

***48 & FJ HOLDEN OWNERS CLUB OF N.S.W.  
Inc.***

**Wagga Wagga Annual June Rally  
2008**

*Departing Friday 6th returning Monday 9th June, 2008.*



Hey Jeff ... Is that John Service's support vehicle?



After gathering at Pheasant's Nest - we are ready to head off!

## *The Intrepid Travellers*

<i>Ian and Jennifer Young</i>	<i>FJ Utility</i>	<i>31172H</i>
<i>Wayne and Debbie Smith</i>	<i>FJ Sedan</i>	<i>FJ-2104</i>
<i>John and Lesley Service</i>	<i>48-215 Sedan</i>	<i>25266H</i>
<i>Geoff Smith</i>	<i>50/2106 Utility</i>	<i>35870H</i>
<i>Jeff and Kris Magnoli</i>	<i>FJ Utility</i>	<i>BER-466</i>
<i>David Stevens and Howard Smith</i>	<i>48-215 Sedan</i>	<i>FX-4582</i>
<i>Robert, Stirling and Judy Shaw</i>	<i>48-215 Sedan</i>	<i>JX-408</i>
<i>John and Judith Azzopardi</i>	<i>FJ Sedan</i>	<i>30807H</i>
<i>Jim and Pam Watts</i>	<i>FJ Sedan</i>	<i>30707H</i>
<i>David and Troy McMurray</i>	<i>FJ Sedan</i>	<i>FJ-097</i>
<i>Allan Forbes</i>	<i>FJ Sedan</i>	<i>FJ-0053 (Vic.)</i>
<i>Ken Rodger and (grandson) Daniel</i>	<i>VH Commodore</i>	<i>MR-2237</i>

### *Friday, 6 June 2008*

*9:35 am – Depart Pheasant’s Nest*

*We set off on a cloudy, but dry morning. As the miles roll by, the clouds clear and the sun makes its appearance and shines brightly for the rest of the weekend.*

*Ken Rodger has had to resort to his ‘modern’ after the rear wheel on his FJ parted company from the car the previous week, causing some damage to the mudguard, bumper and headlight.*

*We engage in the usual CB radio chit chat – Ian never short of something to say and Jeff always asking “Are we there yet?” And where would we be without Stirling to answer all our geological questions.*

*About 15 kms out of Goulburn we make an impromptu (side of the road) petrol stop for David Stevens, who reports that his petrol gauge was showing a quarter of a tank, but turned out to be empty. Thank goodness for the jerry can of fuel in the boot!*

*11:10 am – Arrive Goulburn*

*The boys in blue seem to be awaiting our arrival, luckily they are so captivated by the passing parade, they just wave us through (they don't seem to notice that some of our cars don't have blinkers and most have no seat belts). It could have been an expensive start to the weekend ... double demerits!*

*We meet up with Pam, Jim, David and Troy who are waiting to join the convoy. We all take time out for a quick chat, coffee, cigarette, and comfort stop.*



*Ian makes sure 'everyone' gets a full tank of fuel and we set off for Gundagai.*

*Along the road to Gundagai (no pun intended), Ian spots a couple of signs nailed to the trees and asks Jeff if he's been down this way recently ... the signs read "Are We There Yet?" We also see a large McDonald's billboard with the same wording. Someone must have told them Jeff was coming!*



*As we approach Gundagai we hear a strange voice come across our CB channel talking about organising a bbq for about 10 people. We are all feeling peckish and hope this is our welcoming committee, but alas we loose contact before we find out the location of the bbq and have to settle for McDonald's or KFC instead.*

*1.45 pm - Arrive Gundagai*

*Lunch and another petrol top up and we're off again ... next stop Wagga Wagga.*



*We cruise along to the Wagga Exit without incident and trundle on toward Wagga.*

*It's been a long day and Jeff wants to know ... Are we there yet?*

*3:40 pm – Arrive City Park Motel, Wagga Wagga*

*We unpack and start to get settled in our rooms and as usual the accommodation is excellent (thanks Pam!)*



*We take a break when Allan Forbes (the Mexican) arrives from Victoria. Unexpectedly, he is on his own and laughingly reports that Matthew and Patsy “have given him the flick!”*

*The men go down to the Wagga Car Club Rooms to register and some have a bite to eat.*

*Lesley is seen sneaking off in the FX while John takes a nap. She returns with a clean and shiny 48 and after giving it a quick chamois, tucks it in for the night. This is the beginning of Lesley's new found desire to ‘take over the wheel!’*

*Pam finds out the best venue for dinner and we all take a short (ha!) walk on a chilly evening across the Park to the Victoria Hotel.*

*Once again Pam has excelled ... great food at a reasonable price, enjoyed by all (although it does take 3 returns to the kitchen before Jennifer receives the right meal!)*

