

For Six Month Period Ending

Feb. 28, 1995
(Insert date)

Name of Registrant

AVISO, INC.

Registration No.

04220

Business Address of Registrant

1150 Marina Village Parkway, Ste. 104
Alameda, CA 94501

I—REGISTRANT

1. Has there been a change in the information previously furnished in connection with the following:

(a) If an individual:

(1) Residence address	Yes ☐	No ☐
(2) Citizenship	Yes ☐	No ☐
(3) Occupation	Yes ☐	No ☐

(b) If an organization:

(1) Name	Yes ☐	No ☒
(2) Ownership or control	Yes ☐	No ☒
(3) Branch offices	Yes ☒	No ☒

2. Explain fully all changes, if any, indicated in item 1.

The New York Office was closed down because of the client, Australian Tourist Commission, discontinued the contract with us in October, 1994.

IF THE REGISTRANT IS AN INDIVIDUAL, OMIT RESPONSE TO ITEMS 3, 4, and 5.

3. Have any persons ceased acting as partners, officers, directors or similar officials of the registrant during this 6 month reporting period? Yes ☐ No ☒

If yes, furnish the following information:

Name

Position

N/A

Date Connection
Ended

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CRIMINAL DIVISION
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INTERNAL SECURITY
SECTION
REGISTRATION UNIT

Go 'troppo' off Australia

BY CHERYL BLACKERBY
Cox News Service *6675*

TOWNSVILLE, Australia — The *Coral Princess*' crew was definitely in the doldrums.

Bob, a blond, muscular diving instructor and former Australian Navy diver, was agonizing over a new girlfriend — so new, in fact, that he had met her on the cruise the previous week.

The day she had left the ship, she had asked him to join her for several months on a trip around the world, all expenses paid by her parents. He had to tell her yes or no by the end of our trip.

What to do?

He canvassed the passengers. "Bob, don't do it," he was told by a New Zealand sheep farmer. "You'll be a parasite, a gigolo."

A retired Australian gentleman advised: "Bob, are you nuts? Give it a go."

Not quite like Claudia

Captain Doug Walkden also seemed a little melancholy, although no one could pin it to problems of a romantic nature. The crew kept reminding passengers to visit the captain in the wheelhouse because he was lonely.

The other men on the crew had had a minor setback. They had been blessed with a gorgeous German passenger who looked like model Claudia Schiffer. But the first time she had put on her bikini they had been taken aback, and affront, by the fact she didn't shave her legs or underarms. During the entire trip, they pondered whether a woman with hairy armpits could be attractive.

G'day mates, and welcome to Australia and a cruise on the Great Barrier Reef, where idle conversation isn't weighed down with current events unless those events happened on the boat.

The biggest concerns are finding someone to love, at least for the short term; deciding whether to dive or snorkel; and, in general, eating, drinking and being merry.

Captain Doug put more than a few shrimps on the barbie for us on island picnics and tossed out cans of Fosters lager like chum to the sharks. One of the dive instructors

If you go

► **Coral Princess rates:** Cruise rates for the *Coral Princess* for three-night cruises are \$680 a person double occupancy; singles \$1,021. Tuesday departures from Townsville, Saturday departures from Cairns. Call S.H. Enterprises 800-225-9849 for more information and reservations.

► **Information about Australia:** Write to the Australian Tourist Commission, 1180 Marine Village Parkway, Suite 104, Alameda, Calif. 94501, or call 800-333-0262 or 510-865-5126.

► **Information about Queensland:** Contact the Queensland Tourist and Travel Corp., 1800 Century Park East, Suite 330, Los Angeles, Calif. 90067, or call 310-788-0997.

introduced the non-Australians to the game of cricket.

Australians predominated on this cruise, with a half-dozen New Zealanders, or "Kiwis" as the Australian crew called them, and a few Europeans.

Evening entertainment included watching movies in the lounge, and no passenger could leave the ship without seeing *Crocodile Dundee I* and *II*. The crew shouted out lines in the movie like audiences do at *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*.

Other options included relaxing in the Jacuzzi and gathering around the bar with the Aussies.

"Bob, forget the woman."

"Bob, if you don't go, you'll regret it the rest of your life."

The passengers, in a word, went "troppo," the Australian word for relaxation in these parts of the tropics. This meant putting on a "cozzie" (swimsuit) and sandshoes (sneakers), joining our "mates" for a dive, then relaxing on deck with a "tinny" (a beer).

Socializing and unabashed personal revelations, distinctly Australian and American traits, weren't the only reasons for the trip. We were, after all, sitting on top of the Great Barrier Reef, the

longest coral formation in the world and the largest living structure on Earth.

All 50 passengers were thrilled about seeing the reef, whether by diving, snorkeling or glass-bottom boat. The Great Barrier Reef stretches 1,250 miles along Australia's northeast coast across an area larger than the British Isles.

Passengers on the luxurious *Coral Princess*, a 115-foot, 54-passenger catamaran, got about as close to the reef as they could get.

The Great Barrier Reef puts on a great show.

A huge potato cod, a fish as big and round as an old Volkswagen, hovered over a forest of red gorgonian coral like the Goodyear blimp hangs over the Rose Bowl.

Schools of neon blue and yellow angelfish, yellow-banded butterfly fish and a hawksbill turtle swam by in water as clear as a summer day.

Attracting attention

My cruise on the *Princess* began in Cairns — pronounced cans as in two cans of Vegemite, a sandwich spread that looks like the black oil that oozes out of a car engine and tastes like beef bouillon without the water — and ended four days later in Townsville.

Long ignored by the cruise industry, Australia is finally attracting ships. Crystal Cruises, Princess Cruise Line, Holland America, Royal Cruise Line and Royal Viking all send mega-cruise ships to Australia.

Numerous local reef cruises range from relaxing nine-day adventures to day trips for those visitors who are short of time.

Three ships — the *Coral Princess*, the *Roylen Endeavour* and *Roylen Endeavor II* — are catamarans, which in layman's terms means minimum roll and no seasickness.

Frequent stops gave us a chance to swim from deserted beaches and explore rain forests. At night, we saw swirling phosphorescence — mesmerizing underwater fireworks — and a brilliant starry sky with an awesome Milky Way and Southern Cross.

And what about Bob?

He turned down the trip. But he'll always have Australia.

Cruising Down Under

Aussie intrigue all part of going 'troppo' with the crew

By CHERYL BLACKBERRY

Cor. News Service

TOWNSVILLE, Australia — The Coral Princess' crew was definitely in the doldrums.

Bob, a blond, muscular diving instructor and former Australian Navy diver, was agonizing over a new girlfriend — so new, in fact, that he had met her on the cruise the previous week.

The day she had left the ship she had asked him to join her for several months on a trip around the world, all expenses paid by her parents. He had to tell her yes or no by the end of our trip.

What to do?

He canvassed the passengers for opinions. "Bob, don't do it," he was told by a New Zealand sheep farmer. "You'll be a parasite, a gigolo."

"Bob, are you nuts? Give it a go," advised a retired Australian gentleman out of hearing range of his wife.

Captain Doug Walkden also seemed a little melancholy, although no one could pin it to problems of a romantic nature. The crew kept reminding passengers to visit the captain in the wheelchair because he was lonely.

The other men on the crew had had a minor setback. They had been blessed with a gorgeous German passenger who looked like model Claudia Schiffer. But the first time she had put on her bikini they had been taken aback, and affront, by the fact she didn't shave her legs or underarms. During the entire trip, they pondered whether a woman with hairy armpits could be attractive.

G'day mates, and welcome to Australia and a cruise on the Great Barrier Reef, where idle conversation isn't weighted down with current events unless those events happened on the boat.

The biggest concerns are finding someone to love, at least for the short term, deciding whether to dive or snorkel; and, in general, eating, drinking and being merry.

Captain Doug put more than a few shrimps on the barbie for us on island picnics and tossed out cans of Fosters lager like chum to the sharks. One of the dive instructors introduced the non-Australians to the game of cricket, sort of a cross between baseball and bowling.

Australians predominated on this cruise, with a half-dozen New Zealanders or "Kiwis" as the Australian crew called them, and a few Europeans.

Evening entertainment included watching movies in the lounge, and no passenger could leave the ship without seeing Crocodile Dun-

dee I and II. The crew shouted out lines in the movie like audiences do at The Rocky Horror Picture Show.

Other options included relaxing in the Jacuzzi, and, of course, gathering around the bar with the Aussies.

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Socializing and unabashed personal revelations, distinctly Australian and American traits, weren't the only reasons for the trip. We were, after all, sitting on top of the Great Barrier Reef, the longest coral formation in the world and the largest living structure on Earth.

All 50 passengers were thrilled about seeing the Reef, whether by diving, snorkeling or glass-bottom boat. The Great Barrier Reef, which stretches 1,250 miles along Australia's northeast coast across an area larger than the British Isles, can present quite a logistical challenge, unless, of course, you happen to be on a boat.

Passengers on the luxurious Coral Princess, a 115-foot 54-passenger catamaran, got about as close to the Reef as they could get.

Duck your head under water and the Great Barrier Reef puts on a great show.

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Long ignored by the cruise industry, primarily because the country is so far from the United States and Europe, Australia is finally attracting ships. Crystal Cruises, Princess Cruise Line, Holland America, Royal Cruise Line and Royal Viking all send mega-cruise ships to Australia.

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Three ships — the Coral Princess, the Royleen Endeavour and Royleen Endeavor II — are catamarans, designed for what brochures call "stability and passenger comfort," which in layman's terms means minimum roll and no seasickness.

About a third of our passengers were neither divers nor snorkelers, and were content to enjoy the scenery and conversation.

"Bob, don't do it."

"Bob, what do you have to lose?"

Frequent stops gave us a chance to swim from deserted beaches and explore rain forests. At night we saw swirling phosphorescence — mesmerizing underwater fireworks — and a brilliant starry sky with an awesome Milky Way and Southern Cross.

And what about Bob?

He turned down the trip around the world. But he'll always have Australia.

Fun, unique sights await those visiting the land down under

Orange County
Register
Sept 18, 1984

W475

Australia has enough attractions to please just about everyone, no matter what one's interests might be, according to a representative of the Australian Tourist Commission. Australia has pristine rainforests — the world's largest living thing — the Great Barrier Reef, opera, unique wildlife, wineries, restored goldrush villages and friendly people.

Australia may seem far away, but board Air New Zealand's new non-stop flight from Los Angeles and you can be in Sydney in less than 15 hours.

Although it's almost as large as the United States, Australia's easy to get around by train, plane, ferry, boat, bus or rental car. The roads are well-marked; most cities have good public transit, and the people speak English — in an Australian sort of way.

Those looking for value may be pleased that they'll get \$1.35 in Australian currency for every U.S. dollar — stretching that vacation budget even further.

Australia has accommodations to suit every taste and pocketbook, from backpackers' lodges to five-star resorts. U.S. wholesalers are continuously coming out with new value-priced packages.

Australia's temperate climate encourages year-round hiking, or bushwalking, as the Aussies prefer to call it. Trails are everywhere. Among the most spectacular are the ones in Australia's many national and regional parks. Odds are, one will see a friendly kangaroo or a koala snoozing on a tree branch.

Those seeking excitement may want to experience the thrill of whitewater rafting down the rushing Tully and North Johnston rivers in Queensland.

For a sampling of Australia's fascinating history, one can explore old goldrush towns, with names like Ballarat and Bendigo, where in the last century miners came from around the world to seek their fortunes.

Or maybe one would prefer to stay in a restored country cottage in Tasmania and visit Port Arthur, a penal colony where quite a few of Australians' first ancestors lived.

While Australia has its share of world-class hotels, one's preference may be something a little different.

One can spend a few days on a farm or Outback sheep station riding or helping out with the chores. Or visit one of several Great Barrier Reef islands, with white-sand beaches, outstanding food and, most important, peace and quiet.



Wildlife includes friendly kangaroos.

For a wildlife experience, check out the fairy penguins as they parade up the beach to their burrows each evening on Philip Island. Or get acquainted with kangaroos, koalas, emus and echidnas at one of Australia's many wildlife parks. Maybe one's dream is to swim by hundreds of brightly colored fish while snorkeling the Great Barrier Reef, 1,250 miles of underwater beauty.

Most Americans who travel to Australia, the representative said, want to experience first-hand the relaxed friendliness for which Australians are known. One way is to visit a pub in any small town on a Saturday night. Not only will they meet the locals, but they'll also be likely to hear a country bush band playing Aussie tunes.

Looking for a cultural experience? Attend a performance in the majestic Sydney Opera House. Or head to the Outback and explore Aboriginal rock and cave paintings.

To assist one in travel planning, the Australian Tourist Commission has published *Destination Australia*, a 136-page traveler's guide with just about everything one needs to know to plan the trip. It's free for the asking by calling (800) 333-0262.

6675 Australia offers fun, adventure

Come visit Australia. It's a fun sort of place, with enough attractions to please just about everyone, no matter what your interests might be.

Australia has pristine rain forests, the world's largest living thing - the Great Barrier Reef, opera, unique wildlife, wineries, restored gold rush villages and friendly people.

Australia may seem far away, but it's closer than you think - just a hop, skip and a jump across the Pacific. Board Air New Zealand's new non-stop flight from Los Angeles and less than 15 hours later, you'll arrive in Sydney, ready to explore the world's smallest continent. But don't think you have to do it all in one trip.

Although it's almost as large as the United States, Australia's easy to get around in, by train, plane, ferry, boat, bus or rental car. The roads are well-marked, most cities have good public transit, and the people speak English - well, in an Australian sort of way.

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Australia has accommodations to suit every taste and pocketbook, from backpackers' lodges to five-star resorts. U.S. wholesalers are coming out with new value-priced packages all the time, making travel to Australia more convenient and affordable than ever before.

In Australia's cities, you'll have no trouble finding delicious food from around the world, reflecting the country's international character.

Australia's temperate climate encourages year-round hiking, or bushwalking as the Aussies prefer to call it. Trails are everywhere. Among the most spectacular are the ones in Australia's many national and regional parks. Odds are, you'll see a friendly kangaroo or a koala snoozing on a tree branch while you are there.

If a little excitement is more your style, experience the thrill of whitewater rafting down the rushing Tully and North Johnston rivers in Queensland.

For a sampling of Australia's

fascinating history, you can explore old gold rush towns, with names like Ballarat and Bendigo, where in the last century miners came from around the world to seek their fortunes.

Or maybe you'd prefer to stay in a restored country cottage in Tasmania and visit Port Arthur, a penal colony where quite a few of Australians' first ancestors lived.

While Australia has its share of world-class hotels, your preference may be something a little different. Spend a few days on a farm or Outback sheep station, where you can ride horses and help out with the chores. Or visit one of several Great Barrier Reef islands, with white sand beaches, outstanding food and most important, peace and quiet.

Or perhaps you'd like to sleep in a place unlike any other - an underground motel. Live like the locals of Coober Pedy, where 90 percent of Australia's opals are mined and the houses are underground so inhabitants can escape the intense heat.

Looking for a cultural experience? Attend a performance in the majestic Sydney Opera House. Or head to the Outback and explore aboriginal rock and cave paintings that are thought to be 40,000 years old, probably the oldest art on the planet.

When you've sampled traditional fare at Australia's wonderful restaurants, you may want to experiment with some of the more unusual dishes. For example, if you order Morton Bay bugs, you'll be served a strange looking, but really delicious, sea creature which tastes like lobster. In the Outback, sample witchetty grubs which aborigines consider a special treat.

It's easy to see that no matter what your interest, Australia is the place for you. It's convenient to get to and easy to get around. There's no shortage of interesting and exciting things to do in this beautiful country. Best of all, it's more affordable than ever before.

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Discover Australia's culture through art and festivals

Australia is one of the most culturally diverse nations in the world and this ethnic blending is apparent through its music, literature, dance, arts, crafts and even its comedy.

Cosmopolitan Sydney is filled with internationally-acclaimed museums and galleries. The Sydney Opera House, situated along Sydney Harbor, offers dramatic settings for opera as well as symphonies and theatrical performances.

While in New South Wales there is much to see beyond Sydney. The coast is dotted with quaint fishing villages and undiscovered beaches. Further inland there are the rolling hills of the Hunter Valley wine region, the Blue Mountains and the mining town of Broken Hill, gateway to the Outback. Throughout the area are charming local galleries and regional museums.

This fall, travelers should head for Glen Innes in north-central New South Wales for the annual Bush Music Festival, Nov. 25-27, 1994, showcasing the delightful folk music of Australia. More than 100 Australian and aboriginal performers, including Eric Bogle, The Queensland Colonial Dancers, Wongawilli, Blue the Shearers, and Pat Keegan and the Loaded Dog, will be present for music competitions, concerts and

workshops. Comedy event sheep-shearing competition arts and crafts and poetry readings, all highlighting Australia's bush culture, are also scheduled during the three-day event.

Victoria is also rich in cultural events and festivals. Performers and visitors from around the world will celebrate music, art and food at the ninth annual Melbourne International Festival of the Arts, Oct. 13-29, 1994.

Though less well-known than the Sydney Opera House, the Victorian Arts Centre includes venues for opera, concerts and drama.

Australia's aboriginal heritage is visible throughout the country, but particularly in the Northern Territory. Aboriginal communities share their 60,000 year history and legends of a period called Dreamtime through art, songs, music and dance. In the "Top End," for example, the remote lands of Kakadu National Park are filled with ancient aboriginal rock art sites many dating back tens of thousands of years.

Visitors can take a hot air balloon ride over the vineyards of the Barossa Valley. Or, for taste of nature, travelers can take a ferry to Kangaroo Island and walk among a colony of seals relaxing on the beach or hike through mountain areas in the Flinders Ranges.

THE LAND OF THE WEIRD AND WONDERFUL

every time I go to Australia, another tiny window opens into this mansion of a place that, in some ways, feels remarkably like home but always serves up something to confirm that I am anywhere but. Even a limited trip Down Under can yield enormous rewards if you're willing to stop and smell the eucalyptus. A sojourn's small pleasures may seem insignificant at the time, but they're precious what you remember years later.

Whether I go for a week or three, I opt for quality of experience over geographic reach, whether it's watching Restoration comedy at the Sydney Opera House, or examining thumbnailed

POSTCARDS FROM AUSTRALIA by Prudence Black

sized orchids in the heart of Victoria's Little Desert. Australia has become a good friend whose private quirkiness is just as endearing to me as the face it cultivates for global consumption.

Following are some of my indelible impressions of Australia. They range from the sublime to the ridiculous, and if that doesn't describe a quality travel experience, I don't want to go.

Rom to Move

Early in the morning, I'm running in Sydney's Royal Botanic Gardens inhaling the ethereal, dawn-pink vision of the Opera House standing sentry along the harbor as I round the point occupied by Mrs. MacQuarie's Chair. Next I'm in the back of beyond, near the Grampian Mountains, northwest of Melbourne, jogging through the mist of a lonely country road when my first kangaroo bounds into the gum trees to the right, and a community of emus strides gracefully through the paddock to the left.

If you're in Australia you're in for sweat equity. Sports is religion here, maybe even the law.

Animal Magnetism

With almost 300 species, Australia is the center of marsupial evolution. I've wooed wombats and dallied with dingoes in several of the wildlife parks so common throughout Oz, but truly awesome was a foray into Victoria's Brisbane Ranges, where a natural population of koalas thrives. The tour leader, a zoologist, explained that koalas, unlike other tree-dwelling marsupials, have no



The Kings of Cats: Victoria's Bushmeat Range has a large population of bandicoots.

grasping tail, and are really ground dwellers that opt to eat and sleep in trees — considering they spend 20 hours a day in slumber, that's a lot of arboreal living.

Other endearing, free-range natives include quokkas, shameless beggars that inhabit Rottnest Island off the coast of Western Australia. Their mellow col- legially perfectly represents this idyllic little bump in the Indian Ocean, where automobiles are not permitted and urban attitudes are suspect. It's a good thing the beaver-sized quokkas and not humans are permitted to live here full time, because otherwise no one would ever leave.

Then there was the time I cuddled a crocodile. With their crooked smiles, serious overbites and grumpy temperament, these critters are in desperate need of good public relations. Give 'em a break, I said, and grinned gamely when the proprietor of Queensland crocodile farm placed a three foot long specimen of reptilian attitude into my outstretched arms. It's incisor-saddled jaws were tied firmly shut, enabling me to complete my trip, appendages intact.

At One With the Reef

I've snorkeled in some truly remarkable venues — the Philippines, Tahiti, the Virgin Islands — but compared to the Great Barrier Reef they're like paddling in a bathtub with really great rubber toys. I never thought the

Ullars — The naked and sophisticated, Apraxi, Apraxi.

don't arrive home with at least one more suitcase than I left, stuffed to the gills with merino wool sweaters, Hunter Valley wine, huon pine sculpture, jarrah wood picture frames, not to mention more whimsical travel items such as Tasmanian devil refrigerator magnets and Australian flag shoelaces.

Set me free in goofy Hahndorf, South Australia, the country's oldest surviving German settlement, with its souvenir shops and its pepper-spunked sausage and dark, dense bread. Let me wander through Hobart's Salamanca Place markets in search of a platypus puppet and a few bars of lavender soap.

While my fashion-conscious companions cruise the boutiques in Melbourne's Toorak and Chapel streets, give me an afternoon in Myer, where a manager once told me that its 1 million square feet of shopping space qualified it as the largest department store in the world.

When Do We Eat?

Hey, I like Australian meat pies washed down with Castlemaine XXXX Beer. And I'm eternally grateful that a trip Down Under introduced me to the singular pleasures of Violet Crumble candy bars and salt-and-vinegar flavored pota-

to chips long before either was available in the States. But Australian cuisine is a whole lot more than what you can fit into a tucker bag.

I fell in love over a perfectly smoked Tasmanian salmon, spent a month's worth of fat calories in one sitting with King Island Camembert and blue cheese as my sole companions. At a Clare Valley boutique winery in South Australia, I ate the most exquisite lunch of toasted goat cheese with sesame and sun-dried tomatoes, smoked-trout salad and passion fruit chutney to the accompaniment of a perfect charbonnay and a Mozart fagot; at the Pheasant Farm in Barossa Valley the local shiraz was paired with smoked kangaroo, pheasant pie, squash and rabbit scaloppini. I could go on, of course, and tell you about the astonishing sea of wildflowers that rolls across Western Australia and South Australia each spring, about how my favorite fern is not a flower at all, but a profoundly purple wood called Salvation Jane by apothecaries, who appreciate its bee- summoning power, and Paterson's Curse by ranchers, who decry its ability to overrun grazing land.

I could wax on about the golden Georgian architecture of the Tasmanian

villages of Richmond and Ross, and the Federation-style iron lace work that gaily decorates so much of Melbourne and Adelaide. I could recall the perfectly cloud-mottled sky blanketing the New South Wales hamlet of Gulgong, featured on Australia's \$10 bill, where cinnamon-colored dragonflies dance in glee at the lack of their residential draw.

And don't you want to know about the bell birds, whose door-chime song rings out over the Blue Mountains outside of Sydney in a chorus simply begging you to come out and play?

There's more where that came from, of course, and, anyway, those are my postcards of Australia. You'll have to write your own.

For more information about Australia, and to order a free copy of the Australian Tourist Commission's Destination Australia travelers guide, call 800-790-1989 ext. 30.

Prudence Black is a freelance writer who writes this column for the Australian Tourist Commission. This special advertising supplement was sponsored by the Australian Tourist Commission and is published by the Advertising Communications Department of the San Francisco Newspaper Agency.

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Chronicle
Sept 18, 1994

The wild heart of **Tasmania**

4675
By Robert Strauss
FOR THE INQUIRER

HOBART. Tasmania — One of our operative notions of travel seems to be this: If it sounds strange or different, we put it on the itinerary.

So after previous side excursions to such faraway places as Zanzibar, Tierra del Fuego, Andorra and Liechtenstein, my wife and I just couldn't pass up Tasma-

nia on our Australian vacation.

Now, admittedly, some of these places aren't so exotic.

Andorra and Liechtenstein, for instance, are just big tax-free shopping centers in European mountain ranges. But then there are such places as Zanzibar, which definitely has that qualifying mixture of history, poverty, natural beauty and inaccessibility.

Tasmania falls somewhat in between. It is neither inaccessible,

with three international airports and modern harbor, nor poor being part of Australia. But it has a nice blend of history and magnificent natural wonders and is, therefore, a good slightly-off-the-beaten-path destination even for those not automatically attracted to oddball destinations.

The British who settled this part of the globe thought Tasmania was about the roughest place in the civilized world. Starting in

the early 1800s, they peppered this teardrop-shaped island off the southeast coast of Australia with penal settlements.

The island, about the size of Maryland, was first named Van Dieman's Land in 1642 by Dutchman Abel Tasman — after the Dutch East Indian governor. As Van Dieman's Land under the British, it became such a harsh penal colony — with its turbulent surrounding waters and often damp and cold climate — that when the penal settlements were disbanded in 1856, the British wanted to rename it to take away its stigma. Thus: Tasmania, after Abel Tasman.

Australians who come to Tasmania generally visit Port Arthur, the most restored of the old penal settlements. It is about two hours' drive east of Hobart, the island state's capital and largest city. It is a sort of convict Williamsburg, with about two dozen Georgian structures and a lot of re-creations of old prison life.

Australia's history as a gathering place for all kinds of social castoffs is best told in Robert Hughes' *The Fatal Shore*, which is almost required reading if you are interested in going to Port Arthur.

After you have the history out of the way, it's time to enjoy the best part of Tasmania: the wildlife and wild scenery.

You will probably fly into Hobart, a pretty town of 129,000 with one of the most placidly scenic harbors in the world. Hobart has a substantial art colony centered on Salamanca Place, a four-block set of refurbished old warehouses along the harbor with many galleries and small cafes. The hill area behind Salamanca Place is full of winding streets and more galleries and restaurants.

But a day or two of Hobart is enough before you go into the interior. Much of Tasmania is temperate rain forest, a strange mix of the tropics and cool weather.

Fortunately, Tasmanians — there are only 450,000 of them — have been ecologically conscientious for a long time and have saved much of this forest as state and national parkland. Three of the best national parks are Cradle Mountain-Lake St. Clair, Franklin-Wild Rivers and Southwest.

What you do in these parks is what the Australians call bushwalking. That is an ominous term for people who have seen too many B movies featuring large men in big tilted-brim hats who whoop, "Aye, mate," every 18 seconds. Actually bushwalking can

be anything from a week-long hike in the wilderness to a half-hour stroll along a secluded path.

The one thing that bushwalking in Tasmania probably means is dampness. They don't call it a rain forest for nothing. But there are rarely downpours but, instead, mostly soft mists, which can make the scenery all the more wonderful. Just wear good shoes, since the stones and dirt paths will be slippery.

The rangers at Cradle Mountain-Lake St. Clair can put you on either a long or short stroll. The Overland Track is Tasmania's premier long bushwalk — eight days through the park, passing Mount Ossa (at 5,000 feet, Tasmania's highest), fantastic gorges, lakes and wild grasslands.

On the other hand, you can hang out by Lake St. Clair and take nature trails of from one to four hours of hiking. Our 2-year-old daughter got to see her first wallabies — those small kangaroo wannabes — on the stony shores of the lake. The posted signs on the one-hour walk give you a good introduction to how the trees and plants change drastically through different parts of the rain forest.

As rural and wild as the park is, it is only a three-hour ride out of Hobart. Most Tasmanians live either in and around Hobart, or the northern cities of Launceston and Devonport, leaving the interior and most of the coast relatively unpopulated.

At Franklin-Wild Rivers National Park, there are about a dozen short walks. It's also possible to do such things as raft the Franklin River, which has a reputation as one of the world's best. To do it, though, you need a guide, a lot of stamina, and a fair amount of money. The run takes from eight to 14 days and costs about \$100 a day for food, raft and guide.

What Australians sometimes call the last great wilderness is Southwest National Park, accessible only in two small areas by road. The best way for the mild adventurer to see any part of this large, somewhat uncharted, area on the wind-swept southern coast is to take the Gordon River Cruise from the tiny town of Strahan, the southernmost port on Tasmania's western coast.

Strahan was once a large mining port, and, before that, its huge harbor leading into the Indian Ocean was used primarily as a transport center for Sarah Island, one of the most notorious of Tasmania's penal colonies.

The weather in and around Stra-

han is fairly severe: often rainy, always windy, never very warm (though, like the rest of Tasmania, almost never below freezing). And the waters are about as turbulent as they come. You will probably find the rocking quite violent aboard the large Gordon River Cruise boat if you take the tour, which costs about \$30 per person.

In addition to the wild rivers and rain forests and grand ferns and gums all over Tasmania, there are other natural oddments to see.

In Launceston, the walk along Cataract Gorge is spectacular. You go along the Tamar River through the main part of town and come smack into a two-mile gorge that looks as if it lies in the far-off wild. The walk skirts many precipices, so the faint-hearted should stick to shopping in town.

An hour out of Launceston are two quite fantastic limestone caves, the wet Marakooopa Cave and the dry King Solomon Cave. They are six miles from each other nearest the town of Mole Creek, and the tour times are made so you can easily see both, costing about \$8 for the two.

A half-hour's drive east of Marakooopa Cave is a fine animal preserve, the Tasmanian Wildlife Park and Koala Village. There you can see many of the animals native to Australia and nowhere else: kangaroos, wallabies, koalas, the beaverlike quolls, the ground-kissing wombats, and, of course, Tasmanian devils.

The kangaroos and wallabies are decidedly friendly, and you can buy a dollar bag of food, which they will gladly chomp from your hands. Children will want to spend all day with the kangaroos if you let them.

Those Tasmanian devils, on the other hand, are rotten little animals, to tell the truth. They growl constantly, bare their teeth, and look somewhat like a small, squashed version of a dachshund. For this, they get to be the symbol of Tasmania and are under government protection.

The Tasmanian people, though, are quite friendly. They seem more laid-back and quieter than the Texan-like folks on the main Australian continent. And they always seem to have time for your questions, no matter how stupid those questions might be.

But there's one question every traveler inevitably asks somewhere that you won't be asking in Tasmania: "Why did I come here?" For this is truly one of the grand places on the globe.

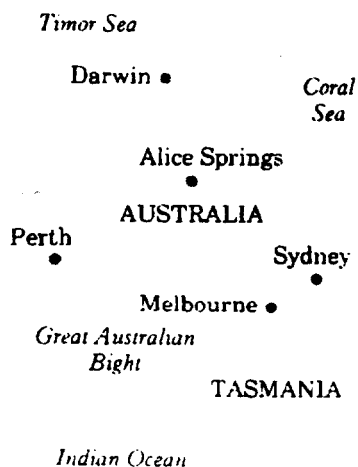


The Franklin River is reputed to be among the world's best for rafting. A guide is needed for the 8-to-14-day run, and it costs about \$100 a day for food, raft and guide.

If You Go

Getting there: To get to Tasmania, you must first fly to Sydney and then on to either Hobart, Launceston or Devonport in Tasmania. Round-trip fares from Philadelphia to Sydney range from \$1,244 to \$1,410, depending on the season. (Off-season in Australia is from April through October, the seasons being reversed in the Southern Hemisphere.)

Getting around: In Australia, Qantas and Ansett offer airpasses, which are the best way to get around if you intend to do some traveling. They cost \$484 for four trips. Since domestic air fares tend to be high in Australia, the short one-hour Sydney to Hobart flight



runs from \$375 to \$400 round-trip), the airpasses, which must be bought before leaving the United States, are a definite bargain.

Staying there: Though there are luxury hotels in Hobart, we stayed in smaller, quirky places. They included the old Customs House Hotel ("hotel" in Australia generally means a tavern with rooms above), with a small antique-appointed room overlooking Hobart's grand harbor, for \$37, and the Tarraleah Resort in the Tasmanian mountains for \$32.

Information: For more information, contact the Australian Tourist Commission, 100 Park Ave., 25th floor, New York, N.Y. 10017. Phone: (212) 630-0000. — Robert Shapiro

An island getaway to satisfy everyone

The saying "You can't please everybody" certainly doesn't apply to Australia or its tourism industry. This fascinating island continent has something for everybody who visits it.

Whether you're an urban socialite who revels in good hotels and the cosmopolitan culture of exotic cities, or an athletic individualist who enjoys nothing better than breaking away from the office and exploring natural wonders, Australia can satisfy your vacation longings.

A scuba diver's paradise

For example, colorful marine life, vast shipwrecks and the famous Great Barrier Reef are just a few of the underwater treasures awaiting you, if you enjoy scuba diving.

With its warm climate, clear waters and prolific marine life, Australia is a diver's and snorkeler's dream getaway.

The briny wrecks of 19th-century sailing vessels and 20th-century airplanes are found in some of Australia's most scenic areas, such as Darwin Harbour in the Northern Territory and the Bass Strait between Victoria and Tasmania.

On Kangaroo Island off the coast of South Australia, visitors can dive with seals in the recently opened underwater Kangaroo Island Maritime Heritage Trail. And Bicteno, on Tasmania's east coast, offers winter diving among dolphins and whales.

Maybe scuba diving isn't your style, but you still can enjoy outdoor activities.

Exploring Australia by foot or on bicycle can take your breath away with the sheer beauty and variety of the country's spectacular geology and unique wildlife.

Visiting "bushwalkers" — as

hikers are known in Australia — have access to vast, diverse stretches of pristine wilderness.

The tropical north is best from March through November, and although the south has snow-covered mountains during the winter months of June through August, its foothills and coasts continue to offer beautiful walks.

In the spring (September to November) hikers can trek past the hundreds of thousands of colorful wildflowers that carpet the southwestern part of Western Australia, the alpine regions and many regional parks.

Australians are proud of their unique environment and have created more than 3,200 national parks and conservation areas, most offering a wide range of walks and bike paths that appeal to both the beginner and the seasoned athlete.

