



THE CHRYSLER COLLECTOR



Number 147

July / August 2003

THE CHRYSLER RESTORERS CLUB OF AUSTRALIA,
SOUTH AUSTRALIA INC.

Newley Auto Painters

25 Furness Avenue, Edwardstown 5039

Ph 8276 6322 a/h 8298 2586

Grit blasting, industrial, automotive, bike frames and coatings

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Chrome restoration specialists

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Ph 8276 1933 fax 8277 9994

A/h 8374 2532 and 8555 1312

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To discuss the sale of your vehicle call Michael Finniss 08 8276 1933

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Vintage repairs and engineering

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Copper, brass, gunmetal, lead, batteries, aluminium, steel, cast iron.

Specialising in deceased estates, factory cleanouts, building sites, old computers.

Pick up service available.

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Unit 1, 135 Mooring Avenue
Camden Park 5038

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Reconditioning of car and motorcycle parts

Flash chroming, cylindrical grinding, internal grinding and recovery of worn components such as crankshafts, kingpins, gudgeon pins etc

High quality work to fine tolerances.

CLUB DIRECTORY

The Chrysler Restorers Club of Australia, South Australia Inc.

Established in 1980, catering for the following vehicles:

Dodge * Plymouth * De Soto * Chrysler * Imperial * Maxwell * Fargo * Graham Brothers * Valiant

Postal Address

PO Box 667, Plympton SA 5038

Meetings

Meetings are held at the Combined Car Clubs (Triple C) Club rooms, Glandore Community Centre, Clark Avenue, Glandore at 7:45 pm on the second Wednesday of each month, except January. Entry to club rooms is through the car park. Visitors and guests are welcome. Please bring supper to share.

Subscriptions

City single \$22.50 - City family \$27.50 - Country single \$15.00 - Country family \$17.50
Fee is for a calendar year. Membership ceases if not renewed by **31 March** of following year.

Club Officers

President:	Chris Howes, 4 Peter Place, Campbelltown 5074.....	ah 8165 3971
Vice President:	Ken Barnes, 21 East Avenue, Millswood 5034.....	8293 7923
Secretary:	Ross Fleming, 1 Good Street, Fulham 5024	8356 9391
Asst. Secretary:	Judy Hart, 55 Hallett Avenue, Tranmere 5073.....	ah 8337 7887
Treasurer:	Alan Driver, 4 Roberts Street, Brighton SA 5048.....	ah 8298 1194
Editor:	Richard Tapp, 17 Simpson Parade, Goodwood 5034.....	ah 8271 6961
Librarian:	Stephen Tyler, 4 Munster Street, Windsor Gardens 5087.....	ah 8261 7971
Assistant Librarian:	Peter Lockheed, 3 Josephine Street, Highbury 5089.....	ah 8265 2625
Technical Liaison:	Graham Bailey, 41 Reservoir Road, Hope Valley 5090.....	ah 8264 2261
Public Relations:	Lorraine Beythien, 6 Manley Cct, West Lakes Shore 5020	8449 8905
Run Coordinator:	Ken Barnes, 21 East Avenue, Millswood 5034.....	8293 7923
Records:	Judy Hart, 55 Hallett Avenue, Tranmere 5073.....	ah 8337 7887
Historic Vehicle Registrars:	Dave Aylett, 5 Larkdale Crescent, O'Halloran Hill 5158	ah 8381 9665
	Gaye Aylett, 5 Larkdale Crescent, O'Halloran Hill 5158.....	ah 8381 9665
Committee:	Brenton Hamilton, 23 Jacqueline Avenue, Woodcroft 5162.....	8387 0419
-	Bev Dart, 67 Australian Avenue, Clovelly Park 5042	8277 6115
-	Neil Wormald, 14 Laver Crescent, West Lakes Shore 5020.....	ah 8449 7254
-	Carole Barnes, 21 East Avenue, Millswood 5034	8293 7923
-	Philip Bakker, 39 Sheridan Street, Woodville North 5012	ah 8268 2586
-	Trevor Beythien, 6 Manley Cct, West Lakes Shore 5020	8449 8905
-	Wayne Bartlett, 9 Duchess Court, Paralowie 5108	8285 8072
-	Michael Buxallen, 27 Gores Road, Davoren Park 5113	8252 1381
-	David Crichton, 3 Smith Street, Newton 5074.....	8337 6980
Federation Rep:	Chip Thomas, 102 L'Estrange Street, Glenunga 5064.....	ah 8379 2338
Triple 'C' Rep:	Chip Thomas, 102 L'Estrange Street, Glenunga 5064.....	ah 8379 2338
Historic Vehicle Assessors:	Dave Aylett, 5 Larkdale Crescent, O'Halloran Hill 5158.....	ah 8381 9665
<i>South:</i>	Ron Turner, 7 Hunt Crescent, Christies Beach 5165	8382 3982
<i>Central:</i>	Ross Bryant, 12 Alma Street, Panorama 5041	8277 8220
<i>North:</i>	Graham Bailey, 41 Reservoir Road, Hope Valley 5090.....	ah 8264 2261
<i>North:</i>	Kevin Williams, 19 Wyndham Crescent, Surrey Downs 5126	ah 8251 3240
Public Officer:	Barry Maslin, 13 Walthamstowe Road, Old Noarlunga 5168.....	8386 2931
Catering Co-ordinator:	Judy Hart, 55 Hallett Avenue, Tranmere 5073.....	ah 8337 7887
Club Tools held at:	Chris Howes, 4 Peter Place, Campbelltown 5074	ah 8165 3971

The Chrysler Collector

Next Issue: Please submit material for the next issue no later than 29 August 2003. Corrections/amendments until 31 August 2003. Contributions can be e-mailed to crCasa@picknowl.com.au or posted to 17 Simpson Parade, Goodwood SA 5034 or brought to club meetings. Photos should be scanned at 200 dpi; line-art at 600 dpi. **Copyright:** All material published in The Chrysler Collector is the copyright of the author of the article. The permission of the author should be sought before reproduction. **Website:** The Chrysler Collector can be downloaded in colour from: <http://homepages.picknowl.com.au/crcasa>

COMING EVENTS

CLUB MEETINGS

9 July 2003

Video "How to sell a Plymouth"

13 August 2003

Quiz night

10 September 2003

Natter night

8 October 2003

Vili Milisits — All about Vili

12 November 2003

Old Chrysler training films (Lochheed Bros.)

10 December 2003

Christmas Meeting

CLUB RUNS / EVENTS

20 July 2003

Vintage Auto Parts (morning tea supplied) Then onto Old Noarlunga

17 August 2003

SA's only cricket bat manufacturer Bob Fielke Gawler

12-14 September 2003

Camp out Burra

12 November 2003

Old Adelaide Goal Tour

25 October 2003

Presentation Dinner

2 November 2002

CCC run by Mercedes Club

7 December 2003

Christmas Picnic with Father Christmas

INVITATION/OTHER CLUBS' EVENTS

30/31 August 2003

Caveland Rally Naracoorte

13-14 September 2003

Mallala Masters 50th Anniversary

20/21 September 2003

Display National Railway Museum Port Dock

28 September 2003

SA Water Bay to Birdwood

4-6 October 2003

Northern Auto Restoration Club Clare 13th

Biennial Rally

9 November 2003

HMVC Fleurieu Show & Shine Day McLaren Vale

23-26 January 2004

40th Anniversary Tour Mt Gambier

21 March 2004

AAA Club 20th Birthday Rally Open to all clubs. Angaston Oval

?? March 2004

Chryslers on the Murray. Contact Wayne Bartlett about going as a group. 8285 0872

15-17 May 2004

PADARC 20th Anniversary Rally

26 September to 2 October 2004

10th National Chrysler Rally Geelong Victoria

SWAP MEETS

27 July 2003

Angle Park

24 August 2003

Willunga

14 September 2003

Gawler *(Note change of date!)*

19 October 2003

Strathalbyn

15-16 November 2003

Bendigo

Welcome to New Members

Paul Kammermann 1935 Chrysler Airstream
Meadows

Goran Yakas 1963 Chrysler Royal
Murray Bridge 1970 Valiant

Kelvin & Shirley Hesse 1966 Valiant Ute
Ingle Farm

Allan Trenordan 1938 Dodge
Hackham

Cover Photos

Front: Thomas and Debra Frost's 1954 Dodge sedan, photographed at the President's Breakfast Run. [Photo Richard Tapp]

Rear: Alan Toull's painting of Greg Newley's 1936 Chrysler C8. [Photo Alan Toull]

COMING EVENTS

Vintage Auto Parts

Sunday 20 July 2003

Meet at O'Halloran Hill weigh station, 10 am for 10:30 start.

First stop is Vintage Auto parts, 6 Aldershot Road, Lonsdale — morning tea supplied.

Then a short drive to Noarlunga for BYO lunch. Electric BBQs available or café, pub and deli for other goodies.

Bring walking shoes for a wander around the town.

Dave & Gaye Aylett

Cricket Bat Manufacturer

Sunday, 17 August 2003

Meet at Angle Park Greyhound Raceway, Cardigan Street, Angle Park at 9.00 am for 9.30 am start.

We will visit the Wet Lands and Virginia Market Gardens on the way to Gawler

BYO Lunch will be prior to the tour at The Cricket Bat Manufacturer.

Subject to the numbers attending it may be necessary to do the tour in two groups at separate times.

If this occurs we suggest only the second group take advantage of the afternoon tea.

Entrance to Tour \$3 afternoon tea \$2.

