

top gear



WESTERN PLAINS TOUR 1999



THE FIRST SECRET WIMMENS BUSINESS MEETING



ANOTHER CARPARK BONDING SESSION



YOU WOULDN'T THINK I COULD GET HOT BACK HERE



I ALWAYS KEEP A SPARE KEY UNDER



Les & Roselee Johnson
(PH) 9412 1838

Roland & Stephanie Clark
(PH) 9653 2866



John & Val Dixon
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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The T.S.C.C 18th Birthday-Western Plains Tour would not have been possible without the assistance of members who have given freely of their time and information.

Particular thanks must go to the following: John & Val Dixon, Roland & Stephanie Clark and Gordon & Karen Lennox.

Thanks also to our sponsors: Cable Accessories (Gordon Ketelbey), H.Bruce Gibbs Prestige Trimmer (Bruce Gibbs) and Crabtree - McLachlan Restoration Services (Rob McLachlan).

This event made it possible for all members to drive and enjoy their cars with fellow enthusiasts. After all, if we didn't get our cars on the road there seems little point in belonging to the club. "Life is not a dress rehearsal, time is running out, so enjoy."

The finalisation of this special edition of "Top Gear" was also made possible by those members who forwarded their daily report sheets together with photos etc. Without everyone's involvement our club would not be positively moving forward into the 21st Century.

Both Roselee and I have thoroughly enjoyed our part in the organisation of this event, and we wish Ray and Margaret Ross good luck in organising next year's tour.

Les Johnson

Welcome to the magazine of the 1999 T.S.C.C.'s 18th Birthday Rally –
“The Western Plains Tour.”

Enclosed are the stories and the tales of a group of fellow club members all labouring together under reams of paper. Throughout this following of directions, counting windows etc., attempting to collect an outlandish assortment of not so ordinary goods (some of which were unprocurable) all were still determined to enjoy themselves.

And a good time we certainly had, observing all things from Australia's largest dairy to 360 million years old fossils, from shaved rabbits to performing sheep dogs and bushranger hotels to working steam trains et al. In fact we visited 25 different attractions, had a meal or coffee in 17 different locations and travelled around 1200 miles in the 9 days we were on the road.

This magazine has been compiled, not only as a written record for the club, but as a memory for those that were fortunate enough to attend, and as an inspiration for next time for those who did not make it.

Our eternal gratitude to Les and Roselee Johnson, John and Val Dixon, Roland and Stephanie Clark and Gordon and Karen Lennox for all their efforts on our behalf.

Tighten your seat belts.

Ray Ross

President Dec. 1999



T.S.C.C WESTERN PLAINS TOUR 1999

DAY ONE – 1ST MAY 1999

The day of the start had finally arrived after much waiting and planning by the Tour Organisation Committee.

Before starting my day report, I would like to thank the committee at this point for all the effort, which is required in arranging the tour. The reason I express this now is that I might not have such warm feelings at the end of our nine-day tour. My assumptions are based on previous deviate ploys arranged during our tours.

All tour participants met at the Richmond Tourist Information centre at 9.30 am. The weather was not looking so good for our open top car people ie. John & Sue Burton, Pam & Norm Johnson. We were informed that unfortunately Joan & Chris Johnson would not be starting with us & would try to meet up on Monday in Orange.

There was much huddling & discussion about what we could expect from “Bent T. Camshaft” in the week to come.

We were summoned to pay attention to receive our instruction booklet, whistle, maps, rules & regulations & disclaimer policies pertaining to the up coming week on tour – **LET THE TOUR BEGIN.....**

Looking, looking, looking...this was only the first question of the day...ah, found it! Had a feeling I was being followed but it was only my trusty local council representative, who was in trouble. So, what do you do? You offer your personal assistance with the answer!

The time is now 10.30 am. Gentlemen and Ladies, **start your engines!** With the exception of John & Sue Burton who started approx. 20 minutes prior to the start getting into layer upon layer of clothing both dry and wet. And also tuning in cockpit communication systems etc. etc.

As Uncle Arthur would say “and off we go!” Travelling with our route details & observation questions in hand via Richmond, Kurmond, Kurrajong Heights and questions, questions, questions. Then on to Mt. Victoria stopping for lunch at the famous Hotel Imperial where a most enjoyable lunch was had by all. During lunch I heard a lady assisting her husband by tooing and froing her body in front of him because he had lost his wiper. What a thoughtful, caring lady!

Moving along, we arrived at the Hartley Village where window panels were the question at hand. How many, some had panes & some had Airlight, very tricky!

Onward, onward we go, spotting this little Italian number which every so often was seen to experience the driver's door opening, shutting, opening, shutting etc. Should check this out. Is it a problem or was it just results of a good lunch, because it was displaying a “fork-like” emblem on its rear.

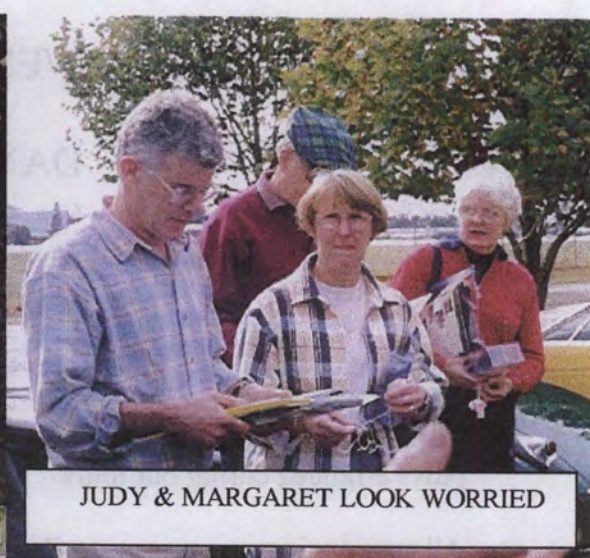
During our stop over at Hartley I heard mention of a problem within an eclipse vehicle powered by a 2.2 F1 engine which was experiencing some identification relating to birds within the area.



READY, SET GO!



I CAN TUCK MY OWN CLOTHES IN JOHN



JUDY & MARGARET LOOK WORRIED



TRUST ME!



WHAT'S THAT IN THE BOX, ROLAND?
PAULINE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT THE WHISTLE IS FOR.



NORM, LET'S GET A MOVE ON, BEFORE IT RAINS!



