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A letter for you all – (1980)

My dearest family

It may be in times to come that some of you, even one of you, could become interested in your forebears – so far none of you has ever asked me what I remember, and perhaps this is because there are so many outside interests that there is not much time for families to sit and talk together, but even if none of you think it worth while to read this, I beg of you not to tear it up, but keep it, as it may have some bearing on a biography of your wonderful father, my son, who has become part of the history of Australia, oblivious of self and giving so much of his life working for the good of his country.

So much has been written about the Fraser and the Collins families, and the Collins intermarriages with their relatives in Queensland is beyond me, so I am going to concentrate mainly on my own memories, but I will tell you about Neville, your grandfather Fraser later – and I think Mark is the only one of you to remember “Oupa”

Alas, if I had only paid more attention to the reminiscences of older relatives when young; but, as with you I am sure, a sense of boredom would creep in and it was easy enough to think of other things. I think, and trust that I have never tried to do this to you.

My grandfather, your great grandfather Woolf, went to New Zealand as a teenager from South Africa. Originally the family came from Holland and went to England with William of Orange – the story goes as a drummer boy! – but who knows – and I don't know when they went to South Africa or when he, my grandfather, went to New Zealand, but he appeared to be well enough off, as he left his money to my father Louis Arnold Woolf, who in fact never knew him, as he died two months before my father was born of what was then called “galloping consumption” – and he was only 30 years old.

Later, my grandmother brought my father back to Australia – I think she was Australian, but am not sure (there is a charming photograph of her amongst the family photos) and she married again – my father would never speak of his stepfather, did not get on with him and left home at an early age.

What he did then I don't know, as his father's income left him independent, but I think he became interested in the wine trade. Anyway,

he certainly grew into a very handsome man, as his photos testify, and my sister Enid, the great beauty, was very like him – I think too, that he was a dilettante, interested in literature and a Shakespearian scholar and I will remember him shutting himself in our “den” and declaiming with much gusto speeches from Othello and Hamlet.

Anyway, to go back, he married my mother, Amy May Booth, in the early 1890s, but with the crash of that time lost most of his New Zealand income and so he and my mother decided they must start again and went to Perth, W.A.

My sister was born in Sydney, and my father had gone on ahead to Perth to make a start and find a home – Nov. 1895-96.

I think poor mother had a dreadful sea voyage with a young baby, landing at Albany, and having to catch the train to Perth which was a very small town then with sandy roads and none of the comforts she had started out with in Sydney – and knowing no-one. My father started up as a chartered accountant and was most successful – became interested in politics and stood for the Upper House, but was not elected. My mother always said it was because he would not work or ask anyone to vote for him, as he thought it undignified! He never tried again, but for some years sat on the Arbitration Court. He died at the age of 73 at Springfield in the Blue Mountains. He was an only child as I expect you have gathered, and as far as I knew, certainly there are no relations of the name of Woolf in Australia. His father was Jewish, his mother not. He spent some early years with the Jacobs – a relation, Lady Isaacs, was a Jacob – a cousin.

My mother’s family, the Booths, emigrated from Lincolnshire in England some time in the 1850s, it was her grandfather who brought his large family with him, and of which John Booth, my mother’s father, was the eldest. They landed at Ulladulla, south coast of NSW¹, and went a few miles inland and founded a small town, Milton and there they settled. I think he was a retired army officer and impoverished. My grandfather, seeing no future in Milton, left home for Sydney, where he started up as a merchant importing and exporting. He must have been successful, as he took himself back to England and was away some time. He met and married one of the belles of Dublin, Zara Ann Maria Smith! And returned then to Sydney. There she proceeded to have 13 children! Of whom my

¹ Since writing this the 2 booklets “Ulladulla and 1st Hundred Years” have arrived and I am not quite accurate about this.

mother was the eleventh born about 1871-2. Not many of them survived, but I remember my grandmother Booth, as she was alive in 1906 when my mother took my sister Enid and myself to Sydney, from Perth, to see her. She appeared a permanent invalid, always in black, with a white cap, always sitting in a comfortable chair by a window, and she used to give us red and white jujutsu, diamond shaped, and with gold or silver trinkets – she used to whisper “don’t tell Grandpa”, as she knew he disapproved of such gifts. Phoebe, you have the little gold heart which she gave me all those years ago. My grandfather was a very handsome man, also always seemed to be sitting by a window too and I was beckoned to sit on his knee sometimes – I remember little else – but his long white beard!

