

SOHC/OH 687

J.D. SOMERVILLE ORAL HISTORY COLLECTION, STATE
LIBRARY OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA: INTERVIEW NO. OH 687

Interview with Pam Savage relating to her father, Douglas Darian Smith, recorded by June Edwards on 17th February 2004 for the State Library of South Australia's Oral History Collection.

TAPE 1 SIDE A

This is June Edwards interviewing Pam Savage on the 17th February 2004 at the State Library about her father, Douglas Darian Smith. So, Pam, where was Darian Smith born?

As far as I know he was born in Adelaide in 1900. His father was a doctor and moved around quite a bit. His father and mother both came from Northern Ireland, Londonderry, and he led a very sheltered life until his father died when he was about five or six, I'm not really quite sure of the date. Then life became very different. His mother was left and tried to keep things together in Adelaide, but could not do so and decided to return to either England or Ireland, I'm not quite sure which, to try and sort out family affairs. My father and his brother, Eric, were left in the care of a guardian, but after two years the guardian, a Dr Hamilton, decided that their mother wasn't coming back so they were sent to the Goodwood Orphanage. The Mother Superior at the Goodwood Orphanage was a Mother Colomba, and had been a great friend of my father's mother at school in France, and so she cared for them, but it must have been a very, very hard life, and very different from what they had been used to.

They stayed there until my father was twelve or thirteen. Then the War came and I don't know what he did when he first came out of the Orphanage, but in 1914-15 he tried to join – put his age up and tried to join the Army. He was a small man and he didn't meet the requirements that the Army wanted, so he then went to the West Coast to build up his body for a year. Which he did, and he came back and enlisted in 1916.

How old was he then?

Sixteen. Having put his age up to eighteen. He then went overseas, I don't really know where he went, but he was in the Army Medical, so he was attached to hospitals of different sorts during the War. And then, when the War finished, he

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went to London. He of course was not in any particular hurry to come home, he had no family to come home to, and he was the adventurous sort so he decided to stay on in England. And was there during the 'flu epidemic in 1918-19, and nursed a lot of those soldiers that died of the 'flu.

He was a very compassionate man even at the (laughs) age of eighteen, I understand, because he used to tell me that he would hold their hands as they died and he knew that they could do nothing for them.

He had an uncle in England whom he visited, but I don't think that was a very happy occasion. However, he did go to the Polytechnic School of Art in London and did a course there.

He returned to Australia – and now I'm really very hazy – but he finished up going to G&R Wills, which was a big merchandising company that, I suppose – I don't know what it was, but they sent people, travellers, out to the country to sell products, and he was in the city office which was on North Terrace and Gawler Place, I think. He was good at his work, he always had an interest in photography and he did a lot of developing and printing to make extra money, and he was doing very well.

He met my mother, who was working at John Martin's, and in 1927 they were married at St Lawrence's Church in North Adelaide. My father had a bust-up with somebody at G&R Wills just before their marriage and decided to (laughs) leave, and set himself up in business. They built a house at Glen Osmond, in Brook Avenue, Glen Osmond, which was a very early subdivision of Benacre, and so here they were with a house nearly finished, my father out of work, starting on his own. They went to Stirling for their honeymoon, but only stayed a couple of days. They were very anxious to get back to their house and sort things out.

So then my father made one of the rooms into his darkroom, and he worked from home at Glen Osmond. He would do anything that he was asked to do and he would freelance, I imagine, to a certain extent and then show his work to those and hope that he would sell it.

Did he have exhibitions and things, or was it –

No.

– purely just working for people?

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Just purely working for people. I don't know how early he – what sort of work he was doing then, I imagine he was doing commercial work. I imagine he was flying because he was always interested in flying and doing aerial work, and of course that was pretty hairy stuff in those days. I have childhood memories of going out to Parafield with my father on a Saturday afternoon so he could chat to all (with emphasis) 'the boys' out there. And he knew all the pilots from the – I think it was called the Aero Club. And I was kept quiet by giving me some lollies to shut me up. (laughs)

So of course – I was born in the Depression in 1931, so he had to weather that which must have been extremely difficult, I would think. However, he must have done well because by 1938 they had bought a block of land in Barnard Street, North Adelaide, and in the beginning of 1939 started to build a two-storey Georgian house which is still there, a beautiful house. So he must have done reasonably well. Mind you, the War came and that was so uncertain, the times. We moved into North Adelaide, I can remember moving in there – bare boards, one room furnished and the bedrooms were the bare essentials, but they decided they had to move in as quickly as possible.

