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"WATER OFF"

NEWSLETTER OF THE
 RETIRED FIREFIGHTERS'
 ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA
 (VICTORIAN BRANCH) INC.



November 2001 Vol 5 No4
 Inc/No: A16839F

NYFD... We feel the pain

As retired members of the Global Brotherhood of Firefighters we offer our condolences and prayers to the families and friends of the firefighters, police officers and the thousands of workers who lost their lives in New York's World Trade Centre terrorist attack.

Dealing with the disaster is traumatic enough but to lose so many friends and shift mates would be overwhelming. The professionalism of the NYFD crews in their grim search for remains is inspirational. The task of giving a full official ceremonial funeral to each of the

firefighters who died has proved too much for the Training Department personnel who normally carry out this duty. A team of retired firefighters have stepped in and are now assisting with the organizing and conducting of the official funeral ceremonies.



The sadness of America: The feelings of all Americans is depicted in this drawing by a young girl, Stacey, from Wilton High School, Wilton, Connecticut. The New York Times September 29 edition

THE SEARCH GOES ONPage 5.

Below: The letter sent to the Commissioner of the NYFD from the

Commissioner Thomas Von Essen
 New York City Fire Department
 9 Metro Tech Center, Suite 8W-5, Brooklyn NY 11201

Dear Commissioner

It was with profound sadness and shock that we learned of the terrible tragedy which has occurred in New York City today. We were particularly saddened to hear that many of your firefighters may have perished and many more have been injured whilst bravely trying to save the victims of this atrocity.

Please accept the deepest and sincerest sympathies of the Metropolitan Fire and Emergency Services Board, Victoria, Australia, it's Senior Officers and all of our firefighters and staff. Our thoughts and prayers are with you, your people and their families in what is undoubtedly the worst day in the history of your very esteemed Fire Department. We have always had the greatest respect for the courage and skill of the members of the New York City Fire Department and are devastated by this callous attack on your country.

We sincerely hope that your rescue and firefighting efforts are safe and successful over the ensuing days and that those responsible for this cowardly and despicable act are brought to justice very soon.

Kind regards

Peter Akers
 Chief Executive Officer

Alan Richards AFSM
 Chief Fire Officer



“ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING”

**Notice is hereby given of our next Annual General Meeting to be held at the North Melbourne Football Club Social Club, Fogarty Street North Melbourne (Melway 43 B4)
1030 Hours, Wednesday November 21, 2001**

AGENDA ITEMS.

**Minutes of last Annual General meeting.
President's Report.
Secretary/Treasurer's Report.
Election of Office Bearers
Guest Speaker: Jeff Kendall, Challenger International Group
General Business.**

Please come along, bring your partner and have your say in the running of the Association. Join in the fellowship of your old friends and make new ones.

Lunch and beverages will be provided as usual. @ \$3 per head.
Drinks at bar prices.

**JOHN BERRY
ACTING SECRETARY/TREASURER
Ph: 03 9431 2880**

OFFICE BEARERS

President, Don Brennan
Vice President, Ian Fowler
Acting Sec./Treasurer, John Berry
(The position of Secretary/Treasurer vacant)

General Committee;

John Laverick
Bob McNeil
Ross Medwin
John Schintler
John Wallace
Auditor; Theo Teklenburg

RFA 2001 Calendar

November 21: Annual General Meeting
November 24: UFU Annual Luncheon
(ST Kilda T/H)

VALE

John Francis Smith	John Walters
Barry Patterson	Larry Bennetts W/Shop
Graeme Keays	Bob McGillivray

We offer our condolences to the families of these members who have gone on to a higher duty.

SICK LIST

Ron Cass,	Laurie Jarman
Lionel Rose,	Alan Lowe
Graeme Simpson,	Bill Scrivener
Cyril Ammon,	We wish these
May Richards	members a speedy
Tommy Knight	recovery.

Note:

Please keep information regarding sickies, etc, flowing. We endeavour to keep you informed, but can only do this with your help.

“Water Off” is edited by John Laverick, 40 Brunel Street Essendon 3040. Phone / fax 9337-9820. E Mail rfa@smartchat.net.au
All articles accepted for publication by the editor are done so in good faith and no responsibility is accepted for any inaccuracies that may occur.
Signed: J. Laverick.

RETIRED FIREFIGHTERS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA VICTORIAN BRANCH INCORPORATED

NOMINATION FORM.

For election of Office Bearers of the Association and ordinary members of the committee.

We hereby nominate;

Name: _____ **For the position of;** _____

Proposer's Name: _____

Address: _____

_____ **Post Code** _____

Seconder's Name: _____

Address: _____

_____ **Post Code** _____

I hereby accept the above nomination; Signature of Nominee; _____

Date; _____

Return by Friday November 16, 2001, to:
The Acting Secretary
Retired Firefighters Association of Australia
Victorian Branch Incorporated.
24 Lincoln Drive Lower Plenty 3093

MEMORIES OF THE SUPERVISORY UNIT

My first recollection of the supervisory unit begins at No1 Station watchroom. It was my first night shift and I was on the junior board. After midnight the lights were usually dimmed, and I was transfixed by the late Alan Tomlin laying back in the watchroom chair, half asleep, swishing around with his foot seeking to find the 3 minute button on the floor, (you would swear he was playing the Hammond Organ).

From there I went to No2 Station, (William St, some called it Alcatraz). There the button was often controlled by placing a bass broom across the table with the handle resting on the button and the stomach heaving on to the broom section.

After these experiences I was dispatched to No10 Station (Hoddle St) where the lurk was to place the “Bible” (Occurrence book) on the floor button and rest on it, giving a nudge every seven minutes when a certain “Watts his name” went to bed.

Eventually, I transferred to a Northern District station where the button was kept pretty quiet. I commenced the same night as that wild Irishman, one Daniel Moriarty and I can still remember Danny saying, “how

long has this been going on, I've been missing out for years.”

Tom Harrison _____

THE UNIT AGAIN

As a callow 4/c firefighter I was sent to St Kilda No37 Station to do a stand-by on the night shift, (this station was later to be called “Heartbreak Hotel”)

The late Bob Weyland lived on the premises and came down to the watchroom to provide me and the other stand-by with his wonderful apparatus. It consisted of a 12 volt motorcycle battery, clock and electric windscreen wiper motor.

Not only did the clock along with the plunger from the wiper motor press the button every 15 minutes but the alarm clock woke us up at 6am.

