

The Alvis Car Club of Victoria (Inc)



The Apple Isle Tour 2004

the photograph tells it all! The Hoods at Cradle Mountain

ALVALACRITY

Most modern car road tests comment on the number of cup holders in the cabin. I ask you! How important is that really? Obviously manufacturers think it is because they spend fortunes on the design of the things. If you step inside a modern car and see a button whose function is not immediately obvious, just press it and see. Chances are that amazingly shaped bits of plastic will spring out of the dashboard and before your very eyes change themselves from a handful of Chinese spills into a cup holder. That it is of a diameter too small to support the mug of a Thermos flask and has insufficient side support to contain a soft drink bottle seems to be of little consequence – it can be counted! Picnic trays out. Cupholders in. Another useless bit of modern paraphernalia is the “space saver” spare wheel. Volvo with their latest “cross country vehicle” have pinched some of the spare wheel space to fit a “woofer” loudspeaker for the sound system, thus allowing only enough spare wheel space for a wheelbarrow wheel. Presumably Volvo owners will be eternally grateful for their chance to listen to fine music while they wait four days for the Beaupaires bloke to come up the Oodnadatta Track with a proper wheel and tyre. Should you buy a Mercedes Benz 4WD in which to explore outback Australia, beware – you have only a wheelbarrow wheel as a spare, but don't worry – you will have time to enjoy the fine leather and wooden ambience while you wait and wait for help. While we're talking about MB – how about paying \$1,000 for a replacement external mirror should be silly enough to need one? Replacements may be twice that price now that repeater side and indicator lights are being placed in the front of the mirror housing. All of this seems to be more hype than substance. Nearly all of these amazing modern machines will be junked before ten years has elapsed, even though 75% of the components still work perfectly. I think this points to the attraction of Vintage and PVT cars. They were honest. They did not always do what they were supposed to do well but they were honest in their attempts. As we battle to remedy the failures of eighty year old metal, let us remember the lament about the law abiding daughter in a household of thieves: “she was poor but she was honest / ain't it all a bl..... shame?”

JOHN HETHERINGTON

VALE

It is with sadness that we note the passing of Alister Cannon, a former long time member of the Alvis Car Club of Victoria

LINGA LONGA AT YARRAWONGA IS DEAD!

but

“CASTLEMAINE CAPERS” IS VERY MUCH ALIVE!

As a result of insufficient interest in the Queens Birthday Weekend at Yarrowonga, that event has been cancelled. However starters for Yarrowonga decided that they would still like to get together for the weekend. Accordingly 10 rooms have been filled in an old worldly motor lodge and an informal program organised in the Castlemaine area. There are still 2 rooms available at the Campbell St Motor Lodge if you would like to join us, but you will need to be quick. Rooms are \$95 per night and meals etc will be on a pay your own way basis. There will be a small rally fee to cover a Sunday BBQ & afternoon tea costs.

Contact Mary or John Lang 5426 2256 for further details

THE ALVIS CAR CLUB OF VICTORIA (Inc)

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NEWSLETTER

ISSUE 4

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SUPPER—the NORTHEYS

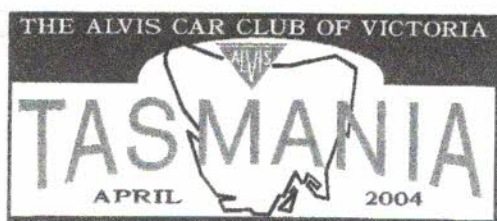
16 May	VSCC Day Trial
21 May	General Meeting
29-30 May	Historic Winton
11-14 Jun	Queens Birthday Weekend Away "Castlemaine Capers"
18 Jun	General Meeting
11 Jul	Annual Luncheon
16 Jul	General Meeting
18 Jul	Rob Roy Hill Climb
5 Dec	Xmas Party at the Parkies

FEES ARE NOW OVERDUE & PAYABLE

This will be the last newsletter for unfinancial members

PLEASE PAY PARKY!





TASSIE ROUNDUP

"If you do the first three days, I'll do the other seven", offered John Lang. As the 2004 Alvis Tassie Tour lasted ten days, I thought that this was an extremely fair, reasonable and equitable offer and, of course, I accepted immediately.

I have included, as the first day in this tale, Thursday, 15th April, because that was, indeed, when our adventure began. Pauline and I had been greatly looking forward to the Tour and "Claudia", our TE 21, was, I thought, well fettled and prepared for the trip, which was to be her first long run since being imported from England in the middle of last year.

We set off from home in the late afternoon on Thursday, 15th April, heading for the Spirit of Tasmania 2, the ferry that was to take us to Devonport. It was a cold, dark and drizzly day and we had most of Claudia's electrical systems running, including the wipers, the interior heater fan (yes, she does have all of the creature comforts), the radio and, crawling through the peak hour traffic in the city, the Kenlowe electric fan to assist with engine cooling. Having negotiated the Melbourne traffic, we were pottering cheerfully along City Road in South Melbourne, within a couple of kilometres of the ferry when, at a set of traffic lights, Claudia's engine died. A turn of the key produced only that sickening, groaning noise from the starter motor which denotes a flat battery. With me steering and Pauline manfully (?) pushing from the rear, we managed to get her into an adjoining factory car park, from where the RACV were called. They duly arrived and the nice service man's diagnosis was that the generator was dead (with the usual jokes about Joseph Lucas, Prince of Darkness), and we should immediately forget any thoughts of a trip to Tasmania. However, after we got her started and I noticed that the ammeter was charging the battery, the RACV man whacked the generator with his hammer (which I now learn is an old mechanic's trick for fixing sticky electricals), and the power output further improved, he decided that it was the voltage regulator which was at fault and that, so long as we only drove in daylight in Tasmania and didn't use the headlights, we should be O.K. Thus, thankfully, it proved to be.

