An Aussie Odyssey

BILL

How It Started

We were all sitting around the large oval-shaped Ethan Allen table in the dining room in our home in Mankato. I'm not clear whether it was Sunday noon, or an evening meal but it seems to me the family was all there. We had traditions, and surely one was having a "big" Sunday dinner at midday. Another was that we were all seated together for most meals except at noon on week days when the children were in school, Ann was teaching in Rapidan and I was at work. I said we were all home. That is except Becky, who was away at Hamline when the question was raised. Martin Carlson had been with us well over a month.

The question? It was Jim's: "Martin's here to find out what it's like to live in a foreign country. Why don't we ALL go someplace and see what it's like?" My memory is that Ann was the first to speak with an uncharacteristic, "Why not?" I use the word uncharacteristic because while Ann has always been open to new experiences, willing to change, willing to risk (think of how many times we moved), she was also good at voicing thoughtful questions. It was Ann who made a list of the pros and cons of many things, including, if memory serves me correctly, lists about whether or not we should get married. It was that kind of practical thinking which I counted on as a stabilizing force in the family.

What a freeing force that question "Why not?" was! If Ann would have said, "That's ridiculous, I won't consider leaving here. We've only lived here three years. We need to settle down", the entire course of all of our lives would have been different. We may have discussed it a little, but without Ann's approval, support, and very active participation I for one, would not have given that idea of going to a foreign country much more than a second thought.

But "Why not?" from Ann made this a discussable topic. I'm sure that in the

weeks which followed we discussed, as a group and between Ann and me, many of the practical questions which would follow a decision as far reaching as this one. I remember talking with Ann and raising questions about education for the children. Oddly I had few doubts about employment and supporting the family. I believe I had absolute confidence that my training and experience were usable and marketable any place in the world. I recognize there is a lot of unrealistic thinking in that statement, but I don't recall any doubts about our ability to survive, wherever we went.

I remember Jim asking an earth-shaking question a month or two before the one about going to a foreign country. That question was, “What are we going to do if Nixon's elected?” I remember my response was so immediate and definite, not at all typical of my own perceived self-concept as being deliberate and thoughtful, "We'll move to Australia!” I thought that was just an impulsive response and it had nothing to do with our ultimate decision.

I have no memory of thinking about or wishing to move to Australia either before that time or even during the next month or two. About all I knew about Australia was that the people who lived there came from England, and there were kangaroos and aboriginals there.

On hindsight I know that Ann and I talked about going to live in a different country when we were first married. We talked about going to a country in South America, (was it Uruguay or Paraguay) and perhaps do some work for the church. But I don't recall ever discussing that after Ann was pregnant with Becky, until the question was raised at the table twenty years after we had first talked about going abroad.

I recall day-dreaming while working out on the farm, not once but often. I would be driving a team of horses pulling a full manure spreader. Honestly. I was 16 or 17 and I pictured being in England with my Queen Ann. I was in love with her; I visualized her in beautiful clothes in a castle, and I was at her side, dressed in a kind of uniform waiting to do her bidding. And I was thinking, "If only she'll say yes!” Isn't it great that at least some of our fantasies come true? She did say "yes” and we've been to England twice, and in a few castles. She has been my queen always. Those thoughts while running the manure spreader weren't so far off after all.

I don't remember much discussion in the family about individual preferences

of places to go. It seems very real; perhaps because I've said it so many times. But somehow three major criteria developed for choice of ultimate destination:

First, it would have to be an English speaking country. That eliminated a whole set of new experiences, didn't it? I'm sure we thought that there would be enough new problems that we shouldn't add language to the challenge.

Second, quality education should be readily available.

Third, it should be a good climate. That has most meaning if you recall that we had been living back in the Midwest for nine years and that we had lived in Phoenix for two years between 1957 and 1959. We knew there would be a temperate climate somewhere where we would be happy.

One of the places in which I felt some interest was the continent of Africa. We had a strong positive experience with some families from Zimbabwe (then Rhodesia) who were students at Morningside College in Sioux City, Iowa in 1963 or 1964 when we were living in Cherokee, Iowa. That may have been one of the reasons. Another was that some good friends, Rowland and Winness Anderson from St. Cloud, Minnesota had been in Africa for several years. He had been teaching African teachers to teach mathematics. They had just completed their assignment and had returned to St. Cloud when I called them.

"Don't go to Africa!" That was the advice Winness gave us. They had developed some unusual physical symptoms so they were concerned about what one or more of our children would pick up. The other issue was about schools. They thought the likelihood of the children having to attend a boarding school somewhere away from us would not be to our liking. They were right.

I had been attending a meeting in northern Minnesota when I drove through St. Cloud and made the telephone call which elicited the information about why we should not go to Africa. So I drove on to Minneapolis and stopped at the British Trade Office there (that would be something like a Consulate). That experience was memorable too. The up-front Brit heard from me that our family wanted to have an experience living in a different country, and that we had decided it should be English speaking. "Well for goodness sake don't come to England. We've got more people there than we know what to do with now!"

The experience was not all hopeless though, because that man gave me the address of the Australian Consulate in New York City. So we corresponded with them, received vast amounts of literature about Australia, and we more or less gave up looking for other possibilities. I do not recall a formal family meeting to decide all this. Could this have been a case of "one-man-rule"?

I will surely be interested in what other family members say about this. What I remember sounds much too simple, too easy. Why wouldn't we agonize and fret about the decision?

I remember that we pumped Patricia Madigan, an Australian AFS student in Mankato that year for her opinions and ideas. I also remember having a couple who were teaching in Northfield be our guests for dinner one cold winter Sunday noon. I'm sure the main purpose of that visit was to get to know someone, to raise questions and gain knowledge. Other than the fact that she wore a miniskirt and no coat. I recall nothing of our discussion about Australia.

WORD GOT AROUND

I remember telling lots of people of our plans to move to Australia. When I told people I felt the same kind of joy and excitement that I used to feel when I proudly told someone we were going to have another baby.

It seems strange but there are certain people I don't remember telling. Those probably were people who didn't react with anger, joy or curiosity, but said something like, "Oh, really. When do you leave?" I think it was hardest to tell the family. I recall feeling how important it was to tell my sister, Dorothy. It would not have been something she would have done, but if we chose to do it, then she would wish us well and bless us. It was hardest to tell Ann's mother Pearl. I think we both dreaded it. She'd been a widow for about three years at the time we decided we had to tell her. We didn't want her to hear about our move from someone else.

We went for a long ride in the car on a Sunday afternoon, just Mother, Ann and me. It seems to me we headed east of Mankato toward Waseca. I don't recall whether Ann or I said, 'We're going to move to Australia. Pearl's response was so fast, "I'll

come and see you." Her initial absolute acceptance was very important to us. I'm sure she had many misgivings about our going, but she didn't talk about them to us. And she did come to see us! She, with Aunt Clara and Aunt Alma made that terribly long plane trip with good grace. They spent several weeks with us, and enjoyed the kangaroos, koala, our new Australian friends and the beautiful flowers as much as anyone. They were wonderful guests. My sister Helen and her husband Bud came too. What a thrill for us.

One of the difficult tasks I had was to tell the employees and the Board of Directors of the Mental Health Center where I was Director. The main right hand man, Richard Palazza was the first person I felt I should tell. He reacted with surprise, as did almost everyone I can think of. Dorothy Severson who had been the clerical person who had been with me from the beginning, the second employee, was excited for us, but fearful for the center and what would happen with different leadership. The Center and its functions did change. That is the nature of organizations. I know she moved from the area before we returned. Ken Berg, Editor of the Mankato Free Press was on the Board of Directors of the Mental Health Center. He was truly intrigued by what we were planning. He wrote several stories in the newspaper in which his awe shows through. Bob McTigue was supportive and excited for us. He was always positive (still is) and I think he has always understood the value of people stretching themselves and that's why he was excited and happy for us. Roger Wolfe was another board member and a representative from Le Seuer county Board of Commissioners. I think he had begun to feel good about the Mental Health Center, and our program. His reaction when I told him our family was moving to Australia was, "You're nuts!" Security, stability were important to him, and he saw the move as a jolt to all those things we had while living and working in Mankato. Besides, he liked me and what I had done to help make the Mental Health Center a viable operation.

It seemed to me that literally hundreds of people said, "Oh, I've always wanted to move to Australia." For a long time that surprised me since I had never thought about it. Many men had experienced Australia during World War II. They wanted to go back. I reached a time when, although I don't think I said it to anyone, I felt like saying, "Go. If you want to go to Australia, then you can make it happen." I didn't say

that before we went, but I've said it to many people in the more than twenty years since we've been back in the USA. So the general reaction was one of mild interest by some, strong interest by others, jealousy by some, sheer amazement by others. "Oh, we could never do that. My kids just wouldn't do that." or "I wouldn't dare, there's too much risk." Some of the people I mentioned in an earlier paragraph who said they'd always wanted to go to Australia were of two kinds too. Some said it as if you would say, "I've always wanted to land on the moon." But a much smaller number of those people had a longing, a very strong wish and need to go. I don't know any who followed through with their dream.

PREPARATION FOR LEAVING

The sales at our house were the first things which come to my mind when I think of getting ready. Of course, telling others was the first important step in getting ready to go to Australia. That's not quite correct. The first steps were what we've already covered here. But the telling others was a way of convincing ourselves we were going off on this adventure. It may be it was an unconscious way of convincing ourselves of the validity of our plan. The idea that maybe if we told enough people we would have to go ahead with our plan must be considered.

But the sales were it! I don't remember another time before that when I felt such a strong bonding within the family as when we were getting ready for those sales. Of course we had many prior all family experiences, especially summer trips. Who can forget camping in the Boundary Waters, Yellowstone, Montreal, Maine, eating at Dergen Park in Boston? But the sales required us to begin to actually separate from things. The canoe is one of those vivid things. Perhaps everyone had a different amount of investment in the various sales, but they did require pulling together. It was a lot of work too, so the pulling together was essential to the success of the venture.

Having the house sell quickly and without fanfare was a pleasant happening as part of our effort in getting ready.

