

The Wagga Wagga Rally 2018

Wednesday June 6th to Tuesday June 12th

Once again some dedicated Club early owners made the trip down to another great weekend at the Wagga Annual June Rally. Unfortunately there were only four vehicles on the adventure this time, THREE X's and only one J, which of course had trouble keeping up!

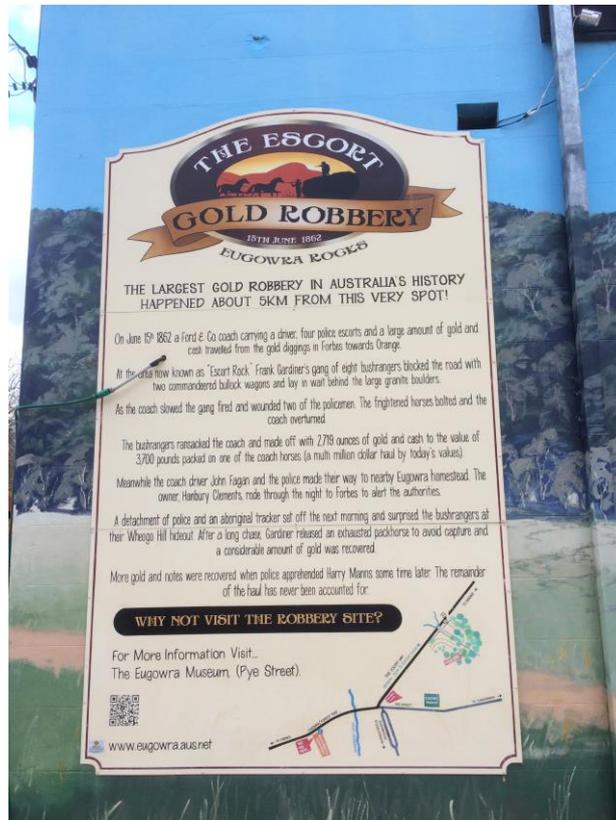
This time we decided to take it 'a bit slower' getting down there, so we could have a bit of a look around the towns that we normally fly through, and so the J could keep up. Sue & Peter, Kristina, Jeff & Adam, Robert and of course myself, met up at Glenbrook on Wednesday the 6th, I won't say who was late this time, but she knows who?

After everyone gassed up and stopped gas bagging, we hit the road - destination Orange, stopping at Lithgow for my fifth coffee of the day. Pack leader Peter, had found out that Lloyd's Car Auctions at Bathurst were getting ready for their next sale and that they were going to have a great line up of true collectors auto's on show, so we diverted into there at Kelso, only to be disappointed by the fact that the cars were arriving the next day. But there were a few rare and unique examples of a collectors dream to look over. Once we finished ribbing Peter for the let-down, we reassembled and bee lined to Orange for lunch at a very nice little eatery, where they said everyone can come back, except me! I think Robert took the lead then, because I had no idea how to get to Forbes - our first overnight stop.



On the way there we stopped at a place called Eugowra to let Peter catch up and stretch our legs, only to discover that most of the buildings in town had a variety of inspiring wall murals painted on them (see Kristina if you want to see all 294 of them!)