Apropos to Bob Weyland, it was rumored that he liked a beer, but there was not a street, alleyway or hydrant that Bob did not know in St Kilda.

Sir Clip

The bane of all firefighters assigned to watchroom duty was the dreaded Supervisory Unit. To ensure the button was pushed on time called for stamina and concentration particularly on night shift where battles against falling asleep were won and lost.

In the last issue we invited readers to send in stories about their own experiences with "The Unit."

THE SUPERVISORY UNIT REVISITED!!!

The supervisory unit was an answer to someone's perverse idea to keep people awake whilst the designer slept soundly each night. Eight minutes between rings at district station and 15 minutes at out stations.

The supervisory unit and I first made ourselves known to each other in November of 1961. It was not long before a dislike for each other developed and it (the unit) tried to send me deaf every 15 minutes, and I in turn tried to punch it through the watchroom alarm board.

After many sleepless nights on duty, I soon discovered that by placing a number of books one upon the other, and placing ones chair gently against the books one could nod of and as the unit tried to wake you, silence could be had by tilting ones chair back against the books thus pressing the hated button, causing the mongrel to shut up.

After a time, once I became a trusted member of those in the know, I was introduced to Albert. Well that's what I called him. You know, as in fat Albert. Now Albert would sit up next to the hated button and every ten minutes, before the unit would wake and scream out, fat Albert, with a groan and whine, try to punch the unit through the wall.

Don't get me wrong, I respected fat Albert, and whilst he did a good job and was not as loud as unit, never the less he went about it in a noisy manner, plus he demanded to be fed via a 12 volt D.C. supply. The 12 volt hand flares. That's a 12 volt large battery fitted into a wooden box with a car headlight type fitting on top. Now this required that, after each night, one placed the flare onto charge. All in all a messy arrangement.

At the time I was involved in T.V. installation as a part time job, and knowing something about things electrical considered fat Albert and decided to build a second generation Li'l Albert, who was to be quieter, not feed of the flares and be smaller than his big brother.

In due course Li'l Albert appeared and he was satisfied being plugged into 240 volt and fed via a transformer and bridge rectifier to obtain his 12 volts D.C.

Now Li'l Albert had one problem. He was so quiet that if you had a hard night the night before you could sleep until woken by the shift change. Not a good thing, so an alarm clock became necessary.

So how do you build Li'l Albert.

First of all I must swear you to secrecy. The following information is for your eyes only.

You will need the following material.

A wind up alarm clock, a windscreen wiper motor (or similar) 12 volt for safety a tic-tac push button switch.

you know, one that switches from one circuit to another, (an old foot operated dip switch was used on Fat Albert). Some electrical wiring, a three pin power plug, a suitable mounting board, timber to make a cover, sound proofing material.

The alarm clock needs to have a plastic face cover to mount contact points and insulate them.

Care should be taken that minute hand contacts points to close circuit without stopping clock.

Now just follow wiring diagram.

So, now you know. But keep it to yourself.

Footnote.

After using Li'l Albert for a number of years, someone decided to find the two contact wires coming from the button and leaving two fine wires sticking out were then able to connect up just the clock. Only trouble was someone forgot to remove the hidden clock after shift and when electrical called to find out why the supervisory unit was not working found the clock.

They were good about it though saying "we are going for lunch now, suggest you remove private equipment from the watch room!"

How do I know this is true? I was there.

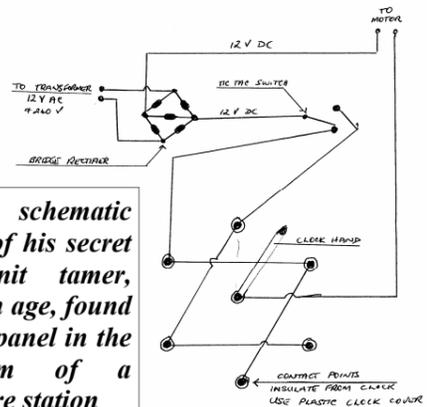
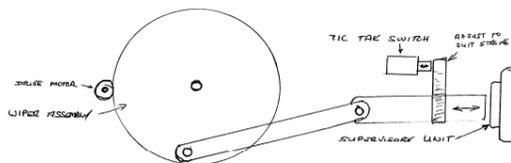
Anyhow remember what I said. Keep it to yourself or when I get out I'll look you up.....Nurse, nurse, I need to go to the toil.. oops never mind.

What's that? what station?

Now if I was to tell you that it would not be very saintly would it. Anyway the stations closed, all the people involved have gone to other duties and the only supervisory unit I try to press these days is my nurse!

I have to have my nap now.

Snoopy.



Snoopy's schematic diagram of his secret super unit tamer, faded with age, found behind a panel in the watchroom of a disused fire station

GUEST SPEAKER

Our Guest Speaker for the Annual General Meeting is Mr. Jeff Kendall. Jeff comes to us through the auspices of Asset Builder Financial Services. The R.F.A. endeavors to give it's members the best "Must Know" information available in regard to retirement income. Jeff's subject of course is:

HOW TO MAXIMISE YOUR RETIREMENT INCOME STREAM

Jeff joined the Challenger International Group in June 2000 as a Business Development Manager whose role is to promote Challenger's range of retirement income stream products to financial planners and their clients,

major life insurance companies. He has over thirty years experience in the industry and for the past five years has specialised in retirement income streams and financial planning.

Jeff holds a Bachelor of Business (Accounting) as well as having recently qualified for the Diploma of Financial Planning through the Financial Planning Association (FPA),

previously, Jeff worked in most areas of the life insurance and financial services area with the majority of his service spent with two of Australia's

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

My report for the last edition of "Water Off" did not meet the editor's deadline. It was sent from sunny Queensland.

The annual reunion was held at the Southport Yacht Club. Thirty five attended the lunch. Thanks go to June and Peter Coulson for arranging the event. Members attended from Harvey Bay, Bribie Island, Brisbane, Gold Coast and Victoria. Peter Lang spoke to some of the members about the possible conversion of their pension to lump sum. John and Wendy Tarr who were on holidays in Canada sent an apology.

Our next meeting is the A.G.M. and of course is the election of office bearers. It seems a fruitless exercise but once again I request that members consider to nominate for Committee—Especially for Secretary/Treasurer.

The date of the meeting is Wednesday 15th of November at the North Melbourne Football Club. Members please remember your spouses are most welcome to come along and enjoy lunch with us.

