



VICTORIA

# NEWSLETTER

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## EDITORIAL:

Again, I thank those who have contributed articles for the Newsletter. I haven't much time this month and I'm endeavouring to get this issue out on time.

IAN McLENNAN

## CHAIRMAN'S CHALLENGE:

June saw the usual winter activities with another Queen's Birthday Rally or should I say another Ron Wilson "Perfection Event". A most pleasant tour with sufficient difficulty to sort out a winner on Saturday, an interesting but not too exhausting Saturday, Sunday and Monday, finishing with a visit to Yinnar for lunch and a meeting with Ron Foggo. Thank you, Ron Wilson.

July sees TWO meetings : FRIDAY, 20th regular members' meeting  
FRIDAY 27th film night start 8.10 sharp. The usual fare of fine films with David Fletcher (no regular meeting, just films).

AUGUST : Remember auction night in AUGUST. Start sorting out your goodies now.

RICHARD

## SPECIAL NOTE:

I wish to thank Nola and Horrie Morgan for their most tireless and willing work over the last 6 - 7 years in handling the posting and addressing of the Club Newsletter.

Their work has been most appreciated by me personally and the Club should thank you both most warmly.

RICHARD

A SPECIAL EVENT:

The Pan Pacific Rally will be staged in Christchurch, New Zealand from 23 February to 5 March, 1986 for Veteran, Vintage and Classic Cars up to 1958.

I will be organising an Alvis Team of 10 cars to go over for that Rally and afterward to continue on a 7 day tour of the South Island. This team has been made up from the club members who contacted me last year and signified their support. So the team at present is fully subscribed and the intending participants have been notified. If you have not been advised that you are a team member and would like to go over for the Rally then I will be pleased to accept your entry for that event. If you decide to go and wish to spend further time in New Zealand then our travel agent will work out an itinerary for you. Naturally, you would be part of the Alvis team for the Rally and would enjoy the same discounted fares and car shipment. So, if you want to go to New Zealand in 1986 please contact me as soon as possible.

To give an INDICATION of costs you can use the following as a guide :

Car shipment return	\$990.00
Air fares return	\$400.00 per person
Accommodation	approx \$20 - \$30 for 2 adults per night
Meals, petrol, etc.	allow \$70 per day for 2 adults
Shipping documentation	approx \$100.00 return
Administration fee	\$50.00

This gives an idea of costs involved; but does not allow for souvenirs, entertainment etc. Prices quoted are ex Melbourne and only financial Alvis Car Club members will be eligible.

If you require any further information - or wish to attend, you can contact me on 874 2450 or write to 22 Park Close, Vermont, 3133. Victoria.

RON WILSON,  
Tour Director.

"EXTRA EXTRA":

Alvis Gippsland Rally swamped by TA 21 Alvis. Three out of nine (9) Alvis entered in the Rally were TA 21 3 Litres. After a hard fought battle a TA 21 was the eventual winner of the sporting section of the Rally. This could have been the headline in Monday's paper but it was not. The facts are true, but they would only make it in our own newsletter.

The Sporting section of the Rally commenced at Jells Park at 9.45 am. After receiving rather cryptic instructions and a list of questions to be answered, we set forth. The route took us through some of Victoria's most scenic country, via Seville, Yarra Junction, Noojee, Neerim South, to the lunch stop at Picnic Point on the Princes Highway, where the Sporting section finished and we met the Touring section for lunch.

After lunch we visited Old Gipps town, with the Alvis contingent being allowed into the town to park around in front of the various buildings for photographs. We then proceeded to Moe to our motel to book in and relax. In the evening, after partaking of liquid and solid refreshments in the bistro, we were forced to vacate by "Jock Strapp and his Elastic Band" as any further conversation was impossible. The adjournment debate was continued in the motel rooms as it was Lois White's birthday.

Sunday saw an early start to visit the MMBW Thomson River Project. Mrs. Pat McCormack, the Public Relations Officer, with the help of a film and scale models of the project, prepared us to understand and appreciate the vastness of the undertaking that we were to see. All the cars on the Rally were allowed down into the Dam Site to the area that will eventually be under water, also up on to the earth wall of the main and saddle dam.

