



An incorporated club

A0036462V

A friendly family social motoring club

Edition 69

November 2003

Visit you club on the internet
at <http://www.abccc.com.au>

Fly the Flag Reunion Dinner



The Fly the Flag Reunion was a great day, the food was great the desert was even better and it was great to catch up with friends made on the Tour.

Frank made his Wagonmaster speech and we learned that the Tour is 60% full already so if you haven't put in your Tour Form you better be quick or you might miss out.

Our Best wishes go to Brian Kelly on his recent Heart Attack hope you get well soon.

Your A.B.C. NEWS

Editor Heather Cannon - email: cannons@abccc.com.au

Memo to all ABC Members.

The last 12 mths have been a disaster health wise, being told that you have a very decent dose of Prostate Cancer & whilst trying to sort out where the intense pain was coming from in the groin area. To find out that in addition I also had a golf ball size stone floating around in my bladder causing the extra pain problems.

So off for some heavy hormone injections & then 6 weeks radiation therapy, a recovery period & then into Box Hill Hospital for the big stomach opening & I gave birth to a large stone by Caesarean section. Both the stone & Dad are doing well. Man, am I pleased that's out. A shortish recovery period & NOW lets get on with LIFE & all associated with this.

I sincerely appreciate the support given to me by many club members & also by the Peter Mac Cancer Clinic & Box Hill Hospital staff.

To my wife Pat in particular I say a big thank you.

We all have a big year ahead of us SO let's get on with the job...

Frank Douglas
President ABCCC.

Telstra has confirmed this: DO NOT push 90# on your home phone.

Got a call last night from an individual identifying himself as an AT&T Service technician who was conducting a test on our telephone lines.

He stated that to complete the test I should touch nine (9), zero (0), hash (#) and then hang up. Luckily, I was suspicious and refused.

Upon contacting the telephone company, I was informed that by pushing 90#, you give the requesting individual full access to your telephone line, which allows them to place long distance telephone calls billed to your home phone number.

I was further informed that this scam has been originating from many of the local ails/prisons. DO NOT press 90# for ANYONE. PLEASE pass this on to your friends. If you have mailing lists and/or newsletters from organisations you are connected with, I encourage you to pass this on.

EVEN TS

NOVEMBER

1-4TH LONG WEEKEND AWAY AT MARYSVILLE. Mountain Lodge will do a good deal, for people who book early. See page 3 for more details or ring Frank.

7th-9th - South Australian Auto Festival and Concours d'Elegance River Port of Goolwa, \$35 to \$55 plus extras, big program, meals, drinks, BBQ, dinners, concours, entertainment, skills tests, artshow, boat cruise , hill climb, winery tour, accomodation.

16TH VISIT OVERNEWTON CASTLE - Re-scheduled for this date - Details to be posted soon

15th-16th Geelong Speed Trials Waterfront - Geelong www.geelongspeedtrials.com

16th - Shannon's Concours d'Elegance, Peck & Stoke's Jaguar Show & Shine and Enthusiast's \$25 entry, pre 1990 cars, Eastern Beach, Geelong, via Riiche Blvd, 8.45am start, judging from 10.15am

30TH A.B.C.C.C CHRISTMAS LUNCH - R.A.C.V. Heasville country Club at the Rotunda

DECEMBER

14TH A BBQ - At the Tarago Reservoir - details closer to the time

2004

JANUARY

18TH- The RACV Great Australian Rally Centenary Event, details are on page 5 or visit the web site for this great event.

MARCH

20TH- 24TH - Fly the Flag Tour, more on page 5, or visit our web site for all the details and entry form.

24TH - British and European Motor show, venue to be advised.

Escape with the Escape Motoring Group

For a pleasant early morning drive, call Neil Wakeman on 9841 7773 or Chris Newell 9735 2335 for more details. Next outing is on November 9th meet at 7.00 am to leave at 7.15 am sharp from the service road outside the Nunawading Civic Center (opposite Harry Norman's).

Christmas lunch

Rotunda.. RACV Country Club Healesville 30 November.

12 noon

Book now to join us on this festive occasion and
take part in the ceremony to present the

R.A.C.V. CENTENARY CLOCK

Our club gift to the RACV on the event of their
achieving 100 years as a Motoring Club

BOOKINGS ESSENTIAL \$25 per head. Ring 8704 2533
drinks supplied..... Frank Douglas.

REMEMBER.. Marysville get away Melbourne Cup
long weekend. Its not to late. Ring Frank to discuss.
8704 2533.....

EASTER 2004. BROKEN HILL. We need to know if you
are interested so that we can send you details. NO
MONEY needed yet. Guess what, ring Frank 8704 2533.

SERVICE TIPS

Fuel system problems are avoidable:

Most people understand that routinely changing a car's motor oil and filter is the best way to protect and prolong the life of its engine.

The second most important thing motorists can do for their car, is to properly maintain the fuel system. With a little attention to maintenance and the occasional use of automotive chemicals, you can avoid problems that rob your car of fuel efficiency and horsepower.

The first rule for good fuel system maintenance is to keep your fuel tank well fuelled and to avoid running on empty too often.

A good guide is to start thinking about a fill-up when the fuel gauge drops to the one-quarter mark. The reasoning behind frequent fill-ups is two-fold; condensation and contaminations.

