

The July Jetty Jaunt

by Leigh Johnson

Capt. Mark and First Mate Philippa arose early on Sunday morning to check the charts and the Bureau of Meteorology radar. It indicated no rain. As soon as I got Reg out of the carport it rained. "So much for technology," Mark said. He's an Engineer and he would know.

A bit of moisture wasn't going to deter us. So off we headed to Le Cornu's. The plan was to meet in the street beside the car park but the street was pretty much full of cars thanks to the staff at Ashford. However, I wouldn't complain. Health workers should be supported more.

Fortunately, when the Captain and First Mate arrived Le Cornu's miraculously opened their car park so all was well.

Jan and Chris Tate were there in a modern. Chris is going to get that Riley going soon. Veda and Bob had "wimped out" in their words. They'd brought the Ford. Liz Pike and John Henderson had brought their Citroen. Looked a bit like a Riley especially the front suspension. It even had the same torpedo lights on the front guards too.

They had a large photo of their Riley with them just to make them feel comfortable. They said they'd driven the Riley in the driveway earlier in the morning. Someone should tell them you don't get points in the Clubmanship Award for moving your Riley in the driveway even if it is on the morning of a Riley run.

The Chinnicks arrived in their Chrysler and then Carmen and Leigh Friedrichs and Libby and Alan Austin in their RMB's. Margaret and Peter Leppard kept up the pre war numbers in their Nine.

The drivers' briefing hinted at a quiz but no more and at the appointed time we all sailed off in an easterly direction along Anzac Highway in tight convoy.

Brighton was our first landfall. It was cold and windy. Time for cuppa. Coffee at the cafe had been organised and it all happened in very quick time. Some braved the elements heading out to check the end of the jetty as there were quiz questions requiring answers. Mark reminded us that Telstra had paid for the jetty reconstruction on condition that they could build a tower at the end.

I scoured Brighton Road for a sausage roll but none was to be had. Lots of other fine food on offer but even the bakery right next door to the coffee shop was yet to open in the sense that it was vacant of all life and shop fittings and "opening soon". Not a Vili's sign in sight.

So we checked our chronometers and set our bearings to head south to O'Sullivan Beach. I'd never been to O'Sullivan Beach. I gather there are only a few reasons why you would go there. One is fishing. Another is to do things in your car after the dark and I don't do either. We were there to see the second jetty.

The Port Stanvac jetty looked very nautical in the distance. The Captain regaled us with stories of his adventures as a 12-year-old

on the jetty. I didn't hear the full story; I was taking some video. But I'm sure it was a good story. Mark always tells a good story.

Rosalie and Geoff Wilson met us there. Meanwhile, Rosalie Haese and Michael almost didn't make it only because there was a teeny instruction missing from the run sheet. As an organiser of an event or two I know how hard it is to make sure the instructions are accurate. I've given up.

We were making good time as we headed towards Pt. Noarlunga. It's changed a bit since we were there last but that was a while ago now. Some of us chose to walk out to the end of the jetty to have a look at the reef. Some of us didn't.

As we were walking back we noticed the lead cars were already leaving. I think the Captain and First Mate had issued instructions. As it happens they had, but some of us had not read them.

The instructions suggested that we would do a drive past Pt. Willunga. We were steaming towards Aldinga at a good rate of knots and saw a couple of Rileys heading back towards us. Someone had missed the turn but they were catching up quickly.

We'd decided that we'd skip that section and move on further up the hill with a view to taking a few seconds of video. However when we got up near the Victory Hotel cars were a little close on our tail and we couldn't stop where we wanted. So on we steamed to Normanville.

Carmen and Lee had decided to do the same so we travelled together and arrived at the Normanville Cafe with Bev and David close on our heels. They'd travelled all the way from Mount Compass.

The Normanville Cafe is owned by the Normanville Hotel. Capt. Mark had originally thought of having fish and chips in newspaper but unfortunately health regulations canned that idea during early discussions with the proprietors.

It didn't matter. The food was very good and the service was excellent. Everyone was happy. Philippa and Mark had organised the mid-meal entertainment with two pods of dolphins just out from the jetty.

And then came the quiz. Libby took charge of our rabble of a table. How many speed humps had we gone over? Was it 87 or 870? Those in the short wheelbase vehicles like Annette and Chris Kinney felt them more.

How many reinforcement cables were there on the tower at Brighton Jetty. How many "Jetty Roads" had we travelled on or near? They're as numerous as Railway Terraces.

As is usual I was not on the winning table although it was not made exactly clear how the points were allocated. If you have ever seen the ABC program "IQ" that's pretty much how it was on the day. But nobody cared.

We had a great day. Captain Mark and First Mate Philippa should be congratulated.