For city walkers and cyclists, Australia's major urban areas offer magnificent pathways of their own in nearby parks or within city limits, providing the opportunity to view historic sites along the way.

The Australian capital of Canberra boasts an 81-mile network of bike paths, while cosmopolitan Sydney offers miles of harbor, beaches and magnificent cliff-top trails for spectacular cycling.

Melbourne's extensive bike-path system leads cyclists through colorful gardens, parks and charming Victorian-era buildings. Wherever travelers stay in Australia, hotel staff can recommend local bicycle-rental and tour companies.

The culture and excitement of Sydney

Or, maybe you're the less-active, more-intellectual type.

Australia still won't let you down. All you need to do is walk into the Sydney Opera House. On the inside you'll find the Concert Hall, Drama



The architecture of the Sydney Opera House annually attracts thousands of tourists. The structure houses various artistic groups. Pathways around the building offer wide views of the city's harbor.

Theatre, Opera Theatre, Music Room, Cinema, Broadway Studio, Reception Hall, Bennelong and Harbour restaurants, Mozart Cafe, six bars and the Library of the Performing Arts.

And a final note for those of you thinking of heading "down under" — North American travelers now have more options for travel to Australia with expanded service by

Air New Zealand and enlarged facilities at Sydney's principal airport, Kingsford Smith International.

In November, Air New Zealand will offer three non-stop flights per week between Los Angeles and Sydney, while continuing its ongoing connecting flights to Sydney from Los Angeles via Auckland, New Zealand.

San Jose mercury
news

Sept 18, 1994

Sept 18, 1994

Cruise down under has its own charm

Passengers find love, loneliness and relaxation aboard a catamaran bound for Australia's Great Barrier Reef.

By CHERYL BLACKERBY
of Cox News Service

TOWNSVILLE, Australia — The Coral Princess' crew was definitely in the doldrums.

Bob, a blond, muscular diving instructor and former Australian Navy diver, was agonizing over a new girlfriend — so new, in fact, he had met her on the cruise the previous week.

The day she left the ship, she had asked him to join her for several months on a trip around the world, all expenses paid by her parents. He had to tell her yes or no by the end of our trip.

What to do?

He canvassed the passengers for opinions. "Bob, don't do it," he was told by a New Zealand sheep farmer. "You'll be a parasite, a gigolo."

"Bob, are you nuts? Give it a go," advised a retired Australian gentleman out of hearing range of his wife.

Capt. Doug Walkden also seemed a little melancholy, although no one could pin it to problems of a romantic nature. The crew kept reminding passengers to visit the captain in the wheelhouse because he was lonely.

G'day mates, and welcome to Australia and a cruise on the Great Barrier Reef, where idle conversation isn't weighed down with current events unless those events happened on the boat.

The biggest concerns are finding someone to love, at least for the short term; deciding whether to dive or snorkel; and, in general, eating, drinking and being merry.

Captain Doug put more than a few shrimps on the barbie for us on island picnics and tossed out cans of Fosters lager like chum to the sharks. One dive instructor introduced the non-Australians to the game of cricket, sort of a cross between baseball and bowling.

Australians predominated on this cruise, with a half-dozen New Zealanders or "Kiwis" as the Australian crew called them, and a few Europeans.

Evening entertainment included watching movies in the lounge, and no passenger could leave the ship without seeing "Crocodile Dundee" and "Crocodile Dundee II." The crew shouted out lines in the movie like audiences do at "The Rocky Horror Picture Show."

Other options included relaxing in the Jacuzzi, and, of course, gathering around the bar with the Aussies.

"Bob, forget the woman."

"Bob, if you don't go you'll regret it the rest of your life."

Learning the lingo

The passengers, in a word, went "troppo," the Australian word for relaxation in these parts of the tropics. This meant putting on a "cozzie" (swimsuit) and sandshoes (sneakers), joining our "mates" for a dive, then relaxing on deck with a "tinny" (a beer).

Socializing and unabashed personal revelations, distinctly Australian and American traits, weren't the only reasons for the trip. We were,

Evening entertainment included watching movies in the lounge, and no passenger could leave the ship without seeing "Crocodile Dundee" and "Crocodile Dundee II." The crew shouted out lines like audiences do at "The Rocky Horror Picture Show."

after all, sitting on top of the Great Barrier Reef, the longest coral formation in the world and the largest living structure on Earth.

All 50 passengers were thrilled about seeing the Reef, whether by diving, snorkeling or glass-bottom boat. The Great Barrier Reef, which stretches 1,250 miles along Australia's northeast coast across an area larger than the British Isles, can present quite a logistical challenge, unless, of course, you happen to be on a boat.

Passengers on the luxurious Coral Princess, a 115-foot 54-passenger catamaran, got about as close to the reef as they could get.

Duck your head under water and the Great Barrier Reef puts on a great show.

A huge potato cod, a fish as big and round as an old Volkswagen, hovered over a forest of red gorgonian coral like the Goodyear blimp hangs over the Rose Bowl.

Schools of neon blue and yellow angelfish, yellow-banded butterfly fish and a hawksbill turtle swam by in water as clear as a summer day.

My cruise on the Princess began in Cairns (pronounced cansas) — in two cans of Vegemite, a sandwich spread that looks like the black (that oozes out of a car engine and tastes like beef bouillon without the water — and ended four days and 366 nautical miles later in Townsville.

Sailing down under

Long ignored by the cruise industry, primarily because the country is so far from the United States and Europe, Australia is finally attracting ships. Crystal Cruises, Princess Cruise Line, Holland America, Royal Cruise Line and Royal Viking all send mega-cruise ships to Australia.

Numerous local reef cruises range from relaxing nine-day adventures to day trips for those visitors who are short of time.

Three ships — the Coral Princess, the Royle Endeavour and Royle Endeavor II — are catamarans, designed for what brochures call "stability and passenger comfort," which in layman's terms means minimum roll and no seasickness.

About a third of our passengers were neither divers nor snorkelers and were content to enjoy the scenery and conversation.

"Bob, don't do it."

"Bob, what do you have to lose?"

Frequent stops gave us a chance to swim from deserted beaches and explore rain forests. At night we saw swirling phosphorescence — mesmerizing underwater fireworks — and a brilliant starry sky with an awesome Milky Way and Southern Cross.

And what about Bob?

He turned down the trip around the world. But he'll always have Australia.

If you go

Coral Princess Rates: Cruise rates for the Coral Princess for three-night cruises are \$680 per person double occupancy; singles \$1,021. Tuesday departures from Townsville, Saturday departure from Cairns. Call S.H. Enterprises at (800) 225-9849 for more information and reservations.

For more information about Australia: The Australian Tourist Commission, 1180 Marine Village Parkway, Suite 104, Alameda, Calif. 94501, or call (800) 333-0262.

For information about Queensland: The Queensland Tourist and Travel Corporation, 180 Century Park East, Suite 330, Los Angeles, Calif. 90067, or call (310) 788-0997.

AUSTRALIA'S ULTIMATE ROAD TRIP

The Great Ocean Road is a meandering, breathtakingly beautiful drive, the Down Under version of California's Highway 1

6675
By ROBERT STRAUSS

MELBOURNE, Australia—Having been taught from early childhood the marvels of the "side road," I am immediately skeptical of any attraction too fabricated, too obvious.

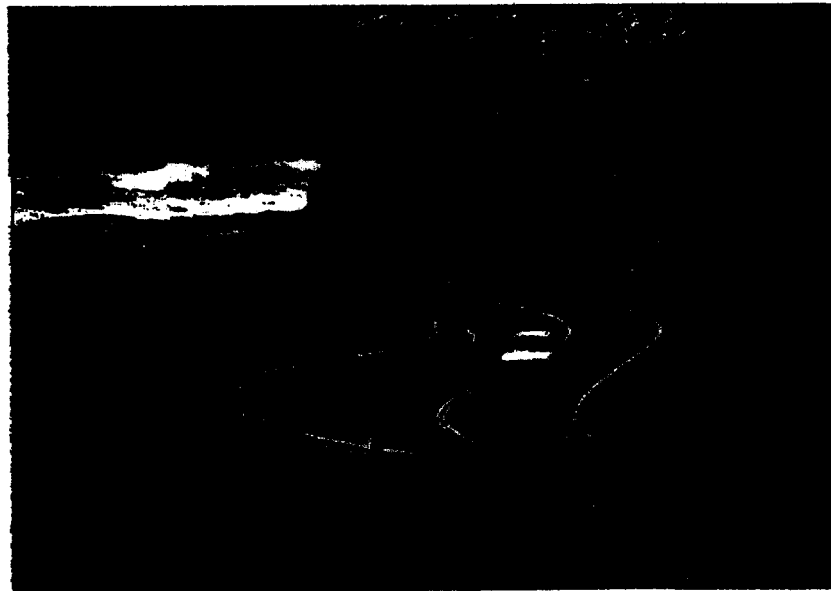
So when a friend suggested my family and I take something called the Great Ocean Road during our recent trip to Australia, I was immediately suspect. The first thing I learned was that the Great Ocean Road doesn't entirely run along an ocean—and, then, that its 185-mile length of asphalt was built as a works project during Australia's Depression and opened in 1932 specifically as a tourist attraction.

But then I looked at a map of Victoria, Australia's southeasternmost state. And I discovered the Great Ocean Road was indeed the side road between Melbourne and Adelaide 454 miles to the west, at least three other routes being quite faster, much straighter and far more trafficked.

The Great Ocean Road, I also learned, is a winding, two-lane byway meandering along the Bass Strait, which connects the Pacific and Southern oceans and separates Victoria from the island state of Tasmania. In its relatively short run, it slithers

past small seaside-resort towns, up through the rain-forested Otway Ranges and back down along often wind-swept stone seawalls. And like its American cousin, Big Sur's Highway 1, it is one massively beautiful drive—cliff-hugging hairpin turns and dreamlike vistas, with pounding surf on one side and majestic mountains on the other.

Doubts dispensed with, my wife, daughter and I set out from Melbourne, Australia's second-largest city, early on a weekday fall morning (April is early fall, the seasons being opposite in the



MARGO PFEIFFER

Curvaceous: Along the road between Melbourne and Adelaide.

(Southern Hemisphere).

The road southwest from the city, along its industrial corridor, took us past trucks belching diesel fumes and factories apparently designed by architects too caught up with their T-squares. But as we passed Geelong, the last of the industrial suburbs about 60 miles from Melbourne, the road changed from four lanes to two and became like most Australian highways—narrow and pastoral.

Thirty miles farther, past what seemed like thousands of cud-crunching cows and sheep with woolly coats puffed up for the coming Australian winter, we reached the little resort town of Torquay, the opening note of the Great Ocean Road. Torquay is western Victoria's surfing capital, the action is especially strong at Bell's Beach, home of 20-foot-high waves and an Easter surfing championship. Though there were no surfers out when we reached Torquay, the waves were pounding heartily against the many coves surrounding the town.



MARGO PFEIFFER

Watch the birdie: Australian emu.

Torquay is a scenic spot with a population of 5,000. It's a place that smacks a bit of the worn hippie look, where a generation ago muscled guys with battered surfboards searching for the perfect wave settled in for a spell and built a pre-New Age infrastructure. Accommodations are Spartan, but clean; whitewashed pre-World War II hotels mix with undistinguished camper-van parks and post-war motels. Eating tends to be beer garden, pizza and what appears to be the hip Australian cuisine of the 1990s, Mexican.

Besides its beaches (most of which are prone to strong winds), Torquay, like most every small and large town in Australia, promotes its bush walks. The best bush-walking trail in Torquay is called the surf coast walk, which follows the coastline up and down grassy ridges for about 20 miles. Sea views (and the exercise getting them) are its prime attraction. With my 2-year-old daughter, Ella, in a backpack, I was not about to do the whole thing. But, we happily dis-

covered, Australians don't expect you to. Bush walking is supposed to be a pleasure, not a competition, and the sooner we got the hang of not completing every last centimeter of a trail, the more we got to like doing it.

Those first 60 miles of the Great Ocean Road out of Torquay could take an hour and a half or the better part of two days, depending on your inclination to dawdle in the scenery. We split the difference and stopped every so often to dutifully breathe in the salt air.

We passed through two more seaside resorts about half the size of Torquay: Anglesea and Lorne. The air was crisp with a stiff breeze; tourists bounded jauntily in and out of small craft shops, delis and bakeries; the buildings themselves were bland but clean. We stopped in Lorne for a snack and watched some proper men, all dressed in white, bowling on a manicured lawn overlooking the ocean. Lawn bowling as a spectator sport usually falls somewhere between watching slugs slither and



Fresh feeling: Dinner in the making, Apollo Bay.

ROAD

Continued from L1 *jc*
ragweed germinate, but the dramatic setting helped captivate us for nearly a half-hour.

We didn't do much bush walking in this first part of the Great Ocean Road, though we read of trails inland to pretty waterfalls and along the grass-and-rock outcroppings to scenic lookouts. We were saving our hiking legs for the part of the road that wound into the mountains. In the meantime, any seaside view we could get without clambering up rocks with little Ella was grand enough for us.

We stopped for the night at the point where the Great Ocean Road bends away from the sea toward the Otway Ranges. Here in Apollo Bay, a town of only 900 year-round inhabitants that swells to at least four times that number in summer, the road becomes the main drag, the Esplanade.

After checking in at the \$37-a-night Grandview Lodge, perhaps the only place in town without a view, we trundled down to the Esplanade for dinner at the Apollo Bay Hotel. ("Hotel" in Australia indicates a place with a liquor license, not necessarily one with rooms to let.) As we found all over Australia, restaurant meal portions range from immense to obscene. The Apollo's decor was more roadhouse than the Ritz.

But our meal made up for it. A piece of gemfish, a basslike fish found in the Indian Ocean, flopped over the bow and stern of my plate. My wife and daughter shared a piece of roast lamb the size of a Kareem Abdul Jabbar sneaker, but still tender.

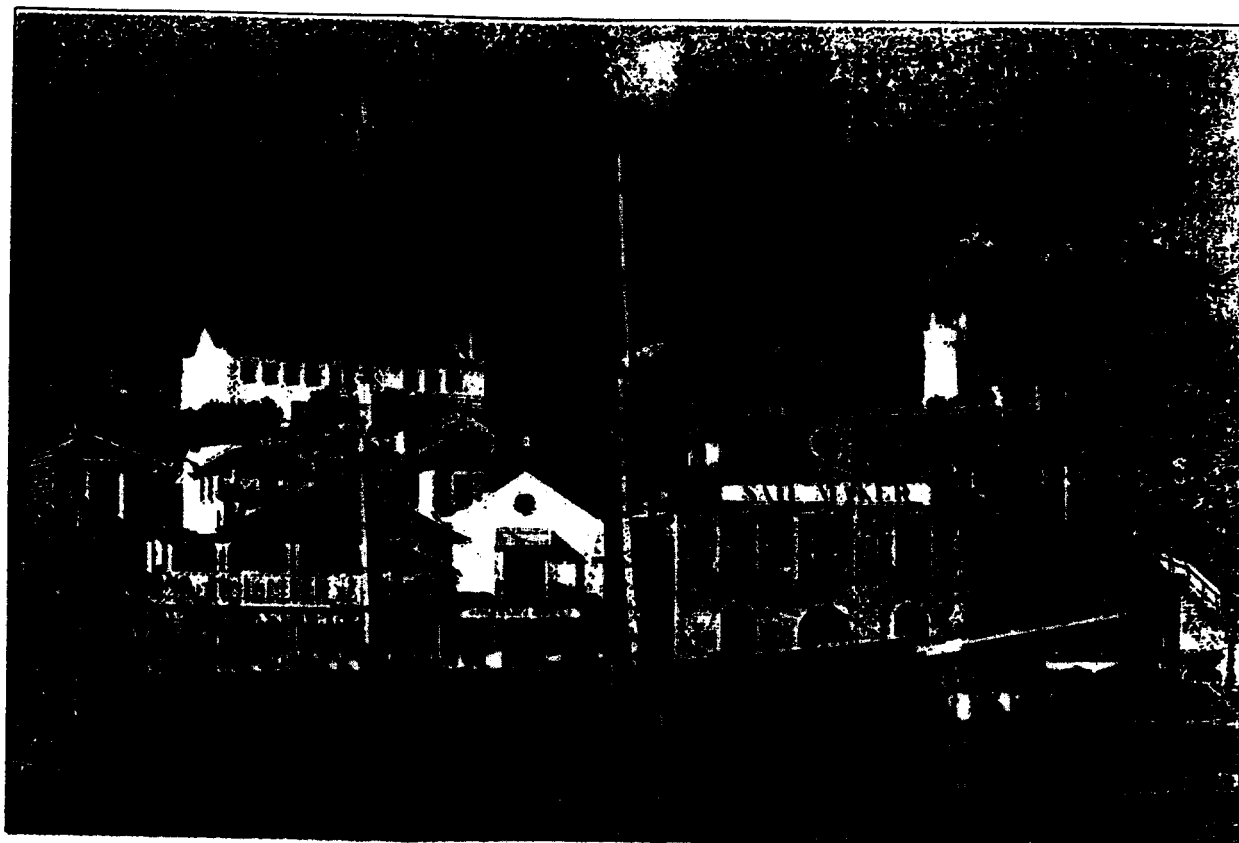
With an unlimited salad bar of several different homemade offerings, an orange juice and four steins of beer, the feast came to only \$21.

From Apollo Bay there were only 64 miles or so of the Great Ocean Road to go, but each turn seemed to promise something different. Turning away from the Bass Strait toward the mountains gave us a fine contrast.

The Otways are part of one of the world's few temperate rain forests, and most of the land along the 35-mile stretch is state nature preserve. You can stop and take any number of well-marked or self-made bush walks. There are no rangers or guides, but signage is good. We took our bush walk on the trail in Melba Gully State Park, where the prime draw along the two-mile hike is the world's largest great gum tree, 300 years old and 88 feet in diameter. A member of the eucalyptus family, it resides almost unobtrusively—with only a small sign next to it and a little "don't touch" rope around—among the many ferns, mosses and other eucalyptus trees in the dense, perpetually misty forest.

The thick forest prevented us from seeing, though not necessarily from hearing, many animals. But we did get a glimpse of several wallabies—those small cousins of the kangaroo—hidden in the ferns, and a number of small birds such as jays and sparrows.

The prime attraction of the Great Ocean Road, at least the one most often seen in tourist brochures, was still ahead as the highway turned back to the coast through Port Campbell National Park. Out of the mists of the Otways we glimpsed the outlines of spectacular sandstone outcrop-



For sale: Maritime museum in Warrnambool.

Photos by JIM HUTCHISON

pings—huge pillars rising 100 feet or more up from the Bass Strait, their sides smoothed by years of pounding from wind and water, making them look like rooks or bishops from a Brancusi-like chessboard.

These are the Twelve Apostles, a dozen majestic stone shafts separated from the cliffed coast through thousands of years of erosion. The creators of the Great Ocean Road knew a good natural attraction when they saw one, so they started naming each piece of carved-out stone along this 12-mile stretch of coast. We, like the small caravan of other tourists braving the fall winds, stopped at virtually every scenic vista along the way.

On down the road from the Twelve Apostles was Loch Ard Gorge, where we strolled the boardwalks and admired several magnificent blowholes as much as 100 feet below us on the surf. Further on was London Bridge, a 200-yard bridgelike outcropping that caved in back in 1990, leaving visitors who'd walked out to the ocean end waiting, gape-mouthed, until an emergency helicopter came to rescue them. Finally, there was the Bay of Islands, a wonderful warren of eroded sandstone mounds 10 to 50 feet high, sitting in a quieter cove off the heavier

surf.

The Great Ocean Road continues only a few more miles along the strait, but it would be a mistake to turn back toward Melbourne when the highway reaches its end in the town of Warrnambool. For the next 60 miles, we traveled on Victoria Highway 1 along the "Shipwreck Coast," where we were told more than 80 ships met their ends in the wind-swept waters of the Bass Strait from 1880 to 1930. We were intrigued by the whole shipwreck idea, but the Flagstaff Hill Maritime Village, a museum in Warrnambool, was closed the day we went by. Apparently, the Great Ocean Road saved even more ships from their doom, since cargo started coming in by highway almost exclusively after it was built, rather than over the rocky coast swells of the Bass Strait.

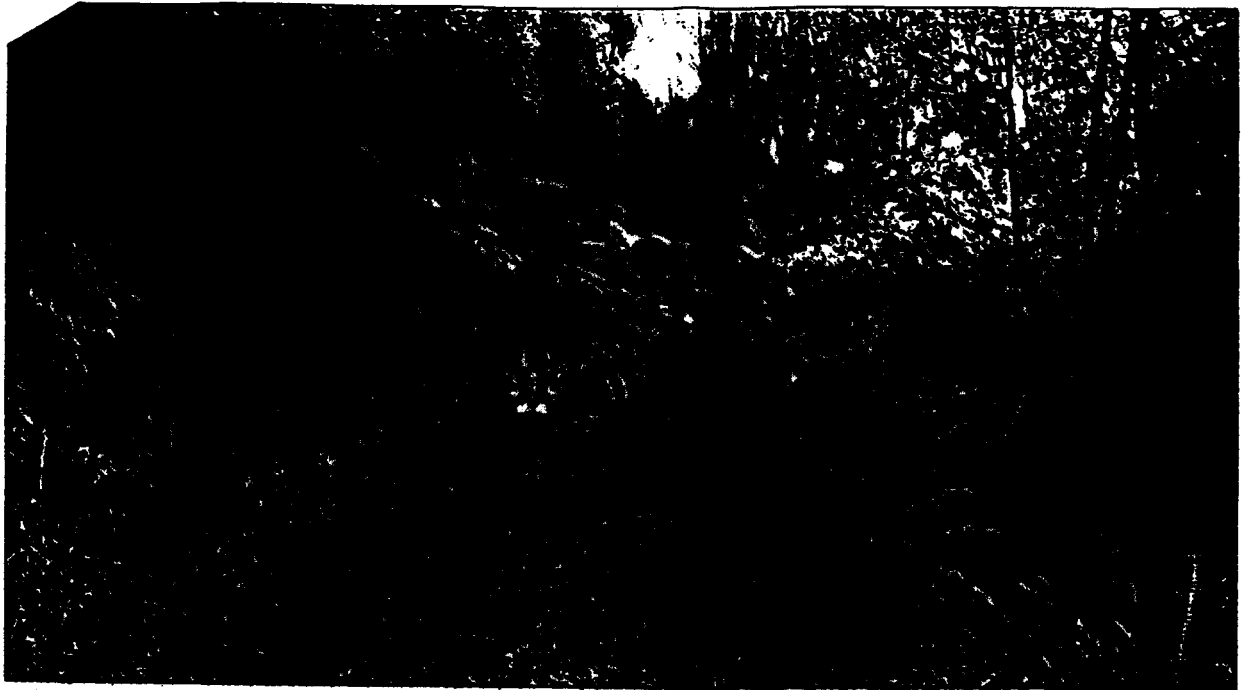
We were there a bit too early in the year to see the Southern Right whales, which have made a comeback in the nearby waters since the government started protecting them a generation ago. Southern Rights are cousins to the gray whales that migrate off California, but with a larger head and no dorsal fin. The whales visit during the Australian winter, from about

May to October, and can be seen even from Warrnambool with standard binoculars.

One of our favorite stops along the entire road was Tower Hill State Game Reserve, a 15-minute drive past Warrnambool. A small park by Australian standards (about two square miles), Tower Hill is a treat—not only for its animals, but for its landscape. We veered off the road and down the steep 50-foot sides of a punch-bowl-like meteor crater whose landscape varied from scrub brush on the outer rims to eucalyptus forest and lakeside pines in the interior.

Walks are well marked and viewing spots are plentiful, as is the wildlife. The stars of Tower Hill are the koalas and emus. Thanks to a thick stand of eucalyptus, koalas were introduced there by state game officials. Koalas eat only leaves of certain eucalyptus and, with stands of those types being deforested in many parts of Australia, the need to transplant koalas to areas such as Tower Hill has become necessary. With Ella on my back and my sharp-eyed wife at my side, I trudged into the eucalyptus forest, certain of a good koala find.

I was not disappointed. We spotted at least a dozen koalas, even though the



Fern gully: A walk in the Otway Ranges.

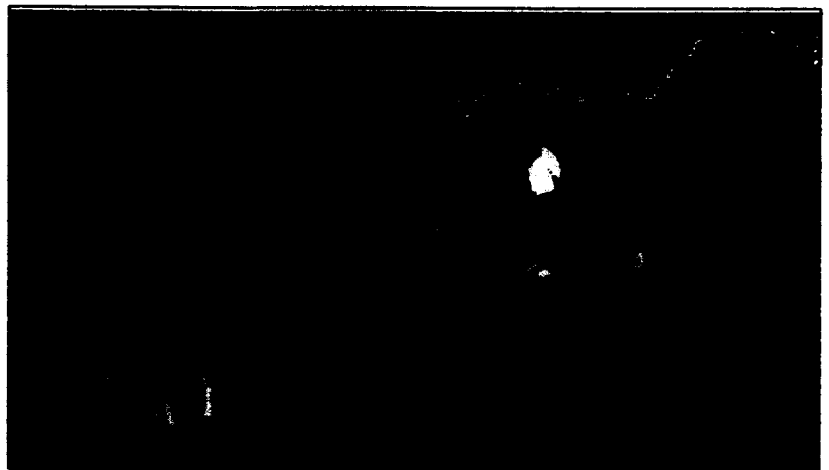
Photos by JIM HUTCHISON

The thick forest prevented us from seeing, though not necessarily from hearing, many animals.

30
nocturnal cuddlies tried to jam themselves into the crooks of the branches far up in the tallest trees.

Koalas would seem to be the ultimate little-kid animal—shy, pug-nosed and furry. But then, you probably haven't seen a 2-year-old child flocked by emus.

The emu is the world's second-largest bird, smaller only than the African ostrich and, like the ostrich, flightless. They look a bit disheveled, with shaggy, brown feathers and off-white craggy heads. But they lope along on their skinny legs, undaunted by the humans around them. Their awkward gallops brought shrieks of delight from Ella, who viewed them as Big Bird incarnate. She chased them, and they chased back, and we could almost make out



Hopping hazards: Anglesea Golf Course.

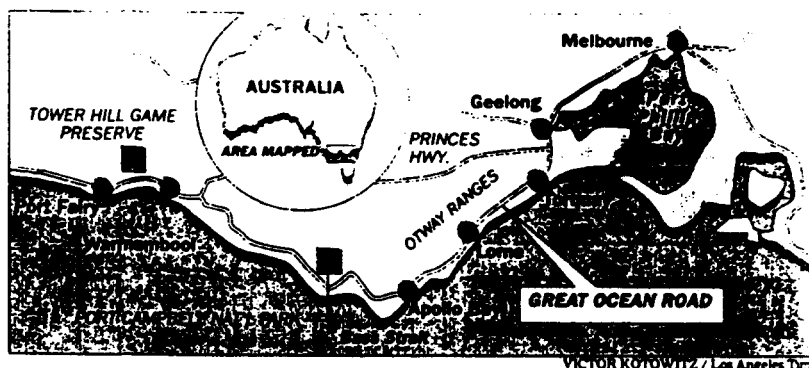
a grin on their beaks as they did.

We spent the night in Port Fairy, 15 miles west of the Tower Hill Game Reserve. The fishing port of 2,500 residents claims to be the oldest continuously settled place on the Victoria coast, whalers having set up shop there from Tasmania in 1826. The town still has a lot of mid-19th-Century buildings, most of those on the main streets looking like the two-story quasi-Victorian structures familiar to Wild West movies.

There are also some decent little eating

places, mostly along Bank Street going away from the water. We stopped at the Portofino, a husband-chef/wife-hostess place where I had a local boar fish (similar to pike) baked in paprika; my wife, a spaghetti with shellfish in red garlic sauce; and Ella, a special-for-her-with-a-smile penne and cheese—for only \$24 the lot. Here, and in the rest of Australia, we never got the brush in a restaurant for having a 2-year-old

Australians we met said the country is



GUIDEBOOK

Winding Away From Melbourne

Getting there: Qantas and United have daily flights from Los Angeles to Melbourne, round-trip fares with 21-day advance-purchase start at \$1,098. Most major car rental companies have offices in Melbourne; count on spending about \$60 per day for a mid-size car.

Where to stay: The Lorne Hotel (Mountjoy Parade, Lorne; from the United States, telephone 011-61-52-89-1409, fax 011-61-52-89-2200) is an old-fashioned guest house; double rooms with baths, \$48-\$63 nightly. In Apollo Bay, we chose the unprepossessing Grandview Lodge, where two-bedroom suites with full kitchens cost \$23-\$51 per night, depending on the season, with highest rates charged Dec. 25 through January (1 McLennan St., Apollo Bay; tel. 011-61-52-37-6461). In Port Fairy, we stayed at the Douglas-on-River Motel (Gipps Street, Port Fairy; tel. 011-61-55-68-1016) in a neat \$33 room with views. There's also the handsome Dublin House Inn,

an 1855 pub with the standards of a big-city hotel (57 Bank St., Port Fairy; tel. 011-61-55-68-1822; rates for a double room are \$51-\$83 per night).

Where to eat: The Lorne serves a family bistro meal with counter service; Pacific Hotel (268 Mountjoy Parade, Lorne; local tel. 052-89-1609). Both offer local seafood and Australian beef and lamb; meals under \$10. Huge, quality meals at the Apollo Bay Hotel (Great Ocean Road, Apollo Bay; tel. 052-37-6250); about \$10 per person. Among several Bank Street restaurants, we chose Portofino (28 Bank Street, Port Fairy; tel. 055-68-1047); about \$10 per person.

For more information: To find out more about the parklands, contact the Department of Conservation & Natural Resources, Port Campbell National Park, Morris Street, Port Campbell, 3269 Victoria, Australia; tel. 011-61-52-37-6889. For general information, contact Tourism Victoria, 2121 Avenue of the Stars, Suite 1200, Los Angeles, Calif. 90067; tel. (310) 552-5344, fax (310) 552-1215.

—R.S.

no longer Crocodile-Dundee laid-back, but it seemed to us that no one was ever too rushed or aggravated to attend to us.

In the evening, we took a walk along the port, where a few dozen small, well-kept fishing boats were moored, and across a 100-yard causeway to Griffith's Island, where we and a half-dozen other tourists had heard that you could see some nesting mutton birds on the marshes just off a certain pier. None of us saw any, though it clearly would have been hard in the gloaming to see a mutton bird, since none of us

knew anything about them save that they were a sooty gray with dark bills and feet.

We needed to get back to Melbourne for business, so we blitzed back from Port Fairy the next morning in five hours on the Princes Highway, one of Victoria's major roads. But we couldn't help wishing we'd had the time to meander back a bit more slowly—along one of the world's finest "side roads," Victoria's Great Ocean Road.

Strauss is television critic for the Asbury Park (N.J.) Press

"KANGAROO ISLAND SAFARI"

CITIZEN REGISTER

SEPT 25, 1994

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TARRYTOWN DAILY NEWS

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One of Kangaroo Island's 50 million year old Remarkable Rocks, here being examined by students from the Concord School in Adelaide on a class trip.

Kangaroo Island Safari

Carolyn Wrightson

try to take soundless steps, but dead eucalyptus leaves crunch between my feet on the limestone gravel that is the floor of this dense scrub. Our guide follows a trail of animal scat through a low, back-breaking maze. It's hot, and I'm breathing small bugs. For the past hour, I've quickly looked up, down and sideways on each step, like a human periscope.

A flicker of movement catches my eye: I see five large western gray kangaroos feet away. The discovery is mutual. In a lightning speed, they thump off into a denser bush, but I am thrilled. Even though the kangaroo is practically a national symbol, few Australians see them in the wild unless they hit one on the road at night.

On Kangaroo Island, 'roos are just one of many animals that can be seen by the visitor who takes a guided safari in a four-wheel drive vehicle. It's one of the last frontiers in Australia because the rabbits and foxes the English imported never destroyed the environment. They couldn't cross the seven shark-infested miles of



Photos/Karolyn Wrightson

A country road on Kangaroo Island, Australia, passes through a grove of tea trees

open ocean between the island and the mainland to the north. It's "what the rest of the country used to look like," says my guide, naturalist Anna Howard.

Today, 30 percent of the 4,405-square kilometer island is preserved in parks and reserves. Kangaroo Island separated from the mainland 10,000 years ago, and the kangaroos here are thought to have evolved into their own species.

Kangaroo Island is a nature-lover's dream. In addition to the animals, there's enough interesting vegetation and fantastic geology to keep a visitor very busy for two days. And if you really want to "go bush" as the Aussies say, spend three or four days.

After I frightened off the kangaroos, we waited on the edge of the pasture until dusk, hoping they would emerge to graze. "You have to take time to listen, observe, explore and re-discover the natural world," Howard says. And therein lies the difference between her small, personalized tours and large ones that rush people from animal-spotting place to place.

Please see AUSTRALIA, 5H

Explore the wild frontier Down Under



Staff graphicPak Nagasing

When to go:

Kangaroo Island weather lacks extremes. Summer (our winter) calls for shorts and T-shirts; winter (our summer) requires jeans and sweaters. Take a windbreaker, sturdy sneakers or walking shoes, sunscreen, bug repellent (the Australian brand called RID works well), and plenty of film for your camera because there are few stores.

For information on booking tours, call your local travel consultant or Austravel in New York at (212) 972-6880 or (800) 633-3404.



Clockwise, from top left, the goanna lizard, sea lions snooze after a fishing trip. Kangaroo Island is one of four places in the world where visitors may walk among this rare animal. Pelicans wait for a local fisherman to bring them a dinner of fish carcasses. A tourist feeds a kangaroo at Flinders Chase National Park on Kangaroo Island.