Just as dew forms on grass in the morning, water droplets condense on the inside of the fuel tank when it cools. The less fuel in your tank, the more space is available for condensation. This water can then cause fuel line freeze up and result in poor on road performance.

Contaminants are present in all fuel tanks to some degree, but as long as the tank has a reasonable amount of fuel, those contaminants will stay put and should not cause a problem. When the tank gets low and the contaminants are sucked into the fuel line, this can clog up fuel filters and also carburettors and fuel injectors.

Fuel injectors are easily clogged for example, with the opening through the injector which mists fuel into the combustion chamber being about the same width as a human hair. These tiny openings can become blocked if the fuel injector is not maintained properly, causing the engine performance to suffer.

To keep your fuel systems operating at peak efficiency, I recommend you regularly use a fuel additive (at least at each routine service interval) and our Service Team would be happy to assist you with this service.

So, keep your fuel system well maintained to avoid costly repairs and poor on-road performance.

Another Useful Service Tip

If your car is equipped with a 'V' section drive belt, make sure that next time it is replaced, a Gates Hi-Power II vee belt is used.

These belts are very supple, long lasting and of accurate length.

Gates belts can be purchased from Rolling Bearings Co, 18 London Drive, Bayswater.

A Gates belt should be specifically asked for. These drive belts are a bit more expensive than other brands, but well worth it.

Happy motoring

COMMENT

The RACV Great Australian Rally

As we are all very much aware, the RACV Great Australian Rally is fast approaching. The date for this important event is Sunday 18th January 2004 – not all that far away! In previous issues of *Your ABC News*, there have been urgent pleas for volunteers to assist with marshalling this event.

THAT CALL IS STILL CURRENT! THAT CALL IS STILL CURRENT!

It will be a case of many hands makes light work, particularly for those who take on the marshalling task at the Mornington Race Course display area. The plan is to have the first group marshal the vehicles into their display positions; and for the second group to assist late arrivals and then assist all vehicles exiting at the close of the display. A shared workload means less work for everyone. Please give this matter your serious consideration and contact any of the following:

Frank Douglas (03) 8704 2533 Tony Pettigrew (03) 9739 1146 Ray Higginson (03) 9336 7306
Bill Allen (03) 9846 2323 Mike Allfrey (03) 9729 1480

If you can help, please come forward and, believe us, it will be greatly appreciated.

The RACV Centenary Fly The Flag Tour – 2004

Have you booked for this one yet? If not – do so now!

This is an event that must not be missed, booking details are as follows:

Frank Douglas (03) 870402533 and Brian Kelly (03) 9790 2847 BH

Planning for this event is now well advanced, we are even working out how many sausages, bacon rashers and eggs will be required for the free breakfast at Government House. So, don't miss out on a freebie, there's another reason to get your entry in.

Accommodation of all types of all types is available in every town where the Tour has overnight stops. There is a wide variety from on-site cabins through to motels and B & B establishments. There are both budget and four-star styles of accommodation. The local tourist centres in each town can help organise your accommodation and, in most cases, will book for you. Set out below are telephone numbers for local tourist centres:

Colac (03) 5321 3730 Camperdown (03) 5593 3390

Hamilton 1800 807 056 or (03) 5572 3746 Ballarat 1800 446 633 or (03) 5320 5741

Booking accommodation is your own responsibility, so book early to avoid disappointment.

The entry fee for the RACV Fly the Flag Tour is \$40.00 per person per day. This fee includes dinners, two lunches, morning tea at Narrapumelap and entry cost. Each participating car receives a gold rally badge.

Note: we are calling for marshals for this event. If you wish to share the workload, then please contact one of the following:

Frank Douglas (03) 8704 2533 Tony Pettigrew (03) 9739 1146 Ray Higginson (03) 9336 7306

Bill Allen (03) 9846 2323 Mike Allfrey (03) 9729 1480

If you can help, please come forward and, believe us, it will be greatly appreciated.

A New E-mail Address

For a number of years I have quite successfully steered away from the trend and resisted being involved with web sites, Internet, information super highways and the E-mail system. I have finally given in and am pleased to advise the following:

Mike Allfrey can be contacted on moubray@tpg.com.au

I just hope that I will be able to manipulate the system!

A New Series for the *Your ABC News*?

Our club's newsletter/magazine ought to contain articles that are entertaining to read, and may not necessarily relate to actual club activities only. Any topic that relates to motoring, particularly of the nature that relates to older vehicles, should be welcome in *Your ABC News*. We all know the vehicles that we use for our ABCCC events.

So, let's share some of our early motoring experiences by having a series of articles titled – *The Cars My Father Owned*. Such a series should provide entertaining reading, depending on our age, on the subject of veteran, vintage and classic motoring. Such a series would not need to be a regular monthly item, it can be occasional, but with not too long lapses between articles.

There must be a great fund of family motoring experiences out there that can be shared and will make entertaining reading. I will start this off by describing the cars that my father owned. I hope that it will work!

Items for inclusion in *Your ABC News* can be sent:

Post to 59 Rowson Street, Boronia, VICTORIA, 3155

Fax to (03) 9720 0283

E-mail to moubray@tpg.com.au

Who is going to be next? Form an orderly queue please.

Our 19th October Event

In the last issue of *Your ABC News*, Heather mentioned that our event for the 19th October would be a visit to George and Pat Hetrell's Como Gardens open day. Well, I succeeded in making it a wet day by washing the Jupiter on the warm sunny day before. George, the weather was probably my fault! Quite early on the Sunday morning, a telephone call from Frank informed us that if the rain continued, the gardens visit would be cancelled as our event, and there would be an undercover barbecue at his home in Chimside Park.

