



NEWSLETTER

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PREZ SEZ

It is a pleasure to be the editor this month, thanks to Bill Barber who is Acting Honorary Editor. I have only had to add a very small amount which is great with all the extra work load I have at present. Next month I will be able to produce the newsletter. Thank you, David Caldwell, I will use your article in the next two newsletters.

RICHARD

COMING EVENT VSCC DAY TRIAL - Sunday, June 16

Starts from the Chadstone Shopping Centre carpark at 0800. Required map is Broadbents No. 301 "200 kilometres around Melbourne" (latest edition is to be preferred). Also required are pencils, watch, compasses and a strong sense of humour. The ability to solve cryptic crossword type puzzles is probably also a help! Seriously though, we should support this event as the organisers have been kind enough to invite us, along with the other relevant one-make clubs, and there is to be a team prize. For further information, ring Tony Donnan on 523 9550.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR - by Andrew Twomey

On Friday at 11 am John, Kate, Lynda and Andrew Twomey set off for Lake Boga. We went up to Bendigo and had lunch. Then we went to Kerang and Serpentine and finally Lake Boga. We arrived there at 4 pm and booked in.

On Saturday, we got up at 7 am, had breakfast and then went rabbit shooting. Unfortunately we didn't see or shoot any. So we went out about 10-15 miles on the Ultima Road to a farm and asked a guy the best place to get a rabbit. He told us to go about 1/2 mile along the road to a shed. We parked on the side of the road and shot about 45 holes in a Holden sump. After getting much enjoyment out of that activity, we returned to the hotel.

We then went on to a yacht club for lunch. After lunch we went on to Colin Winslade's junk farm and looked at his cars and junk.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR - by Andrew Twomey (continued)

On Sunday 5th, we got up early and had breakfast and checked the car. Then we all lined up to move off to the Pioneer Settlement at Swan Hill in a convoy. At the Settlement all cars lined up on the grass. We were then given a tour of the Settlement. After this we went on to the Tyntynder Homestead, 16km out of Swan Hill and had a bush barbeque. The cars were lined up in an arc so people could take photos of them. After this action-packed day, we returned to our hotel to get ready for dinner.

We then went on to dinner and, at the end of the evening, Ron Wilson was presented with a Plate and an Albert Award. Albert, for those who don't know, was the name of Ron's old Alvis. The award presented to him was a stuffed hare.

By the way, this is Ron's last rally as Rally Director. Congratulations, Ron, this is one of your best Rallies.

ALVIS OWNERS OF VICTORIA

We, who have all known the experience of an announcement with "suppressed excitement and pride" and are familiar with situations when "stunned silence is taken for mute wonder", congratulate the person responsible for "Don't look now, but there's an Addict in my House!"

Written with perception, humorous without malice; could we hope the Alvis addicts are cognizant of the truths contained in the Ladies' Corner article?

Margaret, Beverley, Aileen, Wendy, Mary, Gwen, Sylvia,
Marcia, Margaret, Lois, Gwen, Joan, Claire, Helen,
Noelene, Dorothy, Maija, Dee, Verna, Noela, Sue, Moira,
Meryl, Jenny, Edna, Patsy, Moira.

ALSO PTP !!

It might be mentioned in regard to the above remarks that in the Introduction to his monumental Bugatti Bible Hugh Conway remarks :

"And a final word to the wives! A Bugatti may keep him occupied at weekends, make him late for meals, even absorb cash that you might otherwise have been allowed to get your hands on! But it keeps him out of pubs (except when it's running), he'll never have time for other girls, is fun for young Jimmy (or will be when he comes along), and you'll be real proud when he, eventually, takes you out in it. So, if he's a bank president, let him have that brand new 46S in a packing case in Marseilles if he wants to, and if you've only been married six months, let him keep his cambox and blower beside the bed in your one-room apartment if he says he has to.

If one replaces the word "Bugatti" with "Alvis" it really does make sense.

LAKE BOGA GAZETTE Reporter : Col Winslade 7/5/85

- > The Rally was really well timed. Today the weather has been bad, Ron Wilson must be a good weather prophet. (I had to ring a plumber, as my roof was getting wet.)
- > At Lake Boga on Saturday a certain young lady was seen shooting at a farmer's haystack.
- > On Monday Lois White was seen loading an old harness into the boot of John's 3-litre. Lois may be intending to buy a horse in protest at the price of petrol.
- > An MG may well be for sale, as it was dragged off on the Sunday run by a twin cam Riley. Watch the daily classifieds for details.
- > Richard Creed successfully dealt with Col Winslade for a 12/50 dash panel at Misery Farm.
- > Thanks to the members who helped with the intricate repairs for the Wollongong lads. They say a 'pick' head was used and supplied by a local electrical tradesman.

