

On Wednesday 5 April 1950, at 10.30 in the morning, it was quite a party that left London Euston Railway Station for Liverpool: Ann, Baby Bar, Nanny and myself. The day before I had weighed the family, Bar was 24 pounds, Ann 118 and myself at 220 pounds, 99.6 kg. (I had again started a Diary and kept some records)

We left Liverpool on board the *SS Helena*, Blue Funnel Lines, on Good Friday, at 00.12 hours, 7 April 1950. She was a Cargo Steamer with accommodation for six passengers and she was very comfortable for the few who took passage on her. I kept a record of the daily position at noon and on an average we sailed about 450 miles every 24 hours. We arrived at Port Said 7 days out from England and on 18 April at Aden where we fuelled, it being the cheapest supply on the route. After that, we saw no land again until we arrived at Williamstown—Melbourne on 3 May, after 25 days, 13 hours and 11 minutes out from Liverpool. It was a thoroughly pleasant and comfortable voyage, with a maximum temperature of 31°C, one day out of Aden in the Red Sea.

The advantage of the cargo steamer was a break of 10 days at Melbourne, where we visited friends, before the last one-day run to Sydney which we reached on 26 May in a tropical rainstorm. We proceeded to a rented Bungalow in Beecroft, a pleasant Northern Suburb. The Lagonda car was not unloaded until a week later, with 72736 miles on her speedometer clock.

Settling in at Beecroft, about 30 km west of Sydney's Centre, was again a major job for all. Our good friend John Heyer, who had a major share in persuading us to emigrate to Australia, lived nearby and gave us tremendous assistance during the first days and weeks. He was then Director of the Shell Australia Film Unit, and three weeks after arrival I left with him in his 1948 Chevrolet for a journey to Queensland to film one of Shell's drilling projects at the Morella S+D Camp. It was a four-day car journey and on the last day before reaching Camp, we were stuck in a bog for 8 hours overnight.

It was certainly a staggering introduction for me, to see the small towns we passed on our way, the tropical forest in which the camp was located and the return when flooded rivers stopped our progress home. I also learnt the local safety procedure to make the passenger walk in front of the car when driving through a flooded part of the road—if the water did not reach above his knees, the car would follow, but if the passenger was drowned, well, the car would not follow! This did not happen to me, but I quickly learnt the Outback way of behaviour in Australia. At one stage, Ann was even going to send us food parcels from Sydney, when we were cut off for a day or so. I could not have had a better introduction to the real Australia!