

## KALGOORLIE PRE NATIONAL TOUR

Once registrations started to flow in for the WA National Meet, it was realised that quite a few cars would be driving over the Nullabor. Alan Haime and Tony Howe decided it would be a good idea for Perth members to drive up to Kalgoorlie and welcome the eastern states Buicks.

This all came to fruition on Friday 3 September when the Haime and Howe Boattails rolled into the Albion Shamrock Hotel at Boulder to find that some of the eastern stater were already there! Over the next couple of days all the cars had arrived, they were:

Alan and Lois Haime	72 Boattail	WA
Tony and Marny Howe	71 Boattail	WA
Les and June Woodruff )	73 Boattail	WA
Harry and Lyn MacDonald )		
Rod and Judith Adler	64 Electra	VIC
Ron and Beverly Noonan	40 Super Sedan	NSW
Ric Chincarini and Brian Flynn	66 Wildcat	VIC
Ross and Jill Nye	65 Riviera	VIC
Roly and Trish Morgan	51 56C Coupe	NSW
Brian and Margaret Dean	74 Riviera	VIC
Jim and Virginia Russell )	73 Centurion	NSW
Bob Russell )		
Richard Matuszek	64 Electra	VIC
Reg and Desma Wilkie	40 Special	QLD
Norm and Mickey Bradord	72 Boattail	NSW
Lyle and Bob Johnson	Modern	WA
Claus & Wendy Gronau	Winnebago	NSW
Ray and Brenda Fleming	Modern	QLD
Gerard and Marilyn Laherty	Modern	QLD.

Sunday 5 September was Registration Day and all members met upstairs in the function room at the Albion Shamrock to be ticked off the list and given their rally bags with shirts, caps and whatever paraphernalia had been ordered. Alan Haime gave a brief talk on what would be happening over the next couple of days and then the serious business of eating and drinking took over. Being Fathers Day the Albion's dining room was full so Plan B swung into action and the group had a two-minute walk to the Metropole Hotel on the next corner where the owner had been tipped off we were coming. Most of us ate outside in the beer garden as it was a warmish, still night.

Like all Boulder pubs, the Metropole is very old and you can look through a glass panel in the floor of the bar which shows an old mine shaft and ladder. Before the super pit was formed, most of the Golden Mile mines were very close to Kalgoorlie-Boulder, the whole area being undermined with tunnels even now.

Monday 6 September saw the big Goldrush Tour coach out the front and we were off by 8 a.m., swinging by the Boulder Accommodation Village to pick up the people staying there. The temperature was definitely a single digit and luckily everyone had rugged up well. Our coach driver was a mine (bit of a pun here) of information regarding the history and economics of the Twin Cities.

We visited the Super Pit and then went onto the Mining Hall of Fame. This was a good time to go underground as it had started to rain. Hard hats on heads we descended in the cage and had a very informative briefing on the life of an underground miner. After that a gold pour (it was actually bronze and silver) and we got to examine some small ingots of gold.

Back into the coach and out to the Broad Arrow Tavern. This was built in 1896 and looks as though it hasn't been maintained since. The actual town at one time had a few thousand people living there but has now dwindled to the pub, two houses standing and some derelict ones. The roof of the pub was graced by a shop window type mannequin (bloke) seated on a chair in a pair of black undies gazing out into the distance. All very surreal.

Inside every inch of the walls is covered in writing, poetry, messages, photos etc. There seemed to be stunned silence from the eastern states as they viewed the decor but once the food came out and drinks were had from the bar, the noise levels started to rise. Platters of steaks, lamb chops, sausages, salads and bread and butter were just the thing on a cold and now wet day. Rain hit the tin roof like a machine gun and the front door was blocked shut to stop it blowing open. The meat was magnificent, especially the lamb chops. Some of the locals drifted in for their lunch and were obviously surprised to see the pub totally full on a Monday.

By the time we staggered out to the coach the sun was shining but the wind was bracing to say the least. Onto the old gold mining town (what else would a town up here be?) of Ora Banda (roughly translated as gold band or ribbon) where the old stone pub has come in for its share of dramas in recent years with a bikie being shot dead there and then the hotel being mysteriously blown up. It has been rebuilt and will no doubt open again soon. Across the back road to Coolgardie and a look around the town and the old railway station museum.

And then ..... off to the largest, flashiest brothel in Kalgoorlie called Langtrees. No expense has been spared on the furnishings here. The group was split into two and we were taken through all the variously decorated rooms with much giggling and joking. I was told two men (Ron Noonan and Roly Morgan) had to be whipped because they were misbehaving! Of interest was the collection of antique carved gold tokens used by the Chinese for their girls in the nineteenth century so no cash changed hands. Wine and cheese or tea and coffee was available after the tour in the spacious lounge area. Some of the working girls started to arrive as we were leaving.

We met one of the madams, Madam Leigh who had been a bloke at one time and had actually played football in Kalgoorlie until his teammates found out that he liked to dress in his mother's clothes. After his teammates gave him a hammering, he went east for the big snip operation and is now a woman although she has broad shoulders, skinny legs and a deep voice.

Alan had to count carefully when we left Langtrees to make sure no-one was inadvertently left behind or indeed was hiding somewhere. All accounted for, we headed back to the Albion and settled in at our reserved table for an excellent dinner. Menu cards had been printed stating that the Albion Shamrock Hotel welcomed the Buick Owners Car Club to their hotel, so that was a nice touch.

Tuesday 7 saw all Buicks lined up in Lane Street, Boulder for the run west. A parade down Hannan Street, Kalgoorlie took the interest of the locals.

Morning tea stop was at the Bulla Bulling Pub and the usual chat took place with everyone settling in. The group were shepherded back to their cars and we headed off for some refueling and lunch at Southern Cross. Unfortunately because of the cold snap the wildflowers are about two weeks late and are only just starting to come out on the road verges compared to last year at this time.

Some of the cars chose to refuel further down the track at Bodallin where the fuel is somewhat cheaper.

A quick stop at Merredin to see the museum but it had closed at 2.30 p.m, we had arrived at 2.45 and there was no way Myrtle was coming back to unlock. Such is the tyranny of small towns. From there on we headed down to Cunderdin for all Buicks to stay at the Ettamogah Pub. It was great to see some Perth cars recognisable in the car park,

Stuart Syme	28 24X Standard Roadster
Ken and Jill Churchman	29 29-25 Tourer
Murray and Teresa Lizatovich	35 40 Sedan
Phil and Kerry Taylor	47 8/40 Sedan

By now the carpark was totally full of Buicks - what a collection of different shapes and colours.

Happy hour was on in the bar and beers could be had for \$2. Most people seemed to have at least two lined up in front of them. The dinner was enjoyable, well cooked and plenty of it. A prize drawn from registration numbers was won by Ron and Beverly Noonan - a jigsaw featuring about 30 American cars of the 50s and 60s. Apparently if you do jigsaws as you get older it helps stave off Alzheimers!

The next morning after brekkie the group wandered across the road to the Cunderdin Museum which had been a pump station in the early days. A major earthquake had hit further down the road at Meckering in 1967 with a lot of damage. A special room has been built in the museum to simulate the earthquake so members sat in there and got a good shaking up. Anyone interested in old farm machinery, embroidery, wartime memorabilia etc was in their element.

From Cunderdin across farming country to historic York. Lunch was taken here and then the cars headed down Gt Eastern Highway to Perth. Alan Haime shepherded his charges through to the Intercity Motel at Belmont and the Kalgoorlie Pre-Rally had come to a close.