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THE GREAT ESCAPE 2009



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June – July – August 2009 Newsletter



GEELONG PLANT



THE GREAT ESCAPE 2009

MELBOURNE TO ADELAIDE AND RETURN

4th - March to the 10th - March - 2009

Day 1. Melbourne to Apollo Bay.

Well, here it is the 3rd March 2009! I got the phone call from John Newman to say he is leaving Canberra on his way to Melbourne. He arrived at our house in Wallan at 12:30pm. After we met face to face and had a coffee, we had a look over his car and changed the thermostat. John then left to spend the night in Kilmore 10 mins up the road to return the next morning to start our trip. He only got to the top of Pretty Sally, (the hill), 2 mins up the road when at 85kmph and the wind blowing on him at 100kmph, the bonnet of his car decided to take



flight, lifted up and hit the roof. After a few scary seconds, he managed to pull the car up with no other damage. He came back

down the hill to our place where we took the bonnet off the car and placed it upside down on the ground and proceeded to jump up and down on it (picture it everyone!!) as our way of panel beating!!

We did a reasonable job of getting the bonnet back into shape, put it back on the car and strapped it down. I said to John, 'well that's the best we can do, it should get you home'. John's reply was 'I'm not going ***** home, I'm going to Adelaide!!'. All the power to you John!! John arrived in the morning at 7:30 am to begin our Great Escape!!

We headed off at 8:30 am down the Hume Hwy to the BP and met up with Sandra and Ray at Cooper Street. We bought our mandatory cappuccino and headed off down the road. We

stopped at the BP in Lara where we met up with Phil and Cherie, June and Wayne and Ken and Shirley. More coffee and a few minutes later, Brenda arrived with three cheers and a loud applause for Ray, sitting in the passenger seat!! A quick jump from there to the Ford Factory (Home of the Customline, above) where Les and Sue and Pam and Graham caught up with us. The cars were lined up at the front gates with the help of some Ford staff, for photos, with quite a few onlookers and paparazzi!!



The call of the Apollo Bay Hotel was in our ears so we made tracks. But we only got as far as the Torquay shops – the girls needed a little retail therapy so therefore a few purchases were made! You have to keep the girls happy!! The boys have the cars, the girls need the shops! Heading off again, we made our way down the Great Ocean Road to Lorne. A beautiful drive,



and there was no better sight than looking back or forward to see the "line of Customlines" weaving their way around the curves of the Great Ocean Road. We pulled into Lorne for

lunch and created a bit of a spectacle with all of our cars lined up in the main street. We walked up the street and found a bakery for lunch after which a toilet was needed and with the ladies out of action the boys had to stand guard while the girls used the men's!!



On the road again and off to Apollo Bay for the night. We arrived and checked into the caravan park and unpacked the cars

and had our first drink.

It's at this point that we have to report the sad loss of a dear old friend. While Mick was wandering around the park catching up with everyone, the wind got under his dearly beloved Dickie Johnson Ford umbrella and whipped it inside out, finally meeting its maker in the rubbish bin! R.I.P.

So then it was off to the pub for a few pre dinner drinks and then off to tea. From all reports everybody enjoyed their meal and the first day of our Great Escape which was well worth the six months preparation.

Les and Maureen caught up with us at the pub for a great night, and then back to the park for the night to get up in the morning for a shower and maybe some talcum powder (you had to be there) and some breakfast, to be ready for the next days journey.

Mick and Debbie Breheny.

Day 2. Apollo Bay to Warrnambool.

Well, it's a cool fresh start to the day after overnight rain. Some of our members went into Apollo Bay to a cafe for brekky, while the rest of



us stayed back at the cabins and made our own breakfast. We met up with them down at the cafe about 10 am. After a few photo's were taken of the cars, and that was by the passer-by's, we also did take a few photo's ourselves before jumping into the cars about 10:20 am to head off to Loch Ard Gorge.

We arrived there about 11:45 am and it was very cold and windy so after a quick look

around it was back in the cars and off to Port Campbell for a light lunch. We were then back

into the cars and off to see the half built Mahogany ship at Bushfield, it was very interesting but I wouldn't sign up to sail in it. A few more photo's and then back into the cars and off to our Warrnambool Motel where we were to stay overnight.

We had dinner at the RSL tonight so we had taxi's coming to pick us up so we

could leave the cars safe and sound back at the Motel. After a good meal and a few laughs it was rumoured that Les Horne (The Powder King) had won \$150 and Sue Cross (Diamond Lil) had won over a \$1000 on the pokies, but none of us saw any of the alleged winnings. After leaving the RSL we then went back to our Motel rooms by taxi. What a good day. Sandra & Ray Kilby.