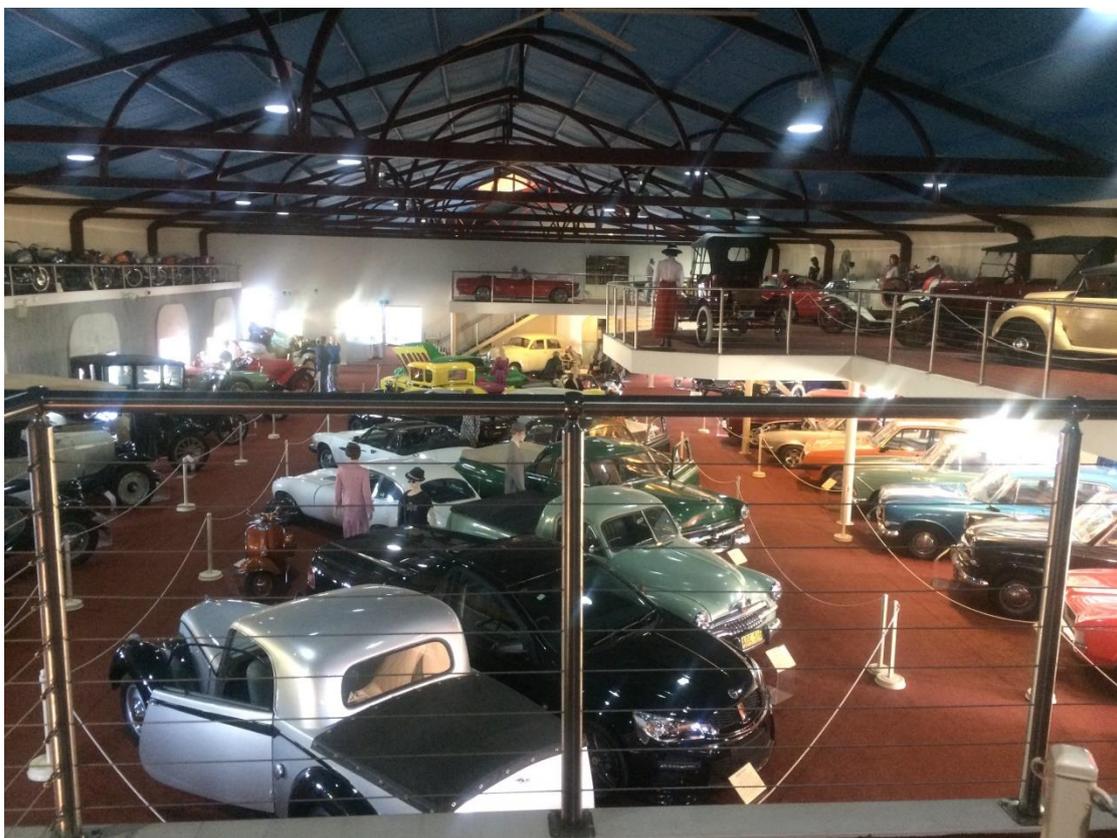
On arriving at Forbes we booked into a nice Motel right next door to the local Golf Club and after unpacking it was time to gather together and discuss our trip so far and as usual, someone just had to open their bonnet! Dinner in the Club next door was a bit risqué? (for some State of Origin supporters), but enjoyed by all, even the 'naughty kid' in our group. Jeff almost got lost on the way back to the Motel!

Thursday morning saw us loading up and heading off to Temora, but not before stopping in at the McFeeter's Car Museum, "a unique and outstanding attraction on the edge of town, purpose built to house a stunning collection of 60 meticulously restored vehicles. Most of the cars have been collected and restored by Forbes identities, Bill & Jan McFeeter, and the complex is family operated". An unbelievable example of some of the finest autos you will see in one spot - really!



To Peter's delight there was a J ute on show, which helped make him feel included.





After making several failed bids (and other attempts) for some of the cars, we cut our losses and headed toward Temora, stopping at Wyalong/West Wyalong for lunch. But we couldn't stay there too long, as someone mentioned Bevis Apps and out of nowhere the Sheriff and a posse drove us out of town, mumbling rude words about him?

Following lunch we headed to the Temora Rural Museum (which I went to on their Open and Start-up Day back in March). I would say that there was something for everyone, male and female, to take an interest in; I stayed there all day and half the night back in March.

Robert and I were very interested in all the old types of radios in the communication shed, some going back almost 100 years and, and they still worked!



The FJ panel van ambulance that was originally based at Temora when it was new and which I believe Stan helped relocate, looked immaculate in its fully restored condition with all the other makes and models in the newly constructed dedicated shed up the back of the Museum, there was a lot to look at so we just took our time. Everyone had just finished having a cuppa by the time I got back to the main building so I made them all wait while I had 6 coffees.

We made it to Temora without anyone getting shot and again booked into a comfy Motel, just a few blocks away

from the local Club, where we discussed all the wanted posters in Wyalong that looked a lot like Bevis, and where we all had an adult meal - this time I was lost on the way back!

We loaded up Friday with Wagga in our sights but not before we raided the Temora Air Museum, which was like heaven for me - being an old suspended pilot (I'm trying to prove to CASA that I am not mad!).





Some people even had planes named after them!

I think everyone really enjoyed the guided tour of the base with one of the volunteers, who thought I was his boss by all the questions I was asking him!



We also enjoyed the mini Theatre with all kinds of aerial action being shown (unfortunately they had carpet on the floor so you couldn't hear the Jaffas).

We got to Wagga mid afternoon, just in time to watch The Bold and The Beautiful, and booked into the motel we always stay at, because it has under cover parking and is close to the PUB! Again, after unpacking, we gathered and had a coffee and a post-mortem of the trip so far, before scrubbing up for dinner at the pub. Howard and Irene were suppose to meet us there too, but at the last minute Howard got crook and wasn't game to leave the house. I reckon it was because he had to drive a J. Hector and Kenny rocked up just as we were heading up for dinner, so they quickly booked in, got their key and off we went. As usual Kristina had booked a table for us so once we were in, the place was full. Dinner was great, as always, but poor Kenny had to take his back to the motel in a doggy bag because by the time he got his we had all finished ours and were on our way back.



