

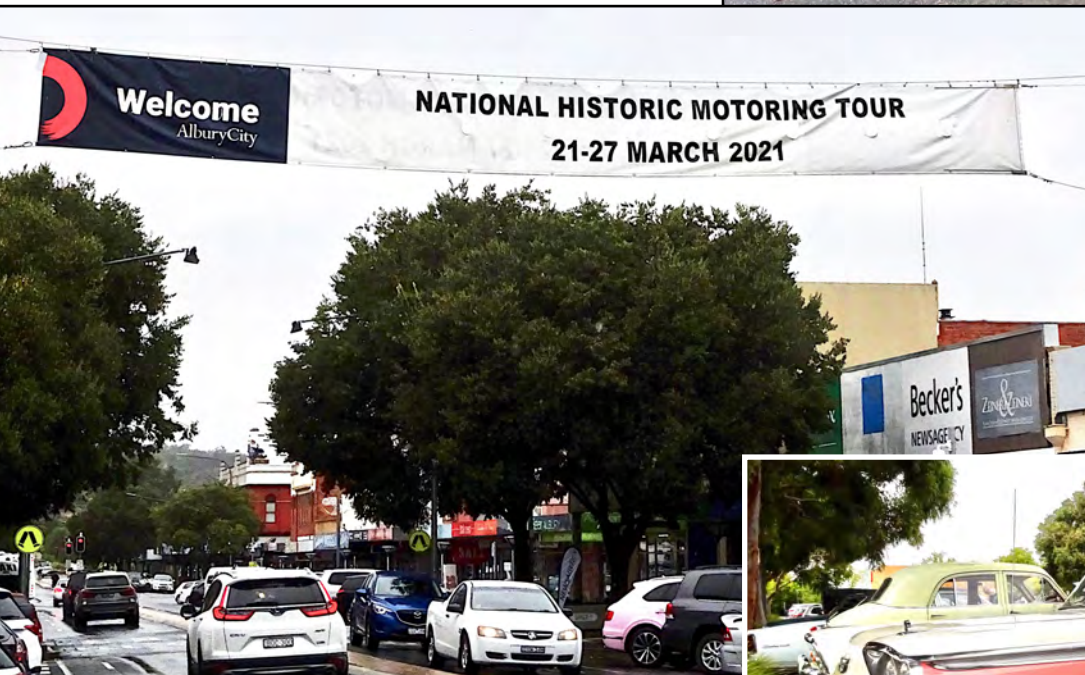
AHMF Motoring Festival Pt II

Indra and I really like the Albury-Wodonga area; we have very much enjoyed Morris Minor events held there or nearby over the years: the 2015 National Rally, Mighty Morrie Muster, Morris on the Murray. We even considered moving there!

So to get the chance to go there a year after the COVID-aborted 2020 Australian Historic Motoring Federation's festival, we jumped at the opportunity.



First morning in Albury: 1919 Fiat 501



wine :) which were well attended, as well as happy hour sessions every afternoon. It was also the meeting place for each day's outing, so breakfasts of egg and bacon rolls plus coffees were *de rigueur*.



Rare 2-door Ford Fairlane 500

'The Mouse That Roared' article in the May-June 2020 edition of *Minor Torque* described the lead-up run to Albury. A brief run-down of the Albury tour appeared in March-April this year, so here is the 2nd part of a much-anticipated and much-enjoyed tour.

Of the original 294 cars for the 2020 festival, 97 made it to Albury this year, not bad considering people had to re-book everything, and COVID was still hanging around like a bad smell.

Home base for the week was the SS&A (Sailors, Soldiers and Airman's) Club, Albury. They hosted the Welcome and Farewell Evenings, plus several 'appreciation' events during the week -





Damp weather didn't dampen the spirits



In a strange course of events, we met some interesting and intriguing people. At the Welcome Evening on the Sunday, after finding a table for two, I went to get Indra a drink from the bar (I never touch the stuff...); on my return a stranger was chatting to her. This stranger turned out to be Herb Simpfendorfer, a local, and author of the poem *When Will It End?*

Herb was a Science teacher at St Paul's College Walla Walla, and worked with a chap who I had dealings with as a soccer coach some decades earlier; it's a small world. Herb also met many of the participants each day at Walla Walla (in his trusty Austin 1800 Ute) to personally show

them around the town, including the Holden dealer with its prized possessions.

We stayed in the Albury Mantra, where many other rally participants lodged (the car park looked like a car show every evening). On Monday morning, we shared the lift down with Ron Millard and Dianne Humberstone, a delightful couple from South Australia and owners of a pristine 1963 Vauxhall Victor. This kicked off an immediate sense of camaraderie, and we toured with Ron and Dianne each day, and spent every evening dining with them too.



