

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Greetings from a very mild (at the moment) Ontario while we await the onset of Winter, which at the moment seems a bit late, but I will take all the warmer temperatures that I can get!

The year 1991 was set up to be quite interesting, with the Royal Philatelic Society of Canada show in Montreal in April and the ATA show in Denver in June (one of our favorite places to visit). We drove to Montreal (just a day trip) on Thursday, April 3rd, and met some friends for breakfast on Friday, April 4th, after which Barbara headed off to a local shopping mall and I headed for the dealers.

I was scheduled to give a talk on "Topical Exhibiting" in the afternoon and found that the audience included Vince Lucas and George Guzzio, both of whom were exhibiting, Vince with "Coffee" and George with "Edward, All For Love." The talk went off quite well and there were numerous questions, which made it more interesting. On Saturday, we found the awards were up and my "The World of Insects" got a vermeil, with gold for Vince (also "Best Topical") and gold for George with "Best in Show." At the banquet, which was very good, Barbara sat next to George and talked with him about the Edward VIII, the Monarch who abdicated and was the subject of his exhibit. All in all, it was a most enjoyable show.

The ATA show in Denver was slated for 21–23 June and we worked out that we should leave home on the 15th. Usually, when heading west, we go down to Port Huron and head west across Michigan to pick up Highway 80 and pass south of Chicago. That year however, we went north to Sault Ste. Marie and around the top of Lake Michigan, a much prettier drive. On the west side of Lake Michigan, we saw signs for Green Bay (go Packers!), crossed Wisconsin and the Mississippi River (always impressive) to Albert Lea in Minnesota, where we had stayed before.

Unfortunately, the Constant Reader bookshop was closed. Onward the next day into South Dakota stopping at the visitor centre in Chamberlain on the Missouri. I like to stand on the bluff on the east bank and wonder how the first traveller, settler, or trapper felt on seeing it for the first time. It seems to me to be a barrier between "The West" and what lies to the east.

We stopped in Murdo and on the following day spent some more time in the Badlands and the Black Hills, where we picnicked before going up to "Wind Cave". The tour was 1½ hours and had 300 steps which Barbara said she could not handle, so we crossed into Wyoming and took Hwy. 85 down to Lusk, a town with one of the widest main streets we had ever seen—probably from the days of cattle drives. We had stayed in Lusk some years before and had a bottle of wine at the nicest restaurant, which cost \$3.60! No such luck on this second occasion.

The following day was June 20th and Barbara's birthday, for which I had carried presents from our children that she got before breakfast. We packed up and headed for Douglas, passing the village of Hot Springs, which had a sign proudly giving the elevation and the population of 9! We picked up Hwy. 25 towards Denver, which was followed in due course by Cheyenne and in to Colorado and past Fort Collins. We duly arrived at the hotel, which we knew and got a room on the 7th floor. I had to put up my exhibit and then attend the Board Meeting in the evening, which was quite interesting, as always. It was a very good show, with five gold, five vermeil, and several silver awards, mine among them. The usual number of unit meetings were held on Saturday and Sunday and I would say that the show committee in Denver did a great job.

Barbara and I went on yet more travels in the mountains and valleys of the area and returned home on July 6th. Maybe another column will be on what we saw.

Until next time...

Alan J. Hanks

