

At North Platte, the principal attraction for visitors was the Buffalo Bill Ranch State Historical Park. William (“Buffalo Bill”) Cody’s ornate ranch house contained several rooms filled with the showman’s memorabilia. The outbuildings, including a huge barn, also had displays of the world famous “Wild West” show and the history of the near-extinction of the buffalo (bison) herds during the construction of the trans-continental railway. The museum introduced us to the rugged nature of opening up the American western frontier, and this was further exemplified in the town of Ogallala with its boomtown false fronted buildings and the nearby cemetery known as Boot Hill. At Ogallala, cattle herded up the Texas Trail by cowboys were shipped on the railway to the Chicago Union Stockyards and other abattoirs in the U.S. eastern states.

We then left Interstate highway I-80 and followed the scenic road that paralleled the North Platte River. The road also followed the famed Oregon Trail that traversed through the rugged country of the Nebraska panhandle. The trail was recognised by a stone marker in Ash Hollow State Park, and the park’s visitors centre also exhibited pioneer artifacts similar to those at Fort Kearney. Cultivated prairies and cattle pastures now gave way to a treeless landscape of scrub and semi-desert. In places, the featureless vista was punctuated by huge buttes and mesas whose fantastic wind-eroded shapes gave them equally inventive names such as Courthouse Rock, Jail Rock and Chimney Rock. These rocky columns could be seen from a great distance and were likely used as landmarks by the nomadic First Nations people and the waves of settlers heading along the Oregon Trail. Near the town of Scottsbluff, another monolith was designated the Scotts Bluff National Monument, complete with further homage to the westward travellers in the form of a replica covered wagon and the larger version called a prairie schooner.

It was now time to turn our sights north and travel along a remote rural route towards Harrison. At a brief stop at the Agate Fossil Beds National Monument – a wilderness park – we saw wildlife and the occasional hardy flowering prickly poppy. From Harrison we headed east and, at the small community of Rushville, travelled north towards the South Dakota state line.

After crossing the border we entered the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation which contains part of the Badlands National Park. This southwest corner of South Dakota is associated with many of the conflicts between the First Nations people and the migrating settlers. One major incident was the 1890 massacre at Wounded Knee where the U.S. Cavalry virtually wiped out a band of native Indians. A commemorative plaque stands near the graves at the National Historic Site. Heading north along a minor road towards the ‘badlands’, we witnessed the Sioux Indian reservation living conditions; conscious that we were being closely scrutinised as we drove through the small communities along the way. One hamlet provided a mild surprise as among the general debris of broken down cars and tarpaper shacks was a brand new Series II Champion motor grader!

Continuing along the remote minor road we eventually reached the Badlands National Park visitors centre and park headquarters. This was at the beginning of a scenic route that, fortunately on a cloudless day, made for an interesting drive. The arid, inhospitable landscape was characterised by deep canyons of stratified rock and ranges of peaks carved into fantastic shapes by wind erosion. The treeless vistas reached for many miles until we emerged into more prairie-like surroundings and entered the small town of Wall. This community’s claim to fame is the all-American institution – Wall Drug Store. For reasons unknown,

this store has become a tourist mecca. One of the principal means of attraction was the proliferation of a 'bumper sticker' (a self-adhesive note attached to vehicle bumpers) advertising the message, *I've been to WALL DRUG*. This simple statement captured people's attention and encouraged them to visit the store out of sheer curiosity. I was equally as inquisitive and followed the herd. Of course, the store grew by leaps and bounds because of the popularity and became a significant enterprise.

Perhaps the highlight of the trip was visiting Mount Rushmore National Memorial, the world famous giant busts of four American presidents: George Washington; Thomas Jefferson; Theodore Roosevelt, and Abraham Lincoln, carved literally out of the mountainside. We left Wall and travelled along Interstate highway I-90 to Rapid City, then Mount Rushmore Road to the frontier town of Keystone with its boom-town false fronted buildings. In typical American tourist exploitation fashion, one of the old wooden buildings next to the Red Garter Saloon was called "Historic Ruby House." Evening cabaret shows featured frontier-style entertainment with *cancan* dancing girl routines in a spit-and-sawdust atmosphere reminiscent of lawless towns during the days of the Black Hills gold rush.

We spent the day at Mount Rushmore, enjoying the fantastic scenery under clear blue skies. The interpretive centre displayed information on the monument's sculptor, Gutzon Borglum; his methods using explosives and air-powered drills, and how he was able to replicate the carved heads to their correct proportions using scale models. Before leaving, we bought a souvenir that typified the area and the local indigenous people. It was a silk-screen print of a Sioux Plains Indian surrounded by elements of his life, such as buffalo tracks, a drum and a peace pipe. The print now hangs alongside the two metal etchings of Haida Coastal Indian art bought in Vancouver.

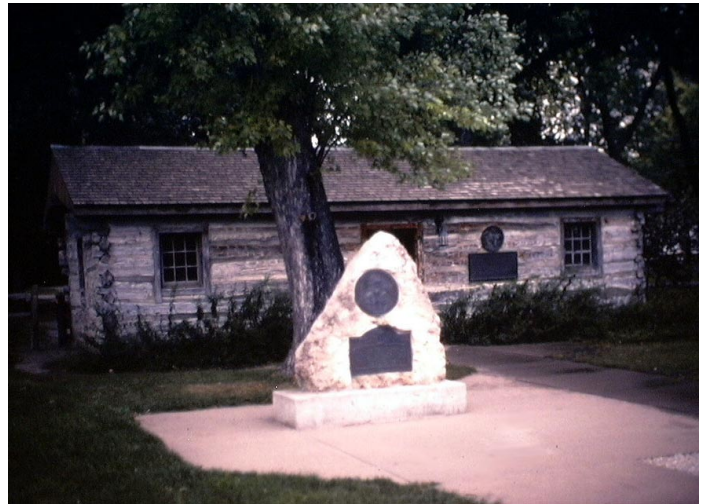
The Black Hills of South Dakota are certainly picturesque. The Black Hills National Forest, which includes Custer State Park, is traversed by roads that make the most of the scenic beauty. Various vantage points and overlooks encouraged us to stop, view and photograph the natural landscape. Wildlife abounded in Custer State Park and we saw bison (wood buffalo) and pronghorn antelopes at close quarters. A whole day was spent meandering through the forest and learning about how the area was opened up in the days of the gold rush fever. We stopped overnight in Deadwood, a community that appeared as if it were the set of a Hollywood "Wild West" movie.

We had reached as far west as we intended and now headed north towards the North Dakota state line and, eventually, Saskatchewan, Canada. We didn't have a particular destination in North Dakota, but a scenic stretch of U.S. highway No. 85 took us through more 'badlands.' Though not as arid as those in South Dakota, the striated rocks and eroded canyons were equally as fascinating. We eventually entered Canada at the Port of Estevan border crossing.

Just north of the border crossing is the coal mining city of Estevan where we elected to stay the night. Accommodation was somewhat sparse so the obvious and largest place to go was the downtown commercial hotel (possibly the Empire Hotel). Being something of a wide-open community, it wasn't surprising that the local bars were well patronized; the commercial hotel's one being no exception. The rowdiness penetrated the entire hotel and didn't subside until the early hours. That, coupled with heavy boots stomping along



Covered Wagon at Fort Kearney State Historic Site, Kearney, Nebraska, September, 1985.



Cairn and Replica of a Pony Express Relay Station, Gothenburg, Nebraska, September, 1985.



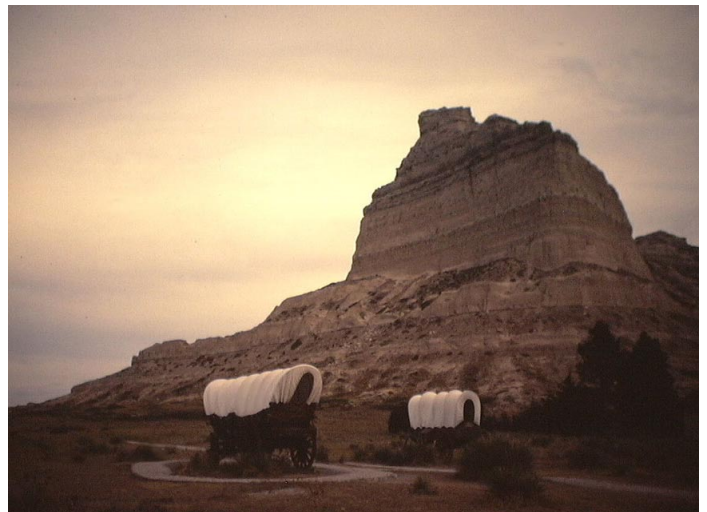
William ("Buffalo Bill") Cody's Ornate Ranch House, North Platte, Nebraska, September, 1985.



Boomtown False Fronted Buildings at Ogallala, Nebraska, September, 1985.



The Fantastic Shapes of Courthouse Rock and Jail Rock near Bridgeport, Nebraska, September, 1985.



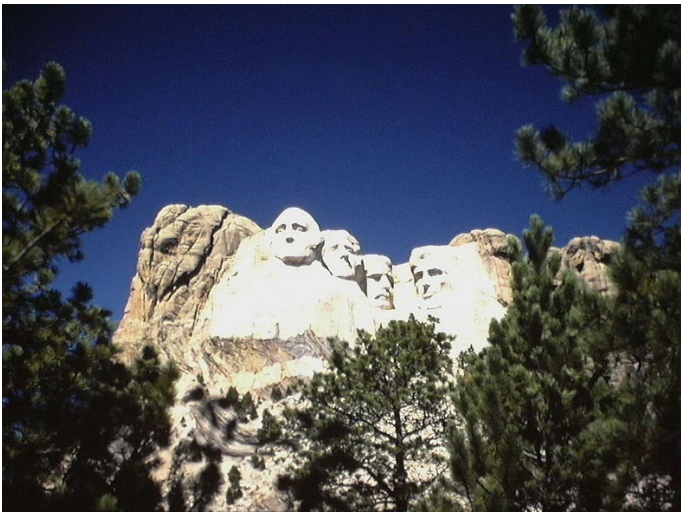
Scotts Bluff National Monument with Replicas of a Prairie Schooner and Wagon, September, 1985.