Don Brennan



ACTING SECRETARY/TREASURER'S REPORT

I would like to open my report by bringing to your attention, the front page of the newsletter which will be of historical significance in the future, as it is the first one exhibiting the new logo. I suggest all historical buffs store it safely somewhere. (Note report on voting etc later in report).

On behalf of the Committee I would like to report to the members of the Association the business of the R.F.A. for the fiscal year 2000/2001. This financial year with the help of the Committee and our many supporters we have been able to maintain the subscriptions, at the level they were when the Association was established in 1988 (see financial report, February 2002 issue). Without our supporters this would be almost impossible. Therefore I would like to take this opportunity to publicly acknowledge these people and look forward to their continuing

support. They are as follows, not in any order of priority. M.F.E.S.B. Alan Richards (C.F.O) patron, (C.E.O.) Peter Ackers, Keith Adamson (Director of Corporate Relations), Phill Lewis (Corporate Relations), Peter Marshall, Committee & staff of the U.F.U. The U.F.U. Social Committee, Firefighters Credit Co-operative staff, M.F.B. Firefighters and staff, Peter & June Coulson for organising the Queensland Reunion Day and last but most certainly not least the R.F.A. Committee and partners.

I WISH EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THE ABOVE AND THEIR FAMILIES. CHRISTMAS GREETINGS AND THE BEST OF GOOD WISHES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

This year, apart from the Reunion Day, one other item that has taken up a great deal of the Committee's time has been the change to our Incorporated Association's logo. The change was suggested at a general meeting

(Continued page 4)

(Cont. from page 3)

well over twelve months ago, the following is an overview of what has transpired to bring it to its finality.

- Members were invited to submit drawings;
- Sub committee formed to review submissions and return to general meeting with their choice;
- Postal vote to all members including a colour example of the badge;
- Report to a general meeting, the result of the said ballot. The result of postal ballot is as follows: 149 in favour of the new logo, 9 to retain the old logo. (Over half of our financial members did not vote).
- Letters forwarded to various organisations with like logos;
- Review of I.P. Australia Database to ensure there is no infringement on our part;
- Numerous phone calls and review of metal badge manufacturers artwork. New lapel badge will be ready early November 2001.

(Note I received many friendly jibes at last general meeting from members when I identified I was one of the nine that voted to retain old logo).

The North Melbourne Social Club staff, service and meals at our quarterly meetings have maintained a very high standard at a very competitive price. However, unfortunately the price is under review and will increase.

Membership decreased slightly due to various reasons. Some members have appeared to have misplaced their renewal notice and will be dropped off the mailing list. (Note if any member is experiencing financial difficulties in relation to subs please contact the Secretary) strictly confidential.

Patron Alan Richards C.F.O. has reported to the M.F.E.S.B. his intention to retire on the 18th March, 2002. It would be hoped that we might be able to entice Alan to address our February 2002 meeting. In the past our meeting dates have conflicted with his business commitments.

REPORT ON LAST MEETING AUGUST 15TH.

Item 1. President welcomed members and their partners and gave his opening remarks.

Item 2. Apologies Roy Treverton, Noel Holland, Bob Renwood, Colin Brown, Harry Plant, John Cannon, Bob Wells, Jim Casley, Jack Gallop.

Item 3. Sickness, Ted Osland, Jim Holmes, Don Snell, Bill Scrivener, Alan Lowe and Jack Sexton.

Item 4. Minutes of previous meeting were read and confirmed. Moved: K. Croft, Seconded: I. Fowler, Carried.

Item 5. Result of postal ballot, 149 for new badge, and 9 to retain old badge.

J. Berry moved that this meeting of the R.F.A. accept results of vote and initiate the necessary mechanics to bring to fruition the members direction. Seconded: Don Edwards, Carried.

Item 6. Correspondence out/in: 11 letters out, 5 letters

in.

Item 7. Secretary/Treasurers Report. Moved: F. Churchill that this meeting of the R.F.A. accept the current amounts in the I.1 \$4,662.91, S.1 \$2,268.91, Seconded: R. Mawson, Carried.

Item 8. General Business. F. Churchill spoke on changes to charges of Credit Union and the reason. He also identified the various advantages the Co-operative offer.

Peter Lang moved that this meeting of the R.F.A. approved continued membership of the Combined Council of Associations of State Retirees of Victoria Inc. Seconded: John Berry, Carried.

Item 9. Guest Speaker John Schintler spoke on his many and varied experiences as Senior Sergeant in charge of the Coroners Court.

MEETING CLOSED 12.25PM

I would advise with the changes the Federal Government introduced in the last budget it is imperative, if possible, to attend our Annual General Meeting to hear the Guest Speaker we have organised on your behalf. Hope to see you at the next meeting 21/11/01.

WISHING EVERY MEMBER AND THEIR FAMILIES A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A SAFE AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

John Berry, Acting Sec/Treasurer

Ted Harrison Rides Again (Still)

This 1959 Sun Tour photo of Ted appeared in a recent edition of the Herald Sun as a promotion for the current tour. Ted still takes time off to follow the riders but it is rumored that he does it in a more comfortable style.



Above: Ted Harrison didn't let the conditions stop him in 1959 when he made it to the top of Mt Hotham through snow and mud.

ASIC'S GULL AWARDS

Welcome to the Gull Awards, brought to you by the **Australian Securities & Investments Commission**. Every day people lose lots of money to scams and swindlers. By drawing attention to the gullibility and the unfortunate fate of those people who were the victims of fraud and dishonesty, we hope to make people more aware of the dangers lurking out there.

management team, (with different names and different biographies) of another unrelated investment firm in the United States.

Double, double, trouble, trouble

After losing money in a dubious share investment, our winner's friend was contacted by an English broker who offered to help recover his losses by swapping the dud shares for healthy ones. All he needed to do was send money, and they'd take care of everything for him.

Our winner thought he'd help his friend and decided to check the firm's credentials over the internet. Their website looked professional, had an impressive list of 'recent deals' and a strong management team with years of experience.

But fortunately our Gull winner did a little more investigation ... and found the pictures of the management team were identical to those of the

Our investor was lucky. He was nearly caught in another classic scam known as the 'rip and tear', where fraudsters posing as legitimate brokers offer to exchange investors' worthless stocks for blue-chip ones. The catch is that you have to pay additional money upfront either in the form of a fee, or 'security deposit'. But of course, once you've handed over your money, the 'brokers' disappear, taking your money with them.

Always use licensed Australian stockbrokers or financial advisers when buying overseas stocks. If an unlicensed offshore investment fails, you're dependent on the overseas regulatory body and authorities for help, and the chances of getting your money back are not very high.

