

We floated over to Australia in what seemed a straightforward manner without a lot of military hoopla. We were chosen to be the model ship for a small port called Bunbury. It was an honor called by our captian perhaps, or maybe we were chosen as low dog, but for whatever reason we were on display for the locals at the cargo pier.

Bunbury ships out a lot of aluminum ore which is far as I can tell is unrefined at that location. From what I saw grain doesn't seem to be a crop so with out all the details I assume the town establishment was based on the timber that lies there and runs some miles inland. Bunbury lies in between a few hills and is so similar to our midwest farm communities you would think you were in the states. Before Bunbury we had one day in Fremantle for some reason unknown to me. If I were dropped in either town and the signs covered up i wouldn't know Bunbury from Fremantle. I guess we can just typifiy them as little working towns and summ them up. We were really loaded with jeeps at this time because the Vancouver managed to run up into some rocks. There was a stir on the ship and rumor was 160 hands contracted V.D. We got a real doctor shots and all and later found trough proper testing most of those 160 hands had nothing.

A walk or to around Bunbury acculturated me to their life style. Australians love darts quite a bit. The pubs all had darts except for the towns night club which I visited one time. I noticed a discharge at this time so I decided to be fair and was civil but unsociable.

I occupied myself with taking in the Australian lifestyle. The predominant auto is the English Ford which looks like ax second edition four door American Falcon. The kids even drove them and put mag wheels and free flow mufflers on them. In the pubs the accent was not as whiny as you would expect considering the Australian as portryed in our art. The people impress you as being rowdy and hard working. They fought to make freinds and as freinds and were real wise asses twcards each other. They'd arm wrestle and pound each other and shoot darts. Some of the local pubs were more civilized and none of them seemed high class. The real high roller type sailors all went up to Sidney or to a local disco that meant money so I just bummed around and saw some local T.V. in the pubs, and took a bus tour of the countryside.

The tour guide struck me as being more British than my image of an Australian and was easily understandable in his presentation. Other than watching out the windows the real attraction of the tour was the forest. We stopped at a look out built on one of the live trees that owere a good hundred feet solidly into the sky. A Karri tree seved as a natural tower on the hill in the Pemberton area, and was known as Gloucester Tree Fire Look out. We were instructed to give some of our ham sanwiche lunch to the birds who swooped down and mumbled about. These kookaburras could have been great pets if you had a place in the woods around there as they were not at all afraid of people, and would walk right up makeing their treaty mumbly noise and snatch the scraps.

We stopped to see the produce of the forest being worked at the saw mill. Felled these trees are impressive in the horizontal position as well. They were four feet high as they lay in the yard waiting for the saw. The huge trunks were cut into six inch planks on each of four sides as the log was flipped and finally run through once squared. When the planks hit the deck they thunderedloudly with hundreds of pounds of force. The forest we drove by looked full but we were warned that the trees were extremely slow growing and fire and harvesting were of great concern. In some deforested areas pine farms were tried, but grew slowly with the semi-arid rainfall. The lumber we saw was all forest grown, but regeneration of the forest