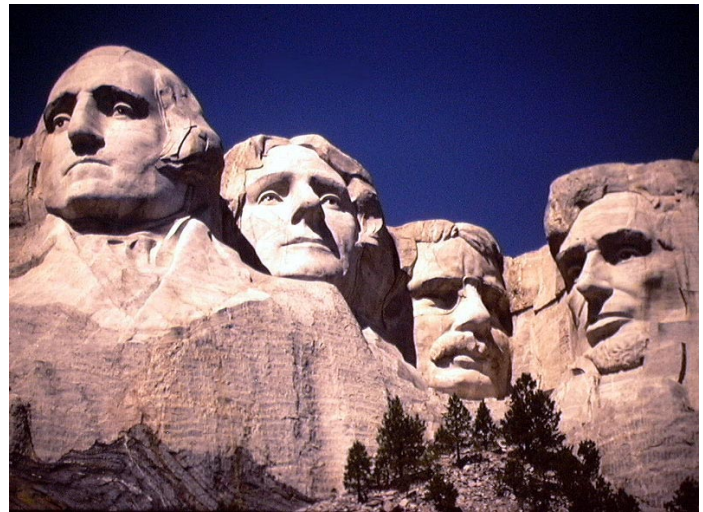
Treeless Canyons and Eroded Rocks in the Badlands of South Dakota, September, 1985.



The Tourist Attraction of Wall Drug Store in Wall, South Dakota, September, 1985.



Panorama of the Four U.S. Presidents' Heads at Mount Rushmore, South Dakota, September, 1985.



Detail of the Four U.S. Presidents' Heads at Mount Rushmore, South Dakota, September, 1985.



Bison (Wood Buffalo) Resting in Custer State Park, South Dakota, September, 1985.



Canyons, Semi-desert and Scrub in the Badlands of North Dakota, September, 1985.

uncarpeted hallways, did little to promote sleep. We were so uneasy that we wedged a chairback underneath the door handle to prevent any unwanted intrusion. In the morning, we hurried away from the area, which was bleak and smacked of a community that typically relied on mined natural resources.

Tom Eadie, a close friend, was born in the small town of Arcola, Saskatchewan. He often told us stories of his childhood on the ‘bald headed prairie’, and life in the Great Depression, or ‘Dirty Thirties’, with its hand-to-mouth existence. Arcola is just north of Estevan so we paid the town a visit to get a better flavour of the place. As is typical of the endless prairie vista, communities can be located just by seeing the grain elevators in the distance: the community name is usually painted on the side of the elevator towers. Thus we could identify Arcola and its neighbour, Carlyle, before arriving at the town limits.

Tom had also told us about nearby Cannington Manor. Cannington Manor Provincial Historic Park was established to preserve the remains of a failed transplanted Victorian English rural colony. Today, visitors can see both original and reconstructed buildings.

A brief history of Cannington Manor: ... Established in 1882 by Captain Edward Michell Pierce as an aristocratic English colony to instruct bachelor sons of wealthy families how to farm and homestead.

However, the cultural and recreational life emulated English upper class society. Thoroughbred racing, polo matches, theatrical plays, fox hunting, billiards, soccer and tennis were all enjoyed by the colony students and settlers.

When Pierce died in 1888, Cannington Manor had grown to include an Anglican church; a grist mill; the Mitre Hotel; blacksmith's shop; sawmill, and general store. More than 200 people lived there by the mid-1890s. Mainly due to the CPR railway being routed south of the village, Cannington Manor was abandoned in 1900 ...

The Saskatchewan/Manitoba provincial boundary wasn't far away and we headed east towards the town of Souris. A delightful community, its principal tourist attraction at the time was the suspension footbridge spanning the Souris River. Although not as dramatic as the Capilano Canyon equivalent in Vancouver, at 582 ft. (177 m) long and built in 1904, it claimed to be the longest swinging footbridge in Canada. So we had to experience walking both ways: ending up on rubbery legs! Since then, however, the footbridge has been washed away in devastating floods that affected parts of Manitoba in 2012. After staying overnight, we had breakfast in a café and listened to the local farmers ‘talking shop’ over their morning coffee.

We were approximately halfway through the vacation, but before heading towards Winnipeg for a two day stay, we made a side trip along a scenic route from Souris south to the North Dakota state line. At this point is Turtle Mountain Provincial Park and the renowned International Peace Garden. Opened in 1932, the 2,433 acre (985 hectare) ornamental garden, which straddles the international border, was established to promote everlasting peace between Canada and the U.S.A. A special commemorative cairn and twin tower-ing structures dominate the site, which lies midway between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans and not far from the geographical centre of North America.

The remainder of the sunny day was spent travelling across country to Winnipeg, the Manitoba provincial capital, where we expected to explore some of the attractions that we hadn't been to on previous visits to the city; the last one being August, 1980. After travelling downtown from the suburban hotel, we found ourselves in the Exchange Market district, which is largely a pedestrian precinct containing a parkette surrounded by solid commercial buildings. The different colours of pavement (sidewalk) awnings and autumnal hues of the many trees were emphasised by the bright sunlight. Not far away was the Centennial Center, a collection of cultural buildings including the Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature; a concert hall and a planetarium. The museum absorbed a lot of our time as it contained much information dealing with man's presence in the prairies, and a number of realistic dioramas showed native wildlife such as moose and wolves in their natural habitat.

The following day was overcast. However, we continued on our exploration of Winnipeg and took another look at the Manitoba Legislature. After admiring the distinctive dome and gilded statue (the Golden Boy), we ventured inside to look at the imposing foyer (lobby) with its two life-size bronze bison statues on marble plinths flanking either side of the main stairs. Not far away at the confluence of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers was the surviving stone gateway to the Hudson's Bay Company (HBC) Upper Fort Garry, one of several frontier trading outposts that occupied the site. The HBC played an important part paving the way for pioneer settlement in the western provinces.

As we continued on our way east towards the Manitoba/Ontario provincial boundary we diverted on a side trip to the town of Steinbach. This community was settled in 1874 by the first wave of Mennonite immigrants into Manitoba – arriving from Ukraine. Much of their culture has been preserved in an attraction called the Mennonite Village Museum. Among the many simple wooden buildings were a general store, a schoolhouse and a windmill. Traditional farming activities used both steam and oxen-powered machinery, and costumed guides demonstrated familiar skills such as spinning and weaving. We were surprised to see a Goderich-made organ in the reproduction living room of a typical village house.

After leaving Steinbach, we travelled on the TCH and headed through the rocky Canadian Shield towards Kenora, Dryden and Thunder Bay. Although near the end of the tourist season, the replica of the North West Company's Fort William near Thunder Bay was still open on a limited schedule. Outside the fort's palisade was the Ojibwa First Nation people's encampment. Once through the main gate, visitors could wander through the grounds and buildings of the old trading post and witness some of the craftsmen at work. A few of these activities, such as the cooper and tinsmith, we had seen before in our 1977 and 1980 visits, but new to us was watching the skills of the wheelwright. The weather deteriorated as we left Thunder Bay and, as the clouds gathered, we stopped to photograph the memorial that had been erected in honour of Terry Fox at the place where the cancer crusader had to give up his cross-country "Marathon of Hope."

The prevailing overcast conditions did nothing to enhance the beauty of the wild country north of Lake Superior. Fortunately we had seen the rugged coastline in sunny weather on previous trips in 1977 and 1980. The TCH diverged as the northern and southern routes (Hwys. 11 and 17) at Nipigon and we continued on Hwy. 17 through Terrace Bay, Marathon, White River, Wawa and eventually skirting Agawa Bay, where the maple trees was showing the first hints of autumn colours, to the city of Sault Ste. Marie.



Cannington Manor All Saints Church, Saskatchewan, September, 1985.



Swinging Footbridge over the Souris River, Souris, Manitoba, September, 1985.



International Peace Garden, Canada/U.S.A. Border, September, 1985.



Exchange Market District, Winnipeg, Manitoba, September, 1985.



Mennonite Village Museum, Steinbach, Manitoba, September, 1985.



Tinsmith, Fort William, Thunder Bay, Ontario, September, 1985.



Terry Fox Memorial Located East of Thunder Bay, Ontario, September, 1985.



"Rolph" the Porcupine, Science North Museum, Sudbury, Ontario, September, 1985.



SS Segwun, Lake Muskoka, near Gravenhurst, Ontario, September, 1985.



Norman Bethune Birthplace, Gravenhurst, Ontario, September, 1985.



Chinese Giant Pandas at the Toronto Metro Zoo, Toronto, Ontario, October, 1985.



Barry Celebrating his 40th Birthday, Goderich, Ontario, November, 1985.

The final few days of the vacation turned out to be a leisurely drive through Northern Ontario and Muskoka ‘cottage country’. The journey along Hwy. 17 from Sault Ste. Marie to Sudbury, our next stopover, took us through company towns such as Bruce Mines, Thessalon, Blind River and Massey. At Sudbury, our main point of interest was the relatively new museum called Science North. The largest museum of its kind in Northern Ontario, the primary theme was the natural history of the area in terms of geology and flora and fauna. Among the exhibits was “Rolph” the porcupine, who entertained visitors by devouring his favourite meal – fresh bananas – as the staff naturalist explained all about the animals found in the North. The museum buildings are located in the rocky terrain to show off different features, such as geological faults.

Travelling south from Sudbury, the TCH (now Hwy. 69) passes through Parry Sound to Muskoka ‘cottage country’. After a short diversion we stopped at the resort town of Gravenhurst not far from Lake Muskoka. One of the principal attractions was the paddle-steamer *SS Segwun*; last of the pleasure boats that plied the Muskoka District lake system. The *SS Segwun* also had connections with Goderich. The boat was decommissioned and became a floating museum, but the Sully Foundation financed the vessel’s rejuvenation as the two fore and aft compound system steam engines on board were designed and manufactured by the Doty Engine Works Company, Ltd. of Goderich. Short voyages were available and so we elected to take an afternoon off cruising on Lake Muskoka. The coal-burning engines made lots of smoke and, with a shrill emission, the steam whistle announced our arrival back in port.

On the final day of our vacation we visited another historic attraction in Gravenhurst. This was the Trinity United Church manse and the birthplace of Norman Bethune, a medical doctor known for his pioneering efforts in blood transfusion. Much of Bethune’s work was in the battlefields of the Spanish Civil War and the pre-Second World War conflict in China, where he died and is buried. After visiting the Norman Bethune birthplace we headed for home along Hwy. 11 to Barrie; the fast, multi-lane Hwy. 400, then across country by way of the back roads to Goderich.

Other fall activities

Back at work, the atmosphere remained the same. With little incentive for advancement, my colleague, Greg Pillon, decided to move on elsewhere. Greg had answered an advertisement for a product specialist in the Marketing Department at Atlantis Aerospace, the same ‘sunrise’ company that our technical illustrator Bill Barlow had earlier joined. This pleased Greg immensely as the job was more to his liking and in his preferred realm of expertise. One morning he breezed into the trailer, handed Ray his notice and left after saying a cheery goodbye to us all. This tactic took Ray completely by surprise; although I’m sure he was secretly relieved as the two men were often at loggerheads.

