



NEWSLETTER

VOLUME 35

ISSUE NO. 7

JULY 1996

CLUB ROOMS:- Rear of "ALVISTA", 21 EDGAR ST., GLEN IRIS. Melway p59 F 8.

MEETINGS:- **THIRD FRIDAY OF EACH MONTH**
(EXCEPT DEC./JAN.) AT 8 pm.



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COMING SOON



JULY FRIDAY 19th Club General Meeting. Guest speaker. James Kent from the BSA Motor Cycle Club.

JULY SUNDAY 21st Club Run to Queenscliff & Point Lonsdale. Full details were in last months issue.

AUGUST FRIDAY 16th Club General Meeting. Motoring Magazine & Book Auction. A chance to clean out your cupboards and shelves to make room for all the magazines and books that you will buy!

AUGUST SUNDAY 18th VSCC Frostbite Run. Contact Rex Roberts for details.

SEPTEMBER SATURDAY 21st & SUNDAY 22nd Club Country Weekend at Euroa. Details and entry form inside. NB. The Club General Meeting will be held at Euroa. No General Meeting in Melbourne in September.

OCTOBER SUNDAY 20TH Club Annual Dinner and Presentation Night. Note the Sunday Evening in your diary. Some preliminary details inside.

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NATIONAL RALLY MARCH 1997.

The organizers are looking at ways of increasing the number of people who can attend. Perhaps people will book their own accommodation from a list supplied. That would not be a whole answer because venues large enough to seat everyone for dinner and meetings are hard to find. Organizations able to cater for morning teas etc become more limited as the numbers increase. As well, it seems that in these days of increased leisure, venues are booked a long time in advance. The dreaded waiting list is not long (only one name firmly on it plus two "expressions of interest") so it really would be worth discussing with John Twomey your requirements and he will do his best.

COMMITTEE MEMBERS.

Please note the next committee meeting will be at 7.00 pm. on Friday July 19th - one hour before the general meeting.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

Graffiti on a Sydney wall:- "SYDNEY SUKS". Someone had added "AUCKLAND SEVEN".

"Autosport" (UK) asked readers for names of cars that manufacturers could have used for their models. The best were:-

MINI HA-HA.
RENAULT VATION.
STANDARD ISSUE.
MORRIS CHEVALIER.
SEDDON DONE

The winner was EDSSEL ROLL.

Thank-you, Ron Wilson, for those atrocious contributions.

Did you hear of the WATCHDOG called SEIKO?

Will all those entrants to the country weekend in Euroa please remember to take their fishing lines, tackle and oars. The local saying is:

EUROA DA BOAT, I CATCHA DA FISH.

ED.

QUEENSLIFF RUN.

Those members intending to come on the run to Queenscliff should have, by now, contacted John Ball or Richard Tonkin. However, it is not too late but please ring immediately.

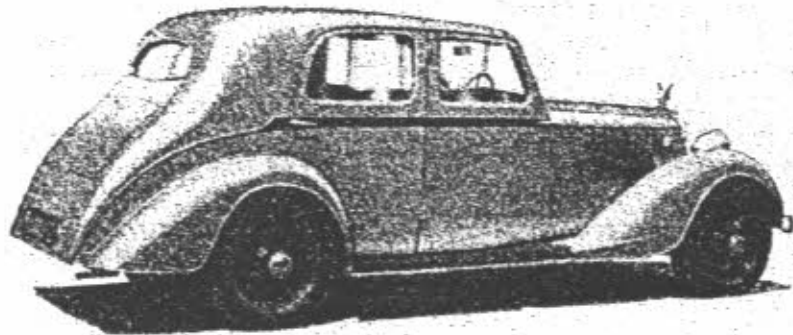
We meet in Linlithgow Avenue, near Guvment House (Melway 2F J10) at 9.00 am for departure at 9.15. **PLEASE NOTE NEW TIME OF DEPARTURE.** Instructions will be given at this point but for those who wish to make their own way to Queenscliff: we plan to meet at **CITIZEN'S GARDENS**, opposite the **OZONE HOTEL**, Gellibrand Street, Queenscliff at 11.00 am. Please remember to bring a Thermos for morning tea and binoculars.

Lunch will cost you \$16.00 per head for three courses plus coffee. Drinks extra. We have negotiated this special price at one of Queenscliff's historic landmarks. Please join us; it will be well worthwhile.

JOHN BALL.

ALVIS AGNITIONS.

