

# OUR WAY

To my children



Tim Wynn Jones

AFRICA









## PREFACE

This little narrative has been written following requests from you my children, who have wanted to learn more of my early life in East Africa. I originally intended to set down some of the events in my childhood in the period extending from my birth in 1935 to my leaving Tanzania permanently in 1950. As the story unfolded, I decided to extend my story to include my insignificant and uneventful progress through life up to my retirement. I have included family folklore, as told to me from time to time by older members of my various maternal and paternal family groups to record for younger generations my recollections of our family history.

My story is also a grateful tribute to my parents, as it contains many inter-woven references to them both that serve as mini-biographies of two individuals in a truly devoted relationship dedicated to the spiritual, ethical and secular well-being of their offspring.

During this process I found myself reviewing several aspects of human behaviour that have arisen and disturbed me in my lifetime. As the patriarch of the fledgling “Tim and Willa” arm of the Wynn Jones “dynasty”, I have been moved to share with you some views I have gathered. I hope that these efforts will place our inherited background in a better perspective and clarify amongst ourselves who we are where we come from and where we stand in this turbulent world.

In writing this story I make no claims to skills in literacy or of presenting an autobiography of any significance. I may not have observed pristine accuracy in reporting, either chronologically or in event detail. More significantly, I have not indulged in any scientific method or research to diligently test or verify the truth. However, I have verified some of the ancestral history for accuracy. I offer no apology to readers or to my professional training for this laxity. Hence there is no bibliography or index to sooth the minds of the discerning professional or academic elite searching for the “authenticated” truth. The only truth herein is my perception of the truth. This document is therefore a mere collection of words, or in the vocabulary of the scientific professional; simply “raw data” open to scientific scrutiny.

I also admit to being guilty of roaming aimlessly with diversions in some sections as memories unfolded, although events are in generally in chronological order. I have adopted the attitude that someone in my generation should collate and set down some of the anecdotes and pieces of family gossip about my ancestors and members of my generation that were bandied about during my life that may be of interest to present and future generations. I have attempted to accomplish that requirement for better or for worse. More scholarly descendants or sibling descendants, blessed with the enviable gift of a skill with words may choose to use some of the “material” in this small yarn in a more rigorously academic treatment of the “Wynn Jones” family.

I have simply written from memory and I have drawn on my fond recollections and mental pictures of my early years to paint a canvas that may or may not be entirely accurate. I have also relied on stories related by my parents of their early days in Tanganyika. In doing so I can only hope that you of the oncoming generation will be satisfied with this account of your forebears.

I am acutely aware that you children, and your cousins, have rebuked me for having excluded from my family history any in-depth reference to yourselves. You have argued that you and your mother have been as much a part of my life as my siblings, parents, school and working career, and as such, you deserve at least some mention or comment in my story.

I totally agree with your argument but this omission has been deliberate. My aim in compiling this document has been to give you an account of those times, events and people about which you expressed some curiosity and with whom you are not so familiar, as a sort of family history. I have also endeavoured to colour in some of your roots and to introduce you to some of your forebears. Most importantly, I have tried to carry forward some of the “ethics” of behaviour of our family instilled in me for your evaluation.

To attempt to include your own life stories here would be presumptuous; it would be outside my original terms of reference. It would also be a Herculean task to record the lives of five fiercely independent children and my wife – all of whom would require a tome each. Where would I start and where would I stop? Whom might I unwittingly accentuate and whom might I accidentally suppress? What events should I eulogise and what trials and tribulations should I euphemise or omit? Might I subconsciously tell the whole truth or only part of the truth? The challenges are endless and out of place here – particularly as you and your mother are far more aware of the details of your lives than I am. Your lives are history in the making, not in the past tense.

Hence I believe that your history is still in the making and that it is not right for me to attempt to capture a process that is still in progress. I also believe that it is you alone that can capture your own stories for the benefit of your own descendants.

Several people have suggested that this tale should be publicized. I am not sure that I want to go as far as that. My response to this suggestion has been that we are a very cloistered lot and prefer to lurk in the shadows rather than bask in the glare of the spotlight. Your paternal grandfather only ever wanted to be a prison chaplain, but his Heavenly CEO had other ideas. Your poor grandmother consequently had to endure the horrors of constantly being on show as a dignitary's wife at Church, School or public functions. Maybe a descendant might think about it once I am out of the way.

May you my readers overlook my literary shortcomings and enjoy my tale.

Tim Wynn Jones

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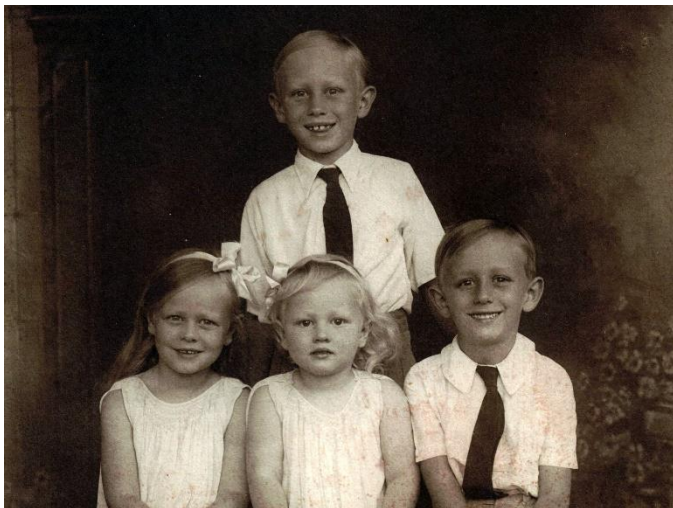
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## Arusha

My siblings and I were born in the small town of Arusha situated on the northern highlands of Tanganyika Territory where we lived with our parents for several years. Tanganyika was a former British Protectorate and is now known as Tanzania. It was previously part of German East Africa. There are four of us children in the family, with John being the eldest, followed by myself, then Susan (Susie) and lastly Naomi also known as Nay. Arusha is some fifty miles west of the mighty Mount Kilimanjaro, which, with its impressive snow-cap, and some 19,000 feet plus high, is easily seen from the town. Arusha belies the traditional image of a hot and dry Africa, for although it almost straddles the Equator, it is on a plateau some 4000 feet above sea level. It enjoys a cool and lush climate, with beautiful greenery most of the year.



The town is nestled at the southern foot of Mount Meru, one of several extinct volcanoes in the region, and standing nearly 15,000 feet high. The famous Ngorongoro Crater, which is the largest crater in the world, is located some fifty miles west of Arusha and adjacent to the Serengeti Plains. This crater is ten miles in diameter and forty miles in circumference. The floor of this crater is teeming with game. Mount Kenya stands roughly a hundred miles to the north of Arusha.

Tanganyika was still under British control and was a Protectorate rather than a Colony, and although occasionally I used to hear the phrase "Africa for the African", these were not the heady days of

independence. However, I was conscious from a very early age of a mild form of racial "segregation" that did exist in areas such as housing, education and some forms of transport. Shops appeared to me as a child to be fairly "unsegregated", possibly limited by an aura of exclusivity dictated by price only. The evils of the South African apartheid regime could not remotely be found in East Africa but I have always been highly amused by the lovely euphemism "Native" which only the British could invent and use in their "benevolent" presence in far off lands and dominions. The missionaries, unlike their government friends, did not refer to the indigenous population as "natives" but as "Africans" which to me seemed to be a better alternative.

Our parents had gone independently to East Africa from Australia as missionaries under the auspices of the Australian arm of the Church Missionary Society some years before Dad's appointment as headmaster at Arusha. Mum used to tell us of their courtship, which was a highly secretive affair. This was because of the rigid codes of behaviour imposed by their superiors not only from their religious commitments, but also from a strict desire to set a good example to those to whom they ministered. One wonders how single missionaries ever managed to marry and ultimately procreate under the rules.

At the time, Dad was the Principal of the African Clergy Training College at Kongwa, about forty miles east of Dodoma, and situated right in the centre of Tanganyika. Ironically, it was on the road to Kongwa, many years later as Bishop; he was to have the car accident that caused the complications leading to his death.

Mum was trained as a kindergarten teacher and deacon but was not ordained. She taught in the Mvumi Girl's School located roughly thirty miles south of





Dodoma. Mvumi was a major CMS mission station, with a large hospital of “Jungle Doctor” fame. Our parents had met socially years before in Australia at a tennis afternoon but without any romantic “follow-through” I am unaware just how the relationship started, but on all accounts Dad was quite a dashing and eligible bachelor, and very much sought after by several nubile missionary ladies on offer. The difficulty confronting Dad was how to maintain a covert communication with Mum between two distant mission stations, which were

served by mail “deliveries” made only occasionally by runner. This was resolved by sending messages buried in gifts of paw paws to his chosen one. I am not sure whether the romance was finally clinched by pawpaw or on bended knee, but the proposal was made and our parents became engaged. There was a silent admirer of Dad present when Mum happily announced her engagement to her colleagues. This unfortunate lady was totally shattered by the joyful news, and shouted out to Mum “You lie!” This phrase became an in-family joke shared to this day mainly because Mum had a pet aversion to the word “lie” and encouraged her young and developing charges to opt for the softer alternative of “fib”. Once, when the word “fib” totally inadequately expressed her exasperation with one of her brood at the time, she compromised on the run by sternly admonishing one of us with “That is a complete fabrication!” Following howls of amusement, the latter phrase became perhaps more firmly entrenched in our family usage.

Following the engagement, my parents were deemed to be totally virtuous and trustworthy by Mum’s superiors. The young Bill was allowed to take his newly betrothed Ruth in his box-body Chev on a picnic in the sparse thorn tree bush surrounding the Mvumi mission station, completely unchaperoned - a hitherto undreamed of privilege. The happy couple eventually sailed to Tasmania, and Mum’s family roots, for their wedding. They then returned to Tanganyika and their new role together at Arusha.



And so the grounds for our blissfully happy life at Arusha were laid.

I am unsure of my earliest memories, but instead I am conscious of a kaleidoscope of ever changing pictures and events that are not necessarily in strict chronological order. They and perhaps lack pristine accuracy but are probably of sufficient substance to tell a reasonable story. This is because we lived in an ever-developing institution that was headed up by a man who was an extremely able educator, administrator and pastor, and someone who was not afraid of things mechanical or electrical. I remember his “wireless” he built from a kit, and know of his ability to tinker with cars, fix lights - both fuel and electrical, and install sewage systems and chip heaters.

Since my arrival in Australia as a teenager, and through to my adult years, I have noticed with some consternation that many people having “academic” or “professional” backgrounds, or both, appear to disdain from rolling up their sleeves and performing even the most menial of manual domestic tasks involving tools. There appears to be a premise that these people lack the skills to attempt the tasks. Whilst I suspect this may be true, they certainly do not lack the physical dexterity or intellectual capacity to attempt a simple repair. Perhaps their engaging in such activities is seen to be unbecoming to their stations in the community.

Gardening, which is not one of my consuming passions, appears to be one exception to this rule. Another anomaly is that graziers can nonchalantly crotch sheep and castrate young bulls without any apparent loss of social standing. Several times I have been forced to listen to some people who proudly boast that they are so helpless that they cannot use a hammer or screwdriver. I automatically and secretly dismiss this chatter as pure social snobbery.





furniture from discarded packing cases. Thus, I was perhaps being unconsciously equipped by these men for my future life in Australia, without a father or servants, to maintain our home and to undertake manual projects without any social prejudice, as to me this was simply normal behaviour.

I am not suggesting for one moment that everyone should become an accredited artisan, or that we should all aspire to the grossly paternalistic title of “handyman”. I also accept the premise that under the great principle of division of labour that emerged centuries ago, sticking to one’s craft and employing someone more skilled to do the tasks one is not skilled to do makes good economic sense.

Nonetheless, somewhere there is a satisfying balance between personal satisfaction, timeliness, common sense, good economics and social inhibition.

Dad was appointed in 1933 as the founding Headmaster of the European school known as the Arusha School. The school had been built only a couple of years before I was born to cater for the educational needs of the children of the white settlers, government officials and European small businessmen scattered throughout the Territory. The school offered primary levels to Standard Six, as it was known, although I believe there were a few concessions where pupils were coached beyond this grade. The school was coeducational and, with the exception of a small handful of local children, all pupils were boarders.

The school consisted of a boy’s and girl’s wing separated by a central service block containing kitchens and dining rooms. Administrative offices and classrooms were at the front, with the headmaster’s flat upstairs, which was my first home. The complex faced due north, and from the open balcony of our home we had a full frontal view of Meru with its deep blue hue but never the less huge because of its height of fourteen thousand feet and relative closeness. To the east was Kilimanjaro, its light blue slopes not always distinguishable against the clear blue sky, but its snow-cap almost always visible.



We lived in comparative luxury, with a chip heater in the bathroom and full sewage. Electric light and a telephone in Dad’s office downstairs completed the decadence, which was to be sadly lacking once we moved to Dad’s next assignment in several years’ time. The floors were concrete, which were to be typical of all our abodes in Tanganyika, mainly for white ant reasons. These were stained with old engine oil and then polished regularly by the houseboys till they shone. They were then covered by

rugs and woven mats. Below was Mum's large round garden full of cannas and zinnias tended regularly by her "shamba" boy, the Swahili word for gardener.

A giant tortoise aimlessly roamed about and consumed the flowers and shrubs in its way. Dad used to tell the story that someone very kindly donated two of these animals to the school, but because of their destructive nature in the garden, he very kindly gave one away. These creatures were about 40 or 50 centimetres high and grazed constantly. Because of their huge size, weight and low ground clearance they behaved as bulldozers when in motion, flattening all in their path, which would explain Dads' unbounded generosity to some unsuspecting recipient of the second tortoise. Their large snake-like heads and legs poked out of their shells as they lumbered along. When danger approached, they would retract head and limbs with a hiss, and shut down to their "dead" mode with the shell flatly on the ground. As children we would ride this fellow, and would sit on its shell when it was in its dead mode and gently tap the top of its shell with a small stone to get some action. This would stir the tortoise into motion. Its four legs and head would protrude from its shell and the shell would rise as though driven by some internal hydraulic system, and the hapless creature would amble off. After fifty years, the tortoise is still there.

The custom in the Territory was to converse with Africans in their own language, and although I believe there are several hundred tribal languages in Tanganyika, Swahili was used as the general language, even between Europeans of different nationalities or with Indians whose common language may not have been English. I have witnessed conversations in sometimes shocking Swahili between a German and a Greek or between Englishmen and non-English Europeans. In true British style, it was stupid to use an English word when a perfectly good Swahili word would do. Hence a whole vocabulary of Swahili words was used quite effortlessly and interchangeably, even in the most genteel of "European" circles. No one referred to a lorry but to a "garry", pronounced as in "parry" by the hoi polloi and as in "far" by the more linguistically correct missionaries. Everyone went on "safari" and calls of nature were attended to by visits to the "Choo", pronounced as in "flow".

The missionaries were required to attend language schools on their arrival in the country, and they spoke almost perfectly in the tribal languages in their spheres of work, whereas the government people were generally very poor linguists. The phrase "Kitchen Swahili" aptly described the grating form of poorly spoken Swahili used by many of the non-missionary Europeans, which was almost always heavily laced with words from their own tongues. Somehow the long-suffering Africans managed to cope with and understand these stupid "Wazungu". This form of Swahili in no way could be compared to Pidgin English - which is an acknowledged language.

Our water supply came from a spring somewhere on Mt Meru. This water was rich in fluoride to such an extent that many of the local children had brown teeth. This was evident when we visited a dentist in Australia, who announced that our teeth were extremely hard to drill. At one stage of my life, but for the removal of an impacted wisdom tooth, some twenty years were to pass between dental visits. This excess of fluoride has been of great advantage to me because my strong teeth have been used many times to strip insulation from electric cables and to extract small nails or metal splinters, bend tinplate and untie difficult knots.

At the rear of the school was the swimming pool, installed under Dad's supervision, as was the school bus garage and various other outhouses. The bus was a typical box-body of the day and depicted in game park documentaries today, with two benches running lengthways along each side of the body mounted on a Chev chassis. Rolled up canvas blinds were provided for the protection of passengers. Milka Singh, the local Indian carpenter in Arusha, made the bus. He also provided a whole host of carpentering services to the school, including my brother's box-body toy car, made in the image of Dad's Ford, and our rocking boat.

The school was a Government or "Public" school with an unusual twist. It was owned and funded by the Legislative Council but staffed by missionaries at the request of the Governor, with the Bishop as Warden. It was therefore a "Public" school with a "Private" school flavour and with an entrenched Christian foundation. I have no idea how this arrangement came about but that is where my newly married parents started their life together.

The school staff consisted of carefully selected and loving people who were dedicated to their calling and task. Although my parents never discussed staffing matters in our presence, I am not conscious of any emotional outbursts or unguarded comments against them. I can remember them all: Mr Phillips, Mr Chittleborough, Miss Wylie, Miss Read, Mrs Good, Mrs Horne, Mr Feuerheed and Miss Wylie. Mr Feuerheed, who was subsequently nicknamed by John as "Unkie", was perhaps my second hero after Uncle Oliver. He too was a man possessing qualities of supreme humility and

courteousness that have impressed me all my life – again with an acknowledgment of my own paltry shortcomings in matching such standards. I must stress that these two men by no means imposed their standards on anyone. They emanated no airs of self-righteousness. Nor were they guilty of any sanctimonious piety. They simply shone out to me as pure “naturals”.

Mr Phillips, a bachelor, appeared to be the assistant head or senior master. Africans are an extremely astute people and they have a finely tuned sense of authority. As an illustration of this, they referred to Dad as the “Bwana Mkubwa” or the Big Boss. Mr Phillips was referred to as the “Bwana Mdogo” or the Small Boss. Whilst the distinction in role size was not necessarily contemptuous of the lesser position, it demonstrated a very clear understanding of where the ultimate power base lay. Perhaps Australian managements locked in the mire of poorly defined line, service and support functions, including those dreadful “special functional relationships”, have something to learn from this simple wisdom of the need for a clear understanding by subordinates of the authority structure. Following this idea, Dad was addressed and referred to as “Big Sir” by the pupils.

Miss Wylie was my class teacher. She was a loving, warm and happy person and full of humour and general goodwill. She was quite an artist in her own right and used to paint watercolours. She had a brother who was a bomber pilot in the RAF, and one day he arrived at the tiny Arusha airstrip in a camouflaged Wellington bomber. Although it was wartime, I don’t know why the plane was so far south from hostilities. It didn’t matter because I was allowed to sit in the cockpit as the plane was taxied to take-off position. Miss Wylie, who elected to watch from the ground, put on a beautiful mock fright demonstration for my benefit.

Mrs Horne was a widow who had three or four children about our ages. She taught us History once a week. She was also a very competent artist and she would illustrate her lessons with beautifully coloured chalk pictures on the blackboard. I remember she once drew a magnificent picture of Vasco Da Gama’s galleon entering the bay at Malindi on his quest for the route to India. Malindi was a small coastal town in those days and it is located north of Mombasa. Miss Wylie, who took over the next period, was overwhelmed by the picture and declared that it would remain on the board indefinitely. For the rest of the week, all blackboard work was done around the picture. The following week when Mrs Horne arrived for our next history lesson she nonchalantly rubbed out the picture and drew another. I was amazed.

Miss Read was an “elderly” lady in my eyes, a spinster with greying hair done up in a bun. She was great fun and was the true English pioneering lady of the tropics. Her forte was English and she appeared to be heavily involved in drama. She had a small house to the east of the school. In front of the house was a small rectangular grassed area surrounded by thick high hedge known as “Read’s Corner” - a sort of “Secret Garden” without the flowers and shrubs. We were to team up with Miss Read again years later in Dodoma and strangely she was exactly the same. She was ageless. She was nicknamed “Mama Chui” by the schoolchildren, which is Swahili for “Madame Leopard”. After Dad died a very close friend and colleague, Ted Arblaster, gathered testimonies from various people, including Miss Read, as material for a proposed book on Dad’s life, which never eventuated. Apparently Dad as headmaster was required to furnish details of his staff salaries to his superiors. For some reason, details about Miss Read’s salary were either missing or required some verification, so he checked with Miss Read. She had no idea what her salary was but such was the dedication of this lady, and indeed that of her superior, that it was sufficient to know that provision had been made by adequate payments into her bank account, the details of which were irrelevant to both.



Mrs Good was the matron and caterer. I don’t remember too much about her except that she was “matronly” with a warm and kindly nature. John had nicknamed her “Goo-Goo”. However, the name stuck for many years.

I remember the occasion when the school’s music teacher, who was French, and whose name was “Madame”, became ill and died. Dad acted as undertaker and officiator, using his box-body as the hearse. This was not uncommon, and he was to demonstrate the flexibility with this and subsequent vehicles several times. My ever-observant brother John drew my attention to the car below the



balcony of our flat. We peeped over and could see the coffin inclined at an angle in the car. This was due to the shortness of the length of the floor of the car. Milka Singh subsequently submitted an invoice for his services that itemised the coffin, according to Mum: "to one wooden box for dead body".

We were all born in the Arusha Hospital, which was to feature in the film "Hatari". The hospital was located at the northernmost part of the town, within easy walking distance from the school, past the Arusha Hotel and up past a series of offices and shops on the road to the Boma and beyond. The Boma was a legacy of the German occupation and was the headquarters of the administrative function of the Province. The name is derived from the African word "boma" or enclosure, usually of thorn bushes, to protect cattle and goatherds from wild animals such as lions and hyenas overnight. Bomas were located all over Tanganyika and were usually formidable rectangular stone forts with high and incredibly thick walls complete with rifle slits and pencil thin windows. There was a daunting entry opening with massive gate and central courtyard - real Beau Geste stuff.

Our parents used to go for strolls along this road and up to the hospital and further, where there were several small African farms. John and I sometimes accompanied them, and on one occasion we encountered a circumcision rite group. This rite was observed in several ways, depending on the tribe involved. Generally, it seemed to occur around puberty, when the "victims" went into some form of retreat with one or more elders for several days. During their confinement, the young patients publicised their plight or joy by decorating themselves with leaf or stick matting plastered with white clay and engaging in wanderings about the district singing (or wailing in pain!). One of us must have asked Dad for an explanation of this spectacle because he proceeded to give us a straight foreword description of the circumcision procedure itself. As far as I am aware, this was to be the first and only sex education I was ever to receive from either of my parents. I can vividly remember the look on Mum's face. She had been stoically plodding beside her husband totally mute during the explanation, with her gaze fixed straight ahead and she was obviously thoroughly embarrassed by the ordeal. It is amazing to me how such snapshots and sensitivities can remain in our minds from our tender years.

Years later when I attended boarding school I was to supplement my meagre knowledge on this subject. East African schoolboys, having been steeped in British history, distinguish between the circumcised and the un-circumcised as Round-heads and Cavaliers.

I was the elder of twins but my twin sister Judith died at childbirth. According to Mum, there were complications at our birth during which she was left alone for a short period. In later years she mentioned something about the attending African nurse that I cannot recall. Either the nurse left Mum briefly, or the doctor was late or the nurse did not summon help in time. Although I was delivered successfully, my twin sister did not survive. The reason is history and totally irrelevant to me. A few years later, it was on one of the northerly strolls that Dad pointed out a tree to John and me, and told us that he had approached the local African chief for permission to bury Judith under this tree. Permission had been granted, so there she was in her little unmarked grave. Whether the services of Milka Singh had been called upon I shall never know. I accepted this account in the matter-of-fact way of the very young and experienced neither grief nor joy but satisfaction at an acceptable explanation.

It was not until I was in my mid-forties that it occurred to me that it was unusual that Judith had not been buried in consecrated ground, or more significantly that her burial was somehow unusual. So I questioned Mum and quite unwittingly subjected her to acute embarrassment and anguish. She sat bolt upright and motionless for a moment and then blurted out "She was stillborn!" I was stunned. She had carried this dreadful secret all those years for reasons I cannot imagine. Was it shame or disappointment at being cheated of twins? Was there anger at some human failure or was it simply a mother in some perpetual bereavement of a child? I shall never know.

I have often pondered this story and tried to guess, without criticism or anger, at the secular, religious and emotional forces at work at the time. Grief or tradition had dictated that the



body of a human being who had died in-utero and within seconds or minutes of drawing her first breath should be confined to un-consecrated ground and apart from those who had died post-natally.

I was a very sick child soon after birth as I contracted Amoebic dysentery. For reasons unknown to me, my parents decided to engage the services of a trained children's nurse. Perhaps the hospital facilities were inadequate or maybe they were acting on the doctor's advice or Mum might not have coped with the situation. Whatever the reason, Miss Parris came into our lives and was to stay with us till our late teens and accompany us to Australia. Following John's brilliant talent in name selection, I nicknamed her "Baba", which remained as her name till she died recently. I eventually recovered and survived to tell the tale. Things were very bad and this story might never have been written. Although approaches to the local chief for suitable burial sites would not have been necessary since I was a breathing human, Milka Singh could have received another order at any time.

Near the entrance of the school we children had our own playhouse made of sundried mud bricks and with a thatched (?) roof. We could leave our toys there and play happily. It was used once for some conference.



From time to time we would be taken to Moshi, which was a small town at the foot of Kilimanjaro, which has three peaks. One peak is the familiar snow-capped Kibo depicted in the travelogues and movies and the other two are Mawenzi and Shira, which are smaller and not (to my knowledge) covered in snow. According to a story I heard in my childhood, and again recently at an East African Schools Reunion in Sydney, the Kaiser of Germany presented Kilimanjaro to Queen Victoria as a wedding present in the days when the region came under German East Africa - a nice little gesture. The authenticity of this little yarn is in some doubt. When defining the border between Kenya and Tanganyika the otherwise straight line dividing the two is kinked to include Kilimanjaro in Tanganyika. Such was the idle mentality of the monarchs of Europe in those days, that they spent their time boasting or bickering over the numbers of mountains or

lakes in their respective "possessions".

Occasionally we would go to Marangu, which was beyond Moshi and on the slopes of Kibo itself and which was the springboard to ascents to the summit. Moshi, which incidentally is the Swahili word for smoke, has no particular memories for me except that there was a small un-manned church there with a small Rectory nearby. I have occasionally wondered if the reference to smoke in the name of Moshi had anything to do with the mighty volcano looming over the town. Visiting priests, Dad included, would conduct services and use the Rectory.

Marangu, in our days, consisted mainly of a mission station, a combined Churches' boy's school and a hotel. I am not sure of the relationships of the missionary presence with the school, which I seem to recall having some Moravian overtones. The only feature of any significance at Marangu to me was the visiting of our only relatives we knew, who were the Langford-Smiths. As with all overseas appointments, whether secular or missionary in nature, there is a sacrifice in blood relationships, and our family was no exception. We were more fortunate than most in that we had people close by whom we could call our own and with whom we have retained close and warm contact in Australia to this day, even unto the second and third generations.





Uncle Neville (Langford-Smith) whom Dad had taught at Trinity, and whose father was the then Rector at Summer Hill, had married Mum's first cousin, Aunt Vera, who was the daughter of Aunt Susie, and sister of Aunt May and Uncle Henry. Aunt May and Aunt Susie lived with Uncle Neville and Aunt Vera at Marangu with Arthur, Ken and Hugh, our second cousins for the greatest part of our time at Arusha. I am uncertain of Uncle Neville's role at Marangu. He in his latter years insisted that we drop the "Uncle" - a habit I could not break after fifty odd years. He was somehow connected with the school in addition to his missionary work and probably was the overall superintendent and school headmaster. He was to later become the Bishop of Nakuru in the northern area of neighbouring Kenya. Aunt May and Aunt Vera had gone to Tanganyika as independent missionaries similarly to Mum and at approximately the same time. Aunt Vera was a teacher and Aunt May was a trained nursing sister who later was awarded the OBE for her services.

Aunt Susie was a tiny lady from South Africa whose husband Ernest Dobson had been killed in a train accident. Apparently he was trying to board or alight from a moving train. He was an adventurer and had travelled to Mexico. Many years later, when we had returned to Australia permanently, my maternal grandfather, whom I used to visit on a weekly basis between University lectures, confided in me that "Ernie" as a young man had committed some "indiscretion" and had somehow tangled with the law. Grandpa did not elaborate on the details but I gathered that the indiscretion probably involved some shady business deal or other. In trying to ferret out some more details on this story more recently I have only been able to sense a code of silence, with no outright denial. Whatever the issue, Grandpa told me that he had been instrumental in bundling the young Ernest out of the State and probably the country.

Mum had a special qualifying definition to describe anyone who was particularly dear, sweet, loving or having some enduring quality. She would prefix any reference to those who fell into this general category with the word "little". However, there were a very few instances where the word "little" could carry a negative connotation, and it required an extremely experienced ear to spot the difference. This is not unlike the world of expletives, where context and tone can alter meaning drastically. Despite this, it could generally be assumed that the inference was only positive in tone. Aunt Susie, despite her diminutive stature, qualified for this honour and "little Aunt Susie" somehow was understood by me to be an entirely correct reference, rather than being a quaint and perhaps humorous joke to the uninformed masses.

Unfortunately, Aunt Susie suffered from my current complaint of excessive flatulence, and whenever she walked, she audibly heralded that inconvenience with her little pop, pop, poppity pop routine in time with each footstep. Mum, ever conscious of the fallibility of her offspring in company, would immediately direct sweet smiles at us on these occasions. These sweet smiles were part of an arsenal of highly developed and effective body language weapons available to her that were kept on full combat alert at all times. Only a fool would misread or ignore the deployment of these cautionary devices in the field. The sweet smiles were the ultimate deterrent selected to be used in this particular situation and the latent firepower behind those sweet smiles was unmistakable. The coded message behind them was clear and unambiguous. It read: "Yes, I heard them too, and I agree that they are hilarious, but don't flinch a single muscle, as retribution will be swift and decisive". I do not recall a single covert or overt misdemeanour by myself or my siblings, either by face, eye, voice or limb, which would have in any way offended or embarrassed Aunt Susie as she passed by.

In later years both my mother and mother-in-law vehemently denied that they had favourites amongst their grandchildren, but everyone knew that each had one or two scattered amongst their various extended family groups. Occasionally Mum would incriminate herself by resorting to the use of the word "little" when she felt obliged to report a misdemeanour amongst her grandchildren. If one of the miscreants was a favourite she would identify the miscreants, without necessarily nominating the guilty one, by identifying the favourite by name and the other as "the little one".

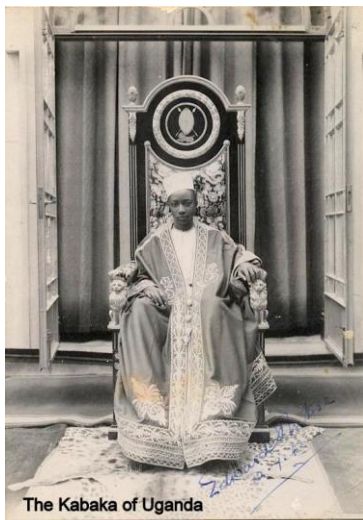
Another example of Mum's body language occurred when she went to visit a Norwegian woman who lived close by the school in Arusha and whose fourth or fifth child had died either in childbirth or soon after. I accompanied Mum, and when we arrived, I was left in the car and she disappeared into the house. After some time I decided to reconnoitre. I stumbled into the bedroom to find Mum sitting on the edge of the bed nursing and vigorously rocking the poor bereaved mother, who was quite large, and who was curled up in a foetal position on Mum's lap sobbing uncontrollably. Mum caught my eye and, un-noticed by her distraught charge, jerked her head in a diagonally upward movement, which had only one clear meaning, and I left the room forthwith.

Aunt May had a white donkey. This was no ordinary donkey but one she saddled and rode about on her deputation rounds. Aunt May, was an incredible person who, although having a nursing background, would and could turn her hand to anything. We used to ride her donkey or go and gather wild mulberries. We used to swim in the local pool and visit the local hotel. I remember that we were usually treated to the most sumptuous sundaes in this hotel, which is probably where I learned the word for these delights. On the wall was one of those clever advertisements, which was painted on a corrugated background, and as observers passed by, appeared to change its three messages. This fascinated me and I would always check that it was there each time we visited. Catherine, who visited Marangu years later, re-assured me that the wonder is still there.



One day I went to Moshi with Dad. Parked outside the Rectory was the most beautiful red car I had ever seen. This was neither box-body stuff nor dusty safari car but a shining new vehicle fit for royalty - as indeed it was. It belonged to the Kabaka of Uganda, the King! There were several important looking Africans in suits walking about, which was a sight I had rarely seen. The Kabaka himself was there, who was somewhat derogatorily referred to as "King Freddie" I believe, by the British. King Freddie spent some years in England in either a forced or voluntary exile. He was to me, as a small boy, a rather slight but tall man and very smartly dressed. He and his entourage were at the Rectory at the invitation of Dad. Apparently the Kabaka had been refused accommodation at the Moshi Hotel, which, I was told, was run by a Greek - my first lesson in race relationships. My parents had, by example, and without the normal fire and brimstone stuff, instilled in me the normalcy of Africans. They were neither inferior nor odd. Thus this incident was difficult to accommodate as to me Dad had done the normal thing and simply corrected a wrong created by a non-African or "European". History

had repeated itself and once again there was no room at the inn for the king - for different reasons.



Years later, on board ship on route to Australia, a white South African passenger cornered me. This person went to great lengths to explain to me, aged around twelve, that an eminent professor had proved that the average size of the African brain is no greater than that of a monkey. He then thundered the Bible statement that states, "Be ye not unequally yoked together" to further support his denigration of the African. Unfortunately for his argument, even at my tender age I knew the falseness of this interpretation of that Biblical passage, which has more to do with relationships of faith than colour, although I was not about to engage in further debate with this racial bigot. This informed Afrikaaner was leaving his enlightened homeland forever and immigrating with his family to Australia with these valuable pieces of scientific and Biblical data.

I have often pondered the Kabaka episode and other similar events and marvelled at Dad's amazingly wide network. What business had

this headmaster with the African king of a state two borders away? This trait was to surface again and again as we travelled about within East Africa and to and from Australia.

Racism was not confined to the Afrikaaner or Greek hotelier. "Gentle" or "benevolent" racism also existed in the mission field in various ways, particularly where remoteness was evident. Uncle Neville once told me that an African had bitterly related to him that on Sundays the conditions at Mvumi around the time when Mum, Aunt Vera and Aunt May were there were particularly bad. The Church programme for the day must have been heavily structured and the little community would have been well rehearsed in its operation. What galled this African was that the entire station was expected to stand on "red alert" before the Church Services could start, whilst the missionary "Wazungu" leisurely finished their morning tea. I can safely assume that Mum and her cousins May and Vera would have cringed with embarrassment on these days. I can also personally attest to a couple of dressings down of errant Africans by missionaries in the name of "benevolent discipline", but assessed by a shocked boy as pure racism.

Our parents were quite old fashioned for the day, and they discouraged the local habit in which children addressed the adult acquaintances of their parents by their first names, a practice which was very common in the "Government" sector. It must be remembered that the parochial administration was quite hierarchical in nature, and that status was very important in His Majesty's outposts in the sunset days of the British Empire. Each British dominion had its own Governor who had supreme status, supported by the local Provincial Commissioners (PC), followed by the District Commissioners (DC), with the District Officers (DO) bringing up the rear. There were many other government posts, all significant, which included geologists, medical officers and railway people. Overlaying this was the gambit of settlers, shopkeepers, hoteliers and private professionals such as medicos, teachers and missionaries.

The alternative to this practice was to adopt the missionary solution of "Aunty" or "Uncle" which I sense was "Australian" in flavour, and which my parents also discouraged. Almost every missionary kid other than us conformed to this latter rule. So, almost without exception, our parents introduced their peers to us as "Mr", "Mrs" or "Miss". There were only two or three special exceptions to this self-imposed family rule, consisting of a few very close parental friends and long standing missionary associates. None of our female blood relatives were referred to as "Auntie", again with one or two exceptions, and where relevant the more austere "Aunt" was used. Thus, it was always strange to me to hear a child of my age address the PC, who was His Majesties local representative, on a first name basis, but perhaps this was the expatriate "family" network at in action.

Our lives were simple at Arusha. Apart from being aware that Dad listened to the news from the BBC on his "wireless", there was no radio, newspaper or TV, although the weekly Times occasionally appeared. Occasionally the school projectionist, who doubled as the headmaster, showed us Charlie Chaplin movies in the privacy of our flat, or with the school. Multi-skilling as a concept is not new.

We would also go for picnics out along the Moshi road, or visit the rifle range across the river, which ran alongside the school and fossick for bullets in the target mound. Sometimes we would find bullets, which had not been deformed by the impact into the mound, and these formed the basis for our equivalent of cap guns, which we would make. We would use a 100-millimetre nail to make a hole about 5 millimetres axially into the exposed lead in the rear end of the bullet. We would then tie one end of a piece of string about 20 millimetres long around the middle of the bullet and tie the other end of the string around the middle of the nail. The pointed end of the nail could then be inserted in the hole in the bullet and the assembly picked up in a horizontal alignment by holding the string at its centre. The contraption was now ready for use. The nail was removed and the (then) black deposits on the business ends of two or three matches were scraped into the hole in the bullet using our Joseph Rogers pocket-knives. The pointed end of the nail was then inserted into the hole and the "gun" returned to its horizontal alignment. The head of the nail was then smartly struck by swinging the unit against a wall, resulting in a loud bang.

The picnics were very basic, although sometimes one of our houseboys would come along. It was not uncommon to be observed from a respectable distance by a few local tribesmen, who would stand completely motionless, sometimes on one leg, and stare unabashedly at these peculiar scenes being enacted by these strange "Wazungu". Occasionally we would visit the coffee factory, which was up near the Boma. I am not sure what was done in this facility, and whether or not the coffee beans were baked or simply graded and packed, but I can remember the red coffee beans that were brought in from the surrounding plantations.