LAKE BOGA GAZETTE (continued)

- > Thanks to the members and wives for friendship and hospitality extended to us. Col and Shirley. (Come and see us some time!)
- > John White may have the answer to the internal heating in the 3-litres. A la Jaguar!!

LAKE BOGA AND ALL THAT JAZZ

I wish I'd listened to Welshy!

When I told him that Joan and I were going to pull in at the pokies on our way to Lake Boga, he carried on like a pork chop and said rude and hurtful things. I explained to him that Joan and I seldom lose on the pokies.

I wish I'd listened to Welshy!

DAY 1 : FRIDAY :

Our plan was simplicity itself -

Stage 1 - A leisurely trip on Friday to Finley, across the border.

Stage 2 - A killing on the pokies.

Stage 3 - Early Saturday, load our winnings into the (shudder) Ford.

Stage 4 - Across country ahead of the law to Deniliquin, angle down through Barham and over the state line at Koondrook then down to Kerang and west on the Murray Valley Highway to Lake Boga.

DAY 2 : SATURDAY

Stages 1 and 4 went smoothly according to plan and we arrived at the Aquatic Lodge Motel around 10.30 am. I must note here that the response to R.W.'s organisational reputation was such that the final roll call was 118 people and 36 Alvises spread over two motels and the caravan park. Entrants were from S.A., N.S.W. and Vic with one family, Alan and Lynne Baines, all the way from Port Macquarie.

A further note : it's not only a Big Country, but a damn flat one too! Not 2½ bumps in the whole area. No wonder our doughty director wrote the immortal words: "If you want a Hill Climb, bring a shovel!"

Having booked in, we received our room key and, in typical R.W. style, a large envelope containing a delightfully printed folder of tour directions plus several brochures on the various delights available to us. For the ladies who may have expressed curiosity, the plain envelope, handed to men only, contained several phone numbers and a list of fees (with discounts for any over 85). No truth in the rumour that Horrie and Eric C. got double discounts. I do know for a fact that John M. did!

The next couple of hours was pleasurably spent in renewing old acquaintances, making new ones, inspecting cars already there, sinking tea, coffee or slops, being descended upon by Stewart and Claire McDonald like a pair of southerly busters, making suitable awe-filled grunting noises at the director's "Blowfly" "Firefly" and waiting anxiously for our first Great Adventure.

This was to be a picnic lunch on the shores of Lake Boga. A large stretch of slightly saline water just across the M.V. Highway from our motel. Deserted this weekend, though I have seen it during yachting contests when literally hundreds of yachts cover it in a kaleidoscope of colour. It was also a Catalina base during WW II and rumour has it that a 'Cat' still lies submerged "somewhere out there". Could be truth in the rumour that a RAAF type took his girl parking one night and accidentally caught his big toe in the bung? However, I digress ...

The picnic lunch turned out to be about two tonnes of sandwiches and chicken pieces which would have done justice to any of our top sandwich shops. It is rumoured (I often wonder where all these rumours start) that the local baker who produced them got such a shock on surveying his monumental achievement that he had to take to his bed with Scotch and aspirin.

Impromptu entertainment was provided by Steppers-In-other-People's-Sandwiches-During-Vehicle-Review-And-Admiration.

LAKE BOGA AND ALL THAT JAZZ (continued)

Notable here were the smug smirks of the Wilson-Chaley camps as they each reckoned they'd come out the winner in the swap-stakes. Certainly "There's never been a car like the Firefly and, as for Albert" A.C. was heard say it's the first time he's known a 12/50 to peak at 11000 and to touch 75 in second changing down.

After the consumption of bangers, BYO, and bulldust, the multitude was let loose to check out Murray Downs Station, get out shovels for a hill climb, drive around the district (I won't mention the L.B. shopping complex or whatever.)