My father wanted to go to the War and my mother was very much agin that. And, as it turned out, the Army decided that he was in his forties and that he was more use here doing the work he was doing, and he did get diabetes so that really ended any chances of him going to war. The War proved to be a very busy time for him, he did a lot of work for the government, he did a lot of propoganda work of showing the Army girls and the girls working in factories, and the Land Army girls, all this sort of thing, he would go and take pictures of them and they would be published in the *Women's Weekly* or I think in the *Homes and Gardens* too at that time. Also, because there were so many soldiers going to the War and leaving behind newly-married wives, he did a lot of taking pictures, informal pictures, of children and families so that they could be sent to the boys overseas. Weddings were a very important part of his business on a Saturday afternoon – I can remember going round the countryside with him and he would go to four or five churches around Adelaide and photograph all these weddings, and (laughs) then come home again. He was then very much into

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commercial photography, he did work for Holden's, he did work for Kelvinator, he did work for Shearer's who built agricultural machinery. He was very busy.

He was a very energetic man, he worked long hours, he deserved – he was meticulous, and deserved the success he had. I can remember he had a beautiful workroom at North Adelaide, state of the art workroom at North Adelaide, and he would go down after dinner at night and develop all the films that he had taken during the day and would never come up before ten or eleven at night, having worked all day. So he worked hard. He loved what he was doing, and he did it well.

And what did the family think of that?

We accepted it. You know, it was part of life. That's what my father did, and my mother kept the home fronts burning, and she did the accounts and that sort of thing, and we loved it. I mean, I have very fond memories of going out with my father during school holidays, he would take me out in the car and we'd go to all sorts of places, and you never knew where you were going to finish up, actually! He did a lot of work for the wineries, so quite often we went to the Barossa. I can remember going to Rowland Flat where – I don't know who it was, Yalumba, is it, Rowland Flat? I can't remember – and they had a laboratory to test the wine, which was very, very new in those days. He was friends with Buring, Leo Buring, and he used – Quelltaler House, which then became the Arkaba Steakhouse, but it was originally a cellar in the city. He used to go there for breakfast and tasting of wines. He led a good life. He worked hard, but he led a good life.

His aerial photography, of course, had taken off by this stage and he was very much in demand and did a lot of work, I mean after the War, when the Holden was mooted and they were going to build at Elizabeth he took aerial pictures and, as well as on the building of Elizabeth, he took all the pictures from the very beginning, from a bare paddock to the time the first Holden was launched. No doubt he always drove a Holden (laughs) because that's where his business lay.

So with the aerial photography it was mainly people like businesses commissioning him to go and take photos?

Yes. They would commission him to do it, but while he was out he would freelance again, and then because it was *extremely* expensive to get an aeroplane to go he

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would freelance and he would then come back and present this to people, and very often got quite a lot of work out of it, it produced quite a lot of work. In his earlier days he won a few prizes and he won a medal at a big exhibition in Paris, a first prize, for – I think it was the new electricity generators at Port Augusta. I remember the picture well, with smoke coming out of the chimneys, which would be forbidden these days but was thought great at that stage. It was a time post-War when South Australia was really going ahead, so there was a lot of work to be done. All the silos around the country, my father – as they were developed, my father would go out and photograph those. So that was his main work.

And did he do photographs for department stores, like for window dressing and things?

Yes, he did. Window dressing was an extremely popular part of the departmental stores in those days, and it was – shops were only open from nine till five-thirty or six, and a lot of people would come into the city to window-shop and look at the things in the window. And they were beautifully presented. And my father would go in at night and wait until the crowds dispersed and take his photographs of these windows. On one occasion I remember very well, during the War, he met up with some American soldiers who were wandering around not knowing what to do, so he said, 'Oh, come home for supper'. So he brought them home and gave them a good supper and they became great friends, sent my mother things and they were – you know, they were good.

He knew his way around Adelaide like the back of his hand. You'd be walking down the street and he'd say, 'I'll just pop in here'. And I remember very well one day walking down King William Street and him saying, 'Look, we'll just pop in here', and he took me into the building – I've gone blank. It's now – next to the Town Hall, it's now a hotel¹, but in those days it was the Lands Department, I think. And here was this beautiful courtyard with a fountain, green lawn, beautifully kept. Just, you know, out of the blue he showed you these things. Unfortunately, I went back years later and the Lands Department had let it go to rack and ruin and there

¹ Treasury Building, now the Medina Hotel.