There was an African blacksmith who plied his trade in a small humpy like "shop" on the outskirts of Arusha and on the Moshi road. He worked alone as he squatted on the ground with his fire and meagre set of tools. His bellows consisted of a goat skin bag which had two parallel sticks attached at each end to the top of the bellows and about twelve inches apart. When the fire needed fanning, he would hold a stick in each hand and, with a rhythmic action, pull one stick up while holding the other down and then push the upper stick down while he raised the lower stick. This ensured that one hand steadied the bag on the ground. Even simple savages can be very inventive. He made tools for his customers, mainly hoes and pangas. His hoes were very ingenious. Fashioning the traditional eye at the top of the blade for the handle would have been too difficult for him with the primitive tools at his disposal. So he formed a tapered spike instead. This spike served as a drill for the hole in the handle, which he bored by heating the spike to red heat and

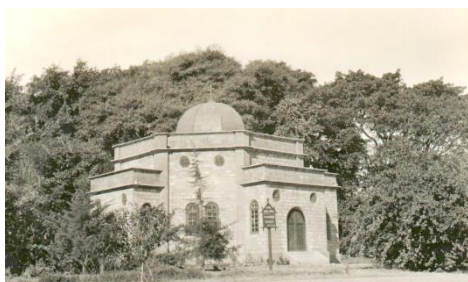


burning the hole to exactly the right position. When the spike was cooled, he wedged it into the hole to provide a perfectly rigid connection with the handle.

Mum ordered me a miniature version of these hoes, which she paid for with the currency that was standard throughout East Africa. The basic unit was the shilling, which was tied to the pound sterling. There were twenty shillings to the pound and there were one hundred cents to the shilling, so the cent had a very small value. All financial quantities were usually expressed in shillings as the pound was rarely used. Large quantities were accordingly quoted in hundreds or thousands of shillings. One, five, ten and twenty cent coins had holes in their centres. There was a good reason for this. Africans mainly wore skins or brightly coloured cloths wrapped around their bodies, which were without pockets, and so money could be threaded on a string and hung around necks or on the corners of the cloths.

Dad would celebrate his birthdays by having cakes prepared which were large enough for the whole school to share. The designs of these cakes varied each year and were kept secret until the appropriate time of the celebration. In one year the cake was in the shape of the school badge, complete with its pictures and school motto "engraved" with green icing. In another year, the cake was a model of the swimming pool and filled with green jelly.

One of John's pastimes was to steal starter gun blanks from Dad's office and detonate them by striking them between two stones or by dropping stones on them from a branch of a tree. Despite the term "blank", these shells were not blank as they would discharge the contents of the detonator and could draw blood. During one demonstration I was accidentally "shot" in the leg. John and his crony immediately and unceremoniously bundled me off to behind the swimming pool where I could bawl my heart out and be consoled without fear of detection till the bleeding stopped and the gore was safely removed. The fusilier in this particular occupation had taken positive action ensure his own safety but had failed to consider the safety of his observers at ground level and nearer the action. John carries a couple of battle scars on one of his legs from one of these episodes that had probably prompted him to review and upgrade his own work practices but without due regard to his adoring fans.



Dad, in addition to his school responsibilities, was the local parish priest. We used to worship in the tiny granite church just across the bridge on the eastern bank of the river. This church was a miniature replica, complete with dome, of the Cathedral in Dodoma. Only Europeans used this church as far as I can remember. I have very recently been told of an incident in which Africans approached Dad concerning their use of this church, a proposal he duly put to the Parish Council for approval. This Council was made up of several settlers who are all over Tanganyika and who are

descendants of the Africaaners or Boers. Apparently the settler content of the Council agreed to this request provided that the Church was fumigated after Services.

The issue finally collapsed when Dad, with the Wisdom of Solomon, and undoubtedly with a feigned air of good old Australian or British stupidity lost on some of his listeners of whom several were of ancient Dutch ancestry, sought instructions as to whether the Church was to be fumigated after the European services or after the African services.

On another occasion he sat in on a meeting at which he was the only European present. After some discussion and perhaps due to some impasse on the issue before the chair, the African chairman suggested that the members gathered should seek the advice of their "coloured brother" to assist them in their deliberations.

Occasionally at the traditional hand shaking ritual at the front door after services, young blushing couples would shyly shuffle up to Dad and announce that a baby was on the way. On these occasions I would watch and wait with totally predictable anticipation as he would charmingly reply with convincing wonderment: "But how clever!" and the blissful couples would waddle off transfixed. Dad's ministry also extended to the African community, and he founded a men's club or Chama in the town for displaced men and soldiers passing through on their way to war.

In one particular case, Dad's ministry to the Africans went awry when Mum was once robbed of her watch whilst she was asleep. Robbers would usually work naked and would liberally grease themselves all over to minimise the risk of capture either on the job or when in flight. This practice



might have contributed to the phrase "Slippery Sam". Eventually the offender was caught and ended up in court. When the magistrate questioned the defendant as to whether he knew the Bwana Wynn Jones, he responded emphatically that he most certainly did, as it was indeed the great Bwana himself that had made him a Christian.

Saidi Hassani was a young man, of the ki-Pare tribe and probably in his teens when he came to be our houseboy, and he was assigned to look after John and me. I think he joined us before I was born. He was not a local boy, having come from the Moshi or Kilimanjaro districts, from one of the tribes there. He was our companion as a type of male ayah and spent most of the day with us. I suppose we learnt Swahili from him concurrently as we learnt our mother tongue. I seem to remember that he also assisted in some house duties - probably serving at table and doing some of our laundry. Saidi was to come with us to Mvumi and Dodoma when we moved there several years later. At Arusha we had our own playhouse, which was a mud brick construction with a thatched roof.

Our parents appeared to enjoy social neutrality in Arusha and later in Dodoma. Missionaries appeared to me to have a free reign over the social spectrum, although I am not aware that our parents indulged in any extensive rounds of parties or dinners. I was conscious from a very young age that social strata existed in the "white" communities and our parents and their colleagues appeared to me to be exempted from these barriers. Perhaps there was the aura of the "Church" or perhaps they were not seen as threatening on the social scene. In any case, missionaries were selected for overseas service not only for their Faith. They were academically qualified and trained for their respective roles. They were also carefully screened for their ability to perform and carry on under fire in a far off country. The clergy, teachers, builders, nurses, and doctors occupied a wide variety of roles in the "field" as it was called. I remember Mr Doran, a teacher, carrying on a deep conversation in French with a lady at an art exhibition at the school.

Thus, the missionaries could stand up and hold their own in any "elite" company. This was perhaps not the case with some of the in-bred settlers, and members of the lower echelons of the white public servants or European traders, who in my opinion, were treated with disdain by the local "Establishment" made up by the senior officers of His Majesty's administration. That magnificent segment in the film "African Queen" in which Humphrey Bogart stumbles in on the church scene played so brilliantly by Robert Morley and Katherine Hepburn as the bumbling brother and devoted sister missionaries in Darkest Africa could not be further from the truth. Livingstone and Schweitzer are further examples of highly educated men who dedicated their lives to missionary work.

One of these missionaries whom we were to meet later again in Dodoma was Deaconess Robinson. She was a middle aged spinster who was a bible-woman and who was a close friend of Mum who called her "Robbo". When Robbo, who had come from somewhat humble origins, retired from the mission field and returned to Australia years later, she was assigned to one of Sydney's more affluent parishes as a Youth Worker. Now Robbo was a good and faithful servant of Jesus but she was single, childless, short in stature, middle aged, rather stout and not necessarily bubbling over with a youthful lust for life. Accordingly, she was the perfect target for the young budding socialites of the parish who gave her a tough time. But old Robbo was not to be put off by these youthful upstarts, as she confided in Mum with a determination that perhaps could have been phrased differently: "Oh well Ruthie, I'll just have to learn to be a snob for Christ's sake."

As a result of their position, our parents had a wide circle of acquaintances and close friends outside their missionary circle. I cannot recall any close social interaction with any of the non-European or non-African races such as with the Indians, although relations with these people were extremely friendly. I know that in one particular Indian family, in which a son died from alcoholic abuse, the family was highly appreciative of Dad's intercessions with their son. I would be fairly safe to say that the missionaries were the only people who entertained Africans in their homes, and then on a limited basis.

To a small boy, everything appeared to be serene and ordered. Old Sukano credited himself with having invented the "Guided Democracy" but in reality the British developed and refined the concept centuries ago in their overseas dominions - Sukano only labelled it and raised it to his particular art form. The idea is simple. In societies within the overseas "ruling" British family, and possibly within Britain itself, there is a place for everyone with everyone in their place - provided that the British are in the prime position. Unfortunately, in every such ordered society, there are always the tiresome malcontents who are never entirely satisfied with their allocated place on the pile and who are unreasonable and unable to recognise the wisdom of their benevolent British superiors.

Several of my parent's colourful friends and associates come to mind. Mr Savage was an elderly gentleman with a white beard, with his moustache and fingers heavily stained with nicotine, who lived alone in a small and modest house on the road left off the Moshi road and running past the church. This road led on to the upper crust part of the town, where the Bwana Mkubwas of the administration lived, such as the PC and also several "rich" professional or business people. Mr Savage, who had a pronounced whistling diction that we would imitate behind his back, must have been some type of big game hunter in his day because he would regale and sometimes bore us with great hunting stories. Members of the hunting fraternity had the peculiar habit of referring to the game they hunted in the singular. They always went shooting lion, elephant or gazelle. Anyone who has seen animals in the bush or on the vast plains would know that these beasts congregate in numbers ranging from handfuls to hundreds and sometimes thousands.

The old man would occasionally come down to the school with his dog and entertain us with his stick trick. He would put his walking stick on the ground and walk away for some distance and the dog would follow. He would then say to the dog "Where's my stick?" and the dog would scamper back and fetch the stick. I must say the trick wore a bit thin after a while.

There was a lady doctor who would occasionally appear. I have no idea who she was or where she came from, but she did not live in Arusha. Her distinction to me was that she had a pet baboon on a chain. She wore khaki drill safari jacket and trousers, which was unusual amongst the "genteel" European ladies in Arusha in those days. She was, as far as I know, unattached and I thought she was a bit "tough" and masculine and appeared to me to lack the femininity I saw in other women. Today, she probably would have either acknowledged to be or been labelled as a lesbian, although it was not unusual for some self-perceived "upper class" ladies to occasionally deck themselves in Big Game hunter attire. She was, however, very pleasant and always willing to show off her baboon. Baboons have the peculiar habit of peering at people for a short period and then suddenly raising their eyebrows either to get a better look or to create a cautionary fearsome appearance. Their table manners also suggest the need for some genteel training. When offered a banana, they snatch them, peel them and then stuff them into their mouths as quickly as possible by puffing out and filling their cheeks in the process.

Then there was Dr Reauch, who was a White Russian refugee. He would also occasionally appear, as his daughters were pupils at the school. He was a short stocky man with a reputation of being a strongman. Some of the stories, tall or short, that he told of his experiences together with his implied physical prowess were impressive to a small boy. One story was that on being attacked by the revolutionaries, he claimed that he systematically broke the arms of all his attackers. On another occasion, he claimed to have stumbled into a room containing a table at which several men were sitting. They were all dead, and their hands were nailed to the table and their tongues were cut out and placed on plates in front of each man. He was said to be able to raise the rear of a car by himself, although this was never demonstrated in my presence. He could, and did, fold one-cent coins between his thumb and forefinger. Whether these coins were slightly folded prior to the demonstrations, I am not sure.

One day there was a big Scout and Guide Jamboree and Lady Baden-Powell, who I presume was the Guest of Honour, was in attendance. Scouting was one of Dad's specialties, dating back to his early days at Dulwich Hill. There is not much that I remember about this occasion.

A very close friend was a German refugee financier who was known as "Daddy Retslaff". He was a widower with two adult sons, Horst and Godfrey. He would visit regularly, and had a perpetual liking for coffee. Mum was always quoting the phrase "Lit bit cof" till her advanced years as a result of our association with "Daddy Lef", which was our childish abbreviation. He was a dapper gentleman in his sixties, always dressed in a suit and tie, and he had a neatly trimmed Tsar Nicholas beard. I am not sure what he did in Arusha, although I think he had something to do with the department of the Custodian of Enemy Property, which was located across the roundabout from the Arusha hotel. I can remember visiting there once or twice.

Eventually, he became the Commandant of a refugee camp located at Kondoa Irangi, which is midway between Arusha and Dodoma. We called in there on our way to Dodoma several years later. This camp contained a number of Italian refugees and prisoners of war from Abyssinia during the war. Some of these inmates were skilled tinsmiths who would make toy trucks and lorries for sale that would rival any Tonka Toys of today in realism. The trucks were beautifully painted, usually as camouflaged army trucks, and I periodically received one for birthdays or Christmas. The neat soldering joints by which these toys were assembled impressed me even in my younger years.

Colonel Ruggles-Bryce was a retired British Army officer, complete with handlebar moustache, khaki pith hat, safari jacket, baggy shorts, long socks and typical “very British” demeanour. He had a rubber plantation and mica mine outside Morogoro, which is located on the railway line between Dodoma and Dar-es-salaam. The rubber was tapped from the trees and somehow poured into sheets and hung out on poles in smoky curing sheds. The mica in the form of small slithers was painstakingly packed into boxes. He addressed Dad as “William” and not as “Bill”, which undoubtedly he would have perceived to be the abhorrent practice of the “vulgar” classes - which of course would have included the Australian missionaries.

Once Dad and I visited him and stayed for the night. After dinner the old boy enquired: “A small port William?” Now, both our parents were strict tee-totalers, but I knew that Dad was less strict than Mum in this aspect of social behaviour at odds with their religious witness, and occasionally he broke the rules behind her back. So the port was duly poured and our host, ignoring the good old “Tim” of the less elite Australians, then queried: “And what about Timothy?” I couldn’t believe my ears and looked at Dad expectantly. I was totally unprepared for his answer. He replied, “Ask him if you wish.” I realise now that I was unwittingly made the hopeless pawn in a masterstroke in child psychology, and once again science triumphed over outright stupidity.

Dad knew that by placing the onus of responsibility squarely on me, I might be exposed to the risk of discovery by my mother, and that the awesome burden of personal accountability would far outweigh the temptation to transgress. Fortunately, my stunted brain was just sufficiently capable of testing the options before me and I graciously declined the Colonel’s kind offer. Dad emerged with his silent wish obeyed and his image as a loving and benevolent father remained intact.

Life was totally blissful, and I cannot recall any incident in our family that remotely approached a crisis. I was aware of the war due to the rumbling through of Army convoys but the war was far away. We had a pet cheetah cub that was eventually killed by a couple of neighbouring Great Danes and we also had a dik dik, which is a miniature type of antelope with a very gentle and timid nature, and which was also killed by the same dogs.

Every year we travelled by train to the coast for a holiday by the sea. By rotation, we stayed a Pangani, Tanga, Malindi and Dar-es-salaam although not necessarily in that order. These wonderful places were all similar in nature, as they were all coastal towns, rich in Arabic influence. We would swim on the beautiful beaches, watch men climb coconut trees like monkeys to get dates and coconuts. We drank coconut juice and ate “halua” which was an Arabic sweetmeat cooked in a large metal pot and sold in small pouches made out of plaited palm leaves. It was beautiful, golden in colour, and very sweet. Occasionally we were taken on sailing outings in dugout catamarans, and John and I were given sailing models of these craft. The Arabic and therefore the Islamic culture was very evident with men mostly dressed in white robes or “kanzus”, pronounced as in “baa”, and white cloth cap. The women dressed in the traditional black robes of their Faith. Coffee vendors walked up and down the streets, advertising their wares by clinking, like castanets, two handle-less cups nestling in one hand, whilst carrying a tall coffee pot in the other. Mum’s preoccupation with hygiene and attendant sterility concerns stood in the way of our sampling of these particular delights.

On one holiday in Dar-es-salaam, while Dad and I sauntered along the beach, we encountered His Excellency, the very portly and English Sir Edward Twining of Twining Tea family connection, also out on a stroll. The two men engaged in conversation during which H.E. unwittingly followed the example set by the very correct British Army colonel, old Ruggles-Bryce, and addressed Dad as “William” and was dutifully addressed as “Sir” by Dad. Little boys remember the strangest of things.

Once John and I spent a holiday on a sisal plantation owned or managed by the father of one of his school friends, which was located somewhere near Morogoro. Sisal is a huge plant looking rather like the green end of an overgrown pineapple with large “leaves” from which the fibre is combed in machines and hung out to dry in the sun on long pole fences. The leaves have vicious spikes along their edges that can cause painful scratches if played with indiscriminately. The plantation was criss-crossed with a small gauge rail system, which brought the harvested leaves to the processing plant - rather similar to the sugar cane plantations in northern Queensland. The local Africans belonged to the Mawia tribe who distinguished themselves by branding a circle of dots around their navels.

One of my friends in Arusha was Charles, who was the son of the local police chief, and we used to roam around together. One day we visited the local cemetery, the paths of which were staked out with dozens of rusty barrels of old German rifles - presumably relics from the days of the German occupation. One day we decided to collect armfuls of these barrels and we staggered with our loot to his home, much to the annoyance of his parents.

Another of my mates was Andre who was an Afrikaaner whose father had probably been a settler but who was said to have accidentally shot and killed himself whilst cleaning a rifle. Andre lived with his mother and two or three brothers and sisters in town. He and his siblings were typical examples of the Arusha settler community, with beautifully stained brown teeth from the fluoride from Meru and sets in their eyes through generations of inbreeding. Andre was a shifty character. Once, Mum interrogated us over some forgotten misdemeanour. I was prepared to own up during the interrogation, but Andre, with all the skills developed over centuries by his forebears, infinitesimally closed one eyelid, unseen by our interrogator, and I shamefully became the collaborator of a massive deceit.

His mother must have fallen on hard times because to supplement her meagre means she was the local “comfort lady” to the troops passing through the place and presumably others. I know this because Andre told me in the simplest of terms of how the soldiers used to regularly visit their home for that purpose. Other sources confirmed this too. However, I have no recollection of visiting Andre at his home during business hours.



One day, Dad went to England. He had been appointed as assistant Bishop to Bishop Chambers, and was to be consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Archbishop Temple, in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral. I have been only recently been made aware that the Diocese of Central Tanganyika actually came under the See of Canterbury and not under the Diocese of Sydney as I had previously supposed. This would account for Dad's consecration in the UK and not in Sydney. This fact raises another mystery for me. I have always assumed that the evangelical religious convictions of my parents, and indeed those of the Diocese of Central Tanganyika, were driven by the norms of the Sydney Diocese and obviously laid down by Bishop Chambers who was an Australian from Dulwich Hill in Sydney. Having the authority of the See of Canterbury, it is intriguing to me that the Diocese of Central Tanganyika was not more disposed to the upper end of the Anglican religious

spectrum.

Years later, I visited the crypt in St Paul's, complete with Nelson allegedly in his casket of rum, to see the place. There are two photos in our family archives of Dad and the Archbishop taken after the consecration. In one photo the Archbishop is robed in his cope and mitre. In the second photo he is robed in his simple black cassock, white surplice and black scarf. The latter shot was taken at the request of Mum who wanted a record of the event without the finery of the Archbishop's high office. This was Dad's story, who always quoted that in his marriage he knew his place if there was some meeting of the minds between himself and Mum – an understanding with which I can empathise. The request does however show that Mum was unfazed by pomp and ceremony in religious matters and was prepared to push her beliefs to the highest rank in the organisation.



Dad had row with the Archbishop at the time of his consecration as Bishop over his salary. He initially refused to accept a higher salary commensurate with the office of Bishop but the Archbishop threatened to call off the consecration if Dad persisted with his stubbornness and so the consecration proceeded as planned. Sometimes, pragmatism can swamp our lofty ideals. Dad had the last laugh in this spat however, as he died with a bank overdraft because he gave it all away.

Bishops in the Anglican Communion who are consecrated under the See of Canterbury become Peers of the Realm and are entitled to take their seats in the House of Lords in London. Sadly, these titles are not hereditary and are thus not subsequently passed on to needy but well deserving descendants. More significantly, grateful monarchs no longer bestow estates with castles on their Lords as rewards for “expedient” services in difficult political, religious or marital situations. Accordingly, Bishops are addressed in the UK as “My Lord Bishop” or simply “My Lord”. This is not the case in Australia where bishops sadly have to content themselves with plain old “Bishop”.

Years later, when I became engaged to my wife Willa, her elderly spinster aunt, Aunt Vada, whose greatest sorrow in her life was that she had not been born in England, eagerly asked whether I had estates “back home”. Unfortunately, Vada was to be disappointed, although she and I got along very well together.



Dad was an accomplished barber, and on school fete days this multi-skilled headmaster would set up a barber's stall complete with red and white spirally striped pole as proof of his "trade" and cut hair. Later as Bishop, he also occasionally did haircuts on the run for grateful clients of either gender, as hairdressers on the plains of Tanganyika were unknown beyond the limits of the widely distanced towns. His speciality with the ladies was the shingle that was a popular hairstyle of the day and probably the simplest to execute. One day he trimmed the locks of an English lady who gushingly wrote home to her parents in England that the Lord had cut her hair.

Although there must have been a reason given, Mum did not accompany Dad to England on this significant stage in his ministry. Eventually Dad returned after a diversion to the North Africa, including Tripoli, on an Army chaplaincy stint with the troops. It was on this trip that he met Field Marshall Montgomery, and we have several photos of this encounter. Dad was deemed to be a "Rat of Tobruk" as a result of this period of the war, and we have his lapel badge as a memento. I have often wondered whether Monty himself instigated this honour. Montgomery was the son of the Bishop of Tasmania, and in our archives we have a photo of Mum's Aunty Dove and the young Bernard sitting on a log in the bush on some outing with a group of other children.

On one flight in a military transport plane during this time Dad was the only passenger in the cargo bay during the flight. There was a large crate over which he spread his Army greatcoat to form a comfortable bed. A smaller box was alongside, which he placed on top of the larger crate to use as a pillow. He then stretched out and had a good sleep. When the plane landed, the pilot enquired: "Had a good rest Padre?" Dad replied that he had indeed had a very restful flight. The pilot then told him that the large crate was full of bombs and that his pillow was a box of gelignite.

I clearly remember the day Dad came home totally unannounced as he arrived at the school driving an Army staff car and dressed in his chaplain's uniform, which carried the rank of Captain. The huge staff cars were usually fitted with Ford V8 engines and they were the equivalent of today's big enclosed four-wheel drive vehicles, complete with gun turrets in the roof and folding map tables inside. Dad wore his chaplain's uniform from time to time at Arusha as there was an Army camp joining the Southern boundary of the school, and occasionally he would dress up and minister there.

And so our days at Arusha were numbered as Dad prepared to take up his new responsibilities. Soon we were to leave this paradise and start a new life in a totally different environment as Dad took up his new appointment. I have no recollection of lavish farewells, although they must have occurred, and one day all our trappings were loaded onto the back of a lorry. Early in the morning we set off on the long journey South to Dodoma and Mvumi.

## MVUMI

There is nothing particularly romantic about a long safari on a dusty and corrugated dirt road in the hot African sun on the back of an open lorry. The distance to Dodoma was two hundred and eighty miles or four hundred and fifty kilometres, and I was to travel on this road many times back and forth to boarding school in Arusha and later on my way to Nairobi. The trip usually took about eight hours including stops. Game was always evident with vast quantities of wildebeests, antelopes, zebras, giraffes and the occasional lions and elephants, although I never sighted the two latter species. I don't remember much of this particular trip, except that the cat disappeared and probably became a tasty dinner for some wild animal. At one stop, Mickey the dog slipped off the back of the lorry and was quietly strangling on his collar and lead before he was noticed and saved. Mvumi is some thirty-five miles beyond Dodoma, on an even worse road, but we eventually arrived intact.

The tsetse fly, pronounced, "tet-see" and not "tsee-tsee", was a problem on this road, and stringent efforts were taken to eradicate it to prevent its propagation by vehicles passing through the region. At several places along the route, vehicles were driven with all passengers into huge timber buildings with doors each end. Catwalks extended along the length of each side. Once the doors were closed, attendants would proceed to spray the vehicles externally and internally with DDT, a pesticide that was derivative of pyrethrum as far as I can recall. This procedure was done in a strict routine, with an attendant on each side of the vehicle walking on the ground or catwalk, depending on the size of the vehicle. The team would start at the front of the vehicle and slowly walk to the rear spraying pesticide from large manually operated spray guns whilst obeying the commands called out by one of the team. The leader would call out "Sita ju, sita chini, sita ndani" in various combinations, which meant "Six up, six down, six inside" and which defined the number of strokes of the gun and the direction of the spray. After a couple of repeats the doors were opened and the vehicles proceeded on their ways.

The purpose of this eradication scheme was to minimise the incidence of sleeping sickness, of which the tsetse fly is a carrier. By coincidence, the Lempriere stream of Mum's family is burdened by its very own Curse known as the Lempriere Curse. This is an inherited malady of which only a few male family members are stricken. I have the misfortune to have inherited this ailment that manifests itself by bouts of excessive drowsiness, particularly at times of boring social interaction. To the sufferer, expressions of sympathy and perhaps permission to withdraw for a welcome nap are needed till the bout passes. Unfortunately for me, my wife Willa is inclined to callously dismiss the Curse as an excuse for rudeness. In my case, the Curse could have been accentuated by some childhood encounter with a tsetse fly and I undoubtedly need special consideration in coping with this difficult condition.

Dodoma and Mvumi are in the land of the Wagogo tribe who distinguish themselves by branding their foreheads with a round mark just above the eyebrow level and by knocking out their two front teeth in case they contract "lockjaw" or tetanus and can't eat. They speak a language called Cigogo, (pronounced "Chigogo"), and their land is called Ugogo - all very straightforward! Cigogo is totally different from Swahili, and I never learned to speak it, although I did gather a smattering of the traditional greetings. Most people, except perhaps those in remote areas, and get by with Swahili. The Wagogo are essentially farmers and till the soil by hoe to grow maize and millet, and they also graze cattle and goats. They live in rectangular mud and wattle huts barely six feet high, and as is common in many African tribal huts, goats and chooks wander in and out of these dark and windowless abodes. The true Mgogo in outlying areas lives a simple life and dresses in un-tanned cow skins or cloth wrap. He eats a thick corn based porridge called ugali as the staple diet, which is very tasteless, usually embellished with some meat and peanut gravy or other vegetables, although the ugali is the bulk of the food intake.

We lived in a typical mission station house that had concrete floors and cement rendered and sun dried mud brick walls. I remember being bemused by a flurry of interest in Australia many years later in a new building technique using sun dried mud bricks. Kings and simple savages have been using this building medium from the time of the Pharaohs. The final revolt of the Israelites in bondage in Egypt occurred when Pharaoh, alarmed at the expansion and restlessness of the Israelites, instructed their taskmasters to stop providing them with straw used in brick-making for his various projects and ordered that the Israelites were to find the straw for themselves. The roof was corrugated iron and linked to the usual rainwater tanks, although rainwater was a highly scarce commodity and usually restricted to the annual rainy season. The house was a double-ended affair, with nursing sisters

occupying the end opposite to ours. Home comforts enjoyed in Arusha were starkly absent, with no power, running water, telephone or flush toilet.

Lighting was by kerosene lanterns, a couple of Aladdin mantle lanterns – those silent marvels with the tall glass chimneys - and some noisily hissing pressure lanterns. The mantles of these lanterns were extremely fragile after the protective coating had been burnt off. One day I watched Dad attach a new mantle, and when the initial flame had concluded I curiously fingered it and destroyed it. Mission stations do not enjoy the convenience of a local corner store, and I acquired an unqualified admiration for Dad's self-control over this incident. He simply attached another mantle and that was that.

Another example of this self-control was to manifest itself when some years later when we visited the Langford-Smiths in Weithaga, which is in the northern parts of Kenya. On this occasion, one of our cousins had a pushbike with a puncture. Being the visiting expert in this particular field, I nonchalantly repaired the puncture and inflated the offending wheel to full operating efficiency using the foot pump from our car – no doubt with the usual accolades from my admiring and appreciative relatives. We subsequently departed and proceeded south to home. On the way, far away from civilisation and somewhere out in the bush, we had a puncture. The offending wheel was quickly repaired, or the spare wheel, that was probably flat, was bolted onto the car.

One of Dad's favourite sounds that he would praise on many occasions was a sound that surpassed any sound heard in any of the symphonies of the greatest masters. This was the grating noise of a roadworthy wheel rattling over the threads of the wheel studs, as the wheel was being attached to the brake drum of the car. I could empathise with this sound. There was something about the acoustics of the wheel arch and the dished shape of the wheel rim and the pitch of the stud threads that caused this otherwise dead noise to be gently amplified to produce that sweet sound that Beethoven, Mozart and Mahler could not capture with mere musical instruments. This was the sound that heralded the good news that the crisis that had interrupted the journey had been overcome and that the journey was about to proceed. Relief from captivity and desolation in the wilderness had been avoided. Survival was real.

As was almost always the case, the wheel in question required some supplementary inflation. Unfortunately, the foot-pump on this episode was nowhere to be found in the car. I bravely owned up to my having used the pump and that it had been left back at Weithaga. I marvelled at the way in which Dad took this admission in his stride and I continue to be amazed at the fact that I am still here to relate the tale. As a result of my fallibility we sat on the road until a passing vehicle came along and resolved our predicament. I have no idea how long we waited for help but I am sure I would have had plenty of time to ponder my folly.

These two incidents have been imprinted on my consciousness as examples of the weaknesses of human behaviour. The underlying message to me from my father has been one of tolerance – to suffer fools gladly and to refrain from castigation for castigation's sake but to recover the situation without malice or retaliation. Sadly, I have not always adhered to this message.

Both crises were not easily redeemable in the harsh environment of the remote African Bush. There were no service stations just around the next corner. Nor were we equipped with the latest mobile phones, satellite communications or CB or UHF radios. I know that over and over again I have not displayed the degree of magnanimity demonstrated by my father to cope with the on-going situations that have arisen in my family or career experiences. I also ashamedly admit that I have fallen short of his standards many times in my progress through life. Notwithstanding my weaknesses, I re-assert to you my descendants, that our creed and benchmark is one of humility and compassion by which we are to be identified and measured.

The toilet was a good old Aussie "long-dropper". Eventually the pit filled up and another was dug nearby and the structure rebuilt. Before the new "facility" was "commissioned", Susie, Nay and I discovered that a makeshift ladder had been left in that portion of the hole that extended out beyond the rear wall of the "little house" as it was sometimes called, providing access to an ideal cubby house. While we were playing by lantern light in our newly found premises below ground, Dad tossed down a packet of sweets or popcorn through the hole of the new box seat, which we consumed with relish. The site was then declared fit for the use for which it was originally intended and the cubby house was abandoned.

Bathing took place in tubs with hot water heated in discarded "debbies" or four-gallon petrol cans and brought in from the external kitchen. There was no gushing natural spring and all drinking water had to be boiled. Water was drawn from a water hole in a dry riverbed a mile or two away and carried in

two “debbies” slung at either end of a shoulder pole. It wasn’t long before Dad organised the installation of a brick bath covered by a smoothly trowelled cement veneer, complete with chip heater. Bath water drained out to an open pit outside to provide water for Mum’s meagre garden of predominantly white zinnias struggling to survive.

Her shamba boy used to draw water for this garden from a nearby swamp and store the water in a forty-four gallon drum. One day I pushed this drum over and spilt the contents and I was dobbed in by the shamba boy. Mum had no alternative but to punish me publicly, and I was sentenced to fetch a bucket of water from the swamp. I didn’t quite make it back, and a rescue scout, probably the shamba boy, was despatched to rescue me.

The debbies were the only source of our petrol supply. They were the equivalent of the army Jerry can which was much more substantial and designed for ongoing use whereas the debbies were only intended to be used as a fuel container once. However, their applications as a domestic container were endless and they were mainly used for the fetching and heating of water and in some cases for storage and cooking of food. They made excellent rat or mousetraps when they were buried in the ground to their depth with a large hole cut in their top surface and with a handful of millet tossed in. The hapless rodents would flop in for a feed but could not scramble out because of the shiny smooth walls of the tin.

I used to volunteer to refuel the car because it was great fun to flick lighted matches into a recently emptied debbie. I would then run for my life and wait for the explosion as the small quantity of retained petrol in the debbie burnt away till the right petrol and oxygen mixture in the debbie was reached and the debbie either emitted a healthy “whoosh” or would explode with satisfying bang. Sometimes the car would require more than one debbie of fuel, which increased the fun.

Because of their thin gauge, debbies were rather prone to piercing on a rough road, and they were supplied in beautifully dressed timber open topped boxes containing two debbies. These boxes became the highly prized sources of furniture as they could be converted into wash stands in bedrooms by nailing legs on the sides or they could be used as clothing cabinets or food storage cupboards fitted with gauze doors to keep the insects at bay. The legs of the latter cupboards were usually stood in jam tins of water to stop ants from crawling up the legs and contaminating the food.

Ugogo was the stuff of the Hollywood movie mogul with hot dry and dusty plains, baobab (boab) trees, thorn trees and dry dead grass being the only vegetation till the rains came and the landscape became green. Baobab trees have hollow trunks and occasionally we would see one of these trees with a round hole cut in the side. The Wagogo used to use these trees as burial places, but this tribal practice has been discontinued.

Mvumi had no lawns or grassed areas of any kind, and roads and footpaths were lined with whitewashed rocks or manyara hedges on the bare earth. The manyara plant survived anywhere and was used extensively as a hedge. It had a white sap that could painfully sting the eyes. I once read in a Jungle Doctor book that the Africans believed that human milk was the best antidote. It would appear that having a lactating mother on hand to administer a soothing squirt when near this plant was a wise precaution.

We attended Church every Sunday. The church was constructed with whitewashed mud bricks and cement rendered with no architectural significance. Services were conducted in Cigogo. Offertories were in kind, and there were seven boxes as I remember into which worshippers could deposit their tributes in the form of millet, maize or other produce. I never found out how these offertories were distributed. Children, and particularly babies, were very well behaved in church, despite the extremely long sermons. Mothers simply suckled their young and not so young - a practice that was much cheaper and more effective than having to provide a crèche.



Dad was a marathon preacher, and could do justice to upwards of an hour on some occasions. I once yawned loudly in one of these epics on a remote mission station we were visiting and moaned “too long”. Dad merely signalled to Mum from the pulpit and said, “Take the boy out!” and continued with his sermon.



This was our new home, and we adapted and settled in very easily. My only companions were my sisters and the local African kids, as John attended the Arusha School as a boarder. I would occasionally visit the girl's school, Mum's original African home, and also I would wander through the hospital grounds. From time to time I would also visit the cemetery. From time to time I would accompany my parents on small local safaris to outlying districts or visit Dodoma.

I remember a big social occasion, when a game of "Golf" was played between two villages many miles apart. The rules were

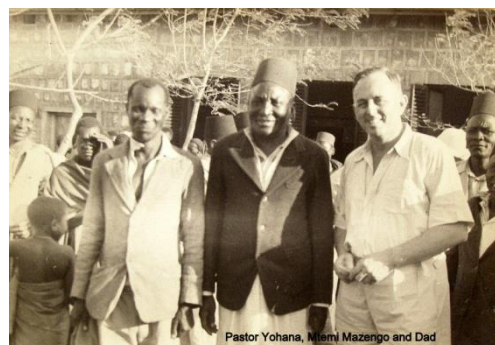
simple: anyone or everyone from each village could join the game and attempt to hit the somewhat rounded wooden "ball" to the opposing village using a "rungu" pronounced "roong-goo" or stick with a knot or knob on the end.

I was a skinny child and prone to illness and over time contracted malaria and tick fever. I have strong memories of the latter, as in my delirious state I would imagine that my bed would tilt up vertically till I was in a standing position and in danger of pitching face forward on to the floor. The treatment for this illness consisted of intravenous injections with a hypodermic that was so big the needle was on the circumference rather than the middle of the syringe. This medication, which was red, turned the colour of my urine to a bright red. On one occasion Dan, one of the African dressers or male nurses from the hospital, administered the dose. I also had an ongoing occurrence of boils which would appear fairly regularly and which were supplemented by the occasional sty in one or other eye.

My parents had decided not to send me to boarding school for reasons unknown to me, but probably because a perceived frailty on my part. The subject was never discussed and I seem to have accepted the fact despite the regular departure and return of John to and from Arusha. My education was by correspondence variously from Dar-es-salaam and also from an organisation called Blackfriars in Sydney, with Mum as my supervisor and tutor.

Occasionally Mtemi Mazengo, the Wagogo chief would visit the mission, and once or twice I saw his "palace" which was not much more than a larger than normal Gogo Kaya or mud and stick hut, but more elaborate and fitted with windows. He would travel about in a mono-wheel, which was a type of double-ended rickshaw consisting of a chair mounted over a single pneumatic wheel and propelled by a runner front and rear. Mazengo's chief-dom and associated transport arrangements were a far cry from those of King Freddie. The early missionaries used to get about in these things, and it always struck me as strange how anyone could resort to utilising human propellants whilst attempting to convert the very people from whom these propellants were drawn. There was an old mono wheel at Mvumi (no longer used!) that we used to drag around.

There is an old story about Mazengo passed down to me by Mum, which was set in the days of the German occupation. Apparently the Germans sought to intern him or possibly worse but somehow his subjects found out about or suspected their intentions. So Mazengo was whisked into hiding and his minders killed and buried a goat. When the Germans arrived and demanded to know the whereabouts of Mazengo, they were told that he had died. The Germans disbelieved the story and demanded to know where he was buried. They were shown the grave of the goat and were still unconvinced and so they began to exhume the "body". After a while, the stench of the goat was so great that they declared that only Mazengo could be in that grave. So the exhumation was aborted and the Germans left.



Pastor Yohana, Mtemi Mazengo and Dad

I remember the day Mazengo came to lunch and Mum prepared some ice cream for the occasion. On taking a mouthful, the old chief spat it out complaining that it burnt his mouth. The concept of ice was unknown in sun drenched Ugogo and the sense of coldness felt in his mouth at around zero degrees Centigrade was to him impossible to describe.

The countryside was terribly sparse and there was not much to do in the way of sightseeing or picnics. We slept under mosquito nets to avoid malaria and I was kept on Mepacrine tablets also for this reason, which gave me a yellow tinge. I was also quite sunburnt as I moved around without a shirt and I was dubbed "Gandhi". All drinking water had to be boiled, and without electricity, our fridge was run on kerosene.