At the beginning of October we made plans to go to the Toronto Metro Zoo with our friends Nick and Liz Avery. The reason was to see the Chinese giant pandas that were guests at the zoo for a limited time. They were, therefore, a novel exhibit. Despite the overcast day, most of the animals appeared outside of their dens or cages and we enjoyed watching among other creatures: caribous, Polar bears and flamingos. Of course, the giant pandas stole the show and we were able to see them feeding on their selected bamboo shoots, and gambolling around the special enclosure.

The spectacular fall colours were now appearing and we made several short trips to admire this natural beauty. Close to home, one of the nicest trails was through the Maitland Cemetery. But we also went to the village of St. Jacobs in Waterloo County where several immaculate classic cars complemented the vintage buildings surrounded by maple trees clad in vivid red, orange and yellow hues.

In October, a start was made to upgrade the Port of Goderich. Tenders had been negotiated by the federal government and major construction activity was happening in the harbour. Part of the upgrading was to dredge the shipping channel deeper; improve the north pier; add three special mooring caissons (called dolphins) and create an additional unloading facility on the north side of the salt mine property. These upgrades were to prove beneficial in the future as there was an increase in both the salt mine's output and the frequency of freighters coming into port. We often walked down to the harbour to check on the dredging activity and the construction of the concrete dolphins.

Except for celebrating my 40th birthday, not too much happened up to our projected vacation to Florida during Christmas and New Year's. My fledgling hobby business had garnered some small jobs and these kept the books ticking over. Otherwise we carried on as normal and adjusted to the cooler weather as winter approached.

Florida at Christmas and New Year's

Our departure for Key West, the ultimate destination in Florida, was delayed by a health situation. Monica had sought medical advice and our family doctor, Dr. Cauchi, considered that it was prudent for Monica to undergo a specific physical examination. Scheduling this procedure meant we couldn't leave for Florida until Wednesday, December 18th.

The overland journey through the U.S.A. followed a similar pattern to the one we did in 1978 by proceeding south along Interstate highway I-75 and stopping at predetermined motels. After crossing the Florida state line we headed east to Jacksonville. From there we drove to St. Augustine and continued on a lesser road following the Atlantic Ocean coastline towards Daytona Beach: eventually to our destination at Titusville. Before reaching Daytona Beach we stopped at a car wash at Beverly Beach as I wanted to remove the encrustation of white road salt picked up on the journey through the snow belt. It was still cool by the oceanside and we needed to wear windbreaker jackets, but that didn't deter the number of surf fishermen on the sandy beach casting out with their extra long fishing rods.

Near Titusville, the John F. Kennedy (JFK) Space Center lured us once again. Although we had visited the JFK facility in 1978, the N.A.S.A. space shuttle launch programme, which had started in 1981, meant new attractions. Among these was the launcher crawler, a machine used to transport the space shuttle orbiter and its rocket engines to Complex 39, Pad "A" for launching. From a distance we could see the unmistakable outline of the space shuttle – in this case the ill-fated *Challenger* – in its launch position. Little did we know that on January 26th, 1986, the world would be shocked when the spacecraft exploded in midair shortly after takeoff.



Surf Fisherman Casting out at Beverly Beach, Florida, December, 1985.



Launcher Crawler Machine, John F. Kennedy Space Center, Cape Canaveral, Florida, December, 1985.



N.A.S.A. Space Shuttle "Challenger" at Complex 39, Pad "A", Cape Canaveral, Florida, December, 1985.



Worth Avenue, Palm Beach, with its Exclusive Shops, Florida, December, 1985.



Boardwalk on the Anhinga Trail, Everglades National Park, Florida, December, 1985.



An Alligator is a Common Sight in the Everglades National Park, Florida, December, 1985.

As we had explored Cape Canaveral's Merritt Island National Wildlife Refuge in 1978, we used the time to drive along the coastal road (U.S. highway No. 1) south to West Palm Beach. This community displayed a very high level of wealth as many affluent Americans lived there. In neighbouring Palm Beach, Worth Avenue, one of the richest shopping streets in the U.S.A., was lined with expensive shops built in a Mediterranean style. Brand names such as Cartier, Chanel, Gucci, Tiffany & Co. and many high-end fashion houses, for example, Brooks Brothers, were much in evidence. A stroll down this palm tree lined road through several colonnaded precincts meant rubbing shoulders with the well-heeled; and part of the scene was the constant flow of cruising exotic cars. When a block or so away we were stopped by a lady who desperately wanted directions to Worth Avenue; so having already been there we gladly obliged.

Back on the road we had to reach the next motel which was in Homestead, a small city south of Miami, and the quickest way was taking Interstate highway I-95. Knowing we were heading into a large urban area and in gathering dusk, I switched on the CB radio just to make sure there were no hold-ups ahead. This was a fortuitous move because there were ominous messages over the air related to Miami's carjacking crimes, and advice never to leave the security of the Interstate as getting hopelessly lost was guaranteed. Monica made sure that her handbag (purse) was well hidden to prevent a sudden smash and grab from opportunistic motorcyclist thieves – a favourite tactic that included a quick getaway. Interstate highway I-95 ended at the multi-lane U.S. highway No. 1 that continued to Homestead. We expected to stay at the Homestead motel for two nights as the whole of the next day was spent exploring the renowned Everglades National Park.

Although the next day turned out to be overcast and humid, we determined to make the most of visiting the park, which is well known for its fragile ecosystem and wildlife diversity. After a history of neglect and land speculation, the park became protected by law. Each year, thousands of visitors hike the park's trails to see some of the indigenous species of animals and birds. The 'River of Grass' stretched to the horizon, broken here and there by clumps of mangrove trees. The Anhinga Trail had elevated boardwalks above the wetlands where we saw our first live wild alligator. The scenic park road threaded through different landscapes, each with its own hiking trail and overlooks. The Mangrove Trail was specific to the mangrove tree swamps and groves that were rich in birdlife. Great blue herons and white egrets, plus the ubiquitous anhinga, thrived in this environment. At the end of the road was the Flamingo Ranger Station and its Florida Bay marina. Both seagulls and brown pelicans coexisted: the pelicans could be seen either standing on wooden pilings and preening themselves or skimming across the water in search of fish. We didn't stay at Flamingo very long as we were assailed by clouds of huge mosquitoes brought out by the humid weather. Additional stops on the return journey to Homestead rewarded us with more alligator sightings.

Christmas Day turned cold; somewhat unusual for Southern Florida. We now started the final phase of the journey to Key West along U.S. highway No. 1 (now the Overseas Highway). The Florida Keys is a necklace of islands starting at Key Largo and ending at Key West. The Overseas Highway connects all the islands to the mainland and is a spectacular drive; especially across the many concrete structures such as the Seven Mile Bridge, a marvel of civil engineering. The highway is being constantly upgraded or repaired as this part of Florida bears the brunt of annual hurricane impacts. There are places where the upgraded highway has taken a slightly different route, and sections of the abandoned bridges remain *in situ*. Now devoid of traffic, these truncated bridges are ideal for fishermen to cast their lines off and while their time away.

After settling down in our Key West motel, we changed into warmer clothing and decided to explore the town. One of the tourist conveniences is the continuously running Conch Tour Train, a self-propelled vehicle consisting of a tractor (disguised as an old fashioned steam locomotive) and several trailers fitted with canopies and seats for passengers. The driver gave a commentary on a P.A. system as the ballade progressed through the streets picking up and dropping off people at designated stops. First of all he emphasized that the word “conch” was pronounced as “konk”. Key West residents are colloquially known as either ‘seawater conchs’ or ‘freshwater conchs’, depending on how long they have lived on the island. He then proceeded to describe some of the landmarks *en route*, which included The Southernmost Point marker. After this brief introduction, we left the ballade and continued on foot to see some of the celebrated sites at close quarters.

The area to concentrate was the ‘old town’ or Key West Historic District: specifically Duval Street. This is where the community started, and examples of the vernacular architecture of the high peaked roof, two-and-a-half-storey, gingerbread trimmed mansions on raised piles were much in evidence. Some had been converted from homes, and “The White Elephant” restaurant with its upper and lower wraparound verandahs was pleasing to the eye. Less picturesque, although a deep-rooted part of the local character, were the shanties on some of the ‘old town’ streets. One such dilapidated structure was actually photogenic; it being the infamous “Sloppy Joe’s” bar. Sloppy Joe referred to Joe Russell, one of novelist Ernest Hemmingway’s deep-sea fishing friends. The American playwright, Tennessee Williams, was equally at home in Key West.

As it was Christmas and we had reached our ultimate destination, it was time to find a nice restaurant to celebrate. The establishment we found had a unique interior that featured aquariums set in the walls above the dining booths. The aquariums were illuminated and the restaurant’s background lighting was subdued. Since we were in a maritime environment, we elected to choose a local seafood delicacy from the menu. This turned out to be red snapper – a game fish. Together with a bottle of wine, the meal was most satisfactory. That is until we arrived back at the motel, when I felt a little queasy and regurgitated the meal. Monica wasn’t affected so it could’ve been something of an allergic reaction. Anyhow, to this day we remark that the red snapper had its revenge by ‘snapping back’.

Of course, we were obliged to retrace our steps to the mainland, and the return drive along the Overseas Highway was equally as pleasant as the outbound trip. One observation, particularly in Key Largo, was the number of osprey – or sea eagle – nests that the birds had constructed on the top of telephone poles. The ospreys knitted a collection of large sticks around the brackets in a manner similar to European stork nests built on chimney pots. We continued to Homestead for a stopover, knowing that the following day would be spent in another part of the Everglades National Park.

The next day dawned bright but still very cool, and I was glad that I had some winterweight clothes to wear. From Homestead we made our way north to U.S. highway No. 41 (also known as the Tamiami Trail), which was designated as a scenic road. Not far along was another of the official entrances into the Park and known as the Shark Valley Information Center. Apart from an administration office and small museum, there was the interpretive Shark Valley Trail that visitors could walk along or take the mini-tram (ballade) tour. We took our time to stroll along the paved trail and were able to see a multitude of different wildlife in its natural habitat. Chief among these were the different birds suitably adapted to the wetlands environment.

Species of herons such as the little night heron; the little green heron; great blue heron, and great white egret were in abundance and close to the trail. Alligators were also to be seen, but they were well camouflaged or semi-submersed and not so obvious. The Tamiami Trail paralleled the Tamiami Canal, which is part of the Park's water management system. Air boats with their large, loud pusher propeller drive and shallow draught could be seen on the wider waterways. After leaving the scenic route, the highway continued through swamps to Naples, a Gulf Coast community much loved by 'snowbird' Canadians, and we eventually took a lesser road to Fort Myers Beach. Our hotel room was on the ground floor just steps from the ocean, so it proved to be an idyllic stopover.