We looked out the window and noted that the rain completely obscured the Dandenong's – and we officially declared the day as being wet. A useful 22 mm in the rain gauge, no less.

From a bleak start, this event blossomed into a really enjoyable lunch and afternoon's chinwag around the large dining table. Pat and Frank made us very welcome, and as the afternoon progressed more and more people came. I can't remember all the names, but a thankyou to all who came and made the afternoon the success that it was.

Frank showed us the new ABCCC jackets that feature a 200 mm embroidered club badge on the back, and on the front there is the standard version of the badge. Tony Pettigrew modelled the British Racing Green jacket for us and later, when Ray Higginson arrived, a jacket was presented to him in appreciation for the recent Point Cook tour, so we had another male model!

A bottle of Wolf Blass sparkling wine was opened to celebrate the fortieth year of our ownership of our Jowett Jupiter, exactly to the day. Such an occasion really ages us. There was also another significant celebration recently, Tony Pettigrew brought along a copy of the UK Lea Francis Club's Fiftieth Anniversary book. This is a publication to have a good look at, and is a good example of just what can be achieved by a small club. All of the Australian cars feature in this book and there are some very interesting photographs that need careful study.

All too soon it was time for us to leave, as we had a later function to organise.

Our grateful thanks to Pat and Frank for allowing us to crowd their home. It just goes to prove that an enjoyable time can be had on the most depressing looking of days!

Mike Allfrey

THE 2003 BAY TO BIRDWOOD CLASSIC

After much pleading from fellow Jowett Car Club member, Tim Kelly who lives very close to the Birdwood mill, we decided to take our Jupiter over for this year's running of the South Australian Water Bay to Birdwood Classic. I am sure that Tim just wanted yet another Jupiter in his driveway! We made our booking early and scored the 0084 entry number.

The ABCCC was also represented by Lyn and Ray Higginson and Terri and Bill Allen, so, we had three cars taking part. Ray drove over in his Bentley S Type, setting off on the Tuesday prior to the event; Bill drove his Rover P4 Model 100, and we set off on the Friday to meet with Terri and Bill at the Jasper Motor Inn at Hyde Park.

Our drive around Melbourne and on to Ballarat was in fine but cloudy weather. It was when we approached the Gordon exit on the freeway, that we realised just how cold it can get in this locality. We were, of course, motoring along at quite a law-abiding brisk pace with the hood down.

At least our feet were kept warm by the heater! We stopped in Ballarat for a coffee break with a Jowetteer friend of ours and, before setting off, donned an extra layer of clothing. As we approached Beaufort it started to rain, but we kept going and the rain and spray all around, went over us. Even with the hood down, we were nice and dry. From then on, it was squally showers, strong cross winds and spray drift from passing vehicles.

Our first fill of petrol was at the BP in Horsham, where they now have Ultimate premium. Here the sun shone briefly, but we decided to erect the hood, just in case, while we had lunch. Then it rained quite heavily, but after a good lunch, it cleared enough to permit enjoyable open air motoring. We arrived at our overnight stop at Nhill, just after 3:00 pm. We could have driven further, but the wind buffeting was a bit tiring.

Next morning was as crystal clear as only Wimmera/Mallee early mornings can be, the sun was shining as we set off for Adelaide. Just out of Nhill, on a flat stretch of good road with excellent visibility, there was a Bracks' Revenue Collector fast asleep in his Commodore with speed camera in front – what a waste of resources! Hopefully, the bark of the Jupiter's exhaust at about 95 kph woke him up with a start. Just after passing through Keith we caught up with a lovely grey Rover P3 and had a short break and chat about Rovers and Jowetts with Peter Duffell in Coonalpyn.

Then it was on to Tailem Bend for more BP Ultimate and a coffee stop down by the Murray River where the ferry crosses. We then drove on to Adelaide via the freeway and the new tunnel, no tolls here, and it was like coming out of a tubular ski-jump into suburban Adelaide. We missed our turn, so found our motel via a circuitous route. The afternoon was spent with good friends of ours and we drooled over the two current model Aston Martins in the Jaguar showrooms – would they be taking part in the Classic in fifty-three years time?

It was early in the morning on the Sunday, that we learnt a great deal about participating in the SA Water Bay to Birdwood Classic. The information supplied told us that the gates to Barrat Reserve would be open at 6:00 am and vehicles would be flagged off by Glen Dix, of F1 Grand

Prix fame, at 9:00 am. A breakfast would be available at the assembly point, but, having been told that more than 2,000 vehicles would be taking part, we thought breakfast could be a bit crowded.

I elected for an early (7:00 am) motel breakfast. After getting up at 5:30 am and looking out the window, all classic cars were still present. After a quick shower, another look revealed that all of those cars had departed! This phenomenon made us feel awfully late for the run. We waited nervously for our breakfast to arrive and then set off for the Classic. It was a great relief to find that we were not the last to arrive!

Next time we should arrange to meet somewhere so that all Jowetts, Rovers and All British Classics Car Club cars can travel together. We briefly met Terri and Bill at the start, and that was it, we saw no one from the ABCCC. I did see Lyn and Ray driving out and gave them a wave.