After the inspection, lunch was partaken in the Community Hall at Rawson, the construction village. Next on the list was a visit to Walhalla, which was very interesting, very cold and very damp.

Sunday night was the Chinese Banquet at the Manor Restaurant. It took a little while to get into gear, but the food was excellent. The frivolity continued on back at the motel when Maureen Adnam and Joan Woods invited anyone with any grog or food left to join them for a night cap.

"EXTRA EXTRA": (continued)

Monday morning saw a few bleary eyes and sore heads, but all managed to start on time for the Tour of Hazelwood Opencut and Power Station, which was ably conducted by Ron Marriot. The Visitor's Centre is well equipped with scale models and excellent slide presentation. The Opencut and Power Station were most impressive.

On to Yinnar South for a counter lunch at the Yinnar Hotel and also to meet Ron and Yvonne Foggo and daughter Jan. After a pleasant lunch and chat, farewells were said and off on the trip home.

Well done, Ron. Another excellent Rally enjoyed by all and most appreciated for the efforts you took to organise every detail.

List of those taking part as follows :

SPORTING SECTION		TOURING SECTION	
Alan and Noelene McKinnon & family	12/50	John and Lois White	TA 21
Austin and Margaret Tope	Speed 20	Richard and Pauline Tonkin & family	TA 21
David and Moira Wischer	Speed 20	Roy and Joan Henderson	* Modern
Maureen Adnam, Joan & Bill Woods	TA 14	David and Margaret Caldwell	Modern
Bob and Bev Graham	TB 14	Simon and Eileen Ramsay	Modern
John and Gwen Twomey and family	* TA 21	Keith and Meryl Welsh	MG
Murray and Claire Fitch	Modern	Bill and Marcia Barber	4.3
Richard and Virginia Creed & fam.	Modern	Ron and Gwen Wilson, Rally Director	Modern
		Ian Blackwell	Modern

\* FIRST

by JOHN AND GWEN TWOMEY

ON THE LONG LOST LUSTY WEEKEND: or "WILSON DOES IT AGAIN":

Saturday, June 9th, 9 am - "What do you reckon Jo? Looks a bit crook, think we'd better chuck in a broolly?"

So off we set, my beloved and me, bound for the wilds of Jell's Park, there to rendezvous for the Great Gippsland Gallop. We arrived around 11 am only to find the place completely and utterly deserted, except for about 200,000 baseball kids. "At last we're first!" I cried as the Wilsons drove in 15 minutes later, so I began to make rude remarks, but - 'pride cometh before' etc. This was Ron's second trip to the park, the first being around 8 am to send off the trial competitors. (I strongly suspect that he went back home to bed for a while, though no doubt he will deny it.)

Be that as it may, after gathering up a few more entrants, including an odd couple in an MG TC - which could be termed The Immaculate Midget, or even the Truncated Termite, being of a similar hue - and Sy and Aileen Ramsay in a Mitsubishi Pajero 4WD (after all, you never know who will want a pull out of a ditch these days, remember Deniliquin?) we set off for the lunch stop at Picnic Point near Warragul to join with the trial group.

There is no truth in the rumour that their jaded condition was caused by the men sending off all the women and children to rush around Noojee looking for clues while THEY hunted for clues in Dolly's Main Street Massage Parlour.

After lunch and much ribaldry, we set off for Moe, first stop Gippsdown, a nostalgic re-creation of an indeterminate period in our pioneering history, hence the mixture of Cobb and Co., steam, motor transport, among the exhibits.

Walking around the quiet streets and lanes, one could imagine the calm serenity of the early farming communities and, on further reflection, one could also imagine the buzz of blowies, the pong of country dunnies, the metre-deep mud and horse droppings in the wet, and PHOOIE! on the good old days! I'll settle for my air conditioned cabriolet and my stereophonic full-flush Caroma any day!