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were and no green grass, just mess. (laughs) So it's lovely to see that somebody is at least doing that up and looking after it.

But did Darian Smith take photographs of things like that?

He may well have, I can't remember them at all. I can't ever remember seeing any, but he may well have.

And did he go to the Adelaide Show, take photographs there?

Yes, he went every year, the Adelaide Show was a big event. He would go down before the gates opened – the gates used not to open until about eleven – and he would go down, and once again in those days they put on magnificent displays for primary produces and fruit and this sort of thing, and he would just spend the time from nine till eleven photographing, and then he would take the Grand Parade. He wasn't into taking animals much, I don't think, but he did take the Grand Parade, and I have a picture of the Grand Parade, I suppose taken in the '40s or '50s. So that was another sideline to it.

But, as I said, he wasn't into portraiture, he didn't like doing that.

The other thing he did was the Gas Company used to run classes at the Gas Company, cooking classes, and you would go along to an auditorium and they would have a cooking class, and he would then photograph the finished things at the end. And in one of the – either the *Women's Weekly* or the *Homes and Gardens* every month they would have recipes and a picture of what was there that my father had taken.

He also did a lot of work for *Homes and Gardens*. Every month they would have a house and/or garden that had been photographed, and he would go out and spend a day photographing the rooms in this particular house. He would light it with big floodlights, he would spend hours trying to get the best position and the best that he could do. And once again, it was his attention to detail and his artistic eye that I think made him as good as he was. It was the same with his aerial photography: he would fly until he got the right position. I mean, I imagine the pilots either loved him or hated him. I know that! (laughs) If they loved him they would do anything for him, but he also had some that he had some arguments with because he had a very fiery temperament! Lovely temperament, but very fiery.

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As a father, he was a wonderful father. He was understanding, he was caring, he didn't like what he called 'humbug' and if he asked you something and you said, 'Oh, I don't mind', he would say, 'That's not an answer. Tell me yes or no.' But apart from that he really was lovely. He loved giving presents, and Christmas was always an exciting time because you never knew what your father was going to give you for Christmas, and he would always come up with something *very* special. I still have presents that he gave me, in particular an Italian little leather blue purse, which were very rare in those days out here. I mean, they obviously, I would think, come from Florence, and I still have it, and love it. As I said, I have *very* fond memories of my father.

He was also very kind to other people. We would go out on a Saturday afternoon and there was a gentleman who was a paraplegic in Parkwyn[?] Hospital; and he would say, 'We've got to go and see' – I can't remember his name – 'We've got to go and see Such-and-such.' So we would go and visit him and talk to him and tell him all that was happening. Once again, he was very kind and helped people a lot. He liked to help people if he thought they wanted to get on, because he knew how hard it had been for him and he never forgot it. So that was good.

So do you think being brought up in an orphanage sort of had a negative impact on him, or how did he cope with that?

I think he was a very strong personality. I think he probably managed to cope with it extremely well. He had fond memories of Mother Colomba, and I can remember as a child being taken out to the Christmas parties at the Goodwood Orphanage. He never forgot their kindness, and he would take presents out there for the orphans. And we didn't like much going out there but he insisted, you know, that we had to go out. And so I think he had hard times there, but I think his memory of the nuns, on the whole, was one of kindness. And when you hear of all these horrible stories today, it's rather nice to think that they were his memories.

Did he and his brother ever meet his mother again?

No. No. She died in Paris on Christmas Eve, I understand, at Midnight Mass. She led a very unhappy life, I think, once she went back. I don't think there was any money and I think she thought there would be, and it's very hazy what happened.

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But I don't think it was a very happy time for her. And she'd had a pretty hard life. And, I mean – you know, from being able to afford a nanny for the children and then to have nothing must have been pretty hard. I've got postcards that she sent to my father and kept saying that she would return, but she never did return, which is very sad. And of course my father had nothing tangible of hers except a little cruet set, which I have. So, you know, it was a pretty sad time. And I think it had more of effect on his brother, Eric, who wasn't such a dominant personality and – I don't know. I haven't seen him, you know, we grew apart and we didn't keep together. We used to when we were younger, but as time went along – I think they moved to Queensland and so that's why we didn't sort of follow on.

So the brothers didn't stay close in the long term.