A PUBLIC SERVANT CAN BE REWARDED



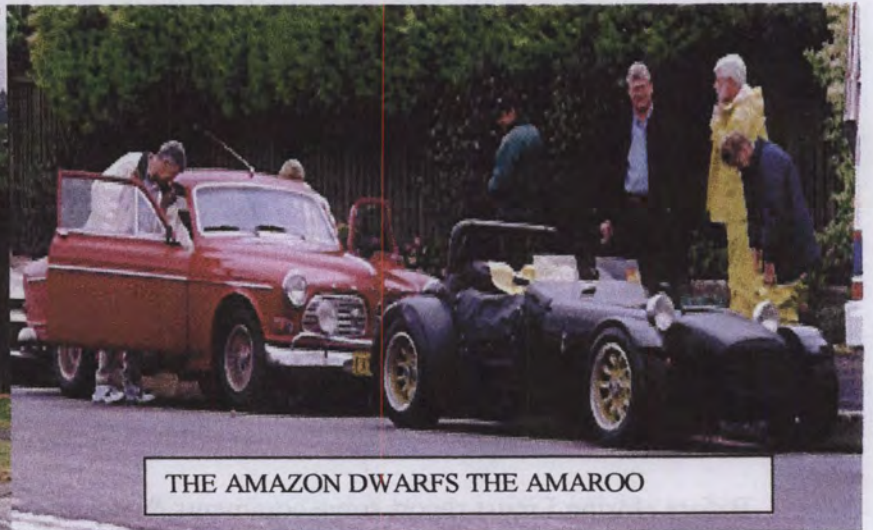
JOHN & SUE'S WET WEATHER GEAR



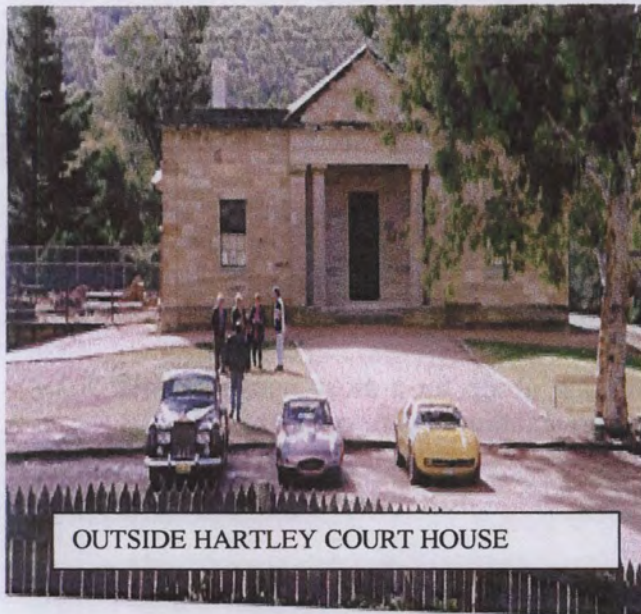
LUNCH AT THE IMPERIAL HOTEL, MT. VICTORIA



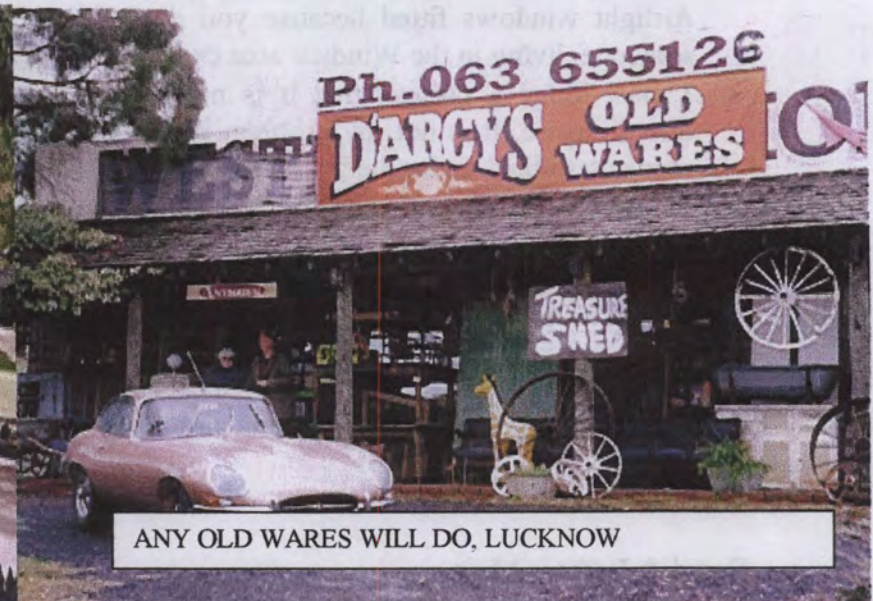
T.S.C.C. LINE UP



THE AMAZON DWARFS THE AMAROO



OUTSIDE HARTLEY COURT HOUSE



ANY OLD WARES WILL DO, LUCKNOW

Seems that pilot and navigator had a difference of opinion on the matter but I am sure that someone will win.

Our next stop, the 'skins & things' place at Lucknow enabled a break away from the rain and a chance to pick up some much needed new boots, shoes, belts, handbags, jumpers, gloves etc. etc. Just a few items forgotten and urgently needed for our tour. During my stroll through the 'Have You Forgotten Anything To Take Away Shop' I did notice some interesting shopping persons. I also overheard a certain person indicating he would like to have the whip & black fur coat number. He was told to 'put a lid on it' and just get the whip & the ugh boots. Another person known as 'Leggy Leggott' was seen in an ugh quandary of whether the short or long style suited him best. Kevin you looked great in the long style. We all agreed.

Our leader Ben. T. Camshaft (renowned catcher or 6 ft. grasshopper fame) was purchasing his new outfit for his next trip. A stylish lapelled jumper with some high stepping boots was seen in his hands. He was looking very pleased with himself.

It was time to move on to our final destination but we were stopped by my local 'Rolls Royce' driving council representative, who was in trouble again. So, once again, I helped out with her problems. We were only 20 klms. Away from our Motel. (The Central Caleula Motor Lodge, Orange – our home for the next seven days.)

Upon arrival, reports were coming in of vehicle problems. The Clarks Italian number was experiencing overheating. The Johnsons British Green Jag was losing water and the Chapmans Yellow Italian job was also suffering discharging problems in the cooling system. Time to unpack for the week and relax. (In your dreams!) Sounds good anyway.

