

TRAINS, BOATS AND ALMOST PLANES NAGAMBIE WEEKEND 17-18 MAY 2008

The weekend away to Nagambie started with rain and ended with a fine autumn afternoon for the boat trip between Mitchelton & Tahbilk. The warmth of Alvis companionship and motoring more than made up for the 4° at Kinglake and the crisp air at Kerrisdale.



Jutta Williams in company with Pat & Ian Parkinson

The route from Melbourne took us on a winding road through the Kinglake National Park, the higher we climbed the colder the air got and it was a very welcome stop at the Flying Tarts Café in Pheasant Creek for a chance to warm up with coffee and cakes. By the time we left the rain had eased, as we made our way along the side of the



King Parrot Creek, through Flowerdale and Strath Creek to our lunch stop at the Kerrisdale Mountain Railway. There was some confusion over what constituted a minor road!

The Kerrisdale Mountain Railway is a unique railway built to two foot gauge and makes its way up the mountain side by a zig zag formation. The views over the King Parrot Creek valley, mountains and farmland were superb. The initial climb was at a gradient of 1 in 12.5. The railway and museum has been developed over the last ten years by the owners and a dedicated group of volunteers. The warmth from the various steam engines fire boxes, in the museum, was most appreciated whilst we were having lunch and afternoon tea. The little train made two runs up the mountain to accommodate our group of 27. It is certainly a place well worth a visit.

In the gathering gloom of another rain shower, we made our way to Nagambie via the Goulburn Valley Highway to Seymour and then via the Northwood Road to Mitchellstown and Nagambie. This is a very pleasant drive through rolling farmland that now houses some of the state's best horse studs and past the autumn colours of the vineyards.

After settling into our rooms at the Resort in Nagambie and deciding that the presidential room would be the place for pre dinner drinks, many took the opportunity to go for a walk up the street to the tourist information centre. There was plenty of chatter before, during and after dinner. It was a very pleasant evening.

Sunday dawned overcast and as a result the sky diving planes were not operating. There were a number of activities available to choose from in the morning. Most drove over to Euroa for morning tea and a display of sculptures made from the bits and pieces of metal that are found around every farm and along the side of the road. It was in the old flour mill buildings. The sculptures ranged from an emu made from wire packing strips to other birds made from mattress wire and fencing mesh. Others went to the display of Felting techniques, the scarves made using felt of various colours and thickness were wonderful.



Sunday dawned overcast

The group came together at Mitchelton Winery ready for our luncheon cruise along the Goulburn River to Tahbilk Winery and back. Main course was served on the way to Tahbilk and dessert on the way back. It was a pleasant way to watch the countryside go by and the wonderful old buildings of Tahbilk looked magnificent in the early afternoon sunshine. Once back at Mitchelton, it was

time to head back home after a great weekend away.

Frances McDougall

Having signed a stat dec that we could swim a hundred metres all 80 of us were allowed on the 36 seater boat





Darrell Horton & Jocelyn Coates having been caught pinching cookies from the afternoon tea

Photography by Frances McDougall & Dale Parsell



There was one to few deck chairs on the upper deck of the Titanic. John Hetherington, Dale & Maritta Parsell and Noeline & Alan McKinnon



Tahbilk Winery established in 1860



Two civic minded Alvisi are seen here trying to befriend a derelict outside the Tahbilk Winery



Yes, even people wearing funny hats could ride the railway. Jan & David Seath with John Hetherington

SOLID STATE IN A 12/50?

(*not necessarily for better performance*)

If you're into bold adventure then, I tell you mate, you should
Join the AL VIS bloody Car Club which contains some folk who would
Make you disbelieve your eyesight with some things they get up to
In the name of stoic passion, cos they're ALVIS through and through.

Take the weekend, for example, back in May-'twas planned to be
A fun ramble north of Melbourne to a place called Na-gam-bee
And for years the bloody weather has been anything but rain
So I muttered" open motoring !" on a country road again.

I had fettled the three litre - hasn't been too well of late
I've suspected some misfiring - ' least it's six and not an eight
Jerks and fluffles just past fifty - like that bloke called Kelly wrote
In "THE BULLETIN," March/ April- jeeze, I thought, and made a note.

Anyway, I packed me handbag - undies, grog and all that stuff
And my girlfriend did her packing - hankies, lippy, bits of fluff
I then filled the boot with" contents," such as water, tools and oil
What you need when you aint got it that can make a weekend spoil.

Came the day before departure, bloody forecast was not good
And I said to her "my Lotus, if we take the "three," the hood
Will be up and firmly fastened, no way we'll be "open topped"
Cos the way they're talking rainfall could be days before it's stopped."

So came Saturday, and" modern" with its heater on full blast
Saw us for our destination under skies so overcast
That I uttered to the driver" bloody Hell, I'm glad we came
In a jigger with good wipers which can cope with heavy rain.

When we got to where we headed I could not believe me eyes
There sat two 12/50's open to the bloody drenching skies
And their stalwart occupiers cold but smiling, , if to say
What a wonderfull fantastic sort of ALVIS motoring day

Well, the weekend passed sublimely and the rain declined a bit
And we shared in happy friendship managing to amply fit
All the program set down for us and by time it came to leave
For return home on the Sunday, more than one was heard to grieve.

And those members in the "opens "- what of them I hear you say
Well, their fate is not recorded - we assume that to this day
They're still bonded to their vehicles like four tombstones, hopefully
Undergoing thawing process dreaming of hot toast and tea.

By "WTHWTBR"

(who the Hell wrote this bloody rubbish)