

Museum, which was a huge monolithic building with flanking colonnades that dominated one end of Anzac Parade. Inside the museum were memorials to fallen Australian servicepeople in the many global conflicts where they served. Stretching ahead to the Provisional Parliament House was the wide expanse of Anzac Parade where official ceremonies took place. The bleached white Provisional Parliament House stood out starkly against the bright blue sky. This building was meant to be used only for a short time but, as it turned out, the new permanent parliament building, which we could see under construction, wasn't completed until 1988 and officially opened by Queen Elizabeth IInd.

We returned to Sydney on a short-haul Ansett Airlines flight from Canberra and an awaiting bus took us back to the hotel. The mild evening beckoned Monica and I out for a stroll around Circular Quay. As darkness fell, the lights of the downtown highrise buildings and the illuminated superstructure of the cruise ship *SS Canberra* were reflected in the placid waters of the harbour. Further along the pedestrian walkway at Bennelong Point a similar scene played itself out as the massive structure of the Sydney Harbour Bridge was floodlit – the four anchor towers with white spotlights and the steel arch trusses picked out in blue – and behind were the soaring parabolas of the Sydney Opera House silhouetted against a purple velvet sky.

Our last full day in Sydney consisted of exploring the historic downtown, a bus sightseeing tour of the suburbs and dinner at the Sydney Tower revolving restaurant. When Sydney was founded, it began to grow from a district now known as “The Rocks”, which over the years deteriorated into an area of disrepute. However, its historic and heritage significance brought about a renaissance and many of the old waterfront buildings were restored. Much of the district is now a pedestrian precinct and the original Victorian charm has been recaptured. The once dilapidated properties, such as at Campbell's Cove, now house upscale businesses and residences.

For our sightseeing tour the now familiar Newmans coach first took us to the Sydney suburb of Paddington, which had been gentrified. Four-storey Victorian terrace houses are now high priced residences; much sought after for their signature intricate wrought iron balcony balustrades known as ‘Paddington Lace’. The iron was originally used as ballast in the holds of wooden sailing ships bringing convicts from England to the penal colonies of New South Wales. The bus then headed towards the coast, stopping at a well known lookout over the inlet colloquially called “Mrs. Macquarie's Chair”, where the wife of one of the early governors often rested to look for ships arriving from England as they entered the harbour. Another awe inspiring vista was at the South Head promontory with the North Head cliffs clearly seen in the distance. The furthest point of the excursion was Bondi Beach. This wide stretch of golden sand and rolling surf is a popular destination for Sydneysiders, and includes a discreet ‘topless’ beach area. Despite its mystique, we thought the beach's image was rather overblown.

The Sydney Tower (1,104 ft. [309 m]) high is the city's most prominent building and is often used as a location landmark. We had been booked for an evening meal in the revolving restaurant at the tower's summit. When the night fell and the city lights illuminated everywhere it was a picturesque sight; made even more spectacular as the restaurant revolved. Walking to and from the tower in the balmy evening air was delightful. All around, the pubs were doing a roaring trade with many of the patrons spilling out onto the sidewalks and providing a party atmosphere as they swigged their draft “Fosters” lager with gusto.



Typical View of Properties Located on the Inlet to Sydney Harbour, Sydney, Australia, February, 1984.



View of the Sydney Skyline Showing the Downtown Business District, Sydney, Australia, February, 1984.



Typical Scene of Sheep Rearing Countryside near Canberra, Australia, February, 1984.



A Sheep Station with its Brick Walls and Corrugated Iron Roof near Canberra, Australia, February, 1984.



Mounted Stockman and his Dog Muster a Mob of Sheep near Canberra, Australia, February, 1984.



Shearing a Sheep by Hand Using an Electric Clipper, near Canberra, Australia, February, 1984.



Anzac Parade from the Australian War Memorial, Canberra, Australia, February, 1984.



Detail of the Federal Provisional Parliament House in Canberra, Australia, February, 1984.



"The Rocks", a Rehabilitated Historic District in Sydney, Australia, March, 1984.



Paddington Terrace Houses with Ornate Wrought Iron Balustrades, Sydney, Australia, March, 1984.



Bondi Beach, One of Several Sandy Beaches in the Sydney Metropolitan Area, Australia, March, 1984.



Typical Main Street Showing Sun Shade Canopies on a Terrace of Shops, Sydney, Australia, March, 1984.

Australia – Cairns, Great Barrier Reef and Brisbane

The next morning meant saying farewell to Sydney as we continued on our Australian adventure with a trek into the wilds of Queensland and an opportunity to explore part of the Great Barrier Reef. The bus took us to the airport and we boarded the Ansett Airlines jet domestic flight to Brisbane, state capital of Queensland, with onward transfer to the northern community of Townsville. The next step of the journey was a short-haul flight in an Ansett Airlines regional turboprop aircraft further north to our destination of Cairns, a coastal town at the foot of the Cape York Peninsula.

As we were waiting for our flight to Cairns, the sky became dark and ominous. Northern Queensland is affected by tropical climatic conditions and, in general, is covered with monsoon forests. Without notice, a downpour lashed the tarmac and sent us all scurrying for cover. However, because of the rudimentary infrastructure of Townsville Airport, all the luggage that was to be loaded onto the Cairns flight remained in the open on baggage carts. There wasn't any protection at all; therefore, the luggage was saturated with the rain from the tropical cloudburst. It wasn't until we unpacked at the Cairns hotel did we realise how penetrating the rain had been. There was a fair amount of spoiled luggage, and my suitcase sustained damage to the effect that water had seeped through the stitching holes and contaminated the interior. The lining was heavily stained and a clothing separator board was distorted. We decided to report the damage as soon as possible to the airline so we could make a claim for compensation. As it turned out, this was a wise move even though the final outcome wasn't entirely to our satisfaction.

Welcome to Cairns ... and its humidity. This is where we would be staying three nights, and clearly needed acclimatising ourselves to the tropical conditions. Cairns itself was a clean, modern city with a large hospital. It was also a jumping off point for tourists wanting to visit both the lush hinterland and the coral cays of the Great Barrier Reef. We were to experience the two diverse environments.

After settling down in the hotel, we prepared ourselves for the evening meal in the dining room. After placing our order I casually looked up and noticed a giant spider crawling along the top of the wall. When I pointed the spider out, a waiter calmly picked up a paper serviette and plucked the spider from the wall – evidently a common remedy. Australia is known for venomous spiders; especially the funnel-web spider and the red-back spider, both of which have lethal bites. Buildings are regularly fumigated to kill such pests, and the funnel-web can even live under water so swimming pools are not immune. Some time ago when my Aunt Win visited her brother in Taree, NSW, she decided to help in the garden. Uncle George noticed she wasn't wearing protective gloves and chastised her severely because a neighbour's boy had recently died from a spider's bite that was inflicted in their garden.

Green Island is a coral cay in the Great Barrier Reef National Park. It is also one of the largest islands and a popular tourist destination. One of the services offered there was a tour of the living reef in a glass-bottomed boat. After leaving the dock at Cairns, we travelled to Green Island and tied up at the long jetty there. We then transferred to the glass-bottomed boat and made a leisurely tour to look at the reef life through the glass panel. Different types of coral, such as brain coral and fan coral could be clearly seen, as well as the marine life that inhabited the crevices. Exotic fish darted around, but we didn't see anything

large such as sharks or stingrays. Nearby was an interpretive centre with a touch tank and aquarium that contained native sea creatures. The highlight was to walk through an underwater observatory, which was a pressurised transparent tube that extended out from the island onto the sea floor. This way we could see the marine life at close quarters. Before leaving the island, there was an opportunity to wander along the extensive sand beach. We had to be careful though, as it was easy to scratch the skin on numerous coral outcrops. Although visitors were prohibited from beachcombing, I did pick up a small piece of coral flotsam and secreted it in my pocket.

By complete contrast on the following day we boarded the Kuranda tourist train, which used the same railway as the commercial sugar cane companies. The train made its way through fields of maturing sugar cane and climbed steadily until it arrived at the Kuranda station in the Atherton Tablelands. Lush vegetation was everywhere, including examples of huge stag ferns. A short hike through the tropical rainforest brought us face to face with unusual objects such as enormous termite hills, and the sounds of screeching wild birds. It was then time to return to Cairns and an evening at our leisure. We decided to buy our 'official' Australian souvenir and found a hunting boomerang that had been hand made by local aboriginal artisans employed in a scheme to promote native handcraft. It now hangs on our wall of 'down under' memories.

The following day was primarily a travelling one as we retraced our steps and flew from Cairns via Townsville to Brisbane. Before settling down in our hotel, it was time to challenge the airline for compensation of our damaged luggage. We entered the Ansett Airlines regional office to state our case and spoke to a supervisor there. From the outset, the situation didn't look good. It was clear that this fellow was not friendly towards 'Pommies'. He tended to downplay our claim and tried to absolve the airline from any negligence – "... it was an act of God." The more we stood our ground and indicated that the airline had not attempted to protect the luggage the more he bristled, until he decided to speak to his manager. The upshot was that the manager reluctantly conceded to fob us off with a token monetary gesture of AUS\$30.00: insufficient to replace the suitcase, but a measure of compensation towards buying new clothes, etc. At least we didn't leave empty-handed; although the overall attitude left a bitter taste in our mouths.

The highlight of our visit to Brisbane was a tour of the Lone Pine Koala Sanctuary. When we arrived we were approached by the sanctuary's 'greeter' – an Alsatian (German Shepherd) dog with a koala clinging to its back; very touching. The sanctuary looked after koalas in distress, ensuring they had adequate food in a natural setting. There were many koalas there either sleeping or sedately munching on their favourite diet of eucalyptus leaves. A resident zoologist explained many facts about koalas and we had a photo-opportunity to pose with one of the furry and cuddly creatures; although we had to be aware of the koala's large claws. Other Australasian native fauna were also kept in the sanctuary as kangaroos and wallabies bounded around and an emu strutted in its compound. Most animals were approachable and some could be petted.

The balmy weather encouraged us to explore downtown Brisbane on foot. Nestled among the highrise buildings in the business centre was the City Hall and its lofty clock tower (298 ft. [91 m]) based on the campanile in St. Mark's Square, Venice, Italy. Numerous parks dotted the inner city, and the Brisbane River carved a picturesque path towards its outlet into the Pacific Ocean. Examples of early domestic architecture, some adorned with 'Paddington Lace', stood alongside modern office towers. Back at the hotel, we packed



General View of Cairns, Queensland, Australia, March, 1984.