The ferry was late unloading and there were some delays in getting us on board but, as we got onto the actual wharf, we began to see other Alvises and the usual greetings were exchanged, especially with the four entrants from interstate, the **Blacketts**, **Roland Comfort**, the **Gunnells**, the **Hemmings** and **David and Struan McDonald**. On the tour, there were a total of four 12/50s, a FWD, seven Speed models, two Silver Eagles, a Firefly, a TC 21 and a TE 21. **Graeme and Jennie Jackson** were in their vintage Sunbeam and **Frank and Pam Mornane** in their Austin Healey.

Once on board, we enjoyed a very good meal in the restaurant and we had an uneventful crossing with only some gentle rolling as we traversed Bass Strait.

The next morning, Claudia again declined to start on the battery, but with some pushing from the ship's crew (*"Don't worry mate, we do this all the time, especially with these funny old cars"*), she roared to life and there were no further electrical problems during the trip.

Once off the ferry at Devonport, we travelled some 40 kilometres to the Christmas Hills Raspberry Farm, where we had breakfast, as the ferry arrives in Devonport too early to have breakfast on board. Travelling from Devonport to the Raspberry Farm, we already saw tinges of green on the countryside, which was a welcome relief from the brown, dead grass of Victoria.

Leaving the Raspberry Farm, we proceeded through Deloraine, Exton, Westbury, Hagley and Hadspen, all little villages along the way to Launceston. At Launceston, we had a most pleasant tour of Boags Brewery, over about 1½ hours. There were, indeed, free samples at the end, being glasses of their excellent brew. Boags is, by world standards, a small boutique brewery, which had been in the Boag family's hands until recently, when the pressures of a takeover offer from Japan proved too great and yet another of our icons fell into overseas hands.

From Launceston, we travelled through Perth and Longford to Woolmers Estate. This is a delightful home, built in the 1830s, on which had been a very prosperous wool growing property. We enjoyed a sandwich lunch there and a tour of the homestead, put on by local volunteers, who did an excellent job.

From Woolmers, we travelled south to Hobart, through Cressy, Campbelltown, Ross, Oatlands, Richmond, Cambridge (wonderful old English names!) to Hobart.

At Hobart, we were all staying at The Old Woolstore in Macquarie Street, only a couple of blocks from the harbour. Parking spaces were reserved for the Alvises at the rear of the hotel, which was excellently appointed. That gave me the first opportunity to get out the chamois and wipe some of the road dirt off Claudia, which brought the usual howls of laughter and derision from the other Alvistis, who were more busily engaged in getting their hands greasy with engine rebuilds, gear box replacements and all those other dirty things that you lot who haven't got modern Alvises have to do.

Dinner that night was at the restaurant in the hotel and most of us had an early night, as it had been a pretty long day.

On Saturday, we drove a total of some 200 kilometres, the object of the trip being the Tahune Forest Air Walk. The trip was through some delightful green Tasmanian countryside and, on the way, we stopped at Home Hill Winery, a boutique winery which was planted in 1993 and produced its first vintage in 1998, the Pinot Noir wines having won several awards. Morning tea was excellent and the vista from the restaurant area looking over the vines was most pleasant.

From the winery, we travelled through Huonville, Franklin, Castle Forbes Bay, Port Huon and Geeveston to the Hartz Mountain

National Park and the Tahune Forest Reserve. As their names imply, many of those towns and villages were on the water and the scenery was delightful. During that run, Pauline experienced the delights of being driven by **David McDonald**, from Sydney, in his Speed 25 Drophead ("*Darling, he drives a lot faster than you do!*"), while I hosted his brother,

Struan, in Claudia. **Struan**, who is not an old car man, was very diplomatic and he made no unfavourable comments, except to say that I drove somewhat more gently than **David**.

The Tahune Forest Reserve Air Walk is, as its name implies, a forest canopy air walk (in fact, the world's largest), 597 metres long and at an average height of 20 metres above the forest floor. At the end of it, there is a 24 metre long cantilever section that sits 48 metres out above the junction of the Huon and Picton Rivers. That sticks out like a diving board at the end of the walkway and some of the less brave did not venture out to the end. The walk was spectacular and is to be thoroughly recommended to anyone visiting the area. We then had lunch in the visitors' area, before returning to Hobart.

That evening, we were hosted to dinner at the home of Hobart Alvis enthusiasts, **Liz and Mike Williams**, whose property overlooks the Derwent River (which, unfortunately, we couldn't see very much of, because it was night time, but it must be a spectacular view). We were picked up from the hotel in a red London double decker bus and transported in style to the Williams' home, where a veritable feast awaited us. We ate and ate and ate, until it was time to leave and we then returned to Hobart on the bus. On the way back, I led both the lower and the upper decks of the bus (no mean feat) in a rendition of "*Irene Goodnight*", which I think went down well with the Victorians but somewhat bemused the New South Welshpeople. By the way, does anybody know the second verse of Irene Goodnight?

