

A Gentleman and a Rascal



Autobiography
by
Brian Buzzard

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CHAPTER 22

Travel with Elsie & Terese

Front Cover: I wish to thank artist Laura Cole for her kind permission to use the second painting from the triptych **Kimberley Grasses**.

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CHAPTER 22

Travel with Elsie & Terese

Not long after we bought Minilya, I decided to go on a European trip, sponsored by WA Newspapers. The tour leader was a criminal court reporter for the paper named Cyril Ayris. He helped considerably to make the trip a happy one. We spent five days cruising the Mediterranean and then went through Greece, Italy, Germany and Holland. From there we went to England, where we went on a bus tour through South Devon and other areas. We also spent a few days in Scotland. We went over to Ireland, hired a car at Cork and drove through the country for a week. We left the car at Dublin and flew back to England. We flew both ways, but had a stopover in Singapore on the way home. It was a very enjoyable experience, because / had not been out of Australia since the war ended in 1945.

On the trip I met a lady named Elsie Murray who lived in Claremont and we became good friends. She has two daughters, Kaye a trained nursing sister at Sir Charles Gairdner Hospital, and Anne who worked for CSIRO. They were rather dubious of me for quite a while, but later accepted me as not a bad bloke.

Elsie came up to the station with me a couple of times and she liked the life very much. She had friends on stations between Mt Magnet and Yalgoo where, with her daughters, she had spent quite a few holidays before she went up north with me. The last trip we did, we came back via Newman and stayed with my friend Jim Boyd in Cue. There was a gymkhana on at the time and Elsie met a few of her old station friends there.



My friend Elsie

Later, Elsie and I went on a cruise together, flying to Hong Kong, then sailed on the Princess Line down around Java and Sumatra, calling at Bali and Jakarta and then to Singapore. From there we went by train to Malacca, on to Ipoh, the Cameron Highlands, and to Penang. We stayed for a few days at the Raza Sayang Hotel Resort. It was there that we first heard that Allan Bond had won the America's Cup. Some wit or halfwit spread the rumour around that I was Allan Bond's father and I was swamped with congratulations and free drinks. From Penang we caught a bus at Butterworth and went across the top of Malaysia on the border of Thailand. We did not know that there was a guerilla war going on up there until the bus driver told us that he was not allowed to stop on the way. We drove for nine hours continuously. We were supplied with sandwiches, cakes, and drinks by an attendant, and thank goodness, there was a toilet on the bus. The bus could hold thirty people but there were

only five passengers, one of whom happened to be a nursing sister from the Meekatharra Hospital. We were very pleased to get to Kota Baru on the east coast without any trouble. We then came down the coast in a leisurely fashion to Singapore and home to Perth.

I must have caught the travelling bug, because my daughter, Terese and I went over to England and stayed with my son Philip and Mandy his wife. They lived in Henley-in-Arden and the in-laws, Geoff and Rosa Gould lived in Alcester, only a few miles away. We were there for the christening of their second child, Amy.

We also went to Holland and stayed with Terese's husband's relatives in Rotterdam. We returned to England and then on to New York and Washington where we spent a few days. The Arlington Cemetery, where President Kennedy is buried was very touching. We then went on to the War Cemetery, which was beautifully kept and had a high marble wall with the names of those killed in the Vietnam War engraved on it. It was lit up and very impressive. There were two family names, Buzzard, which stood out for me. Our family has relatives in Canada, who migrated there the same time that my great grandfather migrated from England to Australia. We stayed with friends at Essex Falls, New Jersey for a few days. That couple had rented a house next to me at Kintail Road during the America's Cup, held off Fremantle. We did what we could to make their stay in Perth a happy one, and they certainly reciprocated by sending a car all the way into New York to pick us up, and they gave us a real welcome. One place I can clearly remember which they took us to, was Edison's workshop, where he discovered and made the first electric light globes. From New York, we went back to England, for a few days and then home to Perth. I have always been glad to see our shores again. Later I travelled with Terese to Hawaii to a Catalina reunion.

When I came back from the Hawaiian trip, it was my swan song for overseas trips and I confined myself to going to our Catalina Club reunions every two years. They were in Nelson's Bay at Port Stephens and Lake Boga in Victoria. While I was there I went to the Melbourne Cup for the

first time, and again when I went to a reunion in Geelong. We had our turn in WA three years ago when over four hundred attended from all over the world. Last year, accompanied by Terese and my sons, Brian and David, I went to a seven day reunion at Surfer's Paradise. We hired a car and spent a day at Conungra where Brian did his jungle training before going to Vietnam. My friend John Battle and his wife came down from Noosa and a great time was had reminiscing. David's wife Lynne, Terese's husband Keith and my brother Millar and his wife Lola were all with me on that trip. That was the last big trip for me because of my health.