Unfortunately the editor was unable to get to the Rob Roy Hill Climb; from the account given by **RON WILSON** it sounds as though it was a very good day Congratulations to **GEOFF HOOD** for his fine time up the hill. And to **DALE PARSELL** for putting in a good effort. The Firefly is certainly still being used for what it was intended for, when it was made. Dale says that he is looking for a saloon Alvis but he wants a lot of car for a little bit of money! **DEAN PRANGLEY** continues to have misfiring problems with the Speed 20. He blames the poms' lack of perception of what's meant by hot weather. He may be right but not all Alvises misbehave when it gets hot; only some of them! **JOHN and KAY BALL** have finished the planning of the Euroa weekend and the entry form is in this N/L. Now, all they require is favourable weather and your company, so please sign on the dotted line. They have also been down to Queenscliff with **HIS HONOUR, TONKIN, R** (I wasn't told whether or not Pauline was present but I hope she was because it sounds as though the reconnaissance for the club outing on 21st July was the excuse for a good lunch.). The Ball 12/50 creeps ever closer to completion; its next job is to be done in the country. I'm sure some country air will do it good! Its a pleasure to see a Silver Crest on the market; that doesn't happen too often. Get in touch with **PETER RAU** if you are interested.. I hear that **ROYBOY** is surprised that the "Road & Track" cartoons in last month's N/L were attributed to him. If he didn't send them in, who did? If he isn't going soft in the brain, your Editor must be! I hear that not much is happening to the **BRUCE FELDTMANN** 12/50 yet; it has to wait its turn in the queue, apparently. **REX ROBERTS** had a tough job getting the last N/L out anything like on time. It took Australia Post a whole week to get the copy from Shepparton to Fairfield and at the same time, the same week to get an important letter from Carlton to Shepparton. As a consequence Mesprintingdames were rushed and so was Rex.. Lets hope the system works better this month, but I doubt that the postal services have improved, really. When **JOHN TWOMEY** told me that our guest speaker is from the BSA Motor Cycle Club it reminded me that BSA stands for Birmingham Small Arms. As there is currently in Australia a vigorous and vocal debate about guns I got to wondering about guns and cars. BSA were only ever a minor producer of cars. I'm not even sure that they ever made heavy weapons; they may have stuck to "small arms" rather than artillery pieces. But there must be an engineering nexus between armaments and cars. As far as I know Alvis did not and do not make guns but they do make armoured vehicles. Armstrong made guns and cars. Vickers made aeroplanes and guns but not cars. Whitworth made cars but what else? Morgan (US) made steel while Morgan (UK) made and make cars! (*I know, no connection!*) Another Morgan (UK) made car bodies, but not guns. Who made (or makes) both guns and cars? Apart from Mitsubishi, that is.

ED.

Mr John Twomey,
53 Park St.,
Pascoe Vale, VIC 3044

Dear John,

Firstly, let me apologise for the delay in sending my cheque, it found its way to the bottom of my in tray and was only discovered today. The main reason for this letter is I have decided to part with my "Silver Crest" 1938-739..It is a four light 20 hp. saloon.

From the records I have it was registered until 1960 to David Eaton of 54 Vulture Street, West End, Brisbane. The car was eventually restored over 14 or 15 years by Alan McClintock. The earliest record I have is a letter from Alan to Red Triangle dated 1/10/79, in which he states he has just acquired the car. Shipping papers (of which Red Triangle was able to provide a copy) suggest it is either one of 35 cars built in 1938 or one of 13 built in 1939. A total of 334 Silver Crests were built but only 14 are known to remain in existence. I expect Eric Cunningham will know more about this than I do.

The car, while not in concours condition, is in very good condition and is a very drivable car. I have it on full rego. The only apparent fault is a leaky water pump and I have spent considerable funds on this problem. It had appeared to be fixed but last time I took it for a drive it leaked again. The upholstery is original and is in poor condition; in particular the drivers seat. I have not attempted to fix this as I believe it adds to the car's character.

My current work schedule allows me to be at home only about 50% of the time and there is no sign that this will improve in the short term, so the poor old Alvis is being sadly neglected. I believe that it should be sold. If someone wants a very drivable original car this is the car for them. It is also a very rare car according to the information I have.

PETER RAU.

HOT STUFF.