As in a large family, of the ones that lived, my mother’s eldest sister (and there were 16 years between them) was her favourite and a dear brother Charles who followed to Perth and two she actively disliked and would not speak of them.

Aunt Janice, her eldest sister, was a great Edwardian beauty and married Samuel Hordern, father of Sir Sam, grandson of the original Anthony who started the big store in Sydney. She too, had many children and since there was little difference in the ages of my mother and her sister's children, she spent most of her childhood with them all and talked of many a trip she had with them in her brother-in-law’s yacht sailing up the Hawkesbury River. One other sister she liked, Minnie Richards, her husband became a Lord Mayor of Sydney, and I remember her, as not good looking but a personality, and another brother Ted, was sent to London to manage the Hordern affairs there and she never saw him again. The only brother I knew was Charles, who was a darling, but died young of heart trouble.

My mother was a very talented person, played the piano, sang and embroidered, before her marriage was quite a fair amateur artist. When she married my father about 1893-4, she was about 24 and that was considered old in those days, but she had such fun with her adored sister and brother in law, Sam, that she didn’t want to settle down, still I think my good looking father exuded his charm and that was that. Enid was born in Sydney in 1896 and as I have said was taken to Perth soon after, and I arrived on the scene in 1902, as a great shock to the system!

I think poor mother must have missed her family and friends very much, as she always spoke longingly of them and never really felt at home in Perth. I well remember the excitement of all of us when the Sydney relatives passed through Perth on one of their many trips to England and

spent the days with us – then and on their return – the trips were of lengthy duration, as the ships took four to six weeks one way. It was all such an event in an otherwise uneventful life and to visit the wonderful P & O and Orient ships was something to which we looked forward for weeks. I remember I was allowed to decorate the silver “epergne” which was on the dining room table, with asparagus fern, or maiden hair fern or bridal creeper! And we alternated between the two epergnes my mother had, one long and shaped like the Sydney Harbour Bridge! And the other a central silver stand with 5 trumpet shaped glasses, which held, I think for preference, pink carnations, as well as the ferns!

Another memory was of my father bringing home one of the first “His Masters Voice” gramophones, an enormous trumpet it had and an equally enormous volume of sound, which made my mother retire into another room. This annoyed my father and alas he returned the instrument. However we were never lacking music, as in those days, people did play and sing quite a lot and so, if indifferently performed, one did become familiar with the classics. Also I shall always be grateful that from an early age, I was taken to hear all the famous artists that visited Perth, Melba, Clara Butt, Tettrazzini, Gael Curci, pianists and violinists, plays, Marie Tempest, and the Brucicantto – each and all enthralling experiences and wonderful to remember. The local orchestra was alas, indifferent and I had to wait to hear a really good conductor and orchestra till we went to Sydney and heard all the Beethoven symphonies under Verbrugghen and so one’s passion for music was encouraged and although I did play the piano reasonably well, I soon lost technique through lack of practice when living in the country.

My sister Enid was extremely talented, played the piano and was a very good artist which was recognised when she returned to painting after her husband died. She was a very great beauty and I sometimes felt that she had so many more talents and brains than I had, that I developed an inferiority complex, which has taken years to overcome.

Perth was a very small town and we grew up in an atmosphere of simple pleasures and I remembered with awe when it was announced that the population had reached one hundred thousand. As my sister grew up and attracted every male that ever looked at her, a little more life entered into our family. In those days young girls were not allowed out without a chaperone and it wasn’t till after World War I that twosomes and foursomes were accepted and not frowned upon. It must have been before that War that I used to go for drives in what must have been chauffeur driven cars, sitting in front while Enid and the current swain

held hands in the back – one never looked behind! Cars were scarce and considered highly dangerous and we never owned one – but when it was found that a friend had a car that could go up a steep hill in top gear, that was a great advance. By the time I grew up, Enid was married to Malcolm Mackellar, son of surgeon Sir Charles Mackellar and living at Gunnedah, NSW. And so with the war over, life was freer for me with no chaperones and more cars, although I still remember going to parties by tram, walking with a change of shoes in a bag and many a time we'd miss the last tram and have to walk home.

I “came out” in 1920 when the Prince of Wales visited Perth. How we all adored him, but he had no eyes for young girls and spent his time with young married women, which we thought grossly unfair. The Doy Forrests had a motor launch and many Sundays we used to go and drop over the side of the boat almost anywhere in the Swan River, for a swim.

