

Our Journey to Tasmania

November 2003



Van Diemans Land



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Forward

Tasmania, my home state as I was born in Hobart. I left Tasmania with Mum and Step-Dad after I had started school. I and Marie had been back two or three times but I had never seen any part other than Hobart, New Norfolk to Richmond to Port Arthur and north to Launceston and back to Hobart.

This time we hoped to see a lot of my home state, Tasmania which we did.

We hope the reader enjoys this Journey Book and perhaps gets some useful information from it.

After the days date I have entered the KM travelled that day and the outside temperature at about 7am that morning. I always carry a temperature gauge on our journeys.

Being a car driver I always like to comment on the behaviour of the local drivers. As usual Tasmanian driver are better than Queensland drivers. I stand by what I and Marie have said before, that Queensland drivers are amongst the worst in the world. Tasmanian drivers are so polite, courteous, patient and relaxed. Naturally there are exceptions in these matters but as a rule our good comments apply.

I suggest any Mainland State driver needs to change their habits, stop driving as one does at home and "when in Rome, drive like the Romans (Tasmanians) do".

The roads are smaller that on the Mainland but good bitumen surfaces. They are very windy in places. The main highway from Launceston to Hobart and a section of #1 west of Launceston is very good with 110Km/h limits. But there are many roads marked as a 100km limit but should be 70km or 80km limits. The maximum speeds are too high. Road signage is good but the brown tourist signs do not usually say how far a place is ahead.

The water is very soft. It's a good idea to take along some of one's own music on cassette tape or CD because the radio stations play what we call modern rubbish or there are a lot of talk-back programmes.

Prices for entry and tours at places I show as each and are pensioner/senior prices where possible.

Public toilets are very clean and always had a supply of paper.

I dedicate this book
to Joshua our oldest
grandson.



This is the route that we took. The lines are dark pink with arrows indicating the directions.

The round dots show where we stayed.



Departure

Friday 31st of October 2003

23c at 2am. My weight 63kg and suitcase about 17kg.

We rose at 2am to go by taxi costing \$30 to the Brisbane Domestic Terminal where we arrived about 3.30am, still dark. At the baggage check-in we also checked in a carton about a metre cube weighing about 20kg containing a small colour TV which we were taking to our son John and family in Eltham (Melbourne) because they didn't have one of their own. It should have cost about \$12 as excess baggage but the Qantas woman let it go on free of charge. That was good don't you think?

At the security gate the detector beeped as usual so I had to take my belt and shoes off. My metal hip caused more beeps but I was cleared. Another metre further on Marie was selected at random by a new detection device in relation to explosives and chemicals. The young man and woman asked her if she would take the test to which she said "yes". They rubbed a small tape piece over her fingers then ran a hand held device over that which was connected to a small laptop type computer unit which gave a readout. Marie passed it OK, no problems.

That was new to us which we think is a good idea.

We boarded a Qantas aircraft at 4.45am, the sun had just risen. Our seats in row 27 on a Boeing 737-800 but we forgot to ask for seats nearer the front as Marie is not a good aircraft traveller. For people who do have a big pain behind their eyes and nose Marie sniffs a special liquid called Olbas which prevents it. The liquid has a lovely smell.

We were keen to compare the differences in the greenness of the countryside on the way as we had done two flights to Melbourne in the last couple of years. The last time it was green until about Tamworth and dry and brown all the way to Tullamarine Airport. Unfortunately this time it was very cloudy until about 100km north of Melbourne. But from there on it was very green so Victoria must have had a lot of rain.

At Melbourne we collected only the CTV at the baggage collection area so we could give it and a Christmas pudding that Marie carried as hand luggage to Lyn who met us. Our other suitcases were to be put on our aircraft to Hobart a little later. We and Lyn had a coffee then we did the usual at the security area but without the new explosives test. We boarded a Boeing 717-200 Qantas flight at 10.50am arriving at Hobart Airport at noon. Hobart Airport is so small and cute. The flight was quite rough when we were flying over Bass Strait that the Flight crew stopped the lunch service just before we were to be handed ours. Some one earlier had already spilt coffee. We caught a minibus costing \$9 which took us close to the city Thrifty Car Rental in Argile Street to allow us to collect our car.

Hobart

Hobart was founded by Colonel David Collins in 1804, sixteen years after the settlement of Sydney and is the second oldest Australian city. Hobart actually grew from the first Tasmanian settlement in 1803 in Risdon Cove.

Our car ES

About 30km today

We collected our rental car, a Mitsubishi Magna with the Registration number "ES 2464" so we nicknamed her "ES". We always give our cars a nickname. I placed Garfield my little mascot that Maria gave me years ago on the dashboard. He has been to Europe and North America and other places, a seasoned traveller.

It was a new car as the showed only 19,300km

a little drizzly so we were in parked in a park named and walked around We collected ES and amazed that the hour parked only cost us



odo-meter on it. It was we knew Hobart. We public car Trafalgar for awhile. were she was

\$1.00, yes one dollar. We drove down to near Salamanca Place so I could go to Julie Miller's office to take her home to her place. We arrived at Julie and Charlie's home in Mangalore which is about 20km north of Hobart at 5pm.

Julie and Charlie Miller

Charlie is the stepson of my oldest brother Norman, who is deceased. They have a very nice new brick home on a small hillside where we could see the traffic on the #1 highway which runs between Hobart and Launceston. They have many farm animals and their Daughter Tammy, has four show horses.

Saturday 1 November local sights
106km travelled 9c cloudy

Marie and I drove into Hobart and walked the Salamanca Place Markets then drove around Battery Point and other places. I soon got used to our new car, ES. Then to my sister-in-law's home, Shirley whose husband, Jack died in July 1997 aged 72. We had afternoon tea with her. On our way back to Charlie's place we came across the Pontville sports area and football ground, Australian footy of course. There are two very good paintings on two sides of a building which were painted by Kosovo refugees depicting their own country and Tasmania. Very nice!

Sunday 2 November Port Arthur
260km 8c

We took Julie and Charlie with us to Port Arthur. Charlie guided us via Richmond and Sorell through some

vineyard areas. Very green in places and many wild flowers which reminded us of the SW of West Australia.

A new tourist building of Port Arthur has been built since we were there decades ago is very good, almost up to international standards. Even a good car park. Seniors entry was \$17.50.

We all did the little boat tour in the bay around Dead Island. We all walked around the ruins for a couple of hours, much of which have been improved since we were there some years ago.