The schedule was to meet at 6.30 p.m. in the cocktail lounge for pre-dinner drinks for dinner at 7.30 p.m. & swap the stories and dramas of the first day on tour.

Before closing I must report some comments & stories picked up during question time & dinner.

- One tip was, when you are shooting possums don't shoot from inside, especially if there are Airlight windows fitted because you don't know if they are open or closed. Seems that someone living in the Windsor area experienced this happening.
- I must lodge a protest, that it is not nice to be accused of looking at the First Lady's questionnaire. It is not my problem if the booklet is left open with photographs with some names scribbled under them. "Fair Go" I say!
- Seems Leggy Leggott was allocated his own private personal room for the stay in Orange by Robyn. Rumour has it, Kevin has a problem and Robyn decided when you have the opportunity to help her loving husband, you must take advantage and was looking forward to a quiet seven nights sleep. (Tip – more bonding Kevin, more bonding!)

In closing my part of reporting, may I thank my fellow-touring group for a most enjoyable first day and I look forward to the remaining eight days of fun and relaxation in your company.

Regards,

David & Barbara Muir

DAY 2 – “GET DOWN & GET UNDER”

Today's activities started with breakfast and a few late arrivals, namely the Leggots – some story about their motel suite being **so large** they had difficulty finding each other? However, Ray and Margaret took the late honours, each with a smile and Margaret almost convincing us she just decided to lie in!!!

At 8.30 we all lined up in our cars out front for our “**game**” start. Our turn came with John singing Waltzing Matilda accompanied by yours truly on whistle. I guess we weren't coming across too well as Roselee put a stop to it within a few bars.

Then, off to Wellington caves about 100 km away. Upon arrival, Vic greeted us with hand gestures and a story of a giant red kangaroo and skidding tyres.

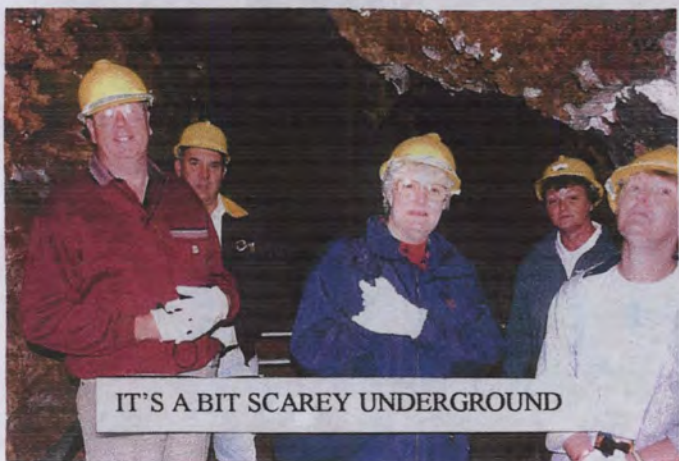
Once we had all gathered we were introduced to Debbie our tour leader for the Phosphate Mine. Deb introduced us to our white gloves and yellow hard hats before a Group photo to record the event. On entering the mine we were reminded that the phosphate was actually bat droppings and most probably each of us whitened our teeth with some that morning.



Later we joined what was a very large crowd to tour the Cathedral Cave. On returning to our vehicles, Vic realised he had not only just missed a large kangaroo but in the later excitement had locked his keys in the car. What to do? He initially thought of finding some fence wire but then remembered fixing a spare key under his car some years previously. Luckily, the key was still there.

THE
PHOSPHATE
MINE

The Greatest Show **UNEARTHED**





LUNCH IN THE BARN, YEOVAL

Lunch stop was the Angora Tourist Farm at Yeoval about 20 minutes from Wellington. What an enterprising couple our host turned out to be. BBQ lunch, Angora Rabbit Tour (including shearing a rabbit and fibre spinning) endangered and exotic animals, the lavender farm weeded by kangaroos, Angora garments fashion parade by our hosts, gift shop and country music performed by ... you guessed it ... our hosts.

The Angora Farm was also an opportunity to find some of the many items listed on Les's list of trivia. For example, Angora wool and the claw of an animal. The latter was a little difficult but Dave found a dead bird on which he performed an "Aunty Jack" and ripped its **"Bloody Leg Off"**



KEEP AN EYE ON THAT CAMEL JOHN



"I HOPE IT'S NOT ABOUT TO SPIT"





THE MOOSE WAS NOT AMUSED



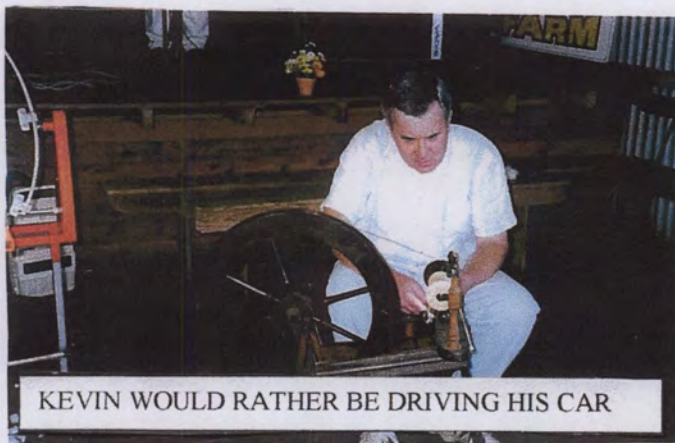
RAY TRIES ON HIS NEW
ANGORA VEST



LAVENDER BATH OIL FOR THE SPA



THIS RABBIT DOESN'T HAVE ONE FLEE!



KEVIN WOULD RATHER BE DRIVING HIS CAR



"I THINK BISON COME FROM AMERICA"
SAYS PAULINE



On the way back to Orange we entered a small township, where at the crossroads, things were a little confusing. Dave and Barbara went straight on, Ray, Roland, Stephanie and Margaret pulled up and I directed John to turn left. A few kms down the road we encountered Vic and Judy coming towards us. Someone had apparently suggested a stop for a local brew.

All was not lost as the boys had their inaugural Car Park Club meeting that night before we departed for dinner at the Keg Restaurant. Very enjoyable it was too until Kevin and John decided to help the new young waitress from spilling a beer on her. John and I ended up wearing the lot. Nevertheless, another great day to remember.