The next morning, Sunday, 18th April (and, dear readers you will be delighted to learn that my portion of the tale is almost at an end), we departed, more or less in convoy, for Kettering, from where we were to take the ferry to Bruny Island, for morning tea at the Parkinsons' holiday home and then a tour of the island. When we arrived at the ferry, **Parky and John Lang** were there to greet us and to shepherd us on board. We were joined there by **Merv Coombs** and **Dianne Ayres** in their TC 21 from Hobart. We had to explain to them that Parky's car is called a Noddy car (after Enid Blyton's character), and that we were delighted that there was now a Noddy car on the tour.

John Lang will now take up the tale for the rest of the trip. Although he will no doubt do so, let me take this opportunity to most sincerely thank **Noeline** and **Allan McKinnon** for organising a superb rally, to the **Parkys** and the **Langs** for making the Bruny Island day so pleasant and for later organising the barbecue at Strahan, as well as **Sally** and **Chester McKaige** for the rally book, **Mike** and **Liz Williams** and their family for the dinner at their home in Hobart and **Geoff Cuthbert** in Hobart for his input of invaluable local knowledge to the organisers.

When can we do it again?

RICHARD TONKIN

Having never been on anything bigger than Parky's "Queen Pattie," Marg & I chose to cross Bass Strait in daylight hours. It was fun for the first three hours then you wonder what to do for the next seven!

From overnighing in Deloraine, the run to Hobart and on to Bruny bought back some happy memories, particularly revisiting the Ross bridge and delving further into the history of the area. The flatties were biting like there was no tomorrow at Bruny and to gorge on freshly caught fish takes a lot of beating.

Sunday morning at Kettering saw the Alvis arrive at the ferry and some dextrous work by the crew saw all the cars on the top deck in what turned out to be a fully laden vessel. The ferry has a propulsion system akin to a helicopter with two sets of four vertical blades that change pitch during each revolution and give the vessel the unique ability to do a 360 degree turn while still making forward motion. The control is carried out using two vertical helms one on each side of the captain.

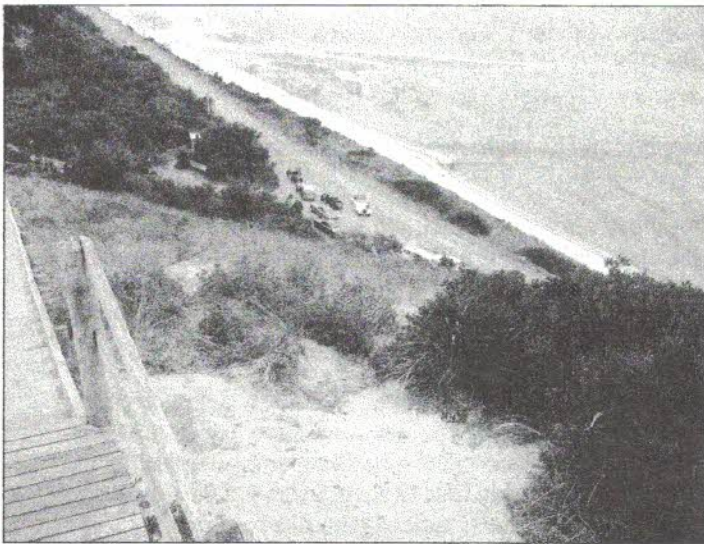
Clare Fitch visited the bridge and asked the captain if she could drive. He said no because it was his turn! She then asked him if we could go up the coast for a look but he said he had to pick up the cars waiting on the other side. Clare's response was that it is not a



problem because they were not going anywhere until we got there!



Archie & Robyn Richards, long time inhabitants of Bruny and all round nice people met us at the Bruny side in their A Model Ford roadster and lead the way to picturesque Barnes Bay. Tea, coffee, scones, cakes, biscuits for morning tea. Alvises, Sunbeam, Healey and A Model all on the front lawn. The Parky Villa had never seen so many people at once and one had to carefully plan an attempt to cross the lounge room for another cup of coffee. Outside Bruny had decided that it would be grumpy for the day and the wind blew and the rain jackets got an airing. On to Denmes Point with some of Australia's best scenery before us, then the east side of the island overlooking Storm Bay to the Tasman Peninsular. Destination, the CWA Hall and

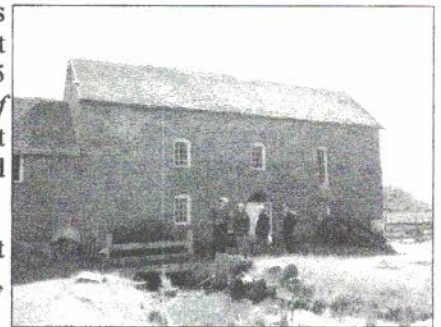


ladies, for lunch. Then for the south island and the isthmus separating north from south. Some proceeded to Adventure Bay the site of a Capt Cook landing. The south island is generally less attractive than the north! The ferry ran every hour and people chose when they returned.

Mayday, mayday, mayday on the phone at Barnes Bay. Noeline McKinnon calling, that bloody Geoff Hood scrounged the last space on the boat and we are stranded here in the cold. Parkies to the rescue - thermos flasks at the ready, fruit cake etc off to the ferry landing to sustain the perishing Alvesti.

Monday morning took us through Pontville, Bagdad to Melton Mowbray to Bothwell CWA hall for morning tea. Advice was, ask the ladies for directions to Thorpe Farm to see the restored grain mill. Lungs out taking photographs instead of listening to directions. No one in sight, back to the CWA, Margaret to ask directions. CWA lady turns Marg around. Taps her right

shoulder and says this is the upside, taps her left, this is the bottomsides. Marg confirms left and right. No! top and bottom. Take the second turn on the bottomsides, but don't count the first one????? How long do we have to drive for asks Marg, one lady said 5 minutes the other 10. *(Thank God I stayed in the car. If I had come back with that set of instructions, I would have been sent back to get it right!)* So we didn't count the first road on the bottom but started counting from the next. 200 metres down the road found Thorpe Farm. Makes you wonder!