Joan and I were intrigued by "Tastings at the best Swinery" and were a little concerned that the director had finally flipped. After all, what could you taste at a pig farm? Smell? Yes, but taste!!? However, praise be to the Begorras, it turned out to be Best's Winery, established in 1930 by F.P. Thomson and still owned by the Thomson family. I can't tell you any more of this enterprise but as no-one was carried back to camp on a stretcher, it must be quite a respectable venture. Not a bit like Berri, home of the Gordo Moselle Cask, where innocent passersby were enticed in for a modest barbeque and tasting and finished by consuming steaks with a surface area of .3 of a metre and as thick as a plank off Nelson's Victory. Then, about four hours later, being cast out into the cold, sloshed to the eyeballs and carrying all manner of booty.

Murray Downs Homestead, across the river from Swan Hill, established in 1839 by John Howden. Present Homestead commenced around 1866, comprises 26 rooms, 4 acres of formal gardens and the re-establishment of an ostrich farm, the original of which lapsed when Milady no longer required a boa having become a bit of a constrictor herself. Presently around 10,000 acres in sheep, cattle and wheat. Swan Hill, incidentally, received its name in 1836 when Major Sir Thomas Mitchell, having traced the Darling Downs to its junction with the Murray at what is now Wentworth, decided to strike south to Portland to meet up with the Henty. Unfortunately, he spent the night at Wentworth RSL and by morning had developed a slight list to port and instead of heading south he headed south east down the Murray. Near the junction with the Loddon he was startled by a rising swan, tripped over a sandcastle left by some inconsiderate local kid, banged his head on a log and barked his shins on something horrid. "Shoot that bloody swan, Phil!" he yelled at his aide-de-camp, but Phil, who was deaf and a bit thick, obligingly recorded the instruction as "Look at bloody Swan Hill" and immediately ran up the flag, falling off twice in the process. Since then the name has been shortened for convenience and other obvious reasons. Historical fact!

Back to Saturday arvo ...

After a rest up and lube job, the evening was spent a la carte in the lodge dining room, where extra tables had to be set up in the foyer to cope with the mob. The high prices and fair tucker did nothing to dampen the spirits, cheerfully dispensed by a couple of young lads whose happy mien and lack of expertise caused a lot of banter around the bar.

About 11 pm the director said "Clear off, you lot. Get your beauty sleep. On the road by 9.30 am, 12/50's to the front, moderns to the rear and tinwear back of the swamp."

DAY 3 : SUNDAY

So far, the weather had been on our side but Sunday dawned dull and dirty with a cool wind and rain clouds to the west. To top it off, I burned my toast. As is usually the case it is impossible to get some people to follow simple directions. First, the director parked his car on the M.V. Highway in No. 1 spot (cheeky beggar) then frantically waved his arms to send cars in a loop to come in behind.

One of them nearly ran over him.

He then erected a sign pointing the way.

Some-one ran over it.

Then I opened my big mouth and offered to help.

Some-one damn near ran over me.

Up came the troopers in the form of Sgt. Noel Hickey. "I'll lock em all up" cried he. You guessed it!

LAKE BOGA AND ALL THAT JAZZ (continued)

However, finally, it was all done. The sun came out and there was all the world to see. Stood in line astern 30 plus of the prettiest cars you ever did see. I never had time to count them but the final tally was, I think, 13 12/50's, 1 Firefly, 5 Speed 20's, 2 Speed 25's, 1 4.3lt, 5 TA14's, 1 TB14 (commonly called the white whale), 4 TA21's and a Graber bodied TD21 and not forgotten 1 MG TC. Just imagine half a kilometre of Alvises in immaculate condition and not a puff of smoke from any. Unfortunately, the TB and a TA14 were retired. One with expensive noises and the other with a jiggered starter. John White's starter problem was eventually overcome by fitting an Austin 1800 starter after a bit of hacksawing, but it was decided that the TB14 should not be stressed unnecessarily, so it was retired for the duration. This latter event will probably be recorded as "The day Captain Ahab beached the white whale".

The schedule for Sunday, all being well, was 9.30 assemble and convoy to Swan Hill and the Pioneer Settlement.

11.30 am up the highway a few kilometres further to Beverford and Tyntynder Homestead for a bush barbeque and inspection of the property. Then back to Capt to prepare for the rally dinner that evening.

And, generally speaking, that is what happened. Nothing exciting happened that I know of on the way to or at Swan Hill. We parked in a "no parking" reserve, thanks to our cunning director. Typical Wilson touch - why park on nasty gravel with all that nice green grass waiting to be chewed up?