Sea Anemones in Aquarium, Green Island, Great Barrier Reef, Queensland, Australia, March, 1984.



Beach on Green Island, Great Barrier Reef Marine Park, Queensland, Australia, March, 1984.



Tourist Train at Kuranda Station in the Atherton Tablelands, Queensland, Australia, March, 1984.



Termite Hill in the Atherton Tablelands Tropical Rainforest, Queensland, Australia, March, 1984.



Hunting Boomerang, Hand Made by Aboriginal Artisans, Queensland, Australia, March, 1984.



Barry, Monica and a Koala at the Lone Pine Koala Sanctuary near Brisbane, Australia, March, 1984.



Old Hotel with 'Paddington Lace' Wrought Iron Ornamentation, Brisbane, Australia, March, 1984.



Victorian Gothic Architecture of Christchurch University, Christchurch, New Zealand, March, 1984.



Formal Gardens in the Backyard of a Private Home, Christchurch, New Zealand, March, 1984.



View of the Sheep Rearing Grazing Lands of the Canterbury Plains, New Zealand, March, 1984.



Descending the Mountain Road at Arthur's Pass, Southern Alps, New Zealand, March, 1984.

our suitcases in readiness for the morning's flight from Brisbane, Australia, to Christchurch, New Zealand, and a new perspective into life 'down under'.

New Zealand – the South Island

The three hour Ansett Airlines domestic jet flight took us over the Tasman Sea *en route* to Christchurch. We arrived under cloudy conditions with occasional sunny intervals and met our 'Kiwi' driver, Rick, who was going to take us all around the South Island in the Newmans highway coach. Rick was a fun guy and we all immediately took to him; especially the unattached women. The downtown hotel was convenient for exploring the city centre and admiring some of the principal buildings such as the solid stone Anglican Cathedral with its lofty tower and spire; the equally imposing main post office façade, and the Victorian Gothic university building that would feel right at home in Oxford or Cambridge. Contrasting with the old colonial edifices were modern office towers and water features; the unusual "Ferrier Fountain" having a display resembling several dandelion 'clocks'.

At this point in time, our escort, Rob, was visiting the Christchurch Hospital. When we were in Hawaii, a lady in our party sustained an accident that prevented her from continuing to Australia. The arrangement was for her to reconnect with us in Christchurch and be picked up at the hospital after being discharged. Meanwhile we were introduced to an important aspect of New Zealand culture. New Zealanders are very proud of their flower gardens and we were invited into one particular backyard to view the riot of colours. The herbaceous borders and small ornamental pool were well laid out and drew much admiration from the gardeners in our party. At length we arrived at the hospital, but waited a long time before the lady could rejoin us before dinner.

The bus tour of the South Island began in earnest when Rick collected us for the first leg of the journey, which took us as far as Greymouth on the west coast. The washroom equipped highway coach was large enough for the party to spread out and have some extra space. It was amusing, however, to see that two of the older single ladies inevitably commandeered the front seats for maximum forward visibility and 'first-on, first-off' convenience. Their demeanour was such that Shirley, Norris, Monica and I soon christened them 'the bag ladies', as they were also seen to secrete small items of food from the breakfast table for later consumption. Apart from being our driver, Rick provided us with a running commentary as the coach continued westwards along the Great Alpine Highway across the Canterbury Plains. When Rick wasn't commentating, we were entertained with music of his choice from an onboard tape deck. He introduced us to the renditions of the young French concert pianist, Richard Clayderman (real name, Philippe Pagès) and, in particular, to a favourite tune, "Ballade pour Adeline".

Despite threatening skies we made good progress through this important sheep rearing country. The sheep population in New Zealand amounts to many millions, and the fertile and extensive Canterbury Plains provide ideal grazing. We could see their white fleeces for miles on the flat pastureland. Later we entered the foothills of the Southern Alps, an area of semi-arid landscape and meandering watercourses, and crossed Porter's Pass (3,081 ft. [939 m]), the first of two mountain passes; the second being Arthur's Pass (2,428 ft. [740 m]). A collection of shanty houses in the Arthur's Pass National Park made for an interesting photo-

opportunity, then we continued along the Otira Highway with its many hairpin bends. Fortunately Rick's skilful driving meant that we descended the western slope of the Southern Alps safely. At the coast of the Westland Bight, Tasman Sea, we travelled north along the Takamaku Highway to arrive at Greymouth.

We were somewhat bemused with the hotel at Greymouth. It was run like a typical English holiday camp. The proverbial "Come along, happy campers" atmosphere with its communal dining hall and other facilities had all the trappings of the standard Butlin's and Pontin's format for accommodating the masses. Fortunately we were staying only one night. Nevertheless, a cheery reminder to place one's luggage outside the bedroom door early in the morning was ringing in our ears. This was so luggage handlers could load the respective coaches while we ate our breakfast. No dilly-dallying, please! The hotel's *cachet* embodied order and efficiency.

Since Rob insisted that our party should be ahead of the 'OTs', the morning's departure was, indeed, punctual. After breakfast we all piled on board the coach and headed towards the premier tourist attraction of Shantytown Heritage Park. This is a collection of buildings that recreated a typical New Zealand 19th century gold-mining community. It had all the appearances of a frontier town, and the boomtown frontages of the buildings had a distinctive "Wild West" look. Chief among the buildings was the Golden Nugget Hotel which had an elaborate saloon. A separate Chinatown indicated that many Chinese worked both in the goldfields and also private enterprises such as the commercial laundry. Despite being hard workers, they were ostracised by the Europeans and Maoris.

A working narrow gauge steam train with passenger cars travelled through the bush to the nearby saw-mill and river. Here, a sluice was opened and water with its gold-bearing gravel was collected in basins for visitors to try their hand at panning for the little flakes of yellow metal. The technique of panning for gold wasn't as easy as it looks. Once the method was mastered, however, it was surprising how many gold flakes could be dredged from the mud and fine stones. Although my sample of gravel wasn't very profitable, Monica extracted a fair number of gold flakes. They were placed inside a small cylindrical phial which she was able to keep. When we arrived home, Rob Stoddart, a local goldsmith, encapsulated the gold flakes in a pendant he created for us.

Following the visit to Shantytown Heritage Park, our coach headed south along the Kumara Junction Highway and passed through communities with Maori names, such as Hokitika. Our destination for the day was the Franz Josef Glacier at the entrance to the Westland National Park. The park includes Mount Cook – at 12,316 ft. (3754 m) the highest peak in the Southern Alps – but the snow capped mountains were obscured by low cloud at the time. Rick suggested that, regardless of the low ceiling, if anyone was interested in viewing the glacier he would take us as close as possible. Myself and an adventurous few agreed to head out, and the coach lurched along unmade logging roads to the base of the glacier.

The road (now called the Haast Highway) skirted the park, the Fox Glacier being at its exit, before meandering towards the coast and the picturesque Bruce Bay. As we were on the rainy side of the mountain range the natural vegetation was lush with tropical plants and colourful flowers. Waterfalls greeted us as we turned inland towards the foothills of the Otago Region. After traversing through part of Mount Aspiring



Main Street of Shantytown Heritage Park near Greymouth, New Zealand, March, 1984.



Barry in the Saloon of Shantytown's Golden Nugget Hotel near Greymouth, New Zealand, March, 1984.



Steam Train at Shantytown Heritage Park near Greymouth, New Zealand, March, 1984.



Monica and Companion Pan for Gold at Shantytown near Greymouth, New Zealand, March, 1984.



Franz Josef Glacier, Westland National Park, South Island, New Zealand, March, 1984.



Bruce Bay, Westland Bight, Tasman Sea, South Island, New Zealand, March, 1984.



Rushing Waters of the “Gates of Haast” Cataract, South Island, New Zealand, March, 1984.



On the Cable Car Ascending Coronet Peak near Queenstown, New Zealand, March, 1984.



Main Street of Arrowtown Historic Community near Queenstown, New Zealand, March, 1984.



TSS Earnslaw Prepares to Leave Port, Queenstown, New Zealand, March, 1984.



A Jet Boat in the Shotover River Gorge Rapids near Queenstown, New Zealand, March, 1984.



Our Newmans Coach at the Homer Tunnel Entrance, Southern Alps, New Zealand, March, 1984.

National Park, we passed the spectacular “Gates of Haast” cataract and between two of the larger lakes on the South Island – Lake Wanaka and Lake Hawea – and started to enjoy the improved weather on the leeward side of the mountains. Eventually we arrived at our hotel in Queenstown, a delightful community on the shores of Lake Wakatipu.

The next two days were spent viewing the amazing scenery in the area. The weather was perfect for the various excursions, which started with a cable car ride to the summit of Coronet Peak (5,410 ft. [1649 m]) for an unlimited view of the Southern Alps. Also clearly seen were the Eyre and Garvie Mountains. After descending, the next tourist attraction was a visit to Arrowtown.

This community near Queenstown is what remains of an historic town in the Otago goldfields on the banks of the Arrow River. Buildings in the main street and its offshoots reflected the gold rush days with their 19th century shop boomtown frontages. The large Chinese labour population at that time was housed in company provided huts that could still be seen. Today, new developments have to conform to strict design guidelines so as not to detract from the town’s heritage aspect. There were opportunities to shop for gold-related souvenirs or learn about furthering the understanding of Maori culture. The First Nations people are encouraged to preserve oral legends and practice handwork skills handed down through the generations.

For lunch we were booked on the *TSS Earnslaw* for a short voyage on Lake Wakatipu. The boat was a coal-fired steam-driven passenger vessel built in 1912 and used specifically on the lake. She looked magnificent in her white livery and red painted funnel. Soon after raising steam, the craft slid away from its dock for a tranquil passage across the lake and for its passengers to enjoy lunch that culminated with the traditional New Zealand ‘afters’ (dessert) of Pavlova, a fresh fruit salad set in cream on a meringue base. At the same time, the passengers were entertained by a small combo of musicians playing folk tunes, including the resounding Australian sheep shearing song, “Click Go the Shears.” From the boat’s gunwales we could admire a specific range of mountains known as the Remarkables. So called because their craggy slopes changed colour as the day progressed until, in the evening, they radiated in the setting sunlight.