Some observations of Gippsdown :

- A gigantic, friendly, draught horse, which seemed to have little better to do than to poke its noggin in various doorways looking for handouts, while leaving calling cards at various strategic points along the road.
- Austin Tope vainly trying to liberate petrol from the kerbside pumps while RG worked the handles.
- The Scottish sweetshop lassie with an accent of incredible viscosity. Des D's blarney now barely rates a "2"!
- The Creed-Tope 'conspiracy' gathered around the aviary trying to look innocent while surreptitiously corrupting the cockie's morals with further additions to an already corrosive vocabulary.

ON THE LONG LOST LUSTY WEEKEND: (continued)

- The nice touch by RW in obtaining permission to park the Alvises along the village street; gave a nice touch to the setting.

It is not true that one little nipper said to another - "Gee! Look at all the cardboard replicas!"

Later at the Moe Hotel-Motel:

The usual shambles as around 40 people sorted themselves out and took up residence. It is one of those motels of 2 storeys and many nooks and crannies and many were the comings and goings as people hunted for elusive units.

Then to the bistro for an excellent meal with lashings of lubrication. Here my beloved discovered that a brandy and dry has great therapeutic qualities, so proceeded to down 'em in style. I knew she was becoming affected because when I said "'Ere, ease up!", she said "Shut yer flamin' gob!" I knew because she usually prefers the much more posh "cake 'ole".

We waited with bated breath for the entertainment by Jock Strapp and his Elastic Band, but were disappointed when he turned out to be just a jaded young disc jockey with shattered ear drums and an insane desire to reduce the rest of Moe to the same condition. One can only stand so much - like about 15 seconds - of this torture, and it was heart breaking to see good friends stuffing serviettes, tablecloths, chicken bones, anything, in their ears and blindly staggering about seeking relief from the hellish din, while all the time the flower of our youth were being drawn inexorably forward to join in a palsied quivering and shaking which must inevitably render them limb from limb.

The Henderson camp was quickly set up as an aid station to administer to the stricken and much aid was dispensed until the early hours. Unfortunately some of the more seriously affected must have over-administered, as several sore heads and bloodshot orbs were noted in the light of day.

Sunday, June 10, 9 am:

Roll call and off to the Thomson River project, the prime purposes of which are : securing Melbourne's water supplies, regulation of irrigation flow in the Thomson and Macalister Rivers, control and mitigation of down stream flooding. The scheme consists mainly of the Board of Works town of Rawson, the dam and a 31 km tunnel to divert water to the Upper Yarra Reservoir to supplement Melbourne's supply, plus another tunnel of 6 km to link the main tunnel with the new reservoir.

First stop, the Board's PR Centre near Rawson to meet Mrs. Pat McCormack, who entertained us with an informative talk using models and film.

Then to the damsite and a tour into forbidden territories - I will not bore the reader with technical details except to say that the whole project is awe-inspiring, with mention of 30 km tunnels, 165 metre high walls and 14 million cubic metres of earth and rocks moved from here to there for the dam walls and an aside that one spot on which we were parked would eventually be covered by about 60 metres of water. The final capacity will be 1.1 million megalitres.

Some observations:

- Not true that the MG had to be backed up to one observation point.
- Also not true that the BB 4.3 couldn't breathe the rarified air on top of the wall. Just those reliable electric fuel pumps again.
- Likewise not true that Richard Tonkin deliberately locked up the TA 21 for fun. Thank God for wire coat hangers.
- Probably TRUE that Mr. McKinnon has booked the spillway next month for a reverse ski-jump in the 12/50.
- Typical RW touch - lunch of sandwiches, chicken, fruit ready and waiting back at Rawson when we returned.

After lunch we thanked our host and set off for Walhalla, a magnificent 15 km drive along the side of a nearly vertical gorge containing the Thomson River. In a couple of sections the sides are so steep that the wall of the cutting actually overhangs the roadway, necessitating a "Beware of falling rocks" sign and, as the bends are so sharp that two carlengths can be maximum vision, every turn is a new experience!

Walhalla is a tiny goldmining ghost town set in a narrow valley in dense mountain country, the valley sides being so steep that its cemetery has graves dug lengthwise into the hillside. The cricket ground was 600 ft and 15 minutes climb up the mountain and the Long Tunnel mine consists mainly of a shaft driven horizontally

ON THE LONG LOST LUSTY WEEKEND: (continued)

into the mountain some 50 metres above the town. There are probably no more than a dozen buildings left habitable now, the oldest of which - the bakery - was erected in 1865 and now serves as a tea house and souvenir shop.

