

# Wellington Vintage Fair

## March 4-7

### Day 1, Friday March 4

This year, the Wellington report is being broken down into days, with a different person writing the report each day. After an eventful trip to Wellington, I offered to take Day 1, Friday March 4. Now a trip from Sydney to Wellington over the Blue Mountains seems fairly straight forward to most of us, it seems that one person in the Shire is not sure of what the Mountains are. After meeting up with Peter Fogarty and Graeme and Sue Gould, it seems that Jim Bowen thought he needed to go to Campbelltown on the M5 rather than the M7 to Penrith. After a bit of detouring, he finally met back up with the others at Glenbrook where they were waiting for him. A short drive up to Blaxland McDonalds saw them then waiting for the rest of us to arrive.

After a bit of ribbing and laughs all round, we set off for our next stop at our regular spot, the *Two Fat Ladies* at Lucknow. After passing a couple of people who were admiring our cars and waving, I chipped Stuart about not waving back to them. About 10 minutes later, he starts waving frantically at a man standing on the side of the road.

"What are you doing?" I asked. "Waving like you told me too" came the reply. "He's not waving at us" I said "He is hailing the bus behind us!" Muttering from the driver ensued whilst I laughed for quite a lot of the remaining journey.

Arriving at the *Two Fat Ladies*, we found Owen and Indra already waiting for us. Lunch was another fantastic meal; garlic prawn pizza for some and sandwiches for others.

From Lucknow, David Bursill, Stuart and I parted ways with the others to head into Orange to collect the repaired club trailer from Rob Keen. Thank you to Rob and his son for fixing the welding issue with the trailer and storing it for us after the weekend at Orange.

From Orange, we took the Burrendong Way turnoff and made our way to Wellington Caves Caravan Park via Stuart Town. This is an enjoyable trip with some little towns and scenery to look at. The road was rough in some places and of course, we had to watch out for the Speed Camera Car!

Not long after arriving at the Caves, we had a visit from some of the Rotarians who were in charge of the Parade and the Fair. They were quite interested in the cars and spent a lot of time chatting and inspecting the differences between models.

Our next visitors were Glen & Elaine Brown, Club Members from Hat Head on the Mid North Coast. Catching up with members from different parts of the State are what makes these weekends extra special.

Before dinner, Sue Ballard invited us all to



Finska/Klop should be in the Olympics, it's such a great spectator sport. Denis Woodford (above) had style, but Stuart Treuer shows that title-winning determination.



play a game of 'Finska' (or 'Klop', same game). The objective of this game is to throw a stick at some pegs. Each peg has a number on it. If you knock down only 1 peg, you get the number of points on the peg. If you knock down more than 1 peg, you get the number of pegs you knock down. The objective is to reach 50 points first. If you go over 50 points, you go back to 25 points. After a lot of laughter, missed throws and the 'throwing stick' bouncing over or around the pegs, our eventual winner for the second time in a row was Stuart Treuer.



Peter Fogarty treated the BBQ as a work of art, much to the delight of onlookers.





Friday night dinner at Wellington Caves Caravan Park



Plenty of laughter continued over the BBQ whilst dinner was cooking. Again, it was Jim Bowen who caused a ruckus. He set his Woolworths bag on the electric BBQ unaware that it had been turned on. A lot of effort went into cleaning that BBQ whilst our meals cooked on the club gas BBQ.

After we had finished dinner, John & Sue Ballard then filled us in on the schedule for the next couple of days and the places we would be going. It was then time for John & Sue to head back to Dubbo and Denis & Julie Woodford into town to their motel. For those staying at the Caves, it was time for bed, time for a nightcap in your room or time for a couple of ports (or bottles) in our room.

Stay tuned for Day 2.

Ann Thompson

## Day 2, Sat March 5

It was a later start than normal to the Saturday, which was going to be a fairly full-on day. The sun was shining with an expected temperature of around 30+ degrees.

We all headed out from Wellington Caves. Let me clarify that: we were not staying in the caves, but more the Caves' suites and cabins. The assembly point for the parade was outside Wellington Public School, where we met up with the Ballards with their sedan, Julie & Denis Woodford from Bathurst, as well as Elaine & Glen Brown from Hat Head also in their Morris.

We headed off in the parade at 10:00am sharp and did the usual up-the-main-street and back again. And once again, as in previous years, with the announcer stating "and here come the Morris Minors from the Morris Minor Car Club of Australia with some travelling from as far as Queensland". Give us a break, will they ever get it right, even though John Ballard has sent them commentary over the years on who we are - but the crowd always loves to see us.

Our Morris led the street parade, and it was smiles all round. The Fireys (above) were very well received too.



Ann and Indra enjoyed the parade as did Julie (inset)



John & Sue Ballard lead Elaine & Glen Brown on the return trip through Wellington





1936 Dodge, Mini and R Series Valiant looked good.  
Elvis was even there in an Austin-Healey 100



After the parade we stopped at Cameron Park in the middle of Wellington for morning tea, a great spot under the trees and in the shade before heading out to the Alpaca Farm at Tomingley, which was a round trip of approximately 180 km. All of the vehicles performed very well, except for Denis' Morris which intermittently had a problem because of a dodgy fuel pump. After stopping on the 'LH Ford Bridge' in Dubbo, Denis managed to get going again and didn't stop until he got to the Alpaca Farm.

