

We drove to the Mermaid Leather shop where leather type goods are made from fish scales, yes fish scales. We didn't purchase anything because everything was so expensive. We went to the jetty and saw a sea lion only 5m from us. On the jetty is a shelf and hose where people can clean fish and so sea lions come here to get the scraps. There's a little monument called Sammy The Sea Lion at the entrance to the jetty. Then we visited the Esperance Municipal Museum for \$3.00 each which was excellent being all under a big roof. One piece on display was a telephone switchboard similar to the one I worked at in Officer in Victoria. Esperance also has a French connection as it was named by the French in 1792.

We did some grocery shopping then back home. Heavy rain after dinner.

Wednesday 25 12c 221km

To Norseman

Overcast again but a little warmer. We departed at 7.45am travelling on the National #1 Highway, which is also the Esperance Highway #94 on flat country. I decided to give Racheal a top up drink which should have been her final with us at a wayside petrol station and general store at Gibson 23km north of Esperance. 29.15lt for \$30.00 at 1.02c/l. I had to go into the shop to get a key to unlock the petrol pump nozzle before I could pump the petrol. We soon left the green countryside behind and arrived at Speddingup Farm, about 100km from Esperance. This place was advertised on a brochure about seeing wild flowers. Into the right about 1km to the little shed where a woman greeted us. What a dump we said to each other. Anyway we paid \$5.00 each to do our own walking tour. She gave us a pencil drawn map which we followed. It turned out that it was an excellent place to see more flowers where I took many more slide photos. By 11.00am we were back at the shed where the woman's husband was in charge. He made us a hot coffee and tea and had cake and biscuits for us. Other people were there at the same time but didn't stay long.

Back on the highway where we came along side two salt lakes beside the highway, one each side. A couple of slide photos should look good when we view them, probably the best of the whole journey. We had lunch at Salmon Gums which is just a town with a school and nothing much more. On the highway after lunch Marie spotted an emu and some chicks. I stopped and made a U-turn but they ran into the scrub. It would have been a male emu because the female leaves dad to raise the young ones.

Norseman 100D pop

This town is on the junction of the #1 which runs east across the Nullabor and #94 to Coolgardie. We arrived there at 2.00pm. We of course visited the Tourist Centre which is another excellent one. It even had brochures of Brisbane and Sydney. We suppose this is

because it is on the main route to the east. We booked into the Great Western Motel for \$89.00 for a normal but big motel room which has a front and a back door. We then drove up the only hill called "Beacon Hill" a couple of km east past a big slag heap because we were in gold mining country again. But due to the new Native Title Laws most of the mining companies have gone elsewhere, overseas is what we were told. Back to the main street which was depressing because about 75% of the businesses have closed, even the hotel. So sad!

We visited the Doll Museum which was excellent. The woman owner talked and talked and described to us much about the thousands of things on display and some not on display. She also had bottles, music records and old radios. She had an old Astor battery portable valve radio, I think a GP model. I have serviced many of these when I worked for Astor Radio decades ago. More great memories. She told us she was intending to retire but her superannuation was tied up to the HIH insurance company so all is lost. Another sad story and we only heard one person's tale of grief.

We saw a few half-cast aboriginal people in town but what is there for them and white people to do?

For dinner we drove about 1km to the big BP petrol roadhouse and had not so hot Spare Ribs and Lasagne.

Thursday 26 Sept 2002 13c 213km
To Kalgoorlie Boulder

The radio reception is poor here as expected, only one or two AM stations and no FM stations to be heard at all. The TV reception was OK because much would come by either satellite or cable.

We enjoyed the cooler 13c as we saw on the TV before departing that Brisbane's temperature was 27C. An earlier departure this morning at 7am still on the #94 highway. We past a petrol stop called "Widgiemooltha" on the dry almost flat countryside. We saw the water pipeline which runs from Coolgardie to Norseman. It's about 30cm in diameter and some above ground and some below ground.

Coolgardie pop 800

What a town this must have been in the gold rush days. We arrived at 9am just as the Goldfields Exhibition Museum was opened for the day. This is a wonderful old building with so very much to see inside. I remind the reader Coolgardie was where the gold rush began, not Kalgoorlie. After the museum Marie and I had our early lunch of bacon and egg burgers in the little cafe across the street. We drove around the few streets and saw desolation. Also the Gaol Tree. This type of tree was used to chain wrong doers to before gaols were built. Something one doesn't think of, or at least I hadn't. We drove off at 11.00am for Koolgardie which is only 38km northeast.