One pub remains, with few visible means of support, though at one stage there were 15 (thirsty business mining). If so, they must have been glued to the mountain sides, for with the exception of the road and a few odd flat spots either side, the whole place is standing on edge.

Several signs have been erected, pointing out sites of old buildings and mines and some restoration is taking place, so a very pleasant day can be spent exploring the area.

Considering its isolation and the poor weather, I was surprised at the number of visitors in the area, also the groups of young campers filling every nook and cranny mud and slop notwithstanding.

An observation:

Looking at the terrain, I am always puzzled as to how the first explorers and miners found their way into these areas and knew just where to start digging, for except for the stream beds the country is nearly impenetrable. Or perhaps they found things the way I usually do, either by falling over them or calling on my eagle-eyed sweetie.

After Walhalla:

Dinner Banquet style in a Moe Chinese restaurant, 10 courses, BYO lubricants, chopsticks (one pair of which narrowly missed being irretrievably embedded in the nostrils of our beloved flora dauber as she personfully swung them in all directions) and long tall tales all made for a very hilarious evening. Even the odd contretemps with the staff had its funny side.

On return to the motel it was found that more first aid was required, though for different reasons, so a new aid station was set up in Maureen Adnan's surgery, where further much appreciated aid was dispensed into the small wee hours.

Monday, June 11, 9.30 am:

Everyone up early - some not so bright - gear packed, bills paid, cars and people oiled, watered and refuelled, then off to Morwell for a visit to the open cut and the Hazelwood generating plant and more staggering facts and overwhelming views.

The Hole:

Impressive - until you put binoculars to the far levels and see that the tiny specks are cars and trucks barely reaching the tops of the caterpillar tracks supporting the mighty 30 metre high bucket wheel dredgers, and that these in turn - 5 of the big boys plus some lesser fry - are working 8 levels from floor to ground level, and that the hole is roughly 150 metres deep and 3 km across, then the impressive becomes incredible.

Suffice it to say that in 60 years of generation in the Valley, less than 2 per cent of recoverable coal has been mined, yet better than 2,000 tonnes is required daily for generation and briquette manufacture - only the small commercial ones - the larger briquettes are no longer manufactured through lack of demand.

Something to chew on - the economic reserves amount to 35,000 million tonnes, with some 11,000 million tonnes of this readily recoverable with present recovery methods.

The Generating Plant:

Noisy, housed in a gigantic building over ½km long and umpteen metres high. Quite different to hydro-electrics, there, one speck of dust on the paintwork causes heart burn for a week, and about the only sound is a gentle hum from the turbines. Here the roar of the coal fed steam boilers as brown coal dust is blown in to the furnaces is quite deafening and, though comparatively clean, there is naturally a film of coal dust adhering to most surfaces.

Interesting Facts - believe it or not:

- Our guide was about to ring for the guard until we assured him the Russians hadn't landed, just our odd-ball hat competition in full swing. Nice PR touch on his part requesting info on the ACCV - made everyone feel loved!
- Brown coal is up to 70% water so is processed in the immediate area rather than being transported to Melbourne 'in the raw'. Also, if you're thirsty, drink CUB don't try sucking a bit of brown coal, it tastes 'orrid.

ON THE LONG LOST LUSTY WEEKEND: (continued)

- Several times, when pointing out features of the cooling ponds nearby our guide made mention of a "sauna sale" and many were the raised eyebrows - why would the SEC be selling saunas out in the blackblocks? Then it dawned - he was referring to the "Sauna Sail" which are sailing competitions held regularly on the warm waters of the cooling ponds, in reality quite a large lake - ding-g-g-g-g!!

After our farewells at Hazelwood, our last stop was Yinnar Pub for lunch and a meeting with long time member Ron Foggo. Ron has recently acquired an electric wheel chair to give him more mobility, and it is rumoured that on his first sally forth, he went missing for three days when his batteries ran out. Then he had to sit there until a chap carrying a couple of dozen stubbies came by so that he could get charged again. Naturally his family deny this but, under interrogation, Ron just gives a sly grin and claims the 5th Amendment.