Day 3. Warrnambool to Robe.

After a restful night and a bit of brecky, we had a short

meeting to discuss our plans for the days travel and we all headed off around 9:00 am. After a pleasant drive from



The Bumble Bee had a flat battery, but the beer was very cold. Thanks Malu.

Warrnambool we stopped for a short break at Heywood. Our next stop being Mt Gambier for a bit of a stretch and that stuff called petrol.

All the cars seemed to be travelling very well and the next stop was Millicent, a tidy little place. Some people went through the Museum and some just looked around the information centre.



The Fat Controller and his Friends.



The people who visited the museum said it was very interesting. The lady there recommended a nice little seaside town called Beachport for somewhere to grab some lunch, so off we went to get some fish & chips and they were really nice. We then headed off because we were pushing it a little to get to Robe not to late, "you know it's not named after Robes", like I thought it was. It's a pretty little place, it would be nice to stay and go fishin' for a week or so.

Well we found our Motel sitting up on top of this



small hill so we all got our rooms and settled in a bit. A couple of hours went by and it was

time for the evening meal, so we all just got something nice that took our fancy. After tea some of us went up to the "community kitchen/dining room" and had a few more drinks and just had a really good rest. While we were there having some drinks we noticed they had a whiteboard and a small discussion led to a very interesting thought. After a light beer we retired for the night so as to be ready for the early day tomorrow. Adelaide here we come.

Phil & Cherie Butt.

OHHHH Momma,
just a little bit higher!



Day 4. Robe to Adelaide.

Well, day four did not start off too well for me, at 5:30 am I had a nightmare and woke up to find myself hitting my head on the side table of the bed, which led to a bruised head and cheek bone and a couple of days feeling concussed. We all got an early start today and whilst the men went to the Memorabilia Shed the ladies went shopping up the main street of Robe. We then headed off for Adelaide, on the way we

had a short stop at Kingston to check out the Big Lobster (with Phil in the lead) and then we

stopped again at Tailem Bend for a lunch break. After lunch we headed off for our final



destination of the day. Arriving at our motel we were told by the members behind us that poor Phil and Cherie, so close to the motel, had



someone run into the back of their car at the lights at the bottom of the Lofty Hills. Luckily there was not a lot of damage, good old cars. The driver of the car that hit Phil got out and said to him, "Well it is only an old car", how dare he talk about our pride and joys like that. Phil did an excellent job driving all that way today, well done Phil.

Saturday night we all stayed at the motel and ordered Chinese and Pizza take away, to be delivered to the motel restaurant, where a good night was had by all, except for me as I was not feeling all that well and went to bed early after my head banging episode this morning.

Regards to all. June & Wayne Paterson.

PS. It was great to see Jim & Helen had arrived at the motel and Jim had already started with a coldie in hand.

Day 5. All Ford Day.

After some debate, on Saturday night about what time we would all leave in convoy for the All Ford Day, were ready to leave at the agreed time of 8:00 am. Jim (Possum's Tree) & I (Possum) leading the way, in the Vicky, headed off for the 20 minute drive to the venue. Upon arrival, we were directed to our site and parked the cars in formation under the direction of our holiday co-ordinator (the Fat Controller). A bit of



a shame we could not display our club banner or sandwich board as our esteemed president left them at home in the BBQ trailer, a fact that was pointed out many times to said president (Windy).

Jim could not get over how co-ordinated and organised the South Australian All Ford Day was compared to the Victorian counterpart, with absolutely no delay and directed straight in to the club site. Members made their way around the venue as they wished, and although the event is smaller than the Victorian event, given that Adelaide's population is only a quarter of Melbourne's, there were plenty of cars to look at.



There were a lot of moderns, which is good as it shows there are a lot of young guys and gals



out there with an interest in Fords, no matter what era their interest lays. The cars were judged and us girls decided it was time to head off to the nearby shopping complex. After asking some locals which way we were to head we headed off on a 20 minute walk, beating the bus, and even stopping for a photo shoot on the way, luckily the photographers are alive to tell the tale, after battling traffic to take the shots. We split up agreeing to meet up with our purchases a couple of hours later and with much hilarity we did. June decided to road test some of the beds on offer in Myers, and I'm sure she would still be there if Wayne (Windy) had not arrived to claim her. All the boys called by at different times to pick up their worn out girls. Jim, Mick & Ray Kilby stayed at the show



until the winners were announced. Only one Club member was lucky enough to win a prize and that was John Newman who won the longest distance award, which was outstandingly deserved.