It was extremely interesting to see the mechanisms in place to feed and grind the wheat having diverted the river to turn the wheel. Off to Derwent Bridge Hotel for lunch, nearly the best pumpkin soup in Australia!

Fabulous driving to Queenstown, but you must ask yourself, what are we doing to this world. The destruction around Queenstown and the mountains of tailings would make you cry. It's a long while since I had a lady sitting on my lap in a car, but with incredible drops to the left and little semblance of guard rails, Margaret decided to attempt the impossible thinking it was safer on my side even though she still had her seatbelt on and I was occupying the driver's seat.

37km to Strachan in Alvis heaven, what a road! At times we had attempted to get some photographs of cars ahead of us—there was Rob & Heather in the FWD enjoying the challenge. Camera at the windscreen, all I had to do was sneak up and maintain station through the curves—still no shutter noise, too bumpy. Up a bit closer—the Commodore can easily match the FWD cornering! Forget the corner, concentrate on the FWD—LOOK AT THE CORNER! What am I doing? A spin in a modern at that point would have had me leave the Alvis Club in disgrace! We also had the pleasure of following the Blackets on similar roads. The 12/50 & FWD are real performers! Maybe it's just the drivers!!!

Strachan is pretty on Macquarie Harbour and the accommodation was excellent!

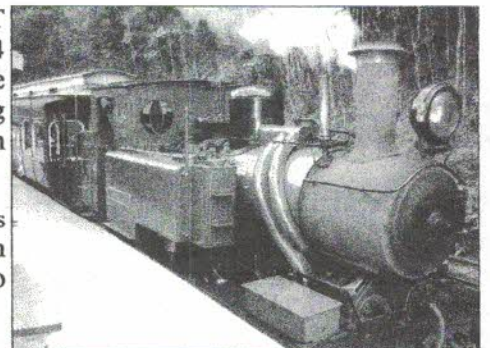


On Tuesday, the Lady Jane Franklin 3 was waiting for us at the dock. Later we were to find out what happened to LJF 1 & 2. Very cosy in the captain's cabin with coffee, tea, biscuits, wine & cheese and smorgasbord lunch and a glass of red to wash it all down. This was really living. Macquarie Harbour is the biggest harbour in the southern hemisphere and the water is pristine, out through Hells Gate into the Southern Ocean. Dolphins beside the vessel on return and up the Gordon River. The LJF3 was controlled from a small joystick on the captain's right arm rest. Clare Fitch always at the pointy end wants to steer - easy as pie! Frank Mornane's turn. Turn being the operative word. His attempt at a 360 in the confines of the Gordon made the captain gasp and grown men cry! We believe Frank was responsible for the loss of both Lady Jane Franklin 1 and 2 whose remains can be seen on a clear day on the bottom of the Gordon!

Wednesday we walked, drove, crawled to the station for our departure on the ABT Railway which was built in 1896 by the Mt Lyell Mining and Railway Co. The 34 kms of track to Queenstown have been rebuilt and the incredible grades require the steam loco to use a rack and pinion. Separate pistons driving the rack and the driving wheels. The remains of bridge spans and other track debris show the difficulties in removing such items.

The damage to the King River is incredible, choked with mine effluent. It is apparently improving over the years and must have been appalling its worst. The rain forest is incredibly beautiful in stark contrast to the King. Bus from Queenstown to Strachan. A description of the trip is listed in one of the other articles.

Thursday saw some fantastic driving to Smithton. I remarked how the road conditions



changed in a hundred metres. Dry roads bathed in sun, wet where they were sheltered. You drove into a black curtain of shadows not knowing whether it was a left or right hand corner. It is understandable how Targa participants could be caught out.

Stanley for lunch and on to Smithton. Chester had the experts scratching their heads. The Ducksback sounding like a Harley Davidson. Black smoke rough running - had to be fuel! But what? Float was floating. Choke was open, but a gut full of fuel! Not the magneto. A recently fitted Ki-Gas pump was the culprit. If it is not fully screwed in after use it allows petrol to flow straight into the manifold. Also the Parsell Firefly made unwell noises and was taken to hospital.

Friday to Allendale Gardens and a private rain forest. Then to Cradle Mountain. As you drive closer to the mountain your expectations increase. You get out of the car and it stands before you. If the cold hasn't taken your breath away, the view certainly did. The front cover says it all!

Dove Lake on a cold crisp morning is a memory that you will die with.

Saturday to Devonport via Sheffield and Latrobe. I had to laugh at JFH when I asked him about the doll shop at Latrobe. Seems that psychiatry may have been a better profession for him! I was enthralled—thousands of big and little faces peering from every vantage point. It was also an antique shop and there were obviously some gems there, all hidden by little faces. Look up—little faces. Look sideways—little faces. Look down—little faces. Noeline must be a control freak, always wanting to hold the remote control. She found a round black device complete with remote control that was capable of emitting a noise similar to a fluff or raspberry or if you are not bashful—A FART! We all had lots of enjoyment from this in the early hours of the ferry back home with other passengers wondering who had eaten what! How infectious is laughter when you are with a group of friends after a fabulous week together!



Special thanks to Noeline & Alan McKinnon the McKaiges for a great rally book and all the participants.