Monday 3 November to the Huon

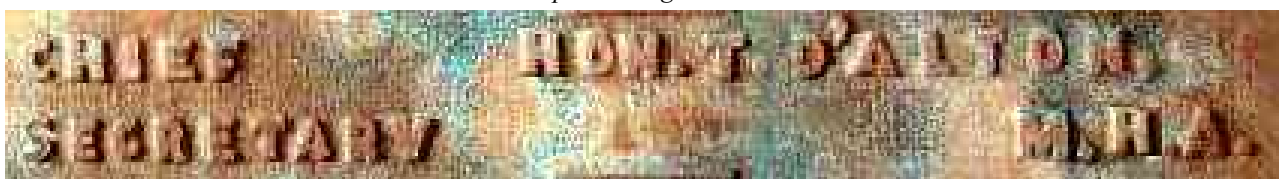
220km travelled 9c cloudy

We said our goodbyes to Julie and Charlie and departed about 7am before they left for work. We drove up Mt. Wellington where it was so windy and cold that Marie didn't get out of the car. I walked to the enclosed viewing room. I noticed a sign there warning people that due to the vicinity of the radio transmitting tower people could have trouble starting a modern car with computerised control. There is also a possibility that locking/unlocking car doors could be a problem. The notice gave some suggestions what could be done but it seemed a bit frightening I think. There were some people from Victoria there also so when we went back to our cars, we all started our motors just in case there were any problems. There weren't any so we all drove away back down the mountain. As I walked back to ES snow hit my face but melted on impact.



One of the two plaques at the summit.

Tom D'Alton's part enlarged



Construction began in 1934 of The Pinnacle Road up Mt. Wellington and completed in /opened in 1937. The State Government at the time funded it and employed many unemployed men due to the depression. One of my uncles, Tom D'Alton was a Tasmanian Government politician at the time being the Secretary and he is mentioned on a plaque in the building. Photo of it here.

I have enlarged his part of the plaque here.

We drove down and stopped to give ES a drink costing \$48.00 @ 94.7c/l. The first with us.

We drove on B64 and visited the Huon Valley Apple and Heritage Museum where Marie saw for the first time an old apple sorting machine. The type used during the period of my school days when I lived in Victoria. Marie bought some nice apples there. Then onto Doren's Jam Factory where we had morning tea, toasted ham and cheese and scones, jam and cream. Web site is www.doransjams.com. We continued further south to Southport then around to Ida Bay where the Lune River historical railway runs on some days but not that day unfortunately as I like old trains. On the way we saw a little snow on the peak of a mountain, Federation Peak or Mt. Picton. As there seemed not much accommodation down this way, when we arrived back to Geeveston I went to the Information Centre and they 'phoned through and booked a B&B for us.

This is a new Bed and Breakfast at Castle Forbes Bay named Donalea. E-mail address is donalea@bigpond.com. It cost us \$95.00. We were their eleventh entry in the accommodation book. Leanne served the usual cup of tea and scones topped with jam and cream. We walked the gardens before dinner. From our window we saw the Huon River. We phoned the Fields and spoke to Maria, Grace and Christian. David was not home. We saw a rabbit outside our window. I point out that Marie being a Queensland girl has not seen many rabbits in the "wild".

Tuesday 4 November to the Swansea

245km travelled 16c cloudy

Melbourne Cup Day, not that we could have cared less. This part is very English, the flora, fauna etc. We were enjoying the cold. On the road at 8.30am we drove back up as far as Huonville then south east to Cignet. There seemed to be a lot more fruit orchards in this area. My Step Dad used to work here in the apple industry and I remember in later years he said how bad or stupid it was that many of the fruit, mostly apple orchards were stripped of trees. Back to Hobart and over the mighty Tasman Bridge. The reader would know that this bridge suffered a tragedy in January 1975 when the bulk ore carrier "SS Lake Illawarra" loaded with zinc concentrate

collided with the pylons of the bridge. My mother lived in Hobart at the time of the tragedy. Her GP doctor was one of the unfortunate persons to have been driving over it at the time of its collapse when a ship crashed into one of the pylons. To my knowledge his body was never found.

We had our picnic lunch at Sorell. Driving on A3 highway we stopped at the old church at Buckland. The Church of St. John The Baptist was built on the English style and has a beautiful coloured East window. It was built in 1849.

For the last 20km we could see Maria Island out from the coastline. Maria in this case is pronounced "mar-rye-u" "rye" as in "ride" and "u" as in "teacUp". At the Triabunna Information I tried to get my E-mails using JMail which fits on a 9cm floppy disk but the system would not allow me due to an error of some kind which I don't understand. Mum and Dad lived here many years ago. Further on we stopped at Spiky Bridge and took a photo of it then a bit further Kates's Berry Farm where Marie purchased two bottles of mingleberry wine for \$7.90 each. E-mail address is berry@vision.net.au .

Swansea

Like most Tasmanian towns, settled in the early 1800s, many old buildings are still lived in.

We arrived at Swansea at about 4pm and booked into the Swansea Motor Inn which is right on the beach front costing \$72.00 with Seniors discount. This is called the Freycinet Gateway named after the French who sailed in the area. Two ships, the aptly named "Geographe" and "Naturaliste", departed from Le Havre in Normandy on October 19th 1800 with the blessing of Napoleon Bonaparte, then First Consul

We saw many watsonia and arum lilies today.

We were warned by some signs and on TV that there is a drinking water problem on this East coast so it is advised to boil it which we did. When it was cool I poured it into a 2lt plastic soft drink bottle. Shades of our journey to South East Asia. A germ in the water gave people stomach problems.

Marie was yearning for cooked fresh fish so we bought some and potato chips from a little fish shop and a bottle of chilli onions and enjoyed dinner in our room. With that we enjoyed port and lemonade. There was no SBS available on the TV but three in-house movies channels were available.

Wednesday 5 November to Scottsdale

242km travelled 10c sunny

Departed at 8am but not before removing a little piece of paper from ES' windscreen.



What a nice touch, our windscreen cleaned

We arrived in Bicheno mid morning and drove along a few streets. It certainly is a summer tourist town with good beaches and fishing. Bicheno was a coal mining port in the 1850s. At Chain of Lagoons we turned NW on A4, a good road but winding up a mountain range. Rugged Tasmania again.

We had morning tea at a restaurant called Elephant Walk.

Down the other side of the range to rejoin A3, through Scamander stopping at St. Helens for our picnic lunch. We couldn't find a park to stop at so drove into the St. Helens sports area. Next to the football ground is a velodrome where there was a school sports day in progress. We saw plenty of jonquils, clematis and black swans. We visited the History Museum for \$2.00. It's main display was about the tin mines that were worked in the area. Still on the main highway, A3 through mountains again to Derby which was another tin mining area where we were going to stop for the night. Nothing seemed to be open so we drove on to Scottsdale.

Scottsdale

We booked into the Oasis Hotel Motel for \$59.00 at 3.45pm. Scottsdale was named after James Scott who was the Government surveyor in 1852. It is the centre of the north east agricultural area. We did our town walk then dinner in the hotel's lounge bar.