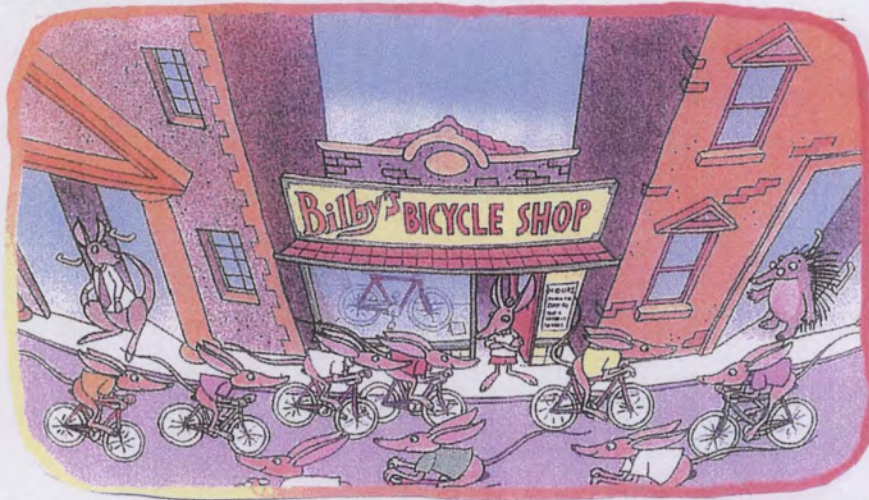
Sue Burton.

DAY 3 – MONDAY 3RD MAY – BILBY DAY

Breakfast

The day dawns clean and crisp in the morning, we arrive at breakfast to be told it is our turn to write the story for the day, the others start arriving. Les decides he likes the smell of burnt coffee in the morning. John Dixon (commodore of the mother ship) arrives and announces he is looking for accommodation due to his snoring since Val has evicted him. John Burton says he doesn't snore at all, but Sue wasn't handy to answer that one. Norman offers Roselee a poached egg as part of the items which have to be collected during the day and Roland concludes cars have no problems if you don't drive and put them in museums.

Tony and Pauline's Masser needed some attention so they decided to leave it at the motel and take a ride in the mother ship for the day.



We set off after being given a Bilby cartoon picture quiz and then being confronted by a huge kangaroo crossing in front of us on the way to Dubbo, well it was big anyhow and we took evasive action, when in doubt lock up the brakes.

Rumours have it that Jim and Val's search in Dubbo for the rare and much sought after Choo Choo bar did not come to a sticky end and it looks like none of us copped it sweet.





The Zoo

We met up with Margaret, Ray and grandson Samuel and also Roland and Stephanie, after a lovely morning tea we set off on safari, driving our cars around to each area.

Pam and Norm opted for bikes. Les, Roselee (alias Fred and Wilma), John, Val (alias Betty and Barney), opted for the fintstonesmobile.

A beautiful day for the Zoo and the animals were interesting but after trying to answer Stephanie's quiz later on we realised that we didn't learn very much. The others were scattered over the vast area and our paths sometimes crossed on the way around.



The Dundullimal Homestead

The Dundullimal Homestead is the oldest standing slab homestead in Australia and was an interesting stop for afternoon tea. Les mentioned he had a whistle to the woman who served our afternoon tea but she was not impressed and wanted to know if that was the best he could do, what about a whip! Well I suppose Devonshire tea can be a little mundane for some people, so now back to our base at Orange for dinner.

Dinner was a short walk to the Orange Ex-Services club for a casual meal for a change, followed by a flutter on the pokies, John and Kevin taking out the best result with their technique.

Judy and Vic Andrews

DAY 4 – TUESDAY 4TH MAY

We were the first car to leave today and as we rumbled up to the front gate of the Motel in the old Jag the four of us; Stephanie, Roland, Margaret and myself were filled with trepidation for the unavoidable encounter with Les & Roselee. For this mornings torture test we had to bring along our white gloves, given to us at Wellington Caves. There they were, grinning from ear to ear as usual, with Les telling Roland and I to get out of the car while Roselee reassured the girls that they had nothing to do today. With me banished to the rear of the car and Roland at the front we were given a limited time to thrust our gloved hand into a bag held by Les and asked to identify certain objects. Well, after spending the previous two days looking for sheep droppings, animal's toenails, ostrich feathers, Angora rabbit fur, plus other sundry items, which would have liked to play their games?

That completed, we then proceeded on to Eugowra, where Gordon & Karen Lennox were waiting to escort us on our day's tour. After a walking inspection around the town during which the ladies found an exclusive women's clothing store fortunately closed, thanks Gordon, we proceeded in a congo line up to 80 m.p.h. following the Lennox's V8 Aston to our first stopover, Moxley Dairy, which was just off the Goolagong Road.



Moxley Dairy is currently the largest dairy in Australia and is built in the Californian style. It has four sheds; one behind the other and each 650 metres long yes 650 x 50 metres wide. Each shed is capable of carrying 1024 head of cattle, though at the moment the dairy has 1500 head which are milked three times daily. The owners claim that not only do the cattle produce more milk per head on this type of dairy, but they also have a lot longer productive life. Total capacity with another 500 head will be 10,000 litres per trip trucked to National Foods in Penrith, every 10 hours where it is remanufactured.







After lunch an inspection was arranged of the Lavender Farm and Norm Johnson decided to nurse his ailing XK120 straight back to Orange. With both Maseratis safely back in Orange we were able to give Norm the communal water container and wish him good luck.

The rest of us headed to Canowindra to the Age of Fishes Museum. A chance discovery by a bulldozer driver in 1956 led to the finding of one of the world's greatest fossil discoveries of a mass mortality event, some 360 million years ago in Devonian times.

After a lot of research and frustration in relocating the exact spot in 1993, using the same excavator and driver, 70 tons of fossil slabs were recovered, some weighing more than 2 tons. The new slabs contained some 3100 fossil fish specimens representing at least eight new species all new to science. The fossilisation was caused by a lake or river 360 million years ago drying up during a severe drought.

After watching a video and inspecting casts of the fossils, we headed back to Orange to find that Norm had arrived safely.

Following a clean up and a "male bonding session" we all walked down to the circa 1886 Metropolitan Hotel for a very enjoyable evening meal and an early night for most.