JL

Ah Victorians You've Done it Again!

.....*Brian Hemmings*

What a fabulous rally it was! The weather was great, (mostly) the Tasmanian roads excellent and the organisation by Noeline & Alan McKinnon without peer.

What more could an Alvis driver ask for in life?

I had a few "niggles" however. To start with, the BL—Y generator failed before reaching Gundagai on the way down! Joseph Lucas, the Prince of Darkness strikes again. No worries mate! Bought a battery charger at Gundagai with the aim of recharging at Wodonga, where the battery was too flat to start the car. We were pushed into our parking spot at the Motel, charger connected, result- bummer all!

Rushed across the road to nearby Motor Parts shop that had just closed and after pitiful hammering on the door, purchased another charger. SUCCESS! On we pressed to darkest Melbourne where at the ferry terminal Alan McKinnon provided an Optima battery which kept us going the whole tour.

BUT THERE IS MORE! Being unable to recharge the battery at the Melbourne terminal we had to rely on one half charged and one fully charged battery, not yet connected, to get to Hobart direct from landing at Devonport.

At a town called Ross, the second battery was connected and light drizzle turned to rain and darkness fell and now with lights required to get to Hobart the situation was looking desperate. Did I say desperate? Just as we got to Hobart on the crest of a hill, we ran out of petrol. Now some may think what stupid —— could do that.

BECAUSE! On return from the Queensland rally we had run out of fuel with the petrol tap on main and found when we switched to reserve - NOTHING! The logical conclusion was that the lines from the tank had been reversed, so from then on we have run on reserve, intending to look at it later. Forgot to do that didn't I? So when we switched to main (logical action) we expected to sail merrily on. Horrors. Nothing! Not a sausage. At that point I took a stroll to consider the meaning of life.

Then fortune smiled on us. By a stroke of luck the SP25 had come to rest outside the Council Depot gates, locked but still lit up inside the yard. At this point a council truck miraculously pulled up and the gates were opened. In my absence Joan asked the nice Council man, "Please can we have some petrol?" How could he resist? 10 litres in the tank and the SP25 sprang to life, lights blazing and we struggled to Hobart, bloodied but unbowed. Apart from that we didn't have any problems to speak of except being detained at Melbourne port by the Federal Police. We had so much luggage in the car, we were suspected of being illegal emigrants fleeing the country and the Howard government.

But it was worthwhile. The rally was a barrel of laughs from start to finish, with great company, good food and wine, topped off by a return trip from Devonport to Sydney on the new ferry. I can assure you the approach and entry on a fine day into Sydney Harbour filled to capacity with ferries and sailing boats framed against the city skyline and finally passing under the bridge is an experience not to be missed. It doesn't get any better than this.

TASMANIAN TIT BITS

It was a dark and stormless night when the Spirit of Tasmania slipped through the Port Phillip heads with a pot pourri of Alvis nestling in its bowels. Below decks passengers searched along identical looking corridors for their allocated rooms. "They all look the same" I commented to a thoroughly disoriented English couple. The bloke fixed his eye on me and replied "Yes, but they have different numbers" This worried me for days.

The aborigines landed on Bruny Island 30,000 years ago, followed by James Cook in 1770, Parky in 1980 and finally in 2004, the Alvis mob. We immediately celebrated the invasion by scoffing copious quantities of scones jam and cream at Mrs. Parky's place before a short drive to face more food at the local CWA hall. Parky the Public Officer waffled on about something that sound like Merry Isthmus, which it wasn't, while the CWA ladies darted about with endless plates of sandwiches and cakes. For those of you who don't know, CWA stands for *Committee Without Acronym*.

Julie our local guide for the Tree Tops walk beside the Huon River, welcomed the Alvis group most enthusiastically. She had specially asked to conduct us, because she has always been an Alvis fan, in fact, she told us proudly, she had even visited Graceland. It did not take long for the penny to drop amongst the Alvis, that Graceland is not a suburb of Coventry and that dear Julie had her wires crossed. What added to her confusion was the obvious flexibility of the pelvis exhibited by the group members who drive cone clutch equipped motor cars. No one enlightened her. The whispered undercurrent of Elvis comments continued throughout the visit. During the climb up the tower, somebody whispered "Don't step on my blue suede shoes." Then after experiencing the bounce and wiggle of the high cantilevered section of the tree walk structure, one person complained of being "all shook up".

The McKaige 12/50 was a little reluctant to start one morning at Strahan. The current from BTH magneto had preferred to travel along the moist exterior of the plug leads to earth, rather than to leap the gap in that dark smelly motor. Chester has special salty words for use on such frustrating occasions, all uttered with passion.

"No it doesn't worry me" said Sally. "It's like water off a ducks back." Hmmm..

Sarah Island, a beautiful and atmospheric place, seems to be inhabited by the ghosts of the brutalised convicts who endured the privations of an isolated prison. Our entertaining Parks guide herded the victims of Alvis transportation around the island's ruins. The guide singled out Alan McKinnon to help him paint the picture of the personality of one of the convict characters of Sarah Island. Referring to Alan, the story was told. Alan made such a good convict that Noeline has him on a course of Viagra and he is fast becoming a hardened criminal.