For me, the day ended on an adventurous note. Not far from Queenstown is the Shotover River Gorge. The whitewater rapids there presented an opportunity for an enterprising company to provide thrill-seekers with a ride through the gorge in small jet boats. The jet boat is specially designed to travel on the fast-flowing and shallow river. Instead of a propeller, a high-output pump ejects a powerful stream of water to move the craft. There are no parts hanging below the keel, and steering is done by moving the water stream in whichever direction is required. After donning our personal floatation device we hunkered down in the streamlined hull with cameras at the ready. Perhaps the most unexpected thing was the huge amount of spray that splashed over the bow as the boat bucked through the rapids. This made photography impossible except in the calmer areas. Certainly the trip was well worth the money. While I was away, Monica shopped for her own souvenir and bought several skeins of natural wool and some material that she eventually made into an Arran style sweater and accompanying skirt.

The following day’s excursion consisted of a long drive through the Fjordland District to the magnificent sight of Milford Sound, one of the many fjords that cut into the southeast coastline of the Otago and

Southland Regions. After leaving Queenstown, Rick drove along the Five Rivers Highway to Lumsden, then on the Te Anau-Mossburn Highway to the town of Te Anau on the shores of its namesake lake. From there we continued along the Te Anau-Milford Highway following the lakeshore then inland passing by the roaring Hollyford River and lofty Mount Christina (8,117 ft. [2474 m]). Finally we drove through the impressive Homer Tunnel (0.75 mile [1,2 km] long) to the dockside at the head of Milford Sound.

The U-shaped valley that surrounded us was a typical glaciated fjord. Nearby was the dominating Mitre Peak (5,560 ft. [1694 m]) that stood out against the blue sky. Our excursion boat took us the whole length of the fjord up to its entrance at the Tasman Sea. All around we were dwarfed by the solid, perpendicular cliffs punctuated from time to time by cascading waterfalls, and on the lower rocky shore we could see seals basking in the sunshine. On the return trip, beauty spots such as Harrison's Cove added to the overall attraction. The perfect weather conditions made it an agreeable ride back to the hotel in Queenstown and another unforgettable view of the peaks of the Remarkables as they glowed in the light of the setting sun.

After breakfast we left Queenstown and travelled east towards Alexandra then followed the Manuka Gorge Highway across the vast grazing lands to State Highway No.1. Much of the Otago Region was devoted to sheep rearing and it was common to see mobs of sheep being herded along the road. We turned north and headed for Dunedin where we stayed overnight. However, we were assured of experiencing a unique evening meal.

Not far from Dunedin is a private estate which is dominated by the baronial-style stately home called Larnach Castle. The Victorian residence was built for William Larnach who made a personal fortune from banking, speculating and in politics. The massive stone structure is highlighted by a central, crenellated tower and a wraparound verandah that occupies two of the three storeys. Visitors enter the mansion by climbing an imposing flight of steps to the main door. The foyer (lobby), together with several other rooms, is panelled throughout with rich wood. The ornate arches, walls and ceiling are complemented with marble statuary and illuminated by a hanging crystal chandelier. The formal dining room is, again, opulent with solid furniture and fine oil paintings. Visitors can 'eat in style' at prearranged banquets catered to by chefs of *haute cuisine*.

We were introduced to our hosts and shown to the banquetting hall that was furnished with decorated long tables and lit by candlelight. We weren't disappointed with the calibre of cuisine and dined on delicacies of local fare such as lamb and salmon, accompanied by New Zealand wines that were maturing nicely given the youth of the country's wine industry. The *pièce de résistance* was the Pavlova dessert and an introduction to boisenberries that were one of the fruit ingredients.

The weather was drizzly as we left Dunedin and followed State Highway No.1 north along the coast to Oamaru. More mobs of sheep being driven on the road slowed our progress until we turned west along Otematata-Kurow Road. The road paralleled the Waitaki River and Lake Aviemore; then we took a side road to view the mighty Benmore Dam project. By this time, the overcast conditions had dissipated and, with the cloud breakup, the scenery improved. We could see the huge earthen barrage and shining penstocks of the hydroelectricity generating plant. It was at this point that Rick pointed out the difference in the colour of the



Mitre Peak, Milford Sound, Fjordland District, South Island, New Zealand, March, 1984.



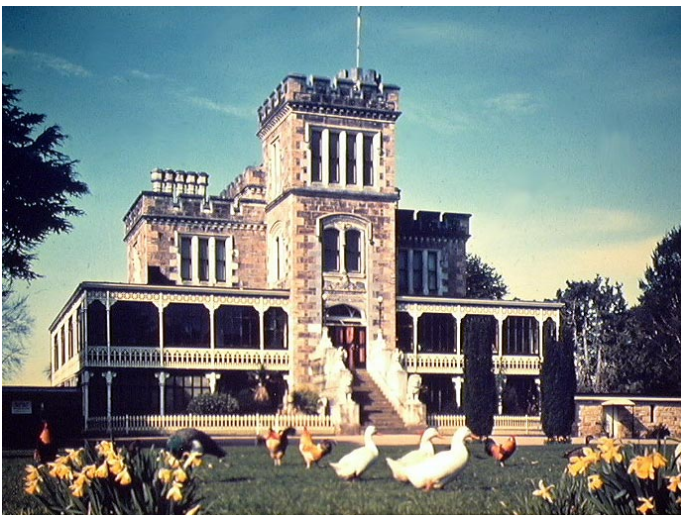
Sightseeing Trip, Milford Sound, Fjordland District, South Island, New Zealand, March, 1984.



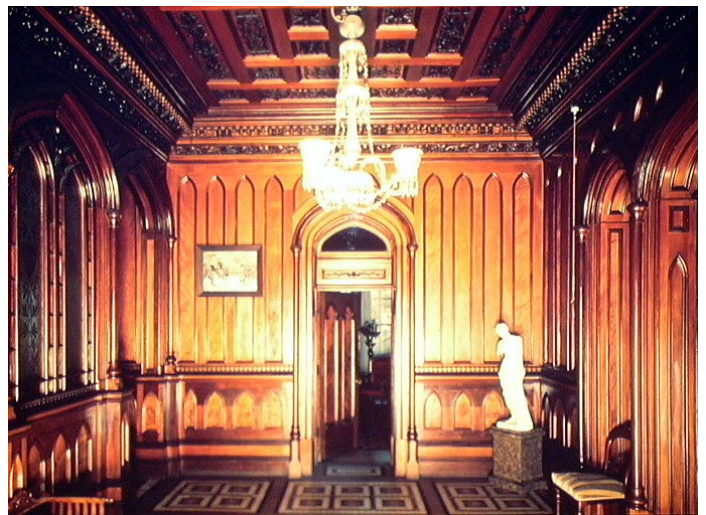
Mob of Sheep Being Driven along the Highway in the Otago Region, New Zealand, March, 1984.



View of the Rooftops of Dunedin, Otago Region, South Island, New Zealand, March, 1984.



Exterior View of the Main Façade of Larnach Castle, Dunedin, South Island, New Zealand, March, 1984.



Interior View of the Foyer (Lobby) of Larnach Castle, Dunedin, South Island, New Zealand, March, 1984.



View of the Benmore Dam near Twizel, South Island, New Zealand, March, 1984.



View of the Mount Cook Mountain Range and Mount Cook, South Island, New Zealand, March, 1984.



The Church of the Good Shepherd near Lake Tekapo, South Island, New Zealand, March, 1984.



The "Ferrier Fountain" Outside the City Hall in Christchurch, New Zealand, March, 1984.



Group Photo of Rob Bullas' Tourist Party at the Rainbow Springs Attraction in the Thermal Active Area of Rotorua, North Island, New Zealand, March, 1984.

water on both sides of the dam. The lake water took on a dark blue appearance; whereas the water flowing out of the penstock tubes was significantly lighter in colour. “There y’are”, said Rick, “They’ve taken all the electricity out of the water. That’s why it’s lighter in colour.” It was amazing how many people were fooled by this remark. As we continued towards the small town of Twizel on the Tekapo-Twizel Road, there were other views of the dam complex including the spillway, power lines and switchyard. Of particular interest to me was the fact that a good part of the earthmoving work was done by a fleet of Champion motor graders.

North of Twizel we crossed the Pukaki Canal, another man-made feature for controlling the water resources of the area. Just before reaching Lake Pukaki we turned onto Mount Cook Road and headed straight for the massive range of mountains in the Mount Cook National Park. First the foothills gently rolled in front; then gradually we saw glimpses of the snow covered higher peaks. Finally, Mount Cook itself – in all its splendour and with the inevitable wisp of cloud streaming from its summit. The sky became clear blue and completely cloudless as we climbed further, eventually stopping at our luxury overnight accommodation at The Hermitage – a hotel that commanded the million dollar view of Mount Cook.

After a relaxing night in the mountains, we had breakfast in the vast log constructed hotel and resumed our journey in brilliant sunshine. We retraced along Mount Cook Road and followed the Fairlie-Tekapo Road as it wound its way through the foothills to the shores of Lake Tekapo, where a magnificent vista of the complete Mount Cook Range was reflected in its waters. Along the way, we stopped at a wayside church made of local stone. This was the Church of the Good Shepherd; dedicated to the pioneer sheep farmers. The window in front of the altar was plain glass and offered a panorama of Lake Tekapo and the mountains beyond. Nearby was another reminder of this industry and known as the Sheepdog Monument – a stone cairn surmounted with a bronze statue of a hardy Collie dog, the shepherd’s indispensable companion. At the town of Fairlie we took the Geraldine-Fairlie Highway and continued to the coastal plains and rejoined State Highway No.1 to Christchurch for our last night on the South Island. As it was a mild evening we took the opportunity to explore more of the city and photo-record some of the other principal buildings. Among them were the Remembrance Bridge, Law Courts and the Old Parliament Buildings by the River Avon. The picturesque “Ferrier Fountain” outside the City Hall was particularly eye-catching both in daylight and when floodlit at night-time.