For further information phone 8449 8905

Trevor and Lorraine Beythien,

Burra Campout

12-14 September 2003

Location: Burra Caravan & Camping Park and Paxton Square Cottages.

Convenor: Brenton Hamilton, phone 83870419

Caravan Park: We currently have bookings for 5 on site vans. Powered sites and un-powered sites.

Costs: On site vans 2 persons \$34 per day. All vans contain cutlery, crockery, saucepans, heater and colour TV.

Linen and pillows can be hired for \$5. Powered sites \$16. Un-powered sites \$11.

Paxton Square Cottages: We have 15 cottages booked. Features of each cottage are fully equipped kitchen with fridge, oven, toaster, crockery, cutlery plus tea and coffee facilities

provided. All linen supplied.

A deal has been arranged that instead of standard Cottage prices fee is \$28 per person per night.

Catering: As usual. BYO. Electric BBQ'S at both places.

Happy Hour: 5.00 pm each evening.

Friday. BYO or Burra Hotel happy hour 6-7 pm. All drinks cheap after either a counter or dining room meal.

Saturday Tea: Community BBQ. BYO meat, a salad to share. Sweets!! Burra has a very good bakery and other take away places.

Daytime things to do: Antique Shops, Craft Shops and Boutiques, Burra Creek and walking tracks, Deer Farm, Museum and Monuments.

A Tour to a "property" is yet to be finalised for Saturday afternoon, or Sunday Morning. To be advised.

Evening Entertainment: Who Knows??

Come and join us for a great weekend, remember our last one at Meningie??

Brenton Hamilton
8387 0419.



Morphett's enginehouse, Burra, circa 1920. Photo: Richard Tapp

FROM THE COMMITTEE

President's Message

As the days are well and truly shorter, colder and miserable, the same cant be said for the enthusiastic activities within the Club. In recent weeks we have had members all over the countryside displaying their treasures and keeping the Chrysler name well and truly on the road.

The West Coast Tour organized by the Federation was a big hit with a number of our members attending and giving it a glowing report, it went well enough for the likelihood of a similar event in two years time to the Southeast. I see this as a great opportunity to mix with all sorts of different people and makes of cars, whilst giving country enthusiasts the chance to experience large runs which we in the city sometimes take for granted.

Right on the heels of this event was the Kernewek Lowender, once again the Chrysler name was well and truly to the fore, with a strong contingent spending the weekend at Moonta Caravan Park; ask them about the weather !

Not forgetting the Pub Run to Murray Bridge, Ross Fleming excelled himself with a record crowd in the vicinity of 160 people, we could run into trouble in the future with a lack of venues coping with these numbers.

In the meantime there has been considerable activity behind the

scenes sorting and cataloguing our tools and library assets. As has been mentioned previously this is leading to a storage problem; with club property stored with a variety of generous members the time has come to consolidate our belongings in one spot. At our last meeting it was decided, after some lengthy discussions, to hire space at a warehouse to store the excess library and tool belongings, which are too valuable to dispose of. This will cost us about \$1100 per year and at this stage we have voted for a one year agreement with a right to renew for another year.

Meanwhile the search goes on for a better proposal, in hand with our overflowing patronage at monthly meetings; maybe its time to think of the future and start planning for our own premises and lockup?

On the downside, our meeting room was recently broken into for the second time and the TV and Video were stolen again; there was an added twist this time however, the chain which secured these items within the room was cut with bolt cutters! The obvious conclusion is that someone who has used the room in the past may well have been involved, food for thought ?

Happy and safe motoring

Chris Howes

Secretary's Jottings

It is quite amazing how the time flies! I am writing these few lines prior to the June meeting, having been to the Tas Tour in May, followed by the Cavalcade of Cars at Moonta, Kadina and Wallaroo, and the Club run to Pt Adelaide.

I am quite sure there will be plenty of Tas Tour reports from members, so I will only touch on that event by saying it was an interesting and well set up Tour, with plenty to do and see, along with a bit of fun thrown in! For ourselves we spent some quality time with family and grand children (5) in Ulverstone, who were two streets from our Motel. Along with others we had no real car problems either way. Thanks for your company Ross Bryant on the home run!

The Kernewek Lowender Car run was quite a sight, run in good weather to boot. I was both surprised and disappointed to find on arrival for lunch, there were no hot Cornish Pasties. Apparently, this was due to a power failure, for which the organisers could not be blamed!

Ken and Carol Barnes run to the Quarantine Station and Port

Adelaide was a real eye opener, and thanks to Kevin and Anna Fagan who assisted the Barnes in setting up a most interesting and enjoyable run. Be hard to top that one!

On a more serious note, the new Code of Practice is now in force from the 1st August, to be reviewed in 12 months time! We have been forewarned per the open letter from the Federation, that the system now in place could be lost forever if we persist in whinging and requesting changes to suit every Tom, Dick and Harry!

Well, enough from me, we have an interesting six months ahead of us now to the end of the year, so happy restoring and good motoring.

Ross Fleming

PS: I hear rumours of an outing or parade coming up for the various club members vehicle mascots, particular those picked up in Tasmania! Seems Alan and Sandy Martin take the cake, their little bear mascot already giving birth!

Editorial

CONTRIBUTORS

This "bumper" 32 page issue comes to you courtesy of Chris Howes, Ross Fleming, Dave & Gaye Aylett, Trevor and Lorraine Beythien, Brenton Hamilton, Garry Williams, Ken and Carole Barnes, Judy Hart, Gail Du Bois, Cynthia Kempster, Ross Bryant, Barbara and Kevin Williams and Bill Watson. Our thanks to last issue's magazine despatch team. Once again I was not there but I think it was Cathy Woods, Judy Hart, Chris Howes and Allan Martin.

WEBSITE

There have now been 4,481 visits to our web site (259 since last issue) and 908 visits to the magazine download page (98 since last issue).

2003 REGISTER

Judy Hart has given me a list of supplementary names for members who missed inclusion in the register. As you can see, there is no room this issue!

Richard Tapp

CLUB NOTES

Jottings

FOR NEW MEMBERS!

A reminder to new members who have joined this year and have Historic Vehicles registered with our club; you are required to attend at least three functions throughout the year and have your Logbook endorsed by any Committee member to be eligible for membership renewal next year. Failure to do so could mean your membership will not be renewed and your right to Historic registration revoked.

A TRUE CONFESSION

Armed with the trading post IM a dangerous man. I confess, "I am". June long weekend saw me a little bored and with a lack of reading material so I purchased a trading post. The VF Valiant coupe was advertised. Only two owners, low mileage and A1 condition.

I thought, yeah right, I've heard that line before. But with time on my hands I'll give them a call and go for a look. So I made several phone calls before I could finally make contact for an appointment for inspection. I have always liked to the VF coupe. Last year Brenton Hamilton brought some photos of a one owner coupe for sale to the clubrooms. Well I missed out on that one so when I saw this one advertised I thought I would check it out.

On arrival for the inspection I checked out the car very thoroughly. I found to be in excellent condition with very minimal work required to bring it up to scratch. Two dents on the left-hand side, some minor rust around the rear window. Two tyres and a wheel alignment. A radiator recall, new hoses, for most that and power flash the block, that darn good cleanup, the new boot mat, a few minor oil leaks and some electrical rework.

I pay up the car late on Thursday night. So Friday and Saturday were very busy days, as I wanted to take my new pride and joy on the Sunday proper lunch run to Dundee's Hotel. After much elbow grease and running around the car was finally ready at 8:30 AM Sunday morning. So into the shower, cleanup, dressed and off to the clubrooms. It poured with rain all the way there.

I was surprised to find not that many people there, after the Torrens Island run was so well attended. So the intrepid a few that braved the weather set off. We picked up another group at the Colonial Hotel and set off after the freeway; then the fog set in. After we cleared the Mount Lofty Ranges the fog lifted and the rain set in until about Mount

Barker, then the weather find up.

On arrival at Murray Bridge I went into town to pick up my hearty he was joining us for large, then on to Dundee's Hotel where I was amazed at the number of cars and people have group had swelled to. In we went, paid our money, got some drinks and mingled with the crowd. Then we settled down to lunch.

The venue was very warm, pleasantly decorated and the meal was absolutely superb. Anybody who didn't enjoy it must be hard to please. After lunch we socialised a bit more then took my aunty home before heading back down the freeway.

The car performed faultlessly and was very comfortable; we had a great day out. In closing, I would like to thank Ross Fleming for organising another great proper lunch run.

Garry Williams

PAUL TRENGOVE

After winning the 2002 Australian F3 Series, former club member Paul Trengove has upgraded to F4000 and CPA Australia is behind him all the way.

In 2002 CPA Australia 'looked outside the square' to sponsor Paul Trengove, ASA and third generation race car driver. With the support of CPA Australia, Paul took out the 2002 Australian F3 Series (Level 2).

CPA Australia received tremendous exposure from the sponsorship, both on and off the track. And, with Paul's move into F4000, we look to build on this opportunity on 2003. F4000 is the lead up to V8 Supercars and is the premier category in Australian Motorsport.

Paul's website: <http://www.paultrengove.com/>
F4000 website: <http://www.formulaholden.com/>

LATE "FOR SALE" ITEM

Near new and hardly used fold down hood to suit 1929 De Soto K roadster or similar. POA Alan Martin (Don't ring—this is a joke that was added to the boards after they had passed Alan and the long suffering Sandy.)

Restoration Services Directory

This is printed every two years, in conjunction with the Register of Members and Register of Member's Vehicles.

However, the information needs to be updated constantly, as information becomes available. The updated register will be available from the

club website, between biennial printing.

