

## Round the World in 90 Days (III) New Zealand Title 297

I left Honolulu on a midnight flight by New Zealand Airlines, on 30 January 1980 and arrived in Auckland, New Zealand, at 09.30, 1 February, having lost 31 January completely by crossing the International Date Line over the Pacific Ocean. I visited Sir Charles Fleming FRS, one of the distinguished Members of our Editorial Board, at Lower Hutt, on the outskirts of Auckland, and was invited to his home for several meals. A great interdisciplinary naturalist, conchologist, ornithologist and botanist, Fleming was always full of suggestions of interesting contributions which I should invite for our Journal. I had seen him regularly during his visits to London.

On one of these occasions, I was extremely lucky to save the lives of Fleming, his wife and of course my own, when I drove them to London Airport in my car. On the motorway, M4, on a hot summer day, I was suddenly confronted by a big lorry coming towards me on my side of the road. It had broken through the dividing central steel barrier and was heading straight for me. I was able to swerve to the left and thus avoid an imminent collision. We speculated about the reason for this confrontation, and thought that the lorry driver had fallen asleep. He took a subconscious avoiding action when he suddenly saw in front of him the traffic jam outside London. Our friendship became even closer after this hair-raising incident.

In New Zealand I was able to spend a few days with my older daughter, Frances Michaelis in Rotorua where she was doing biological research, married to her delightful husband Geoffrey Wells, a New Zealander. They had both studied at the Australian National University in Canberra, where he was taking an advanced forestry diploma course, sponsored by the New Zealand Forestry Commission. After their marriage he had to return to New Zealand to work for three years for the Commission, before he could take a job in the forestry industry in Rotorua. He showed me the forrest and took me to see the giant trees in the hinterland, their felling and transportation, as well as the highly industrialised saw mills of his company. It was not a subject for my Journal, however impressive and interesting, but through his contacts, I wrote a review in praise of New Zealand.

I left New Zealand in the middle of February as I had another family engagement on the 18 February 1980 in Sydney. My younger daughter, Angela Michaelis started her Bachelor of Arts Degree (Honours) on that date at Macquarie University to obtain her B.A. For her degree she wrote a 161-page Thesis on "When is a Story not a Story? A Study of the TV News Item". After graduation in 1984, she found stimulating and satisfying employment with the Australian Broadcasting Commission in Sydney, where she had her own highly successful programme on Australian words and accents. [See also Title 334 on 100 Years Family Tradition]