Then came to Perth, around 1922, someone who had the greatest influence on my way of thinking and became a dear friend and mentor all the rest of our lives – alas she is dead now.

(I did not want to copy out all these pages again, hence this gap!)

Rhona Byron came as secretary to her aunt Lady Campion, wife of the Governor of WA. The friendship was so strong that although when I married in 1926 and saw her briefly in 1928 on our first visit to England, I did not then see her again till 1950. By then she had become great friends with the Christies and had been made a director of Glyndeborn since its inception before World War II and was instrumental in helping in many ways. She made a rewarding and fascinating life for herself and was much loved. She never married, largely I am sure because of an unhappy love affair which occurred during her time, and mine, in Perth. He was Ken Nicholl, ADC to the Governor then. Always when I went to England after Neville died I used to stay with her at Lewes and we would go many times to the opera.

I first met Neville when I was in Sydney, 1924, paying one of the many visits to Enid at Kurrumbede Gunnedah and also staying with the Hordern cousins at Retford and Batworth both at Bowral and Darling Point.

Neville was given a trip from Melbourne via Tasmania to Sydney in “Repulse”. The photo, signed, in the cloakroom Malcolm darling, of

which Dad was very proud. There was a dance given on board and that's when I was introduced, mistaking him, moustache and all, for a sailor!

Soon after I returned to Perth and was active in Repertory work (see programmes, I couldn't have been that bad!) and it was 18 months before we met again when my mother and I travelled overland by train to Sydney, a long, hot, dusty journey – one week – and then we became engaged when I went to stay with the Stradbrokes at Stonnington which was then Government House in Melbourne in 1925.

We married in Sydney in March 1926 and I went to live at Nyang near Moulamein in Riverina.

We had had a honeymoon in New Zealand and left Sydney in the worst storm I ever experienced in Sydney Harbour till that date and poor Neville spent four worried days holding my head over a bucket! Thank goodness we had fine weather for the return trip four weeks later. We had two weeks in each island.

After that I had six months at the old homestead, as Neville was building a new one at Balpool, 26 miles up river, as the closer settlement of that period took over half the property.

As I was having Lorraine in January, we came to Melbourne before the house was finished and stayed at Norla in Spring Road (since demolished) as Lady Fraser had gone abroad and on January 10th Lorri arrived – 1927.

Soon after we returned to the country and the new house at Balpool. Never will I forget that home-coming. Dust and dirt left by the builders, hardly any furniture, carpets and curtains and house dust literally ½ inch thick everywhere, no cupboards or benches in the kitchen or place to put anything and the new cook refused to start work. everyone cross and tired and I just had no idea how to cope and took refuse in tears! I think the jackeroos were brought to the rescue. In those days, there was a hut cook, manager's cook and house cook!

Later in the depression I used the ?top in the house, but then I could hardly cook at all – had a wood stove, Coolgardie safe, a Kohler electric light plant, quite inadequate, old fashioned copper and flat irons and straw brooms. Later a petrol Colman iron and a thing called an icyball which made ice cream! How lucky the young are today.

We had bread made by the Rabbiter's wife and very heavy, mail twice a week, no near neighbours, droughts, floods, plagues of grasshoppers, mice and frogs. The last were the worst I think – all the same I believe it was a happy time and hope that Lorraine and Malcolm look back on it with affection.

Malcolm was borne at "Mowbray" in St George's Road, which then belonged to the Ernest Clarkes and we had rented it. A nice house – in 1930, - in due course we returned to Balpool. Malcolm was such an easy, loving baby and always so easy to get along with, but I have already written about him in another letter, which will be enclosed with this.

And so of Neville I will write, as I saw him and through too the eyes of his many friends who wrote to me after he died in 1962, 23rd January.

Kind and generous to a degree, with a lively mind and great zest for life. A quick and understanding sympathy for those who came to him with their problems and these are attributes which he has handed down to both Lorri and Malcolm, for which I am grateful. Young people he loved and they responded to him as the letters I had from the younger members of the Melbourne Club, after his death, who had written of his kindness to them and ready welcome, testified.

Although he was away from Australia 8 years, 4 year at Magdalen, Oxford and 4 years at World War I, his heart was always in Australia and he longed to be home. He was a really true Australian and this too he has handed on to Malcolm – a love of his country –that too, he was a complex and unpredictable character was evident, as I was not always very clever in understanding what his reaction or point of view would be.

