

The Rich, Famous - and Forgetful

ONE

My Dad, Richmond Travis-Fuller, took over his Dad's and Grandfather's business in Pittsburgh, T & F Steel during World War two. If you were in steel while the world needed it to make things to destroy things you couldn't not make huge piles of money, you could in fact get money out of the U.S. Government to ramp up production and make even more money.

Dad foresaw clearly that it wouldn't stay that way and swung a huge merge with U.S. Steel taking lots of cash and lots of stocks of which he converted half into convertible bonds and the rest shares to trade. He gave a chunk of all this to the Presidential campaign and in the fullness of time and not that much time at that we, Dad and the family, find ourselves living in the U.S. embassy in picturesque Greece.

Dad has always been sort of rich, he's now seriously rich, but while his wealth is inherited he is sharp as a tack and obfuscates this. Thus he starts building shopping centres in post war America. I've seen him buy all four corner lots on a



good crossroad, build one centre, lease it out, build another on the next corner, lease it out, sell the two built ones and then start building on the third lot. They have to of course buy him out of this idea and all I can

see that he's done is spend a couple of thousand on a huge illustrative sign . Money for jam he says. He's now building a beautiful little hotel on Crete. It's a sort of a mould for many others which he builds to a similar but friendly pattern and which he franchises to good low key operators here and there. Thus he soon has hotels in Paris, Crete, Capri; Rome, London and Geneva. They are not designed as soulless

people places, they're for the better money discerning class and they're timeless. He has a good feel for architecture and never uses American architects who believe that bold and brash is best.

While he's preoccupied with Browns Hotel style Pubs (the famous Browns in London) he gets stiff armed in a big block purchase in Florida. Some smarties look like taking him to the cleaners on this expensive deal. He reacts with lightning speed and having put a mythical deal together in which a big Company is negotiating with him for this dog lot and take an expensive option for what they have in mind. He leaks the deal, not to the targets but to people friendly to the targets. They rush in to buy shares in the deal which Dad obligingly dribbles onto the market slowly, grinning all the time and saying Revenge is a dish. best eaten cold. Bloody good eh?



For every action there's said to be an opposite and opposing action. The guys who get burnt talk to the Italian forces of Darkness to take a shot at Dad, not necessarily a fatal shot but a shot. Dad is tight with these people and they report in. I'll give you double Dad says but try and stick to severe damage for preference. They do and the contract putter outer takes quite awhile to get his damaged legs functioning again.

TWO

We see quite a few of these people , they visit Italy all the time and sometimes come on to Greece. Dad entertains them but strictly within the embassy They work together on not totally irreproachable deals and make heaps of the readies mostly unofficially. There's risks in everything Dad says but its better to be on their

side than be a target. They like to fish a bit in troubled waters and they and Dad do quite a few dealings in Egypt and Turkey. Dad is eyeing Israel closely but thinks the wolves there have too sharp teeth for him. But he buys a hotel site in Tel Aviv and sits on it for the moment.

Dad educates us more or less at the Embassy. He finds out the brightest and best of the teachers in Athens and ropes most of them in to teach us within the walls. In no time at all we can greek it with the greeks, language wise, and our education proceeds apace. We are encouraged to see a lot of the country and neighbouring countries and we have of course secret service men with us outside the compound plus a couple of local educator/minders. We hike all over the storied fields of Greece and I can once recall pointing out a tombstone like tablet in a field, it's very classic in design. 'What's that Marco,' I ask our guide.

'Well Red,' he says, 'that's a war memorial, it's from a small war here in 448 A.D.

Dad is very far seeing business wise. He perceives an inevitable shift in car sales in the long run. He says the US. of A will never build what the Yanks really need, it's not in them in that industry.



So he buys property, preferably run down near the biggest auto agencies in Chicago, Los Angeles and New York. He then goes shopping for franchises. Thus his auto outlets sooner or later become the top VW agencies in the USA. and later again the biggest sellers of Toyota cars when trends change. His outlets also become National Distributors for those various cars.

Dad is thus looking after the interests of his country and also his own interests, he does well for both I think.

Our wonderful time in Greece comes to an end when the republicans come into power. They are quite gracious and we do nearly another year in Athens before they make a new appointment. Dad buys a beautiful house in Connecticut and we go there to live and to go to University. I opt out of it all for one year which I do reading History and politics at the Sorbonne. Here, curiously enough, I live at the Embassy and with always a minder at my elbow have a great and interesting time in the famous republic.