New Zealand – the North Island

It was now time to bid farewell to both the South Island and our cheerful ‘Kiwi’ driver, Rick. He was a super *bloke* and we had all taken to him. But the Mount Cook Airlines flight from Christchurch to Rotorua was ready and we took off heading for the North Island. As we gained altitude, we could clearly see the landscape below and then the Cook Strait separating the two main islands. We flew over the capital city of Wellington and then the topography became more rugged and volcanic in appearance. Not long afterwards we descended and landed at Rotorua Airport and began our North Island adventure.

Our introduction to Rotorua was not one of a visual nature. We boarded our now familiar Newmans coach and headed for the hotel, which was located in the heart of the geothermal area. When alighting from the coach, our nostrils were assailed with the pungent odour of sulphur that hung in the air. All around there

were clouds of vapour and, near the ubiquitous fumeroles, the sound of burping, hot mud. It was if we had arrived in Hell.

Most of our stay in Rotorua centred around learning more about the Maori culture. After touring the geothermal area to see the fumeroles and geysers up close, we visited a facility where young First Nation apprentices practiced the ancient arts such as woodworking. The intricate patterns carved in native wood followed the styles and embodied the traditions of the Maori culture. Since there was no written ancient Maori tongue, all legends and traditional stories were either recorded orally or as visual designs, whether carved in wood, painted frescoes or tattoos. Similar to what we found in Arrowtown on the South Island, the apprentices' works of art were sold as souvenirs, and we were so impressed with the quality that we bought a carved wooden item in the shape of a native war club. The club was shaped for practical close combat (although it lacked the embedded shark teeth that made it a lethal weapon) and exhibited many fine swirls chased in the wood, together with several ornamental discs of *paua* shell. A braided cord at one end formed a loop for securing the club to the owner's wrist.

Nearby was a recreated traditional Maori village that included typical buildings found in such a community. We saw the sturdy food hut that was built on stilts to deter wild animals, and entered the meeting house with its richly carved wooden post and barge board entrance. In the evening we were entertained by Maoris in traditional dress.

But before this, we visited the Agrodome for another educational side trip. The Agrodome is a tourist attraction that showcases the New Zealand sheep industry. We learned about the history of sheep rearing in New Zealand when seated in a large, enclosed auditorium (the Agrodome). Before entering the auditorium, we passed by a number of pens that held various sheep so we could see the animals up close. They sported a thick fleece and the rams had ample, snakelike horns. After taking our seats, we noticed that the stage was furnished with several pedestals in the form of a pyramid. An announcer then took us through the development of sheep breeding by bringing an example of a particular variety of animal onto the stage and placed it on a specific pedestal. At the end of the show, the topmost pedestal was occupied by a Merino sheep that typified the ultimate wool-bearing animal.

The evening Maori cultural show was a cornucopia of singing, dancing and a display of aggression. First, a chorus line of barefooted Maori maidens dressed in multicoloured bodices and monotone reeded skirts performed a series of traditional songs and dances. Much of the storytelling was emphasized with hand gestures and body language. Next, another group of girls, dressed in long sarongs, gave an intricate display of the 'tiny ball at end of string' routine with yo-yo type objects. The climax of the show was the Maori warrior *haka* performed by heavily tattooed and muscular men. Part of the native pre-conflict stratagem is this ferocious war dance that is intended not only to bolster the warriors' courage, but also to instil fear into the opponents. A series of bold, foot-stomping movements on splayed legs was followed by much chest-pounding and arm/thigh-slapping action accompanied by raucous war chants and the ultimate insult to the enemy – the wide-eyed, full extended tongue gesture. This routine was continuous and in unison so it made a terrifying sight to the uninitiated. No small wonder, therefore, that a variation of the *haka* is performed by the New Zealand "All Blacks" professional rugby team before any match.



Fumeroles and Hot Mud Pools in the Thermal Area at Rotorua, New Zealand, March, 1984.



Hand Carved War Club Made by Maori Apprentice "Ruihana", Rotorua, New Zealand, March, 1984.



Interior of the Agrodome Showing the Sheep Breeds Display, near Rotorua, New Zealand, March, 1984.



Maori Girl Dancers Perform the 'Tiny Ball at End of String' Dance, Rotorua, New Zealand, March, 1984.



Maori Warriors Perform the "Haka" War Dance before Battle, Rotorua, New Zealand, March, 1984.



In the Heart of the Glowworm Grotto of the Waitomo Caves, North Island, New Zealand, March, 1984.



Exterior of the New Zealand War Museum with the Cenotaph, Auckland, New Zealand, March, 1984.



The Architecturally Renowned Civic Theatre on Queen Street, Auckland, New Zealand, March, 1984.



Shirley and Monica Pose beneath the Palm Trees on the Beach of "The Fijian" Resort, Fiji, March, 1984.



Barry and Norris Enjoy a Dip in the Swimming Pool of "The Fijian" Resort, Fiji, March, 1984.



Typical Street Market Scene in the Town of Sigatoka, Fiji, March, 1984.



Typical Battered Public Transportation Bus Picks up Passengers in Sigatoka, Fiji, March, 1984.

The North Island also has a number of interesting subterranean features. Among them are the Waitomo Caves, a series of spectacular caverns that are another important tourist attraction. Our coach driver took us along the Thermal Explorer Highway until it joined State Highway No.1 and made a rest stop at Lake Karapiro. This man-made lake is part of a large hydroelectric power generation project. From the town of Cambridge we cut through to the Otorohanga Road and Waitomo Caves Road. The entrance to the caves was a simple structure, and we made our way down the underground passages that opened up into cavernous grottoes with stalactites and stalagmites strategically floodlit to show their intricate shapes and colours. At the bottom of the slope, a subterranean lake spread out in front of us and receded into the darkness beyond. A small fleet of watercraft was moored in readiness to accept passengers, and this 'black water rafting' was part of the experience. Each boat was piloted by an interpretive guide and we soon left the lights of the landing stage as we progressed through the chain of caverns. Each cave had its own beauty as once more the fantastic shapes were individually highlighted. The principal feature of this attraction is the glowworm grotto of Aranui Cave. It was here that thousands of glowworms provided a natural illumination show – a truly natural wonder to behold!

Our last two days in New Zealand were spent in Auckland, the most populous city in the country. Under cloudy skies we left the sulphur smelling environment of Rotorua and headed along State Highway No.1 through the towns of Cambridge and Hamilton to the heavily indented coastline around Auckland. After checking into the hotel, we were given a quick mobile tour around the city and its environs, and an explanation of some of the places worth seeing in our free time. At the top of Mount Eden, an extinct volcano, the city could be seen laid out at its base. One of the main attractions was the New Zealand War Memorial Museum, an impressive neoclassical building located in the Auckland Domain. Inside there were examples of Maori domestic architecture, other New Zealand historical relics, and a military collection. When we left the building, the sun was shining and lit up the entire façade and also the Cenotaph.

The following day was spent exploring the downtown area of Auckland, which meant walking along Queen Street and its many quirky offshoot arcades. Two of them – Queens Arcade and Strand Arcade – contained many high-end shops on several storeys accessed by escalators. We noticed that Auckland seemed to attract a population of nomadic Polynesians and other ethnic people, so we had to be aware of itinerant panhandlers and other undesirables loitering on the pavements (sidewalks). Indeed, Auckland's crime rate was considerably high in proportion to the surrounding affluence of the predominantly Caucasian middle class. Some excellent examples of notable architecture were the Civic Theatre and the Auckland City Hall.

The South Seas island of Fiji

Our final destination on this exotic vacation was spending four days on Viti Levu, the largest island of the Fiji archipelago. Travelling from Auckland to Nadi Airport, and then overland to "The Fijian" beach resort took the best part of a day. The flight left the warm temperate New Zealand climate and headed into the tropics just south of the Equatorial zone. Having been on board the cool, climate-controlled aircraft for several hours, we were not prepared to meet the impenetrable wall of high heat and humidity as the plane's door opened at Nadi Airport. The ferocity of the extreme climate was a significant shock to the system and we hastened down the aircraft steps and across the apron to seek relief in the

air conditioned terminal building. After passing through Customs and Immigration we retrieved our luggage and were directed to a holding area for busses.

We eventually located the bus that would take us to “The Fijian” beach resort and clambered aboard to minimise the time spent outside under the tropical sun. I think we were so relieved to be once again in air conditioned comfort that we disregarded the otherwise dilapidated state of the bus. Obviously it had seen better days, and a combination of bad roads and sheer neglect had turned this Mercedes luxury coach into the proverbial ‘rattletrap’. The next part of the journey kept us wondering whether or not the brakes would fail on the precipitous, potholed road leading to the capital of Suva. Because the bus’s suspension was virtually nonexistent we were swayed around; then there was a collective sigh of relief when we crossed a causeway and arrived at the perimeter gates of the resort. Finally we checked in and relaxed in our rooms.

Because Rob Bullas had escorted these tours for several years, his was a familiar face at the resort. Likewise his last name echoed the familiar Fijian greeting, “Bula!” and that endeared him to the hotel staff. “Bula!” is a universal word that could mean anything from: “Hello”, “Good morning”, “Good evening”, etc. and, for emphasis as an effusive greeting, is simply repeated, as in: “Bula, Bula!” We found the term useful when mingling with the native population.

The following day was spent getting used to our new surroundings. All meals were eaten *al fresco* as the restaurant was open to the elements and consisted mainly of a buffet style arrangement. Naturally in a tropical setting we were aware of possible problems associated with food and water contamination. So we chose items from the buffet table that were the least susceptible to spoilage. Bottled mineral water was preferred to drink, and meat, cooked eggs and certain fruits and salads were completely avoided. To make the situation even more hazardous, wild Mynah birds tended to flock, steal food and defecate in the buffet area. It was, however, necessary to eat and drink heartily to maintain nutrition and hydration in the, to us, unfamiliar torrid environment.

Of course, the resort was capitalising on the perceived ‘exotic South Sea island’ concept and used it for all it was worth in the lucrative tourist industry. Undoubtedly a nice source of income for local labour in the form of housekeeping and waiting staff, entertainers, management; and support services such as food and beverage suppliers, taxi drivers and security guards. More than likely the wages were low as tipping was an unwritten rule to ensure services were rendered satisfactorily. Typical of second-world countries, ‘greasing palms’ and hard-nosed bargaining were considered perfectly normal practices in buying/selling transactions. Other ruses and trickery, including blatant theft, were also employed to relieve the unwary tourist of their money. We were to discover some of the methods used during our stay: not necessarily to our cost, but we had to be on our guard and try to beat them at their own game.

