

Post



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Brisbane Bound - April 19, 2025

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SUMMARY

Flew from Adelaide to Brisbane, entering our 5th state (out of 8 states and territories). We took a long walk along the Brisbane River then had an excellent French dinner. - Karen

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DETAIL

Happy Easter Saturday? Well, Holy Saturday. "Holy Saturday in 2025 will be observed on April 19. This day commemorates the time when Jesus lay in the tomb before his resurrection on Easter Sunday." One of these days this blog entry will be short. Maybe today's the day? Today we're just changing cities, from Adelaide to Brisbane. How hard can that be, eh?

For the first part of the day, in short hand, the time goes like... Up, coffee, bathe, pack, checkout, Uber, luggage check, security (do NOT follow the instructions), brekkie, board (wrong way), off to Brizzie.

A few more details. As we were have been going through security we've been noticing lots of differences with how things are done in the US. For example, having a bottle of water isn't a criminal offense. We're never sure, though, whether we take of our belt, or leave the computer in the bag, or take the iPad out. So, this airport, I'm going to pay attention to the big monitor telling me what to do. I watch the entire sequence twice as the line slowly snakes forward. OK. Got it!

At the last minute, an agent moves a cordon aside and ushers the next 10 people (which included us four) to a different screening queue. My bag is stopped and I'm scolded for having left my computer, iPhones, iPad, and extra battery in my bag. "BUT THAT'S WHAT THE MONITOR SAID TO DO!" I said, politely and calmly. The lady laughed and said, ah, yes, no, that's for that other screening line over there.

Brekkie is localspeak for Breakfast. We get a croissant with ham and cheese. Karen and I are both blown away by how good it is. We do not know their secret. Brizzie is localspeak for Brisbane.

On the flight I see my first flight attendant who appears to be of aboriginal descent. Like any suppressed population you have to be extra good to get a job, and she was. I was fairly sure it would be inappropriate for me to mention my observation to her, so I kept my mouth shut.

On the plane Don and I work to support the local economy by enjoying a couple of beers and cheese and crackers (they are cheaper as a bundle). Because tomorrow is Easter, everyone on the plane is given a complimentary chocolate bunny. Karen and I nibbled on ours (ears on one and tail on the other) so as to recreate a favorite old Easter joke, where the bunny conversation goes: "My butt hurts", "What?"

Due to differences in how the states have chosen to observe Day Light Savings time, we are losing a half hour flying east.

We take an Uber to our hotel, The Treasury Hotel. There are two of them, not too far distant one from the other, and it's a trick to know if we are being driven to the right one. Thankfully we are.

This is our third 'Heritage Hotel' this trip. They're kind of like the Posadas in Spain, where they've converted old palaces into hotels. This place used to be the treasury building, and we are in a big, old, funky rooms with 16' ceilings and fancy stained wainscoting all around. We imagine that Elenor Roosevelt would have felt very at home here.

We're running out of clean clothes, so we do some laundry in the sink. Lots of underwear hanging everywhere does change the feel of the place. Yesterday was Good Friday, today is Holy Saturday, tomorrow is Easter Sunday, followed by Easter Monday. Four holidays in a row. We're told we will be lucky to find any laundry open during this stretch.

Our hotel is on the river and the riverbank has been gussied up very nicely for bikers, walkers, and tourists. Karen and I take a stroll along the water, trying not to get hit by bikes or runners. There are lanes for each and a sign warning each biker if they're clocked going over the speed limit.

The sun is setting and it's pretty. We check out how the water taxis look and work (but don't take an actual ride). It looks new and efficient. We've heard good things. The cost is AU\$0.50 for far as you want go and for as long as you want to stay on. The boats are catamarans and they zip quickly and quietly over the water. You can ride the entire length of the circuit (and back) and see the whole city for fifty cents (US\$0.33)!

Even though it is Holy Saturday, there is a BWS (Beer, Wine, Spirits) store open and we buy some wine. We've heard that workers on these holidays get twice their normal pay. We ask about it and are told it's true, with a very wide smile.

After stashing the wine in our room, and getting a bit fancier, we walk to dinner. Our route takes us through Brisbane's Asian section. There are restaurants everywhere, Japanese (sushi, noodle, yakitori,...), Chinese, Thai, Vietnamese, and so on. Most are open and there are lots of young Asians eating inside and milling about outside, balancing ice cream cones and taking selfies.