The farewells were one of the important parts of getting ready to go. In some ways for me, and I know this seems strange to say, but saying goodbye to Martin

Carlson, our AFS student from Sweden, a few weeks before was like a beginning of saying goodbye. There was a fact which always loomed in those goodbyes, and that was the possibility that we would not see those loved ones again on this earth. That was never spoken, and I realize now that I said, "We'll be seeing you" more often than I could count, and that was because I couldn't bear the thought of not seeing that person again. So "we'll be seeing you" was an evasion of the fact, a ruse which made it possible to say goodbye to literally hundreds of people without a great feeling of loss. We couldn't do it if we felt the pain of some of those separations without a cushion of some kind.

I remember the picnic the staff of Mental Health Center organized. It was at a summer resort managed by Gen Schulte, one of the women who worked at the clinic. I remember lots of food. It's the sweet com which stands out most. It was beautifully cooked and so good, my mouth waters as I write. That group was so thoughtful in their gift to me -- a radio which had an AM band, an FM band and a short wave band so we could pick up the USA after we moved to Australia. It was a real disappointment when our furniture arrived in Tucson from Australia to learn that the radio was stolen somewhere en route. We were able to use it with a transformer in the kitchen at 83 Cross Road. We tried to listen to the USA after we got there. It was the thoughtfulness of the idea that made it so special. I loved the people who gave us the radio and I wanted to keep it.

The trip to Seattle and selling the cars is the third segment of getting ready to leave I want to comment on. We had stayed with Grandma Pearl at her house on our last night before we were beginning out departure from Minnesota. We had a 1968 Dodge Polara and the Volkswagen. The Dodge would pull the handy little two wheeled trailer which contained all the books, records, clothes and dishes we were taking with us. Aunt Dorothy and Uncle Don came over to the house to say goodbye (again). My eyes were very wet as we hugged and began this amazing adventure. Obviously there was some sadness that we had harbored at leaving, even though we strongly believed we would see all those people again. We did. I can't think of one person to whom we felt very close who died during our absence. But we were on a big gamble and we won.

WHAT DID I GIVE UP?

What did I give up? Everything! It's true. Things, tangible articles were almost all gone. We took some book, records, music, clothes and dishes with us. But we sold or gave away many "things" which we enjoyed. I think that even today as I look back that the giving up of those things was an important part of the experience. We had given up almost everything we owned. But now we had literally everything. We were not wealthy in terms of dollars. We had confidence in ourselves. We had each other. We had good health. We had education and the potential for doing whatever was necessary to survive in a new country.

We gave up living close to our extended family. The children gave up living close to their grandmother, their aunts and uncles and their cousins and their friends. At the age they were when we left that must have been hard. I will be curious what they will have to say about it. Odd that we have never spent much time talking about the positive and negative aspects of the experience. So no matter what is said by each of us, there will be surprises. At this point there will be no hurts when and if someone in the family reports strong negative reactions. I'm convinced we did what we did with sound motives. But surely we all suffered loss at leaving.

Ann left her mother and sister and friends and a job which was often very rewarding.

I left my brother and sisters. I left my position at the Mental Health Center and the financial security which was part of that. I left a certain status in the community which was comfortable and reinforcing. I left friends at the Center, and the people with whom I worked in the community and especially I missed certain members of the Board of Directors.

I gave up, as we all did a known, predictable, stable way of life. Church, schools, social environment (it was home) for some thing which was unknown, unpredictable and a drastic change.

How can I answer the question, "How did you feel about it?"

Was it pure simple mindedness, naiveté or immaturity which permitted us to

make this awesome transition from comfort and security to an unknown world? I have felt almost guilty at times for my lack of guilt for letting this move happen. If I had ever fancied myself as sole head of the family then I suspect I should have felt even more guilty. I realize in looking back that I never have taken full responsibility for the decision to move to Australia. I have often quoted Ann's question "Why not?", and have told many people we had family discussions and meetings until we arrived at a consensus that we would do it. Those were ways of shedding some of the onus.

But that kind of democracy in a family was not typical of the upper Midwest. It may well have been disconcerting to friends and family who looked at little pieces of what happened but didn't know about or understand the dynamics within our nuclear family. Truly who does ever know those secrets? I look forward eagerly to read what others in the family write about, especially about the decision to go, and whether they felt involved in it. It would indeed be ironic if all the children thought their parents made the decision and worked out the plans independent of them.

In spite of the waffling and denial one answer to the question of "how did you feel? is guilty. Guilty for taking the family so far away from extended family, and exposing them to all the uncertainties that followed that kind of decision. But "guilty" has to be qualified quickly. That is probably the least of my emotions, but it's one I didn't want to omit.

I felt proud. A big part of our freedom to make this decision came from knowing that all of the children were successful at their work, which at that point in their lives was school first and foremost. But I believe we had a sense they were doing well in other aspects of their lives: they had friends; they were active in other activities; they were generally easy to live with. In other words they were growing up well and in such a way it inspired in us confidence they could adjust well to a new environment. So deserved or not, I thought we (especially Ann) had done a fine job of raising the children, and they were mature enough to take a giant step and risk the known for the unknown. I remember feeling pride in the ways the children were handling this big move, with excitement, enthusiasm and confidence. There was very little complaining which you might expect from people aged from 13 to 18 when we first began talking about the move.

I felt confident. I knew for certain I would find employment in Australia. The one thing which you may feel contradicts that is that I have often said, then and later, that I knew if I didn't find work, everyone in the family could. But I was confident because of my training in my profession, my work experience and my self concept that I would be able to be employed and support the family.

I felt isolated. It's only with hindsight that I recognize this emotion as having been present. We personally knew of no one with a family the size of ours, who had just taken off, left the country and started off on their own. So no matter what people said about our leaving, positive or negative, it seemed to me we were standing alone, and no one could truly know what we were experiencing. This was not an overwhelming emotion, but one I am conscious of as I think of how it was.

I felt loved. Somehow in 1969 the words, "I love you" were harder to say to parents and siblings than they are today. But I felt love from my family of origin, and much love from friends in Mankato. That was very important. It was essential to me that we leave with basically good feelings rather than with animosity and discord.

Fear is an emotion I rarely admit to, it's so disabling. In deep recesses it is an emotion which must have been there, but I cannot describe when or where I felt it. The notion that our plan would not work just couldn't be a part of what we would let in our conscious mind. We did what we felt was right in getting information on which to base decision making, we made the decision, and then there was no turning back, there was no room for fear or doubt. But somewhere it had to exist, and the defense mechanism known as denial must have been working overtime some of the time at least.

The most serious questions I recall were very close to the time we would be leaving Mankato. Does everyone remember a visit from an American educator and his wife who had just returned from living and working in Australia? We invited them to came to better prepare ourselves for the new experience. We were excited and anticipating our trip. They were realistic and had just come home. Their responses to every question we asked was honest from their standpoint. Every situation, every possible question we asked was answered with both a positive and a negative response. The one that has stayed with me most clearly was about food, meat to be

exact. "How about the meat? Was it fresh?" we asked. "Well yes it was fresh. Almost too fresh." was the response. Later remembering that Australian meat was redder and apparently not hung in cold storage to age, we knew exactly what they meant. We didn't at the time they told us. In our desire to have a positive spin on everything when we were so close to leaving we had wanted only "It was great" kind of responses. We really were not ready for honest opinions which looked at both sides and saw things realistically. I smile as I recall that evening. The new returnees were fine people giving useful information. We were not in a position to hear everything they had to say just at that time. I'm sure we could have shared much more if we had seen them at the end of our trip rather than before it started.

Most of the intended audience for this writing know that my tender emotions are usually close to the surface. I cry when I see little children, I cry in movies, I cry at a beautiful scene in nature, and sometimes I cry when a piece of music touches me. I cry when I'm proud and I cry when I'm sad. I cry about losses and sometimes I cry over gifts.

There are very few times when I have left Minnesota that I didn't have some tears. So I do remember fighting tears as I drove the Dodge pulling the trailer away from Grandma's home. I didn't win the battle, but I had to have clear eyes for driving so I got it under control quickly. So I cried over the sheer enormity of the decision we had made many months before and the potential for a loss (death) of some family member before we returned. I cried because maybe somewhere in my mind was a fear that it was all a mistake. We shouldn't be doing it.

Mostly I cried with relief All our efforts at getting ready, all the pain of separation and loss which I had dreaded were now behind us. We were on our way! One family in two cars were setting out for a place we had never seen, a culture we knew little about, to an uncertain employment situation and we were excited.

Earlier I talked about some of the reactions of other people, and the kind of response ("we'll see you again") which gave us protection from the possibility that it may not happen, and that we truly may not see that person again. I think of that as an unthinkable thought, so I steeled myself against that idea. I remember feeling as if our departure date would never come. That problem came about because we had to plan

for so long, not just within the family, but with all the outside influences. Not only was I leaving the Mental Health Center, but I was also teaching in the Sociology Department at Mankato State. The employees, board members, the agency people with whom we worked closely, all these people had to be prepared for my leaving, and assured about the future, while at the same time I was experiencing often the pain of separation. Some of them were too.

One of the hardest things about that long period of preparing ourselves and the other people who would be affected was the question, "What, haven't you left yet?" It didn't happen half the time but it did occur many more times than I was comfortable with. No one intended to be offensive in their remark, but it was hard sometimes not to feel that person was eager to have us leave.

HOW DID WE GET THERE?

One would think that traveling from Minnesota to Seattle with all the family in two cars should provide all sorts of memories. I only remember one: that is stopping at the home of our old friends, Ed and Jess Stickney in Miles City, Montana. Ann and I knew Ed pretty well and we knew Jesse some. None of the children had ever met. I do remember singing around the piano. Ed and I had sung in a male quartet at Macalester for at least two years. He played organ too. I remember the house, a large two story much like the ones we had lived in Cherokee and Mankato. I felt warmly received and I felt we all were, but there, as with many places, we were as a group somewhat overpowering. It wasn't because we made so much noise, or were adamant in our views about things. It was just that we took up so much space and had a lot of vitality.

I remember feeling that we had reached an important goal when we got to the top of the mountains east of Seattle and started our descent. Would this be our last trip into this lovely place? We knew that our home for the next ten days would be with Helen and Bud in their home next to the freeway near Issaquah. This would be our last stopping off place before we left for the voyage and whatever awaited us in Australia.