Although idyllic in its surroundings, the resort had its limitations. Many of the hotel’s facilities revolved around the younger, active and sun worshipping set. Opportunities for beach volleyball; snorkelling; deep sea fishing; small craft sailing, and other athletic pursuits such as tennis were available (some at an extra cost) to guests. However, older, less agile visitors had to be content in relaxing either on the beach or around the swimming pool. Thus set in one of the bugbears of such a vacation – boredom. None of our immediate

party, myself included, was inspired to spend hours on end baking in the tropical sun or participating in a sport activity. Even with copious amounts of suntan lotion applied, the ferocity of the solar rays made it both unbearable and dangerous to remain exposed for more than ten minutes at a time. Worse still was lounging around the swimming pool, as the sun reflecting off the water intensified the risk of sunburn or sunstroke.

Shirley, Monica, Norris and I made the rounds of the resort's estate, taking photos of posed situations under swaying palm trees on silver sandy beaches bordering on turquoise lagoons. On one outing we sauntered along a trail and stopped to watch some natives, who appeared to be performing a kind of ritual in the shallow water. Soon other Fijians arrived and, before long, they started to pester us for money saying that the ritual was put on not just for show but any onlookers were required to pay for the privileged of witnessing it. Sensing that this was something of a scam, we refused and continued walking along the trail. Any old trick in the book.

The grounds having been explored, we wondered what else was there to occupy ourselves. Fortunately, Shirley and Norris had brought their travelling cribbage board and playing cards with them. At home, we often met as a foursome and played cribbage and other card games such as euchre. So, some of the boredom was relieved through this activity. Now, to help things along we decided to imbibe in some alcoholic beverages. A small shop on the premises was able to satisfy our request for a bottle of rum; the price of which was fairly cheap. However, when we ordered the Coca-Cola mix, we were told that carbonated drinks were available only in quantities of a dozen bottles – take it or leave it. Furthermore there was no refund on any unused bottles. We reluctantly bought the case of one dozen bottles (more expensive than the rum). This was just another wrinkle that rankled.

The evening provided something of a cultural diversion as we were hosted to a traditional Fijian *meke*, a feast similar to the Hawaiian *luau*. Natives wearing colourful ankle-length *sarongs* set to the underground oven with spades and unearthed the slowly cooked meat. We then ate the delicacy with various local vegetables and other accompaniments to the strains of traditional music played by a small combo.

As the evening wore on, other aspects of Fijian culture were demonstrated to the guests. The highlight and *finale* of the entertainment was a mock attack by tribal warriors. These natives were dressed in long skirts made of grasses and other leaves, and their faces and bare chests were covered in war paint. Each warrior brandished a lethal spear over two metres long and, as the action began, there was much chanting and aggressive posturing. Finally there was the frenzied frontal attack that stopped just short of the first row of terrified guests.

Another sideshow was demonstrating the ritual of tribal elders drinking *kava*, a native jungle juice, and its importance as a welcoming gesture of hospitality. The murky liquid was passed around to all who were involved in the ceremony and sipped out of a crude bowl made from a half coconut shell (called a *bilo*). At the time this seemed to be an innocent situation. However, there were significant repercussions to me as it appeared the liquid was contaminated and, at the end of our stay in Fiji, I was struck with acute diarrhoea. This condition persisted for the remainder of the vacation and, as we were on the move, I was constantly looking for a toilet (washroom).

One of the ways to ward off the confinement of the resort was to travel on the local bus to Sigatoka, the nearest community of any size. If the rattletrap condition of the resort's Mercedes coach was scary, then the state of the local bus – euphemistically operated by Paradise Transport Ltd. – was positively petrifying. One wondered how the vehicle survived all the abuse given it by the driver and passengers. Arriving at the terminus in Sigatoka, we all piled off; Shirley, Norris, Monica and I eagerly seeking any shelter as the bus was not air conditioned and all the windows were open allowing the stifling air to permeate. Even at mid-morning, both the temperature and humidity were at elevated levels.

Near the bus terminus was the local market where vendors – usually ethnic Indians – sold their wares from rickety stalls. Fortunately we weren't pestered and made our way through the bazaar to what purported as being the main street lined with conventional shops. The sight of us as gullible tourists brought out the shopkeepers – again mainly ethnic South Asians – and the harassment began. All kinds of incentives were used and, when I admired a particular wrist watch, I was regaled with promises of a good deal. Not long after our exploration began it was obvious that the extreme heat and humidity was taking its toll on Shirley. So as soon as we could, we returned to the resort and sought air condition comfort as well as lots of liquids.

The final day of our stay in Fiji was spent mainly playing cards in our cool rooms; although there was some time spent poolside. By this time we had run out of rum but still had several bottles of (nonrefundable) Coca Cola. To prevent anyone else profiting from the unopened bottles, we decided to pour the contents down the toilet. Then we packed our luggage in readiness for the flight to Hawaii.

Leaving Fiji necessitated applying for an exit visa. A fairly simple paperwork exercise although in my case there was a mix up somewhere and, at the airport departure lounge, I was denied entry through the security section. It took some effort to remedy the situation, but eventually my documents satisfied the authorities and we were able to congregate and wait for the Air New Zealand flight to Honolulu. All this happened in the early hours of the morning, and it wasn't until about two o'clock before we were airborne and heading east across the International Dateline where we were each presented with an official airline certificate of authentication and gained one day.

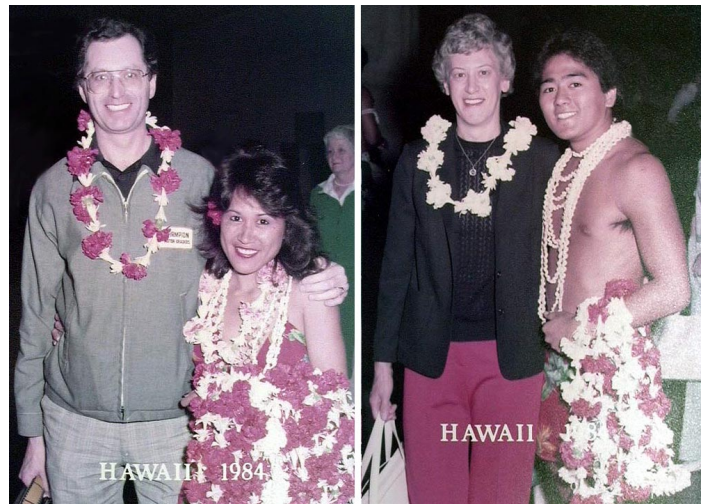
Throughout the departure procedure and the flight I was aware of my acute diarrhoea problem. My frequent visits to the aircraft toilet must have seemed strange to those passengers seated nearby, but when needs must there was no alternative. The stopover in Hawaii was to clear U.S. Customs and obviate any backlog at Los Angeles Airport which was still being upgraded for the 1984 summer Olympic Games. In due course we boarded a chartered bus to take us to a local hotel for a sleepover and then returned us to the airport next morning for our connection with the Toronto flight. No other incidents occurred and, in Kitchener, we bade farewell to our travelling companions before completing the journey home to Goderich.

The rest of the year 1984

After arriving home, it was apparent that my diarrhoea problem wasn't going away; although it wasn't getting any worse. I reported it to my family doctor and then had to provide a sample for a laboratory analysis. The diagnosis was that I was infected with *Shigellosis*, also known as bacillary



Certificate of Authentication – Crossing the Dateline, Mid-Pacific Ocean, March, 1984.



Barry and Monica Arrive in Honolulu and Receive their Traditional 'Lei', Hawaii, March, 1984.



Monica Relaxes in the New Lounge Furniture Layout, Goderich, Ontario, April, 1984.



Barry Relaxes with his New Hi-Fi Sound System, Goderich, Ontario, April, 1984.



Monica and her Parents at Woodside National Historic Park, Kitchener, Ontario, June, 1984.



Old Streetcars at the Halton County Radial Railway Museum, Campbellville, Ontario, June, 1984.



Bellevue House National Historic Park, a Restored 1840s Mansion, Kingston, Ontario, July, 1984.



One of the Vessels in the Cavalcade of 'Tall Ships', Kingston, Ontario, July, 1984.



Participants Wear Authentic Costumes for "Loyalist Days", Prescott, Ontario, July, 1984.



Enemy Troops Approach Fort Wellington to Start a Mock Battle, Prescott, Ontario, July, 1984.



Enemy Troops are Engaged Outside Fort Wellington in the Mock Battle, Prescott, Ontario, July, 1984.



Troop Strategic Movements Outside Fort Wellington in the Mock Battle, Prescott, Ontario, July, 1984.

dysentery or Marlow Syndrome, caused by bacteria of the genus *Shigella*. To all intents and purposes the bacteria was probably lurking in the Fijian *kava* juice. In time, the condition gradually faded until I was finally clear of the infection.

I had been contemplating upgrading my sound system as the Quadraphonic equipment was now ten or more years old, and the hodgepodge assembly of Panasonic turntable; York radio amplifier, and Radio Shack cassette tape player was crying out to be replaced. In an effort to standardize, I elected to buy a new sound system from a single product company. A logical source in town was “Rivett’s TV”, the store where I had bought the Panasonic turntable. Mike Rivett convinced me to buy the latest Panasonic radio amplifier, cassette tape player and linear tracking, direct-drive turntable. However, a sound system is only as good as the loudspeakers. Mike demonstrated several different products in his special audio chamber (completely in darkness – a kind of blind test), and I was sold on the Energy 22 model made in Ottawa, Canada.

At the same time as changing the sound system, we upgraded our lounge furniture. The new hi-fi units were housed in a specially designed cabinet. Removing the four old Quadraphonic loudspeakers and an occasional table meant we could use the vacated space for a recently purchased contemporary styled leather easy chair with matching ottoman. Further rearrangement of strategic lighting gave the lounge a ‘new look’.

Returning from a hot tropical vacation to cooler temperate climates meant some adjustment, but now that the Canadian spring was on the horizon, it was opportune to make a few mini-trips in and around southwestern Ontario. Some of the destinations were new to us; such as Long Point Provincial Park on the north shore of Lake Erie. Also the tobacco belt around Tillsonburg and Delhi – where the characteristic tobacco drying barns were a standard feature along the highway – and a swing through Sarnia’s “Chemical Valley”. Near the end of April, we were informed that Adrian Paul, the second child of our English friends David and Susan Cross, was christened on the 22nd and that we could now number him among our godchildren.