Australia: Island is a nature lover's dream

(Continued from page 1H)

I was famished. As if reading my mind, she spread a tail-gate high tea with fruit and cookies to die for.

"What are these?" I asked, reaching for a fistful.

"Mum calls them 'Hide the Tin Biscuits'."

Mum knows best. After every last crumb was devoured, Howard anticipated my next question and handed me a printed copy of the recipe. I'm not telling. If you want a copy, you'll have to go to go to Kangaroo Island and take her tour.

Our safari had begun mid morning when Howard picked us up at the airport after a 30 minute flight from Adelaide. We headed for the "outback" — which means "anything out the back" of a farm. The island's 400 farmers hope eco tourism will help them survive economic hard times caused by the drop in wool prices.

A fourth-generation Kangaroo Islander, Howard has permission to take clients to private farms where the animals are known to hang out — like the eucalyptus grove where half a dozen koalas snoozed in the high branches while she fired up the "barbie" and cooked delectable King George Whiting for our lunch.

Koalas were imported to the island. Now, they are the healthiest in Australia and are sometimes exported to areas where koalas have venereal disease. Koalas live only where the two kinds of eucalyptus they eat are plentiful. They will strip and eat a eucalyptus tree until it dies. This presents an environmental problem — how to nurture the koalas which kills the native trees. Twenty of Australia's 600 species of eucalyptus grow on Kangaroo Island.

During dessert a small echidna slowly made it's way across the field. An egg-laying mammal as old as the dinosaurs, it burrowed into the ground when I approached to take a photograph.

Back in the Toyota Land Cruiser, we bumped along wash board dirt roads, pausing to see how the goanna lizard pokes a

hole in a termite mound to lay eggs to incubate for nine months.

"This is a near pristine environment," Howard says. We saw beautiful pink and gray galahs, white crested cockatoos and yellow tailed black cockatoos, crimson rosella parrots, Cape Barron geese, black swans, stately emus, hundreds of black and white magpies, and the magnificent 6-foot wing spread of the wedgetail eagle. In the late afternoon, we watched a fisherman feed pelicans the fish carcasses from his daily catch.

After a fine dinner at our bed and breakfast, I was ready to rest my weary bones. But Howard told us to hurry up or we'd miss the wild night life. She handed us torches (Aussie for flashlights) and we headed back to the bush.

The place was jumping. Or should I say hopping? Dozens of wallabies (small kangaroos) pranced about. Back in town, the wallabies outnumbered humans by the hundreds. Only the yards with high, strong fences were not filled with wallabies running amuck.

Then it was time for beach show: the Milky Way brilliantly lighted the sky as the fairy penguin parade began. There are places in Australia where you can buy a ticket, sit in bleachers and see the penguin parade along with hundreds of tourists. Three of us watched the penguins emerge from the waves and stroll to their burrows for the night.

The next day, our party grew to the maximum size Howard will accommodate — seven tourists. We were off to see more animals and the island's extraordinary geology.

Between Antarctica and Kangaroo Island is 1,000 miles of foam fury called the Southern Ocean. Over the eons, its waves have blasted granite rocks and cliffs into shapes that dot the coast like massive Henry Moore sculptures. We visited the 500-million-year-old Remarkable Rocks, the "Brothers," Admiral Arch and Kelly Caves.

New Zealand fur seals cavort in a salt water bathtub created by the violent crashing of the waves. Miles along the coast, there are breathtaking swaths of enticing golden sand and surf that cannot be entered because of dangerous undertow.

One beach affords tourists the extremely rare opportunity to walk among the rare Australian sea lions. Visitors are not allowed to roam at will, as the sea lion will attack if aroused. The herd was collapsed on the beach after a feeding frenzy at sea. This colony escapes being hunted to extinction because of dangerous offshore reefs.

At Flinders Chase National Park, emus strut their stuff and the kangaroos are so tame they will eat right from your hand (the park office sells small packages of 'roo chow). While Howard fired up the barbie to grill marinated lamb chops, we photographed the birds and watched a female kangaroo escape the persistent romantic intentions of a male by hiding under a picnic table.

"KANGAROO ISLAND HAS TAKEN A LONG HOP SINCE 1802"

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Kangaroo Island has taken a long hop since 1802

While other parts of Australia became England's prison camp, Kangaroo Island became the country's first settlement of free people. It was named Kangaroo Island by the English explorer Matthew Flinders, who discovered it in 1802. His shipmates killed 31 kangaroos and enjoyed their first fresh meat since leaving South Africa months earlier.

The French came next and left wild pigs to multiply so they could drop by and replenish food supplies on future voyages. The descendants of these pigs have destroyed much vegetation.

American fur seal hunters came, too. Their legacy is a village named American River.

Then a group of ex-convicts settled. Dressed in kangarooskins and smelling "like foxes" according to a witness, they captured Aboriginal women for slaves.

Matters sharply improved when in 1836, the first band of free settlers to attempt to colonize Australia came to Kangaroo Island. Survival was tough — water was (and still is) extremely scarce and the land is rocky and poor. Only a few fieldstone cottages with corrugated tin roofs remain from these harsh beginnings.

After World War II the Australian government resettled 174 soldiers by giving them land on the island. Before their arrival, two-thirds of the soil was too poor to farm. By adding missing nutrients to the soil, new farms thrived as long as wool prices were high.

Today, 100,000 tourists annually arrive by airplane or ferry. Anna Howard's two-day "Australian Odysseys" safari package costs \$446 per person as packaged by Kendal Air. This includes air fare, meals, touring, and overnight accommodations in a bed and breakfast, motel, house or campsite.

Independent tourists can do

self-guided tours by renting cars, or can take a large tour bus. However, you'll simply not have access to animals seen on private land. And unless you are already quite knowledgeable about Australian flora, fauna and geology, you won't spot the many rich wonders of the island, especially the rare species.

Howard has received an award for distinction in environmental tourism. She is the first female in South Australia in the male-dominated 4-wheel drive safari business, which she entered three years ago.

A former nurse and nanny, she worked as a cook for an Australian bus touring company before deciding to "do what I know best — show people the amazing wildlife, vegetation, and geological wonders of my home."

Howard tailors tours to the client's interests in birds, animals, photography, or geology. Two special tours should be noted — a five-night camping tour for biologists and environmental field workers and a tour for the visually handicapped.

"We listen to small animals living in the forest, take early walks on the shore, feel the change of sunlight and shadow during the day, and feel the sea pounding on the beach," Howard says.

— Carolyn Wrightson

Cruising Down Under: Aussie intrigue part of going 'troppo'

By Cheryl Blackerby
COX NEWS SERVICE

TOWNSVILLE, Australia
HE Coral Princess' crew was definitely in the doldrums.

Bob, a blond, muscular diving instructor and former Australian Navy diver, was agonizing over a new girlfriend — so new, in fact, that he had met her on the cruise the previous week.

"The day she had left the ship she had asked him to join her for several months on a trip around the world, all expenses paid by her parents. He had to tell her yes or no by the end of our trip.

What to do?

He canvassed the passengers for opinions. "Bob, don't do it," he was told by a New Zealand sheep farmer. "You'll be a parasite, a gigolo."

"Bob, are you nuts? Give it a go," advised a retired Australian gentleman out of hearing range of his wife.

Captain Doug Walkden also seemed a little melancholy, although no one could pin it to problems of a romantic nature. The crew kept reminding passengers to visit the captain in the wheelhouse because he was lonely.

The other men on the crew had had a minor setback. They had been blessed with a gorgeous German passenger who looked like model Claudia Schiffer. But the first time she had put on her bikini they had been taken aback, and affront, by the fact she didn't shave her legs or underarms. During the entire trip, they pondered whether a woman with hairy armpits could be attractive.

G'day mates, and welcome to Australia and a cruise on the Great Barrier Reef, where idle conversation isn't weighed down with current events unless those events happened on the boat.

Lightweight concerns

The biggest concerns are finding someone to love, at least for the short term; deciding whether to dive or snorkel; and, in general, eating, drinking and being merry.

Captain Doug put more than a few shrimps on the barbie for us on island picnics and tossed out cans of Fosters lager like chum to the sharks. One of the dive instructors introduced the non-Australians to the game of cricket, sort of a cross between baseball and bowling.

Australians predominated on this cruise, with a half-dozen New Zealanders or "Kiwis" as the Australian crew called them, and a few Europeans.

Evening entertainment included

watching movies in the lounge, and no passenger could leave the ship without seeing Crocodile Dundee I and II. The crew shouted out lines in the movie like audiences do at The Rocky Horror Picture Show.

Other options included relaxing in the Jacuzzi, and, of course, gathering around the bar with the Aussies.

"Bob, forget the woman."

"Bob, if you don't go you'll regret it the rest of your life."

The passengers, in a word, went "troppo," the Australian word for relaxation in those parts of the tropics. This meant putting on a "cozzie" (swimsuit) and sandals (sneakers), joining our "mates" for a dive, then relaxing on deck with a "tinny" (a beer).

Socializing and unabashed personal revelations, distinctly Australian and American traits, weren't the only reasons for the trip. We were, after all, sitting on top of the Great Barrier Reef, the longest coral formation in the world and the largest living structure on Earth.

Meeting logistical challenge

All 50 passengers were thrilled about seeing the Reef, whether by diving, snorkeling or glass-bottom boat. The Great Barrier Reef, which stretches 1,250 miles along Australia's northeast coast across an area larger than the British Isles, can present quite a logistical challenge, unless, of course, you happen to be on a boat.

Passengers on the luxurious Coral Princess, a 115-foot 54-passenger catamaran, got about as close to the Reef as they could get.

Duck your head under water and the Great Barrier Reef puts on a great show.

A huge potato cod, a fish as big and round as an old Volkswagen, hovered over a forest of red gorgonian coral like the Goodyear blimp hangs over the Rose Bowl.

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My cruise on the Princess began in Cairns — pronounced cans as in two cans of Vegemite, a sandwich spread that looks like the black oil that oozes out of a car engine and tastes like beef bouillon without the water — and ended four days and 366 nautical miles later in Townsville.

Long ignored by the cruise industry, primarily because the country is so far from the United States and Europe, Australia is finally attracting ships. Crystal Cruises, Princess Cruise Line, Holland America, Royal Cruise Line and Royal Viking all send mega-cruise ships to Australia.

Numerous local reef cruises range from relaxing nine-day adventures to day trips for those visitors who are short of time.

Three ships — the Coral Princess, the Roylen Endeavour and Roylen Endeavor II — are catamarans, designed for what brochures call "stability and passenger comfort," which in layman's terms means minimum roll and no seasickness.

About a third of our passengers were neither divers nor snorkelers, and were content to enjoy the scenery and conversation.

"Bob, don't do it."

"Bob, what do you have to lose?"

Frequent stops gave us a chance to swim from deserted beaches and explore rain forests. At night we saw swirling phosphorescence — mesmerizing underwater fireworks — and a brilliant starry sky with an awesome Milky Way and Southern Cross.

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If you go

Coral Princess Rates: Cruise rates for the Coral Princess for three-night cruises are \$680 per person double occupancy; singles \$1,021. Tuesday departures from Townsville, Saturday departures from Cairns. Call S.H. Enterprises (800) 225-9849 for more information and reservations.

Information: For more information about Australia, write to the Australian Tourist Commission, 1180 Marine Village Parkway, Suite 104, Alameda 94501, or call 865-5126.

For information about Queensland, contact the Queensland Tourist and Travel Corporation, 1800 Century Park East, Suite 330, Los Angeles 90067 or call (310) 788-0997.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

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JUST THE FACTS

Australia and New Zealand Tourism Offices

Australian Tourist Commission

2121 Avenue of the Stars, Suite 1200
Los Angeles, Calif. 90067
Tel: (310) 552-1988
Fax: (310) 552-1215

Tourism New South Wales

2121 Avenue of the Stars
Los Angeles, Calif. 90067
Tel: (310) 552-9566
Fax: (310) 277-2263

Tourism Victoria

2121 Avenue of the Stars, Suite 1200
Los Angeles, Calif. 90067
Tel: (310) 552-5344
Fax: (310) 552-1215

New Zealand Tourism Board

501 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 300
Santa Monica, Calif. 90401
Tel: (800) 388-5494
Fax: (310) 395-5453

Queensland Tourist & Travel Corp.

1800 Century Park East Suite 330
Los Angeles, Calif. 90067
Tel: (310) 788-0997
Fax: (310) 788-0128

South Australian Tourism Commission

c/o Australian Travel Headquarters
1700 East Dyer Road, Suite 160
Santa Ana, Calif. 92705
Tel: (714) 852-2270
Fax: (714) 852-2277

Northern Territory Tourism Commission

c/o Myriad Communications
5855 Green Valley Circle, Suite 204
Culver City, Calif. 90230
Tel: (310) 645-9875
Fax: (310) 645-9876



SEPTEMBER 25, 1994

P.112

BY CHERYL BLACKERBY
COX NEWS SERVICE

TOWNSVILLE, Australia

'Going troppo' with the crew

11/25

The Coral Princess' crew was definitely in the doldrums.

Bob, a blond, muscular diving instructor and former Australian Navy diver, was agonizing over a new girlfriend — so new, in fact, that he had met her on the cruise the previous week.

The day she had left the ship she had asked him to join her for several months on a trip around the world, all expenses paid by her parents. He had to tell her yes or no by the end of our trip.

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DOWN UNDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1H

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CRUISING AUSTRALIA: CORAL PRINCESS CRUISES: Rates for three-

night cruises start at

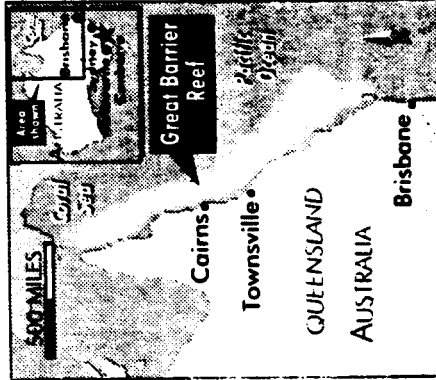
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MORE INFORMATION:

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The News & Observer

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Cruising Down Under: Aussie intrigue is all part of going 'troppo' with crew

6675
By Cheryl Blackerby
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For information about Queensland, contact the Queensland Tourist and Travel Corporation, 1800 Century Park East, Suite 3, Los Angeles 90067 or call (310) 788-0997.

Cruising Down Under: Aussie intrigue is all part of going 'troppo' with crew

6675
By Cheryl Blackerby
COX NEWS SERVICE

TOWNSVILLE, Australia
HE Coral Princess' crew was definitely in the doldrums.

T Bob, a blond, muscular diving instructor and former Australian Navy diver, was agonizing over a new girlfriend — so new, in fact, that he had met her on the cruise the previous week.

The day she had left the ship she had asked him to join her for several months on a trip around the world, all expenses paid by her parents. He had to tell her yes or no by the end of our trip.

What to do?

He canvassed the passengers for opinions. "Bob, don't do it," he was told by a New Zealand sheep farmer. "You'll be a parasite, a gigolo."

"Bob, are you nuts? Give it a go," advised a retired Australian gentleman out of hearing range of his wife.

Captain Doug Walkden also seemed a little melancholy, although no one could pin it to problems of a romantic nature. The crew kept reminding passengers to visit the captain in the wheelhouse because he was lonely.

Minor setback

The other men on the crew had had a minor setback. They had been blessed with a gorgeous German passenger who looked like model Claudia Schiffer. But the first time she had put on her bikini they had been taken aback, and affront, by the fact she didn't shave her legs or underarms. During the entire trip, they pondered whether a woman with hairy armpits could be attractive.

G'day mates, and welcome to Australia and a cruise on the Great Barrier Reef, where idle conversation isn't weighed down with current events unless those events happened on the boat.

The biggest concerns are finding

someone to love, at least for the short term; deciding whether to dive or snorkel; and, in general, eating, drinking and being merry.

Captain Doug put more than a few shrimps on the barbie for us on island picnics and tossed out cans of Fosters lager like chum to the sharks. One of the dive instructors introduced the non-Australians to the game of cricket, sort of a cross between baseball and bowling.

Australians predominated on this cruise, with a half-dozen New Zealanders or "Kiwis" as the Australian crew called them, and a few Europeans.

Evening entertainment included watching movies in the lounge, and no passenger could leave the ship without seeing *Crocodile Dundee I and II*. The crew shouted out lines in the movie like audiences do at *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*.

Other options included relaxing in the Jacuzzi, and, of course, gathering around the bar with the Aussies.

"Bob, forget the woman."

"Bob, if you don't go you'll regret it the rest of your life."

The passengers, in a word, went "troppo," the Australian word for relaxation in these parts of the tropics. This meant putting on a "cozzie" (swimsuit) and sandshoes (sneakers), joining our "mates" for a dive, then relaxing on deck with a "tinny" (a beer).

Great Barrier Reef

Socializing and unabashed personal revelations, distinctly Australian and American traits, weren't the only reasons for the trip. We were, after all, sitting on top of the Great Barrier Reef, the longest coral formation in the world and the largest living structure on Earth.

All 50 passengers were thrilled about seeing the Reef, whether by diving, snorkeling or glass-bottom boat. The Great Barrier Reef, which stretches 1,250 miles along Australia's northeast coast across an area larger than the British Isles, can

present quite a logistical challenge, unless, of course, you happen to be on a boat.

Passengers on the luxurious Coral Princess, a 115-foot 54-passenger catamaran, got about as close to the Reef as they could get.

A great show

Duck your head under water and the Great Barrier Reef puts on a great show.

A huge potato cod, a fish as big and round as an old Volkswagen, hovered over a forest of red gorgonian coral like the Goodyear blimp hangs over the Rose Bowl.

Schools of neon blue and yellow angelfish, yellow-banded butterfly fish and a hawksbill turtle swam by in water as clear as a summer day.

My cruise on the Princess began in Cairns — pronounced cans as in two cans of Vegemite, a sandwich spread that looks like the black oil that oozes out of a car engine and tastes like beef bouillon without the water — and ended four days and 366 nautical miles later in Townsville.

Long ignored by the cruise industry, primarily because the country is so far from the United States and Europe, Australia is finally attracting ships. Crystal Cruises, Princess Cruise Line, Holland America, Royal Cruise Line and Royal Viking all send mega-cruise ships to Australia.

Numerous local reef cruises range from relaxing nine-day adventures to day trips for those visitors who are short of time.

Three ships — the Coral Princess, the Royleen Endeavour and Royleen Endeavor II — are catamarans, designed for what brochures call "stability and passenger comfort," which in layman's terms means minimum roll and no seasickness.

About a third of our passengers were neither divers nor snorkelers, and were content to enjoy the scenery and conversation.

"Bob, don't do it."

"Bob, what do you have to lose?"

Frequent stops gave us a chance to swim from deserted beaches to explore rain forests. At night we saw swirling phosphorescence — mesmerizing underwater fireworks — and a brilliant starry sky with awesome Milky Way and Southern Cross.

And what about Bob?

He turned down the trip around the world. But he'll always have Australia.

If you go

Coral Princess Rates: Cruise rates for the Coral Princess for three-night cruises are \$680 per person double occupancy; single: \$1,021. Tuesday departures from Townsville, Saturday departures from Cairns. Call S.H. Enterprise (800) 225-9840 for more information and reservations.

Information: For more information about Australia, write to the Australian Tourist Commission, 1180 Marine Village Parkway, Suite 101, Alameda 94501, or call 865 5126.

For information about Queensland, contact the Queensland Tourist and Travel Corporation, 1800 Century Park East, Suite 300, Los Angeles 90067 or call (310) 788-0997.

HEMISPHERES

OCTOBER 1984

JACARANDA FESTIVAL

*Grafton, New South Wales, Australia,
October 29 through November 6.*

A seed merchant planted the first
jacaranda trees here in the early 1870s.

Now over 6,000 trees of many varieties form avenues along most of Grafton's 300 streets. When the jacaranda trees bloom, the city is transformed into a purple wonderland. The whole city celebrates with a ball, procession of floats, music festival including the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, fireworks, sailing regatta, golf competitions, canoe marathon, and an antiques fair. Admission is free.
Tel: 61-66-42-4677.

BOSTON SUNDAY
GLOBE
OCTOBER 2, 1994

AUSTRALIA

Henley-on-Todd Regatta, Alice
Springs, Oct. 1.

Melbourne International Festival
of Arts. Melbourne, Oct. 13-29. Visu-
al and performing arts.

San Diego Union-Tribune
October 2, 1994

Trip of the week

Experience the many environments of Australia with the Stephen Birch Aquarium-Museum. The 16-day expedition will take place Oct. 29-Nov. 13. The tour will trek through the towering tablelands, primeval rain forests and Outback and will snorkel the Great Barrier Reef. During the trek, travelers will learn about the aboriginal culture and the extensive wildlife. The tour is \$2,860 per person (does not include airfare, about \$1,350). The package includes accommodations (seven hotel nights, six vessel nights), transfers, most meals, snorkeling equipment and instruction, naturalist guides and seminars, lectures and educational materials.

Details: (619) 534-7523.

The San Diego Union-Tribune is not responsible for changes in prices, dates or itineraries.



AUSTRALIAN TOURIST COMMISSION

Reef madness: *Snorkeling the Great Barrier Reef off Australia is part of a 16-day expedition down under.*

DAILY NEWS

OCTOBER 2, 1994

Q. I expect to be in the Sydney area of Australia for two or three months, starting in November. What kind of weather can I expect? And how can I obtain a list of cultural programs and entertainment activities for that period?

A. The climate of the southeastern area of Australia, of which Sydney is a part, is best described as warm-temperate with no real cold season, warm to hot summers and rain well-distributed throughout the year.

And as the seasons are reversed in the Southern Hemisphere, it happens that you have picked the summer to be there.

Average maximum highs in Sydney in November are 93 degrees, with lows at 63. Average monthly precipitation is 1.2 inches.

In December it heats up a little, with the average highs at 97 degrees and lows at 67. The precipitation level increases, too, to 1.4 inches.

January is usually the hottest month of the year, with average highs at 99 degrees (125 degrees was the hottest ever recorded there) and lows at a balmy 70 degrees. Precipitation remains at 1.4 inches.

For information on cultural events and other programs, write to the Australian Tourist Commission, Suite 1200, Avenue of the Stars, Los Angeles, Calif. 90067. The commission's theme for 1995 is "Celebrate Australian Art and Culture," also the name of a brochure highlighting what the country has to offer.

For information about Australia, call (708) 296-4900.

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THE TAMPA TRIBUNE AND TIMES
OCTOBER 2, 1994

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CANADIAN
PHOTO / INFORMATION
ASSISTANCE



PHOTOS: Australian tourist commission
Tour the Lone Pine Koala Sanctuary

Australia offers
culture, and joy
of the great
outdoors

A zest for life

By MARIANNE TEFFT

If you picture Australia as only untamed bush and exotic animals, think again. Its culture is as rich and varied as its better-known natural wonders. From chamber orchestras to world-class art galleries, Broadway-style shows to natural-history museums, Australia's cultural scene offers something for every taste and budget.

Broadly defined, Australian culture blends in love of the outdoors with exuberant self-expression. To ex-

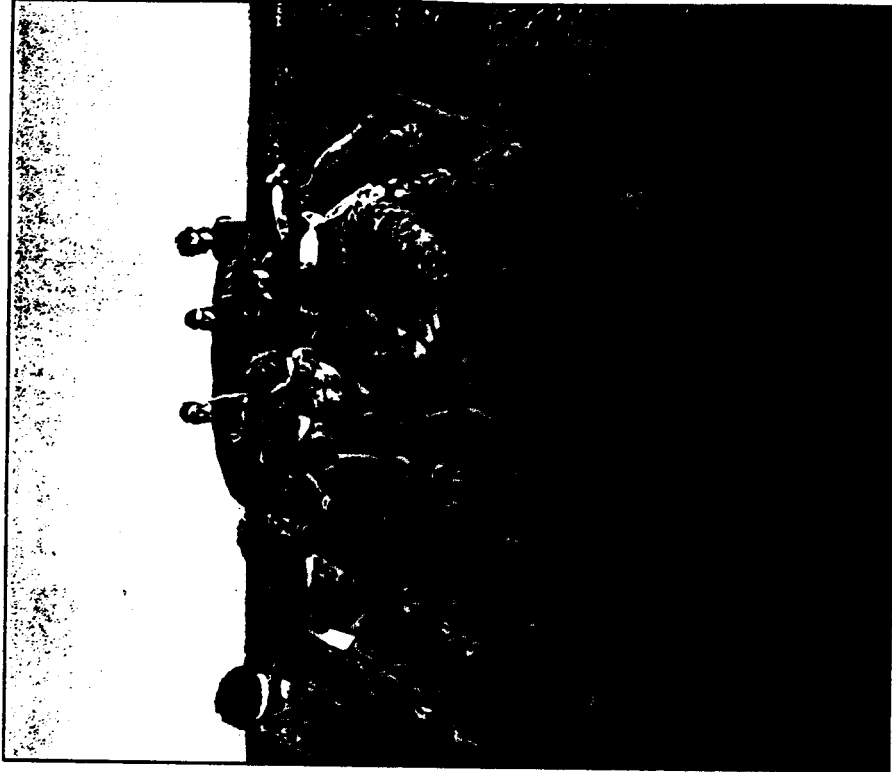
perience it fully, you should remember that simply enjoying life is an Aussie art form. Don't miss the chance to barbecue on the beach, snorkel, attend a horse race or football match, or cheer on the fleet in the Sydney-to-Hobart yacht race.

But remember, Australia is about three quarters the size of Canada. You wouldn't try to see all of Vancouver, Whitehorse and Halifax in a two-week trip — the same rule applies to Australia.

Domestic airlines, railroads, and highways are

excellent, but distances are vast. It takes about five hours to fly across Australia from east to west. For that reason, it's often best to limit your itinerary to one or two major cities, making day trips or overnight excursions from a "home base."

From North America, you'll probably arrive in Sydney (New South Wales) or Brisbane (Queensland). In two to four weeks, you can visit both cities and explore the Great Barrier Reef, the Whitsunday Islands, the Blue Mountains west of Sydney, and the Broken Hill/Outback region of New



Aboriginal dancers: Rich cultural scene

South Wales. Australia and the Northern Territory.

If you have more time, you can drive to Melbourne and explore Victoria state, take the ferry to Hobart, Tasmania, ride the train to Adelaide in South Australia, or fly across the continent to the vast state of Western Australia and the Northern Territory.

In Sydney, human architecture blends seamlessly with nature's creations. Located on Darling Harbour and ringed with beaches to the east, and hill-country

continued on page 10

CARD INDEX
OCTOBER 1994

Melbourne an excellent base

continued from page 9

parks to the west, Australia's largest city is also the hub of a rich museum scene. On those rare days when the weather limits sightseeing by ferry or on foot, Sydney offers plenty of indoor attractions.

The Art Gallery of New South Wales features a major collection of aboriginal works. The National Maritime Museum recaptures the age of Captain Cook in a fleet of historic vessels. You can journey into Sydney's convict past at the Hyde Park Barracks Museum or venture undersea through a glass tunnel at the Sydney Aquarium.

Brisbane is a subtropical city, but it's more akin to Vancouver than Miami. Whether you're hunting for keepsakes in a riverfront crafts market or dining on local "bugs" (lobster), you'll soon discover that Brisbane relishes its "small-town" atmosphere. Slow your pace with a riverboat cruise to Lone Pine Koala Sanctuary,

the largest in the country. Or take a day tour by light aircraft or four-wheel-drive vehicle to Fraser Island, Australia's newest wilderness resort, about 60 km north of Brisbane.

If you want to "stay put" for a few days, Melbourne is an excellent base. The Great Ocean Road—which passes the spectacular rock sentinels known as the Twelve Apostles—begins 100 km southwest of Melbourne. The nightly parade of fairy penguins at Phillip Island is 128 km southeast. The Victorian gold-rush town of Bendigo is 150 km north, while Australia's mineral-spa centre, Daylesford, is just 100 km northwest.

Three times a week, the overnight passenger/vehicle ferry Spirit of Tasmania leaves Melbourne for Hobart, Tasmania's capital city. It was settled in 1803 and has more than 90 colonial-era buildings classified by the National Trust. In Battery Point, 200-year-old fishermen's cottages, townhouses, and pubs are in

daily use. The Maritime Museum preserves Tasmania's rich seafaring history; sandstone warehouses find new life as boutiques and cafes. The Theatre Royal, dating from 1837, stages contemporary plays in Australia's oldest theatre.

Back on the mainland, Adelaide is festival city. Tour the Adelaide Festival Centre, or attend a performance in one of its five theatres.

Shoppers love the 125-year-old Central Market and Brickworks Leisure Markets, built around a 1912 kiln. Just 55 km northeast is the wine-producing Barossa Valley, settled by Germans more than a century ago.

From coast to coast, Aussies celebrate their cultural heritage every day—by simply enjoying life. As a visitor, you are always welcome to join in. ♦

Marianne Tefft is a freelance writer specializing in the fields of tourism, hospitality and independent business.

GETTING THERE

You'll need a passport and visitor's visa (issued by mail or in person from the nearest Australian consulate or embassy). For information, contact the Australian High Commission, 710-50 O'Connor Street, Ottawa K1P 6L2; phone 613-236-0841 (9 am-noon and 2-4 pm); the Australian Consulate-General, 602-999 Canada Place, Vancouver V6C 3E1; phone 604-684-1177 (8:30 am-12:30 pm); or the Australian Consulate-General, 314-175 Bloor Street East, Toronto M4W 3R8; phone 416-323-1155 (9 am-1 pm).

Planning your trip. For a copy of the 136-page planning brochure *Destination Australia*, 1994-95, contact the Australian Tourist Commission, 1200-2121 Avenue of the Stars, Los Angeles, CA 90067 or 3100-489 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10017. Or call the Aussie Helpline, phone 708-296-4900 (8 am-7 pm, Central Standard Time).

Booking your trip. Travel agents can book your package tour, flights, rental car or motorhome, accommodation, and excursions and tell you about special discounts. Call the Australian Tourism Commission at 1-800-333-4305, for your nearest Aussie-specialist travel agent or tour operator.

Flights. Air Canada, Air New Zealand, Canadian, Qantas, and United fly from Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Vancouver. Los Angeles-Sydney non-stop is 14 hours; indirect flights may take as long as 24 hours. Call the airline or your travel agent for fares and schedules.

Accommodation. Australia offers clean, well-kept accommodation in every price category—from five-star luxury to budget. You'll find international hotels, chain motels, country pubs, B&B-style guesthouses, and campgrounds in all major tourist areas.

