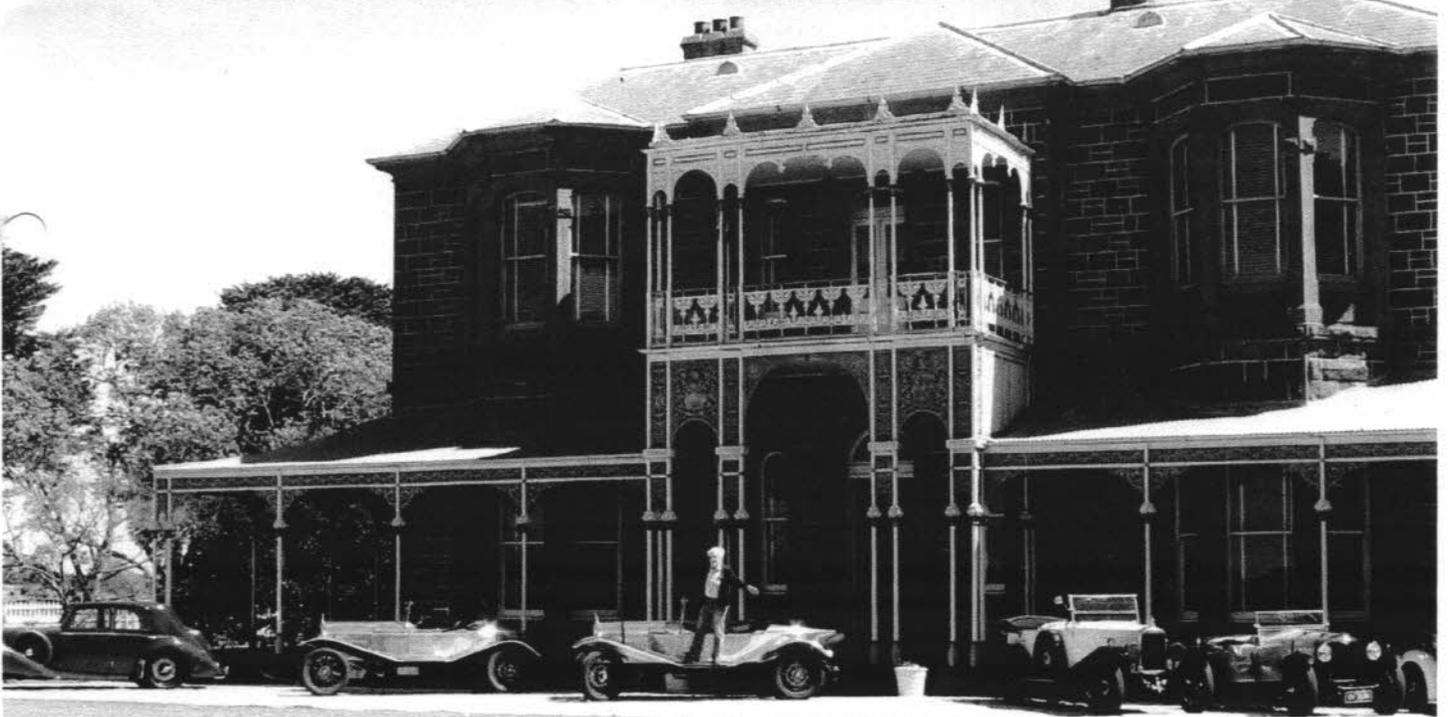


The Newsletter of the Alvis Car Club of Victoria

October 2006

Alvic



“OTWAY Odd-Y-Sea”

A report on a most enjoyable weekend away

Club Spirit

The Alvis Fraternity at its Best

The Explosive Tricycle

Alvis Car Club of Victoria (Inc)

A0017202F

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Front page: The difficulties of taking a photograph of objects at the base of a tall building are exemplified here but paled into insignificance trying to do the same thing in front of the Split Point Lighthouse.
Centre Stage is Eric Nicholl dancing the hornpipe on Chester McKaige's Ducksback
From L to R: The Lang's SP25, the Northey & McKaige 12/50 Ducksbacks, the Higgins 12/50, Remfrey Riley Special, the Hetherington SP20

ALVI WHAT NOT

This month it's our AGM, and I would like to encourage all of you to give some thought as to who you would like to see on the committee for the 2006-2007 year. This can be done by either coming to the AGM in person or by filling out the nomination and sending it to Dale prior to the meeting. A phone call to Dale if timing is a problem would also benefit. It would be nice to see some new blood on the committee so please give it some thought. Remember the words of a past U.S. President "ask not what your club can do for you; ask what you can do for your club", (with apologies.)

The last run we had was to Airey's Inlet and what a lot of fun we had. We had excellent weather, enjoyed good food and wine and the roads chosen were superb. I would like to take this opportunity of thanking John and Marg Lang for organising the event and also to Carole and David Head for supplying their property for lunch on the return journey. It was much appreciated.

The other day I happened to glance at a article written in "Restored Cars" magazine entitled Modern Oils for Classic Cars. In essence, the article looks at the use of synthetic oils with a view that some synthetic type oils may be detrimental to older vehicles. The article refers to a "miracle molecule" that clings to metal surfaces so tightly that it displaces other additives within the oil namely anti-wear additives the result being that it "actually wears your engine faster than a conventional oil".

This reasoning I have not heard of before, although my experience would suggest to steer well clear of synthetic type oils in a vintage engine anyway, the major reasoning being that they are far too thin in viscosity. A 5w/15 synthetic would be far too thin to put in a Speed 20/25 or 4.3 not to mention a 12/50. In our engines we want a good high viscosity when hot not good cold cranking capabilities when cold.

