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MERCEDES-BENZ CLUB OF SOUTH AFRICA
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Will the Southern Cape Committee, Members and all their co-opted helpers and sponsors, please stand up and accept a rousing ovation.

Your efforts in making the 30th Annual General Meeting and National Gathering a truly memorable event, were, simply put – magnificent!

Granted you had Mother Nature working hand in hand with you, presenting stunning natural backdrops to all the events that you staged. She was also very accommodating of your need for dry weather to keep your audience out and about, in the groove and on the move... But that takes nothing away from the fact that – what you had to do required doing and you did it very, very well!

From a personal point of view, you reinforced my belief that we should all seek the road less travelled as the road of choice, at every opportunity. The Sunday Fun Run Rally held between George and Knysna, instructed us, at one point, to turn left onto the road that passes by the Saasveld Forestry College.

This narrow winding road that led to the bridge over the Silver River, where we paused for a 'photo moment', was literally lined with the silent tongues of history, which had fired the imagination of our forbearers, urging them onward and upward against incredible odds.

The road that led us up and away from the river had a tarred surface, flanked by deep valleys and forest, as well as many rather sharp corners. These were easy to traverse, guided as we were, by a Three Pointed Star – I tried to imagine the same journey by ox wagon, after heavy rain...

At the top of the hill we were directed right and passed through a farming area situated on a very fertile plateau. I then understood why they had cut that steep, long and winding road...

The fertile fields, paddocks



Pat Smythe
- The Editor

Editorial

is simply not seen from the N2 that bisects it so crudely.

I had stumbled upon another 'bucket list' detour that I will have to retrace in order to savour its beauty in full, particularly as I now understand the truth, well hidden in its name.

There will be others I'm sure – I do hope my old Finny gets to do them with me and we bump into you somewhere along the way!

Pat da Editor

and pastures that flanked the homesteads with their shady trees and flower filled gardens, were ample reward for the effort it took to get there!

The plateau area, whilst not very large – was certainly memorable and became more so as we rather suddenly descended into the village of Wilderness that



I am going to drive up there, in my Finny. I am going to polish her pretty chrome bumper - just 'cos she's a Lady!
Photo Courtesy Dr. Johan Swanepoel.



Follow us on



From the Desk

Club President : Dirk van der Westhuizen



If the question was asked - "Was there anyone who did not enjoy our 30th Anniversary celebration?" The answer would have to be, "only those who weren't there!"

The outstanding preparation, organization and effort expended by Waldo, René and the entire Southern Cape team made that answer indisputable – Simply put, nothing was left to chance and we were entertained from the minute we registered, until the final breakfast on Tuesday morning. My sincere congratulations and thanks to all concerned.

The Zwartkops Car Show will be our next official event on the MBCSA calendar and many, many members from all over the Country will make their annual pilgrimage to this very popular venue. Our stand is undoubtedly one of the largest and usually hosts approximately 100 Mercedes-Benz Models... let's keep it that way.

The Bloemfontein Car show will be held on the weekend of the 10th of August. The Ponton register group are planning a huge procession to the event, which promises to be very well attended. We would like to wish them everything of the best with the planning and execution of this event, as well as safe travels to and from the City of Roses.

This year's National Concours will be at the Mercedes-Benz Lifestyle Centre in Menlyn, on

the 12th and 13th of September. The event is once again being generously sponsored by Mr. Hein Lorentz and his team. This has become such a huge and important club event, that the National Committee has decided to move our 3rd and last meeting of the year, from the Zwartkops Show to the Concours weekend, for 2015 only.

I would therefore like to appeal to all members who are able to attend, to come and represent your Region at this prestigious function. Come along and meet the new Committee and show your support for our very generous Sponsor, and if possible, enroll your Classic for the Concours. (It is an outstanding weekend and our Sponsors certainly make a fantastic effort to entertain us!)

I would also like to announce the two changes made to the National Committee at our recent AGM that was held in George. Frik Roux has been elected as Vice President and Annalie Kachelhoffer has accepted the position as Club Secretary. These two members have proven their capability and dedication to the Club over and over during the last few years and we are delighted that they have accepted their nomination. (See the back page of this magazine for their contact details.)

I wish you all happy motoring and safe journeys - All the best until next time we meet!



Eastern Cape Region

Karoo Crossing III

The Farewell Tour:

By Andrew Hemphill

When Dirk van der Westhuizen first laid out his thoughts for Karoo Crossing I, I knew that, somehow, I had to be a part of it!

Knowing some of the participants, as I did and their penchant for combining fun and laughter with strong 'likker'- it was really an invitation that only Murphy's Law could derail and indeed did – not once, but twice!

(It reminded me of the old Irish saying, "I opened up the cupboard and there they both were – Gone.")

So when I heard whispers of a Karoo Crossing III (The Farewell Tour), and not having the benefits that attach to the surname of Oppenheimer or Gates, I just knew I had to beg, steal and borrow to make 'The Farewell Tour' a reality.

My first point of departure was to ensure that I had a 'trusty steed' for the trip - this being a W123 300D, on which I had spent a rather long period performing a single handed restoration, from bodywork, to mechanical. I decided in light of the proposed crossing, to make it interesting

and extend the restoration, by fitting an air conditioner - coz the Karoo gets hot mos!

So with the above said and done, the gist of this story is to give you a firsthand account of my perambulations across the Karoo.

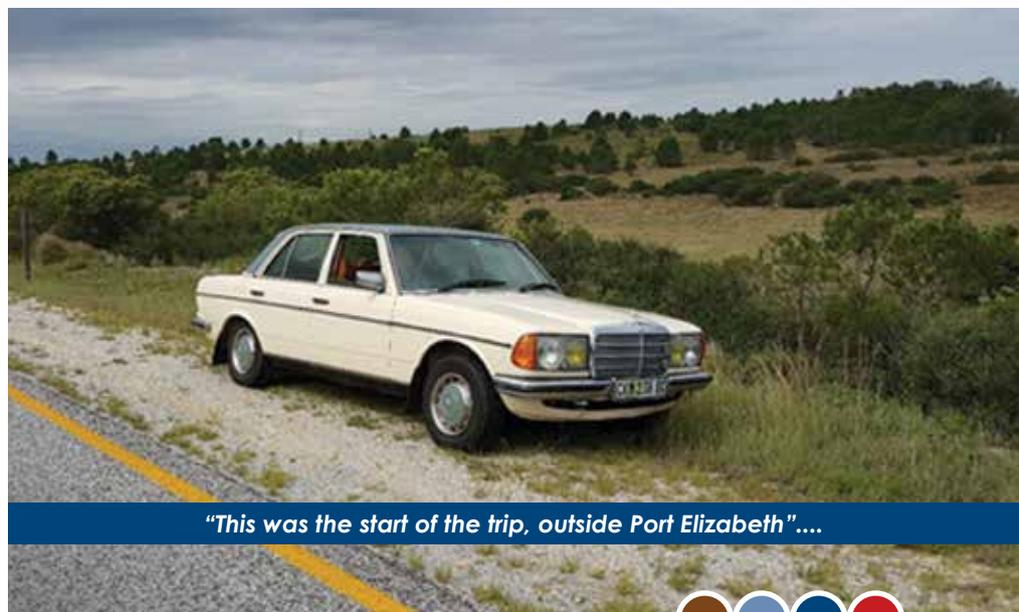
A Karoo whose joy it was to forgive me, for missing two previous opportunities to revel amidst the secrets she reveals, along her roads less travelled!

Karoo Crossing 111 was one of the highlights in my life (ranking right up there, in the top 10 - after the births of my children!) - it will be fondly remembered, deep

into the days, when sitting in a rocking chair, with a 'kierie' and a Kliprift next to me, I regale my grandchildren with stories I used to remember.

It was an 'AWESOME' trip - made better by good people and friends that we were able to spend time with - new friendships we were able to forge and old ones that we were able to rekindle!

I left East London on Monday the 16th March on the first long trip that I had undertaken in the 300 since restoration - Please understand that the restoration took a total of 6 years! (She went



"This was the start of the trip, outside Port Elizabeth"....



to the panel beater for a few touch-ups, a few spots of rust and came back 4 years later with more rust in her than when it went there).

The rear was hanging a little because the boot and the back seat were loaded with:-

- 1 additional spare wheel • A spare water pump • some spare hoses • 5 litres of engine oil • 10 litres of diesel and 5 litres water'
- We also packed a Midas 3 drawer toolbox • an emergency battery 'starter' pack • 2 suitcases
- 1 fire extinguisher • 3 canisters of 'tyre weld' • spare jack/spare wheel spanner

I also packed emergency rations in a cooler box, namely 10 litres iced tea and daily essentials in a very strong box, namely, 4 Bottle of Whisky and 5 Bottles of Wine.

I spent the night in Port Elizabeth with my daughter who is studying at NMMU, and took to the road

again on Tuesday 17th March - on a wet and windy morning and was delighted to reach Knysna and clearer weather, before having to fill up.

The official start of Karoo Crossing III, took place in Paarl, at the Boschenmeer Country Club & Golf Estate. This beautiful Golf Estate proved to be a wonderful departure point with masses of parking and easy access to the N1. Here we were issued with our Passports, Route Instructions for the day and Goodie Bags, after which we set off, at our own pace, on the first leg of the Crossing.

Theo Claassen led our parade out of Paarl in his 170V diesel pick up which was setting forth on its maiden trip since full restoration - she looked fantastic!

I of little faith, however, had doubts and when we hit the N1 north, I was sure that by midnight we would still be awaiting the arrival of Theo and Stinus at

the first 'pit stop'. With the N1 encouraging the accelerator to move a little closer to the floorboard, the 300D soon waved goodbye to the 170V and we put some distance between us.