DARWIN AWARDS

Named in honor of Charles Darwin, the father of evolution. Darwin Awards commemorate those who improve our gene pool by removing themselves from it.

arson, and burglary. One of our readers, Terry Boese, notes, "What makes me feel this is a genuine

Seven firefighters from the Sequoyah Volunteer Fire Department, located in rural Hamilton County north of Chattanooga, decided to impress their Chief by surreptitiously setting fire to a house, then heroically extinguishing the blaze. The men apparently hatched the plan in order to help Daniel, a former firefighter, return

to duty. Unfortunately, Daniel's career plans were irreversibly snuffed when he became trapped while pouring gasoline inside the house. Surrounded by smoke and flames, he was unable to escape, and died inside the burning house on June 26. His six accomplices are facing 87 years in prison for conspiracy,

candidate, is that not only did he kill himself with an act of stupidity, but he is also no longer able to protect other would-be pyromaniacs from Darwin Awards. Had he been successful in his attempt to regain his position, he may have had a ripple effect in the gene pool."

...(The Brazilian Trip... cont. from page 10)

were very common. They have several Volkswagon pumpers in service about the same size as the MFB Mark 3 and I spent a very enjoyable three hours in their company.

The big day at last, Friday 4/8/00. This is my first time as "Father of the Bride" and I really was anxious and asked myself:

Will the marriage last?

How often will I see Susie?

Will I see the grandchildren?

He seems a great bloke but?

I am sure all of you out there have had the same thoughts and concerns on your daughter's big day but soon I would be leaving my little girl in Brazil, thousands of miles away where they speak Portuguese, not bloody Australian.

So these were my thoughts as we waited for the big moment at 1930 hours. The reception rooms at "Le Dove" were magnificent and within a very short time all 185 guests had arrived. The ceremony lasted about

30 minutes with a Roman Catholic Father speaking in Portuguese with interpretation given by Bella, Marcel's sister. My speech was unusual in as much that I would speak about 8-10 words and then wait for Bella to repeat in her language to the guests. The people then filed past the bride and groom and families and all had to be kissed 3 times on the cheek. It is the custom at Brazilian weddings for the bride to dance with all of the men and charge a fee and the bridegroom to cut off sections of his tie for a price. All of the ladies were seated at tables of 8 and mingling but the younger ones danced to a disc jockey and strobe-lighting in an adjoining room.

It all concluded at 06.30 Saturday. We all slept in until 1 pm but then we had another family gathering to attend, a barbecue around the swimming pool.

Next Issue concludes "The Brazilian Trip" with the barbecue, Soccer... Brazilian style, a night club and a nightmare coach and plane trip.

F. C. Kerr

PRECISION ENGINEERING???

The world's changing technology is something for us all to marvel at. Have you ever thought how engineers, using sophisticated mathematical calculations, design and build these precision wonders that we have become so accustomed to? The following story gives us an idea how and why some of those engineering wonders are constructed the way they are.

Why is it so hard to let go the past - Ever Wonder Why?

The US standard railroad gauge (width between the two rails) is 4 feet, 8.5 inches. That's an exceedingly odd number. Why was that gauge used?

Because that's the way they built them in England, and the US railroads were built by English expatriates.

Why did the English build them like that?

Because the first rail lines were built by the same people who built the pre-railroad tramways, and that's the gauge they used.

Why did "they" use that gauge then?

Because the people who built the tramways used the same jigs and tools that they used for building wagons which used that wheel spacing.

Okay! Why did the wagons have that particular odd wheel spacing?

Well, if they tried to use any other spacing, the wagon wheels would break on some of the old, long distance roads in England, because that's the spacing of the wheel ruts.

So who built those old rutted roads?

The first long distance roads in Europe (and England) were built by imperial Rome for their legions. The roads have been used ever since.

And the ruts in the roads?

Roman war chariots first formed the initial ruts, which everyone else had to match for fear of destroying their

wagon wheels. Since the chariots were made for (or by) Imperial Rome, they were all alike in the matter of wheel spacing.

The United States standard railroad gauge of 4 feet, 8.5 inches

derives from the original specification for an Imperial Roman war chariot.

Specifications and bureaucracies live forever. So the next time you are handed a specification and wonder what horse's ass came up with it, you may be exactly right, because the Imperial Roman war chariots were made just wide enough to accommodate the back ends of two war horses. Thus, we have the answer to the original question.

And to continue.

When we see a Space Shuttle sitting on its launch pad, there are two big booster rockets attached to the sides of the main fuel tank. These are Solid Rocket Boosters, or SRBs. The SRBs are made by Thiokol at their factory in Utah. The engineers who designed the SRBs might have preferred to make them a bit fatter, but the SRBs had to be shipped by train from the factory to the launch site.

The railroad line from the factory had to run through a tunnel in the mountains. The SRBs had to fit through that tunnel. The tunnel is slightly wider than the railroad track, and the railroad track is about as wide as two horses' behinds.

So, the major design feature of what is arguably the world's most advanced transportation system was determined over two thousand years ago by the width of a horse's arse.

BOMBS AWAY!!!

In 1974 I left the M.F.B and travelled to Qld. and joined the South Coast Fire Service. Now part of Qld. Fire Service.

Anyway during a day shift, a call came in to Southport Fire Stn, which was head station, for a bomb in the Gold Coast Post Office. Turning out we arrived to see hundreds of people lined up opposite the post office which had been cleared.

There not being a handy bomb squad we were considered the "experts". Thus the talk between ourselves went something like this.

"Who knows about bombs"? Much shaking of heads. "O.K. who has the most experience"?... chorus, "Viv Hyland, he's from the big smoke".

I protested to no avail. Thus was I delegated to investigate. Now I don't consider myself a chicken, but I'm no bloody fool either. But what can you do when all eyes are on you.

I clearly remember standing at the door. It was then my stupid mind played a game with me. If you stand at the door and it goes off you will get hurt, but if you are inside when it goes off you wont feel a thing. So I figured it better to be dead than crippled and entered.

It was then I realised I was not the only fool present, as another 'victim' had followed. For 10 minutes we gently picked up each parcel and listened. Gaining courage we became bolder and bolder even shaking some items. Nothing!

To claps from the audience standing on the footpath over the road we emerged. The thing is, had the bomb gone off, all the glass in the front of the post office would have got quiet a few on the footpath.

Two weeks later another bomb threat at the same place. This time there was no talk. There were two 'experts' present. Guess who?.... Just another hoax!

