

Keeping in Touch - 15 June 2020

A very good day to you all, what a lovely drop of rain we have had over the last few days. With plenty of visitors in town to keep the Business folk smiling, really great to see. Isn't life grand?

This week we present to you the story of Bev Farrall's Dad when in 1928 he and his family journeyed across the vast open Nullarbor plain to come to WA from SA . There is also a photo of the vehicle used. Now Read on, and for some of you, reminisce.

Travelling the Nullabor in 1928 **A story from my Dad when he was a boy!** **(as written later in 1977)**

“As a school boy, I was a passenger on a journey to WA by car in June 1928.

My father was a fruit-grower at Winkie in the Riverland in South Australia, and after the disastrous frost of 1927, decided to go farming in WA. With one companion, he made a round trip by car to select land. After selling the fruit block, he decided to take his wife and five young children to WA by car. I was the eldest (aged 10) and the youngest was 13 months old.

The car used was a 1927 model Willys Knight tourer, a big wonderful car. (see attachment)

It was fully packed inside, and a rear carrier packed high, and long running boards, fully packed, except for space at one rear door. This enabled me to open the door to alight to open and shut 'hundreds' of gates!

When we stopped for rests and for the night, Dad would climb out over his door and the luggage, and then dismantle luggage on the near-side running board to enable Mum to get out of the

car. We always stopped about midday and boiled the billy, (my job) and stopped before sunset to make camp. The four younger children slept in the car, while Mum, Dad and I slept on the ground under a tent fly, which was stretched over the car.

We left Winkie in the May school holidays and spent a month at Lewiston, near Two Wells with relatives. We left there on a Friday to spend a weekend at Moonta with other relatives. It then took nine days to reach Bruce Rock, WA, where we had other relatives. We eventually moved on to our farm in the Narembeen district after our new home was completed.

There was no Eyre Highway in those days, just tracks from one station to the next. We crossed, the then, new wooden bridge at Port Augusta and from there to Iron Knob, Yardea and down to Ceduna, on to Penong and Fowlers Bay, where my father was co-opted as a mail man and we carried mail bags for such places as Nullarbor and White Wells stations.

We never looked like getting lost, because Dad was a member of the RAA and had a strip map with unusual land marks listed, such as rabbit burrows. Also, each station telephoned or telegraphed ahead and we were always expected.

Eucla was a solid, well-built town then, recently abandoned as a telegraph station, but there was one man there, who had taken up a grazing lease of the area just before we passed through.

We had to carry a lot of petrol, especially after Fowlers Bay. The only car trouble suffered, was one puncture. I still have happy memories of that particular journey.

After a few years, I returned to SA to live. In the last 20 years, I have made about six return trips by car to WA. The last was in 1976 with a caravan. My parents have passed on, but the three


youngest members on that 1928 journey still live in the Narembeen district.

I have seen great changes on the road to the west. We did not encounter any fellow travellers in 1928. By 1961, it was still a great event to pass another car. On that trip my wife, myself and son slept on the ground in a tent, with the girls sleeping in the Vanguard station wagon.

By 1966 there was a little bitumen and more travellers, and dust. But we would still wave madly at passing cars after winding up all windows. Also you never passed a stopped car without investigating.

In 1976 there were that many cars on the road, that only the driver acknowledged a passing car. There were also good motels, powered caravan sites and practically no dust.”



 Just Cars



1927 Willys Knight 70a Tourer - JCM2534020 -
JUST CARS

What a great story, and we think we are hard done by these days!

The funnies this week come courtesy of Val Ball and Marianne Mayer – see attached

The reason women don't play football is because 11 of them would never wear the same outfit in public.
Phyliss Diller

*Burt Reynolds once asked me out.
I was in his room.*
Phyliss Diller

The only time I ever enjoyed ironing was the day I accidentally got Gin in the steam iron.
Yup Phyliss again.

Yes, we are getting back together again , starting 1st of July, under somewhat changed conditions, having consideration for social distancing, and hand hygiene. Nothing too onerous. Having a good old chin wag and a laugh or two are what really matters, so look forward to seeing you all there.

Till then, Stay Well, Stay Safe

Cheers Stuart.



HOW TO SPEAK KIWI

- **PISSD ASIDE** CHEMICAL WHICH KILLS INSECTS
- **PIGS** FOR HANGING OUT WASHING
- **PUGS** LARGE PINK ANIMAL WITH CURLY TAIL
- **SUCKS PECK** HALF A DOZEN BEERS
- **SEX** ONE LESS THAN SIVVEN
- **TIV** ONE MORE THAN NINE
- **BEERS** LARGE SAVAGE ANIMALS FOUND IN THE U.S
- **VEERJUN** MYTHICAL NZ MAIDEN
- **M^c KENNOCK** PERSON WHO FIXES CARS
- **SIVVEN SUCKS SIVVEN** LARGE BOEING AIRCRAFT
- **BEGGAGE CHUCKEN** PLACE TO LEAVE YOUR SUITCASE AT THE AIRPORT
- **FEAR HEAR** BLONDE
- **DUFFY CULT** NOT EASY
- **BUN BUTTAN** BEEN BITTEN BY AN INSECT
- **FUSH** MARINE CREATURES
- **FITTER CHENEY** A TYPE OF PASTA



TEN GRAND? THAT'S CHUMP CHANGE, SISTER.
WE'LL NEED AT LEAST 30 G'S TO SOLVE A
PROBLEM LIKE MARIA.



We're looking for someone who can
do the work of six men

That's a shame,
I was looking for a full-time job!