My father's first cousin Zoey and her husband Otis (Slip) Alm spent some time with us when we were there. It seems to me they were still there when we set out on the day of our departure, and that Zoey was with that little group who were waving as we left the pier in Vancouver, B.C.

The days with Helen and Bud were busy. We had to try to sell both of our cars as well as deliver our belongings which were going to be in the cargo hold of the Oriana. We accomplished those tasks without too much difficulty. We delivered the Dodge on our way to Vancouver. The man who bought it paid in cash, $1500. I can still see Jim and Ned then 15 and 16, counting that money several times to be sure it was right. I remember it seemed a tremendous amount of cash to me. It must have been much more unbelievable to those teenage boys.

The trailer we used to transport our gear, clothing, books, and music had some more significance than just being a big box on two wheels. A friend helped build it in Cherokee. We painted it white, and Becky and WinAnn, a friend from Aurelia painted Snoopy (from Charles Schultz' Peanuts) with some words in the caption. We had used it to travel to Montreal (Expo 67) and on to Maine, Boston, Washington, D. C. I think it had gone to Seattle once before. It held our tent, sleeping bags, and all the other gear we needed for camping. Passengers in other cars used to smile and wave as they passed us because they enjoyed seeing the cartoon.

On that night after we had delivered our "freight" to the Oriana's dock the boys and I agreed on what to say when we were asked the whereabouts of the trailer. Finally someone at the dinner table asked the question. We said we had just unhooked it and wheeled it over a cliff. There were more questions and especially some concern that we had done something quite illegal, not to mention stupid! What had really happened was that we stopped at a filling station in Everett or one of those little towns between Canada and Seattle and sold the trailer for $15. Of course it was worth more than that, but at least we had disposed of it properly and we weren't, as my sister feared, leaving debris in Washington, their beautiful state. The humor of that situation, if there was any, was that the careless dumping of the trailer was so out of character for the boys and me. No one could believe we'd do a thing like that.

Just the logistics of traveling to Vancouver on sailing day was an effort. Not only

my cousin, Zoey, but Bud's step-mother, his nephew, Greg, and of course Bud and Helen were all involved in driving to Vancouver and seeing us off. One of the reasons was because we couldn't drive our Dodge all the way to Vancouver because we'd sold it in Everett, so someone had to pick us up there and take us the rest of the way.

The Oriana was one big ship! I think it held 3,000 passengers and a crew of 1500. We were at the ship plenty early and it was fun to find our two staterooms which were on one of the lower decks, and were located "back to back". I shared a room with David, Ned and Jim and Ann shared with Becky, Sue and a woman who was saving money (just like us) by sharing a stateroom with people she didn't know. It worked fine. The stateroom had two bunk beds, some closet space and a sink for washing up. I don't remember if Helen was with us when we did our first inspection of our room. But I remember hugging her and saying goodbye before she and the others had to leave the ship. We were playing out a scene from the newsreels and movies. We were on the ship and they were on the shore.

It seemed ages to me from the time the relatives had to leave the ship until we finally were under way, although it was probably less than an hour. We finally did move, and we continued to wave for a long time. But what is most clear in my mind is the "umbilical cord" which someone had fashioned. Panty hose, or maybe they were just nylon stockings, had been tied together then tied to something very secure on the dock and on the ship. That cord must have stretched for more than a half mile. There was something symbolic about that cord I thought. It demonstrated the ambivalence someone was feeling about leaving North America. Naturally someone can say that I was just imposing my feelings on someone else's actions. I still suspect that the person who went to that much effort had some very close tie they didn't want to sever. I have no idea whether the cord was cut or broke in its stretch. I do know it was a long one.

Even today, 25 years later, the feeling is vivid. The feeling of separating from the known, even though it was Vancouver, British Columbia, and going to the unknown. It doesn't feel like fear looking back, but anticipation. There was undoubtedly some repressed anxiety with all of the uncertainties inherent in our situation. But the way we had prepared ourselves helped make the experience on the ship before we left

Vancouver one which was not all sadness or apprehension. We were doing something unheard of in our circle of friends and relatives.

I need to back up here a bit because that last statement is not true. Ann's paternal grandparents had come from Germany as young people. Her maternal grandfather was born in Denmark and her Norwegian grandmother was born in Canada en route to the U.S. I believe both sets of my great-grandparents had come from Wales to a new country and a new life. We were just not used to having it happen with our contemporaries.

I remember a bit of panic when we learned that we could not lock up our cash until the Bursar would help us the following day. I don't believe I had ever held the amount of cash we were now carrying, nearly $2,000. We had counted on being able to lock that money up right away. I think I had it under my pillow that first night. I slept well even so!

The Oriana was a big comfortable old ship, spacious and well planned to accommodate a lot of people. We had a steward assigned to us for our staterooms, and we had the same waiter throughout the trip. We had all of our meals together. I'm very glad we did because that seemed about the only contact we had with the children. We had some chance to share experiences, and know that at least most of the time everyone was OK. I remember that Becky had a particularly bad time with sea sickness, so she had more skipped meals that anyone else. We had been warned that within a couple hours of Vancouver we would encounter a rough sea. We did. The warning was appropriate but it didn't help much. I seemed to manage all that movement pretty well. It was in that part of the Pacific and later on the Tasman Sea between New Zealand and Australia when we had the roughest sailing. The Oriana had huge stabilizers which helped make the roll of the ship much less than one without that equipment. Just the same, those were rough seas.

The stewards and the cooks on this ship were from Goa, an Island off the west coast of India. They spoke English in that distinctive way people from India do. It was a new sound to us but one which I have come to appreciate and enjoy. Maybe it's because we know and love quite a few people from India. But almost everyone else on the ship spoke with an accent different from our own too. The Canadians, and

there were several families of them, sounded most like us. On the ship and later in Australia some people were intrigued with our speech. I was asked by some if I was from Ireland. My only explanation for any difference from other Minnesota accents was the Welshness in my early years. While it was true my parents only spoke Welsh when they didn't want us to know what they were saying, nearly every adult I knew as a child had Welsh as either the first or second language. That probably had some impact on the cadence and tone of my speech. I was amazed at how quickly some of the words and phrases we heard on the ship became our own. "A bit" was never in my vocabulary before this trip. Perhaps "a little bit", but never "a bit" to describe just a little of something. I still use it.

The Oriana had some wonderful passengers. The former Army Colonel who we learned later lived in Glenelg, that beautiful suburb of Adelaide where he kept his sailing ship in the marina. I remember so clearly the day he was leading us in some exercises on the deck. He wasn't assigned this task. He simply took command. His manner, his accent, his discipline were a caricature. He actually said, "Keep a stiff upper lip lads" to us as he exhorted us to stretch our muscles a little more. Later after we had moved to Adelaide we all had a meal on his boat with him and his wife. They each in their own way were as strong as the other. We enjoyed our time with them.

Then there were the Marshalls who became surrogate parents to us. Ann Marshall, tall and stately with an abundance of grace and charm, first caught our eye on one of the game nights on the Oriana. She gave us a signal to join them and another couple at their table. We enjoyed Ann and Tim immediately. Tim had a quiet, soft-spoken manner which always made me feel that he could teach me a lot. Ann was more forthcoming and open. You'll hear about them later in the story.

The surprising passengers on the ship were those Americans who were leaving the United States for what I can only call unwholesome reasons. A few families from the East Coast States surprised me with their racism. They believed that moving to Australia was a solution to their problems. Many stayed in Australia only a few months before returning to the USA. I wonder if they learned the lesson that you can't run away from yourself. Some Canadians were looking for more opportunities for themselves, and we heard of several of those families who did not stay in Australia

long either.

I hope someone else will describe the Oriana's dining room. My memories of it are rather vague. Did we sit together in a large booth, or was it a table in the middle of the floor? I do remember having an omelet with lots of curry. That was a new experience. There was nothing unusual about it being curry flavored on this trip. Almost everything was. I doubt we had ever tasted curry in anything so there was some initial adjusting to be done.

Our first stop was in Honolulu. We were to be in port from about 8 am until midnight. We didn't hurry off the ship, since we had so much time. We were surprised when a man and woman approached us with leis for everyone. It had been years since I had seen Wayne and Donna, Uncle Bud's brother and sister-in-law: My sister had contacted them and arranged for this beautiful welcome. We arranged to meet them for dinner at their home and were free to take in some of the sights, sounds and smells of Honolulu.

We went to a United Methodist Church service. The music was familiar but with a Hawaiian sound. We went to the military cemetery; I think it's called Punch Bowl, where thousands of U. S. servicemen buried. There was a huge marble memorial and we found my brother's name: DAVID NEWTON ROBERTS. He was honored there because he died when on an airline flight between two of the islands in the midst of World War II in 1944. He was swept off a wing, the only one of 42 passengers on the flight who died.

The trip across the Pacific on the Oriana did many things for us. The one which was most personal for me was that I was able to finish with my brother's death. I had a recurring dream from the time of his death until this trip. That dream had me seeing Newt walking up on a California beach in a kind of miraculous watery resurrection. Was it crazy and unreal? Of course it was. The dream was not however. The dream was always happy; I was thrilled to see Newt again. But then there was the sadness on awakening to realize it was the dream once more. That vast expanse of ocean finally helped me bring my logic and emotions together. I never again had the dream.

I don't remember much more about that day in Honolulu. It was lovely and tropical: a new experience for each one of us. In the evening at Wayne and Donna

Meredith's home their daughters did a Tahitian dance for us. That dance was another tip that we were having a chance to open ourselves to new cultural experiences. Just being on the Oriana was an opening in that window. Being in Hawaii was another.

The next leg of the journey was the longest uninterrupted stretch on the entire trip. I don't remember how many days it was from Honolulu to Fiji. We crossed the Equator and the International Date Line. I recall that Jim and I were in our stateroom conducting an experiment when we crossed the equator. The hypothesis in this experiment was: running water will reverse its course as it flows down the drain and change to counterclockwise from clockwise. Eureka! The water in that sink on that day changed its direction at the time of crossing.

