

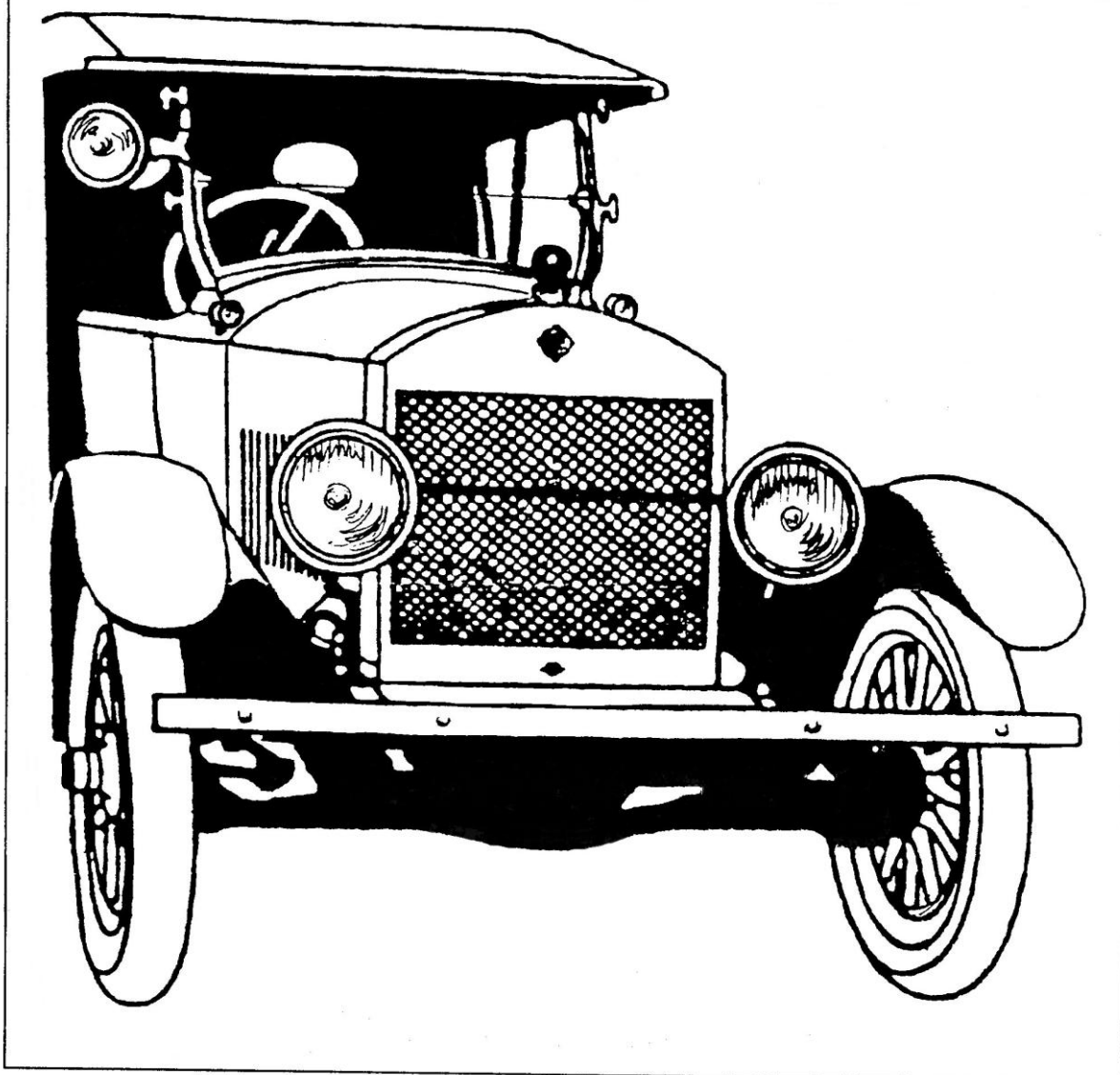
**KERANG & DISTRICT
VINTAGE MOTOR CLUB INC.**