No. In fact, the brothers didn't get on, really, terribly well! (laughs)

That's interesting, isn't it?

Yes, it is, because you would have thought they would have been very close. But they didn't, really. They were such different personalities, I think, that was the trouble, and my father couldn't understand *anybody* that didn't want to get on and do things and be – he was forceful and he couldn't understand anybody not being the same! (laughs) Yes, so I imagine that Eric probably found it harder than my father.

But his nature sort of pulled him through –

I think so.

– and he just sort of looked forward –

I think so, yes.

– and got on with his life.

Yes. And he always looked on the positive side of things. Well, the fact that he was still flying when he was in – until he was in his late seventies, until he went too blind to really – well, see; he nearly went blind. I think he only had his work to keep him going, he never ever had any other hobbies, as such. He played golf in his early days, but I think business then became dominant and he didn't really have any hobbies.

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And so later in his life his business was the only thing that really kept him going. And when he could do that no more he really wasn't a very happy fellow.

How old was he then?

He was eighty, and he died when he was eighty-four. But he'd had a good life. He enjoyed it to the full.

Well, we might stop this side now.

END OF TAPE 1 SIDE A: TAPE 1 SIDE B

Okay, Pam, we were talking about Darian Smith's working till he was eighty, but we might sort of go over the sort of work that he did. Was he a photographer during World War I, for instance, or was it after World War I that he did the course?

It was after World War I he did the course. He did take a lot of pictures during the War, some of which I've given to the Mortlock Library, and he annotated them very well, too. When he was on his way overseas on board the ship he developed, for all the other soldiers who were on board taking pictures to send home, he did the developing and printing. And said he used to do naughty things so he'd be locked up and then he'd be in the dark and he'd be able to develop them! (laughs) I think that was a – (pause) a story he told. But no, he wasn't working as such; purely for pleasure at that stage.

And what inspired him to take an interest in photography?

Well, I really don't know. I think perhaps he fell into it because he found that the work he did was good and perhaps he realised that he had a flair. He obviously was artistic, and given – in today's climate he may well have done something very different, I think, because he certainly had artistic ideas. He loved art, he used to take me to the Art Gallery – once again, when I'd go out with him, he'd say, 'Oh, well, we'll just pop into the Art Gallery'. And the Art Gallery in those days was a pretty new building, and he would show me Geoff Smart and then he would take me and show me the colonial – he didn't like all this early colonial stuff, it was too English, it didn't really show the countryside as it was. And he was very much that we should be Australian. Which is interesting, really, in those early days, in the '30s, to – well, that sort of outlook. He loved the work of Lionel Lindsay, and had a small collection

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of his work which my son now – which he left to my son. And it was at a time when Lionel Lindsay wasn't really all that much sought-after. There's the Quelltaler House that Lionel Lindsay etched was from a photograph that my father took of Quelltaler House, and apparently, according to my son, is not very often seen amongst the collections. So I don't know how many copies of that were made. And he had quite a nice collection of Lindsay's.

And he had an eye for – what's the word? – proportion. He would come home with pieces of furniture that would always be well-proportioned. He loved to go to sales and he'd pick up a bargain, and you could be sure that it would be – the proportions would be correct, and I think that shows out in his work as well. So he had an inborn, I think – inherited, obviously, from his parents even though he didn't know them very well – for nice things, and he collected them around. And so did my mother – my mother was very artistic, too, and she had an eye for colour. And they had lovely things around them, they collected silver and always they were well-proportioned. They didn't go in much for Victorian, ornate type of silver, it was more Georgian, pure lines, which appealed to my father. So I suppose that that's why he eventually got into photography: he saw an opening, and he did it.

Another thing that was his, what he would call his 'bread and butter', was going to the schools and taking school photographs. He would do that once a year and he used to take the medical students in third year and sixth year, that was sort of a yearly job. He always had an interest in medical photography. I think he was *extremely* proud when my brother did Medicine and did extremely well and went into medical research and became a professor, and of course he was extremely proud of that because I think, had he had the education and the background, he would have loved to have been a doctor. So he took great pride in my brother and all the work he did. And encouraged him to do what he wanted to do, because medical research when my brother did it was not something that was well-paid and not something that was done by many. So it was needed to be encouraged, and my parents did that. So that was – but, as I said, I think his background just made him see that, with a limited education, that was something that he could do.

You were mentioning before about Mawson, that he did the photographs for Mawson?