A . V . I . S . O

AVISO INC.
MARKETING COMMUNICATION

AUSTRALIAN TOURIST COMMISSION

CLIPS REPORT

NOVEMBER, 1994

INTERNAL SECURITY
SECTION
COORDINATING UNIT

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CRIMINAL DIVISION

**AUSTRALIAN TOURIST COMMISSION
CLIPS REPORT
November, 1994**

U.S. VISITING JOURNALISTS PROGRAM

	'89	COLORADO GOLF "Golfing Down Under" by Jeff Miller	\$85,216.00
JUL	23 '89	THE DENVER POST "Dunk Island Resort A Fantasy Come True" by Jeff Miller	\$40,132.00
OCT	08 '89	ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS "Amazing Journey: Across Australia On the Indian-Pacific Train" by Jeff Miller	\$184,896.00
NOV	19 '89	THE PROVINCE "Fantasy Island A Beaut" by Jeff Miller	\$41,336.00
DEC	30 '89	THE TORONTO STAR "Dunk Island A Real-Life Fantasy In Midst of Great Barrier Reed" by Jeff Miller	\$37,632.00
DEC	30 '89	THE TORONTO STAR "Century-old Aussie Train Chugs Through Rain Forest" by Jeff Miller	\$32,928.00
JAN	27 '90	THE LONDON FREE PRESS "Riding the Rails Down Under" by Jeff Miller	\$30,304.00
MAR	18 '90	THE ARIZONA REPUBLIC "Wonder Down Under" by Jeff Miller	\$206,700.00
APR	01 '90	THE HOUSTON POST "The Indian Pacific" by Jeff Miller	\$6,180.00
APR	22 '90	THE SAN DIEGO UNION "Australian Rain Forest Railroad Ride A Trip Back In Time" by Jeff Miller	\$29,256.00
JUN	03 '90	LAS VEGAS REVIEW-JOURNAL "Historical Tasmania" by Jeff Miller	\$44,992.00

U.S. VISITING JOURNALISTS PROGRAM (CONTINUED)

JUN	17	DETROIT FREE PRESS	
	'90	"Peaceful, Picturesque Port Arthur Belies Grim History There"	
		by Jeff Miller	\$61,864.00
JUL	01	SUNDAY REPUBLICAN	
	'90	"Taking the Train Back in Time"	
		by Jeff Miller	\$10,564.00
JUL	01	SUNDAY REPUBLICAN	
	'90	"Visiting Australia's Coastline"	
		by Jeff Miller	\$4,652.00
JUL	21	CALGARY HERALD	
	'90	"Wisdom of Short Trip To Australia Doubtful"; Photo Only	
		by Jeff Miller	\$12,756.00
AUG	19	NEW HAVEN REGISTER	
	'90	"Australian Ruin A Mute Remnant of Grim Prison"	
		by Jeff Miller	\$21,960.00
AUG	19	NEW HAVEN REGISTER	
	'90	"Apostles Guard a Treasure"	
		by Jeff Miller	\$21,228.00
OCT	06	SUNDAY REGISTER	
	'90	"The Inspiration of the Twelve Apostles"	
		by Jeff Miller	\$46,632.00
OCT	06	SUNDAY REGISTER	
	'90	"The Soft Side of Down Under"	
		by Jeff Miller	\$34,964.00
OCT	07	THE SAN DIEGO UNION	
	'90	"Island A Glimpse of Old Australia"	
		by Jeff Miller	\$91,284.00
FEB	09	SUNDAY REPUBLICAN	
	'92	"Down Under"	
		by Jeff Miller	\$5,344.00
FEB	09	SUNDAY REPUBLICAN	
	'92	"The Real Australia"	
		by Jeff Miller	\$2,340.00
FEB	29	THE GAZETTE	
	'92	"Riding the Rails Down Under"	
		by Jeff Miller	\$52,244.00

U.S. VISITING JOURNALISTS PROGRAM (CONTINUED)

FEB	29	THE GAZETTE	
	'92	"Train Journey Into Australia's Rain Forest Is A Journey Into Yesterday"	
		by Jeff Miller	\$12,876.00
AUG	29	WINNIPEG FREE PRESS	
	'92	"The Last Frontier Down Under"	
		by Jeff Miller	\$23,028.00
SEP	30	THE GLOBE AND MAIL	
	'92	"Touring Australia's Last Frontier"	
		by Jeff Miller	\$94,212.00
OCT	18	THE GRAND RAPIDS PRESS	
	'92	"Explore the Mild West- In Australia, That Is"	
		by Jeff Miller	\$9,576.00
OCT	18	THE GRAND RAPIDS PRESS	
	'92	"Aussie Wilderness Still Untouched"	
		by Jeff Miller	\$5,956.00
NOV	10	THE GLOBE AND MAIL	
	'93	"New Face for Boat Everyone Loves"	
		by Jeff Miller	\$1,160.00
DEC	05	THE POST-CRESCENT	
	'93	"Off Australia Lies a Wonder Of the Ages"	
		by Jeff Miller	\$9,968.00
MAY	01	THE DENVER POST	
	'94	"Beyond the Blacktop"	
		by Jeff Miller	\$83,888.00
MAY	01	THE DENVER POST	
		"Be Prepared For Problems in Outback"	
		by Jeff Miller	\$13,452.00
MAY	01	THE DENVER POST	
		"Tribal Member Frown On Climbing"	
		by Jeff Miller	\$11,328.00
JUL	17	NEW HAMPSHIRE NEWS	
		"4-Wheel-Drive Opens Outback"	
		by Jeff Miller	\$8,352.00
AUG- OCT	'94	TRAVEL 50 & BEYOND (HOUSTON, TX) (Q-75,000)	
		"Couple Plan International Odyssey En Route to Reunion"	
		by Stanton H. Patty	\$27,484.00

VISITING JOURNALIST PROGRAM (CONTINUED)

OCT	'94	SUCCESSFUL MEETINGS (NEW YORK, NY) (M-77,000) "Where Superlative Abound" by Andrea Welch	\$15,740.00
OCT	02	LOS ANGELES TIMES (LOS ANGELES, CA) (S-1,515,220) "A Koala's Pace In the Land Down Under" by Lucy Izon	\$34,692.00
OCT	02	ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS "Aussie Rain Forest Resorts: Eco-Tourism with Class" by Jeff Miller	\$61,784.00
OCT	13	AMERICUS TIMES-RECORDER (AMERICUS, GA) (D-8,000) "Plan An Escape to Australia" by Lisa Stanford Bennett	\$272.00
OCT	16	CONNECTICUT POST (BRIDGEPORT, CT) (S-91,488) "The Great Barrier Reef: A Top 10 List of Favorites" by Zeke Wigglesworth	\$11,256.00
OCT	16	MARIN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL (NOVATO, CA) (D&S-40,602) "Australia's Great Barrier Reef" by Zeke Wigglesworth	\$11,060.00
OCT	16	MOBILE REGISTER (MOBILE, AL) (S-112,186) "Great Barrier Reef's Top Resort" by Zeke Wigglesworth	\$4,644.00
OCT	16	SPARTANBURG HERALD-JOURNAL (SPARTANBURG, SC) (S-68,573) "Visiting Australia's Great Barrier Reef" by Zeke Wigglesworth	\$8,276.00
OCT	17	TOUR & TRAVEL NEWS (MANHASSETT, NY) (W-48,000) "Honeymooning Down Under Gains U.S. Popularity" by Donna Marino	\$10,756.00
OCT	17	TOUR AND TRAVEL NEWS (MANHASSETT, NY) (W-48,000) "Agents Getting A Leg Up on Down Under" by Donna Marino	\$15,644.00
OCT	23	NEWS (GREENVILLE, SC) (S-142,766) "Tour of Australia Should Include Great Barrier Reef" by Zeke Wigglesworth	\$9,920.00
OCT	23	PRESS DEMOCRAT (SANTA ROSA, CA) (S-101,000) "Great Barrier Reef A Must See" by Zeke Wigglesworth	\$13,176.00

VISITING JOURNALIST PROGRAM (CONTINUED)

OCT	23	VINDICATOR (YOUNGSTOWN, OH) (S-163,458) "Australia's Top Draw: Great Barrier Reef" by Zeke Wigglesworth	\$4,316.00
OCT	25	THE TAB "Australia's Dining Dazzles" by Lotte Mendelsohn	\$2,224.00
OCT	27	SOUTH SHORE RECORD "An Accidental Tourist" by Roberta Graff	\$3,552.00
OCT	30	COLUMBIAN (VANCOUVER, WA) (S-62,991) "Australia's Rocky Start" by Stanton H. Patty	\$23,872.00
OCT	30	DESERT NEWS (SALT LAKE CITY, UT) (S-66,004) "Aussies' Great Reef Is No Barrier to Tourism" by Zeke Wigglesworth	\$6,248.00
OCT	30	THE GRAND RAPIDS "Going Way Outback" by Jeff Miller	\$9,576.00
NOV	01	BROOKLINE TAB (BOSTON, MA) (W-16,835) "Wonder Down Under" by George Hobica	\$1,536.00
NOV	01	CAMBRIDGE TAB (BOSTON, MA) (W-13,205) "Wonder Down Under" by George Hobica	\$1,696.00
NOV	01	NEWTON TAB (BOSTON, MA) (W-21,071) "Wonder Down Under" by George Hobica	\$1,536.00
NOV	01	THE TAB "Wonder Down Under" by George Hobica	\$1,588.00
NOV	03	SOUTH SHORE RECORD "An Accidental Tourist" by Roberta Graff	\$1,744.00
NOV	10	SOUTH SHORE RECORD "An Accidental Tourist" by Roberta Graff	\$1,628.00

VISITING JOURNALIST PROGRAM (CONTINUED)

NOV	13	THE DENVER POST "Penal Isle of Old Now Imprisons Only Hearts" by Jeff Miller	\$72,432.00
DEC	'94	MATURE OUTLOOK "The Lure of the Land Down Under" by Peggy S. Person	\$467,108.00

CANADIAN VISITING JOURNALISTS PROGRAM

OCT	29	THE CHRONICLE-HERALD (HALIFAX, NS) (D-89,000) "Studies Prove Backpackers Big Spenders In Australia" by Lucy Izon	\$4,984.00
OCT	29	THE LONDON FREE PRESS (LONDON, ON) (S-115,000) "Transport/room Service Spreads to Australia" by Lucy Izon	\$5,784.00
OCT	29	THE MAIL STAR (HALIFAX, NS) (D-60,000) "Studies Prove Backpackers Big Spenders In Australia" by Lucy Izon	\$4,984.00
OCT	29	THE TORONTO STAR (TORONTO, ON) (D-505,000) "Aussies See Backpacker's Worth" by Lucy Izon	\$11,172.00
NOV	05	THE CALGARY HERALD (CALGARY, AB) (D-140,907) "Natural Marvel Is Absolute Down-Under Must" by Zeke Wigglesworth	\$38,516.00
NOV	05	THE GLOBE AND MAIL (TORONTO, ON) (D-330,030) "Wine and Wallabies" by Jeremy Ferguson	\$66,296.00
NOV	05	THE GLOBE AND MAIL (TORONTO, ON) (D-330,030) "Victorian, Quiet With Aussie Surprise" by John Fitzgerald	\$110,496.00
NOV	13	THE PROVINCE (VANCOUVER, BC) (D-178,469) "Take the Plunge" by Zeke Wigglesworth	\$50,472.00

U.S. PRESS RELEASES / INTERVIEWS

SEP	'94	RECOMMEND MAGAZINE (MIAMI LAKES, FL) (M-43,021) "The Wonder Down Under"	\$42,304.00
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U.S. PRESS RELEASES / INTERVIEWS (CONTINUED)

OCT	'94	JAX FAX (DARIEN, CT) (M-28,000) "Favorable Exchange Rate Leads Budget Travelers to Australia"	\$11,656.00
OCT	'94	LEISURE LIVING ""Destination Australia' Planner"	\$4,104.00
OCT	'94	TRAVEL WORLD NEWS (NORWALK, CT) (M-41,000) "Lyndel Gray Release"	\$1,940.00
OCT	09	VENTURA COUNTY STAR FREE PRESS (VENTURA, CA) (D-50,000) "Winging Down Under"	\$224.00
OCT	14	THE ATLANTA JOURNAL "Dance is Definitive for Aboriginal Troupe" by Helen C. Smith	\$29,488.00
OCT	16	SUN (BREMERTON, WA) (D&S-41,279) "Tourist Can Take Their Chances At Australia's Haunted Sites"	\$1,164.00
OCT	16	SUNDAY RECORD (TROY, NY) (S-43,000) "Getting A Fright Down Under"	\$1,540.00
OCT	17	TRAVEL WEEKLY (NEW YORK, NY) (2X/W-21,198) "Australia Tourist Board Promotes Festivals Celebrating Spring Season"	\$7,004.00
OCT	17	TRAVEL WEEKLY (NEW YORK, NY) (2X/W-21,198) "Lyndel Gray Appointed"	\$2,428.00
OCT	18	NEWS (MCKEESPORT, PA) (D-31,000) "Australia's Past Haunts Halloween Visitors"	\$1,008.00
OCT	28	TRAVEL MANAGEMENT DAILY (NEW YORK, NY) (DAILY) "James LaValle Appointment"	\$256.00
OCT	30	BOSTON SUNDAY GLOBE (BOSTON, MA) (S-812,021) "Festivals Release"	\$1,132.00
OCT	30	SAN DIEGO UNION-TRIBUNE (SAN DIEGO, CA) (S-441,584) "Australia: Feel the Wonder" by Prudence Black	\$11,860.00
OCT	30	SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER-CHRONICLE (SAN FRANCISCO, CA) (S-707,881) "Postcard From Australia" by Prudence Black	\$23,940.00

U.S. PRESS RELEASES / INTERVIEWS (CONTINUED)

OCT	30	TIMES-PICAYUNE SUNDAY (NEW ORLEANS, LA) (S-324,997) "Australia's Bush Music Festivals"	\$424.00
OCT	31	TRAVEL AGENT (NEW YORK, NY) (W-52,132) "ATC's Artsy Promotion"	\$1,988.00
OCT	31	TRAVEL AGENT (NEW YORK, NY) (W-52,132) "South Pacific MarketWatch"	\$12,924.00
OCT	31	TRAVEL MANAGEMENT NEWSLETTER (NEW YORK, NY) (2X/W) "James LaValle Appointment"	\$256.00
NOV	'94	ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST (LOS ANGELES, CA) (M-625,000) "Feel the Wonder Release"	\$3,888.00
NOV	'94	JAX FAX (DARIEN, CT) (M-28,000) "Lyndel Gray Appointment"	\$9,712.00

CANADIAN PRESS RELEASES

SEP	01	TRAVEL SCOOP (TORONTO, ON) (M-9,500) "Qantas Vacations 8-10 Day Packages"	\$N/A
SEP	24	DAILY FREE PRESS (NANAIMO, BC) (D-14,000) "Snowbirds Look Down Under"	\$120.00
OCT	06	CANADIAN TRAVEL PRESS WEEKLY (TORONTO, ON) (M-13,000) "Oz On \$80 A Day" by Arthur Proudfoot	\$848.00
OCT	13	CANADIAN TRAVEL PRESS WEEKLY (TORONTO, ON) (M-13,000) "Lyndel Gray Appointment"	\$848.00
OCT	15	THE VANCOUVER SUN (VANCOUVER, BC) (D-222,401) "Summer Again in Winter on Australia's Sunshine Coast" by Ruby Turner	\$2,104.00
OCT	22	THE CHRONICLE-HERALD (HALIFAX, NS) (D-89,000) "Spring Arrives Down Under"	\$3,684.00
OCT	22	THE MAIL STAR (HALIFAX, NS) (D-60,000) "Spring Arrives Down Under"	\$3,684.00
OCT	25	AGENT CANADA "World Congress on Adventure Travel and Eco-tourism"	\$296.00

CANADIAN PRESS RELEASES (CONTINUED)

OCT	28	PACKET AND TIMES (ORILLIA, ON)(D-11,000) "Australia Offers Warmth"	\$976.00
OCT	29	THE DAILY NEWS (CHATHAM, ON) (D-17,242) "Australia Eyeing Up 'Snowbirds'"	\$152.00
NOV	'94	PATA "Australia Beckons As Wicked Winter Sets In For Canadians"	\$N/A
NOV	05	THE OKANAGAN SATURDAY (KELOWNDA, BC) (DAILY) "Snowbirds Flock to Australia"	\$N/A

U. S. PHOTO / INFORMATION ASSISTANCE

SEP	'94	CORPORATE MEETING & INCENTIVES (NEW YORK, NY) (M-48,000) "Australian Airlines"	\$3,820.00
OCT	09	STAR TRIBUNE (MINNEAPOLIS, MN) (S-687,027) "Official Information Offices for Foreign Destinations"	\$900.00
OCT	09	SUNDAY SUN-TIMES (CHICAGO, IL) (S-531,226) "Rambling Down Under For A Taste of Tasmania" by Ann Jones	\$63,388.00
OCT	13	GROSSE POINTE NEWS (GROSSE POINTE, MI) (W-18,556) "Getting Next To Nature Down Under At Canyon Gorge"	\$6,168.00
OCT	16	ORANGE COUNTY REGISTER (SANTA ANA, CA) (S-425,139) "'Going Troppo' With the Crew While Cruising the Great Barrier Reef"	\$30,060.00
OCT	17	TRAVEL WEEKLY (NEW YORK, NY) (2X/W-21,198) "City Pulses: Melbourne"	\$10,652.00
OCT	20	GROSSE POINTE NEWS (GROSSE POINTE, MI) (W-18,556) "Yep, We're City Slickers" by Cynthia Boal-Janssens	\$4,628.00
OCT	23	LEADER-TELEGRAM (EAU CLAIRE, WI) (D&S-32,000) "Discussions On Light Side On Cruise" by Cheryl Blackerby	\$1,468.00
OCT	23	STAR TRIBUNE (MINNEAPOLIS, MN) (S-687,027) "Australian Summer"	\$4,516.00

U. S. PHOTO / INFORMATION ASSISTANCE (CONTINUED)

OCT	27	GROSSE POINTE NEWS (GROSSE POINTE, MI) (W-18,556) "Truly a Wonder of the World"	\$4,520.00
OCT	30	LOS ANGELES TIMES (LOS ANGELES, CA) (S-1,515,220) "Sydney's Hip Spot"	\$12,388.00
OCT	30	LOS ANGELES TIMES (LOS ANGELES, CA) (S-1,515,220) "Australia Known For Rain Forests, Opera and Great Barrier Reef"	\$47,080.00
OCT	30	SAN JOSE MERCURY NEWS (SAN JOSE, CA) (S-330,847) "Scuba Diving in Great Barrier Reef"	\$8,752.00
OCT	30	SUNDAY DENVER POST (DENVER, CO) (S-450,483) "Once-Notorious Aussie Prison Chilling By Moonlight" by Ellen Alperstein	\$59,248.00
NOV	03	NAPA COUNTY RECORD (NAPA, CA) (W-6,500) "Australia Info: Aussie Help Line"	\$24.00
NOV	06	DAILY PRESS (NEWPORT NEWS, VA) (S-125,000) "Get Australian Guide Through Toll-Free Number" by Jean Allen	\$3,000.00
NOV	10	DAILY REPORTER (COLDWATER, MI) (D-7,600) "Australia Featured In Kiwanis Travelogue"	\$1,088.00
DEC-	'94	ISLAND (SANTA BARBARA, CA) (BI-M-170,000) "Australia's Fraser Island" by Jean-Paul Ferrero	\$701,468.00

CANADIAN PHOTO / INFORMATION ASSISTANCE

OCT	29	THE CALGARY HERALD (CALGARY, AB) (D-140,907) "Crocodile Kim"	\$25,936.00
OCT	29	THE DAILY NEWS (CHATHAM, ON) (D-17,242) "Wild Zone Great Place to Celebrate Halloween Fun" by Bob Boughner	\$100.00
OCT	29	TIMES-COLONIST (VICTORIA, BC) (D-81,000) "Aussie Intrigue Is Part of 'Going Troppo' with Barrier Reef Crew" by Cheryl Blackerby	\$5,432.00

U.S.
VISITING JOURNALISTS PROGRAM

GOLFING DOWN UNDER



By Jeff Miller

Even in Colorado's mild year-round climate, there are times when the cold winds from the north play tag on the state's fairways, or build snowdrifts on the greens you love to hate. Don't shrug your shoulders and put away your golf bag—go Down Under!

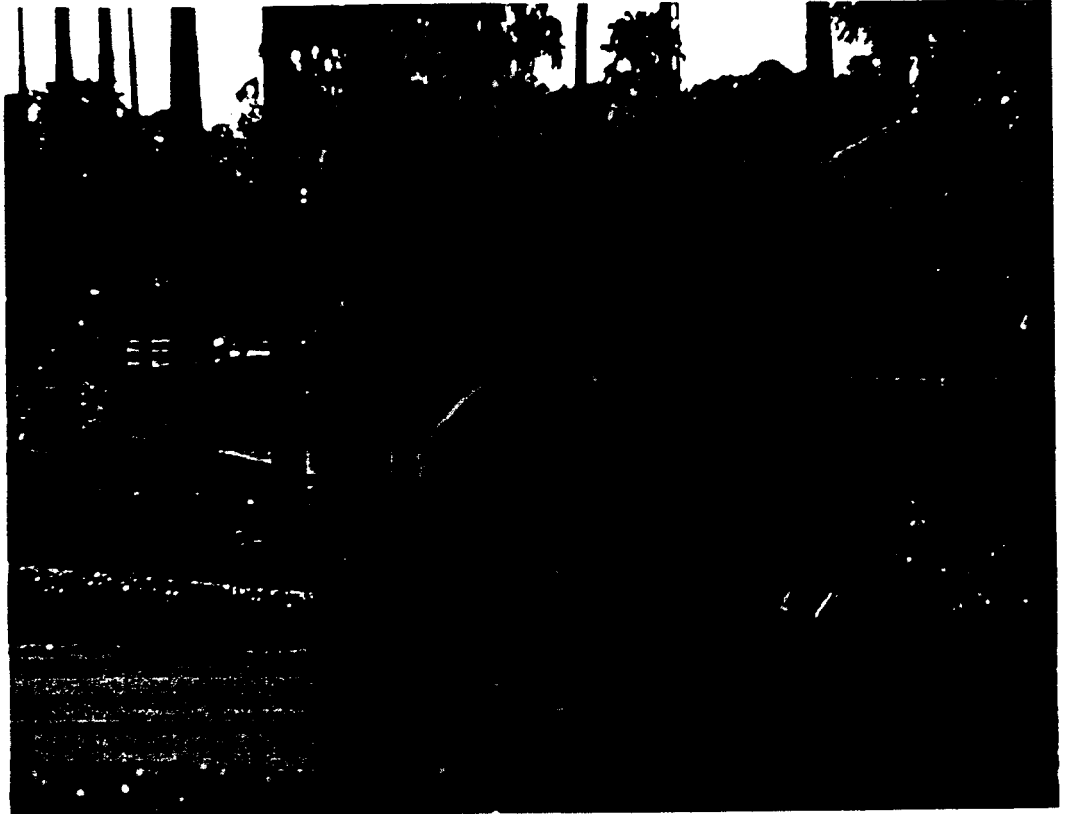
In the land of koalas, kangaroos, the Outback and the Great Barrier Reef, there are some of the world's best golf courses. The cream of the crop can be found in the state of Queensland—known as the country's Sunshine State. This tropical paradise offers idyllic weather, incredible natural beauty and year-round golf—some touring professionals have even called it the “Sunshine Circuit.”





Set on 420 acres of magnificent countryside, Kooralbyn Golf Club and Resort is Brisbane's showpiece golf complex.

Throughout
Queensland, a
variety of golf
experiences are
available—all
unique, all
wonderful.



EVEN IF THE SEASONS ARE TOPSY-TURVY DOWN UNDER, that's certainly not true of golf. There are 209 officially registered golf courses in Queensland. While the majority of these are open to the public with a letter of introduction from a visitor's home club, even the most exclusive clubs can be played. Many of these championship courses were testing grounds for the young Greg Norman before he won the British Open and became an international celebrity.

While you probably won't shoot as well as Norman did, you will walk the same fairways, putt the same greens, and face the same hazards—such as kangaroos seeking the "green pick" that comes from the liberally watered courses.

But if you travel halfway around the world, will the time off the links be as exciting as the time on them?

Rest assured Queensland has it all. Located at the northeast corner of Australia, Queensland is the second largest state—1,300 miles top-to-bottom and 900 miles across—but with a population of only 2 million, half of whom live in the Brisbane area. Renowned for their hospitality and friendliness, Queenslanders are ready to tell anyone about their state's power to please.

Once you've sampled the championship courses, seen some of the more than 3,000 miles of coastline, explored the tropical interior and visited a part of the 1,200-mile spectacular Great Barrier Reef, you won't need convincing.

BRISBANE IS THE METROPOLITAN JEWEL in the southern part of Queensland's crown, dazzlingly bright in the semi-tropical sun and washed clean by the meandering Brisbane River that flows through it. Nearly half of the state lives in and around this gateway to the Sunshine State, which has naturally developed into the region's cultural and activities center. Boasting a symphony orchestra, ballet troupe, and opera company, this state capital also has a broad spectrum of daytime sights and a thriving nightlife.

Founded in the 1820s as a penal colony, today's Brisbane hosted World Expo '88 and has been called Australia's New Orleans. It has also become known as the "multi-colored city" because of the tremendous variety of flowering trees, such as jacarandas, tulip trees, coral trees, flame of the forests and many others that blossom everywhere.

Because it is in a semi-tropical climate, summers (November through April) can be quite hot and humid. But in the cool winter months (from May to October) the weather can't be beat. There is an invigorating feel in the air that makes you want to stay forever—or at least until the summer heat rolls around again. While summer's maximum temperature is reportedly 86 degrees and winter's maximum is 68 degrees, the humidity does a lot to intensify the feel of those readings.

But you'll hardly feel the heat when you take on the challenge of Brisbane's golf courses. Although there is a broad variety of courses to choose from, Indooroopilly, Royal Queensland and Kooralbyn Valley are among Brisbane's best.

THE GOLF CLUB AT INDOORROOPILLY—an Aboriginal word meaning Gully of Running Water—is one course not to miss. Located three miles from the city, this international 36-hole layout is a magnificent melding of old and new, sure to enthrall golfers of all abilities.

The Old Course was designed in 1925 by the architectural team of Burley, Berndt & Watson. The 6,880-yard, par 74, 18 holes of the Old Course include contoured fairways and sculptured rough. Mature trees line this section of Indoorroopilly where water bunkers are factors on seven holes and numerous other bunkers test every golfer's stroke.

In 1986, expansion at the club was completed, adding not only a \$3 million clubhouse, but another 18 holes. Designed by Bob

land to keep golfers alert. Throughout the 6,914-yard, par 72 course, wild shots are punished and the contoured greens are a test in and of themselves. Play can be made even more challenging when southeast winds blow in along the banks of Brisbane River, where the course is located.

Despite such recent obstacles as lease expirations and four holes of the original course being affected by the construction of the Gateway Bridge, Royal Queensland's 69-year tradition is now ensured to continue on into the future.

And, it is very likely that famed coach Charlie Earp will be at the forefront of Royal Queensland's march forward. Greg Norman cut his teeth at RQ under the tutelage of Earp, and today, the coach can be seen most days in a large sun hat

Any golfer can book a lesson with Earp for around \$20! If there's one great golfing bargain in Australia, this is sure to be it!



Green, the 7,010-yard, par 74 New Course takes advantage of Queensland's natural terrain and includes many hills and slopes.

Together, the Old Course and the New Course are a dynamic duo played in a unique four loops of nine holes each, starting from and finishing at the clubhouse. According to those who know the course well, favorite holes on the Old Course include the 1st, a 361-yard, par 4 renowned as one of Australia's toughest opening holes; and the 8th, a 518-yard, par 5 with an extremely difficult water hazard to negotiate.

Holes on the New Course that will test the golfers' accuracy and strength include the 392-yard 13th. At a par 4, you will encounter a narrow fairway that is lined on the right with an oleander hedge. Equally challenging is the 18th hole, where golfers are called on to dodge several well-placed bunkers along the 526-yard, par 5 fairway.

LOCATED IN THE BRISBANE SUBURB OF HAMILTON, the Royal Queensland is one of the most traditional 18-hole courses in the state. Although very much a private club, visitors are welcome and should plan to take advantage of the invitation.

Originally founded in 1920, Royal Queensland looks and plays like a Scottish links course. Golf designers Carnegie Clark, Alan Russell and Dr. Alistair McKenzie laid out Royal Queens-

land to keep golfers alert. Throughout the 6,914-yard, par 72 course, wild shots are punished and the contoured greens are a test in and of themselves. Play can be made even more challenging when southeast winds blow in along the banks of Brisbane River, where the course is located.

Regardless of whether you manage to get a lesson with Earp or not, Royal Queensland has the ability of bringing out a golfer's top performance—much as it did in 1966 for Arnold Palmer. Palmer won the Australian Open here after besting Australian Kel Nagle with a four round total of 276. Palmer was considered the dark horse since Nagle held a prominent place in golf history after winning the Centenary British Open at St. Andrews, Scotland in 1960.

LOCATED ABOUT AN HOUR'S DRIVE southwest of Brisbane, or an equal distance inland from the Gold Coast, one of Queensland's newest and certainly most challenging courses is Kooralbyn Valley Golf Club and Resort. Here, anything is possible—from fast-sloping greens and 100-yard vertical drops to the green below, to distracting scenery and wildlife on the fairways.

Across 420 acres of this magnificent countryside, Kooralbyn was built as an 18-hole, showpiece golf complex on part of the legendary Tamrookum Run—one of Australia's finest pastoral

properties. Under the eye of legendary golf architect Desmond Muirhead, the project was completed in 1979 as a 6,989-yard, par 72 championship course. Muirhead has also designed such renowned courses as Mission Hills in Palm Springs, Calif., and with Jack Nicklaus, the Muirfield Village complex in Dublin, Ohio—site of the annual Memorial Tournament.

Once on the Kooralbyn course, the golfer is constantly put to the test. Queensland's own golfing publication describes the 5th hole as where "anything from an eagle to cardiac arrest is possible. As soon as you step onto the tee, the adrenalin starts pumping as you peer down almost 100 yards into the valley below and the minuscule green. It's either a driver or 5-iron (or somewhere in between depending on conditions) to get your hole in one of this 240-yard, par 3."

away. From here you will have an excellent vantage point from which to take in the city, river and port, Moreton Bay, nearby Taylor Range and, in the far distance, the Great Dividing Range. For a nighttime view while dining, there is a restaurant atop Mt. Coot-tha, three miles from the city.

Closer in, there is the observation tower at City Hall—at the corner of Adelaide and Albert streets—which will give you a good view of the city you will come to love. Once you have the layout in your mind, take a seat in the large open square in front of City Hall, King George Square, for some world-class people watching.

Then move on to the Queen Street Mall, which runs from Albert St. to Edward St. The boutiques, jewelry stores, antique shops and craft centers will fulfill your shopping dreams. Also



Queensland's own golfing publication describes the 5th hole as where "anything from an eagle to cardiac arrest is possible."

And as if such shots aren't enough, the club offers two dozen golf balls to any amateur who breaks 80 on his first attempt at the course. Or, try the Copperhead Challenge, played at Kooralbyn on any Thursday. The course is set up to its full championship length, pins are tucked away in different positions and a dozen golf balls are presented for playing to your handicap. Such are the things truly great courses are made of.

And great is what Kooralbyn is. Having been named Australia's premier resort course by *Australian Golf Digest*, the complex hosts such prestigious events as the Australian Seniors' Championship, the Queensland Open and the Sirikit Cup—an international amateur women's event of comparable status to the men's professional world cup.

As a full-service resort, golfers would never have to leave the resort property at Kooralbyn. Amenities include a motel or private villas, a country club, tennis courts, swimming pools, bowling greens, an Equestrian and Polo Center, and an airstrip.

AS A TOURIST, you'll find Brisbane as exciting and rewarding as a day on the links. It is an easy city to walk around, although there are some good-sized hills, and you can get oriented quite quickly. To get an idea of what's happening during your visit, pick up a free copy of *Time Off*, the local entertainment newspaper, which will have plenty of ideas and suggestions from sightseeing to great eating.

For those who like to get a bird's eye view of a place before exploring, take a drive to the top of Bartley's Hill, four miles

on the Mall is the new Myer Center—an incredible place with multiple levels and what seems to be miles of shopping to please the most jaded shopper. There are even guides with computers stationed throughout the complex to aid those who get lost.

Shoppers should be aware that Australian retail hours are a little different than American. Shops are generally open from 8:15 am to 5 pm Monday through Friday and 8:15 am to noon on Saturdays. There is late-night shopping until 9 pm on Thursdays in the suburbs and Fridays in the city and valley. Nearly everything in Brisbane, and the rest of Australia, is closed on Sundays.

Another place not to miss is Rowes Arcade, located in a restored historic building. The intriguing specialty shops are surrounded by intricate stained glass, mosaic tiles, rich cedar paneling and a magnificent arched ceiling.

If you're in the market for Aboriginal artifacts, try Queensland Aboriginal Creations—135 George St.—which has a great collection. Keep in mind, however, that the Aborigines were nomadic people who cared little for possessions, which means there are few authentic Aborigine artifacts around. The best you might find is a wooden shield, spear, boomerang or small bowl (they made no masks.) Today, however, young Aborigines are producing fine contemporary art pieces that will satisfy most collectors. Culturally-minded tourists will definitely want to visit the Queensland Cultural Centre, on the South Bank of the Brisbane River. Within the complex is the Queensland Art Gallery; the performing arts center; the Queensland Museum with its more than 2 million items highlighting the state's natural,

Overlooking the Coral Sea, the Sheraton Mirage Resort in Port Douglas, is a complete resort facility renowned for its 27-hole championship golf course.



human and technological history; the state library; and numerous restaurants and plazas overlooking the river and city.

For the serious diner, there is Fortitude Valley (The Valley), Brisbane's restaurant and entertainment district. There you'll find much of the good seafood Brisbane is known for, especially the famous Queensland mud-crab. A surprise for many Coloradans is that Queensland is cattle country, and in Brisbane, you can find surprisingly good steaks. For a taste of the Orient, try the small, but active Chinatown that's bordered by Wickham, Brunswick, Ann and Pips streets.

Those who want exercise while sightseeing can ride bikes in the large Botanic Gardens, which loops the Brisbane River. These gardens are well worth a visit—the lush, tropical grounds give you a real feel for native trees, shrubs and flowers. It's a beautiful and relaxing place.

Another way to see the natural beauty around Brisbane is by taking a river cruise. The hour-long scenic rides leave from the Creek St. Ferry Terminal 20 times a day, plus four on Saturday mornings. A great way to see the river and city together.

A LITTLE FARTHER AFIELD from downtown Brisbane is Lone Pine Sanctuary (recently bought by the Japanese). A half hour's drive west of City Hall, Lone Pine is where you can hold a koala, as well as feed kangaroos, deer and emus, and observe wombats and a platypus.

The entrance fee is about \$8, and an additional \$5 if you want a photo of yourself holding a koala (you can't use your own camera unless you've already bought one of their pictures.)

Open from 9:30 am to 5 pm daily, Lone Pine can be reached both by car and by the river—cruises leave from Hayles Wharf on Queens Wharf Road every afternoon at 1:15 pm, returning at 5:30 pm, and on Sunday mornings.

Other animal attractions include Bunya Park, 15 miles north of the city, and the African Lion Safari at Yatala on the Pacific Highway.

For ocean lovers, there are trips to the Sunshine Coast, the Gold Coast and the Great Barrier Reef.

A day trip to any part of the Sunshine Coast (108 miles north of Brisbane) is a day of empty beaches and tropical landscapes. The Bruce Highway takes you along the fertile coastal plain where you'll see giant statues such as a pineapple, a cow and a strawberry which advertise various popular tourist spots.

Definitely stop at the four-story-high pineapple, which is part of the Sunshine Plantation. Advertised as Australia's most visited attraction, it is both entertaining and enlightening. You can ride the Sugar Cane Train into cane fields or the Nutmobile to see how macadamia nuts are harvested, learn how pineapples are harvested, visit the large gift shop and restaurant, or just wander around the lush plantation.

From there, travel the coast road to wide, sandy, uncrowded

beaches or visit resort towns such as Caloundra, Maroochydore and Noosa Heads. Noosa will remind you of a little Aspen by the sea: quaint, exclusive shops in a beautiful setting.

For a quieter, less lavish day, drive an hour and a half inland from Brisbane to Toowoomba, a town of 75,000. Here the people are friendly and the tree-lined streets are pretty.

THE FAMOUS AUSTRALIAN GOLD COAST is only an hour's drive south from Brisbane. This is the country's premier playground—a 27-mile stretch of narrow land (at one point it is only a third of a mile across) that is lined with first-class, international hotels and a beach that's hard to beat. Many who see it say it looks like Miami's famous strip.