We boiled some water to be on the safe side again. There had been eighty cases of Gastroenteritis reported. We saw our first hop fields today which is what we had expected to see on our way in the Huon area.

Thursday 6 November to the Launceston

175km travelled 10c sunny

We departed at 8am and visited the Forest Eco Centre in the town which is quite interesting. It is built to conserve energy and demonstrate how things should be done in this regard. We travelled on B81 until a couple of Km west of Wyena then took the C818 which is a bitumen road. We visited the Bridestowe Estate Lavender Farm where we knew the lavender would not be in bloom but interesting just the same. We watched a video show about it's history, the oldest and largest in the southern hemisphere. Then we visited a vineyard for morning tea. Quite unusual to have coffee and tea at a wine tasting place called Jantz Vineyard. We did taste one or two wines which were not to our liking. We then joined the west to east road, B82 to the A8 where we turned northward to go to George Town. This town boasts that it's the oldest town in Australia. We went to Chicken Feed and bought some milk, tins of sardines and a couple of packets of glossy computer printer paper. Chicken Feed is an el-cheapo store similar to Crazy Clark's store.

There are more vineyards and blue gum forests in this area. We drove onto Low Head which is the farthest north one can go at this point in Tasmania. Bass Strait. We had our picnic lunch in a little park. We were enjoying being able to have our picnic lunches standing in the sun.

Standing in the sun and not being fried as one does in northern Australia which includes Queensland. It's similar to what we experienced in Europe in 1997.

We saw Anne and Agnes Street here. On the way here we noted that we should take a photo of a little white church and meant to photograph it on the way back but forgot. Just south of George Town is the big aluminium works at Bell Bay. We may have been able to do a tour but we were not interested. This is on the A8 road to Launceston. We passed the Batman Bridge which we would see another day. We saw gasanias, pigface, daisies and pelegoniums which were in flower, beautiful, colours that are not possible in humid and hot Brisbane.

We called into the Hillwood Berry Farm and purchased some fruit wine and cheese.

Launceston

Launceston was founded in 1805 but called Patersonia for a short time after Lieutenant Colonel Paterson. He changed it to Launceston some time after in honour of Governor King whose birthplace was the Cornish township of Launceston..

Launceston is pronounced "Lon-ces-ton". "Lon" and not "Lawn" as in what we mow. We arrived here at about 2.30pm and booked into a modern motel/hotel complex called Olde Tudor Motor Inn. We booked three nights at \$79.00 per night. It has a German look with the dark wooden panelling, lovely! This is about 8km SW of the city. We walked the local shops and had dinner in our unit. Some people reading this may wonder why we don't eat out at restaurants and the like. We just can not eat the big meals in such places as well as we try to keep costs down. The unit we were in I think is designed for people attending conferences as it contains a bar, medium kitchen, lounge to watch TV or entertain, a double bed, a double bunk and a bath. Quite big.

Friday 7 November local sightsee

32km travelled 9c cloudy

Today we went into the city first to see the National Automobile Museum of Tasmania on Cimitiere Street where ES stayed in the Museum's car park. I took a photo of a French car called a Berliet. The ground floor had about fifty motor cars on display. Up stairs were about as many motorcycles. I got Marie to take a photo of me in front of an AJS, similar to the one I owned in the 1950s. The Museum's Web site:

www.tased.edu.au/tasonline/namt/

We drove a bit closer to the shops and parked ES in a multi story public park and began our walk. We visited the Umbrella shop on George Street. It's a modern city, small of course but no really tall buildings similar to Hobart.

My E-mail

In the Quadrant Mall I visited an Internet Cafe called "icaf". A very small place with just five computers, if I

remember correctly. An older woman was running it which seemed strange. Most such cafes are run by young people. I used my 9cm floppy disk and JMail and it worked OK. I downloaded 477 E-mails 459 were junk and spam leaving me with 18 "real" ones which I left on my ISP server.

E-mail icaf@yahoo.com

The twenty minutes cost me \$3.50.

We collected ES and went to the nearest petrol service station. 52Lt at 97c/l for \$50.00.

We drove to the Waverley Woollen Mills founded in 1874 and still operating on the original site. The tour cost us \$3.00. We then drove around some of the streets and saw some lovely old homes and so took a couple of photos. See them in the albums.

Saturday 8 November local sightsee

179km travelled 10c cloudy

We listened to some of our style and year music on the radio in our unit this morning. It was presented by a man probably our age, the music of which was like a breath of fresh air to hear some decent music. In an ATM at the front of the Inn I withdrew \$500.00 which worked OK. Suncorp-Metway is our bank and of course there are no such banks in Tasmania. We drove to Penny Royal but it didn't open until 10am so we didn't wait but drove up the A7 which is the road on the western back of the Tamar River. We drove into Grindelwald which is a Swiss type village where the houses are all built in the Swiss style, very nice. It has a little Swiss style shopping village which naturally is a very touristy place. We enjoyed a hot cuppa for morning tea then onto Beaconsfield.

On the way we were slowed down by a lot of cyclists who were probably riding in a race of some sort.

As usual motorists were very patient by not passing in a dangerous manner.

Beaconsfield

Beaconsfield is the name of a town which I lived closeby in Victoria in my school days. This Beaconsfield couldn't be more different. It was founded in 1804 by Lt. Col. Paterson I mention before in the Launceston part. Gold was discovered here in 1869 so the rush was on. The town was the second biggest (population?) in Tasmania at one stage. The Tasmanian Gold Mine Co operated it and parts still stand. Two buildings have been restored and are named the Grubb Shaft Museum. Here we saw a lot about gold mining as well as other items. One later part is a life size display of the entrance to a picture theatre. Remember when they were called picture theatres and not cinema or movie theatres. We also nicknamed such as place as the "flicks".

See the photos in the albums which shows a girl holding a torch at the entrance to show a person to a seat in the dark. They were nice times. Remember?

Entrance was \$8.00, good value.

We drove onto Beauty Point and visited Seahorse World which has been operating only three years. This was to be Marie's favourite place we visited in Tasmania. We were given a tour which was probably better than usual because there was only Marie and I and another man. Seahorses are bred here which are sold to museums around the world. Later on when production is high enough some will be sold for medicinal purposes. The tour woman took one little seahorse about 8cm long out of a tank and put it near one of Marie's fingers where it curled its tail around it. She did it for me also but it didn't curl its tail around my finger.

The tour cost \$12.00.

We wanted to take a photo of the little white church in Low Head we saw a couple of days ago so we drove over the Batman Bridge north to George Town and Low Head where I took the photo. Also the old hotel in George Town. Back over the Batman Bride we visited a nursery at Exeter where Marie purchased a cotyledon orbiculata for \$2.95.