Occasionally we would attract jiggers in our toes. Jiggers are tiny parasites that live in the dust and penetrate the skin to lay their eggs. They are very itchy and were removed by being dug out with a needle. Africans are very skilled at this. If the jiggers were allowed to remain for several days, only an African could remove them painlessly and without fracturing the egg sac, which was several times the size of the jigger. We also occasionally were "visited" by mango worms which was another type of parasite and which usually lodged in our forearms. These were in the form of a yellow worm or tiny slug about five millimetres long and about one millimetre in diameter. They positioned themselves perpendicularly to the surface of the skin and looked like a tiny boil or pimple. The trick was to put up with the irritation for a few days and allow them to fester. At the right time they could be squeezed whereupon they would pop out.

There was always the threat of scorpions and snakes, and occasionally these reptiles appeared and were dispatched with much gusto. Once, Susie, Nay and I were constructing a cubby house in some bushes in Kikuyu, our next home. Several African kids looked on as we dug away happily. Suddenly one of them called out: "Nyoka!!!" and the onlookers scattered. The nyoka was a hibernating puff adder at which we were digging away, thinking it was a root of the bushes. With much chatter, the poor old sleepy nyoka was summarily despatched.

I remember the day peace was declared. Mum had heard the news on the "wireless", and she was so overjoyed that she literally ran from house to house proclaiming the good news. I was a bit embarrassed by this display of unbridled joy displayed by Mum who was, after all, an adult and such behaviour by an adult seemed to me to be out of place.

Mum assumed responsibility for our religious instruction and she would read passages from the Bible and make little illustrated books by folding over two or three sheets of paper and securing them with a pin at the crease and draw stick men pictures for us. Once, to illustrate the significance of the Resurrection, she folded her handkerchief into the shape of a table napkin ring to show how Jesus had risen without disturbing His burial clothes.

On another occasion the passage she was reading containing the dreaded "B" word. Reading ahead, I waited to see how she would handle this problem. She did so by reading normally until she reached the word and, dropping her voice by thirty or forty decibels, and whispered "bastard" as in "bat" and not as I expected as in "bar". Without missing a beat, her voice then resumed its normal pitch and she resumed the reading.

Her religion was utterly simple. We were to follow Jesus and to mould our lives on Him. This was to be translated into our secular lives. Her logic on how we were to behave was unassailable. We were to behave as though Jesus was present at all times. On one Sunday, one of Mum's utterly hopeless offspring, possibly me, complained about having to get dressed for Church. Again her superb logic was impenetrable: "No one would visit the King without being neat and tidy. How much more important is it to be clean, tidy and punctual for the King of Kings?"

Her Faith in Jesus was absolute. Jesus would provide and all that was required of her to know and that it was her duty to worship Him and to proclaim his Gospel. That was that. This was not the childish dreaming of a simpleton for she was no simpleton. Her superior powers of secular argument were just not worth challenging, which was very evident to her children, even in their later lives. She was well read and informed and had a great sense of humour. But there were certain topics that to her, were off limits, simply because she believed that Jesus would provide her with all the knowledge she needed to follow Him, and she was not to challenge or probe His mysterious ways.

I once tested her by asking her what would happen to all those people who had died without having been told of His Message, because of the mortal shortcomings of those who had been instructed by Him to "go into all the world and preach His Gospel to every creature". On other occasions I would raise the issue of the Creation in the light of current scientific discoveries and discussion. Her replies to these sorts of idle questions were as always, invincible. Without doubt, Jesus had a Master Plan for all His creatures, to which she was not privy and into which she was not to pry, but she was to place her Faith in Him. One day when Jesus returns He will reveal all. Nothing could be simpler than that, and we must await His Coming in faith and praise.



There was no room for intermediaries by which she was to communicate with Jesus. The official (secular) title for an Anglican priest, which appears on official personal papers in the "Occupation" box, is "Clerk in Holy Orders" which Mum believed in absolutely. She had a direct hot line to Jesus, which she used twenty-four hours a day without hesitation, although she respected the structure of the Church. The Anglican Church and its officers were her allies in her worship of Almighty God but they did not stand in the way of her intercessions with Him.

Our parents believed literally in the teachings of Luther, which proposed that intercessions between Christians and Jesus did not require intermediaries from the clergy or others.

Mum firmly believed that devout Roman Catholics had the same deep religious convictions as her own. The title "Roman Catholic Church" was explained to us children by the fact that all churches belonged to the "Universal" or "Catholic" Church, of which the Church of Rome was only one among many. Thus, even members of the Church of England were Catholics. Mum could not be drawn into an outright statement or condemnation of the Roman Catholic Church but she did once remark to me that it was perhaps a bit "naughty" with the message of Jesus.

Mum and Dad were devout Anglicans, or members of the Church of England, as it was known in those days. In her latter days Mum developed an affinity with the Church of Christ and she confided in me that, but for her loyalty and affection for the Anglican Church, she would have considered switching to a church more closely aligned to her religious convictions. Her churchmanship, as that of Dad, was allied to the "Left wing" or "Low Church" or Evangelical faction of the Church. If a correlation were to be drawn between churchmanship and seismic activity, my parents would have been hard pressed to register a minus one or two on this variant of the "Richter Scale" when compared to Canterbury or Rome.

I do not know how my parents coped with the structure of the Anglican Church in Sydney. The Anglican Church in Australia, and particularly in Sydney, is obsessed with factionalism that would make our major political parties particularly that of a socialist leaning, gasp with unbridled admiration. There is a range of categories in this Richter scale that is so finely segregated that it requires double barrelled labels to distinguish each category. They include Evangelical Conservatives, Evangelical Liberals and Theological Liberals. There probably more. I have no idea of the subtleties that that define and separate these labels.

Dad was labelled as an Evangelical Liberal, an apparent contradiction in terms, and I suppose it would have been necessary to upgrade Mum to the label of an Evangelical Conservative – just to get her on the scale! Early in his ascendancy as Bishop in 1946, Dad was censored by the then Archbishop of Sydney for appointing two Theological Liberals, one of whom came from that then den of iniquity in Armidale, to his Diocese in Central Tanganyika. I knew both these sincere Christian men and have often pondered how they, or indeed my Dad, would have fared in an Inquisition presided over by Jesus rather than by mere mortals. The miscreant from Armidale, Ted Arblaster, told one of my sisters that his censorship was due to the fact that his mortal sin was that he "danced".

The other miscreant was Tom McKnight who was very good to John and me and who was always cracking corny jokes to us. He eventually married one of the missionary nurses and the story was that when they were betrothed they travelled by train to be together – one on the up train from the coast and the other on the down train to the coast. Now, there was only one track, so one train would wait in a siding, or a second station platform in a station, while another train would either pass through or stop adjacently to the other train. This couple were, by sheer coincidence, sitting in window seats on the same sides of their carriages and when both trains stopped their windows were directly opposite each other. I have no idea how the situation was resolved. Tom's future bride was quite eccentric and Mum confided to me that Tom was rather slow in clinching the deal. Apparently Dad felt compelled to counsel him to which he agreed with: "Oh well, I'll marry the girl".

One wag told me once that in the early days of CMS in England, the Evangelical missionaries were despatched to Africa, and the Liberal missionaries relegated to India!

This incident again illustrated to me that Dad must have been prepared to challenge or ignore the structure of the Sydney Diocesan system, even in the infancy of his episcopacy, if he saw a need and carried through a corresponding solution. The other intriguing issue to me is that Dad was "technically" accountable to Canterbury, and that any proposed appointments to his Diocese would have been required to be ratified by Canterbury and not Sydney.

Dad, as a priest, wore only the basic vestments of cassock, white surplice and black scarf, and as Bishop wore only the simple red cassock, surplice and scarf embroidered with an Armed Service

insignia on one side. When wearing his cassock only, he wore a woven rope sash and not a leather belt - again, I seem to recall, as a "statement" of his "Low Church" leanings. He had no mitre but carried a crook that was made and donated by the boys of Geelong Grammar School. I also know that congregations were blissfully unaware that the Bishop wore only his short pyjamas under his cassock when on the hot dry plains of Central Tanganyika. Churches and cathedrals had Holy Tables, not Altars, and when Dad celebrated Holy Communion, the preparation and consecration of the Bread and Wine were done standing to the "Northern" or left of the Holy Table and not done standing with his back to the congregation. This was done to allay any fears in the congregation that the celebrating priest might be indulging in some religious hocus-pocus or mumbo-jumbo allegedly practiced at the top end of the religious scale.

Both my parents accepted and worked continuously with Churches of other Faiths. Lutherans, Church Army, Salvation Army, Greek Orthodox, Moravian and Roman Catholics were all present, and my parents interacted with them constantly. Dad, on request, would hear confessions from Roman Catholics in remote regions, but he refrained from any Absolution under the rites of that Church. However, he most certainly would have ministered to and prayed with his displaced charges as a man of God without wishing to take advantage of the situation. This sort of behaviour may have raised eyebrows in some quarters.

I have been troubled all my life, and more particularly in my later life, that although I have been abundantly exposed by word and example to this basic message since the cradle, I have not been able to grasp its simplicity. If my parents, their colleagues, or many members of my family could be classified as the morons depicted by Morley and Hepburn, it would be easy for me to dismiss the whole religious thing as a clever fraud.

But to do so would be to question the devotion, integrity, sincerity, selflessness and indeed the intelligence of those dear to me, and whose Christian examples I have observed to have been steadfast over lifetimes, despite earthly setbacks such as bereavement and shattering mid-life changes in life style.

It may be easy for others to question the sincerity and motives of the Christian missionary abroad, against known abuses by clergy in the various branches of the Universal Church, and against terrible social abuses done on mission stations in indigenous areas of this country early in its European occupation. I can only say that, having lived with and closely observed my parents over all my formative years, I am satisfied that they and their colleagues genuinely followed in the steps of their Master and that their "cause" was transparently and selflessly motivated and totally without hidden agendas.

I believe it would be utterly impossible for these two individuals to live their lives in an atmosphere of false piety and double standards, day after day, over twenty-four hours, and in the full glare of their flock and casual observers. More importantly, I do not believe they could sustain such a lifestyle before their children in the privacies of their homes. Children are very astute and observing, and without lauding my own astuteness, I am totally convinced of their accountability to their Master. However, I am not moved to passionately leap to their defence in a sceptical and secular world but I am content to assure you my descendants that we have nothing to hide.

The cynics might well ask why these two young and single individuals would forsake their comfortable lives in Sydney and dedicate their lives to service in Darkest Africa.

Mum was born and raised in the secluded suburb of Hunters Hill in Sydney, which was the ghetto of the elite of the legal profession, of whom her father was a successful solicitor. Her parents were closely connected to the upper echelons of the Sydney Diocese. She would have had the pickings of a parade of highly eligible bachelors with excellent career prospects who could offer a financially and socially secure married life.

Dad was qualified, ordained and comfortably established in the Trinity Grammar School family. He too, would have been involved in Church or Diocesan affairs and undoubtedly could look forward to excellent career prospects either as an educator or within the Church. He would also have been eyed off by a rash of nubile females.

Thus, I have no plausible answer to the cynics as to why my parents took such risks with their future prospects. They could have been forgotten in Sydney as their former associates moved on. The range and quality of suitors would have been drastically reduced. Risks of ghastly diseases and detrimental effects of harsh climates could have been ever present. Separation from loved ones could have resulted in terrible loneliness.



I can only say that their incredible faiths were their strengths.

I was always envious of my contemporaries who could regale me with great tales of safaris into the bush, laced with daring accounts of big game sightings or hunting and shooting expeditions for lions, bucks or gazelles. I know now that these tales were probably exaggerated and related to the lesser occasions than the many. Their fathers usually had one or several guns, sometimes in ornate and prominent cabinets. This association and pre-occupation with the wilds was not part of our household as our parents had other agendas. In Arusha, Dad had a rifle, but it was never used in my presence. In the early days he used to go to the Serengeti Plains and take movies of lions, with the rifle taken for emergencies. I believe that he may have shot a zebra to attract the lions. Thus it was that with this upbringing, I never visited the great game parks in East Africa, nor travelled on big game safaris, nor ever fired a rifle. More significantly, in the sixteen years that I lived in the region, I never saw a single lion, elephant, rhino or leopard. I never regretted this, or felt deprived but mention this as an example of how an image can be built up of a country or place around a particular feature, perhaps through media misrepresentation.

My only encounter with big game occurred when I was taken by one of the government officials and his wife from Dodoma to Kondoa, on the Arusha road, to stay with Horst and his family. This official was probably a geologist of whom there were several stationed in Dodoma. We were going to camp overnight and I had my own small tent. The married couple slept under the tarpaulin over the rear of the Bedford lorry in which we were travelling. Sometime during the night there was the familiar “whoowee” whoop of a hyena. This was repeated several times and the whoops appeared to be getting closer and closer to my tent. My anxiety began to rise when light rain began to fall. There was another apparently closer whoop, and then my tent fell down. I was terrified, thinking that the big bad hyena was about to eat me up. In fact, the hyena was probably far away but the rain had softened the ground and a peg or two had been pulled out. I was rescued from my awful fate and transferred to the safety of the cabin of the lorry for the remainder of the night.

My life at Mvumi was blissful and happy. Mum provided the family with the “Lively Youngster” books, each of which was a series of easy to read DIY projects in nature, science, toy making or model making. The text for each project was contained on a fresh left-hand page with ample free-hand stick man diagrams or sketches supporting the text on the right-hand page. I thoroughly enjoyed these books. I was also an avid reader of Arthur Ransome’s “Swallows and Amazons” books, the Enid Blyton “Fives” books and of course Captain W E Johns’ “Biggles” yarns. Both Johns and Blyton were to be subsequently banned as undesirable children’s reading books on the grounds of racism. Biggles was condemned as an upper class racist and Blyton’s books were seen as promoting the great British class division.

I have a deep suspicion and mistrust of our literary critics and soothsayers whom I fear languish in cosy academic environments – perhaps in atmospheres subtly embellished with copious whiffs of genteel Socialism to which I will refer later in this towering historical work. Perhaps these experts suffer from some sort of envy of the creators of the targets of their venom. I devoured these books. I also pored over Arthur Mee’s “The Children’s Encyclopaedia” which came from Mum’s home as a child and which is still in my possession. This work in eight volumes was full of simple projects and interesting fictional and historical stories. It was very British post-Victorian and early Edwardian stuff that would make our soothsayers of today gasp with despair. But I could amusingly detect and enjoy but not necessarily absorb or reject some of the “evil capitalist-elitist propaganda” being offered. By today’s standards it could be judged as being far more extreme in its “racist” or “class” overtones than either Blyton or Johns. Miraculously I do not appear to have succumbed to the threat of terrible social degradation posed by reading this dangerous literature, as I hope my story will confirm.

On one occasion, I accompanied my parents on a safari through the most western limits of Tanganyika between Lake Tanganyika and Lake Victoria. We travelled by train, with the trusty Ford on board, to Kigoma located on the Eastern Shore of Lake Tanganyika. This lake is long in a North and South direction and narrow in an East and West direction. It is possible to see mountains on the other side from Kigoma looking West. On the way, we visited a mission station near Tabora, which was run by a Mr or Rev Ibsen - who appeared to be of Swedish or Danish extraction. Mr Ibsen had an A-Model Ford box-body, with its characteristic whistling exhaust system. This station was not part of the Diocese as far as I know, and he had a daughter named Dorothy, about eight, who lived a rather lonely but happy life. We were there for a couple of days and she and I had a good time together. She wrote me a letter sometime later thanking me for our visit.

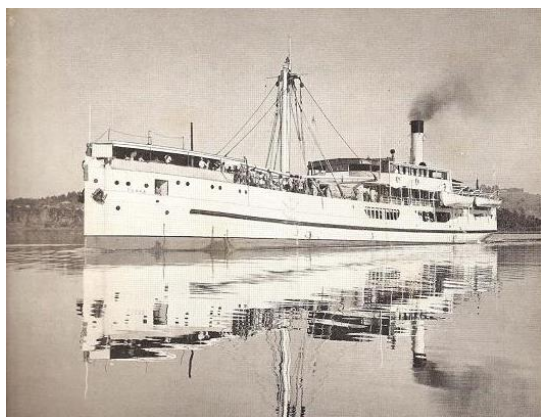
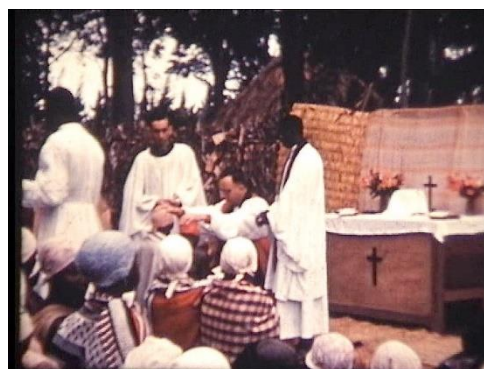
Just outside Kigoma we visited Ujiji, which is the place where Stanley located Livingstone with his fabled but questionable “Doctor Livingstone I presume?” statement. The original tree is gone but there is an obelisk there to commemorate the occasion.

On the way North to Bukoba, on the Western shore of Lake Victoria, we visited several places. The country appeared lush and beautiful, with hilly scenes and far away from hot, dry and flat old Ugogo. My most vivid memory of this section of the trip was when Dad presented me with a model motorbike, again of Tonka toy size, but made entirely out of Maize (Corn) stem pith and pinned together with slithers of corn stem husk. The bike was no grotesque or crude attempt at trying to emulate the trappings of the Wazungu, but a faithful reproduction, complete with rotating spoked wheels and turning front forks. I was later given a truck made from the same materials and equally stunning in its adherence to detail and functionality. Unfortunately, the materials and methods of construction were more suited to ornamentation than to the rigorous applications of a small boy, and the use by dates of these wonders rapidly passed.

It was somewhere in this region that we visited the Williamson diamond mine. Dr Williamson was a government geologist who had been prospecting for diamonds in the area and reputedly was down on his uppers when an African came to him with a diamond sample. He became an instant multi-millionaire and was offered a fabulous sum for his mine by de Beers, which he declined allegedly because he claimed that mining and geology and not money were his passion – a nice excuse. There were numerous anecdotes about this man. He was rumoured to have been surrounded by carers who kept him drunk to facilitate the dissipation of his wealth. He reputedly drank heavily and picked off cockroaches on the ceiling with his revolver. One of his managers had died, and Dad officiated at the funeral.

Dad felt compelled to visit Dr Williamson as a matter of courtesy and so we set out for the mine. Security was heavy, with barricades every couple of miles or so. We eventually arrived at the house where the good doctor resided and were subjected to a further security check. On stating the purpose of our visit the guard advised us that the Bwana was busy and that there would be a delay. After some time had passed we were told that the Bwana was doing something else. After yet another delay, we were told that the Bwana was resting, upon which we departed.

Dad had the potential to be a highly innovative Production Engineer had he chosen to follow a more secular vocation. At one stop he confirmed two hundred and fifty candidates in the one service. It was huge gathering that meant that the service had to be held in the open air because the church on this occasion was totally inadequate. So a Holy Table was set up under the trees and the candidates knelt down in front of Dad in batches of two. The diocese was vast by the standards of today, and so visits to the region by the incumbent Bishop stationed at Mvumi or Dodoma and without air support were very infrequent, obviously causing a “backlog” of potential confirmees.



At Bukoba, we boarded a lake steamer, probably the same or similar to the one featured in the film “African Queen”, the car being hoisted aboard in a net and deposited on the forward deck. The crossing to Mwanza on the Eastern Shore of the lake was overnight and uneventful but a great experience. The only incident on the trip occurred when Mum noticed my absence from my bunk in the middle of the night and found me sleepwalking alone on the open deck. Perhaps I could have mysteriously disappeared and thwarted the writing of this tale for the second time. At Mwanza, I enjoyed my first and perhaps last successful fishing episode. A couple of Africans were busy pulling in the fishes and I had a great time.

Years later, Mum told me that Dad was approached by a local African lady of the night. Dad graciously declined, whereupon she became greatly contemptuous of him. Her contempt was

understandable as she assured Dad that all the local Wazungu Bwanas readily and frequently availed themselves of her services. I can readily assume that the poor lady was served a severe “Bible Bashing” for her troubles. From Mwanza, we travelled by train to Tabora and then home to Dodoma to complete a wonderful journey.

After a period of a couple of years or so we moved to Dodoma. Bishop Chambers had retired from the Diocese and moved to a new post in Paris, the name of which I cannot remember. I am not quite sure what Dad’s status was during this period and I presume he was in an acting role as Bishop of the Diocese, as he was not to be appointed until during our sojourn in Australia, sometime later.

There is a saying in the Church that “Once a Bishop, always a Bishop.” However, Assistant Bishops are not automatically appointed as Bishop of a Diocese on the retirement or otherwise of their superiors. Thus Dad subsequently became Bishop Chambers’ successor by appointment and not by any automatic structural promotion.

## DODOMA

Dodoma is approximately at the geographic centre of Tanganyika, and located on the intersection of the fabled Cape to Cairo road and the railway running almost due East-West from Dar-es-salaam on the coast to Lake Tanganyika. This lake forms the western border of the Protectorate. Dodoma has the traditional Boma on the Southern side of the line facing the granite Cathedral, with its dome, on the northern side. The Boma was beautifully kept, with its drive lined with whitewashed stones and large trees. An old African once told me that the Germans used to hang offenders from these trees. I can only assume that this statement is correct.

“Bishopscourt” - that is to say, the house in which the Bishop lived – was at Kikuyu, a small mission settlement just outside Dodoma that also contained an Alliance school for African boys. I have, unfortunately, always had difficulties with the way African words are pronounced in Australia, and have had to restrain myself many times from correcting people to avoid their embarrassment and to dodge any perceived rudeness or brashness on my part. The media and the entertainment industries are particularly bad at such pronunciations when advertising film or location names with an African flavour.



“Kikuyu” is the name of the Kenyan tribe instrumental in the Mau Mau atrocities. It is also the name of a grass allegedly from Africa and grown in Australia. It is also the name of the place where we lived. I could possibly identify at least half a dozen shocking variations on the way the name of this grass is pronounced in Australia, all of which are wrong. Not being a trained linguist, I can only attempt to represent the phonetic spelling as “ki” as in “key” and “ku” as in “school”. Thus, “keykooyoo” is probably a reasonable result.

Another piece of trivia relates to the naming of the African Violets, which come from the Usambara Mountains, north of Dar-es-salaam. More correctly, they are known as Usambara Violets, with the “u” pronounced as in “oo” and the “a’s pronounced as in “Baa” or “oosaambaaraa”.

The house itself was no sandstone or granite castle complete with battlements and surrounding estates such as would be found in Sydney or Lambeth. It was a mud brick house with a “bati”, (pronounced “Baati”) or galvanised corrugated iron roof. The house had no architectural merit at all and was similar in construction to that at Mvumi, but with a completely different layout. Again, there were no luxuries, and the newly arrived incumbent master plumber quickly saw to the installation of a chip heater and concrete bath arrangement. The cookhouse was external. There was a large mango tree behind the house, and I used to climb and pluck juicy mangoes from the tree and eat them at its base with my shirt off to facilitate post feast clean-up.

There were three houseboys who attended us. Yohanna or “Johnny” was the “mpishi” or cook, Fillipo was the “dhobi” or laundryman who washed and ironed our clothes. His iron was of the charcoal variety, as initially the house had no electricity. Macimo, pronounced “Macheemo”, was the general houseboy who cleaned the house, made the beds and served at table. In his usual fashion, Dad embraced the fallen several times and provided work whenever he could. Old Macimo had been a bit of a rogue in his day and had fallen foul with the law in some way.



Dad’s preoccupation with the downfallen was not constrained by race, class or creed. Mum used to tell the story that one day he brought home a young European man for lunch. By way of bright and chatty conversation, Mum commented on the man’s short haircut, remarking that the only haircuts of that shortness, as far as she was aware, were seen on those who had been detained at His Majesty’s pleasure. A sharp kick under the table quickly drew her attention to the stringent requirements of her upbringing that demanded that she was to exercise extreme sensitivity before making un-researched remarks



that might have some relevance to the previous abodes of guests at her table.

Mum had a kerosene Electrolux fridge and a large round enamelled container holding boiled drinking water that was kept alongside the fridge. The houseboys regularly polished the silverware and the brass ornaments. As at Arusha and Mvumi, all our meals were formal affairs with the silverware in constant use. Breakfasts included porridge, eggs and toast, served with polished silver toast racks and butter dish. Lunches usually were a roast chicken and dinners were some other roast, brought to the table covered by the big silver dish cover and carved by Dad using his carving utensils on silver supports. Meals were supplemented with vegetables, served in polished silver servers. Occasionally soups were served at the table from the silver soup tureen.

The houseboys served and cleared things away and washed up before retiring. Mum and Dad had early morning cups of tea brought to them in bed. Morning and afternoon teas were punctually served with the appropriate tablecloth, silver tea service and chinaware. Tables were set for all meals with starched and ironed table clothes and napkins. Table manners were strictly demonstrated and enforced. Every morning, after breakfast, the houseboys were called in for multilingual prayers. I saw these prayers as being a bit incongruous for the Africans, particularly as Macimo was a Muslim. Sadly, in later years, Fillipo, Yohanna and Macimo could not be transported to Australia to continue the life style to which we were accustomed. We siblings had to quickly adjust ourselves to life with our spouses without servants and to settle for a more "homely" way of life in our new abodes.

Most food supplies were bought in town but some chickens, eggs and vegetables were bought at the back door from passing Africans. Eggs were checked for freshness by being immersed in bowls of water. If they floated or stood up on their ends Mum rejected them. One day she was buying a quantity of a particular vegetable priced at so many cents for each item. Mum, having been educated in simple arithmetic as a child, quickly computed the total cost and handed over the money. Unfortunately, the seller was not trained in arithmetic and was not about to be ripped off by this scheming Mzungu; the prefix "m", representing the singular, replacing the prefix "wa", representing the plural in "Warungu" in this case. This suspicious tribesman demanded that he be paid for each item, one by one.

Occasionally, milk was also bought at the back door. Milk vendors all over the world have always been prone to the accusation that they supplement their milk supplies with water to enhance profitability. To guard against this, Mum had a hydrometer that she would immerse in the milk to check the specific gravity of the milk and to thus check the acceptable content of the milk being offered. On one occasion a missionary was offered some milk that had a distinctively brown tint. On inquiring why this was so, the milkman scornfully retorted that everyone knew that the red clay in the riverbeds coloured the water during the rainy season. This was but just another example of how the poor long suffering Africans were continually confronted by the utterly stupid "Wazungu", who were so ignorant of the normal standards of good business.

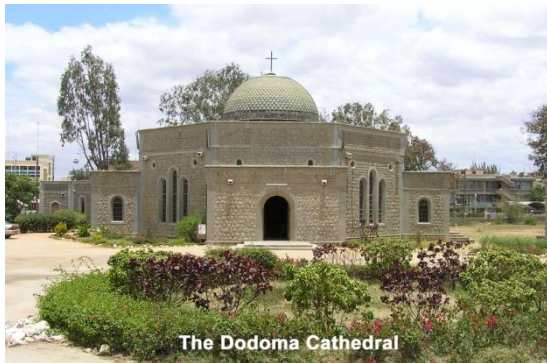
The "choo" was different to that at Mvumi and different to that at Arusha. On the dry plains of Tanganyika there are no mountain springs nearby or running streams to provide copious supplies of water for flushing purposes. Also, the terrain in Dodoma was very sandy which excluded the style of pit toilet at Mvumi. So our personal needs were attended to in an external pan toilet where the seat was a box with a hole in and hinged lid on the top surface. A low access door was located in the rear wall for ease of servicing. The only problem with this arrangement was that the servicing could take place at any time without warning because the service man rarely knocked before carrying out his duties, and occasionally occupants could be disturbed.

We had two dogs. One was a fawn Rhodesian Ridgeback, a breed sometimes referred to as a lion dog, called Simba, and the other one was a black Labrador, whom we inherited from an Indian and whose name was Buckett. Unfortunately, the lavvy man was a bit relaxed in his responsibilities and sometimes disposed of the contents of the pan in nearby bushes, rather than in the correct location far from our home. Buckett would occasionally roll in the mess and would have to be bathed, usually by me.



The most attractive areas of the town were to the West, and we would occasionally go for picnics or drives to these areas, which were the locations of the mental hospital and the new Gaol. The Mental Hospital had pleasant gardens, such as were possible in dry old Dodoma, with avenues of trees.

While the new gaol was still under construction, an African showed us children around, pointing out one room with a large pit and horizontal slab. He said it was to be the execution or gallows room. I have no idea whether he was right or not, but sometime later Mum told me that Dad sometimes ministered to condemned prisoners, and that he would leave home early on the fateful day. I gathered by her tone that he would be present to the end, and she told me that sometimes these men would experience conversions as they faced their deaths on the scaffold. I secretly held doubts as to the validity of a conversion under such conditions, but I was reluctant to upset Mum's rejoicing that, despite all else, these men had been saved.



The Dodoma Cathedral

The town was perhaps a typical multi-racial one to be found anywhere in Tanganyika, with Africans, Indians and Europeans living peacefully and minding their own businesses and more or less keeping to themselves socially. The Indians appeared to me to dominate the retail trading in the town. They owned the shops and were the general service providers in the main street but there was an "African" quarter which appeared to me to cater for the needs of the African. Once again, as in Arusha, there was no official segregation, but the various races voluntarily occupied different parts of the town and segregated themselves more or less independently without any apparent Government

intervention. Ahmed Rhemtulla and his family operated one of the larger general stores. His daughters were beautiful and graceful in their western simple dresses, apparently having decided to abandon the more traditional saris worn by their elders. They all spoke impeccable English and were courteous and helpful to their customers.

I used to wander endlessly around the little Indian shops and watch the boot-makers at work. Nanji Dewshi was a cobbler who sat cross-legged at the front of his shop all day and fashioned hand-made shoes – literally. I never ever saw him rise from this position, even when dealing with customers. He would bark orders to his underlings, who would bring him the materials or equipment he needed. He used no machinery and laboriously hand stitched every stitch using a gimlet styled "needle". He had a sharpening stone at his side on which he constantly sharpened his paint-scraper like leather cutters with a skilled flick of the wrist after each cut. When ordering new shoes, we would stand before him barefoot on pieces of paper, and he would trace out the outlines of our feet for measurements.

There was plenty for me to amuse myself with in Dodoma. I had a bike and most interesting places were within easy reach from Kikuyu. I had a total freedom in the town. I could go anywhere or do anything I wanted. I would spend hours wandering over all sections of the railway yard, station and workshops. There were no barriers to the Government offices in the Boma or the Geological Department. The local market was always on display. There was the "Airport", which was little more than a grass strip and small wireless room to which I would ride occasionally, when the rare plane arrived. The strip was just north of the town so I could take in several places of interest in the one outing. There was also a Geological Department in the town, which I could visit at any time. At one stage I was given a small voluntary "job", in a voluntary capacity, in some mineral processing activity there, the details of which I forget but probably of an experimental or exploratory nature. I realise now that this was just a kindly gesture to occupy me and to keep me quiet and out of sight and mind.

Whilst Mum attended to our religious training, Dad saw to our speech training and they both rigorously trained us how to behave. Once, when a wretched child referred to someone's posterior as "bottom", Dad, in total frustration at the verbal barrenness of his progeny, uttered the immortal line that was to underpin my behavioural pattern forever: "I know that Aunt Let says 'bottom' but we just don't". No one could dispute this simple but powerful dogma. We were expected to know by instinct the standards dictated by example by the seniors of our tribe and by which we were to conduct our lives at home and in public. In Old Testament times the Israelites were given a detailed list of Ten Commandments by Moses at Mt Sinai. In New Testament times Jesus reduced these to only two. Similarly, our parents did not impose long lists of tedious rules upon us that attempted to prepare us for every likely or unlikely situation that might arise in our lives. "I know that other people do, but we just don't" was our New Age wisdom.

On another occasion, I had driven our 1946 Ford Prefect back home from Dodoma to Kikuyu, a distance of some two or three miles, I gratefully said "Thanks a lot Dad", whereupon I was taught that "Thank you" or "thank you very much...etc..." would have been preferable alternatives. We never

borrowed things “off” people but “from” them and we always carried belongings “with” us and never “on” our persons. These apparent trivialities appear to have lost their significance today.

To my dear descendants I have only one simple message. In the entrance to the school at Arusha was a plaque that intoned the motto of one of the great Public schools in England with the words “Manners Makyth Man”. We have inherited a priceless legacy from our forebears that is above the inheritance of intelligence or ability possessed by those in our extended tribes more fortunate than me, but which, by example, implores us to behave courteously in our association with others at all times. Pre-emptive or retaliatory rudeness, even under the most trying circumstances, is not in our code of behaviour. I know to my deep shame that I have betrayed this legacy many times and I have to constantly remind myself that “We just don’t”. Standing up in trains and opening doors for ladies are perhaps passing habits, but the core rules of behaviour are timeless.

Our parents never fought. At no time in their time together did I ever witness or hear a single bout of name calling, shouting or raising of voices in anger. Either they were superb masters of self-control before their children, or they were very much in love with each other or they were totally at one with each other through their faith in God. There was one occasion however when Dad arrived home from some safari guilty of some misdemeanour, whereupon our parents retired to their bedroom and indulged in a lengthy and somewhat heated debate. Apparently Mum was greatly displeased and I sensed that Dad was very much on the defensive, as the full strength of Mum’s legal family background was unleashed on her errant husband.

Both parents were, however, strict but fair disciplinarians and not above administering corporal punishment when deemed to be necessary. Mum had a favourite threat when administering law and order, which promised “six with the brush”. In her later years she strongly denied she ever carried out this threat, but my siblings and I will unhesitatingly testify that she did indulge in this punishment on rare occasions. At Arusha, as headmaster, Dad was not burdened with conscience when it came to the use of the cane, and he regularly meted out “six of the best” to his charges with gay abandon.

Catapults in the school at Arusha were completely banned, although every self-respecting kid had his own “catty” stashed away. One day, whilst I was accompanying Dad on some routine sortie around the school, we came across Toiki, an Afrikaaner, who was about to shoot a bird in a tree with his catty. Dad picked up six stones and told poor old Toiki to hand over his catty and to bend over. He then proceeded to shoot him in his seat from ten paces. It must have hurt as catties could kill birds and Dad was not gentle with this punishment, and he drew back heartily on the catty rubber straps. It was to the wretched Toiki’s credit, but misfortune, that the thing did not break during his ordeal. In today’s financially driven litigious atmosphere, the lawyers of Toiki’s parents or minders would have had a field day in Court.

During this punishment I must say my sympathies were with Toiki, but I must also acknowledge that Dad adequately demonstrated that he was an excellent marksman by scoring six straight bullseyes. Maybe Dad could have owned up to a hitherto secret preoccupation with catties in his misspent youth to explain his prowess with this universal boy’s weapon.

The local garage man was a Greek called “George” who was remarkably patient with me as he had a beautiful collection of partially dismantled old cars and trucks at the side and rear of his garage to which I would gravitate incessantly. One day he remarked that he was contemplating paying me to stay away. The suggestion was never followed through.

Another place of great joy was the railway station and workshops. There was absolutely no security and I could wander anywhere on the premises at will. One day, John and I, together with a couple of other kids in the town, rode the plates on a steam locomotive to some destination outside Dodoma and back. I loved this place with the engines smelling of smoke and oil, turntable, machines, signal box, track work and rolling stock. I could stroll around the station or in the ticket and telegraph office without challenge.

Although we lived at Kikuyu, Dad set up his office in the town, complete with his secretary and a couple of other staff. These were the days before computers and the only form of written communication, other than by hand, was by typewriter. Dad was a reasonable two-finger typist and occasionally when we travelled by train, or when we were away on holidays, he would sit up and type away. Occasionally he would enlist the services of some of the nursing sisters located on outlying mission stations he visited to assist him in catching up on his paperwork. Presumably these ladies had been engaged in some secretarial work prior to their being called to missionary work.

One day he acquired a dictaphone made by Edison, which although at the cutting edge of technology at the time, was based on the original Edison phonograph. It consisted of rotating bakelite cylinders, rather than flat recording disks, onto which the groove containing the data was cut with a stylus. The message could then be replayed by rotating the cylinders in a second machine also with a stylus in the groove to pick up the message in the same way as later gramophones or the CD disks of today. The “stylus” used with the latter marvels are of course a laser beam, but the principle is the same. When the data was no longer required, the cylinders were lightly skimmed as in a lathe like attachment to remove the unwanted groove and the process was repeated.

As in Arusha, the mail travelled mainly by train. Train timetables were reasonably well adhered to, except in times of heavy or prolonged rain. Dad was not daunted by timetables and he would occasionally phone the local stationmaster and ask him to hold the train whilst he polished off an urgent letter that would otherwise have to wait a day or two for the next train. I can remember occasionally enjoying fast car rides through the town to the station or through to the next station when his calls were too late to stop the train.

Mama Mariamu (Mother Mary) was an African bible-woman of small stature and, to me, of advanced years. She lived in a little house in the middle of the town. She was very kind to us children and on several occasions would present us with a large bundle of peanut butter that she had made herself that was rich in oil and very crunchy.



It was in Dodoma that I would often witness the strangest sight. Morse code was still used for the transmission of railway communications and telegrams. Usually this was done using a key to tap out the dots and dashes - but not here. In this railway establishment Morse code transmissions were done by voice. A turbaned and bearded Indian gentleman would stand at a wall-mounted telephone and call out the dots and dashes into the phone using the word “Gutta” for “Dot” and “Garra” for “Dash”. Thus the message went something like this: “Gutta garra garra garra gutta gutta ...”.

Morse Code was developed by Samuel Morse for use with the overland or overseas telegraphs long before the invention of the telephone. The only way to communicate using these early marvels was by deciphering the ordered clicks of electro-magnets. With the early development of radio or “wireless”, the only decipherable means of communication with this marvel was by beeps in headphones. In modern times the radio was miraculously developed to incorporate the sound of the beeps in the headphones or in the later wonder – the electro-magnetically driven pulsating paper cone - more commonly known as the “speaker”. Eventually, technology progressed to create the sound of voices in the earphones and speakers. Apart from the obvious fact that any listener experienced in Morse Code could have deciphered the transmitted messages easily, I have never understood why the vocal message over the phone to the recipient could not simply have been “Home Friday 6.30 train.” But this was life in a British outpost.