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Well, when Mawson came back from the South Pole – and this was very early on – Hurley, who was a well-known photographer, had been down there with Mawson and came back, and my father developed all the film that came back. And the story goes that Mawson thought that my father should do it for honour and glory, and my father, who was struggling at this stage to get himself established, wanted to be paid. And two strong personalities together, you can imagine there was an argument. I don't know what the outcome was! (laughs) But they didn't see eye-to-eye. (laughs)

And he did a lot of work with the *Homes and Gardens*, so did he photograph gardens around Adelaide and in the countryside?

Yes, he did, yes. Once again, as I said, they would have a house once a month and if it had a nice garden they would do the gardens. He did some garden work, too, taking lovely gardens. I really don't have much memory of that side of things, probably because I didn't go round with him. That would have been done when I was at school, during the week, and I didn't see that side of things.

And did he go out into the countryside much, or along the Murray River, or ---?

We went on the Murray River for holidays, (laughs) but I can't remember him actually doing much work on the Murray. No, I don't think so. We used to go for holidays on the Murray when the houseboats were a very rare occurrence. They were *wonderful* holidays. But actually working, no, I don't think so.

And how often would you have family holidays?

We always had family holidays at Christmas time because commercial factories and things closed down usually for three weeks from Christmas till the middle of January, so our holidays were always predicated by that because he couldn't be away from the business for long. And so we would – in the early days, as I said, we used to go out to Murray Bridge and go on a boat called *The Wanderer*, and I can remember Aborigines along the shores then – not many, but a few – that would wave to you. And the milk boats would go along twice a day collecting the milk, which must have stood out in the sun for four or five hours before it was taken to the factory at Murray Bridge to be made into cheese. So they were happy holidays. Then, when the War came of course, they came to an end. Oh, the other place we used to go to was

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Kangaroo Island, we used to go there for holidays. And then, once petrol rationing came, life became much more difficult, you couldn't go far and we used to have holidays in the Adelaide Hills then. But we always had a break at Christmas time because there would be no – once my father came back, there was no real stopping. I mean, you know, I used to envy people that would say they were going away for the May holidays or the September holidays. But I used to have fun, I used to go out with my father. That was fun, too. So it was a happy childhood.

So did either you or your brother take up photography, did he encourage you?

I did for a short time. When my father was doing all this work during the War of taking all these brides, he always had the latest equipment, he had the latest cameras, and he gave me a camera and said, 'Okay, you have a go'. So I would take some too, and he would always include some of them in – he was very encouraging. I thought about doing it, I thought seriously about doing it, but I finished up going to university, becoming a librarian and an archivist. (laughs)

Well, that's a good profession! So can you think of prizes he won, did he win many in Australia, or ---?

No, he didn't. He didn't really shine much in Australia. I think that was in his early days when he was trying to get himself established that he probably went in for these sort of things, but I don't think he cared once he was established, you know. He really wasn't into winning prizes, he was into doing things. He was very active in the Professional Photographers' Association in Adelaide, he encouraged, once again, for it to be set up and it became set up nationally. They would go to – my parents would go to conferences interstate occasionally, and he was given an AO award, I think, or some sort of an award, for his work in that. So, as I said, he liked to help people, and he did what he thought was right. I mean, he stood up for what he believed. But he wasn't into winning, you know, into that sort of – going in for exhibitions and things.

So did you know many other photographers, like well-known photographers?

Yes. My father was one of the first commercial photographers around the town, so my parents' friends were mostly portraiture photographers, the Burnells, Rembrandt, who else? They were the main ones. The Knischock brothers, who worked for *The*

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Advertiser, he knew very well. And that was it mainly, they are the main ones I can remember. I'm sure there were others, but they were the main ones that I can remember.

And did your father do much work for *The Advertiser*?

Not as such. I think he might have in his early days, I'm not really quite sure of that, because I remember we used to go to Oakbank and after the Great Eastern we would have to leave and race home so that my father could develop these photographs to be either shown as a newsreel or – I don't know what they were – –. I remember when Charles Moore was burnt down and we could see the flames from North Adelaide, so my father raced in there and had magnificent pictures of firemen up tall ladders putting out the fire. He liked to do that sort of thing, anything that was a bit dramatic. And once again, his artistry came through because he really got fantastic pictures. He tells the story of he used to go down to the big ships that came into Outer Harbour, P&O cruisers that used to come down, and he'd go down and photograph – you know, the people that were on board and that would be put in the *Homes and Gardens* on the social side of things. And he enjoyed the social life that went with that, he loved it, and he told the story of one of the ships going up in flames. So he rolled up his pants and he got off and went and found a boat somewhere and took it from the Port River, pictures of this (laughs) boat going up in flames. He just liked doing the dramatic when it occurred, you know. But he didn't go looking for that on the whole. But we loved it, because whenever there was a fire engine he always had to follow it to see where it was going and what it was doing! (laughs) As kids, we thought it was great fun.

