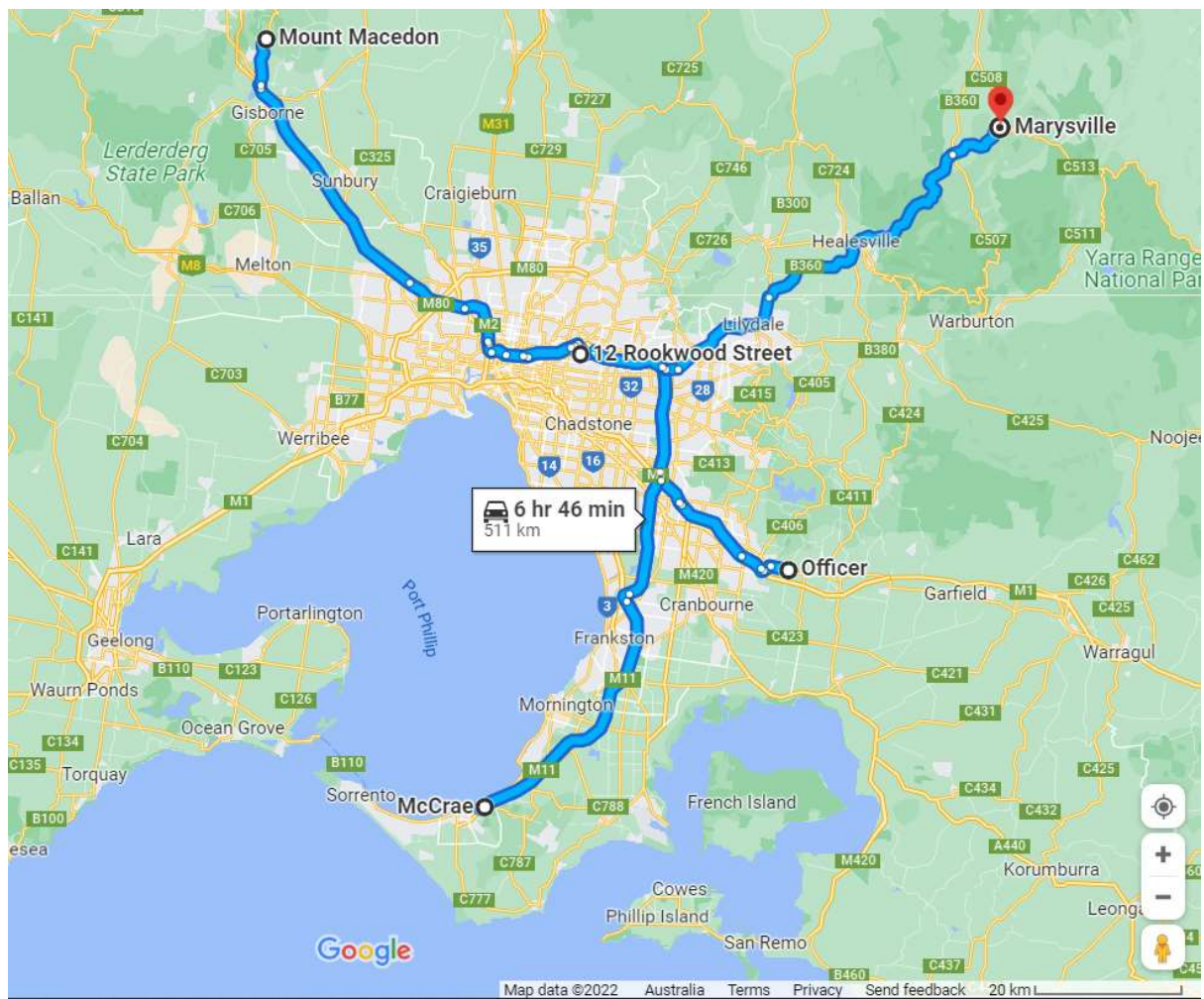
Years	Town	Address	Comments
1935-1936	???		
1936-late 1930s	East Kew, Vic	50 Boorool Road	With Robert, Jessie and Beanie
Late 1930s-around 1950	East Brighton, Vic	33 Bright Street	Primary & middle school years
Mid 1940s-mid 1950s	Officer, Vic		Farm & holiday spot in WW2
Around 1950-1954	North Balwyn, Vic	12 Rookwood Street	High school years
1954-1957	Richmond, Vic	Epworth Hospital	Nursing training
1957-1958	Kew, Vic	St George's Hospital	Nursing accommodation
1958-1962	Canterbury, Vic		Two rental apartments when first married
1962-1969	North Blackburn, Vic	Katrina Street	First house purchased
1969	Bala Cynwyd, PA		Philadelphia rentals
1970	Abington, PA	Overlook	
1970-1972	Glenolden, PA	315E Ashland Avenue	
1972-1978	Framingham, MA	1106A Waverly Street	Rental
1978-1984	Framingham, MA	12 Otis Street	First house purchased in MA
1984-1987	Murrumbateman NSW	20 McIntosh Circle	"Girrawheen" – 5-acre property
1987-2003	Boston, MA	61 and 80 Bay State Road	Two Boston University campus apartments
1987, 1988	Nicholson, Vic	Bingham's Road	With Joyce and Max - awaiting new green card
Around 1988	Warrandyte, Vic	Till's Drive	With Shirley and Ted - awaiting new green card

Years	Town	Address	Comments
1989	Campbell ACT	23 Gellibrand St.,	Working in Canberra - awaiting new green card
1993, 1994	Maylands, WA	Caledonia Avenue	Apartment while helping Paul get treatment
2003-2016	Murrumbateman NSW	18 Vine Close	Retirement to “Girrawheen” (street was re-named)
2016-2022	Holder ACT	6/47 Foxall Street	Moved with Paul after John died

My Melbourne Homes – 1935 to 1969



Bingham Family Holiday Spots – 1930s to 1960s





Margaret Patience and Thomas Bingham Homes – 1890s to 1920s