Kalgoorlie (Kal)

pop 30,000

The area is actually called Kalgoorlie/Boulder.

The first accommodation we tried was another Big 4 caravan park which had cabins. No accommodation there. The man told me we may have had trouble finding it because the school holidays commence this weekend and that Monday was W.A.' Queen' Birthday holiday. At the fourth attempt we booked into the Sandlewood Motel. The woman seemed to have a little difficulty finding a room for us, four nights and a big coach was coming in one day. Anyway we were given room 45. The usual with a bath. No big kitchen which was OK because we both don' want my darling to be cooking all the time on our journeys. We would eat out. \$85.00 per night for a total of \$340.00 for four nights.

We drove up to the CBD and we were surprised by the size of Kal. We got plenty of information at the Tourist Centre and walked around a little. We then decided to check where the Hertz City office was because that' s where we had booked to drop Racheal off on Sunday. We drove along the street but could not find it, we found the number of the building amongst all the businesses so it must have been closed for good. Drats!

Back home I ' phoned the Hertz office which was at the airport and the woman told me that office had been closed for some time. I wasn' too pleased with the situation, Marie wasn' either. We thought that we should extend our rental of Racheal for another day. I asked the woman about that but she couldn' do it because Hertz Kal was only a franchise.

I then ' phoned the Hertz in Perth and they didn' know about the Hertz City closure either. But we could extend the rental which we did. When one rents a car ones Credit Card Imprint is always given to the rental company. So we would take Racheal to the Kal Airport and drop the keys into the slot in the counter. When I quizzed the Kal Hertz woman she said it was normal as there' not many flights in and out of Kal.

Friday 27 Sept 9c 107km **Just local sightseeing**

We departed at 8.15am and drove up the hill to the Mount Charlotte Lookout. This is where the long water pipeline from Perth via Coolgardie terminates in a tank or reservoir. We drove northward on the Goldfields Highway 38km to a ghost town called Broad Arrow. It was a big town in the gold rush days also with its own Stock Exchange and an hourly train service to and from Kal. In 1903 the population was 15,000 people but now only five people. Now only a pub which wasn' open because we were too early and another house/shop. As expected I wrote my name with a felt pen on the seat outside the pub door. This is what tourists are allowed to do then give a donation to the Royal Flying Doctor Service (RFDS). On the way back to Kal we passed the Two Up place then went to Hannan' Mine and Prospectors Mine Museum. \$10.00 entry each. Marie went to the new big building while I walked to all the

other buildings as they would have been years ago. I didn' do the Underground Mine Tour.

We went home for lunch after driving around some more. This city is quite clean and modern which no doubt is due to the resurgence of mining activities in the 1980' s. Other minerals are now mined and extracted from the old "tailings" as well as gold of course. We visited the RFDS and saw a video presentation then a woman took us out to one of the aircraft that is used. I put our donation in regards to the Broad Arrow pub into a box. Then to the Kal Airport to check out where I would leave Racheal on Monday morning. I saw only a cleaner doing his jobs; this is a small airport.

Then to an advertised tourist place, the Native Plants Demonstration Garden but it was closed. We miss some! We drove back to the CBD of Boulder and walked there and visited the Boulder Town Hall. We saw inside but not the famous Philip Goatcher Curtain which is a special curtain behind the front curtain at the back of the stage. We spoke to a cleaner man about the place and he allowed me to walk upstairs to the balcony. Magnificent! These such places in the wild outback in years past put many modern places to shame. The surround at the front of the stage is hand beaten metal with a pattern in it.

Along the main street called Burt Street we talked awhile to a woman in a plant nursery which are rare in these areas. She told us that W.A. people have a different culture outlook. It' mainly minerals, gold and agriculture not pretty flowers. We learnt that many items, plants etc can not be brought into W.A. but she said this is mainly referring to motorists driving in but not by train or boats. A big cacti nursery in Victoria called "Paradisia" will not send plants anymore because of the tightened laws on imports of plants into W.A. In any case such frivolities need water, also the salinity problem. Marie purchased a Kalanchoe Blossfeldiana for \$3.45 from her. It was taken out of the pot and wrapped in paper.