Back home where we had dinner in the Inn's bistro which was good. We 'phoned Maria from our unit

Sunday 9 November to Sheffield

110km travelled 10c cloudy

We departed after paying for last night's 'phone call to Brisbane which cost only 60c. We went a little SE to Franklin House. A bit disappointing because the furniture is not the original. Across the road we visited a little church. They were ready to start their service but we didn't stay although they invited us to do so. Driving on Highway 1, part of it having a 110km speed limit and because it was a wide flat road was a good suggested speed. About 40km on we departed off the highway and travelled on the old road B54. We passed through Westbury where we encountered about twenty cyclists but travelling towards Launceston. We wondered if it was the same group we had seen the day before.

At noon we arrived at Deloraine where we had our picnic lunch in a little park. Deloraine is another place I remember Mum and Dad talking about when I was a boy. We arrived at our destination of Sheffield about 1.30pm.

sheffield

We booked into a Christian couple's Budget Sheffield Country Motel Inn for \$68.00 which included two tins of softdrink and a pen. Mount Roland at the height of 1,234mt is the background to Sheffield which is only about 20km south of the town. Sheffield is now renowned for its murals which are painted on the sides of buildings. See photos in the albums. We visited a place in a little shop across from our motel called A Tiger Tale Robotics Museum. It's a story about a Tasmanian Tiger which is all controlled by computers. The figures move so are robots. A man on a movie camera, the tiger and so on. All with sound. Cost was only \$3.00.

We got a couple of brochures to give one to Joshua who is interested in such things. The main big shop Slaters Country Store has an operating cash device which is not used but kept for historical reasons. In days past there would be a cashier sitting in a box or cage at a central point in the store high up near the ceiling. From this box were special wires that were stretched from the box to various counters in the store. A customer would hand over the money and the store person would put the money and the cash docket in a bottle size device, pull a handle and the cash device would travel on the wire to the cashier in the box. The cashier would put change if there was any due and the docket back into the device and send it back. The customer would then be given the change and docket.



In Slaters Store, the docket and cash on its way to the cashier, in this case a model.

Big stores such as Myer and other used these devices. The unit would have been used in this store but not anymore. It is a tourist attraction. The young woman set the device on its way to the cashier and I manage to capture it as the reader can in the photo.



Above is an enlargement of the sending "shangai" mechanism. The person would pull the handle down then let it go. The little container with the docket or cash would then whiz off to the receiver.

Marie bought some fudge and truffles at another shop. We enjoyed dinner at the only hotel across from our motel, there was no other choice. It was OK. Ham steak for me and silverside for Marie and a big serving of salad and potato chips for \$13.00. Again big Tasmanian meals!

Monday 10 November to Burnie

140km travelled 10c

Gentle rolling hills on B14 and then B19 to Devonport. There was a flat metal or plastic shape of a schoolgirl on a pole which was put into a hole in the centre of the road at a local school. We had seen similar banners that Brisbane "Paddle Pop" people put in posts at the kerb, in Tasmania but this was the first time we had ever seen this. See the photo in the albums.

Devonport

Two towns merged many years ago, Formby on the west bank of the Mersey River and Torquay on the east bank to become Devonport. Devonport is the gateway to Tasmania because it is the Terminal for the Spirit of Tasmania Bass Strait service. We saw one of the ships in port. We drove to the Information Centre then back a few kilometres to the Mersey Vale Lawn Cemetery. This was so we could visit dad's grave. This is my step-dad, Berlin Cordwell. Before we left Brisbane Jill, his daughter who lives in Morwell, Victoria had sent me a drawing of where dad's plaque is, also dad's brother Roy. Marie and I looked for ten minutes or so until we realised that we could spend all day to find them. I asked one of the cemetery workers who showed us by walking to them. That was good service.

It was quite emotional for me because dad was the only father I knew. He died in 1990 but we didn't go to his funeral at the time. It was sad for me because I could have gone to it if I really made an effort to do so.

We drove back into the city to drive around a few streets. Workers were putting up Christmas decorations above one streets. We then went to the Tasmanian Arboretum which was closed. So we continued on out of town and stopped at the Don River Railway. It cost \$6.00. Marie sat on the station platform whilst I walked around the big workshops. It has the largest collection of steam locomotives in the period 1879 to 1951 in Tasmania. I ambled around until one of the men told me that visitors in busier times are only allowed to stay within the viewing platforms but as I was one of about five people it was OK. I joked by saying I was thinking of pinching one of the sets of rolling stock wheels!

E-mail dr@southcom.com.au

Driving on # 1 highway which is close to the coastline at times and rather pretty, through Ulverstone which has a beautiful tower with clock at the main roundabout. Then Penguin to arrive at Burnie at 2.00pm.

Burnie

Today we saw a couple of spot checks by police. In fact we had seen more police so far in Tasmania than we would normally see in Queensland. This is a very fertile area of Tasmania as we saw many more apple orchards again.

Burnie's deep water port in the fifth largest container port in Australia. Burnie is my favourite town. It is a pretty town, green and many gardens. We booked into the Budget Oceanview Motel for \$85.00. It is about 5km west of the city in Cooe. We drove back to the city and visited the Pioneer Village Museum costing only \$3.00. This museum is totally enclosed in a building unlike many small towns where they are situated out in the open. We parked in a public car park for two hours which cost only \$2.00.

E-mail address;

museum@burnie.net

We walked this lovely town then back home where I gave ES her first bath...er wash at a car wash area at the side of our motel's building. A sponge and rags were in a container for one to use.

Sometime during the day when we had parked ES, when we returned to her some plovers were rather aggressive because they would have had a nest of chicks somewhere. I had never experienced such behaviour by birds other than magpies of course.

We heated the Subway subs that we bought in Burnie today in the microwave oven, delicious! After that we walked across the road, #1 down to the beach about 50mt to wait and hopefully see little fairy penguins come ashore. I took a photo of the sunset which was not very colourful and sat quietly for thirty minutes or so but sorry to say none came ashore. It was 8.45pm by that time.

By the way, this motel offers accommodation for backpackers at \$15.00, cheap. We don't know what the accommodation was but could have been in the double story building at the front near an enclosed heated swimming pool. Through our window we saw another rabbit in a paddock about 30mt away.

Tuesday 11 November to Smithton

207km travelled 17c

Armistice Day

Another drink for ES costing \$46.00 for 47lt at 97c/lt. Most petrol stations have an attendant to pump the fuel for the customer, Tasmania is a little back in time which equates to a nicer lifestyle. About 10km westward at Somerset the #1 becomes A2. We passed through Wynyard a few minutes later but didn't stop as we were going to come back this way. More undulating green country and drizzly. We passed the turn-off to Stanley because we would visit it on our return. We arrived in Smithton at 10am.