The next major tourist attraction was to be Walt Disney World and the new international exposition called Epcot Center. However, we were unable to reserve nearby accommodation in advance. So, as an interim stop, we stayed at a motel in Winter Haven, a city located in central Florida. Close to Winter Haven was "Cypress Gardens", a theme park that contained several elements. There was a renowned water ski show that showed off male and female athletes performing acrobatics and 'human pyramid' acts while being towed at speed by high-powered motor boats. The entire park, itself, could be seen from aerial gondolas in the "Island in the Sky" feature, and the leisurely voyage on a craft through a romanticised network of waterways with backdrops of antebellum mansions and waving 'Southern Belles' attired in crinoline dresses was part of the experience. Side shows consisted of an alligator handler who provided a fascinating insight into these animals, a whimsical performance by trained parrots, and a walk through the extensive aviary that had rare species such as roseate spoonbills and crowned cranes. In Winter Haven during the evening, we discovered "Nostalgia", a fine dining restaurant that was quite memorable.

The following day turned out to be an intensive one. We drove from Winter Haven to Kissimmee where we secured our motel room; then continued to Walt Disney World. The traffic was very busy on the route to the theme park and so by the time we arrived at the main parking lot and shuttle-bused into the attraction, a good part of the day had gone by. Fortunately the day was sunny and we made most of the time there by exploring the many features – starting with walking along "Main Street U.S.A.", a wide boulevard of mock buildings found in 'everytown'. At the end was the fabled "Magic Kingdom" castle, the multi-turret, tower and gabled fortress that's the Walt Disney trademark. It was a fascinating sight seen from any angle. The park consisted of themed 'lands' and in one of them was a reality ride that took visitors through the "20,000 Leagues under the Sea" experience. Another was the Mississippi riverboat ride, and aerial gondolas and monorail trains transported people around from one part of the park to another. We stayed to see the dusk fireworks display and marvelled at the brilliantly lit buildings as we left late in the evening.

Epcot Center is so large it took us two days to do the visit justice. Admittedly we intended to concentrate on this exposition rather than spend extra time at Walt Disney World, and we found Epcot far more appealing. Again we had excellent weather as we entered the huge geodesic sphere, "Spaceship Earth", and introduced ourselves to the concept of the exposition. Many of the separate pavilions dealt with futuristic ideas and stimulated the imagination. Reality shows took place in fantastically shaped buildings and one, which featured the virtual announcer, *Figment*, provided endless entertainment of scientific principles in a light-hearted, everyday manner. Outside there were novel attractions such as the leaping fountain (jets of water that spouted from one basin to another) and transportation on the ultramodern monorail. Before we moved



U.S. Highway No. 1 (Overseas Highway) Connecting the Florida Keys, Florida, December, 1985.



"Sloppy Joe's" Bar, Well Known Tourist Attraction in Key West, Florida, December, 1985.



"The White Elephant" Restaurant, Typical Key West Vernacular Architecture, Florida, December, 1985.



Duval Street Located in the 'Old Town' Neighbourhood of Key West, Florida, December, 1985.



The 'River of Grass' Seen from the Tamiami Trail in the Everglades Nat. Park, Florida, December, 1985.



Stunt Performers on Water Skis at the Opening Show, "Cypress Gardens", Florida, December, 1985.



The Pedestrian Precinct of "Main Street, U.S.A.", Walt Disney World, Florida, December, 1985.



Adventure Ride, "20,000 Leagues under the Sea", Walt Disney World, Florida, December, 1985.



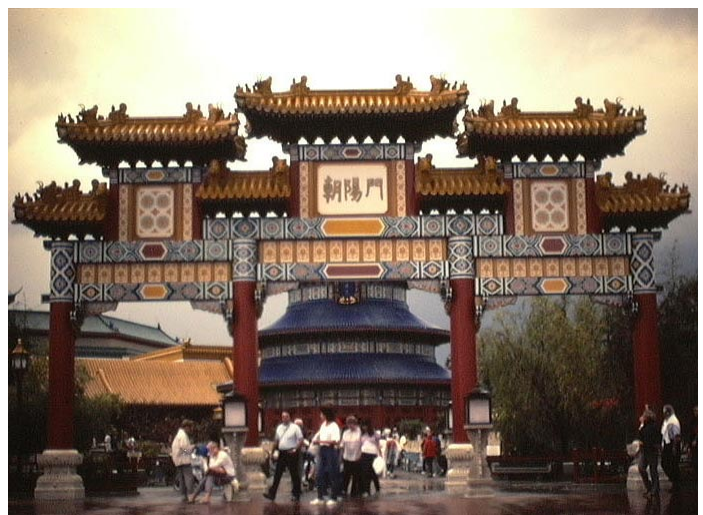
"Spaceship Earth" and the Monorail at the Entrance to Epcot Center, Florida, December, 1985.



Visitors Explore the French Pavilion at Epcot Center, Florida, December, 1985.



A Troupe of Musicians Entertain at the Moroccan Pavilion, Epcot Center, Florida, December, 1985.



Ornamental Gateway and Pagoda at the Chinese Pavilion, Epcot Center, Florida, December, 1985.

on to see the ‘countries of the world’, we were captivated by the performance in the Kraft Foods pavilion. The audience was entertained by animated characters, representing products made or handled by Kraft Foods, in a choreographed sequence. All above the stage were elaborately designed model hot air balloons that swayed on supporting cables as if in midair.

Towards the end of the day (New Year’s Eve), we explored some of the ‘countries of the world’ pavilions. Among these were the French; Moroccan; Japanese; Italian; Chinese; Mexican and German pavilions. Each site incorporated elements of the host country: for example, the French pavilion was a condensed streetscape of Paris, complete with mansard roofed townhouses and the Eiffel Tower in the background. The Moroccan representation was a number of Arabic designed buildings depicting a typical *souk*. Throughout the montage there were wandering musicians dressed in traditional clothes. A single performer at the Japanese site showed a large crowd the intricacies of *origami*, or the art of folding paper into remarkable shapes. In the gathering dusk we made short visits to the Italian, Chinese and Mexican pavilions – the latter to be entertained by a *mariachi* band – before stopping at the German site with its façades of Mediæval castles and old houses with handpainted murals on the stuccoed walls. Inside we had a dinner of usual German fare and watched a *Schuhplattler* cabaret. Outside, it was time to review Epcot’s signature laser light show which was a special edition as it was the end of the year. We were treated to a spectacular *son et lumière* sequence of laser beams and fireworks.

New Year’s Day 1986 started wet and cool. The rain didn’t deter us from our second visit to Epcot Center and, in fact, refreshed the otherwise stagnant air. We decided to continue with our exploration of the ‘countries of the world’ pavilions; starting with the Canadian site that typified the wild north and chateau-style architecture. With sun breaking through the clouds, the British pavilion depicted a village green, pub, Tudor-style houses and the usual trappings of an English high street, such as a pillar box and a telephone kiosk (booth). Returning to the Moroccan pavilion we admired the mosque and minaret; then the picturesque pagoda and symbolic gateway at the Japanese site. The clouds gathered again and enough rain fell to prompt us to buy some protective ponchos. It was a pity as the gloom spoiled the representations of *Piazza San Marco* (St. Mark’s Square) and the giant circular temple pagoda at the Italian and Chinese pavilions, respectively.

With the visit to Epcot Center, our vacation in Florida had drawn to a close. It was now time to retrace our journey north along Interstate highway I-75, as usual, stopping at predetermined motels; the penultimate one being at Lima, Ohio. Soon we were back into the ice and snow of Canada, but with plenty of memories.

Champion’s centenary recognised in 1986

It started as a banner year for Champion Road Machinery Ltd. as the company could trace its beginnings to a manufacturer of horsedrawn road graders called The American Road Machinery Company Inc. This firm, based in Kennet Square, Pennsylvania, began operating in 1886 and, following a checkered history, relocated to Goderich, Ontario, where the Sully family nurtured the company to become a world-class facility that after one hundred years produced no less than 1,000 machines *per annum*.

However, not all was working well for the West Columbia, South Carolina, factory. There had been some production issues and, with a softening of the market, Champion decided to scale back and adapt the plant to that of an assembly facility only. With that decision, Mike Sully, who had been the president at West Columbia was recalled in February and made the vice-president for human resources, engineering and production at Goderich. This situation didn't diminish the importance of the company's centenary, and the Marketing Department was kept busy producing promotional videotapes, brochures and various trinkets that trumpeted the company's one hundred year old legacy.

In the same month I was able to take time off to visit the annual SAE Congress and Exposition held at Cobo Hall, Detroit. Together with Rowen Baker, my other colleagues in the car were Dave Sowerby and Dayle Wickie. The show was the usual open market for new automotive engineering announcements and product demonstrations. Once again the attractive cheerleaders of the professional Detroit Lions National Football League team were there to be photographed with, and I availed myself of this opportunity.

It was on the homeward journey, however, that the trip became memorable. We had just left downtown Detroit and were on the open highway when suddenly Dayle Wickie, who was sitting behind me, became violently sick and actually threw up all over the back of the seat and my head. At first, I didn't know what had happened, but then discovered remnants of Dayle's vomit in my hair. Rowen quickly brought the car to a stop and we tried to clean up the mess with whatever was at hand, including sheets of newspaper. Of course Dayle, despite his abject apologies, was not popular and, as a penance, we left him sitting in the car in the cold parking lot of a restaurant while the rest of us enjoyed a steak dinner.

As the winter waned, the 'sugaring off' activity started in the maple bush, and in March we decided to visit a provincially run nature site at the Kortright Centre near Kleinburg, Ontario. Interpretive staff demonstrated the traditional method of evaporating sap from the maple trees. First the sap was collected from the trees in small buckets and the contents poured into containers. Two of these containers were attached to a yoke and manhandled to large cast iron cauldrons over an open fire. Both the fire and the processing syrup were constantly monitored, and the immediate area was filled with woodsmoke and steam that imparted a true pioneer atmosphere. Once the sap was evaporated to the required quality the resulting syrup was collected and poured into bottles for sale at the visitors' reception building.

In keeping with appreciating the spring outdoors, later in the month we explored a beauty spot in the Caledon Hills called the Forks of the Credit Provincial Park. The Credit River carves a tortuous path through southwestern Ontario before flowing into Lake Ontario. Near the hamlet of Cataract, two major tributaries meet and the confluence is known as the Forks of the Credit. Access to the actual spot is by hiking along part of the rugged Bruce Trail that meanders through the river valley. The trail passes old ruins of grist mills and other water powered enterprises before ending at a lookout where the two rivers meet. Although the rapids there are not very spectacular, the hike itself was well worth while.