At one time his greatest pleasure was in his weekend tennis with the ex Davis Cup players, Sos Wertheim, Gerald Patterson, Rod Heath, Bob Schlesinger, and then Ted Yencken and Charlie Lyon. After that the whisky decanter would pass around, the onlookers gathered and everyone was always late for dinner, tired and cross!! Sensible wives never made any arrangements to go out for supper on Sunday. I had to learn that the hard way! But Neville was a fine athlete, an Oxford Blue and a good sport.

This is a sketchy few pages, but maybe of some help one day, as Maie Casey had urged me to write anything I may remember, and maybe I'll finish it another time.

More interesting memories and maybe all this is not relevant anyway. I do not want to bore, but the options are open to date, this is the 6th May, 1979.

The two pamphlets sent to me by residents of Milton corroborate what I have said about the Booths. When his father and rest of his family landed in NSW but it was John Booth's enterprise in buying the land and naming it a town of Milton that you will read about and find out where I have erred. Obviously Tony Hordern called Milton Park after his grandfather's land.

No, he did marry later, as you will read in the pamphlets.

I have also just written more of the early Perth days – don't think it overlapped. Maybe the other should be read first – (1985).

Perhaps I should start by saying that I was born in Perth in 1902, the only one in my family to be a sandgroper. Earliest memories of the small town were of a long straight road leading from the corner of Kings Park Road and Ventura Avenue to Hay Street, where the main and almost only tram line led from the then suburb of Subiaco into the city. At the corner of Ventura Avenue was what was known as the Big House, which belonged to the Sidney Emanuels who spent little time there, as they were in England a lot, as well as owning large pastoral interests in the Kimberleys – and two doors away in Ventura Avenue was No.8 where I lived with my sister Enid and parents. Opposite our house was I think No.4, where lived my lifelong friend, in spite of awful rows when children, and a gap of many years in different parts of Australia and Europe on Freda's part, we retained a very warm friendship and I miss her sadly, as she died last year, she had such a wonderful sense of humour. **(TURN TO PAGE 1)**

Earliest memories – all of 3 years old and the spirit of curiosity. Enquiring of a new nursery housemaid when we were going for a walk and being told stonily by my mother, that since I had what was called "played up" and objected to the morning walk, I was no longer going for one – with which of course I howled.

Lord what a tiresome child, a few years later on, my sister, with nursery housemaid (another I think) had taken a picnic tea to the lovely Kings Park, being hot and thirsty, I asked first for my drink of lemonade, having gulped that I held the cup out for more and was told that I must wait –

that was alright, but when the others had had their 2 cups (I watched like a lynx) I held mine out for more, the nursery housemaid deliberately poured what was left on to the ground, as a punishment to me for being greedy – my first sense of the injustice of life and this time I screamed blue murder, the picnic was packed up hurriedly and my sister took my side, told my mother and that was the end of that one.

School came next run by Miss Hilforty. Although I made a few friends, I must have been a horrid child, as I remember when I didn't get my own way over playing some game or other, lying on my back on the ground and pretending to be dead, so that I'd get some sympathy. Miss Hilforty was sent for and after taking one look at me, told me to get up and stop being so silly and dramatic – another little girl I just loved to carry around, she didn't care for it and when I tried to insist, was told I was a bully – ah me, the best of intentions were always misunderstood, it seemed to me.

Those early school years were uneventful – I had few brains and although at the end of the year, everyone got a prize, my book was always thin and was duller than the others. We used to have to fetch them from the hall of the school, all tied up in rugs, which we carried, trying to peep between the cracks in the parcels to see who was being given them.

(Page III now)

But I've jumped about a bit. In those days, simple pleasures, even a sing song around the piano, with my mother playing, and the German Brass Band which came regularly once a week and played in the street outside our house. It was a rapturous time but with World War I looming they disappeared. The street lights were all gas and the lamplighter came at dusk and with his long pole, lit the lamps and again in the early morning to put them out. I was always intrigued to know what was on the end of the pole to light them and it appeared the same pole put them out. I don't remember when electricity was introduced, but we had gas in our house in Ventnor Avenue, till we moved to a larger place in Hay Street West, but we did have a telephone which I adored using and making my own arrangements to go and play with a friend. Two friends I had.