Telegrams were a popular form of communication, but costs were by word count, and so brevity, apart from being the soul of wit, was the basis for good cost control. Accordingly, my parents and their colleagues frequently swapped stories of cryptic telegram compositions. Once, when an Arusha schoolgirl called Sylvia swallowed an open safety pin, she was confined to hospital for observation. The school and her parents waited in anxiety for news of her progress. Fortunately, nature took its course. However, her parents told my parents some time later that the joyful news was rather badly conveyed to them from the hospital by a telegram with the words “Passed away naturally.”

On another occasion a government official received an admonition which must have started a telegram war and to which he replied “Tut Tut.” The response to this reply was “Cannot understand your reply”, to which he answered: “Two tuts.”

Following a mission hospital crisis, an urgent telegram was sent seeking more nursing resources in a remote and needy area and beseeching the authorities to “Send Potts and Bangham”



Mum's favourite telegram story was directed at herself. When Dad was under consideration for his future role as Bishop, all aspects of his eligibility for the position must have been closely examined. There are only three offices in the Church, which include Bishops, Priests and Deacons; although in reality there are numerous levels depending on locality, country and population. A typical line function structure, since the Diocese of Central Tanganyika came under Canterbury, would have been: Archbishop - Bishop - Priest and Deacon, with the regional Archbishops having almost complete autonomy under their Synods, but loosely tied together in an association chaired by the Primate. There were several other service and support roles, depending on the local management needs such as Assistant Bishops, Canons, Deans and Archdeacons.

I suppose that in corporate terms, a Bishop could be compared in Australia to a General Manager, responsible for several "sites" and whose role, quite apart from having the primary function of being the spiritual leader of a diocese, would include the effective administration of the diocese. Years later, when visiting an extrusion plant in England, I was to discover that the class conscious British labelled their management roles more loftily than their rough colonialist counterparts south of the equator, despite the fact that our Australian plants out-performed the English plant by a substantial margin. Thus, in this plant a General Manager was titled as a "Managing Director." The managers were titled as directors, all sprucely wearing their pin-striped suit coats when venturing out into the plant, where they were addressed as "Mr" rather than on a first name basis, which was the the good old American and Aussie practice. Also, they were provided with Jaguars or Rovers, rather than with the humble Fords or Holdens. A typical diocese could include churches, hospitals, schools, bookshops, and other spheres of Church activity in that region such as community support, laity work, prison ministry, literacy work and inter-racial communication, all of which would require management in planning and allocation of resources.

Thus the candidate would be required to convince his examiners not only of a conviction and commitment to the Faith but also to demonstrate a possession of the normal skills associated with such a management role. The role would require a high degree of public relations expertise, coupled with hard evidence of a sound and supportive spouse – a requirement not relevant with celibate priests. An inadequate or non-supportive spouse could be seen as an impediment to the role. As in the commercial world, there have been several worthy priests in the Church whose wives, I know, have restricted the career paths of their husbands for this reason.

It was in this area of domestic support that Mum was obviously assessed for her eligibility as a supporting spouse, and she was deemed by a terse two-word cryptic telegram to be "Eminently Suitable".

It has occurred to me that Mum must have had a good inside network of the "firm" at her disposal. It has intrigued me as to how she was able to glean this piece of information that normally would have been confidentially locked away in Dad's file in the personnel department of CMS, or deep in the confidential files of the Sydney Diocese or the See of Canterbury. She had plenty of old cronies in Bathurst St who worked there in various paid and voluntary capacities that she had known since her childhood. So I have decided that she was no better than the rest of us when it comes to seeking out and swapping snippets of organisational gossip to while away the working day and brighten up our jobs.

It was here in Dodoma that one day we were taken over the Governor's train - a magnificent spectacle. The Governor had two carriages assigned to him, which were the ultimate in luxury. The engine was, as far as I can remember, red in colour, with two Union Jacks mounted in cross formation at its front. The Governor was passing through town and was to lunch at our place at Kikuyu. His car had been rolled off its own carriage on the train. It was beautiful 1946 Ford Mercury, driven by a uniformed chauffeur. I felt sorry for the chauffeur as, whilst the lunch was in progress, he sat by himself by the dry sandy riverbed that was beside our house, passing the time smoking. No one appeared to take any notice of him. So I went up and spoke to him for a while.

Whilst I was not an official guest at the table, I hovered about during the meal. At one stage during the meal the entire table rose and moved to the bathroom, where Dad gave the Governor a demonstration of the operation of that humble Australian household appliance - the chip heater. It was an amazing site to me. There was the then Assistant Bishop of Central Tanganyika demonstrating the intricacies of this uniquely Australian invention to His Majesty's representative in the Protectorate of Tanganyika Territory and his entourage, mid-way through luncheon.

His Excellency and his entourage would have enjoyed (or suffered) a simple meal prepared by Johnnie whose culinary expertise would have been no match for the chefs on the train or those at

Government House in Dar-es-salaam. In addition, the meal would have been eaten in a completely alcohol-free and smoke-free zone, strictly enforced by Mum. My parent's guests would have gratefully but hurriedly clambered back into the Mercury at the end of the visit and scurried back to the train for some merciful nicotine and alcoholic relief.

Bruno was an Italian fellow around seventeen or eighteen years old, whose father held some position on the railway. He had missed out on some schooling and Dad had taken him under his wing and coached him in mathematics. My interest in Bruno was that he had a large meccano set and he could build terrific cranes, complete with travelling gantries, jibs that could be raised or lowered, and which had functional gears and brakes. It was arranged between our mothers that I would visit Bruno's house once a week in the mornings to "do" meccano and to play with his electric train with him. I would also stay for lunch. His mother could cook wonderful cakes. This arrangement worked well, and I had many happy mornings there. Unfortunately, Bruno had a brat of a kid brother, and one morning I fell out with the brat and stalked home. That was the end of these happy days.

CMS missionaries normally returned to Australia for furlough after approximately five years' service overseas for a period of one year. During this time, they engaged in deputation work, re-united with their families and rested. In 1945 our parents returned to Australia for twelve months for their first furlough in fourteen years since they were married and returned to Tanganyika.

This was to be a new experience for us children, all of whom were fifth generation expatriate Australians born overseas who had never visited the country where their mother was born and adopted by their father. Legally we were British subjects as the children of "Australians", who were all British subjects in those days, and we travelled on our mother's British passport. The concept of a truly Australian citizen did not occur until 1949.

And so we prepared ourselves for our next adventure.

## Family Roots

Our “emigration” to Australia provided the opportunity to meet and get to know our Mum’s side of our family and a few of Dad’s family. A short description of the family relationships is useful here before proceeding with our story, to clarify the intricate jigsaw puzzle that makes up our roots in this country and to place the various family members in perspective.

### The Jones Dynasty

Dad was born in November 1900 in Swansea in Wales. He was the sixth child and very much the younger afterthought. We grew up believing that we were true Welshmen, but many years after we had arrived in Australia, a distant cousin from England caught up with us and provided us with some family background. Apparently, my great-great grandfather, Matthew Jones, an Englishman, had “migrated” to Wales. Our paternal grandmother was a Ford, and presumably of true Welsh stock.

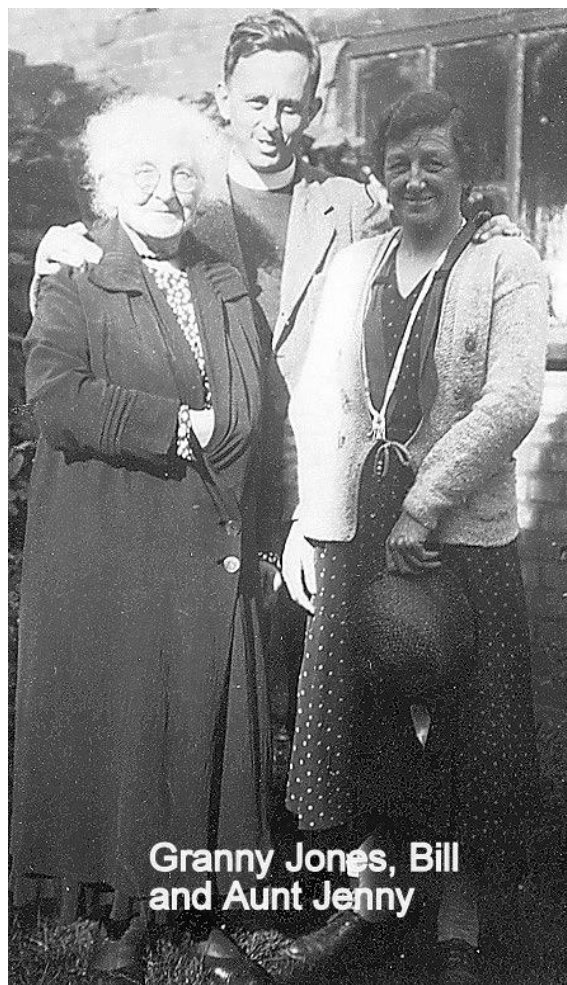
Dad immigrated to Australia in 1919 at around nineteen years of age at the invitation of Rev (later Bishop) Chambers, the founder of Trinity Grammar School. He spent several years in association with Trinity. During this time, he was variously Housemaster and Sports-master. He gained his MA and THL part-time and eventually was ordained. He was involved with the Children’s Special Services Mission (CSSM) Beach Missions at Austinmer. Recent documentation from the Sydney Diocesan Archives has shown that Dad originally was indentured or intended to enter into an apprenticeship with an engineering concern in Wales.

The then Rev Chambers had married Miss Talbot-Rice who was the daughter of the Vicar of a parish in Swansea to which Dad was attached as a boy. Rev Chambers had been despatched to Britain to recruit seventy men for Church work in the Australian bush. It was during this visit that he met his future wife in Surrey. I know that Mum and Mrs Chambers had subsequently developed a very close and affectionate relationship, which lasted until the death of Mrs Chambers in her very old age.

Mum used to relate the story relayed to her by Mrs Chambers that when the Reverend Chambers, an Australian, sought the hand of his future bride, her father, who to give him his full title, was Canon the Honourable W Talbot Rice, thundered “...and who is Chambers?” Obviously the rough colonialists from the far-flung corners of His Majesty’s Empire were not on the calling lists of the Vicar, whose family had lived at Dynevor Castle, outside Swansea, for a thousand years. It was Mrs Talbot Rice, the mother of the future Mrs Chambers, who suggested to my grandmother that Dad should talk to Rev. Chambers with the view to his migrating to Australia.

The other little story from Mrs Chambers was that there was an outbreak of diarrhoea in the Trinity School boarding House and Mrs Chambers was despatched to a department store to buy some chamber pots. The salesman handling the sale in preparing the invoice, enquired: “What is your name madam?” to which she replied: “Just charge them to the headmaster!”

During this recruitment mission, the Rev. Chambers was to find out how little was known about Australia in England when a Vicar’s wife somewhere in England asked him where he had learned to speak English. The corollary to this tale happened to me in Australia when someone asked me how long I had been in the country. On being informed that I had been here for two years, my acquaintance complimented me with impeccable grammar on my having learned English “so quick”.



Granny Jones, Bill  
and Aunt Jenny

Dad's brother, Uncle Kenneth, who was fifteen years older than Dad, also was a master at Trinity in the early days, and the two "Reverend Jones" brothers caused some confusion at the school. To resolve the problem Dad attached his second name "Wynn" to "Jones" to differentiate himself from his brother, and so the foundations of the mighty "Wynn Jones" dynasty were laid. Dad never legalised this but when John and I became of marriageable age we decided to formalise this situation by deed poll. The solicitor handing the deed poll inadvertently inserted a hyphen in John's new surname but not in mine. This error has had its uses as John's family are now affectionately referred to as the "Hyphens" in our extended family for the same reasons that Dad changed his name years ago.

Uncle Kenneth was a fighter/bomber pilot in the First World War and his son Dick Jones, my cousin, who later became the Bursar at Trinity, was a bomber pilot in the Second World War. Uncle Kenneth was a Chaplain to the Forces in World War II and was in-turned in Changi for some three or four years. At the fall of Singapore, he refused to accept a passage to freedom with VIP's, stating that he could not leave his men and chose to shun any preference due to rank or cloth. Whilst I must admit to some vagueness as to the precise details of my version of this story, it was related on a number of occasions with the same central theme of total unselfishness.

Uncle Kenneth held various positions after he left Trinity, and was the Head of the St Andrews Cathedral School, Rector at Roseville and finally the Dean of Armidale.

Dad was to enjoy a long association with Rev Chambers, who referred to him as his son, initially at Trinity, and subsequently as part of the initial contingent from Trinity that went to the newly formed Diocese in Tanganyika in 1927 under the now appointed and consecrated Bishop Chambers. Bishop Chambers had hijacked Dad and Oliver Cordell from Trinity, and Deaconess Bullard and others from various parishes in Sydney to follow him on his new assignment as the Bishop of Central Tanganyika. Dad was eventually to become his assistant Bishop and ultimate successor.

Years later, Mum told me that when Dad proposed, he revealed to her that his father had committed suicide when Dad was a boy about ten or twelve years old. My knowledge and recollections of Dad's family background are minimal but my grandfather had a small shipping agency in Swansea in Wales, which, in his opinion, was in severe difficulties. As a result, he allegedly shot himself and was found in the toilet by my Uncle Kenneth, who was working in the company. Recent documentation of the coronial enquiry has revealed that Matthew Tertius did not shoot himself but took prussic acid which he bought from the local pharmacist on the pretext of having to put down a dog. Mum also told me that subsequently it was revealed that the company was not as badly in trouble as my grandfather might have believed.

### **The Lempriere Connections**

The "Australian" side of the family starts with the arrival of Thomas Lempriere, my maternal great-great-grandfather, at Hobart Town in 1822. He was the son of Thomas Lempriere of Jersey, who was a British banker and merchant and who was the British Consul in Lisbon, Portugal. Thomas Senior, while a banker on the Continent in 1803, was taken into custody with his family by order of Napoleon Bonaparte and interned until 1815. During this time, young Thomas, at the age of sixteen, managed to escape to England because the Emperor had been induced to allow the sons of prisoners to be sent home by their parents, but only those under the age of twelve. Thomas Senior initially applied for permission from the Minister of War, which was granted, and the Commandant, who had never seen the young Thomas, gave the order for a passport to be prepared. Fortunately, the Corporal of Gendarmes, whose duty it was to make out the passport,



was a very obliging man and young Thomas “was in his good graces”. The Corporal “filled up” Thomas’ “signalement” by putting down his age as “eleven and a halfpasse”. Thomas Junior was then disguised as a boy of eleven and a half, because of his small stature, by shortening the sleeves of his jacket and trouser legs to appear as an overgrown boy. He was provided with a trunk with false sides and bottom into which were crammed some two or three hundred letters and despatches to the Horse Guards and the Admiralty. After a hair-raising journey, the young Thomas arrived safely in England.

The head of the Lempriere family in Jersey or Seignior Jersey, Channel Islands, held the honorary post of Hereditary Butler to the King of England. Whenever the King visited the island, it was the duty of the Seignior Jersey to ride his horse into the sea, to the depth of his horse’s girth, to the King’s Royal Barge and tender the King the Official Keys.

Thomas Senior arrived in Hobart Town in 1825, and father and son set up a merchant business in Hobart Town trading as Lempriere and Co, which ultimately failed in 1827. Young Thomas had transferred to the Commissariat department in 1826 and progressed through the ranks to become the Assistant Commissary-General in 1844. He had held various posts as storekeeper at the penal settlements at Maria (Sarah?) Island, Macquarie Harbour and Port Arthur. He was the chap who recently gained notoriety by the discovery of a water level mark on a sandstone rock on the Island of the Dead at Port Arthur that has been attributed to him. This is of considerable scientific interest today in the analysis of tidal effects due to global warming.

I recently spoke to one of the scientists working on this project and tracking down any family archives that might have contained any reference to Lempriere’s work. I somewhat lightly asked him whether he and his colleagues were just having fun doing Mozart on period instruments, but he assured me that the findings of their research based on Lempriere’s meticulous readings were very significant. It has been established that the level of the sea at Port Arthur has apparently “risen” significantly since Thomas’s day – I was quoted a figure that escapes me. He also explained that oceans could appear to rise at different rates at different locations. The scientists also had some difficulty in establishing whether the sea had actually risen the total amount registered or whether the land had also partially fallen. But Lempriere had provided evidence of substantial change.

According to this scientist, Thomas faithfully recorded his readings, and he had enlisted an assistant to maintain continuity. The information was despatched to England regularly over a long period of time with no acknowledgment or feedback. Disheartened, Thomas finally gave up and eventually discontinued his good work. Strangely, although he recorded dates against his readings, he omitted to record times. The scientists are curious about this omission, and although their findings are not jeopardised, the added time information would have enhanced their work.

### **The Dobson Links**

Thomas Lempriere’s twelfth child, Emily who was my great grandmother, was born at Port Arthur and lived actually in the compound. Originally, the family lived in a two-roomed house, now demolished, and later, when Thomas complained, the family moved to the doctor’s house still standing on the site. She married Henry Dobson, who was a Federalist Senator and who appears in the huge painting hanging in Canberra by Tom Robert’s depicting the opening of the first Federal Parliament.





I am not sure when the first Dobsons arrived in Australia but The Dobson members of the family were heavily involved in the public scene. Emily, by all accounts was a formidable lady who ran this and that and plenty more in Hobart Town. She travelled overseas to Britain no less than thirty-three times, and made sixty-seven journeys away from the state - long before the days of the jumbo jets. In one of her obituaries it is stated that she spent ten years of her life on board ship. This article declares that she "bestrode the Tasmanian feminist world like a colossus" She founded, or participated in leading capacities as President or Patroness in no less than twenty community service organisations in the State or international organisations.

An article of the day, from which the following account is drawn, summarises her involvement in community affairs:

"Besides being President of the Free Kindergarten Association, the Women's Committee for the Tasmanian Institution for Blind, Deaf and Dumb and the Ministering Children's League, she was the Vice President of the Tasmanian Branch of the League of Nations Union, the Victorian League of Tasmania, the Child Welfare Association, The Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Art Society of Tasmania. She was the Actual founder of the Victoria Convalescent Home in Lindisfarne, the Women's Health Association, the Lyceum Club, the Tasmanian Sanatorium for Consumptives, and the Tasmanian Branch of the Alliance Française. She was the first State Commissioner of the Tasmanian Girl Guides' Association. She was the life Patroness of the Bush Nursing Association of Tasmania. Arthur Deacon appointed her, the Prime Minister of the then new Commonwealth, to represent Australia in Amsterdam at a National Women's Suffrage Convention. As if this was not enough, she summed up all her other interests in a long devotion to the National Council of Women. Besides being President of the Tasmanian Section for 30 years she was elected the National President in 1906 and eventually became the Vice-President of the International Council of Women".

She was dubbed the "Grand Old Woman" as she and her husband struggled to break the bonds of isolationism of Tasmania. There is an incredible amount of detail in our family archives on this era, which must remain as a rich source for another work by someone else. Their critics, who included the budding socialist movement, ultimately accused this couple of "Dobsonia". This accusation hinted at elitism and an attitude of "do-goodism" arising from being out of touch. How I loathe and despise these evil and dishonest people.

This lady was born into a family of twelve children and initially lived in that two-roomed house actually within in the gaol compound that has since been demolished. Her father also served on Sarah Island - a more humanly degraded place on earth would be difficult to find. She would have witnessed first hand, and through the innocent eyes of a child, some of the worst degradation that the "civilised" world had to offer in penal practice and abject poverty in the surrounding districts of rural Tasmania. Yet her attempts use her influence to improve the conditions of the poor and needy were criticised by the vile representatives of the very people she and her husband strove to assist.

I repeatedly ponder why anyone would bother to waste so much time associating with those numerous causes, when their time could have been more pleasurably passed sipping tea totally within the bounds of the gentility of the island. I can only conclude that there was a sincere desire by these two people to improve the conditions of the needy and oppressed. I also am convinced that her detractors were simply the dregs of that group of politically motivated people, loosely tagged as "Socialist", who are totally unscrupulous and who will stoop to any tactic in the game of point scoring to impress their trusting but gullible members.

The terrible havoc wreaked in the twentieth century by their fellow travellers, the Communists, has yet to be resolved. I am not fooled by the "convenient" labels attached to the many factions that hint at separatism or an arms-length relationship with the Marxists/Leninists/Maoists of this world. They are all ratbags of the same mentality, suffering from the same consequences of envy arising from the



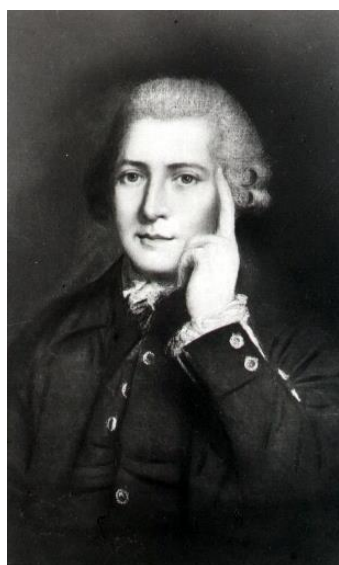
same expectations that the world owes them an unconditional living without contributory effort. They all operate under the same vile rules and they must all be treated with the same degree of contempt and caution.



Emily's husband and three brothers-in-law ran the island. The Socialists could hint at cronyism, nepotism and elitism. The enlightened could point to dedicated and committed men with money and influence, able and willing to step back from their daily grind to offer voluntary time to attend to the needs of the young community. History will be their judge.

Henry Dobson was the head of the family law firm Dobson, Mitchell and Allport. He was variously the Premier of Tasmania and Federal Senator. He also represented Tasmania on the Federal Council of

Australasia. In Pre-Federal days he was a member of the Commonwealth Convention that was engaged in 1877-8 in framing the Constitution Parliament Bill. He was also part of the committee set up to select a site for the Federal Parliament. Alfred Dobson was the Speaker of the House of Assembly, and then Solicitor General and next Attorney General for Tasmania in London. Sir William Lambert Dobson was Chief Justice and acting Lieutenant Governor and Stanley Dobson was the Chairman of Committees in the Upper House. Louis Dobson, the son of Emily and Henry, married Rita Mandeville. Their children were Jack and Gladys Dobson. Gladys is a cricket tragic and an absolute authority of this quaint and peculiar game. She can rattle off names, games, scores and recall specific details of any Test held anywhere at any time. This game is of absolutely no interest to me, but apparently it can captivate and enthrall millions around the world. In her younger years, Gladys would break out in hives as the action in the various Tests rose to fever pitch. "Uncle Louie", I believe, led the way in the family Christian conversions, apparently as a result of family visits to the great Keswick Conventions in England. As a result of one of these visits, he returned to Hobart Town and locked up



his entire wine cellar. This cellar, due to his hitherto extensive entertaining activities, was internationally renowned and would have been of enviable proportions and quality. Ernest Dobson, his brother, married Susan (Little Aunt Susie) Brookman. Their children were (Aunt) May, (Aunt) Vera (later Langford-Smith) and (Uncle) Henry.

### The Minton/Minton Taylor Connections

My maternal grandfather, Harold Minton Taylor, came to Australia from England as a young man to study law, and took up his Articles with the Dobson legal firm in Hobart Town. I do not know what enticed him to migrate to Australia but I believe he had been in contact with one of the Dobson family, perhaps at school in England. He subsequently married the boss's daughter, Kate, who was Emily's first child. Grandpa was the great grandson of Thomas Minton, the founder of the Minton China Works. The story goes that on completion of his Articles in Hobart it was made clear to him by his employers that Hobart was a small town and that the legal profession would be quite adequately staffed without him, now that the Firm had honoured its training obligations to him. He

forthwith took the hint, married the boss's daughter and moved to Sydney with his bride, where Mum and her siblings were born and raised.



Mum was born and named Ruth Lempriere Taylor on 18<sup>th</sup> December 1902. Grandpa's surname, like Dad's, was not legally hyphenated. She and her brothers Uncle Ron and Uncle Geoff were born in Hunters Hill and Mum was the second child. Years later, when Mum was in her sunset years, I used to take her for drives, and occasionally we would visit the place of her childhood. I gathered that in those days Hunters Hill was a ghetto of the legal fraternity as we would drive around and she would point out the homes of the legal giants of her era. A judge living there in those days had a small property in the Blue Mountains, complete with a cow. One day the cow escaped and attracted the attention of the law. Apparently the out of hours attire of this judge left much to be desired, and when he arrived at the local constabulary to reclaim his cow, the officer handling the offence admonished him with the words: "...and when you know as much about the law as I do my man..."

Grandpa had one good eye and one glass eye. As a young man he was digging in the garden when a stone flew up and damaged one of his eyes. He was the Senior Partner of Allen Allen and Hemsley, and we occasionally visited him in his office in the APA building in No. 53 in Martin Place. His secretary was Miss Leplastriere, who was an elderly spinster, and friend of Mum. Her father, according to Mum, was a strict disciplinarian who insisted that his daughters as children took cold showers, even in winter, a practice they maintained even in adulthood.

Grandpa, apart from his role in the firm, indulged in various property dealings and directorships. He was the Chairman of a tractor company called Waugh and Josephson and was a Director of the Bank of New South Wales, now Westpac. One of his building projects was Minton House, which is still standing on the corner of Darlinghurst and Bayswater Roads in Kings Cross. It has its name visibly embossed on the parapet. In 1989 it was passed in at \$10.5 million after having failed to reach its reserve of \$10.55 million. Sadly, the family had no equity in the building at that stage! Grandpa attended to the legal affairs of the Diocese for many years and by several accounts was a formidable member of the laity at Synod and feared by his opponents because of his skills in debate. He drew up plans for a modern Cathedral to be erected in Sydney. In his younger days he taught in the Sunday School at Hunter's Hill.

In later years, when we returned from Africa permanently in 1950, he confided in me that he was dismayed with the attitudes of certain people within the Church who were prone to criticise the Church, as though it was some remote and powerful autocracy. He lamented to me: "What is the 'Church'? The 'Church' is the people". I sense that my latent thinking about the nature of true democracy, government "ownership" and responsibilities of the individuals of the "rank and file" of the electorate may have started to crystallise from this point. The government, for better or worse in this country, is truly elected by the people. It is accountable to the people and the people who have no one to blame but themselves for any shortcomings of the governing body they have elected. The electorate must finance any expenditure by the government – there is no magic source of government recurrent funds that is financed from anywhere other than the pockets of the people.



From looking at family photos in our archives, I have noticed that my grandmother, Kate, always appeared solemn, even in the family snaps, and when I commented on this to Mum, she replied that she was very "frail" but she offered no elaboration. She was, however, presented at Court as a young



woman. On another occasion Mum told me that had her mother not died, she would never have married, as their relationship was so close. I suspect that Mum as a typical young woman of that era had assumed the role of a lifelong caretaker of her mother as long as she was alive, and only offered herself for overseas missionary service when that role ceased.

Grandpa was married to his second wife Aunt Jean, who was Aunt Rita's sister and who was Gladys Dobson's aunt. From various mutterings from Mum and her brothers, Aunt Jean appeared to be tolerated for their father's sake, but I gathered from occasional dark references by Mum to her silk stockings and regular lunches at the Queens Club that Aunt Jean had expensive tastes. Over the years, whenever the word "delicatessen" was mentioned in her presence, Mum would wickedly mimic Aunt Jean's habit of pronouncing this word with the ending in the French "ng" practice rather than in the German, "en." Granny Kate and her siblings spoke between themselves and their mother Emily in German in the privacy of their home, although there are no German links in the family. According to Mum, there is a

story that Aunt Jean as a child was to be given away to shepherds, but Uncle Louie Dobson fortunately "took her in". In trying to verify this story elsewhere, the usual vague wall of silence arose to confuse the issue, without any outright denial.. Aunt Jean once told Mum that, although she was not a Christian, she would have married only a Christian because she would never have trusted a non-Christian as a husband. From time to time she would drive Grandpa to visit us at Kendall House in her green 1938 Oldsmobile. She was always cordial enough but she lacked the "Grandmotherly" warmth. On these occasions I was gratefully paid to clean the car. Aunt Jean, so the family folklore went, had experienced an incredible stroke of good fortune in her life because it was said that as a child, she was about to be given away to shepherds, when Uncle Louie took her in. In trying to probe the validity of this story, I have only encountered vagueness and a wall of silence, but, again, no outright denial.

Aunt Jean and Grandpa had a housekeeper named Miss Elgy who lived in the flat in Potts Point. She was an elderly lady and was always interested to see us. She addressed Uncle Ron and Uncle Geoff as Mr Ronald and Mr Geoffrey. I have no memories of how she addressed their spouses or Mum. She was a keen devotee of Astrology, and in later years, when I visited Grandpa, she would faithfully ask after my family. If someone (say me) had been indisposed, she would ponder this news solemnly for a moment and say (my invented words): "Yes of course. You are a Sagittarian, and you can expect this because Aries is currently in Orion you know." Curiously these remarks were never pro-active; they were only forthcoming after the initial probing question was posed and a malady exposed and to which an explanation could be given.



## AUSTRALIA

We children were about to be exposed to a totally different lifestyle to that to which we were accustomed. Certainly, the spoken language was English, and the social customs and rules of behaviour were consistent with our upbringing, but the population was predominately white. Perhaps the infrastructure of a settled land and the scenario of electric trains, trams, skyscrapers and sealed and guttered roads were all a new experience.

We were to witness life in a country almost totally occupied by white people. In this place "Europeans" unloaded ships, dug roads, fixed telephones and drove buses and trains. The people spoke with a strange accent and had a cheery and friendly disposition, supported by a weird sense of humour. They also used a new vocabulary like "Cobber", "Bloke" and "fair dinkum". It was all so new and strange. Even funeral processions were worthy of comment, and as one passed us one day, one of us once exclaimed, "Look: A wedding!" I am not brave enough to speculate on who the utterer of this profound remark might have been. Our new friends were equally fascinated by our demeanour, accents and stories of a strange far away land. The general knowledge of Africa in Australia was sparse in the extreme – and almost everyone referred to Africa as "South Africa" even after having been gently corrected several times. Very few people had any idea of the size, the countries, the people and the geography of this vast continent. We were asked questions such as "Was the river near you?" or "Did you live near the town?" or "Did you ride to school on elephants?" We were never sure which rivers or towns were the subjects of these queries. People quite frequently asked us how we coped with the "niggers" or the "blacks". It was to be a huge learning experience as we finally met and came to know relatives of whom we had previously only a vague knowledge.

The great day arrived and we travelled to Dar-es-salaam by train to board a ship for Colombo. That ship was the MV "Isipingo"; a white-hulled passenger and cargo ship on which we travelled to Zanzibar and Mombasa, prior to our swinging northeast to Ceylon. I remember the strong smell of cloves on the island of Zanzibar. The sea voyage was great fun and I thoroughly enjoyed the luxuries of ship board life: the dining room dinners, the cabin, and the canvas swimming pool set up on the forward deck once we were under way. There were several other families with children with whom we interacted, and I was quite happy entertaining myself for many hours with my meccano set, which had grown in size over the years, as I had supplemented my own set with those of my siblings of both gender as their interests in this fabulous medium quickly waned.

Once on board, Dad arranged with the Captain for me to visit the engine room. He could do this because on each ship we boarded he soon made a beeline to the bridge to make himself known to the Captain so that he could gain permission to hold Church Services in the various lounges of the ship. I am sure the Captain would have been willing to oblige, as any entertainment for his passengers on a small ship in the middle of the Indian Ocean would have been most welcome. I was told that as a pre-condition of this privilege, the Captain insisted that I was to maintain complete secrecy, as he was anxious to avoid an avalanche of small boys traipsing through his cavernous engine room or having to fend off a hostile army of mothers demanding similar privileges for their brats. As part of my on-going training in genteel social behaviour, I was instructed by Dad to dispatch a letter to the captain thanking him for his kindness and assuring him that I could keep a secret, which I did immediately.

A visit to a ship's engine room is an aweome sight to the true believers. The noise, smell and sight of massive machinery at work is exhilarating, especially to a small boy. Perhaps the most sobering experience is to be taken along one of the two long propeller shaft tubes, with its shaft silently rotating in its bearings, and extending from its engine to the stern of the ship, where it passed through about one inch of steel plate to its propeller out in the water and many feet below the surface of the ocean.

On our arrival in Colombo, we had a six-week wait for our connection from England that was to be a troop ship bound for Singapore. It was here that Dad's extensive network came into play. The father-in-law of the Bishop of Colombo was Sir Wilfred De Souza, who was a wealthy Singhalese and who was very kind to us. Chauffeured cars came to pick us up and drive us around the town, and take us for country drives. On one of these occasions Sir Wilfred accompanied us in a motorcade of several cars to a magnificent country mansion. "This," said Sir Wilfred with a sweep of his arm "is one of my country residences." On another day we were invited to lunch and we were graciously told that the curry had been especially toned down for our benefit. This was just as well for us, despite copious supplies of coconut juice, we younger ones barely managed.

Other people were also very kind and we were given honorary membership of the local club swimming pool for the duration of our stay. The missionaries drove us to Kandy and the Temple of the Tooth and various other interesting places. We stayed at a mission house called Kendall, which was run by a small, busy and rather unpleasant man whose wife played the guitar in the Hawaiian fashion with the instrument on her lap and using a slider up and down on the frets. Her husband seemed to totally dominate her and on some evenings he would instruct her to play and sing, which she appeared to do most unwillingly and flatly. I felt for her as we endured her ordeals, and I was very sorry for her.

It was in Ceylon that we were to see the first of a series of rituals that Dad observed in every capital city we were to visit over the next twelve months or so, including Sydney and Hobart and in Singapore. On arrival he would call at the gatehouse of the relevant Government House and "sign the book". This was seen as a "courtesy" gesture to the resident Governor and was designed to inform HE who was in town. As far as I know, anyone can do this. In due course Dad would get a letter from His Excellency, "commanding" him to attend the next garden party to which our parents would attend. Dad usually dressed up in his Bishop's gaiters, and we would assist him in buttoning up the dozens of buttons on his gaiters.

Our next port of call was Singapore after travelling from Ceylon on a troopship. I have few memories of this trip other than to remember that the services that were not as grand as those experienced on the "Isipingo". In Singapore we were well looked after and I remember we were taken to see the famous causeway. Dad left us at this stage and proceeded to Sydney - by air, and our mother proceeded to herd her brood home alone.

We eventually departed for Australia on the "Gorgon" which was a cargo steamer with a small compliment of passengers. The highlight of the trip was our arrival at Broome, our first view of Australia. The sensation was to me very moving. Berthing the ship was dependent upon the huge tides in the region, and at low tide we were able to walk around the ship as it sat on the muddy shore. We were in Broome for a day or two only and during the stay, the ship took on 400 head of cattle bound for Perth. Once the ship was under way, a slaughtering operation took place on the aft deck, much to the curiosity of the small boys on board, who peeped through holes in tarpaulins as the ship's crew re-stocked the larder with ten beef carcasses.

On this trip I asked a member of the crew to take me down to see the engine room, which he did. While we were down there, alarm bells suddenly sounded, lights flashed and engineers scurried about and up and down ladders to locate and fix the cause. I was petrified with fear and started to panic, whereupon an engineer curtly instructed my guide to ".... take the boy out of the engine room." My friend later chided me on being so stupid as the alarm was subsequently identified as being insignificant due to a malfunction of a minor pump in the system.

During some or all of these sea voyages of between three to five days' duration, simple entertainment was organised by the crews or the passengers. There were deck quoits, deck tennis and dressings up – all simple activities far removed from the sophisticated and professional entertainments advertised on cruise ships today. On one voyage a type of charades was played where players dressed up to represent the names of books, which onlookers had to guess the names being depicted. One father and son couple presented themselves as "Hymns Ancient and Modern" and a very pregnant lady presented herself as "Great Expectations".

Next stop was Perth and we enjoyed looking around, although Fremantle had no resemblance to its present day counterpart. Probably because of disrupted shipping schedules immediately post-war, we were flown from Perth to Sydney, and we boarded a shiny new four-engined "Skymaster" for our next location.

On our arrival in Sydney, we were taken to Kendall House, in Strathfield, which was to be our home for our entire stay in Australia. This was a large mansion which was originally the home of the Washington H. Soul family, and which had been purchased by CMS for accommodating missionaries home on furlough. It was divided up into several self-contained flats for this purpose. We had the large flat up-stairs, and John and I had a tiny bedroom each in the upstairs rear wing that had been the maid's quarters in the old days.

The building was "supervised" by Rev and Mrs Mongomerie, who were retired former missionaries from somewhere up in the northern Territory and were a rather doudy elderly couple. They had a daughter called Joy who was an accomplished pianist. We siblings sensed their distain for young children and accordingly we gave them a rough time. Years later I attended Joy's funeral and



introduced myself to her daughter, who exclaimed: "Are you one of those dreadful Wynn Jones children?"

Dad had written to Grandpa prior to our arrival, asking him if he could procure a car for our use during our time in the country. "Anything, even a Jeep would do." was his stated plea. Grandpa duly complied with this request and John and I accompanied Dad and Archdeacon "Uncle Oliver" Cordell, who were both wearing their clerical collars, to Stack and Company, the Chevrolet dealers in York St, to collect the car. The "car" was a brand new 1946 Chev Stylemaster that would have made the Kabaka envious. It was a big car and its styling was the basis for the smaller Holden that was to appear a few years later. Apparently, Grandpa had worked a deal, probably under some form of lease that the car was to be returned when we left for Tanganyika. As we drove down the ramp and into York St, a drunk standing on the footpath said "...and who wouldn't be a ruddy parson!"

Grandpa was a successful lawyer and businessman, and this episode reminds me of a little interchange between my parents some years before. Mum was a self-funded missionary, presumably underwritten by Grandpa, and I believe she had some small "means" of her own, and that from time to time, certain "gifts" were forthcoming from Grandpa. One of us, probably me, had asked what our grandfather "did" and we were told that he was a lawyer "...and", said Dad with great mock solemnity, "that is why we get little presents sometimes", to which Mum, sotto voce, and dripping with venom replied "Ha Ha". Little pictures sometimes tell little stories.