Further personnel changes were in store for Technical Publications. Our long time chief technical illustrator, John Dicks, decided to branch out on his own as a freelancer and resigned from the company. By this time, the other technical illustrators, Bernie Gagné, Henry Lobos (who was with us briefly) and Phil Walton,

had also moved on to other jobs in the Toronto area. There was probably a mutual sigh of relief as both Bernie and Phil did not get along well with their boss, Ray Frydrych. This left us with no illustrators; although John Dicks had a retainer with Champion to work on certain assignments offsite. Despite Ray supervising the day-to-day departmental activities, Dale Dignan decided that it was impracticable to continue in his dual capacity and elected to return full-time to his preferred job as a project manager in General Engineering. The Technical Publications Department was now in a serious manpower deficit situation.

A combination of events, however, helped to resolve the issue. As a result of the management vacuum, Ray was promoted to technical publications manager and set about acquiring replacement personnel. In April, the first two new hires were Gerard (Gerry) Fernandes as the chief technical illustrator, and Marco Mocellin as a technical writer assistant to me. Gerry had been laid off from Atomic Energy of Canada Limited (AECL) and came from Barbados; although he was born in Guyana to parents of Portuguese descent. Marco was a second generation Italian Canadian and came to us from the nearby city of Woodstock.

Following general manager Dave Smith's retirement, a streamlining of the Gearco subsidiary operation took place. Steve Hammill assumed Dave Smith's responsibilities and worked from his office in the Gearco gear cutting, heat treating and transmission/final drive assembly building. This made the front offices of the hydraulics assembly building available and, soon after, Technical Publications made a physical move from the trailer into the vacated front offices. Ray ensconced himself in the corner office. Marco and I, together with the WP equipment were crammed in an adjacent room. The factory lunch room was relocated and all technical illustrating activity operated out of the original cafeteria with its picture windows. The trailer wasn't empty for long as Mike Sully's new covert RND initiative – Skunk Works – consisting of Gerry Fifer, Paluparum Venkiteswaren (Venki) and Steve Curry occupied the facility, which could be fully secured from outside observation. A further hiring blitz by Ray secured two more technical illustrators; Kathy Krysak in May and Fred Hellmuth in June. Kathy was somewhat lacking in experience but was a keen learner and always tried her best. Fred was more of the commercial art persuasion, but he had an interesting style quite suited to the illustrations needed for both the operator's manual and the shop manual. His impish sense of humour guaranteed that there would not be a dull moment in the department.

The beginning of May brought with it some lovely spring weather which encouraged us out on small trips around the county to see farmers tending their fields and the land come to life. In town, too, the boulevard blossom trees were in full bloom. The upgrading of the Port of Goderich had resumed and a huge suction dredger was at work removing silt from the shipping channel and making it deeper for freighters to take on additional cargo capacity from the salt mine. A large-diameter hose from the dredger transported spoil to selected areas at St. Christopher's Beach and Rotary Cove. Long fingers (groynes) of silt were deposited at strategic points, and particularly at the far south end of Rotary Cove which was being developed at the time. Later the silt groynes were capped with boulders for stability and eventually captured the sand brought by wave action to create small bays for recreational purposes.

The delightful May weather was just right for a wedding that we had been invited to in Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario. Long time friends, Tom and Margaret Eadie's son, David, was marrying Sheila, the daughter of a well known Toronto neurosurgeon. We decided to stay at a motel in Niagara Falls and, on the morning

of the wedding, walked around the vicinity of the famous falls and admired the superbly manicured and tended formal gardens. Tulips and lilacs grew in profusion and the ornamental cherry trees were laden with blossom. In the afternoon, guests assembled at St. Andrews Presbyterian Church in Niagara-on-the-Lake. After the ceremony, the wedding party was escorted by a Scottish piper and promenaded to the Prince of Wales Hotel for the reception. On the following day we made the most of the sunny weather by driving along the scenic Niagara Parkway and exploring the Niagara Gorge. A rugged trail took us down from the Parkway to the raging Niagara River near the whirlpool; while above, the Spanish Aerocar suspension gondola made its way steadily across the gorge.

Further to all the upheaval moving offices, Champion had negotiated with the Canadian federal government to help fund an initiative to be known as the Technology Training Centre. The plan was to turn part of the hydraulic assembly building into a classroom and training workshop for a federal job development programme. It was estimated that up to 118 trainees would take the course aimed at skills creation. Construction took place to build the classroom and install machine tools and other equipment. The mezzanine floor was extended over the ground floor hallway leading from the front entrance to the relocated factory lunch room. On May 22, 1986, the centre was officially opened by local and government dignitaries including: the federal Employment Minister, Hon. Flora MacDonald; MP Murray Cardiff; Huron County Warden, Leona Armstrong, and the Mayor of Goderich, Eileen Palmer.

Early in June we extended a weekend by travelling to Eastern Ontario; starting the swing trip with a stop at Peterborough. Here we once again saw the fascinating action of the lift locks on the Trent River, and a tour of the control tower afforded a bird's eye view of the ascending/descending lock chambers.

New to us was Prince Edward County, a peninsula south of Trenton, Belleville and Napanee and west of Kingston. This area has a long history and was settled mainly by United Empire Loyalists (UEL) fleeing across the border after the American Revolution. One of the historic sites was the UEL cemetery in Adolphustown. The most scenic way there from Belleville, where we were staying, was to cut across country through Prince Edward County (known locally as "The County") to Glenora and taking the ferry across Adolphus Reach to the mainland. The County has several natural environments, ranging from flat arable farmland to hilly and sandy sections. Market gardening is big in The County, with well established apple orchards and an emergent viticulture industry. Tourism also plays a big part in the local economy. The Glenora ferry is a free ride as it is a part of Hwy. 33, the provincial road linking Trenton with Kingston. The ferry dock is at the base of a range of hills that contains a First Nation's sacred site called 'Lake on the Mountain'. The lake is so deep that nobody has discovered how it is fed by water. Following the ferry ride we continued to Adolphustown and explored the UEL cemetery. Before leaving The County, we went to Ameliasburgh, another historic UEL settlement, which had a pioneer museum in a log cabin, and a visit to Sandbanks Provincial Park. In this park can be seen unique plants such as the ladies' slipper orchid, as well as long stretches of pure sandy beaches and massive dunes.

Back in the fall of 1984, my ex-colleague, Greg Pillon, had demonstrated a new type of personal computer (PC) – the Apple Macintosh (Mac). My friend, Nick Avery, had also invested in a similar model and was very pleased with its performance. In the meantime, Apple Computers had improved the Mac and intro-



Barry and Two Detroit Lions Football Team Cheerleaders, Cobo Hall, Detroit, MI, February, 1986.



Traditional Maple Syrup Boiling Process at the Kortright Centre, Kleinburg, Ontario, March, 1986.



Old Ruins in the Forks of the Credit Provincial Park near Cataract, Ontario, March, 1986.



United Empire Loyalists' Cemetery, Adolphusburgh, Greater Napanee, Ontario, June, 1986.



Sandbanks Provincial Park, Prince Edward County, near Picton, Ontario, June, 1986.



Toasting the New Compact Disc Player and Apple Macintosh Computer, Goderich, Ontario, June, 1986.



Brigantine "Playfair" Passes the Harbour Dredger, Goderich, Ontario, July, 1986.



Adrian Paul, Barry and Monica when Visiting David and Susan Cross, Wolston, England, August, 1986.



Philip, Barry and Michael at "The Compton Arms" Pub, London, England, August, 1986.



Mum and Dad at 109 Birchwood Avenue, Hatfield, England, August, 1986.



Traditional Old Warwickshire Cottage, Kenilworth, England, August, 1986.



Susan, Stephen, Roger and Lindsey Moore with Monica, Allesley Village, England, August, 1986.

duced the second generation, called the Macintosh Plus. This version had an expanded memory capacity (to 1 megabyte, a quantum leap at the time) and was on the market.

I decided it was time to make my own quantum leap and found an Apple dealer (Computerland in the London, Ontario, Simpsons department store) that had an active inventory. I knew the Mac was just right for my hobby business and personal use and made a purchase of both the PC and a companion dot matrix printer on June 20, 1986. The price was significantly high: the Mac being \$3,680.00, and the ImageWriter II costing \$858.00. However, I would have to computerise the business sooner or later, and suitable software for accounting, word processing and rudimentary graphics was available and constantly being upgraded.

Together with these items, I also bought another component to our hi-fi equipment. Compact disc (CD) technology was now well established and gradually supplanting vinyl records as a medium for sound entertainment. A Panasonic CD player was now added to the array of stereo amplifier, turntable and cassette tape player in a new teak veneer home entertainment cabinet. The old cabinet having been commissioned to accept the Mac, ImageWriter II, paper and diskettes. Despite the huge capital outlay, we were very pleased with the new acquisitions.

The Technical Publications Department was by now reaching full strength. There was a minor personnel turnover when Clem Goulding transferred to time and motion study (methods) in Manufacturing Engineering, and Rick Fisher moved to become assistant pricing manager under veteran employee, Vince Young. Their places were taken by three new spare parts compilers: Murray Hill, Don Larder and Mark Russell, who occupied space on the new, extended mezzanine floor. Mark was to become a good friend in the dark days of 1987 when I was faced with a disciplinary action (see Chapter 10), and we kept in touch for many years after my early retirement. Ray also hired a summer student, Lisa Slotegraaf, to work with Lynn Crawford and Mike Ronken in the printing section.

It was around this time that Ray announced to us that he had taken Lynn under his wing because in his own words, “Lynn’s marriage has gone for a shit and she’s staying with me.” This was of no surprise since there were suspicions that Ray and Lynn were having an affair. Ray had long separated from and divorced his wife, Wanda (née Million), leaving her with the custody of their daughter, Kristy; although Ray still had visiting rights. When things came to a head, Lynn left her husband, Bruce, and son, Graham, and lived with Ray in his Goderich apartment until they moved into the country to keep away from the town gossips. It was something of an unstable situation, though, and after they argued several times at work, Ray said to us, “Take no notice of our bickering”; although it was clear that there was friction within the household. Ray was still footloose and a heavy drinker and this didn’t help matters.

The unsettled atmosphere between Ray and I hadn’t improved and, unfortunately, I didn’t help myself when, at a union meeting, I made a covert remark about the relationship and it was relayed back to Lynn. Ray was livid and Lynn refused to speak to me. Ray called me into his office and said, “I heard, and Lynn heard about something you said.” To which I countered, “What you heard was distorted gossip; no names were mentioned.” Ray then said, “Look, everyone knows what’s going on and it isn’t hard to figure out who’s involved.” He had a point so I had to meekly apologize to win back some measure of respect.