The fireman of the rack and pinion locomotive which hauled our carriage to Queenstown was a well proportioned attractive blonde young lady, who spends her working days fettling steam emitting machinery. Some male club members seemed intensely interested in her activities. When, after walking up and down for a while, she poked the spout of her large oiling can between two reciprocating rods and delivered three squirts of SAE 40, several New South Welshman needed smelling salts, and one Victorian flatted the battery in his pacemaker. Helen would not let Geoff Hood look. Then ex choir boy Richard Tonkin led the Alvis cabaret (as distinct from cabriolet) in an action packed rendition of Chattanooga Choo Choo, prompting very enthusiastic applause.

The Tasmanian language is readily grasped by the more educated Alvis owning visitor, but there are challenges. The bus driver who returned the railway trippers from Queenstown remarked "Youse kin see ther smelter chimley", then later informed us

"There's a hundred and ninety six bends from Queenstown to Strahan, and that's not counting all the curves".

On 23rd April, the Presidential flagship acquired an additional white flag with red cross, to compliment the already proudly flying Union Jack, reminding us that Britannia rules the waves. We are familiar with the white cross on white background but clearly John had not given up. It was St. George's day. The President spent time adjusting and focussing the Alvis' front mounted dragon spotting lights on the basis that if you can't see 'em you can't slay 'em.

Rob and Heather's FWD Alvis is a wonderful piece of 1925 innovation. Its modest thirst is satisfied by a routine refuelling procedure. The scuttle mounted tank is first replenished to the base of the filler spout. To keep the supercharger nicely lubricated, two stroke oil is added in the ratio of one plug per 10 litres. Valve seats need protection by means of 10ml of stuff from the plastic bottle per 10 litres of petrol, this cocktail, following James Bond's example, must be shaken and not stirred. When the admiring petrol pump attendant was asked by Rob to lift her end of the motor car and give it a shake she looked bemused. She was at the heavy end. But all was well because the front suspension on the FWD is designed with four stiff quarter elliptical springs, specially to give the car a taut mixing motion.

Now dear reader you will have to endure a true Tasmanian story. It seems a farmer fed his chooks with a hormone compound to promote growth. One bird responded so well to its diet that it grew to an amazing two metres in height. The farmer also owned an Alvis with a home built body inspired by the shape of his local physician's chook house. It

was a Doctor's Coupe. He lashed two wooden shafts to the vehicle and harnessed the tame hen to pull the car into town each week.

One day on a steep hill the bird had a heart attack and keeled over. The duly summoned RACT man checked the chook, shook his head sadly, and informed the grieving farmer "Sorry mate but you have done your big "en" And so it came to pass that Dale and Marita Parsell's Firefly was similarly afflicted. The clearance of No. 2 crankshaft journal with respect to the connecting rod somewhat increased when fulsome flakes of white metal dropped into the sump. It knocked, but bravely drove on to reach its Melbourne garage under its own motive power. There are times when Alvis cars run only on reputation.

Finally, as the Alvis contingent queued for departure to the mainland they were subject to a thorough security check. Bev and Peter Brieze had to raise their red bonnet so that the engine compartment could be checked for empty fuel containers, bombs and lettuce. You cannot be too careful.

All the organisers and hosts deserve our thanks for a enormously enjoyable, well conceived and conducted Tasmanian Rally. In particular, thank you Noeline, Alan, Sally and Chester. Hugs and kisses to the Alvis mob for making us trainee Alvisi so welcome.

Jennie and Jacko.

THE BUFFALO THEORY



A herd of buffalo can only move as fast as the slowest animal. When the herd is hunted, it is the slowest and weakest ones at the back that are killed first. This natural selection is good for the herd as a whole, because the general speed and health of the whole group keeps improving by the regular killing of the weakest members.

In much the same way, the human brain can only operate as fast as the slowest brain cells. Now we all know that excessive intake of alcohol kills brain cells. But naturally, it attacks the slowest and weakest brain cells first. In this way, regular consumption of beer eliminates the weaker brain cells, making the brain a faster and more efficient machine. So that's why you always feel smarter after a few beers!

IF A GENTLEMAN DRIVES AN ALVIS, WHO DRIVES M.G.'s?

Having taken the MGB out for a good run the other day, I saw no reason why I should not take my better half out in it when she suggested (female for ordered) that we go down into Ardrossan for some shopping. As I started to back the car out, there was scream and a small mouse was seen to run around the passenger compartment. Shock horror! Doors flew open, sticks beat seats - all was calm, followed by sincere promises of, "It's OK, it's gone."

Distrusting wife re-enters car and we drive nervously up the road.

Arriving at T junction, there is a terrifying scream and the mouse is doing a wall of death act around my wife's side of car!

She leaps out and adds this incident to the long list of why we do not really want an MGB. I return to get Commodore out of our drive, somewhat concerned as I have shorts on.

Shopping in Ardrossan now included rat and mouse bait. More reason to say why we need another Alvis!

Purchase of all latest car magazine added to list and big effort to find a nice TD-TF21 follows.

The essence of the story is that as they get older, the ladies fear a mouse running up their legs, but 30 years ago, they were probably worried by the same thing happening— still something running up their legs but it just happened to be the rat who was driving the car though!

Mike Osborne

STOP THE PRESS.....STOP THE PRESS.....STOP THE PRESS...

An update on the 2005 ALVIS National Rally. "From summit to sea....."

Only 10 months to go before itsstart your ALVI engines....

The numbers of entries so far have been absolutely overwhelming, 62 confirmed entries including 3 overseas entrants and a total of 117 people.

The organizers although panic stricken are thrilled with the response.

A friendly reminder that the first installment was due 1st March 2004 and the second is due 1st October 2004. If installments are not received by the due dates you will forfeit your place in the queue as it is definitely a case of "...first in, first served...."