No it does not have a Holden motor! Well not yet anyway. I am still persevering in trying to track down the malady which has troubled the Speed 20 for some time, particularly since the Mudgee Rally. On that trip "Speedy" performed quite well, only suffering starvation on climbing nasty mountains such as Cunningham's Gap on the way to Warwick. The problem today does not reveal itself until the engine temperature reaches around 70 degrees and then for no particular reason it begins to cough and blurt like a brewer's horse! Now there are hundreds of reasons why this should happen. To go back into history we must understand that this is a pommy car made in a very cold part of the world where it was a great idea to siamese the inlet manifold over the top of the exhaust so as to make things lovely and warm for the carburettors so that the fuel air mixture was pre-heated prior to entering the firing department. The Alvis engineers persisted with this design, ignoring the fact that there are places on the habitable globe such as South Africa, Saudi Arabia and Brisbane where it gets bloody hot mate! Mr Riley did not ignore the problem and I remember well my mother's Riley 9 Monaco saloon which had a cross flow head and no fan yet could be driven all day at high revolutions (I was 17 at the time) and not even look like getting hot. Post war Alvis continued with this design problem; however hot locations on the globe were recognised and my Grey Lady, which was originally delivered new into Singapore, was fitted with a heat shield. It has never given any trouble with starvation as the clever chappies at Alvis somehow arranged for 90% of the under bonnet heat to be directly transferred in the passenger compartment particularly around the passenger's legs! Back to the Speed 20: it would appear that a combination of things need to be looked at.

A. Fuel. Today's fuel is far too volatile and evaporates/pre-ignites long before it reaches the cylinders. Experts have advised me to cool the petrol down by adding kerosene or diesel in varying amounts to the tank. The most recent advice was to add a cup of turpentine to every 5 gallons of today's super. The two former I have tried with no result except that the car smelt like 200 diesel fitters jockstraps facing east! Still on fuel: all lines have been cleaned out, as have all filters. The fuel pumps have been reconditioned by Bill Bressington of Midel in Sydney and pump well. There could be some rust in the tank but I am sure that there is plenty of juice reaching the carbies. As to them: they were set up on the motor by a local expert and even if out of tune could not be causing the main problem. They will however be completely checked out.

B. Heat. When this problem occurs it is noted that the inlet manifold is very hot. A drop of water produces crackling results. It is too hot to put an unprotected hand around the bowls and pistons and even the lines are hot to touch. This is despite a specially made heat-shield separating the carbies from the exhaust manifold. By pouring water over the inlet manifold (very risky, I admit) it is possible to return to full power for a few miles until the heat builds up all over again. Likewise, complete removal of the bonnet improves things remarkably although not aesthetically. So you sez that has to be the problem and I think you is rite and where do we go from here? 1) Another new shield between the top of the carbies and the exhaust manifolds. 2) Very thick gaskets between the carbies and their manifold pushing the carbies as far from the heat as possible and just allowing the bonnet to fasten down. 3) New open cored radiator which allows a greater volume of cool air to enter the engine department. This will be a last resort if all else fails.

C. The sparking department. I intend to have the magneto bench tested to see if it breaks down under heat load. The leads to the distributor and plugs will also be tested for breakdown and replaced. The coil and condenser have been tested and are ok. The plugs are new.

Well, what else? The exhaust system is free of baffles and there is no back pressure that I know of. I will be glad to receive other suggestions via this Newsletter, or by fax, post, Internet or camel. All of the above will be attempted when finances allow. If it still blurts and farts after all that then a Holden engine sounds like a good idea to me. Or perhaps a flat head Ford V8 or even a dirty old Perkins diesel. Come to think of it, I know of a 383 Chrysler in a garage at Rocklea. It is the same engine as the one in my Jensen Interceptor and is available for 1200 bucks. I could have Alvis decals stamped into the tappet covers and no one would be the wiser. If I could stuff that into old "Speedy" he would go like fourteen 44 gallon drums of castrated alley cats rolling down a mountain in Saigon on a Thursday afternoon!!! MMMMMMMMMMM

DEAN PRANGLEY.

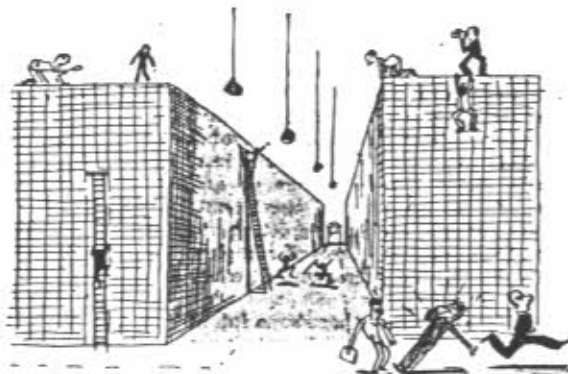


Athos Amidst

Two Million Sparkers

A Day in the Lodge Factory at Rugby

(Decorations also by Athos)



"They have only lost eight in ten years."