Punctually at 9:00 am the flagging off of the many vehicles commenced, to a very knowledgeable commentator. For us waiting for our turn to depart on the run, the Tannoy gave us a running description of an incredible variety of vehicles that were leaving the reserve. Our turn came just after 10:00 am and we were not the last to depart. Our Jupiter was in the midst of a number of burbling, one-acre-boot-lid American iron. Notable was a pastel pink convertible, with the top down and Bill Haley and his Comets playing on the, probably not original, sound system.

Virtually the entire route was lined with spectators. The sun was shining brightly and there was a real picnic atmosphere about the job of spectating. Some groups had quite extravagant breakfast and liquid refreshment establishments. In addition, there were a large number of interesting motor cars parked along the route. It was tempting to pull over and have a good look. Our route took us across to the south of Adelaide and then north east towards the hills.

All went well until we reached the Main North East Road to Tea Tree Gully, then we were caught in a real classic traffic jam, probably caused by the traffic lights being on short Sunday green cycles. Around us there were a number of overheating engines – and not all of them British!

Our temperature gauge indicated that things were getting a little warmer than usual, but steadied at an indicated eighty-five degrees Centigrade. Not too bad, and as soon as we commenced the climb into the hills, soon came down to the normal seventy-seven degrees after slipping down into third gear and increasing the engine revs.

We arrived at the Birdwood Mill at about 12:30 pm, and went to look for a snack lunch. During the afternoon we met some interesting people with Jowett connections. There was one amusing incident – when we came back to our Jupiter there was a man standing close by, holding the driver's door handle and having his photograph taken. I was a trifle concerned that he might be a local politician and, I am a bit averse to our polities posing with my car.

Upon being bluntly asked if he was a politician, he mildly responded that his surname was Jowett and desired a picture of himself and the car bearing his name! I apologised for being so brusque and let asked him to sit in the driver's seat for another picture.

We then had a quick look through the National Motor Museum and, frankly, was somewhat disappointed with the display. On past visits, the display has been of great interest, but this time there was nothing to really inspire any form of interest. Maybe the display is too themed to Australian products at present, but then, it is the National Motor Museum after all.

To us it seemed to be too Holden, Ford and P76 oriented. Other cars, commercial vehicles and motorcycles played a great part in Australia's history. At about 4:30 we were about to set off, when along came the Fiat 500F Arbarth of fellow Fly the Flagger, Alan Pickering. We exchanged greetings and news and, as we finally were about to start the Jupiter, I heard what is arguably the best motorcycle sound that has ever been emitted. On the roadway, being ridden past was a splendid 1948 Velocette MSS (to us that know – the *350 Cammy Velo*).

This sound does more for me than the US National Anthem does for that Bush fellow! It is not just the exhaust note, but all the mechanical noise that is essentially MSS, a truly fitting climax to a really good day.

Our trip to Birdwood was, essentially, a Jowett Car Club trip, and Bill and Ray must have thought that we were thoroughly ignorant as they saw nothing of us. We apologise for not accepting an invitation for dinner, but we stayed Sunday night with good friends in the hills, just a four kilometres from Birdwood. Next time we should make it a joint venture and all get together as a group to do things together, properly.

On the Monday we set off for Nhill via the Mannum ferry. It was at our morning chocolate fix stop, at Coonalpyn, that we met a couple of Tasmanians in an early Austin 7, and a vintage Essex. The Austin 7 Club had just been to the Flinders Ranges and had a very enjoyable time. Our drive break stops on this route are pretty well sorted. The BP service stations at Coonalpyn and Keith have good meal rooms and provide car port accommodation for the car.

With the hood down, and squally rain showers, the carport facility is very welcome. The Zero Inn at Nhill provides comfortable accommodation and good meals, there is a good bakery at Horsham for lunches and BP Ultimate petrol is available at eminently suitable intervals along the route.

As there was only a week between the Birdwood Classic and the Jowett Jaunt to Hamilton, we booked into a motel in Halls Gap in the Grampians to get acquainted with the walking tracks again. It was bright and sunny as we drove in from Horsham. We stopped at McKenzie Falls and, for the first time, saw plenty of water coming over. The walk down to the base of the falls has been upgraded to the extent that a large amount of the adventure of getting to the bottom has been lost. We found the same for the Venus Baths and Silverband Falls walks too.

Bill's Rover, Ray's Bentley and our Jupiter performed reliably on this trip, thus proving that our beloved classics are very capable motor cars. Our run was slightly eclipsed by the sterling performance of that tiny Austin tackling the Flinders Ranges, and, knowing the A7 Club, I would bet that they did not keep to the bitumen whilst there!

Mike Alfrey.

THE STORY OF WENDY

The 17th July started out as most days do, get out of bed, shave, dress, breakfast, sort of a 'Ground Hog Day' event (love that movie); but then things changed. Wife and I left to go to PO Box 40, Coldstream. While Wife was reading her mail (I only get window faced envelopes – very little reading) purchased a *Just Cars* magazine so that I had something to read, and, ah ha I spotted a little MG next to a MG roadster. Wife said, "Let's go, I've read my mail."

"OK, Mrs Bucket, would you like to look at my new book?"