Ray Ross

After a brief inspection of the milking area itself, where the cows undergo a complete shower three times a day before being attached to the milking machine, the ladies decided it was time to go.



Our next stop was at a sheep farm owned by Kevin Howell who also happens to breed and train sheep dogs. Here we had the pleasure of watching a former Australian champion dog, and his younger colleague who would both, without fear, literally risk injury in their quest to please their master. The dogs were told to skirt the fences of this ten-acre paddock, in which sheep were grazing, round them up and bring them in. The dogs took off like there was no tomorrow and while the older dog did exactly as he was told, checking the entire fence line non-stop; the younger dog saw the sheep and headed straight for them. In no time at all sheep were back at our fence and let into the pens where the dogs went through their paces as yard dogs even to the point of staring the sheep down. Apparently in Australia, we class a good dog as a good yard and paddock dog, where as in New Zealand they emphasise on paddock dog skills only. By the time we were all ready for lunch and just a short distance down the road was the Lavender Farm where lunch had been arranged for all of \$8 per head! If Dave Muir hadn't broken two chairs, they may have made profit!

DAY 5 - PARKES

Day 5 saw us heading out to view the Parkes radio satellite in the company of Dave and Barbara, as we had decided to leave the XK120 back at the motel.

As we drove through Parkes we noticed Tony and Pauline's yellow Maserati pulled over to the side of the road with the bonnet up, suffering from a slight water problem. As we chatted more and more club members pulled up so off we went in convoy to view the satellite.

All the members congregated in the car park awaiting our tour guide so when Gordon Lennox finally arrived the first thing he said was "how do you get into this place." This filled us full of confidence.



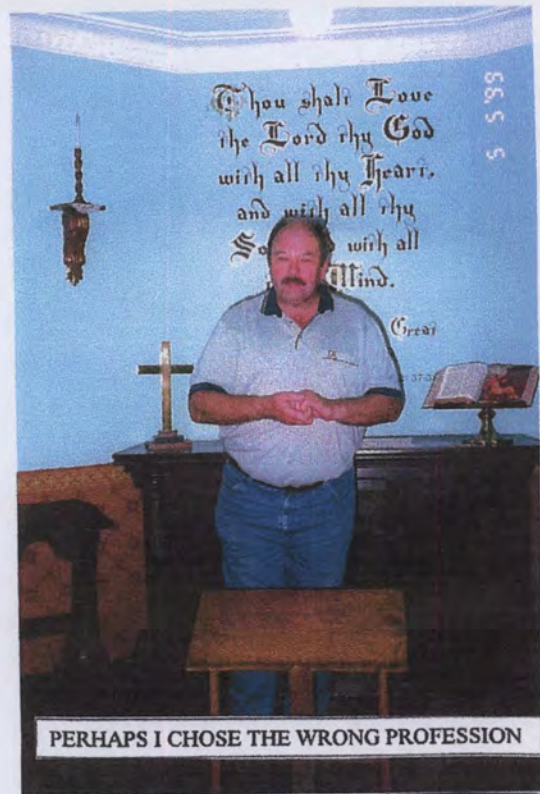
After a browse around the souvenir shop we were ushered in to view a documentary on the satellite and how it operates. There were a few rumours that some members might have nodded off. But that couldn't be true, could it Stephanie and Pam? Those that might have been asleep were suddenly awoken by Gordon's loud voice saying "let's go everyone" and once again off we drove in convoy to the Albion Hotel at Forbes. After arrival at the hotel we were divided into two groups and shown through the old tunnels under the hotel and up into the tower that was one of the highest vantage spots in the district.



After an enjoyable lunch on the hotel verandah, Dave announced that we were invited to view a local wool buyers collection of cars. So, the girls went shopping and we followed Mrs. Mcfeeters to her house to view a Rolls Royce and a number of Fords. As we were leaving Roland and Ray were just pulling up and unfortunately were not able to view the collection due to our tight schedule.



A SPIRITUAL REFLECTION



PERHAPS I CHOSE THE WRONG PROFESSION



GRENFELL HALL



RAY'S FRIEND - NELL



OH - MY ACHING BACK!



After picking up the girls and their shopping we were off again, this time to Grenfell (Henry Lawson territory) and Grenfell Hall which is an historic house which had magnificent antique decor. It also had a wonderful old character by the name of Nellie. Nel was around 80 in the shade and didn't shut up the whole time even divulging her secrets on her sex life. The antics of Les inviting Nel for a ride around the block in Roland's jag, put us all in a good frame of mind for the trip back to Orange. There we would have time for a quick shower before a short stroll to the Canton Chinese restaurant, for another great night of laughs and camaraderie.

Norm Johnson

DAY 6 – THE COWRA BREAKOUT

After yet another hearty breakfast – thankfully a little later than usual! – We were invited by John and Val to name a strange looking object, Joan and I had no idea but Joan did think it was suitable to tie me up too! They also gave a puzzle for the day, just in case we got bored!

Joan and I set off with John and Val in the Roller and headed off on the designated route to Cowra. The weather at first was not too sharp – cloudy and quite cool – but it soon improved once we got South of Orange to become yet another glorious day. The Drive was pleasant and unhurried, passing through SpringHill, Millthorpe and Blenny,



Arriving at Cowra a little later than planned. There we met Vic and Judy and Les and Roselee who were already tucking into scones and jam. They looked so good we decided on the same whether we needed them or not! The Muirs, Chapmans and other Johnsons soon joined us and we all leisurely strolled the lovely Japanese gardens. It is hard to imagine that a race can be so creative and tranquil in their gardens yet be so cruel and callous towards other human beings.





SOME OF VIC'S FATHER'S MASONARY SKILLS

We lingered longer than intended in the gardens and we hurried on to the next stop, which were the prisoner of war camp ruins and the site of the Cowra breakout. Because we were running so late some of us missed out on the War cemetery and went straight to The Quarry Restaurant for lunch. We sat outside in the sun and enjoyed a delicious lunch and the odd glass of vino – and we lingered longer!