Smithton

Smithton was the first settlement of the far north west by a company named Van Dieman's Land Company (V.D.L Co.) and was named by Bass and Flinders in 1798. See how much history Tasmania has! First to book our home for the night. We enquired at the only motel in town which was the Tall Timbers Hotel-Motel but was \$115.00 so we decided to check out the B&Bs we had passed. We had trouble finding them but found the two B&Bs seemed to be closed. A notice on a door suggested going to another house to book in. We returned to the Tall Timbers place and booked in there at the \$115.00 / night. It is a Resort type place, not the type of place we expected in this distant part of Tasmania.

Web site www.talltimbershotel.com.au

and E-mail enquiries@talltimbershotel.com.au

We had morning tea when about ten ducks and a drake wandered near our unit. Marie fed them some bread. We were their friends.

We drove onward in a westerly direction on A2 in a dairying area. I switched the radio on about 10.50am to an ABC station in Melbourne, or perhaps a relay to a Tasmanian station and the programme was about this special day and the War Memorial in Melbourne. At a couple of minutes before 11.00am we stopped on the side of the road and observed the minute's silence at 11.00am. Very goode.

Our destination was Marrawah. Dad, my step-dad and step-sister Jill, lived there many years ago. We arrived in Marrawah at 11.30am and drove along Greenpoint Road to Green Point. This is a surfing beach but it was deserted and no big waves. We walked on the beach and took photos of the white and green grass or perhaps alga growing on the rocks, most unusual.

There are about 20 houses or shacks there and we wondered why dad would have come out here to live. Of course it was a bigger place decades ago being a port for exporting timber. From the beach we could see the wind powered generators at Woolnorth, I estimate 40km away. We drove back the couple of km to the only hotel for lunch. It is a well known pub with much history. As we pulled up at the Marrawah Hotel we saw a man pulling weeds or something at the rear. He came into the pub to take our order.

Marrawah

Marrawah is pronounced mar rar war, "war" as in fighting, not "wah" as in motor c"AR".

See the photos in the albums of me standing near the big real fire in a big real fireplace. Ah, memories for me, the fires we had in my school days. Real fireplaces with a mantle piece with real brick chimneys and a real wood fire blazing away. Remember it was in November we toured my home state, Tasmania.

Our meals were nothing special, fish, sausages, a couple of vegetables and potato chips, but a big serving. While we waited for our meal the man brought us a book

to read which was a historical work about the area. I liked it so much that we purchased a copy for \$12.00.

Back to Smithton and a walk in the main street where we came upon a Christian shop where we bought some little gifts. This was a busy town years ago but seemed to be at a standstill now, perhaps dying. Back home to the expensive resort and our very nice unit. The friendly drake and ducks soon came to us so we fed them some more. See the photo of them about 2mt from our door. We had dinner in our unit.

Wednesday 12 November to Wynyard

146km travelled 13c very cloudy

At 7am the drake and ducks were quaking so a little more tucker for them. We visited the Allendale Gardens at 8.30am but had to wait until 9am when it opened. A woman owns the place which was just a paddock a few years ago so it is a credit to her. It was featured on the TV programme, Better Homes and Gardens. Marie and I walked the garden for an hour or so. So peaceful and quiet. Weddings are performed in the gardens. Entry was \$7.50.

From here we continued south on B22 where we stopped to take a photo of a hare sitting on the road. Marie has seen less hares than rabbits in her lifetime so it was a special moment, so short a moment. On C219 then C220 through Irishtown.

We drove eastward back on A2 this time taking the northward turn-off to Stanley on B21. I went into the Information Centre and booked accommodation at Wynyard then to the foot of the chairlift at The Nut.

Stanley

Stanley came about by the company I mentioned before, Van Dieman's Land Company (V.D.L Co.) was granted a charter in 1825 to build a town and cultivate lands and breed sheep. I didn't go up the chairlift as it was too windy. I have been on bigger chairlifts before. The V.D.L.Co. still own a property in Woolnorth. As the town was built for ordinary working people the houses are not the big historical types but small cottages. One of these cottages is where Joseph Lyons, a former Australian Prime Minister was born. We had a big lunch at a fish cafe called Kermies Cafe and enjoyed some of a meal called Big Jim's Platter for \$18.00. It contained five pieces of fish which were fresh, Marie loves fresh fish, and potato chips. We ate some of this big meal so got them to put the rest into a doggy bag.

We drove back onto A2 turning off near Boat Harbour to go to Table Cape. This was to see the few remaining tulips in bloom. About 2km before the Lighthouse there were lots of tulips still in flower albeit past their peak on both sides of the road. See photos in the albums. Further on a snake slithering across the narrow road. I stooped 10mt from it to let it pass. As it reached the grass verge it reared up and dived into the taller grass. Further on some deer with the usual high wire fence keeping them in.

We arrived back in Wynyard at 3.45pm and checked in to our home at the LeisureVille Holiday Centre.

Wynyard

Our home for the night is actually on the Old Bass Highway C240. It cost \$75.00 at the Leisure Ville Holiday Centre. A very nice cabin.

We drove into the city and was confronted by a funeral procession consisting of about a hundred people. The person must have been well liked. I went to Save A Buck, a second hand store. It is huge, the biggest I have ever seen or been in. It had all the usual things, about thirty TVs running in one part. The place probably grew as they may have taken possession of more buildings or rooms. Stuff was everywhere in no order other than the TVs.

Back home where I got the man in the office to book our next night in Strahan. This was the third time for us to pre-book but it should not be necessary again. We had the lunch doggy bag for dinner in our cabin by using the microwave oven.

Thursday 13 November to Strahan

272km travelled 8c very sunny

We departed at 8am and stopped within minutes at a petrol station for ES. \$34.50 for 36lt at 96c/lt. The man suggested we drive out to the Reece Dam on a small road just before Tullah.

We travelled on B26 southward and soon in forests. We descended into Hellyer's Gorge and stopped for a toilet. This was rugged country and again we said something like, "...this country is so rugged and men put roads through it, can we imagine how rugged it must be in the "undiscovered" south western part of this lovely Tasmania", my home state. From here we ascended again through forests that are still being ripped up but a fair bit of regeneration has been done by planting new trees, millions of them. We arrived at Tullah at 10am and had coffee and cake at a shop at the once busy shopping centre.

Tullah was a mining town until the 1960s which could only be reached by steam train. Later it became a base for the Hydro-electric scheme. I should remind people that Tasmania's power all comes by the use of water and wind, not coal, timber or nuclear. The great hydro schemes. The shop also operated the Post Office next door. I walked past a little room which probably had been one of the many shops years ago but now it was the town's Internet Access Centre. I think there were about five computers in there.

