



An incorporated club  
ADD35462V  
*A friendly family social motoring club*

EDITION 65 JULY 2003

*Your A.B.C. NEWS*



ANDAMOOKA OPAL SAFARI 2003



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## EDITOR'S PAGE

Welcome to these new members

David (R.A.C.V President) and Pat Bullard - Rover p6b 1976

George & Jean Chrystie - Nash Metropolitan - 1953

Ford Zephyr Mk1- 1953 - Vanguard Panel Van - 1953 Austin Truck 1948

Ray & Wendy Hudson

Chris Newell & Janet McGregor - 1981 Triumph TR& Coupe \$ 1975 Triumph 2500 TC

In the next couple of months once we have ironed out all the bugs we will be on the web, you can find us at [www.abccc.com.au](http://www.abccc.com.au) if you want to get your magazine via the web page please let me know so I can add you to the list, we will be also discussing cost to members that get there mag via the web site

Heather Cannon

# EVENETS

## **JULY 13<sup>th</sup> VISIT TORE PANNUZZOS CAR COLLECTION**

We be going to Tore's place where we will be admiring Tore's car collection that he has in his car hire business. If you haven't seen any of Tore's cars you are in for a treat he has a wide range of different types of cars and after bring your bbq and drinks to cook on his bbq. 78 Borg Cres- Scorsby 11.30 for more details contact Frank

## **JULY 27<sup>th</sup> LUNCH AT GLENBURN PUB**

Meet at Coldstream at 10.30 am if you want to attend this outing please let Tony Pettigrew know by Wednesday the 23rd July.

## **AUGUST 10<sup>TH</sup> VISIT SCIENCEWORKS**

## **AUGUST 24<sup>TH</sup> VISIT TV WORLD**

## **SEPTEMBER 7<sup>TH</sup> CRANBOURNE BOTANICAL GARDENS**

## **SEPTEMBER 21<sup>ST</sup> TOURING POINT COOK IN A BUS**

## **OCTOBER 12<sup>TH</sup> BRITISH TRANSPORT & MACHINERY DAY**

Covering all UK. Transport vehicles & equipment built between 1910 & 1960 ex: cars, bikes, trucks buses, fire engines tractors etc. Etc.

## **OCTOBER 26<sup>TH</sup> VISIT OVERNEWTON CASTLE**

## **NOVEMBER 1-4<sup>TH</sup> LONG WEEKEND AWAY TBA**

## **NOVEMBER 30<sup>TH</sup> A.B.C.C CHRISTMAS LUNCH**

R.A.C.V. Heasville country Club at the Rotunda

## **DECEMBER 14<sup>TH</sup> A BBQ AT TARAGO RESERVOIR**

Early morning run with Neil Wakeman call for info on 9841 7773. Next run is July 13th at 7.am to leave at 7.15 am Nunawading Civic Center.. be there or miss out.



## OUR TRIVIA NIGHT

On the evening of 20<sup>th</sup> June, a group of hardy souls ventured out on a winter's night to Wandin North to take part in the Great ABCCC Trivia Challenge. The venue was John Wood's restaurant which provided excellent facilities. There was a selection of fine wines to sample, the second of the whites being a particularly nice drop.

For a nominal game charge, food, wine and questions were provided. Some of us, who thought that only a late snack was going to be provided, had either eaten at home or on the way to the venue, and so were a bit overwhelmed. We did our best!

After sampling some of the wines, it was down to the serious stuff. We were divided into tables of not more than six people. Our table was called *The Zephyrs'* and the quiz commenced. It seemed that many of us had convinced ourselves that every question was of a cunning nature. Not so, Barry, our Quiz Master, delivered the questions to the room in a very clear and concise manner. Generous time was given for pondering on the answers.

Our table worked away at the questions, but when it came to the page often famous faces - well, what determines famous? We were fairly well stumped, but managed to identify a few correctly. After a total of forty questions, and not many of the motoring variety, our results were totted up. Much to our surprise, with an overall score of 28 and in the face of a dismal score of those 'famous' faces, our table won. Thanks for this mighty performance go to Wendy and Ray Hudson, Joan and George Chrystie, and Sue Allfrey. Yours truly did contribute Berlin as a correct answer to one of the questions, so a spot of useful help was contributed.

It was a good fun evening and we all came away repleat and with a wealth of general knowledge. The challenge is on for the next Trivia Quiz Night!