The summer's dredging activity in Goderich harbour was still in top gear as it was important to fulfil the improvements under the terms of the federal contract. In July, and directly contrasting the huge modern steel-hulled freighters that called for salt or grain, the Port of Goderich welcomed the *Playfair*, one of the sailing 'Tall Ships' used for cadet training. It arrived under sail to change its complement of students. On other occasions the *Playfair* would be accompanied by another sailing brigantine, the *Pathfinder*.

The SAE London Division continued to coast along organising its upcoming programme of fall events, and I remained heavily involved administering the group. I also became eligible to upgrade my society Affiliate Member status and, in July, was elevated to an Associate Member.

Compulsory shutdown summer vacation

Whether I liked it or not, summer vacation was to be taken during the factory's scheduled three week shutdown period. Consequently, Monica and I made plans to visit England to see family and friends even though it had been just over a year since we were last there. As usual, the format was staying with my parents in Hatfield for the first part and with Monica's parents in Coventry for the second part.

We rented a Ford Escort car for transportation and used it on day trips around Hertfordshire; visiting the market town of Hertford to see the vintage McMullen's brewery and eating lunch at "The Old Barge" pub alongside the river; and a side journey to the local beauty spot of Ware. Due to a conflict, we had to visit our friends David and Susan Cross in Wolston, Warwickshire, earlier instead of later in the vacation. Although their boys, Anthony James and Adrian Paul (our godson), didn't recognise us, we all had a good time at the house. Returning to Hatfield for a few more days, another highlight was the RAF Museum at Hendon where the P1127 prototype Harrier jump-jet was displayed. Not to be missed was a reunion with friends Philip and Michael, and we met at one of our favourite Islington pubs, "The Compton Arms".

After saying goodbye to Mum and Dad, we continued the vacation in Coventry and the surrounding area. More trips were organised and one particularly nice day was spent exploring the small town of Kenilworth just southwest of Coventry. The town was a favourite with Monica as she had spent some of her infant years there after the family had been bombed out of their Paxton Road, Radford, Coventry, home.

High on our list of priorities was a visit to Roger, Susan, Stephen and Lindsey Moore at their Allesley home. In the spring, Roger had written to say that voluntary redundancy at work was being encouraged. It was clear that the company was downsizing rapidly and Roger was seriously thinking about quitting with a severance package. As it turned out not long after we returned home, Roger left Rolls-Royce (RR) at an opportune moment and took early retirement at forty-seven years of age. However, in his first letter written to me after 'retiring', he said that house renovation activities occupied much of his new-found 'spare time'. Although after a hiatus of four years he played a game of golf "...with an RR colleague; sorry ex-RR." The children were excelling in leaps and bounds at school, and the annual family Devon holiday appeared to be an enjoyable one.

Ten years at Champion, fall events and an emergency trip to England

While the factory's scheduled three week shutdown period was in progress, the much vaunted MRP II (Manufacturer's Resource Planning, Phase II) was implemented to increase productivity. This multitasking electronics tool combined several features to complete an order from beginning to end in a logical sequence. When an order for a Champion road grader was placed, MRP II was designed to follow that order through all phases of production for forty-five days when the product was meant to be ready for delivery. Operations such as order entry; engineering activity (if any for specials); purchasing (parts procurement); manufacturing, and inventory control was managed by special computer software to ensure that all facets ran concurrently and smoothly. There were initial teething troubles, of course, but by and large the system worked well and it was considered that investing in MRP II had been a wise decision.

By now we had been living in the Picton Street apartment building for almost eleven years and it was time to find better accommodation. Largely because the building was showing its age and we wanted to spread out with another room for overnight guests and as a den for our expanding hobbies. We had a stroke of good luck when learning of a redevelopment on Cambria Road North. After attending the planning meeting, I discovered that the developer's wife, Edna Becker, worked at Champion. Through her we were able to see the architect's drawings and made an arrangement to move in as one of the first tenants. Fortunately, by being early in line, we secured the best apartment in the six unit building as it had its own private parking. Another bonus was the self-contained laundry machines in the apartment's utility room – now we didn't have to depend on the communal laundry facility as was usual in other buildings. The new construction started and I used to go to the site regularly to check on its progress. Later on when we knew it was time to move, I advised our current landlord and made arrangements with a local removal company.

At the end of September, the fall colours were starting to show in the northern parts of the province. Monica and I decided to spend a weekend away in Algonquin Provincial Park, and chose to stay at a lakeside resort called "Pow-Wow Point Lodge" which was close to the park entrance. The drive there from home was across country to the fast, multi-lane Hwy. 400 then, at Barrie, changing to Hwy. 11 and heading north through Orillia, Gravenhurst and Bracebridge to Huntsville; then Hwy. 60 east towards Algonquin Park. "Pow-Wow Point Lodge" was located off a side road on the shores of Peninsula Lake.

As expected, the lodge was rustic and typical of its type. The main lodge building contained the reception and dining areas, and accommodation was in various offsite cottages depending on the size of the guest parties. Although convenient in its location, the lodge had certain drawbacks, including inflexible hours of dining. We were surprised to find out that breakfast was served later than expected (9:00 a.m.), and a similar time restriction was imposed at dinner. By chance we met an older couple from Goderich – Russell and Margaret Alton – staying at the lodge.

Since the object of the trip was to enjoy the fall colours in the park, we set off with a packed lunch on the following day. Algonquin Park covers a huge area so we could only scratch the surface in our explorations. Oxtongue Lake and Canoe Lake are favourite beauty spots, and we found Whiskey Falls Trail which



The New Technical Publications Team with Marco, Barry and Ray, Goderich, Ontario, August, 1986.



The New Technical Publications Team with Fred, Gerry and Kathy, Goderich, Ontario, August, 1986.



The New Technical Publications Team with Mike and Lynn, Goderich, Ontario, August, 1986.



Barry being Presented with his 10-Year Service Pin by Ray Frydrych, Goderich, Ontario, October, 1986.



Barry Conducting a Plant Tour of Champion for SAE Members, Goderich, Ontario, October, 1986.



Champion's New Welding Robot Undergoing Test Trials, Goderich, Ontario, October, 1986.

was an enjoyable hike by the raging river at that point. When it came to stop to eat, we discovered that the packed lunch wasn't too brilliant – some mashed egg and salad sandwiches (something I detest), ham sandwiches, two juice boxes and a couple of sad-looking apples. Monica sacrificed her ham sandwiches for my egg and salad ones, and we had to make the best of it. The sunny weather started to deteriorate, but there were some good colours to admire.

The Thanksgiving Day long weekend holiday in October provided an opportunity to visit the live theatre in Toronto. A popular stage show at the time was the Andrew Lloyd Webber musical, "CATS", being performed at the celebrated Elgin Theatre. We had booked a room in the downtown Holiday Inn for easy access to the city centre. After finding the hotel and registering, we were told that the onsite parking was not available due to construction, and that we were obliged to use the nearby municipal parking lot. This was irritating since we knew that the daily fees for downtown parking were astronomical. Unfortunately we didn't have any choice and, in the end, had to pay the exorbitant amount.

On the positive side, however, the musical production was phenomenal. The giant set and costumes were extremely imaginative, and the lighting helped augment the ambience. Together with the topnotch acting, singing and choreography, the show was well appreciated. One strange incident happened before the opening when the guest next to me asked if I wouldn't mind trading seats with him. Now our seats were central and well positioned; so I politely said "No." I think he had a bit of a nerve.

Before we left, we went to the city's famous landmark – the CN Tower. The reason was twofold: in the tower's basement was a new attraction called "Tour of the Universe", and there was the opportunity to ascend to the SkyPod observation platform – the highest part of the tower accessible to the public.

The "Tour of the Universe" consisted of an imaginative space trip from Earth to the planet Jupiter and back using state-of-the-art video effects and a specially adapted flight simulator. Visitors had to pass through a security check, which also made sure that nobody had any health issues, such as a heart condition, that could be detrimental to them, as the ride was going to be very bumpy and light/noise special effects overwhelming. Following the check we were shown into a small auditorium designed to look like the passenger cabin in a spacecraft. Rows of comfortable seats equipped with restraining belts pointed towards a large video screen. When everyone was settled and wearing their seat belts, the show began and the screen showed what appeared to be the spacecraft launch site, which in actual fact was inside the base of the CN Tower. The noise of machinery and the action of the flight simulator equipment created an illusion of the spacecraft being repositioned so we were looking up the tower and ready for takeoff. With more noise, light and physical movement, the spacecraft 'took off' and the video screen image showed the imagined visual experience of being launched up the tower and into space. Once beyond the Earth's gravitational pull, the spacecraft first travelled to a space station; then continued to bypass the red planet Mars followed by a hair-raising voyage through the Asteroid Belt to the vicinity of Jupiter and its moons. After circling around the giant planet it was time for the return journey that was a reverse of the outbound flight. The 'passengers' then had to endure a simulated turbulent re-entry that was vividly shown on the video screen, ending with a smooth touchdown on the landing strip. It was then time to disembark and we left the auditorium a little disoriented brought on by the simulator's forces.

Now that we were again on *terra firma*, we accomplished the second reason for visiting the CN Tower and travelled by the highspeed lifts (elevators) to the SkyPod observation deck (1,465 ft. [446.5 m]) above street level. From this height, even the tallest of the downtown skyscrapers appeared dwarfed and the clear day afforded an uninterrupted view across the city and Lake Ontario.

October 4th, 1986, was my tenth anniversary working at Champion, and the occasion was recognised by Ray presenting me with my 10-year service pin. Among the other activities during that month was my installation as the president of the “Circle City Toastmasters Club”, which was still going strong since its founding in May, 1980, as a Champion personal improvement initiative. As mentioned earlier, events of the SAE London Division were in demand and I helped organise a plant tour of Champion. Company retirees, Brian Lowe and myself conducted visiting society members, engineering students and guests around the factory and offices. John Lee and James McLarty gave a demonstration of the latest CAD system, which was current state-of-the-art technology. By this time, manufacturing was being improved with the introduction of an autonomous robot welding machine that would ensure a better quality end product for the main frame subassemblies. The robot would be commissioned in the new year (April, 1987).

Another birthday came around – my 41st – but soon after we received two bits of distressing news from England. The first was that my friend, Roger Moore, had sustained serious burns to both his hands. This happened to him when working on a fuse box (electrical panel) as he was helping somebody with house renovations. The electric shock was sufficient to render both his hands useless and inflicted third degree burns to all his fingers. He was rushed to hospital in shock and critically injured. Then a phone call from Monica’s cousin, Trecia, informed us that Monica’s mother had suffered a heart attack and was also in hospital. It was decided that Monica should fly to England as soon as possible and I would follow later; probably spending part of the Christmas holidays with my parents.