We drove a couple of km back north to take the road west that the garage man in Wynyard told us about. We were glad we did because it was as good a road as the A10 from Wynyard. We saw a few high voltage power lines on our way. Then the most unusual landscape one could imagine. Land that mother nature had made not humans. Rolling hills or rather rounded mountains with

nothing growing on them other than very short grass about 20cm high. There was no putrid smell but it looked terrible, a sulphur-yellow coloured landscape. See photos in the photo albums.

We stopped at the Reece Dam which is part of the hydro-scheme. We joined A10 at Zeehan. In the three hours we had driven we counted only about six cars.

Zeehan

Another town with the classification of an Historic Town. Zeehan has a long history dating back to 1642 when Abel Tasman, from his brig, the "Zeehan" named the tall peak he saw Mount Zeehan. Silver and lead were discovered in 1882. In 1901, Australia's Federation year, the population was about 5,000. About 1910 its population rose to a reported 10,000 and had twenty six hotels of which now there are only two remaining. We had lunch in the little park. I believe my father worked in the mines in Zeehan, perhaps one day I will find out more about that.

Zeehan has a little Community News which has an E-mail address

communitynews1@hotmail.com

Onwards south we again traversed more mountains and forests to arrive in Strahan at 2.30pm.

Strahan

We checked into our home, another cabin at the Strahan Cabin Park for \$68.00. We then drove a km to the town. Marie and I walked this touristy place which was abuzz with activity, what one expects in tourist places. Three medium sized catamaran boats for sightseeing in Macquarie Harbour which we didn't do because of Marie's seasick problem. A seaplane and a helicopter adding to the noise.

The shops and little township is cute. We visited the Information Centre where I could possibly check my E-mails. On the way back home I noticed an Internet Cafe around the corner to home. I walked to it but it was not working for some reason. I drove around to the Information Centre but for some reason I could not use JMail on my floppy disk but I could surf the Web OK, so I checked my Web site for a few minutes, OK.

Friday 14 November to Somewhere

187km travelled 8c sunny

Queenstown

We arrived in Queenstown early as usual so went to the APT Railway Centre to check out the Railway station, shop and have morning tea. The APT steam train and the track has been restored and been open only a couple of years. This railway system was a construction marvel in the 1800s. Please read the booklet in the photo albums about it. It's very interesting!

The little steam loco came in, shunted to the carriages which people were already sitting in, those who were

going on the journey. It takes all day to do the complete tour/journey to Strahan and return, costing about \$150.00 expensive. The track is 35km long with a steep section of rack and pinion. As I type this I don't know if there are any other rack and pinion railways in Australia.

Marie bought some little gifts in the shop. Then back to the Museum which by now was open. This museum is two floors with most of it about the mining in the area. Other rooms concentrated on various things, a medical room, a dentists room, an Australian football room and so on. Of course Queenstown has seen over a hundred years of mining based on the huge Mount Lyell copper deposits. A very busy part of Tasmania's if not Australia's history. It's also an historical city. Many men have died in the mines sad to say. Before leaving Queenstown we stopped for more petrol for ES but the garage was out of unleaded petrol.

The man said that their supply was sent to Queenbeyan which is in NSW. So I drove over the street to the other service station and purchased only 20lt at 99c/lt for \$20.00. I was needing to work it so we could return ES to Thrifty at the Hobart Airport empty or close to empty.

We drove around a few streets trying to imagine how busy Queenstown would have been a hundred years ago. Travelling on A10 from the town the surrounding landscape does not look as bad as previously because of the amount of regeneration with many trees had been planted.

The drive northward and upward is very spectacular as we could see the terrible looking landscape that has not been regenerated. A steep and winding road. On the other side and back down we had our picnic lunch at an old hotel which had a sign as though someone had bought it and was going to restore it. It's sign read "Royal Hotel 1910 T.Kelly". No work was visible because I walked around it. I saw a couple of rabbits here.

From here the landscape is flat and rather barren. We saw another mountain with a little snow on its peak which was probably Frenchmans Cap with its peak at 1443mt ASL. Ascending again to a lookout, Donagh's Hill Lookout where we saw snow on the peak of Mt. Arrowsmith. Descending again to drive through Derwent Bridge then rising again to the Hydro power station at the foot of the town of Tarraleah called Tungatinah. About 5km up to it where we decided we would stay the night.

Tarraleah

We arrived here at 2.30pm and went to the only active place which was the Chalet where I enquired about accommodation. I inspected a couple of rooms in the Chalet for around \$80.00 without ensuite. The other alternative was an entire house for \$120.00. There are fifteen of the original houses that were left. The rooms are quite large, I suspect these houses may have been occupied by management staff or the like. Height above sea level here is 597mt.

Web site about the Hydro Scheme,

www.hydro.com.au

Tarraleah was another Hydro scheme township until the Post Office finally closed in 1999. Most of the housing was removed before that and was dying until a Mr. Kingdon bought the whole place. We moved in and while Marie was resting I walked the town. I walked along the back of the fifteen houses to the little lookout. From there I took a photo looking southward where I could see Mt. Wellington which is 92.5km distant. Then past the Chalet to the generators (power station) only 50mt from the Chalet. There are big pipes coming from the western direction which are almost horizontal, the water goes through the generators then drops down perhaps 300mt to the generators at the bottom, the aforementioned Tungatinah power station. Very good.

I then walked onto the football ground, saw the school which may have had a few hundred pupils, the heated swimming pool with two diving platforms. This was being restored with lots of new piping being laid. The final remaining part of this deserted town was the little shopping centre that would have been very busy. A supermarket and where the Post Office had been. Very sad in a way. I hope the new owners build the town up and it throws its ghosts away.

Marie has in her notes about seeing an echidna and many dead animals which had been hit by vehicles. Also many bends in the roads.

I bought some spaghetti in the Chalet's little, little is the word, shop which we cooked up in our house for dinner.

Saturday 15 November to Ross

149km travelled 15c sunny/cloudy

Continuing on A10 we drove beside channels of water which was rushing on its way to the top generators. The water appeared to be running uphill but would have been an illusion. We passed the road sign to Butlers Gorge which is part of Lake King William. My oldest brother, Norm worked here many years ago. So much I do not know about my family. Soon back to civilisation, dairy farms and the like. The historic town of Hamilton was next where we stopped and took a couple of photos. Here we were only about 80km from Hobart. We took B110 which was gravel for about half its length. We saw little Flanders poppies growing on the side of the road. They reminded us of our Journey to France in 2000.

Bothwell

At Bothwell we stopped at a little cafe for morning tea. All of a sudden it was hot, perhaps 20C. I didn't win any friends there because after we had ordered our cuppa I tried to wind the window a bit further open but the handle came off. The woman was not pleased, putting the handle back on and closed the window completely.