Quite a few bods went into the Pioneer Settlement, but as some-one said to me "Why pay six bucks to look at old run down barns when I can sit in the gutter and look at mine for free?"

A little on the settlement.

Probably the most comprehensive of all our living museums. It was commenced in 1963 based on the purchase and transport to Swan Hill of the paddle steamer "Gem" the largest ever to ply the Murray system. The "Gem" was installed in its own tiny lagoon and now functions as office, entrance, souvenir shop and restaurant to the settlement. The village covers about 7 acres and covers all aspects of a country town's activities with many working exhibits such as steam traction engines bakery, blacksmith, teashops, sweet shops (remember the old boiled lollies?), Cobb & Co coach rides, carpenter's shop and so on.

The weather was still holding as we proceeded up to Tyntynder for our afternoon entertainment. The director quickly grabbed some volunteers (you, you, you and you) to start barbeque-ing the chops while our hosts, Richard and Judy Holloway helped to set up the salads which had been prepared beforehand - another Wilson miracle.

In the meantime, groups were off exploring the homestead and its grounds. This event proved to be a real highlight of the tour, especially the comments fired at and by the chefs as they desperately tried to stem the tide of starving migrants as they migrated from homestead to barbie, when some premature cloy yelled "Tucker's on!"

To round off the afternoon all of the attending Alvises were lined up, side by side, along the driveway for photographs before heading back to camp to prepare for the Rally Dinner.

To my knowledge, only two events marred the afternoon. First, a couple of heavy showers nearly upset the applecart but luckily cleared away. Secondly, another car, Don and Diana Tamblyn's TA14 developed expensive knockings in its nether regions, variously diagnosed as: a. a dropped valve; b. a run big end or main; c. a broken piston; d. a tappet rattle; e. a square flywheel; and f. "God, that sounds horrible!" I never did find out what type of evil the latter was, but it sounded very impressive. "Here," I said to my spouse "is some-one who really knows mechanics." Be that as it may, Don gratefully accepted a tow back to camp and was heard to tell a friend "It's better than using the train".

TYNTYNDER HOMESTEAD

Established by Andrew and Peter Beveredge as a 300 square mile sheep run in 1845. Part of the original log cabin built in 1846 still exists and, as it was clad with dough boy bricks during extensions in 1870, it is considered to be the first example of brick veneering in Australia.

LAKE BOGA AND ALL THAT JAZZ (continued)

The roofs of all the buildings have been covered with corrugated iron for protection but the original hard wood shingles are still there and can be seen in unlined areas, such as verandahs. The property was sold to the Holloway family in 1876 and ran 25,000 sheep. Subdivisions in the '80s and during both world wars have reduced the property to its present 100 acres. It still belongs to the Holloways and has been graded highly by the National Trust.

The final event for the day was the Dinner. Three courses, set menu and much better than the previous offering. The entertainment began with the director giving answers to a quiz on car-mania. But when the answer to "Why do Spanish air hostesses wear gum boots?" was given as "The rain in Spain etc." the howls drowned the rest out and I'm not sure who won.

Awards were given for various achievements, such as :

The longest distance travelled - Alan and Lynne Baines, Port Macquarie
 The biggest family - Geoff and Judy Ross and four nippers
 The nicest bloke there - the presenter kept that one
 The person most seldom stuck for a word - he kept that one too!
 And several other handouts for various achievements.

A raffle raised \$80 towards THE BOOK and the Grip of the Grape claimed more victims.

Our director thanked all and sundry for helping to make this a special weekend and even remembered to thank Gwen for putting up with him. Which we all thought was a lovely gesture, as she only had to throw two plates at him as a reminder. The Hon. Prez. then presented the Director and His Lady with an inscribed silver salver and, as Ron gave thanks, produced a large obviously heavy parcel and went off into a long deranged speech. As Ron tried to peer over his shoulder, Richard cried "You're not allowed to look yet. I have to hide it from you." Some wag called "And you're just the boy to do it" bringing the house down. Eventually order was restored. The thing passed to the Director and the covers whipped off. For a moment there was a pregnant pause, then pandemonium. In his hands Ron held a large slab of polished wood and on that wood sat the dumbest, pop eyedest, genuine stuffed hare you ever did see.