NEWLETTER

P.O.BOX 30 KERANG, VICTORIA. 3579

Date of issue

October 2024



Registered by Australia Post Publication, No VBH 2686, Category B

COMMITTEE & OFFICE BEARERS 2024-2025

PRESIDENT	Lee Guest (Judy)	Ph. 0428 503073
VICE PRESIDENT	Gary Fowler (Darna)	Ph. 0498 699256
TREASURER	Dianne Moon (Trevor)	Ph. 0417 031629
SECRETARY	Caren Coates (Rod)	Ph. 03 54567509
MINUTES SECRETARY	John Mowat (Margie)	Ph. 03 54576232
ASSISTANT MINUTES SECRETARY	Peter Greenwood	Ph. 0409 503722
EDITOR	John Ritchie (Tamara) E-Mail Address chev1940@bigpond.com.au	Ph. 0427 344 498 or 03 54522754
ASSISTANT EDITOR	Peter Greenwood	Ph. 0409 503722
CLUB CAPTAIN	Adam Ridley	Ph.0404 380368
MERCHANDISE OFFICER	John Webb (Jan)	Ph. 0409 996 512
ASSISTANT MERCHANDISE OFFICER	Wayne Hester	
CATERING OFFICER	John Rumbold	Ph. 0458 009622
SCRUTINEERS	John Ritchie Greg Southern Ken Fowler Gary Fowler	Ph. 0427 344 498 Ph. 03 54562051 Ph. 0437 874 040 Ph. 0498 699256
FEDERATION DELEGATES	Bruce Campbell John Goddard	Ph. 0427 532 622 Ph. 0427 346 643
FACEBOOK PAGE	Club E-Mail address kerangdvmc@gmail.com Type in Kerang and District Vintage Motor Club.	

Kerang & District Vintage Motor Club Inc Banking Details
BSB 633 000 Account Number 53173621 When paying online E-Mail

Kerang and District Motor Club Life Members.

Colin Day - Keith Elliott - John Ritchie - John Mowat - Graeme & Glenda Rumbold – Don Pascoe – Ross Hall – Ken Fowler.

Kerang Car Club Meeting August 2024.

Apologies. Members attendance sheet not returned.

Present.

General Business: The annual trip went off well, a big thanks to peter greenwood for organizing a visit to a car and mechanical musical instruments collection and to Di Moon for the text messages to organizing everyone.

The after trip lunch has been moved date to be announced.

The Kerang museum open day (two days) went well with everyone happy with the day's events and display.

A big thank you to those who took their cars to the Kerang book parade.

The Kerang show and shine committee presented a trophy to Gary and Ken Fowler as they are using the Fowler name for a perpetual Trophy.

Bendigo swap tickets have arrived and there was one site still available, volunteers are still needed for the gates.

Club Captains Report: Lunch this Thursday will be at the Leitchville pub.

The 150 year celebrations at Gunbower.

Friday night cruise for the club talked about.

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Kerang and District Vintage Motor Club
 Merchandise for sale

\$15 Club Caps.
 \$5 Club car stickers.
 \$30 Club car badge.
 \$10 Photo frame for display wall.
 \$10 Name badge.



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COMING EVENTS

Correct at the time of printing, (as things change)

12th of October Boort Show.

Sunday 13th of October Charlton Swap Show and Shine.

24th of October Club Lunch.

26th of October, Quambatook is holding a Silo Cinema, Car Boot Sale and Pavilion Show.

27th of October Bare foot bowls Barham.

3rd of November coffee run.

10th of November Deniliquin Show and Shine.

16th and 17th of November Bendigo Swap.

Jokes.

I had a dream last night that I was a muffler... I woke up exhausted.

A redneck wants to sell his tired-out Camaro and so takes out a classifieds listing in the paper. '78 Chev Camaro 120,000 miles, asking \$40,000 One week later, no takers.

Two weeks later, still no takers.

The third week, his friend phones him up and says, "What's wrong with you? No one wants a 120,000-mile Camaro for that much! Take a screwdriver, wind the odometer back to 40,000 miles, then try listing it again." So the Camaro owner does.

One week later, the advertisement has been pulled from the paper. The friend rings up again and asks, "Ah, so I see you sold the Camaro!"

The redneck replies, "Are you kidding? I'm keeping it! Why would I sell a '78 Camaro with only 40,000 miles on it!?"

A guy walks into an auto parts store and says, "I'd like a gas cap for my Kia". The cashier thinks for a moment and says "ok, that sounds like a fair trade"

How do you double the value of a Citron DS ? Fill the petrol tank

GREAT OCEAN ROAD TRIP 2024

Day 1: We travelled to Castlemaine for lunch via a rather prolonged stop at the Marong coffee van. It was early in the trip so we were all still keen to keep chatting. By Castlemaine, people must have been sick of each other already as they all spread out for lunch. Most of us checked out the Mill Market, only a couple of us making a purchase. We then continued on to Geelong, booked in to our fancy motel rooms and dined out at the Sir Charles Dining Hotel. Some of our members had family come to join us throughout the day and evening.

Day 2: Peter Greenwood and Serge organised a very special visit to Don's Collection. Don is not only passionate about restoring cars to the highest quality but also restoring every electronic musical instrument ever invented! He has restored over many years and enlisted his neighbour, Jeff to work many of those hours too. We were shown an amazing truck turned into a travelling music show of its own. We saw Don's collection of cars all enclosed in fancy blow up bubble dust protectors. He built a smaller copy of the old Molins Garage in Koondrook, complete with a Buick motor.

