

## Australian Honeymoon—First Stage to Singapore Title 44

After the wedding feast at the Savoy Hotel, Ann and I spent a day in the country in the home of Fritz and Bridget Lingen. It was just a very short break, as Ann was by then working hard at University College for her psychology degree and I had my office job as a Civil Servant at BIOS, by then taken over by the Board of Trade. We were firm in our belief to emigrate to Australia, and as we were now married and both wanted children in due course, we also thought that they would have a better future in a new country. War-time lingered on in England and rationing seemed never to end.

So we decided that we would have a proper honeymoon trip to Australia to have a look at the country. However, before doing so I wanted to become a naturalised British subject and travel to Australia on a British Passport. I swore my oath of allegiance to 'His Majesty King George the Sixth, His Heirs and Successors' on the 8th of April 1947 as Kurt Otto Adolf Michaelis, the names given me at birth. I changed my three given names to Anthony Rowland by Deed Poll later, on 25th February 1948.

To fly to Australia in 1947 was only possible by Imperial Airways in their magnificent Sunderland flying boats, starting from Poole in Dorset to Rose Bay in Sydney during a 7 day and 7 night voyage. Luxuriously comfortable, in small four-seat cabins, with meals served by uniformed stewards on white table linen, one could walk about inside the roomy observation lounge and stretch one's legs. From Poole, with a short refuelling stop in Marseille, we spent the first night in Augusta, Sicily. The second day, flying from about 8 o'clock in the morning, we landed on the Nile in Cairo at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and spent the night in the world famous Shephard Hotel.

Having met an Egyptian student Omar Pasha at Cambridge, we were able to tell him of our arrival in Cairo, and he and his wife joined us for dinner. Ann and I had spent the afternoon visiting the Pyramids and amused ourselves on a brief camel ride. The third night found us in Bahrain on the Persian Gulf, after a dull flight over limitless desert mountains. In those days the Hotel in Bahrain was rather primitive without any air-conditioning and we were glad to leave early on a very long flight to Rangoon in Burma, with short fuelling stops in Karachi and Calcutta.

Our fourth night in Rangoon allowed us a brief walk through the city before dinner and a welcome rest before the next day's shorter flight down to Singapore. There we had again all the luxury that Raffles Hotel could offer the weary European in a tropical climate, with normally a humidity of 90% and a temperature of 90 degrees Fahrenheit, 32 °C. It lies on the Equator and thus its climate never changes.