As the spring progressed, we were pleased that Monica’s parents visited us in June for what turned out as an enjoyable three weeks. We were to be blessed with sunny conditions, which prompted us to drive out of town on several occasions. The annual sailpast at nearby Bayfield attracted a good crowd as we watched the procession of colourfully decorated sailing boats leave the marina and harbour. Later in the month we all went to Kitchener to visit Woodside National Historic Park – the boyhood home of Canada’s tenth prime minister, William Lyon Mackenzie King. A more unusual tourist attraction was the Halton County Radial Railway Museum near Campbellville. This open air museum houses a collection of antique streetcar and early electrical railway rolling stock that has been preserved by enthusiasts. Many of the trams are functional and run through the Halton Hills and bush on a closed loop track. Fully restored carriages can be entered for a close inspection of the intricate wood panelling, iron fittings and assorted brasswork.

My work at Champion continued unabated. In early July, a major re-jigging of the product introduced the Series II range of machines and with it the requirement for new technical manuals and other product support communications. The biggest changes included the new standard electronically controlled 8400 transmission (replacing the three older transmission options); using only Cummins engines, and expanding the model range to include seven basic machines – including the new 710 and 780. The 8400 transmission

became so successful it remained in production for twenty years. Some of the advancements in engineering was due to the introduction of computer-aided design (CAD) equipment. In August, a trial system, called AutoCAD, made by the software developers AutoDesk was evaluated.

Technical publications for Champion machines sold overseas were available in different languages, and I was heavily involved coordinating the translation process. Over the years we used several professional translation agencies, consultants and even the resources of Champion's dealers in foreign speaking countries. One prime supplier was in Montréal and it was determined that I should visit this company.

Monica and I wanted some time off and we heard that the cavalcade of 'Tall Ships' was happening in the city of Kingston in Eastern Ontario. Since Kingston is on the way to Montréal, I was able to combine a four day mini-vacation with the business trip. However Ray, my supervisor, expected that any expenses claimed would be covered only from Kingston to Montréal and return to Kingston; the rest of the journey was on my dime. The visit to Kingston included a tour of Bellvue House National Historic Park. This mansion, built in the style of a Tuscan villa, had been fully restored to the 1840 period of time and included personal items of John A. Macdonald, who became Canada's first prime minister. Downtown at the waterfront crowds gathered to look at the fleet of 'Tall Ships', decorated with colourful bunting, under ideal weather conditions. It really was a beautiful sight and an opportunity to get up close to these nautical wonders.

We continued to Prescott and encountered a pleasant surprise at Fort Wellington National Historic Park. The fort was constructed in 1812 as a defence against American aggression. Unbeknown to us, an event called "Loyalist Days" was taking place. An encampment of dozens of pioneer enthusiasts and colonial soldiers of different regiments, all dressed in period costumes and uniforms, was scattered on the grounds of the fort. We could see some spectator bleachers and a crowd of onlookers. Then we heard the beating of military drums and a line of troops started to appear over the crest of an escarpment in front of the St. Lawrence River. A signal cannon boomed from the fort's ramparts and small companies of soldiers began to form up in front of the advancing enemy. From then on the air shook with the crackle of musket fire and a smoke haze drifted over the battlefield. Orders were barked and drum rolls sounded as the troops manoeuvred, both sides trying to gain a tactical advantage. Small artillery came into play and casualties mounted. In the end, the attacking force was repelled and the victorious army paraded in a long line for the *feu de joie* where, consecutively, all the muskets were fired into the air.

Montréal hadn't changed and so it was easy to find our way to the hotel in Longueuil not far from our old apartment building. We spent time in the Old Montréal quarter and absorbed the atmosphere indicative of the ancient cobbled streets, steep roofed stone houses and landmark buildings such as the church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours. We also made an arrangement with Agnes, the wife of my old work colleague Jimmy Elder, for her to spend time with Monica when I was away at my business meeting.

Finding the translation agency wasn't hard, and I was introduced to the principal translator and owner, Renate Reinhardt – a native German – who was multilingual. She also had a colleague and, between the two, they were able to satisfy our requirements in both French and Spanish. After lunch, we concluded our business and I returned to the hotel to reacquaint with Agnes before Monica and I returned to Goderich.



Horsedrawn Calèches Wait to Give Tourist Rides in the Old Section of Montréal, Québec, July, 1984.



Tomahawk Throwing Competition at the "Trappers' Rendezvous", Doon, Ontario, August, 1984.



First Nations Dancers in Ceremonial Costume at the "Trappers' Rendezvous", Doon, Ont., August, 1984.



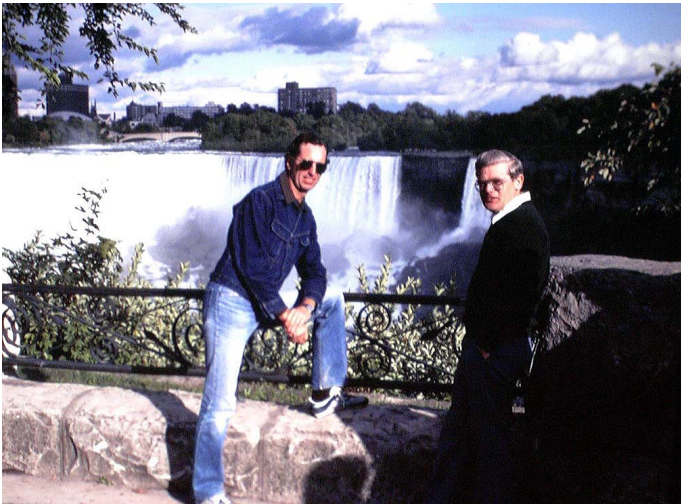
View of the Royal Navy and Military Establishment, Penetanguishene, Ontario, August, 1984.



Craftsmen Using a Steam Box to Bend Wood at the Navy Yard, Penetanguishene, Ontario, August, 1984.



Artillery Practice at the Military Establishment, Penetanguishene, Ontario, August, 1984.



Barry and Colin Overlooking the American Falls, Niagara Falls, Ontario, September, 1984.



Memorial to Sir Isaac Brock, Queenston, Niagara Peninsula, Ontario, September, 1984.



Interior of Pioneer House, Black Creek Pioneer Village, Toronto, Ontario, September, 1984.



Miller Demonstrates his Craft, Black Creek Pioneer Village, Toronto, Ontario, September, 1984.



Exterior of Casa Loma, the Castle Mansion of Sir Henry Pellatt, Toronto, Ontario, September, 1984.



Monica and Barry Relax at Home for Christmas, Goderich, Ontario, December, 1984.

There was a decisive nautical theme during this summer. It started with the Bayfield sailpast, continued with the 'Tall Ships' festival at Kingston, then there was a 'goodwill' visit of the frigate *HMCS Saguenay* to the Port of Goderich. The last time this ship had visited was in June, 1978, when she appeared through the fog shrouded harbour entrance. Once again parts of the ship were open for public tours and a recruitment centre was also set up. Later in the following month, Goderich was to host its own 'Tall Ships' celebration, and many of the schooners and square-riggers that participated at Kingston also dropped anchor here.

Before that, however, August started with a visit to the Doon Pioneer Museum where the "Trappers' Rendezvous" was being held. Similar to other historic pageants, this encampment of enthusiasts demonstrated the life and times of the frontier trapper and First Nations people. Lines of wigwams, tipis and other rudimentary shelters housed the authentically dressed participants as they went about their daily chores. Among the sports and recreation activities was the tomahawk throwing competition. A target, consisting of the section of a tree trunk set up on a tripod, was aimed at by contestants wielding sharp tomahawk axes. First Nations people were all around, most dressed in colourful traditional costumes incorporating beadwork and feathers. The sound of a drum circle encouraged other aboriginals to perform native dances and chants.

Another historic site with a maritime connection that we visited was the Royal Navy and Military Establishments in the town of Penetanguishene (known locally as Pen-e-tang). The outdoors museum, with its restored barracks and officers quarters, is all that remains of the naval base established in 1814 to defend British interests in the area. Volunteers and students dressed in period costume and uniforms recreate the way of life found on the base in the early 19th century. On hand was the restoration of a navy sloop using traditional methods. This included bending wooden staves using a steam box (adequately demonstrated). The naval base was also home to a garrison of British Army regulars, so uniformed interpreters showed how 19th century drill was performed followed by both artillery and musket volley discharges.

Professional society activity continued after the summer recess. I continued as the Chair (1984-1985) for the SAE London Division, and the group's executive embarked on an ambitious programme of lectures and plant tours. In those days before electronic mail and the power of the Internet it was surprising how well we all communicated, given the far-flung membership throughout the Division.

We received word that Colin Simco, my old friend and colleague at Rolls-Royce, was visiting Canada to train the maintenance workers at the Bruce Nuclear Power Development site near Kincardine. At the facility there are two Rolls-Royce Avon industrial gas turbine engines that are used as the backup power source when needed and also for supplementary electricity generation. As with all large pieces of equipment, the engines are inspected and maintained periodically. Colin's job was to train the service people, and this was sometimes done onsite if it was too expensive to send personnel to the Rolls-Royce service training school in England.

Colin had rented a car to travel from Toronto to Kincardine, so we gave him instructions to find us in Goderich and, after a quick tour of the town, headed off in our own car to the Niagara Peninsula. We had perfect weather for sightseeing and the first stop was the obligatory visit to Niagara Falls. After staying overnight, we continued to Queenston, along the Niagara Parkway to some of the area's wineries, then to

historic Niagara-on-the-Lake with its attractions such as the Shaw Festival Theatre and the restored Fort George – a palisaded blockhouse that saw action in the War of 1812. It was good to see Colin again and to know that he had regained employment back in England after voluntarily leaving UACL in Longueuil ten years ago back in 1974.