Saturday was an early start (only for Adam), as we were leaving the WWVVMC club house at 9:30 and I had to have at least 7 cups of coffee first. After a brief information meeting at the club we were off on our country run to Tumbarumba for our lunch stop. It seemed like we went via Victoria, as we had no idea where we were but went through some beautiful country. Most of us had heard of the place but had never been there, so it was a bit of an adventure looking around town, a real nice little country town.

On the way back to Wagga we stopped at the Veterans Retreat at Rosewood for a greatly catered for afternoon tea, so much that even Robert couldn't clean up the tables. Once back at the motel everyone just rested up after deciding we would go up town and look for a place for dinner. That took nearly all night! - but finally we settled on a little restaurant, I was so hungry I raced up and ordered my dinner before everyone had sat down. I don't think they had that many people in there at once before as there was only one cook and one waiter, but by the time the nine of us ordered they seemed to have the whole family in there helping. To someone's surprise dinner turned out to be very nice, as it was all eaten and there was no sign of doggy bags.

After emptying the kitchen, Robert decided an ice cream was required, mind you it was -13 degrees! But after walking about 6 miles round town a shop couldn't be found, so we headed to Woollies and Kristina organized a celebratory ICE CREAM for us all to remind Jeff that it was his Birthday, I think that made him the oldest member there (the girl at the checkout that I was talking to, agreed with me!). Having grabbed my 8 litres of milk for the night, we headed back to the motel – we all took turns at helping 'old man' Jeff.



Sunday was a really early start, not only for Adam, but just about everyone at the motel, as at about 3am we could all hear some humming or buzzing and ringing coming out of Peter and Sue's room, with Peter quietly shouting at Sue to "turn it down" so it couldn't be heard. Everyone seemed to have their own thoughts as to what was going on, but Sue assured us that it was a mobile phone alert from their malfunctioning home alarm system – but we're still not so sure and no one said anything more about it.

Leaving the club house around 9:30 with Robert in the lead, we headed to Marrar Hall for our soup stop. But we nearly didn't get there - as Robert, (apparently following the car in front), took the wrong turn to the left. All the cars in front and most of the cars behind us turned around to get back on the right road BUT Robert gave us the "this way finger" so we just followed him, as he always knows where he is going! Well after about 47 miles of dirt road, river crossings, kangaroos and old abandon cars on the side of the track, we got back onto the road we turned off about 8 miles further back down the road. I don't think anyone said anything while we were having our soup break, but I did see Peter kneeling near Robert's tyres!

After following one of the Wagga boys through more beautiful country we got to Eurongilly Hall for an enjoyable lunch - I just had my usual 15 cups of coffee. On our scenic drive back to Wagga we stopped at Oura for afternoon tea and another 7 cups of coffee.

Sunday night is always 'drinkees' and Presentation Dinner at the Rules Club, where everyone gets the chance to make a bigger fool of themselves.



I don't know why, but our group always seems to leave that up to me!



As with last year, they were showing pictures of all the amazing vehicles on the run on a humongous screen at the front of the stage, except Peter's J, of course. Dinner was just terrific as usual, dessert was even better. Many trophies were handed out to happy recipients during the night and I believe everyone had a really enjoyable evening, as usual. This year the evening finished earlier than before, I think that was so Kenny could get to bed early, he really needs his beauty sleep!



Monday morning had us all reloading our cars for the trip back home, Hector and Kenny left earlier than us as Hector had to get back to the farm and dip and dag his sheep. Sue and Peter took off at that time too, and I heard on the grape vine that Peter was roaring past other cars on the way home - most of them were waiting for the NRMA!!

The rest of us had a good run to 'Coota' where morning tea and more coffee was the go at Helen's café. L couldn't convince the gang that I didn't know her - just because she gave me a kiss when we left!

Then on to Cowra for lunch – where we discovered there is not too much open in Cowra on a public holiday!

It was decided earlier in the trip that we would stop overnight at Bathurst and have a few fangs around the 'track', which had rubber and smoke going everywhere – as we were trying to stop before Hells Corner so we could go into the Mt Panorama Car Museum, which is the one place every motoring enthusiast must go to before going up to Heaven and joining GMH.





And now we are on the final leg home – but they had to stop at Lithgow for me so I could have my 5 cups of afternoon coffee and while there Robert suggested that we would have more fun screaming through all the bends going down Bell's Line of Road (I think he has disk brakes on his Holden!)

We all made it to North'o which is where I turned off for home, leaving the rest of them to find their own way home. Everyone at the Club Meeting on the following Monday night said that they had a really good time, enjoying the trip and each other's company immensely and if it's on again next year, I can't go!!!

Anonomous.