This plan was put into action and Monica took off for England to be met at London’s Heathrow Airport by Trecia’s husband, Reg, and taken to Coventry. Together with her father and aunt Betty, Monica visited her mother, and later when discharged from Walsgrave Hospital. Monica continued to look after her mother at home until I arrived later in December. It certainly wasn’t a joyous occasion, but we tried to make light of the situation by buying Christmas presents and helping wherever we could. One such incident was going to Nuneaton Hospital and taking Roger home. It was awkward for Roger to move around as both his hands were strapped to his chest in order for the skin grafts to form in place. However, we were able to get him to his house in Allesley and this was a welcome move. His family, too, was relieved to see him return, as Susan had been through a living nightmare knowing that his condition had been critical. “We thought we were going to lose him”, she said, and then added, “Stephen really took it hard.”

The year ended on a sombre note, but at least the two emergencies were over and those involved were being nursed back to health. Activity with the hobby business was starting to build and the accounting ledgers indicated some modest receipts; even from out of town clients, so that was promising. The following year, however, was to become pivotal as my working relationship with Ray started to deteriorate further. At this time there was no indication of what I was in store for, but the future incident dictated a crossroads situation that will be dealt with in Chapter 10.

Moving home in midwinter

The two crises in England had been averted and the rest of the visit passed into 1987 mainly without incident. One curveball that was thrown at us, however, happened on the very last day. With the proximity of Monica's aunt Betty and uncle Cecil's house in Weybridge, Surrey, near Heathrow Airport, we were welcome to stay there on our final night. We woke on the day of our departure to find that there had been a very heavy frost overnight. The freezing temperatures didn't abate as the morning wore on, and when it was time to leave, the rented car refused to start. Repeated attempts at starting was causing the car's battery to run down. Furthermore, time was slipping by and we were in danger of missing our flight. It was decided to call the car rental company to send a replacement vehicle plus a second driver to retrieve the marooned vehicle. We were on the verge of removing our luggage when a last attempt to start the engine proved successful. It didn't take long to drive to Heathrow Airport and, after returning the car, we were able to register at the airline check-in desk without any further problems.

We were greeted with Canada's snow and freezing temperatures and this didn't bode well knowing that soon we would be moving house. After making final arrangements with the new landlord we decided to take possession late in February and, in blowing and snowing conditions, started taking boxes of small items to the new apartment. On February 20th (my mother's birthday) the removal company truck arrived on time at the Picton Street apartment building. The moving crew were real professionals and did a remarkable job – no damage whatsoever. We were mildly amused when one of the burly men picked up the heavily weighted base of the floor lamp in one hand as if it were a feather; whereas I would normally struggle with two hands. Once the furniture had been delivered it was the usual fun and games finding the best arrangement. We tried several permutations – even using computer graphics simulation – until the final set up was achieved. Our new address was now 1-62 Cambria Road North and we soon met our neighbour, Mary Moore, an elderly widow, who lived in No. 3.

The new apartment was a quantum leap in lifestyle. Apart from the fact it was brand new accommodation, there were the advantages of having our own laundry machines, and brand new refrigerator and stove appliances. The building had been constructed to the current insulation standards – known as R2000 – so we knew it was energy efficient. We were responsible for the utility bills (not built into the rent), but the rent itself was barely more than we had paid previously. So with a little readjustment of the household budget it remained affordable. Another advantage was everything was at ground level. The view from the main window was vastly improved, and the private driveway and parking was a definite bonus. We now had to think of additional furnishings as the second bedroom was being transformed into a computer room/den, so shopping trips to London secured a rollaway sofa (bed-Chesterfield), two desks and an office chair. Soon after, our next door neighbours, Jack and Edna Pollack, moved into No. 2.

ITCC conference and a Colorado vacation

During the spring, production at work was steady and the company's annual output was gradually rising to 1,000 units. Further improvements to the machine included the continuous weld capabilities of the newly commissioned industrial robot. On April 16, 1987, the Premier of Ontario, Hon.

David Petersen, in the company of Bruce Sully, CEO of Champion; MPP Jack Riddell, and the Mayor of Goderich, Eileen Palmer, activated the robot that revolutionised the fabrication quality and repeatability of some of the machine's key mainframe welded assemblies.

It had been four years since I last attended an STC International Technical Communication Conference (ITCC). The 1987 34th edition was being held in Denver, Colorado and, with some reluctance from Ray, I was able to register as a conferee, with the added extension of a vacation in the U.S. Rocky Mountains. Of course, I paid Monica's passage and, on Saturday, May 9th, we flew from Toronto to Denver in time to check in the downtown Radisson Hotel where the conference was being held. There was a little confusion as the conferees were registering and some of the rooms were either not ready or, as I heard one person say, "This room is untenable!" For a major downtown hotel, the Radisson wasn't exactly 'posh' and our room had certainly seen better days.

In the evening we ventured out of the hotel to find a restaurant. Not knowing how risky it was to be on the downtown streets after dark, Monica took along her compact umbrella to use as a weapon if the situation required it. However, it wasn't long before we met other Canadian conferees and we all decided to eat dinner in a nearby nondescript restaurant.

As the following day was free from any conference activities, we spent a good part of the time exploring our immediate surroundings. The weather was perfect with sunshine and clear skies. However, we had to be aware that Denver is a city built at an elevation of one mile (1.6 km) above sea level, and Monica had to make sure that she didn't overexert herself in the dry atmosphere for fear of bringing on serious nosebleeds. We found much of the downtown remarkably free of the usual inner-city litter and tramps (panhandlers), and the area around the state Capitol building was particularly attractive in a park-like setting. The Capitol building with its golden dome was reached from street level by a flight of wide granite steps. A bronze marker was embedded in one step, and on another there was an inscription that signified the actual one mile above sea level (AMSL) measurement. We were to visit the Capitol building later in the week for a tour of the facility and the opportunity to take photos of the city skyline from the viewing gallery under the dome.

A pleasant surprise was to find the 16th Street Mall. This major downtown avenue is – with the exception of shuttle buses and horsedrawn *calèches* – a traffic-free pedestrian precinct and extends for several city blocks. The electric or natural gas powered shuttle buses give complimentary rides and stop frequently along the route. The horsedrawn *calèches* are similar to those in Québec City where the drivers point out features to their customers as the carriages saunter down the road. Some of these features are: Writer Square – a modern precinct offshoot – and Larimer Square, a turn-of-the-century commercial block. The mall isn't completely lined with modern steel and glass skyscrapers – an example being the Tabor Center – and several early 20th century commercial buildings; as in the Equitable Building and the D & F Tower are carefully preserved. At the end of the precinct is a remarkable neighbourhood that consists of the defunct Tivoli Brewery. Now repurposed into a shopping complex, its signature landmark is the original tall smokestack with the word TIVOLI painted in large letters. Inside there's a modern glass and open atrium decorated with huge colourful banners. When we visited, a quartet was performing chamber music that resounded throughout the atrium.



Exterior of the Cambria Road Apartment Building, Goderich, Ontario, March, 1987.



Interior of the Cambria Road Apartment Showing the Lounge Area, Goderich, Ontario, March, 1987.



Interior of the Cambria Road Apartment Showing the Lounge, Goderich, Ontario, March, 1987.



Interior of the Cambria Road Apartment Showing the Hall and Kitchen, Goderich, Ontario, March, 1987.



Interior of the Cambria Road Apartment Showing the Main Bedroom, Goderich, Ontario, March, 1987.



Interior of the Cambria Road Apartment Showing the 2nd Bedroom/Den, Goderich, Ontario, March, 1987.



The State Capitol Building, Denver, Colorado, May, 1987.



Downtown Skyline from one of the City Parks, Denver, Colorado, May, 1987.



16th Street Mall Pedestrian Precinct with Shuttle Bus, Denver, Colorado, May, 1987.



Larimer Square, Historic Part of 16th Street Mall, Denver, Colorado, May, 1987.



The Old Tivoli Brewery Building, Denver, Colorado, May, 1987.



United States Mint Building, Denver, Colorado, May, 1987.

At the end of the day we went to the traditional ITCC ‘welcome party’ where conferees and their guests mingled. The host STC chapter members were there to hand out Western-style bandanas for everyone to wear and soon an informal ‘hoe-down’ atmosphere with appropriate C&W music prevailed.

The conference started in earnest, and the record attendance of 1700 or so conferees indicated a considerable enthusiasm in technical communication. After studying the conference programme, I decided to concentrate on desktop publishing (DP) presentations. DP had developed from simple word processing into a mature technology and a number of interesting points were raised during a panel discussion on planning for desktop publishing. The discussion continued to review such aspects as: justifying DP; choosing DP whether a large firm, small firm or contractor; assembling the DP system (Mac versus PC), and the increased responsibility associated with DP or workstation publishing when using a multiprocessing computer network system. The session wrapped up with recommendations of how professional technical communicators could be involved in the new cutting edge DP technology. This information was important as Champion’s technical publications evolved to meet the needs of customer and product support expectations.

While I was immersed in the conference proceedings, Monica took full advantage of the pleasant weather and made her own explorations of the 16th Street Mall using the complimentary bus transportation. She joined me in the evening for the conference banquet where PR and other prizes were awarded.

The final day of the conference consisted of subjects that either didn’t interest me or sessions that were winding up. So we made the most of our spare time by revisiting other parts of Denver. In the days before maximum security checks (following the events of September 11th, 2001, in New York City), we were able to enter the Capitol building visitors’ gallery without being challenged. There we witnessed the state legislature in action. Outside, a walkway built into the cupola beneath the golden dome afforded superb views of the city skyline. These included the important civic structures; office towers; the 16th Street Mall, and the Rocky Mountains beyond. An important federal building in Denver was the United States Mint. This solid, fortress-like building still produced dollar bills, which we could see on a short tour. Earlier we had noted a German-style restaurant in Writer Square and decided to eat there on our last evening in the city.

The following day saw us heading for Denver Airport where we intended to rent a car for the vacation part of our trip to Colorado. The route was already mapped out and motel rooms reserved in advance. This meant that we had a plan and there were no worries about overnight accommodation.