Inda and Erma Pilkington, every Sunday we exchanged visits and played "eggo in the bush" and card games, read books and it was really Elena's library that started me on the road to a good education and appreciation of literature, so many books off the market now and never to be repeated as this generation would laugh at them since they have never liked even the

later Mrs Molesworth and books with good behaviour and I can't remember the other names of that ilk, not even the Baroness Oreszy romances made them highly amused.

Maybe it is better than romantic notions which ill prepares a young girl for the modern day life. Emma's mother was Irish and wrote books under the name of Dames Longworth – she was supposed to be very clever and my main memories of her were sitting by a fire, holding her head in her hands and thinking deeply – we were always told not to disturb and be very quick having tea. Every weekend Mary Zatel who kept a lending library (and was staying there), and also always appeared to be sitting and thinking deeply. She was referred to always as The Lady by Emma – then suddenly Mrs Pilkington died and Emma and her father left Perth and went to live in England and he stood for Keighley in the north of England and went to the Commons for some years.

We as was natural we lost touch and when I married and Neville and I went to London, and we met again, we had no mutual contact and she expected more of me than I had to give and was always charging herself on my batteries – added to this, Neville didn't like her, so we fell apart.

But from the early years of childhood, I seem only to remember a blank period when I learned nothing at school and not till we went from Ventnor Avenue to live in a larger house in Hay Street did I start to enjoy some subjects – history the main fascination and love and always reading, reading and never playing any game and, because I was so bad at them, I used to shut my eyes when a tennis ball came my way and looked unmissable, take a side swipe and listen to the groans of my partner.

Perth was growing, the pathways were asphalt, no longer just sandy, but the paths I trod were always the same, so the world was very small. We had the "pictures" and every Friday night my father used to take me, very pleasant in the open air, sometimes most unsuitable and I never could understand Thora Bara in "the Man and the Moment", how she produced a baby after what seemed a very short while after she appeared, almost pushed one might say, out of a room and disappeared, the wild eyes and heaving bosom were very dramatic, but both my father and I were rather uncomfortable. The climate was so good in summer that an open air performance was seldom cancelled and the Pierrots and Red Dandies used to alternate each season. I believe that they also alternated here at Brighton Pier in the summer.

The only theatre was "His Majesty's", which I hear has been redecorated and is very splendid now. Plays, musical comedies and renowned musicians and singers all performed there and to everything that came to Perth my mother took me, the second front row in the stalls. It was all magical and I shall always be grateful for becoming familiar with so much classical music so that the enjoyment of those days remains, even though the performances have become greater and greater, but I had a yardstick to go by. They all came Tettranazzini, Galla Cure, Melba, all past their prime, still I heard them. The Vanburghs, Marie Tempest, Oscar Asche who performed in London all during World War I and Lily Brayton. He was a splendid Othello and Shylock. Those were the days of great stars and only adequate supporters, but people then loved their stars and wanted great names. The reverse appears now.

World War I came and my sister was just grown up. Each year we spent at Middleton Beach for the school holidays. It was the last port of call, Albany, for the troops setting off for Gallipoli. Major Were marched the 3 miles from Albany to Middleton Beach when they stripped off and dashed into the sea. We were all told, in no way were we to go near the beach!

There were usually two or three nights of frolic for them and my sister had a ball. I was too young for that but enjoyed helping cut sandwiches in the kitchen of the old fashioned hotel for supper for the dancing, which took place on a very large verandah in the front of the hotel, which was well sanded and beeswaxed, it all seemed to work. My mother and a Mrs Morrison played for the dances, thumped out two-steps and waltzes. It was a beautiful beach, 3 miles long, which is occasionally walked to Emu Point, cakes, scones and back again.

There was an old judge, Judge Rowth, (can't now remember how his name was spelt) who regularly used to drive from Perth to Albany. One of the few people who owned a car then. When he broke his own record of the 230 miles in twelve hours, we were most suitably impressed. As I got older, he deigned to dance with me, but it was always a waltz on a threepenny bit and he wore a monocle which he kept dropping.

Of later years I have already written and don't think in this there is much repetition. The book "Children of our Family" by Leslie Hordern, incorporates a chapter on the Booth family and their involvement.

So for the moment I will leave this a while.

Malcolm

If I can manage to convey the character of Malcolm as I know him, from the time he was born till his development as a Leader of Men, then I feel these memories may be helpful to an historian.