Now for the scary part, she picks up book, flicks through it and stops at MG photo. "That's cute," says she. Well, a nod's as good as a wink to a desperate car collector. Up with phone, punch in number and, guess what? Car is in Mildura, we are not. Wife then says we should go to Mildura, as we hadn't much planned for the day. Violent braking, screaming of tortured tyres as 'U' turn was completed to the dismay of following and oncoming traffic. Up the drive, pack a bag – back in car – gone. Wife asks why do we need bag? Driver shows map, points out Mildura. Wife says, you're joking, driver says it's only 3:15 pm.

When it was very, very, dark and very, very, cold we arrived at Sea Lake. Peter Sellars would have loved it, sort of like Balham, but without traffic lights. It was 7:30 pm and everything was shut, except the pub, we should have been earlier – food went off at 7:00 pm. Sea Lake does have a motel, no food at night, but with breakfast promised we rented room.

Next morning, tossed back blanket which broke in half, thawed out under lukewarm shower, attacked car with meat mallet to shatter ice (you could say it was a chilly night, minus 4 °C) and drove off at high speed towards Mildura. Our enthusiasm increased as the sun warmed our bodies.

At last, Mildura, and first glimpse of MG, it looks great, better yet, Wife loves it! Test drive car about 500 metres, time to negotiate price, I make offer, owner accepts. Bugger! I then realise my opening offer was his advertised price (note – must get new reading glasses). Previous owner reveals that the car was named Wendy, by his wife, after a car in a TV series, we haven't tracked down the show, but the name has stuck. So, the little thing was trucked home, and now lives very happily with our other MGs.

For the seriously technically minded:

- The car is a MG 'Y' Type, designed in 1939 and was built in 1949. It is made of metal and other stuff. All metal is painted green (two-tone), tyres and other rubber parts are black.
- Engine is at the front, under side-hinged lid, it has four (4) pistons, wheels, gears, seats and doors.
- Windscreen winds out and does not leak on sunny days (ditto for sun roof).
- It runs on petrol (of the sort you can't get).
 - All electric's are by the Prince of Darkness (Lucas to people with French cars).

The following do not exist:

- Radio / CD / Tape Player
- Seat Belts
- Heater / Air Conditioning
- Power Steering
- Power Windows
- Power Brakes
- Windscreen Washers
- Headroom
- Leg Room
- Automatic Transmission
- Headrests
- Satellite Navigation
 - Cup Holders*

For technical reasons, small cup holders are the only item from the list that are practical to fit – so, if anyone has some vintage cup holders (not leather gloves), Wendy would love them. Oh, and some cups would be good too, and coffee, and milk and sugar, and scones (sorry, getting a bit pushy now).

I'd like to leave you with this thought – women will never be equal to men until they can walk down the street with a bald head and a beer gut, and still think they are beautiful.

Col Brown.

Editor's Note: Wendy, on extreme right, appears in a photograph of our display at Scienceworks Museum, on front cover of Your ABC News – Edition 67 (September, 2003).

THE CARS THAT MY FATHER OWNED – By Mike Allfrey.

I suppose I can say that, through the variety of cars that my father drove, I was a very lucky young lad. My father's motor car ownership lasted many years and we, as a family had some very good motoring experiences in our family cars. It was probably my great grandfather, who was quite old at the dawn of motoring and took to motoring with great enthusiasm, who instilled the liking for unusual cars in my father, Grandfather was of the type who regarded a motor car as a means of comfortable transport and later came to like large Chryslers. This was mainly for their comfort and reliability. My father was a mechanical engineer and had a disposition for interesting cars, this trait lasted right through to 1988, and even at that late stage, his cars were still of considerable interest.

The story starts in the early 1930s with his first motor car, a Vauxhall 30/98 that he drove with great verve and vigour while he was a student at Cambridge. This car was used to take his TT Douglas motorcycle, strapped to the back, to Brooklands. This excursion led to a terrifying lap of the banked track at an average speed of 80 mph. The Douglas was also used to accompany a fellow student, riding a TT Norton, on a trip to France and Switzerland. My father always boasted that the Douglas could be easily bump started when going up hill, not so with the Norton!

After the Vauxhall he bought one of the Ulster TT Ford V8s. This was a very racy, basic motor that had a fabric body that could not be driven along narrow lanes of Somerset with trailing blackberries. The thorns tore the lightweight fabric to shreds. This Ford was also notorious in that it nearly caused divorce proceedings on his wedding day. My father had met my mother, who was German, in Greece. After a brief courtship by mail, he decided to drive to Athens in the Ford, marry my mother and enjoy a honeymoon on the return drive to England. All went well until my mother burnt her leg on one of the exposed exhaust pipes, while getting out of the Ford.

When they migrated to New Zealand, father bought a vintage Buick. This car had the honour of being my first recollection of family motoring. I still remember the stark white bands on the tyres where the tread had been. Buying new tyres in those days was about impossible. This car was an open tourer and all motoring was with the hood folded. However, the story goes, that I was very imminent and there was a rush to get my mother to the hospital. The car had been parked alongside the house's raised veranda decking, and our retriever-cross dog, Tigger, had decided to use the Buick's hood as a hammock for a snooze in the warm sunshine. As the car moved off with a rush, there was a wild scrabbling of dogs legs and a surprised yelp from above.

After the war, my father bought a vintage Studebaker Big Six saloon. This was our transport for work and school, at that time there was severe petrol rationing and we did no touring, for a couple of years. Just before war's end, father found a vintage 3 Litre Bentley that had languished in a garage workshop since before the war on the Sumner side of Christchurch. This most imposing car was fitted with a Weymann saloon body with a flawless interior of pig skin hide, the separate trunk on the back was also trimmed with pig skin.