The full cost for the rally is:

	per double	per single
Deluxe	\$2000	\$1600
Standard	\$1600	\$1250
Budget	\$1500	\$1200

Please note: The only difference in the levels listed above is for accommodation, all other activities are the same for everyone.

Due to demand, there are limits on the number of "deluxe" accommodation spaces available. Unfortunately deluxe is now "sold out" at Beechworth but is still available at the other venues.

Payment Plan:	1 st installment due:	1 March 2004
	2 nd installment due:	1 October 2004
	3 rd installment due:	1 February 2005

If you are intending to come along you need to get your entry in TODAY,

Send your entry to:

Alvis Car Club of Victoria
PO Box 634
Emerald 3130

Or contact the organizers:

Ian and Pat Parkinson Tel: 03 5968 2927 email: inpparky@outeast.cyberspace.net.au
Dale and Maritta Parsell Tel: 03 59685170 email: dparsell@ozemail.com.au

SWAP, BEG, BORROW or STEAL

FOR SALE

ALVIS TD21 2-door saloon by Park Ward. Chassis & Engine # 25996. Body # 18025. One of 783 built. 11 in Australia. Car suitable for restoration, straight body, good interior, pretty polished woodwork. Very original. Factory extras include sun roof, front disc brakes, wire wheels, original radio. Engine, gearbox, radiator, brakes & tank not fitted but with car. A/H manual gearbox. Comes with new water items, extra 4 outstanding Alvis wire wheels and most history since day 1. Unfortunately, spinal problems dictate selling. Price \$9500. Contact Robert Penn Bradley, phone (02) 6386 4348 or fax (02) 6386 4349

WANTED

For a TA14

C2860 Exhaust manifold—later type (part number moulded on casting)

C1500 Lever for clutch pedal

C2256? Clutch pedal (earlier type with solid rod stem (not tube))

C2055 Radiator tie rod (scuttle to radiator)

C2233 Hub Caps

? 4 X Brass hollow terminals for spark plugs—screw onto ends of plugs—original TA14 equipment

John Murray 08 8339 4746

FOR SALE:

1937 12/70 Alvis Sedan.

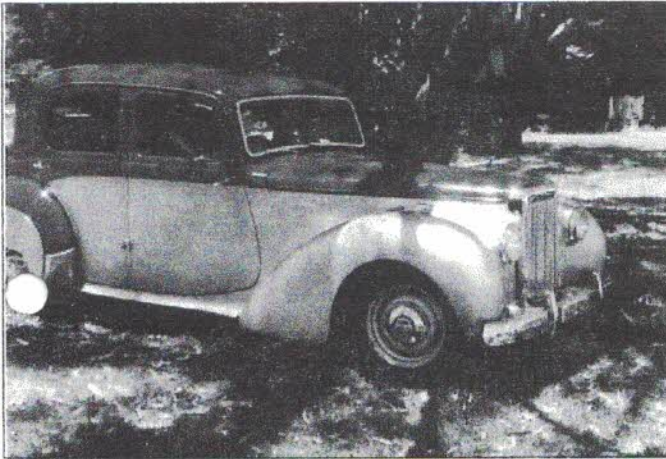
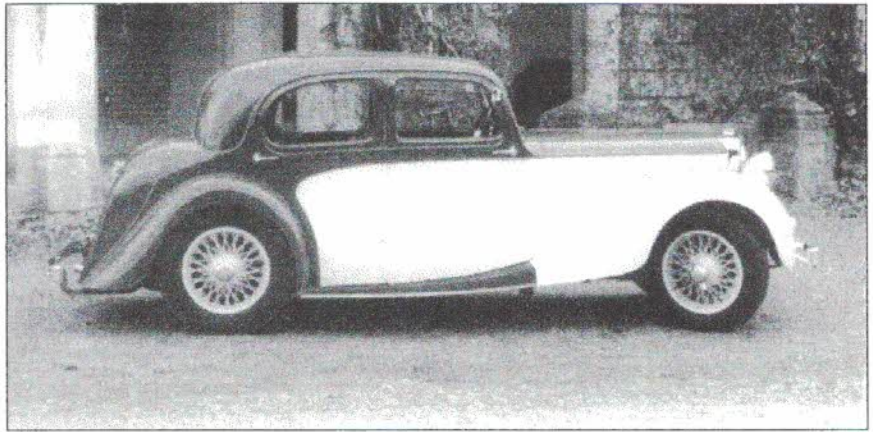
Grey and white. Mechanically checked over & in good order. New rings fitted. Fully registered, completely re-trimmed, re-painted and re-chromed. Under 1000 miles since work carried out. 12 months full Victorian registration

\$38,000 ONO

and

Good petrol tank for a 12/50 \$150

Contact Eric Nicholl (03) 9754 5412



FOR SALE:

TC 21 formerly owned by Barry Turner as featured in October 2003 Alvisatics. Rego ADD45V. Red over silver \$20,000 ONO. Patricia Turner 02 6361 7739 or mob 0404 466 881

WANTED:

Differential centre carrier or any parts for a mid 30's six cylinder car. Crown wheel and pinion condition not important.

Dale Parsell Tel (03) 5968 5170

or dparsell@ozemail.com.au

FOR SALE:

1 pair steel front mudguards and chassis valances for mid 1920's 12/50 sports tourer. Poor condition but economical proposition for someone with panel beating skills. \$500.

1 pair steel rear mudguards for 12/50 beetleback. Fair to good condition but require some repair - a breeze for someone with panel beating skills. \$500.

cast (forged?) steel running board brackets.