TAKE a sparking plug (not unless it belongs to you, of course). Regard it. A small thing, I grant you, to look at, but how much time, skill and money have gone to its fashioning, this small too-oft disregarded adjunct to trouble-free motoring. You know, people take sparking plugs for granted these days. Never look at 'em. Many an owner can't even tell you what plugs are in his new car, and I've met chaps who didn't know how many plugs there were either.

When I began motoring in the old, far-off, forgotten days we blamed the plugs whenever the engine misbehaved, which as a rule was five times a day, and if we changed the plugs we fondly thought we would cure what subsequently turned out to be a broken piston. The wretched plugs, as in motor racing to this day, were blamed for everything.

Now that is vastly changed. We presume there must be some plugs in the engine when we buy the car, and there, in splendid isolation, they remain until we sell it again, which is a very great tribute to sparking plug manufacturers.

Indeed, if I were a sparking plug manufacturer I should be inclined to make my plugs not quite so good, so that I could sell millions of replacements and accumulate even larger bags of gold in the vaults of the local bank. It does not happen that way, however, with the result that modern plugs are little miracles of manufacture coming to you in neat boxes at a very modest fee—if you ever think a change of plug is a good idea.

Just to see how much hard work goes to making so small but essential an adjunct to the pleasure of motoring, I hid me the other week to the home of a sparking plug which is just about

as good a plug as a plug very well can be, which is very good indeed.

With shame I confess I had never been to Rugby before. To begin with, my Alma Mater lay elsewhere (and still does, for that matter) and my destiny had never led me to the place where that extraordinary demonstration of physical violence known as Rugby football had originated. And in Rugby, besides the school made famous in the history of Mr. T. Brown's adolescence, there is another famous building, in which is carried on the world-wide business of making sparking plugs under the name of Lodge Plugs, Ltd.



"a cargo of eggs"

Now, I had known Lodge plugs in the old days, and they have been a household, or at least a garage-hold, word ever since. But I did not know that the name Lodge is the cognomen of the family of that great sage Sir Oliver Lodge, who is known to science for many matters and to motoring through his invention of the Lodge B Spark Igniter for motor-cars and gas engines, which happened in 1908.

This started it all, and from the manufacture by his sons, Alec and Brodie Lodge, of this and kindred devices, emerged the first Lodge plug. Continuing, history, the company became linked in 1913 with the Mascot Plug Company of Rugby, and has continued so linked under the name Lodge

ever since, presided over by the family of Lodge plus the family of the Mascot concern, headed by Mr. Bernard Hopps.

During the war of 1914-1918 Lodge Plugs were in great demand for cars and aircraft, and the factory worked three shifts per diem. To-day, when the plugs are needed for much the same purposes (and the Lodge aero plugs are world beaters), the concern is now turning out in one shift as many plugs as the three shifts made before.

Indeed, one of the first things Mr. Sales Manager Shelley said when we walked into the factory was that behind us in the stores were quite a number of plugs, and that if I wanted to pay cash and take away a quarter of a million from stock, I was at liberty to do so on the spot. Filed away very neatly are just about two million plugs of assorted kinds constantly on tap. There are in fact nearly 100 stock models, besides hundreds of experimental sorts.

Now, if you look at a plug it doesn't look fearfully exciting, but in the



"... a perfect trench system."

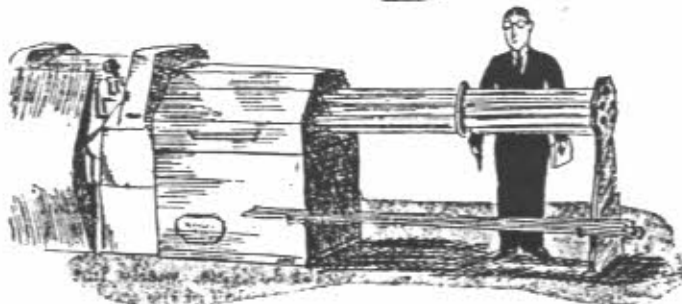
making of that small device is a tremendous amount of Knowing How, the labour of many brains and hands, and a variety of very special materials—steel, soft iron, nickel, brass, copper, platinum, mica and the special Lodge insulating ceramic known as Sintox. And except for the mica and platinum which can't be mined in this country, all the other materials are British as British can be.

The main part of a plug is, as in a man, the body, which in the case of the plug is a small steel cylinder with a hexagonal nut formed at one end, and the making of this is the first major process in the birth of a plug.

In a long hall at the Lodge works are parked rows and rows and bundles and bundles, a veritable forest, of steel rod, some hexagonal in shape but quite solid, others round bars—800 tons of it always there. So much of it that if all the rods carried in stock were placed end to end no one would know what to do about it.