I spend the rest of the summer in Connecticut, water ski and go summer hiking in Vermont and sailing at Newport News and generally quietly imitate I suppose the life of the rich and famous. Connecticut is handy to everywhere but god the humidity is a bit wearing after the Mediterranean climate I lived in in Greece, sharp heat, no moisture.

THREE

Where now, Dad says, Harvard. I'm fairly intelligent and although I've got a lot to learn I don't think I'll learn anything further at Uni.

I tell him I'm going to launch the Julius Agency, Business Intelligence. Woffor? he says. Knowledge is power I reply. Mmmm he says, might work. So I launch the Julius Agency, one office in Mid Town New York. Another in down town Washington

I do week and week about at each office. We make no appointments, take no names . This is how it works. If someone comes to us with a worth while secret we give him from the sheet on which we record what he is telling us a tear off number. We index everything by



number in a series of Rolodex files and as and when he comes back all he has to do is quote his number and we can then assess the value of what he told us last time.

We run three pools of cash, one is Dad's, one is mine and the other is the Mobs. From this cash we punt on the stock tips we get but we put the same amount on each time, we never plunge. We tell the informant that if he rings in one month hence and quotes his number we will tell him what we owe him if anything and set a time for him to call and get the cash. We reserve the right to put him back as much as 3 months if the tip is not a real earner, but we pay well if it is. Some of our smaller informers collected up to \$100,000 in any one year. Thus they did their work, told us what is about to happen and collect a huge lot of tax free cash. By and large it is not particularly complicated and everything is recorded on his numbered card. Dad quadruples his float in 13 months, I do very well too and the Mob are delighted but don't want to collect. We buy for Dad's pool through Switzerland Banks, for myself through the Caymans and Panama and for the mob we use the very competent Luxembourg Bankers. We soon have an awful stock of cash overseas. We never buy through New York Brokers.

FOUR

We make a huge killing on the leaking of Nixon's White House bugs to the obvious interested party. We give them a stretched out deal and they settle up with overseas money on the dot.

I don't allow myself to get too stressed out in my razor edged business. When I want a spell I just don't go to work, but that's not so often as I'm enjoying making real money.

Dad puts a poultice of money into the Clinton campaign and becomes an Ambassador again. This time it's Paris, much more demanding than Greece but he adapts fast and kicks up his small hotels chain again. Soon there are Richmond Hotels in Paris, Barcelona, Andorra and about four , as far as I can remember on the Riviera.

For my part I lead a very acquisition-free life. I have a good wardrobe, drive a decent car but only a Pontiac, don't own any real estate or art. I have the readies to buy all of this any day of the week but I like to keep my life uncluttered and flexible. I don't own my apartments or even the furniture within them, all leased.



I don't do business lunches, seminars, conventions or any other of America's tribal gatherings. I front for all family shows of course but in general I work to lead an interesting life, to make money and to enjoy a beer at the end of the day and turn in with a snifter of brandy at night. Women are no trouble, I take them out and look after them very well but only for a maximum of two months. After that I'm gone. I generally get rid of them by telling them I'm getting too fond of them and that the stresses of my work mitigate against a permanent liaison at this time. They all seem to buy it and don't heap recriminations on me at all

The inevitable chancer comes in, dispatched by someone who is trying to get at us. He's got the juiciest bait you can imagine. He's a good actor. I talk to him at length, smell a rat and we have him tailed when he leaves. A few days later after a bit of token buying; the mob at our request pick him up and drop him in a cellar

somewhere in the dark with bread and water for 30 days. They don't harm him. They then get him to answer the questionnaire we've drawn up and we thus identify the conspirators. We keep him in the cellar and the boys attend to the culprits. We leave it to them. It's unlikely that anyone will try that trick again. There's a wake of desolation amongst our opponents that makes Sherman's march through Georgia look fairly benevolent . Dad grins, unto others he says and lets it trail off. We get along well with the mob. They're good businessmen with very good cash flows. We keep them at arms length of course but Dad always looks after them when they're in Paris. They're good old U. S. of A taxpayers he says, they are entitled to the hospitality of Uncle Sam. This is something they greatly appreciate. I look a bit askance at them at times when you read or hear of their latest ploys. But they're charming rogues.



Don't worry about what we do Red they say, there's a money chute going into Swiss banks all the time. It's huge. We just play with a bit of this money in our Mob pool. It's a kind of side interest to these plutocrats.

We are of course dealing with Italian Americans, the Russians are getting involved in America and there are other racial cliques but we stick only to the established and traditional crooks as customers.