A grateful thanks to Heather Cannon for the organisation, to John Wood for the food and premises and to the wine suppliers for the night - thankyou.

*MikeAllfrey.*

## Birthday boy Tony Pettigrew enjoying the Wine Tasting Trivea Night with friends and family



## AN INTRODUCTION TO OUR NEW CO-EDITOR

This being my first magazine for our club, it is properly best I introduce myself. My wife Sue and I have been members of the ABCCC since just after the first Fly the Flag Tour in 2002. The main purpose in joining the club, was to give our Jowett Jupiter a bit more exercise than what it was getting from the Jowett club

activities. This has been a very enjoyable experience. It was while on the Andamooka Opal Safari at our first morning tea stop at Marong, that I was ganged up on by Frank and Tony and persuaded to help Heather with the magazine.

Mike Alfrey



### JOKE TIME

There were five drovers, "Knocker", "Pin-head" Pete, "Whistler", Tom and "Long" Harry, driving a mob of cattle down from Longreach to Darlington Point on the Murrumbidgee. At the start of the cattle drive the matter of who would be cook arose. None of the drovers had any desire to stoop so low as to be the cook. So, being a really fair-minded bunch, they decided to draw straws for cook. Being even more fair minded than most, it was a unanimous decision that whoever first made a complaint about the quality of the meals, would be cook until the next complaint. The short straw was drawn by "Pin-head" Pete and for a fair number of days did a good job of the cooking.

After a while, since there were no complaints, Pete decided to down grade the cooking. The meals got worse and worse until they were pretty awful – but no complaints at all. Finally, when the drive had reached the New South Wales's border, Pete decided that he had contributed enough to the chore of cook.

While the others were away tending the cattle and horses, Pete decided to make a pie. He made a passable effort with the pastry, took a large dollop of fresh horse dung, put the piecrust over it and baked it in the camp oven. The meal was served up with under-cooked spuds and burnt vegies.

"Knocker" was the first to take a mouthful of the pie. He exploded with, "This pie's full of horse . . . er . . . dung!"

There was the slightest of pauses while "Knocker" got his wits about him and added, "But it's beautifully cooked!"



## THE 2003 ANDAMOOKA OPAL SAFARI

It was a very close decision as to whether we took the Jupiter or the Rover on the 2003 ABCCC Opal Safari, due to the Rover boasting more carrying space, it won the day. The fact that it is more dust proof also helped to make the decision. The Jupiter's minuscule boot and the limited amount of weight that the luggage rack could carry, meant that it would be difficult to carry the mining and survival kits as well as two weeks' worth of clothing etc. A visit to the Miner's Den at Mitcham secured a suitable pointed pick with a broad blade that would dig out a heap of opals from our mine. As the salesman said, with mining it was as well to maintain an optimistic attitude towards the end result.

This we did.

Saturday 30<sup>th</sup> May. The group met at the entrance to Calder Motor Raceway and we soon set off for morning tea at Marong near Bendigo. As soon as we arrived there, the ABCCC Catering Trailer was put into action and we enjoyed fruitcake, biscuits and thermos coffee. Here we got together properly and found that the following people were taking part in the safari:

Pat & Frank Douglas (Wagon Master)	Mercedes Benz 450SEL with Catering Trailer
Val Jefferies	In Frank's Car
André Maayen	In Frank's Car (Visitor from Holland)
Bill Bonner	Toyota Bus
Carl & Wayne Gibson	Ford Falcon AU (Meat Wagon)
Lyn & Ray Higginson	Mercedes Benz 450 SEL
Terri & Bill Allen	Rover P6B
Sue & Mike Allfrey	Rover 75 Club
Wendy & Ray Hudson	Ford Zephyr Sedan (1953)
Joan & George Chrystie	Ford Zodiac Ute (1957)
Maxine & Tony Pettigrew	Holden Statesman
Aurora & Don Johnson	Morgan (As far as Mildura)
Jenny & Paul Caro	Volvo (Joined Safari at Broken Hill)

During the trip Val and André moved from vehicle to vehicle. The drive up to Mildura was easy and we settled in to the Kar Rama Motel for the night. The Catering Trailer was set up and cooking commenced just as darkness descended. It was a pleasant evening and we sat around discussing the day's events. Breakfast was provided at the trailer and then it was off on the lonely Silver City Highway to Broken Hill. It was a few kilometres before our lunch stop that we saw a magnificent eagle sitting on a dead branch by the side of the road. Slices of buttered bread and sausages made a good lunch, with the thermoses providing the tea and coffee.