It would have remained that way, but for the two cups of coffee that I had consumed at the golf estate. Nature, as is its wont, conspired with gravity and a short time later I was compelled to pull in to a service station in order to find relief.

Coming out of the toilet, I was shocked to see Theo and Stinus pull in with the 170V - if I told you my jaw dropped, I'd probably be lying - you could've blown me over with a feather!

The 170V (V for Vrekkie) had performed most admirably, with a constant average speed on the highway of 100kph! From the garage, we travelled in a little convoy, which consisted of the Vrekkie, my 300D, George



Heads up in Knysna



Vrekkie showing the Gas Truck what pace is all about!

Padley in his W123 200 and Chris C-K in a W124 300D. The trip went extremely well, and when we hit the first gravel outside Laingsburg on the Seweweekspoort road, the 170V took off like a bullet..... I mean, I was doing 90+ kph on the gravel and simply couldn't catch her.

About 20 kms later however, about halfway up the Seweweekspoort – we came across the 170 standing forlornly on the side of the road. The convoy duly stopped, and found that she was close to boiling point and Theo not at all keen to push things, by trying to driving any further up the pass.



Of course Chris and Stinus needed constant supervision...

With some considerable way to go, to get to the top of the pass, it was decided that the use of a tow was the order of the day, and of course, the only car with a tow bar at the scene, was my trusty steed the 300D.

Out came a tow rope, (courtesy of Chris C-K) and Vrekkie was duly hooked up.

On pulling away, it really felt like I was pulling 3 tons, so I had to ride the clutch hard, to get going and when we finally made the top of the pass and found a decent flat surface to park, my heat gauge was very close to the 120 mark.

We now had to find the root cause of the problem. Theo wanted the rest of us to carry on, but you never leave a 'maatjie' behind... EVER ...So we opted to stay and see what we could do.

After some inspection and crawling around in the gravel,

it was found that the diff on the 170V was absolutely dry - someone had forgotten to put oil in the differential after it had been re-built. So out with my 5 litres of Magnatec and we filled the differential, got it freed and eventually found the road once more beneath our wheels.

Our 1st Day route traversed the

No explanation for the atmosphere, friends, good food and even something stronger than wine.

Karoo, using backroads - some 'metalled' and some not. In some places it truly felt as if we needed something a little more robust than a car, like a huge big 4X4 for instance, but our faithful 'steeds' persevered and did us proud.

Our journey saw us travel from Paarl via Laingsburg and

the Seweweekspoort, where we enjoyed a friendly farm style lunch, amidst spectacular scenery, onto Oudtshoorn, where we spent the night.

We were fortunate, that evening to have our good friend, Bryan Slingers, arrange for us a riveting lecture on the area, which included a history of the Kaap Kulteer en Kuns Festival.

Bryan, who has a way with words, included over dinner, tales of his time in Oudtshoorn as a student at the teachers college... 'Ja Nee Oom Schalk, die Bekkersdal Skool Komitee... (Censored).

Leaving Oudtshoorn the following day, I stopped outside De Rust on the way to Willowmore

If ever you are in that area, Sophies Coffee Shop in Willowmore is the place to have the best lemon meringue tart in the world and a cappuccino like no other I have tasted anywhere.....





We stopped in Victoria West to see their CAR SHOW... and became part of it!

Thanks here go to Pat Smythe and his better half, Linda - if they had not let us in on this secret, we may never have stopped in Willowmore and thus missed one of the Karoo's prettier towns.

Our progression from Willowmore, onward to our second day destination, took us onto the only single lane concrete highway in the RSA which links Willowmore with Steytlerville.

It was an experience I think enjoyed even more by Aneet, Mo and Pieter Venter! They happened to put a W123 through its paces by doing a high

speed, unplanned 180 degree turn followed by a 300 metre backward traverse, along and finally off this single lane stretch of concrete. Had there been an audience they would have received a standing ovation!

I have to hand it to Aneet, I certainly didn't see him as having the on road, off road driving capabilities that he displayed with consummate skill.

After ascertaining the well being of all concerned, we continued through Steytlerville, to lunch in Jansenville, on our way to Cradock. This took us over the

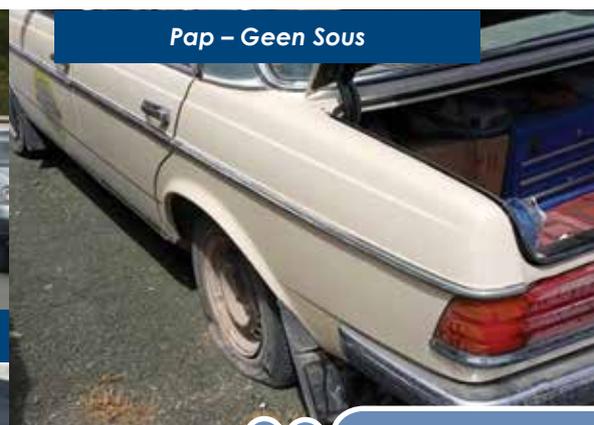
Swaershoek Pass.

Allow me to mention that this was an all gravel, uphill affair, all the way from Jansenville to Cradock and there were moments when I seriously wondered if the 300D was in fact going to make the top of the pass. In fact at one stage I thought we were at the top only to round a bend and see a sign saying - "1st Floor - Top Floor & Roof Garden up the hill, to the left! "

It was so steep in parts that I was permanently in 1st gear and fearful of running out of revs. My old faithful, however, had no such



Loxton Rox



Pap – Geen Sous



The Life of Bryan

misgivings and made it!

Our overnight stop in Cradock had some doing running repairs, myself included. Others were not so lucky and required a tow from just over the Swaershoek all the way to Cradock, after blowing a head gasket en route.

After a day like that, I cannot begin to explain the atmosphere of sitting with friends and 'kuiering' with good food and fine wine. The hotel had coincidentally arranged an evening entitled "Tastes of the Karoo" and it was a great pleasure to taste a selection of dishes, showcasing some of the old traditional Karoo Cuisine. It allowed me the unique privilege of meeting a legendary Karoo Ouma, covered by a blanket!

Chris Carlisle-Kitz was the chosen orator for the evening and gave a unique insight into the history of Cradock, from a Kenyan perspective which was most entertaining.

We left Cradock around midday after spending time 'walking' the town of Cradock and seeing and learning more of the history of this town situated on the banks of the Fish River. Our route took us through Middleburg, Noupoot and De Aar onto our overnight stop at Britstown.

Now Britstown is what one might call, a proper Karoo town. It is similar to a 300D which is fitted with a calendar, in place of a speedometer.

A 300D, however, is no shrinking violet and the evening in Britstown proved to be a blast in its own right, with Juan Rossouw regaling us with tales of the town

and surrounds. Such were his descriptive powers that his stories caused tears of laughter sufficient to end a drought.

(Sufficient to end a drought but not enough to drown an abundance of mosquito's that made sleeping a persistent nightmare.)

Saturday found us on the road after breakfast, and our route for the day took us to Victoria West and an impromptu first stop – to see a car show.

We not only became part of their car show and as Friik said, "the KC members boosted the towns 'coffers' and GDP by at

The curse of the punctures

least R3000 – demolishing fresh 'pannekoek' and 'pudding' @ 10 in the morning.

Our route for the day then took us away from Victoria West and we were soon to pass the iconic sign that signals one that you are coming into Loxton. (Editor's Note: Loosely based on the Arlo Guthrie hit – 'Coming into Los Angeles')

The road between Loxton and Fraserburg wasn't bad, but there were parts where the stones were really ruthless and unforgiving, which resulted in a good many cars suffering punctured tyres.

Fraserburg was also the lunch stop for the day and it was taken with more than a few members

showing concern at the number of punctures that had occurred and even greater concern over the scarcity of spare tyres that remained for the balance of the journey. They need not have worried! The kind lady, who owned the restaurant, thankfully knew the local workshop owner, who co-incidentally happened to be her husband. So a phone-call was made, and we spent the afternoon in a workshop repairing punctures.

Not too far from Frasersburg on the way to Sutherland, we again suffered the 'curse' of the punctures, with Bryan Slingers suffering the worst. This meant that Bryan had exhausted his total of spare wheels, necessitating a loan of a wheel from me. As I have said previously, you never leave a 'maaitjie' stranded on the side of the road!

The effort of changing Bryan's tyre, brought on a dash of fatigue and a dreadful thirst which encouraged us to partake of a few 'proppies' – (for those of you wondering, neat whisky poured into the cap of the bottle – for medicinal purposes). This also served as a pre-cautionary measure to settle our nerves.

Moving on we travelled in convoy and reached Sutherland, unscathed, in the late afternoon.

Our epic crossing ended with a night of fine wine, fine food, grand prizes and song. I scooped the prize and trophy for the most unusual car, (a result of having restored the car and retro-fitting an air conditioner to it.) The award made all those hours and weekends of slavery well worth it.

Sunday morning arrived and brought Karoo Crossing III (The Farewell Tour), to an end. We bade farewell to friends, old and new and began our journey's homeward

I had basically said to Bryan that he could keep my wheel as I had a spare. I also had some tins of tyre weld, so I was sure that I would make it home, via Cape Town, without further issues. What I had failed to do was remember that little fellow called Murphy, who wrote a law!

To complicate matters, Bryan didn't have space in his car, so I offered to take his spare, which was mine, home to Cape Town for him and drop it off at his place - I was passing his house so it wasn't a big deal – albeit a little Irish.

Approaching Cape Town, the faithful 300 started with a small vibration which got progressively worse. Now I've had that in the past and it turned out to be tread separation, so thinking that it was the left back wheel which had a rock cut through the tread, I assumed that this was the culprit.