Dad was busily engaged in deputation work, and to illustrate his meetings, he had edited some film footage extracted from CMS archives, Tanganyika Government files and including exiting lion scenes of his own, and which he had developed into a documentary of life in the mission field. John and I would often accompany him and act as projectionists. On one of these occasions we met three old spinster sisters, who took to us and insisted on lavishly kissing us boys with much ado. We would occasionally bump into these old dears in CMS headquarters in Bathurst St and elsewhere, and they would make a beeline for us with gusto. We soon learnt to look out for the "Kissy Ladies" and make a wide detour.

We children were duly enrolled at schools and I attended the Trinity Preparatory School at Strathfield and John attended the senior school at Summer Hill. Susie and Nay attended Meriden, where we were to stay for a full year.

At Christmas, we travelled by ship to Hobart with the trusty Chev on board. Here we met the family and did the usual tourist site seeing things and bonded with our newly found family. Aunt Rita and Gladys lived in their old home "Nemone", which was opposite "Elboden", the home of Emily and Henry Dobson. "Elboden" was sold many years ago and is now divided into flats, as is "Nemone" today.

There was a grand family Christmas party at "Nemone" attended by us all, including the "Geoff" Minton-Taylors, Dobsons and various Langford-Smiths. We stayed in Aunty Dove's house in Elboden Street, just down from "Nemone". Aunty Dove, whose name was Marguerite, was our grandmother's spinster sister. She had temporally moved out of her home and gone to stay with a friend during our time in Tasmania. She was a large, happy, warm and loving lady who had some involvement with the YMCA. She gave us children five shillings each for Christmas, and these gifts were to expose a latent financial flair in Susie. Susie was the only sibling to have the good business sense to lodge her fortune with her mother for safekeeping. It was a wise move as she was able to draw on "Aunty Dove's five bob" for months, possibly years it seemed, whilst her less sensible siblings became quickly impoverished. Eventually Mum was forced to audit the account and declare it bankrupt. A popular phrase at the time was "my fat aunt" which was an expletive used with impunity by Susie to express her displeasure at every momentous issue that arose during the course of her busy day, to which Aunty Dove would counter with "my skinny niece".

During Aunt Dove's childhood, the Bishop of Tasmania was Bishop Montgomery, the father of the future Field Marshall Montgomery, fondly known as Monty, who played with her at that time.



One day we attended a party at Bishops-court, held presumably in our parent's honour, which was attended by the members of our family and other friends, family connected "dignitaries" and associates. The Bishop's son, who was about my age and who was a bit big for his boots threw his weight about rather annoyingly with his young guests at the party. I remember becoming rather frustrated with his high handedness and eventually I rebuked him by pointing out to him that he was not the only Bishop's son around there at the time. I must have related this to Mum, who in turn must have related the incident to the doting aunts. Years later she told me that I had become an instant celebrity in the town with the aunts and their associates, who probably had made the same observation.

## Life in Sydney

We returned to Sydney, school and life in the city. Through the "Church" network we met many of our parent's old associates. We regularly called in at 93 Bathurst St, the headquarters of CMS. Our parents were loaned a cottage owned by one of the Horden Brothers family in Wentworth Falls for holidays. It was in Wentworth Falls that Mum bought a caravan from a missionary whose name was Miss Lorna Clayden and who had served in Israel. This was a four berth mobile caravan built on a 1928 Buick car chassis.

On one occasion we had a holiday in the caravan at the home of Mrs Christian Thornett who lived in either Austinmer or Thirroul. Mrs Thornett was an elderly widow and an old friend of Dad from his early Trinity days. I gathered that she looked on him as a long lost son. From a couple of mutterings behind her back from Mum years later at occasional Trinity functions jointly attended by this lady, I sensed that the relationship between Mum and Mrs Thornett was strictly cordial, if not downright frosty. Apparently, the intrusive wife of the old lady's prodigal son was tolerated only under sufferance. We had travelled in convoy, with Mum driving the nice new Chev with Dad bringing up the rear in the old Buick, some twenty years older and somewhat unfairly loaded beyond its design specifications. Needless to say, the faithful old vehicle never failed, but the lead car was forced to tarry awhile as the convoy re-grouped.

Our sojourn in Australia was soon to end. Bishop Chambers had announced his retirement and Dad had been appointed as his successor during our time in Australia. Our parents had completed their furlough and now prepared themselves for another period of overseas service. Only recently have we been made aware that Dad had travelled to Australia with the knowledge that he was out of a job – literally. Succession of assistant bishops to the roles of their superiors is not automatic, and had Dad not succeeded Bishop Chambers, there was no alternative role awaiting him either in Africa or Australia. He would have simply been at the mercy of the clergy job market globally. One wonders where we might have visited on his next assignment. Likely assignments could have been Africa, India, South East Asia or anywhere in Australia.

Our first meeting with the Bailey family occurred at this time. Mrs Bailey was the daughter of Canon Ebbs, a former Rector of Manly and Mosman. Once again, the family links through Synod and the Diocese had extended over two generations. It was further forged when Susie married one of the Bailey sons, Stephen, years later. The caravan had to be sold. My first memory of Mr Bailey was when he came to Kendall house, probably with the family, and he and Mum closeted themselves in the large room upstairs to conclude the sale.

We eventually boarded one of the "Strath" ships bound for Ceylon and departed Australia to return to Tanganyika. Due to shipping irregularities with connections to East Africa, we sailed on to Aden from Colombo, where we stayed for two or three weeks with Mum. There is nothing to do in Aden and nothing to see except the funeral towers on which the dead are placed to be picked over by the birds. It is a most desolate, hot, dry and barren place. To occupy ourselves, we scoured every gravestone in every cemetery to find Thomas Lempriere's grave, which we eventually located. He had died at sea and was buried at Aden.



Eventually we boarded a twin engined Arvro Anson monoplane and headed for Nairobi via Mogadishu in Abyssinia. I had asked the pilot if we could visit the cockpit and during the flight the pilot signalled to John and me to join him where he gave us turns at flying the plane. It was great fun making the thing zoom up and dive down and bank it from port to starboard around and through the clouds.

Unfortunately, Sister Paull, who was the very matronly matron of the Mvumi CMS mission hospital, who was travelling with us, was violently sick. When I stupidly glanced back into the cabin to see how the others were enjoying the ride, Mum's unambiguous body language took over and we returned to our seats forthwith. Sister Paull was one of several missionary ladies to whom the drinking of tea or coffee was seen as the taking of an unnecessary drug or stimulant. These ladies would start their

days by sipping a cup of boiling hot water. I tried this once and found that the taste of hot water is decidedly unpleasant.

The only feature of Mogadishu that I can remember was the inadequacy of the sewage system in the Italian hotel in which we stayed. As a significant part of our upbringing, Mum had trained us that any reference to bodily odours in public was strictly prohibited. The word "smell" was discouraged and euphemisms containing words such as "hot" or "unpleasant" were to be preferred usage. This rule also included a complete ban on any voluntary or involuntary display of body language that might indicate any reference to this subject in the presence of people whose personal hygiene was perhaps different from our own. We were to suffer in silence under all circumstances and that was that.

Adherence to this rule was sometimes difficult in Africa, where climatic and social conditions were harsh. The African warrior or herdsman clothes himself in untanned cowskins and rarely washes. Depending on his tribal traditions, he may adorn himself with a rancid butter and red mud foundation. He may wear a tiara of dead birds around his head. His house has no ventilation and goats wander in and out at will, with little or no toilet training. Dried cow dung makes an excellent flooring medium. Water is always at a premium and even Europeans, either through a concern for water conservation, or by racial preference or as a result of a lack of poor parental training, may extend the period between successive baths. Deodorants were unknown. Mum's pet aversion in this sensitive area was her dislike of the universal practice of all European children to wear canvas shoes without socks. We called these evils "tackies" and we were strongly discouraged from wearing them.

Today I find it amusing to reflect on the shortcomings of our technological age, which is limited to the transmission of impressions of faraway places by appealing to the senses of sight and sound only. The senses of touch and smell cannot yet be stimulated electronically in documentaries - a development that must be awaited with dread by the more unscrupulous members of the marketing arm of the tourist industry.

To illustrate this point further, I am reminded of the story told by Deaconess Bullard of the time when some missionaries decided to offer a lift to an African lady who was trudging along the road in the hot African sun. Their offer was accepted and everyone moved over to make room for their grateful passenger. Now, this lady would have been attired in the latest fashions of her tribe, possibly wearing the ultimate in designer label cow skins, with matching accessories and rancid butter foundation, and tastefully complimented by red mud make-up. Her personal hygiene would have been impeccably within the standards of her society. Her bare feet may have borne traces of sun-dried cow dung and she may have been carrying a matching sun-dried pumpkin gourd containing sour goats milk or un-refrigerated meat, or perhaps some fermented millet. The journey proceeded with passive faces and I am reliably assured that not a single nostril twitched, lest the newly welcomed passenger should be in any way offended or embarrassed. Suddenly this lady cried out; "Stop the car and let me out. I can't stand the smell of you Europeans!"

Thus I am limited by my strict upbringing to only an oblique reference to a rather hot and unpleasant stay in Mogadishu from whence we proceeded to Nairobi and on to Dodoma.

## ARUSHA REVISITED

When we returned to Dodoma I went to Arusha as a boarder for one year. I was a prolific bed wetter until a relatively old age - as were others of my siblings and our large number of offspring. This inconvenience has been the badge of all our tribe, although I was the more prolific and tenacious exponent. One of my nephews was so persistent and abundant in his exposition of this exclusive art that he won the honour of wearing not one but two nappies at bedtime. Accordingly, Mum had contacted the Matron at Arusha who arranged for me to have a bed next to the door of a dorm located adjacent to the toilets so I could slip out during the night without attracting attention. If I was too late, I was to quietly tell her, whereupon she would arrange for a change during the day without any embarrassment to me.

I have recalled this kindly behaviour many times and reflected on all those poor creatures whose ignorant parents or guardians have tried to brutally stamp out this messy trait that should only be treated with patience and good humour. Some of the “techniques” included downright cruelty, all without any kindness or love.

Years later in Australia, I listened in my car to an “authoritative” woman giving advice to worried parents on talkback radio on how to combat the problem. I was horrified at the ignorance and cruelty of this pompous ass that I concluded had been trained in the lunatic asylums of the Victorian era and from textbooks with pages that were brown and brittle with age. She had probably never wet her bed in her life. One can only hope that severe incontinence caught up with her in her old age. The woman should have been summarily shot for disseminating such mis-information. Bed-wetting is certainly a nuisance to parent and child but it eventually just goes away. Life has certainly been kind to me.

The matron’s name was Sister Cloudsdale who was a member of the Church Army. There were several of these people at work in the Diocese and who wore a distinctive uniform similar to that of the Salvation Army. Whereas the Salvation Army operated in East Africa as an autonomous entity, the Church Army seemed to provide its members as an available resource within the structure of other Churches. During my stay, Sister Cloudsdale formed a small Christian’s club, which I dutifully attended. We would have little discussion sessions sitting on the grass where “Reid’s Park” used to be, and occasionally we would combine these sessions with a small picnic. Once when I told a mate that there was to be a picnic at the next session, he asked if he could attend. I conveyed this request to Sister Cloudsdale but she decreed that since my mate had not attended any earlier sessions he could not come. Perhaps she saw through the shallowness of his desire to join the group. Secretly, I saw this decision as possibly being counter-productive to her cause, as my mate may have stayed on after the picnic.

There were several kids whom I knew from our earlier days in Arusha, and, of course, I was intimately familiar with the infrastructure and surroundings. So my introduction to another school was un-traumatic. It was strange to be entertained with other new kids upstairs in the Headmaster’s flat. The Headmaster was Mr Hampshire whose father had been the Principal of the Clergy Training College at Kongwa sometime before Dad’s incumbency.

The Senior Master was Bill Morgan, who was my first cousin and the son of Dad’s sister Aunt Jenny. He was some twenty years my senior and his wife was called Peggy. Both Bill and Peggy smoked, drank beer and used mild expletives. Peggy was also a bit casual with her posture and deportment and she tended to flop about in an un-ladylike manner and sometimes unwittingly expose her undies – a rare sight in those days! I sensed that Mum and Dad were somewhat disapproving of her on their occasional visits to Arusha. She was, however very jolly and very kind to John and me. On his way through to school in Kenya, Peggy allowed John to smoke - a treat that he duly reported in a letter to a friend. Unfortunately, Mum read the letter, and as a result John was severely punished by being banned from going on a pending safari to Kongwa, and I gather, Peggy was also reprimanded. Years later, I visited Bill and Peggy in Wales and she asked me if Mum had forgiven her for her transgressions.

Life in the school was fairly uneventful and my detailed memories of this period are sparse. Every Wednesday the Headmaster, who was called “Hamshire” by the pupil population, would take us for a PT jog around Arusha. Every day after lunch we were confined to our dormitories to lie on our beds for a rest period for about one hour. We could read or nap, but talking was forbidden. We were to stay on our beds for the duration – any breach was punishable by a detention. I dutifully but somewhat un-enthusiastically indulged in some sports, which included hockey and soccer. Once we played hockey



against the Indians of the town. It would appear that Indians attain their puberty far more quickly than their European counterparts as some of the Indian team of "Under Twelves or Thirteens" had beards.

It was during this time that I developed an interest in carpentry. As an after school activity I joined the carpentry session conducted by Archdeacon ("Uncle Oliver") Cordell, who was an old friend of Dad's from Trinity days and who was the Rector of the Church. He was also my godfather. He was an accomplished carpenter, and I learned from him the intricacies of sawing, planing and sharpening of chisels.

The highest award attainable at Arusha was the Rasharasha Shield for Honour. This award was presented on Speech Day at the end of the prize-giving segment of that occasion and was kept a secret and was seen as the climax to that event. The shield itself was made and carved by a shockingly lame young African called James who lived in Dodoma whom Dad had encouraged to take up wood carving, which he did with great skill. I have no idea of the origins of this award or of its selection criteria, but this year, it was to be awarded to me.

My mate Ronnie Gemmell somehow found out and rushed to me to announce my glad news. All through my life I have had occasional school associates or work colleagues who have had the magical powers of being able to sleuth information from superiors, and who always have had a wealth of up-to-date news and gossip which subsequently could be shown to be correct. I have secretly envied these people and marvelled at their incredible skills in extracting juicy data. How Ronnie found out I shall never know. Perhaps he had fortuitously ingratiated himself to Hamshire and been despatched on an errand to the Head's office, whereupon he plied his trade in secrecy. Whatever the method, I am completely without any rational explanation as to why I was selected, as there were many other kids far more worthy than I for this award.

I have had some ungracious theories influenced by Dad's position as Warden, without any hint of nepotism, as I have no recollections of ever having been a key player in any sport or having made any contribution to school life in drama or the arts. My academic prowess was such that my teachers would have struggled to adorn my reports with the appropriate words to euphemise the truth that I was neither hopeless nor on the threshold of a promising intellectual future. I was always content to amuse myself with my own pursuits during my school life and to avoid any participation in any extra-curricular activities as much as possible. My name in school life has not been legendary and I cannot point to any rewards for honest endeavour except this one. That is not to say that I did not enjoy school life. I did, and I can look back to a happy but featureless time with no notable achievements to my credit. It was a life enhanced and driven only by my own initiatives.

One day I went to visit Mr Savage. He was still in the same house and he appeared to recognise me instantly. He smothered me with kisses and undue affection for some minutes, which embarrassed me enormously as this sort of affectionate behaviour had not been evident in previous years - was it senility or was he a frustrated paedophile or was he just an extremely lonely old man? Fortunately, the "affection" soon stopped, and he told me that I could have anything I wanted. Eyeing off his gun cabinet, I sidled over to it and selected a rifle and examined it with hinting looks, but he failed to fall for my feeble ruse and gave me some book instead and I made my hurried farewell. I have never ever told anyone of this experience until now.

I was to remain at Arusha for one year. I was part of a party that visited the Ngorongoro Crater – a stunning site. At the conclusion of the last term, all Standard Six pupils were segregated by gender and given a sex talk by Hamshire. This was a most agonising and embarrassing affair, but non-the-less informative. It was no comparison to the similar discussion I was to receive at my next school.

## NAIROBI

Dad had a second office at Kikuyu set up in a small house originally occupied by missionaries but now longer used. One day Dad asked me to come and see him in this office, which was only a short distance away from our house. Whilst there was nothing menacing in this request, it was unusual. I had been in this office many times, which was lined with bookshelves and had an adjoining small chapel. So it was with some curiosity that I reported as instructed, and Dad told me that he and Mum had decided to send me to the newly founded secondary school to be called the Duke of York School in Nairobi.

Up until this time, boys were sent to the Prince of Wales school in Nairobi, which John attended. This school had reached saturation and additional capacity was required. I subsequently sensed that it was perceived that the Prince of Wales school had developed an undesirable reputation, and was seen to be “tough”, with harsh discipline in place. The British tradition of fagging was in place under which juniors were virtually enslaved to their seniors and prefects were authorised to cane errant juniors. Whatever the truth, my parents had decided that I would be better off in the new school.



Nairobi is about half a day's drive north of Arusha, so the trip from Dodoma took two days by bus, with an overnight stop at Arusha. Incredibly, due to delays in completing the new school buildings at Ngong outside Nairobi, it was decided to move the Governor of Kenya out of Government House to his country residence and to turn Government house into our temporary school for one term only. One wing containing various government administrative offices was retained during our occupancy. And so, four boys from Tanganyika and ninety odd boys from Kenya moved in to live in absolute grandeur. It was an incredible place, as it reflected the colonial grandness of the mighty British Empire in its heyday and the trappings were there to prove it. It was complete with magnificent drive, parade ground, ballroom, and garages with a Rolls Royce, beautiful and expansive gardens and stables stocked with beautiful horses.

One of the Governor's aides had wooden legs and would walk with a stiff creaking gait but this did not exclude him from driving. One day, he was testing a newly delivered Land Rover, one of the first

editions, on the parade ground. I watched him with interest and he invited me for a drive and then proceeded to drive it up the parade ground steps. I was most impressed, not only with the capabilities of the vehicle but also with the skill of the driver whose “legs” coped with the clutch and accelerator with no apparent manual controls.

The building itself was huge, with imposing architecture and a grand columnar entrance facing the parade ground. The layout was rectangular, with a central courtyard. Entertainment facilities such as the ballroom, reception areas and dining rooms were on the ground floor with private suites and offices upstairs. We boys were forbidden to wear shoes in the building, and had to wear slippers at all times to protect the floors. Stockinged feet only were allowed in the few times that we entered the ballroom for Assembly or Chapel.

There was a sawmill located some distance from the building, and I would occasionally sneak out alone and start up the large saw and listen to the belt screech as the saw accelerated to its operating speed and listen to the whine of the saw-blade teeth and the ringing of the blade as it spun around. The sight and sound of machinery in operation have always fascinated me. I was never caught and I always had a great time.

The school was modelled on the great English Public Schools system, the rough equivalent in Australia being the “private” or Independent School model. However, the school was owned and funded by the Government, or legislative Council and was “Public” in nature. There were very few independent schools in East Africa at the time and these were limited to a couple of convents in Kenya, so most school children were educated in the public system. This school had one Year only to start with, and additional higher years were to be added in subsequent years. Thus the founding pupils would be seniors throughout their secondary school lives.

There were four staff members initially, who doubled as Housemasters for the four founding houses named after famous Kenyan explorers or governors. Our masters, without exception won our high respect. Some of them were gentlemen farmers, and owned properties outside Nairobi. Mr James, who had seen service in the British Navy, was the Head. He had a rather ruddy complexion, and was affectionately and respectfully nicknamed “Pansy”. I can assure you that there was nothing other than his countenance that won this fine headmaster his nickname! He was the housemaster of Mitchell House named after the incumbent Governor, and which was my house.

It was under Pansy’s tutelage that I was to hear the great stories of the heroes of the British Empire with Drake and his buccaneer plundering escapades in the name and approval of his Pirate Queen, and of Clive of India and so on. The Spaniards, who were rather dull at the time, had some difficulty with the fact that the spoils they plundered from their newly found discoveries in the Americas were, according to the British, rightfully British, irrespective of any unilateral arrangements the Spaniards may have presumed.

Thus it fell to that merrie band, which included Drake and Hawkins, to correct a great wrong and to affect the transfer of these assets from Spain to Merrie England on the high seas in an orderly manner and away from prying eyes back at home. The Virgine Queene was a master tactician and always receptive to new ways to bolster the coffers of the Mother Country. She was not above playing the age-old game of temptress and had no hesitation in fluttering her eyelids in response to advances from the King of Spain.

I suspect that the crafty old witch saw a possible nuptial liaison with the hapless king, which never eventuated, as a means to further expand the earning capacity of her overseas dominions, which was, no doubt, the reciprocal aim of the Royal House of Spain. The Spaniards were not satisfied with developments and ultimately despatched their Armada to resolve matters. Drake, who had the state of the art technology, put the Armada to rout, but not, it is rumoured, before finishing his game of bowls. The big and lumbering Spanish Galleons were no matches for his smaller and more manoeuvrable ships.

The Hon. Charles Kitchener, who was the nephew of Lord Kitchener, and who through his extremely tall and slight stature, was known logically as “Tich”. He painstakingly laboured over our French pronunciation with outstretched arm and palm turned upwards trembling with feeling and sensitivity like some distraught conductor struggling with a musically barren orchestra: “Again, Wynn Jones: ‘Oeuvre la fenetre’ again: ooooouvre, again..., again...” Mr Harris, a short stocky man, taught maths, and was known as “Bulldog”. Mr Hesketh, our geography master was simply reduced to “Heskie”

Not long after our arrival, Pansy gave us a sex education talk. This was quite different to the Arusha one in tone, although I suppose the content was roughly the same. The big difference was the style in

which Pansy wisely punctuated his talk with “nervous laugh” breaks at appropriate points. At the conclusion of each segment of new and juicy material he would say, “Now have another little laugh” and we would smirk at each other and guffaw and the show would proceed with our knowing that more relief would follow. Throughout East Africa, the schoolboy term for masturbation in those days was “Flogging”. I was stunned that this adult was so informed as to know this word and was prepared to use it as he dealt with this topic in his discussion. This startling revelation called for a special little laugh break.

One day I started to giggle in a maths class run by Bulldog. As punishment I was told to stand on my chair for the rest of the lesson. I accepted this as an unusual but reasonable punishment and better than the cane. The lesson proceeded and a stranger entered the room and started a conversation with Bulldog, who pointed to me and said: “This is our Queen Giggler”. This was embarrassing but I dismissed it, whereupon Bulldog continued: “... a Bishop’s son.” Apparently in Bulldog’s mind, Bishop’s sons are perceived to be and expected to be without sin. Several times in my school career I was selected for various tasks of a “religious” nature, I presume, because of my being “of the cloth”.



Nairobi had a wireless station. This was to open up a whole new field of interest to me. I had heard of crystal sets, but because of the lack of any wireless stations in Tanganyika, and the limited range of these marvels, they were impractical in Mvumi or Dodoma. A local wireless organisation had donated a box of “junk” to the school and I and a few others made our crystal sets. A crystal set consisted of a coil made from copper wire wrapped around a discarded toilet roll tube, a variable condenser and a crystal, held in a small holder and clamping screw. The crystal was “tickled” by a “cats-whisker” or thin piece of wire until a suitable volume was picked up in the

headphones. The coil and variable condenser made up the tuning circuit to allow the listener to select stations. The secret to good reception was to have a good antenna or aerial, as they were known then, and a good earth connection. It was preferable to have the aerial as long and as high as possible. Soon the courtyard became crisscrossed with aerials as the craze caught on.

To supplement my meagre pocket money allowance I went into the crystal set manufacturing business, from which I eked out a comfortable income. One day I made what was to me an amazing discovery that was to substantially improve my cash flow and prestige. I quite accidentally found that I could eliminate the tuning circuit that included the coil and the variable condenser with no effect on reception. This is of course obvious now, since there was only one station available. The coil and the variable condenser, apart from the headphones that were usually purchased separately by my clients, constituted the major bulky and expensive components of my sets. With the bulkiness of the coil and condenser removed, reception was unimpaired and I could produce cheap and easily made sets that worked perfectly with huge savings in costs and labour. I began to make sets mounted on matchboxes which only required the crystal unit and four terminals, and which carried a certain air of mystique, which provided a huge marketing edge.

Sadly, patent laws were non-existent in the boarding schools of East Africa and soon my market was to become saturated by unscrupulous pirating of my designs either for profit by my competitors or by potential customers copying my expertise as the inevitable “Do-it-yourself” craze caught on. However, I did a brisk business in these matchbox sets as the boom lasted. I was even able to occasionally supplement my brother’s paltry finances from my bloated funds. My only regret to this day has been that my deception allowed Mum to bask in the misconception that her son was a genius and at the cutting edge of micro-technology.

One day, a grand official function was held on the parade ground, with military bands, marching soldiers and important looking dignitaries and important people promenading up and down. His Excellency was to be in attendance, which meant that the flagpole on top of the building and facing the parade ground was to be used to fly the Governor’s personal Standard for the duration of the HE’s presence on the site. At the appropriate time, as the Governor’s car approached amid great fanfare, the Indian sergeant major stationed at the flagpole on top of the façade at the front of the building had great difficulty in running the flag up the flagpole. The rope appeared to jam and become tangled with

some invisible constraint on the pole, with the awesome potential to delay the ceremony. I watched with great foreboding as the sergeant major grappled with his problem. I knew that a schoolboy had run his aerial up the mast and that the problem was due to an entanglement with that aerial, probably because the wind had wrapped the wire around the pole.

I also knew that I was that schoolboy.

One-day Pansy staged a symphony concert at the school with the Nairobi Orchestra. The wily old Pansy would have known that he had at his disposal the best venue in town - the ballroom - free of charge. Perhaps the contents of the Governor's cellar were also accessed to assist patrons to more easily decide to donate to the fledgling school. Pansy would also have known that no serious social climber in the capital of Kenya would pass up a pleasant evening being accounted for at Government House. I suppose the evening was the school's first attempt at some fund raising activity, and by all measures the numbers of gowned and dressed patrons indicated that the concert was a raging success. We boys sneaked into the Governor's private box in the gallery at the rear of the ballroom, which had an access door from upstairs, to witness the spectacle.

The blissfully happy term soon drew to a close and we packed our bags and departed for home in the knowledge that on our return, we would take up residence in our new premises at Ngong, some miles out of town.



## NGONG

Second term was the start of our time at Ngong, which is just outside Nairobi. The new buildings were ready and smelling of fresh paint. The building process was pise-de-terre, which was an amazingly fast building process. Moistened gravel was pounded with pneumatic jackhammers in vertical formwork to form the walls. When dry, the walls were rendered with a sand, lime and cement mixture. Whole boarding blocks seemed to go up within a few days. The school was laid out around a central elevated driveway that would eventually encircle the main block including classrooms and assembly hall. Pansy immediately named the drive "Brooklyn's" after the British racetrack. We would jog round Brooklyns during PT. periods.

Four new masters had joined the school at the beginning of second term; one of whom was an Englishman named Mr Evans who had come from Barbados. He taught us Latin. Somewhere in his past career, or perhaps at school, it had been customary for boys and staff to be addressed by and referred to by their initials rather than their first names or surnames. Thus he soon became known as "TLE".

Mitchell had a new housemaster named Mr Higson, to replace Pansy who now concentrated on the administration of the expanding school on its new compound. Higson was a rather unpleasant fellow, and he lacked the firm but fair charisma we had become used to with Pansy. I was promoted, sight unseen, to the giddy height of dormitory monitor on the recommendation of Pansy, which was the highest rank I was ever to have bestowed on me throughout my entire school career. I was soon to have "intercessions" with Higson over my chronic untidiness, which he quite rightly saw as being detrimental to my new appointment and as a bad example to my "subordinates". Unfortunately, he failed to correct my shortcomings on this issue, which exists to this day. There was a flurry of correspondence between Pansy and my parents, and subsequently to me on this subject which, despite pleas from Mum the issue, was never resolved.

I was not the only victim school of Higson's lack of tact on this or other issues in Mitchell or in the wider school, however well-intentioned or necessary his corrective initiatives may have been. Higson quickly acquired the nickname of "Pigson" as a result. I can truthfully claim that I was not the originator of this apt choice of nickname, but I certainly endorsed its universal adoption throughout the school.

My difficulty was that Dad was also very untidy, and as with the Lempriere Curse inherited from my mother's family, I had inherited a sort of "Jones Curse" from Dad's side. Differently to the Lempriere Curse, which afflicts males only, this Jones Curse is not gender selective. So Naomi and I were both struck down by the Jones Curse, whilst John and Susie emerged in the pure state and they are to this day as the very model of pristine tidiness. Mum once said that she could never understand how, as a small boy, John could make mud pies and remain spotless. Thus I consoled myself that I was completely exonerated from any compulsion to even attempt to improve, because my inherited malady was genetic and terminal. I was caught in a biological trap from which I could never emerge alive. Explaining all this to Pigson would have been a waste of time so I suffered his barbs in silence. Ironically, Dad, perhaps tongue in cheek, would often quote an old Welsh proverb that said: "If each before his doorstep swept, the village would be clean".

The Minton Taylor/Dobson fastidiousness exceeded all normal standards by a huge margin. Grandpa would only carry new or ironed banknotes in his wallet and his daily newspapers had to be folded neatly corner to corner. In his latter years, he became frail and was attended to by three nurses over twenty four hours in his flat. He "rose" each morning and sat in his favourite armchair dressed in his pyjamas, dressing gown and slippers, to pass the day and to "receive" visitors. He always respectably wore a tie with his pyjamas. At one stage one of the nurses must have left, so there was a vacancy which Mum offered the job to Deaconess Bullard, mentioned earlier. Miss Bullard was a diminutive lady, full of fun, who had won an MBE and OBE for her work with mothers in Tanganyika. She became an untrained midwife and opened up Motherhood centres out in the bush to counter the high tribal child mortality rates in the Territory. The other two nurses frowned on the intrusion of this untrained upstart and made their point by wearing and prominently displaying their nurses badges. Miss Bullard, totally unpeterbed, wickedly countered by displaying her OBE badge.

Mum would neatly place her belongings in her dressing table drawers with exceptional tidiness. Each article was stored in a specific drawer in a specific plan view position in the drawer, accurately positioned in a specific alignment to the drawer sides and rotated to a specific "face up" or "face down" orientation.

Removal of anything from a drawer was tolerated under unconditionally stringent requirements. Firstly, any item removed from a drawer was to be returned. This was a fairly simple and unambiguous rule that even the most distracted child could reasonably be expected to comprehend without too much harsh indoctrination. Without the need for any superfluous qualification, it clearly meant that the return of the borrowed item was to actually occur. Secondly, the item was to be returned promptly. Thirdly, the item was to be replaced in the exact position, alignment and orientation in the location in which it was found. Whilst I cannot speak informatively for my siblings, I must own up that there were many times when it became necessary for my dear mother to reinforce this rule with me.

Amazingly, my parents' marriage lasted "... until death did them part...", to paraphrase to the marriage service, which makes me wonder just how my Mum managed to co-exist with the barbarism of this unprincipled Welshman. Once, Dad had no hesitation in conscripting their wedding presents to augment the Church's meagre range of brass or silverware for special services – without her authority or forewarning. Mum turned up to Church one day to see all her precious silver servers lined up in a row, filled with water and ready with assigned pastors on standby, to be used as fonts on black woolly heads in a mass baptism. My loyalties to my parents are divided on this issue: Dad had not only exceeded his authority in a marriage in which he regularly admitted to knowing his place, he had omitted to confess his wickedness and had taken the risk of being found out in the glare of a Church Service. Perhaps this was his genius – what could Mum graciously do in the circumstances without risking her dignity and reputation as a loyal and supportive wife in public? Perhaps Dad simply forgot to own up. Mum, on the other hand, displayed a masterly and highly commendable show of self-control, or perhaps a dutiful but worthy resignation to their common "cause".

On a more positive note, I must admire my enterprising father for displaying such a flair for productivity improvement in my field of expertise, by following in the footsteps of my hero the great industrial master Henry Ford. Dad had followed the example that genius and had set up an assembly line that would have significantly reduced the time to baptize a large number of candidates. His ingenuity would have won him many accolades in the secular world of the manufacturing industry.

Ironically, the stringent fastidiousness possessed and practised by my dear wife Willa, who is of the awesome Maughan/Woods strain, does closely approach but can never match the standards of the Minton Taylor/Dobson combination. As a consequence, and unfortunately for me, Willa is perhaps even more callously unsympathetic to the Jones Curse as she is to the Lempriere Curse.

Because this was a new compound, there was very little greenery in the early days, and we boys were expected to plant trees and generally participate in the development of the grounds. In retrospect, I suspect that the wise old Pansy saw in this not only a free labour source, but also a good character building opportunity for those of us used to African labour being used for every conceivable manual task. At a recent Old Boy's Reunion in Perth I renewed my association with Heskia who had flown out from England for the occasion. He confided in me that he and his peers were unimpressed when they found out that under the terms of their employment they were entitled to an allowance with which they were expected to improve the otherwise barren surrounds of their newly built staff houses. Apparently the crafty old Pansy had kept this information to himself, and the funds were secretly channelled into general school compound improvements.

Whatever Pansy's motives were; the school timetable was arranged to allow Wednesday afternoons free from academic preoccupation for this activity. To make up for teaching time lost there was a period before breakfast on that day. Some boys had Latin at that time. We attended three periods followed by prep till lunchtime on Saturdays. Our compulsory subjects were English, French, Maths, Science, History Geography and Latin, with an option of either German or Ancient Greek. We also did PT, Art and Manual Arts in the form of woodwork.

There was no resident or part-time music master in the early days, which created a problem for Assembly and Chapel, and so Pansy press-ganged firstly me, and eventually a couple of other piano students into the role of hymn players. It was the most humiliating experience for me because of my complete inability to read music at anything remotely resembling singing speed. The only way I could perform was to laboriously memorise the hymns and hope for the best. Pansy was unsympathetic to my pleas of inadequacy, perhaps intentionally for my own good, although I doubt it, and we would wade through the appointed hymn for a few verses, till I made a mistake or suffered from a memory lapse. I would then stop and the whole school would then sing on unaccompanied till the end of the verse and I would start again. I eventually built up a repertoire of four or five hymns, with the

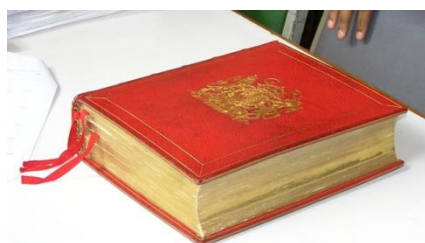
Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis thrown in. In my defence, my repertoire, style of playing and meagre Evensong flexibility perhaps more than held its own with my fellow musicians.

Our piano teacher was Mr. Chopflin, who was an extremely shy, polite and gentleman. His style was to teach his students a sonata, arguing that there was more than enough finger dexterity in the great masters to remove the need for tedious scales and exercises. This theory was fine if the student could read well and quickly. Whatever the merits or demerits of this style of teaching, I enjoyed the lessons but rarely diligently practised for them but did memorise a substantial portion of one of Mozart's piano sonatas sufficiently well enough to apparently impress some members of my future family-in-law. Term reports were embarrassing; because Mr Chopflin would consult the pupils before assigning term marks and say, "I sink not less than ninety". This was the best mark that ever appeared on any of my reports throughout my entire kindergarten, primary, secondary and tertiary careers.

On piano lesson days, Pansy would commandeer old Chopflin for hymn duty, and we hymn musicians would have a day off. The old man, whom I suspect was a Jew and therefore perhaps not familiar with playing Christian hymns, graciously transcended any possible religious boundaries and played the introductory few bars almost inaudibly and with much expression. I would fear that the piano would be drowned out during the singing, but away he would go at an adequate volume when the singing started. I remember the day when Dad visited and addressed the school while we were at Government house, which thankfully was before my hymn playing days. Assembly was in the ballroom, which contained a huge and magnificent grand piano. Dad offered to play a hymn, an offer, which Pansy must have readily accepted, as visiting speakers or preachers having the added skills of hymn playing were unknown. I secretly saw through this generous offer made by Dad, who incidentally could play very well but by ear only. I knew that he was not about to pass up a golden opportunity to play that grand piano in the ballroom of Government House, which he did with great aplomb.

It was around this time that Dad received an honorary Doctorate of Divinity. I have always had difficulties with these types of lofty recognition. Whilst I have absolutely no doubt that the recipients of these sorts of institutional gratitude are most deserving, I feel strongly for those post graduate students who strive for years to attain similar recognition the hard way. Perhaps the academic institutions could strike special medals, complete with appropriate regalia and robes, to achieve the desired acknowledgments without encroaching on the student domain.

Pansy was a great traditionalist and was always looking for school traditions to enrich the school. One term, Langton brought a battered bugle to school and audibly demonstrated his prowess on this instrument on many occasions - the fool. It was not long before Pansy coerced him into sounding off at the daily flag raising ceremony that was part of our daily outside morning Assembly. At that stage, we had no school hall or auditorium. Ever the traditionalist, Pansy wrote off to the King, His Majesty King George the Sixth, and asked the King to present a Bible to the school that carried the same name as his former title of Duke of York. The King agreed, and in due course a large crate arrived at the school. I was present when the crate was opened to yield a large beautifully leather bound red Bible, signed "George VIR". The Bible is still there.



On another occasion, moved to greater success, Pansy wrote off to the captain of the HMS Duke of York, requesting the donation of the ship's bell. The Captain wrote back, expressing regret that it was not possible to donate the ship's bell, but queried whether the spare bell would do. It did, and in due course, I watched the opening of a second crate, this time containing the brass bell, proudly engraved "HMS Duke of York". The bell was mounted in an open sided bell house and Pansy introduced a few shipboard style bell-ringing routines such as two or three rings for special timeslots or occasions

Pansy had a grey horse that he would ride in the afternoons, and occasionally he would watch us playing sport whilst he sat on this animal, moving from playing field to playing field. Since we were outside the city, cross-country runs were organised and Pansy usually was the master in charge because he would use the time to have a good ride. I usually lagged with the rear, which really was

not a good idea because Pansy was there to round up the stragglers with his snorting horse. The route was usually circuitous as we crossed the railway line and followed a road through a forest and eventually turned left on another road and left again. The more unscrupulous of us soon learned to move sufficiently ahead of Pansy to be out of site and cut through the forest and pick up the road on the other side and rest and perhaps catch up with a quick smoke until the pack caught up. I was never game enough to do this and I must have eventually enjoyed these occasions, as I became quite good at cross-country runs.