We arrived in Broken Hill in the afternoon. Members of the Broken Hill Veteran and Vintage Car Club had met Frank, Carl and Tony some kilometres south of the town. It was here that the dog appeared it seemed as if this dog had been abandoned to her fate by the side of the road. Frank was asked if she was his and he responded that he had never seen her before! The dog came back into town with them, the Safari had an additional member, and she was soon given the propitious name, Opal. But some also believed that she answers to 'Pebbles'.

It was in the motel grounds that we thought we had found the cause of a hiccup in the black Zephyr's performance. There was a large piece of dirt in one of the petrol pump's check valves. A quick test drive revealed that Zephyr pumps could handle dirty fuel with ease. Next morning the distributor was rebuilt and from then on, there was no holding the car back. She went like the wind!

Dinner this evening was at the Sturt Club and we were joined by members of the Broken Hill Veteran and Vintage Car Club. At our table we were joined by Bob Preston from the host club. It was good to make contact with the club members at Broken Hill. After dinner, we all went to the garage of Bruce Lord, to view his collection. It was said that Bruce has more than eighty interesting cars. It wasn't a

garage, but it was a huge shed in which you could have easily parked your dirigible! And, it wasn't just one shed, there were two – full of restored and original vehicles. Also, there were some more cars stored out in the open at the back. Some of us expressed the desire to come back for a proper look.

We set off next morning along the Barrier Highway and crossed into South Australia at Cockburn (Co'burn?) where the Rover was photographed. Then it was on to the little town of Mannahill for morning tea at the trailer. Our drive then took us to Peterborough where we stopped for a café lunch. Onwards to Orroroo where we had a small diversion to look at the historic railway bridge over Pekinga Creek.

A wrong turn really. Then it was on to picturesque Quorn of railway fame. After travelling via Hawker to our overnight stop at Rawnsley Park Station where the accommodation was in cabins of the very comfortable type. The sunset on the Chase Range of hills was a vivid red glow and it was too quickly gone before the camera could be brought to bear. The sunrise over Rawnsley Bluff was also sensational on the second morning.

The facilities at Rawnsley Park Station were absolutely tailor made for our purpose. In addition to the cabins, there was a large community room with an attached kitchen area. The Catering Trailer was set up alongside this building, and we cooked on the barbecue plate and made further use of the kitchen facility.

For our 'free' day, we drove into the Wilpena Pound resort area and paid our park fee. We then walked through the gap, along a creek bed, into the Pound. It was a lovely walk to the Hills' homestead, which has been restored, From here we had a fairly steep climb to the Wharanga Lookout – this gave us our first impression that we were really in

Wilpena Pound. From the lookout we had a good view of the other side of Rawnsley Bluff and to St Mary's Peak to our right. It was a perfect day for walking and viewing the area.

After our day of 'rest' we headed down to Port Augusta where wine stocks were replenished at the local bottle shop. The bus hired from Adelaide, driven by Bill Bonner, was met here. After lunch on saveloy sausages boiled on the Catering Trailer's stove, right on an intersection, we tackled the drive to Spud's Restaurant at Pimba, through Woomera and on to Andamooka. It was a very easy drive, through mostly nothing, but the road was extremely good with minimal traffic. There were a few road trains and caravan outfits that needed overtaking with caution with respect to their length and speed. It was on the stretch to Woomera that there were some road works with a 25-kph-roadwork speed limit. Being aware that this could be a Rann Revenue Highway (like our Bracks Revenue Highway north of Yea) the posted limit was adhered to in the Rover. This frustrated a four-wheel drive who tried to overtake us on the wrong side of the witches hats, but was foiled by the works staff who pulled him over. Another four-wheel drive, coming the other way, ignored the man with his flag and was pulled over and admonished by a large burly type! The impatience in the midst of all that wide-open space by some drivers is amazing.

Our arrival at the Andamooka Opal Fields was announced by large mullock heaps left by opal miners. It was like driving into an alien landscape – vast areas of mullock heaps with corrugated iron huts and buildings dotted amongst them. We arrived here in mid-afternoon, were soon introduced to our mining expert, Alex Mendelson, and were soon settling into the Opal Hotel Motel. We had the two storey building to ourselves and parked our cars in the adjoining carport. This is where they stayed until we had finished our opal hunting activity.