So you want a bomb dismantled? call the "friggin bomb squad."

Viv Hyland.

THE WORLD TRADE CENTRE... THE SEARCH GOES ON!

The images beamed around the world showed two skyscrapers imploding one after the other in a rhythmic tumble seemingly straight down. Inside the veil of smoke, dust and terror, it was not so simple.

The top 30 or 40 floors of the World Trade Centre's south tower broke off, pivoted and then plummeted eastward onto a neighbouring office building. Other sections tumbled west, crushing the Marriott World Trade Hotel, and still others shot northwest, toward Battery Park City's Winter Garden.

As the north tower crashed, the giant steel columns of its facade split away and fell forward, slamming against the office building next door. Chunks of the north tower also were catapulted farther north, igniting a fire in an office tower up the street that quickly engulfed what was once home to the city's Emergency Command Centre.

These patterns of collapse unfolded in a matter of seconds. But the new landscape that was formed, to a large extent, is dictating the course of the recovery and cleanup effort.

Those efforts, and the strategy driving them, now must take into account the dangers of demolishing the other smaller buildings in the World Trade Centre complex. They must be guided to a great deal by the continuing premium placed on locating and recovering human remains, most of which are believed to be confined to one section of the wide debris field. And they must perpetually calculate the risks any of their work poses for the already damaged or imperilled underground subway tunnels and retaining walls, one of which is keeping the Hudson River from rushing in.

Already, working around the clock, 1,300 construction workers and other personnel - including 160 firefighters and 90 police officers have removed an extraordinary volume of debris:

290,000 tons of the estimated 1.2 million at the site.

The rubble of the 22-story Marriott on the southwest corner of the complex is almost entirely gone and the land where it once stood has already been covered with a fresh, clean layer of blacktop like material. Much of what was 4 World Trade Centre, the squat, L-shaped office building on the complex's southeast corner, has been demolished, swept up and hauled off, an access road now runs through the site.

Firefighters are stationed near the construction crews, ready to move in and collect any human remains.

But most of the heavy lifting is still ahead, with the cleanup and recovery operation expected to last a year. Mountains of debris from the towers remain, as do the burned-out or smashed-in shells of the United States Customs

House at the complex's northwest corner and 5 World Trade Centre at the northeast corner. There are also six underground levels in the complex, caverns where most of the super-compressed debris from the towers has settled.

The tactics that construction crews are using to demolish and clear all these structures are tightly determined by each building's position within the pattern of devastation. Explosives or any other technique that could quicken the job by bringing down whole structures all at once have been ruled out as too hazardous, officials said. That means the demolition from start to finish must be a slow, methodical effort.

The job is perhaps most delicate at the northeast corner, a sector that contains the scattered and heaped remains of the north tower next to the shell of the eight-story, 550,000-square-foot Customs House building, at 6 World Trade Centre.

When the 110-story north tower collapsed, the huge beams holding up its north facade, a section of colonnade

about 150 feet across, weighing perhaps 1,000 tons or more, fell against the south wall of the Customs House, where the colonnade remains precariously tilted.

Debris from higher up the tower, possibly including the building's antenna, fell like a spear and punched a hole through the centre of the Customs House, tearing a broad crater deep into the basement levels below.

To dissect this mass of steel and concrete without causing an avalanche, crews must perform at least four different tasks. From the south, a large crane will latch onto the colonnade and hold it in place from above. Ironworkers then will be lowered by another crane to the top of this still-tilting but secured piece of steel. Using torches, they will gradually cut this piece down from the top. At the same time, moving in from the west, other workers using mobile shears and torches will cut back the structure of the Customs House. Finally, if necessary wrecking balls will smash remaining floors.

Everything about the process is gradual and planned, said Pat Muldoon, senior vice president of Amec Construction, which is handling demolition of the Customs House. He said the building and the facade will gradually be trimmed from above. "We'll go in and give the building what everybody is calling a haircut," Mr. Muldoon said.

Over the next several months, the remains of the Customs House building should be levelled, and eventually crews will be lowered below ground and into the crater itself to begin clearing debris there, said Frank Lombardi, chief engineer for the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, which owned six of the centre's seven buildings.

"I wouldn't lower anybody until I get the above-surface building down," said Mr. Lombardi. "I don't want to have any more casualties here."

(Cont. page 9)

Barbara McCumisky continues with her historical series of significant fires and incidents that occurred during the formative years of the MFB

TROEDEL & CO. FIRE—FLINDERS LN. MELBOURNE

The Age: 7.2.1904

At the height of Saturday night's rain storm, with a fierce gale raging across the city, the premises of Messrs. Troedel & Co., wholesale and manufacturing printers and stationers, at 230 - 232 Flinders Ln., were found to be on fire, and before it was completely extinguished, the building was gutted. How the fire occurred was a mystery, but once it had gained a hold, the highly flammable nature of the materials stored in the building, obviated all hope of saving the contents. It then became a question of protecting the adjacent structures from igniting also.

The plan and location of the building, substantially helped forward the progress of the flames. It was an L shaped structure, with a narrow frontage to Flinders Lane., while the back portion of the premises was as twice as broad as the front elevation. In the angle thus formed between Troedel's and Swanston Street, was Messrs. Birbank & Co's premises, and Watson's Chambers flanked it on the other side. Just opposite was a right of way, down which the wind blew like a funnel, so that with high walls on every side, Troedels' premises were exactly like a blast furnace, the high wind acting as a strong draught to fan the flames. In the circumstances, it was highly fortunate that the fire was confined as it was, to one building. Had it broken across the intervening spaces. or over the dividing walls, there was no telling what might have happened, and it was possible that an outbreak as large as the Flinders Street fire of 1897 might have resulted.

As far as the premises themselves were concerned, there was from the outset, little hope of salvaging anything, and that hope was

altogether destroyed by the fact that a delay of some few minutes occurred before the alarm reached the head fire station. Every floor of the building was packed with stationers' and printers' supplies, which burnt like tinder, and once the fire started, it leapt from room to room and floor to floor with almost inconceivable rapidity.

The building most endangered - even more so than the two on either side of Troedel's - was The Age office, which was only separated from the burnt premises by a narrow right of way.. Fortunately the watchmen on duty discovered the fire shortly after the outbreak. Turning their attention to the burning building, and with the fire apparatus at their disposal, they had two steams of water playing from the roof opposite, even before the Fire Brigade arrived. Some idea of the force of the wind may be gained from the fact that the men were unable to erect fire shields designed for protection, and were compelled to stand out on the parapet in the full heat and smoke of the raging furnace below them.