Anyway, at the waterfront, I decided to check the left rear tyre, but it was fine, I checked the right rear tyre and it too appeared to be fine.....

So I set off for St Helena Bay but found myself unable to go more than 80 kph due to the vibration. I eventually had to stop and upon re-checking the tyres, I found that the right rear tyre had a bubble of roughly 30cm long in the tread, due to tyre separation.

I changed the wheel and 'Bingo' the car was again smooth and comfortable.....

This did mean, however, that I had to cancel my trip to St Helena Bay, phone Bryan and 'sheepishly' ask if I could borrow my spare tyre back. Bryan, being the gentleman that he is – immediately agreed, adding 5 Star accommodation, with food and drink at his home, as part of the deal.

The next morning I was up and ready to roll before the sparrow had even parted his tail feathers. I pack my things quietly and venture up the stairs toward the front door not wishing to disturb Bryan. I tippytoe to the door and quietly unlock it. As I open it a Siren and Light Show reminiscent

of a World War 2, Air Raid, wakes the entire neighbourhood.

I left to tackle the N2 back to Port Elizabeth at around 7:30 after having coffee with Bryan and was soon climbing over Sir Lowries Pass, homeward bound, dragging a heavy heart back to the grindstone.

The 300D - well she went like a 'boeing'... running comfortable at around the 120 kph mark, (true reading according to the GPS was 112kph)..... the temp gauge behaved, and the aircon kept me crispy cool.

One thinks of funny things when driving alone and I was suddenly reminded of a story told to me by Graham van Heerden.

Evidently the W123's have a strange issue with their engines,

I opened the left hand passengers door and lifted the rubber mat, only to find the carpet SOAKED, I then opened the left rear door and that was like a 'swimming pool'.

which told basically means that when the engine loses water, the level of the water drops below the sender units in the head, and the what happens is that you find you have a temperature gauge which never reaches the red zone, or the 120 zone, but is erratic and fluctuates rapidly between 80 and 115 degrees, sort of up and down very quickly.

From what I could remember of Grahams explanation, while the water is on the sender units its

registering that its boiling, but as it drops away from the sender units, in the micro seconds that there is no water around the sender units, the sender units actually cool down, and the gauge drops down to the 80 deg mark then the gauge shoots back up again as soon as the steam hits them, and of course by the time you realise something is actually wrong, your engine is destroyed.

Long story short, at Humansdorp, I get stopped in a roadblock. The 'treffik ossifer' walked around the car, and then asked for my driver's license.

After studying my license, he says to me - "Jissie meneer, maar daar loop baie water uit jou kar se onderkant!"

Not thinking, I tell him it is because of the aircon. He returns my licence and waves me on, but not before saying, "maar meneer, dit is BAIE water!"

Anyway, like a proper 'knucklehead', instead of getting out the car and checking, I carry on driving to PE.

The car was performing nicely, temperature gauge was sitting a little higher than normal between 80 and 100, but I kept monitoring it.

So I get into PE at around 4pm and I'm in traffic and now concentrating on getting through town, when at the robot I happen to glance at the heat gauge, and there it's doing the 'flippen makarena' - up and down like its possessed.

I pull straight into a parking, and get out. I am greeted by the sight of running water, tinged with antifreeze - but like 'heaps' of water and antifreeze!

Apart from loudly expressed expletives, there was nothing for it but to let the car cool down.



Fortunately I had the 5 litres of water in the boot.

I opened the left hand passenger door and lifted the rubber mat, only to find the carpet SOAKED. I then opened the left rear door and found that I had acquired a swimming pool.

I then took one of the rubber plugs out and water literally poured out accompanied by further expletives, some of which are only found in Fred Winkels dictionary.

I went back to the radiator cap and loosened it and let the last of the steam blow out, then I filled with water, the radiator took 4 litres.

I got in and started her, she fired up right away and with the temp sitting at 60 deg. I drove directly to Merbeda and bought some rubber hoses and a piece of metal pipe.

What transpired is that the heater box must have sprung a leak early on in the trip, but not a bad leak. I had actually noticed, on the Wednesday morning, that a cardboard box that I had in the left rear footwell was all wet at the bottom - being a knucklehead, however, I thought it was the iced tea bottle I had put there and forgotten to close the lid properly.

Rule 630c - Never assume things, you end up looking like

an ass! Anyway, I think I caught it in time. Funny things enter your mind while driving. If it wasn't for Grahams chat in Cradock making a welcome re-entry, I would be re-doing a 300D motor as we speak. The road home, via Grahamstown, was uneventful until just before Berlin, when the 300 developed a jerk and began to lose power on the hills. It was only a fuel filter..

I trust that you enjoyed reading about my trials and tribulations on the KC III as well as experiencing my joy in reliving the trip by writing about it – Andrew.

Another Karoo Crossing trip – last thing on my mind

by Dirk van der Westhuizen

Another Karoo Crossing trip was the last thing on my mind, but during the last evening of the Karoo Crossing II trip, in Prince Albert in May 2013, the group convinced me to arrange another Karoo Trip.

A few months later, four of us departed on a reconnaissance trip. Johan Kemp and Dad Danie in their W124, and Ederik Kritzinger and myself in my W124. This recce trip was an adventure on its own, but, as the saying goes, "what happens in Vegas stays in Vegas". We investigated gravel and tar roads, restaurants and accommodation along the planned route, changed routes and plans as we progressed, and even detoured to join the Southern Cape region's epic Snoekbraai in Mossel Bay. When we got home five days later, I had a lot of options to start working with, to ensure that this was a memorable trip.

A few weeks later I announced the trip, route, dates, number of people and the fees, and were sold out within two days, with no less than 27 people from outside the Western Cape region. The route was planned for five days, with four overnight stops, real Karoo feel and scenery, and even incorporating The Cradock Annual Food Festival.

One of the most irritating things when you drive in convoy is the fact that you can never stop to take pictures, browse, or just enjoy the scenery, without five or six cars stopping behind you to find out if you are OK, or thinking that the stop could be part of the trip activities. This was one thing that I wanted to eliminate on this trip, thus enabling everyone to stop whenever they wanted to. It took me quite a few weeks, but I eventually came up with this Green/Red hand that hooks onto your driver's side window, to show your "status"; which worked perfectly. Many many green hands were seen en-route, and thankfully only one or two red ones.

Before each evening meal, we had specially pre-selected Club members to enlighten us about the Town that we were visiting. These "Evening Speakers" were Bryan Slingers in Oudtshoorn, Chris Carlisle-Kitz in Cradock, Juan Rossouw in Britstown, and Okkie

Potgieter in Sutherland. Thank you again guys for a job well done!

I am not going to go too much into detail regarding the route, but would definitely say that the following were the most exciting.

The Seweweekspoort: Although burnt two weeks before the trip, it was still impressive and majestic at the same time, and a road less travelled for many people. A MUST see.

The single lane concrete road between Willowmore and Steytlerville, where you drive on the concrete, but have to give way and go halfway onto the gravel whenever there is oncoming traffic: Exciting, weird and at times, quite scary!

The Swaershoek pass between Pearston and Cradock: Many trip members were taken by surprise by the low water crossings, the vastness and the desolation of this gravel road mountain pass. Some had brakes overheating to the point where they failed completely!

The gravel road from Loxton to Sutherland: Nine punctures, as many as three for one car, and even four cars missing the turn-off outside Loxton and taking an enormous detour.

Our last night was in Sutherland, where we ended the tour with a prize-giving. Thank you very much to our generous Sponsors: **ROLA Mercedes-Benz, Airlif Compressors, Smythe Bros, Protea Hotels, Durbanville Hills Wines, The Caledon Casino Hotel & Spa, Bester Groenewald & Vennote, Autoquip, Meguiar's, Locarno Sundried Fruit, and Telkom Mobile.**

A very special thank you to each and every participant who took this journey with us, and made these memories possible.





Western Cape Region



Van Museum na Muse... deur: Juan Rossouw

En toe verlaat my muse my mos so drie jaar gelede. Lewendig. Gelukkig het ek 'n paar goeie vriende met flenter karre in die wynland wat heel bereidwillig was om my te help soek na die "gurl."

Een van die vriende, Otto Langeveldt, se kar is so flenters dat die wiel waarmee mens dryf aan die verkeerde kant sit. Foeitog! Nou hoe vertel mens nou 'n goeie oukie soos hy van die gemors!?

Siende dit MY muse is wat die hasepad gekies het, en sy baie my geardheid het, het Ester van Heerden aan almal verduidelik waar SY dink die "gurl" gesoek moet word. Op MY uithangplekke!

Op die herfsoggend van 25 April val almal toe in die pad. Sommige val toe mos as gevolg van die vorige aand se vog. Ander weens 'n tekort daaraan, maar die meeste val toe in vir die soektog.

Eers soek ons by die Mercseum. Onder die flenter karre, agter dobbelmasjiene en tot in die onderdele stoor. Daai is nou 'n "lekka" plek. Sy's toe nie daar

nie. Meteens besluit die manne en vroue (laasgenoemde wat nie eintlik die muse wil help soek nie) dat rigting Durbanville Hills gepas sal wees. Okkie daar nie. "Nigel" skree een. "Nee" skree ek – nie weer nie, en boonop te ver. Dan gaan ons maar by Ester se voorstelle (op papier) hou en voortneuk verby die quarry (Graham sal aandring op die term gruisgate). Ek het maar vinnig daar verby gery want my

"Stuff-em!" skree Estelle.

vorige werkgewer, die Viglietti-motors aanhanger(s) skuld hulle nog geld. En daai Taljaner is mens moeilik.