I'm a girl, so I can only name a few of Don's cars. He has his father's 1927 Buick and bought a replica of his dad's valiant too. He bought a black Bentley while working in England and used it for 18 months as his touring and work car. When he returned to Australia his work paid for the car to return to Australia with him. Elvis bought his mum a pink Cadillac and Don restored himself a white one. The electronics on this 1957 Cadillac were amazing for that era. Auto radio change, auto light dipping, auto windows, power steering and more that I can't remember. In Don's Street there are 60 old cars. The neighbours have their own car club capped at 20 members. Don has restored 40 cars over the years, but I believe his true passion is his, 'Entertaining Through the Ages,' Collection. Don's passion is not only for the music but more so for the mechanics. Don's Mum recorded her 100th birthday speech on a gramophone. She lived to be 106. During the winter Don and Jeff work in the music room restoring vintage music players of all types. He showed us gramophones, Juke boxes, pianos and so much more. It really had to be seen to be believed, and his knowledge was incredible. He told us a great story about 150 juke boxes, when they were first invented lined up, side by side. They had a listening device allowing one person to listen to a song of choice. The inventor made \$1,500 a week from single pennies being fed into these juke boxes during lunch breaks. Don played a 1929 record on a 1928 record player. Its huge, trumpet shaped speaker on top. Ken Robertson was seen to be singing and jigging along to the music. He knew all the words! Showing his age, I teased. Don proved to be an amazing crafts man restoring to the highest quality. His french polishing passed Trevor's scrutiny with more than flying colours. His mate Jeff is a qualified electrician and therefore helps him with all electronic side of things. We thank Don for allowing us to view this very precious collection.



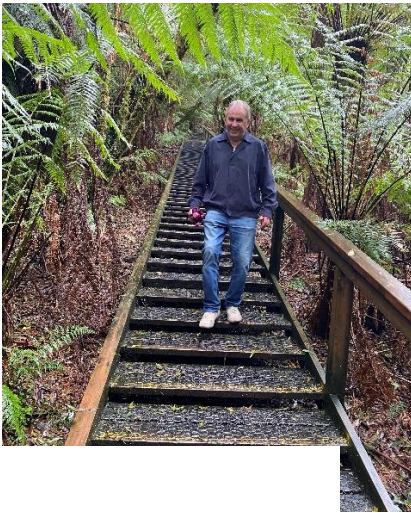
The afternoon was cold and rainy so we spent the time after lunch hanging out in the motel conference room. Not sure if we were supposed to be in there, but no one told us we couldn't be! Our vice president did draw the line at our naughtiness and put a stop to our plans to eat pizza in there!



Day 3: We travelled on towards Apollo Bay with some of us travelling to Airys Inlet for a look and a coffee. Others chose to have a feast at the chocolate factory. We were all suppose to meet for a group photo at the Memorial Arch, the Gateway to the Great Ocean Road. which was built to honour the 3,000 return soldiers who constructed the road during WW1. The chocolate eaters were still savouring their purchases and missed the photo. We had a wander around and some managed to see the Erskine falls and others strolled along the beach all eventually arriving at Apollo Bay for the dinner and another sleep over.



Day 4: Tree tops walk proved to give some of us some much-needed exercise as it is the longest tree top walk in the world. They have 1500 ml of rain a year and the ferns looked lush. Such a beautiful place! There was grandfather moss growing on the tree trunks and it did indeed look like a grandfather's beard. We learnt that back in the day, loggers hollowed out a mountain ash tree to provide shelter for their five draft horses. That's how enormous these trees were! We travelled on to the 12 apostles. It was so stormy last time I was there with the car club 15 or so years ago that I could hardly see past my hand. I was sure there were only 4 apostles left then. I was pleasantly surprised to see there are still 8 standing up straight. There has been major works done in developing this tourist area in the years since I have been there. And I might add it was absolutely swarming with tourists. We cruised past London Bridge and the longest boat ramp in the Southern Hemisphere. All worth seeing! Shirl and Ken arrived today. Her swanky, new Mazda getting them there safely. The evening meal at, The Stump, was delicious but I've never heard so much noise in one place ever before!



Day 5: I have not much to tell for this day. We lost a couple of travellers as Bev went down with gastro overnight. Serge and Darna left us too. Apparently, no sleep was happening in their motel room so home to their own bed they went. Some were keen to have breakfast at, Charlies on East. It was a lovely beach side café with a beautiful seaside view. Only a short trip today and arrived at Portland about lunch time. We had a wander around the streets. The weather was cold and wet again. We ate dinner, a one-minute walk from our rooms.