FIVE



We have some interesting info come in the door of the Julius Agency. One is from a well tapped in town planning executive who can and does tell us of zoning changes in the wind. We create a fourth money pool to invest , making sure the mob know that this is

not a next week payola, it's longer term. They don't mind and proffer plenty of venture capital. I level with the planning man. His life is on the line if he stiff arms us. We don't mind an honest mistake I also tell him. This line into planning over the next ten years brings in enormous money. We buy property on extended terms, i.e. a very respectable deposit now and settlement in 5 years, rent free till then. We target the oldies who are glad to have cash now and money for a retirement home five years down the track. Dad is long headed and he tells us what to negotiate on.

The other info relates to a planned hit on Peter, the Brains (but not the boss) of the West Coast Molinari Crime family. I call box ring Peter and ask him to come over or meet me halfway. Thus we meet at Denver and I spell out what I've been told. We have a pleasant visit and take in the famous Stampede at the Broadmoor Hotel. He says he will get back to me and does after a huge bloodletting in San Francisco. A bagman come in with three million in payola. We pay off our informant in one lump of one million but invest it for him in Switzerland and restrict what he can get out in any one year. Conspicuous consumption is the greatest give away ever and we want to protect him and keep him as a source. He earns us \$9 million over 3 years by discreet leaks. Of course we're not running a mob protection racket, we are just making the most of earning opportunities.



I'm impressed with Denver and Dad builds yet another boutique hotel there, the views are tremendous.

Another informant tells us of two magnificent houses on the Riviera, one at Cap Ferrat and another at Antibe that the owners want to discreetly quit for cash with no questions thus we acquire and use these drop dead gorgeous abodes.

The syndicates like these so much we keep them, and in fact still have them. We use them when we want a break.

We also acquire a great sheep farm in or rather near the Oz Capital Canberra. What a seedy New York resident is doing owning prime Oz farming property is never explained.- I just ring the big stock firm Elders and on their look see and valuation we buy it and lease it out in the space of about a week. Talk about diversity...

SIX

I broker an amusing deal with the garden statuary thieves who steal Henry Moore's reclining figure and don't know how to get money out of it safely. I advise them to cut it in half (neatly) and ship them half and contact the owners who are insured anyway and tell them a bank a/c number to put the total blackmail or art mail figure into and then to tell them truthfully where the other half is. It works fine and. I get a million dollars for 20 minutes work. They want to take me out to lunch but I decline. I don't know them and don't want to. They are full of it and tell me that they next plan to cut the penis off Michelangelo's famous statue of David. I think they are only joking.

SEVEN

A chap all the way from Australia comes in the door. A huge iron ore quarrier has let the lease renewal expire on some adjacent land. He thinks if he can produce respectable backing he can get to keep the lease. It all adds up and a mining giant lends its backing to develop the extraction plant. The big miner says it will never work as you can't use our rail line link. The giant mining group is connected with the mob and they (the mob) send over an



executive or two and a couple of steely eyed informers and an intell gatherer. The wife of one of the mining real big guns disappears for a month and comes back unharmed and the deal goes through with use of the rail link. We did this deal for a small royalty per ton extracted and it's one of our best earners ever. A skilful printer, very, very anonymous, comes in to see us with his perfected funny money dollars. Boy are they good . We do a deal by which he prints an agreed lot each week which are picked up from his discreet print works and money, real money goes into a Swiss bank a/c. We lend this chap a villa now and again at Antibes and look after him well. The idea is not to flood the market, just to keep a real good funds inward flow from the sales of the funny money which for the sake of caution we put into circulation in Mexico and South America. At this point no one has seemed to tumble. I told you they were good counterfeits.

Boy are we rich and getting richer. There's no point in working any more if we don't want to. But of course we all do. There's never enough where money is concerned. We still buy big in gold, gold and more gold. We own the biggest collection of Krugerrand ever I think.

My office staff, all of whom are very bright, rough-sort the people coming in. The obvious FBI and CIA plants they draft out the door but they listen closely if the information likely to be incoming is interesting. Thus I hear of a racing ring in for the Kentucky Derby involving an imported English Horse Biggin Hill. He gallops well but not fast enough but they have a half brother, same sire who throws strongly and the dams are half sisters. He's unregistered d but carries the same brand marks as Biggin Hill and they are like two peas in a pod. I go out and see the ring-in time trialled. He's a world beater. They want a million dollars on him for them and we can do what we like for ourselves. They



don't want any other cash and they're deep as a well. They don't want to draw any attention to themselves, wisely so.