Nou sê Ester se papier ons moet verby Kurt se huis ry. Sien, ek, Estelle en JP, asook Hannes en Erica, Dirk en Cathy, Lydia en Wayne, JB en Anelia en ander goeie mense kuier gereeld daar en dan verloor ons soms so effe ons menswaardigheid as die

rooiwynstoor oopgemaak word. Dis maklik om jou muse in daai kloset toe te sluit of te verloor! Ander mense met flenter karre moet dit ook prober wanneer Fred hulle karre afvat om daaraan te werk. Dan het hulle mos tyd op hande om gasvryheid te ervaar. Dis aan te bevole. Laas toe ek haar gesien het, het my muse fishnets aangehad. Ek onthou, want ek het vir haar gesê sy lyk baie retro en toe vererg sy haar vir my. Nou soek ons. Volgens Ester is daar naby Kurt se huis 'n plek, altans 'n plaas, vernoem na 'n groot voël. Ons moet daar kyk. Sy hou van daai plek, die muse. Estelle beweer die grootvoël affêringtes k(l)oek almal saam in die Durbanville-area. Ek stry nie. 'n Vrou weet. Oom Bill Tolken stem ook saam. Hy beweer hy onthou ook so iets. Mos al die jare in Durbanville. Phesantekraal. Spelfout? Vroeëre analfabete het dalk bedoel "Vies Tante Kraal." En hoekom dit nie soos alle ordentlike woorde met 'n F gespel kan word nie!?

"Stuff-em!" skree Estelle. "Nee," sê JP, "Mens gee nie



so maklik op nie." "Dis Ester se papier," sê Estelle. "Nee," sê JP, "Dis Pappa se regte vriende en ons soek Pappa se moesie." "Nee," sê Estelle, "Mens praat nie so van jou Pa nie. En dis groter as daai – dis 'n muse!" En toe val die sjieling (ook groter as die pennie!) Ons praat hier van die taksidermis. Daar, reg voor ons op die padpredikant staan daar geskryf dat die ou (ook in die buitewyke van Durbanville) alles opstop.

Die muse sal nie hier wees nie weet ek, want sy hou nie baie van opstop nie. Ek weet! So ry ek en al my vriende met die flenter-karre maar nog aan soos wat geskryf staan op Ester se papier. Die Hollanders is immers baanbrekers op hierdie gebied. En alles is Jan van Riebeeck se skuld!

Die papier vat ons oor 'n enkelspoor bruggie tot by die dorpie Philadelphia. NOG 'n spelfout! Pholokwane word tog met 'n P-klank uitgespreek! Wat is dit met die mense en die F-klank

wat met 'n P geskryf word? Waarom dan nie Phoccasia nie? Phokatori! Almal in die dorp (die dorp waarvan ons karyers almal baie hou) is seker op een of ander pil. Philadelphia, Philadelphia? Na genoeg! Anti-depressante, Disprins om die bloed dun te hou, voorbehoedpil vir die jongspan, pil-jou-hier en pil-jou-daar. Ek stop langs Phieter Phenter op Philadelphia. Ons phraat oor die muse. Hy is spyt ek het haar

pherloor en dat niemand haar phandag phir my kon terugphind nie. Ek sê "Ons phra nie meer phrae nie, kom ons gaan in, eet lekker kos saam phriende en drink phinotage op Philadelphia, en phoel pho ..phere." "Fênk you Ester fir 'n pherskriklike lekker dag!"





R107 run to Monkey Valley, Noordhoek:

By: Wayne Keppler

Here's the question - What do you get if you combine a drive in an iconic Mercedes-Benz, on a fine day, with great people, good food and a venue with a stunning view? Answer: Fun and big smiles!

The outing to Monkey Valley began in perfect sunshine, with a clear sky and no wind, tailor made for a group of R107's, running free with their tops down!

We met at the McDonalds @ Long Beach Mall, just over Ou Kaapse Weg, on the Noordhoek side at 10h30. It is always a grand and beautiful sight to see all the 'old ladies' gathering with intent in a parking lot(I am talking about the cars)! There was a very decent turnout of R107's as well as a 190 SL, which was flanked by a stunning 108 280SE and some younger, 'classics in the making' - R230's and SLK's

After a meet, greet and catch up chat about each other cars, we then departed on a route that was to take us around the coast and onto lunch at Monkey Valley, Noordhoek.

We had a bit of trouble as we left the McDonalds parking - the many turns and intersections, meant that we lost some of our party! (We have learnt from this and will in future, always, have a



quick chat before leaving on the trip, to make sure that everyone knows the route to be taken. I must apologise to the club members for the frustration.)

This did, however, make for another memory to add to the day and having realised the error and stopped as soon as we could - we managed to round up most of the 'lost sheep'. Cell phones assisted the others to arrive at the venue and have a leisurely chat and drinks in preparation of lunch to be.

Our route took us via Kommetjie, Scarborough and Misty Cliffs and all along the coast line. The beautiful scenery and

perfect weather made driving with the top down a very rare and privileged pleasure! Just before Simons Town we managed to all stop for a quick photo session.

Our procession through Simonstoun brought a smile and a wave from many admiring pedestrians as we moved through the town centre. There is something about the sight of a convoy of classic cars that brings on a wave of wonderful nostalgia that fills people with happiness. Something solid in an increasingly artificial world!

The little road up to Monkey Valley, tarred thank goodness, presents a wonderful visual





experience in itself. Narrow, lined and well covered by the branches of old, well established tree's, it is very beautiful and almost like driving through a wonderland, fairy tale world.

The venue itself comprises a Resort with Wedding and Conference facilities, as well as very impressive accommodation in the form of thatched log cabins. It also has a well known restaurant with a lovely deck that offers stunning views of the sea and beach.

With all of us having arrived and reunited, it was time for a very relaxed afternoon filled with conversation and the enjoyment of a great lunch with like-minded people.

Thanks to all who came and spoilt themselves, as one should, on these very precious days with our lovely cars.

That's what life is about – Enjoyment!



Road Tripping through the Karoo. Discovering new places & making new memories. By Ryno Wilson

It's 6am and I am heading to the CBD of Cape Town for a presentation by some leading fund managers and analysts on the SA economy. The radio echoes the news I have been expecting – more bad news for the country - increased this, decreased that, and so on and so on.

I am trying to avoid even more bad news by not looking at the posters on the lampposts – but this soon leads to me looking at other motorists stuck in the early morning traffic. Oh my – aren't we all the same I ask myself. Little hamsters running like crazy in our wheels. Soon the thought came up of a break. A few days away. Now that sounds good, I think to myself.

Throughout the day that thought was a distant memory as 'fast paced deals and transactions' were at the top of the priority list for this little hamster.

Later that afternoon, I get an SMS from a fellow member, "Hey, registrations are open for a 3rd Karoo Crossing". Upon reading the message my brain does a flashback, and I remember the words "break" and "days away".

I smile and pull the laptop closer to investigate this upcoming trip. My mind is made up. This I am doing!

The Karoo is all about slow travel.

As the time gets nearer I see some familiar names appear on the list Dirk frequently updates on the web. Having done Karoo Crossing 1 and 2, and having fantastic memories of that, I can't wait to embark on this journey.

So come March, I did it again, this time with my long time friend JP van der Poel (a proper petrol head from the age of 4).

At our departure point we are reminded again that we will be going to places where it's quiet, where there's space to breathe, roads with no congestion, and

there are no queues.

Having left Paarl earlier in the morning, we stop to fill up in Laingsburg. From here we turn out of the Main road and follow the sign that reads 'Ladismith'. Each of us have been given our Passports (by now standard issue and very unique) – with clear directions on how to get to the various points of interest.

We hit the first of many gravel roads, and our trusty steed (ML 500) soaks up the bumps with ease.

After lunch at Sandrivier farm, we head out to Seweweekspoort. The scenery is breathtaking, but I can imagine it to be even better in a years' time as the vegetation was badly burnt some 2-3 weeks prior to us passing through here. We pass Calitzdorp heading to the Highgate ostrich farm just outside of Oudtshoorn. A short play followed whereby the history of the town of Oudtshoorn was performed by local artists.

The late afternoon was spent soaking up the atmosphere (and some beer on this dry and hot day) at the Riempe Protea resort in Oudtshoorn. We've been put up in comfortable chalets - a delightful surprise and worth a visit again.

Sundowners at the pool was followed by a brief prize giving (handed out daily to participants for various reasons). Theo Claassen and Stinus Baard were the proud recipients for tackling this trip with a 1952 170 pickup (aptly named 'Vrekkie'). If the supper on the first evening was anything to go by, I was sure to put on a lot of weight over the next few days. To summarise – food fit for a king.

Day 2 saw us heading out to Willowmore, and onto the infamous single-lane concrete road. As we approached an intersection, JP and I decided to pay Uniondale a visit. I recall having been there as a child – but that was many many years

ago. The highlight – coming across (by chance) a local die-cast model car museum. I was amazed to see 1000's of 1:18 scale cars. Collectors make a note: set aside an hour or two to view this collection when next in Uniondale.

Heading to Steytlerville on the R329, you are faced with something one would expect from local government today – a single lane concrete road. Yes, that is correct. And No, this has nothing to do with tenders having been awarded and contractors not finishing the job. This road dates back many years – with a long and colourful history. At times it can be scary when you are faced with a long-haul truck coming toward you at 100km/h. But it seems most users are aware of the rule to 'give way' – which results in each having to go 2 wheels onto the gravel shoulder of the road. In the town of Steytlerville we stopped off for some coffee and freshly baked chocolate cake. It is here that we discover the museum of a retired racing river (I recall him mentioning racing in the 60's). Amongst his cars was a pristine Ford GT40. This chap like many others left the city for the simple pleasures the Karoo offers.