Day 6: After we all did our own thing for breakfast, (some eating enough to keep them going all day), we met at the Portland Cable Tram depot. We did the tourist thing and rode the tram around Portland while hearing the history from the guide. It was freezing cold, but was still great to do. On returning we checked out the museum which was toasty warm. A few of us travelled to the Bridgewater Bay café for what turned out to be the most delicious lunch ever, while others went to the Port for fish n chips which I heard was tasty too. As we all managed to go a few different ways for lunch, we mostly saw the same sites, but at different times. We saw the Petrified Forest which is really limestone washed by the waves over the years to resemble pipes all standing around. We checked out the blow hole and heard from locals it wasn't blowing as it was too calm. It looked far from calm to us non-locals with waves thrashing around into each other and ploughing into the rocks at high speeds. Others were more adventurous and drove to the falls and to see the Gannets.



Day 7: We woke this morning to find we'd lost the Mowat's too. Margi had the gastro and Johnny was taking her home before he went down too. The remaining travellers began our journey to Halls Gap, some stopping for morning tea at Hamilton bakery and others at Maccas. Most of the group enjoyed the Reg Ansett Aircraft Museum. We cruised off to Dunkeld for lunch. Arriving at Halls Gap found us having difficulty finding a dinner venue that wasn't booked out! A couple of us girls went for a walk to try find other dinner options and check out the shops. We found that we could eat at the Paper Scissors Brewery and had a meal that could only be described as underwhelming.



Day 8: Some members had family or friends to hang with today while most of us visited the Halls Gap Zoo. It was good to see again but didn't seem to be as good as some of us had

remembered. The weather held out until nearly lunch time. A quick dash in the rain to see the Rhinos and then we were rained out of the zoo.

A few of us travelled the few kms to Barneys Bar and Bistro and ate what we thought was one of our best meals of the trip! Seven of us tried our luck at Mini golf. Lots of laughs, flukey shots and bad shots followed. Brownny reined as winner, just beating Trev in our group. Marion and I must have talents in other areas. Greg defeated the two Johns. Dinner at the Kookaburra Hotel proved to be a delicious last meal together. I was disappointed we all forgot to take a photo there.



Mishaps along the way.....

Johny Mowat wasn't far into the journey when he discovered his accelerator cable sticking on. The bonnet was raised, and a temporary fix put in place. Johny's wipers also needed an adjustment.

Jock was responsibly wearing his Club name badge as expected on club runs. Except when I read it he was actually wearing Jorja's. Understandable he thought, as they both started with J! He very quickly shoved it in his pocket before anyone else saw he was a dill! Jock was also seen to be parked in a "No Parking area.

Bev was happily feeding the cockies while eating her lunch, when a shop owner growled at her for not reading the signs. She was embarrassed but the cockies loved her.

Jock n Tam were attacked by those same cockies. The birds were so desperate to get to Tam's pastie that she had one land on each shoulder. She took it amazingly well as I would have been screaming. They were very aggressive.

Ken Robertson had a couple of troubles. First, he lost his car! He couldn't find his car forgetting which level car park he had left it in! Then leaving the car park, he stalled the car and rolled back, smack, bang into the car that was far too close to his rear end, punching a whole in his taillight. He was spotted that night trying to repair it with glue. Then if that wasn't enough later in the trip he lost his car keys. He searched all night and was quite distressed even though he had a spare. Next morning he was due to leave us and tried his spare. His little car was very clever and failed to continue to run once initially started. Our mechanical boys said his spare key wasn't married to the car. Now he was seriously worried as it was looking like a major job to sort this issue. Then Trevor became the hero of the day. He went for a wander on a key hunt and spotted them dropped down the side of the steps in the garden!! We wonder how Ken managed to drop them there, but somehow he did!

We were at treetops awaiting the Mowat's arrival. They were supposed to be just a few minutes behind us. My phone rang and Bev was confused. She gave us her location and Jock

googled. They had travelled for 1 and quarter hours and were now further away than when they started. They blamed navigator Bev! John was heard to say that he might throw her phone out the window! Needless to say we made sure we waited for the Mowat's to follow us from then on.

Trev visited the ladies toilet. He gave no valid excuses for his misdemeanour. He also thought perhaps the tree in the middle of the Mini golf car park should be relocated. Unfortunately, his rear taillight wasn't quite strong enough to do it! No biggy. Thanks to our new member, Norm a spare was delivered within the week.

Di's friend Edda, who I might say endured our group with great enthusiasm, took a little slide down a gravel path. Hope she didn't hurt anything. She wasn't admitting it if she did. Our Ken Fowler misjudged his bed in the night and took a slide towards the carpet. This resulted in carpet burn on his elbow. At least that's the story he's sticking too!



Another great time shared with good friends.
Di Moon