One day the whole school was engaged in an official cross-country run and I came either first or very close to first. I received congratulatory glances from a few of the masters, with a few "Well done, Wynn Jones" remarks thrown in. I appeared to be set on a great running career. Unknown to us, our places in the cross-country run were to directly correlate with our handicaps in the forthcoming 440-yard race. The handicap rule for this event was simple and reminiscent of that old Biblical prophecy that the last were to be first and the first were to be last. And so, on the great day, I stood on the starting line with a few other "firsts" while old Tom Stevenson and his fellow lags who had strolled through the cross-country race stood on the 220-yard line. Needless to say, the race was a rout and nearly a riot and my promising future in athletics came to a crashing stop.

In the early days at Government House, the school had no projector, and Tich, who was a most gentle and polite person, had bought one out of his own pocket, and he would occasionally have film nights for us. I had a very good relationship with him, although he was not my housemaster. Sometimes I would act as projectionist - a skill my brother and I had acquired in Australia when accompanying Dad on deputation work. The film nights continued at Ngong, and one weekend Tich told me that he was going out on the Saturday night and asked me to organise the evening. He entrusted me with the key to his flat, so I could pick up the projector and films. When I entered his flat, his dining table had been set up with four bowls of cashew nuts, obviously in readiness for a nightcap on his return with his guests. I must shamefully admit to engaging in perhaps the lowest of felonies I have ever undertaken by stealing some cashews through the breaking of a trust. To cover my tracks I took a few cashews from each bowl hoping to cover my crime. My memories of this episode are vivid and I still cringe with shame whenever I think of this episode. If Tich ever suspected my hollowness, or whether he was embarrassed before his guests he never commented.

Sundays were busy days for me. I would rise early to be at TLE's house by around 6.30 am for a cup of tea before we departed in his Ford Prefect for Nairobi to attend Communion in the Cathedral. I must admit that the cup of tea and the outing to town and back may have outweighed my desire to attend Church. The day was then more or less free till after lunch when the school bus would take a load of us to Crusaders, again in Nairobi. Crusaders were run by a group of doctors who were all related by marriage and who were Brethren. The big attraction at Crusaders was that one of the doctor's wives, Mrs Jarvis, would cook the most sumptuous cream cakes that were greedily devoured after the little Service. Once or twice a term, we would be taken to their home for a wonderful afternoon, which included playing with their electric train set.

A couple of our less religiously inclined or more daring colleagues saw the bus trip as the perfect escape to attend the movies in town rather than sitting through some boring "Church" afternoon or wasting a free afternoon on the school compound miles from town. Whilst security was impeccable at the school and at Crusaders, with attendance lists scrupulously prepared at each location, no one reconciled the lists. This loophole in security allowed the miscreants to disembark from the bus which dropped us off just around the corner from Crusaders. Provided they returned to the same spot on time, they could vanish into the town undetected, as the African school driver was unaware of their ruse. At our reunion in Perth in 1999, attended by Heskia, Andy Cohoughan proudly boasted to Heskia that he had attended the movies every Sunday of term. In subsequent correspondence to me, Heskia expressed his incredulity of this claim. He could not fathom out how Andy did it. Without casting any dispersions on the holiness or otherwise of our mutual friend Andy, I offered this possible explanation and left Heskia to stand in judgement on poor Andy. On our return to school I would then go through the agony of playing the hymns at "Evensong"

One day Pansy informed me that I had been nominated to read the lesson on the Sunday School of the Air and that his driver would drive me to the radio station in his Austin A40. How I was picked I do not know. In the previous term, whilst we were filing into the Cathedral for a combined school's service, an invisible hand plucked me out of line and thrust a Bible into my hand. A totally strange voice emanating from an invisible face in the gloom of the porch told me that I had to read the lesson, for which I was to be rewarded by being forced to sit next to Pansy's daughter Sally throughout the service. This was because Pansy and his family sat in a pew reserved for dignitaries located well in

front of the Cathedral and close to the lectern. Perhaps there was a logistical reasoning behind this apparently harmless instruction to allay any fears by the organisers of the service, or by Pansy himself, that I might miss my cue, or possibly worse, if I were to be lost in a sea of boyish faces.

There was nothing wrong with Sally, but sitting next to a girl in Church in front of a horde of sniggering schoolboys was the ultimate embarrassment. The mysteries of the selection process for these two events were beyond me since I was an unknown Tanganyikan and not a local Kenyan, but I assumed I had some “special” eligibility due to my “connections” with the Church. Anyway, at the appointed hour I reported to Pansy’s house and the driver and I set off. He was very drunk and he knew it. On the way he instructed me that should I be asked about his driving speed, I was to reply “thalathini tu” or “thirty only”. Fortunately we arrived and returned safely and the expected account of the trip was not sought. A couple of my mates had tuned in to the broadcast on their crystal sets.



## FAREWELL TO AFRICA

One day Pansy came to my class and asked to see me. Since it was absolutely unheard of to be personally called out of class by the headmaster I knew something serious was wrong. Standing on the bank above our classroom waiting for me was Uncle Neville. Dad had been gravely ill in Dar-es-salaam and there was no mistaking the unenviable reason for his presence there. He had come to tell me Dad had died. I was somewhat prepared for this event and so my grief was muted as I was expecting the worst.

Uncle Neville took me to Weithaga, which was a mission station outside Nairobi where I was re-united with John and subsequently Mum, who had travelled up from Dar-es-salaam after Dad's funeral. We stayed there for several days. During this time, John and I purloined a motorbike from an African and taught ourselves how to ride. Fortunately, the African was a very kindly man and he allowed us to continue to ride his motorbike about during our stay. Mrs Winteleer, who was the mother of Dr Winteleer, also very kindly let Mum use her car, which was a beautiful British Racing Green 1946 18/85 Wolseley, the type used by Scotland Yard in those days. Her bachelor son was part of the Crusader network in Nairobi with whom I was acquainted through that "network". The Protestant family in East Africa, whilst fragmented into many happily interactive "factions", was united in the common "cause", and the "faction" to which the Winteleers were aligned was more to the "Brethren" leaning. But this was of negligible significance as far as I could assess, as the "core" issues between the various "factions" were the same.

Dad's illness arose from an accident he had whilst he was changing a tyre or fitting chains on the road to Kongwa from Dodoma. He was travelling to Kongwa to consecrate a new stone church built mainly by English parishioners attached to the British groundnut scheme being developed there. Groundnuts are more commonly known as peanuts in East Africa and in Australia. The British Government had embarked on a huge post-war experiment to grow groundnuts in Tanganyika and vast tracts of land were being cleared for this purpose. A large influx of British personnel was installed in a tent city at Kongwa, Dad's original stamping ground years before, to operate the scheme, which was a new ministry and challenge to the diocese, and one in which Dad took a particular interest.

Apparently the car slipped off the jack and his left arm was broken at the shoulder. It was a most awkward break, necessitating his upper arm to be set horizontally forward from the shoulder, with his forearm bent at the elbow and at the same level in front of his body. His upper torso was completely encased in plaster. This made sleeping most uncomfortable. From what was simply a bad example of a broken arm, his recovery should have been only a relatively short period of time, but he began to deteriorate. He began to develop kidney complications, although I am not sure whether this was prior to the decision to transfer him to the coast or soon after. The medical explanation for the deterioration is of course unknown to me, but I was told by a doctor once that in some rare cases, kidney failure could occur following certain bone fractures. I was told that this phenomenon had first been observed with wounded soldiers who were shot in the shoulder in the Crimean War. I cannot vouch for the truth or otherwise of these statements.

I remember vividly the day he was flown from Dodoma to Dar-es-salaam. We were all home from boarding school on holidays, and John and I had ridden to the town from Kikuyu on our bikes whilst Mum drove Dad in the big black Ford. As the car progressed through the town towards the "airport" a couple of close friends joined the procession. Waiting for its sick passenger was a De Havilland Dragon Rapide, which was a rather ugly twin engined bi-plane, a type fairly commonly used in East Africa. Getting Dad into the tiny plane was quite a business as he was not only very ill but also some 100 kgs in weight, and the setting of his plastered arm meant that he had to be manoeuvred awkwardly through the small door of the plane. In the end he stuck, and the only way to get him in was to literally shove him in by his seat. He finally made it and as the little plane turned to take off I could see his good arm raised to the window with a "V for Victory" salute. His children never saw him again.



The circumstances surrounding Dad's death unravelled over several years. According to a letter or article written by Archdeacon Banks, somewhere in this story Dad had been diagnosed with nephritis or inflammation of the kidneys. Following his removal to the coast he had responded to treatment although he was very weak. Mum talked of plans for a convalescing trip to England and her making up for her having missed out on the consecration trip. Dad was very close to his mother, and Mum

looked forward to belatedly meeting her mother-in-law and various other members of Dad's family. Dr Winteleer had flown down to Dar-es-salaam from Nairobi to be Dad's personal physician and I recollect that Mum told me that this was at his own expense. Things then seemed to go wrong and I can only try and piece together Mum's account of the sequence of events that followed that were spread out in remarks she made over many later years.

A visiting specialist who had arrived from the UK took an interest in Dad who was still very weak but stable. This specialist approached Mum for permission to conduct an examination or test that apparently was to include the insertion of a catheter. She consulted Dr Winteleer who advised her that under no circumstances were any anaesthetics to be administered. Mum agreed to the examination on this condition. The examination proceeded, but the condition was ignored and Dad was given a massive spinal injection, which ultimately killed him. I can only assume that Dr Winteleer did not attend the examination or that he was unable to prevent the injection being administered.

During Dad's hospitalisation in Dar-es-salaam Mum had been with him and she was very kindly looked after by the Governor's wife during this time, with whom there were Tasmanian connections, and who was a doctor. Lady Twining, of Twining Tea family connections, had some voluntary medical association with the hospital. Sometime later this lady confided in Mum that she had found out from the African nurses that the spinal dosage administered to Dad was sufficient to kill two men - let alone a very weak one.

Dad rapidly deteriorated, and as he died, Mum whispered "Jesus" in his ear. Later, Dr Winteleer told Mum that had he felt it was absolutely necessary to have proceeded with the examination, he would have used the finest of catheters to minimise or remove the need for an anaesthetic to avoid exposing the patient to a secondary complication.

Dad survived long enough to leave some of his belongings to us children. John was to have his watch. I was to have his Bible given to him by Archbishop Temple at his consecration, Susie was from an accident he had whilst he was changing a tyre or fitting chains on the road to Kongwa from Dodoma. Apparently the car slipped off the jack and his left arm was broken at the shoulder. It was a most awkward break, necessitating his upper arm to be set horizontally forward from the shoulder, with his forearm bent at the elbow and at the same level in front of his body. His upper torso was completely encased in plaster. This made sleeping most uncomfortable. From what was simply a bad example of a broken arm, his recovery should have been only a relatively short period of time, but he began to deteriorate. He began to develop kidney complications, although I am not sure whether this was prior to the decision to transfer him to the coast or soon after. The medical explanation for the deterioration is of course unknown to me, but I was told by a doctor once that in some rare cases, kidney failure could occur following certain bone fractures. I was told that this phenomenon had first been observed with wounded soldiers who were shot in the shoulder in the Crimean War. I cannot vouch for the truth or otherwise of these statements. A visiting specialist who had arrived from the UK took an interest in Dad who was still very weak but stable. This specialist approached Mum for permission to conduct an examination or test that apparently was to include the insertion of a catheter. She consulted Drto have his small yachting piano and Naomi was to have his pen.

His dying message to his flock was contained in the words of the hymn:

Praise to the Holiest in the Height,  
And in the depth be praise:  
In all His Words most wonderful,  
Most sure in all His ways.

According to Mum, there were mutterings of negligence, and some talk of an inquiry, but Mum declined to endorse such proceedings as she felt that nothing would reverse what had happened. In retrospect from a perspective over fifty years later, this decision was perhaps unwise, however emotionally painful it might have been at the time. Mum also told me that subsequently, there were other instances of malpractice murmured as this visiting individual roamed the Territory. Sometimes miscreants are allowed to escape censure under the umbrella of an unwillingness to prolong grief on behalf of the bereaved. I do not stand in judgement on Mum's decision, but sometimes there is an obligation, however distressing it may be, to protect others from repetitive unprofessional behaviour.

Since funerals are conducted immediately in East Africa, none of us children were present at Dad's funeral as we were far away at school in Nairobi and Arusha or at home in Dodoma. The funeral was an ecumenical one, according to Mum, who told us that representatives from all Churches were in attendance. Apparently the senior dignitary of the Greek Orthodox Church was one of several Church leaders participating in the service, and who was in full regalia, including the large top hat style headgear, complete with its distinctive drawn back veil or hood, and black robes. Mum was told later that a member of the congregation mistook this dignitary for her and was overheard to remark: "I didn't know widows wore weeds these days".

Nearly sixty years on, Dad's memory is very much alive in his Diocese. Recently the family was asked by the Diocese for permission to relocate his grave or headstone from Dar-es-Salaam to the Cathedral in Dodoma as a memorial. Various visitors to the grave over the years, including family, had reported that the grave was in a poor condition and what had become a predominantly Muslim cemetery.

There was a unanimous agreement amongst us siblings that some form of relocation should take place but my sisters were more inclined to relocating the grave rather than the headstone only. My opinion of this option was simple. Relocating the grave would not only expensive but, in my opinion, such an undertaking would have been contrary to our parent's teaching. I believe Dad would have been horrified at the thought, although he probably would have approved some form of memorial of which there are several. Both our parents taught us that at death, the Spirit is raised and that the mortal remains are just mortal remains. Burials or cremations are simply a means of respectfully disposing these remains.

Unlike the Pharaohs, our parents believed that there is no need to preserve these remains in preparation for some after-life. They would have taken literally the Anglican burial intonation, "Earth to Earth, Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust." Pre-occupation with ornate resting places, with overtones of preservation sadly promoted by some sections of the Universal Church and vigorously exploited by the undertaking industry, did not fit with the teachings of Jesus as perceived by our parents. One day, when Jesus returns we will all be mysteriously "taken up". Years later, Mum had indicated that her body was to be disposed of without any funeral or lasting memorial. This was her wish – a wish we children did not obey. There are those who argue that the bereaved need some focal point at which and over which to grieve.

I also argued that after fifty years, the grave would contain nothing but bones and that in exercises such as this, remains can in extreme cases become religious relics, albeit in some harmless fashion, or ultimately forgotten. Our final agreement was that we would allow the Diocese to decide the outcome and to proceed with our good wishes.

Years after Mum's death I retrieved two small deposits of just over \$1000 each that had languished in various bank accounts in her name and which had been turned over to the Treasury because the banks could not locate descendants. The first was divided up between us. We decided that the second sum honourably and faithfully held in "trust" by me would become Mum's contribution to the exercise.

We had three very small requests. The first request was that a small plaque in Mum's memory be positioned near the final outcome. The second request concerned Dad's Bishop's ring. When he died, his ring either "disappeared" or he was buried with it on his finger. If his remains were to be exhumed, and in the unlikely event that the ring was found, we asked that it be returned to John. The third request related to the grave itself. If the headstone only was to be removed, the gravesite was to be reverently abandoned.

The grave was subsequently exhumed in 2003 and the remains relocated to the Cathedral grounds in Dodoma. Amazingly the ring and two large buttons were found in the grave. The original coffin handles were also found, which were in excellent condition and "recycled" by attaching them to the new coffin. The ring has now been brought to Australia and is in the possession of its intended inheritor. The re-burial service included a procession of forty clergy that accompanied the coffin to the gravesite.



This is an extract of an email the African Bishop sent to the family describing the service:

"As the clergy of the Diocese carried the coffin to the southern end of the

Cathedral grounds where he was to be buried, the sky got darker and darker, and suddenly showers of blessing from above poured down as we lowered down the coffin and said the last prayers. The rain continued while most people stood by, some putting back the earth into the grave until the top cement slabs were put then the rain stopped. We have had no rains for over eight weeks now all over Tanzania. It's only at great people's burials that God sends down rain to cool souls and comfort the earth. It is a day that will never be forgotten in our memories."

Around the time that Dad had his accident, East Africa was experiencing a religious Revival. I have no authoritative knowledge of this movement but I was aware of it through conversations between my parents and their associates. I believe it had its origins in Uganda and two African missionaries from Uganda had taken up residence in Kikuyu. One of the tenets of this revival was that devotees were required to stand up at gatherings and expose their innermost thoughts as a sort of public confession, presumably as an expression of their commitment to the cause. Innermost thoughts included everything from doubts about Salvation, hates, covertness and earthly lusts.

Mum and Dad, although sympathetic to the Revival, declined to participate in these requirements and were subsequently censored by some adherents – despite the fact that Dad was their Bishop and Spiritual leader. Their refusing to immerse themselves in these sorts of covert romps was interpreted as a sign of their religious insincerity.

I can easily explain my parents' attitude without any need to having previously consulted with them. Their simple Faith was so idiot-proof that it defied acceptance in many quarters. They were accountable to Jesus alone. To them, the Gospels preached that the New Testament had supplemented the Old Testament. The curtain in the Temple had been symbolically rent from top to bottom and not from bottom to top as might have happened by human hands. Jesus had been crucified for our sins. There was a New Deal in place. Jesus did not require a Confessional through human mediators, either privately or publicly, for Salvation – again a practice promoted and observed elsewhere in the Universal Church. They were not required by Him to subject themselves to an earthly examination of their overt or covert sins as a pre-requisite to their entry to the Kingdom of Heaven.

I know that they confessed to Jesus directly by the hour and were redeemed and refreshed. They were each locked into an individual Work Agreement with their Heavenly Employer and Master that was non-negotiable at an earthly level. This meant that they were not about to submit themselves to a collective bargaining deal sealed by a show of hands or by the smiting of breasts in a steamy and highly charged atmosphere. Mum and Dad knew that their sole commitments to Jesus were that they were to glorify Him and to preach His Gospel unconditionally. They were also cautioned to beware of false prophets that might offer palliative solutions to their obligations to their Master.

As a consequence of their stubbornness one of Dad's closest friends broke off his relationship with Dad. His friend was not from his close Trinity circle but was a long-term associate from his earliest days in Tanganyika who subsequently became one of his subordinates. This kindly and well-meaning priest was one of those very few associates whom we children addressed as "Uncle" as a measure of his special endearment to our parents.

Before he was administered that lethal injection, Dad had sunk to a very low ebb and was not expected to survive. He constantly called for his friend to come and see him to reconcile their estrangement but his friend refused. Every morning Dad anxiously asked Mum if there was any letter or news from his friend.

I have no idea whether Dad's friend was a key player in the Revival, but he was undoubtedly caught up in the euphoria and spirit of the exiting new movement to bring Jesus to the people. In the harsh corporate world this subordinate would have been very quickly counselled, had his superior not been so ill, and invited to review his Workplace Agreement and Conditions of Employment. He would have been urged to ponder the seriousness of his disobedience and disloyalty to his superior. He would have been moved to seriously consider his future options. Although Australia was far away, pragmatism apparently failed to help him to conclude that he should perhaps repair his relationship with his superior as a matter of some urgency.

This refusal is perhaps difficult to understand in a close secular relationship. Refusing to communicate with a superior and declining a call to an audience with that superior are serious character defects that could eventually have a devastating effect on a career path. There is always the risk of dismissal, removal to a harmless role in the organisation or stagnation through immobility from the current position. Compounding this risk, head-hunters have the annoying habit of somehow seeking out and consulting pertinent people who have been prudently omitted from preferred referees listed in resumes. Perhaps the most dangerous risk is that even the most magnanimous former superior might be called to fairly but truthfully act as a balanced rather than a biased referee in some future job application.

The rift is even more difficult to reconcile in a deeply committed religious atmosphere. Surely the very tenets of the Revival would have driven its adherents to pray incessantly with their fellow devotee for reconciliation between the two split souls. There was only silence. Sadly, silence often implies acceptance and agreement with a particular issue. However, I have no doubt that as a result many sinners were reached by this Revival.

Years later, I was told that the “Revivalists” became so cloistered in their beliefs that they would spontaneously sing or hum a sort of “cultural” hymn, chant or slogan during Church Services – as do protesters in public meetings or marches. This had to be quelled, and the “protesters” were told to desist with this practice.

Dad’s friend opted to do nothing and Divine Intervention eventually closed the issue on 29<sup>th</sup> May 1950. Whatever his motives were, Dad’s friend subsequently followed the example set by Judas Iscariot. After Dad died, this unfortunate man must have realised the enormity of his awful mistake because he approached Mum expressing his profound remorse and told her that when he heard the news he had gone out and “wept bitterly”

How often does blind enthusiasm cloud our lives and create division. All groups, including Churches, social organisations, political parties and sporting clubs are continually brought down or constrained by factionalism. So often, corruption or decay sets in as players weaken the structure of the main game. People constantly tweak the rules and introduce unilateral interpretations and simple but sometimes evasive diversions that take hold and erode the original cause. It would be better if these people had the courage of their convictions and broke free rather than continuing to languish in and usurp an existing group. Sadly, that would require great courage.

I have often pondered on the hypothetical question of just how far Dad might have progressed in this world had he followed a scientific, social, business or political activity and not committed himself totally and unconditionally to Jesus. The man had obvious drive, incredible physical resources and resilience at his disposal. He also had demonstrative management gifts, powers of persuasion and an unwavering loyalty to the CEO of his chosen “profession”. He also enjoyed an enormous level of loyalty and respect from his colleagues, his pastoral flock and the wider secular community. He had no demarcation guidelines written into his Agreement. He blissfully disposed of dead bodies, prayed with drunks, fixed cars, housed displaced kings, ministered to displaced Roman Catholics, cleared blocked sewers, ministered to condemned men on the scaffold, cared for widows, displaced soldiers and destitute people, celebrated Communion, ministered to his flock and entertained Governors to lunch as part of the job and without any threat of a backlash from the Clergy Guild.

When Dad’s successor was announced, I quite frequently heard mentioned that the new Bishop designate was a former accountant and, more significantly, was a good administrator. Also, there has been some mention in the literature that Dad’s administrative skills were open to some criticism following his tenure at the Arusha School. His successor, a former army major, reported some laxity in discipline and physical training and administrative conditions at the school – predictable observations from a former military professional.

I have deeply pondered these comments many times without being overcome with righteous indignation and leaping to Dad’s defence, as there may have been some truth in the criticisms. However, I always have been fascinated with the inevitable and usually negative innuendoes that emerge at any changing of the guard and offer the following observations.

It must be noted that Dad’s first assignment was to create a new school from scratch on a green-site, with no previous culture or infrastructure to go on, and to bring together the children from a wide mix of (White/European) races, many of whom were not necessarily in love with the British administration.



This sort of assignment requires a manager having special people management skills that are not usually found with or required in an ongoing venture in which the incumbent is more in an improving rather than a development role. Academics may not be aware of this subtlety.

Dad was also in a quadruple role as headmaster of a new primary school, local Parish priest, chaplain to the armed forces and minister to the local indigenous population.

I have no idea of the state of the Dioceses' state of administrative condition inherited by Dad. All I know is that he died only three years after his succession, which may or may not have been sufficient time to resolve all outstanding issues - if any. His predecessor and successor were in the job for over twenty years each.

In every management change, the incoming incumbent will either enjoy all the advantages or have to cope with any shortcomings in the organisation inherited from his or her predecessor. Dad may indeed have been guilty of spending more time with needy pupils and passing soldiers in Arusha; or with the drunks and jailbirds in Dodoma, than with the affairs of the School or Diocese.

This is a common failing of many managers in the industrial and commercial fields, who tend to regress to levels of comfort enjoyed in their previous but lesser roles, by busying themselves in expert but non-managerial issues rather than delegating such issues to subordinates. Perhaps also, the stated qualities of Dad's successors were driven by perceptions of golden opportunities by the selection committees of the "organisations" to build in bits of financial control and organisational structure here and there.

On the other hand, Dad's pastoral strengths may have been too hard to match by the candidates on offer and resorting to secular accolades may have been the only way to justify the appointments. Perhaps also, Dad had some difficulty in equitably rendering his energies between Caesar (the School and Diocese) and God – all intriguing thoughts.

According to Mum, Dad was considered to be future Archbishop of Sydney material. Whether this was fact or the dreaming of a devoted wife I shall never know. But I do know that Mum was hard wired into the Sydney Diocesan KGB network through invincible connections carefully laid down and concreted in over two generations. Nepotism is of course too harsh a word, but she knew all the right people in the right places on a first name basis in the network, either through family links or through her childhood and later affiliations in CMS. So I can only conclude that her utterances may have had some substance.

Her networking became obvious to me years later as our time in Australia proceeded. Mum was a voluntary worker in the headquarters of CMS in Bathurst St, variously in the café and bookshop. As she imperceptibly deteriorated mentally, sadly not recognised by her offspring until too late, she was progressively transferred to various more menial tasks in her daily work. Her children did not draw any conclusions from her various job downgrades at the time. She was ultimately assigned to unpacking crates of books in the basement out of harm's way. In her nightly phone conversations to me she would tell me how she would intercept the "upstairs" bosses on the stairs and, in her decline would gullibly intercede for her "wronged" work mates "downstairs". This was extremely naughty of her but I was, at the time, too stupid to recognise the warning signs to realise that it was time for her to "retire" and to leave her poor and loyal friends in peace.

And so our days in Africa were numbered. Mum decided to return to Australia with her brood and to her roots. We were to start again in a relatively new country, but in the knowledge that we were returning to our recently found family. We were much older and soon to face the prospects of life after school. Our blissfully happy life in Tanganyika was over. Mum requested that I be granted leave to return home to assist in packing. Pansy agreed but was unhappy about this, as I would be missing the end of year exams - a point not lost on me.

When I told a master nicknamed "Stokoe", an Englishman who was a recent addition to the staff, that I was leaving the school for Australia, he incredulously shouted at me: "Where? Australia?" - it was too much for him.

I returned home early and helped Mum pack. Uncle Oliver and Mr Maling made packing cases for our meagre belongings and the family duly departed for Australia. We travelled to Dar-es-salaam and embarked on the sister ship to the "Isipingo". There was some delay or mix-up with our baggage, which was hoisted aboard in a large net from a barge, minutes before the ship weighed anchor. We children rushed about the ship happily and made new friends with the other passengers. In doing so I found Mum standing alone on the rear deck wistfully gazing at the scene slipping by and ultimately

behind us as the ship made its way through the channel and out to sea, bound for Colombo via Zanzibar and Mombasa. I can only guess at her thoughts as she braced herself for our life ahead.

Some years previously, Daddy Leff's son Horst gave us a live turkey for Christmas. Susie and Nay became attached to this bird as he awaited its fate. When the awful truth dawned, they made such a hullabaloo that the turkey was spared. The next year, Horst repeated the gesture with a second turkey. By sheer good fortune, the second bird was of the opposite gender and in due course several little turkeys appeared. The proud family strutted in true turkey fashion about till Christmas when the father was finally sacrificed to the table. The mother and her brood continued their strutting until the time came for us to say goodbye. The only option was to give the little family away to a good home. This was done to the satisfaction of everyone.

Some years later, we were told that a wicked hyena came along and, with no apologies for the pun, gobbled them all up.

And that is the end of that little story.

Once again we visited Colombo where we boarded the Stratheden on our way to Sydney via Colombo. One day Mum developed a toothache in a tooth that had a gold filling, which either was removed or fell out. As we had little else to do, she sold it to a merchant in one of our many wanderings around the shops and stalls of Colombo. This sale provided her with some instant disposable income, with which she used to treat us to the movies.

On our arrival in Sydney, Grandpa, Aunt Jean, Uncle Ron and Aunt Mon met us. Uncle Geoff had flown from Hobart to see us in Melbourne. We returned to Kendall House and stayed there for about one year.

## AUSTRALIA REVISITED

People were very kind to us. We were re-enrolled at Trinity and Meriden. My achievements at Trinity were mediocre and limited to my name being on the role only. I sparingly participated in sport, as it was not strenuously enforced in those days and found it extremely unsatisfying and boring. I did, however, thoroughly enjoy the Cadets, and I rose to the dizzy rank of Lance Corporal. My only claim to fame was to win one category of the "Bishop Wynn Jones Memorial Prize". Once again, as with the "Rasharasha Shield" I must be excused for assuming that some sort of rigging was at play, as the Head, Mr Wilson Hogg, had written notes to John and me notifying us of the Award, with couched overtones that we were expected to participate. We did and we both duly won prizes in our categories. Bishop Chambers was in attendance at Speech Day to award prizes and Mr Hogg went to great pains to assure the assembled company that in fact our entries were the best. They probably were, as the award was usually on some missionary topic that would have given us an easy advantage over our competitors.

Mum eventually bought in Albert Rd in Strathfield where we lived until we progressively married. Susie's reception was held in the back yard. These were happy days as we went about our various school and post school careers.

Henry Young was one of Mum's old admirers as a young adult who had proposed to her many years ago. The Youngs, Decks and Grants were a subset of the great Christian network and who had origins in the sugar industry in Bundaberg many years ago. They were either of Brethren stock or having links with that sect. Dr Grant was our dentist. Largely the Youngs set up the Christian Conventions at Katoomba, so I believe, and the early Conventions were held in the home of Henry's brother Stafford that is adjacent to the present site. Henry appeared to me to be the black sheep of his family, having served an apprenticeship in fitting and machining. He used to make and sell caravans out of his garage in Clifton Gardens. He had a sheep property at Young, which we visited a couple of times where we indulged in horse riding, shooting rabbits, driving the Ferguson tractor and working in the shearing shed during the shearing season. He had a treadle metal lathe and could sharpen drills and steel cutting chisels with enviable precision. He proposed to Mum again and was accepted but, although John and I got on very well with him, Susie and Nay were not so keen. They rudely referred to him as "Big Bum Young" behind his back. The romance eventually ended, and there are two explanations for the termination. Susie and Naomi claim that they loudly protested against the marriage to their mother, who broke off the engagement as a result. My version, prompted by comments by Mum, is that there was a second lady in Henry's sights at the time and that was he who "jilted" Mum.

Henry was not the only suitor that had sought Mum's hand. Before travelling to Africa, she had been given another proposal. I am not sure whether she had actually accepted or whether she was still agonising over it when Grandpa stepped in and killed it off by despatching her on a sea tour to Europe and Switzerland with Uncle Ron as her chaperone. Her suitor was a young clergyman whom Grandpa must have disapproved, probably not for any religious persuasion reasons, since Mum was a fully committed Christian. Grandpa must have realised that the "relationship" was foundering or that the match was unsuitable.

We all ultimately left home and married and had children. Mum named herself "Bibi" which is Swahili for "Grandmother". Some years later, a friend visiting from East Africa overheard one of her grandchildren addressing her thus and was horrified because, depending on the context in which the word is used, it can refer to a lady of the night.

Around this time, I had a lady friend called Margaret, a motorbike and a variety of old cars. My lady friend once lamented to a mutual friend of ours on the condition of my "poor hands" cruelly cut and scratched from my post school occupation as an apprentice in the workshop – an anti-social condition that I fear was to ultimately undermine our relationship which quickly faded out.

It was at this stage that a new and beautiful girl was to enter my life who was totally unfazed by the condition of my poor hands and who was to become my future wife. Willa was a classmate of Naomi who regularly visited our home in that capacity. For a few years she was just another part of the passing parade and whom I was required to occasionally walk or drive home after dark. I can truthfully claim that these little encounters were entirely respectable and dutiful, as I was as always the impartial and totally honourable gentleman.

One year Willa grew several inches and overnight became the beautiful lady she is to this day. We became "secretly" engaged for a couple of years before our "official" announcement. During that time, we saved an incredible amount of money from our meagre wages. We looked at several houses around the Strathfield area, in Concord and in Asquith. We eventually settled on a two bed-roomed weatherboard house in Bede St in Enfield. This was mainly because it carried a transferable Building Society reducible loan at an interest rate of four percent per annum. Its cost was the princely sum of four thousand pounds or eight thousand dollars, an amount that staggered me. At that time, I was employed as a draughtsman on a lowly wage with no foreseeable wage increases. Inflation was flat and CPI increases were meaningless. My weekly wage had progressively risen over some six or seven years from exactly four pounds or eight dollars per week in my first apprenticeship year. Tax in that year was two shillings or twenty cents per week.

We let the house for a year or so to the Harris family that had arrived from England and which was impoverished with five small children. The father was unemployed, and probably unemployable, due to his heavy smoking and consequent bad coughing. Brenda, the mother, was the sister of Aunt Mon, the wife of Uncle Ron. Initially, Mum at Albert Rd, took in the family complete with two large dogs, for several weeks in a tent on our back lawn. They previously had been living in a caravan park somewhere out in Liverpool. Apart from being seen as "reliable" tenants, since Uncle Ron underwrote the rent, their move to Bede St resolved an impossible if not farcical situation at Albert Rd. They were reasonable tenants and generally preserved the condition of Bede St, although they blatantly and consistently ignored our precondition that the two large dogs were to remain outside. They eventually and abruptly left for some rural place in Bonnyrigg outside Liverpool.

We were eventually married and on our return from our honeymoon at Tuross Lakes down on the South Coast we moved into Bede St. We lived there for a couple of years during which time Catherine and Jane and Suzie were born. The arrival of Catherine and Jane was not without some anguish. The novelty of twins is not always as it seems. The circumstances leading up to their births were normal enough to a totally ignorant father. There was the expected rush to the hospital on very short notice, with the mother safely registered and handed over to the waiting staff. She was then swallowed up by the system and disappeared into the maze and I went home. The babies were delivered not long after I arrived home to the waiting grandmothers.

The phone rang some short time later. It was the gynaecologist ringing me to inform me that I was the father of two girls. This gentleman was renowned for his professional skills and the welfare he dispensed to the mothers and babies in his care. This can be readily verified by those mothers in our family and circle of friends who flocked to his door. His treatment of the husbands of these ladies in waiting was also renowned. He simply ignored them throughout the various confinements and only communicated with them as infrequently and as briefly as possible. Thus, the one-sided phone call was short and unambiguous: "Mr Wynn Jones, Dr Young here. Your wife has given birth to two girls. They are making a lot of noise but I think they will be alright, goodbye".

So I bundled the two grandmothers into the car and we set off to view the new arrivals. Things seemed to go awry on our arrival at the hospital. We must have seen Willa, although I have no recollection of whether this was before or after seeing the babies. There were complications because they were so tiny, especially Jane, and they had been separated from their mother and assigned to different wards on different floors. Jane had been transferred to a "special" ward, but no one seemed to know where. Eventually I was able to see Catherine. Somehow I had lost the two grandmothers, who had drifted off somewhere.

Although I had seen a few new-born babies in my time, I was totally unprepared for my initial viewing of my first-born from the corridor outside the nursery and through the traditional glass window - a precaution perceived necessary in those days to prevent infection of the newly born. Catherine could only be described as a little skinned rabbit, naked on a roll of cotton wool. I decided that she would surely die before sunset. Eventually I located Jane, and I was permitted a rather grudging view of her. Her "presentation" was worse than Catherine's, as she was unwashed, smaller and therefore even more alarming. I was convinced that I had been reluctantly allowed to see her before she also shortly died.

I then spent a long and terribly lonely time wandering the floors and halls of the huge and impersonal hospital looking for the two grandmothers to inform them of my sad news and to console them. They appeared to have vanished. In this time, I pondered the awesome tasks before me. How were bodies removed from hospitals? Would someone advise me of our babies' deaths? Was there an undertaker attached to the hospital, or was I expected to make my own arrangements outside the hospital? Did

newly born babies have lavish funerals? No one was interested in me. Finally, the two grandmothers appeared. They were jubilant and bubbling over with joy and happiness. I was amazed at how these two mature women could be so naïve and so stupid as to misread the obvious signs of doom. But they persisted and eventually convinced me that all was well - notwithstanding the fact that both babies needed special care for a while.

Bede St was a long block located two houses down from the intersection of Anslem St and Bede St, and running parallel to Anslem St. All the houses in the eastern side of Anslem St and south of Bede St backed on to our property. Accordingly, we had eleven neighbours. One neighbourly couple had a property on the Wallarah Creek at Chalmhaven, on the Central Coast north of Sydney, on which they were building a house. They had a friend who also had a property on the same creek with an A-frame house on it that was available for rent. We duly rented the house for a holiday and so our introduction to the Central Coast came about.

At that time, John and his wife Joan were looking around for a block of land. Joan's mother and stepfather lived at Wyee, close by Chalmhaven. During our time at Chalmhaven we cruised around and generally explored the area and also looked at land either on or close to the water on the creek or around the lakes. Once again, our financial affairs were too meagre to contemplate anything south of the Entrance. Eventually a frustrated agent advised us that there was a place called Lake Munmorah, up north, where blocks were priced more cheaply for poorer people. He suggested that perhaps we might find something more in keeping with our station in life. He was right and we subsequently bought a block in Andrew St for just under two thousand dollars. Our new neighbours were highly amused at our purchase, as they had bought their blocks twelve months previously for only five hundred dollars each, suggesting a four hundred percent mark-up in one year.

I'm really unclear as to the motives that drove us to buy such a block. Willa has always maintained that our holiday at Chalmhaven demonstrated a desire in me to "do things" rather than just sit around all day or swimming as other normal people do. Maybe there was a subconscious desire in both of us to "invest for the future" or maybe there was a need to get away sometimes, to camp and to mess with boats. One thing was certain. We were in no position to regularly afford even the cheapest of holidays. Exams and work excluded the luxuries of frequency, longevity and variety normally associated with holidays. Lake Munmorah provided the opportunity to come and go cheaply and with the minimum of notice or forward planning. This perhaps was the great feature of the place. Our only incremental costs to normal day-by-day living were rent, water and power only. I also believe that you, our children, were exposed to a certain ongoing ruggedness and resilience by the privations of the early years at Lake Munmorah that have done you all no harm at all.