Fiji was an even more exotic stop than Honolulu. Here the effect of colonial rule were evident when the men in the band with bagpipes wearing kilts met us at the dock. The sight was a recreation of some movie set in Africa or India where the British had commanded the surface of life, but not everything which happened behind closed doors. Shopping here was exciting. Some products were more exotic that we had seen. We still have a basket and a large wooden bowl from that day of shopping. The stereo set we bought that day is hardly the worse for wear. It still plays our records, cassettes and AM and FM radio every day.

The last stop before Australia was Auckland, New Zealand. Remember it was mid-September. Auckland was cold but not Minnesota mid-winter cold. I recall women on the dock wearing long coats, and what seemed to be very old-fashioned hats. There was another culture shock, because it seemed those New Zealanders were, on the surface, 20 or 30 years behind us in styles. Subsequent contact with New Zealanders tells us that was an inappropriate assumption. We have never failed to be impressed with the warmth and courtesy of the New Zealanders we've met. And we've met them everywhere around the world. They never seem to be in a cultural lag. Often it's we who are when compared to the Kiwis.

We visited a museum in Auckland where the history of the migration of the Micronesian people, the evolution of the Maori people, and the developments (not all could be called progress) which accompanied the settlement by the British settlers.

Perhaps the most memorable event on this stop was the taxi ride we had from

the ship to our destination in the city. It was the first experience we'd had with traffic driving on the left side of the road. That was a bit of a shock to start with. But the most startling thing was that drivers did U-turns in the middle of a block without any apparent fear of accidents or arrest. Our driver did that and at a fairly fast speed. We recovered!

The trip from Auckland to Sydney was the roughest of the entire cruise. We hadn't heard about the Tasman Sea before we reached it. The Tasman is the body of water between New Zealand and Australia of course. I remember standing on a deck as close to the level of the water as possible. The waves were huge spectacular beasts which seemed to be level with the top deck of the Oriana, and I was able to watch from what must have been thirty or more feet below: It was awesome.

There were so many new experiences on our trip. There were the accents from Ireland, Wales, Scotland and of course England. There were New Zealand and Australian accents, Canadian and some from other Pacific Islands. There were gentle people and some angry ones. That was especially true for some Americans who, in hindsight, were trying to escape from themselves. It didn't work.

Another new experience was seeing English films. To this day I can relive the sheer insanity we saw in "Carry On Up the Khyber". There were some other English films, but that was our introduction to the "Carry On" series. We saw several more when we were living in Australia.

I had a new experience interacting with people. It has always been a habit of mine to inquire fairly early in a contact with someone, "What do you do?" After years of thinking about it, and even doing some reading on the subject I am left with the thought that work is somehow more central to our lives in America than it is for people in the Commonwealth. I'm sure that we categorize people, put them in our pigeon holes as an incidental part of the response to that question. But I had never had the kind of cold, silent treatment as when I asked that question on board ship. I finally asked someone I trusted and liked what I was doing wrong. That person told me that it is something of a faux pas to ask. One's work is a private matter. The assumption is that the questioner wants to put the person of whom he is inquiring in a class. That's not the thing to do, especially to Australians who consider themselves democratic

and "classless". I have no idea whether there has been a significant change in that attitude in the 25 years which have elapsed since learning of my insensitivity. I have a couple more memories from the trip: Dave won a contest and received a prize. The other memory was our musical "gift" to the passengers. One night Ann played piano, Becky violin, Sue her flute and Ned his bassoon. It must have been an amateur night program for about 500 passengers. I remember feeling very proud. We also did some singing. Does everyone remember singing "Downtown"?

One of the strange memories of the Oriana was the day Captain Jensen came on the loudspeaker and announced: "Now hear this! There will be no Saturday this week. Repeat. There will be no Saturday this week!" That was our introduction to the International Date Line and the experience, Godlike, of having a day banished, thrown away so to speak, never to be heard from again. Such is the power of the Captain of the Ship!

OUR ARRIVAL IN SYDNEY

I remember being awake very early on September 19, 1969. I was soon standing on the top deck, not seeing any land. We went for breakfast and when we came out we could see the Sydney Heads. They were just rocky formations which I now visualize as sentinels guarding the entrance to Sydney Harbour. They were very impressive formations.

Anticipation, excitement, apprehension were all mixed up on that early morning. There was some of each and other emotions as well. What would our life be like? What kind of work would I have? What "dangers" lurked ahead of us as we were about to begin a new life? Would the schools work right for the children? Sue, Jim and Ned would all be in high school. If we were home they would have just begun 9th, 10th and 11th year: Would Dave, who gave up his Merit Scholarship at Macalester go to college here? What about Becky who had a Presidential Scholarship at Hamline University for one year before we left find what was right for her? It wouldn't be long now until we had some answers to our questions. We were headed toward the docks in Sydney.

There was a group to welcome us. We had learned the names of two American

families who were living in Sydney and with whom we had a brief exchange of letters. The McClain's were one. Dougal was a psychiatrist from Nebraska. who was related to someone in Mankato. I remember receiving a letter in Mankato from his wife Carol. It described the weather in Sydney in July. She was at the pier; and so was Wendy Tanner who had brought two other Americans who were living in Sydney. Wendy Tanner was the Australian wife of Veiko Tanner who had attended Macalester in the 1950's. I had seen his name in the Macalester Alumni newsletter. We'd gotten his address and apparently sent some information to say we would be arriving on the Oriana on this date. Veiko's father was from Finland and they were in foreign service, of either Finland or the United States.

It was truly a relief to meet some Americans who were living and working in Australia. They inserted some reality into what seemed more dreamlike than anything else. We would learn that there were some differences in our cultures which were somewhat frightening but for this day, our arrival in Sydney day, nothing could mar the excitement we felt.

We learned that we would be going to the Migrant's Hostel in Burwood. That was a suburb not far out from the central city (Sydney).

I can't recall how we connected with the other folks. Did they have signs with our name? My recollection is that we met briefly, got some invitations for more contacts within the next few days. The emotion was relief and pleasure at finding people who had children the ages of ours, and some older and some younger! Here were people who had already experienced some of the culture shock we had in store. We would have some understanding help through our experience. That was a relief.

We each had our suitcases which contained the clothes we had on the Oriana when we met the people from the Department of Immigration. The "freight" which we had taken to Vancouver to be stored in the hold of the ship would be delivered to us in Burwood several days later. My recollection of that meeting is very hazy. So is any memory of how we got to Burwood Migrant's Hostel that day. I remember riding on a very busy street, lined with business, including lots of pubs in order to get to our destination. I recall one other family from the Oriana who came to live at the hostel too, I don't know where the other people went whom we had met on the Oriana and

who, like us, had left the United States.

Burwood's Migrant Hostel was an interesting place. Its residents were mostly from England, but there were a few Welsh and Scots as well. We were assigned rooms, essentially bedrooms, but we had one large room which was sort of a family living room and was the bedroom for Ann and me. The dormitories, (or were they called barracks?) were wood frame two-storey buildings with lots of hall space. There were bare essential furnishings: beds, some chairs and a small table or two. We didn't need a lot after all. We would be eating in a central dining room and be served all of our food there. Minimal is the word which comes to mind to sum up my first impressions of Burwood.

If it was Friday when we arrived, then Saturday is completely gone from my memory. But some of what happened on Sunday is very vivid. Dougal McClain was the Superintendent of a large State Hospital for mentally ill in the western suburb of Parramatta. They had invited us for a picnic and we had our first “mixed grill”. Sausages like we had never seen or tasted before, lamb chops galore, grilled tomatoes and lots of vegetables were features of this new (for us) food. It was fixed on a griddle, not a grill as we were accustomed to. There was lots of other food and a chance to see again the Americans who had come to greet us at the Oriana and more people. This time we were seeing husbands and children who had been in school the day we arrived. That very day, after Dougal had gotten a little acquainted with us, he offered me a job at the hospital. I wasn't quite ready to accept because I wanted to look around and see what kind of employment was available. I was thrilled just the same, and in a week or two it became evident that I needed to take that job. More about that later.

I cannot say enough, now looking back, about what the welcome we got from the McClains and the other families meant to me. The early information about the difficulty of the schools was a little scary, but that was not a problem yet, and as it turned out, never was for any of the children.

The early impression, which actually lasted a long time, was that living in Sydney was a shock. Ann and I had gone to college in St. Paul and we had lived in the University Village housing in Minneapolis for about a year and a half during

my graduate school days (1950-51). Other than the Twin Cities the largest city we had lived in as a family was Phoenix, Arizona from 1957-1959. It was about 250,000 population at that time. Sydney was huge. Although there was very adequate public transportation it took lots of time and patience for us to get around. This was not only a new country, but it was urban living, and we had some adjusting to get used to this exotic city.

Coming to Australia, coming to Sydney, coming to Burwood and having a picnic in Parramatta were all new, exciting, thrilling, scary happenings. We "settled in" in strange ways, but we did!

LIFE IN SYDNEY

Sydney was not rural Minnesota. It was a hustling, bustling city of over 3 million people. It had grown “like Topsy". In 1969 almost no street was wide enough for the traffic it carried. Streets were amazingly narrow, curvy, and changed their name from suburb to suburb. It was very confusing to me. But they had wonderful books with detailed maps of every part of the city. Those maps were far better than I had ever seen. In the first days in Sydney traffic wasn't the problem. Learning to travel on trains and buses was a challenge, and we did quite well at that.

After the first weekend when we were with the McClains and the other families who had come from the USA we began to explore options. I had one employment contact before we left Minnesota as a result of the circulation of my resume by the Immigration and Employment Departments of the Australian government. It was at one of the Universities in Sydney. I enjoyed meeting and being hosted by the Department Head in the University but employment in that Department didn't work out. Ann and I were once guests in the home of that man, and in every way we were treated well. He was an excellent scholar and a credit to the Social Work Profession in Australia.

I remember exploring at least one other option than being in Social Work. I contacted the drug firm of Smith, Kline and French (SKF). That's pretty strange considering I had absolutely no background in pharmacy. I had become a supporter of

some of the ideas developed in behavioral therapy while at Minnesota Valley Mental Health Center. We often used a film developed and sponsored by this drug company which demonstrated some of the methods used in work with autistic children in Los Angeles. I thought maybe I should see if the Australian version of SKF would be interested in having that film used in places where they had a chance to peddle their drugs, and I could provide education and information about therapy. Too wild an idea. I'm sure I tried other options, but I don't recall any of them.