Our restaurant, La Vue ('the view' in French) is a good half mile away, but there's lots to see along the way. Many modern cool buildings, and lots of pedestrians. We have a reservation and a server tries to seat us at an inner four top before someone else insists on putting us at a window booth with a great view of the colorful Story Bridge.

Dinner, drinks and wine are all very good. French food and we get to practice our French with the waiter. He's young and recently from France, of course. So many foreign workers!

Post dinner, Karen and I walk home. It's lovely out and we're following the river walkway, like so many others. Ideally it would take us back to our hotel, but there's a bit of construction going on so we're forced to redo the Asian sector where it's as busy as before.

Photos



One last ride in the fancy casino hotel elevator, headed out. Our luggage is packed and we're wearing jackets more just to transport them to our next destination, Brisbane.



With one exception our incountry flying has been on Virgin Australia. We've been impressed, they're efficient and cost effective. If it saves us a nine-hour drive we'll do it.



On board we get (I get) a beer and cheese and crackers. Have to support the local economy. The package says "Tasty Cheddar" and it is. Given that it's almost Easter (to commemorate the resurrection of Christ) we're each given a gold-wrapped chocolate bunny. You don't get more religious than that.



Not sure if it's sacrilege, but Karen and I each do our part to recreate one of our favorite easter cards. The bunnies are saying "My butt hurts" and "What??"



Our room. It's like we're in "judge's chambers" or some high up bureaucrat's office. We imagine Elenor Roosevelt sitting at the table drafting a quick letter to Franklin Delano.



Big bath with lots of marble and two steps. Hopefully I remember that come the middle of the night. No separate room for the "water closet" :-(



Next to our hotel is a park, named in honor of Queen Victoria and with a statue of her watching over things.



Beyond our hotel is a fancy new casino, on both sides of the street with cool 'sky bridges' connecting the two halves.



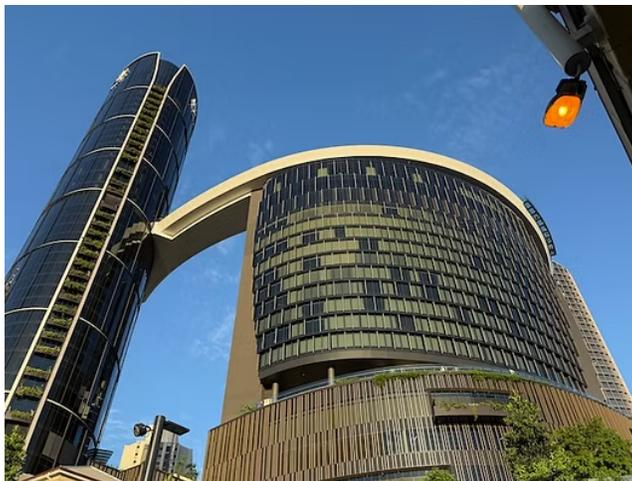
We like how our temporary home looks in the setting sun.



A short walk away is a longer walk, along the shores of the river. There are lanes for bikes (one for each direction) and a lane for runners and a space for lookers and strollers. Well executed and well used.



So many funky bridges here. It's fun. This one is a pedestrian bridge going from the entertainment center that is the casino to more fun space on the other side of the river.



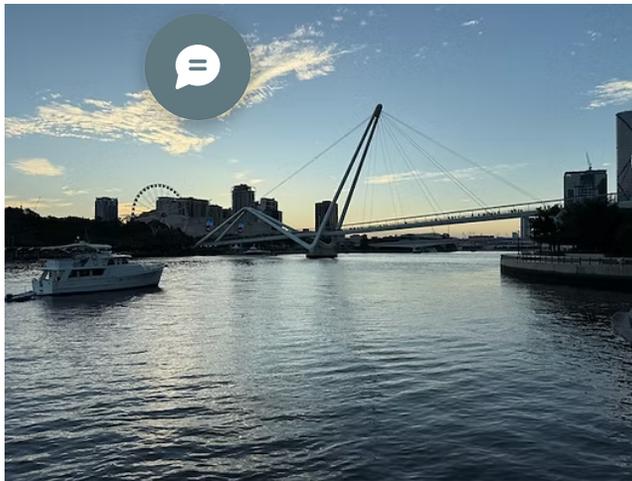
On the far right of the casino, facing the river, is a cantilevered balcony with lots of

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A 'City Cat' (city water taxi catamaran).
Quick, cheap, quiet, efficient and fun.



A few other boats, too, but not many.



The Story Bridge which was the view for our French dinner. There's a story behind John Story's bridge, but we don't know (recall?) it.

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