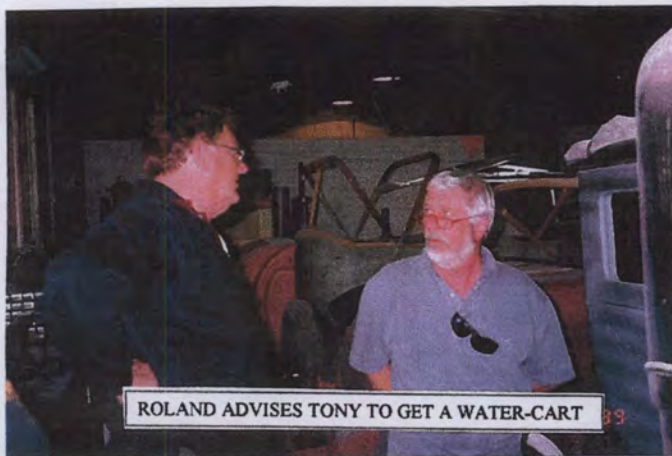
It was then off to Molong to visit Peter Lamb's Restoration shop where other members of the group who had decided to take a rest day met us. This visit was very interesting and informative and as it was a "blokey" thing the girls went off to buy up all the goods of Molong – thankfully for us they failed!

We arrived back at Orange around 1730 and as usual the "male bonding" (drinks session) went on in the car park until it was time for dinner, which tonight was at the motel. Too much food, too much wine – another great night and day.

Chris Johnson



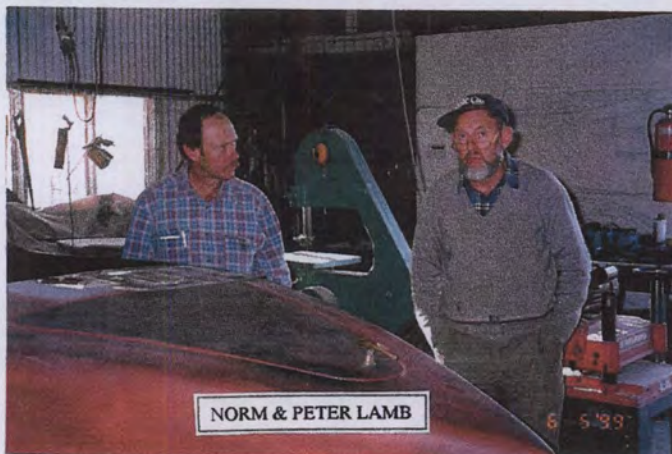
THE QUARRY RESTAURANT



ROLAND ADVISES TONY TO GET A WATER-CART



JIM TELLS THE BOYS "VAL & I DON'T CARE IF WE NEVER SEE ANOTHER RESORATION SHOP"



NORM & PETER LAMB



KEVIN EXPLAINS TO JOHN THAT IT'S ALL A BIT OF A WORRY

DAY 7 – ON TO BATHURST!

Once again the day dawned clear and cool, with the usual 8.30 am departure time. There was more than the usual hustle and bustle this morning due to the motel checkout and the need to pack everything into the cars.

Ominously, an extraordinary "Special Wimmen's Business" meeting was held at 8.10 am in a hidden corner of the car park. Some senior statesmen were heard muttering that this practice needs to be nipped in the bud.

Much later in the day at the traditional Daily Gentlemen's Meeting it was generally agreed that a mole be planted in order to monitor the situation. Dave and Doug volunteered.

Anyhow everyone was packed and away more or less on time, enroute to Carcoar. The exception was Norm and Pam, who left in a 10-ton truck loaded with Pam's shopping and Norm's Jaguar. Roland's Maserati was also left behind for later shipment home.

The drive to Carcoar was easy and pleasant, made prettier through Millthorpe by the autumn colours.

On arrival at Carcoar, the Maser completed the traditional arrival ritual, - Fill Up Car with Water – 2 litres. In order to save space this will be abbreviated to F.U.C. –H.2.O (2L). A pleasant stroll around this quaint town revealed three Banks for sale. Our resident Ex Bank Manager wasn't interested and couldn't afford one anyway because the Clubman has used three engines for 15000K, and is due for number four. Barbara and Pauline were overheard plotting to do away with their men and go to Greece and find Toyboys. (Battery operated?) As the E Type was now sounding like a chaff cutter it was parked amongst the old farm machinery for a photograph.



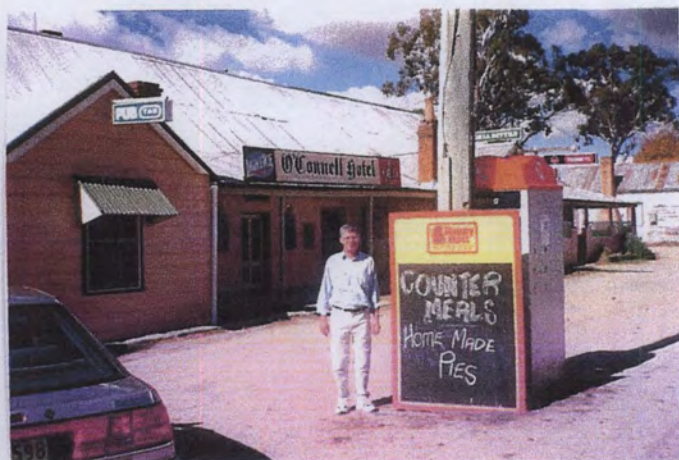
Another pleasant drive through rolling green hills saw us arrive at Mt Panorama. F.U.C. – H.2.O. (2.5L). During our museum visit Vic tried on the racing Volvo, while John Dixon had to be forcefully removed from the Brock Commode, say's he's sick of looking at the rear end of that bonnet mascot. Wary of radar and the fun police all had a drive around the track at the 60K speed limit. A nice touch was the house halfway up the mountain called Racelands. A nicer touch was the half lose a little further up the hill. You just can't trust bank managers these days.



THE MOUNT
PANORAMA MOTOR
RACING CIRCUIT
BATHURST AUSTRALIA

Back to the cars and on the road through Bathurst to O'Connell for lunch. F.U.C. – H.2.O. (1L). A refreshing light lunch at the hotel, and the chance to check the questions for the day. These mostly related to the Zoo day, but due to the alcohol induced short-term memory loss, they proved most difficult. Roselee thinks an Elephant weighs 230 kilo, until she's reminded that this is only two Les's. There was much more discussion about the photo competion, by now it's quite obvious that nobody can be trusted to tell the truth, it's quite likely that the photos don's relate to anybody in the club. After a relaxing lunch it's off for a quick stop in Oberon. It's only a short drive up through the foothills to Oberon but the "F" factor suffers. F.U.C. – H.2.O. (3L!!) David has contracted the dreaded Mid West Belly Bug and heads direct to the motel. (Interpret this to suit yourself, - probably not true).