Back home to have dinner in the Motel' Restaurant tonight. We noticed nearly everyone we spoke to did not want any Victorian AFL footy team to win the Grand Final. They would barrack for the Brisbane Lions on Saturday, tomorrow.

Saturday 28 Sept 11c 32km **AFL Grand Final day** **Local sightseeing again**

It was windy but still sunny at 8.30am when we drove the 2km to the CBD again and bought our last groceries for our journey at Hannans Store.

Then to Hammond Park where we saw a miniature Bavarian Castle. Something not expected here. It is made of local mineral stones. We also saw some animals and birds, a small zoo. Back to the main street, Hannan Street where Marie bought some jewellery for presents.

Home by noon so I could watch the Grand Final on TV. Marie did some sorting of our brochures while I saw a very exciting game of footy. The Brisbane Lions finally held on to defeat Collingwood by nine points. Great!

At 5.45pm we drove back into town and had a nice Chinese meal near the Information Centre at the New Hong Kong Chinese Restaurant. Marie had a Sizzling Combination and I Satay Vegetables, yummy. Back home I 'phoned John and Lyn in Melbourne. John was in Sydney and Lyn thought he would have seen the Lions win.

Sunday 29 Sept 13c 4km

Just local sightseeing again

I washed Racheal by using our room' paper bin from a tap around the back of the motel. I always try to clean our rental cars before returning them. Marie wrote more of her Life Story and watched on the TV a River Dance show which was filmed in Geneva, really good and one we had not seen before. For dinner we drove to a Pizza Hut costing \$10.50 each. Back home we packed our suitcases.

Monday 30 Sept 16c

Our Indian Pacific (IP) section

This was going to be a long day. W.A.' Queen' s Birthday holiday.

We put our baggage outside our unit. I 'phoned a taxi and told them to send one to the Kal Airport in twenty minutes. I drove Racheal to the Airport, locked her, said my thanks to her and dropped the keys into the Hertz counter opening. It' always a sad occasion for us to leave our rental/lease cars as they are our portable home when we are travelling. No signing of paperwork just leave the keys. The taxi picked me up and we collected my darling and our baggage then to the Railway Station. The station woman wasn' too happy as we put our baggage in the special room and she locked the room. She was employed by the W.A. rail system whereas the IP belongs to another company, the Great Southern Railway.

She did say that the Indian Pacific (IP) arrived about 8.00pm. We walked up Hannan Street again but how deserted it was. We walked to the northern (top) end and of Kal and spent a couple of hours at the WA Museum, Kalgoorlie-Boulder which has a red painted replica mine construction where we went by lift to the top for a final view of Kal. For lunch over to Monty' where we had a not so good dry salad sandwich. No margarine or sauce dressing. We stopped at Brumby' and bought a small loaf of bread, as I thought in case the IP' meals were a bit light. How wrong I was! We had to pass time so we had a couple of drinks in the Kalgoorlie Hotel then sat on a seat outside the Town Hall. We walked the two blocks back to the railway station only to find it was closed and no seats or anything to sit on.

By this time it was about 5.30pm so we walked back halfway to Hannan Street to Red Rooster and had dinner there which wasn' that good. We stayed there for about an hour and a half. We also used their toilets. We walked back to the railway station where there seemed to be no more activity than earlier.

But alas, there was something happening!

I peaked passed a small wire side gate and saw two men. I was desperate by then. Could we come in and sit down to wait for the IP now, please. The security guard asked the other man who turned out to be the porter. Yes OK.

We sat down on a seat on the platform. Soon we found out as other people arrived that this man, the porter would open the room where our baggage was and put us on the train. The IP was a bit late to arrive about 8.30pm from Perth. The IP arrived and about a couple of hundred people got off to do a tour of Kal although there may have been some who departed it here. Marie asked the porter a few times about getting our baggage but was ignored or said "later". After awhile I told him I was nearly asleep and tired that we needed to get on the train. He finally got the train man to show us to our cabin with out baggage. This was Roman and the time 9.15pm.

At last!

Our beds were already made so we were soon in them, I to the top bunk at 10.30pm, a long day. Soon after the other people rejoined the train we were on our way. Good Night.



Tuesday 1 October

The Indian Pacific Train To South Australia

The Indian Pacific route from Perth to Sydney is one of the longest in the world moving over some of the most desolate dry country in the world, the distance being 4,352km. The distance we covered was a little less at 3,304km but there is a discrepancy between one map we have and the IP booklet we were given.