We were greeted by Amy and her family who gave a full commentary on alpacas and the farm, whilst we enjoyed a lovely cold meat salad lunch. After lunch it was off to feed the alpacas, firstly the males and then the females who were all segregated in separate areas.

Those of us game enough were given a bowl of pellets to feed the animals. They all had names and young Jack headed straight for me, and he wasn't going to share with any other alpaca. Greedy, to say the least, and if any other alpaca came near him he give them a grunt and sent them on their way. Jack polished off the whole bowl of feed and at the end had the hide to sneeze all over the front of



Denis and Julie Woodford lead the way to the  
Quentin Park Alpaca Farm





Graeme Gould with his new friend Jack (aka 'Sneezy')



my club shirt. Everyone had a great laugh so I brushed off my shirt and headed off to feed the females, who I think were a bit more behaved than young Jack.

Denis managed to call into John Ballard's on the way back where a functioning fuel pump was swapped for the faulty one. It was a great relief for both Julie and Denis to have their Morris running without any problems.

We returned back to our accommodation at the Caves where we cooled off and got ready for a night on the town at the Wellington Soldiers Memorial Club for dinner.

It would not have been a club event without a night cap or two back at our accommodation, after which we all retired for a well earned sleep ready for the next day.

Graeme Gould

### Day 3, Sun March 6



Smiles all round (apart from Graeme...) Sue Ballard (top right) Indra Sinden, Stuart Treuer, Ann Thompson and Jim Bowen enjoy the alpacas



Day 3, Sunday, is the day of Wellington Vintage Fair, held at Wellington Showground. It was an early start and was going to be a hot day, so first thing was to put up our club gazebos, which all fit neatly into our club trailer.

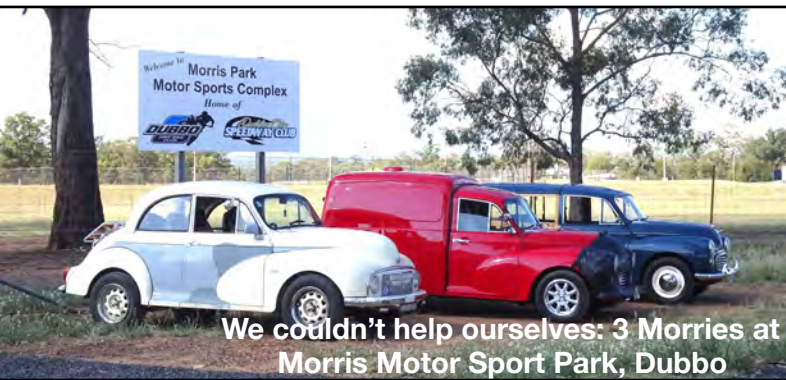


Alpacas are Morris Minor enthusiasts, too!



The gang at Quentin Park Alpaca Farm





**We couldn't help ourselves: 3 Morries at Morris Motor Sport Park, Dubbo**

These gazebos are great and provided us the shelter from the sun that we needed later in the day.

We all had different things we wanted to look at or buy, but Owen and I needed coffee first. Last year there was a snake handler who I was hoping to see again, but she didn't turn up this year. The rock wall builders were there again.

Then it was off to see all the local produce and of course the swap meet, which seemed strange to me as it was just swapping our money for junk, or it seemed like junk to me, until I found two cute teddy bears to dress up for our Morrie. This swap meet was suddenly becoming really good.

Most of us found things that we absolutely had to have. Ann bought a suit case for the Traveller, David was in deep negotiations with sellers over number plates or hub caps or something, Owen looked for toy cars but eventually bought some screw drivers and a handy thingy (?) to help with soldering.

Another coffee helped with the search for more stuff, so I bought a jug for \$1. I was really liking the swap meet. Then we walked over to see the cars and the tractors and funny old smelly machines that pumped water from one bucket to another - I am very pleased we have an interest in cars instead of tractors and old pump things.

There weren't as many cars this year, even the Mokes were fewer. Graeme came closest to guessing when the Mokes would leave, 11.05, when they are supposed to stay till 3 o'clock. There was a good variety of cars and a restored Holden Monaro won the Peoples' Choice award.



It ended up being a very hot day, and we all enjoyed our picnic lunch in the shade of the gazebos and catching up with others from the club.

A BBQ was suggested for the evening at the Caves, so it was off to buy some steak and salad, and twenty or so other absolutely essential items... We cooked inside using the camp facilities and had a quiet meal, followed later by the ritual of port nightcaps and intellectual conversation neatly disguised as banter.

Indra Sinden

#### **Day 4, Mon March 7**

Someone had heard a rumour that the Rotarians were keen to book out 'our' cabins for next year's event, so first thing in the morning we all went up and booked for 2024.

Then it was back along the Burrendong Way towards Orange, then to Lucknow and the 'Two Fat Ladies' for lunch.

Indra and I turned south just out of Lucknow towards Millthorpe and Crookwell for our 'short cut' home, so ending another thoroughly enjoyable Wellington weekend. Thank you so much to John and Sue Ballard for all their organisation (the alpaca farm was brilliant).

Owen Sinden