"the console of a theatre organ."



Nearby in a colossal "shop" are 30 big machines which in appearance suggest the console of a cinema organ into which a lot of drain pipes have been stuck horizontally. There are five drain pipes per machine, and into each drain pipe is shoved a hexagonal steel rod. The machine does the rest. It takes the five rods at one go and chews them up, bores them out, rounds them off, and after spitting out the pieces, produces shoals of complete plug bodies in one operation, all ready for final finishing up.

Simultaneously in other shops full of craftsmen, noise and whirling belting, electrodes are being made by the million, terminals are being dished out, and the Sintox material is being made into insulators, which are the central bits of the plug surrounding the electrode (and that is the little rod on the end of which the sparks happen).

The Sintox reaches the factory in bags, looking for all the world like cement, but it has still to be ground to the consistency of unusually expensive face powder and then some more. They do this on a battery of huge drums, in which the stuff, mixed with water, is whirled around and pounded by hundreds of hard balls of the Sintox material, the idea being that like pounds like better than anything else—and when Sintox is finished it is harder than a miser's heart.

An Ageing Business

From these drums aforesaid the stuff goes to a tank and is pumped into filters, from which it emerges in cakes about 2 ft. square and an inch thick. The cakes are next carted off and aged in a drying room—well, not entirely a drying room, because they have to keep an exact amount of moisture present. This ageing is an important and lengthy process, like making champagne, after which the cakes, having reached the age of reason, are taken off to a battery of sausage machines. In go the cakes, out come the sausages, in consistency like Plastocene, joy of my childhood.

The sausages have two destinies. Some get made into small spheres and are used for the grinding process, others are made into the insulators in various sizes. Both destinies converge in the furnace room for heat treatment and vitrifying. This is a very important and highly confidential process into which I do not propose to admit you (because they wouldn't tell me). However, there, about half a mile long, stand the furnaces—very special ones simmering with a gentle warmth approximately 2,000 degrees Centigrade, and most accurately controlled. There's a railway down the middle of the furnace, upon which travel the insulators and balls of Sintox. They don't go very fast; in fact I've seen far faster glaciers—but then these furnaces have little in common with glaciers when you come to look inside.

At one end the railway starts, at the other the finished product emerges, looking hot, but by no means bothered. It was here, at the starting end, I fell over a little trolley of fire-

ATHOS AMIDST TWO MILLION SPARKERS Contd.



brick on wheels carrying what I thought was a cargo of eggs to be poached, until Mr. Works Manager Wilmart murmured that these were eggs of Sintox ready to be hardened for their subsequent use in grinding.

Habit of Heat

When the insulators are ready they have the name Lodge stuck on them and a glaze added, ready for vitrifying, and back they go to another furnace which is again very special, and like nearly all the machinery in the factory, designed by Lodge's themselves. A queer little furnace this. They noted that heat is inclined to rise, so they built the furnace going up in the middle, so that the heat would go upwards inside. The result is that inside it is very hot indeed, but at the doors it is barely warm. Rather odd.

Much extension is going on at these works and, as we were leaving this palace of heat, I noted a perfect trench system, complete with fire-step, parapet and parados, which would have delighted the Army Council—but learnt it was merely the foundations of another new furnace.

While Sintox is being thus violently handled, the metal body parts are going through the mill as well. The body has to be finished off and finally rust-proofed by a zinc process, in which the zinc penetrates the pores of the metal for good and all, again in a furnace.

In the end all the various parts—and there are many—arrive at the assembly department and in special



machines fly together and emerge as debutante sparking plugs.

Encounter With Research

It was at this point that I encountered the experimental department, where all the research is done. Think of a plug and this is where they make it. Think of the most difficult and impossible plug and this is where they will produce it pronto, no trouble at all. And this department, crammed with secrets, was lorded over by an enthusiastic young man, and as is quite inevitable in research experts, he was a fanatic for breaking things. He was surrounded by destructive machinery. He loved to take a plug and twist its head off, or bash it sideways, or smash it downwards, or turn it inside out and split it endways. I have often wondered how these scientific Nihilists behave at home. I imagine that if a new teapot appears on the breakfast table it is with them the matter of a moment to test the snapping strain of the handle or the torsional bursting point of the spout.

There is also a lab., of course, for tests and analyses of all sorts, smelling like all labs, the world over—a cross between the dentist's surgery and a poison gas works—in which I encountered a young lady in white earnestly regarding a dish frying on a bunsen burner, although I thought her mind was with a kettle simmering over another burner nearby with the well-known air of a kettle about to make a nice cup of tea around 4 p.m.