First stop on Day 1: Wonga Wetlands

Wine tasting didn't dampen our spirits either. Good manners dictate sampling all types... Rutherglen, Victoria





Dianne and Ron's '63 Vauxhall Victor with 'Evie'

from NSW and their 1962 Vauxhall Velox. All six of us became good friends - and isn't that part of the reason for attending car shows and rallies?

If you haven't been to this part of Australia lately, it really has some incredible scenery, excellent wineries, great places to eat - and the people are very welcoming.

The four touring days during the week (Thursday was a rest day, perfect timing as it rained until early afternoon) were divided amongst four destinations, each a round trip from Albury. Amazing places, amazing sights, and quite brilliant organisation - just how long did all this take to organise? Hopefully the photos will show the variety of places visited.

On two of the touring days, the Morris Minor and Vauxhall Victor were joined by Jethro and Laraine Palmer

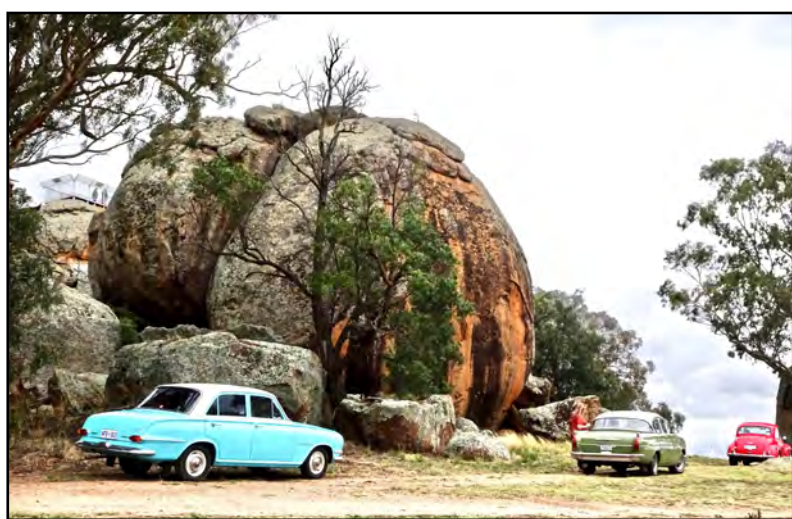


Day 2: lunch at Walla Walla with the three amigos

On the Thursday afternoon, a semi-formal show-and-shine was held in the SS&A car park. There was the full spectrum of cars on show, old and really old. The photos should show the variety of cars presented. So many cars, so many countries of origin, so many years - a real car-lover's delight.

Gilt-edged investments at Lieschke Motors Walla Walla: VF II SSV Commodore Motorsport Edition, last-of-the-line CV8-Z Monaro and 48-215. The Monaro and Commodore still had their delivery stickers attached.





Morgan's Lookout, a massive granite outcrop, was used by 'Mad Dog' Morgan as a vantage point to watch for approaching victims and police; Culcairn NSW.

Below: Jethrow Palmer, Dianne Humberstone, Ron Millard, Indra & Owen Sinden atop Morgan's Lookout



Overlooking the Tallangatta Valley, Vic



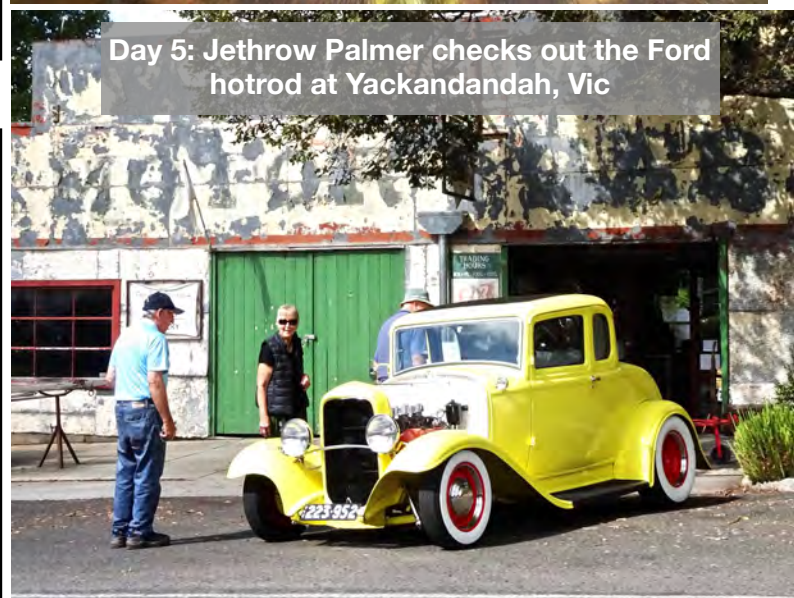
MG TD 2000



This Victorian 1000 Van was the only other Morrie spotted on the road



Happy Hour: Dianne, Indra, Owen, Ron



Day 5: Jethrow Palmer checks out the Ford hotrod at Yackandandah, Vic





Distinctive bonnet on tour organisers Christine & Greg Stevens' 1918 Model T Ford