If you become aware of a supplier who should be added to the directory, removed from the directory or whose details need to be updated, let me know. Otherwise the usefulness of the directory will steadily deteriorate.

The updated version on the website is March 2003.

PAST EVENTS

Historic Visit to Semaphore, Pt Adelaide & Torrens Island

25 May 2003

Some time ago Kevin Fagan of the Veteran section of the Sporting Car Club of SA and a well-known person with CRC members told the writers of a run he had done to Port Adelaide and Torrens Island. Looking for a run we asked him to help with a similar run for Sunday 25 May 2003.

Kevin and his wife Anna have lived in Port Adelaide all their lives and in fact Anna's father, a sea captain, was at one time the Harbour Master of the Port of Adelaide. Their knowledge of the district and their ability to gain access into sites was invaluable. After numerous phone calls and letters Kevin eventually gained access to Torrens Island, something not got easily these days since terrorism and the emphasis and the protection of power stations one of which is on the island.

Kevin prepared a 13 page run sheet, which must be a record for the CRC and we photocopied and stapled it into a small booklet. The run sheet told us where to go and included a story on the sites that we were viewing. We all had the opportunity to read the run sheet before going as they were handed out at the monthly general meeting prior to the run.

Sunday 25 May 2003 arrived; it was the perfect day cool but not cold, with no wind and bright

blue sky. Just the right day for a leisurely drive and some interesting stops. There were 39 vehicles on the run, which included 6 moderns and 1 motorcycle (Allan Trenorden explaining he could not get his old car to start).

The first stop was at the southern end of West lakes, then we moved onto Semaphore passing Escourt House, Fort Glanville, Glanville Hall, Captain John Hart's home an ancestor of our own Richard Hart and the Semaphore water tower. The next stop was Semaphore Road, very near one of the best bakeries in the State. It was not long before the CRC people and their friends were munching pies, pasties and luscious cakes.

At 11.00 am we were due at Fletcher's slipway built 1860, which was the first slipway in the Port and has now been dismantled. The present owner opened the site for us to view some of the old winching equipment and the slipway, which some 7 years ago had up to 650 people working there. A lovely walk around then onto Cruickshank's corner, near the Birkenhead Tavern. Everyone listened intently to Kevin's colourful stories of this part of Port Adelaide.

Now it was off to Torrens Island via the Grand Trunkway, a flash title for a two-lane road, but we had to remember that originally this was surveyed as the site for the Port of Adelaide. We had thought that all the cars would be lined up at

the entrance gates to the island. When the security guards saw the CRC members old Chrysler vehicles the gates were opened and they all drove in together in a spectacular, in line convoy, and proceeded along a long levee bank, at slow speed, to the old quarantine station.

We understand it was only the people in their moderns that were challenged. All the cars formed up in a grassed area, where people set up



PAST EVENTS

Historic Visit to Semaphore, Pt Adelaide & Torrens Island

tables and had lunch sitting in the sunshine after lunch we were addressed by the Quarantine Manager. The site is still used to monitor avian quarantine to do with egg hatcheries, mainly for the chicken industry. The Manager had opened all sites for the people to view, including the morgue; shower rooms, giant autoclave and living quarters with beds still made up with 1915 blankets on them. What a day, but more to come, back to Port Adelaide to number 5 shed here undercover parking was provided for us while we went to the market or as some did to the local pubs for a coffee or a drink.

A presentation was made to Kevin and Anna Fagan at the Quarantine station as a token of our appreciation for a great outing.

Ken & Carole Barnes

HISTORIC VISIT II

Sunday 25th May was a lovely sunny day for our run around the heritage parts of Port Adelaide and Semaphore. About 36 vehicles turned up, so that made it even better. Our first stop was at West Lakes. We stopped and admired the lake and found out all about the early times when it was a swamp and two-up games were among the favourite things to do there.

On to Semaphore, passing Escourt House, Fort Glanville, the "Magpies" training ground and Glanville Hall. At Semaphore we passed the Water Tower which is now a penthouse (with no lift to get up to the top!), and the Time Ball Tower. As usual on Chrysler Restorers' Club outings we stopped in the street to visit the Bakery.

On to Fletcher's Slip, where we were told of the history of the place and the proposed

development planned for the area, then we went for a walk down to look at the water and the boats. We were very rudely told to "Get lost! This is a private mooring and people lived on these boats! This is our backyard and its Sunday morning and we are having a sleep in! You are not welcome here." And so on. We were tempted to tell this gentleman what to do but thought better of it, as we were on a Club outing and didn't want to give the Club a bad name.

We left there and moved on to the Birkenhead Tavern and Cruickshank's Corner. On again, past Elders Building, over the North Arm Bridge and onto Torrens Island. We wound our way out to the site of the Quarantine Station. We were given an informative talk by the current Officer in Charge. By this time it was well and truly lunch time. After lunch we walked around looking at the buildings, walking on the jetty etc. We all left at 3.00 pm, some to go for a walk around the Port, some to go to the Market, some to head for home.

Thanks must go to Kevin and Anna Fagan for a most interesting, informative, and pleasant day out.

Judy Hart

Left: Lunch at Quarantine Station. Right: Fletchers Slipway. Photos: Ken & Carole Barnes



PAST EVENTS

Kernewek Lowender

RACING FROM ONE TOUR TO THE NEXT!

After spending a wonderful 3 ½ weeks on tour in Tasmania you would think that enough was enough, but it was not.

We had a wonderful trip to Tassie and the members of the VVCA who organised the tour were very friendly and their Club rooms are sight to be seen. Even though there was no drinking at Camp Clayton (our accommodation) the Club Rooms which were just around the corner were just perfect for the pre dinner drink or after dinner chat.

Some, thought that as Trevor and myself had to behave at Camp Clayton we had changed. So on the night of the Dinner there was a presentation at our end of the Hall. We were given a 1897 Salvation Soldiers Song book. I can't imagine who would have thought that one up!! We had a great fun loving troop on the trip over to the Ferry as well.

Trevor & I arrived back on the mainland (or as some Tasmanians refer to it as "Australia") on Tuesday morning. We disembarked from the ferry at 7 am. And decided that we would try to make home in one day. So at 6 pm we arrived at home, just as well. We had two days to unpack

the camper trailer do all the washing and cleaning and pack again for the Kernewek Lowender on Friday morning. Oh, and in between, attend the Chrysler Restorers, May meeting on Wednesday night in our new attire.

Friday morning came and we were back on the road again heading towards Moonta Bay. Friday was probably the best day of the weekend. Saturday the wind started and some rain, Sunday the wind got stronger and Monday the Caravan Park Caretaker advised us to move as there was a 100 mph wind coming. Moonta Bay had two king tides whilst we were there and the sea was coming up over the caravans that were near the wall.

Kadina had the show on Saturday with the opening of the K.W. with our Marj (Marjorie Jackson). Wallaroo had its turn on Sunday with almost 800 vehicles in the parade from there through Moonta, Moonta Bay, Port Hughes then to Kadina Oval. If you haven't been to the Cavalcade of cars, its worth seeing.

Then Moonta has a great Street parade on Monday. It started to rain just as the parade started but no one left and the participants were not at all worried. This finishes at the Moonta Oval for another day of fun.

We had the Club Marque in the Caravan Park for shelter and it was well patronised until the storm became too much and we had to take it down. Maybe we should have taken Allan & Sandy Martins tent down earlier too as the wind decided to take it down and destroy it.

Some of our group who weathered out the storm stayed until Wednesday morning when the weather was perfect for the trip home.

Thanks to the Schopps for organising the Caravan Park again.

Lorraine Beythien



PAST EVENTS

2003 Pub Lunch—Dundee's Hotel

15 June 2003

On a drizzly and cold Sunday morning last week I rocked up to the CCC Club rooms at around 9.25 am, to find a few cars from another Club about to take off to somewhere. I noticed Kevin Fields '30s Rolls Royce was one of the cars. There were even fewer CRC cars!. I met Chip Thomas at the hail, and we had both stepped into a large puddle of water on getting out of our cars. Shock horror, the Pub Run suddenly seemed a little shaky. I had a pile of brochures and Murray Bridge maps supplied by Murray Bridge Visitor Centre, but few of these got handed out.

Thanks to Ken Barnes, who loaned me his Clubroom keys, which enabled us to have the use of the facility while we waited for a few more. In due course, we departed the CCC as Tail End Charlie, and despite the weather made our way up to Murray Bridge, then on to Dundee's! Appears most of those attending were already inside, with a string of club vehicles parked outside on a couple of long lines.

Catering staff estimated 150 adults were served to club adult members and around 12 children. This was great roll up, on a day which started out to be wet and cold. The weather improved as the day went on. Thank you for the support, and thanks to those who rang to apologise for non-attendance. We enjoyed the day, I hope you did. I only heard one complaint to do with supply of soup, but this was remedied quite quickly. Roll on the 2004 Pub Lunch Run!!

Ross Fleming

A TRUE CONFESSION

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rust around the rear window. Two tyres and a wheel alignment. A radiator recall, new hoses, for most that and power flash the block, that darn good cleanup, the new boot mat, a few minor oil leaks and some electrical rework.

I pay up the car late on Thursday night. So Friday and Saturday were very busy days, as I wanted to take my new pride and joy on the Sunday proper lunch run to Dundee's Hotel. After much elbow grease and running around the car was finally ready at 8:30 AM Sunday morning. So into the shower, cleanup, dressed and off to the clubrooms. It poured with rain all the way there.