A week after Colin's visit we departed on a mini-trip to Toronto and spent time at the Black Creek Pioneer Village living museum: a collection of old buildings found in a typical pioneer village in rural Lower Canada (present day Ontario). Visitors were encouraged to roam the site and go into the restored buildings; some of which were occupied by staff dressed and working as homemakers or tradespeople. In one of the pioneer homes, everyday activities such as cooking over an open fire and use of the spinning wheel were demonstrated. The blacksmith's forge was in operation, and we also saw the cabinet maker at work. The dominant stone building on the site was the water-powered grist mill, and the resident miller gave us an explanation of the construction of the mill and how different flours were produced. The mini-trip finished with a visit to Casa Loma, which is the largest castle mansion in North America. Casa Loma was built for Sir Henry Pellatt, a soldier/businessman. Guides took parties of visitors through the building to see the lavish trappings of the Great Hall and Formal Room, as well as the turrets and towers by way of spiral stairs. It was similar to our visit to *Schloss Neuschwanstein* in Bavaria and, in later years, when we toured *Sans Souci*, the castle in California built for newspaper magnate, Randolph Hurst.

As the year drew to a close and outdoor activities waned somewhat we tended to stay closer to home. One exception being a fall hike in October with Nick and Liz Avery at Bannister Lake Conservation Area near Cambridge. These trails were new to all of us, but we have never returned there.

The advances in computer technology at work was certainly helping us perform our jobs and improving quality. For example, now that the service training videotapes were available, our illustrators were able to use them to capture 'stills' on a monitor and trace the image. The tracings were then improved upon for pasting onto layout sheets. Another method was tracing from an electronic print out, but this was not as efficient and soon abandoned.

One day, my colleague, Greg Pillon, surprised us with a new type of personal computer (PC). He had bought one of the new, revolutionary Apple Macintosh (Mac) consoles. Its simplicity, portability and versatility amazed us when Greg brought it into the office for a demonstration. Certainly we hadn't seen anything like this in terms of graphics capability – as rudimentary as it was – control using a 'mouse' and data storage on mini-diskettes. The AES Superplus IV word processor looked like a 'dinosaur' alongside the Mac, and the AES's operating system, reliance on codes for special characters, and the ungainly five-inch floppy discs were ancient in technological terms. I was immediately impressed with the Mac and wondered at the time if it would fit into my hobby business. There were some drawbacks to the Mac such as limited RAM and ROM (computer storage and operating memories), and the high purchase price. So I was content to put the idea on the back burner for later consideration.

Greg was, himself, extremely excited with the Mac, and his wife, Celia, was becoming proficient on it and creating documents used by the special interest group, Canadian Parents for French. Greg, in turn,

decided that reproduction of the documents could be done in the department's print room. What Greg failed to do was to seek his supervisor's permission to do this. Ray was significantly upset when he discovered Greg in the act of 'unofficially' copying, exclaiming, "More French shit!" Greg then verbally cursed Ray which didn't improve the situation and Ray called Greg into his office for a dressing down, saying, "I didn't like that. You come in here!", and there was an almighty row between the two men. When it was over and the dust settled, I was of the opinion that Greg had shot his bolt and Ray would instigate disciplinary proceedings. However, that never happened, but both men were extremely wary of each other for a long time.

Throughout the year, Ray's occasional outbursts also affected others in the department. Bill Barlow was often chastised for minor offences and Bernie Gagné's outspoken personality was considered by Ray as "Too loud." On one occasion I came under fire due to circumstances beyond my control. During the spring, summer and fall, I had taken to commuting by bicycle. Along with others, the bicycle was parked outside the factory where it was exposed to the elements. One day there was a thunderstorm with heavy rain; so to protect the bike I retrieved it and brought it inside the building. Whereupon I was immediately challenged by the works general manager, Dave Smith. "Take that thing out of here. If one does it, everyone will want to do it!" So I stored it temporarily upstairs in the office. Then, despite my protestations, Ray said to me, "You will please take the bicycle outside." I just couldn't win against management.

The days were becoming shorter. I had had my 39th birthday, and preparations for Christmas were in the air. Once more, with no definite plans to travel anywhere, we stayed at home and celebrated both Yuletide and New Year's in Goderich.

1985 – another year of travel

Not a great deal of outstanding activity happened in the first three to four months as we weathered a typical Canadian winter. On one occasion in February, we teamed up with our next door neighbours and attended a fancy dress dance at the Canadian-European Club held in the arena of the nearby village of Blyth. Our neighbours, Warren (Wernher) and Doris Haefele, were German immigrants and we got to know them well. Our contribution to the array of different fancy dress costumes was to appear wearing tropical attire bought in Hawaii. The lightweight clothes were totally unsuitable for the subzero weather at the time. So we made sure to put on our sturdy winter outer garments; Monica wrapping herself up in a long coat over the traditional Hawaiian *muumuu* she wore underneath.

Spring arrived on time and that meant we started to travel out of town. We spent a weekend in the concrete jungle of Toronto, where one of the more unusual places to explore was "Honest Ed's", the cut-price department store owned by businessman Ed Mirvish at the corner of Bloor and Bathurst Streets. By direct contrast, we enjoyed the sights of nature waking up in the countryside. One outing was spent hiking the trails of Naftel's Creek Conservation Area where there was a profusion of wild daffodils and early trilliums.

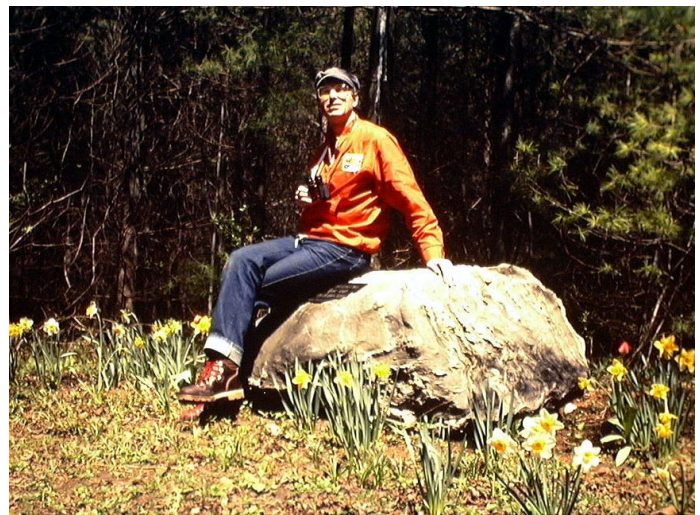
There was also some excitement in the air as I took delivery of a new car. The 1982 Pontiac Phoenix had served me well, but the older styling and technology was now outmoded and the emergence of new Pontiac models, such as the Grand Am, enticed me into placing a custom order/trade-in with McGee Motors. Care-



1985 Model Pontiac Grand Am LE Coupé. A Brand New Model for 1985, the Grand Am was Powered by a 2.5 litre Inline 4-cylinder Engine Coupled to a Manual Five-speed Transaxle and Front Wheel Drive. This was the First Time I had Ordered a Car with Two-tone Paint – Silver/Black, but the only Optional Extra Feature was the Removable Sunroof Panel. The Instrumentation Displays were in both Analog and Digital Formats. Photograph Taken Outside the Huron County Historic Gaol, Goderich, Ontario, in May, 1985.



Taking Delivery of the New 1985 Pontiac Grand Am, McGee Motors, Goderich, Ontario, April, 1985.



Barry Resting on the John Hindmarsh Dedication Rock, Naftel's Creek C. A., Ontario, April, 1985.

ful consideration was made as I had to make a few adjustments. Although the basic configuration of two-door, front wheel drive and manual transmission was satisfied, I was obliged to scale back to a 2.5 litre four-cylinder electronic fuel injection engine. The optional 3.0 litre V6 engine was available with automatic transmission only. However, the bonus was a new five-speed transaxle with overdrive capabilities, which meant an improved fuel economy to that delivered by the old Phoenix four-speed transmission. Other changes were made to the instrumentation; now a combination of analog and digital displays. The Driver Information Centre included several refinements including fuel management – a feature of which was the low fuel level warning light. Later in the year, this warning light was to prove itself as a boon and a curse.

England in the spring

We had envisaged a three week spring vacation in England and made plans to fly to London's Heathrow Airport. As usual, we split the holiday to stay with my parents in Hatfield and with Monica's parents in Coventry. Using Hatfield as a base, we made day trips to a few picturesque cities such as Cambridge where we admired the immaculate quadrangles and ancient stone edifices of Caius; Corpus Christi; King's; St. John's and St. Magdalene colleges. The River Cam, of course, was popular with punters as they propelled their way along using rhythmic actions with the punt's pole.

My parents lived in the newer part of Hatfield, but not far from the ancient market town centre where the community was dominated by the lofty Jacobean towers of Hatfield House – the stately home of the Cecil family. An earlier part of the house (the Old Palace) was at one time occupied by Queen Elizabeth Ist during her childhood. Parts of the house are open to the public and so Mum, Monica and I toured the ornate rooms, including the celebrated Long Gallery, and admired many of the treasures such as the Ermine Portrait of Queen Elizabeth Ist. Outside were the remnants of the Old Palace with its courtyard and extensive manicured grounds surrounding the E-shaped later house. Monica and I then spent the evening reuniting with my old friends, Philip and Michael, and we spun some yarns over a few ales at the “Camden Head” pub in Camden Passage, Islington.

Other excursions in the immediate area took on a visit to St. Albans Cathedral with its Roman roots and site of England's first martyred saint, as well as a country walk in Ashfield Woods. Dad also thought it was worthwhile going to the small aeronautical museum at Salisbury Hall, London Colney, where the Second World War de Havilland Mosquito light bomber was developed, and where the prototype ‘Wooden Wonder’ was on display.

By the time we were at the beginning of our second week the weather had improved considerably. This lent itself for more journeys in the vicinity, which included a trip to Eton and Windsor. There was much evidence of the famed public school in the presence of students wearing their traditional clothes with starched collars. We saw the school building and the famous playing fields and then, across the River Thames, the enormous bulk of Windsor Castle. Public access was restricted to certain areas, but we had a clear view of the Royal Apartments and other outbuildings and, at one point, we witnessed the Changing of the Guard ceremony that satisfied one of the major tourist attractions.

To round out the sightseeing while visiting my parents, we travelled to more of England's famous 'houses of learning' and spent a day exploring the ancient colleges of Oxford. It was interesting walking in the quiet areas behind the various campuses (known as the 'Backs') and through the hallowed cloisters and quadrangles of Merton College and Christ Church College. The mellowed Cotswold stone and ornate Gothic details featured well in the spring sunlight.