The Female Element

There are, of course, a lot of processes of manufacture which I have had to omit, space being what it is, but I must mention the rows of young ladies who sat before long benches making sheets of mica, which they did by the simple process of slitting a thick sheet of it with a dangerous looking knife, so fast that the quickness of the hand quite definitely deceived the eye. And what is more, although they slit—swish, swish, swish, as quick as that—every sheet, of paper thinness, is precisely the same to thousandths of an inch. And they do it without any gauges, simply by feel and practice.

Then there are the rows of girls (girls are so much more nimble-fingered, not to say more decorative, than men) who carry out the many inspections and tests of all the parts at every stage of manufacture, rows of patient workers whose suspicious eyes never miss the slightest fault. So cynical are they that the plug never gets the benefit of the doubt.

After the final inspection the packing, and into the stores. Two million plugs in rows and every one accounted for. They can tell if one solitary plug is missing in the whole of the works, and they have only lost eight in ten years. A loss of less than 0.0000005 per cent., I reckon.

And so I came away from the Lodgery, where all the workers are no doubt Lodgers, vastly impressed with the perfection of the modern plug.

A VINTAGE ROB ROY HILL CLIMB SUNDAY MAY 16th JUNE 1996

The sun at 10.00 am was struggling with 5 degrees while trying to penetrate the fog filled hollows so it was a pleasant but very cold view from Rob Graham's TB 14 as he drove me to the "HILL". And here I would spring to the defence of this Alvis which is a fast very comfortable and pleasant conveyance and not worthy of the uncalled for ribaldry levelled by a few persons. (Ribald? Who? Never!...Ed.) Before we had a chance to renew any acquaintances on arrival we were "volunteered" to be marshalls at the end of the return road which is also the start of THE WALL. We didn't relish the job of trying to remain upright on a 1 in 2 grade for a couple of hours but it turned out there was a fat bonus. Not only were we in Supreme Command and could order competitors to "stay there" or "go" but we were only metres away from the cars and hugely enjoying expressions on the drivers faces as they were confronted by this almost perpendicular piece of bitumen. They ranged from reckless abandon to "well...I'm committed" to "Oh..my God!" All of which showed their level of Rob Roy experience. We breathed in hot engine odours and Castrol R and enjoyed complimentary Eustachian tube cleansings from the exhausts. But come 1.30 we felt we had done our bit and returned to the Pits to consume a sausage and see the static display. And there were Alvises everywhere. We had seen...and heard...Geoff Hood, in the 12/50 Racer on the track plus Dale Parsell in the magnificent Firefly still trying to master the gearbox...Andrew Green in the S.D.12/50 resplendent in new shiny alloy...Paul Chaleyev in the 3 point something Speed 20 Sports and the now scarlet Speed 20 of Peter Briese, who had allowed son Douglas and son in law David to play with it while he watched from down low. Also watching but with proper cars were Frank Mornane (4.3 litre) and Stephen Denner with his 112/50 while spectating on foot were John Kent and Murray Fitch. There was something standing alone with a number 1250 on it which I examined but then wished I hadn't. It appeared to be an early 12/50 SA Chassis perching on disc wheels ex a Foden truck with a curious bedstead sourced seat. This device I heard was soon to have the 12/50 power plant replaced with a cracking head black iron lump. Why are such things allowed? We have laws to preserve things of value, so why not include 12/50's? But back to things more savoury. Of course Rex Roberts plus son Cameron were there for if they had stayed home the whole event would have been "cactus!". This pair arrived in the dark at some unseemly hour to lay miles of cable up and down the Hill and then put in all day at the start only to gather it all up again in the late afternoon. So take a bow chaps.. you certainly deserve it! Geoff Hood had his best time ever: 27.82 secs in the Blown 12/50 and Dale Parsell did 45.2 in the Firefly. Of course there were some beaut. cars to be seen apart from Alvis and tops for me was a 1930's Delage sports with coachwork resembling the Figoni Delahayes with their pontoon wings. A close second was the 1931 Alfa 1750. Things to dream on! It was a very well attended day, both by competitors and by spectators, with a great laid back attitude by everyone which made even some of the "do you remembers.." believable. So next year..don't miss it, for it's one of the best!

RON WILSON.



PETROL AGAIN.

What would an issue of the N:L be like without an article on petrol? Well, just to maintain the habit, here are a couple of zany pieces - from England, present and past.....

A petrol station that attracts vintage car enthusiasts who like to fill up at its original 1930s pumps is threatened with closure because they are less than 4.25 metres from the road..