I was surprised to find not that many people there, after the Torrens Island run was so well attended. So the intrepid a few that braved the weather set off. We picked up another group at the Colonial Hotel and set off after the freeway; then the fog set in. After we cleared the Mount Lofty Ranges the fog lifted and the rain set in until about Mount Barker, then the weather find up.

On arrival at Murray Bridge I went into town to pick up my hearty he was joining us for large, then on to Dundee's Hotel where I was amazed at the number of cars and people have group had swelled to. In we went, paid our money, got some drinks and mingled with the crowd. Then we settled down to lunch.

The venue was very warm, pleasantly decorated and the meal was absolutely superb. Anybody who didn't enjoy it must be hard to please. After lunch we socialised a bit more then took my aunty home before heading back down the freeway.

The car performed faultlessly and was very comfortable; we had a great day out. In closing, I would like to thank Ross Fleming for organising another great proper lunch run.

Garry Williams



PAST EVENTS

Tattersall's Tour of Tasmania

A WOMAN'S PERSPECTIVE

Well at last, after two or three years' planning,



the day finally dawned when, with all the case-loads of belongings (in true female style – something to cover every occasion), we set off for the Tattersall's Tour of Tasmania.

We (the Crichtons, Wormalds and DuBois') didn't want to venture too far on the first day (just in case.....) so the first night was spent at Tailem Bend in the A-frame cabins, just to get us into the right travelling mode for the long trip ahead. The A-frame cabins were really something quite different to anything I had stayed in previously, and a little bird told me that someone had an unexpected descent from the loft in the middle of the night when they got up to spend a penny!



The next day we were greeted with a crisp, fresh morning and a beautiful day to follow – which proved to be the pattern for almost the entire trip of three weeks or more. We set off to the meeting point to gather with the remainder of the 'Tasmanian clan' and what fun I had tickling Trevor on the legs while he was spread eagle under his car trying to locate a hiccup in the fuel system. Some of our dear friends from the club were there to meet us – to mention a few, Graham Bailey, Gil Purdie and of course dear old Ronnie, who with the assistance of some large flags waved us off in true 'Glen Dix' style.

We stayed at Nhill on Wednesday night and in the morning were woken to the strains of 'Good morning to you, Good morning to you' from Sandy and Allan's singing bear. In this day and age of modern technology, I thought our TV had been preset to commence on the children's program, but discovered that this was not correct, and looked out the window to see a handsome little bear singing to me - with not such a handsome boxer-short clad man at the controls! (I have a photo to "bear" witness to this fact!)

On to Ballarat on Thursday – and another beautiful day – and then on to the Melbourne docks where we waited, and waited and waited and waited to board the Spirit of Tasmania. This was a long day and there were huge numbers of people, all out for Good Friday lunch and vying for crucial parking spots. We had fish and chips at Rex Hunt's Fish and Chippery and there were hundreds of people doing the same thing. Although you had to wait quite a while for your order, everything was very well organised and extremely efficient under the circumstances. The fish and chips were delightful too!

Some of the girls caught the tram up to the Casino and had a quick look at the fantastic music, light and colour display in the foyer. Very impressive!

Several of our 'Tassie clan' had car parks that were some distance from the dock and departure point, so as the afternoon wore on we endeavoured to reserve any free parks for our clan so that they could be close to the Spirit of Tasmania. I might say that this caused quite a bit

PAST EVENTS

Tattersall's Tour of Tasmania

of fun and there were times when our lives were in danger – such was the determination of the Melbournians to use the parks that we were trying to reserve. I believe Peggy did indeed have her life threatened, but with nerves of steel she literally remained steadfast and assured the said motorist that if he chose to run over her – it would be a messy business and spoil his holiday. Well done Peggy!

By 9.00 pm we were finally all aboard the Spirit of Tassie and on the move. There was lots of fun and merriment on board and Malcolm and I had a deluxe cabin reserved so we showered and changed into the smart gear and went up to the restaurant for an a la carte dinner, to celebrate our anniversary. Little did we know that the rest of the clan had a surprise in store for us, and as we were eating our meal they arrived en masse to serenade us – much to our embarrassment – but we had a great meal and lots of laughs to remember the occasion.

Malcolm was disappointed with the crossing of Bass Strait – it was too calm for his liking – typical man – he wanted lots of pitching and rolling and the excitement of everyone being very ill! I was pleased indeed and excited when we finally disembarked and were safely on terra firma again. Incidentally, I believe a certain Mr Dick Hart's 1916 Dodge may have been the last car off the ship – was it because he had been rather cheeky to the security guys responsible for the disembarkation????

We settled into our accommodation (a roomy brick construction) at the Ulverstone caravan park, where we struck up a jolly good friendship with Jo the Manager, and did some grocery shopping for the following few days. On Monday we were off to Deloraine to register for the tour and enjoy the races for the day. Well at last the men could feast their eyes on the magnificent display of all sorts and makes of wonderful vehicles. The first shining example we caught sight of was a red Mercedes convertible (previously owned by one of Hitler's men) and now restored to magnificent splendour. Of course there were many, many more and over the next ten days the men could feast their eyes on



all these vehicles to their hearts' content.

Meanwhile the women could strike up new acquaintances and enjoy the magnificent scenery, visit the antique stores, the teddy bear and doll shops, the patchwork shops etc etc. And that we did with a vengeance! I kidded Malcolm that I was going to hire a container to ship home the antique furniture that I had bought. (If only!)

The Tour was very well organised with a beautifully printed Tour book with each day's travel guide, a tour bag with a set of nice fluffy Dickies towels and a large framed print of the Furner's hotel of Ulverstone, in bygone days, complete with an array of vintage cars.

Each entry was colour coded and we duly lined up each day between the appropriate coloured flags. We had runs to Leven Canyon, Penguin, Wynyard, Table Cape, Yolla, Sheffield, Wilmot, Stanley, Beaconsfield to name a few. We visited



PAST EVENTS

Tattersall's Tour of Tasmania



chocolate factories, raspberry farms, cheese factories, local markets, museums, gold mines, fisheries and seahorse farms, canyons, mazes, magnificent old homes, rode the chair lift at Stanley and saw the most magnificent scenery.

I have been to England, Ireland, Europe, Thailand, Hong Kong, Singapore, New Zealand and Tasmania and I must say the scenery was wonderful. I thoroughly enjoyed every moment. I saw some signs saying come to Tasmania – where blue meets green – where the mountains meet the ocean - and with the magnificent weather we had, the scenery was spectacular. Unfortunately my camera couldn't capture the magnificent distant scenery – even with my well used zoom lens, however the views are emblazoned on my mind forever.

It was fascinating that the northern terrain was such a lush green after the dry summer, and the



beef cattle, cows and sheep looked extremely healthy. The newly turned earth looked rich and fertile and there were mountains of potatoes and cauliflowers, brussell sprouts and numerous other fresh vegetables. We managed to get some crayfish when we travelled down to Hobart and thoroughly enjoyed a few meals of prawns and scallops. Just what the doctor ordered! Our travels also took us to the forest air walk at Tahune down by Huonville and that was also a magnificent experience. I still get really angry when I see the clear felling that continues to be carried out in some of these areas.

I could not believe how steep the mountains were and how well, even the oldest veteran cars were negotiating mountain after mountain. Of course there were a few little hiccoughs with the vacuum tanks from time to time and our brakes and hand brakes were certainly put to the test on numerous occasions – but the dear old cars certainly did a marvellous job and we're all truly proud of them.

There was only one event that was a little disappointing for me and that was the dinner – the food was most enjoyable but there was no alcohol allowed, the music was not that enlightening, there was no room for dancing and there were no presentations until the final day at Woolmers Estate. I think the evening was a little flat because of these things. (At least Allan Martin's Chook had a chance to dance that evening.) But all in all it was a great Tour.

Actually Chook had quite a few experiences during the tour. He ended up on the roof of our accommodation at Ulverstone and was even kidnapped at one stage. Poor Allan cried himself to sleep that night. But alas – Chook turned up at the Rally briefing (oops – Tour briefing) the next morning. He was battered and weary and sporting bandages, splints and the inevitable lacerations and bruises. Apparently he had been out on a rampage with the chickens that night.

No doubt there will be many more stories of the Tour and of the specific day trips but I have lots of photos and lots and lots of wonderful memories of my trip and thoroughly enjoyed almost every minute of it. I must say it was

PAST EVENTS

Tattersall's Tour of Tasmania

indeed well worth the long term planning!

Gail DuBois

A WOMAN'S PERSPECTIVE 2

On Wednesday 16 April we set off for our trip to Tasmania, something we had looked forward to for close to two years.

We met with our group at Tailem Bend and then travelled together, stopping at Keith for lunch and over night stay at Nhill. Four couples, ourselves included were booked at the Union Hotel, (This is a story in itself and not a good one!)

Thursday morning we all assembled once again, lunching at Ararat with overnight stay (much better) at Ballarat. Friday morning we all headed off for Port Melbourne and the ferry. Let me tell you arriving at Port Melbourne on Easter Friday was not a good idea! You are unable to park within the Ferry Terminal until loading time, which was 7.30-8.00 pm leaving us with 5 hours to kill.

Parking anywhere was at a premium as I'm sure half of Melbourne's population had decided to go to Port Melbourne to buy their fish for Easter, the result of which was traffic pandemonium.

Eventually 7.30 came and all those who were taking the ferry were queued up on the dock where security checked every vehicle. The Spirit of Tasmania came into dock; a truly magnificent sight and we all slowly started to embark. By 8.50 pm we were all on board and by 9.00 pm the ship was underway.