At Jansenville I was to be told to hurry up after lunch, as Ederik Kritzinger wanted to take a road less travelled and that required a vehicle with offroad capability that will see us join the others some forty kilometres later, but taking us through some spectacular country side. He was right, as we saw springbok and other animals in abundance.

Continuing to Cradock via the Swaershoek pass (which at times required some to engage 2nd gear), we get to our destination.

We freshen up at our Victorian-era cottage on Market Street (adjacent to the Victoria Manor Hotel) and join the others for a bit of "stoepsitting". Let me explain:

to sit on a verandah (stoep) enjoying a good whisky, chatting with friends and sharing many a Mercedes story.

The dining room of the Victoria Manor was filled with laughter as we entered. The buffet table had marrow bones, sheeps tails, and "smileys" (skaapkoppe) to the delight (and shock) of some. Nonetheless - we all had a good laugh. On the menu for the evening - lots of lamb!

Mid-morning the following day we leave the car collection of local businessman Danie Gerber, and travel towards Middelburg. Today sees us all dressed in our bright-yellow KC-branded shirts. In a town where it seems everyone wore khaki and drove a Hilux, we sure did attract the attention of the locals.

After lunch, we rolled out of the eatery (another fantastic meal prepared for us) and made our way past Hanover and De Aar and onto Britstown. As this was a road I recall from a previous trip, it was time to let the ML shed some of the dust, and for the V8 to set the horses free.

Britstown reminds you a lot of those typical Karoo towns as portrayed on tv. Dusty, run down and no real infrastructure. Step inside the majestic Transkaroo Country Lodge and you are left wondering whether you are in a major city. Properly decorated, efficient service and friendly staff. Most of us spent the afternoon enjoying chilled white wine in what resembled an Italian 'piazza'. I was led to believe some even opted to use the pool at this establishment.

The food that evening again was absolutely superb. The dining room has a small wine shop (selling proper wine from

reputable estates) and even a deli. One local told me the hotel owners invite a celebrity chef once a month, and people then as far as Port Elizabeth come through to attend an evening of fine cuisine, and spend the night.

It was at the local service station the following morning when I spotted a vintage motorcycle on the back of a bakkie (pick up). I engaged in conversation with (whom I assumed) was the owner of the motorcycle. As our vehicles all sported bright yellow KC signage, this chap enquired as to our route for the remainder of the day. We were subsequently invited to pay the local car show a visit which was to be hosted in the town of Victoria West. And so we did. With some 12-15 vehicles on display in the Main rd, numerous Mercedes's rolled up soon to take centre stage.

Legs well stretched, pancake and coffee in hand, we wander through the display. A lone Ponton seemed a bit out of place, and would have looked much happier being part of our convoy.

The nice thing about this trip was not about getting to a certain point in a set time, but rather just getting there.

Halfway between Victoria West and Loxton we decided to visit a cousin of JPs whom recently gave up the city life to settle on a traditional sheep farm. Here we were treated to proper boere-beskuit and other freshly baked items. Turned out that he knew Pieter Venter well, and for them to have been neighbours sometime in the past.

We leave Loxton for Fraserburg – and this is where things became interesting for some.

Our convoy included lots of W123 and 124's. Even W140's. Second oldest car was the Fintail of Bryan Slingers (met "aircon" nogal).

With very little in terms of any breakdowns over the preceding days, we now suffer horribly at the hands of sharp stones and rocks in the road. The result – some 8 cars experiencing punctures or cut tyres before reaching Fraserburg. We get to Fraserburg and soon make a few calls to get someone to assist with tyre repairs. Luckily for us, the husband of the restaurant owner where we are having lunch, owns the local tyre dealership, and was able to assist.

More punctures followed with some having suffered 3 in 60 kms. This stretch sure did take its toll. But, this is the type of experience that memories are made of.

That evening was our last dinner together in Sutherland (the star gazing capital of SA), as most would head home early the following morning. We had to nurse the ML back to Cape Town on one of those 'Marie biscuit' wheels.

More prizes followed that evening, but the one award that stood out to me was a special collection of metal emblems, portraying the logo of each Karoo Crossing, handed out to 15 people whom attended all 3 trips. This is very special to me.

From the silence of a sheep farm in Cradock, to the bustle of a local car show in Victoria West, from a traditional roast in a Victorian-era town to roosterkoek around the open fire, the Karoo offers a different experience each time we find ourselves here. Thank you Dirk.



Mercedes-Benz - Art Evening

By: Sana-Ullah Bray

The Century City enjoyed an evening out admiring the Sanlam Art Collection on 08 June 2015 at the Sanlam Art Gallery Complex.

This has become our annual, pre-AGM meeting, held in the CR Louw Auditorium. It has become a very popular event and allows the opportunity for us to invite guests who have contributed to the benefit of the Club and our members.

It was a delight this year to have the Century City Dealer Principal, Peter Pretorius and Jacques Theart, the Brand Sales Manager of Century City, as our guests as well as Estienne Cronje the Dealer Principal of the Boland Region.

Jason Furness (Marketing) of Crossley & Webb also attended and handed out their yearbooks as a gift to the attendee's. He spoke briefly about their offering and looked forward to interacting with the club more often. One of their firm intentions is to host a Mercedes Benz storytelling evening shortly.

This is a great evening out as many members bring their spouses and partners with. It's always pleasant as many guests and members socialise the evening away with chats about all thing Art and Three Pointed Stars. (In my mind Mercedes-Benz cars are artworks in their own right)

The exhibition showcased the works of some great South African artists and sculptors, inter alia, Irma Stern, Maggie Loubscher, Pierneef, Gregoire Boonzaier and Alexis Preller along with some stunning 'Stars' that graced the parking garage.

Its always a great meeting, just before the AGM.



Southern Cape Region

Mercedes-Benz Club of South Africa - 30th AGM 2015

By Kobus Harris

It was a great privilege for us to host the 30th AGM and National Gathering of the Mercedes-Benz Club of South Africa and after months of planning it was truly wonderful to see this prestigious event, eventually and successfully, unfold in the sunny Southern Cape.

From early on Saturday 13th June, 220 members and guests started arriving at the magnificent home of Waldo and René Scribante – where they were welcomed by Andre, Gerrit, Hansie, Leon, JC, Pieter, Johan and their partners who assisted them to complete the registration requirements.

With the registration formalities attended to, members were invited to view the cars on display in the Scribs Benzeum and were treated to a light lunch of Bratwurst, pretzels and salads, accompanied by German Beer and Wine in the shade of the magnificent trees in the garden.

Die aand was ons getrakteer op 'n skaapbraai aangebied deur Andrew Boshoff en sy span by Stanmar Motors, waar 6 skape op die spit gebraai is. Andre Fourie se 300SL en SLS was te sien in die Stanmar vertoon lokaal wat feestelik gedrapeer was, en kon die besoekers hul verlustig aan die heerlike vleis, verskeidenheid slaai, en die lekkerste brood en konfyf!

Tydens die ete is ons verder getrakteer op goeie musiek uit die 60's aangebied deur Ronald Phillipson op die klavierbord en Dean Bouwer wat almal verras het met sy vernuf op die kitaar. Die kroeg is deur die Lions Klub aangebied waarvan die wins aan liefdadigheid gegaan het.

Sunday morning brought

with it clear skies and an early, 'hit the road' start, for a fleet of 120 Mercedes-Benz models of all descriptions, and a lekker bakkie called Vrekkie'.

The task for the day was to complete a Fun Run that departed from the King George Protea Hotel, travelled via the Old George Road to Saasveld and then on through the forest to Wilderness and along the coastal road to Knysna. A planned photo

Vanwee 'n tekort aan spasio, kon al die motors nie geparkeer word vir die massafotografie, maar nogtans is indrukwekkende fotos geneem.

opportunity on the Silver River Bridge was a highlight of the Run – truly a photo-set that presented nature in complete harmony with both man and machinery!

The fun run provided exactly the fun that was intended and was finally won by Colin Meyer and his wife Anne, in a 190 SL and "nagal" with a sealed speedometer!

Our arrival at the Knysna Quays, presented the AGM Attendee's and guests with the opportunity to view a magnificent display of Mercedes-Benz stamps and post cards by world renowned philatelist, Jan Burger.

We then gathered to board the John Benn and two other river boats and embarked on a tour of the magnificent Knysna Lagoon, en route to our destination - The Featherbed Nature Reserve



where a buffet lunch was served under Milk Wood trees, and what a feast it was!

The chat to old and new friends while enjoying a glass of fine wine and the like, made the time fly and it seemed all too soon that we were again behind the wheel, guided by the Three Pointed Star, travelling back to George, hoping that our passage disturbed none of the demon traffic cameras en route!

An all too brief 'rest period' saw the Sunday evening entertainment plan arriving a little too early for some...

This was soon remedied, however, by the serving of Pizza's, on a eat as much as you like basis and a rather dyslexic rendition of the Jeremy Taylor song – 'Ag Pleez Daddy', by some bedraggled Colonists from Natal. This was followed by the consummate expertise of that wonderful comedian, Barry Hilton, who entertained us royally at the King George

Maandagoggend, 15 Junie: Ons moes almal vroeg van George na Mosselbaai vertrek om teen 08h30 betyds te wees vir die fotosessie by die pragtige Punt.

Vanwee 'n tekort aan spasio, kon al die motors nie geparkeer word vir die massafotografie, maar nogtans is indrukwekkende fotos geneem. (Teen hierdie tyd behoort meeste van julle al jul foto deur die pos ontvang het.)



Ons het vertrek daarvandaan na die Gymkhana wat by De Bakke aangebied was. Twee bane is opgestel en kon die deelnemers kies om met een of albei van die 2 C- Klas Mercedes-Benz motors, voorsien deur Stanmar Motors, hul vaardigheid te bewys.