Just 40 years ago, the Gold Coast region was a refuge for weekenders out of Brisbane. Today, more than 3 million visitors each year (both Aussie and international) flock here to unwind because it's a place that has it all—beaches, people, nightlife, casinos, and action, action, action! It can be everything to everybody—from casual abandon to elegant chic.

And the weather is as good as it gets. There are an average of 287 sunny days on the Gold Coast and the mean temperature is a perfect 75 degrees. The main season is June through August, when Aussies from the south and visitors from overseas flock to its multi-storied, luxury hotels and sparkling beach. However, anytime is really very good on the Gold Coast.

Southport, 50 miles from Brisbane, is the northern entry to the Gold Coast. The beaches along the coast include Surfer's Paradise, Broadbeach, Mermaid Beach, Currumbin, Kirra and Coolangatta.

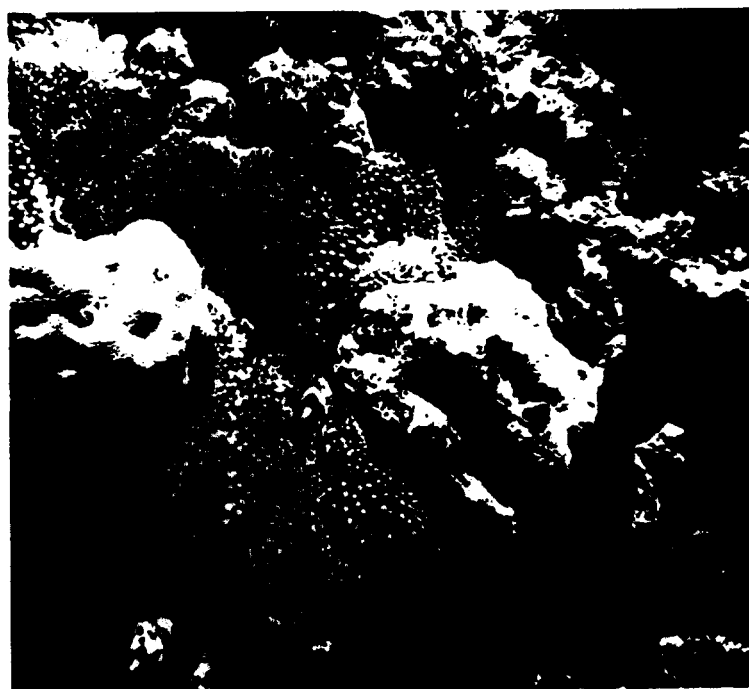
Visitors will soon find that the Gold Coast is not only spectacular beaches and international hotels, but is also rolling farmlands, mountain ranges, national parks, coastal plains and meandering estuaries. All along the coastal strip visitors will find charming village-like communities in the hinterland townships.

A must for those staying on the Gold Coast is Lamington National Park, 20 miles from the coast, which is Queensland's best known national park and one of the country's most beautiful reserves. The rare Antarctic beech trees—some of which have survived for 3,000 years—can be found here.

Accommodations on the Gold Coast run the gamut from world-class resorts and hotel chains such as Conrad, Southern Pacific, Sheraton, Hyatt, Ramada and Holiday Inn, to local motels and inns. On the Gold Coast, you are just as likely to see backpackers emerging from tents as you are to see sophisticates coming out of townhouses.

Dining is the same, offering what many consider to be the largest selection of restaurants per square mile in all of Australia—more than 300 establishments. Elegant dining experiences sit side-by-side with wonderful "counter meals" and "takeaways"—all offering everything from beef, poultry and fish to vegetarian delights.

COLORADO GOLF
P-7110



From Cairns, the Kuranda Train takes passengers across the coastal plain and through the lush rainforest of the Atherton Tablelands.

The mysteries and wonders of the Great Barrier Reef are yours to discover.

The shopping too is nothing less than spectacular. Themed shopping centers scattered throughout the region offer more than 2,000 individual boutiques, specialty shops and arts and crafts stalls—all wanting only to cater to your every shopping desire.

After a full day of golfing, swimming, shopping and eating, you won't want to go to sleep, for the best of the Gold Coast is about to begin. The nightlife is world-renowned, from Conrad International's Jupiters Casino with its 108 gambling tables, 740 video gaming machines and 1,000-seat International Showroom, to family entertainment centers, cabarets, dinner cruises, comedy revues, piano bars, theaters and nightclubs.

After a night on the town, you might think getting up early would be hard to do, but with the kind of golf courses the Gold Coast has to offer, it's not hard at all.

SET ON EXQUISITELY LANDSCAPED TERRAIN that includes thousands of palm trees and more than 500 acres of water, Palm Meadows is an 18-hole championship course designed in the tradition of Palm Springs.

At a cost of \$30 million-plus, Palm Meadows is one of Australia's most expensively developed resorts—and it shows. The attention to detail here is reflected in the course's layout, including the very strategic placement of more than 100 bunkers and water carries in the form of rock-lined lakes having a total perimeter of eight miles.

CREATING THE "FINEST RESORT COMPLEX IN THE WORLD" was developer Mike Gore's goal. And at Sanctuary Cove, everything from the Great House to the 36-hole championship golf course reflects Gore's success in making his dream come true.

Situated on the banks of the Coomera River, midway between Brisbane and the Coast, the Cove is one of Australia's greatest golfing experiences.

The first of the two 18-hole courses, The Palms, was designed by architect Fred Bolton. Gore challenged Bolton to build "the best golf course in the world," to keep pace with the rest of the resort's offerings. To accomplish the task at hand, Bolton insisted that the course reward the daring, yet offer an alternative route for the average player to enjoy as well. The Palms is a 6,689-yard, par 72 course amply endowed with action holes. The par 5s are reachable, and the shorter par 4s and 3s, demand the right club selection for negotiating various water hazards.

The Pines compliments, yet contrasts, The Palms as the Cove's second 18-hole course. Designed by Arnold Palmer, The Pines was carved out of a pine forest on the southern edge of the resort. Palmer was allowed to use his master's discretion in creating The Pines, a 6,972-yard, par 72.

There's nothing in Australia quite like golfing Sanctuary Cove—so much so that, within one year of its opening in 1987, the resort hosted the Queensland Open at The Palms. But, that's the tradition at Sanctuary Cove—world-class to the letter.



The scenery is unbeatable with waterfalls cascading down lush mountainsides and thick jungle displaying every color of green ever imagined.

Graham Marsh of the firm Buckley, Millar and Marsh designed the 6,937-yard, par 72 course incorporating a reasonable degree of difficulty. This is evident on more than two-thirds of the holes, as water comes into play. Only five holes are totally dry.

Palm Meadows is a public course where all players are made to feel welcome by the club's golf director, Peter Clutton. Clutton has spent most of his career in Southeast Asia, primarily Singapore and Fiji. And whether it is coincidence or not, Clutton's Asian experience spills over to at least one of the club's other amenities for guests to enjoy—a genuine Japanese bathhouse. Also available is a stylish club house that includes a silver service restaurant. The resort has plans to construct a tennis complex and equestrian center to round out the activities offered at Palm Meadows.

The entire complex was constructed at a cost of \$550 million and is Australia's most prestigious resort and residential community. It is also the first all Hyatt Regency club resort hotel in the world. Modeled after a traditional Queensland country mansion, visitors enjoy casual and relaxed elegance in the 247 guest rooms and the on-site restaurants and lounges.

AT THE NORTHERN-MOST POINT OF QUEENSLAND, in the heart of the tropics, is the Cairns-Port Douglas area—the ultimate oasis for those interested in both land-based activities and water sports. Cairns (pronounced "Cans" by the locals) has become the international gateway to northern Queensland and the Great Barrier Reef—and it has a shiny new airport to prove it. But you can still see the tropical, rough-and-tumble town of the 1800s

everyday on its broad streets and in the faces of its diverse people.

In sugar cane season, when the harvesting takes place (June through December) the sweet smell of cane stalks burning as a cleansing method, fills the air. At times, the fires can seem to circle Cairns, but they are harmless.

The city of 50,000 has any kind of shopping you can imagine, from elegant fashion shops to t-shirt stalls. Dining and accommodations are the same, offering travelers a little bit of everything under the sun.

Activities can include a Saturday morning visit to the city's open-air market, or a leisurely bike ride through town. Or, you can always enjoy a cool drink in one of the outdoor cafes and just watch the world go by. For deep-sea fishermen, Cairns is considered by many to be one of the world's best marlin spots.

When you're ready to move on to Port Douglas, you'll find the drive north (approximately one hour) is beautiful. The coastal road that you will follow runs right along the ocean for awhile, then inland, then back to the ocean. Through the jungle underbrush you can catch glimpses of some stretches of deserted white-sand beaches and the Coral Sea beyond.

Between Port Douglas and Cairns, Hartley's Creek is a must for the tourist in all of us. Visitors can see the world's largest crocodile in captivity, as well as some of the most interesting show on Australian wildlife. The park also offers some very good safety tips for traveling in the outback, explaining special precautions for dealing with the crocodiles and poisonous snakes.

When you get to Port Douglas you will find a small coastal village of less than 1,000 people that has grown into one of a great resort complex. Currently, there are only a few buildings lined with a handful of shops and restaurants, but with no lights or stop signs. But that is all changing as construction is to be never-ending. Huge resorts are being built just outside of town and there are some very exclusive homes tucked in the hills above.

Dining options are limited in Port Douglas, though all of the resort hotels offer excellent on-site restaurants. The town's Mexican restaurant is similar to Mexican restaurants throughout Australia—they don't know what hot, spicy food is. There is, however, surprisingly good food at the only Chinese food place in Port Douglas, the Jade Inn.

But you didn't come halfway around the world in search of good Chinese food—you came to play golf, and Port Douglas has one of the best courses around.

OVERLOOKING THE CORAL SEA and back-dropped by such natural wonders as the Daintree Rainforest and crocodile country is the Sheraton Mirage, one of Australia's three international Mirage Resorts.

Although Mirage is a complete resort facility, it is renowned for its 6,583-yard, 27-hole championship golf course. Designed

by Peter Thomson and Michael Wolveridge, Mirage—a par 72—is actually three nines, each uniquely different from the others.

One of the nines is situated in sand dunes adjoining the resort complex, and is typical of Queensland courses in that there are plenty of hills to negotiate. The fairways on another nine wind through dense rainforests. Here, golfers will be hard pressed to focus their attention on their game due to the number of magnificent, native birds and lush vegetation. And throughout the entire 27-hole stretch are lagoons, thoughtfully placed as much for scenic beauty as for intimidating golfers.

One of Queensland's newest courses, Mirage opened in 1987 and features a clubhouse reminiscent of old Queensland architecture.

THREE TIMES ITS SPECTACULAR GOLF, Port Douglas can claim to fame: It is the gateway to the northern portion of the Great Barrier Reef. But the claim that the interior should be ignored—quite

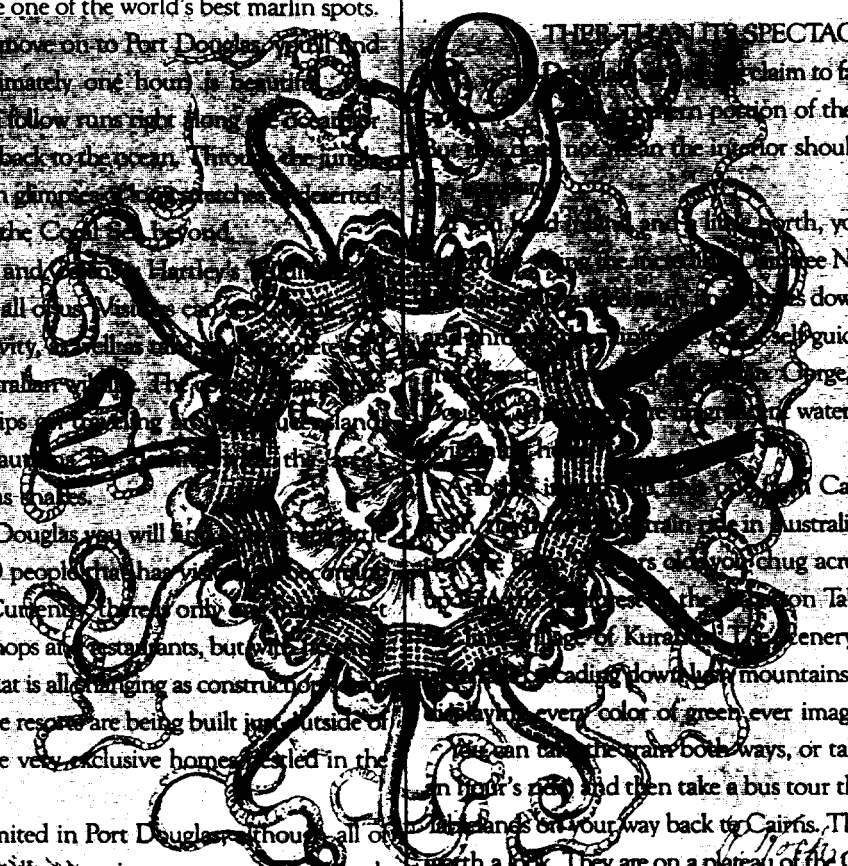
and it is not. Just north of Port Douglas, you can spend a wonderful day in the Daintree National Forest. There are many ways to see the forest, but the most guided look at the river is through the Daintree River Gorge, northwest of Port Douglas. The gorge is a beautiful waterfall and crystal clear

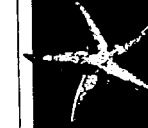
water. Just north of Cairns, is the Kuranda Scenic Railway, one of Australia's oldest. Sitting in carriages you can see the rainforest along with the coastal plain, the Atherton Tablelands and stop at the village of Kuranda. The scenery is unbeatable with the train cascading down lush mountainsides and thick jungle displaying every color of green ever imagined.

You can take the train both ways, or take it one way (about an hour's ride) and then take a bus tour through the Atherton Tablelands on your way back to Cairns. The Tablelands are well worth a look. They are on a plateau of the Great Dividing Range west of Cairns and Port Douglas and offer everything from rainforests, waterfalls and gorges, to rolling Outback plains, farmland and extinct volcanic lakes.

WHEN YOU'RE NOT ON QUEENSLAND'S CHALLENGING GOLF COURSES, one of the best places to be is on the famous—and spectacular—Great Barrier Reef. The reef (actually reefs) lies 30 to 50 miles off the coast and stretches for more than 1,200 miles, from the Queensland town of Gladstone to Cape York. There are 750 islands between the reef and the coast, with approximately 20 of them housing holiday resorts.

The marine life that the reef supports is nothing short of incredible. Here you will find the largest concentration of ani-





Visas You don't need a visa to visit Australia. A visa is free, but you do need to send your passport with your visa application. Give the process a good six weeks. Check with your travel agent for details.

Driving on the left When you're not on the links, you will, no doubt, be sightseeing. If you like the adventure of being on your own, you will come face-to-face with left-side driving, which can be rather disconcerting at times. Definitely rent an automatic-transmission vehicle so that you can concentrate completely on driving.

Kilometers vs. Miles While driving, you will have to face the thorny problem of converting kilometers to miles. For the purists, take the kilometers and multiply by five, then divide by eight. For example, 80 km converts to 50 miles.

But, there is an easier way to handle kilometers. After you've been driving awhile, you can determine your average speed—let's say 80 km per hour. From that, you can quickly judge that a 160 km drive will take you two hours. No messy conversion. While in Australia, it's just easier to forget miles until you get back to America.

Currency Exchange Rates The weekend travel section of most major newspapers features the most recent exchange rates. The current exchange rate is averaging .796 to the U.S. dollar. This means that a \$10 purchase in Australia cost you \$7.96. Additional good news is that Australian prices are very similar to American, so you won't be shocked by inordinately high expenses.

Banking and Traveler's Checks Banks in Australia are open Monday through Friday, 10 am to 4 pm. Many banks have a new policy of charging a service fee for cashing traveler's checks. This fee can be as high as 10 percent of the transaction. The best place to exchange your traveler's checks is at an international bank called WestPac. The company has branches in even the smallest towns so you shouldn't find it difficult to locate them. They charge only pennies to exchange traveler's checks.

Credit Cards American Express, Visa, Mastercard and Diner's Club are commonly accepted throughout Australia.

Tipping Since tipping is not the general custom, gratuities are always left to the customer's discretion.

Swimming You should be aware of swimming in tropical waters during the summer months when the extremely dangerous box jellyfish inhabits these waters. Always check with local authorities before swimming on the coast.

For Further Information

For more information on Australia's Sunshine State, contact your travel agent or any of the following:

Australian Tourism Commission
3550 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 1470
Los Angeles, CA 90010
(213) 552-1988

Queensland Tourist & Travel Corporation
611 North Larchmont Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90004
(213) 465-8418

mal life in any of the world's oceans. There are several hundred species of coral that make up the reef, and nearly 900 species of fish (250 edible ones) call it their home.

Because the reef is protected by the Australian government, access to it by the millions of yearly tourists is closely controlled. Special high-speed catamarans whisk visitors out to established locations on the reef. You can catch one of these boats from the Cairns-Port Douglas region. The boat actually leaves from Port Douglas but if you are coming from Cairns, the fare includes a bus trip to Port Douglas and back.

For approximately \$70 per person, you get: the hour's boat ride out and back from the reef; interesting lectures on reef life and how to snorkel properly; snorkeling equipment; a great luncheon buffet with a well-stocked bar (drinks are not included in the price); a friendly crew and guides for certified divers; and the best underwater scenery you will ever lay eye on. In addition, underwater cameras are available for a slight additional fee—do it, you'll love the results!

When you get into the water, you won't believe your eyes. There really are fish that are bright orange, vibrant yellow and cobalt blue. And the coral has as much variety, but in pastel shades. You'll see bright blue starfish, white and yellow striped clownfish, parrotfish and jellyfish with long tentacles that can give you nasty welts if they touch you.

But the best of all, I believe, are the giant clams—some the size of dining room tables. They are nestled in the sandy spots between the coral, with their shells open to the sea currents. The muscle that holds the shell together is vibrant purple and black, and has two holes for the ocean to flow through. If you wave your hand over the holes, the clam jerks closed—not at the leg-grabbing Hollywood rate, but eight or nine inches at a time.

When you first get out to the reef, the tide is high and you feel as if you won't be able to get close enough to everything you want to see. But there are various levels to the coral and the marine life, and throughout the day, the water level drops, revealing more and more wonderful sights. By early afternoon, you are able to float two or three feet above coral outcroppings.

Overall, the Great Barrier Reef is one of the most incredible sights you will ever see. Even if you have dived in Mexico, Hawaii, Fiji or the French Polynesian Islands, their underwater scenery is nothing compared to Australia's Great Barrier Reef. And, after a day on the reef, you'll feel like you sunk a hole in one. It's that good!

Queensland, Australia: The land of koalas and kangaroos, Crocodile Dundee and Greg Norman. A place where idyllic weather and unsurpassed golf opportunities are a way of life. Chase away those Colorado winter chills and head Down Under—they're waiting for you!

Jeff Miller is a Denver-based writer who has written Australian travel features for the *Denver Post* and the *Rocky Mountain News*.

Dunk Island resort a fantasy come true

Retreat near Great Barrier Reef boasts untamed jungle paradise

By Jeff Miller

Special to The Denver Post

DUNK ISLAND, Australia — Most Americans believe that Fantasy Island relocated years ago to the lucrative land of television syndication.

I believe it moved to Australia and changed its name to Dunk Island.

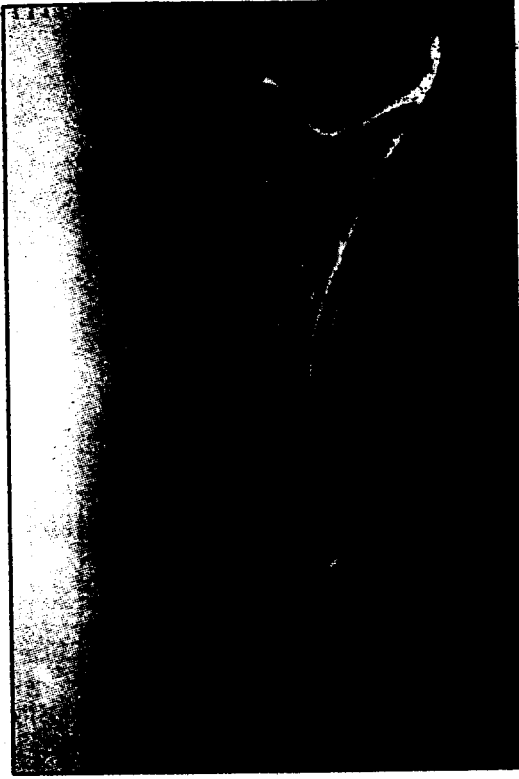
Situated 3 miles off the northeast coast of Australia (80 miles south of Cairns and 100 miles north of Townsville), near the center of the awe-inspiring 1,200-mile Great Barrier Reef, Dunk Island is one of Australia's premier resorts. From the moment you step off the small airplane onto Dunk's private airstrip and a smiling hostess hands you a drink bursting with flowers, you know you've found a little piece of paradise.

As you sip your drink, check-in



BEAUTY BELOW: Starfish lives on Great Barrier Reef.

is handled with a few nods of the head — you don't even notice your bags being whisked away. Then the hostess takes you on a leisurely stroll down tropical garden paths toward your room. Wonderfully exotic flowers line



Jeff Miller

THE GOOD LIFE: Resort on Dunk Island faces Brammo Bay. Isle is 80 miles south of Cairns.

the trails and fringe the manicured lawns, making the island as pleasing to the nose as it is to the eye.

Your room seems straight out of Architectural Digest or a set from "Miami Vice" — spacious,

white-tiled, immaculate, and done in pinks and pastels. Two steps down, and you're in a sunken living room that leads to a balcony overlooking picturesque

Please see **DUNK** on 6-T

The Denver Post
July 23, 1989
P.1/3

Paradise discovered at Dunk

DUNK from Page 1-T

Brammo Bay. There's no phone, no television, and your bags are already there — you're in heaven.

But you didn't come all this way to stay in your room, no matter how comfortable it is. Your choices of activities and facilities seem endless and are highlighted on a daily activities list slipped under your door.

There's the three-tiered cascade pool and spa, also the six-hole golf course, the large hibiscus pool, the tennis courts, the squash courts, the sports center, the open-air bar and restaurant, the jungle paths leading to various parts of the island, and, of course, the palm-fringed beaches — including a secluded nude beach. Parents should know that Dunk also has one of the finest child-activity and baby-sitting programs anywhere.

With or without children, you can take bush walks, fish, water ski, dive, sail, shoot clay pigeons, learn archery, windsurf, snorkel, swim or just lie on the beach. And the island staff — by far the friendliest ever encountered — is ready to help you at whatever you decide to do. Everything is free except for activities requiring gasoline.

Because Dunk is one of the jumping-off points to the famed Great Barrier Reef, one of the most popular activities is taking the catamaran Quick Cat out to the reef. Docked at nearby Mission Beach on the mainland, the 80-foot launch stops at Dunk daily to pick up passengers before taking off for the hour's ride out to the reef. The

day's adventure (\$80 per person) includes lessons on reef life and snorkeling, use of the 55-foot pontoon moored to the reef, snorkeling equipment, free cruises in the glass-sided "sub," an excellent buffet lunch and spectacular underwater scenery.

Another popular oceangoing activity from Dunk is a day's cruise on the 52-foot yacht Neptunius. Skippered by an appropriately salty Harry and his handsome mate Herb, the yacht cruises through the nearby islands and anchors at a deserted one for anyone interested in exploring. The \$50-per-person price includes snorkeling equipment and a buffet lunch.

For those who want to stay closer to home, there are Dunk's informative nature walks, conducted by the island's naturalist, Klaus Uhl-enhut, and enjoyable garden tours led by the head gardener, Dave. There's even a dairy farm where you can watch the morning or evening milking of the Friesian and Jersey cows while sipping a complimentary milkshake.

Touring the island is easy and fun via the rain-forest paths. These lead to various beaches, the top of the island's mountain and to Bruce Arthur's Artists Colony where pottery, weaving and screen-printing are on display. As you wander along these lush jungle trails, you marvel at the beauty and tranquility.

The Aborigines recognized these traits centuries ago and named the island Coonanglebah (isle of peace and beauty). Capt. James Cook renamed it Dunk in 1770 after Lord Montagu Dunk, the Earl of Sandwich and First Lord of the British Admiralty. Cook also

Dunk Island immersed in resort luxury and natural beauty

DUNK from Page 6-T

named the surrounding islands the Family Islands because of their geographic proximity. Dunk is the "father," Dedarra Island the "mother," Toolghar and Coombo the "twins" and Jurrumbah, Budjoo and Coolah the "triplets."

As the largest of the Family Islands, Dunk covers 2,199 acres, is nearly 4 miles long and up to a mile and a quarter wide. The highest point is Mount Koo-tal-oo at 890 feet. Nearly three-quarters of Dunk is national park and has been kept in its natural state. The resort, perfectly integrated into the landscape, is on the northwest coast overlooking Brammo Bay and can accommodate up to 300 people.

The first "guests" arrived in 1897 when E.J. Banfield and his wife, Bertha, became the first white settlers.

Banfield was a journalist — later a distinguished Australian author who wrote four books while living on Dunk: "My Tropic Isle," "The Confessions of a Beachcomber," "Tropical Days" and "Last Leaves from Dunk Island." He and his wife lived on the island until his death in 1923. In 1933, when Bertha died, Dunk was taken over by Spencer Hopkins, a Townsville businessman, who made the Banfield Bungalow into the island's first resort.

During World War II, the RAAF 27 Radar Station was established on Dunk, from which the famous Coral Sea Battle was controlled. Remains of the station still can be seen atop Mount Koo-tal-oo.

Dunk is now owned by the federally operated Australian Airlines. The company has main-

tained the natural beauty of the island while providing quality accommodations and amenities. It also has assembled a remarkable staff that seems truly concerned over a guest's comfort — the bartenders even learn your name and drink preferences, usually by the second night.

Dunk is not special only because of the staff. It is one of only three islands in the state of Queensland covered with rain forest. This jungle is home to more than 100 varieties of birds, and the activities center will provide a species list and a pair of binoculars to anyone interested in watching the feathered residents.

The most famous wildlife on Dunk — and its symbol — is the Ulysses butterfly (technically a *papilio ulysses joesa*). One of the most beautiful and largest in Australia, the Ulysses boasts an iridescent blue color and a wingspan of approximately 4 inches. As you stroll to breakfast in the mornings, you usually can catch a glimpse of them flittering among the vegetation.

Meals on Dunk are memorable (and included in the price). The large open-air dining room overlooking Brammo Bay is filled with intimate tables for two up to gi-

gantic tables for 12. The first time you show up for a meal, the maitre d' cheerfully explains the setup. Breakfast and lunch are buffet style and offer both hot and cold dishes as well as tropical fruit and salads. Dinner has full table service with a menu that offers two or three entrees and changes every night. All meals are filling, four-course affairs.

Seating is open for breakfast and lunch, but for dinner you're seated by the maitre d'.

Next to the dining room is a large open-air bar that is perfect for before-meal drinks and for the nightly after-dinner floor show and dancing. (Drinks aren't included in the vacation price.)

For those who want an evening meal away from the bustle of the dining room, there's a small, air-conditioned a la carte restaurant called Banfield's (not included in the price of the vacation).

IF YOU GO: Australia's summer is November through March, and its winter is June through August. Because Dunk Island is in Australia's tropical north, the best time to go is April through October, when the heat and humidity aren't oppressive. During the height of Australia's summer, the temperature can get well over 100 with hu-

midity above 70 percent (although the sea breezes do a lot to cool you off). In Australia's winter months, the temperature is 70-80 degrees.

During the day, attire on Dunk can be very casual, although men are asked to wear tops in the restaurant and lounge. In the evening, guests are asked to don smart casual or dressy attire.

Three accommodations are available: beachfront units with queen-size beds and air conditioners; garden cabanas; and Banfield units with beach or garden views. As of April 1989, the per-night price for two persons during peak season (our summer) is \$440, \$368 or \$330. Low-season (our winter) prices are \$404, \$337 and \$304.

For more details on Dunk Island, contact your travel agent or the So/Pac agency (800-551-2012) which is Australian Airlines' booking agent for the island.

For general information on Australia, contact the Australian Tourist Commission, 2121 Avenue of the Stars, Suite 1200, Los Angeles, Calif., 90067; 213-552-1988.

Amazing journey

Across Australia on the Indian-Pacific train

By Jeff Miller

THE first lurch is always followed by a moment of stillness, as if you've been bumped from behind. But then the next lurch comes, then another, then another, until they've merged into a forward motion that can't be ignored — the train is pulling out of the station.

For train lovers, there's no better feeling. It's the start of a new journey, the beginning of a unique experience. Wondrous sights, exciting people and untold sensations lay in wait somewhere down the line. Long before the trip is over, the traveling has become more important than the final destination. You could ride forever.

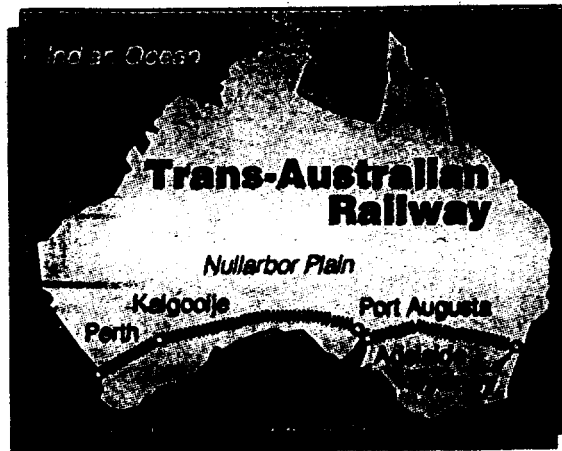
That's how you'll feel on Australia's renowned Indian-Pacific train — the transcontinental run that's considered by many to be one of the 10 best train trips in the world.

Covering more than 2,400 miles in approximately three days, the Indian Pacific takes passengers across the southern portion of Australia. Starting in Sydney, the train heads northwest through the spectacular Blue Mountains and the mining town of Broken Hill, dips southwest to Adelaide, heading back up north to Port Augusta, then straight west across the desolate Nullarbor Plain to the Wild West town of Kalgoorlie, then on to its final destination, the sparkling city of Perth.

Along the way travelers get a chance to see some of Australia's most spectacular scenery while lounging in first-class comfort. And whenever the landscape overloads the senses with its beauty, there's always great dining, drinking and visiting that can be done with fellow travelers — most of whom are Australian.

The start of the trip gives no indication of the journey's uniqueness. Pulling out of Sydney is like watching any large American city pass by; weather-worn houses and lawns gone-to-seed line both sides of the track.

The countryside begins to buckle and roll with green hills covered by eucalyptus trees, and pastures filled with contented cows. The trees stand tall and ghostly, their bark shedding in long strips to reveal smooth, white skin beneath.



From far away, the white of a thousand trees can be seen beneath leafy tops, looking like the quills of a giant porcupine.

As night begins to fall, the train makes a steep journey, rising to the beauty of the Blue Mountains. Belying their elevation of less than 5,000 feet, these sharp-edged mountains and deep gorges really do look blue — a dark greenish blue — and seem always shrouded in misty rains.

The best place to view these spectacular mountains is in the first-class lounge car (if you're a first-class passenger).

Next comes dinner, a wonderful affair. The traditional linen tablecloths, solid silverware and attentive waiters complement the darkening mountains rushing by. Americans used to Amtrak's microwaved food will be surprised — at times the traditionally cooked food borders on the excellent. Add a light Australian white wine and some lively company and you have the makings of a great dining experience.

Although there are various types of accommodations, a first-class room (twinette or single) is recommended for such a long journey. The rooms are similar to those found on American trains, with a comfortable couch that turns into the lower of two single berths, a large picture window, a wall vanity with mirror and ice-water dispenser, folding table, narrow wardrobe and overhead storage. The best part is that you have your own toilet and shower — no walks to the end of the corridor.

As you climb into your cozy berth, with its cute reading light, firm mattress and crisp sheets, take a look out the window. If you're lucky the moon will be bright, casting shadows on the now treeless saltbush plain. There might be the occasional mallee scrub or flock of sheep, but for the most part the country is flat and barren.

Next morning as you sip the coffee brought by your conductor (that's what the Australians call stewards), you get your first day-time view of the Australian interior. It is a flat land of grasses, scrub bushes and trees, a country of massive sheep ranches, where thousands of acres support handfuls of sheep. Passengers can usually see a flock, as

To next page

Adelaide an oasis for the weary

From preceding page

well as the occasional bounding kangaroo and wallaby (similar to kangaroo but smaller).

The first major stop of the day is Broken Hill, approximately 700 miles west of Sydney. The town, lying on the Darling River, sprang up to support mining operations that began in 1883. Today, commercial mining — lead, silver, zinc and other minerals — is still the center of activity.

Arriving around 8:30 a.m., you set your watches back — a job you'll do once more before reaching Perth. Even with this extra half-hour, there's no time for sightseeing, just a leisurely walk up and down the station platform and a perusal of the gift-shop stand.

In the early afternoon the train heads southwest, toward Port Pirie, then jogs south to Adelaide. The landscape becomes more fertile, with wheat crops, occasional creeks, billabongs (ponds) and groves of trees. The towns of Cutana, Unta, Paratoo, Ucolta, Yongala and Connamia whiz by, more fixed in your memory because of their names than because of the structures. Beneath this rolling farmland have come many of Australia's precious metals, including silver and uranium.

By late afternoon the train pulls into Adelaide, approximately one-third of the way to Perth. For those who are not consummate train travelers, Adelaide is the perfect three- or four-day stopover before boarding another Indian-Pacific train, which comes through on Mondays, Fridays or Sundays.