From now on the times of things, meals etc were a bit confusing due to the three time zones so bear with me.

From now on I can not tell the reader the temperature because the IP is airconditioned and there is no way I could put gauge outside other than possibly between carriages. Neither of us had a good nights sleep due to the constant train noise even though the rail lengths are now welded, the air noise coming into our cabin through the ceiling opening and the gentle rocking.

About 4.00am in the morning we commenced travelling on the longest straight railway line in the world. Just east of Nurina in W.A. the 478km, yes 478km straight starts and terminates between Ooldea and Watson in S.A.

At 6.35am we stopped at Forrest where the sunny morning looked hot because we saw what looked to me like a dust storm in the distance.

At 6.45am West Australian Standard Time (WAST) announcements and a story about the IP journey was played which we think was same as the cassette tape that Sue White of Harvey Travel lent us months ago. The background music is sung by Slim Dusty being "The Indian Pacific" song. It is narrated by Bud Tingwell and is very good. The single A4 little newsletter "On Track" was on the floor, it had been slipped under our door by our Hospitality Attendant, **Roman**. This sets out the days happenings on the IP.

Forrest

At Forrest which is named after the late Lord Forrest, a former Premier of W.A., there is an aircraft emergency landing place for even the biggest international aircraft as there are two airstrips 2km in length. It was about 6.35am. We saw a few eagles and solar cell units during the day.

Scotty who dances at the Chermside Citizens dance where we go on Friday nights, lent us some information about the IP because he did the journey some years ago. I photocopied the IP map from Perth to Sydney and has lots of places of interest marked on it. Many places such as; Curtin, Chifley, Cook, Kitchener, Haig, Reid, Deakin, Fisher, Bates, Barton, and Denman. Lord Denman was the Governor General who turned the first sod to commence the construction of Trans-Australian Railway at Port Augusta on the 14th of September 1912. There are many other places with Aboriginal meaning names.

At about 7.30am between Deakin and Hughes we crossed into South Australia. The map shows that an obelisk is on the northern side of the track but we didn't see it and there was no announcement made about it. I followed this the best I could which added to our enjoyment of the IP. We saw the fibre optic cable markers that replaced the old above ground 'phonewires. What a mammoth task it was to do both jobs in the first place, so many kilometres distance. Some time later announcements were made about the breakfast sittings and times, ours was the Sunrise Breakfast Sitting for

8.15am. We made our way walking towards the back of the IP into another sleeping carriage, into the lounge where we waited and talked to people. Then the people from the earlier sitting called the Daybreak Breakfast Sitting came out and we were soon called to move into the dining car for our breakfast for 8.15am. And what a breakfast! A good menu with some choices. Cereals, porridge, scrambled eggs, fried eggs, bacon, toast, jam, butter, coffee, tea.

Cook pop 2

At about 9.00am we arrived at Cook What a desolate depressing place Cook is now. Marie and I and I' sure most Australians would have seen on TV and in magazines articles and stories about this place. It was a very important railway stop during the steam train days. A stop for water and mechanical work etc. It's population then was 300 people. It had a hospital, school, swimming pool, general store, post office, locomotive workshop, airstrip, cemetery, and a golf course without a blade of grass. We had been told that this IP was particularly long due to the holidays, 750mt long, that is looonnnggg with 31 carriages including the Motor Wagon at the end where people had their cars loaded to be transported rather than drive this long distance. I took four ' photos of the IP but one can't see all the train due to the few trees near the station. But now it's almost a ghost town.

The school was a sad place to go into because there were still some of the children's project and picture books on the desks and floor, they just walked out. All we IP folk just walked around and were astounded by the place. I saw one woman sitting on the dusty ground gazing into the distance, a distance of nothing but dust, sky and some little waist high shrubs. There are still about twenty wooden houses in a row in a street just abandoned. The one house which has a little souvenir shop was crowded with people buying things and a very obese woman just sitting to take peoples money. I looked over the back fence and there was some attempt to grow vegetables. How remote and desolate.

Back on the train about noon and an announcement came over that the temperature outside was 43c. About 11.00am near Ooldea we came to the end of the straight line, 478km of it.