The first stop was at William (“Buffalo Bill”) Cody’s grave on Lookout Mountain near the community of Golden. This complemented our previous visit to the Buffalo Bill Ranch State Historical Park at North Platte, Nebraska, in September, 1985. From Golden we headed north into more rugged, wild country and the Roosevelt National Forest. We drove through examples of small communities such as Central City (population 335) with typical boomtown false fronted buildings, and which depended on the local silver and gold mining activity. Several of the mines had been worked out and the forlorn abandoned pitheads and slag heap tailings were evident along the road as far as Allenspark nestled in the Rocky Mountain foothills. The scenic state highway took us further north where we stayed overnight in Estes Park and the gateway to the Rocky Mountain National Park.

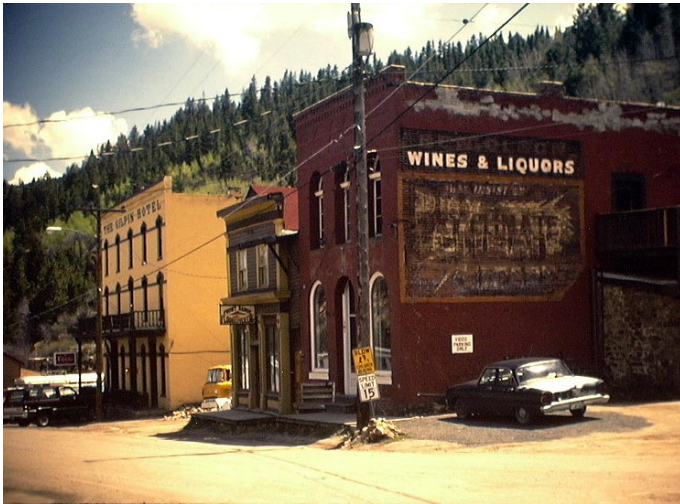
The plan was to follow a prescribed scenic route through the Rocky Mountain National Park and join Interstate highway I-70 on the way to our next stop at the winter resort village of Vail. However, the mountain road was barricaded at its highest point (12,183 ft. [3713 m]) and we couldn't continue. Normally the mountain road is closed in winter, but is reopened after the snow has melted. Also, for this road there was an annual ritual where a procession of vehicles 'opened' the highway on a particular determined date. We were one day ahead of this event and so had to turn around. The residual snow accumulation at this elevation was deep and the view at Rainbow Curve was magnificent.

There was no choice but to retrace our steps to Central City and connect with Interstate highway I-70 there. Heading west, the multi-lane highway traversed the peaks and valleys of the Arapaho National Forest and through the Eisenhower Tunnel at the point of the Continental Divide. Here the wilderness name changed to the White River National Forest and we were rewarded with a backdrop of pristine lakes, endless forests and snow clad mountains all the way to Vail.

Together with Aspen, the community of Vail (population 3,659) is one of the premier downhill skiing resorts in Colorado. The motel was located in the heart of the 'Alpine village', a collection of pseudo Bavarian-style chalets, cottages and shops in a precinct. Out of season and devoid of excited skiers, the resort was a forlorn place. There was no sparkle, atmosphere or attraction, and the virtually deserted streets echoed with desolation. Even the inclement weather conspired to cast a pall over the town, and we were not impressed with its woebegone appearance.

Heading further west on Interstate highway I-70 we were assured of dramatic mountain scenery on a nice sunny day punctuated with white puffy clouds. The highway wended its way through passes between the peaks until it reached the floor of Glenwood Canyon and followed the course of the River Eagle which, together with other tributaries, became the mighty Colorado River. We stopped to have lunch in what could be termed as a 'one horse town' called Rifle. It wasn't hard to imagine the rough and tumble existence in this isolated community populated by loggers and miners; and its name may have some significance.

As we were progressing well towards Grand Junction for the next overnight stay, we decided to take a side trip and explore another beauty spot. This was the Colorado National Monument, an area of protected wilderness. The loop road through the park took us through some of the most remarkable landscapes we have ever seen – including that of the North and South Dakota 'badlands'. It was probably only eclipsed in splendour by the Grand Canyon. When we entered the park, however, we were flagged down by a couple of young lady hitchhikers. Given the remoteness of the location, we gladly took them on as passengers. They were two students from Germany on a trek across the U.S.A., and we all got along well, with Monica and I practicing a bit of our rudimentary German to make them feel more comfortable. For mile after mile, the scenery was staggering with vistas of wide canyons and towering mesas. Some of the sandstone buttes, such as "Independence Monument" and the "Coke Oven Rocks" had been eroded into fantastic shapes by the wind. The sheer cliffs and striated walls of Ute Canyon stretched to the horizon and overlooked the semi-desert valley. Regardless of the arid conditions, here and there could be seen splashes of bright colour, mainly from the blooming Indian paintbrush bushes with their prolific, red bell-shaped flowers that waved in the late afternoon breeze.



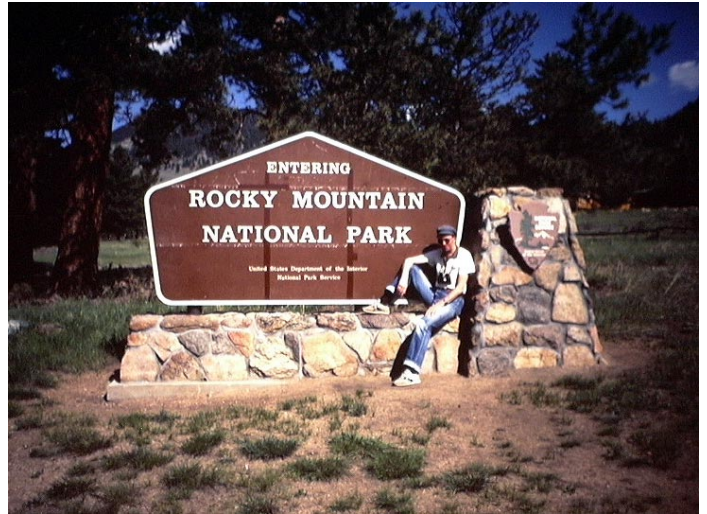
Typical Frontier Buildings in Black Hawk, Colorado, May, 1987.



Abandoned Mine Structure with Slag Heap Tailings near Allenspark, Colorado, May, 1987.



View of the Rocky Mountains Seen from Estes Park, Colorado, May, 1987.



Barry at the Entrance Sign to the Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado, May, 1987.



View of the Rocky Mountains from the Access Road through the National Park, Colorado, May, 1987.



Monica on the Rocky Mountain National Park Access Road Showing Depth of Snow, Colorado, May, 1987.



The Deserted Streets of Vail out of Skiing Season, Colorado, May, 1987.



The Floor of Glenwood Canyon and the River Eagle, near Glenwood Springs, Colorado, May, 1987.



View of the Canyons and Wind Eroded Buttes in the Colorado National Monument, Colorado, May, 1987.



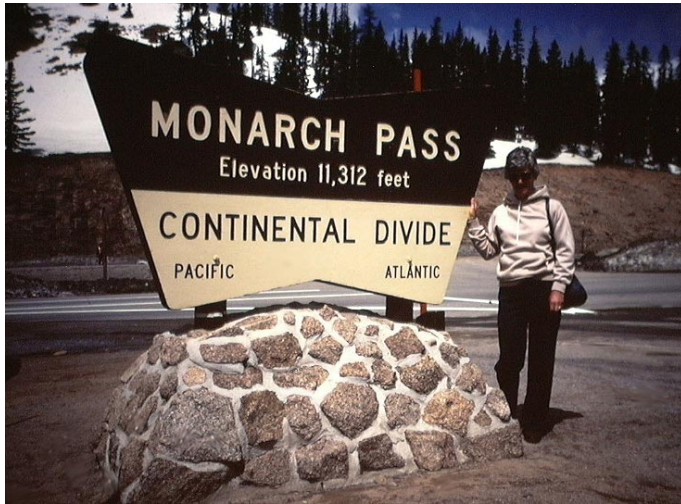
Fantastic Shapes of the "Coke Oven Rocks" in the Colorado National Monument, Colorado, May, 1987.



The Indian Paintbrush, a Desert-friendly Plant in the Colorado National Monument, Colorado, May, 1987.



Black Canyon of the Gunnison National Monument, Colorado, May, 1987.



Monica at the Monarch Pass Continental Divide, (11,312 ft. [3448 m]) AMSL, Colorado, May, 1987.



Working Gold Mine Headframe and Mill Buildings, near Monarch Pass, Colorado, May, 1987.



The Barren Main Street of Cripple Creek, Colorado, May, 1987.



The Affluent Section of Cripple Creek, Colorado, May, 1987.



Abandoned Gold Mine Headframe with Slag Heap Tailings near Cripple Creek, Colorado, May, 1987.



Derelict House in the Once Prosperous Gold Mining Town of Victor, Colorado, May, 1987.

Grand Junction was our furthest point west and we started the return journey to Denver following U.S. highway No. 50 through the towns of Delta and Montrose. A few miles east of Montrose is the entrance to the Black Canyon of the Gunnison, another of Colorado's scenic national monuments. An offshoot of the Gunnison National Forest, this protected reserve welcomed hikers on the mountain trail with its numerous spectacular views of sheer cliffs, precipitous valleys, expansive canyons and the fast flowing Gunnison River. At various points, purpose-built belvederes provided the opportunity for visitors to see the river – often appearing as an insignificant stream – from great heights. Unfortunately the weather started to deteriorate a little so I had to be quick and judicious when taking photographs. The hike, however, consumed a good part of the day, but after a night's rest in Gunnison, we continued along the scenic U.S. highway No. 50 as it started to make a gradual climb to Monarch Pass (11,312 ft. [3448 m]) and the Continental Divide.

Cold temperatures and snow were evident at that elevation, but that didn't deter the mining companies from staking claims and establishing workings; some of which were active near the pass. Further east, an unmaintained backroad beckoned us into gold mining territory and frontier communities such as Victor and Cripple Creek. Here, time had stood still and the semi-dereliction, cracked sidewalks and dusty, unpaved main street could've doubled as a Hollywood set for a "Wild West" town. Some neighbourhoods were slightly more affluent, but the clapboard houses with rickety picket fences merely sprouted out of the virgin ground. All around, gold mines and their omnipresent slag heap tailings dotted the landscape – some still managing to eke a profit from the drifts and crosscuts, but others lay abandoned and decaying.

Close to the city of Colorado Springs was Pikes Peak (14,110 ft. [4301 m]), but we resisted taking the famed Pikes Peak cog railway excursion, probably because we had experienced the Swiss equivalent and that was sufficient. Instead we continued north on Interstate highway I-25 towards Denver. Having some time on our hands, we stopped in Golden and visited the Coors Brewery; then headed to Denver's Stapleton International Airport for the homeward flight to Toronto and the drive back to Goderich.

Little did I realise that in two weeks time I would be plunged into the dark days of 1987 when faced with a disciplinary action at work. All will be revealed in the next chapter (Chapter 10).