The Spirit is extremely well set up, with dining rooms, bars, discos and a gaming room to cater for all tastes. After an excellent meal and a drink in the bar we went to our cabin which was compact but comfortable, it seemed like no time at all when a voice over the intercom advised us to get up as we were about to dock! Everyone made their way down to their vehicle and off they went.

After a breakfast at MacDonalds, a first for us, we set off for Wing's Farm at Gunn's Plains where several of our party were staying for the two days before the tour commenced. This



turned out to be a lovely spot and we all enjoyed both the surroundings and the company.

Monday saw us all head off to Deloraine and the racetrack where they were holding the 150th Grand National Steeplechase to which all entrants gained free admittance and some of the vehicle did a lap of honour. After registration took place and lunch was over we headed off to Camp Clayton at Turners Beach where the tour was based.

This is actually a Christian Youth Camp where accommodation was a bit basic but comfortable and we had an en-suite bathroom, a necessity at our age! We had opted to buy all meals, which were served either in the dining room or on the daily events. All meals were excellent, although we could have done without afternoon tea.

On arrival at Camp Clayton all entrants received a lovely rally bag containing a pair of towels in



PAST EVENTS

Tattersall's Tour of Tasmania



the colour of your choice, wooden letter holder, cookbook, apples etc. We also received a framed print of Furness Hotel from 1924 with cars of the year out front.

On Tuesday the events began, a different town every day. The organisation was excellent and the marshals were there to show you the way. The trips each day was through magnificent scenery. Mountains, forests and beautiful beaches, with the odd river just for the fun of it. At nights we either went to the club rooms or enjoyed entertainment at the camp, which included the oldest entrant (85) playing, the saw, mouth organ and banjo, a truly inspiring man.

We had a fantastic time and all too soon it was over and all of us departed to go our separate ways. We had a further week to explore some of the lovely area of Tasmania before it was time to embark on the Spirit of Tasmania to begin the



journey home.

The only trouble we had with the Kingsway happened on the day we were to catch the boat, when the tail shaft made some strange sounds. On arrival in Melbourne, (first rain of the trip would you believe) we drove as far as Deer Park where we pulled into a large roadhouse and Allan removed the tail shaft in the parking area greased the joints, replaced the shaft and we headed for home with no further trouble, came straight through and arrived home around 8.30 pm.

All in all we had a wonderful trip and would recommend a trip to Tasmania for everyone.

Cynthia Kempster

A WOMAN'S PERSPECTIVE 3

My trip diary is too much too long to print so I will try and touch on the highlights.

It took us three days to get to Melbourne, staying in Nhill and Ballarat on the way. Those that opted for Hotel accommodation in Nhill weren't very impressed. They couldn't even find anybody the next morning to pay their bills, so they just left. We all had dinner together. It was a fun, VERY noisy night. The local newspaper took photos and did an interview so we put the Club's name on the map in Nhill.

We arrived at the dock in Melbourne to find it a very up-market area with lots of restaurants, lots of people, very few car-parks and no public toilets. We arrived about lunch time and couldn't go anywhere near the dock until 7.30. We all eventually found a park (at \$2 per hour) and fortunately it was a nice sunny day so we sat on the lawns and waited, and waited, and waited. The trip over was nice and calm. Richard and Allan Martin didn't sleep all night! Disembarking at Davenport was as chaotic as boarding at Melbourne. And guess what? Out of the 400 or so cars on board who was the very last car off the board. Yes, a 1916 Dodge owned by Richard and Judy Hart. There wouldn't be too many people who could claim that distinction! We were all presented with a bag of vouchers and tourist information as we left the dock so we all went to McDonalds for breakfast to use one

PAST EVENTS

Tattersall's Tour of Tasmania

of our vouchers.

Crichtons, Martins, Friths, DuBois, Wormalds and we stayed at the Ulverstone Caravan

Park in Cabins. They were quite comfortable and became quite a home away from home.

The Park Manager adopted us and could always be found with his head under the bonnet

or a beer in his hand the same as the rest of the blokes.

The daily runs during the Rally were most interesting and we saw some lovely places. The scenery is spectacular and always changing. BUT, everywhere you go you have to drive up and down MOUNTAINS!!! Things were very well organized and we met a lot of very friendly people, as you normally do on this type of thing. There was a great range of cars which made inspecting the entrants good fun.. We found it a bit of a strain drinking apple cider or Maison bubbly at the Dinner, but they tell me it's good for you to have an alcohol-free day every now and again! It was a good Rally, but most of us found the 10 days a bit long. The weather we had was magic. The only timed it rained was over night, just like in Camelot.

After the Rally we went down to Hobart and of course visited the Salamanca Market on the Saturday. I think about half the Rally entrants were there also. Quite interesting but _it was blowing a gale. We also drove to the Tahune Tree-top walk which was amazing, both the walk and getting there.

We visited quite a few of the Heritage towns including Richmond. The old homes and cottages are nearly all Bed and Breakfast places these days so they are all beautifully maintained. And it's amazing to see these huge Georgian style farm houses all over the place. At Richmond we sprung a leak in the radiator which we had had especially repaired (at a cost of nearly \$300) before we left by the experts who told us they could fix any kind of radiator we had. This caused us to head straight back to Launceston instead of having a look at the East Coast as we planned. However we spent a



pleasant few days in the place and had a good look around. Fortunately, we managed to find a place which repaired the leak for us in about 172 hour at a cost of \$85!

The trip back on the boat I can't tell you much about because I actually slept all night. They tell me there were 30 foot waves but I can't vouch for that. We docked in Melbourne just as it started to rain (are we surprised!). Managed to find our way back to the Highway and we were off, headed for home as fast as we could go. Made it as far as Bordertown that day and got back to Adelaide just after lunch on Saturday, quite a few hours earlier than expected.

All in all it was a great three weeks spent in the company of some beautiful people and seeing a very beautiful part of Australia.

Judy Hart



PAST EVENTS

Tattersall's Tour of Tasmania



A WOMAN'S PERSPECTIVE 4

On Wednesday April 16, Nhill residents were treated to a splendid vision of polished beauties. A convoy of more than a dozen antique cars and their jolly owners from the Chrysler Restorer's Car Club SA, chose to spend the night in Nhill en route to Tasmania. Drivers said that Nhill was just a perfect distance for the first day of travel, and that many members of the club were familiar with the town, having either travelled through or stopped overnight on previous trips.

The group of car enthusiasts split up to stay in Nhill's hotels, motels and caravan park after enjoying their dinner at the Commercial Hotel. By all accounts they were greeted warmly and enjoyed excellent facilities and service.

The enthusiastic group of travellers met at Taillem Bend early on Wednesday morning and took to the road for the longest trip of their three day journey from South Australia to Melbourne



from whence they will travel over Bass Strait to take part in the Tattersall's Tour. 150 vehicles from clubs around Tasmania and the mainland will join the tour, which will be based in Ulverstone and tour around the northern part of the island state from Easter Monday until Wednesday April 30.

On Thursday morning at around 9.30 am the group of distinguished vehicles started up their engines and chugged out of town for the second leg of their journey, to Ballarat. Averaging a travelling speed of approximately 45 miles an hour (which translates to 72 kilometres an hour) the trip was anticipated to take around four and a half hours or so, as opposed to the standard three hours expected in a more modern vehicle.

The Chrysler Restorer's Car Club encompasses a broad cross section of the community from all walks of life, brought together by their common love of classic cars. The club has an equal representation of both genders, with many husband and wife couples enjoying the romance of a pleasant drive through the countryside in their prized possessions.

The club is involved in various tours and rallies, including the Nationals, which are held every three years. They conduct a club run every month. Members also take their cars for private drives, preferring to use them regularly. The oldest cars in the club are two 1916 Dodges and the baby of the group is a 1966 Valiant, the rest of the cars are spread in origin over the 20's, 30's, 40's and 50's.

Rebecca Kennedy

Reproduced from The Hindmarsh Messenger of Thursday 24 April 2003, where the story occupied 1/3 of the front page, including two photographs.

ROSS BRYANT'S CARBY

This is a short story about carburettor which nearly ruined by recent trip to Tasmania. I, along with many other members of the club, and a long history of intense rivalry, regarding the amounts of petrol consumed per mile. All sorts of devious plans have been devised to get the

PAST EVENTS

Tattersall's Tour of Tasmania

best mileage. However, there never has been an event to see who could get the worst mileage. Had there been one, I would have won hands down without even trying.

I digressed but let me say that the outset that I have always extolled the virtues of, before embarking on any long tour, that the obvious functions of the car should be cleaned adjusted checks and reject well before leaving the front gate. I can assure you readers that I did check everything else on my recently restored AP6 Valiant, except that carburettor. Why you might well ask, well remember the old saying "Pref going well leave well enough alone". This saying was sure to be my downfall and hence the following story. She is still come to my kindest as I recall the first three days of the tour, made an absolute misery to what should have been the most enjoyable time.

True to form I left home at the appointed time and arrived at Tailem Bend just in time to line up with all the others before setting off for Tasmania. The AP6 was running smoothly and that border town I stopped and filled up with petrol and headed off to our overnight stop at Nhill. We had a great night at the hotel; slept well in the cabin and rose early for what I expected would be another trouble-free day. I did top up with petrol at Nhill and thought that I had used a little more than I should have. However, off I went heading for Ballarat but planning to stop with the others for lunch at Ararat.

On arriving at Ararat I noticed that the car was running a bit on the rough side, especially at half throttle. Then Alan Kempster came up to me and said that he followed me for a while but had to pass me as he was getting covered with black soot emanating from my exhaust. At first I thought he was joking is all sorts of comments were being tossed around. Then Brenton Hamilton said he also saw the black soot and said that the AP6 sounded like a diesel. Now this began to worry me so I popped up with petrol and a quick calculation. Up to Bordertown averaged 21 miles per gallon, now my consumption had dropped to 8 mpg.