Alternatiewelik kon hulle deelneem aan die SLS-Racing.

Dit was groot pret en die "SLS racing" is gewen deur Fanie Du Preez Jnr.

Die Gymkhana is gewen deur George Bosch, waarvoor hy vier Continental buitebande gewen het. Tweede plek was gewen deur Pieter Booysen en hy wen twee Continental buitebande. Pieter het naelskraap vir Anna-Lee Dos Santos geklop. Anna-Lee het vir haar derde plek ook twee Continental buitebande gewen. Al die pryse is geborg deur Nico en Sandra Janse van Rensburg van Tiger Wheel & Tyre, George.

Throughout the day beverages and chips as well as coffee and snacks were available from Waldo's kiosk and from the Café on the Beach.

On the next exodus, we all traveled to the famous Gannet Restaurant, situated next to the Maritime Museum, for a superb Fish & Calamari lunch. This lunch, served with a wide selection of cold, crisp, wine and beer, was a veritable feast.

After the enjoyment of being in Mossel Bay, everyone took the scenic drive back to George, arriving well in time for the AGM.

Die 30ste AJV (AGM) het plaasgevind in die konferensiesaal van die King George Hotel. Ons President, Dirk van der Westhuizen, het die verigtinge gelei en nadat al die Streeks Voorsitters hulle verslae gelewer het, is die finasieële sake deur Dr. Hannes Pienaar bespreek.

Onder andere is daar besluit dat die jaarlikse ledegeld verhoog word na R450-00 per jaar. Daarna is oorgegaan na die verkiesing van die nuwe bestuur en slegs twee veranderinge is gedoen. Die huidige Vise-President, Steve Rademeyer het die tuig neergelê en Frik Roux is tot Vise-President verkies. Frik Roux se posisie as

Sekretaris het toe vakant geword en is Annalie Kachelhoffer as die nuwe Sekretaris verkies.

Jaco en Annalie Kachelhoffer is ook diep bedank vir die wyse waarop die Klub Regalia verkope en voorraad hanteer word!

Die vergadering is verdaag en het daarna na die Dameskroeg by die King George verskuif.

Our Gala Dinner, held at "BY GRACE ALONE", situated between George and the Great Brak River was indeed a spectacular success!

This majestic venue, with a stunningly beautiful reception hall, built in the form of a Medieval

Este gave us an interesting insight into the marketing methodology for future use

Castle, took us all by surprise, and presented a very fitting atmosphere that most certainly enhanced the evening.

The guests were entertained by Lida de Villiers, playing the piano during the course of the evening while members mingled and made new friendships. In between the serving of different courses, speeches were made. Dr Waldo Scribante, chairman of the Southern Cape Region, the host of the 30th AGM and National Gathering, welcomed all the guests and thanked Mercedes-Benz as sponsors of the evening.

Our President, Dirk van der Westhuizen, addressed the members and guests and thanked everyone whose participation added value to this event, thereby making it a weekend to remember.

We were indeed fortunate to have Mrs. Este Campher - Divisional Manager: Dealer Network - Mercedes-Benz South Africa, as one of our very special guests! Este gave us an interesting insight into the marketing methodology that will be adopted to promote the strategy of new model launches in the future, as well as the wide range

of options that Mercedes-Benz will present as added benefits to their future customer-centric value proposition.

She thanked the members of the MBC SA for the passion they share and their unstinting efforts to uphold the prestige of the Mercedes-Benz Brand.

Graham van Heerden then took charge of affairs and in his inimitable manner, set about auctioning various items to the delight of the members and to the benefit of the chosen charity for the event - The Mōreson Childrens Home in George.

As it is with such things, it was all too soon time for Dr Waldo Scribante to thank all those willing souls - members of the Southern Cape Region of the MBC SA and others - who had worked tirelessly to make the event a wonderful success and to present various gifts to the members and other delegates.

Waldo also had a special word of thanks for Marlize, who was yeoman in her effort and help in organizing this event... and who also entertained 22 kids while the Gala evening took place!

On behalf of the MBC SA-Southern Cape Region, Johan Sloet thanked Waldo and René for their enormous contribution. Their unstinting efforts most certainly contributed on a grand scale, to making the 30th AGM the resounding success it was. The guests bore testimony to their contribution with a standing ovation that they were truly deserving of!

A special thank you to all our sponsors:

- Mercedes-Benz Museum GmbH
- Mercedes-Benz South Africa
- Mercedes-Benz Club of South Africa
- Scribs BENZeum
- Tiger Wheel & Tyre, George
- Pernod Ricard
- Members of the Southern Cape Region

Editors Note: A special word of thanks to Pieter and Wilna Lourens for their help in putting the AGM report, photo package and captions together. In line, first time - beat the deadline!



Die Suidkaap Span wat gesorg het dat alles "klopdiesselboom" verloop het, met die registrasie by Waldo se Benzeum in George



Our "German" Host Waldo Scribante with one of his many "toys"



Almal geniet 'n tradisionele Duiste ete in die tuin van Waldo & Rene Scribante met die nodige egte duitse bier, "On-Tap" nogal



Its winter, its cold- Even at the Spitbraai there was attention to detail



7 at one Go - A Guarding-angel watching?



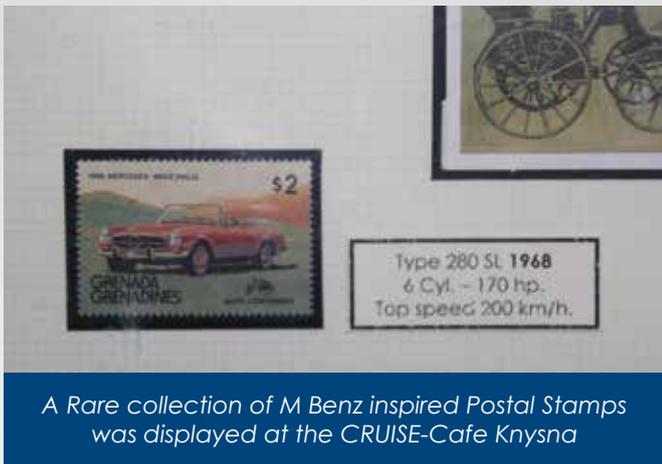
Stanmar, Local M Benz dealer in George, Provided their premises for the sheepbraai. Theme "Ambassadors to the MB Brand" Andre Fourie's 300SL completed the picture



Kobus Harris kry die "Tydren" aan die gang vanaf King George Hotel oppad na Knysna oor die ou Kaaimans Brug.



Gymkana by die De Bakke in Mosselbaai



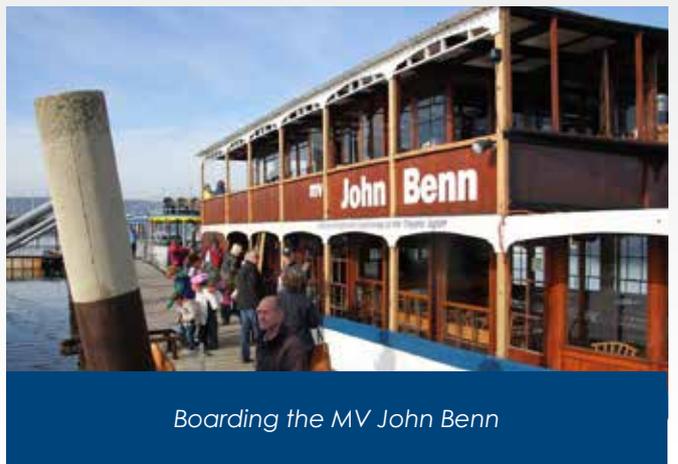
A Rare collection of M Benz inspired Postal Stamps was displayed at the CRUISE-Cafe Knysna



A Paddle Cruiser on its way to the Featherbed Restaurant on the Knysna Lake



Knysna Heads - it was a perfect day..!



Boarding the MV John Benn



Totaale verteenwoordiging van die gewilde 3-ster modelle.



Heerlike Kos, Heerlike omgewing, Heerlike samesyn.....by die Featherbed



110+ cars were present.....50 odd in this picture



Mooie Mosselbaai





Everybody's favourite Benz!!



Begeerlik



Getting ready for the 'must have" group Photo



Stars allover



Waar daar 'n wil is, is daar 'n weg...



Happiness is?
The Gannet Restaurant Mosselbay



Fine detail at the Formal Gala Dinner



Fit for a King Gala Dinner at
"By Grace Alone" George



Our Host Waldo Scribante



The "A" Team Waldo & Rene Scribante



Die span wat ons klub aan die gang hou



Gelukkige gaste by die Gala aand



Deftigheid was orals te bespeur



Wonder of Pieter Moolman dit gaan regkry om hom te oorreed?



"Star" Auctioneer



Art by Rene Scribante for sale





A Committee of Used Car Drivers.



Beauty and the Leatherman



One very funny Cousin Brother!



Beauty and the.....!



In Recognition Thank You Gentlemen!





CLUB PRESIDENTS

1985 - 1996	Steve Rademeyer
1996 - 2005	Ettienne Geel
2005 - 2010	Graham van Heerden
2010 - Current	Dirk van der Westhuizen

Four handwritten signatures in black ink, corresponding to the names listed in the table above. The signatures are written in a cursive style.





My Mercedes-Benz Key Ring Holder Project.

By Johan Sloet:

Having some time ago decided to make a key ring holder for my Mercedes key rings, I started carefully planning the project. Knowing that one should not rush this, I did my planning with great care.