As it peered and leered over its shoulder at him for the first time in his life our director was stuck for words. He just went off into a catatonic state for a brief period and was heard to mutter several times "And can you follow the stupid thing's example Creedy?" The beast was last seen wearing my wife's red scarf for a neck tie.

After this, anything more would have been an anticlimax, so the evening gradually wound up, last glasses were drained and we wended our weary way to bed.

DAY 4 : MONDAY

A time for farewells to old and new friends. Arrangements to be made to have the casualties shipped home - with thanks to Don Dunstone of the Mobil garage who went out of his way to store the vehicles and arrange transport.

Little to relate on the home trip - passed several open cars with occupants rugged to the eyebrows. Said to my spouse "Wow! Great! This is the life, true Vintage motoring!" And to show the world that we were one with them turned the heater down a fraction. Went to wind down the window a little but my beloved said "Now don't get carried away!"

Thanks, Ron, from all of us - perhaps - if we were to pay you more?

ROY HENDERSON

THIS ISSUE is largely taken up with accounts of the Interstate Rally. Rightly so, as it does tend to restore one's faith in the future of the Club. In fact, I take back the hard things that I said recently.

BILL BARBER

FROM SOUTH AUSTRALIA

On Friday, 3rd May, 1985, seven Alvis cars left South Australia to attend the Alvis Interstate Rally at Lake Boga in North Western Victoria. The cars and their associated families were as follows :

Austins	TA 14	Bloyds/Smiths	Speed 25
Bosanquets	Speed 25	McDonalds	12/50
Mitchells	TD 21	Scotts	Speed 20
Tamblyns	TA 14		

Two other Alvis cars were not ready, the reconstruction of their bodies being incomplete. These were the 12/50 of Vic Elliott who was in his Alfa Romeo and the TA 14 of the Murrays, who were in Geraldine's Morris Minor Traveller.

The cars stopped briefly at Pinaroo on Friday afternoon, preceded by the Elliott Alfa Romeo. Quite by accident the Morris Traveller arrived in Pinaroo at the same time. John Murray, travelling alone, had been to Loxton on business and was on his way to the Wischers at Woolway near Bendigo where Geraldine was staying. The Alvis group stayed the night at Ouyen and on to Lake Boga on Saturday morning.

Cars from three states had arrived at Lake Boga by the early afternoon of Saturday, the 4th and their owners had a picnic lunch on the lawns by the local sailing club. After lunch some people visited the local winery, others just talked. Dinner was unofficial at the Aquatic Lodge Motel in Lake Boga where most people were staying. A smaller group stayed at the Lakeside Motel but dined at the Aquatic Lodge.

Sunday was the main day. At 9.30 sharp the procession of Alvis cars left the Aquatic Lodge for Swan Hill escorted by Sgt. Noel Hickey of the Victoria Police. There were approximately thirty Alvis cars, probably the biggest collection ever seen in Australia. They parked on the grass by the paddle steamer "Gem" for a visit to the Swan Hill Pioneer Settlement. Shortly before midday the cars headed for Tyntynder for a barbeque lunch in the garden. This was an excellent lunch, the old garden was an ideal place to have it and the homestead and its contents were fascinating to see. Before leaving Tyntynder all the Alvis cars lined up for photographs.

That night the dinner party was held at the Aquatic Lodge, complete with speeches and the unexpected arrival of a furry hare. Ron Wilson is to be congratulated for the superb organisation of the rally, in an ideal meeting place.

JOHN MURRAY

As HRH the Duke of Edinburgh once remarked "Australia has more speeches than square meals than anywhere else I have been to."

A LETTER FROM SYDNEY Dear Bob,

I trust you were able to get the TB 14 home OK and all is going well for its eventual running again. It was very bad luck that you suffered mechanical problems with the Alvis.

Our return journey home had a couple of minor bothers: Glen Steward's Volvo P1800 suffered fuel problems nine miles out from Narrandera and was towed back there by Alan Baines' TA 21 Alvis. The Volvo caught up with us at the next overnight stop at Goulburn, so they were never very far behind the rest of us. The 12/50's went well, despite some maggie problems. It seems that magnetos could become a problem with the older cars now. But none of the four 12/50's which travelled was actually stuck on the road and all got home OK.

It really was a marvellous rally and great credit goes to Ron Wilson for his meticulous organisation. It was very much appreciated by the Sydney Contingent (and also by Alan and Lynne Baine of Port Macquarie).