Incidentally, the meal was quite good. I had an excellent Porterhouse, but be advised, don't be in a hurry if you drop in, and don't discuss it with Moira and David unless you've got cotton wool in your ears. Not true that Creedy stuck their order on the bottom of the pile.

On the weekend:

Of note - the funny hats brigade - added to the Graham masterpieces were the Wood KGB, the Twomey Ninotchka, the Sherlock Tope deerstalker and a couple of others best forgotten.

I believe Bill and Joan Wood once were the proud (?) owners of a "Thirsty 98" Vauxhall, though why anyone would want to own a car 10 metres long and 10 centimetres wide I'll never know, unless it was because the "Thirsty" was a very potent machine and was ideal for scaring the tripe out of old ladies and horses.

Probably the saddest man there was our Club Captain, who has recently developed expensive noises in his little end, so had to motor in a modern. I wondered why his dear lady - who shall remain nameless to protect the guilty - kept going off into spasms of glee. Must have been the thought of all those lovely windup windows and heaters and things.

Never mind, Ron. Take heart in the fact that you have provided a lot of people with a lot of fun and for this we thank you very much and, any time you want a lend of my little end, you have it.

R. H.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR:

Dear Ian,

In a recent effusion in your hallowed pages I posed the question, 'what sort of events are required to get our members off their collective shooting sticks and into their cars?' The answer seems to be demonstrated in the success of Ron Wilson's "Gippsland Gallop". Now this was a splendid weekend and my everloving and I enjoyed ourselves no end and it was evident that so did everyone else. The "Grampians Gavotte" of the previous season showed a similar response. Hence it seems to be a reasonable conclusion that the good Ron not only goes to a great deal of trouble to organise rallies but has divined the format that really attracts our membership. For this we give our sincere thanks.

The problem however is that these weekend rallies can only be viable once per year - after all the Wischer Woolway Weekend was hardly a roaring success. Hence what are we going to do about the Basil Bowes Trophy which should be our premier award?

Some time ago I suggested that bonus points be added to members' Bas Bowes scores when they drive Alvis cars in other clubs' events. After all, the man we commemorate would have advocated just such an approach, I believe, as his desire was to see members actively using their cars. I would now like to develop this idea further and rather than just add one point per event for driving in say a VSCC event that these additional points should be graded in proportion to one's showing in such competitions. It might be added here that it is, in the writer's view, far more meritorious to come say 10th or 15th in a V.S.C.C. event than to come second, or even win, an Alvis Club one with our pathetically small fields.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR: (continued)

The snag with this suggestion is that a number of our members would not be eligible to compete in these events because they are driving post-war cars. Perhaps this could be solved by a suitable arrangement with our sister clubs that these cars could run in their events by invitation even if not eligible for the host club's awards.

In any event this suggestion is put forward as a serious proposal for our committee to kick around in an attempt to solve what is a real problem to our club. As it is we have but four options:

1. Carry on as we are with the winning of our most prestigious award being something of a hollow victory.
2. Not make the award in years when the competition is too feeble.
3. Some sort of outside events marking scheme such as the one suggested.
4. Just wait hoping that something will get better somehow.

Well, what do YOU think? Let's have your views and you may be as rude as you like in your replies.

BILL BARBER

FIRST THOUGHTS OF A FRUSTRATED SPECTATOR

We've been here three weeks now and not seen a drop of rain. It's been usually mild and sunny but yesterday at Donnington we renamed Coppice Corner Windy Hill. It certainly was the place to watch the events with the first event having the two lending ERA's spin her onto the sand trap and stop. What a start! It was the Shuttleworth and Nuffield Trophies Race and the 22 competitors included seven ERA's two 4 cyl. Maseratis, two T51 Bugattis and many others including the Attenborough Special, Brooke Special (Power derived) MG's and a few Austin 7's. The winner was David Black in his Alfa Romeo B Type Monza having driven a brilliant race. Third and fourth were hard fought between Marguiles (4cl) and Lindsay (ERA Delage).