We spent some time looking at houses in Sydney; thinking that whatever worked out we would be living here. You'll be amazed at how naive we were in thinking about this in those early months. It didn't occur to me to look elsewhere in the country, because Sydney was closest to home. Every other city (except the Queensland cities) were further from home, and perhaps their very location would make it harder to get home to the U.S.A. if we had to. I see now what a perfect example of small thinking that was. That should give some kind of pause to those people who held to the idea that we were very courageous to make this trip. Maybe the ones who thought we were crazy were right.

I think we had some real trouble adjusting in those first few weeks. Everything we tried to do took longer than we expected. Opening a bank account and going through the details banking entailed was a trial. Every transaction in the bank seemed to involve more than one person working "by hand" rather than with any machines; permission had to be gotten from supervisors for what seemed like the simplest transactions; and everyone was in uniform. What was this about anyway? Tradition, and our non-acquaintance with the customs and traditions, got us in jams more than once. Eventually we learned to be more patient, to avoid parking in 15 minute parking spaces, and enjoy the differences rather than get sad or mad about them.

There was no reason why we should have expected to be able to buy a house when I didn't have a job, or even after I had one, to think the salary would permit us doing a major purchase. But we looked at houses nonetheless. Some of us got quite excited about a terrace house in Redfern. It had an upstairs, it was cheap and we could see the challenge of repairing it. The reason we thought this might be a good investment was because some terrace houses in areas not far away had been redone

and were now in the high market for the people on the upward move.

I remember mentioning our idea to several people who were quietly aghast at our plan. They were beautiful in their restraint. We didn't know that Redfern was considered among the worst slums. None of our friends said that, because there was such resistance to the idea that there are classes of people. A middle aged woman actually was forthright enough to say, "Don't do it. It would be a terrible mistake for you to buy there. You just can't do it!”

After two or three weeks in Sydney we bought a car. We paid cash for a 1965 Holden sedan. Holdens are General Motors cars manufactured in Australia. Our car looked a bit like a Chevrolet and was reputed to be the most serviceable of the Australian cars. As soon as we got it on the streets with some initial unease because of driving on the left we felt easier, more like people again. We had some way of getting around wherever we wanted to go. It was wonderful for the time being. But we had an adventure a couple weeks later which affected the way we felt about a lot of things.

I was making a right-hand turn and misjudged the speed with which a car was approaching. He got the left rear fender AND the petrol tank. This is Sydney. The largest city in the country, and we're driving a car which had been reputed to be the easiest car to repair. No problem! Wrong. The replacement petrol tank was not in Sydney, so the garage would order it from Melbourne. Six weeks later, many telephone calls and complaints later, hours of riding buses and trains we hadn't planned on, we got the Holden back in good shape. We still don't know how it could take so long, or why a petrol tank for a common car could not be found in Sydney. We were growing more tolerant and patient with time the more we experienced. We learned we just couldn't be impatient all the time.

Sue, Jim and Ned would be going to school so their time and activities would be regulated. They would be going in opposite directions because in that area the sexes were separated in schools. Sue was to go to a school in Petersham, which was on the train line going toward Sydney. We only lived a couple blocks from the station so that was very handy. I remember Sue telling us there were 39 different nationalities represented there. I'm sure there were many immigrant children from Greece and Italy

as well as the United Kingdom. There was pride in the diversity there, and we got the feeling from Sue that the faculty rewarded and reinforced difference.

I've forgotten the name of the school which Jim and Ned attended. I mentioned that it was in the opposite direction. That's putting it mildly. If going toward the city of Sydney was going forward (implying progress) then going to their school to the west of Burwood was going backward. The boys reported that faculty used words like "Spic" and "Dago" when referring to Italian and Greek students. Jim was criticized for using “American slang" for some word which was in very acceptable usage in the U.S. He was caned (beaten on the turned up palm) for asking 'why" when he would liked to have had an explanation of something. Much of me wanted to go to the school and defend and complain. Fear that I would make it even worse for the boys is what seems the rationale for my lack of action 25 years later. I wonder. Those first days in the hostel were full of new things. It was spring in Sydney. It rained often and was cooler than I thought it would be. The rooms in the hostel were rather poorly lighted and the atmosphere depressing. Was it really the atmosphere? Looking back I don't think so. Our progress toward integration into the Australian scene was going to be slower than we thought.

I had seriously misjudged what our income could be. I had said on the employment forms which preceded us that my salary would have to be around $12,000 per year. But when we got there we learned that social workers were earning three and four thousand dollars a year in Australia. That was scary, because we were finding almost everything in stores to be more expensive than American prices.

Dave got a job very quickly. He was the janitor at the downtown terminal for an Australian airline. Becky was trying a variety of things including auditioning for "Hair" but without success. Her violin experience didn't fit with the Australian expectations. The job of providing friendship to American servicemen on R and R from Viet Nam was not quite as advertised. Even after I started working at the hospital in Parramatta we had an unsettled feeling.

It was a gift to have the job, because we needed to be paying our way at the hostel. I had experiences chasing down resources and learning the social systems which were very useful to me later. Many of the things I learned would have been

impossible if I hadn't been a practicing social worker for many years. The tasks were very much like work I had done both in St. Cloud and Iowa.

Mental illness is similar throughout the world. Delusion rises out of life experience. A lady who was convinced she was "The Queen of England" created a number of serious hoops for me to jump. She had a wonderfully developed delusional system all based on that belief. In the end it turned out sadly for her. She was eventually sent to a hospital far out in the country where she would never "bother" any of her family again.

I truly enjoyed the staff in Parramatta. The psychiatrists were well trained and effective and other staff were given a chance to do a lot of things. Physical and Occupational Therapy were most effective, and I really enjoyed the other social work staff people too.

One day I went with some of the other staff on a field trip for the patients. One of the psychiatrists was on the bus too. He was an émigré from Scotland. At one point we passed a very small airport with one plane. "Take a look Bill," he said tongue in cheek, "you're seeing the entire Australian Air Force!"

From the first day in Sydney we were intrigued by the difference in language. We had begun to experience many different variations in accents of English speaking on the Oriana. But living and working in Sydney gave us a new appreciation of differences. One day I had to make a business call to Dr. Sax. Before I could begin my conversation I had to know I was speaking with the correct doctor. There was confidential information involved. The secretary threw me a little with her pronunciation: It was (as I heard it) Dr. Sykes, before we were through I had eliminated the possibility of it being sex, sox and sykes. Finally I asked, is it like the sax in saxophone. Eureka! It was the pesky vowels. There are very few new ways to mutilate all the ways English speakers can use consonants. But vowels! Each of them were modified by the Australians. Most were softer -- easier on the ear but requiring a kind of ongoing translation to be sure we were understanding. We would learn more about some regional differences, but Sydney was as good a place as any to begin to make the transition.

I believe we were still in Sydney when we had time to talk on a rainy day.

Somehow the idea surfaced to do some role playing which involved all of us taking the role of one of the other family members. I have no idea whether other families have done this, but it proved to be very funny while being educational. I think I played Jim and I know he played me. I don't recall anything I did to show Jim how he came across to me. I only remember that the person Jim played was constantly asking, "How do you feel about that? What's your opinion? What would you like to do?" That character (me) didn't make a single declarative sentence. It was a caricature of a parent/social worker who brought the office home, and played social worker full time. It was hilarious, but it surely gave me pause. The fact that I recall it so clearly says that can be a valuable exercise for all people. It surely requires agreement from everyone that the portrayals will not be offensive and the response should not be defensive. Come to think of it that's quite an order!

When I think of what Ann's life was like when we were living in Sydney my word association is "copper". Copper was the name for a large tub, made of copper (not galvanized tin or iron) whose purpose was to be the equivalent of a washing machine. The copper was filled with water, and a natural gas burner turned on and the water brought to a boil. Clothes came out very clean! There was no wringer or extractor. She had to wring the clothes out with sheer strength. Ann also did some house hunting during the day while I was at work at the hospital, but it was as if life was on hold. Our income was too small to be able to move from the hostel, and our hopes too high to stay there.

I believe it was Ned who saw an ad in one of the Sydney papers for a Lecturer in Social Work position at the South Australia Institute of Technology in Adelaide. There was something very compelling about the ad, and I telephoned quickly to get information about the job. I talked with Marie Mune, then Director of the School of Social Studies. She was encouraging and we made plans for Ann and I to visit Adelaide for interviews.

It probably took about a month for everything to work out for us to go to Adelaide. We left Sydney about December 18 and arrived in Adelaide in two cars: The Holden and a smaller car, a Simca, manufactured in France. Our arrival date was December 21, 1969. We arrived with a bang!

HITTING ADELAIDE

It's amazing to me how the details of preparation for the move to Adelaide all have blurred into a misty haze. The details have gone. I'm fighting the urge to list all the things I don't remember. I'm going to win!

Two cars, one family on a drive which would use up at least three days. I remember Ann reading from some travel literature as we drove out of Sydney and pointing out the "undulating hills" southwest of Sydney on the way to Canberra. Details of Canberra have been lost to memory too. I recall reading that the layout of the city is patterned after Washington, D.C. but alas, it could have been London, Calcutta or St. Paul, Minnesota. I wouldn't be able to describe it at all.

I know that we stayed overnight at Hay in New South Wales, and in Mildura, in Victoria and very close to the South Australian border. The "short stop" I recall most was when we were driving at 9 or 10 PM and stopping to gaze in awe at the night sky. The night was very dark, and the sky seemed amazingly close. Even today, after twenty-five years I don't think I have ever seen so many stars twinkling so beautifully. My recollection was that we were all awed, and for once, we were very quiet.

We stayed at a fussy old Bed and Breakfast in Mildura. The owners were from England originally. Our bed was quaint and the bedding reminded me a little of my Nain, my father's mother. Everything was puffy, and had an odor which still returns, it was old and sweet. We had a huge breakfast, called an English breakfast, if I recall, and there was lots of marmalade on cold toast. Come to think of it, I don't think I've ever had hot toast in a bed and breakfast outside the United States. But everything else was very tasty and warm. We were quite a crew for that rather elderly couple to cook for now that I think of it.