We had a booklet about the building of Bothwell so we parked ES across the street and walked. Later I realised we had been to Bothwell before when John drove

us here in 1999 on our way to Launceston. A very historic town so please read the booklet in the albums.

We took A5 to Melton Mowbray, there on the big #1 northward to arrive at Oatlands at 1pm. By now it was windy which blew up dust.

Oatlands

We called into the Oatlands Information Centre where I used my 9cm floppy to receive my E-mails. There were another big lot of 477, about 450 spam and junk mail. The twenty minutes cost me \$2.00.

We drove around to the old flour grinding mill which has an unusual sail arrangement. We drove to the Kentish Hotel just down the street. This hotel was built in 1840 so like many of the buildings here are historic, in fact it is claimed that most of the old buildings are still lived in.

The only rooms were on the second floor so we only took our hand luggage and food box up to our room. ES was safely parked at the back. The hotel had been purchased recently by a part aboriginal man who is modernising it, that is the inside not the historical outside. Our ensuite was a new unit, the type we had in Europe in 1997. The whole shower unit is one piece made of plastic or similar material.

We thought we were the only guests until a couple of older women came to stay the night. It cost us \$77.00 which included a Continental breakfast. We all had dinner in the hotels restaurant cooked by a friendly young man. We both enjoyed roast turkey for \$12.50 each. There were two almost flat balloons hanging on the wall. I told Marie that I thought they would have been there because of the AFL Grand Final Lions Magpies game in October. I asked the cook and sure enough, he said it was to remind them that Collingwood lost the game.

There was no public phone in the hotel so the man let me use his bar 'phone. I 'phoned Rex Lampkin in Hobart to arrange a time to see him and his wife, Marg. It was to be next Wednesday.

After dinner the two women, Betty and Margaret and Marie and I watched TV in the lounge about the life of Clark Gable.

Sunday 16 November to New Norfolk

173km travelled 12c

I was glad to be getting back to Hobart as I was a bit tired of driving. I don't enjoy it as much as I used to years past.

The four of us had our breakfast in the hotels dining room before we said our good-byes. We drove northward to have another look at Ross where we had been a few years ago. On the way we listened to lovely Irish music on the car radio. Soon we arrived in Ross.

ROSS

Another Historic Town It was named by Governor Macquarie in 1821. The most well known feature is the

Ross Bridge. It was built by a convict artist/stonemason Daniel Herbert who carved the superb artwork on the bridge. We bought a little more petrol for ES \$20.00 for 20lt at 98c/lt. We visited the enlarged Tasmanian Wool Centre which one could spend hours at because it's just not about wool but historical things of the area.

We back tracked southward on #1 seeing Julie and Charlie's home from the highway in Mangalore. At Bridgewater I stopped to take a photo of the bridge. Then on the northern bank of the River Derwent through very pretty countryside. We arrived in New Norfolk at 12 noon. The Information Centre was closed but a note on the door suggested people go a block away to a shop called Blair Street Store & Takeaway in that street. We did but was told by the man that the big motel had closed down some time ago but we could try a couple of hotels or the caravan park. I got back into ES then the man, Les Brooker, rushed out and asked us if we were looking for accommodation. Yes we were. He told us that he had a room which he lets out to a few people. I had a look and it was great. Only \$70.00.

By the time I had returned to ES and told Marie he dropped it to \$50.00. He must have liked us.

We paid him and took our hand luggage in. Les had two dogs, his own called Jill, a big Alsatian. The other was a small one called Jack who he was minding for someone. They were so friendly. See photo of Jill guarding our door. We drove back to the main street but as it was Sunday the place was dead except for Chicken Feed and a hardware store where we did buy a couple of things. I 'phoned Shirley in Howrah to arrange if we could stay a few nights but no answer.

We drove around a bit to the unused Railway station and a nursery where Marie bought three succulent plants.

Back home where we bought fish and chips from Les' shop to have dinner in our room. He put some prawns in with the fish without charging us. Very nice. I had a bath with the spa turned on for a short time. Neither of us like spa baths much.

Monday 17 November

99km travelled 10c

I told Les we would stay another night which he said was OK so we paid him another \$50.00. There were still a few things to do in Hobart so we would do some today from New Norfolk as it's only 33km from Hobart. As we were driving out he rushed out of his shop and brought me out a baseball cap advertising his shop, a red cap. Thanks Les.

We went to the Cornelian Bay Cemetery and visited my mums grave. Marie remembered where it was, we cleaned it up and I put a new bunch of material flowers in one of the vases. Then to my fathers plaque in the wall section. I took more 'photos. Sad occasions again, I wondered if I would ever return again.

Then to the Royal Tasmanian Botanical Gardens which was as lovely as ever. It was nice and cool as we both wore a sweater. Onto my hometown area, the Hobart suburb of Moonah where we walked again. Then for a surprise visit to relatives, Phillip and Janice Fletcher. John took us to see them in 1999 so it was good to see them again. Phillip is the very first cousin I met. I had never known and met in person any of my cousins, Phillip is the very first. Sad isn't it?

We took more photos and left them at 4.45pm to be back in New Norfolk where we enjoyed a Chinese meal in a Chinese restaurant. We went to a drive through car wash so ES would be nice and clean when we would say goodbye to her on Friday. I 'phoned Shirley again and this time she was home. Yes, we could stay the last three nights with her, tomorrow night, Wednesday and Thursday night.

Back home while I was in the bath, Les came and asked if Marie thought I might like to go with him to see Uncle Bob. Marie didn't know who Uncle Bob was so Les explained that it was a man at Alcoholic Anonymous (AA). She said no. Les seemed to have taken to us.

Tuesday 18 November to Howrah

60km travelled 8c

We said goodbye to Jill and Jack and again thanked Les. I would keep in contact by E-mail with him.

Marie made a note that many people fly our Australian flag, Tasmanian people appear more patriotic. A couple of times the flag was flown at half mast.

When we were close to Hobart we drove over Bowen Bridge which was built then opened in February in 1984. We made a U turn to go back over the bridge and wandered around the harbour until we again arrived at the cemetery to see my brother Jack's plaque. I asked at the main office and the woman there told me to go to the War Graves Office just a little way in the cemetery. A man there showed us in no time so I took a couple of photos of the plaque. It's on wall 10, five down from the top and seven from the left. Back to the city for another look around. We parked ES in a multistory public car park. The old Cat and the Fiddle Arcade has been changed and a bit run down. At the northern end only a part of the Cat and Fiddle wall figures remain. We had lunch in a cafe in the mall. Another meal which was supposed to be a snack. It was Chicken Schnitzel and potato chips for \$5.20.