Our first objective was to set up the Catering Trailer in Alex's carport, sort out our stock of food and getting the water heater and refrigerator units functioning. Lighting was provided by the Higginson Electric Light & Sound Company. The intention was to have most of our meals while in Andamooka around the Catering Trailer. The exceptions were two evening meals, in total fairness, one at the

Opal Hotel and the other at Steve's Tuckerbox. Both establishments provided us with exceptionally good meals.

Our first day in the opal fields dawned bright with a clear sky and a cool breeze. While the contractor with the D9-G Caterpillar bulldozer was being organised for us by Alex, Ray Higginson took on the coach captain's role and Frank was our tour guide. Our Toyota bus was seen touring all over the Andamooka area, as we visited such attractions as the Andamooka International Airport, the Andamooka retirement village for dog-tired motor vehicles, the local hospital, miners' old homes set partly into the ground and all of Frank's lore of thirty-plus experience of being a part of Andamooka.

We were also taken to examples of open cut opal mines and to a vast underground mine operated by Bob the Bobcat Operator. This was truly interesting and an entire day could have been spent listening to Bob explain his own technique for mining underground in these ground conditions. As we focused our torches in Bob's great caverns and tunnels we were literally eyeballing the ocean bottom that had been laid down some 65,000,000 years ago.

This was the level where opal was most likely to be found. Inside this impressive mine, it was very dusty with dust like fine white talcum powder, and also, very easy to get lost. It was while we were underground that we fully understood why Bob showed us some of the mine's exit holes – to get a feel for where our bus was parked – in case we came out of an escape hole. Down inside, it was a real rabbit warren, but on a large scale.

Our next port (so far from the sea?) of call was the ultra modern township of Roxby Downs, the town created for the workers at the Western Mining Company's Olympic Dam project. We visited a theatre to view a promotional film about the entire Olympic Dam project. Already I was more in favour with Andamooka with all of its own charm. Roxby Downs seemed as if it had been plucked out of a major city's suburbia. Andamooka is unique.

Next morning the D9-G arrived at our mine site, it was fuelled and then, with an almighty push and a cloud of white dust, the first bite of our mine was taken out and pushed to one side. For me, this was all interesting stuff, I have a weird liking for the smell of a hardworking diesel engine mingled with that of hot hydraulic fluid. The bulldozer operator, Brian McFarlane, kept his huge machine working until it struck a fairly stubborn layer of rock.

The blade could not break it up, so the pair of big ripper teeth on the back of the bulldozer was set to work. Backwards and forwards, then criss-cross in both directions and finally, diagonal rips were taken. Effectively, the bottom of our open cut mine should have looked like a Union Jack! All the while, Alex was keeping an eye out for opal sign. The work continued all day and, once through the rock layer, some fairly moist spoil was dug out. This, we were informed, was good sign for opal. We left Brian to his task and retired for dinner at the Catering Trailer.

Next morning we had breakfast early, so early in fact that it was still partly dark. As we glanced back towards the motel, the sky was a vivid dark blue and there was a single bright star shining over Andamooka. Unfortunately, there were no three wise men bearing gifts of opal! Our day's bus tour would take us to Marree for lunch and see the sights in that area. The Higginson Charabanc Company took us over to Roxby Downs and then we took the dirt road virtually due north, to meet with the Oodnadatta Track.

Having Ray as our coach captain was, for we first-time Outback visitors, a rewarding experience because Ray is very knowledgeable about the South Australian Outback. All the way we had good commentary about the area we were passing through. We saw several kangaroos and eagles along the way. After a couple of hour's travel, it was ladies to the right and gents to the left. We had arrived at our morning tea stop. A table was set up in the road and we enjoyed fruitcake, biscuits and coffee – out in the middle of nothing!

There was marginal tree cover, for the ladies, on our right, otherwise it was flat to the horizon all around us. At the famous Oodnadatta Track we turned right and followed the old narrow gauge Ghan route to Marree. We passed the very bottom edge of Lake Eyre South and soon came into Marree for our lunch stop. This was the Outback proper, all the famous names were on the road signboards and these places were vast distances away too.

We sat down in the newly renovated dining room in the Marree Hotel and enjoyed a good lunch, along with a very welcome West End Draught. Ray took us a small way along the rightfully famous Birdsville Track, for a special photo shoot. We then set off back to Andamooka by the same route as we came along. Out there, there is not much choice! On our way home, we were overtaken by fast driven four-wheel drives in clouds of dust and stones.