In fact the girls reckoned only a couple of days at home to tidy up the house and they were ready to set off in the Alvises on another rally

Can't get much better commendation than that.

Zell and I send our best wishes to you and Bev,

ERIC CUNNINGHAM

LETTER TO RICHARD "ELMER FUDD" CREED

Sir,

What a dirty rotten trick - firing that bullet and fluking a direct hit so that my spirit zoomed off to the hares' heaven, there to frolic with the other transcendental laporidae. To my amazement there followed a most embarrassing experience at the hands of a taxidermist. This caused my eyes to water and left me bewildered.

However, it all became worthwhile when I was taken to the Aquatic Lodge Restaurant to be a celebrity with terrific star billing. Centre stage was ACE and uproarious when, without one word, I upstaged Wilson - he was speechless too. See, I'm not such a dummy!

My dubious expression as I eyed Wilson proved to be quite wrong as he is real proud to own me. I am in good company. Ladies stroke my fur - this is woopsie lovely; men are different - they fall about with excessive mirth.

A four legged furry animal runs about here and we have developed an eyeball to eyeball meaningful relationship. Also other species of hares are close by, one brown one, one pewter (he is blowing a little trumpet) and a silver one called Alvis Mascot. I wish I had met Alvis before immortality. It looks matey. Tell Auntie Joan Henderson I like the red scarf - it gives me a jaunty look.

So, Richard E. Fudd ... my thanks to you, and may YOU TOO, like me -

- a. Have a blithe spirit;
- b. always be with good company; and
- c. get STUFFED !!!

Yours etc.,
ALBERT AWARD

NOTE: Albert has informed the Acting Editor that he intends to grace our next club meeting night with his presence so that he can meet those members who were unable to be at Lake Boga.

Come along and shake Albert's paw.

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY WITH THE SPHINX

The Armstrong-Siddeley Club extended an invitation to our club to join them on a rally to Anglesea over the weekend of 11th and 12th of May. I was the only Alvis entrant and I'm very pleased I took up the offer for although the attendance over all was small, the friendship and hospitality were very big.

The rally theme was the "Roaring Twenties" and began with an inspection and lunch at historic Barwon Park Manor, an imposing bluestone homestead built in 1896 and well worth an inspection any time you are in Winchelsea. A pleasant run then to Anglesea to lodgings at "The Debonair Guest House" which is definitely "twenties". My 10' 0" x 7' 0" (no modern metrics) timber and fibro cupboard contained two single "beds" (sic) and a three ply wardrobe. Running water and other services were contained in an ablution block down the passage. This had two hand basins a bath and two showers equipped with those endearing shower curtains that wrap you lovingly as soon as you turn on the water. A quaint touch was the provision of a 2'6" x 1'6" piece of lace described as a towel which became two pieces each 1'3" x 1'6" as soon as it was exercised around my nether regions.

The beds were hammock style both sideways and fore and aft and were the wire type on timber bearers stencilled "Foy and Gibson". Still there was not much time for sleeping after we visited "Hernandos Hideaway" - a cabaret put on by the "Anglesea Entertainers" in the Memorial Hall with later Port samplings in the guest house lounge.

Sunday morning I inspected the five Armstrong Siddeleys on hand and each one was a credit to their owners. They ranged from an 18 hp Hurricane DHC up to a 1960 Star Sapphire Limousine - the very last of the marque, and each was meticulously restored and presented.

We later drove to Point Lonsdale for lunch and on to Queenscliff where I took my leave and headed the Firefly among the Sunday stupids back to Melbourne.

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY WITH THE SPHINX (continued)

All told, it was a beaut weekend and very enjoyable and most outstanding was the warm friendship extended by the A-S Club members. See what you missed by not coming - a good weekend, new friends and the deep appreciation of your own bed and pillow. Let's invite these enthusiasts to one of our rallies in the near future and also let's include in the programme some sadistic and painful exercise as 'reparation' (?) for their pm barn dance - a disease which, thankfully, has been cured by the passage of time and which should never be resurrected.

RON WILSON

OBITUARY

In April this year, one of our New Zealand members, CYRIL McCRAE passed away. Cyril joined our club in 1970 after competing in the International Rally of that year, driving his TG 12/50 duck's back; a car which he meticulously restored and which was awarded Best Car of the Rally at Shepparton during that event.