The West End Garage in Turnastone, Herefordshire, has failed to have its petrol licence renewed after the fire brigade said the pumps were a fire hazard. Hedley Wilding, 78, co-owner of the garage, said there had not been an accident since he started filling up vehicles there in 1923.

Mr Wilding, who took over the business in 1948, said more than 1,000 people had signed a protest petition. "There has never been an accident with the pumps and there is no way they can be re-sited. The pumps are not dangerous because there is a brick wall separating them from the road. An appeal against the decision will be heard by a government health and safety inspector next month.

Roger Collings, a former president of the Vintage Sports Car Club and a customer at the garage, said: "The safety argument is nonsense. The fire service has been unbelievably awkward and unhelpful. You get excellent service there and can still buy your petrol in gallons."

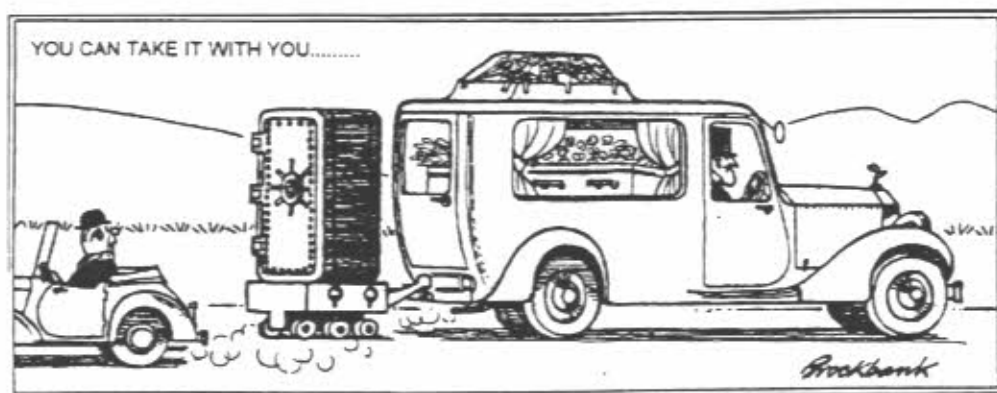
A fire brigade spokesman said they were following the safety guidelines, but it was not their intention to force the garage to close.

(from the "Daily Telegraph" - London, 1996.)

 <p>DUAL ARM WIPER ATTACHMENT Partials your passenger to see ahead. "Road price £1.75" say it loud enough Wiper 2/6</p>	<p>SPECIAL OFFER of WAKEFIELD Patent OIL GUNS <small>As advertised previously</small>  7/6 <small>Total weight 16 lb.</small></p>	<p>FUME EXTRACTOR  3/-</p>
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A British inventor has produced a petrol substitute from three easily obtainable chemicals, none of which is derived from petroleum. He claims the ingredients are simply mixed together and anyone could make his own "juice" at home—if he knew the formula. The inventor is 47-year-old William Harthill, of Sheffield, England Naturally, he isn't going to reveal his secret to all and sundry—but he will sell the right to market his substitute (or produce it on the spot) to manufacturers in other countries. News of Harthill's discovery sparked off a tremendous interest in Australia. Harthill got such a deluge of marketing offers from "down under" that he telephoned from Sheffield as I was writing this story and told me "My solicitors and I have decided that it would be easier to sell out completely to Australia for £50,000 stg. instead of trying to set up marketing facilities out there ourselves. The first offer we get for £50,000 payable over 12 months we shall accept." By the time you read this, a deal may have been made—and Australians may be among the first to run their cars on Harthill's synthetic. All Harthill will reveal about the components of his fuel is that it is made up of two non-petroleum hydro-.....

So ends a cutting that I have (? sent in by Alister Cannon - a few years ago now). It is some of the text from an article by Harold Dvoretzky in "Modern Motor" - March 1957. I wonder whether any of this snake oil ever came to Australia. £50,000 was a lot of money in 1957. Quite a lot, now in fact, but a caption under a poor photo. says that "the juice" was rated at 75 - 80 octane so it would have suited our older cars quite nicely!
ED.



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CARS & PARTS FOR SALE
AND WANTED

AUGUST NEWSLETTER

COPY DEADLINE

WEDNESDAY

24TH JULY 1996

THE CLUB CARRIES A LARGE SELECTION OF SPARE PARTS WHICH ARE AVAILABLE TO FINANCIAL MEMBERS OF THE CLUB AND TO MEMBERS OF THE ALVIS CAR CLUB OF NEW SOUTH WALES. ONLY REPRODUCTION PARTS CAN BE SUPPLIED TO NON MEMBERS AND A SURCHARGE WILL BE APPLIED. MEMBERS CONTEMPLATING THE MANUFACTURE OF SPARES ARE ASKED TO CONTACT THE CLUB TO SEE IF OTHERS NEED SUCH A PART OR IF IT IS FEASIBLE TO ORDER SOME FOR CLUB SPARES.