I never knew that something was a radically wrong but I felt, well it's still going, it's going to cost me a fortune in petrol, but what the heck.

Then as I drove along the grey matter began to work overtime trying to work out what was wrong with the carby. It was certainly getting too much petrol but why. I couldn't work it out that I was determined to get to Tasmania and I wasn't going to pool the carby apart on the side of the road and poorly did I chastise myself for not servicing it, before I left home.

Suffice to say, some many gallons of petrol later, I arrived at Port Melbourne where we were to board the Princess of Tasmania and waited patiently to load the AP6. I did a lot of praying, hoping that she would go when she should and stop when she should. I continue I was a very relieved driver when she was eventually loaded, because by now she would idle okay but any attempt to put the foot down would result in a series of beings and black smoke pouring from the exhaust, covering all who dared to stand



PAST EVENTS

Tattersall's Tour of Tasmania

behind. Boy, was I praying for a quick trip off the ship and me hopefully being able to keep it going until I reached the motel. I actually did have visions of travelling the 25 km or so from Devonport to my motel at Ulverstone on idle. Fortunately, I found that when it got up speed it would keep going and after a half hour or so I arrived at the motel.

Now at the motel, I planned to get to my room, settled in and then pool the carby to pieces. But it was not to be. It was still only 7 AM, the motel was all shut up, no one was about so I parked outside and pondered over my luck. Bugger Tasmania! Bugger the tour! Bugger the motel!

Then I remember seeing a Shell service station at the end of the street. Would it be open at 7 AM? With my luck, no, but it was worth a try. I locked the car and walked up the street to the service station. On reaching the door I walked in and sheepishly asked the attendant whether he was an expert on AP6 carburettors. His response was "no, I am not, but I know someone who is, someone who spent years working on the 1960s Valiants". With that he picked up the telephone and dialled a number. I'm not sure what the conversation was but he put the phone down and said that his friend, Howard, would be a my car in 30 minutes. I couldn't believe my luck. I hot footed back to the car and within 15 minutes Howard arrived with a bag of tools and began pooling the carby to pieces. First the inlet pipe, that was clear, then offer came the top of the carby, that seemed okay. Our came the flight, not much dirt in the bowl, then down to the bung holding in the main jet.

As Howard undid the bung and took it out, there was a tinkle tinkle sound. He looked at me and I looked at him and he said "I think I have found your problem". I looked down onto the road and there was the brass main jet staring up at me. I picked it up and gave it to him. Boy, was I relieved and grateful to him. I couldn't believe that a main jet couldn't come unscrewed but there you are.

Now however pleaded a special socket spanner to screw it back. Howard said he had one home

and points to get it. Three-quarters of an hour later he arrived back and said that some months previously he had been broken into and a range of his tools were stolen and a special spanner was one of them. He had been to three of his friends just hoping that they would have had one but so far no luck. One more try and that was Peter at the service station. Our luck was in and the special spanner was found and the main jet was screwed in tightly, then all the bits and pieces were put in their proper places and under Howard's instructions the starter Barton was turned. The old AP6 roared into life. This time she idled properly and I could put my foot down on the accelerator and there were no diesel like noises or black smoke coming from the exhaust pipe. She was back to her old self and so it was I.

My real reason for telling this story is to really think Peter from the service station and Howard our expert on AP6 Valiants, for their underpaid assistance in my hour of need. IM also aware of many other two were entrants who were also given help when needed. This assistance and the manner in which it was given is what makes these tours so successful. It leaves us with great memories, that will be with us for many years to come.

Ross Bryant

Photo captions and credits:

Page 12 Gail and Malcolm DuBois; Richard & Judy Hart's 1916 Dodge. **Page 13** Allan & sandy Martin's 1929 De Soto roadster; Kevin & Roxanne Frith's 1948 Fargo

Page 14 Ralph & Margaret Winston's 1933 Dodge; Doug & Yvonne Sweetman's 1938 De Soto. **Page 15** Steve Lovell; David & Wendy Roper's 1927 Chrysler 70

Page 16 Neil & Joan Wormald; Ray & Deidre Knight 1936 Dodge. **Page 17** Gail & Malcolm DuBois's 1924 Dodge tourer; Ralph & Margaret Winston

Page 18 David & Wendy Roper;

These photos are reproduced with permission from a CD containing over 600 high resolution images of the rally, plus a few more scanned in from prints. It is available from John Turner at 18 Banks Place, Turners Beach, Tasmania 7315, phone 03 6425 4000, at a cost of \$15 including post and packing. Payment by cheque or postal order.

Page 18 Fuel blockage at Tailem Bend; **Page 19** 1936 Dodge of Ray & Deidre Knight and 1936 Chrysler of Trevor & Lorraine Beythien; The original Coles store; Lorraine Beythien photos.

PAST EVENTS

West Coast Wander

5 May 2003

MAY 5 Day 1 After a hassled beginning - packed and unpacked the boot several times - we arrived at Victoria Park race course and lined up on pit straight. It was a glorious sunny morning and several friends gathered to see us off including Joan and Neil who had just returned from the Tasmanian rally. John Fotheringham, CEO of the RAA, waved us off and we sped through town with a Police car leading the way to Robe Terrace — all the intersections had been blocked to give us an uninterrupted passage.

PT AUGUSTA was our first overnight stop so we all travelled at our own pace, stopping to stretch our legs and have lunch at Snowtown, and a short break at Pt Germain. The road trains that passed us either way caused us to grip the wheel tightly and hope we stayed on the road. Everyone arrived safely and settled in before visiting Pt Augusta Vehicle Restorers Club to meet the locals.

Dinner was held at the Pt Augusta Golf Club and was catered for by the ladies of the R.F.D.S., who did a splendid job. The Mayor Joy Baluch attended and said a few words during a very pleasant evening.

Day 2: Another perfect day. Kevin bought a badge from the clubhouse to add to the collection on his hat, then we decided to visit the Arid Lands Botanic Gardens for a tour. A number of the other participants went on the Pichi Richi railway to Quorn and Woolshed Flat and reportedly enjoyed themselves.

Our tour lasted about 2 hours and we all learned quite a bit about the type and varieties of plants that naturally grow in the region and the study and propagation of plants being done at the centre. After lunch we visited the Wadlata Outback centre. A most impressive display of Aboriginal and European aspects of their respective attitudes to

the land and its uses.

That evening our meal was a BBQ held at the Pt Augusta Race Club. Most people had a relatively early night.

DAY 3: The Pt Augusta sports complex was our muster point for the morning, where Joy Baluch and the local constabulary waved us off and escorted us through town — we suspect to make sure we actually left the town.

Heading for Kimba we thought we should stop at Iron Knob — once a huge iron ore mining town, now a small sad rusty place of about a dozen houses. A cup of coffee and a toilet stop and we kept going. We arrived at Kimba just after midday where we were welcomed by the local Kimba Vintage Car club at the show grounds. At 2 pm we all assembled to meet our hosts and explore the town sights. The Sturt Desert Pea Nursery was very interesting but not yet very productive as the present owners are new to the venture. The evening meal at the local hotel was very well done considering it was under quite considerable renovation at the time and the staff had to cook and prepare our meal in a caravan parked out the back. I suspect it will be a great place to eat when its completed. Kimba has a great community spirit and the hospitality was amazing. Much time was spent in a couple of the local's sheds where numerous cars in various degrees of restoration were stored.

Day 4: After a good nights sleep at Rhoda and Cec's home we were sent off with all good wishes by the local townspeople who came out to wave us off.

Our next stop is Ceduna. The day seems warmer



PAST EVENTS

West Coast Wander



and when we stopped at Kyancutta for petrol we were told 28C was our expected max for the day. The scenery is quite varied between Kimba and Ceduna — from dense mallee scrub to limestone strewn sandy paddocks. We stopped at Poochera for lunch — a typical town of the region with a sleepy main street, a pub, a petrol station and grain silos and a varied collection of houses in various states of disrepair. Three o'clock we arrived at the Foreshore Caravan Park to find our cabin had been given to another B Williams (Kevin's 2nd cousin as it happened) so we decided to take an alternative and settled in for our stay. Cousin Brian and partner Maxine had to use our shower the next morning, as their hot water service died and the electrician had to make an evening call so they could use the lights etc until it was replaced. Our evening meal of prawns, partaken after a stroll along the jetty where we saw several dolphins around the bay, was made quite entertaining by the light show that ensued as the safety switch cut in and out prior to the electrician's visit.



Day 5 dawned overcast and stayed that way until mid afternoon. We started our activities by meeting at the Sailing Club to board a bus for a tour of one of the Smokey Bay Oyster farms run by Jeff and Colleen Holmes. Their sheds contained many examples of fish that inhabit the local waters and have been brought in by fisherman, including Red Mullet, Gynard Perch (which has toxic spines), a Num fish and "Greg" the Port Jackson shark. We all learnt a lot about the life and breeding of oysters and the effort that has to be expended to make a living from them.

When we arrived back at the Sailing Club we lined up for our lunch to sample the prawns, fish and oysters of the region. At about 2 pm several of us decided to wander around town and visit the various points of interest. Many did it by driving around; but our group did the walking tour, as the weather was quite mild. A quiet evening followed as we had an early start next morning.