The first alarm was received at the Head Station at 00.29 and Chief Officer Stein turned out with a steamer and the necessary hose carts, with more engines following, as quickly as they could be manned. When the Brigade arrived on scene, the whole of the back part of the premises were well alight, with flames shooting from the windows and above the roof. Less than a minute later, the fire swept clean through the building, and the flames were licking out into Flinders Lane.

In a very short time, six steamers from the head and suburban stations were at work. Besides the steamers there were six hose carts, three ladder carriages, one salvage van

and 39 men. The water supply for the first half hour was somewhat deficient, and the water for the big steamer had to be got from the 10 inch main in Flinders Street. Half an hour after the first call, the roof fell in, and the flames shot skyward, illuminating the whole city block against the murky background of the hurrying storm clouds. Having broken through the roof, the flames, helped by the free egress, made short work of what remained.

As is usual when any big outbreak of fire occurs within the area covered by the electric light cable of the City Council, a request was sent to the power house asking that the wires be deadened in the section affected by the fire. This request, the officials at the power house maintained, was immediately acceded to, and the Chief Officer informed. A fire brigade ladder was then wheeled close to the front wall in order that the firefighters might direct water through the windows of the upper floors.

The two firefighters who were at the windlass of the ladder, despite the fact that the current had been cut off, received a severe electric shock, caused most likely by the steel rope of the ladder, coming into contact with a live wire and transmitting the current through the iron windlass handle. Both men, Benjamin Hill from the South Melbourne fire station, and Arthur Pemberton from the North Melbourne station, were thrown violently to the ground, and had to be removed to the hospital, where they were admitted suffering from collapse. After a few hours of observation, they had sufficiently recovered to resume duty at their respective stations.

The reason why there should have been a live wire on a dead circuit remained unexplained. The city

BROWN'S BITS

From the roving correspondent of the north-west of our fair city.

The old saying is, "Revenge is sweet." Well I never got to extract mine against a certain individual I'll name "Friendly."

I first met him when he was a D.O. at No1 Stn. He eventually rose to C.F.O. My first encounter with him was when he was in charge of the panel when I went for the S.S.O.'s in 1961. His vitriolic tongue soon put everyone on the back foot.

My next encounter was at No52 Stn. a few years later when he was Deputy C.O. We had a call for a motor car fire. On arrival the fire had been extinguished by a service station attendant with a foam extinguisher. The word back was, "Fire and all out." A couple of hours later I got a blast from him about an irate citizen who complained the Brigade had put foam all over his car parked next to the burnt car. He ranted and raved about responsibility and threatened removal to another station.

All this time I was trying to tell him that we didn't use anything and what the word back was. Eventually the penny dropped and instead of apologising he hung the phone in my ear.

The second incident was on a particularly busy day in summer and I had not made out the dry cleaning book. We had returned after a fire and the F/F on watchroom duty did not tell me that the Dry Cleaner had been and was coming back later. I went upstairs for lunch and while I was eating, the dry cleaner came back and instead of calling me he told the driver it was not ready, the driver just up and left. Some time later, "Friendly" was on the phone, same rant and rave and more threats.

A third occasion was when a Vickers Viscount aircraft had jettisoned an engine over the Bay and was coming in to land at Essendon Airport. We had a laid down procedure for emergencies which we practiced regularly with the Airport Fire Service (A.F.S.). We were there to relay water to their foam tender if required and they were in charge. As each senior officer to me arrived I explained the procedure where we lined up on one side, the A.F.S. on the other and wait to assist.

Then the proverbial hit the fan, for along came "Friendly" in the Dep's car. His first words were, "Get out of the appliances and look like firemen." Again I had to relate the procedure and point out the available water. With that, he gets back into his car and orders his driver to cross the runway against the red light from the Control Tower. He approached the A.F.S. appliances and demanded to know who was in charge. When a Senior Fireman said he was, Friendly said, "As D.C.O.

he was taking over. He was promptly told to "P..s Off" as they were in charge.

Again crossing against the red light he came back fuming. He ordered us to empty the appliances of hose including the Hose Layer and run charged lines up to the runway and the rest of the hose flaked ready to run out. His theory, he told us was, "The plane would touch down here and finish there."

Well the plane landed safely, the A.F.S. Tenders followed up ready to hit it with foam if required. To our horror, "Friendly" ordered his driver to follow the plane in between the A.F.S. Tenders. With the A.F.S. telling him to get back and him shaking his fist at them. He came back, ordered us to "Make Up" and fled the scene.

The aftermath of all this was that night they had a big fire in the city and no spare hose. The A.F.S. notified me that in the future they would not notify us of any future emergencies and they would be putting a letter of complaint against "Friendly"....Which they did.

I'd love to have been there when the C.O. blasted him.

As to revenge, I always hoped I'd meet him somewhere after he'd retired to let him know what I thought of him. It never eventuated. But, I heard a story about a character called "Tich" who, while attending a funeral of a fireman with a bunch of mates, was approached by "Friendly," extending his hand he said, "Hello Tich." "Tich" on looking up said, "You B....d, I wouldn't shake your hand, P..s Off." Which he did!



"Friendly" was on the phone....ranting, raving and more

THE BRAZILIAN TRIP CONTINUED

Fred Kerr reflects on his recent trip to Brazil and continues on from the August edition of "Water Off"

Only five days left for the big one, Susie's wedding on 4/8/00 and the Kerr family still had not met the bridegroom, Marcel. He was on his way home from London.

Susie went for a fitting for her wedding gown, disaster, it was ill-fitting, wrong design, very poor stitching, a new seamstress had to be found quickly with four days to go. On the positive side we visited the reception rooms and they were excellent.

Marcel arrived for lunch on Wednesday from London. As well as speaking excellent English he converses fluently in four other languages. We talked for a few hours about the usual things (will you support our daughter in the manner she is accustomed to), politics, religion and his hope of gaining employment with the United Nations in New York.