I also remember the cut-glass flower vases in special chromed brackets on each side of the rear window. This, to father, was the ideal family car – I had acquired two sisters by then. There was one drawback, the car's crown wheel and pinion were damaged. One tooth had broken off the crown wheel and the pinion had suffered some associated damage. The combination of this problem and severe petrol rationing at the time, meant that we had a very cheap Bentley. It was a fantastic car and. I am fairly sure, father always regretted parting with it when we moved to England. Several times he confided to me that he really wanted a Speed Six Bentley.

The pinion was repaired and the tooth was pegged and welded to the crown wheel by a workshop in Christchurch, it was a very good job, because that Bentley took us all over the South Island. Several trips were made to Arthur's Pass, Lake Coleridge and to Hamner Springs. There we were, the three of us youngsters sitting in the back, father driving with his pipe sticking out to windward through the ever open window and we three copping all the tobacco cinders! Another memory of this car is the yellow staining of the laminated windows which migrate inwards from the edges. That beautiful navy blue and black Bentley became a real family motor car for us and we all loved it.

After our arrival in England, we settled in the Bristol area and father had difficulty finding suitable transport that was, of necessity, super cheap. He finally settled for a vintage Standard with open tourer bodywork. The seller stated that it could turn on a sixpence and ran on the

whiff of an oily rag. The latter it seemed to do, because it kept going long after the gauge showed 'empty'. This car gave really good service and very cheap motoring. When it came time to sell it, father made a point of selling it in the dark! Those were the times when one bought a car, used it and then sold it on for more than was paid for it. The Standard's replacement was a smart grey Vauxhall 14 open tourer. It was never really liked and ended up being used for transporting goats. It had a very annoying habit of letting the gearlever come right out when the change was made from first to second gear. It just did not have the power to struggle off in second.

Then father and I went through a phase of going up to London on 'family business'. I always accompanied my father on these trips on the early morning blast up the old A4. The result of the first of these trips was coming home, after dark, in a very dubious dark blue Roesch Talbot 75 saloon. This was our first saloon since the much loved Bentley. The Talbot was a completely unknown entity to us. It sort whooshed along after a silent start of the engine.

The attraction of this car was the pre-selector gearbox and the Dynastart starting and generating system. This was the start of my father's love affair with this type of transmission. That Talbot soon earned a reputation for only breaking down on the way home – never on the way to our destination. It also had some very dubious electric's and one day, we decided to tackle the headlamp wiring. This was a revelation, there must have been an ongoing problem in this area, because the previous owners had installed new cables leaving the old ones in place.

We dragged out all the surplus wires and, as an exercise, I was given the task of measuring each cable that had been removed, the total came to over one-hundred yards! The Talbot also terrified the local vicar, because, when driving round the tight corner by the village church, father would sound the horn. This was no ordinary horn, it was operated by a push button on the floor that actuated a vacuum operated screecher horn. It did sound like a child crying out loudly in pain once skilled modulation had been mastered. The final straw with the Talbot was the severe leakage of water from the massive aluminium water heated inlet manifold.

This meant another trip to London, 'on family business' for my mother's benefit, to explore the Mews where interesting motors lurked for sale. On the way we stopped at some interesting garages on the Great West Road just before London. This time, after looking very closely at a Speed Six Bentley that had been fitted with a Leyland diesel engine, we found a very beautiful black Railton with Cobham Sports Saloon bodywork, for £175. The test drive in the Speed Six was a real adventure.

To me the ride home in the Railton was sort of special – it was the newest car that we had ever owned, and it had performance. Loads of it! It was one of the last of the Railtons and featured the Hudson straight eight 'Power Dome' engine. For a young schoolboy, those words cast into the cylinder head really meant something. Quite soon after this car came into our ownership, I started being a real co-driver. If I was in the front passenger seat, I was given the job of reaching forward and adjusting the shock absorbers by rotating large hand wheels just below the dashboard on my side. The rivets along the bonnet were also a notable feature.

The Railton, with its three speed gearbox, was good for about 80 mph in second gear when used hard for overtaking. We did a great amount of touring in that car, Scotland, France,

Switzerland and Germany. It never let us down on the road, except high up in the Swiss Alps where it suffered fuel vapour locks. An electric pump mounted below the fuel tank cured this malady. One feature that is remembered about the Railton is the electrical wiring system. There was no woven harness as such, the cables were routed side by side in purpose made clamps that were attached to the firewall. This made tracing the wiring super easy.

By now we had moved to a property with eight acres attached and my father started looking for a car that would be a suitable workhorse. My mother had also introduced a new family law – no nanny goats to be taken to be serviced by a virile billy goat in the family car! This meant another ‘family business’ trip to London, and we found, after looking at a Ford V8 Pilot Estate and a huge Alvis, an ex-army Humber. This was, of course, no ordinary Humber. It was a staff car, but not a General’s as it didn’t have the pennant fitting on the radiator, it was still equipped with huge desert sand tyres and the self winching lugs on the wheel centres.

Its major attraction was the Perkins P6 diesel engine that had replaced the Humber side-valve six. This car was used alongside the Railton, and it performed mightily. There were apologies from some in the village for balking it on the hills. It went everywhere in top gear and regularly returned in excess of 38 mpg. Those desert sand tyres had their treads re-cut three times – a practice probably unheard of these days. The Humber lasted many years on the smallholding, but it was finally replaced by an ex-army Austin Champ, after the Perkins broke a connecting rod. But even then, it would not die as it was driven home thirty-eight miles on the remaining five cylinders.