The rest of us arrive at Hartley, F.U.C. – H.2.O. (1L), only to find that there is no record of our tour booking. (The fellow who took the booking must be an ex club



member-or on the other hand, was the booking ever made?) Stephanie has to threaten the full might and power of the Secret Wimmen's Business Organisation, so the tour goes ahead. A chance to check the windowpanes on that sneaky question from day one. It's an interesting tour of the courthouse and it's history, but the shadows are lengthening so it's off to the motel in Blackheath.

Late afternoon after settling in, F.U.C. – H.2.O. (2L), the men retired to the shed for the Gentlemen's Meeting, whilst the second Secret Wimmen's Business was held in the bar. 7.30 p.m. saw the whole assembly in the restaurant for the Seafood/Carvery meal. The weekend group had arrived and what better way to end a great day than with excellent company and food, along with a few drinks. Other snippets were:- The Mistral is exactly on budget. David made a miraculous recovery. Jim likes to kick and stomp spiders, even when they're on Quattroporte doors. The Amazon is about to go around the clock – again.

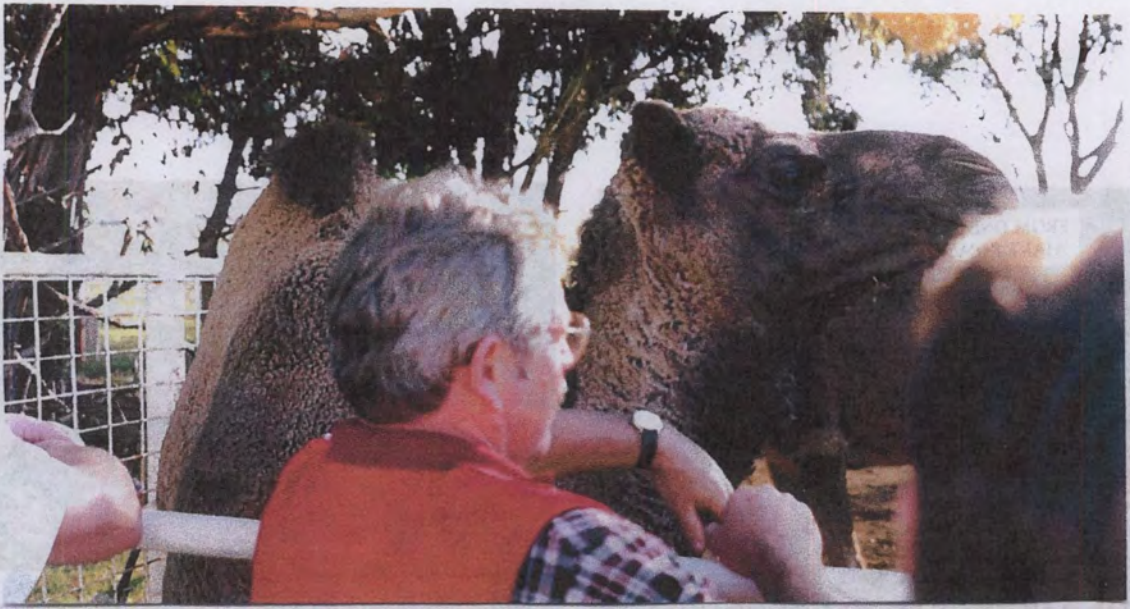
Another excellent day, F.U.C.-H.2.).

Pauline and Tony Chapman

DAY 8 - KATOOMBA

Day eight was an early start in the Motel Restaurant for a hot breakfast and a chat to some of the weekend club members. Then, we departed for the Zig-Zag Railway on some-what inclement morning. Most members were seen huddling on the small railway station trying to keep warm and dry. The Zig-Zag railway situated in Lithgow has changed a lot since we visited it as a family group. It's much longer and much more comfortable and takes about 1 ½ hours ascending and descending tunnels and viaducts, whilst breathing in the smoke created by the burning coal used to steam up the engine. Doug Pye was seen in relaxed mode, nodding off, whilst others took in the breathtaking scenery. After our trip back in history we left the train and travelled through Bell to Mount Wilson. Here we enjoyed pumpkin soup etc. and great company. Tony Lehnert and his young son (enjoying ice-cream) joined us for lunch. The girls managed to witness a wedding (none of our group) just down the road in a little old stone church. Then, we walked through Lindfield Park gardens at Mt. Wilson. The time of year made the gardens breathtaking when they showed off their autumn colours. I was unfortunately called back to the car park because John Dixon had somehow managed to get the Rolls Royce bogged. A little pushing, shoving and wheel spinning was necessary to free the old roller from its temporary situation. A lot of the men helped with their advice and possibly thought that this was a good chance to catch up on some male bonding.





SHE'S GOT BEAUTIFUL EYES



SHE'S GOT BEAUTIFUL EARS



SHE'S GOT MAGNIFICENT LIPS, BUT OH THAT BREATH!



FROM ONE SILVER HEAD TO ANOTHER -
"HAVE SOME MORE WINE"



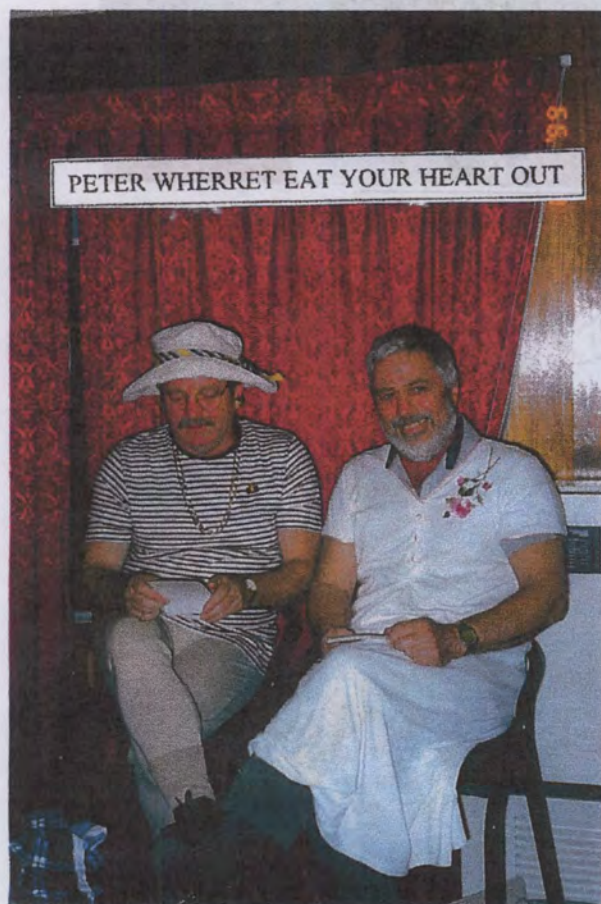
MUST BE THE BATTERY!