Adelaide, South Australia's capital, has a downtown center ringed by gardens and is a pretty city laid out in a perfect grid. It looks a little like Denver, with wide, clean streets, well-maintained suburbs and mountains in the distance.

But Adelaide can boast something most Denverites would kill for — an ocean only minutes away. The Southern Ocean is a little colder than the Pacific waters found around Sydney, but the beaches are just as expansive and appealing. And it's easy to reach — every day a tram runs from Adelaide to the nearby seaside resort of Glenelg.

Adelaide also offers lovely parks, art galleries, an elegant casino in the grand old train station, and good downtown shopping on the Rundle Mall and at Central Market. Day trips into the rolling hills of the nearby wine country can be easy and fun.

When you reboard the Indian Pacific, it will be late afternoon, and the best part of the journey is still to come. Through dinner the train retraces its steps up to Port Pirie before breaking new ground on its run north to Port August at the northern tip of the Spencer Gulf. From there, it begins to edge west on its long and incredible run across the Nullarbor Plain.

Latin for "not any tree," the Nullarbor is an enormous limestone plain that seems completely devoid of life. It stretches from the Great Australian Bight to the Great Victoria Desert, providing a natural barrier between the east and west of the continent. Originally the seabed of a prehistoric ocean, the Nullarbor was thrust upward by some major upheaval, leaving it dry, flat and barren. Things haven't changed much in the following eons.

On the fringes of the plain, passengers can spot the rare wild camel or the occasional emu, a large flightless bird that looks much like the ostrich. Other wildlife include the dingo (wild dog), kangaroo and wombat (a burrowing marsupial about the size of a badger).

On the Nullarbor itself, there

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Outback's emptiness captivating

From page 8-T

seems to be nothing — a vast skillet where the sun fries ground all day long. The sky is immense, overpowering, rich blue, and married to a flat, desolate plain of red dirt. Red and blue seem to go on forever, hand-in-hand; the scenery is bleak, beautiful and mesmerizing.

Nearly every Aussie you meet apologizes for the monotonous landscape, but I found great beauty in the emptiness — like parts of New Mexico and Arizona. From the air-conditioned comfort of your train, it is a fascinating display of bleakness that will go on for more than 500 miles. You wonder how men survived to lay the tracks, and what would happen if the train suddenly stopped.

The next morning you awake to the same scenery. Soon the train pulls into Cook, a small oasis on the incredible Nullarbor Plain. The train will be at this refueling station 1½ hours, and passengers are instructed to set their watches back 2½ hours.

As you step off the train into the blazing sunlight, you're greeted by an unusual handwritten sign: "Our Hospital Needs Your Help, Get Sick." The atmosphere is jovial as passengers and townspeople joke about the desolate location of this little village. Next to the station is an old jail cell — a 10-by-10-foot box covered with corrugated tin. Walking down the wide dirt main street, you notice the few trees and fewer houses look like they're about to be squashed by the massive blue sky. You try to imagine what life must be like when the train pulls away. You hurry back to the station.

Back on the train, the scenery doesn't change for most of the morning. But before lunch you

see the first signs of life — a scrub bush here, some tufts of grass there. Suddenly the land is fighting back — grassy plains and scrub trees appear.

The rest of the day the land gets more fertile. That evening the train pulls into Kalgoorlie, the last major stop before Perth the next day. Kalgoorlie is capital of Western Australia's goldfields and where gold was discovered in 1893. With a population of more than 25,000, Kalgoorlie is a Wild West town that's gone tourist — although it still has its legalized prostitutes who stand in a string of stalls along one street. You have 1½ hours to explore this interesting place.

At 7 a.m. the next morning the train pulls into Perth, 2,475 miles from Sydney. After the long stretches of desolate countryside, Perth is a gleaming, shimmering emerald city at the end of a long trip. Named after a town in Scotland and proclaimed a city in 1829, Perth is the capital of Western Australia and lies on the banks of the Swan River, 12 miles up river from the principal port of Fremantle.

Carrying your bags from the room you've called home for three days, you look forward to discovering Perth, one of Australia's best cities. But even in this new excitement, there is the longing to feel just once more that first lurch, followed by another, and another, as the train pulls out of the station.

Jeff Miller is a freelance writer living in Denver.

FANTASY ISLAND A BEAUT

By Jeff Miller

MOST North Americans believe that Fantasy Island relocated years ago to the lucrative land of television syndication.

I believe it moved to Australia and changed its name to Dunk Island.

Situated 4.8 kilometres off the northeast coast of Australia (130 km south of Cairns and 160 km north of Townsville), near the centre of the awe-inspiring 1,900-km Great Barrier Reef, Dunk Island is one of Australia's premier resorts.

From the moment you step off the small airplane on to Dunk's private airstrip, and a smiling hostess hands you a drink bursting with flowers, you know you've found a little piece of paradise.

As you sip your drink, check-in is handled with a few nods of the head — you don't even notice your bags being whisked away.

Then the hostess takes you on a leisurely stroll down tropical garden paths toward your room.

Exotic flowers line the trails and fringe the manicured lawns, making the island as pleasing to the nose as it is to the eye.

Your room seems straight out of Architectural Digest or a set from Miami Vice — spacious, white-tiled, immaculate and done in pinks and pastels.

Two steps down and you're in a sunken living room that leads to a balcony overlooking picturesque Brammo Bay. There's no phone, no television, and your bags are already there. You're in heaven.

But you didn't come all this way to stay in your room, no matter how comfortable it is. Your choices of activities and facilities seem endless, and are highlighted on a daily activities list slipped under your door.

There's the three-tiered cascade pool and spa, the six-



hole golf course, the large hibiscus pool, the tennis courts, the squash courts, the sports centre, the open-air bar and restaurant, the jungle paths leading to various parts of the island, and, of course, the palm-fringed beaches — including a secluded nude beach.

Parents should know that Dunk also has one of the finest child activity and babysitting programs found anywhere.

With or without children, you can take bush walks, fish, water ski, dive, sail, shoot clay pigeons, learn archery, windsurf, snorkel, swim or just lie on the beach.

And the island staff — by far the friendliest ever encountered — are ready to help you at whatever you decide to do. Everything is free except for activities requiring gas.

Because Dunk is one of the jumping off points to the famous Great Barrier Reef, one of the most popular activities is taking the catamaran Quick Cat out to the reef.

Docked at nearby Mission Beach on the mainland, the 80-foot luxury launch stops at Dunk daily to pick up passengers before taking off for the hour's ride out to the reef.

The day's adventure includes lessons on reef life and snorkelling, use of the 16-metre pontoon moored to the reef, snorkelling equipment, free cruises in the glass-sided "sub," a buffet lunch and the most spectacular underwater scenery anywhere.

Down Under
Pages 12-T3

Butterflies in rain forest

(From previous page)

Another popular ocean-going activity from Dunk is a day's cruise on the 52-foot yacht *Neptunus*.

It cruises through the nearby islands and anchors at a deserted one for anyone interested in exploring.

For those who want to stay closer to home, there are Dunk's informative nature walks, conducted by the island's naturalist and garden tours by the head gardener.

There's even a dairy farm where you can watch the milking of the Friesian and Jersey cows while sipping a complimentary milkshake.

Touring the island is easy via the rain forest paths. These lead to beaches, the top of the island's mountain and to Bruce Arthur's Artists Colony where pottery, weaving and screen-printing are on display.

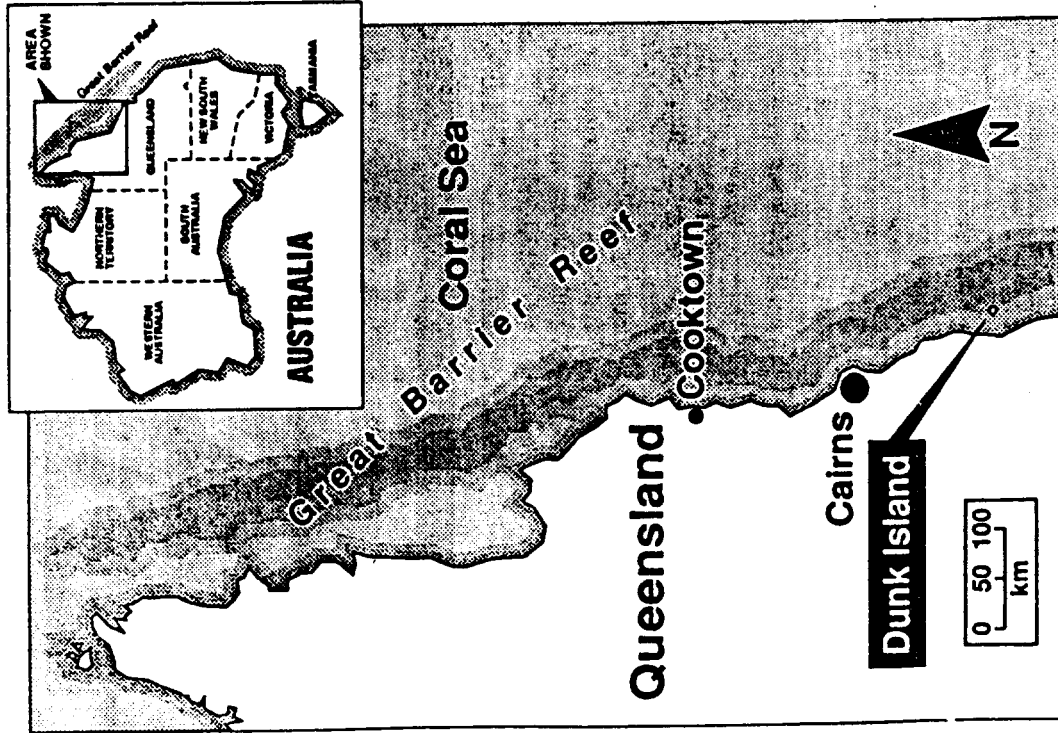
As you wander along these lush jungle trails, you marvel at the beauty and tranquillity.

The Aborigines recognized these traits centuries ago and named the island *Coonanglebah* (isle of peace and beauty).

Captain James Cook renamed it Dunk in 1770 after Lord Montagu Dunk, the Earl of Sandwich and first lord of the British admiralty.

Cook also named the surrounding islands the Family Islands because of their geographic proximity. Dunk is the "father," Dedarra the "mother," Toolghar and Coombo the "twins" and Jurumbah, Budjoo and Coolah the "triplets."

As the largest of the Family Islands, Dunk covers 890 hectares,



Staff map by Catherine MacDonald

DOWN UNDER

is 6.4 km long and up to two-kilometres wide.

The highest point is Mount Koo-tal-oo at 270 m.

Nearly three-quarters of Dunk is national park, which means it has been kept in its natural state.

The resort, perfectly integrated into the landscape, is on the north-west coast, and can accommodate up to 300 people.

The first "guests" to ever arrive came in 1897 when E.J. Banfield and his wife Bertha became the first white settlers.

Banfield was a journalist — later a distinguished Australian author who wrote four books while living on Dunk: *My Tropic Isle*, *The Confessions of a Beachcomber*, *Tropical Days*, and *Last Leaves from Dunk Island*.

He and his wife lived on the island until his death in 1923. In 1933, when Bertha died, Dunk was taken over by Spencer Hopkins, a Townsville businessman, who made the Banfield bungalow into the island's first resort.

During the Second World War, RAAF 27 Radar Station was established on Dunk, from which the Coral Sea battle was controlled. Remains of the station can still be seen atop Mount Koo-tal-oo.

Changing hands several times after the war, Dunk is now owned by Australian Airlines.

The company has maintained the natural beauty of the island while providing quality accommodation.

It has also assembled a remarkable staff that seems truly concerned over a guest's comfort —

the bartenders learn your name and drink preferences by the second night.

Dunk is not only special because of the staff — it is one of only three islands in the state of Queensland covered with rain forest.

This jungle is home to more than 100 varieties of birds, and the activities centre will provide a species list and a pair of binoculars to anyone interested in watching the feathered residents.

The most famous wildlife on Dunk — and its symbol — is the *Ulysses butterfly* (technically a *papilio ulysses joesa*).

One of the most beautiful and largest in Australia, the *Ulysses* boasts an iridescent blue color and a wingspan of approximately 25 cm. As you stroll to breakfast in the mornings, you can usually catch a glimpse of them flitting among the vegetation.

Meals on Dunk are memorable (and included in the price). The large open-air dining room overlooking Brammo Bay is filled with intimate tables for two up to tables for 12.

Next to the dining room is a large open-air bar that is perfect for before-meal drinks and for the nightly after-dinner floor show and dancing.

For those who want an evening meal away from the hustle and bustle of the dining room, there is a small, air-conditioned a la carte restaurant called Banfield's.

Jeff Miller is a Denver, Colo., freelance writer.

Best go in winter

Climate: Australia's summer is November through March and its winter is June through August.

Because Dunk Island is in Australia's tropical north, the best time to go is April through October, when the heat and humidity aren't oppressive.

During the height of Australia's summer, the temperature can get well over 37 degrees with humidity above 70 per cent (although the sea breezes do a lot to cool you off).

In Australia's winter months, the temperature is 20-25 degrees.

Accommodation: There are three accommodations available: Beachfront units with queen-size beds and air conditioners; garden cabanas; and Banfield units offering either beach or garden views.

Information: For more information, contact your travel agent or the Queensland Tourist & Travel Corp. in Los Angeles toll-free at 1-800-333-6050.

Dunk Island a real-life fantasy in midst of Great Barrier Reef

By Jeff Miller

SPECIAL TO THE STAR

DUNK ISLAND, Australia — Most of us think Fantasy Island relocated years ago to the lucrative land of television syndication. I believe it moved to Australia and changed its name to Dunk Island.

Situated 5 kilometres (3 miles) off the northeast coast of Australia, near the centre of the awe-inspiring Great Barrier Reef, Dunk Island is one of Australia's premier resorts.

From the moment you step off the small airplane on to Dunk's private airstrip, and a smiling hostess hands you a drink bursting with flowers, you know you're in for a vacation with a difference.

As you sip your drink, check-in is handled with a few nods of the head — you don't even notice your bags being whisked away. Then the hostess takes you on a leisurely stroll down tropical garden paths toward your room. Exotic flowers line the trails and fringe the manicured lawns, making the island as pleasing to the nose as it is to the eye.

Your room seems straight out of Architectural Digest or a set from Miami Vice — spacious, white-tiled, immaculate, and done in pinks and pastels. Two steps down and you're in a sunken living room that leads to a balcony overlooking picturesque Brammo Bay.

Open-air bar

There's no phone, no television, and your bags are already there.

But you didn't come all this way to stay in your room, no matter how comfortable it is. Your choices of activities and facilities seem endless, and are highlighted on a daily activities list slipped under your door.

There's the three-tiered cascade pool and spa, the six-hole golf course, the large hibiscus pool, the tennis courts, the squash courts, the sports centre, the open-air bar and restaurant, the jungle paths leading to various parts of the island and, of course, the palm-fringed beaches, including a secluded nude beach. Parents should know that Dunk also has one of the finest child activity and babysitting programs found anywhere.

With or without children, you can take bush walks, fish, water ski, dive, sail, shoot clay pigeons, learn archery, go boardsailing, snorkel, swim or just lie on the beach. And the island staff — by far the friendliest ever encountered — are ready to help you at whatever you decide to do. Everything is free except for activities requiring gasoline.

Because Dunk is one of the jumping off points to the Great Barrier Reef, one of the most popular activities is taking the catamaran Quick Cat out to the reef. Docked at nearby Mission

Beach on the mainland, the luxury launch stops at Dunk daily to pick up passengers before taking off for the hour's ride out to the reef.

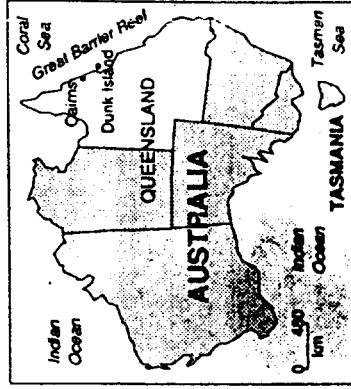
The day's adventure (\$80 per person) includes lessons on reef life and snorkeling, use of the pontoon moored to the reef, snorkeling equipment, free cruises in the glass-sided "sub," an excellent buffet lunch and the most spectacular underwater scenery anywhere.

Another popular ocean-going activity from Dunk is a day's cruise on the 15-metre (50-foot) yacht Neptuneus. Skipped by an appropriately salty Harry, and his handsome mate Herb, the yacht cruises through the nearby islands and anchors at a deserted one for anyone interested in exploring. The \$50 U.S. per-person price includes snorkeling equipment and a buffet lunch.

For those who want to stay closer to home, there are Dunk's informative nature walks, conducted by the island's naturalist, Klaus Uhlenhuth, and fun garden tours by the head gardener, Dave. There's even a dairy farm where you can watch the morning or evening milking of the Friesian and Jersey cows while sipping a complimentary milk shake.

Touring the island is easy and fun via the rain forest paths. These lead to various beaches, the top of the island's mountain and to Bruce Arthur's Artists Colony where pottery, weaving and screen-printing are on display.

As you wander along these lush jungle trails, you marvel at the



beauty and tranquility.

The Aborigines recognized these traits centuries ago and named the island Coonanglebah (isle of peace and beauty). Capt. James Cook renamed it Dunk in 1770 after Lord Montagu Dunk, the Earl of Sandwich and First Lord of the British Admiralty.

Cook also named the surrounding islands the Family Islands because of their geographic proximity. Dunk is the "father," Dedarra Island the "mother," Tooghar and Coombo the "twins," and Jurrumbah, Budjoo and Coolah the "triplets."

The largest of the Family Islands, Dunk is about 6.5 kilometres (4 miles) long and up to 2 kilometres (1.2 miles) wide. The highest point is Mount Koo-tal-oo at 890 feet.

Nearly three-quarters of Dunk is national park, which means it has been kept in its natural state. The resort, perfectly integrated into the landscape, is on the northwest coast overlooking Brammo Bay and can accommo-

The Toronto Star
December 30, 1989
P. 1/2

The first "guests" to ever arrive came in 1897 when E. J. Banfield and his wife Bertha became the first white settlers.

Banfield was a journalist — later a distinguished Australian author who wrote four books while living on Dunk: *My Tropic Isle*, *The Confessions Of A Beachcomber*, *Tropical Days*, and *Last Leaves from Dunk Island*. He and his wife lived on the island until his death in 1923. In 1933, when Bertha passed away, Dunk was taken over by Spencer Hopkins, a Townsville businessman, who made the Banfield Bungalow into the island's first resort.

During World War II, the Royal Australian Air Force 27 Radar Station was established on Dunk, from which the famous Coral Sea

Battle was controlled. Remains of the station can still be seen atop Mount Koo-tal-oo.

Changing hands several times after the war, Dunk is now owned by the federally operated Australian Airlines. The company has maintained the natural beauty of the island while providing quality accommodation and amenities. It has also assembled a remarkable staff that seems truly concerned about a guest's comfort — the bartenders even learn your name and drink preferences by the second night.

Dunk is not only special because of the staff; it is one of only three islands in the state of Queensland covered with rain forest. This jungle is home to more than 100 varieties of birds, and the ~~activities centre will provide a~~ species list and a pair of binoculars to anyone interested in watching the feathered residents.

The most famous wildlife on Dunk — and its symbol — is the Ulysses butterfly (technically a *papilio ulysses joesa*). One of the most beautiful and largest in Australia, the Ulysses boasts an iridescent blue color and a wing span of approximately 4 inches.

As you stroll to breakfast in the mornings, you can usually catch a glimpse of them fluttering among the vegetation.

Guidepost

Australia's summer is November through March and its winter, June through August. Because Dunk Island is in Australia's tropical north, the best time to go is April through October, when the heat and humidity aren't oppressive.

There are three types of accommodation available: beachfront units with queen-size beds and air conditioners; garden cabanas; and Banfield units offering either beach or garden views. Price for two people (in U.S. funds) for one night is \$440, \$368 and \$330, during the peak season (our summer). Meals are included. Low season (our winter) prices are \$404, \$337 and \$304.

For general information on Australia, contact the Australian Tourist Commission, Suite 1730, 2 Bloor St. West, Toronto, Ont. M4W 3E2 or telephone (416) 927-9575.

Century-old Aussie train chugs through rain forest

By Jeff Miller
SPECIAL TO THE STAR

CAIRNS, Australia — Ever wonder what it was like travelling by train through tropical rain forests in the 1880s — when railway cars were called carriages and the creaking of teak panelling was as familiar as the train's rattle and sway?

Those who want to know should ride Australia's most scenic tourist train, which runs from Cairns to Kuranda in North Queensland. Even those not interested in history will find the mist-shrouded jungle, cascading waterfalls and 1800s train cars captivating. The 35-kilometre (22-mile) trek, rising from a swampy coastal plain to the tropical Atherton Tablelands, travels through Australia's spectacular northeastern rain forest.

This trip back in time starts in Cairns (pronounced "Cans" by the Aussies), a tropical town of 50,000 that has become one of Australia's international gateways to the famous Great Barrier Reef. Located on the coast of the northeastern part of the continent, 1,600 km (1,100 miles) north of Brisbane in the sunshine state of Queensland, Cairns has direct international flights from North America.

While most tourists arriving in Cairns head straight for the spectacular Great Barrier Reef, they shouldn't neglect the inland wonders that await if they take the Kuranda train.

The train heads northwest, chugging through the oldest part of the city, where houses sit on high blocks for ventilation. (In direct contrast, modern Australian homes are now built low to the ground to use the earth as an insulator.)

Misty rains

Leaving the town behind, the train crosses the coastal flatlands



JEFF MILLER FOR THE TORONTO STAR

SPECTACULAR sights for riders on Cairns to Kuranda train

that are covered by waving fields of tall, green sugar cane — one of North Queensland's biggest crops. The only break in this massive lush carpet comes when the train crosses the roaring Barron River with its rushing white water.

A few kilometres out of Cairns, at the town of Redlynch, the train begins its steep, winding ascent through the rain forest. Misty rains shroud mountainsides; green palms and exotic flowers glisten with moisture; and waterfalls plummet over sheer cliffs, nearly drowning out the calls of jungle birds.

Inside the carriages the red leather and wooden benches feel smooth and cool, the teak panelling glows with a warm patina and

Guidepost

The Kuranda train operates seven days a week, leaving at 8.30 and 9 a.m. from Cairns, with extra service departing at 1.45 p.m. on Saturdays. Round trip price, per person, is approximately \$15; children half price.

Destination Projects, an independent tour operator, offers a commentary-car service. It's available on the 9 a.m. departure from Cairns, but actually starts from Freshwater Connection

station 8 km (5 miles) outside of Cairns. Departure time from Freshwater is 9.15 a.m. The tour operator's hostesses provide informative commentary on the history of the train's development as well as what life was like to those who built the railway line. This service gives ticketholders reserved seats, complimentary fruit juice and a souvenir ticket. The adult price is \$22 round trip per person; children are half price.

More than 3 million cubic yards of earth were moved as whole escarpments, rocks and trees were removed from the mountains

amount of things to see and do:

☐ On Wednesdays and Sundays an open market offers handmade goods, fruits and vegetables, art,

Riding the rails down under

The Indian Pacific's transcontinental run through desolate plains and rugged peaks is ranked among the world's 10 best train trips.

By Jeff Miller
Freelance writer

The first lurch is always followed by a moment of sadness, as if you've been bumped from behind. But then the next lurch comes, then another, then another, until they've merged into a forward motion that can't be ignored — the train is pulling out of the station.

For train lovers everywhere, there's no better feeling. It's the start of a new journey, the beginning of a unique experience. Wondrous sights, exciting people and untold sensations lay in wait somewhere down the line. Long before the trip is over, the traveling has become more important than the final destination. You could ride forever.

That's how you'll feel on Australia's renowned Indian-Pacific train — the transcontinental run that's considered by many to be one of the 10 best train trips in the world.

Covering almost 4,000 kilometres in about three days, the Indian Pacific takes passengers across the southern portion of Australia. The train starts in Sydney, heads northwest through the spectacular Blue Mountains and the mining town of Broken Hill, dips southwest to Adelaide, heads back up north to Port Augusta, runs straight west across the desolate Nullarbor Plain to the wild-west town of Kalgoorlie,

and proceeds to its final destination, the sparkling city of Perth.

COMFORT-PLUS: Along the way travellers get a chance to see some of Australia's most spectacular scenery while lounging in first-class comfort. And whenever the landscape overloads the senses with its beauty, there's always the great dining, drinking and visiting that can be done with fellow travellers — most of whom are Australian.

The start of the trip gives no indication of the unique nature of the journey. Pulling out of Sydney is like passing by any large North American city. Then the countryside begins to roll with green hills covered by eucalyptus trees, and pastures filled with cattle.

As night begins to fall, the train makes the steepest rail journey in the world, rising to the beauty of the Blue Mountains, elevation about 1,500 metres (5,000 feet), high. These sharp-edged mountains and deep gorges really do look blue, and seem always shrouded in misty rain.

LOUNGING AROUND: The best place to view these highlands is in the first-class lounge car. With seating capacity for 53 passen-

gers, the car is complete with bar, tables and chairs, piano, video tapes, and numerous passengers ready for friendly conversation.

Next comes dinner, a wonderful affair. The traditional linen tablecloths, solid silverware and attentive waiters complement the darkening mountains rushing by. Add a light Aussie wine and some lively company and you have the makings of a great dining experience.

Following an after-dinner drink in the lounge car, it's time to turn in. Although there are various types of accommodations available, a first-class room (twinette or single) is recommended for such a long journey.

The rooms are similar to those found on American trains, with a comfortable couch that turns into the lower of two single berths, a large picture window, a wall vanity with mirror and ice-water dispenser, folding table, narrow wardrobe and overhead storage. The best part is that you have your own toilet and shower — no long walks to the end of the corridor.

OUTBACK SAMPLER: Next morning, as you sip the coffee brought by your conductor (that's what Australians call their stewards),

you get your first daytime view of the Australian interior. It is a flat land of grasses, scrub bushes and trees, a country of massive sheep ranches. Observant passengers can usually see a flock of sheep, as well as the occasional kangaroo or wallaby.

The first major stop of the day is at Broken Hill, about 1,100 km west of Sydney. The town was founded in 1883 and still depends on the mining of lead, silver and zinc.

When you arrive around 8:30 a.m., you set your watch back a half an hour — a task you'll repeat before reaching Perth. There's only time to stretch your legs on the station platform and a quick stop at the gift shop.

In the early afternoon the train heads southwest toward Port Pirie, then jogs south to Adelaide. The landscape becomes more fertile, with wheat crops, occasional creeks, billabongs (ponds) and groves of trees. Towns like Cuntana, Unta, Paratoo, Ucolta, Yonkala and Coonamia whiz by, fixed in your memory because of their names.

By late afternoon the train pulls into Adelaide, about one-third of the way to Perth. For those who are not consummate train travel-

lers, Adelaide is the perfect three- or four-day stopover before boarding another Indian-Pacific train, which comes through on Mondays, Fridays and Sundays.

CAPITAL FACILITIES: Adelaide is South Australia's capital, has a downtown centre ringed by gardens, wide clean streets, well-maintained suburbs and a string of mountains in the distance. As well, the southern ocean and the

beaches of Glenelg are only minutes away by tram.

When you reboard the Indian Pacific in Adelaide it will be late afternoon, with the best part of the journey still to come. Through dinner the train retraces its route up to Port Pirie, runs further north to Port Augusta at the tip of the Spencer Gulf, then begins to veer west on its long run across the Nullarbor Plain.

The Nullarbor stretches as a natural barrier between the continent's east and west. Originally the seabed of a prehistoric ocean, the Nullarbor was thrust upward by some major upheaval, leaving it dry, flat and barren.

On the fringes of the plain, observant passengers can spot the rare wild camel or the occasional emu, a large flightless bird that looks much like the ostrich. Other wildlife includes the dingo (wild dog), kangaroo and wombat (a burrowing marsupial about the size of a badger).

On the Nullarbor itself, there seems to be nothing — a vast skillet where the sun fries ground all day long. The sky is immense, overpowering, rich blue, and married to a flat, desolate plain of red dirt. Red and blue seem to go on forever. The scenery is bleak, beautiful and mesmerizing for more than 800 km.

LONELY SPOT: There's a 1½-hour stop the next morning at Cook, a refueling station where passengers are instructed to set their watches back 2½ hours. As you stroll along the dirt main street,

the few trees and fewer houses look like they're about to be squashed by the massive blue sky. You try to imagine what life must be like after the train leaves — and you hurry back to the station.

Back on the train, the scenery remains desolate for several more hours. Then more signs of life appear — scrub bushes and patches of sparse grass. As the day wears on the land appears more fertile.

The train reaches Kalgoorlie in the evening. The 1½-hour stop here is the last major one before journey's end in Perth. The one-time centre of Western Australia's goldfields (discovered in 1893), Kalgoorlie today is a frontier town that's gone touristy — although it still has legalized prostitutes esconced in a string of stalls along one street.

JOURNEY'S END: At 7 next morning, the train pulls into Perth, 3,961 kilometres from Sydney. Located on the Swan River, 19 km upstream from the port of Fremantle, the city promises lively entertainment after the long stretches of desolate countryside.

While carrying your bags from the train you've called home for three days, you look forward to exploring the gleaming capital of Western Australia. But even in this new excitement, there is the longing to feel just once more that first lurch, followed by another, and still another, as the Indian-Pacific pulls out of the station.

The Arizona Republic
March 18, 1990
P. 113

WONDER DOWN UNDER

Outback tracks:
Dramatic rail trip
spans a continent

By Jeff Miller
Special for The Arizona Republic

The first lurch is always followed by a moment of stillness, as if you've been bumped from behind.

But then the next lurch comes, then another, then another, until they've merged into a forward motion that can't be ignored — the train is pulling out of the

station.

For train lovers everywhere, there's no better feeling.

That's how you feel on Australia's renowned Indian-Pacific train — the transcontinental run that many consider one of the world's 10 best train trips.

Covering more than 2,400 miles in about three days, the Indian-Pacific takes passengers across the southern portion of Australia.

Starting in Sydney, the train heads northwest through the spectacular Blue Mountains and the mining town of Broken Hill, dips southwest to Adelaide, heading back up north to Port Augusta, then west across the desolate Nullarbor Plain to the Wild West town of Kalgoorlie, then on to its final destination, the sparkling city of Perth.

Along the way, travelers get to see some of Australia's most spectacular scenery while lounging in first-class comfort. And whenever the landscape overloads your senses, there's the great dining, drinking and visiting to be done with fellow travelers — mostly Australian.

The start of the trip gives no hint of its uniqueness. Pulling out of Sydney is like watching any large American city pass by: Weather-worn houses and lawns gone to seed stand beside both sides of the track, the only well-wishers.

But these scenes soon are replaced by gentler, subtler sights. The countryside begins to buckle and roll, with green hills covered by eucalyptus trees and pastures filled with contented cows.

As night begins to fall, the train makes the

Scenic railway ties Australia's coasts

— SCENIC, from page T1

steepest rail journey in the world, rising to the beauty of the Blue Mountains. Belying their elevation of less than 5,000 feet, these sharp-edged mountains and deep gorges really do look blue — a dark greenish blue — and seem always shrouded in rain.

The best place to view these spectacular mountains is in the first-class lounge car. Able to seat 53 passengers at once, the car has a bar, tables and chairs, piano, videotapes and numerous passengers ready for friendly conversation.

Next comes dinner, a wonderful affair. The traditional linen tablecloths, solid silverware and attentive waiters complement the darkening mountains rushing by. Americans used to Amtrak's microwaved food will be surprised — at times the good, traditionally cooked food borders on the excellent. Add a light Australian white wine and some lively company and you have the makings of a great dining experience.

Once you've had an after-dinner drink or two in the lounge car, it's time to turn in. Although various accommodations are available, a first-class room (twinette or single) is recommended; it's a long journey.

The rooms are similar to those on American trains: a comfortable couch that turns into the lower of two single berths, a large picture window, a wall vanity with mirror and ice-water dispenser, a folding table, narrow wardrobe and overhead storage. The best part is that you have your own toilet and shower — no long walks to the end of the corridor.

Spellbinding by moonlight

As you climb into your cozy berth, with its cute reading light, firm mattress and crisp sheets, take a look out the window. If you're lucky, the moon will be bright. Turning off all the lights, you'll be spellbound by how the moonlight casts the treeless saltbush plain into fine gray shadows. You might see the occasional mallee scrub or flock of sheep, but for the most part, the land is flat and barren.

Next morning, as you sip the coffee brought by your conductor (that's what Australians call their stewards), you get your first daytime view of the Australian interior. It is a flat land of grasses, scrub bushes and trees, a country of massive sheep ranches, where thousands of acres support handfuls of sheep. Observant passengers usually can see a flock, as well as the occasional kangaroo and wallaby (similar to the kangaroo, but smaller).

The first major stop of the day is at Broken Hill, approximately 700 miles west of Sydney. The town, about 70 miles west of the Darling River, sprang up to support mining operations that began in 1883. Today, commercial mining — lead, silver, zinc and other minerals — is still the center of the town's activity.

Timing it perfectly

Arriving at about 8:30 a.m., you set your watches back a half-hour — a job you'll do again before reaching Perth. Even with this extra, though, there's no time for sightseeing, just a stroll up and down the platform and a

perusal of the gift-shop stand.

In the early afternoon, the train begins heading southwest toward Port Pirie, then jogs south to Adelaide. The landscape becomes more fertile — wheat crops, occasional creeks, billabongs (ponds) and groves of trees. Towns like Cutana, Unta, Paratoo, Ucolta, Yongala and Coonamia whiz by, more fixed in your memory for their names than for any structures seen. Beneath this rolling farmland lie many of Australia's precious metals, including silver and uranium.