Our Cabin

Our beds/bunks were situated across the train, not lengthwise. One bunk above the other and a little ladder. During breakfast our beds were folded to make a lounge chair and during dinner they are folded into the sleeping arrangement. A little 40cm X 40cm fold down table at our window. Two 30cm deep wardrobes with some clothes hangers which are held by a strap to prevent them clanging. A small but room enough ensuite with a fold down toilet and fold down wash basin. A rack to hold ones little washing/shaving items. When having a shower a curtain is slid around to cover these things.

The shower has hot and cold taps and a good shower rose. Many such roses in accommodations all over the world these days are those water saving mist sprays that give one a cold shower. The IP shower is a good shower. In the main part of the cabin is a small mirror, a 240volt power point, the sound volume control and a couple of light switches.

There is room enough under the day couch or night bed to slide two 80cm x 60cm x 23cm size suitcases. There is also some more room above the little mirror where the volume control is situated. When the beds are made up each has a small light if one wants to read. A very dim night light which was too dim for us so I switched on the bathroom light and closed its door within 3cm so we could see to go to the toilet, especially for me getting down from my perch. The main light was quite bright enough to read, not like some motels/hotels.

Marie gave me two badges, one which says that I crossed the Nullabor, I love her.

Outside the scenery was little 4mt high shrubs and little hills or mounds. At 1.00pm we waited in the Club Car for the people at the earlier lunch, The Bushman' s Lunch Sitting at 12 noon, to exit. We were called for our lunch, The Swagman' s Lunch Sitting for 1.30pm. Another big meal of BBQ meat, lettuce, damper roll and cassata desert. While we were having lunch an announcement was made about a hermit type man' s house was coming up soon so the IP slowed down. I took a photo of this, a house made of junk, Milo tins and whatever he could use. His name is Ziggy Wieczorek who had been a railway worker for many years. No running water, electricity or gas here. Bless him! The announcer said that he has an unknown number of dogs. This was near Barton. After lunch I put my bed cover on the floor and had a sleep.

We stopped at Tarcoola for two minutes to drop and collect mail.

At 5.30pm we waited in the Club Car, had drinks and chatted to people to pass the time, this time for the people of the Sunset Dinner Setting at 5.30pm to exit. At 7.30pm we were there for our dinner, The Moonlight Dinner Sitting. Yes you guessed it. Another big meal. Marie chose fish and I kangaroo and both cheesecake. Very tasty! All too much for me. Everything was done in a very neat professional manner, the cutlery and crockery correctly setup. Better than we imagined it was going to be like. I point out that I think the Dining Car must be one of the noisiest in the world. We did what everyone else did and talked to the person or couple who were at our table, all great fun and very interesting what people have to say. But, there is no piano in our Club Car contrary to what we had seen on TV some time ago.

Another good and long day but totally different.

Wednesday 2 October

To New South Wales

We woke up at 6.00am in the outskirts of Adelaide as we requested that we have a cuppa brought to us in readiness to get off at Adelaide to have a walk around while others went on a bus tour. The Interstate Station is Keswick which is in an industrial area so no shops to walk to and have a breather. I walked to the head of the IP which was having the locomotive removed and I think have another one fitted. In any case some carriages were removed due to many people departing in Adelaide. I had not changed my watch which showed 6.15am but the S.A. time when we departed was 7.45am CET. Our breakfast was at 8.30am so we were a little hungry by then. The train staff changed here as our new Attendant was Dave.

At 12noon to 12.30pm we and a few others heard a talk about the IP system which included a couple of white champagne drinks. Another lunch which I did not go to but instead I had a sleep in our cabin. Marie enjoyed smoked salmon on a bagel. Some time later we stopped for a few minutes at Peterborough. This is where three different railway lines of three different gauges met years ago. W.A., S.A. and Victoria. People used to have to change trains here to continue the journey. Different locomotives and carriages. It was a bit of a nightmare and so was a very busy town. It was called Petersberg before WWII but because of its German connotations the name was changed as were many towns and places in Australia.

Broken Hill

At About 3.15pm we arrived in Broken Hill. Some people did a tour of it but the IP was running late so it was going to be a short tour, back on the IP at 4.15pm. Marie and I detrained into a hot day and just walked up and down part of the main street then back to the railway station. At the station on our return we checked out three or four people selling souvenir items. The IP moved out at 4.30pm when Marie and I had our showers rather than wait for after dinner which would have been rather late. We were learning. Now we noticed that the railway line was not as smooth as before so I assume the NSW Government have not upgraded the tracks east of Broken Hill.