Debbie, Cherie and I decided to start walking back to the venue to meet up with our rides,

which were just a little eventful, with a side trip to a local bottle shop that certainly tested Ray Kilby's reaction time & brakes.



Sunday evening saw several groups going different ways for the evening meal, which was a great end to a great day.

Regards, Possum and her Tree.

PS. After the event Ray Kilby was awarded first prize and Wayne Paterson third prize for the best Mainlines.

Day 6. Adelaide to Kaniva.

On Sunday night we were all told to be up early the next morning for an 8:00 am departure, so we left the motel at 8:20 am, destination Kaniva. The first stop was Murray Bridge, where we stopped for a break and to catch up with Wayne's son. As we drove up to the hotel I thought we must have taken a wrong turn along the way and some how ended up in Hawaii, as



the hotel grounds had lots of palm trees and colourful plants, very neat indeed. Wayne's son was waiting for us so we all introduced ourselves and then left Wayne to catch up on the gossip with his son.

Time to move on again, the next stop being Tailam Bend, where we had morning tea and a chat, as there was always something to talk



about. Then off to Bordertown where we were met by the local photographer and reporter who took photos for their local paper. We then headed off to the local bakery for lunch. On

walking inside the bakery our eyes fell upon old harnesses, old wares and collectables, some of



which were for sale, which made a very good display.

After lunch we cruised on to Kaniva, our last motel sleep over before heading home. We arrived at Kaniva about 3:00 pm and we pulled up out the front of the Monaro Museum where



we were greeted by Mick Breheny's sister Judy, and her husband Bernie, such a nice couple. Also waiting for us was About Town-Nhill and Kaniva News photographer and reporter. While photos were being taken of our cars we all went up to have a look inside the car museum. We all enjoyed looking at the cars, and this was a very good display also. After leaving the museum we went to our motel for a rest before going to the hotel for tea.

The Club Hotel especially catered for us and every one thoroughly enjoyed the meal and the hospitality shown to us by our hosts. A raffle was held and the prize being a bottle of Baileys,

donated by Mick and Debbie and won by June Paterson, with the proceeds going to the Lions Club. After tea we all went back to our motel rooms to end the day with a good nights sleep.



Brenda and Ray Shalders.

Day 7. Kaniva to Dimboola

5am, suspicious noises in Judy & Bernie's Lawson's (Micks sister) back yard, Mick finds Brenda Norman from Lions Club setting up for the great breakfast supplied by Judy and Bernie, and what a wonderful spread it was and enjoyed greatly by all Club members and a few of the town folk.



The girls fossicked through Donna's jewellery while the guys changed Johns thermo housing.

Texas Holdem was played out between Robe

and Kaniva and Ken and Shirley won the prizes donated by Les & Sue. The \$150.00 raised from the raffle and breakfast was



donated to the Lions Club of Kaniva with much appreciation to



them also for their special award to our Club.

Many thanks must go to the Kaniva Newspaper for their great write up and pictures of our trip and the interviews they did with all our members.

After fond farewells and much horn blowing we all headed off to Dimboola.

Mick & Debbie Breheny.

PS. Our newest Honorary Members Judy, with her very own Club shirt, dearly wanted to come with us.

Day 7. Kaniva to Dimboola then Moruya.

The last days of the Escape for NSW Cussie AR36YU. We all arrived safely at Dimboola to a splendid morning tea put on by Brenda's mum

and sister, once more country hospitality was obvious. A lovely spread in a pleasant park with a beautiful former Victorian Railways steam engine as a back drop. Many drivers passing by and locals stopped to have a look at the collection.



At this point of the journey I decided that I would break away from the safety of the group and head off on my own. Mick and some other members were worried but I was sure if I took it easy things would be OK. Fare welling everyone off I went heading for Warracknabeal then through to Bendigo, Benalla, up the Hume to Canberra then home to Moruya.

The first thing that became apparent, as I travelled, was the lack of company. The long straight country roads on my own in a 1957 Customline seemed a little strange. Any how Cussie was going well and soon Bendigo was achieved but the temperature gauge went into the red just the other side of Bendigo. At this point I was getting a bit sick of the gauge that I put in for the trip, as the Customline had never run hot before and this was a concern ever since I had left Moruya at the beginning of the journey. I pulled over under some trees just outside of Bendigo but there was no heating smell in the cabin and the bonnet was only warm as expected. Opening the bonnet no steam or heat smells were evident although outside temperature was in the low 30's. The radiator cap was not overly hot and easy to remove with no smoke or bubbling coolant and the car was not running hot in my estimation. The culprit turned out to be the position of the gauge near the exhaust manifold running over the top of the block as it was picking up extra heat and giving the false reading. That's my theory and armed with that, off I went.