Belo Horizonte is a beautiful city with a population of 2 million people. As in the other cities buses and streets are very clean, but oh those roads, they are terrible and even worse are the footpaths. It is a very hilly city with some roads so steep they are paved with stones to give some grip to the car tyres. Some buses and trucks have automatic inflation devices fitted. The air is fed from a compressor through tubing to all wheels terminating in a revolving disc mounted in the

centre of each wheel. Mostly people live in units (security) but there are some homes with dogs, high fences and barbed wire and these are maintained very well. Its about time I visited a fire station again! The head fire station is situated on the edge of the city limits and once again painted red. Very old and decrepit. It is a very large complex with fire stations and quarters etc above and many old buildings in the enclosure. There were about 30 recruits being trained and they considered themselves very lucky to have been selected. I was introduced to the Chief Officer who spoke English in a fashion and he introduced me to a younger officer as a very high ranking fire officer from Melbourne, Australia (where is that?). So for the next two hours of my visit I was saluted by everyone (does wonders for the ego mate!).

The head station has about 12 appliances, pumpers, turntable ladders, snorkel and small rescue vehicles and both station and fire engines are tidy but not sparkling. The general comment seemed to be that the government spent more on fire prevention than fire suppression. Once again the firies wore a khaki uniform with a .45 revolver and a large knife. They seemed to be very conscious of senior rank and salutes

Continued page 13....



RACING TIPS

From My Mate's Cousin

Doom and gloom oozes from every pore of the media these days and our man is feeling the strain as much as anyone. His knees are still playing up (the result of years crawling around the paddock at Flemington picking up discarded tote tickets), so he went to see his local "Vet" to get some pink pills to pacify the pain.

He claims the "Doc" owes him one after borrowing a cat trap and fish heads (for bait) to remove a couple of marauding moggies from the surgery precincts. The tiny tattered tigers are frightening off the customers as they're apparently creeping in and crapping on the carpet. Our hero, being smarter than the average punter, has negotiated a deal...he removes the felines and the "Doc" fixes the fetlocks.

At this stage we don't know how successful the pills have been, but the fish heads are not exactly Chanel No5 and should by now be smelling worse than the cat crap on the carpet and the "Doc," as well as the customers, would be getting a bit "P...d Off" with the

whole mess.

This could develop into something big.... We'll keep you informed!

As well as fish heads our man has also cornered the market on form guides and brings to us his selections to watch.

Touch the Groom:

At the risk of offending the bride, keep an eye on this one and "Touch the wallet" at the next start. Trained by George Hanlon.

Ugachaka:

Chanted by a tribe of "Inner Congo Cannibals" after winning the raffle at the head-shrinker's ball. Trainer, Lee Freedman, reckons it can run fast enough to stay off the tribe's menu.

Magic Albert:

I had an "Uncle" Albert who was a bit of a magician. He would disappear just before Dad came home from work. From the north of the Murray and trained by that other magician, A. Stapleford.

electricians were positive that the current was cut off, and can only conjecture that another wire, light or telephone, had blown down elsewhere in the city and had crossed the wire which did the damage. The latter was sparking for some time, but eventually ceased.

Another firefighter from the Richmond station sustained a bad cut to his hand which necessitated a few stitches being inserted at the hospital.

It was impossible to even approximately estimate the damage done to Troedels. The building itself was a mere shell, with only the outer walls standing. All floors except for a few square feet in the front had been devastated, and most of the roof was gone. The heavy iron girders and supporting pillars had been bent and buckled by the heat, while the shafting connecting the machinery had been twisted in all directions as if it were a copper wire. Only a few charred beams of the timber fittings remained in position.

As the floors on which they stood burned away, the printing and lithographic presses crashed down to the basement, and lay there under mounds of debris. There were fully 60 machines of one description or another in the building, and of these only about half a dozen were fit for anything but the scrap heap, and even those were doubtfully capable of being repaired.

During the progress of the fire at Troedels & Co. the embers and pieces of flaming material which were shot up into the air, were carried hundreds of yards by the gale. On Sunday morning Collins Street was littered with pieces of burnt charcoal. Even in Lonsdale Street, the watchman at Messrs. Perry & Co's saw mills was, while the flames were raging in Flinders Lane, hard put to keep the timber from catching alight.



Above: The aftermath, damage is surveyed by the building owners and firefighters.

Some of the burning wood and paper fell on the roof of the Melba Photo Studios, occupying the top floor of Nicholson's Chambers at the corner of Collins and Swanston Streets. There it smouldered for two or three hours, and shortly before 04.00, the flame broke out on the roof of the studio. For a few minutes the outbreak looked rather ugly, but as men had been on the watch for such an event, no time was lost in getting to work. Some difficulty was experienced in running the hose up the staircase, which wound around the lift shaft, but eventually the outbreak was subdued. However the developing room was almost gutted before this was accomplished, and a considerable number of prints and negatives were destroyed.

Slight damage by water, directly attributable to Troedels fire, was done to the premises of W. E. Thomas, dentist, in Swanston Street. It was through that building that the firefighters were compelled to run hoses in order to get water onto the side walls of Troedels. The building was owned by a Mr.

E. A. Atkins, solicitor and all the contents were covered by insurance.

In such an old established business as Messrs. Troedel & Co., the accumulation of years of work was kept on the premises in case of repeat orders being received. Scores of lithographic stones with originals on them dating back to the 1860's, were cracked into pieces by the intense heat. Type had been reduced to smelted metal, plans and designs had been totally lost. Completed contract work ready for despatch had been destroyed.

No time was lost however, in getting back to work again. Troedel's announced that temporary premises had been secured and the business transferred. The safe and its contents, comprising the business books of the firm, had been preserved, together with a very little of the front office furniture and fittings, although all had been damaged by water.

Barbara McCumisky



TRAVELLING WITH SILVER

This issue we are leaving New York for Los Angeles and of course it's prior to the devastation caused by terrorists.

Just a note on that, it won't stop me going back next year and it shouldn't stop anyone else. If you give in to this sort of action you may as well reach for the pills now. Here are a number of things to see and do.

Central Park.

It's quite safe during the day, give it a wide berth at night. North of Central Park is one of New York's most notorious neighborhoods, **Harlem**. For decades a symbol of America's racial tensions but of late a recovery has occurred. On Sundays there is a "Gospel Brunch." From 1 pm to 5 pm at Sylvia's at 328 Lenox between 126th and 127th Streets. It costs \$15 for Southern fried chicken and greens while 3 Gospel crooners serenade diners.

Downtown.

We got on the subway (it's safe and used by 3 million New Yorkers a day) and went downtown. Lower Manhattan is the oldest part of New York City. Last century, the narrow, tenement lined streets of Lower East Side was the first stop for millions of Jewish Immigrants.

Today, visit "Katz Deli" (for a cholesterol blast) Cnr. E. Houston and Ludlow, the décor is 50's and so is the menu which is heavy on pastrami sandwiches, schmaltz, rye bread and pickles.