*An even cooler walk back to the motel for some well earned zzz's. A tiring, but enjoyable day.*

### *Saturday, 7 June 2008*

*After a good night's sleep, we awake to a fresh, but sunny Saturday.*

*The men do their usual car tinkering and fuelling up.*

*Wayne and Debbie's FJ appears to have an oil leak and on further inspection they decide to leave their car at the Motel and along with Ken and Daniel (who ditch their modern), opt for a chauffeur driven day out.*

*Ian and Jeff head off to top up with fuel for the day, only to find that Ian has left his wallet at the Motel – looks like it's Jeff's shout!*



*Fuelled up and ready to roll, we leave in convoy for the Club Rooms, where we grab a quick cuppa and are welcomed and briefed about the day's activities.*



*10.05 am – Depart Wagga Car Club Rooms*

*As we travel along, Ian spots a car trailer carrying a port-a-loo and asks if this is a special delivery for Jeff.*

*All is going well until our leader (now affectionately known as Idiot Boss) has his first hiccup. Somehow, he misses the big, colourful, beaked crow turnoff sign at Mangoplah, resulting in some of us turning right and some proceeding straight ahead.*

*We regroup and proceed on through Yerong Creek, where Jeff points out some places where he spent time visiting as a boy.*

*Just out of Henty our FJ clicks over 60,000 miles ... and still going strong!*

*12.10 pm – Arrive Henty (lunch stop)*

*A pretty little town, struggling to survive in the drought.*

*Many of us visit the Henty Museum and spend time browsing in the local shops – which have opened especially for the visiting car rally.*



**Brazillian anyone?**



**A collection of old cash registers**

*Some of us set off in search of the FX and FJ embroidered hand towels, only to find that there is only one left (in pink). The lady in the shop has not been advised of our visit and has not stocked up, some 'special orders' are placed.*

*Whilst browsing at the cars on display, 'Hawk eye' Ian asks the owner of a white Jaguar, why his NRMA badge is fitted back to front. The owner frowns and on inspection is surprised that it has only taken Ian one look over his car to notice what the owner has overlooked for 20 years! An inspection the next day reveals that the badge is now correctly mounted. Well spotted Youngie!*

*Pam falls in love with a rocking horse and the commercial comes to the rescue to transport it back to the Motel. Having spent the night in the back of our ute (Jeff is still looking for the rocking horse poo!) Pam reclaims the rocking horse and leaves it to Jim to sort out how they are going to transport it home in the sedan. Poor Jim!*

*Unfortunately, David came to grief on the short trip to the lunch venue, losing his left hand rear wheel and damaging his brake drum. The Wagga Wagga Club members spread the word that a replacement brake drum is required and one is soon located. Repair work is carried out through the afternoon and into the early evening to get David's car back on the road. That's country hospitality!*



*At the morning briefing, the Mayor explains that Henty is a little town which does not attract a lot of Federal and State Government funding. The lunch venue, the Henty Community Hall - funded and built by the local community, is a lovely building and testament to their community spirit.*



*After a hearty lunch, we leave David and Howard in the capable hands of the locals and continue on our way.*

*At 2.45 pm we take a break and fossick around in The Rock Junk Shop – Robert emerges loaded up with old speakers ... one man's trash is another man's treasure!*

*We set off again and all is going well until it is announced over the CB that someone has lost a hubcap. It turns out to belong to Geoff, who, following David's wheel incident, had removed his hub caps to check his split pins. Having also checked John Service's and thinking the hubcap may be his, John is seen leaning out of the passenger's side door of his moving vehicle to check that his hubcap is still there.*

*Afternoon tea is held at Collingullie Hall – thanks to the local ladies for a great assortment of cakes, slices and biscuits.*

*4.00 pm – Depart to return to Wagga.*

*On entering Wagga from this direction Ian points out a large banner erected by the Wagga Wagga Veteran and Vintage Car Club welcoming all visitors to the Rally.*

*We arrive back at the Motel and discuss the day's events and shower and change ready for the bus pick up at 6.00 pm to take us to dinner.*



*Saturday night arrives and it's all silly hair and crazy socks!*

*We board the 'brand new' courtesy bus and as we exit the motel driveway a rather large scaping noise is heard at the rear of the bus. Ian (the truckie), should have done a better job of distributing the load.*

*On arriving at the hall, I notice we seem to be getting funny looks from the other early arrivals. I wonder if someone has been playing a practical joke on us and only sent the notification about the funny hair and socks to our Club. Luckily, as more people arrive we are not the only silly ones!*

*Jennifer introduces Ian to a young lady with blue hair ... Ian shakes her hand and then realises it is his daughter Vicky, and asks 'What the bloody hell are you doing here?' to which she replies. "I heard there was a party on!"*