By late afternoon, the train pulls into Adelaide, approximately one-third of the way to Perth. For those who are not consummate train travelers, Adelaide is a perfect three- or four-day stopover before boarding another Indian-Pacific train (they come through on Mondays, Fridays and Sundays).

South Australia's capital, Adelaide has a downtown center ringed by gardens and is a pretty city laid out in a perfect grid. The wide, clean streets, lack of skyscrapers, well-maintained suburbs and a string of mountains in the distance (the Mount Lofty Ranges to the east), make it look like Denver.

Pacific encounters

But Adelaide can boast something most Phoenix-area residents would kill for — an ocean only minutes away. While the southern Indian Ocean is a little colder than the Pacific waters found around Sydney, the beaches are just as expansive and appealing. And it's easy to reach — every day, a tram runs from Adelaide to the seaside resort of Glenelg.

When you reboard the Indian Pacific, it will be late afternoon — with the best part of your journey still to come. Through dinner, the train retraces its steps up to Port Pirie before breaking new ground on its run north to Port Augusta, at the northern tip of the Spencer Gulf. From there, the train begins to edge west on its long, incredible run across the Nullarbor Plain.

Latin for "not any tree," the Nullarbor is an enormous limestone plain that seems devoid of life. It separates the Indian Ocean waters of Great Australian Bight to the south from the Great Victoria Desert to the north, and provides a natural barrier between the continent's east and west.

If you're observant, you can spot the rare wild camel or the occasional emu on the fringes of the plain. Other wildlife include the dingo (wild dog), kangaroo and wombat.

Beauty in emptiness

On the Nullarbor itself, there seems to be nothing — a vast skillet where the sun fries the ground all day long. Nearly every Aussie you meet apologizes for the monotonous landscape, but I found great beauty in the emptiness.

The next morning, you awake to the same scenery. As you watch for any sign of life, you're suddenly aware of a new sensation — the lack of swaying. You're now riding on the longest stretch of straight track in the world — nearly 300 miles of luxuriously smooth ride.

The train then pulls into Cook, a refueling station named after former

TRAVEL LOG

Indian-Pacific Railroad

HOW TO GET THERE: Air fare to Sydney runs about \$900 to \$1,100 round trip, depending on airlines and time of year. Contact a travel agent.

SCHEDULE: The Indian-Pacific departs Sydney on Sundays, Thursdays and Saturdays; arrives in Adelaide on Mondays, Fridays and Sundays and in Perth on Wednesdays, Sundays and Tuesdays.

ACCOMMODATIONS: At the top of the scale is the first-class twinette, a nice-size lounge by day and a cozy bedroom with upper and lower singles at night. Each has a shower, toilet, sink, mirrors, chilled water fountain, wardrobes and picture window with Venetian blinds.

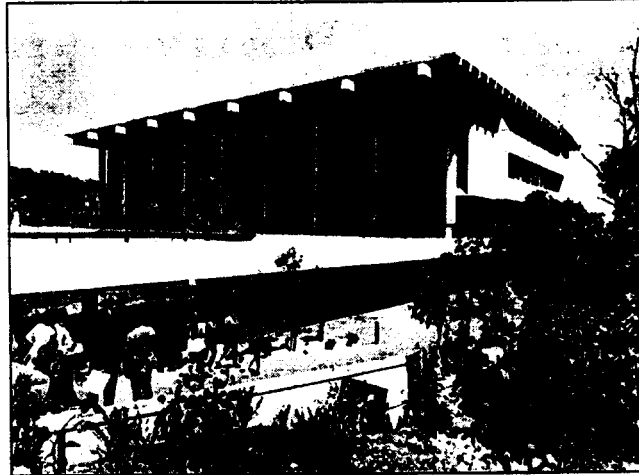
Down the scale a bit is the economy twinette, which shares shower/toilet facilities at the end of the hall.

COST: Prices for all accommodations can be quoted by your travel agent, but for two people in the first-class twinette, one-way fare from Sydney to Perth is \$1,200 for the three-day journey (all meals included).

INFORMATION: Write to: Rail Travel Centre, State Rail Authority of New South Wales, Transport House, 11-31 York St., Sydney, NSW 2000, Australia.

Prime Minister Joseph Cook. You'll be there an hour and a half, and you set your watch back 2½ hours.

As you step out into the blazing sun, you're greeted by an unusual handwritten sign: "Our Hospital Needs Your Help, Get Sick." The atmosphere is jovial, as passengers



Australian Tourist Commission

In sparkling Perth, the train's last stop, one landmark is the Concert Hall.

and townspeople joke about the desolate location of this little village.

Next to the station is an old jail cell — a 10- by 10-foot box covered with corrugated tin. Down the wide dirt main street, the few trees and fewer houses look like they're about to be squashed by the massive blue sky.

Greening into Perth

The scenery doesn't change for most of the morning. But before lunch, you see signs of life — a scrub bush here, some grass there. Suddenly, fertile life is fighting back — grassy plains and scrub trees appear. The rest of the day, the land gets greener. That evening, the train pulls into the last major stop before Perth.

It is Kalgoorlie, capital of Western Australia's gold fields, where gold was discovered on June 15, 1893. With a population of more than 25,000, Kalgoorlie is a Wild West town that's gone tourist — although it still has its legalized prostitutes, who stand in a

string of stalls along one street. You have an hour and a half to explore this interesting town.

At 7 a.m. the next day, the train pulls into Perth station, 3,961 kilometers — nearly 2,500 miles — from Sydney. After the long stretches of desolate countryside, Perth is a gleaming, shimmering world of life and excitement — a wonderful Emerald City at the end of a long trip. Named in 1829 after a town in Scotland, the capital of Western Australia lies on the banks of Melville Water, the estuary of the Swan River, 12 miles upstream from the port of Fremantle.

Carrying your baggage from the room you've called home for three days, you look forward to Perth — one of Australia's best cities.

But even in this new excitement, there is the longing to feel just once more that first lurch, that's followed by another, then another, as the train pulls out of the station.

The Houston Post
April 1, 1990

■ **The Indian Pacific**, Australia's longest transcontinental run covers more than **2,400 miles across** southern Australia in three days.

Starting in Sydney, the train heads northwest through the spectacular Blue Mountains and the mining town of Broken Hill, dips southwest to Adelaide, heading back up north to Port Augusta, then straight west across the desolate Nullarbor Plain to the wild west town of Kalbarrie, then on to its final destination, the sparkling city of Perth.

Along the way travelers get a chance to see some of Australia's most spectacular scenery while lounging in first-class comfort. And whenever the landscape overloads the senses with its beauty, there's always the great dining, drinking and visiting that can be done with fellow travelers — most of whom are Australian.

There is one deluxe compart-

window with venetian blinds.

Also in first-class are the family unit — two twinettes linked by an interconnecting door through the shower, and the first-class roomette — similar to a twinette but for one person and with the shower/toilet at the end of the hall. Moving down the scale a little is the economy twinette for two that has shower/toilet facilities at the end of the hall.

For two people traveling in the first-class twinette, the one-way fare from Sydney to Perth is \$1,200 for the three-day journey, all meals, but not liquor, included. Traveling on an Australiapass rail pass can

lower the costs.

For information, contact ATS Tours, (800) 423-2880 or the Western Australia Tourism Commission, 212 Avenue of the Stars, Suite 1210, Los Angeles, Calif. 90067. (213) 557-1987. (Information on the Indian Pacific was provided by Denver freelance writer Jeff Miller.)

Australian rain forest railroad ride a trip back in time

By Jeff Miller

AUSTRALIA — The Kuranda tourist train chugs daily out of the Cairns station heading northwest into the tropical rain forest. It is a journey that brings travelers back to the 1880s — when railway cars were called carriages and the creaking of teakwood paneling was as familiar as the train's rattle and sway.

The ride aboard what many consider this country's most scenic tourist train runs from Cairns to Kuranda in North Queensland. The 22-mile trek, rising from a swampy coastal plain to the tropical Atherton Tablelands, travels through Australia's mist-shrouded northeastern rain forest.

This trip back in time starts in Cairns (pronounced "Cans"), a tropical town of 50,000 that has become one of Australia's international gateways to the Great Barrier Reef. Located on the coast of the northeastern part of the continent, 1,100 miles north of Brisbane in the sunshine state of Queensland, Cairns has direct international flights from the United States.

While most travelers arriving in Cairns head for the Great Barrier Reef, there also are many less-publicized inland wonders that await those who take the Kuranda train.

As the train pulls out of Cairns station, it heads through the oldest part of the city, where houses sit on high blocks for ventilation. (In direct contrast, modern Australian homes are now built low to the ground to use the Earth as an insulator.)

Leaving the town behind, the train crosses the coastal flatlands that are covered by waving fields of tall, green sugar cane — one of North Queensland's biggest crops. The only break in this massive lush carpet

comes when the train crosses the roaring Barron River.

About five or six miles out of Cairns, at the town of Redlynch, the train begins its steep, winding ascent through the rain forest. Misty rains shroud mountainsides; green palms and exotic flowers glisten with moisture; and waterfalls plummet over sheer cliffs, nearly drowning out the calls of jungle birds.

Inside the carriages the red-leather and wooden benches feel smooth and cool, the teak paneling glows with a warm patina, and the hand-crank windows boast delicate etchings and wood louvers. When you thunder through a tunnel, the ornate

As with most railway lines in the world, the Kuranda route was developed out of necessity.

glass-covered ceiling lights add a yellow glow to the polished wood and brass fixtures. On the ceiling over each row is an electric fan, and next to the emergency pull cord is the quaint warning: "Improper use will cause penalty of \$10."

As with most railway lines in the world, the Kuranda route was developed out of necessity. In the 1880s tin miners on the Wild River were unable to get a reliable flow of supplies inland from the coast over the boggy road that led from Port Douglas (just north of Cairns).

After much discussion and years of searching for the best route, it was decided to cut a rail line from Cairns through the Barron Valley. The most difficult section of track to be laid

was between Redlynch, 18 feet above sea level, and Myola, 1,073 feet above sea level, which required 15 tunnels, 98 curves and dozens of precarious bridges suspended hundreds of feet above deep ravines and giant waterfalls.

It took four years, but in June 1891, the line was opened — changing the economic face of North Queensland forever and helping to make Cairns the region's economic center.

Even today, making the slow ascent out of Redlynch riders can get a sense of the effort it took to build the line. This feeling is heightened when you look back and get a spectacular view of the cane fields, Mount Whitfield and the Coral Sea beyond.

Further up the line, the train enters Barron Falls National Park, established in 1940. One of the more memorable sights in the park is at Stoney Creek Bridge, where waterfalls cascade 150 feet down sheer jungle cliffs.

The rest of the trip follows the winding Barron River up to Kuranda station. Built in 1915, the station is famous for its hundreds of hanging and potted plants, making it look more like a botanical garden than a train station.

At Kuranda you can take a bus tour of the Atherton Tablelands, which will ultimately bring you back to Cairns, or take the return trip on the train. If you have the time to explore the Tablelands on another day, definitely take the train back. Few people do, so you have the usually crowded train nearly all to yourself.

Miller is a travel writer based in Denver.

Historical Tasmania

Port Arthur
no longer
'hell on earth'

By Jeff Miller
Special to the Review-Journal

They lived in total silence and anonymity. They weren't allowed to speak. They saw no one but their jailers and priest. They were called by number, not name, and wore hoods in the exercise yard and chapel. To gain attention they pulled on a wire that raised a flag outside their cell. Guards used hand signals to communicate, and even walked in slippers on felt carpets to inhibit sound.

This was all part of a model prison experiment in the mid-1800s at Tasmania's infamous Port Arthur penal colony. Fashioned after one in London, the "silent" or "separate" system was supposed to reform convicts through religious contemplation and solitary work.

Unfortunately, many just went insane.

Today, visitors can wander around the 247-acre site and through the old jail cells where these men suffered. The thick rock walls, cold stone floor and black-iron beds bear mute testimony to a life hardly worth living.

In stark contrast to the cells is the rest of the historic settlement. Old English oaks dot the rolling green lawns, while picturesque brick ruins and restored houses stand silently watching the cozy harbor. There is a tremendous sense of peace about the place, belying the hardships that 12,500 convicts endured between 1832 and 1877.

Port Arthur, Tasmania's most popular historic attraction, is located approxi-

mately 60 miles southeast of Hobart, the capital of Australia's only island state. There are 40 buildings, ruins and historic sites that people can explore at their leisure — or experience by guided walking or carriage tours.

The hour's trip from Hobart to Port Arthur is a pleasant drive on pencil-thin roads drawn across wooded hills. The penal colony lies on Tasman Peninsula, which is reached by crossing Eaglehawk Neck, a slender strip of land less than 350 feet across. During the prison years, guards with ferocious dogs patrolled The Neck to ensure no convict escaped to the mainland.

Today, The Neck is a pretty slip of land that overlooks Pirates Bay. Here, visitors can take a small side trip before reaching Port Arthur. A spur off the main road leads to the rugged coast and some interesting rock formations, including Tasman Arch, the Blowhole and Devils Kitchen.

The final approach to Port Arthur is like a peaceful country lane, reflecting none of the panic many convicts must have felt as they were driven down it in

the 1800s. What they found at the end of the road was a sizeable town with a peak population of 1,200 convicts and 1,000 civilians, including guards, officials and their families.

Established to provide the severest form of punishment for difficult prisoners from around Australia, Port Arthur became known to them as "hell on earth." For civilians, however, it was merely a prison town, with all the comforts and pleasures found in other settlements — including musical evenings, nature studies and cricket.

The community was nearly self-sufficient, producing ships, bricks, cut stone,

garden tiles, boots and shoes, soap, iron ware, clothing, vegetables and sawn timber — all through the labor of its prisoners. The hardest work for the convicts, though, was in the coal mines established at Plunkett Point.

After the prison's closure in 1877, the buildings and land were taken over by private citizens. It wasn't until the early 1900s that the government began to buy back the land. In 1979 the federal and state governments committed \$9 million to conservation and development of the site.

While Port Arthur can be seen in a half-day trip, it really deserves more time. History buffs will definitely want more than a day. The numerous attractions include:

— **The church.** Probably one of the most photographed buildings in Tasmania, the church sits on a rise that looks down on the harbor and most of the other buildings. Erected in 1836-1837, it could seat 1,000 prisoners on benches and 200 officials in more spacious pews.

After the settlement was abandoned, the church fell into neglect and in 1884 was destroyed by fire. It was never fully restored, but in the 1930s and 1950 the walls were basically rebuilt; the massive tower was stabilized in 1984-1985.

— **The model prison.** Built in 1848, this was to be a "perfect" prison, modeled after the famous Pentonville, London, jail. Fifty prisoners were chosen from the colony and put into the "silent" system. Separation from other inmates even extended to a special chapel, where the men had to stand in individual pew boxes that looked like upright coffins. Initially, convicts were only supposed to be a part of the system for a portion of their sentence; unfortunately, the model prison soon became long-term punishment for the worst convicts.

Tasmania

From 1S

Today, visitors can wander freely throughout the facility, and even enter individual cells, close the massive doors and try to imagine for a moment what life within the barren little rooms was like. One can sense the misery these men must have endured. It is brought home all the more powerfully by plaques outside the doors that detail their stories.

— **The asylum.** This cross-shaped building for the mentally ill was the last large convict facility built at Port Arthur. Gutted by bush fires in the 1890s, it now houses the visitor center, a fascinating museum, and an audio-visual display that gives an illustrated interpretation of Port Arthur in the 1800s.

— **The Isle of the Dead.** Originally called Opossum Island, and more aptly called Dead Island by

the convicts, this one-acre island was the final resting place for nearly 2,000 prisoners and civilians. Most convicts were buried in unmarked, mass graves, but the cemetery still has 90 fascinating headstones. A ferry makes regular trips from Port Arthur, except in July (Tasmania's winter).

— **The Broad Arrow.** This tea house, craft gallery and historic site shows the 1926 classic movie, "For the Term of His Natural Life," based on convict Marcus Clarke's famous story of life at the penal colony. It's presented at 3 p.m. daily, with a special supper show starting at 8 p.m. from October to May.

If you go:

Weather: Tasmania, or Van Diemen's Land, has four distinct seasons that are opposite to those in the Northern Hemisphere. Be-

cause it is Australia's southernmost state, it has cooler temperatures than the rest of the country — although winters are mild because of the surrounding ocean. There is no winter freeze, but temperatures can dip down below freezing at times.

Dress: Tasmania seems at times more English (or New Zealand) than Australian. This is especially true in attitudes toward dress. In the evening, the casinos and some hotels require that men wear jackets; jeans and tennis sneakers are definitely out.

Accommodations: There are numerous places to stay on Tasman Peninsula, but because of Port Arthur's proximity to Hobart, that city's wide range of hotels and motels are also an option. For those looking for a moderately priced (\$75-\$100 Aus) motel with a spectacular view, there is the Hobart

Pacific Motor Inn, which sits on a hill overlooking the city and harbor.

Port Arthur: Admission to the site is \$5 (Aus.) for adults and \$1 (Aus.) for children. Guided tours are \$4 (Aus.) for adults and half price for children. They start at 9:30 a.m. and every hour after that, with the last beginning at 3:30 p.m.

Getting to Tasmania: There is regular airline service from Sydney and Melbourne, including Ansett/East-West Airlines (800) 366-1300; Australian Airlines (800) 922-5122; and Qantas (800) 227-4500.

More information: Tourism Tasmania, 2121 Avenue of the Stars, Suite 1200T, Los Angeles, Calif., 90067, 213-552-3010; Australian Tourist Commission (ATC), 212 Avenue of the Stars, No. 1200, Los Angeles, Calif., 90067. To order the informative, free book, "Destination Australia," call (800) 274-3210.

Detroit Free Press

June 17, 1990

p. 112

Peaceful, picturesque Port Arthur belies grim history there

BY JEFF MILLER
Free Press Special Writer

PORT ARTHUR, Tasmania — They lived in total silence and anonymity. They weren't allowed to speak. They saw no one but their jailers and priest. They were called by number, not name, and wore hoods in the exercise yard and chapel. To gain attention they pulled on a wire that raised a flag outside their cell. Guards used hand signals to communicate, and even walked in slippers on felt carpets to inhibit sound.

This was all part of a model prison experiment in the mid-1800s at Tasmania's infamous Port Arthur penal colony. Fashioned after one in London, the "silent" or "separate" system was supposed to reform convicts through religious contemplation and solitary work.

Unfortunately, many just went insane.

Today, visitors can wander around the 247-acre site and through the old jail cells where these men suffered. The thick rock walls seem to murmur their anguish as the cold stone

See PORT ARTHUR, Page 4Q

Peaceful, picturesque Port Arthur belies grim history there

PORT ARTHUR, from Page 1Q

floor, thick wooden doors and black-iron beds bear mute testimony to a life hardly worth living.

In stark contrast to the cells is the rest of the historic settlement. Old English oaks dot the rolling green lawns, while picturesque brick ruins and restored houses stand silently watching the cozy harbor. There is a sense of peace about the place, belying the hardships that 12,500 convicts endured between 1832 and 1877.

Port Arthur, Tasmania's most popular historic attraction, is approximately 60 miles southeast of Hobart, the capital of Australia's only island state. There are 40 buildings, ruins and historic sites that visitors can explore at their leisure or by guided walking or carriage tours.

The hour's trip from Hobart to Port Arthur is a pleasant drive on pencil-thin roads across wooded hills. The penal colony lies on Tasman Peninsula, which is reached by crossing Eaglehawk Neck, a slender strip of land less than 350 feet across. During the prison years, guards with ferocious dogs patrolled the Neck to ensure no convict escaped to the mainland.

Today, the Neck is a pretty slip of land that looks out over Pirates Bay. Here, visitors can take a small side trip before reaching Port Arthur. A spur off the main road leads to the rugged coast and some interesting rock formations, including Tasman Arch, the Blowhole and Devils Kitchen.

The final approach to Port Arthur is like a peaceful country lane, reflecting none of the panic many convicts must have felt as they were driven down it in the 1800s. What they found at the end of the road was a sizable town with a

peak population of 1,200 convicts and 1,000 civilians, including guards, officials and their families.

Established to provide the severest form of punishment for difficult prisoners from around Australia, Port Arthur became known to them as "hell on earth." For civilians, however, it was merely a prison town, with all the comforts and pleasures found in other settlements — including musical evenings, nature studies and cricket.

The community was nearly self-sufficient, producing ships, bricks, cut stone, garden tiles, boots and shoes, soap, ironware, clothing, vegetables and sawn timber — all through the labor of its prisoners. The hardest work for the convicts, though, was in the coal mines established at Plunkett Point.

After the prison's closure in 1877, the buildings and land were taken over by private citizens. It wasn't until the early 1900s that the government began to buy back the land. In 1979, the federal and state governments committed \$9 million to conservation and development of the site.

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■ **The church:** Probably one of the most photographed buildings in Tasmania, the church sits on a rise that looks down on the harbor and most of the other buildings. Erected in 1836/1837, it could seat 1,000 prisoners at benches and 200 officials in more spacious pews.

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was restored fully, but in the 1930s and 1950 the walls basically were rebuilt; the massive tower was stabilized in 1984-85.

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prison soon became long-term punishment for the worst convicts.

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■ **Isle of the Dead:** Originally called Opossum Island, and more aptly called Dead Island by the convicts, this one-acre island was the final resting place for nearly 2,000 prisoners and civil-

ians. Most convicts were buried in unmarked, mass graves, but the cemetery still has 90 fascinating headstones that are the last whispers of forgotten men. A ferry makes regular trips from Port Arthur, except in July (Tasmania's winter).

■ **The Broad Arrow:** This teahouse, craft gallery and historic site shows the 1926 classic movie, "For the Term of His Natural Life," based on convict Marcus Clarke's story of life at the penal colony. It's presented every day at 3, with a special supper show starting at 8 from October to May.

Detroit Free Press
P. 2/2

Hiking Australia's Grand Canyon

Visiting Australia's

coastline

Most Americans have heard about, or seen, Australia's desolate Outback, magnificent Sydney Opera House, and wondrous Great Barrier Reef. But few have heard of the Twelve Apostles — Australia's answer to the Grand Canyon.

Situated 175 miles southwest of Melbourne, these spectacular limestone pillars of brown and ochre rise in stark relief out of the constantly changing aquamarine Southern Ocean. They seem to speak of the ages, of time immemorial, as they stand guard over Australia's rugged Southern Coast. Isolated from the mainland eons ago by the erosion of softer cliffs, some of the Apostles stand 80 feet high and only 19 feet in diameter. (Only eight of the 12 can be seen from the available overlooks.)

The Twelve Apostles, along with other natural sculptures like London Bridge, Loch Ard Gorge, The Arch, The Blow Hole, and the little-known Gibson's Steps, make up Port Campbell National Park — a must for those seeking Australia's most spectacular and unusual sights.

Continued on Page T-3

Continued from Page T-1

The park extends along nearly 20 miles of coastline between Peterborough and Princetown on the west coast of the Otway Peninsula. Part of the Great Ocean Road forms the northern boundary of the park, from which numerous scenic overlooks can be reached.

As you stand at the overlooks and gaze down at the white-capped ocean, feel the teeth-rattling wind, and sense the Hitchcock-like pull of the cliff's edge, you find it hard to assimilate what you're seeing — the incredible natural force and beauty is overwhelming.

But there is a special way to mentally grasp what you're seeing: Gibson's Steps. Not explained in the park literature, and rarely put on road maps, Gibson's Steps is the best way to bring the grandeur of the park down to human perspective — bringing the scenery down to portions the mind can handle.

Located at the eastern end of the park, the steps are ignored by most people hurrying west toward the Twelve Apostles. But if you spot the little turn-off sign, and choose to take it, it will prove to be the highlight of your trip.

The first sight of Gibson's Steps can be rather daunting. Carved from sheer rock cliffs 80-100 feet high, with no safety bars to cling to, the spray-washed steps cut back and forth across the cliff face until they reach the beach below. (Because they can be a little treacherous at times — this side trip is only recommended for the young, hardy and/or adventurous.)

Once you get down the steps, however, you'll never regret the journey. There before you stretches a deserted beach of

tains two deep caves. As you walk around beachcombing, you come across bits of shiny glass that look very much like the colored bottle glass used in the 1800s — maybe the last remnants of the numerous ships claimed by the sea.

For those more adventurous, the Loch Ard wreck has been located and is now a historic site for scuba divers. Check with the Park Information Center, which will give you the location of the wreck and a site map.

• **The Blow Hole** — Moving west from Loch Ard Gorge toward Port Campbell, visitors find The Blow Hole. Nearly 50 feet deep and 115 feet long, the hole spouts great plumes of salt spray as the heavy seas surge up through a 1,155-foot natural tunnel.

• **London Bridge** — Just west of Port Campbell is a giant archway that rises 50 feet above the sea. Visitors can walk across its narrow neck and onto the major formation that stands off the coast. Here photographers can get some of the best camera angles of the coastline.

* * *

Getting there can be half the fun. Port Campbell National Park is approximately 175 miles southwest of Melbourne. Taking the Princess Highway to Geelong and then a small spur road to the town of Torquay, you begin the Great Ocean Road, one of the world's most scenic ocean highways that runs for 178 miles around the Otway coast to Warrnambool. Part of this road becomes the northern boundary of the park. I'd suggest taking two days (one

• **Apollo Bay**, population 921, is a little further down the coast (115 miles from Melbourne). It, too, is a quaint fishing village, but a little more rustic and a little less popular than Lorne — yet not deservedly so. Apollo Bay has a huge beach and tourist activities such as bush walks, boating, fishing, golf, tennis, sailing, surfing, swimming and waterskiing. Hotel/motel prices range from \$30-\$60. Reservations recommended.

• **Port Campbell**, population 300, is the only safe harbor between Apollo Bay and Warrnambool. In the 1840s Captain Alexander Campbell used the bay for whaling. By the 1870s a permanent settlement had begun, supplied completely by ships. Today Port Campbell boasts tall Norfolk pines, a nice protected, patrolled beach for swimming and surfing, one hotel, three motels and the national park camping area. Hotel/motel prices average \$30-\$55. Reservations recommended.

• **Warrnambool**, population 23,000 sits on Lady Bay, 220 miles (via the Great Coast Road) southwest of Melbourne, and is the largest city in southwest Victoria. It has excellent safe beaches, numerous parks and a wide array of hotels and motels. The Warrnambool Road Race, a world cycling classic, is held in October and the city's Grand Annual Steeplechase, the longest horse race in Australia, is held during the May Racing Carnival. Hotel/motel range from \$40-\$90. Reservations recommended.

Sunday Republican
July 1, 1990

Taking the train back in time

By JEFF MILLER

Ever wonder what it was like traveling by train through tropical rain forests in the 1880s — when railway cars were called carriages and the creaking of teakwood paneling was as familiar as the train's rattle and sway?

Those who want to know should ride Australia's most scenic tourist train, which runs from Cairns to Kuranda in North Queensland. Even those not interested in history will find the mist-shrouded jungle, cascading waterfalls and 1800s train cars captivating. The 22-mile trek, rising from a swampy coastal plain to the tropical Atherton Tablelands, travels through Australia's spectacular northeastern rain forest.

This trip back in time starts in Cairns (pronounced "Cans" by the Aussies), a tropical town of 50,000 that has become one of Australia's international gateways to the famous Great Barrier Reef. Located on the coast of the northeastern part of the continent, 1,100 miles north of Brisbane in the sunshine state of Queensland, Cairns has direct international flights from the United States.

Continued on Page T-3

Continued from Page T-1

While most tourists arriving in Cairns head straight for the spectacular Great Barrier Reef, they shouldn't neglect the inland wonders that await if they take the Kuranda train.

As the train pulls out of Cairns station it heads northwest, chugging through the oldest part of the city, where houses sit on high blocks for ventilation. (In direct contrast, modern Australian homes are now built low to the ground to use the earth as an insu-

lator.)

Leaving the town behind, the train crosses the coastal flatlands that are covered by waving fields of tall, green sugarcane — one of North Queensland's biggest crops. The only break in this massive lush carpet comes when the train crosses the roaring Barron River with its rushing white water.

About five or six miles out of Cairns, at the town of Redlynch, the train begins its steep, winding ascent through the rain forest. Misty rains shroud mountainsides;

green palms and exotic flowers glisten with moisture; and waterfalls plummet over sheer cliffs, nearly drowning out the calls of jungle birds.

Inside the carriages the red-leather and wooden benches feel smooth and cool, the teak paneling glows with a warm patina, and the hand-crank windows boast delicate etchings and wood louvers. When you thunder through a tunnel, the ornate, glass-covered ceiling lights add a yellow glow to the polished wood and brass fixtures. On the

ceiling over each row is an electric fan, and next to the emergency pull cord is the quaint warning: "Improper use will cause penalty of \$10."

Sitting back in the old carriages and gazing at the timeless jungle, you can almost see the workers struggling through the underbrush, carving the railroad out of the mountains... and themselves into history.

* * *

As with most railway lines in the world, the Kuranda route was developed out of necessity. In the 1880s tin miners on the Wild River were unable to get a reliable flow of supplies inland from the coast over the boggy road that led from Port Douglas (just north of Cairns).

After much discussion and years of searching for the best route, it was decided to cut a rail line from Cairns through the Barron Valley. The most difficult section of track to be laid was between Redlynch, 18 feet above sea level, and Myola, 1,073 feet above sea level, which required 15 tunnels, 98 curves and dozens of precarious bridges suspended hundreds of feet above deep ravines and giant waterfalls.

On January 21, 1887 John Robb and his crew began work on this stretch. Unable to use bulldozers, jackhammers and other modern equipment, he and his men attacked the jungle and mountains with hand tools, dynamite, buckets and bare hands. They had to clear 15-25 feet of unstable rocks, rotting vegetation, mold and soil before hitting suitable support for the tracks. More than 3 million cubic yards of earth were moved as whole escarpments, rocks and trees were removed from the mountains above the line.

Four painstaking years later, in June 1891, the line was opened — changing the economic face of North Queensland forever and helping to make Cairns the region's economic center.

Even today, chugging along outside of Redlynch, moving slowly up the steep inclines, you get a small sense of the effort it took to build the line. This feeling is heightened when you reach dramatic Horseshoe Bend — if it's a clear day you can look back and get a spectacular view of the cane

fields, Mount Whitfield and the Coral Sea beyond.

* * *

Further up the line the train enters Barron Falls National Park, established in 1940. One of the more spectacular sights in the park is at Stoney Creek Bridge where waterfalls cascade 150 feet down sheer jungle cliffs — looking like slashing white scars on a green velvet skin.



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The rest of the trip follows the winding Barron River up to Kuranda station. Built in 1915, the station is famous for its hundreds of hanging and potted plants, making it look more like a botanical garden than a train station.

At Kuranda you can take a bus tour of the Atherton Tablelands which will ultimately bring you back to Cairns, or take the return trip on the train. If you have the time to explore the Tablelands on another day, definitely take the train back. Few people do, so you have the usually crowded train nearly all to yourself, and the trip down seems just as new and spectacular as the trip up.

While waiting for the return ride, or the bus tour, you should wander around the small village of Kuranda — there's a surprising amount of things to see and do:

- On Wednesdays and Sundays an open market offers handmade goods, fruits and vegetables, art, jewelry and clothing.

- In the Australian Butterfly Sanctuary you can walk among hundreds of beautiful butterflies in their natural habitat.

- The Kuranda Noctarium offers visitors a look at the unique night animals of the rain forest.

- The town's shops are good for browsing and a few bargains.

- River cruises operate almost every day through the surrounding rain forest and lakes, as do horseback rides.

- And finally, there is the Tjapukai Dance Theater, the only permanent Aboriginal theater in Australia. The name reflects the group's focus, for Tjapukai is not only the name of the rain forest, but of the region and the local Aborigine language as well. Aborigines — including David Hudson, famous for his didgeridoo playing — depict through dance and song their life and culture from before, as well as after, the white man's arrival.

The group started performing in 1987, doing 350 performances for more than 15,000 people, before appearing at the 1988 World Expo in Brisbane. A new season begins every April in the air-conditioned theater at the Kuranda Village Center. The one-hour performance is presented every day (except Saturday) at 10:45 a.m. and 1:30 p.m. Admission is approximately \$8 for adults, half price for children.

* * *

The Kuranda train operates seven days a week, leaving at 8:30 a.m. and 9 a.m. from Cairns, with extra service departing at 1:45 p.m. on Saturdays. Round trip price, per person, is approximately \$15; children half price.

Destination Projects, an independent tour operator, offers a commentary car service. It's available on the 9 a.m. departure from Cairns, but actually starts from Freshwater Connection station five miles outside of Cairns. Departure time from Freshwater is 9:15 a.m. The tour operator's hostesses provide informative commentary on the history of the train's development as well as what life was like to those who built the railway line. This service gives ticket holders reserved seats, complimentary fruit juice and a souvenir ticket. The adult price is \$22 round trip, per person, children are half price.

Calgary Herald
July 21, 1990

Photo Only



Jeff Miller photo

Australian ruin a mute remnant of grim prison

By Jeff Miller

THEY lived in total silence and anonymity. They weren't allowed to speak. They saw no one but their jailers and priest. They were called by number, not name, and wore hoods in the exercise yard and chapel.

To gain attention they pulled on a wire that raised a flag outside their cells. Guards used hand signals to communicate, and even walked in slippers on felt carpets to inhibit sound.

This was all part of a model prison experiment in the mid-1800s at Tasmania's infamous Port Arthur penal colony.

Fashioned after one in London, the "silent" or "separate" system was supposed to reform convicts through religious contemplation and solitary work.

Unfortunately, many just went insane.

Today, visitors can wander around the 247-acre site and through the old jail cells where these men suffered. The thick rock walls seem to murmur their anguish as the cold stone floor, thick wooden doors and black-iron beds bear mute testimony to a life hardly worth living.