Day 6: The rain greeted us when we woke, but it abated as the clay progressed and we headed off towards Streaky Bay. The Power House Museum was the first stop where Kevin wandered around the many engines, while I had a look at the shark display in the roadhouse opposite. We then went to see the School House museum where they had reconstructed an old "pug and pine" house that had been transported from Glen Forest in about 1982. It would have been good to have had more time to spend in Streaky Bay, as we hadn't visited this part of SA for about 23 years. We had morning tea and then called into Murphy's Haystacks - strange groups of granite rocks on the way to Seal Bay. At Elliston we stopped for lunch and a short stroll along the bay. The petrol tank needed a top up here so we didn't stop again until we got to Pt Lincoln about 4:45 pm, by which time the rain had set in. The terrain and vegetation from Elliston to Pt Lincoln had changed from fiat dry limestone strewn paddocks and salt pans; to quite hilly with large Gum trees and creek beds. By the time we checked into our cabin and made an appearance at the Sailing club to meet Lincoln Auto Club members it was night and the end of another day.

PAST EVENTS

West Coast Wander

Day 7: Mothers day — did the tourist drive around the city and environs, visiting Winters Hill Lookout that gives a clear view of most of Pt Lincoln. We spent about 2 hours at the Axel Stenross Maritime Museum — a good cross section of history and factual displays from the beginning of Pt Lincoln Settlement to the life and work of Axel and Frank Laakso and their ship building skills. The Mill Cottage garden has the most beautiful setting in town called Flinders Park; it's the prettiest park I've seen for a long time. The Railway Museum was our last port of call for the day after which we returned to our cabin to get ready for the night's entertainment at the golf club. The night was catered for by the Lincoln Auto Club and we were treated to a scrumptious seafood meal. The local band of "Seniors" provided the evening's music for dancing and pleasure in which most people participated. When we left; we discovered it had been raining quite heavily and it continued on and off for most of the night

Day 8: Today we left Pt Lincoln before most of the group as we were going to Cummins to see Kev's aunt who had shifted there about 8 years ago. Most of the country between Pt Lincoln and Cummins, which follows the train line to the gypsum at Kevin, is quite fertile and provides much of our wheat and barley crops, as well as sheep and some cattle. The bulk of our fellow travellers headed to Tumby Bay, Pt Neil, Arno, Cleve and Cowell and onto Whyalla. We intended to catch them at Tumby Bay, but by the time we left Cummins and headed back to the coast we were well behind except for a couple of stragglers. A few were leaving Cowell as we arrived and I am sure we were the last to reach Whyalla. There were lots of little places we would like to have explored along the way, but the distance we had to travel, didn't leave much time for that. Well I guess that just means we'll have to come back again.

Day 9: Another nice day we started by doing a bit of washing before finding a shop to process our films. The Maritime Museum was our next stop where we joined a tour of the Whyalla, the first ship built in the Whyalla shipyards in 1941.



It was placed in its present land locked position and became part of this museum in 1988 - a most interesting and informative experience. Our next stop was the Whyalla Vintage and Classic Car Club's clubrooms where the members supplied scones, jam and cream, tea and coffee for the visitors during the day and many of us wanderers took the opportunity to sample them and talk cars with their members. The tourist trail took up the next couple of hours and we visited many interesting and significant sights, the first of which was Hummock Hill Lookout, the sight of the first settlement in Whyalla and the gun battery of WWII that was to be for the defence of the ship building yards. It is now a 360-degree viewpoint from which photographs of the whole of Whyalla can be taken. We spent about an hour at Mt Laura homestead situated in the heart of Whyalla, but which was once the centre of a sheep station as with most places we have visited we really didn't have time to fully explore the telecommunications or stationary motors or the rose garden and early implements shed which form part of the outside displays. Our last stop after collecting our photo's and grabbing a couple of things from the shop was to a house on Jenkins Ave owned by Gordon and Isabel Pearse, in which there were housed collections of cars, pedal and motorised push bikes, radios motor bikes, electrical appliances, comics, piano accordions, watches, broaches, hat badges, clocks, china, ornaments etc etc. I have never seen anyone collect so many different things. The culmination of the day was the dinner at the Sun-downer Hotel. It was packed with a chattering

PAST EVENTS

West Coast Wander

throng of local and visiting car enthusiasts all trying to talk at once. A great meal was served and the Mayor of Whyalla and Arthur Clisby made their obligatory speeches and Arthur Doecke delivered a little story which had become an expected part of each evening's proceedings. As with most other nights we did not hang around very long after our meal — we were tired I

Day 10: Schulz's reserve opposite the main shopping centre was the sight of our morning muster and many of the local club members joined us for a last chat to say farewell. Many school children and interested locals took the opportunity to take pictures and view the many cars. Our escort out of town was an Indianapolis 500 Mustang pace car which took us to the edge of town and watched as we filed past on our way to Pt Augusta. Point Lowly lighthouse and Fitzgerald Bay was recommended by the Mayor as a great point to view the local scenery, so we all dutifully made the detour from the main road, but I don't think many of us were all that unimpressed with the view. Our next stop was Pt Augusta where we found a pleasant park to eat our lunch and stretch our legs.

We were joined by John and Robyn Holmes in their red MGB and after a pleasant chat we packed up and headed for Pt Pine. We arrived a bit late to join the guided walking tour that had been arranged, but as we had been there a few times before we just did our own thing until it was time to gather at the PADARC club-rooms for our evening meal. A three-course meal, much talk and laughter and some good music helped the night along. The Mayor and representatives of PADARC said a few words, then Arthur and

Joy were presented with soft pack picnic set and rugs for their excellent work in arranging and coordinating the tour. The treasurer and Arthur Clisby received a stainless steel flask for their contributions. As usual we went to our beds tired and happy to prepare ourselves for another day.

Day 11: This is our last day — another good one. We assembled at Memorial Park and lined up our bodies in the sun to warm our toes. The Police escorted us through town as we were waved off by the townsfolk along the way. Most of the country was quite green as we passed through on our way to Pt Broughton, Wallaroo and Kadina. Many fine houses have sprung up since we last visited this area. At Kadina Sports Centre we arrived in dribs and drabs for our final get together for the tour - wouldn't you know it — another meal, a lunch of Cornish pasties, cake and fruit, a few farewells and we all headed off, vowing to be part of the next Wander, hopefully to the South East in 2005. Quite a few of us stayed on around Kadina, Wallaroo, and Moonta for the Kernewek Lowender the following weekend. Some one else can write about that.

Barbara Williams

Photos: Kevin Williams



PAST EVENTS

West Coast Wander

May 2003

In 2001 the Australian Historic Motoring Federation staged a tour of historic vehicles from all States and Territories, converging on Canberra for a massive display to commemorate the centenary of Australian Federation. Inspired by the concept, and having enjoyed meeting country and interstate historic motoring clubs during their tour to and from the nation's capital, members of the Federation of Historic Motoring Clubs South Australia resolved to conduct a similar tour - or tours - within their home State.

The SA Federation represents around 100 clubs on various issues, e.g. matters involving the State Government such as historic vehicle registration. The primary object of the tour would be to take members of city vehicle clubs to the country to meet members of rural vehicle clubs, to enjoy fellowship and to view each other's historic conveyances. The first excursion would be to the western part of SA, Eyre Peninsula in particular.

Two years of planning and consultation came to fruition on Monday 5 May 2003 when, at 9.30 am, 73 vehicles - several towing caravans - carrying about 140 people assembled at (State capital) Adelaide's Victoria Park Racecourse to be waved off on a two-week journey by John Fotheringham, Chief Executive Officer of the Royal Automobile Association of SA. An escort was provided by the SA Police Department and intersections were controlled by police officers until the contingent had passed through North Adelaide on its way to the first night's stop at Port Augusta at the head of

Spencer Gulf, about 197 miles north of Adelaide.

The mix of vehicles was quite remarkable - in keeping with South Australia's reputation of having the most varied historic vehicle fleet in Australia, if not the world. The oldest was Peter and Anne Mott's 1922 Chenard et Walcker from the Vintage Sports Car Club, the youngest Trevor and Lilli Scheer's 1982 Lancia HPE coupe (almost a decade too young to qualify for historic registration, but an interesting car nonetheless) from the Barossa Valley Historical Vehicles Club.

So there was a 60-year spread of vehicles, including three motorcycles - two with sidecar - from the Veteran & Vintage Motorcycle Club of SA. Other makes consisted of five Holdens, four Vauxhalls, a '49 Rover, a '65 Rambler Classic, seven Morrises (8s and Minors), a '54 Bentley, an Armstrong-Siddeley, two Jaguars, six MGs (mainly "B"s), a '58 DKW, two Chryslers, three Dodges, two Plymouths, three Valiants, seven Fords (British, Australian and American), a '47 Mercury, a '40 Pontiac, four Rileys, a '69 FIAT 500, two Triumphs, a '28 Falcon Knight, two Studebakers, a '53 Austin A40 Somerset, two Chevrolets, a '63 Volkswagen Beetle, a '24 Amilcar CS roadster, a '51 Alvis TA21, a '24 Rolls-Royce 20, a '26 Essex, a '37 Nash Ambassador 6 (your reporter's) and a RAA back-up Toyota with spares, a trailer and two patrolmen.