ROSELEE GETS HOT IN THE ROLLER



IT SHOULDN'T GET HOT IN COUNTRY TRAFFIC

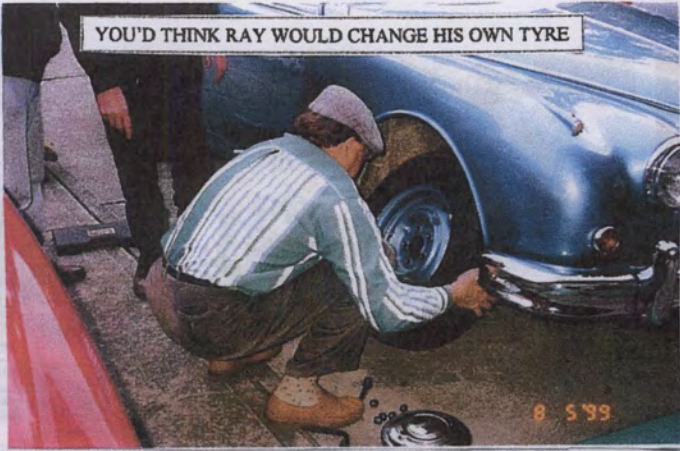


PETER WHERRET EAT YOUR HEART OUT



NOT A PRETTY SIGHT DAVE

SHE'S GOT MAGNIFICENT LIPS BUT ON THAT BREATH!





E TYPE CRUSHER



MUST NEED MORE WATER JOHN



SHAME ABOUT THE DENT



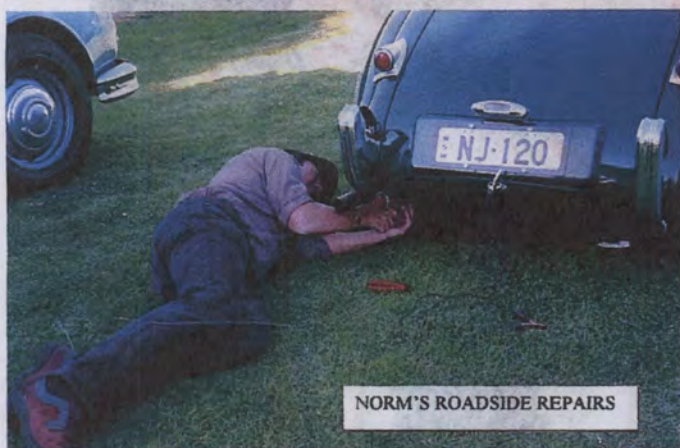
SLIGHT CARBY ADJUSTMENT



MOTHER-SHIP & TORPEDO



THOSE COURT HOUSE WINDOWS!



NORM'S ROADSIDE REPAIRS



JOHN & VAL WIND LES UP

8 5 88



TONY LEHNERT & SON



KEVIN & ROBYN LEGGOT



One last trip back to the Motel and we made ready for the night's presentation dinner and all its frivolities. The theme set by Roland and Stephanie was a request that we each wear something belonging to our other half. I believe that the male bonding in the car park loosened some members inhibitions because whilst some members just swapped hand bags, ties, scarves, jewellery etc. there were some a little more outrageous. Dave walked in totally decked out in Barbara's clothes. He was wearing her tights with a striped skivvy and teamed the look with a hat complete with matching hat -band. The outfit was complimented by a beautiful gold necklace and matching ear-rings. The one criticism I have was that the moustache just did nothing

for the outfit. Dave must have been totally confused because he was seen later in the evening visiting the "Ladies" toilets. It must be noted that once Dave made his entrance Tony Chapman hastily removed his jumper to reveal a stylish nightdress. Very becoming Tony! We sat near Doug and Jenny Pye and Doug was a constant worry most of the night as he adjusted his socks. (Worn as boob warmers, not feet warmers.) The night's festivities were great fun and new members Tony and Pauline Chapman were warmly welcomed by a look alike Kosovo refugee (alias John Dixon) complete with scarf. He/She carried a tray carrying Champagne and glasses so that we could toast the new members who seemed to enjoy the week away with fellow misfits tremendously. Some of the fun prizes that were handed out went to: Jim and Val (early bird award), John and Val (get a real car award), Tony and Pauline (the aqua award), Dave (crawlers and spit the dummy award), Judy (birthday award), Chris and Joan (shaggers award). Roselee and I were awarded with the tour coordinator award, which was a genuine American chook feeder. After such a night we all retired ready for the trip home and a return to the real world which we had escaped from for the past nine days.

Perhaps we can repeat this escape when we celebrate the T.S.C.C's 21st Birthday in 2002.

I Les Johnson



TONY & PAULINE CHAPMAN – MASERATI MERAK



GORDON & KAREN LENNOX – ASTON MARTIN AMV8



CHRIS & JOAN JOHNSON – 318 B.M.W.



DAVID & BARBARA MUIR – SUBARU WRX



KEVIN & ROBYN LEGGOT – HOLDEN SPORTS



JOHN & SUE BURTON – AMAROO CLUBMAN



ADRIAN & LORRAINE WALKER – FORD SPECIAL



LOUIE & SANDRA EID – DAIMLER V8



VIC & JUDY ANDREWS – AMAZON VOLVO



NORM & PAM JOHNSON – JAGUAR XK120



LIONEL & GAEL WALKER – ASTON MARTIN DB6



JOHN & VAL DIXON – ROLLS ROYCE CLOUD 111



ROLAND & STEPHANIE CLARK – MASERATI MISTRAL



LES & ROSELEE JOHNSON – E TYPE JAGUAR



JIM & VAL PETERS – MAZDA 626



RAY & MARGARET ROSS – JAGUAR MK11