In stark contrast to the cells is the rest of the historic settlement. Old English oaks dot the rolling green lawns, while picturesque brick ruins and restored houses stand silently on the cozy harbor. There is a tremendous sense of peace about the place, belying the hardships that 12,500 convicts endured between 1832 and 1877.

Port Arthur, Tasmania's most popular historic attraction, is located approximately 60 miles southeast of Hobart, the capital of Australia's only island state. There are 40 buildings, ruins and historic sites that people can explore at their leisure or experience by guided walking or carriage tours.

The tour's trip from Hobart to Port Arthur is a pleasant drive on pencil-thin roads drawn across wooded hills. The penal colony lies on Tasman Peninsula, which is reached by crossing Eaglehawk Neck, a slender strip of land less than 350 feet across. During the prison years, guards with ferocious dogs patrolled The

The 'silent' or 'separate' system was supposed to reform convicts through religious contemplation and solitary work. Unfortunately, many just went insane.

Neck to ensure no convict escaped to the mainland.

Today, The Neck is a pretty strip of land that looks out over Pirates Bay. Here, visitors can take a small side trip before reaching Port Arthur. A spur off the main road leads to the rugged coast and some interesting rock formations, including Tasman Arch, the Blowhole and Devil Kitchen.

The final approach to Port Arthur is like a peaceful country lane, reflecting none of the panic many convicts must have felt as they were driven down it in the 1800s. What they found at the end of the road was a sizeable town with a peak population of 1,200 convicts and 1,000 civilians, including guards, officials and their families.

Established to provide the severest form of punishment for difficult prisoners from around Australia, Port Arthur became known to them as "hell on earth." For civilians, however, it was merely a prison-town, with all the comforts and pleasures found in other settlements — including musical evenings, nature studies and cricket.

The community was nearly self-sufficient, producing ships, bricks, cut stone, garden tiles, boots and shoes, soap, iron ware, clothing, vegetables and sawn tim-

Australia: Ruins testify to failed penal experiment

Continued from Page D10

ber — all through the labor of its prisoners. The hardest work for the convicts, though, was in the coal mines established at Plunkett Point.

After the prison's closure in 1877, the buildings and land were taken over by private citizens. It wasn't until the early 1900s that the government began to buy back the land. In 1979 the federal and state governments committed \$9 million to conservation and development of the site.

While Port Arthur can be seen in a half-day trip, it really deserves more time. History buffs will definitely want more than a day. The numerous attractions include:

■ **The Church** — Probably one of the most photographed buildings in Tasmania, the church sits on a rise that looks down on the harbor and most of the other buildings. Erected in 1836-37, it could seat 1,000 prisoners at benches and 200 officials in more spacious pews.

After settlement was abandoned, the church fell into neglect and in 1884 was destroyed by fire. It was never fully restored, but in the 1930s and 1950 the walls were basically rebuilt; the massive tower was stabilized in 1984-85.

■ **The Model Prison** — Built in 1848, this was to be a "perfect" prison, modeled after the famous Pentonville, London jail. Fifty prisoners were chosen from the colony and put into the "silent"

system mentioned earlier. Separation from other inmates even extended to a special chapel, where the men had to stand in individual pew boxes that looked like upright coffins.

Initially, convicts were only supposed to be a part of the system for a portion of their sentences; unfortunately, the model prison soon became long-term punishment for the worst convicts.

Today, visitors can sense the misery, the horror, these men must have endured. It is brought home all the more powerfully by plaques outside the cell doors that detail their sad stories.

■ **The Asylum** — This cross-shaped building for the mentally ill was the last large convict facility built at Port Arthur. Guttled by bush fires in the 1890s, it now houses the visitor center, a fascinating museum, and an audio-visual display that gives an illustrated interpretation of Port Arthur in the 1800s.

■ **The Isle of the Dead** — Originally called Opossum Island, and more aptly called Dead Island by the convicts, this one-acre island was the final resting place for nearly 2,000 prisoners and civilians. Most convicts were buried in unmarked, mass graves, but the cemetery still has 90 fascinating headstones that are the last whispers of forgotten men. A ferry makes regular trips from Port Arthur, except in July (Tasmania's winter).

New Haven Register
August 19, 1990
P. 112

Apostles guard a treasure

Ocean park's natural sculptures are breathtakingly beautiful

By Jeff Miller

MOST Americans have heard about, or seen, Australia's desolate Outback, magnificent Sydney Opera House, and wondrous Great Barrier Reef. But few have heard of the Twelve Apostles — Australia's answer to the Grand Canyon.

Situated 175 miles southwest of Melbourne, these spectacular limestone pillars of brown and ocher rise in stark relief out of the constantly changing aquamarine Southern Ocean. They seem to speak of the ages as they stand guard over Australia's rugged Southern Coast.

Isolated from the mainland eons ago by the erosion of softer cliffs, some of the Apostles stand 80 feet high and only 19 feet in diameter. (Only eight of the 12 can be seen from the available overlooks.)

The Twelve Apostles, along with other natural sculptures, such as London Bridge, Loch Ard Gorge, The Arch, The Blow Hole, and the little-known Gibson's Steps, make up Port Campbell National Park — a must for those seeking Australia's most spectacular and unusual sights.

The park extends along nearly 20 miles of coastline between Peterborough and Princetown on the west coast of the Otway Peninsula. Part of the Great Ocean Road forms the northern boundary of the park, which can be reached from numerous scenic overlooks.

As you stand at the overlooks and gaze down at the white-capped ocean, feel the teeth-rattling wind, and sense the Hitchcock-like pull of the cliff's edge, you find it hard to assimilate what you are seeing — the incredible natural force and beauty is overwhelming.

But there is a special way to mentally grasp what you're seeing: Gibson's Steps. Not explained in the park literature, and rarely put on road maps, Gibson's Steps is the best way to bring the grandeur of the park down to human perspective.

Located at the eastern end of the park, the steps are ignored by most people hurrying west toward the Twelve Apostles.



Susan Burdick

Gibson's steps provide precarious, but rewarding, access to the beach.

But if you spot the little turn-off sign, and choose to take it, it will prove to be the highlight of your trip.

The first sight of Gibson's Steps can be rather daunting. Carved from sheer rock cliffs 80 to 100 feet high, with no safety bars to cling to, the spray-washed steps cut back and forth across the cliff face until they reach the beach below. (Because they can be a little treacherous at times — and a little frightening — this side trip is only recommended for the adventurous.)

Once you get down the steps, however, you'll never regret the journey. There before you stretches a deserted beach of epic proportions — worthy of a Charlton Heston movie.

You can walk for hours, exploring the rock cliffs and leaving Robinson Crusoe footprints in the sand, or just lie on the

beach and feel the strength of the furious sea. (Because of the tremendous undertow, swimming is not recommended.) It is easy to spend an entire day on the beach, but remember that there's still an entire park to see.

Driving on after Gibson's Steps, you should stop at every overlook — each presents you with a new spectacular sight. Some of the highlights are:

■ **Loch Ard Gorge** — This pretty beach tucked away in a protective cove was named after the sailing ship "Lord Ard," which floundered off the coast in June 1878. Fifty people perished that night, with only two survivors — Tom Pearce, a cabin boy, and Eva Carmichael, a passenger — who were washed through the narrow entrance of the gorge to the safety of the beach. The next day Pearce struggled to the top of the high rock cliffs and went for help.

Today there are wooden steps down to the beach, which also contains two deep caves. As you walk around beachcombing, you come across bits of shiny glass that look very much like the colored bottle glass used in the 1800s, maybe the last remnants of the numerous ships claimed by the sea. It is a fun place to spend an hour.

For those more adventurous, the Loch Ard wreck has been located and is now a historic site for scuba divers. Check with the park information center, which will give you the location of the wreck and a site map.

■ **The Blow Hole** — Moving west from Loch Ard Gorge toward Port Campbell, visitors find The Blow Hole. Nearly 50 feet deep and 115 feet long, the hole spouts great plumes of salt spray as the heavy seas surge up through a 1,155-foot natural tunnel.

■ **London Bridge** — Just west of Port Campbell is a giant archway that rises 50 feet above the sea. Visitors can walk across its narrow neck and onto the major formation that stands off the coast. Here photo-

Turn to Apostles, Page D9

Apostles: Stunning park, pillars

Continued from Page D10

graphers can get some of the best camera angles of the coastline.

If you go:

Weather: Tasmania, or Van Diemen's Land, has four seasons that are opposite to those in the Northern Hemisphere. Because it is Australia's southernmost state, it has cooler temperatures than the rest of the country — although winters are mild because of the surrounding ocean.

There is no winter freeze, but temperatures can dip below freezing at times.

Dress: Tasmania seems at times more English (or New Zealand) than Australian. This is especially true in attitudes toward dress. In the evening, the casinos and some hotels require that men wear jackets; jeans and tennis sneakers are definitely out.

Accommodations: There are numerous places to stay on Tasman Peninsula, but because of Port Arthur's proximity to Hobart, that city's wide range of hotels and motels are also an option. For

those looking for a moderately priced (\$75-\$100 Australian) motel with a spectacular view, there is the Hobart Pacific Motor Inn, which sits on a hill overlooking the city and harbor.

Port Arthur: Admission to the site is \$5 (Australian) for adults and \$1 (Australian) for children. Guided tours are \$4 (Australian) for adults and half price for children. They start at 9:30 a.m. and every hour after that, with the last beginning at 3:30 p.m.

Getting to Tasmania: There is regular airline service from Sydney and Melbourne, including Ansett-East-West airlines (1-800-366-1300); Australian Airlines (1-800-922-5122); and Qantas (1-800-227-4500).

More information: Tourism Tasmania, 2121 Avenue of the Stars, suite 1200T, Los Angeles, Calif. 90067, (213) 552-3010; Australian Tourist Commission (ATC), 2121 Avenue of the Stars, 1200, Los Angeles, Calif. 90067. To order the free booklet, Destination Australis, call 1-800-274-3210.

The San Diego Union

October 7, 1990

P. 112

Island a glimpse of old Australia

By Jeff Miller

"I reckon this is the old Australia, the way Australia used to be... the real bush."

Tim Williams, Australian native and professional guide on Kangaroo Island, looked out across a sea of deep green mallee trees that stretched to the horizon. "That's where we're headed," he told the small group, pointing to a blood-red slash of dirt road that cut away to a distant hill.

Later, Williams slammed the four-wheel-drive vehicle to a stop on that road. Kneeling beside the edge of the bush, he pointed out an echidna — a porcupinelike animal half the size of a porcupine, but with a long, square nose used for rooting into ant hills. Extremely shy, the little creature buried

its face in the dirt, offering only a quill-covered mound to the group's cameras. It's only one of nearly 800 kinds of animal and plant life that live on Kangaroo Island.

Nowhere else in Australia does such diversity live amid such varied scenery: Giant pelicans sit regally atop wooden pilings; sun-worshipping sea lions recline on white-sand beaches; koalas lounge in manna gum trees; and thousands of kangaroos graze under towering eucalyptus trees.

Kangaroo Island, part of the Australian state of South Australia, lies 70 miles south of Adelaide, eight miles off the coast. It is the country's third largest island, encompassing 1,700 square miles (90 miles long by 31 miles wide). Little more than 4,000 permanent residents play host to about
See Kangaroo on Page G-2

Kangaroo

Continued from G-1

65,000 tourists a year, half of them Australian. The rest of the world doesn't know what it's missing.

The emphasis is on nature and the outdoors, not five-star hotels and discos; the only night life consists of four-footed nocturnal critters dancing under the universe's party lights.

The island provides a rare opportunity for close interaction with the land and its animals. Eighteen parks scattered around the island offer hiking and camping, while more than 300 miles of coastline provide scuba diving among old wrecks, swimming in secluded coves, deep-sea fishing, exploring, sailing or simply relaxing.

The landscape is as varied as the activities. Steep northern cliffs with ocean views are honeycombed with caves and caverns, secluded beaches and rugged hiking trails. Inland, visitors can explore underground caves or play Lawrence of Arabia on giant white sand dunes surrounded by thick bush. To the south and west, sheep graze in broad, sweeping fields.

That wasn't always the case. For thousands of the years, the entire island was covered with dense bush, nearly impossible to penetrate. Aborigines lived there until 2,300 years ago, when they left for unknown reasons. Today, the mainland Aborigines won't come near the island. They think it is a place of death, but won't say why.

In 1802, British explorer Matthew Flinders in the H.M.S. Investigator first sighted the northern coast. Approaching during an autumn dusk, the crew reported seeing "black substances" on shore. These turned out to be kangaroos, which became an easy source of meat and gave the island its name.

Almost immediately, whaling and sealing operations began, and even attracted a crew from America. In 1803, the Americans, working around what is now the town of American

River, built South Australia's first schooner from native pine, eucalyptus and casuarina trees, christening it Independence.

Commercial whaling never became profitable and was halted around 1851, but seal hunting was highly successful for a time, because there were thousands of Australian sea lions living on the island. Their numbers fell drastically.

Today, the rare animals are protected and once again flourishing. At internationally famous Seal Bay, a colony of several hundred Australian sea lions — about 10 percent of the world's population — allow visitors to walk among them.

Besides Seal Bay, the most visited area on the island is Flinders Chase National Park. Here the animals and land are at their finest, and people can gain a better appreciation of both. Situated in the southwestern corner of the island, the park covers 180,000 acres.

The most spectacular sight is Remarkable Rocks, a collection of surreal-looking boulders tossed atop a granite dome like a giant's toys. Nearby, Cape du Couedic boasts a 115-foot-tall sandy-colored lighthouse as well as Admirals Arch, a limestone arch that frames the boiling sea.

Near park headquarters, gray kangaroos regularly beg for food (though feeding them is prohibited), and sleepy looking koalas nestle in the branches of manna gum trees. Also seen throughout the park are glossy black cockatoos, white-bellied sea eagles, fairy penguins, platypuses, wrens, scarlet robins, brush-tailed possums, albatrosses and brightly colored parrots.

Such diversity is not lost on Kangaroo Island's residents, who truly seem to appreciate all that their home has to offer and are glad to share it with others.

During Tim Williams' tour, he drove onto a farmer's land, through



The San Diego Union

gates and across closely cropped paddocks, looking for sheep the tour group wanted to photograph. When asked about trespassing, he said, "No worries; he's a mate."

The owner, George Buick, made the group feel like expected guests. Over the din of baa-ing sheep, the shy but friendly farmer spent an hour talking about his animals, farming and the grass: "It has no guts yet. There's enough rain to make the grass green, but not enough to make it grow."

Meanwhile, he had to feed oats and hay to his 4,000 sheep twice a week. So he put his truck in first gear, let it rumble along slowly, then climbed onto the feed trailer. A thin line of oats appeared like a newly painted median strip. Just as precisely, the rams and ewes fell into line on both sides — the lambs momentarily forgotten in their wake.

In the distance, the low-lying hills rolled gently down to kiss Pelican Bay before rising on the far side to caress the blue sky. The sun felt warm on the shoulders, and there was an earthy smell of manure, wet grass and weather-worn wool. Here was the real Australia.

Miller is a free-lance travel writer based in Denver.

Sunday Register
October 6, 1991
P. 1/2

The soft side of Down Under

By JEFF MILLER

The giant karri trees rise ramrod straight from the green underbelly of the forest floor, like skyscrapers in one of nature's largest cities. Towering more than 200 feet, they have no branches for the first 100, just the smooth marbled white and gray of their ghostly skin.

A pencil-thin road, drawn lightly through the forest, seems to fade beyond the next hill. Walking among the trees — part of Walpole-Nornalup National Park — my wife and I are awed by the beauty and silenced by the scale.

This magical place, boasting the third tallest trees in the world, is just one of the wonders

✓ See map, page 4F

found on the southwestern tip of Australia's largest state, Western Australia. The state is best known for its northwestern desert attractions; but for those wanting to see a softer, less harsh side of the state, a visit to the southwestern tip is a must.

Forming a rough triangle with the capital of Perth at the top, Cape Leeuwin at the bottom left and the seaside port of Albany at the bottom right, the southwestern tip offers pristine beaches, spectacular underground caves, rolling hills covered with wineries and the giant forests.

The exploration begins with Perth, the big city with the heart of a small town. The majestic Swan River runs beside the open streets and numerous parks. Free buses carry people everywhere, from the shopping mecca of the Hay Street Mall to the trendy restaurant area of Northbridge.

The Museum of Western Australia has a respectable gallery of aboriginal art; the Art Gallery of Western Australia has a fine permanent exhibition of European, Australian and Asian Pacific art.

Just down the river, or 12 miles southwest of

AUSTRALIA

Please turn to Page 4F

AUSTRALIA

Continued from Page 1F

Perth, is the dynamic seaport town of Fremantle, made world-famous when it was host to the 1988 America's Cup races. Numerous sandy-colored stone buildings from the 1800s give the town a historic feel.

Australia is famous for its wide, expansive stretches of deserted beaches, and the southern tip of Western Australia has its own unique variations, from fingernail slivers of white sand tucked away in cozy bays to surf-pounding stretches of golden sand.

Running along the coast for about 150 miles, from Perth to the little village of Yallingup, is a stretch of seaside resorts and attendant beaches washed by the Indian Ocean.

All are best-reached by taking Route 1, the Old Coast Road, which goes through the popular seaside towns of Rockingham, Mandurah, Bunbury and Busselton. Along the way are good beaches at Preston, Myalup and Binningup.

A little farther on from Busselton is the village of Yallingup, just a blink in the road, but home to Yallingup beach, the epitome of a golden stretch of sand. Reportedly, the waves are world-famous to surfers. For everyone else, it's just a great place to swim or sunbathe.

Yallingup and Cape Leeuwin are the top and bottom of a 60-mile anvil-shaped stretch of land that juts into the Indian Ocean from the rest of the state. Fine beaches along the coast include Hamelin Bay beach, Calgardup beach at Redgate, Gnarabup beach at Prevelly Park and Cowaramup Bay beach at Gracetown.

For cavers, the area offers more than 300 cave formations, with guided tours available at Mammoth Cave and Lake Cave near Bobs Hollow, and Jewel Cave close to Augusta.

Tree lovers will be astounded while driving near the coast on Caves Road (Route 250), especially if they take a small dirt road 7 miles south of the

Redgate turnoff. Marked only with a sign saying "scenic drive, 14 km" (8.5 miles), it wanders through Bornaup Karri Forest, part of Leeuwin-Naturaliste National Park.

Most first-time visitors to Australia notice the trees, probably because the country boasts more than 500 varieties of eucalyptus, which sheds its bark in autumn to reveal magnificent shades and colors of the underlying smooth skin.

Known as "gum" trees, the most spectacular varieties grow exclusively in the southwestern tip of Western Australia because of soil and climate conditions. The most famous of these is the karri, the third tallest tree in the world, which can grow to nearly 300 feet and weigh more than 200 tons.

Other gums nearly as spectacular include the jarrah (up to 130 feet), the marri (up to 295 feet) and the red tingle, nearly as tall as the karri, with a base up to 65 feet around.

While these trees can be found scattered throughout the southwestern tip, there are a few special spots where their concentration makes for a wonderful experience. These include Bornaup Karri Forest and the Pemberton and Walpole areas.

Pemberton, inland and halfway between Yallingup and Albany, can be reached from Yallingup along Route 104 through Nannup to Route 10. These roads meander through numerous forests where just over the next rise is another incredible view of the giant trees and lush ground cover.

Southwest of Pemberton is the coastal town of Walpole. Small and friendly, it has a great visitors center and is the jumping off point for Walpole-Nornalup National Park, which covers both the rugged coastline and giant forests.

The final leg of the triangle, from Albany to Perth on the major Albany Highway (Route 30), takes about four hours to drive. During the ride, we thought of all that the southwestern tip has to offer. Even with the caves, beaches and wineries, though, it was the area's soaring trees we kept thinking about.

If you go

Continental, Northwest, American, Qantas, and United fly to Australia, but none serves Perth directly. Connections from most cities to Perth can be made with Australian Airlines and Ansett Airlines.

It's best to explore the southwestern tip by car, and all the major rental agencies can be found in Perth. Remember to ask for an automatic transmission so you can concentrate on left-side driving. If you plan to drive after dark, ask for a car with a "roo" (kangaroo) bar on the front — numerous animals become real road hazards while foraging for food at night.

The seasons are reversed Down Under. On the southwestern tip, summer (our winter) can get quite hot, with temperatures in the 100s at times, but it is a dry heat. Winters are wet and mild, with nighttime lows in the upper 30s and daytime highs sometimes as pleasant as the low 60s.

For further information, contact the Western Australia Tourism Commission, 2121 Ave. of the Stars, Suite 1210, Los Angeles, Calif. 90067, (213) 557-1987.

Jeff Miller is a free-lance writer from Denver.

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October 6, 1991
P. 112

The inspiration of the Twelve Apostles

By JEFF MILLER

Most Americans have heard about Australia's desolate Outback, magnificent Sydney Opera House, and wondrous Great Barrier Reef; but few have heard of the Twelve Apostles, Australia's answer to the Grand Canyon.

Situated 175 miles southwest of Melbourne, these spectacular limestone pillars of brown and ochre rise in stark relief out of the constantly changing aquamarine Southern Ocean. They seem to speak of the ages as they stand guard over Australia's rugged southern coast.

Isolated from the mainland eons ago by the erosion of softer cliffs, some of the Apostles stand 80 feet high and only 19 feet in diameter. Only eight of the 12 can be seen from the available overlooks.

The Twelve Apostles, along with such natural sculptures as Loch Ard Gorge, The Arch, The Blow Hole, and the little-known Gibson's Steps, make up Port Campbell National Park, a must for those seeking Australia's most spectacular and unusual sights.

The park extends along nearly 20 miles of coastline between Peterborough and Pricetown on the west coast of the Otway Peninsula. Part of the Great Ocean Road forms the northern boundary of the park, from which numerous scenic overlooks can be reached.

As you stand at the overlooks and gaze down at the white-capped ocean, you can feel the teeth-rattling wind and sense the Hitchcock-like pull of the cliff's edge. The incredible natural force and beauty is overwhelming, but there is a special way to grasp what you're seeing, Gibson's Steps.

Not explained in the park literature and rarely put on road maps, Gibson's Steps is the best way to bring the grandeur of the park down to portions the mind can handle.

Located at the eastern end of the park, the steps are ignored by most people hurrying west toward the Twelve Apostles, but if you spot the little turn-off sign, and choose to take it, it will prove to be the highlight of your trip.

The first sight of Gibson's Steps can be rather daunting. Carved from sheer rock cliffs 80 to 100 feet high, with no safety bars to cling to, the spray-washed

PARK

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PARK

Continued from Page 1F

steps cut back and forth across the cliff face until they reach the beach below. Because they can be a little treacherous at times — and a little frightening — this side trip is only recommended for the young, hardy and adventurous.

Once you get down the steps, you'll never regret the journey. There before you stretches a deserted beach of epic portions. You feel as if you're the only person on earth, there at the very start or the very end of the planet's life.

You can walk for hours, exploring the rock cliffs and leaving Robinson Crusoe footprints in the virgin sand, or just lie on the beach and feel the strength of the furious sea, because of the tremendous undertow, swimming is not recommended.

Driving on after Gibson's Steps, you should stop at every scenic overlook: each presents you with a new spectacular sight. Two of the highlights are Loch Ard Gorge and The Blow Hole. Loch Ard Gorge is a beach tucked away in a protected cove was named after the sailing ship "Loch Ard," which floundered off the coast in June 1878.

Fifty people perished that night.

Today there are wooden steps down to the beach, which contains two deep caves. As you walk around beachcombing, you come across bits of shiny glass that look very much like the colored bottle glass used in the 1800s — maybe the last remnants of the numerous ships claimed by the sea.

For those more adventurous, the Loch Ard wreck has been located and is now a historic site for scuba divers. Check with the Park Information Center, which will give you the location of the wreck and a site map.

Moving west from Loch Ard Gorge toward Port Campbell, visitors find the Blow Hole. Nearly 50 feet deep and 115 feet long, the hole spouts great plumes of salt spray as the heavy seas surge up through a 1,155-foot natural tunnel.

If you go

Getting there can be half the fun. Port Campbell National Park is approximately 175 miles southwest of Melbourne.

Taking the Princess Highway to Geelong and then a small spur road to

the town of Torquay, you reach the Great Ocean Road, one of the world's most scenic ocean highways that runs for 178 miles around the Otway coast to Warrnambool. Part of this road becomes the northern boundary of the park.

I'd suggest taking two days (one full day book-ended by two half days). Day One: Leave Melbourne in the late morning and get close to the park, staying in one of the popular seaside resorts lining the coast, such as Lorne or Apollo Bay.

Day Two: Take a full day, enjoying a picnic at Gibson's Steps and stopping at every overlook until you pass out from visual overload, then stay at either Port Campbell or Warrnambool. Day Three: Leave early for the inland drive that will get you back to Melbourne by the early afternoon.

Whatever time of year you go, make sure to bring a heavy sweater or jacket because it is usually cold, damp and windy at the overlooks. Be prepared to be dog-tired by the end of the day — the constant wind and continual opening/closing of the car door at the overlooks can be surprisingly exhausting.

Beer buy: Pot or pint?

Thanks to brochures and travel agents, first-time travelers to Australia know all about beautiful Sydney harbor, the magnificent Great Barrier Reef and spectacular Ayers Rock before stepping off the plane.

But few vacationers have been told about the important things, such as what "bitumen" means or proper beer-glass terminology.

Some Australians tell the tale of Joseph Banks, Captain Cook's botanist during the early exploration of Australia. It seems Banks asked an aborigine what they called the funny-looking bouncing creatures he had seen everywhere. The aborigine replied, "Kangaroo." Banks dutifully recorded it for posterity, not realizing it actually meant, "I don't know."

Foreigners have had a problem with language in Australia ever since. A few examples:

Ta, Cuppa and Smoke-oh. Australians love to abbreviate. Ta is short for thank you; cuppa means cup of coffee or tea, and smoke-oh means a cigarette break.

Shout a beer. An expression any Australian loves to hear, it means to pay for a beer, as in, "I'll shout you a beer."

Pommies. Australian term for Englishmen. Thought to come from the initials of a convict term, prisoner of Mother England.

Fair Dinkum. Aussies say, "It's fair dinkum, mate," to mean something is genuine, true or fair.

Tucker. A term for food that came from what drovers could tuck into their saddle bag for a day.

Bitumen. Pronounced *bitch-a-men*, it means a paved road.

Asking for a beer can be a real adventure. This is actually a whole subculture that only native born Aussies seem to understand. A "schooner" is a 15-ounce glass of beer in New South Wales, but a 9-ounce glass in South Australia.

A 15-ounce glass in Queensland is called a "pot," but in Western Australia it's a "pint." A "middy" is a 10-ounce glass of beer in New South Wales and Queensland, but a 7-ounce glass in Western Australia.

— Jeff Miller

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February 9, 1992
P. 112

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DOWN UNDER

By JEFF MILLER

The giant karri trees rise ramped straight from the green underbelly of the forest floor, like skyscrapers in one of nature's largest cities. Towering more than 200 feet high, they have no branches for the first 100, just the smooth marbled white and gray of their ghostly skin. Sunlight filters through the leafy bows and reflects off the clinging mist, creating primeval shades and colors.

A pencil-thin road, drawn lightly through the forest, seems to fade away beyond the next hill. Walking among the trees — part of Walpole-Nornalup National Park — my wife and I are awed by the beauty and silenced by the scale.

This magical place, boasting the third tallest trees in the world, is just one of the wonders found on the southwestern tip of Australia's largest state, Western Australia. The state, which covers more than one third of the country's western side, is best known for its northwestern desert attractions. But for those wanting to see a softer, less harsh side of the state, a visit to the southwestern tip is a must.

Forming a roughly-shaved triangle with the capital of Perth at the top, Cape Leeuwin at the bottom left, and the seaside port of Albany at the bottom right, (about 160/170/250 miles apart), the southwestern tip offers pristine beaches, spectacular underground caves, rolling hills covered with wineries and, of course, the giant forests.

Perth/Fremantle

The exploration begins with Perth. The big city with the heart of a small town. The majestic Swan River runs beside the clean, open streets and numerous little parks. Free buses carry people every-

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Exploring Western Australia

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where, from the shopping mecca of the Hay Street Mall to the trendy restaurant area of Northbridge. The Museum of Western Australia has a respectable gallery of Aboriginal art, while the Art Gallery of Western Australia has a fine permanent exhibition of European, Australian and Asian-Pacific art.

Just down the river, or 12 miles southwest of Perth is the dynamic seaport town of Fremantle, made world-famous when it hosted the 1988 America's Cup races. Numerous stone buildings from the 1800s — their sandy color counterpointing the royal blue sky — give the town an historic feel. Must-sees include the Maritime Museum, which specializes in shipwrecks: the fascinating Fremantle Museum and Art Center in the picturesque 1860s cathedral-like stone building and courtyard; and the replica being built of Captain Cook's ship, Endeavour.

Besides the historical, Fremantle also offers great beaches, upscale shops, restaurants and a fun, crowded market every Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

Perth to Yallingup

Australia is famous for its wide, expansive stretches of deserted beaches, and the southern tip of Western Australia upholds that tradition with its own unique variations — from finger-nail slivers of white sand tucked away in cozy bays to surf-pounding stretches of golden sand. Running along the coast for about 150 miles, from Perth to the little village of Yallingup, are a seemingly endless stretch of seaside resorts and attendant beaches washed by the Indian Ocean. All are best reached by taking Route 1 (the Old Coast Road), which goes through the popular seaside towns of Rockingham, Mandurah, Bunbury and Busselton. Along the way are good beaches at Preston, Myalup and Binningup.

A little further on from Busselton is the village of Yallingup, just a blink in the road, but home to three points of interest: the beach, underground caves and Caves House Hotel.

Yallingup beach is the epitome

If you go

Continental, Northwest, American, Qantas, and United fly to Australia, but none service Perth directly. Connections from most cities to Perth can be made with Australian Airlines and Ansett Airlines.

It's best to explore the southwestern tip by car and all the major car rental agencies can be found in Perth.

The seasons are reversed Down Under. On the southwestern tip, their summer (our winter) can get quite hot with temperatures in the 100s at times, but it is a dry heat. Winters are wet and mild, with night-time lows in the upper 30s and daytime highs sometimes as pleasant as the low 60s. For further information contact the Western Australia Tourism Commission, 2121 Ave. of the Stars, Suite 1210, Los Angeles, CA 90067, (213) 557-1987.

of a golden stretch of sand. Wide as half-a-slice of moon, the sand is coarse-grained and truly golden. Reportedly, the waves are world famous to surfers. For everyone else, it's just a great place to swim or sunbathe.

Nearby are the Yallingup caves, discovered in 1899 and estimated to be one million years old. Going to a depth in places of more than 125 feet, the full tour (guided or alone) takes more than two hours to complete. Sights along the way include the Amphitheater, Leaning Tower of Pisa column, and a massive pillar of flowstone.

A cave's echo away is Caves House Hotel, built in 1903 and rebuilt in 1938 after a fire. Done

in a rich art-deco style, its downstairs dining, lounge and billiards rooms are all adorned with dark wood, large fireplaces, and comfortable leather chairs. The feeling is of cozy antique charm. Upstairs, high-ceiling rooms open through french doors onto a communal balcony that offers good views of the ocean and setting sun. The hotel has 43 rooms (16 in the main house), some without bathrooms. The entire complex sits on nearly six acres of formal gardens and is only a 10-minute walk to the beach. (Rooms from \$50.)

Yallingup to Cape Leeuwin

Yallingup and Cape Leeuwin are the top and bottom of a 60-mile anvil-shaped stretch of land that juts out into the Indian Ocean from the rest of the state. Fine beaches along the coast include Hamelin Bay beach, Calgardup beach at Redgate, Gnarabup beach at Prevelly Park and Cowaramup Bay beach at Gracetown.

For caves, the area offers more than 300 cave formations, with guided tours available at Mammoth Cave and Lake Cave near Bob's Hollow, and Jewel Cave close to Augusta. Mammoth is known for its immense caverns and colossal formations; Lake is famous for the winding staircase that leads to a giant crater; and Jewel has grotesquely carved formations and a river.

Tree lovers will be astounded while driving near the coast on Caves Road (Route 250), especially if they take a small-dirt road seven miles south of the Redgate turnoff. Marked only with a sign saying "scenic drive, 14 km" (8.5 miles), it wanders through Bornaup Karri Forest. Part of Leeuwin-Naturaliste National Park, the forest is grand, silent and uncrowded.

At the end of Caves Road is Cape Leeuwin, complete with an 1896 lighthouse open to the public. Worth a climb, it marks where the Indian Ocean and Antarctic's Southern Ocean meet. The inland alternative to Caves Road is the Bussell Highway (route 10), which goes through cleared dairy and cattle country. Along the way is the charming town of Margaret



Sunday Republican map by Doris Blessey

River and more than 30 wineries, most of which are open daily. These include Vasse Felix, Cape Mentelle, Redgate, Cullens and the Leeuwin Estate, which offers guided tours and tastings.

Pemberton and Walpole

Most first time visitors to Australia notice the trees, probably because the country boasts more than 500 varieties of eucalyptus tree, which sheds its bark in the autumn to reveal magnificent shades and colors of the underlying smooth skin.

Pemberton, inland and halfway between Yallingup and Albany, can be reached from Yallingup along Route 104 through Nannup to Route 10. These roads meander through numerous forests where just over the next rise is another incredible view of the giant trees and lush ground cover.

Less than two miles from Pemberton is the Gloucester Tree, the highest fire lookout in the world.

The final leg of the triangle, from Albany to Perth on the major Albany Highway (Route 30), takes about four hours to drive. During the ride, we thought of all that the southwestern tip has to offer. Even with the caves, beaches and wineries, though, it was the area's graceful, soaring trees that we kept thinking about and will return to see again someday.