We collected ES and drove to the Battery Point area to visit Narryna House. This is an historic house built in 1836, only thirtythree years after the settlement of Tasmania. Cost was only \$5.00 to see a much better house than Franklin House that we visited in Launceston. It has much of the original furniture and other items. Then to a service around the corner for perhaps the last drink for ES \$5.00 at 95c/tl.

Onward to Shirley at Howrah which is on the eastern bank of the Derwent River. We arrived at 3pm when she

was glad to see us again. Shirley made dinner including a sweet hot pudding. Then on TV we all applied our brains to do the National IQ Test. It was fun but went so late.

Wednesday 19 November

46km travelled 16c Sunny

Our last trip into the city. We went to a Woolworths and bought a new battery and a longer cable for Shirley's 'phone answering machine.

We arrived at Marie's cactus friends Rex and Marge Lampkin in North Hobart. Only about 2km from the Fletcher's home. Rex was so very pleased to see Marie (and me) that he cried. We missed seeing them when we were here in 1999 because they were overseas. Since then Rex and Marg have not been well. Earlier this year (2003) Rex had been in hospital for five months with a very serious condition. He has been back a few times since.

We talked for a hour or so then we took them to have lunch in Moonah. Rex suggested Cooleys' Hotel in the main street. I paid for the meals whilst Rex insisted he pay for our couple of drinks. It was a lovely meal where we could select salad from a salad bar.

Back to their home to take more photos and talk some more. Rex's hobby has been succulents and cacti. He was president of the Tasmanian Club years ago. Marg has done a lot of genealogy and has hand made a wall hanging about her relatives who came from Norfolk Island and immigrated to New Norfolk. It was sad to say goodbye!

Back over the Tasman Bridge when suddenly there were police cars and a general stoppage of traffic coming into Hobart. Just as we were slowly drove past, a man was sitting on the bridge railing with both his legs over the side. Perhaps he was going to commit suicide. A police woman a few metres away was walking away from him then he swung his legs over to the road side of the rail. We hope that he did not jump and perhaps fix his problems some time. So the traffic on the two inbound lanes, towards the city was stopped or at best just moving at times for about 5kmall because of, I call a stupid person.

At home I put the battery in Shirley's 'phone answering machine and fitted a longer 'phone cable to it.

We 'phoned Maria where everything was OK.

Also Julie to again thank them for having us at their place a couple of weeks ago. We all looked at some of Shirley's photos and spoke about how many things that Jack did that I do which are similar. Such as keep a record of petrol purchases, distance and so on when we are on a journey. Also that it was Jack who gave me the nickname of "Johnny". It is a long story but my mum gave birth to a boy who died a few months after.

She called him Charles. Mum gave me the same name, "Charles" to me which was quite a strange thing to do. It wasn't until after Marie and we married that we

were advised to legally change my name to John. I did this by Deed Poll.

Thursday 20 November

54km travelled 17c Cloudy

A day I would have liked to have done nothing and stay home but Shirley wanted to take us to one of her sons home. Brent's wife Linda was home which wasn't far away. It was nice to see Linda again but the visit was for a special reason which of course I and Marie appreciate very much. We held my father's three war medals. Linda gave us morning tea in their home in a very quiet part of South Arm. We had seen Brent and the children in 1999 but this time he was at work. We drove back on the same road through Lauderdale. Mum and dad lived for a short time in Lauderdale.

Back home where I gave ES a last minute clean when I noticed a small scratch on the front bumper bar. The silver part which we used to call the bumper bar, at the corner on the passenger side about 30mm by 8mm in size. I 'phoned Virgin Blue to check our flight to Melbourne which was going to be twenty minutes earlier. We packed our suitcases. The last outing for dinner and the last drops of petrol for ES, another \$5.00 worth at 95c/l. We took Shirley for dinner at a Chinese restaurant at Rokeby.

Friday 21 November

18km travelled 10c Cloudy

Up early with our last breakfast with Shirley and more sad goodbyes.

I hate saying goodbye. We departed at 7.45am to arrive at Hobart Airport and drop off ES which was easy to do. Everywhere in Tasmania is uncrowded. I parked ES in the Hertz area as I was told by Thrifty, that's what is done if one firm's area is full. They all co-operate.



Our seat allocations at the front of the aircraft in row three.

There were many very unhappy people who were flying with Qantas but it seemed as though a couple of flights were cancelled and Virgin Blue would take some of their passengers. No problem with VB as our flight took off on time so we landed at Tullamarine at 11.30am.

Melbourne

John met us and took us to their home at Eltham. The TV we brought down with us travelled OK as John had tested it and it was OK. A little bad news. One of their rabbits, Jasper had escaped from their yard a couple of weeks ago and had not returned. From John's computer I read my E-mails using my 9cm floppy disk which worked OK.

Saturday 22 November

Rainy

Our last full day. More bad news, their other rabbit, Smoky had also escaped sometime yesterday. John found hair caught on the top of a little wire netting part which indicated he got out at that point. Joshua missed him most of all it seemed.

About 9am we all departed in their two cars and went to the Kangaroo Ground War Memorial. It is an historical sight. We stopped at a church hall, Pantom Hill Saint Mathews, to have a quick look at the recycled clothing. Then further northward but because it was too wet we didn't stop at the country markets. Further on and going a little higher up the hills it became very foggy. We stopped at Kinglake and had a lunch snack at a little cafe which had a small wood fire burning.

I took a photo looking to the outside, see the photos of the fog. On the way back down to home we saw about twenty kangaroos hopping in a paddock.

Sunday 23 November to home

13c Cloudy

After lunch John took us to Tullamarine Airport. We said more sad goodbyes although we hoped to see John and family during our journey to my second state Victoria next year 2004. Both our suitcases were heavier at 25kg but the check-in man told us we would have had to pay an excess if they were over 25kg. Thanks very much Virgin Blue.

Our flight was on time so we arrived back in Brisbane at 2.50pm and caught a taxi to arrive home at about 4.45pm.

Home sweet home.

My weight about 64kg.

----- end -----

We hope that the reader has enjoyed this Journey to my Home State, Tasmania.

If required I can send the text only version by E-mail my address is;

jcdalton@paradox.com.au

or I may put it on my Web site at:

www.paradox.com.au/

~jcdalton/hobartjohn1.htm

Thank you.

John C.E. D'Alton

Some details regarding ES

Petrol consumption of ES
was;

160 litres

\$157.50

Distance travelled 3168km

Thank you.

John C.E. D'Alton

Some technical details.

I published this using openoffice.org version 1.1 which is a GNU Open Source application and costs nothing. The computer is my PC10 400MHz Acer.

Our film print photographs I scanned with my Olympic flatbed colour scanner which I then edited with The GIMP another GNU Open Source application.

The printer I used was my Lexmark Colour Jetprinter model 1020.

The computer I used for the images is my PC8 P166.

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