It went something like this:

- Day 1:** Opened a good bottle of dry white wine and made a rough sketch of what the finished product should look like.
- Day 2:** Paid a visit to the local lumber yard and purchased a nice piece of Black Wood. Went home - opened a good bottle of dry white wine and spent some time admiring the grain pattern in the wood.
- Day 3:** I paid a visit to the hardware store and purchased some very fine, sand-paper. I arrived back home and begun contemplating my start point, accompanied by a good bottle of crisp Sauvignon Blanc.
- Day 4:** Carefully begun with the sanding of the piece of Black Wood. A day of

great achievement - which I celebrated, by opening a fine bottle of Chenin Blanc! The sweet spoils of achievement deserve a chilled Chenin Blanc!

- Day 5:** Friday - En route to the Liquor Store, I popped into the hardware store and purchased oil, to apply to the wood in order to release the grain to its full glory. I also had to go to the liquor store as I had run out of dry white wine. I celebrated a wonderful sunset with a good bottle of dry white wine.
- Day 6:** Paid a visit to the hardware store and purchased a paint brush. Returned home immediately and opened a good bottle of dry white wine.
- Day 7:** Carefully applied the oil to the wood. Further celebration saw me opening a good bottle of dry white wine, which I thoroughly enjoyed
- Day 8:** The **** oil isn't dry yet. The wine however,

was dry, which assisted in diminishing my disappointment!

- Day 9:** The ***** oil still isn't dry. Further disappointment avoided, by opening a good bottle of white wine which was perfectly dry.
- Day 10:** Decided to wipe the excess oil off by hand and open a good bottle of dry white wine, by hand!
- Day 11:** Visited the hardware store to purchase hooks. I opened a good bottle of dry white wine in celebration.
- Day 12:** Visited the hardware store to purchase the correct drill. I opened a good bottle of dry white wine in further celebration.
- Day 13:** I discovered that I had run out of good white wine. I took the balance of the day off to purchase dozen's of bottles in advance, as all this shopping is seriously interfering with the completion of my project. I opened a

bottle as soon as I got home and took the rest of the day off.

Day 14: Carefully measured the wood and marked the location where the holes for the hooks are to be placed. Thirsty work – say no more!

Day 15: Drilled half the holes before the drill-bit snapped in half. To mask my disappointment I demolished a good bottle of dry white wine.

Day 16: Paid another visit to the hardware store and purchased two drill-bits. Returned home and opened two good bottles of dry white wine.

Day 17: Finished drilling the holes. Old habits demand that one begins as one means to finish.... I finished a good bottle of dry white wine.

Day 18: Started screwing the hooks into the wood. As black wood is sort of hard, my fingers started hurting and I only did half the job, I opened a good bottle of dry white wine and drunk half of it.

Day 19: Finished the other half – Screwed the balance of the hooks in and celebrated in time

honoured fashion, with a further bottle of very dry white wine.

Day 20: Meticulously arranged the key rings on the hooks. Opened an outstanding bottle of white wine – crisp, dry and wonderfully chilled!

Day 21: Opened a good bottle of dry white wine before visiting the hardware store to purchase Hilti nails.

Day 22: Paid another visit to the hardware store to purchase a masonry drill... and the liquor store for more wine.

Day 23: Received a telephone call from my Employer who reminded me that my leave had expired some days ago. Paid a visit to my GP for a sick certificate. An evening of contemplation followed in the company of a good bottle of dry white wine.

Day 24: Had a fight with the wife re the placing/hanging of my finished piece of art and visited the liquor store, again. I suspect the kids, who are home for the holidays, are helping themselves to my supply of good dry

white. I opened a superb bottle of dry white to celebrate their good taste.

Day 25: While the wife was out, drilled the hole in the wall where I had planned to display it from day 1. This caused another fight with the wife, which resulted in me having to sleep in the guest room, so I opened a good bottle of dry white wine to keep me company.

Day 26: Had to visit the GP again. Seems that something I ate aggravated my gout. The good doctor gave me a further sick certificate.

Went home and opened a good bottle of dry white wine to dull the pain of the gout.

Day 27: I finally hung my masterpiece on the wall. To celebrate a job well done, I made a cup of tea.

...And that, dear reader is how one should manage a project. I think a good glass of dry white is called for at this stage!

The Green - Southern Cape Dream Team.





Northern Region



Angela's Picnic 2015:

By Maxim Erdmann

On 5th April, Angela's Picnic - a hugely popular, annual event, was held at Delta Park - hosted by SAMCA (South African Motor Club Association), of which the Mercedes-Benz Club of South Africa is a proud member.

This event is a firm favorite of mine to attend, and is one of the highlights of my year, and I am sure this sentiment is shared by all of the other Club's and their members. I just love the casual, happy atmosphere that pervades the whole affair!

As usual, a spectacular light breakfast was laid out with muffins, beskuit, tea and coffee, kindly sponsored by JJ Towing's Jorge Tenente.

JJ Towing with its impressive fleet of roll-back trucks, specialises in the recovery, uplifting and transporting of exotic and classic vehicles. (Please support Jorge,

as he supports us, by contacting him on 083 601 0880.)

Angela's Picnic was the brainchild of the late Angela Heinz who was involved in Morgan's for a large part of her life and who owned and drove a glorious pink Morgan with spectacular aplomb.

Her interests, firmly founded in philanthropy, stretched far wider than just classic cars, they included crop-sprayers, off-road motorcycles, opera, rifle shooting, Dobermans and in addition to Morgan cars - a Rolls-Royce, called Edwina, which she kept in England, for use on the odd overseas trip.

Angela Heinz was a remarkable lady, who upon receiving the diagnosis that she was afflicted with cancer, decided that she would like to combine her love for cars by inaugurating an annual event where money could be raised for Cancer research and care.

She arranged a totally laid-back, uncompetitive picnic in

a park and asked the motoring clubs share her dream!

In doing so she created for SAMCA members and the general public, an opportunity to see a large variety of very special cars in one place in return for a small entrance fee.

Angela died of cancer some years ago. Over the years, (33 years to be precise) SAMCA have donated in excess of R700,000.00 to organisations who provide support for cancer sufferers and terminally ill cancer patients.

From humble beginnings... a simple picnic... human generosity... a collection

of cars, representing a large, ever-diminishing slice of South Africa's motoring heritage... and the vision of a woman, who owned a pink Morgan... will remain well worth a visit next year round!

The Mercedes-Benz Club, once again, had the most comprehensive representation of all the marque's, from the 'hot off the assembly line' to 'die ou



goed'. The newest being a 2015 W222 S500 (Yes, the latest one) driven by Hein Lorentz, what an impressive and imposing car. The oldest being a 1952 W191 170Ds, owned by Fred Swanepoel.

Even though the day started off a bit 'iffy' AND it being held on an Easter weekend, the turnout was very good.

The star of the day being the W108/W109 series, with the monster 6.3 300SEL of Morne Du Toit and the newly restored 280SE of Gary Dodds, with quite a few more (so if I didn't mention your name, sorry), you could even choose your favorite colour to check out. The really nice white and red 190SL was given prominent position, and acted as an enticer for visitors to come and have a look at the rest of the display.

Colin Kean, brought along his W123 230E known as CHOCCOW, in which he and his daughter, Nastassja, use to raise awareness for CHOC, the Childhood Cancer Foundation of South Africa. Hats

of to the Kean family for all their hard work in raising money and awareness for childhood cancer patients. Well done Sir, we need more people like you and your family, a fitting tribute to the spirit of the day. The car is displayed at car shows and many racing events, with many a kid going for a thrill spin in the car.

Stuart Grant, editor of Classic Car and Performance Africa, displayed his W114 280 race car. Grant is no slouch behind the wheel, and is very well versed in 'peddalling' a race car around a circuit.

Northern Region Chairman Leon Wannenberg, was showing off his newly acquired C126 500SEC – "mooi kar Mnr". Talking about C126's, Peter Collings had his unusual 500SEC AMG on display, also a beautiful machine to behold. Pagoda's were also out in style, there too, the colour of your choice was there to check out, along with 129's aplenty.

Picnic's were the order of the day and were done in style,

with some spreads looking like they belonged on the cover of food magazines. Obviously a bit of bubbly was added to the mix, with a toast and a cheer to Mercedes-Benz, collectors and friends.

To those who attended, thank you, see you next year.

To those that did not, see you next year -What a lekker day!!

(With Health and Safety concerns becoming more and more of an issue, car clubs who attended this meeting, had to be more stringent with their stands and how their display was set out. MBC SA was fully compliant.)

Northern Region Valentine's run:

By: Clarien Kurzepa

After having enjoyed our first two outings with the Mercedes Benz Club, we were very excited about the Valentine's run. We told my parents-in-law about it and they wanted to join us.

We all ended up going in my father-in-law's car because my husband is still working very hard on his classic car.

It was a leisurely, beautiful Sunday morning drive and with two stops to meet up with the members, we had a chance to admire all the beautiful classic cars and chat, before we were sent off in the convoy. I love this part where everyone drives together. A friendly traffic cop (yes, she was friendly) waved excitedly at us when she saw the convoy.

Seeing all the colourful roses as we entered Ludwig's Roses was really special. Delicious ice cold water with rose petals and ice tea with rose petals and mint was served on the elegantly set, beautifully decorated table. A big variety of treats were available, decadent chocolate muffins, little lemon meringues, sausage rolls, scones and more with coffee, tea and interesting conversations.

We met a few more wonderful people and our daughter enjoyed playing with her new friends.

Our lovely day ended with a tractor ride through the rose farm, which was a wonderful treat for our daughter who found it very exciting. We had fun and the magnificent sight and scent of the roses was a special experience.

My husband also went on a tractor ride, along with his dad and returned with the very interesting news –that two of our fellow members will shortly be our future neighbours.

We're looking forward to the next get-together, perhaps in hubby's finished project – Hold Thumbs!





Natal Region

Benz Lenz Epistle: July 2015

By: Richard Evans.