Chinatown.

Chinatown is still a piece of "Old Shanghai," with fish markets, acupuncturists and stores selling dried abalone, exotic herbs and cures for impotence. Join the hoards every morning for "Dim Sim" at the huge "Harmony Palace" (98 Mott) and eat your fill from passing carts for \$8 a head. A hot tip, the best Chinese food is Vietnamese from a string of restaurants on Baxter,, South of Canal. Little Italy.

Just around the corner, Little Italy may have been featured in a trio of "Godfather" movies but these days it's a tourist trap, crass and over priced.

Enjoy the atmosphere but eat elsewhere.

Soho.

Only 20 years ago Soho was regarded as a derelict zone, today the art capitol of the world. Now what I know about art you could engrave on Clinkaberry's brain with a jackhammer. I believed "Blue Poles" was an ice-cream. There are more than 200 galleries crowded into 20 blocks. Visit on Saturday afternoon when half of Downtown parades along West Broadway checking out the flea markets before taking coffee and cake at "Dean and Deluca's."

On the cheaper fringe of Soho the huge bargain clothes store "Canal Jeans" (Broadway and 3rd) has more tourists than the "Statue of Liberty."

Greenwich Village.

No-one has seen New York until they visit Greenwich Village. To New Yorkers it's simply known as "The Village," and it's two distinct neighborhoods are the "West Village" and the "East Village." They are typified by leafy streets of tenements covered with iron fire escapes and street levels crammed with cafes.

The village really starts to jump around midnight and is New York's jazz mecca. "Sweet Basil's" (88 on 7th Ave.) will keep you wide awake until 6am if you can last. Still the best Village entertainment is on the footpaths and open spaces of Washington Square and free. Apart from the legions of comedians, musicians, acrobats and buskers at any given moment you might come across women with purple leopard spot hair, skate boarders being pulled by one or two dogs

or old Italian men singing arias.

The East Village is a much younger area full of tiny off-beat restaurants and bohemian type bars.

It's an experience to dine with the transvestite Asian waitresses at "Lucky Chengs" (24 on 1st Ave). By day, pick over the boutiques which range from American toys at "Little Ricky's" to the nose and nipple piercing store at St Marks Place.

Combine all of this with a circle island ferry tour. Visit Liberty Island, Ellis Island, the Empire State, Times Square, Central Park and how long are you staying?

Happy Traveling Silver

P.S. REMEMBER, when "Check In" at the airport takes 3 times as long, you stand to gain, it's for your benefit.

On a sadder note: Close friend Bob Hesse, retired Battalion Chief from F.D.N.Y. has lost around 60 of his friends and ex-Workmates. It makes you think... as well as angry!!!



"Sweet Basil's" (88 on 7th Ave.) will keep you wide awake until 6am if you can last.

(Cont. from page 5)

It is far from an idle concern. In the last two weeks, there have been at least four near accidents at the site, according to officials from the federal Occupational Safety and Health Administration.

On Monday, for example, as more than a dozen firefighters and construction workers were working the debris on the west side of the site, a steel beam, weighing an estimated 16 tons, broke loose from a crane and fell. Three days before, as the sound of jack-hammering filled the air, a chunk of concrete about 10 inches in diameter fell off what was left of 5 World Trade Centre, landing on a spot where someone had been standing seconds before.

Just south of the Customs House, the work is often driven by a mandate different from mere demolition. It is here that workers are most likely to find human remains.

By examining floor plans, interviewing firefighters and studying the way the two towers fell, the Fire Department has at times devised grim work orders about where the construction crews should dig to find bodies or body parts.

"Who did they see in front of them, who did they see behind them, what

hints can we get from the radio traffic, as to where people had reported they were trapped?" said Deputy Fire Commissioner Thomas F. Fitzpatrick.

It is an extraordinarily trying chore, for the remains of the World Trade Centre are a chaotic jumble. Differences in the direction of how once-connected sections fell, or a buckling in a steel column as it hit the ground, means debris from a single floor is often spread far apart.

Work crews from Bovis Lend Lease, a contractor excavating a sector that includes the south tower, recently went looking for part of a lower floor, said Peter Marchetto, a Bovis executive. Burrowing in at the spot suggested by the Fire Department, they found, instead, "signs for the 86th floor," Mr. Marchetto said.

"We were digging through debris we thought might be from near the tower's bottom that was in fact from near the top," Mr. Marchetto said. Unfortunately, the corridors and stairwells we were looking for are far down in the pile and there is so much that must be removed before we could get there. Nothing is where you think it is; everything is shifted, moved, bent, compressed."

But every once in a while, the hunt

turns up what searchers are looking for. Firefighters are stationed near the construction crews, ready to move in and collect any human remains. At least for the next few weeks, the search for remains is expected to continue to help determine the course of the demolition work in the southwest section of the site, officials said.

"There are so many families out there that have expectations that remains will be found," Mr. Fitzpatrick said.

At other times, working without orders to look specifically for remains, giant backhoes and other machines roar back and forth atop the centre of what was once the north and south towers. They collect debris one load at a time, and dump it into waiting trucks.

As work progresses, fires still burn deep within the debris, and an acrid smell, with a distinctly metallic flavour, rises from the ground. It mixes with the cacophony emanating from the site - the beeping of vehicles backing up, the whining of saws cutting steel, the roar of crane engines, the echoing boom of debris being dumped into trucks. And it continues this way, day and night.

WOULD THE REAL DON CAMERON STAND UP

There is another side to Don Cameron who is well known in our R.F.A. and has quite a reputation as a traveller, also many of you thought that the nickname "SILVER" was about his hair, believe me it is really about his tongue!

Nobody slips an embellishment of the truth more easily off his tongue than the "MOTH" another name he is known by.

The photo (right) has brought to light yet another! And one that he has kept very quiet about, "CANVASBACK CAMERON," ...C.C. for short.

C.C. in his adolescence tried himself out as an amateur boxer, and that is not very believable, has he ever done anything except for money? This was much to the dismay and anxiety of his Mother, yes he did have one, and only a mother could have that sort of concern, while his father was heard muttering, "Might knock some bloody sense into him."

Despite all that it enabled him to mix with some

real champions, the others in the photo are World Champion Lester Ellis and his trainer/brother Keith Ellis taken at a boxer and trainers reunion at which C. C. likes to mix with old ring mates.



We have to acknowledge that C. C. has the straightest nose of the three, but he needs to talk to Keith about a bit of training because he still cannot button up that jacket.

F. Churchill