Approximately 4" stepdown, suitable for mid 1920's 12/50 tourer. 3 brackets are identical and the 4th has slightly longer horizontal arm. \$100. Frank Corbett, A/H 07 3378 7280, B/H 07 3228 6200, email f.corbett@peddlethorp.com.au

WANTED:

TA 14 Petrol tank. TA14 Temperature Gauge.
Bob Hudson (07) 493280787
ahud3488@bigpond.net.au

FOR SALE:

1951 TA21 Saloon. Black with tan sunroof, period radio. Excellent interior. Previously owned by Richard Tonkin for 20 years. \$19,000. Phone John Willey (07) 5543 3929

WANTED:

Head light reflector for a 14.75

Eric Nicholl (03) 9754 5412

FOR SALE:

(from the Coota Hoota, the journal of the Cootamundra Motor Club)

1950 Restored TA21 Sedan. Metallic Silver. Unregistered. Chassis # 24303. Imported and sold by Harden & Johnson of Sydney. \$15,500.

Contact Derek Whitcombe (02) 6230 2812

RMB 154 Woodgrove Close, via Walaroo Rd, Hall ACT

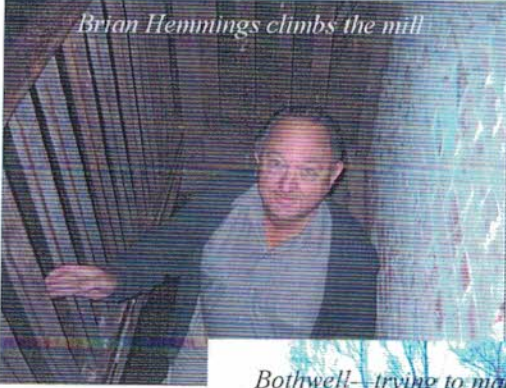
If your advertisement appears on this page and is no longer relevant, please notify the newsletter editor.

John Lang

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TASSIE PEOPLE

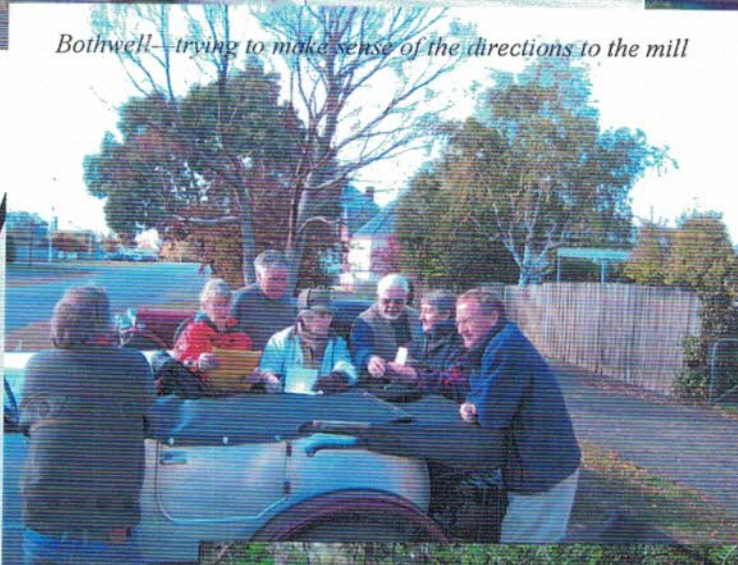
Brian Hemmings climbs the mill



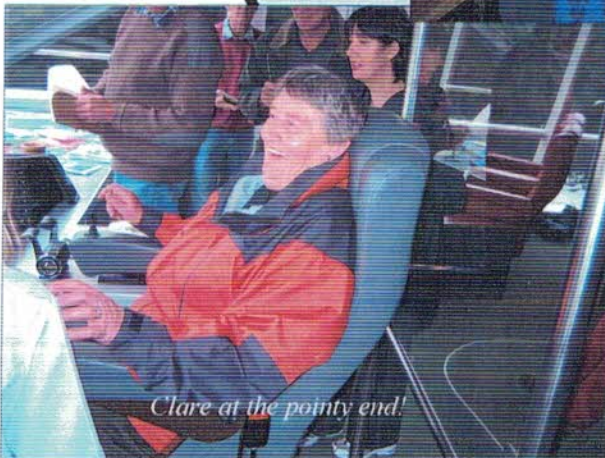
BBQ at Strachan



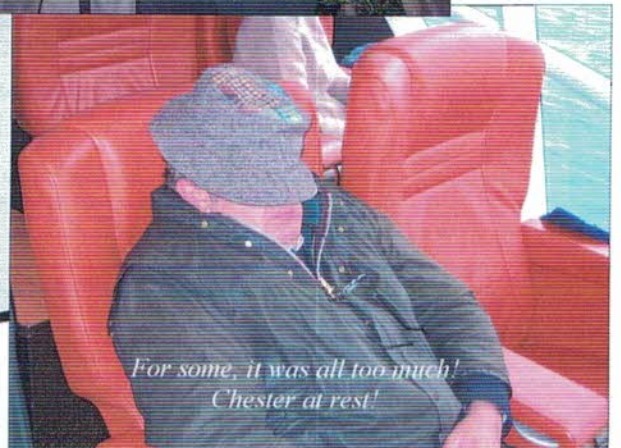
Bothwell—trying to make sense of the directions to the mill



The boardwalk in the rain forest



Clare at the pointy end!



*For some, it was all too much!
Chester at rest!*