And so the years at LM provided a long and happy freedom to camp, swim, sail, and row and to progressively build the house. The local Council in those days was considerably relaxed to the living conditions that we and others indulged in, probably because it was simply too hard to police with so many "battlers" living and holidaying in tents, caravans and garages. This was fortunate for us, as we were able to camp for many years. Toilet facilities were reminiscent of my Dodoma days, except that I was the highly illegal "dunny man" to avoid the cost of this service. A posthole digger was my tool of trade purchased at great expense to ease my task of digging holes in the terribly hard soil of the area. As time went on, regulations were quite rightly enforced more rigidly and as the district became more densely developed. But we had a good run by any standards and were able to build and live in the garage, and then the house on top without having to line the internal walls, whilst using the "barn" as a replacement for the tent for years. We gradually completed the house and I eventually applied to Council for a final inspection. The inspector found only two very minor non-conformances.

I proudly claimed that the house probably held the record for the longest construction time in the district from development application approval to final approval. The inspector checked his records and told me that the period between approvals was thirty-five years. I was jubilant. He then told me that there were houses on record whose DA's had been approved over forty-five years ago and which were still under construction.

After a couple of happy years at Bede St we decided to move on. Suzie had arrived in more manageable circumstances, although the problem with her was that she, as now, did things her way. Although Willa hotly denies this, I know that I made several visits to the hospital, which were false alarms, before Suzie made her grand entry.

I was still an undergraduate with no prospects, and still happy at Bede St. But I knew we had to change, so I gave Willa a target price with which to search for a suitable house. Sadly, my wife had



rather grandiose aspirations, or so it seemed to me, that were well outside my perceived window of opportunity. I know now that she was right, as always, in the affairs of our life together.

She went for the jugular. There was no point in cranking up my expectations in short increments. She knew that, so she worked in the high ground and found Abbotsford Rd. I can distinctly remember viewing the place in utter embarrassment - a sensitivity that was totally lacking in my wife. This house was priced well outside our target. There was no logical reason to proceed with this sham. By sheer coincidence, the husband who owned the house was the son of the doctor who had attended Mum's family years ago in Hobart. This only added to my embarrassment as the two grandmothers had joined the inspection party and Mum proceeded to reflect on the past. I dutifully inspected the house and the owners were told that we were not interested and that was that.

Some two or three months later, the owner phoned me and asked me whether we were still interested as they were anxious to make an offer. Australia was in the grip of a mini-recession at the time and they had purchased a house in Neutral Bay in the meantime that made their disposal of Abbotsford Rd more urgent. So we agreed to see them and they dropped the price by a huge amount to eight and a half thousand pounds, still well above the target, but it was an offer too good to refuse. The rest is history and we moved in on Christmas Day. We fortunately sold Bede St fairly quickly for the same price as we paid for it.

Matthew and Robert made their entries on the scene and family life progressed through the various stages of childhood activities. All children attended the Burwood Kindergarten - a legendary institution very capably run by Mrs Evans. Longstanding childhood friendships began here. Burwood Kindergarten was only one of a long list of local institutions that included St Annes, Homebush Primary, Meriden and Trinity Prep. The Cub and Guide groups all incestuously networked these with the local tennis, swimming, and football clubs, all working their charms aided.

All the children attended Homebush Primary School initially. It was here that I became involved in a long connection with the P and C Association, and I was to be President for some twelve years. It was a good experience for me and we all entered heartily into the various activities such as fetes, and facemask competitions year by year. Subsequently the girls were enrolled at Meriden and I joined the P and F there, although I studiously avoided any "executive" role. However, through my "experience" with several Art Shows put on by the School and previously at Burwood Kindergarten, I was the Convenor on a couple of occasions.

These Art Shows were held in the Blind School in Ethyl St, Burwood, each year. They were sheer hard work. They were also great fun and they provided a venue for parents to mesh on a more social basis away from the school compound. For security reasons, a team of fathers was required to sleep overnight, as there were many valuable paintings on display. There was also a huge amount of trash submitted but buyers blithely bought anything. Our surpluses by today's standards were pitiful for the amount of work involved. A "profit" of fourteen hundred dollars was considered to be an excellent result for the school.

The security fathers looked forward to a couple of nights of quiet imbibing whilst watching the television programmes of their choice. There was a large old TV in the building and all was set for a couple of enjoyable viewing evenings. Unfortunately, no one had remembered that blind people couldn't see. The TV had excellent sound qualities but there was no picture on the screen. This of course presented no problem to the blind people who happily chatted and went about their handcrafts, typing and other activities during the day whilst listening to the TV shows.

The house also had a large and extremely loud chiming clock that boomed out the time incredibly loudly every quarter of an hour for the benefit of the blind people. This clock was considered by the management to be too valuable to be entrusted to the vagaries of temporary tenants and so it was locked away in the main office out of reach. Because blind people occupied the building only during daylight hours, there was no need to silence the clock during night-time hours. In the period between dusk and dawn this monster would chime the quarterly Westminster chime some thirty-two times.

Only one potential disaster befell me during one of my incumbencies as convenor. An artist had submitted a set of six most attractive etchings of early Sydney. They were each mounted on a board with a broad purple surround and beautifully framed. They were offered as a set and presumably would have graced a lounge room setting or have been very effective in a hall. Their price was high but reasonable and they were slow to sell but a very nice lady finally bought them after having gone away and then returning to snap them up. I personally handled the sale and she departed happily with her treasures, and we workers were greatly pleased with the sale. Sometime later she rang in a great

state. She told me that whilst she was hanging one of the etchings she had accidentally dropped it and the frame had broken. In my best art dealer's voice, I commiserated with her and assured her that I was sure that the artist would be only too happy to repair the frame and that all would be well.

She then dropped the bombshell that the "etchings" were no more than a set of framed dinner mats that could be bought at any major store. With my dealer's reputation and that of the school at stake I suavely assured her that I would investigate. The artist was totally bemused at my outrage. He had done nothing wrong. He was indeed the artist who had been commissioned by one of the large and reputable stores in town to draw the etchings and he had simply bought the place mats and had framed them. I decided to consult a lawyer father for advice and was advised that the lady had seen, liked and voluntarily bought something "off the wall". Legally there was nothing that the school or the lady could do to force the artist to return the money.

Most fortunately for me, and of course the school, the P and F and the future of the Art Shows themselves, this generous lady had the welfare of the school community at heart. I forget how we eventually recompensed her, not only financially but also in spirit, but the episode was harmoniously resolved - probably with some sense of humour. We had learnt a lesson and we scrupulously vetted any work submitted by this artist in the future. The glory of "Management" as always comes at a price and I was graciously saved from a possible scandal that could have taken years to heal.

I seemed to be vulnerable to committee work and was appointed to St Anne's Parish Council. During this time Matthew joined the Cubs of St Anne's and I subsequently became Group Chairman of the Scout Group. This was a non-scouting "executive" role that was to have some unpleasant duties for me to perform. "Skip", who was the Scoutmaster was an "elderly" but kindly and dedicated man probably in his early sixties at the time. Scouting was on the wane, with membership and parental support falling. Skip was a wise old dog with a sense of humour. He warned me on my appointment that he had come to the conclusion that Scouts were the only animal species on this earth that procreated without parents. That wisdom was to become only too evident.

Not long after my appointment, it became obvious that the group could no longer survive and that its closure was the only outcome. It was my duty to preside over this sad eventuality. I was to be embroiled in a bitter expose of human nature and partisan confrontation that sadly has emerged time and again in my walk through life. I was, of course locked in the time worn error of having unwittingly allowed myself to be positioned in the midst of a conflict of loyalties.

On the one hand I was the secretary of the Parish Council. The Parish had founded the Troop many years ago and indeed there were members on the Council who had Scouting, parental and "executive" roots with this Troop extending decades before my involvement - some over two generations. The Parish, quite rightly in my opinion, viewed the Troop as simply just another beloved activity of the Church family. It was perceived as being no more important or different than the Sunday School, the Ladies Guild, the Men's Group or the various Youth activities. Funds raised in any of the parish fetes, or from donations or plate collections, were allocated on a needs basis to each and every individual interest. The cross-fertilisation across all these interests, and the family links that bound them together, removed any possibility of an audit trail to any entitlement to any preference to funds. It was the perfect money laundering exercise that could confuse even the most diligent receiver. But it worked.

On the other hand, I was the President of the Scout Group and my impressions of Scouting were about to be shattered. Baden-Powell, the founder of Scouting and creator of the famous "Treetops" game observation resort in Kenya, was a household word in East and Southern Africa and indeed world -wide. I had met Lady Baden-Powell as a child at Arusha.

Once again, I was about to have my faith in the concept of the organisational structure tested to the limit. This faith was indeed based on my belief that the people who make up the "management" of any organisation be it secular, religious, or community based, are no different in compassion and feeling to those "supervisory" foot soldiers at the coal face. I can confidently say, as elsewhere stated in this story that I have found that this premise to be generally true, but only where real accountability is the norm. And this is the nub - a factor of life that I am compelled to discuss with you my dependants more forcefully later.

Scouting, as any commercial or community based organisation, has a hierarchically based structure that pulls together the many local Groups with their scout troops and cub packs under District and State levels, with the Governor of New South Wales as the Chief Scout of the State. As I was to learn the hard way, Scouting is enacted by a Statute law of the State, and that all assets acquired by any

Group, whether gifted or paid for by internal fund raising activities, automatically and unconditionally become the property of the Scouting Association. My dilemma with the dispersion of the not inconsiderable amount of scouting equipment accumulated at St Anne's over several decades was not alleviated by this harsh fact. District Scouters, who arrived to oversee the "receivership" of this troop, bureaucratically drove home this point.

I was appalled at the heavy-handed attitude of these people. The brotherhood of Scouting was starkly absent. Droned into my brain was the Scouts Law which contained the words "Trusty, loyal and helpful, brotherly, courteous, kind ...". Apparently this Law became proportionally less binding in each level in the organisation above the grass-roots workers of Scouting. In layman terms this simply meant that the further upwards in the organisation people in authority are removed from the problem, the more autocratic they become.

This human phenomenon where people attach importance and thus a perceived grandeur to their standing in an organisation was to manifest itself to me many times over my life, not only in the savage world of industry but also in community based activities in which I have been involved. In later years I was to conclude that the most exquisite exponents of this odious human trait are Union officials and Work Cover officers. There are many employers, personnel staff and line managers who would readily claim to have made this observation for themselves. Of course the rules must be understood and obeyed, and of course high-level decisions must be honoured, otherwise we have anarchy. But there is also room for magnanimity and respect for the feelings of others in the business of authority, even when the solution to the issue at hand is perhaps not perceived to be the most popular by all.

So here I was between two opposing forces. The Parish claimed to have raised funds and to have paid for scouting equipment as simply another Parish activity and thus was adamant that it owned and had the sole right to its disposal. There was a further complication. Quite independently of the Parish Council and also the Group committee of which I was Chairman, the local Scouters had already verbally committed the property to the Third Strathfield Troop whose troop headquarters were down the road from the Church. This was just another example of the lowest level of an enterprise simply getting the job done in spite of its management. The District hierarchy was incensed at this gross breach of procedure by the lower masses. A detailed stock-take was called for as a demonstration of authority, to which we complied.

After a short period of time the District headquarters suddenly advised that the transfer of the assets to Third Strathfield could proceed and the whole episode simply evaporated. Members from Third Strathfield duly arrived and picked out equipment deemed useful to them and the remainder subsequently disappeared from the Parish store in dubious circumstances.

The only humorous story to arise from this sad event came from an Englishman who was the Rector of a Church in Chelsea in London. Immediately prior to this little story, Canon Loasby had been installed as a temporary Rector of St Anne's as an exchange agreement with our own Rector, Angus Tipping, for a period of one year. Canon Loasby was naturally reluctant to become tangled up in a local brawl and consequently attended one of our Group meetings out of courtesy but excused himself from any "management" involvement.

But he had a great sense of humour. He decided to tell us about the Cub pack in his own Church in Chelsea. Apparently a terrifying Dragon who fearfully intimidated Churchmen, mothers and Cubs alike ran the Cub Pack. One day a new young mother arrived to enrol her son in the pack. The awesome Akela delivered the mother a withering response, pointing out that there were no vacancies and that there was a long waiting list. The mother stood her ground, to which the Akela finally offered to place the boy's name on the list. The mother agreed and the Akela demanded the boy's name for the list. The mother responded: "Baden-Powell." to which the Wicked Witch instantly replied in the sweetest of tones: "Bring the boy on Monday".

Canon Loasby then rose and excused himself from the meeting.

I had been a Scout at Arusha and again at Duke of York. Although I enjoyed my times with these groups, I was not a deeply committed scout. Dad had involved himself with scouts in his early days at Dulwich Hill and at Trinity and again in Tanganyika at Arusha and elsewhere. He became the Scout Commissioner there and was involved with European, Indian and African scout troops. During his time at Dulwich Hill he founded a Scout Troop named after him known as "Wynn Jones Own". This Troop was still in existence in the sixties or seventies and is probably still in existence. In commemoration of his association with Scouting, the local scouting fraternity in Dulwich Hill mounted a memorial to him

in the Church at Dulwich Hill when we returned from Tanganyika. It was a simple plaque consisting of a circle with a dot in the middle that is the scout trail sign for "I have gone home".

Canon Loasby was to embroil me in another conflict of interest. During his tenure, apart from being the secretary on the Parish Council, I was the secretary of the Meriden School Council. Now, Meriden had enjoyed a long and close relationship with St Anne's. Many years ago the boarders would occupy several rows of pews in the Church on Sundays. The successive Rectors of St Anne's had assumed unofficial roles as chaplains at the school, Principals had close relationships with the various Rectors and the Archbishop was the Patron of the school with his Representative on the School Council. Over decades, a tradition had developed that the Rector presided at certain significant Chapel functions at the School. Girls from Meriden had sung at Church functions since time immemorial.

One day I received an early phone call from the Principal. Canon Loasby had refused to officiate at a particularly significant Chapel service traditionally celebrated by the incumbent Rector. This was because the service was not listed in his schedule of official duties left by Angus Tipping – an obviously unintentional omission. As the School's representative on the Parish Council I was instructed by the Principal to sort this situation out quickly. I phoned the Senior Warden for advice and received a big shock. It was patiently explained to me that not everyone in the Parish supported the "unofficial" relationship between the Parish and the School, and that the current incumbent had no obligation to honour any loose or unilateral agreements established by his predecessors.

It was left to me to resolve the issue alone and to ponder why this omission occurred. "Fair- weather management" sometimes comes unstuck - a trap that many comfortable and cosy managers can ruefully acknowledge. Good documentation of boundaries and responsibilities would seem to be essential, even in the simplest of cases where two or three are gathered together in a common purpose. Over and over again, the hard part of management is usually put off until it is too late. "Sweet-heart" deals eventually surface and do damage. Fortunately, my discomfort evaporated as the Principal phoned shortly later to say that Canon Loasby had relented and agreed to officiate.

With commitments at Homebush, St Anne's and at Meriden, I avoided any involvement at Trinity. I felt that boy's schools were well supported by parents and that my absence would not be noticed. I was also reluctant to swing on my father's coat tails so to speak.

In Bibi's later years she indulged in what she named her "Phone Ministry". This involved the "counselling" of several of her friends who would download their woes by phone to her incessantly. Unfortunately, Mum would phone me daily as I walked in the door from a long day at work and delay interaction with my family, or ring just before dinner, and proceed to un-burden herself from the most recent developments in the lives of her unfortunate charges.

Eventually I had to explain quite tartly that I had a family of my own, also with its attendant concerns, and that I was not in the least bit interested in someone's errant son or somebody else's beastly husband. She was to either bear her burdens alone or withdraw from the "ministry". Sadly, she was at the stage of being unable to understand my callousness and the daily phone reporting continued for a long time.

And so we reach the present day. The rest is history. You children grew up, married and raised your own families.

## AFRICA REVISITED

In mid-2007, John, who at this time was attached to the Order of St John the Baptist Hospitalia in Sydney, announced that he was planning to visit St Petersburg in Russia to attend the re-burial of the mother of Tsar Nicholas II who was the Dowager Empress Marie Feodorovna.

The Tsar's mother who was a Danish princess died in 1928 and was buried in Denmark. The Russian authorities had recently decided to dis-inter her remains and re-inter them alongside her husband Emperor Tsar Alexander III who was buried in St Petersburg in the Cathedral of St Peter and St Paul in St Petersburg.

The Prior of the Order of St John in Sydney is Prince Michael Romanov who lives in Sydney, and who was the second cousin once removed of the Tsar. Accordingly, members of the Order, including John, decided to accompany Prince Michael on a pilgrimage to the occasion.

Willa and I were concerned for John as by this time John had exhibited evidence of some form of dementia and was under the care of the appropriate specialists in that disorder. We knew that he was able to live alone relatively normally but had displayed great distress and confusion in airports whenever he travelled by that process.

The family was greatly comforted by the fact that his companions in the Order were totally mindful of his condition and had most kindly absorbed him into their environment with an atmosphere of total care.

Paul Wynn-Haddon decided to accompany John on the Hungary leg of the trip and Willa and I decided to "chaperone" John on the Russian leg which was to include the ceremonies in St Petersburg and later a tour of Moscow with the Order. This was in no way intended to downgrade the kindness of the Order but was a good reason for Willa and me to do the Russian thing anyway. Since Robert was only hours away in London, we planned to travel on to London to see him there.

When Robert heard of this proposal, he made the obvious suggestion that we should plan to return to Australia via Tanzania, and announced that if we decided to take his advice, he would accompany us on the Africa leg. The news quickly spread, and it was finally decided that Donna (Wynn-Hatton), Robert, Susie (Bailey) and Naomi and Ben (Wilson) join the party to East Africa. "East Africa" of course, took in Kenya, where John and I attended boarding school in Nairobi and "Tanganyika" the former British Protectorate where we were all born, now known as "Tanzania".

The Russian experience was wonderful for both Willa and me, and after visiting London we all met up in Nairobi for the start of the East African tour. Unfortunately, Ben and Naomi were delayed by a day and missed out on the Nairobi experience.

We were disappointed that for security reasons we were not able to visit or even see Government House, which is now the President's Residence.

The Duke of York School is now known as the Linana School but the Badge and uniform have been retained. As with all the sites visited in Kenya and Tanzania, there was much degradation which was sad to see. However, the spirit was there and saw the bell and were shown the Bible – a treat not usually extended to casual visitors. The Administration block and Chapel were new to me. Interestingly, all House names had been changed except Mitchell House, which was my original House. We were able to visit my dormitory and see where my bed was located, and we also saw the old Wireless Club room.



we

Next, we visited the Prince of Wales School where John was a boarder. This school was far more imposing than the "Duko", with its grand buildings reminiscent of the old colonial days, and in



excellent condition. It is now known as the Nairobi School and is an elite school attracting boys with high academic qualities and wealthy parents. There was a new Chapel and John had a go on the organ. We were unable to visit his dorm but saw everything else. Once again, the original school badge, with the head of an impala, has been retained.

Nairobi was a frightening place and we did not venture out alone, choosing to be conveyed here and there by hired mini-bus. Robert, John and I went to a camera shop next door to our hotel and shots rang out whereupon everyone in the shop instinctively dropped to the floor except us. A bag snatcher had grabbed someone's bag and was duly shot dead just around the corner. A huge crowd quickly gathered to survey the scene.



Arusha was the next stop, and probably the most looked forward to places on our itinerary as this is where we were all born and spent a significant part of our lives in Tanganyika. The school was of course dilapidated but not too bad. The staff was most welcoming and we were allowed to go anywhere we pleased. The tortoise was still there after fifty-six years and so we all "rode" him as we did as children. We have recently been informed that experts believe that the tortoise is probably two hundred years old. Its gender is unknown and that it is not indigenous to Africa. It is thought that it and its vanished mate may have come from as far away as Australia.

We climbed the narrow stairs up to the headmaster's flat which was basically unchanged, although the partitioned off section on the front veranda, which was John's and my bedroom had been dismantled. The marvellous views of Mount Meru and Mount Kilimanjaro were unfortunately masked by heavy cloud. Bibi's round garden was still there as was the swimming pool, now derelict due to heavy cracking. We saw the dormitories where John I subsequently boarded, and also Susie's boarding house. The dining room was still the same, with the original long tables, which were pushed together to form a stage in our day for speech day.

This was a very emotional experience.

We also visited the little church – now enlarged and with its dome removed, but still the same with all the plaques on the wall with the names of past clergy including our Dad – most of whom we knew very well. During the service I introduced us all in Swahili.

We all wanted to visit Moshi, sixty kilometres East of Arusha and at the foot of Mt Kilimanjaro, and especially to Marangu, which is on the slopes of the great mountain and where we used to visit our cousins, the Langford-Smiths. We had coffee in the Kibo Hotel there and visited the training school which was the mission station in the old days. The old memories came flooding back.

Before moving on to Dodoma and Mvumi in the centre of Tanzania, we visited the Ngorongoro Crater. For the newcomers, this was a special treat as this huge crater, due to its lush vegetation, has an enormous collection of wild animals, including elephants, lions, zebra, antelopes, giraffe, warthogs, rhinos and many more species.



Dedication of the plaque on Dad's grave

The last leg of our visit was perhaps the most emotional. We were met at the Dodoma airport by Bishop Mndimi Mohogolo, who was most kind to us. He took us on a tour of the town which had grown out of proportion to our memories of it. The Hotel, Cathedral, railway station, Boma, Mental Hospital and Jail were still there - all places we used to regularly visit as children. The little outstation, Kikuyu, where we lived was completely erased and rebuilt. The bishop took us to the hotel for lunch, and a man asked him who we were, and when he was told he identified himself as Charles and told us he used to play with me when we were kids. Another lady told us that our Dad had married her parents. – there were so many links with the past.

On our second day, The Bishop dedicated a plaque on Dad's grave located in the Cathedral grounds, which had been relocated from Dar es Salaam. Naomi had brought the plaque with her from Cairns. The service was packed, the large contingent of clergy was resplendent in the colourful robes and the singing was absolutely beautiful. Once again we all introduced ourselves. – a truly emotional event. At the graveside, John was invited to plant a tree at the head of the grave during which he was overcome with emotion.

We then moved to a welcoming lunch in our honour. Several older people who remembered Dad and Bibi gave moving stories of their memories of our parents, some emotional and some very humorous but all in sincere appreciation of their experiences.

Our next visit was to Mvumi. This is the site of one of the original mission stations in Tanzania. When Dad left the Arusha School he was posted to Mvumi where we lived for three or four years, and we all have long memories of this place. Again, degradation had set in but many of the old landmarks are still there. We were given a tour of the hospital, now expanded out of recognition. The school where Bibi taught is now part of the hospital. Our old home, a mud brick and cement rendered house was very dilapidated. The grand old baobab (boab) tree at the front was just a collapsed wreck.



The welcoming lunch following Dad's reburial



Our now very dilapidated house at Mvumi

Again, we were treated to a welcoming lunch, Gogo style, and more memories came flooding back. We had been told that a retired Pastor, Pastor Filimo, who had been attached to the Cathedral in Dad's day, especially wanted to see us. So we visited him in his little house. He remembered all us siblings by name – an astonishing feat for an old man probably ninety-five years old and after half a century. He showed us old photos, and told us a few funny stories.

The best one was about Bibi at the time that she was being courted by Dad. As

mentioned elsewhere, Dad would communicate with her by sending her messages to the school where Bibi lived and taught hidden in gifts of fruit. Obviously the crafty and loyal Africans were aware of this ruse, and most likely participated in the trick. Now, Bibi's maiden name was Taylor, which by coincidence was the same as the Headmistress, who was much older than Bibi and who was her superior and, I suspect, was seen as a bit of a tyrant.



The four siblings with Pastor Filimo

When Dad finally announced his engagement to "Miss Taylor", the Africans in Mvumi groaned in disbelief and commiserated amongst each other with: "Surely Wynn Jones isn't going to marry that old bag!"

Pastor Filimo also showed us pictures of early missionaries negotiating with the Gogo chief, Mtemi Mazengo, whom we knew well, for permission to establish a mission station at Mvumi. Mazengo was quite agreeable but had one condition: "You can build anywhere you like as long as your mission is several

miles from my "Kaya", as I can't stand the smell of you missionaries!"

And so our Odyssey drew to a close. We travelled to Dar es Salaam by bus and took in the scenery where we used to occasionally holiday by the sea and returned home.

## MY CAREER

Times were not without trauma and stress to my family as I strove to gain recognition in the most basic requirements of my working and academic careers. I was not endowed with the academic or intellectual or charismatic prowess possessed and demonstrated by the giants amongst my forebears, but I was able to draw on great inspiration from them. My “academic” and “professional” heroes were my father and maternal grandfather, who, on their own admissions and comments of others, were not intellectual or scholastic supermen. Both men appeared to possess extraordinary powers of gaining their tertiary qualifications as secondary issues to their working careers. Dad joked that the only reason he gained his MA was because he took the trouble to type out his thesis.

Neither of my heroes could point to affluent family support or entrenched professional networks and associations to guide them or propel them to opportunities. Both had immigrated from the UK and Wales to a new land at a tender age and, without any moral or practical support from their families. Both had succeeded in their academic and vocational endeavours as part-time students. Although I knew all along that I would never match their achievements, I had a tremendous and sometimes overwhelming obligation to them, my wife, mother and mother-in-law to honour those examples in my own paltry way.

Following my successful completion of the Intermediate Certificate at the end of Year Nine I left school and entered into a four-year apprenticeship with W T Carmichael Ltd as a fitter and turner, with an emphasis in toolmaking. My hourly rate was two shillings and three tenths of a cent and my gross weekly wage, based on an eight hour day and a forty hour week, was £4/1/0. My nett wage, after a two shilling tax was £3/19/0. Thus my take-home pay was just under \$8.00. Carmichaels was a subsidiary of Emmco that was subsequently to become Email Ltd. This old family firm produced domestic and commercial gas, electric and solid fuel stoves. The company had been taken over by Email some years before. My apprenticeship was a pragmatic move as, following my mediocre school record, my prospects of achieving success in the Leaving Certificate two years later and gaining entry to University were remote. I was also burdened by age, as my poor IQ and application skills, compounded by several inter-continental school changes, had seen to a progressive scholastic slippage, and I was nearly two years older than my classmates. My prospects of securing an apprenticeship two years later were also doubtful.

I relished my time with Carmichaels. My workmates were all friendly and kind people and the company had a happy atmosphere. Russ was the Toolroom and machine shop foreman. He would arrive at work and almost daily proceed to hand out “foreign orders” to be done for his mates, depending on the nature or complexity of the jobs and the competency of the person selected. As apprentice, I copped my fair share of these jobs. He was an avid fisherman and one day he handed me a sinker mould and told me to go to the pattern shop attached to the foundry and collect a few discontinued lead patterns. I was then to melt down these patterns and cast sinkers until he told me to stop. Unfortunately, he then went out and forgot all about me.

By the end of the shift I had produced a mountain of sinkers that presented Russ with a problem of over-supply and subsequent distribution or disposal difficulties. Foreign orders were frowned on but un-officially condoned by management in moderation. As foreman, Russ was probably caught with a dilemma of management by example that demanded some moderation with foreign orders. I forget the outcome, but I probably was ordered to recycle the surplus and return the excess lead to the pattern shop. The good thing about Carmichaels was that it was self-contained and that it incorporated most manufacturing processes under the one roof, which was to me an excellent training ground for a broad appreciation of most manufacturing processes.

Part of my tasks included heat treatment. The whole trick to toolmaking is to fabricate dies that will punch or draw sheet metal to the final sizes and shapes required for the various components that made up the gas and electric ranges the company produced. Special tool steels, carefully blended with correct quantities of carbon, were machined in their soft state and then heated to red heat, quenched in an oil bath and then tempered by reheating to around 400 degrees Centigrade and quenched again. The result was an extremely hard die that could punch, draw or form hundreds of thousands of components accurately before requiring resharpening.

A second form of hardening, called case hardening, was used to place a hardened skin on mild steel tools to provide the necessary wear resistance coupled with the toughness of a softer core. This process consisted of immersing jobs in a molten bath of cyanide and quenching them in water. My first encounter with this process resulted in an explosion. This was because no one told me that the

eggs of cyanide that were used to replenish the level of molten cyanide in the bath had to be heated and dried in an open flame before they were dropped into the bath. I blissfully dropped cold damp eggs into the pot and then was smothered with hot cyanide when the thing blew up.

Cyanide is the principal agent used to kill people in the gas chambers of America and it was used with great effectiveness in the Holocaust and in suicide pills used by the Nazi elite at the end of the war. As I was hustled out of the workshop to my death in the First Aid room, a fellow at the door cheerfully told me that a man had been killed only a few years before from doing the same thing in the same heat-treatment room. Once again, writing this tale was under threat.

Old Joe was the machine shop storeman. He was a fanatic Communist and could quote passages from the Bible to berate the doings of the filthy capitalists. "Do unto others..." was his favourite theme when condemning his perception of the hypocrisy of free enterprise. When Joe Stalin died, Russ dryly asked him: "Hey Joe, what are we going to do now Joe's gone?" and off went old Joe on cue with one of his tirades. But he omitted to acknowledge that the wicked system he castigated with such vigour incidentally allowed him to come to work every day to earn his keep and to sleep peacefully in a warm bed at night.

One day one of Joe's assistants told me that I was in trouble. All tradesmen and apprentices were issued with eight numbered brass tags that were used as tokens to withdraw special tools from the store. The tags were placed where the tools were stored and retrieved when the tools were returned. One of my tags indicated that I had withdrawn an expensive micrometer - a highly disposable item in the local pub - of which I had no recollection. He commiserated with me on my plight and produced a hand-written statement, which he advised me to sign. In blind faith and sheer fright I did so and was subsequently hauled up in front of the Production Manager.

Fortunately for me my lasting belief that managements are mostly made up of humane and reasonable men and women is correct, and that people in high places are not all as bad as old Joe would have had us believe. I was kindly asked to tell the "real" story, and without knowing the background to the stores assistant, he quietly disappeared and the issue lapsed. This not to deny that there are unscrupulous people languishing in high places and causing much havoc and anguish in people's lives. They are there, but fortunately in my opinion, they are in the minority. Unfortunately, however, the soothsayers and do-gooders in our society disproportionately amplify the evil doings of these monsters, and suppress the overwhelming evidence of the good deeds done by the good people in our lives.

A part time security officer once approached me with a revolver with a broken plastic butt side-cover and stripped attaching screw hole. He asked me to re-thread the hole that required me to go to the store for a suitable tap for the job. To explain what I wanted, I produced the handgun, to which a different stores assistant, a young blood about my age, became most enthusiastic. He assured me that if I was interested, he could hire the thing out in the local pub for five pounds a night. I declined the offer.

Jack was the foreman of the assembly line and associated sub-assembly departments. He was a linguist of renown and, in my opinion, was the unchallenged master of foul language I have ever known. Jack's significance to me was his absolute mastery of the profane. Most people, who swear, do so with a relatively small vocabulary of a couple of words with a high degree of repetition. Jack was different. He had a vocabulary and repertoire of such descriptively debased phrases that was so vast that he could, without repetition, talk, berate, or discuss anything for hours. He did this with such skill, that it was fascinating to listen to him. He was a verbal artist, with colourful nuances that would appal and shock most people, but somehow his poetry allowed him to get away with an incredible tongue at all levels in the company.

When Catherine Louise and Marina Jane were born, I took photos in to show them off to the ladies. The Greek ladies on the sub-assembly line were particularly impressed and exclaimed approvingly in their shrill voices: "Aaaaah, Katarina na Marina!" Old May in the main store was equally impressed. Now May was an accomplished linguist in her own right, perhaps not with quite the polished virtuosity of Jack, but with plenty of artistic sensitivity to be able to adequately get her message across to her sometimes hapless listeners. She could readily and heartily hold her own with tiresome people who irritated her at the stores issues window and who wasted her time by submitting vague or incomplete stores requisitions for tools or materials. She also knew how to impress a young father. When I showed her my baby photos she paused briefly from her busy schedule and drew heavily on her cigarette, inhaled deeply and breathed from the bottom of her heart with undeniable sincerity and conviction: "Jesus they're bloody beautiful!" and I floated off.



Part of my duties in the drawing office included having to prepare material lists or bills of materials for the various stoves and appliances for purchasing, scheduling and costing reasons amongst others. These were extremely detailed, down to the type and quantities of screws needed for assembly. It was important that these bills were accurate as costs could escalate or stores stocks could become inaccurate and cause stoppages on the assembly line. There was a commercial stove section that built the larger hotel stoves and fish fryers on a jobbing rather than a mass production basis because of their relatively low volumes.

A foreman, also called Jack who had been with the Company for fifty years ran this small department. He was a likeable man of short and stout stature and enjoyed a sort of elder statesman status at all levels. Occasionally Jack and his men would develop a new range and the draftsmen would then draw up the components. On one occasion a new range had been developed and I was discussing the new requirements with Jack and identifying and counting the various components, as I was detailed to prepare a bill of materials. The back panel was attached with a large number of self-tapping screws and I counted somewhere in the vicinity of forty one, to which Jack replied with the wisdom of his long service, "Make it fifty because we always lose some of the bastards." Fortunately, volumes on this particular appliance would not have decimated stores stocks on those items.

One day I called in at Russ's office for something and noticed that he was preparing a cost budget for the tooling costs of a new range project. He was happy to explain to me what he was doing and he showed me the list of dies, jigs and fixtures he had prepared that he had identified as being necessary to produce the new stove on a fully mass production basis. Against each tool item he had entered an estimated cost for the tool, rounded to the nearest ten pounds. As I arrived, he was busily adjusting these estimates to unit pounds, with a few shillings and pence thrown in here and there ... "to make it look as though I thought about it."

This was a risky game because if management happened to query his estimate for a tool, Russ would have had some difficulty in justifying the precision of his estimate.

The Vocational Guidance department of the Sydney Technical College advised me that it was possible to enrol in an internal Qualifying and Matriculation course, which extended over two years at night. I could do this concurrently with my Trade Certificate, and gain entry to a part-time diploma in engineering and proceed to a degree. This option allowed me to hedge my bets. Having wallowed for a couple of years in the Q and M course, I ultimately I opted to strive for the Leaving Certificate to gain entry to University. My difficulty with this decision was that the University of Technology required English, Maths I *and* II, Chemistry *and* Physics for entry. The other notable tertiary institution in town only required the softer "any five 'B's" condition in those days without the luxury of a part-time alternative.

My intellectual shortcomings struck again and I was to sit for the Leaving Certificate as a private study candidate no less than three years in succession before gaining entry. By this time, the University of New South Wales was established and I finally enrolled there in a six-year part time degree in Mechanical Engineering which, on the advice of my superiors, I subsequently changed to Industrial Engineering, and which I eventually completed in nine years.

The concept of Industrial Engineering to those interested in my paltry progress through life has always been confusing as the name implies an "Engineering" vocation in "Industry". This is not quite correct, although the application of Industrial Engineering usually requires an engineering base in any of the various branches of "Engineering" categories such as Mechanical, Electrical, Civil or Chemical Engineering. The practicing Industrial Engineer usually operates in an "Industrial" manufacturing or processing environment, although industrial engineers are at work in every area of human endeavour including the hospitality, light and heavy manufacturing industries, schools, catering establishments, hospitals, office activities and in the armed forces.

One definition taken from the Industrial Engineer's Handbook probably summarises the aims and objectives of Industrial Engineering:

Industrial Engineering is concerned with the design, improvement, and installation of integrated systems of men, materials and equipment. It draws upon specialised knowledge and skill in the mathematical, physical and social sciences, together with the principles and methods of engineering analysis and design to specify predict and evaluate the results from such systems.



This can be shortened to describe a studied and unemotionally clinical preoccupation with the distinction between the “SHOULD BE” and the “ACTUAL” backed up by facts and observation in any given process. Any evaluation of the “should be” based on history or the present is to be viewed with caution.

The “profession” has gone through many descriptions and its adherents have been variously labelled “Efficiency Experts”, “Works Study Engineers”, “Methods Studymen”, “Time and Motion Studymen” and so on. Of course, methods improvement has occupied mankind since he began picking up sticks or stones to facilitate his daily occupations to feed clothe and shelter himself and his dependants. However, the “modern” view links Industrial Engineering to the application of scientific method and it is generally perceived to have originated in the middle of the nineteenth century.

My employers happily refunded all tuition and book expenses, provided I could demonstrate a reasonable level of success each year to spur me on. There were no bonding conditions imposed and I was free to leave without any financial severance requirements being opposed.

My academic career from the start of my apprenticeship to the completion of my degree was to extend over some thirteen years of evening lectures. Some years included a minimum of lectures and laboratory work over three nights per week, whilst others extended to five nights per week as failures and repeat subjects took their toll. I suppose the only positive issue in this sorry saga is that it was successfully completed.

Inevitably, I would falter on the way and on two occasions I was required to “show cause” why I should be permitted to continue. I was advised on these occasions to demonstrate to my inquisitors that my studies had been hampered by some “non-recurring incident”. It was no use presenting a lame duck plea that I would work harder next time. Fortunately, during one year Catherine and Jane were born and I seized on this “cause” as being non-recurring. My submission for leniency was subsequently submitted with a copy of the twin’s birth notice attached as proof. Apparently the authorities took pity on me and I was relieved.

A few years later I crashed again. This time I pleaded a change in jobs close to exam time. Once again I was granted a reprieve. The senior lecturer, who incidentally had interviewed me at the last appeal, was an old dog who had obviously heard it all before and who was not fooled by my pathetic excuse. As I thankfully rose and reached the door to leave at the conclusion of our successful discussion he dryly peered over his glasses and asked: “And by the way Wynn Jones, how are the twins?” Even now I cringe in shame as I recall my presumptuous under-estimation of this gentle giant.

After graduation, my employers urged me to undertake a Master’s degree and I reluctantly but obediently applied for admission. In those days available research students, who were limited in numbers, supervised Master’s students on more or less on an individual basis. Accordingly, my mediocre academic record ensured that I would not exclude a more capable candidate, and to my relief, my application was rejected. The company then offered to mediate on my behalf for reconsideration, an offer I declined. I had had enough and my academic career thankfully ended.