*Not quite the welcome Vicky was expecting after travelling all the way from Melbourne with her partner, Gavin, to surprise her father. Everyone else knew about the surprise except Ian and what a surprise it was!*

*A lovely hot meal is enjoyed by all (I don't know how they manage to serve a piping hot meal to so many people from such a small kitchen).*

*There are the usual questions about the crow signs and Pam proudly answers a question about the location of the ball bearing bird (the answer being – Willits Lane). Pam is asked to come to the front of the audience and sing the song 'The Ball Bearing Bird'. Never having heard of the song and explaining that she can't sing to save her life, Pam is allowed to recite, instead of sing. Pam returns to her seat, thinking ... that's what I get for opening my big mouth!*

*The band plays a wide variety of music and Stirling and Judy decide to work off their dinner - 'tripping the light fantastic!'*

*David and Howard arrive a little late (understandably), with the news that the car is repaired and back on four wheels again.*

*Howard describes the shed where they have been as an Aladdin's Cave – with several vintage motor vehicles and floor to ceiling parts of all denominations.*

*Then it's time for the funny hair and sock parade. Ian in his coloured wig and with his odd socks is awarded the prize for best effort and most original outfit (well done Jennifer!)*



*It's great to see so many Club members participate in the event – some unintentionally (the Mexican with his naturally spiked hair!)*



*Alas, the night comes to an end and we are called for our bus trip back to the hotel ... and we wait ... and we wait ... and we wait. The smart one's wait inside and the silly one's wait outside in the very fresh night air. We arrive back at the motel (with another poorly distributed load) resulting in another loud scrape.*

*Off to bed to recharge the batteries, ready for another busy day tomorrow.*

### **Sunday, 8 June 2008**

*Once again we awake to a beautiful day.*

*The men do their re-fuelling and car tinkering exercises again.*

*Unfortunately Jennifer is not feeling very well today and decides to give up her seat in the ute to Vicky and Gavin – ensuring Ian and Vicky can spend an enjoyable day together. Rumour has it that Ian even offered them the opportunity to get behind the wheel. But Vicky knows her father too well ... and they both think better of it.*

*We set off for the Club House and after the days briefing, head for Marrar for the traditional soup stop. Along the way our convoy is interrupted by a modern (and it's a Ford!), so we stop at the railway crossing near Harefield to regroup and take the opportunity for a photo.*



*We enjoy a pleasant drive along undulating country roads (some very narrow), with beautiful scenery (although a little dry).*



*Kris and Vicky discuss the possibility of taking home a baby lamb!*

*Ian reports that Jennifer's visit to the local Doctor revealed she is suffering from mild whiplash, probably caused when she tried to avoid the wildly waving arms of a 'local' at the Victoria Hotel on Friday night.*

*The traditional Soup stop at Marrar Hall was a welcome break and enjoyed by everyone.*

*We set off again to Downside for lunch, the vehicle display and judging. On arrival, Idiot Boss manages to direct us into the wrong gate – we will forgive him this time, he doesn't have his usual co-driver.*

*We park in our designated areas – commercials separate from the sedans and enjoy a bbq lunch (more food!)*



*The afternoon is spent admiring the assortment of vintage vehicles and motorbikes on display. There is also a stationary engine display and a blacksmith showing his trade.*

*On leaving Downside for the short run back to Wagga, Ian is somehow relegated to the back of the group, leaving John Azzopardi to lead us back to the motel. All is going well until we reach the centre of town and out of radio contact with Ian. Judith comes across the radio asking "Does anyone know where we turn?" It seems our new leader is not sure how to get us back to the motel. He is promptly sacked and Ian is reinstated as head Idiot Boss.*

*On our return to the motel, some of the men gather around Vicky's convertible Mazda sports car for a demonstration on how the roof folds away neatly into the back. John Azzopardi observes the workings with the possibility of adapting it to his Austin A90 – Ha! Ha!*

*An inspection of David's rear wheel reveals that the brake linings seem to be too tight on the drum. Robert to the rescue! Within a very short time (and under the watchful eye of some of the other men) the wheel and drum are removed and the problem rectified.*



*Time to get ready for dinner ... didn't they say the bus would be arriving at 6:10 pm? It's only 5:55 pm when the call goes out that the bus has arrived early. To Jeff's amazement I am ready to go ... that's a first!*

*We arrive at the hall to find Geoff standing guard over our favourite tables – a job well done, thanks Geoff.*

*We settle in for another enjoyable evening of good company, lots of laughs and great food (yes ... more food!)*

*We hold the annual birthday candle blowing out ceremony for Judith, Lesley and Jeff and enjoy the birthday cake.*



*Judith, Lesley and Jeff are later fined a gold coin each for not inviting the rest of the guests at the hall to their birthday bash!*