And you also said that he made some films as well as taking photographs, so was that early on in his career?

Yes. Early on his career he did that, but that was really before my time, before I have memory of it, except that I know he did it. He did – as I said, he was interested in medical photography, and he did take pictures at Calvary [Hospital] of Dr Tostoven doing eye surgery, which once again the Mortlock have, which seem a bit old hat now but in those days it was very new, very new indeed, and something that wasn't done – I don't think it had been done before. So he was a pioneer in that field, but I

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don't think it was – when I look at it now I don't know how successful it was. It was a start, I suppose.

So was it the diabetes that – I'll just come towards the end now – and was it the diabetes that made him blind in the end, do you think?

Yes, I think so.

And that was in his late seventies he started, or ---?

Yes, from about the middle seventies, from about seventy-four, seventy-five, he was going blind. And it was a very gradual thing so that I remember him in his older years, he would sit up and listen to music, and I presume because it was some comfort to him. Yes, I think it was a sad time for him when he couldn't – because he loved communicating with people, he loved talking to people, and he was interested in everybody, even till the day he died. And he would pat people on the hand and say, 'Now, who are you?' And he would like to hear all the latest news. So that it was sad when he couldn't recognize people, it was a very sad time for him. But he had a good life, and it was sad that it ended with him going blind. But I suppose it could have been much worse.

And was your mother still alive then, or ---?

My mother was still alive. My mother we always thought [of] as the more delicate of the two, (laughs) and he looked after her – oh! – like a baby. He always did the shopping – that was his other great love, shopping, and he always did the shopping. My mother would do the grocery shopping, you know, the uninteresting stuff, but my father would go to the Market, every Saturday he would go to the Market. He *loved* it. He would come home with cheeses and with all the fruit and vegetable, and my mother would get so cross and say, 'There's too much here, we'll never use it'. But, you know, it didn't stop him. He *loved* it. And he loved – I mean, he loved good cheeses and good bread and this sort of thing. Very odd, long before it was common – I mean, he had Gorgonzola cheese which my mother refused to have in the 'fridge (laughs) because it smelt so much! But he loved it, you know. And he could always find the best bread and the best ham, he knew the shops to go to to get the best ham off the bone. And yes, he loved food and he loved – he just loved the Market because

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you could talk to everybody and everybody knew him and it was a great source of joy to him. But, as I said, he just loved shopping. He was a compulsive shopper. (laughs) Which was rather nice for us.

That's good. So is there anything else, do you think, we should add to this? You seem to have covered ---.

I don't think so. As I said, he also was interested in the theatre, particularly ballet. He did a lot of work with Joanne Priest in her early days, when Joanne used to put on productions at the Tivoli in Grote Street, and he was not interested in posed work, which was what most people did – they had photographic sessions where they would pose for them, because cameras really weren't all that fast – but he decided to do it on small film, two and a quarter, two and a quarter, and with state of the art cameras, and they worked very well. He did the work for Colonel de Basil, who came out in 1939. He did that as purely *impromptu* and then showed it to Colonel de Basil, and de Basle was so pleased with them that he then gave them free tickets, and that's when I first saw my first ballet was with that, because we had tickets given to us to go to the ballet. Then he did Borovansky when they came to Adelaide, he always took pictures for them. And those films have gone to the Australian Ballet Archives. So he had that interest in ballet which he passed on to me and passed on to my daughter, who danced, who was a dancer, danced for Australian Opera. So it carried on, it was one of his loves. And once again, I think it was the artistic side of things that he enjoyed. And also he enjoyed meeting people, so he knew Helpmann and these sort of people and he thoroughly enjoyed that side of life. (laughs)

Well, it sounds like he had a nice life, doesn't it.

He did. (laughs) It started off very, very hard, but I think he made the most of what he had and he made a lot of people happy, and that's one of the main things, I think.

Well, thank you, Pam.

Okay.

That's a good interview.

(laughter) I hope so!

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END OF INTERVIEW.