The owner at that Bed and Breakfast place offered his apricots for the picking. We took him at his word and collected from a couple trees what must have been about a half a peck of very tasty fruit. He must have known what would happen to us a few miles later. We reached the South Australian border where the Agricultural inspectors asked if we had any fruit. We would have to surrender it because of the danger of

fruit flies. This happens sometimes between California and Arizona too. I have always thought that if a fruit fly from The Grand Canyon State wanted to get into the Golden State all they would have to do would be to do what came naturally -- they could fly. Back at the border near Mildura and the Murray River; the decision was made quickly. There was no way we were going to allow those inspectors to confiscate our recently picked fruit. Less than an hour after breakfast we ate all of the apricots we'd picked.

The drive to Adelaide was uneventful. We were coming into the city on the "Great Northeast Road" which I now understand was a "through-way". People traveling on that road, and only that kind of highway-freeway had clear sailing. On every other road all drivers were obligated to give way to the right. I was driving the Holden as the front car and David was driving close behind in the Simca. Unwisely I began to slow to give way (unnecessarily) to a driver quite far away, but to my right, and at that moment David was pointing out some new sight to the other passengers in his car. He didn't see me slowing and he rear-ended the Holden. Damage to the cars were not serious, and we were covered by insurance. But, we wondered, is this an omen of what lies ahead? Fortunately it wasn't. As far as I'm concerned everything that happened after that was pleasant, enjoyable and positive. Well almost everything was so. It was the beginning of a delightful two years.

My memory tells me that we drove to the Institute of Technology and found the staff there all set for us. Sel and Rene Holloway, (Rene was a Ph.D.) psychologist and the Group Work teacher on the faculty of the department) had obtained their daughter's permission for us to use their home for a week while the daughter and her family were gone to visit relatives for Christmas. It was ideal. We helped out the family by pulling the weeds in the "garden" of this home located in the suburb called "Marion". The young couple, who had a new baby, just hadn't found time to take care of their lawn. When all seven of us formed a task force to get something done we could clean that chore up in a hurry. That's what we did with the lawn.

The friends at work suggested that since we were going to be living in Marion temporarily we should file our accident report at the Police department there. As I remember that all got handled quickly and efficiently and that accident could now be put out of our mind.

The Holloways were our hosts for Christmas. They lived about 12 miles from the mile-square City of Adelaide in what is known as "The Adelaide hills". Their home was in a suburb called Aldgate. They had a swimming pool, beautiful flowers and a pleasant lived-in home. They had a family. There was the oldest child, the daughter in whose home we were living, then Peter who was about 19 and the twins, Kevin and Kay were perhaps 17 when we met them. Rene and Sel (Irene and Selwyn) had grown up in a small river town called Swan Hill in Victoria. They were most generous and kind to us during our entire stay in Adelaide and we remained "connected" even after we returned to the U.S.

That first Christmas was not all about gifts, although I felt we had been given a great gift by finding the job in Adelaide. I remember the meal Rene made for us. This was an English Christmas with fowl and at the end of the meal a plum pudding right out of Dickens. It had been baked with some shillings inside it. The Australians had switched from pounds and shillings to dollars and cents about five years earlier. But what was in the cake were real shillings, not cents. It was some kind of special event to be the person who found the shilling in their piece of plum pudding.

We had contacted Ann and Tim Marshall whom we had met on the Oriana and Ann and I had stayed at their home when we came to Adelaide for the interview: They were pleased we were coming to Adelaide and they too helped make our initial days, in fact much more than the early days, very pleasant. They arranged for us to have a house of some friends, who lived in the hills, for about two weeks. The home was near a very large reserve (park) in Belair where we still go sometimes when we visit for a chance to be in the bush with beautiful old gum trees and quietness.

We were intrigued with the Adelaide hills. The vegetation is probably much as it is around San Diego or Los Angeles. The hydrangeas were thick and most people's gardens were full of them. We were in touch with a Mr. Robinson, a realtor who lived in and sold property in "the Hills". I recall one house we got very serious about buying. Now that I was going to be employed (as of January 2, 1970) we would be able to get a loan. That house was a two story house which didn't have a stairway. We spent hours talking about installing a circular stairway (on the outside). Mr. Robinson's own home was very English, with beautiful old solid wood furniture. His entire manner was

such that I felt we were dealing with a kind of soft-spoken saint, who would never lie, cheat or steal. As it turned out, we did not buy our house through Mr. Robinson, whose practice was limited to the Adelaide Hills. But it was through Rene Holloway that we found our dream house at 83 Cross Road, Urrbrae. She saw an ad in The Advertiser and without saying anything to Ann and I she collected the rest of the family to go take a look while Ann and I were off looking at some other properties with an agent we'd met.

Somehow through a telephone call we were located and late in the afternoon on New Year's Eve day we got to the house. There were stories of how the kids had played guitar and sung all afternoon, how potential buyers were "chased away", how everyone was kept happy and distracted while Becky was making promises (or was it threats) that said she could sign the papers if Ann and I couldn't be contacted before someone else appeared with an offer to buy. The house was owned by an Australian couple in which the husband's mother was from the U. S. I suspect she had married an Australian service man.

As I recall the children all thought it was the ideal house for us. It was typical old Australian house with verandas on three sides. It had a corrugated iron roof and some attractive stone work on the front which faced Cross Road. It had plenty of bedrooms, two baths and lots of room inside and out. I gladly accepted Sel Holloway's assessment that the house was a good buy. We signed "letters of intent" within a half an hour after we arrived at the house. We were going to live as Australians after all. Our plan had been, I think this was a conscious articulated idea, that buying a house was an important beginning for integrating into the Australian culture. They had pride in the number and percentage of people who own their own homes. They had interesting governmental programs to promote that phenomenon. Some of those ideas eventually appeared in the U.S.A.

LIFE IN ADELAIDE

I had some apprehensions about teaching at the South Australia Institute of Technology Social Studies Department. When I listened to the words used to describe

grades (passes, credits and distinctions) and heard my colleagues tell about grading examinations (usually one three-hour essay type at the end of the course) I wondered if I would be able to grade the students fairly. These were somehow a different 'level" of students than I had been when I began my master's course work at the University of Minnesota and also different from the students I had for an introduction to Social Work course I had taught at Mankato State College.

All of my colleagues at the Institute had been teaching for some time and all were willing to talk with me about the task ahead. But when it came down to it I saw my task as teaching a combination of history and method. These students would have "field placements" and my task was to get them started on the way to thinking within a social work context and with an understanding of social work values and principles. There were few differences in the ways the profession was practiced in the U. S. and Australia. One was of course that throughout most of the U. S. a master's degree was the "standard for practice". Australia had very few practitioners with Master's degrees. I believe that fact pushed Australian social workers more in the direction of doing what was necessary with and for their clients with less concern for status than social workers in the U.S.A.

I mentioned earlier that my colleagues were Australians used to their system of education. Actually there were several exceptions to that rule. Three of the men in the department had been born in England. The exception which made a real difference to me was Joyce Rapp a young woman who had grown up in Pennsylvania and who had interesting skills in working with groups. Sometimes we paired up to do special programs for the students which were geared to help students have some respect for their intuitive talents and creative skills which had been largely trained out of the students by a school system which was much more authoritarian than Joyce and I were used to in the United States. Mostly Joyce and I had fun with those projects and provided the students with some laughs about our craziness. Some of the students benefited a great deal.

Teaching a group work course using a “Growth Group” experience was a new experience and one which made it possible to be quite close to quite a few students. Rene Holloway was in charge of the Group Work Courses so she was my mentor

in this area. I had a fair amount of experience with therapeutic groups in psychiatric hospitals. That helped me be comfortable in the group. The focus on the leader as "part of the group" as new for me. Being the faculty member in charge, while still being "one of the gang" presented some problems. We all survived and we all learned.

Marie Mune as director of the School of Social Studies, provided an amazing model. She was so knowledgeable about the State of South Australia that I was often in awe of the scope of her knowledge and interest. She had a great sense of history, and could help me understand almost everything that went on within the Australian or South Australian context. It felt as if she knew personally more than half the population. Rene Holloway and Marie Mune together were an invaluable pair of resource people. They were an amazing pair with ideas too. Sometimes in an informal setting they would start brain-storming. Both of their minds were so agile and they knew and understood each other so well that I, and lots of other people felt completely lost. They would omit all sorts of data from a discussion but finish as if every point had been thoroughly discussed and agreed upon.

John Brooking, Ken Rigby and Don Tyson were other faculty members who helped make my teaching time useful and interesting. John taught the social work course which students would take the year after my introductory course, so it was important that we communicate well. John was a sensitive teacher who seemed to grow in his knowledge and understanding all the time. He provided me with useful feedback on several occasions. The Head of the Institute of Technology was an émigré from Wales, Dr. Selwyn Evans. He was quite taken with facts of my life which of course included the little "Welsh" church near our farm. He had not experienced life in the U.S.A. so it was difficult for him to visualize the ethnic groupings which existed then (and now) in the United States.

Dr. Evans introduced me to the President of the Board of Directors of the Institute one time. He was a CPA. He asked if I would be willing to give a talk to their professional association. He asked if I would talk about social problems in America "so we'll know what to do about them when they come to Australia." After some hemming and hawing I told him as gently as I could that I didn't know of any social problems which were limited to the United States. He immediately said, "Well of course you

have the black and white problem." I said, "That's true but there are some problems about aborigines here." His response was immediate, "But that's because they're ignorant." Once again I was meeting an attitude which is impossible to deal with using reason.

I did speak to the group about social problems and I think he was satisfied that I had presented a fair picture. I surely didn't want to present Australia as having more problems than we did in the U. S. but I didn't feel right about minimizing problems there either. It was one of the most difficult talks I have ever given. I was after all a newcomer, and I felt, a guest in this country. It did not fit my agenda to be putting Australians down.

One project on which we put a lot of effort was a "field trip" to the city of Whyalla. We were going to "invade" the town, conduct a couple surveys, and give some information back to the community. We would be taking third-year students to do the data collection. We would be ''billeted'' in homes in the community. Ann was able to accompany me on this trip and we stayed at the home of a local banker and his wife. We learned a lot about the social system within that home. It was fascinating. We have had international visitors to our home who have made observations about our lifestyle which have been both complimentary and intriguing. Isn't it fascinating how we learn to live our lives?