The late May spring weather continued sunny as we travelled to Coventry for the second half of our vacation. While staying with Monica's parents there were opportunities to visit or receive friends. Also to admire the countryside on a day's excursion through the picturesque Cotswold Hills where, after a pub lunch, we stopped at villages with unusual sounding names such as at Stow-on-the-Wold; Upper Slaughter; Lower Slaughter and Upper Swell: each with its own individual charm.

Of our close friends, the first we visited were Jean and Barrie Smallman with their children, Christopher and Claire, who lived in Ravenshead near Mansfield, Nottinghamshire. They had recently remodelled their extensive house and lived a comfortable middle class life. Certainly Claire was bringing joy back to them after losing their first daughter, Helen, to a brain tumour. Helen was only five years old.

Another newcomer to us was David and Susan Cross' second son, Adrian Paul, who had been born since our last visit, and had become our godson at his christening on April 22nd, 1984. His older brother, Anthony James, was now over three and a half years old and quite boisterous. Still we had a great evening, with Dave and I sharing a few pints and recollections at one of our old favourite pubs, the "Three Horseshoes", in the nearby village of Princethorpe.

Last, but not least, was our expected visit to Roger, Susan, Stephen and Lindsey at their Allesley home. Both children were growing rapidly and showing promise at school as well as earning a number of proficiency badges in swimming. Roger had inherited his late neighbour's half of their 16th century cottage and was in the process of incorporating it into his own property. The situation at Roger's workplace was still uncertain. Industrial action, rumours of a merger, management changes and government contract cutbacks were taking their toll. Undaunted though, Roger and family were planning an autumn holiday in Devon. Another delightful visit under our belts.

The rest of the time before we returned home was spent in Monica's parents' company and a few side trips into Coventry to see the changes to the city. My old apartment building, John Fox House, was gradually becoming derelict as more tenants moved out and the flats boarded up. Viewing the block on a grey day merely amplified the sad appearance of the building. Obviously I had lived in it during its zenith.

After we returned home

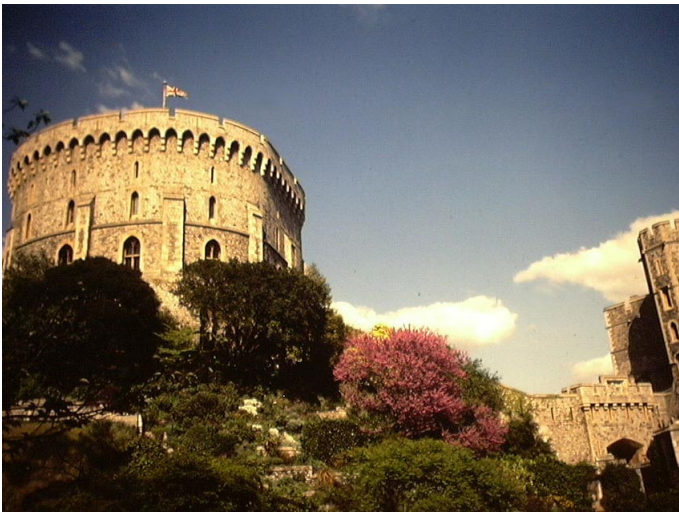
At work, more promising activity to keep Champion competitive was happening. Following the successful trial evaluation of the AutoCAD computer-aided design (CAD) system in August, 1984, a complete network of equipment was purchased and installed in the General Engineering Department. This system proved invaluable as information technology (IT) gained importance company-wide. At



Punting, a Favourite Pastime on the River Cam that Flows through Cambridge, England, May, 1985.



The Elegant Jacobean Façade of Hatfield House, Hatfield, England, May, 1985.



The Trademark Round Keep of Windsor Castle, Windsor, England, May, 1985.



Exploring the 'Backs' Behind the College Campuses of Oxford, England, May, 1985.



Stone Houses and Barn in the Cotswold Village of Upper Slaughter, England, May, 1985.



Barrie, Claire, Chris, Jean Smallman with Monica, Ravenshead, Mansfield, England, June, 1985.



Monica, Adrian Paul and Barry when Visiting David and Susan Cross, Wolston, England, June, 1985.



At Home with Roger, Lindsey, Susan and Stephen Moore, Allesley Village, England, June, 1985.



Lancaster Renovations, Mt. Hope Airport, Hamilton, Ontario, July, 1985.



Exterior of Dundurn Castle, Hamilton, Ontario, July, 1985.



Exterior of the Joseph Schneider Haus (House), Kitchener, Ontario, July, 1985.



Hot Air Balloons, Harris Park, London, Ontario, August, 1985.

the same time, certain efficiencies were being realised as Champion's RND division was overhauled. The old RND trailer at the Victoria Street site was deemed to be surplus. Knowing this, I suggested to Ray that it would be nice if the trailer was transported and placed next to the Gearco satellite building. The trailer would then house the Technical Publications Department and we would all benefit from an improved working environment.

Unbelievably, this suggestion was taken up by Ray and plans were put into place to pour concrete piles for supporting the trailer, plus mains water and electrical services. The day came when the trailer was hauled separately in two halves behind a contractor's truck and moved across town. The two halves were joined together and secured on the concrete piles. New roof felt was installed and the water and electricity utilities connected. Ray was pleased with the progress, but the exterior of the structure was shabby. In Ray's own words, "It sucks!" So a high pressure water jet was sprayed over the entire trailer to remove the detritus. Finally we moved into our new home and said goodbye to the dusty mezzanine floor.

However, our new home didn't prevent personnel movement and, once again, our veteran technical illustrator, Bill Barlow, left for greener pastures. He had seen a job opening advertised for an all-round graphics person at Atlantis Aerospace, a 'sunrise' company specialising in designing and manufacturing flight simulators. The company was based in the Toronto suburb of Woodbridge, and Bill would be in charge of graphic design and videotape work in the Marketing Department. This was a significant promotion and, since Bill wasn't happy where he was with no future prospects, he jumped at the opportunity.

SAE activities took a pause during the summer months. However, as I had been re-elected as the London Division Chair (1984-1985), I was still heavily involved in the running of the group. To satisfy the various engineering disciplines, the group's executive established an annual programme of events for aerospace, off-highway, truck and bus and student ventures. The aerospace event in 1985 was a presentation about the history of the Canadian hovercraft industry and featured my old boss, John Timbrell, who had joined Bell Aerospace as managing director.

The fine weather in July encouraged us to make a couple of excursions. The first was to visit Mount Hope Airport just outside Hamilton, Ontario. The air show arranged by the Canadian Warplane Heritage (CWH) included a number of restored Second World War combat and training aircraft. For us, one of the main attractions at the CWH museum was to see the progress being made on the restoration of the Avro Lancaster bomber that was donated in 1979 by the Sully Foundation of Goderich. The airplane refurbishment was well advanced, but the museum was still awaiting the four Rolls-Royce Merlin engines, so any plans for airworthiness trials were a long way ahead in the future. After the show, we drove into Hamilton to visit Dundurn Castle, the stately home of politician Sir Allan Napier McNab, with its restored rooms of early Victorian splendour.

On the same weekend we fulfilled an old desire and travelled to Kitchener to visit the living museum, Joseph Schneider Haus (House), which we had wanted to explore for some time. Kitchener and the surrounding area was settled by a large number of German-speaking immigrants and, at one time the community was called Berlin. One of the oldest and most prominent families was that of Joseph Schneider. He built

a large house on his property and it has been preserved to show the way of life of these pioneers. Interpretive staff, dressed in traditional clothes of the era, showed visitors around the house with its sparse but practical furniture and household items used by the family, which included making a continuous strand on the spinning wheel. We had seen this demonstration many times in other pioneer homes, but this time Monica was given the opportunity to work the spinning wheel herself. The method was not as easy as it first appeared. Trying to coordinate the continuous treadle motion with one foot and manipulating the wool yarn took a great deal of practice and concentration.

Back in 1973, Monica and I had a date at a hot air balloon rally on the grounds of Stanford Hall, a stately home near Rugby, England. So when we learned about a similar rally happening in London, Ontario, we drove to the launch site at Harris Park. The scene was familiar with hundreds of spectators surrounding the colourful balloons that were in various stages of inflation. In the sunny evening, groups of balloons lifted off to the delight of the audience. As always such a sight to us brings back memories of our early date.

The American Midwest in the fall

We had set our sights on the American Midwest for a fall vacation. After working out a route, we left for our first destination of Joliet, Illinois, at the end of August. It was plain sailing through the Sarnia/Port Huron border crossing and on Interstate highway I-94 through Michigan, Indiana and Illinois to the south side of Chicago. Darkness was falling by the time we joined Interstate highway I-80 and I noticed we were running low on fuel. This situation was made even more obvious as the low fuel level warning light – part of the Grand Am's Driver Information Centre instrumentation – started to blink. As the fuel level reduced further, the red light blinked more rapidly and it started to wear on me psychologically. We were now in a precarious position as, in the darkness, I couldn't see any filling stations from the freeway. I was now getting panicky and in desperation turned off at the next intersection hoping to find something in the immediate neighbourhood.

The predominantly poor section of the south side of Chicago isn't the most ideal place to break down or get lost. I eventually saw an illuminated sign for fuel and a convenience store. Stopping alongside the pumps I was wary of my surroundings and made sure the car doors were locked when I started filling. Even this wasn't straight forward as I was obliged to pay in advance at a barred and shuttered kiosk. That done I then filled the requisite amount and beat a hasty retreat back onto the Interstate highway until we reached the motel. A lesson was learned to keep the tank filled as much as possible at all times.

The next day was spent retracing our 1978 journey along Interstate highway I-80, eventually crossing the Mississippi River into Iowa with its 'corn belt' stretching as far as the eye could see. Then we reached the mighty Missouri River and stayed overnight in Omaha, Nebraska. We started to cross the flat prairie and stopped at Fort Kearney State Historic Site to visit the museum there. Among the exhibits were an early settler's cabin with sod roof; traditional pioneer covered wagon, and several other similar artifacts. Further west at the community of Gothenburg there was a reproduction of one of the Pony Express relay stations, together with a cairn commemorating the unique postal service that served the early western frontier.