So many speculations and personal opinions of journalists, who could not possibly know the inner Malcolm, are based on an inaccurate understanding of him and so a short picture of his early life and character may put the facts in their right perspective and if these same journalists will call my view biased, then I must say the same of them, but I can claim to have known him so much better and longer.

My daughter Lorraine is three and a half years older than Malcolm and when he was born was already set in her ways with an inclination to rebel against any authority, so that ordinary every day affairs were apt to become matters of argument! When Malcolm fell in happily with any arrangements at all, he became a very easy child to live with and tremendously loving and affectionate. Everything was so personal, he found his immediate family and household quite sufficient, and so long as he could be with them he appeared perfectly happy and contented, and this has characterised him all his life.

When he was little I was afraid he was not a fighter, as he never persisted in trying to get his own way and a disappointment wouldn't show in his face, but there was always an acceptance of a verdict and he would drop the subject. Later on he showed a persistency in working for something he thought was worthwhile.

At the age of eight he nearly died of pneumonia with a temperature of 106° for three days and no sulphur drugs in those days, it was an agonising time but even at his sickest his thought was for his father's birthday and getting me to buy a present from him.

He had enormous courage too, as soon after he had recovered he had numerous nasal treatments which were so painful and made one's heart ache to watch. These and two antrum operations were not successful and so a change of climate was advised and Tudor House chosen for him to go to school. Before this, as I said, we were a small family concentrating on ourselves and living in a lovely part of the country, so that I think when he was finally with his own age group and being naturally shy and introvert, he found it hard to communicate so that he was easily hurt and sensitive.

However while at Tudor House, he did well at school and was in all the teams. One example of the persistence starting to show, was when he was dropped from the cricket team. His letters home showed how bitterly disappointed he was. Soon after he was put back in the team and his school master's report of the time said that "through practice and sheer persistence he played himself back into the team".

During these four years at Tudor House, World War II was on, and so we saw him only in the holidays and there was always so much difficulty getting a permit to travel interstate, and so we were not able to go to the normal parents days and see him and take him out, like other boys whose parents lived nearer. Added to this, Neville was in the Air Force. I missed him and Malcolm so much. Lorri was boarding at Frankston College so that was easy.

I should say, here that Neville was in the Ground Staff of the Air Force and served at HQ here as Camp Commandant, and then went to Shepparton, Hamilton and Brisbane, so poor Malcolm saw little of us in those years which has never ceased to sadden me.

Malcolm's standards have always been high, even when quite young and anything that fell short of them in dealing with his friends, found him inclined to intolerance, something he has had to come to terms with through time and experience and less likely to judge harshly, although a friend who let him down, he might find hard to forgive. However once he had given his friendship to someone of whom he was fond, he would support through thick and thin. Also a sad story would stir his heart and sympathy and one would find a great softness there. I have heard it said that anyone who really needed help would get it unreservedly from Malcolm and with sound and thoughtful advice.

He has always worked hard and conscientiously and thoroughly as was his nature to do. But the reserves of strength he had to call on was something I had not realised until his return from Oxford and was working at Nareen. This passion for thoroughness and attention to detail became apparent when he first stood for parliament and showed that his entire concentration was given to helping his constituents, irrespective of their politics, in their difficulties and led to the high regard the electorate has for him.

These are the softer sides of Malcolm which were predominant when he was young but the hurly burly of political life has brought out the

toughness which is necessary to survive. I remember the night, soon after his return from Oxford, he was then 22, I was worried about something concerning him, and he turned to me with a smile and said "I'm tougher than you think Ma" and of course he was.

He was a natural rider and played tennis well, but did not make the teams at Melbourne Grammar as he had at Tudor House. Maybe the competition was too great, but he seemed to retire into himself and didn't appear to bother. I think he will do that, if he is hurt – especially by a friend.

Of political events he will one day write himself but these memories of him as I knew him may help explain later events and actions he has taken throughout his life, always with the faith I had in him and the help of his wonderful wife and family.

I think I might add an example of his persistency to argue for what he believed in, was evidenced when Bolte held an enquiry into the merits of Portland as a deep sea port, under Professor Cochrane, the wool brokers did not want sales there. Millions had been spent on the port and Malcolm gave evidence and reasons for his belief in the development of the area and benefit to all concerned. This in spite of the fact that Dick Hamer rang Neville, who was alive late in late 1961 and said Malcolm was "making enemies in high places by his persistency. He won his battle and Portland has gone ahead.