

THE AUTUMN RUN - WA STYLE

Initially 17 Buicks had put up their hands to attend the Autumn Run but this had dropped back to 15 on the day, starting date being Friday 29 April 2011.

Mustering point was at Jim and Beryl Donis' home for morning tea. Beryl put on her usual great spread and noise levels rose as Buick members caught up and chatted on. A suggestion was made that perhaps we could stay there for the day. However, event coordinator Harold Hitchcock soon had everybody fired up with maps in their hands for the route.

We swung off Wanneroo Road across to the new coastal drive. We stopped near the motel at Seabird which looks out across the Indian Ocean. Stuart Syme made the suggestion that perhaps the Club should buy the motel and use it for club runs and accommodation. It wouldn't be too hard to camp on the front verandah and just look out to sea. On a clear day you could probably see Mauritius.



Lancelin was the lunch stop and there was a nice park near all the pie shops and burger joints.

North of the town the road is really close to the coast, the ocean looked magnificent and there wasn't a cloud in the sky.

Beryl Donis was driving the '48 with Teresa Lizatovich as a passenger, the blokes following in Murray's convertible.

For some reason a kamikaze emu aimed at the Donis' Buick and charged into it, unfortunately causing some frontal damage. A traffic patrol car happened to be coming in the opposite direction and saw the incident. The emu was still alive in the middle of the road and the patrolman had to give it a tap on the head. When asked how come he didn't get his Glock out and dispatch it, he said the paperwork was too much trouble regarding discharging your firearm. He went onto congratulate Beryl on her driving in that she hadn't swerved all over the road to avoid the emu.



As happens to blokes when a disaster of this magnitude happens to their Buicks, Jim's bottom lip was quivering somewhat but he was somewhat mollified by the policeman's comment to Beryl when he caught up and inspected the front of his car.

Jurien was the Friday night stop. We checked in at the motel and thought that the receptionist / manageress had been trained at "Fawlty Towers". This was one deranged lady.

Beer o'clock was soon upon us and a circle of chairs was placed outside the rooms with the usual cheese and nibbles on the go. This also coincided with the telecast of the royal wedding so there was ducking inside to have a look at the "dress".



Dinner at the restaurant was great fun with local crayfish or catch of the day on the menu as well as other choices. Jurien is a fishing port so we expected good seafood.

After breakfast the Buicks did a lap of the town and then headed east for a short trip down the Brand Highway with a left turn at Badgingarra across to Moora.

We were the only vehicles on the road and all the Buicks looked magnificent as they strung out through the rural countryside.



The scenery looked like the great Aussie scenery you got on the old fashioned calendars that the grocer gave your Mum at Christmas. Rolling hills, fields and magnificent eucalypts all bathed in sunlight with not a cloud in the sky.

Just before Moora another dead emu was spotted on the verge and I think everybody wondered if Beryl was driving again.

Lunch at the town park in Moora with half the locals appearing with cameras to take photos of the cars.

Harold had the mob rounded up by about 2 pm and we headed further east to Dalwallinu.



The motel was superb there with large rooms. Whereas the manageress at Jurien had behaved like Hitler, the manager at Dalwallinu bore a strong resemblance to Mussolini but was a pretty helpful bloke.

A meeting was called at 4 pm regarding prospective changes to concessional licensing and the group listened attentively to Murray Lizatovich as he conveyed information from the Council of Motoring Clubs.

A nippy easterly was blowing by 5 pm and the chairs were once again formed in a circle with wines and beer on the go as well as nibblies.

A buffet dinner was arranged for 6.30 pm and the group were well and truly ready to snarf into this. The Buick group seemed to have taken over all the motel except for one or two couples.

This is what the overnight runs are all about. Lots of car talk, gossip, jokes and laughter. The pin was pulled about 9.30 pm when "Il Duce" closed up, however most of us were ready for bed anyway. All that fresh air can really knock you.

Sunday saw the Buicks fuelling up for the drive back to Perth although John and Sue Bell had an extra couple of hours further down to Eaton.

Some of the farmers were dryseeding and we all hoped that rain was coming there way pretty soon.

Calingiri was a mid morning stop and Harold had a battle to get everyone back in their cars again for the run through to Bindoon and the famous bakery. Everyone camped in the park and descended on the pie shop which is really well run and doesn't run out of everything by 12.30.



Goodbyes were said and the Buicks gradually peeled off from the bunch and headed on their various ways home. We all owe special thanks to Harold for organising the accommodation, Stuart Syme for organising the run and Jim Donis for providing us all with great maps with the route highlighted. Thanks again to Beryl "Emu Whacker" Donis for the lovely morning tea.

L M Haime (WA Buicks)