It was quite amusing when we caught and overtook a couple of them while the vehicle was up on a jack having a punctured tyre changed. It was a good example of the tortoise and the hare story. The gibber stone country that we were driving through features extremely sharp stones that can very easily slice through a tyre's sidewall.

Next morning we were back at our mine site and the search for opal intensified, all of the sign was good and we were all keen. A hydraulic excavator was brought in and it was used to take nibbles at the 65,000,000 year-old sea shore level. We were looking for large pebbles with ancient fissures in them, which would have, over time, trapped moisture, and chemicals that had passed through the overburden to form opal. Frank and Alex gave us all good advice on how to identify likely candidate stones for our exploratory hammers.

Brian would carve away at the seabed face for a few minutes, then we would scabble down into the hole and work on the face with our picks. Once the spoil had been thoroughly investigated, the excavator took another bite at the face and our work repeated. Many stones and pebbles were carefully examined and broken open. Some hammers lost their heads and some pick points simply mushroomed upon striking hard rock.

Down in our mine it was quite warm as we worked, but up on the top of our mullock heap, there was a lovely fresh breeze. It was when looking down from the top that the enormity of the mine site could be really appreciated. While working the bitten off face, the local flies soon found us. They really loved our Aeroguard!

During the previous days a group of us had found a site for a campfire night and firewood was gathered from the small dead trees around the area. We settled on a flat clay pan that had once served as Andamooka's airfield, but this facility was moved when it achieved international status. The Catering Trailer was towed to our site by the bus and the site was set up. Once again we were in the capable hands of the Higginson Electric Light & Sound Company with both light from a small generator and hi fi sound using a stand-alone microphone. The idea was that we should all put on a bit of an act. Frank started the ball rolling by asking us in turn to guess what colour he was thinking of. After going around the group a few times and passing through the BRG and Nipple Pinks, we all gave up. It was some shade of purple, the actual name of which now eludes me. Then it was the turn of the comedians amongst us, Jenny Caro started this with a couple of good jokes, Ray and Frank gave us a few bush type yarns and, obviously, most of us had not yet had enough to drink, because it then went a bit quiet.

The campfire burnt well and gave out good warmth to the chill evening air. Then it was time to look at the stars. The night was absolutely clear with a waxing moon giving some light. The stars of the Milky Way were brilliant. The Southern Cross, in this absolute darkness, was very easy to identify.

It was then that Bill Allen's Rover P6B's starter motor decided that enough was enough and quit. This entailed some heavy negotiating with repair centres in Roxby and Port Augusta via a very erratic mobile phone hook-up. The starter motor was sent to Roxby and there it sat. It was retrieved



when we were on our way to Andamooka Station and it was decided that Paul and Jenny would, as they were leaving a day early to head home to Queensland, take it to an auto electrical workshop in Port Augusta.

This was the ABCCC version of the RACV swinging into action. The auto electrician had promised to repair the starter motor and send it up to Roxby Downs on the next bus that arrived at 2:00 am next morning. This was the morning that we would be leaving Andamooka. We took an excursion in the bus to view the Andamooka Pistol Club's premises located well out of town.

We also took a look at the vast area of salt that is Lake Torrens. Here on the 'shore' there was a large warning sign, which was obviously written with a touch of that wonderful Australian humour. It told us to only swim between the flags, not to piddle in the lake but to use the Andamooka Golf Club toilet facilities, and so on. What a shame that it had been vandalised by shooters and signature scratchers. Another humorous twist was 'Nessie' in the form of large tyres let into the salt!

We had been invited to a barbecue dinner at the Andamooka Station Homestead. This entailed a thirty-two-kilometre drive along the homestead's driveway. Once there we had a super meal, Carl Gibson had obtained some excellent tee-bone steaks, Maxine and Pat had made a really nice fresh salad and the homestead contributed a very tasty potato and onion bake. We dined under the stars to the sound of a Lister diesel engine powered generator.

It was quite a thought, here we were at the northern end of a 1,200 square-mile pastoral lease, literally miles from anywhere and there in the shed was a Lister engine, manufactured in Dursley, Gloucestershire, just a few kilometres from where we lived in England. We had a lovely evening around that fire of old fence posts in interesting conversation with Barry the Station's manager and his wife. In all that loneliness, we must have been quite a crowd.

Next day work continued on the opal project and in the late afternoon decided that maybe an extra day in the Barossa Valley on our way home would be a good idea. Thus it was that Alex and Ray came to be in Roxby at 7:00 am to collect the starter motor. It was soon installed into Bill's car and worked well.