I can't give any details to the pool but tell them I'm convinced it's a worthwhile risk and that I think we should invest for the owners and three million for ourselves. They agree and also provide some back up.

I want the course cased for a sniper and anything else looking a bit off. The mob front their best soldiers up. To cut a long exciting story short Biggin Hill is offloaded in a lay by and hobbled out in a grassy paddock for a couple or three hours while his stand-in sets a track record and wins and then is needled and tested by every vet on the course. It's a case of all's well that ends well. We meet the boys in Panama several days later and give them a carpet bag with some millions of dollars and another quarter million for luck. We suggest they keep the horse dark for quite a time and please tell us when their next sting is due. The little horse started at 10 to 1 so you can imagine what the pool got out of it . It was amusing money and an interesting project to boot.

EIGHT

Some really big secrets now come in the door. The one that really gets my attention is that the whereabouts of old Osama (bin Laden) is known to my informer. He's living god help us on a house boat in Kashmir. The U.S.of A are offering \$84 million for him dead or alive at this time and I first talk to the Secretary of Defence to confirm a delivery figure and then to the Israelis to deliver. In the grab effort Osama comes up dead but that's fine too and the Mossad drop him in a container at the US Embassy in Turkey. Why Turkey I ask. Well it always pays to obfuscate things they tell me and we don't mind Turkey getting the blame as long as he's out and gone and we sort of go halves in the payola.

This is of course astounding news to the Nation. Personally I think that if we'd kept the CIA out of it it would have happened a lot earlier.

Anyway on 9/11 in New York there is some world wide street theatre. Some patriots dressed as the famous minutemen and carrying long rifles march in front of a Tumbrel through the streets of New York with a Bin Laden look alike in the Tumbrel. At the Trade towers site they off smuggle him and bring in a life like dummy, erect a pole and a steel portable barrier behind and Geo W Bush himself calls the ready aim fire. Its street theatre but very very good street theatre. They shoot the dummy to bits, It's closure indeed trumpets George W. Bush and the world agrees.

I've hardly got back to the Julius Agency when a middle eastern woman calls and after due inspection in the sniffer Tunnel (A Western Australian invention that shows up ordnance, wires, drugs and just about everything else as well as



photographing whoever is in the tunnel and also by the door hand grips finger prints them as well) she tells me she has the identity of the Master mind of 9/11 or at least the master mind expeditor. Good god I say, have we shot old. Osama by mistake. She dimples and says no not at all he's the big baddy. Mmmm I say, what do you want to tell us the other baddie's name. Citizenship she says, and Money I ask? Not at all she says. Let me stay and. I'll earn my own dollars. We chat a bit and I give her a number and say give me three hours. I peddle down to the White House again to the Secretary of Defence, who gracefully sees me right away. We agree everything and some money for the girl if she's spot on and six hours later the Professor of Mid Eastern Studies at Harvard is being given the polygraph test. He pays later with his life for his misdeeds. I also get paid, a secret citation pinned on me by the President himself, the same as they do for outstanding covert work.

NINE

It's quite a week and I don't want to hear any more secrets after this dramatic little lot.

Thus at age 32 I'm single, very, very rich and enjoying life.

I go over to Oz to the sheep property outside of Canberra. It's a bleak countryside but with good snowfields close by and no people around and the old homestead on the property is a real charmer. I could well settle down here. That is unless I hear some dramatic secret calling for action.

When I get a bit stir crazy I jog in to the Richmond Hotel Canberra and enjoy a bit of gracious living, compliments of my father. It's sure not a bad life

I get called back by Dad for the next Presidential elections.

We write up a very detailed plan of campaign for the election and by accident leave a copy behind where it's sure to get to the opposition: They grab it and spend millions going in the wrong direction. Oh how could I be so forgetful Dad laments, in the hearing of the enemy. Was it ever successful.

Dad is now the Ambassador to the Court of St James and loving every minute. Our old friends call on their way to Italy and play the tables hard using only our



perfect funny money and turning their winnings into gold in Bond Street the following day.

The US Embassy in Berkeley Square is as thick with CIA operatives as a dog has fleas. It's totally insecure but Dad gets around all this and does his personal business and entertains the mob at his beautiful boutique Hotel near Green Park.(I've interspersed some pix of his hotels throughout this story.

We have now reached the top of the Mountain. It may be all down hill after this but we've had a Helluva lot of fun on the trip.