The Champ was bought with a little twist at the auction. There was a line of about two-hundred army vehicles, and prior to the auction, my father had picked out the one he wanted. He stood in front of the rather sad looking Champ next to it, and blithely informed those interested that the engine on the one he had selected, was seized. When it came to the time to bid, father’s was the only bid and we had a very cheap Austin Champ. Its Rolls Royce engine was in perfect condition and drove home very well. This vehicle gave good service at haymaking time, towing a side delivery rake at speeds it was never designed for.

The Railton was finally put to pasture, and by now I was going to technical college. While I was doing my apprenticeship, there were no more trips to London. We now entered the Daimler era, the first was a very nice DB18 2½ Litre ‘Tax Dodge’ saloon, a car that my mother approved of very much. This was, of course, fitted with a Wilson pre-selector gearbox. The fluid flywheel made for a superbly smooth take up of drive and, this is probably what my mother, who did not drive, liked about it.

The next Daimler was a mid 1950s Conquest Century saloon, a very smart car that had been meticulously kept. After first driving it around the local area, my father could not understand why policemen, AA and RAC patrol men stood to attention and saluted as he drove past – it turned out that the Daimler had belonged to the local Judge! This saluting honour did not last long, however.

While I was at school, when we drove into Bristol, we would pass a second hand car establishment in Hotwells, that always had interesting cars for sale. Very often, outside this purveyor of delectable motors, would be the proprietor’s cream Jowett Jupiter standing by the

kerb. My father frequently remarked that he would like one of those one day, pointing his pipe stem at the Jupiter. The proprietor liked the car too much and would not sell.

It was on one trip to London, that my father came closest to buying a new car. The new car that really took his fancy was the Jowett Javelin we looked at in the Jowett showroom in Albermarle Street. This interest in Jowett cars stemmed from my father's ownership of ABC, Douglas and a Velocette LE Noddy Bike motorcycles, all horizontally opposed twins, right through to the early 1960s.

It was after father bought a Daimler Majestic Major, a superbly capable motor car, that a Jowett Jupiter came into his ownership, to replace the Velocette. When I say the Jupiter came into his ownership, I mean that I had a hand in its discovery. It was one Saturday morning in early April of 1963, that I found in the classified advertisements in our local newspaper an advertisement for a 1953 Jowett Jupiter. I put a circle around the ad and went off to have a look at it, fully expecting it to be the cream car we had seen some years before.

The Jupiter was advertised at £35, which was a bit more than I could afford, having gone through brief ownership of a 1937 1½ Litre Jaguar. I made an offer of £30 for the scruffy looking Jupiter, but the Welshman stuck to his price. In the afternoon of the next day I returned to offer him £32 10s, but was informed that the car had been sold to a gentleman from across the river. So, I had missed out.

I took Sue out to dinner and arrived home quite late to find the Jupiter sitting in our drive! Being very dark, I grabbed a torch from the milking shed to make sure – it was the one that I had been after. At breakfast next morning I asked my father how he came to have the Jupiter. His response was that I had marked the advertisement for him. I asked how much he had paid, £35 was the answer. So, Taffy had got the full asking price. I explained that I could have probably persuaded the seller to accept my £32 10s offer. Little did either of us know that the Jupiter was, in fact, a very early model built in 1950 – it has body number six. Also, found out many years later, was that it had been used by a Dutch team in the 1951 Monte Carlo Rally.

Thus we set-to to get the Jupiter into a decent running condition and repair some severe body rust. On my birthday in October of that year, my father handed me the keys and the registration log book, stating that he felt a bit guilty for plucking it from under my negotiations. Maybe, this gesture it was really due to my mother's persuasion after the Jupiter's heater dumped some quite hot antifreeze solution on her feet. Interestingly, all of the cars that my father owned, only ever leaked on my mother's side.

I think that father, after handing the Jupiter to me and seeking some consolation, went out and bought an ex-London Police Force Daimler SP 250, a car that had automatic transmission and a lovely V8 exhaust note. This car was a good performer and its gleaming black paint was unmarked. When I informed my parents that we were emigrating to Melbourne, taking the Jupiter with us, father straight away offered to do a straight swap with the Daimler SP 250. I refused the offer, which, with hindsight, would have saved a huge amount of strife later. Father told me, the last time I saw him, that he still had a hankering for the Jupiter.

When my father retired, a Daimler Barker bodied sports joined the other two Daimlers. I never saw this car and it was not owned for very long. Finally the Majestic Major and the SP 250 were part exchanged for a large late 1970s Volvo. This car was lent to me on one of my visits and I found it to be a very pleasant drive. There was one amusing incident when I thought that I would do the right thing, and fill it with petrol after my use. I pulled up at the local petrol station and the attendant came out and asked how many gallons I wanted?

“Fill it up, please,” I requested.

His response: “Yes, but how many gallons do you want?”

“I just want a full tank.”

Then, a bright idea, “How many pounds worth of petrol do you want?”

“Just a full tank – please.”

At last, he started to fill the tank and when the pump readout started showing more than 15 gallons, his eyes started to pop. Once the tank was full, he told me in all seriousness that he had never put so much petrol into a car before. I was quite amazed at the strain being placed on the Visa Card – the Volvo had a special long range tank installed!