We departed from Andamooka with George Chrystie looking wistfully over his shoulder, thinking about the desirable early F-Series Ford ute we had seen resting on a mine site. Next time, George!

Our drive down to Nuriootpa at the northern end of the Barossa Valley was a comfortable one. We had brunch at the Shell Roadhouse in Port Augusta. We had a stop at Clare, looking for antique shops and afternoon coffee. Then the cold squally showers set in and at the Barossa gateway Motel we shivered. Both evenings we had dinner in the local

pub, where the food and service were really good. Our day was spent buying a good supply of port at Grant Burge at Jacobs Creek, morning coffee at Lyndoch and lunch in Tanunda.

Then it was on to Mannum to cross the Murray on the ferry, from there it was an easy drive down to Mount Gambier where we stayed at the Avalon Motel. Here we met André's wife Agatha and his son Berry. This family very kindly presented each couple with a little present of Delft ware. What a kind and generous thought. Our thanks to each of you, we wish you a very pleasant tour up to Brisbane! Don and Aurora Johnson were there to meet us too, so it was quite a reunion. We dined that evening at the Commercial Hotel and, I thought, the meal was not a bit as good as those enjoyed there on previous visits. It must be the pokies!

Our last leg home took us through Mortlake, lunch at the excellent Celtic Café and then on to Geelong and the rat race up Geelong Road. We dropped Val off at her place in Croydon and were home at about 4:00 pm, having covered 3,642 ultra reliable kilometres on the Opal Safari.

A special thanks to Pat, Frank, Alex, Bob, Brian, Carl, Wayne and Ray, you made our trip a truly memorable one. Thanks also to the rest of you for being such good company throughout the entire Safari. We enjoyed it immensely and, feel much richer for the experiences of opal mining and the outback. The little dog, Opal, also enjoyed the trip from Broken Hill onwards and it seems has settled in well here in the south. No doubt she will miss her 'minder', André, who took good care of her all the way.

Andamooka has its own charm and I am sure that we will be back one day, the Outback has worked its magic.

Now, to the burning question, did we find opal? Well, in the best Andamookan tradition that is entirely, confidential!

*Mike Allfrey*

## **Kill An American?**

You probably missed it in the rush of news last week, but there was a report that someone in Pakistan had published in a newspaper an offer of a reward to anyone who killed an American, any American.

So an dentist wrote the following to let everyone know what an American is, so they would know when they found one: "An American is English, or French, or Italian, Irish, German, Spanish, Polish, Russian or Greek.

may also be Canadian, Mexican, African, Indian, Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Australian, Iranian, Asian, or Arab, or Pakistani, or Afghan.

may also be a Cherokee, Osage, Blackfoot, Navaho, Apache, Seminole or one of the many other tribes known as native Americans.

is Christian, or Jewish, or Buddhist, or Muslim. In fact, there are more Muslims in America than in Afghanistan. The only difference is that, in America, they are free to worship as each of them chooses.

is also free to believe in no religion. For that he will answer only to God, not to the government, or to armed thugs claiming to speak for the government and for God.

is from the most prosperous land in the history of the world. The root of that prosperity can be found in the Declaration of Independence, which recognises the God-given right of each person - the pursuit of happiness.

is generous. Americans have helped out just about every other nation in the world in their time of need. When Afghanistan was overrun by the Soviet army 20 years ago, Americans came with arms and supplies to enable the people to win back their country. As of the morning of September 11, Americans had given more than any other nation to the poor in Afghanistan.

welcome the best: the best products, best books, best music, best food, best athletes. But they also welcome the least. The national symbol of America, the Statue of Liberty, welcomes your tired and your poor, the wretched refuse of your teeming shores, the homeless, tempest tossed.

These in fact are the people who built America. Some of them were working in the Twin Towers the morning of September 11, 2001 earning a better life for their families. I've been told that the World Trade Centre victims were from at least 30 other countries, cultures, and first languages, including those who aided and abetted the terrorists.

So you can try to kill an American if you must. Hitler did. So did General Tojo, and Stalin, and Mao Tse-Tung, and every Bloodthirsty tyrant in the history of the world. But, in doing so you would just be killing yourself because Americans are not a Particular people, from a particular place. They are the embodiment of the human spirit of freedom. Everyone who holds to that spirit, everywhere, is an American.