The next event was a 4-lap handicap for Vintage and PVT cars with only 26 competitors who hardly filled the 2 mile long course. It was won by Miss Gunn (A7) (daughter of Colvin Gunn who had his Q Type W/G there) with another A7 second and Lou Wickham SD 12/50 third.

The main event was the 10-lap Pirelli Trophy Race and was for pre 1960 cars. I have never seen such a good field of fast competitive cars; 2 Lotii 16's were first and second (Phillips & Mann) but harried by Willie Green in a 250 F Maserati. Pat Lindsay (ERA) was a bit down in 4th, Pearson (Lister Jag) 5th and then Venables-Llewelyn in another ERA. Two Connaughts did quite well but Ron Footit in his Cognac was out run.

A 5-lap pre 1939 race next was brilliant due to the driving of Strettin in a F/Nash who was 6th but drove very well. The winner was Summerfield's Avon Bentley (4½ litre) closely followed by Woodley's Alvis Special (a 4.3 litre in a Finefly chassis) and an Alvis Speed 25 Special third.

During a short break Tom Wheatcroft drove Jumbo Goddard's twin turbocharged 8 litre Bentley and Riners Helsher drove his T51 Bugatti for a couple of demonstration laps to herald the John Goddard Trophy, a handicap 8 lapper for all comers, who ranged from Tom Trelfall's 1913 Theophile Schneider Racing Car (5.6 litres) to a 1959 Lotus 16 and a Dino 246 Ferrari, both of which had a 4-minute handicap on the Th. Sch. There was a large field and it became confusing to me but Dunham in his Alvis won followed by Cotham (Maserati 250F) and Carter (Connaught).

The track is set in beautiful rolling country side and makes our Australian Circuits look like Mickey Mouse tracks. Not only is the track challenging but rises and falls a great deal.

The day before we had spectated at the V.S.C.C. Curborough Sprints and once again were amazed by the size and variety of competitors. The actual track is in the form of a short closed circuit easily seen by the few spectators there. The bar, which is a feature of all V.S.C.C. paddocks, was well attended. As in most events it is the extremes that are of most interest; the light cars included an Alcyon, quite the oddest torpedo shape I've ever seen and powered by an opposed twin air cooled 496cc

FIRST THOUGHTS OF A FRUSTRATED SPECTATOR: (continued)

from which the front wheels were suspended. The gear box lines in the back axle. The body didn't seem to be attached to anything; the whole thing was road registered! Another light car, a Braugham had an unusual arrangement in that its wheel spokes are tightened up by its wheel nuts! Fraser Nash abounded as the track suits these car cars but Alvis', Bugattis, A7's, Aston Martins, Vauxhalls 30/98's, Bentleys, Talbots, Lagondas, etc. were all there.

I kept no record of winners but wandered around looking in wonder at the scene. My friend, Mike Rushton introduced me to many and the car park had more interesting cars. We thought the ultimate "one upmanship" would be to own the very tatty Type 43 Bugatti! Most cars were driven there including Collings 1903 Mercedes but Patience (a FN) was towed by a 30/98 Vauxhall.

An ERA spun in front of us and a Chummy A7 fell over (wrong tyres, I think) but otherwise an excellent meeting of 60/70 cars. It was interesting to see that Mark Oddie still holds the Sprints Car record for over 1500cc cars with his BMW 328, made in 1972.

The day before we visited Prescott to watch practice for the Hillclimb Championship; very fast and impressive cars but by chance we met a friend, Mike Roahagne who had come to watch in his Trojan, a contrast to his T35 Bugatti! A very original car (mid 20's) but with pneumatic tyres and a delightful handle for starting. Its normal cruising speed of 28 m.p.h. had been increased to about 35 m.p.h. by relocating the carburettor.

Well, it was a busy weekend but fun.

DES DONNAN

KALORAMA:

The Kalorama Rally Committee has made a donation to Yarra-Me Quadriplegics of \$400.

CHEERS, R.G.

P.S. FOR SALE

TA 21 Saloon ex South Africa

Complete and running, but requires a general restoration \$7,000

Contact: Ted Marshall  
066 878355

R.G.