To enquire about spares please contact the appropriate SPAREPERSON listed below:-.

VINTAGE

Geoff Hood
37 Thomas St.,
E. Doncaster
Vic 3109
03 9842 2181

PVT

Austin Tope
8 Wimba Ave.,
Kew
Vic 3101
03 9817 5163

TA14

Bob Graham
15 Clarke Ave.,
Caulfield
Vic 3162
03 9571 3886

3 LITRE

John Ball
P O Box 26
Murchison
Vic 3610
058 262518

CLUB

TA 21 Specification Sheets. As published recently in the N/L. \$5.00 plus p&p.

Club Permit Books. Latest edition. \$5.00 ex. Club Room's. \$6.20 posted.

"Motor Trader" Technical data Sheets. Reprints available for Speed 25, 3½ litre, 12/70 & TD21 \$5.00 plus p&p.

Handbooks & Spares Lists for most Alvis models. Expertly reproduce by the renowned "ROYBOOKS" method.

Roy Boy. Tel. 03 97047549

Fire Extinguishers. Chubb 1 kilogram. \$25.00 ex. Club Room's. Some stock remains.

PRIVATEERS

FOR SALE Alvis Silver Crest Four Light Saloon 1938 or 39. (See letter in this issue for some details of the car. ED.) \$45,000. Peter Rau, 32 Midshipman Ct., Paradise Waters, Qld.4217

WANTED For Speed 20 SA. Trim for the 2 front guard mounted spare wheels. Chrome plated covers for the hole in the centre of the spare wheel together with the plate which fits inside the hole, long stud and wing nut. Real money offered.

Bob Graham. Tel 03 95713886.

ANNUAL DINNER & PRESENTATION NIGHT.

Preliminary information:

Sunday 20th October.

Evening

"Georgian Court" Restaurant

21 George Street, East Melbourne

Cost most likely \$25.00 per head.

The opinions expressed in this Newsletter are not necessarily those of the Alvis Car Club of Victoria (Inc.), its Officers or its Editor. Whilst all care has been taken neither the Club nor its Officers accept responsibility for the availability or quality or fitness for use of any services, goods or vehicles notified for sale or hire or the genuineness of the advertiser or author. Other car clubs may reprint only articles originating from our members. Acknowledgement will be appreciated.

COUNTRY WEEK-END AT EUROA

Saturday 21st & Sunday 22nd September

Euroa is just off the Hume Highway, approx 150 km from Melbourne - an easy run of 1.5 - 2 hours

Saturday 21st.

Arrive at **JOLLY SWAGMAN MOTOR INN**, 28 Clifton St. (Old Hume Highway) during the afternoon.

DINNER & GENERAL MEETING
at "**HAYGUNS RESTAURANT**"
which is within easy walking distance of the Motel.

Sunday 22nd.

Optional early morning walk around historic Euroa.

Depart Motel and drive through the scenic *STRATHBOGIE RANGES*, stopping at *STONECROP FINE ART GALLERIES* for morning tea. Lunch is at *TASTY-A-FACE* which is a cottage restaurant in Strathbogie. All roads are sealed and you can return to Melbourne via the picturesque *POLLY McQUINNS WEIR*.

The weekend package includes motel accomodation with continental breakfast, dinner at Haygun 's

Restaurant and morning coffee. Full breakfast is available for \$6.00 extra.

As was the case last year, to allow choice, the cost of the lunch is NOT included but prices are reasonable. You will need to pay for your drinks at the restaurants.

THE COST IS \$50.00 PER PERSON; DOUBLE OR TWIN SHARE. \$77.00 SINGLE.

\$25.50 PER PERSON EXTRA IN A FAMILY ROOM.

ENTRY FORM FOR CLUB COUNTRY WEEKEND AT EUROA. PLEASE COMPLETE FORM AND SEND IT WITH YOUR CHEQUE (MADE OUT TO THE ALVIS CAR CLUB) TO JOHN TWOMEY, 53 PARK STREET PASCOE VALE. 3044.

NAME PHONE.....

ADDRESS No.in PARTY.....

ACCOMODATION REQUIRED:- (please tick) DOUBLE TWIN FAMILY SINGLE

AMOUNT ENCLOSED: \$ _____