Living in the far south at Invercargill, it was not easy for him to be in touch with other Alvis members but his generous hospitality was always extended to any who went that way.

Cyril was always a modest man and a real gentleman and I was privileged to know him as a friend.

To his wife, Nancy, we extend our sympathy in a loss which all who knew Cyril share.

RON WILSON

LETTER TO THE EDITOR FROM INDOOROOPIILLY, Q.

Following your anguished plea in the latest newsletter for articles I thought I would attempt some local Queensland prattle for you. An editor's lot is not a happy one, particularly churning out a monthly bulletin and not getting any response - I suffered this as editor of a Jaycee magazine and years later for Rotary. You often wonder if any sod reads it! Well, be assured - I do, even if most of the articles are for local (Vic) interest.

In response to your request for information on the history of the Alvis car in Queensland, I attempted to put together details until I discovered the enormous amount of work done by Ron Corbett whose submission you have received. However, we were able to swap a few new facts and are working together with other local Alvis men to add more to this history.

Fortunately, most of the old 'Alvis Boys' are still alive and kicking up here and have some interesting stories to tell. We will interview them over the next few months and get their story and endeavour to trace their cars (most of which were 12/50's). Some we have traced with up to 6 local owners, others are ghost cars, disappeared from the face of the earth or, more likely, into the melting pots of the (sob!) scrap dealers. But who knows, we may just dig one out from under a pile of roofing iron or similar, one day!

Recently, we went on a picnic to Mt. Tamborine in company with David Vann and family in their MK6 Bentley. Stopping at a shady spot near Eagle Heights to allow the cars to cool down (Grey Ladies and MK6's do not like the climb up the mountain on a summer day, full of kids, tucker and grog!), we espied an old chap ogling both vehicles, particularly the Alvis.

He turned out to be a Mr. Purvis-Smith who, as a young man, purchased a brand new 12/50 Ducksback in Tenterfield, northern N.S.W. The dealers gave him an Alvis lapel badge which he still has. This was in 1925. In 1926 he drove the car through to the Queensland border gate along a track which followed roughly the route of the then new interstate railway line, which at the time, was constructed mainly with horse drawn scoops and wagons. No vehicular roads were in the area at the time except for this, the roughest of tracks. Apparently, the bloke manning the border gate was speechless when the Alvis arrived. Nothing other than horse drawn traffic had been past.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR FROM INDOOROOPIILLY, Q. (continued)

After a cup of tea, Mr. Purvis-Smith returned the way he had come, proving the ability of the 12/50 to negotiate the roughest of country with total reliability. He sold the car in 1930 to another Tenterfield chap who then sold it to a Sydneyite. Wonder where it is now?? We took a recent trip to the border from this side in the Grey Lady and the road is still crook. The corrugations are so bad my teeth nearly rattled out. The road is called the Lions Road and goes through Mt. Lindsay. In those days, this road did not exist.

Lastly, although I have been a member of the club for some time, I haven't a clue as to the members of the club in Queensland, nor do I know if there is another Grey Lady owner in Victoria. How about publishing a full list of all members and their cars. This has got to be an assistance to better communication between members.

Regards,
DEAN PRANGLEY

CARS AND PARTS FOR SALE OR WANTED

WANTED	1 glove box door and 1 glove box compartment for 3-litre Tickford D.H.C.	COL WINSLADE C/- PO Box Lake Boga 050 372244
FOR SALE	1924 SA 12/50 in pieces, no body, heaps of new parts and spares. \$7,000 firm	IAN GUTHRIE 060 244530
FOR SALE	Ken Day Alvis Book from club spares \$35.00 See Austin Tope at next meeting - only a few left.	
WANTED	Push rod to suit 12/50	AUSTIN TOPE 80 5163
WANTED	Bosch ZU4 or BTH magneto to suit 12/50	RICHARD CREED 716 2193
WANTED	Set of cycle type mud guards to clear 5.50 x 18 tyre	BILL BARBER 059 58 4215

SPECIAL NOTE : 1988 F.I.V.A.
AUSTRALIAN BI-CENTENNIAL INTERNATIONAL RALLY

Entry forms and information :

Victorian Rally Director,
Bill Sides,
813 Ferntree Gully Road,
Wheelers Hill, Vic. 3150.

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