I made good time through miles of country that obviously had not had rain in ages and it was only on the outskirts of Shepparton that the first of the irrigation channels indicated that it was in the fruit growing area. Making good time but

thinking about a stop for the night I purchased a slab and proceeded to look for a motel on the highway at Shepparton. None, so I just kept driving until Benalla and found a good motel, opened the slab and settled back. No I did not drink the lot, I just hate buying a 6 pack at inflated prices.

I planned on leaving at 3:00 am to travel in the cool to beat the traffic and road works around the Holbrook area. Cussie travelled as it should and in no time I had reached Canberra. I called into my former partner's house and did some watering, as she was at the coast. Then off to Moruya by the Kings Highway to Batemans Bay, and down the Clyde Mountain the last 25 k's to Moruya.

Arriving home I got out and kissed the grass as I did arriving at the Ford day in Adelaide. Poor ol' Cussie was a bit worse for wear, but this wonderful car took me on a real adventure down to Kilmore and Mick's place at Wallan. Then off to Melbourne to meet up with others, travelled to the Ford plant, and along the Great Ocean Road. All those beautiful towns of Beachport, Robe and Kingston, what an Escape!

I must make mention of the wonderful group of people I had the pleasure of meeting and travelling with. When I joined the club and found out about the trip my first thought was I am going on it. Mick was a tower of strength, keeping in touch and making arrangements to



make my entry into the tour smooth. A number of people have commented to me how frightening it must have been having the bonnet wrap itself over the roof. I did not have time to be frightened, as my first thought was "there goes the trip". Well, with help, I got there. Thank you one and all, you are the best.

John Newman.

Day 7. Dimboola to Melbourne.

We had a pleasant drive from Dimboola to the Red Roo at Beaufort where we had lunch with Phil and Cherie, Jim and Helen, Ray and Brenda, Sandra and Ray.



After kisses and cuddles we all headed off and when we reached Ballarat Jim and Helen turned off for Creswick. It was then the sky turned black and with lightning strikes the heavens opened up to the amazement of all, as none had seen rain as heavy as this before. The BP at Ballan became a very welcomed coffee break where we settled our nerves after the torrential downpour. The Sun came out and once again we were on our way.

Well we're home from our Great Escape 2009!! We've had a call from John to say he's home safe and well – we've decided to put a hammer through the temperature gauge as there was no

overheating problem with his car all along – it was the gauge that was faulty!!

I'd like to take this opportunity to thank Rob Brereton for all of his hard work in helping put this trip together and for putting this report together. I'd further like to thank everyone who came along on the trip and made it such a fun time – we had a ball! We'd also like to thank Maureen and Les for coming along, providing us with some great entertainment and for being our chase car.

If we can have this much fun with 21 people, imagine how much better it would be with more! So **GET YOUR MOTOR RUNNING** and get ready for the Melbourne to Moruya then via Canberra and back to Melbourne, (March) 2010! Rob and I are already planning, so get excited!! Mick Breheny.

The End

GET YOUR MOTOR RUNNING – HEAD OUT ON THE HIGHWAY.

There's just something about a convoy of beautifully preserved Customlines.....
Read the rest of this newspaper story and other articles printed about our trip by visiting the Clubs web site at www.customlineclub.org.au But please give me time to do it. Ed.

Our Trip - Happy Snaps



Jim: I got here first!
Wayne: Yeah, but I got me hand on it first.
Jim: No ya didn't!, anyway you've already got one.



The Fat & Skinny Controller. You know this engine would look better if it was Black & Yellow instead of Red.

He loves me - he loves me not – he loves me – damn it, He loves you all!





"Jimmy"



Wayne, Stop enjoying that!
Mick said you really didn't have to pay her to do that.
You should have paid Bernie instead.

Look Darlin, you can come for a ride with me in the black Mainline anytime, but you will have to wear Pink to get a ride in the Sunliner.



The Memorabilia Shed at Robe.
What a sight, bits and pieces from everywhere.
Too much to see in one go.



OK Phil, open wide, here comes the train.
No, no, where has that spoon been!
You really don't want to know Phil.



Well Sandra, was that a soft or hard egg you spilt all down your shirt?



Mr Preso socialising on the trip with members.

Hey Les, Brenda put a bigger smile on his face. I think you'll have to try harder.



A few more pics over the page.....

Just a few more pics of our Road Trip



Now this really is **THE END....**Of the First Trip