On my next visit home, I was met at the railway station by my father who was now driving a Reliant Scimitar GTE with a highly tuned Ford 3 Litre V6. This was a real performer and was intensely disliked by my mother, even though it did not leak. It was in the Scimitar that my father had his final drive, because not long after my visit he suffered a stroke and was not allowed to drive any more.

That must have been hard for a man who, in his student days had bet that an Ariel Square Four was capable of competing in the International Six Days Motorcycle Trial. He took his friend's Ariel to the event in Germany, competed and won a bronze medal, and rode it home to collect his winnings – the Vauxhall 30/98, which was where his motoring on four wheels really started.

From the Editors Desk

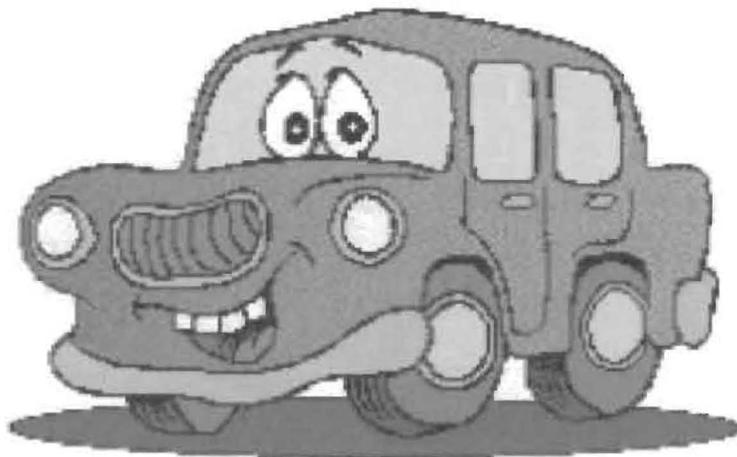
As at the AGM or earlier next year the position of the Magazine Editor will be available. if you are interested please let me know, you can do the full mag or share the work with Mike Allfrey.

We often need new ideas so put your ideas in print. I am bowing out due to building a house and a new job, so now my time is limited if you would like to be the Editor of this great club magazine, please let me know.

The ABCCC is also looking for someone to take over the Merchandise, if you want a small role to play on the committee this would be the job for you.

Heather Cannon

WANTED



Rover 3 litre or 3.5 Mk 2 or 3 in good condition
Ring Tom on 8707 5957



Visit to Como Gardens The Basin

Once again George Hetrel and his wife Pat opened their charming property to the public to raise money towards to CFA. George did his bit at driving the miniature train around the gardens and showed of his collection of great cars, with the help of Don Kinsey while Pat made the most wonderful scones.

George has a fantastic shed to house his collection while Pat has an immaculate home and beautiful gardens surrounding it, in an idyllic setting under the Dandenongs.

Unfortunately the weather was not in their favour on Sunday, but Saturday was magnificent.

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Chuck is struggling through an airport terminal with two huge and obviously heavy suitcases when a stranger walks up to him and asks: "Have you got the time?"

Chuck sighs, puts down the suitcases and glances at his wrist. "It's a quarter to six", he says.

"Hey, that's a pretty fancy watch!" exclaims the stranger.

Chuck brightens a little. "Yeah, it's not bad. Check this out..." And he shows him a time zone display not just for every time zone in the world, but for the 86 largest metropolis. He hits a few buttons and from somewhere on the watch a voice says "The time is eleven till six" in a very West Texas accent. A few more buttons and the same voice says something in Japanese.

Chuck continues, "I've put in regional accents for each city. The display is unbelievably high quality and the voice is simply astounding." The stranger is struck dumb with admiration.

"That's not all...", says Chuck. He pushes a few more buttons and a tiny but very hi-resolution map of New York City appears on the display. "The flashing dot shows our location by satellite positioning", explains Chuck. "View recede ten," Chuck says, and the display changes to show eastern New York State.

"I want to buy this watch!" Says the stranger.

"Oh, no, it's not ready for sale yet; I'm still working out the bugs," says the inventor. "But look at this," and he proceeds to demonstrate. "The watch is also a very creditable little FM radio receiver with a digital tuner, a sonar device that can measure distances up to 125 meters, a pager with thermal paper printout and, most impressive of all, the capacity for voice recordings of up to 300 standard size books, though I only have 32 of my favorites in there so far." Says Chuck.

"I've got to have this watch!" Says the stranger.

"No, you don't understand; it's not ready."

"I'll give you \$5,000 for it!"

"Oh, no, I've already spent more than..."

"I'll give you \$10,000 for it!"

"But it's just not..."

"I'll give you \$25,000 for it!" And the stranger pulls out a checkbook.

Chuck stops to think. He's only put about \$8,500 into materials and development, and with \$25,000 he can make another one and have it ready for merchandising in only six months. The stranger frantically finishes writing the check and waves it in front of him.

"Here it is, ready to hand to you right here and now. \$25,000. Take it or leave it."

Chuck abruptly makes his decision. "OK", he says, and peels off the watch and hands it to the stranger.

They make the exchange and the stranger starts happily away.

"Hey, wait a minute." Calls Chuck after the stranger, who turns around warily. Chuck points to the two suitcases he had been trying to wrestle through the terminal. "Don't forget your batteries."