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AUSTRALIA IS DELIGHTFUL BUT GUESTS ARE WORN OUT

ADELAIDE, South Australia- The mood on the bus begun to change after Mt. Gambier. The lightness of the Americans switched to quiet caucuses in the back of the bus. Brief cases were brought down from the racks. I occupied myself making notes and sorting film.

Only two scheduled stops were made after we left the sea. The first was at a range experiment station. A stern, grey headed gentlemen directed the bus driver around the station. Much like our research farms or ranches, this one had plots of 40 acres or so, fenced into tests on different fertilizer rates or reseeding projects. Sheep were isolated in small herds. I do not recall seeing any cattle, which isn't unusual for such a huge sheep producing country.

Even office building resembled our setups. Metal racks covered in pamphlets; secretaries working behind glassed offices fronted by counters. Perhaps not as elaborate an arrangement as the States, yet definitely a government atmosphere.

It was well over 90 degrees. We lunched in a grove of trees, however, that was shaded to a cool 70 or 75 degrees. Men sat around on benches drinking beer and talking. Mutton chops roasted downwind. Ladies busied themselves serving and bringing out salads and desserts that had been prepared at their homes.

I hadn't met the director of the station, so I walked over to shake hands. My name card said "Monte Noelke, American Journalist." Due to the language barrier, he had to read the card. Upon reaching the word "journalist," he said that around the station they didn't like newspapermen.

It would've been an embarrassing incident if a lady hadn't explained to him right quick that I only wrote human interest stories. I don't know what the Australians do to folks they don't like; but looking at their was records, it probably doesn't resemble your Aunt Mary's scolding for robbing her cookie jar. However, some day when I get caught up, I am going to write a human interest story on experiment station bosses. If he gets a chance to read it, he's going to like newspapermen a lot less than he thought he did.

Next place we stopped was an English manor sitting up on a hill looking over a plain of dry grass that stretched to infinity. I expected a right stuffy lord to send his footman out to pick up our cards. Instead a friendly young man came bounding out to ask us in. I don't remember his greetings exactly, but for a fellow who lived in a house with music rooms and halls that looked like an art gallery, he was short on pomp and long on charm.

Tea was served in a drawing room full of handsome people, ladies dressed in afternoon party clothes, tall men wearing tailored sports jackets and slacks. People accustomed to serving guests. You know. eager to re-ice the drinks and pass the appetizer trays. The feeling I had was that the isolation of perhaps the pride of the family, had preserved a stronger English tradition than in other places we visited.

A big wool boom in the country back in the 1870's was responsible for many such mansions being built in the state of Victoria. In those good times, the property had an 18 hole golf course. Professional management was available. Leisure and recreation guided

the landowners. I don't have to tell you that it ended. But while the velvet lasted, they certainly exceeds the boomlets that we have in our country.

Today the same family runs the property. Golfing is replaced by a stud herd of 2500 Merino ewes and commercial sheep and cattle, plus a dairy herd that is a tough game so far from populous centers.

The property's 5800 acres carries 5000 ewes and 800 head of cattle. Rainfall was quoted at 26 inches a year. I didn't ask for specifics on the 26 inches, but from the looks of the vegetation I'd say that the climate was much more erratic than that of New Zealand or Tasmania. Remember that February in the Southern Hemisphere corresponds to August in our country. We saw some summer weaned heifer calves that proved that the calendar is right.

Adelaide has been much different than the rest of the trip. The New Zealand Meat Boars is here. The Australian Board has a big staff of people to act as hosts. Each of the three countries has given dinners and receptions. The Lord Mayor of Adelaide, also, entertained the whole delegation in his chambers.

Our field work has ended except for one afternoon out at a research center. Manufacturers of automatic sheep handling devices were brought in by the Australian Board. Long lines of elevated chutes that work like our calf cradles were demonstrated. I was particularly impressed by a conveyor belt that'd move 10 head of sheep at a time. The assembly would be mighty useful to rehabilitate the ewes back home that use their reverse gears more than their forward ones. I've seen some old nellies that were so contrary they'd make the belt slip on a powerful machine, but I'd like to have about \$8000 to install one close to the working corrals. It'd help on an August afternoon.

Other things were different about Adelaide. My countrymen were beginning to weary of sightseeing and suitcase living. I watched the land feeder delegate lose his temper. I'd seen him work strings of lambs without getting mad. But at an unloading juncture he worked over his suitcases, verbally and physically, in a style that would've stood out in a livery stable.

Their eyes had a glaze, too. Sightseeing eyeball hit them before they ever arrived at Adelaide. You know the disease. The vision will no longer permit one more image to enter the eye. Historical monuments and grand sights are deflected. Confinement at home is the only cure.

Leaders of the meat boards and the Americans agreed to work out a schedule to market the foreign lamb here during the slack seasons of our domestic industry. Each country pledged \$30,000 for a lamb promotion campaign in the United States. Realize that this was an agreement in good faith, not a binding treaty. Nevertheless, I feel the success of these meetings will be in the personal contacts and understandings.

I am ending to pack for home. Think of a P.T.A. meeting that lasts 20 or so hours and you can understand my enthusiasm for making the flight to Los Angeles. You know, I have to forgive the cranky old man that was to impolite at the experiment station; he has so many gracious countrymen that it's no wonder he stood out in my mind.