I have told many people that I've never been so cold in my life as I was in Australia. That's a terrible indictment considering that I lived more than a quarter century in Minnesota, "the nation's icebox." It wasn't hard to dress for the damp weather which happens during the Australian winter so I was never cold when I was outside. It was the fact that at that time many of the public buildings didn't have any heating. The classrooms at the Institute were cold. I was surprised at first to see the young women in my classes wearing gloves when the weather was cold. But I came to understand it was essential. I used to wear long underwear, wool suits and a woolen vest and I would still shiver. We returned to Australia in 1986 and Ann and I taught a course in Aging at the Institute. There was heating in all the buildings, and I was really relieved. This problem of cold when we were inside was so strange because in Minnesota the people we grew up with always kept houses too warm. But they

did have to be heated, or you would freeze. Temperatures which got as low as 35 degrees below zero Fahrenheit (not just freezing) were not common but they did happen and 20 or 25 degrees below zero was common. Wow!

We have a photograph of Ann and me at Jill and Jim's home. We were sitting on the floor in what is now David's room and we were all wrapped up in a Mexican blanket. The last time we were there in winter I don't remember being cold at all. We had a very pleasant social life in Adelaide. We didn't spend a lot of time with people from work but we had some very good times together. Just recently I was recalling how there were a few times we were invited to homes of people we had never met for dinner parties or Sunday morning gatherings. We have heard often from Australians about how friendly Americans are. I can't imagine anywhere being treated more graciously or generously than we were during those two years we lived there. The dinner parties at that time were "something to write home about." I remember a couple dinner parties which began at seven p.m. and where we might be still seated at the table at midnight. Those hostesses served course after course. There was time between courses and pleasant conversation. I hear that those kind of parties don't exist any longer. I thought they were wonderful.

We had one circle of friends who came out of our connection with AFS. American Field Service was the world wide program for having students from other countries come to live in the United States. The other aspect was that high school students from the U.S. went to other countries too. That program has surely grown and there are many others with different systems of operation. I believe that most all of these programs are trying to foster improved communication pointing toward global understanding.

We saw an announcement about an AFS meeting a few months after we were located and decided to go. A student had just returned from a year in Oregon and he had a slide presentation which he punctuated with occasional upside down slides saying "this is what the Yanks think we look like!" I He did it in good humor and I laughed every time. We met a couple at that meeting who still enjoy seeing us. Peter and Peg Taylor's daughter had been an AFS student in the U. S. and Peter was employed by Chrysler Corporation in Australia. He had spent considerable time in

training and consultation with Chrysler in the U.S.A. I always felt that he had felt well cared about in the U. S. and he felt like giving some of that hospitality back. At any rate, they were often our hosts and their friends became our friends too. It was so good to get to know people whose work was different than ours.

We met a few other American families with whom we socialized some but we were getting to know Australians. One of the major reasons for this entire adventure was to get to know what it was like to live in a different country. Surely getting to know people in that country helped us live out that purpose.

Neighbors were kind and generous. Joan Root lived next door and helped make the Australian experience a warmer one especially for Ann. I always enjoyed this lady who had been in military service during WW II. She had a way of making everyone around her very comfortable. Joan battled valiantly with cancer for several years after we left. Whenever we visited the family after 1972 we would always see her and sometimes have lunch with her. She had a great perspective on life and her illness. We miss her. Other neighbors were kind too. I remember being invited to a New Years Eve party at a home across the street. It seems to me that we didn't know one person there. I've never been able to forget the man who loved to talk, the man with a million stories. I don't remember a single story. But every story, each one, had three points. He made a point of responding to the comments of others as well, each response was "three pointed". I hung on his every word. I was always reluctant to give the number of points I was going to make about anything just in case I would forget number two or three. He wasn't afraid and he didn't ever miss. I wonder if he had training in a seminary?

That brings up a point. Please notice that I said, "a point", not two or three. Seminary was the key word. Our church-going habits changed completely when we went to Australia. I suppose that all those years when the children were growing up and weekly church attendance seemed natural, and singing in the choir made it almost mandatory may have made us all ready for a change, a break from the routine. Well we did that. I don't remember going to a church in Sydney, although we probably did. Most of what I remember about going to church in Adelaide was that it was cold inside the sanctuary and I had to get to the toilet more often than I ever had before.

If you don't associate being cold with having to go to the bathroom then you can't be related to me.

In addition Sunday morning was a social time -- a time to meet friends and have a chat. There were some programs scheduled for Sunday afternoons. They were called PSNs (Pleasant Sunday Afternoons). They were very civilized events. They were good times for soaking up a bit of culture. We went to a flower show here, an art show there, and so it went.

We had a delightful few days traveling with Rene and Sel Holloway in our first year in Adelaide. We went north and got as far as Parachilna and Wilpena Pound. Parachilna was a "western" town and I suppose there were large sheep stations near there. The lady who was at the desk in the hotel had a gait which said, "There's time for everything. . . Why are you talking so fast?"

I can still savor the roast lamb we had at the hotel we stayed at in Quorn. And the breakfast! Meat, eggs, toast and cereal were all there. Only in rural America is there anything to match it.

We had a delightful mix-up caused by an incorrectly drawn map on that trip. We took a road which had a terminus called "Hot Springs". I'm sure that isn't what the map said, but I'm sure somehow the word "spring" was there. Sel and Rene couldn't believe there could be any springs around there so I suppose that's why we pursued that drive. We arrived at a home surrounded by a few trees, a fenced yard and garden and with a happily smiling homemaker. She approached the car with the ease and grace of a happy lady and said, "G'day. . . you looking for Hot Springs?" She was almost afraid to tell us it was an error in the map. She was afraid we'd leave. It wasn't just that she lived some distance from other families, but this was an isolated place where you didn't even have a chance to see any traffic go by. People rarely looked for Hot Springs, but she warmly welcomed everyone who did. I'm sure we spent at least half an hour with her. (I think she would have preferred a half day and would have invited us for a meal if we hadn't talked about some other destination we wanted to make.) Her children rode a school bus twenty-seven miles each way. On weekends the family joined four of her husband's brothers and their families in a little town where they spent Saturday afternoons and all of Sundays in a big family reunion. They

owned a house jointly. Saturday and Sunday were days for cricket, tennis, soccer and eating, drinking and socializing with everyone. I had a fleeting thought that it would be fun to stay there and be adopted.

We drove places in Sel and Rene's Chrysler Valiant where I would not have driven anything but a 4-wheel drive vehicle. When we left Parachilna we drove on a road which should have been called "Beer Bottle Drive". I have never seen so many beer bottles in my life. They were in the "ditch" on either side of the road for about a half mile. There were so many that it was almost attractive. It seemed that every inch of ground was covered, and no bottle was on top of another. Strange.

As in other out of the city trips we saw emus and kangaroos in the wild. We were driving on one of those hills when we saw a beautiful "big red". I think he was the largest kangaroo we had seen any place. He was grazing, paid scant attention to the car but finally took off slowly. He was using those huge leaps and each jump seemed longer than the last. Ann was leaning out the car window talking to him (in American) and trying to get his picture. I think her talking made him go faster. She snapped the picture just as he was at the crest of the hill. If we would have had a better camera it would have made a better print. As it is, I'm still proud of her ability to communicate with that big one, and to get his picture too.

There is so much about Australia which comes flooding back in memory living in Arizona. That trip with views which combine old geological formations, wide vistas, beautiful gum-filled creek beds, and country living with its isolation and character building aspects was one of the highlights of our stay in Australia.

Another "out of Adelaide" experience was our long weekend trip to Andamooka. Sel and Rene told us about this trip too. In fact they recommended the motel (there is only one) and the Norwegian couple who ran it. Ann had read that there was to be an event ("opal festival") so we called the hotel to make reservations and also reserved on the little airline which went there. We made those plans about two months ahead.

The day arrived, and Ned, Jim and Sue went with us to the airport. We were just starting to taxi to the runway when a voice came on the radio asking if Mr. and Mrs. Roberts were aboard. What could this be? I had forgotten to give the keys to the car to Ned! We taxied in the direction of the fence and threw the keys over to Ned.

Remember, we're living in a city of 850,000 people. I thought it was wonderful.

We got to the "airport" at Andamooka and were taken to Gus's. That was the "motel" where we had booked. "We'll find you something. She'll be apples" were Gus's first remarks to us after he told us the rooms we had reserved were now being used by a highway crew and they couldn't turn down that kind of business which might last for months. We sat around in the restaurant bar gathering spot for two or three hours. It appeared that no one who lived in Andamooka was a native born Aussie. Everyone, just as us, had come from somewhere.

Finally they found the spot, a miner's shack about half a mile from the hotel. Our "guide", an employee of the hotel drove us there. This place was made of high-grade cardboard. There were openings for windows which had never been installed which had another piece of cardboard which you could slide like a sliding door to provide a draft. The hotel "maid" lifted the mattress off the metal bed and springs. It was the only piece of furniture in this shack. She flopped the mattress over. It created a dust storm the likes of which I've never seen on the desert in Arizona! Then she put on clean linen and left us to our devices. It was so bad we had no choice but to laugh and get into the spirit of this weekend. We had a ball.

This was Friday, and as one of the first events of the "Opal Festival" was an event at the school. Of course we went. There was an outdoor stage and folding chairs set up. There was singing and children dancing. The children were dressed in costumes which were from the area of the world known as The Balkans. We had no way of knowing whether they were Czech, Croats, Serbs or Yugoslavs. They were beautiful singing songs and dancing to tunes which were hundreds of years old. After what could have been a half hour of the children's program and clearly before they were through with their performance, a couple of men in the audience stood up and began dancing on their own. They were probably fathers of some of the performers, but that wasn't what was important. Before very long they had danced their way to the stage, and other men, and women joined in. Before long there was a stage full of children and adults singing and dancing with infectious joy. It was beautiful.