*The trophy presentation gets underway and David and Howard receive the ‘Hard Luck – Cars/Commercials Trophy following their rear wheel mishap at Henty. Ian and Jennifer receive the Trophy for Best Commercial Vehicle (1950 to 31 Dec 1978).*



*Another enjoyable evening comes to an end and we are once again back on the bus to return to the motel (1<sup>st</sup> bus off the rank).*

*The sight of June Long Weekend Fireworks generates much reminiscing about bonfire night experiences and a few stories of misspent youths.*

### Monday 9 June 2008

*A cloudy day – but the hope of rain by days end is encouraging for the locals.*

*John Azzopardi is puzzled by something on the ground under the engine of his car! On closer inspection it is revealed that it is only kitty litter – very odd!*

*The motel is a hive of activity as we all pack our belongings into our vehicles.*

*We leave the motel and make our way to Kennards Hire and take some photos of the vehicles parked in front of the premises. Thank you Ian for your ‘support’ in my pursuit of the best vantage point.*



*Off to the Club House for a hearty breakfast. We say our goodbyes to the people we have met over the weekend and a special cheerio to Allan (the Mexican) who is heading back to Victoria.*

*Goodbyes said, we head for our first stop – Cootamundra.*

*Our journey is interrupted at Illabo when we have to stop at a railway level crossing to give way to a passing goods train. The driver acknowledges our presence by giving us a long, loud blast on his horn.*



*At 11.00 am we arrive at Cootamundra for a comfort stop. We park in the main street and are enticed across the road by the delightful smell coming from the local pastry shop. Some of us can't resist ... and enjoy a treat from the selection of lovely pies, cakes and drinks available.*

*A short walk is required to locate the public toilets. They have recently been cleaned and Jennifer and Debbie discover that the seats are in fact, still wet.*

*Whilst walking back to our cars, the distant sound of a steam engine whistle can be heard. Jim informs us that there are steam train rides running between Cootamundra and Harden today. Unfortunately we don't have time to enjoy a ride.*

*As we continue on our way, we observe many train spotters set up with their cameras, but we are not lucky enough to see a steam train.*

*We travel through Harden and enjoy the scenery, arriving at Yass at 1.15 pm.*

*Lunch is had by some (those that did not pig out at the Cootamundra Cake Shop) and fuel is topped up ready for the next leg of our journey.*

*Ken and Daniel decide to continue on in their modern and Robert, Stirling and Judy leave the group to spend some time in Yass and will make their own way home later in the day. Both parties agree that they have thoroughly enjoyed the weekend and are glad they came along.*

*And then there were 9.*

*2.00 pm Depart Yass and travel up the Hume Highway toward Goulburn, where we farewell Pam, Jim, David and Troy over the CB and thank them for another great weekend.*

*And then there were 7.*

*All is going well until just past Marulan, when Judith's voice comes across the radio saying "We are failing to proceed!" Because of the traffic, some of us are a little bit ahead of them, so we pull over and wait for further details of the problem. Luckily, it is only a minor hiccup, with the distributor wire coming out of its connector. Ace mechanic John has it fixed and running in a flash and we are back on the road again.*

*Wayne and Debbie are also having some car problems and decide to carry on ahead to Sutton Forest where we can all meet up again.*

*John, Lesley, David and Howard decide not to stop at Sutton's Forrest and continue on their way home.*

*And then there were 5.*

*At 4.00 pm we set off again ... next stop (failing any problems) ... home!*

*As the traffic thickens, we know we are getting closer to Sydney.*

*As we pass Pheasant's Nest, Jeff and I comment that we are back to where the journey began and notice that we had left under grey skies and returned to grey skies.*

*Geoff leaves the remaining group with waves and honking horns at Narellan as he does not have an E-Tag.*

*And then there were 4.*

*We decide to continue on to the M7, but as we round the next bend think we may have made the wrong decision as the traffic slows to a crawl.*

*We continue on in the slow moving traffic towards the M7, where the traffic thins and we are able to return to normal speed.*

*As we approach the Lighthorse Interchange we say our goodbyes to Ian, Jennifer, Judith and John – thanking them for their company and another great weekend.*

*And then there were 2.*

*We continue to the Woodstock Avenue exit, where Wayne and Debbie say their goodbyes and head for home.*

*And then there was 1.*



*All alone, we continue on and leave the M7 at Blacktown Richmond Road - reflecting on another fantastic weekend with great friends. As we wind our way home, the number of street lights diminish and the roads become darker. We hope we don't experience the malfunctioning headlights we had on our return home last year.*

*At around 6:30 pm we arrive home and put the ute away in the shed for a well deserved rest!*

*And then there were ... none!*

**Story by: Kris Magnoli**

**Run Led by: Ian Young (Idiot Boss)**

**Accommodation Organised by: Pam Watts**









*Poor Jim !!!*

***The End***