Out of the blue, a man came up to me and asked if I was the owner of the red Morrie. After answering in the affirmative, he declared "I think the wheels spoil the look of your car." Well, I just love unwelcome and uninvited criticism. Besides, they're Minilite wheels, they make almost any old British car look good, even E-Type Jaguars!

I asked him: "So you like cars to be standard, do you?" "Yes." "Well, let me show you the rest of the car..." I popped the bonnet to show off the standard (Toyota) mechanicals: 1.8L engine, 5-speed gearbox, diff, front disc brakes and 9" rear drums, telescopic shock absorbers all round, etc etc... Oh, and I even pointed out the musical air horns that play *La Cucaracha*. Watching his ashen face turn a whiter shade of pale was priceless.

The Farewell Evening was a dress-up event, some of us were dressed like 60's hippies. We didn't win any awards but we certainly enjoyed the evening - and isn't that what events like this are all about? Five years in the planning, a year in execution, this was just one hell of a pleasurable tour.

So after four days of car touring, a rest day, nights of entertainment and celebration, the Australian Historic Motoring Federation's festival was over. Disappointing in a way because of the COVID-restricted numbers but still a huge success in the end.

Sincerest congratulations to the organisers, in particular AHMF Secretary Christine Stevens, for her mountain of work to make this a once-in-a-lifetime memory.

Owen Sinden



Some magnificent scenery on the drive days



Something for everyone!



The last night celebrations



Ford Super Deluxe 8 and DeSoto 8



Something for everyone at the Thursday afternoon show at SS&A



Named after the infamous local bushranger 'Mad Dog' Morgan



When will it end? A reflection about the virus by Herb Simpfendorfer

The streets are mostly empty now,
Some shops are shut up tight,
Some cars go past at walking pace,
And none go past at night.
It is a time of lots of stress,
We're bored, the sun goes slow.
When will it end, we ask around,
But no-one seems to know.

No football, cricket, golf or fun,
No sport of any kind.
Just watch the replays, we are told,
No pleasure can we find.
We'd rather drive to footy grounds
And yell and see the show.
When will it end, we ask around,
But sports folk just don't know.

Some say there is a virus,
A very tiny thing,
It's come into our country,
It's wrecking everything.
Our leaders want to stop it,
They speak on radio.
When will it end, we ask around,
But they don't seem to know.

Our PM Scott has made some rules.
*"Do this and that, no joke.
The man in blue is watching you,
Young guys and all old folk.
If you do wrong, some dollars big
Out of your hands will go."*
When will it end, we ask around,
But Scott just does not know.

The schools are in disorder now,
In homes, there's stress and flurry.
Home schooling is now all the go,
It's just one great big worry.
And if a cyclone came our way,
T'would be a minor woe.
When will it end, we ask around,
The schools would like to know.

It's gone so long, it must end soon,
We hope and hope and wait.
But this man Scott has heels dug in,
*"Just trust me, call me mate.
It might take weeks, or months or more,
It's really hard to know."*
When will it end, we ask around,
Our paper's getting low.

It's lovely Autumn weather,
We want to go outside,
To camp, and drive and go with friends,
But Scott says, *"Stay inside!
Don't go round and be with mates,
That's no good, oh, no, no!"*
When will it end, we ask around,
But no-one seems to know.

They planned to have a wedding,
On April twenty nine.
She bought a dress, he bought a suit,
They hoped for weather fine.
But then the virus came along,
And things went all askew,
When will it end, the couple asked,
The pastor wished he knew.

For months the clearing sale was planned
A lot of work was done.
The auctioneer and all his team
Were ready for the fun.
The PM told them, *"No way known
Can this sale go ahead.
When will it end?? Don't ask around!
Just act on what I've said!"*

If this goes on for ever,
As some smart people say,
We'll all go raving mad in time,
And all be dead next May.
But that may not be coming,
A vaccine may be found,
Then it will end, in God's good time,
And we'll all still be around.