At our lunch stop in Crystal Brook [population 2100] your scribe discovered that the Nash's left-hand front parking light lens had



PAST EVENTS

West Coast Wander



disappeared. Back-tracking succeeded in finding the chrome circlip that holds the glass in place on the side of the road a couple of miles back from the Brook, but no lens. A temporary plastic cover was obtained from Woolworths for \$A1.50 and was attached with invisible tape. It was soon marked by some wag "Genuine Nash Part #"

Activities in Port Augusta [pop. 15,000+] were organised by the Port Augusta Vehicle Restorers' Club and dinner that night was catered by the Royal Flying Doctor Service Auxiliary at the town's Golf Club where long-

participants. The engine was a diesel: the cost of a steam locomotive was just a bit high - public liability insurance, of course. The night before, Joy Baluch had promised to wave us on our way - with her knickers! - as we rode past the hotel Mrs Baluch operates alongside the track. True to her word, there she was, waving frantically. She later confessed the knickers weren't hers - she borrowed them. The weather



was perfect as we chugged and clanked through the dry and rugged hills, stopping for photos at a bridge over the winding road below. Lunch was at the quaint town of Quorn. That evening's meal was a barbecue at the Port Augusta racecourse. Other sights to see include the Arid Lands Botanic Gardens and the Wadlata Outback Centre.

The first major breakdowns occurred in Port Augusta. The Armstrong-Siddeley developed water trouble and was judged to be suffering from a cracked cylinder head. So it was driven

incumbent Mayor Joy Baluch joined us, belying her 70-plus years with an entertaining speech. Like her or not, she really is one of Australia's characters. Nash headlamps were found to be inoperative as we were about to leave, but the RAA soon found a loose wire and we could see our way back to the motel.

One of the tour highlights was Tuesday's excursion from Port Augusta to Quorn [1100] in the Flinders Ranges on board the Pichi Richi Railway. The train was fully booked by our



PAST EVENTS

West Coast Wander

gingerly back to Adelaide. A Model T Ford suffered a broken axle and stayed behind for repair.

Next morning Joy Baluch waved the party off, after some amusing parting words, and we headed for Kimba [800] (98 miles away) via the former iron ore mining town of Iron Knob. Accommodation was scarce in Kimba, but the Kimba Vintage Car Club kindly had arranged billeting in members' homes for those who couldn't be accommodated in the hotel, motel or caravan park. Visitors were given afternoon tea (big enough for lunch!), escorted on sightseeing tours around the town, including viewing a couple of Kimba members' car collections. The gigantic outdoor mural on the clubroom walls is amazing. The District Council CEO and local club members dined with us at the hotel.

Thursday morning saw us waved away on the 192 mile stage through rolling hills to Ceduna [3000] on the Great Australian Bight - the most westerly point of the tour - via Kyancutta, Wudinna [600] (pronounced "Woodna"), Minnipa, Poochera and Wirrulla. Wirrulla's claim to fame is the town jetty which stretches over a dry creek bed. Never a drop of water to be seen anywhere close, the jetty was built as something of a joke several years ago. Next morning two busloads of our participants visited the Ceduna oyster farm and sampled some of the local produce. We were joined by Mayor Peter Duffy for an excellent lunch, hosted by the Western Districts Vintage Car Club in the Ceduna Sailing Club. Also to be seen in Ceduna is a comprehensive rural museum incorporating several buildings and included some sad-looking British cars from the 1950s and '60s plus a multitude of old tractors of many different makes. An Aboriginal arts centre with genuine artefacts for sale was at the western end of the town. Some of us visited the adjoining town of Thevenard whose southerly view takes in Nuyts Archipelago. The latitude and longitude of the islands match that of Jonathon Swift's Lilliput in his book *Gulliver's Travels*. There is a disclaimer on Thevenard's lookout saying that no townspeople have ever set eyes on a Lilliputian!

The Essex's timing mechanism blew apart just before Ceduna and the car was returned to Adelaide by truck, its unfortunate owners travelling home by bus.

Because of an accommodation shortage between Ceduna and Port Lincoln [14,000 and increasing rapidly], the next leg of our tour was a fairly lengthy 249 miles. Along the way we detoured to see "Murphy's Haystacks", a unique formation of unusually-shaped boulders. A stop at Streaky Bay [1000] was worthwhile, with two interesting museums to visit: the Power House Museum which houses a vintage Studebaker and what is believed to be the largest collection of working stationary engines anywhere, and the School Museum where a 1938 Nash resides. Formerly used as a mail and passenger conveyance, it is fairly original. Unfortunately, its predecessor - a 1936 Nash stretched to bus dimensions - hasn't survived.

Some of the slower vehicles' owners had managed to make overnight caravan park accommodation arrangements at Elliston [200], about two-thirds the way to Port Lincoln, but the majority pressed on into deteriorating weather. We'd had pleasant sunny days and cool nights thus far, but the rain arrived as we headed south. The faster cars arrived for afternoon tea with the Lincoln Auto Club - in the Port Lincoln Yacht Club - in reasonable conditions, but many of those following found it hard going. Federation President Arthur Clisby in particular had problems with his 1939 Vauxhall tourer. First the windscreen wipers gave up the ghost and then the muffler dropped off. Arthur was compelled



PAST EVENTS

West Coast Wander

to lie in roadside mud under the car to re-attach the muffler before proceeding very slowly. The Rolls-Royce experienced a rear wheel problem which was fixed by Federation Vice-President Arthur Doecke. Model T Ford owners rejoined the contingent in a modern Holden, having returned the Ford to Adelaide. The Armstrong-Siddeley owners also reappeared - in a BMW.

A unique feature of aquaculture-orientated Port Lincoln is its seahorse farm. We had no idea what a variety there is of seahorses and sea-dragons, all colours and sizes. Seahorses are residents of the Southern Ocean and most are raised for overseas zoos. Like so many rare species today, their very survival depends on human cultivation programmes.

Dinner at Port Lincoln on the Sunday night was held at the Golf Club, some distance out of town past Winters Hill lookout, and consisted of a seafood barbecue - thoroughly enjoyed by seafood lovers. Mayor Peter Davis was our guest and he duly turned up on Monday morning as we assembled on the foreshore car park.

The rain had disappeared overnight. Peter flagged us off on the next leg of 170 miles to Whyalla [27,000+]. We drove through Tumbly Bay [1000] to Port Neill, where the Roadrunners Club had arranged morning tea at the primary school. A copper-plating business and shop attracted attention and some of us bought some souvenirs before heading off to detour past the inland Cleve [800] Area School where all the pupils had turned out to wave as we went by.



(My daughter stayed there on a student exchange programme several years ago.) A Morris 8 underwent a quick fuel pump changeover. We returned to the coast road, into Cowell [700] for lunch and a visit to the world-renowned Jade Shop where more souvenirs were purchased.

On arrival in Whyalla the tour organising committee and their spouses were invited to that evening's Whyalla Vintage & Classic Car Club's monthly meeting, so a quick hamburger was something of a change to our regular diet on the trip. Visits to the Maritime Museum, where the WW2 corvette HMAS *Whyalla* is displayed on dry land, or by bus tour to the former BHP steelworks were undertaken by many. Mount Laura historic homestead and Whyalla Club member Gordon Pearse's car and motorcycle collection were also visited. Outgoing Mayor John Smith (SA local council elections were held while we were on the road) came to dinner at the Sundowner Hotel.

Wednesday morning saw us leave Eyre Peninsula through Port Augusta and head to Port Pirie [14,000] on Yorke Peninsula. Conducted walking tours of the town's historic buildings were organised. Pirie & Districts Auto Restorers Club held a dinner at their own clubrooms. Councillor John Magor is a club member and was our guest. During the dinner presentations were made to the organising committee members by "Saltbrush Bill": an excellent caricature of the group of four - Arthur Doecke, Arthur Clisby, Joy



PAST EVENTS

West Coast Wander

Watson and treasurer David Searles - and separate caricatures of Arthur Doecke and Joy. In addition, a collection had been taken amongst the participants and Arthur Doecke and Joy each were presented with a backpack picnic set in recognition of the work they had put into organising the tour. Surplus funds collected, the committee decided, would be donated to the Royal Flying Doctor Service.

John Magor did the honours as we departed Port Pirie for Kadina [3300] where a Cornish pasty lunch and Mayor of the Copper Coast were awaiting us in the sporting complex, courtesy of the Veteran & Vintage Motorcycle Club of Northern Yorke Peninsula, the Northern Automotive Restoration Club and the Maitland Auto Preservation Society. Officially the end of the tour, many of us were staying on because that weekend the biennial *Kernewek Lowender* or Cornish Festival, with its Cavalcade of Cars & Motorcycles, was being held. The festival is the largest Cornish event held outside Cornwall and the Cavalcade is the largest assembly of historic vehicles in SA apart from the alternate year Bay to Birdwood Run with up to 1800 entries.

Friday was a rest day, followed by visiting Richard Venning's garage sale on Saturday. Richard has a restored 1934 Terraplane roadster and was offering for sale a restored 1951 Riley 1½ and a 1962 Chrysler Valiant S Series in addition to numerous parts and memorabilia. Your reporter was sorely tempted! A number of us attended the *Kernewek* dinner that evening.

Sunday saw us joined in the Cavalcade by a

further 600 or so vehicles - mainly from Adelaide - as we all drove around the Copper Coast Council's triangle of Wallaroo [2300 and growing], Moonta [2200] and Kadina to be waved at by thousands of spectators at every vantage point. All vehicles eventually parked in circular rows on the Kadina sporting complex's grassed oval playing field where more spectators milled around for a closer look.

Next day we returned to Adelaide, having enjoyed a memorable fortnight on the road, looking forward to the "South East Saunter" to Mount Gambier [25,000], etc., in 2005. Planning is already well in hand.

PS: The Nash performed admirably, cruising at 55 mph, but returned only about 15 miles per (imperial) gallon for the 1,200 mile trip! Might take something smaller next time.

Bill Watson

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