

AN INTERESTING RECOUNT OF A WEEKEND AWAY TO PARKES BY SOME OF OUR CLUB MEMBERS

SATURDAY / SUNDAY 16TH & 17TH JUNE 2007

Another FANTASTIC weekend.

Thank you to Mark Hudson for organising this for us and before I start the story I would like to commend the boys (Steve, Mark, Audley & Stuart) for their excellence with driving in pretty horrific conditions for the first couple of hours.

Also to Steve Seretis – Thank you Steve for leading the pack so responsibly, with respect for the conditions and the three Cobras following you. It was appreciated that you set a good pace, flashed your warning lights where there was a lot of water running across the road, alerting the others to pot holes – that you probably would've easily negotiated in your sedan but were mindful of the boys following, and for coming back to look for us when our roof had... problems !

On with the story.

The weather forecast for the weekend 16/17th June was very grim and lived up to the prediction. We headed off on Saturday morning in the rain to meet up with Steve & Erefili at Glenbrook and then to Linden to meet Audley and Mark/Robyn.

Mark had earlier encountered problems with his windscreen wipers hitting his hood, solved it quickly by just taking two off !! Easy. Little did he know at that point that his Cobra was soon to be renamed the 'Titanic'.

The rain was coming down heavily at Linden so we wasted no time in getting away. It started getting colder, so the passengers were employed to wipe the fog off the inside of the windcreens and it became a full time job until I realised the fog was on the outside as well !! We were following Audie and knew when he was wiping his windscreen as his car would do a little waltz around. We continued to swim up and over the Blue Mountains, surfed down Victoria Pass and were washed ashore at Lithgow.

One has to adopt a pragmatic approach to confronting dilemmas and Robyn showed us all how to do it. We found ourselves 'ashore' at a service station where Mark was able to put his car under the cover of a car wash bay. Here we watched Robyn use their chamois container as a 'bailing bucket'. Over and over the arm came out the door emptying litres and litres of water from their floor. Steve made the suggestion that Mark just hop along to the nearest hardware store and get a drill, bore some holes in the floor, get some sink plugs with chains on them and when needed to, just heave-ho on the chain – Bob's your uncle !!!

When they had the water level down to a reasonable level we pressed on to Bathurst, where we stopped for food and fuel, and another opportunity for Robyn to valiantly try and stop the Titanic from sinking.

From Bathurst to Orange was actually rather pleasant. The weather broke into sunshine, blue skies and the countryside was just picture perfect.

Here begins the first of two coincidences.

We were pulled over on the side of the road when a white ... (something sporty) went passed. The passenger was waving furiously at us....we waved back and watched as she turned her car around and came up behind us. Audie thought his luck had changed, alas, ...no - she said "My father lives in Parkes and has just bought a Cobra – he would love to see these three!" Steve took her father's phone number, gave him a call and on Sunday morning we met **Bill Cox** outside the coffee shop in Parkes. His car is a beauty, he and the boys had a good chin wag, swapped stories and ideas and we informed him of the Nationals in Goulburn where we hope to meet up with him again.

Back to the story.

After we had settled into our motel, we decided to go for a walk into town, have a look around, maybe find a pub and have a drink and then come back to our motel, have our own 'happy hour' and then go in to 'Marty's Restaurant' for dinner.

We easily found the pub – no trouble, it was just sitting there on the corner waiting for us. It was lovely. We had drinks and a chatter and doesn't time get away ..?...? when we came out to go home it was DARK !! Oh well... we clambered on back to our motel, thankfully no-one broke into song, changed and made ourselves presentable to go in for dinner. We did the Cobra Car Club proud. Everyone behaved themselves. It was truly a delicious dinner, thanks to Tristan the Chef. The staff/owners of the motel were wonderful hosts, loyal and proud citizens of Parkes and promoted their town and its history well. They pointed out the townsfolk disdain for the anomalies in the movie 'The Dish', understandable.

Sunday morning, 8:30.

As Audie had washed his car as soon as we arrived on Saturday, it left his Sunday morning free. We motored off from the motel at 8:30 to go to 'The Dish' – the CSIRO Radio Telescope at Parkes, which we found to be a fascinating place. We wandered around the centre reading the literature recorded from 1969 when Neil Armstrong walked upon the moon and NASA tracked the journey for 2 ½ hours from the Parkes telescope. We went into a theatrette and watched a 3D movie on Mars and a movie on the telescope. Terrific. We watched the tower moving back and forth while we were having breakfast, probably George Bush taking a call on another line!!

We headed on back to Parkes to meet Bill Cox, have a squiz at his Cobra and he of ours and then headed for Forbes. The countryside was just spectacular under such beautiful blue skies and sunshine. I was particularly looking forward to Forbes as it is the heart of 'Ben Hall' country.

Now we have the second coincidence.

We were looking to get into the Bushrangers Hall of Fame and the Underground Museum, which is under the Albion Hotel on the main street of Forbes. Not a lot happens on a Sunday 1pm in Forbes. We wouldn't have been here at this time if we hadn't met up with Bill in Parkes. A fellow came up to me and said "are you with those Cobras?" Yes. He said "I've got a Cobra" (!!! What !?!?!?) It turns out that **Mark Liebich** – who lives in Forbes, has a Cobra, has been to Goulburn a couple of times, knows our Jeff Bryant, recognised our cars from the Temora Air Show, but didn't know Bill from Parkes. Phone numbers were swapped around and there we are; if we hadn't stopped to meet up with Bill we would've missed Mark, what a coincidence. We also look forward to seeing Mark in Goulburn this year.

We toured the Bushrangers Hall of Fame which I just loved, reading, reading, reading.. it's just so interesting, not celebrating them, just recognising that this is part of our heritage and the way it was.

Reluctantly we left there as time was marching on. We headed for Orange and Bathurst where we stopped for food and fuel. At Bathurst we said our goodbyes as this was the last stop and last opportunity to thank everyone for their company and good fun, to thank Mark Hudson for organising it and thank Robyn for the laughs.

It was a wonderful, wonderful weekend.

Regards

Kerry Burrows