For dinner I was hungry. Marie enjoyed her choice of lamb chops and pavlova while my choice was lamb chops and lemon slice. Very nice! Once again Marie said that there were far too many vegetables and she loves her vegies. Back in our cabin we finalised our packing ready for our departure in Sydney in the morning.

Thursday 3 Oct our final day

To Brisbane, home.

Even though the ride was rougher last night we both slept well. I think that the tracks have been upgraded close to Sydney.

We arose at 6.00am where we had stopped in

Lithgow.

Lithgow is in the Mountains. We had our final IP breakfast at 8.00am and got back to our cabin to just have enough time to clean our teeth and use the bathroom when an announcement came over that due to our closeness to Sydney and we were travelling through many stations the toilets would soon be locked. I think Dave came around soon after and locked them.

A warning to intending IP passengers!

Be back quickly after breakfast and use the toilet/bathroom before it is locked because by the time one gets out of the IP it could be another two hours before being able to use the Sydney station facilities.

Sydney

We arrived in Redfern and Central at 9.10am and had to wait for the train to be split in about half. The Sydney station platforms are not long enough for the IP. Our part of the IP was the front section and the rear section was shunted to another platform. We detrained at 9.50am so you can see there is quite awhile to wait since last using the bathroom.

We wheeled our own bags because we could not see any wheelie trolleys as in airports. We wheeled them about 150mt to the street where we waited for a taxi. A taxi to take us straight to the Sydney Qantas Domestic Terminal. The taxi cost us \$15.35 which was reasonable. One can get a train but there are many stairs and steps to negotiate which wasn't the best option for us. At the airport baggage checkin my suitcase weighted 26kg and Marie' 20.5kg, both overweight but not charged anymore. Great!

I set the security device beeps off. I went through it about three times and finally had to take my shoes and belt off. The security woman was so vary apologetic but we assured her that we didn't mind because she was doing a good thorough job. It should be this thorough everytime. The man with the handheld detector finally agreed with me that my metal hip was causing the beeps and let me past. I redressed myself and we were away to wait a couple of hours in the departure lounge. I walked to a desk to get a couple of Qantas baggage labels and they were still held together with a rubber band so I held the pile with my left hand and when I pulled out a couple one of them cut my thumb quite deeply. The labels are quite sharp so I was bleeding! Poor me, the traveller.

We boarded QF532 which departed about 2.15pm and had an uneventful flight to Brisbane. Marie again had no trouble with her nose pain problem by using the Olbas liquid which she sniffed at times. So good in fact that she sat in the window seat and looked out at the scenery.

We arrived in Brisbane and waited about ten minutes for Maria who picked us up in Butterfly. Grace and Christian were also in the car to welcome us both home. Great! The temperature was about 22c. My weight was 62kg so I gained 1kg.

Extra Items

I drove 3,200km in Racheal.

Racheal used 223lt of petrol costing \$223.00 these figures are the same because the cost per litre was between 95.9c/l and 102.5c/l

Racheal rental cost \$1824.00 for twenty three days at about 79.30 per day. This included a drop-off fee of \$350.00 because we hired it from Perth but dropped her off in Kalgoorlie. We did extend the rental one more day for about AUD\$60.00.

We used six rolls of 400 ASA print film.

We used four rolls of 400 ASA slide film.

Our accommodations excluding the two weeks in the two resorts and the week in the Imperial Hotel in Perth cost \$880.00.

The Indian Pacific for three nights cost \$1976.00 or \$938.00 each. It would have cost us about that for the cheaper Red Kangaroo Service up until 2002 when the prices for seniors had been reduced. Great!

Because we used our Frequent Flyer points for some of the journey, Brisbane to Melbourne and Sydney to Brisbane, it's hard to work out a paid figure. The Melbourne to Perth flight cost \$317.56 each = \$635.12. The Perth Emerald Hotel was part of the package with these flights costing us \$411.00 which included the transfer from the airport.

Our Travel Insurance cost \$274.00 for both of us.

The wildflowers

We did not see any big fields of wildflowers but we did see lots of individual types that are not seen on the Eastern coast of Australia.

A very enjoyable journey!

I used GreenStreet Publisher Version 3,
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