Once upon a time, as we all know, there was a beautiful girl called Cinderella.

Cinderella was restricted to the cold basement of her father's castle by her wicked stepmother and her two ugly sisters. From this humble start, Cinderella was able to dazzle the dashing Prince and was driven to the ball in a gleaming Coach, transformed from a common old Pumpkin. All these happenings were orchestrated by the simple waving of a magic wand.

Far be it from me to dispel the veracity of this story, but I have been waving a magic wand furiously for a year, to convert a discarded, relegated to the crusher, 1956 Mercedes Benz 180D, into a gleaming Coach. In vain I fear. Instead I have gnarled knuckles, bent back and any number of other ailments, incurred in an effort to produce something that resembled Dassie in his original splendor.

In previous issues of Benz Lenz you will have read of the heroic efforts of the members of the KwaZulu Natal region of the MBCSA to fire Dassie up at Cars in the Park – 2014!

What an achievement it was. After 25 years on the scrap heap to feed diesel from a 25 litre can to the motor, connect a battery, and Presto to drive Dassie around the park, was an achievement indeed.

Let us fast-forward the story by one year. Dassie has been completely stripped, welded, cleaned and is ready for reassembly by the mighty team of the KZN region. This scribe is totally incapacitated by dint of the fact that his right arm has been rendered useless by frantic waving of the magic wand, to no avail. The week-end of 16th and 17th May, heralded

the annual edition of the Pietermaritzburg Cars in the Park event.

Dassie was there, however, getting him going was far easier than the previous year.



The chairman of the region, Chris Carlisle-Kitz, decided that it would be appropriate for Dassie to be driven around the show with some members aboard, to demonstrate what could be achieved with regard to restoration. There were not many volunteers as passengers, as there were no seats, door locks or seat belts, and the consensus was that the brakes were a little dodgy.

No need for concern. Note the modern, all in one, door lock and seat belt on the back door,



comfortably held by Pat Smythe with Warren Geyser next to him and Avish Maharaj bravely driving. The brakes proved to be no problem as they were binding so tight that the engine was at full revs, in first gear, and the maximum speed achieved was 5.5 kmh. (Downhill nogal.)

Upon the return of our beloved coach to the Mercedes-Benz stand, Pat Smythe was seen in earnest conversation with Chris Carlisle Kitz about his views of the vehicle, after his historic ride and was assured that everything was shipshape.



To confirm that all the shenanigans of the local chapter were perfectly above board and acceptable, some of the Top Brass of the MBC SA were caught giving their blessings to the future efforts of the KwaZulu Natal chapter to Avish Maharaj-convenor of the Cars in the Park Committee.

The KZN Club might be small, but what they are short of in size, they more than make up for in innovative projects.



Seen here is Avish with his pride and joy: His wife and two children.

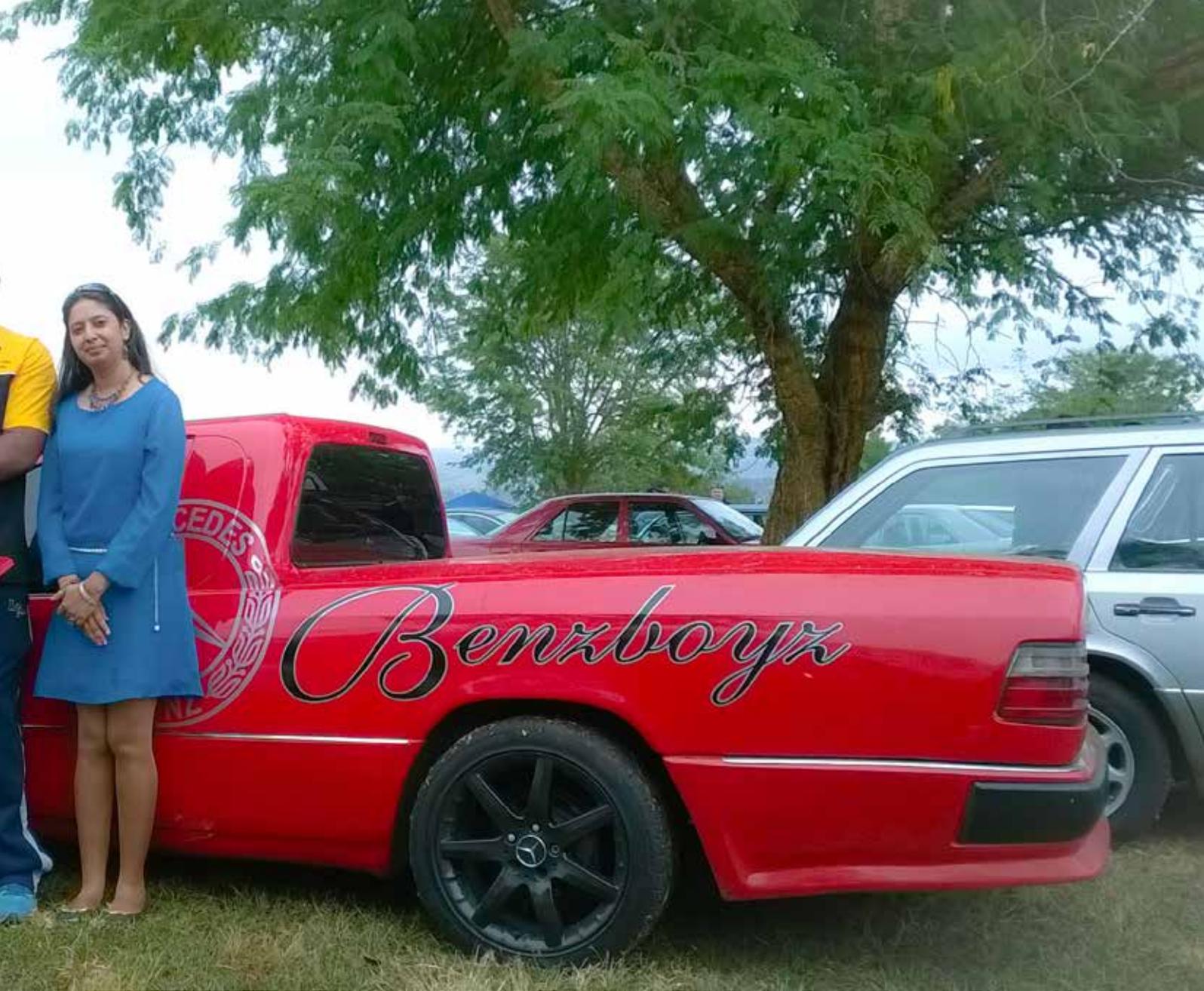
The bright red converted Mercedes W 124 300 E, has fitted in the bin, a sound system as powerful as the engine that drives this monster. The thundering engine noise and the blast from the speakers are enough to leave one deaf. Just another of the unusual vehicles on display.

The new prize awaiting restoration is the Ponton bakkie, seen here behind the ever ambitious Dassie crew, resting peacefully under a typical KwaZulu Natal Fever Tree. (No promises about the date of completion of this task.)

One of the major highlights at Cars in the Park Pietermaritzburg, 2015 - was the special display of Johan Ackerman's hand built Sauber Mercedes-Benz.

Johan had altercations with the cops on the trip down from Johannesburg. They maintained, because of the racing appearance, that he was speeding at all kinds of ridiculous speeds. KZN MBC SA salute a fantastic piece of individual engineering effort!







Been there done that with Cars in the Park 2015. The next item on the agenda is the AGM in George. I am overcome with great excitement. The arrangements for travelling are made, the accommodation booked, the dress codes and

attendance requirements have been organized with military precision by Des Armstrong. What more can one say, "See you all there!"

(Watch this space for further fairy tales.)



Central Region

Sunday Lunch Run

By: Central Region.

We utilised the late Free State summer to have a Sunday run to Raubex Construction's Lapa for a great lunch and "kuier" that lasted until late Sunday afternoon. Lamb Shoulder over the coals... Ouma (se Karre) onder Komberse...Suiwer Druiwesap oor die Lippe!



Technical Day at Kundendienst in Bloemfontein

By: Chris Kuhn

We were invited by Theo & Christel Jansen van Rensburg and Herman & Amanda van As to their workshop on Saturday 30/05/2015 to take part in a Technical Q&A on Mercedes-Benz models – Old & New.

They went out of their way to accommodate us with all their staff putting extra hours of preparation for our visit. The workshop was cleaner than most kitchens and the lifts were ready to receive our cars in anticipation of all the questions we had.

Herman had a 2007 - S600 (courtesy of Pieter Pienaar) on hand to show us the amazing features in the Star Diagnostics system. He also displayed the working of the car's suspension system through the computer. The S600's are truly magnificent cars and we should not be overly surprised if we will still see them on our roads 30 years from now.



Absorbers. Certainty is these days best described as uncertainty – particularly when one is faced with the speed of change that technology presents to us daily

We then had the opportunity to put our own vehicles on the car-lifts with Herman and his team going through them and answering our many questions even fixing faults and greasing them! Kundendienst really put together a hugely enjoyable afternoon and clearly illustrated their knowledge and ability to serve!

A highlight for me was meeting "uncle" Lieb Liebenberg, one of the few surviving mechanics that worked for Mercedes-Benz since the 1950's. He worked for John Williams Motors here in Bloemfontein for many many years working on some very

rare cars. His stories about Dr. Stegman's 300SL roadster really fascinated me as I had never encountered anyone that knew those cars when new. Lieb's knowledge of the Pontons, Fintails and Pagodas are invaluable to all of us trying to keep the old cars on the road.



The next item on the programme was a display of and discussion around the very newest in Wheel Alignment technology, followed by a hugely interesting presentation on the capability of Bilstein Shock



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