To the un-informed, there could be the mistaken assumption that this saga is a nice little account about some unilateral success story. The informed know differently, and since this whole narrative is dedicated to my descendants I cannot honourably steal the limelight and bask in my own glory. Instead, I must use my story to remind you, my family, over and over again of your tremendous inheritance, which has been honed over generations and finely blended from several family bloodlines. In my case, without the love, patience, dedication and support of my wife, mother and mother-in-law, I would have been an abject and long forgotten academic failure. Brains, or the absence of them, were not the primary issues in this outcome. Although the temptation is there for me to deviously deflect some credit to myself, all tributes are to be directed to these ladies only.

I have deliberately laboured this episode without apology to underline my simple and unambiguous message to you. I have used the examples set by these three ladies to emphasise that the rules of total and unqualified family support are indelibly etched in our DNA. All you have to do is to take advantage of these rules to achieve in your chosen goals that may or may not necessarily be academically based. In doing so, like me, you must be conscious of your awesome responsibilities to follow their examples with your descendants and to see to that this inheritance flows on to future generations intact.

Life was not all negative and I loved the course. I was fascinated by the great stories of scientific development, wonderful discoveries and exposure to the notion of a scientific rather than an emotional approach to an issue at hand. Mathematics was my stumbling block as I struggled to keep

up with the proofs of the great theories and discoveries in areas such as Chemistry, Physics, Thermodynamics, Fluid Mechanics, Structures, Electrical Engineering and Theory of machines from a purely mathematical basis. To be able to enviably watch the “prediction”, purely mathematically on the blackboard, that that a ship will float or that some other physical, electrical or chemical phenomenon will occur and then to prove it experimentally was fascinating.

One of my greatest disappointments in life has been my shortcoming in intellectual capacity to absorb mathematics to a greater degree and to apply it more effectively in my career – particularly in the field of statistics. I was perhaps fortunate to have had a reasonable exposure to the latter three on the shop floor and in the drawing office but only at a practical rather than an analytical basis. The pace was incredible to me and I simply did not have the intellectual capacity or time to fully absorb and savour the wonderful concepts as they unfolded.

Engineering students were seen as barbarians in the Establishment and accordingly I was required to do “light” electives in English, History, and Philosophy. I presumed that these requirements arose from some consternation amongst the culturally superior academic elite who graced the hallowed halls of the university that the engineering Philistines might disturb and corrupt the tranquillity and purity of those born to rule. Some drastic cultural “gentrification” was apparently necessary to minimise any degradation from the invading hordes. Whatever the reasons for these requirements, I thoroughly enjoyed these electives, but once again, I could not languish and ponder them deeply. They did, however, whet my appetite.

I could never understand why the Humanities students were not required to do similar “light” electives in the mathematical sciences. I could not decide whether this was due to intellectual snobbery on behalf of the cultured elite or whether the elite were fearful of the performance of their charges when confronted with having to explain a phenomenon on purely mathematical terms rather than in mere words.

I also wondered what these undergraduate students did, since my weekly hours of lecture attendance either on the campus at Kensington, at Granville or at Ultimo, for such was the diversity of available lecture facilities in the early days, exceeded the daytime lecture hours of the full time Arts students.

I always regretted that I was not able to participate in University life due to work, family and sheer tiredness reasons. Despite this, as a part time student engineer I was obliged to pay full Student Union dues in true democratic fashion as demanded by the Socialists of the community. This provided funds for the lags and activists in the Student Union movement who were then able to organise the various street protests and commemoration activities carried out by the more relaxed full time students. These students appeared to have plenty of time on their hands and who presumably acted on my behalf. Commemoration Days were particularly enlightening as my culturally and more politically astute peers whiled these days away by indulging in such profound activities as putting coloured dye and foaming agents in the Alamein Fountain.

I was also constrained from these infantile romps for pragmatic reasons. My employers were steeped in the great free enterprise tradition that meant that everyone was free. Employees were free to come and go and employers were free to maintain, upgrade or cull the bloodlines of their human resources stocks as the needs arose. Job security was directly linked to this concept - a situation that has sadly passed with the insistence by our Socialist soothsayers that “workers” of all persuasions and levels have “rights” when it comes to dismissal.

Unfortunately, job security is no longer based on personal performance but on employee’s “rights” gained in the horse and buggy days. Today the embattled employer has very little room to move and is required to observe rigid rules when disciplining or removing an undesirable employee, with the “security” element shifting to the courtroom. The issue today is no longer whether or not the employee is worthy of the position, but whether or not the employer can produce documented records of a prescribed minimum number of cautionary dialogues signed by the employee before indulging in any purification exercise. Any lapse in this procedure by the employer is likely to result in a finding in favour of the employee. Mediocrity now reigns supreme.

And so, to cite the desecration of a War Memorial fountain as a reason for absence on an Application for Special Leave form would have had a devastatingly negative effect on the slope of my career path curve.

This particular episode was typical, varying each year only in childish ingenuity. It also increased my embarrassment before my working peers in the Toolroom and on the factory floor. I pondered on the engine that drove these players, who should have portrayed themselves and their institutions with

better grace and cultural wit and as our worthy future leaders. These antics, incidentally, were not lost on the shop floor but noticed for the wrong reasons. I remember reading the issues of "Tharunka" and "Honi Soit" of the day and being amazed at the puerile contents of these rags. What awful examples they were of the dabblings of our future cultural icons. Having spent my entire working life in industry, and amongst all walks of life, I was no stranger to filth, pornography or bad language. I do not present myself as a self-righteous puritan or wowser, but this material apparently promoted as the state of the art "culture" from our highest seats of learning was a complete contradiction to my expectations from these lofty organs.

This contradiction arose from my decision to start my working life as an apprentice that was not without great apprehension, although I have not regretted it for one moment. This apprehension arose from my confusion in those days, generated from my naive perception of the social norms of behaviour of the academically endowed compared to the non-academic manual "worker". My immaturity supposed that there was a huge social behavioural gulf between the "learned" and the "unlearned" - a notion that suddenly turned out to me to be just a unilaterally proposed myth. Good social behaviour and gentle grace was universal and by no means limited to the domain of the academic or the professional. Indeed, in many instances, the complete reverse was the case. All was well. Thoroughly tested and reassured, I was happy to retreat and remain a barbarian, languishing in my own grease.

A popular pastime of the day was to compare the merits of a full-time University education in Engineering compared to the part time alternative backed up by extensive hands on experience. This on-going question addressed the ultimate value of the individuals of each alternative to themselves, the company and the community. The "practical" engineer intuitively knew from bitter experience that a particular bolt size was too small for the application at hand, but the "theorist" would ultimately arrive at the same conclusion. The part time student was protected from advancement in the organisation while his counterpart was free to roam the upper levels of the organisation and to establish his professional networks at a very early age. In my case, my superiors paternally told me that the Company was anxious not to load me with too much responsibility whilst I was a student as that might have had a deleterious effect on my studies - a well meant but confusing message.

Since a large proportion of graduate engineers, as with accountants, metallurgists and scientists end their careers as managers, it can be argued that the "practical" student is probably no better off than his full time colleague.

The tragedy with this state of affairs is that good fitters make bad foremen and good engineers, accountants, metallurgists, priests, doctors and scientists sometimes make poor managers. This is simply because their education, training, experience and senses of purpose are primarily focussed on their respective trades or professions and not on the vagaries of business and its need for associated people management skills. Many times I have observed chairmen in meetings attempting to deflect adverse attention away from themselves by turning the flow of conversation towards their original areas of expertise, which may have had no relationship to the issue at hand.

Consequently I have come to the conclusion that many organisations, including governments, survive and thrive in spite of their managements and not because of them. This is simply because the "downstairs" component of the organisation, as I suspect is also the case in the public service sector, the churches or other activities, carries on the day to day running of the company in blissful disregard of the passing parade above.

However, all my employers with the exception of one, were managed by progressive and competent managers willing to innovate and adopt new management techniques. It was my good fortune to have had the opportunity to observe, participate and sometimes humorously reflect on the players involved.

My resume is uneventful. During my apprenticeship I spent a few months in the aluminium die-casting facility at Auburn, just around the corner from Carmichaels. On completion of the apprenticeship I was transferred to the drawing office at Emmco in Waterloo for a couple of years engaged in tool design. I was then recalled to the drawing office at Carmichaels where I was involved in component and tool design. This drawing office experience was to allow me to wallow in my second great deception in life, the first being my matchbox crystal set wizardry. I only ever gained one distinction during my entire nine year sojourn at Kensington, which was in Technical Drawing.

I then moved into Methods Engineering and acquired my taste for what was to become my preoccupation with Industrial Engineering. I became exposed to the notion that fundamental and impartial work measurement is essential to determine the true potential of the organisation, rather

than relying on past experience and the myths that permeate all spheres of activity within any organisation.

I loved my time with Email, which extended over eleven years and have fond and happy memories of its atmosphere, sense of purpose and friendly people. Eventually I was enticed to a more lucrative position at Sonnerdales in Camperdown by my former superior who had left a couple of months previously. I was supposed to succeed his new subordinate who had resigned but not left the company. On my arrival, the wretched subordinate withdrew his resignation that was accepted, and I was left stranded in a mediocre job with no prospects. I lasted three months and moved on to General Electric Kirby Appliances in Enfield where I was to stay for three and a half years as Tooling Engineer before accepting a position as Industrial Engineer with Comalco at Yennora.

My time at Sonnerdales was a disaster but fascinating as the primary function there was in gear cutting - a process, with which I was unfamiliar, having only touched on it in my Trades Course and dealt with the theory in detail at Kensington. The company was locked in an entrenched and corrupt bonus scheme.

The procedure was simple. Operators would be given job cards for the cutting of large gears that could extend over several days. Typically they would start the job by clocking on to the card that had a small piece of paper that had been stuck with spit over the date box on the card. The time clock would print the start time on the card but not the date. The next day a second piece of paper would be attached which covered the stop time box and the "start" date would be printed on the card. When the job was completed, the job would be clocked off normally with huge bonus benefits. There were several variations to the scheme by which operators were also able to "fine tune" the start and stop times. The management knew this was going on because spit is not a reliable adhesive and pieces of paper would eventually clog up the time clock that would require regular cleaning.

This was an example of "bad" management that was either too lazy or too incompetent to tackle the problem of addressing the greater problem of equitable wages negotiation, or the even more difficult issue of differentially rewarding on merit that cannot be resolved with collective bargaining. In this case it was more comfortable to buy peace by condoning the practice and postponing its correction to a future time or management.

My stay at General Electric Kirby Appliances was uneventful but beneficial as I sharpened my experience in the whitegoods industry. The principal operation there was in the manufacture of domestic refrigerators. I became more familiar with pneumatic production operations and generally enjoyed my stay there. However, the time came to move on and I was gratified that the management made some effort to encourage me to stay when I resigned.

At my job interview at Comalco, I specifically asked whether the Company indulged in a bonus scheme and I was bluntly told that the Company view was that resorting to any incentive scheme by any organisation was an admission by its management that it had failed. This statement has had a great effect on my thinking and I agree with this attitude to this day and view with suspicion any negotiated profit sharing or financially based agreements on short term improvements, which are open to misinterpretation, abuse and misguided or subjective expectations. I believe that good management is its own reward, consistent with representative and equitable remuneration. However, there is nothing wrong with an occasional expression of gratitude for a good job done that carries no hint of precedence. The elusive answer is in the "package" and all its components of job satisfaction and individual reward - an art that is yet to be mastered.

Comalco was to consolidate my desires and aspirations in the choice of my career. It offered a management style that was totally new to me. Whilst I had enjoyed a fruitful and happy interaction with my previous employers, to whom I am eternally grateful, this company had an open style that was not only refreshing but extremely stimulating to someone still not sure of his future direction.

The Company had been formed in the early fifties following the discovery of vast bauxite deposits at Weipa. A geologist, prospecting in the area for other minerals, noticed the existence of bauxite but was inclined to dismiss the site as insignificant as surely others would have previously discovered and established its worth long ago. Matthew Flinders had noted in his log the sighting of "reddish cliffs" two hundred years previously. Subsequent analysis of samples from the area finally demonstrated that Weipa was perhaps the largest high-grade bauxite deposit in the world with a "life" of perhaps two hundred years.

At the time of my joining the Company it was owned by CRA and Kaiser Aluminium, each holding forty five percent share, with ten percent held by public ownership. Kaiser provided the "American"

management style and technical expertise in the various operating sites. Everyone from the Chairman to the cleaner was known and addressed by their first names – a practice new to me. Industrial Engineers occupied a fairly central role in the organisation and were responsible for the establishment of all Standards used in the company by which the organisation based its reporting systems. The twist here, that was new to me, was that the Standard Cost System was also established each year and largely monitored and interpreted by the Industrial Engineers.

I was to become aware that there are two “branches” in the accounting profession. The “elite” branch busies itself with the financial or “management” side of accounting and preoccupies itself with upper management interaction in preparing profit statements, balance sheets, annual plans and generally hobnobbing with management. The other branch is involved in cost accounting that to me was not preferred by the aspiring elitists. In my opinion the elitist professional brethren perceived the cost accountants as being “downstairs” operatives.

The Industrial Engineers were assigned to the various operating units on the site and were deeply involved in the day-to-day operations and improvements. They were also intimately involved in cost analysis – a concept traditionally off limits for typical “engineers”. Each year they prepared and updated the Production Standards by which the operating facilities were to be measured and these Standards were painstakingly converted to Cost Standards by which the performance of each process finally assessed in physical and dollar terms. Capital Appropriation Requests were usually prepared and evaluated for economic validity by the IE’s prior to submission for approval by management. I was to gain an invaluable knowledge and experience in cost control – in all modesty perhaps beyond that of the accounting elite.

This knowledge and experience was not so much in the mechanics of cost accounting itself, although that was a side benefit. Rather, I gained a competency in understanding how costs might be expected to vary as a result of a change in the processes in the plant, which could only be achieved by a thorough technical understanding of the processes themselves. Thus, I am grateful for the opportunity to work in an environment, hitherto not realised by me, where the concept of work measurement traditionally expressed in units per unit of time was progressed to the ultimate common denominator of cost. All performance reporting, down to the shop floor, was based on cost and in physical units appropriate to the process. I suppose in the language of today this process would be referred to as “modelling” – a generic term, now debased in my opinion, when naive charlatans expansively use it in conversation.

Subsequently, as mentioned later in this story, and years after Kaiser had withdrawn from Comalco, I was seconded to a restructuring exercise driven by CRA. During this process, I was interested to notice that CRA, flavoured with an “English” management style, believed it was sufficient to report to the “lower” masses in physical terms only, and that cost analysis was the domain of the “upper” management officers. Perhaps, in true British style, it was magnanimously supposed that the complexity of Company reporting should be in proportion to the intellectual levels of the recipients.

One of the sad facts that became very obvious to me was that the largest and most misunderstood single element in a profit statement is that of cost. The second sad fact was that meaningful interpretation of costs by the elite accountants close to managers, and sometimes also by their lowly peers, was largely absent.

My first posting was in the rolling facility that was involved in hot and cold rolling, sheet and plate finishing. The processes themselves were enormous and fascinating compared to my previous experiences. They were also different because they produced semi-fabricated materials for conversion into finished articles by others, rather than end products such as stoves and refrigerators. I moved through the plant over the next few years to the extrusion plant.

I remember old Charlie who was the Dross Barrel operator. Pig and scrap aluminium was remelted at Yennora prior to being cast into blocks or billets for sheet or plate rolling or extruding into sections for windows. Just prior to the cast, the dross or oxide accumulated on the top of the melt was manually raked off. This dross was rich in aluminium, which could be retrieved by reheating it in a rotary barrel and submerging it under a bath of salts. It was Charlie’s job to load the dross, run the barrel and tap off the recovered aluminium. For safety reasons, the barrel was located in a large pit to minimise injury or damage should a catastrophe occur. The job was the hottest, smelliest and by far the worst job on site in my opinion. I had been assigned to the barrel for one or two months to establish acceptable operating standards for this operation, consistent with melt rates, metallurgical and industrial requirements.



Apparently Charlie was a bit of a reader and one day he asked me to explain the intricacies of the covalent bond in the carbon molecule. I had the simple schoolboy model at my disposal, complete with the ping-pong ball model, to describe the spatial relationships of the carbon atoms and the covalent bond between the carbon atoms. These were really miniature “solar systems” that contained a single nuclear particle around which a varying number of smaller particles called electrons rotated in discrete orbits. But I was now a University student recently regaled by the heady discussion of current scientific thinking. I had learnt that the atoms really contained a multitude of nuclear sub-particles, and that in the electron orbits the electrons had spins that more intricately explained the structure. Even the nature of the electrons themselves was in doubt as they were now thought to be bundles of energy rather than discrete particles. I concluded that all this would have been way over Charlie’s head. So I trotted out my ping pong ball model with great condescension to which old Charlie replied “...but you have omitted zee spin of zee electrons”.

Soberly, I was to learn the hard way that all is not as it seems and that Comalco had several displaced persons who were engaged in menial tasks but who had been fighter pilots, doctors, lawyers and engineers and other highly qualified people in their own abandoned countries.

On another occasion I was attached to a small team convened to determine whether the cleaning cycle done periodically on the hot mill could be shortened. This procedure extended over several days during which every part of the mill, including its runout tables, were scrupulously scrubbed. This downtime was a critical factor in the overall capacity of the mill to maintain supply. It also included a complete cleaning and flushing out of the coolant system. The study team worked around the clock noting times and recording operations. Ultimately after much discussion, charting and methods analysis, a procedure was determined which reduced the overall time to twenty-two hours. At one stage I was down in the bowels of the mill and in the sump of the coolant system. This had a smaller sump into which a drum could be positioned and over which was a trapdoor through which a crane cable could be positioned to remove the drum when filled with coolant. Operators were struggling up the slippery staircase carrying buckets of old coolant and emptying them into a drum outside the sump.

I asked why this was so as surely using the drum and crane would be a faster and safer method. The leading hand totally agreed with me but patiently explained that once, at the end of a cleaning cycle, removal of the drum had been overlooked and the entire cycle had to be repeated due to contamination of the new coolant with the old. To avoid a repeat of this embarrassment, the operators were now made to complete this part of the cycle “... as a sort of penance”. As a bit of a joke I relayed this story at the next Production Meeting to break the monotony and was surprised at the reaction of the Chairman who demanded the name of the leading hand for suitable retribution. But my honour with the shop floor as an impartial seeker and defender of the truth in the analysis of this and any future exercises was at stake and I graciously declined to reveal the culprit.

Around this time Comalco was pioneering the manufacture of the aluminium can in this country as a major outlet for aluminium. To do this it set up an aluminium can plant using technology and a combination of ageing and new equipment from the USA to demonstrate that the process could become economically viable against steel cans here. Previously, several approaches to convince traditional steel can users such as beverage and beer companies to do this were unsuccessful.

My next assignment was in this facility where I was to remain for ten years. I privileged to join a small and enthusiastic team that was exceptionally well managed and to enjoy what was one of the most satisfying periods of my career. I was also gratified that I was delegated to this role that was not without its trials and tribulations, usually compensated with a great sense of humour and lasting friendships.

As but only one example of meeting humour, when the Can Company was struggling to establish itself as a profitable entity, a quick method of cost control was necessary.

Consider this real scenario in a typical cost meeting:

**Manager:** “where are we?”

**Someone:** “Costs have gone up.”

**Manager:** “Why have they gone up?”

**Someone:** “We’ve spent more money on lacquers.”

**Manager:** “Why have we spent more money on lacquers?”

**Someone:** “We’ve used more lacquer.”

The Manager ponders this enlightening piece of news that displays no initiative to investigate the cause before the meeting and tries again.

**Manager:** “Why have we used more lacquer?”

**Someone:** “I don’t know”

**Manager:** “Go and find out”.

**Scene change:** Next meeting - “Agenda item: review of previous issues”

**Manager:** “What did you find?”

**Someone:** “The spray gun was out of adjustment”

**Manager:** “Why did our Quality Control procedures fail?”

**Someone:** “I am looking into that”

At this stage the Manager displays a highly and commendable deep emotional constraint, and with covertly impassive calm and without any hint of doubt with respect to the role competency of the respondent, proceeds with the issue:

**Manager:** “Have we ensured that this will not happen again?”

**Someone:** “we’re working on that.”

**Manager:** “We won’t hear of this again?”

**Someone:** “No”

**Manager:** “Could you elaborate please?”

**Someone:** “ We have amended our procedures”

**Manager:** With frustrated and far away look in his eyes:

“What does this mean?”

**Someone:** “We are doing our best.”

At this stage the meeting lapses into contemplative and embarrassed silence as the Manager struggles with the enormity of his responsibilities with such a barren audience.

And so the concept of daily and month to date cost information was born and the emphasis was instantly shifted to a pro-active rather than a re-active approach to our daily lives and our preoccupation with dollars, consistent with defined quality requirements, became the order of the day. Supervisors, foremen and other signatories to stores requisitions and purchase orders now paused before committing themselves to a possible daily “Inquisition” before authorising rather than autographing these documents. Whilst the usual physical controls of process, financial and stock were in place and continually upgraded, the Division very quickly shifted from a loss to a profit situation. The aluminium can was demonstrated to be an economically viable alternative to its

entrenched steel counterpart in this country. I am proud to have been a participant in the evolution of this process.

A staff member reporting to this same manager went on leave for a couple of weeks and fell ill during his "holiday". On his return the noble staffer incredulously requested to have his leave form cancelled and replaced by a sick form for the period to preserve his holiday entitlement. I can remember marvelling at the degree of self-control displayed by his superior as this request was refused.

The Can Company was ultimately sold as part of the overall policy of our mining masters to divest themselves of their downstream activities and to retreat to the basic function of mining rather being caught up in the more grubby pre-occupations of downstream semi-fabrication. Overseas, state of the art technology had rendered the Can Company technically obsolete. Steel can manufacturers eventually had availed themselves with this new technology and were purchasing aluminium can-stock from and competing directly with Comalco in the aluminium can market. The company had achieved its two objectives and it was time to pull out to avoid a major capital upgrade that could be used more effectively elsewhere. Literally overnight I was informed that I was to be transferred back to the Extrusions Division, an option that initially I fiercely opposed on four occasions - a stance that nearly cost me my job. I was totally content and absorbed in my work, and saw the move as regressive, having enjoyed some time there previously.

I was unaware that my employers wished to retain me and not pass me over to the new owners or commit me to the open market. Under the secrecy surrounding the sale, I could not be informed of the future of the Can Company. In hindsight, I am profoundly grateful to my mentors who presumably saw some merit in me and who were willing to retain me and safeguard my continuity with Comalco. Thus reluctantly, but with an overwhelming sense of survival, I returned to my old stamping ground in the Extrusions Group in which I was to serve till my retirement. My forebodings were ill founded and I am profoundly grateful for the foresight of my employers. I was also privileged to have enjoyed a full and satisfying time in this Group up to my retirement.

My time back in the Extrusions Group was to be most enjoyable and rewarding. Once again, with the exception of one, my managers were men of great vision and passion. I was to be rewarded with a series of international inspections of plants in Japan, America, France, Germany and the UK on behalf of my employers. I also was despatched to several overseas joint ventures of the Company in New Zealand and Hong Kong on missions of assessment and review.

There were a couple of amusing episodes during these visits. Apparently, the grass on the Auckland site was not to the satisfaction of the visiting Manager Director, who suggested that the local management should procure a sheep to keep the grass down. The response was that a sheep had been procured, but the Maoris on the night shift had cooked the sheep in the anodising vat. I tremble to ponder the quality of the material anodised on that shift.

The Hong Cong facility was over-run with stray dogs, and again, the MD instructed the local management to remove the dogs. The response was that the Chinese New Year was imminent and that all dogs would be removed during the next week. Dogs are a delicacy in China.

Not long after my transfer, the company involved itself in a restructuring exercise in all Groups of CRA. I was seconded to a team that analysed our own Business Group according to the philosophies of the day that favoured the flattening of all business entities from traditionally tall hierarchical structures to organisations containing only six levels from shop floor to chief executive. Perhaps Luther was a visionary with this concept, which is by no means the exclusive property of the secular organisations on this planet. This exercise was to create much anxiety in the group that was eventually unfounded as our group was very lean by the re-structuring rules, and total employee numbers were essentially unchanged.

It became my role to contribute to the huge question in the industry in Australia and overseas relating to automation. Similarly to the Can Company, our equipment was aged and outdated and new generation state of the art technology was now available. Fully integrated and automated extrusion facilities were now available which could reduce operating crews from seven to two people. Automated computer control also offered vastly superior consistency in quality control, excellence of quality and higher machine productivity than that available on the old manually operated facilities.

I became involved in the preparation and submission of a series of capital appropriation requests (CAR's) on behalf of our Division for the new equipment. These were massive documents and it was my role to combine and draft and to finally polish the collective input of our team, including the marketing, technical and financial evaluations for each project. I drafted and massaged reams of

“Shakespeare,” produced endless discounted cash flow analyses and returns on investments as we struggled to justify our need to upgrade our facilities. I was used to these documents, but the capital request for the first press replacement was the first for a key facility in our group and it was valued at some paltry sixteen million dollars – a king’s ransom in our patch. It was also unique because it was the first “major” replacement in the Company.

Although our Group was tiny in the scale of things in the organisation, and to boot, very much a “downstream” operation from the mining of bauxite at Weipa, our “widow’s mite” attracted attention unusual attention because it posed an issue that needed to be addressed elsewhere in the company.

The company was becoming aged with obsolescent “critical resources” in all groups. Whilst the cost of a single dump truck in Weipa would probably have exceeded the cost of our press, it was not a critical resource. A critical resource in a mine or smelter would have exceeded our submission ten-fold or more.

Consequently our CAR was subjected to an interrogation that would have made the Inquisition seem like a sunny afternoon’s kindergarten picnic. Our main Inquisitor was a chap called Don who strode the halls of power in the palace in Melbourne and who stood behind the throne murmuring good advice in the king’s ear. He also did the bidding of the “Caucus” in the Upper Room on all matters large and small. Don and his henchmen scrupulously vetted each CAR submitted to the Board. Now Don was a really likeable fellow but he was a totally un-biased and dedicated professional. He was rumoured to be able to play the piano with a twist as one of his party tricks. It was said that he could kneel down in front of the piano with his back to the keyboard and play a tune with his hands over his shoulders. He was a man removed from this world, but his intellect, business analysis skills and fairness were unmatched and highly respected. He would have munched on a couple of big submissions from the “upstream” end of the company for practice before morning tea before devouring our finger painting during the coffee break. It was Don’s job to ensure that his master’s ten talents were invested wisely and that his master’s substance was not about to be wasted on riotous living by any prodigal son.

So we all knew that our submission, which was to become the template for future similar submissions in the company, could be expected to undergo a severe drubbing at the hands of Don. It did. I remember having not one but two two-hourly phone calls from Don in Melbourne as he grilled me on the rack. His style was to go for the jugular, the weakest link, and to examine and cross-examine without mercy in his search for a flaw in our argument. He also visited Yennora a couple of times to see for himself. As a true investigator he would have known that emotion or “rationalisation” of the “real” facts could sometimes cloud well-intentioned advice from the messenger. During this ordeal our Divisional Manager rang me one day and said, “I’ve just been talking to Don. I think he’s got us! Could you call him please?” Despite this, history will show that the Caucus eventually approved our request, and several more as we embarked on our brave new journey.

In my sojourn through my working life, and particularly in the latter days of my career, much of my time was spent in the company of bloodthirsty cut-throats who consistently sought the truth in our endeavours. Capital appropriation requests drafted by me on behalf of my colleagues were scrupulously and ruthlessly analysed for the “real” truth and the “real” benefit - devoid of emotion or blind rationalisation, whether the proposal is financial, humanitarian or environmental.

I accordingly learnt to develop an unrelenting and questioning attitude that has followed me into retirement. As a result I have often caused much consternation and alienation amongst my greying and well-meaning peers in various community committees, who are not used to such behaviour, when I have challenged emotional and “motherhood” proposals not supported by the “real” facts.

The new generation extrusion presses themselves were made with superior materials and with vastly improved designs than their predecessors that allowed an enormous increase in dimensional control of the product. This trend was also evident with service equipment. Manufacture of the dies for the extrusion presses was sound but dated, with a high component of manual control and, more significantly, manual skill. Toolmakers with forty years’ experience applied their expertise to prepare and finish these dies. Equipment was now available that would swamp our perceptions of good and faithful activity in this area.

Computer controlled machining centres could replace manually operated milling machines. Being computer controlled, these machining centres could fashion the most complicated die components with lightning speed. This was because tool changing, required for changing the various cutters required to achieve the complicated shapes during operations, was also done breathtakingly quickly.

The old manually operated lathes were also not immune from this onslaught as equivalent features were also incorporated into their designs.

Similar demonstrations of demon-like activity were also before us. To compliment this technological progress with machines, the cutters themselves had undergone a revolution. New tool steels were now being used that could double or treble the cutting speeds of the older style cutters used on existing machines. Metal removal rates were spectacular as these robots went about their business with fearless movements. In a manually operated mill for instance, the operator would initially and cautiously advance the cutter to the work before engaging the mechanical feed that would move the cutter through the work at the prescribed speed. These new machines, being computer controlled, could advance the cutters to the work at lightning speed because the computer instructed the machine when to stop and change speed. It was amusing to watch old dogs or uninitiated visitors wince as they watched this particular aspect of the operation.

Heat treatment had also undergone a revolution. Dies were no longer heated in ovens and quenched in oil. They were immersed in heated retorts filled with hot sand through which air was blown from the bottom of the retorts. The air caused the sand to behave like a fluid as the particles were separated by the air. It was fascinating to watch the dies simply submerge into the sand. When the dies had been heated at the required temperature for the prescribed time, they were removed and quenched in a similar cold retort.

Case hardening in cyanide had become obsolete many years ago, and dies were now treated in a nitriding process in these retorts.

As if that was not enough, draughtsmen had thrown away their pencils and tee-squares and were drawing components and designing dies using computers. To complete the awesome spectacle, computer programs could now be prepared, by computer and not manually, on the computers in the drawing office that could be transmitted by cable directly to control the computer controlled machining centres and lathes in the shop

The effect of this new technology on the Group was to be perhaps not devastating but certainly profound. This Group had enjoyed an enviable reputation for harmony, cooperation, progression, innovation and warmth. In fact, when the group was ultimately sold as part of the divestment policy of our owners, those of us who had retired or had acquired new masters, emphatically acknowledged that we had enjoyed an unparalleled working environment. As a result of this, the Group was "top heavy" with employees with long service records and advanced years. Turnover was minimal. Thus the invasion of this new technology, hard upon a recently prior soul-searching and frightening restructuring process, was a stressful but necessary part of our lives.

Toolmakers from the old cutting and hand filing days and approaching their retirement witnessed the spectacle of young apprentices just out from school nonchalantly adopting the new technology and driving the magical machining centres and lathes with uncanny speed. The old men in their Tiger Moths were out-classed by the boys in their Concordes. My team involvement in this process was initially through overseas team observations, and later with the preparation of investment proposals in collaboration with my colleagues and finally team involvement in the purchasing and commissioning of the new equipment. This process was to test my moral and social conscience.

My entire life had been focussed on improvement and cost reduction. This era was no different in purpose, but the end results were substantially more menacing. The Company had a policy of redundancy through attrition and not by dismissal. My conscience was clear, not as a result of this policy necessarily, but because I believe that we must strive for excellence and not mediocrity in our lives. We have State and Federal counting houses elected by the people that must rationalise and cater for the effects of progress. We must not rationalise these effects in the streets.

Immediately following the restructuring exercise, I indicated that I would like a change in emphasis and accordingly was appointed as manager of the newly formed Tooling facility. This facility was to combine the drawing office at Yennora and the Toolroom at Enfield under the one roof in new premises at Minto. I perceived that this amalgamation had some sensitive issues as two hitherto separate functions, one being the designers of the dies and the other being the makers of dies, each had their own "professional" opinions on how the dies should be made. This professional rivalry had developed over thirty years and occasionally when a new die failed, accountability and subsequent corrective action was hard to identify as discussions became bogged down over issues of design and quality of manufacture.



This was to coincide with the radical technological changes planned and it was my job to combine these two previously semi-autonomous activities into one cohesive team. I was extremely fortunate to have a co-operative and friendly group of people, and we were to enjoy the trials and tribulations with plenty of anguish but good humour.

After about two years I was to suffer my first “nervous breakdown”. I was subsequently informed that this is a misnomer as nerves do not break down. Rather, an abnormality in the brain occurs due to a chemical imbalance that causes effects that are manifested by bouts of depression and described in this way. In this disorder there are degrees of depression ranging from a mild mood disorders through to a bi-polar mood disorders and the more serious manic depressive disorder. Causes are varied, but stress is usually considered to be the usual trigger to these episodes. Hereditary instances are also possible and they can occur without any obvious cause.

In my case I have pondered the hereditary cause. My maternal grandmother, as Mum had explained, was “frail”. We had a distant aunt on Dad’s side of the family who was referred to as “Mad Aunt Bessie” and my cousin Jane was also the victim of a mood disorder for reasons far more serious than my own and who committed suicide. Her death was particularly distressing to me and I was unable to bring myself to attend her funeral as I was in the throes of my second “episode”. As fellow “loonies” Jane and I had been able to lean on each other and to swap war stories. There is also another distant cousin with the same complaint. In her later years Mum also suffered from some form of depression, although this may have been an early manifestation of some form of dementia or Alzheimer’s disease which were suspected as highly likely but never confirmed professionally. However, in my case, it is unlikely that heredity was the cause and it probably was due to some stress.

The diagnosis and treatment was a complete surprise to me. Following a brief initial consultation lasting no more than about half an hour in which I was asked a series of obviously routine questions, I was prescribed medication and sent home. There were no long sessions on the couch probing my past in efforts to unlock the secrets stored in my brain that were causing my illness. I was told that my complaint was chemical in nature and that the area of depression is the only sphere in psychiatry in which the psychiatric, pharmaceutical and physiological aspects of the disorder are in complete coordination. I took the pills and recovered. It was a simple as that.

This was to have a serious effect on my outlook on life. I had been on the local Parish Council at St Anne, which was going through a period of disharmony through plans to develop the site. I was also a happy member of the Council at Meriden, which I thoroughly enjoyed. But now I was confronted with a disorder that was based on purely chemical imbalance and I marvelled that the human mind could be so easily manipulated. In my disturbed state, I came to the conclusion that we are all only “clever monkeys” and that the concept of a soul that separated us from our dumb creatures on this earth was perhaps a myth. I did not become an atheist because in my opinion such people are only uneducated fools. It is impossible, scientifically or otherwise, to prove or disprove the existence of a Deity, and to stand up and deny the existence of any Supreme Being is to simply signal a narrowness of the unscientific mind.

On the other hand, the agnostic helplessly claims that he or she simply does not know the answer. If the teaching at my mother’s knee is correct, Jesus will reveal himself to us. That has not happened to me and I must leave the question open and not side with either the atheist or the agnostic. Perhaps that may happen one day as Mum has predicted. I felt compelled to withdraw from any institution that preached Jesus as the basis for its existence and I sadly resigned from the Parish and Meriden as I saw myself as a hypocritical participant in both these institutions.

My last working days were in a service and support role as Industrial Engineer to the Group and I was to participate in the highly successful commissioning period as the new technology was tamed and brought to economic operating standards. The Group eventually was put up for sale and in the last year I was invited to take over the Yennora plant due to the early retirement of one of my colleagues. I accepted and moved back to a line function.

This was a stressful period for all as the future for the younger employees was uncertain. My future was of course secured, as I would retire graciously in one or two years’ time with a comfortable retirement package. It was during this period that I experienced my second “episode”, as it is known in the trade. I had been embroiled in an unfair dismissal case with the unions that had been initiated and badly handled by me, to which my involvement centred on whether or not I as the company representative had observed due procedure in this incident. Whatever the findings may have been in court, the matter was ultimately settled out of court. I was also expected to minister to my flock, which was naturally deeply concerned with its future as the sale procedure dragged on. Gossip was rife

throughout the Division. Several important irate overseas customers were baying at my heels over quality issues – not that any single one of these issues alone particularly disturbed me, as I knew these were the stuff of management.

However, my confidence in myself was shaken and I was forced to take early retirement.

As I look back over my life I am overwhelmingly grateful for all that I have experienced, and I have a sense of relief that I have survived to my retirement without any lasting catastrophes. I was born into a harmonious home with loving parents and have never known poverty, although my upbringing was frugal and daily life was simple and unadorned. I have been fortunate to attend schools that provided me with a sense of pride in myself although my scholastic and sporting achievements have been mediocre in the extreme. These schools reinforced the standards of behaviour valued and practiced by my tribe. My academic career has been unremarkable but satisfying to me. I have never experienced the trauma and humiliation of a dismissal or retrenchment from my employment. I have enjoyed a blissfully happy marriage with a most beautiful wife, and we have raised five wonderful children with twelve wonderful grandchildren with whom we enjoy a beautiful and closely bonding relationship.

Neither country in which I have lived was or is devastated by war, oppression, famine or disease during my time. I have nothing to complain about, having enjoyed a truly privileged existence in a world that has not improved with the passing of time and which is strewn with terrible carnage and human suffering.

I have indeed lived a most privileged life.

## CONCLUSIONS

I have only one passionate message to pass on to you my descendants, and that is to repeatedly assert that good behaviour is our code. The priceless gifts of codes of behaviour passed down from the various family streams from which you are descended are the same. They are the badges by which your forebears have been distinguished from others. Whilst we must respect and listen to the voices of others, institutions such as the union movement or its wider comradeship, are not models by which the younger or future generations must set their standards of behaviour. I know that “others do but we just don’t”. This is our creed, this is our code. We can learn from the actions of others but we are not necessarily obliged to follow their examples if it offends our code.

Good behaviour is the hallmark of our inheritance, regardless of the circumstances. We all consistently fall far short of our ideals. But we must strive to maintain our standards in a world where bad manners are seen as a sign of strength of character, rudeness is seen as a mark of assertiveness and untruthfulness is perceived to be acceptable if the ultimate end justifies the means.

My Dad was right when he said:

“I know that others do, but we just don’t”

This is our way.