

THE CERVANTES RUN

The little fishing town of Cervantes, some 300 kilometres north of Perth was chosen for a long weekend autumn run. The town had been named after an American whaler which had piled up on the reef at that point in the 1890s.

Those happy to take the Friday off to head north to Bindoon were

Phil & Kerry Taylor	1937 40 series
Stuart and Delys Syme	1950 Jetback Coupe
Alan and Ros Hunt	1955 Century
Scott, Sherrin, Sara and Luke Barker	1957 Special 40
Jim, Beryl & Reece Donis	1967 Riviera
Peter & Bev Nicholson	1967 Riviera
Murray & Teresa Lizatovich	1968 Wildcat Convertible
Tony & Marny Howe	1971 Boattail
Alan & Lois Haime	1972 Boattail
Les & June Woodruff	1973 Boattail.

These cars were accompanied by two honorary Buicks for the weekend

Harold & Gail Hithcock	1937 Oldsmobile
Ian & Margaret Baxter	1958 Oldsmobile 88.



The cars met just outside of Midland and headed north to Bindoon, a town originally settled by the Catholic church with a boys' school etc. there. The

main attraction now is the excellent bakery there which was well patronised by the members.

From there we headed further north to Moora, a wheatbelt town. Lunch was had there at a park alongside the railway line, the cars attracting attention from the locals in town to do their Friday shopping. At this point a late Murray Lizatovich joined the group, having had a piece of bone (? human ? animal) poke into his tyre and give him a flat a few kilometres out of town.



The group then swung west through farming country towards Badgingarra. This was an excellent road with virtually no traffic, just the sort of roads Buicks like. We regrouped at Badgingarra, had a cool drink and drove towards the coast to Cervantes.

The group split between the motel and holiday units. Beer o'clock came around pretty soon and the barbeques were fired up. We were joined by Bunbury member John Bell who was up at Cervantes doing some fishing. The pergola at the motel was packed and the noise levels grew louder. A great night with lots of jokes told.

The next morning cars were being wiped down and tinkered with. The usual blokey thing about opening the bonnet to check if the engine is still there.

After brekkie most people took a stroll down to the waterfront and marvelled at some of the super duper houses built by the crayfishermen. Lovely warm day.



It was chocks away about 10 a.m. and we drove north up the coast through another fishing town, Jurien. From there we ventured up to a lookout and surveyed the area, both inland and to the coast. An old farm inland had supplied horses to the 10th Light Horse when they were a mounted unit.

Back to Jurien for lunch, most people tucking into the local seafood. Another Buick member popped up to say hello - Peter Swan who was holidaying at Jurien. If we could have charged people for taking photos of the cars, we would have made a few bob!

A leisurely afternoon before getting ready for the sunset champagne outing at the Pinnacles. The pinnacles are a strange geological formation limestone and look quite weird, like a moonscape. In one of Billy Connolly's tours in Australia, he took his clothes off and displayed his bare bum for the cameras at the Pinnacles. No-one in our group even contemplated such a thing.



The road through the outcrops was definitely a bit narrow in places for large American cars and care had to be taken not to scrape anything. Our Boattail bottomed on a half submerged koondie on the left side which turned out automatically to be my fault because I hadn't said it was there. Luckily no damage was done.

There were lots of non-English speaking tourists taking photos at sundown and after the cars had all parked, more photos were being taken of the cars than the rocks. It certainly looked somewhat surreal to have a large group of magnificent cars parked in this incredible landscape.

Corks were popped, cheese and biscuits were brought out and socialising commenced.

However as the sun set the temperature dropped and it was decided to head back to town before mobs of kangaroos invaded the road. Alan Haime put forward the suggestion that the Oldsmobiles head off first to draw fire from the Buicks. Lots of laughter from the Buick people, glum looks from the Olds people.

All made it back to town without any kangaroo bonnet ornaments. Alan Hunt had done a superb job of organising the weekend including arranging for us to just walk across the road from the motel to the bowling club where a roast pork dinner was provided to us. We filled up two large tables and had a great time. The club also permitted us to have a go on the bowling lawns. As a ten-pin bowler, I found it took quite a few goes before the bias on the bowls was fully understood. A bit different to barrelling it down at an alley.



Sunday morning brought a change in the wonderful weather we had experienced since Friday. Dark clouds were looming up. A few cars headed off, some went to look at the stromatolites on the beach a few kilometres away and the rest of us headed off and out to the Brand Highway.

By Cataby it was pelting down and the spray from huge road trains kept visibility down to a minimum. We decided to pull in a Gingin and have a cup of tea. Harold and Gail in their 37 Olds pulled in together with Phil and Kerry in their 37 Buick. Harold's Olds didn't have windscreen wipers and he was using Rainex on the front window. This was effective apart from the leak from the windscreen and when he got out of the car his shorts were damp. The rain had also dripped into Gail's handbag on the floor.

The bottom line was that all cars arrived home safely and we couldn't grumble about the rain as it was very welcome. Luckily it had appeared on the way home when it didn't matter.

The Club is very grateful to Stuart Symes for organising the run up through Bindoon and across to the coast (about 600 kilometres all up) and especially to Alan Hunt who put a lot of time, effort, phone calls etc in organising one of the best weekends away that we have had.

Lois Haime (WA Buicks).