Later at the hotel where we went to continue some of the spirit of the school program we encounter more amazing talent. The clientele had loosely (perhaps not

so loosely) divided themselves into two groups. To this day, I don't know who the groups really were, but somehow I believe they were Serbs and Croats. They were drinking and they were singing. The songs were historic old battle songs, and if you let your imagination run you could see horseback riders by the thousands holding their weapons and singing themselves into battle. The groups never interrupted each other. But the second one group finished a song, the other began theirs. This went on for hours. There was not a single fistfight nor name calling, only the sense that we had been to a battle field and escaped without injury. I'll never forget that night.

We got to see the home of the Christensens who were originally from Willmar, Minnesota. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Christensen there were four children, all late teens and early twenties. They had migrated to Australia, got in their truck with all their possessions and had broke down at Andamooka. They staked out some land, and began building a dam for irrigation. They were growing com and all sorts of vegetables. If I remember right they had a windmill. It was like a little comer of Minnesota way out there in the outback.

Before our flight back to Adelaide we saw a snappy looking young woman placed on a scale (she was Opal Queen) and an amount of rough grade opal put in the other scale to balance her weight. What was going to happen with the opal, or the Opal Queen for that matter) remains forever lost! It was a fantastic weekend.

One other trip out of Adelaide was very memorable. It was to the farm home of Marie Mune's sister and her family. They lived in "The Southeast". I think Ann, Jim, Sue and I were the only members of the Roberts family on this trip. I may be wrong. But we spent parts of three days and two nights there. These people were rural people, so I felt very much at home with them. Marie's mother who was a physician was also there that weekend. I still remember some of the food we had that weekend. Marie's family had lived in Fiji for a number of years so curries were a feature of their diet. Curried lamb was a real hit with me.

I remember going with Marie's brother-in-law to help him hold a ewe who was being attacked by blow flies while he cleaned the wounds. I felt like a real sheepman that day.

MORE LIVING

If this report is in any way chronological I must now speak of the reasons for our leaving Adelaide. We really reached our decision that we would return to the U.S. rather early in our stay. It was in July 1970 that Ann and I were faced with some facts which would force a choice.

Prior to that, and this is truly speaking for myself, I believe I had an open mind about staying in Australia or returning to the United States.

One of the early surprises I had was what happened on pay day. I think that was every two weeks, on Friday, and we were paid in cash. That had never happened to me in my professional career. But getting paid in cash was not the biggest surprise. The small amount that was left after taxes was. I remember going to see the Bursar at the South Australian Institute of Technology (SAIT) after receiving my first check. I approached him with something like, "There must be some mistake." He patiently explained the deductions from my check. It was calculated correctly. There was no mistake. It was just that the amount of tax deducted was a much higher percentage of the gross payroll than I had ever seen before. Later I would come to appreciate that that high tax paid for many things. I was especially grateful for the scholarship awards which paid for higher education for Becky, David (for a short time), Ned and I would guess Jim received that too. There were also health insurance benefits which amounted to a subsidy.

Now I'll get back to July 1970. Someone told us about a tax preparer who had experience with Americans filing their U. S. taxes so we made an appointment with him to help us prepare our Australian return (fiscal year is July 1 to June 30). He would also help us with our U. S. return. He told us about an agreement between the U.S. and Australia which permitted an American teaching in Australia to be exempt from paying Australian Income tax. I was also making too little to pay American taxes. The exemption from Australian taxes was granted for a two year period. Almost as soon as we heard about this agreement we decided that I would teach for two years and return to the U. S. A. Thinking back it was like getting a pay raise of about fifty percent when the business office could stop deducting the tax. Financially things

worked well from that time.

I accepted the chairmanship of an organization for practicing social workers soon after starting to work at the Institute. We had a monthly meeting with a program. I enjoyed working with a fine committee during that year. I'm sure some of the people who had been holding the organization together for years were happy to have a breather. I took the responsibility as a challenge and a way of getting to know some of the active workers in the field.

I had an experience with Australians at one point which touched me very deeply. It was the time when the U. S. had three astronauts who were essentially free floating in space. Some mechanical or electronic glitch had developed. News of the trouble was important and anyone who read the newspaper or watched television news knew about this potential tragedy. I remember several people talking to me about it. The one who impressed me most was a janitor at SAIT. I don't recall that we had ever spoken other than to exchange hellos. Our contact could surely have been only described as minimal or superficial. It was the second day of international panic about the astronauts when this Australian man said, "You're a Yank aren't you?" People always know. "I just want you to know I've been praying for those men in space. Your people will figure it out. Your people always do. Smartest people in the world. They'll be all right!" I was speechless and for a few minutes overwhelmed by this man's concern and sincerity.

I was reminded of something Marie Mune once told me about an experience she had in Asia on the day John Kennedy was assassinated. She was a "European" woman who was the closest some people in Afghanistan or Kashmir would come to an American, so they spoke to her as if she were an American to express their sadness at the death of President Kennedy. The day the janitor spoke to me I felt that I represented all of America to him. I didn't ask for or really want to know what that implied, but I never forgot that for that time and in that location I was the United States. The U.S. Ambassador may have had the formal responsibility to represent our country. That day I was the unofficial ambassador.

That experience helped me become more aware of my views about the United States than anything that had happened up to then. I was becoming aware that

movies and television were stronger powerful influences for good or ill than I had thought of before. My students, who were mostly about twenty years old, had all sorts of ideas about the U. S. which were superficial at best and grossly distorted at worst. That Ned and Jim were asked by classmates if their dad knew Al Capone made the distortion of time and influence very real. The familiarity of those young Australian with Al Capone (through the TV series The Untouchables) was truly a surprise. But so were memories of people my age and older whose memories of World War II days very real. Most people spoke of the positive help the U. S. gave them during that war. Once in awhile I was the recipient of lingering resentment because of "the money, the uniforms, the style" of those WW II Yanks who came and "took our girls while we were off fighting somewhere else." As grateful as the Australian people were for U.S. assistance in war time there was some lingering resentment about that dependence which became expressed in "they took our girls".

The assumption that American's are all rich, kind, loud, brash and many more characteristics had come not from much contact with Americans, but as a result of our export of films and TV shows. I've never forgotten the remark by one 20 year old lad who was amazed to see some slides we were showing which showed our family and some of our extended family having a picnic. The Untouchables had never shown a family picnic!

We had a chance to see Australia change too. "The Market" in Adelaide was a true melting pot. Migrants from everywhere did their shopping there because prices were reasonable. This market was like a plaza found in many countries, with individual vendors "shouting" their wares. There were some of the most beautiful fruits and vegetables we had ever seen in this market. There still are. The big thrill for me was the chance to observe families. We saw mothers and fathers from many countries with which we had no contact. Turks, Greeks and Italians were the predominant groups at that time, now there are many more Asians. But we got a chance to observe first hand how people dealt with their children. It was a most pleasurable learning assignment.

I missed being home. It never truly became second nature to drive on the left side of the road and drive from the right side of the car. I missed having hamburgers made from beef with a certain flavor. I missed contact with my brother and sisters. It

was no fun being away when my older sister had a heart attack. You can't hold a hand at 10,000 miles. I missed the familiar whether it was road signs, bank procedures, food, especially savory popcorn and the evening news on television. It wasn't that we didn't have any of these things. We had them all. It was just that they were different. I remember a time when we were in the Migrant's Hostel in Burwood that we had a long talk about those things we missed. Finally someone recognized that we had come to Australia to have an experience living in a different country, and now we were upset because things were different. That helped establish a new perspective again.

I had never thought it was hard being a parent. Mostly I still feel that way. But our Australian adventure came at periods in the life of our children which tended to make changes take on new dimensions. Although Becky had been away at college in the school year of 1968-69 we were once again all together. After we were living in Adelaide it was natural that she would not live with us forever. When she lived elsewhere I didn't handle her leaving well. David had one term at Flinders University and then left for nine months in Southeast Asia. That was scary. Ned and Jim seemed to slip on through their last years of high school with ease, although Jim's year as the first Student Council President at Unley High School was not all easy to watch. Although I remember seeing them in some of their athletic competition I don't remember talking with them as we used to in Minnesota. They used to bring their friends around sometimes and that was fun. Sue, as always, did what she had to do without complaint. But I remember thinking that the whole trip was hardest on her. Leaving Minnesota and what was familiar, the change to the new culture, with kids at school teasing her because of her accent, and the coming home all were not so much an adventure as duty and obligation. It was something she had to do because the family did it. I don't ever remember talking with her about these assumptions. I should have.

In spite of challenges I learned that people in our family are very adaptable. Leaving the excitement of Minnesota basketball and playing in Australia to a crowd of seven people requires adaptability. Not doing much singing outside our home was new. Everyone had some adaptations to make. Ann's life was very different in that she wasn't having the work of teaching, but she wasn't having the rewards that doing vocal

music K through 12 gives either. The success she had in making our home a happy place to be for many people is a tribute to her competence and ability. Looking back I see her; once again, as the guiding light which helped make that entire experience a life enhancing one.

People did drop in. I remember a couple days when we awoke to find a young American man in a sleeping bag on our front "garden". These were Americans on their way to a U.S. Naval Base in Western Australia to take their physical examination for induction into military service. They had come from the McClains in Sydney. We were a stop on the "underground railway" of people who did not want to be in the Viet Nam war.

And there was Ben, a big African man who seemed to feel very much at home in our house. Does anyone else remember the singing that went on in our living room, with Ann at the piano and five to ten other people beside the family there? There were Fourth of July parties with hot dogs from David Jones (a department store) in Sydney, and whatever other "condiments" we could find to make the Fourth festive. I remember Aussies (are they all displaced Englishmen?) who came to our 4th of July party who had just come from or were just going to a British Christmas party. What self respecting Brit could really enjoy a picnic on the beach in the hot weather which was the Australian Christmas. There was no substitute for the "cold" of the 4th of July. Christmas in July was at least one alternative.

That brings me to the end of what I want to say right now. Would I make that big move again knowing what I know now. I hope so. My life became so much fuller because of the experiences that trip provided. Ultimately it was the people with whom we came in contact that made the trip most valuable for me. But it was the challenge of giving everyone a new perspective on the world of which I am most proud. The way each of the “children” adapted to the new life, and the way each has developed into individuals who have used their potential is the source of my greatest pride. I'm also very proud of the fact that our marriage not only survived but thrived in spite of the stress of this odyssey.

The whole experience surely rates a big 10!