The next part of the article deals with the summation that diesel type oils are better for older engines because they contain larger doses of anti/wear corrosion additives and more detergent dispersants. This may be true to a point in full blown diesel oils and again I would suggest that if one has a engine that has done considerable miles, a high detergent type oil could be detrimental as it will certainly start a cleansing process that could result in breaking down carbon build up and shifting it into a oil gallery or some other undesirable place.

In the early 1900s people had to experiment themselves as to what lubricants were suited to their cars. All sorts of weird and wonderful concoctions were tried, and it seems today that this still goes on. There are engine oils manufactured to suit all the needs of a vintage car enthusiast whether the engine is new or old, the important factor that has to be taken into account is the SAE rating and the API rating.

As a rule of thumb, a SG rated oil of 20w/50 is ideal if you are looking for a modern multigrade oil. Then there are the specialist type of oils also developed for our cars. The use of "pure diesel oil" in a vintage engine is just not warranted.

CM

SUPPER - Chester & Sally

Pat Parkinson is fighting some health problems at the moment and we wish her all the best for a speedy recovery

2006/07 EVENT CALENDAR

- | | |
|--------|---|
| 20 Oct | Annual General Meeting |
| 29 | Run to Trawool—Ray Newell—see details inside |
| 17 Nov | General Meeting |
| 3 Dec | Christmas Party at Frank & Pam Mornane's home in Brighton |
| 19 Jan | Start of Year BBQ at Point Cook aerodrome |
| 18 Feb | General Meeting |
| 25 Mar | Kalorama |

OBITUARY – Julian Collins

The passing of Julian will be a great loss to many people including myself. We spent a lot of time together and he used to come down from Singapore when he really got into overload from the rigours of running his Building Surveying business.

We used to spend a lot of time driving and talking whilst visiting country second-hand book shops.

Julian would often go back to Singapore with a suitcase so full of books that he could hardly lift it.

When he had a problem with excess weight, we would have to arrange shipment home for him.

He had a bigger library than anyone I have known. It has over 10,000 books scattered across three countries. His ambition was to start an antiquarian bookshop over the internet and at my urging even registered the trading name.

Richard Tonkin, Pauline, Annie and I spent a week with Julian in Kent. We had a lightning tour of the surrounding area – the most interesting of which was the mansion home where Sir Winston Churchill lived. I can remember being surprised at the enormous brick wall that Churchill built by hand and how small his uniform was. I always thought that Churchill was a big man – even bigger than me.

We also had a visit to a piano museum. The owner put on a magnificent concert culminating in a piece requiring eight hands to play – 4 people at a piano is quite crowded.

The highlight of the trip to me was going to one of the famous docks – but it was closed.

We spent a lot of time together at the International Alvis day in UK each year. Julian used to find this quite a lonely and difficult experience. I'm not sure if this was because his high profile as editor in Singapore did not pass on to the club members at the event in England and he often went back to his hotel without an invitation to join in with other members.

The last one we went to was much more successful, I stayed with him and we travelled together and stayed at members' homes, which was wonderful. I think that it would be nice if the English club provided the same attitude to billeting in the UK as we do here in Australia – when it does happen, it's terrific and Julian for one loved the friendship.

I think I was a stabilizing influence bringing some buoyancy to his life. There were two animals in Julian's life – a hare and a black dog.

After the Asian crisis Julian's business became 'hard work'. I learnt not to give advice as his loyalty to his staff was so strong that he would never consider reducing the number of employees, as he felt that in the Singapore situation they would never be able to get another job! – A man of very high ideals.

I often used to say to him that he should concentrate on work and pass on the editorship to someone else, so as to give him the time to re-establish his business.

He found solace in the hard work and enjoyed keeping himself busy. His letters from his many trips to potential customers are legendary. Twelve pages complete with pictures was not uncommon to be sent to a lot of people.

His wife Rose was very devoted and went to London to the hospital till the end. She explained that the recurrence of hepatitis left no alternative than to try and find a matching body type in the UK to get a transplant. Unfortunately it was found that even if a suitable donor was found he would not survive surgery.

I shed a tear for Julian on his death bed and he was a stimulating friend. His general knowledge was incredible. There was almost no subject that he didn't know about.

I could pick a book from his library shelves and open it at random, read out aloud to Julian and he would pick up on the subject and expand on what was in the book. It didn't matter if it was the Jacquard loom or spitfire engines, Zeppelins, Hitler or Sherlock Holmes.

He had large collections of books relating to the above. His encyclopaedic mind I admired very much and on the odd occasion when we had a difference of opinion, I never once got him to change his mind. I was happy with this as I long ago learnt "what is right" – is more important than "who is right".

I miss Julian and I doubt he will ever be replaced. If he has a regret, it must be for the unfinished projects in his life – starting with the book collection, the Alvis car in his garage for 30 years, the race car in Singapore slowly rusting alongside a nice little workshop with machine tools that Julian would make intricate mechanical objects very skilfully.

A polymath to the last.

JOHN LINK

PRESIDENT'S REPORT.

It is customary for the President to present a report to Members, of the year's Club activities at the Annual General Meeting. At the time of this year's AGM (Friday 20/10/06) I will be overseas so I take this opportunity of reporting.

Overall it has been a good year. Our Alvis motoring is done as a hobby - for pleasure. The excellent attendances at general meetings and the gales of laughter which enliven those meetings show that members enjoy them; that is why I say it has been a "good" year. Indeed, on one famous occasion it was standing room only. Many members have got into the habit of dining before the general meetings, in a nearby Italian Restaurant and that makes for a good start to the evening. We have not had many guest speakers despite requests for candidates, but in February we hit a double bill with (the now late) Julian Collins and Mac Hulbert "just happening" to be in town at the same time. It is difficult to imagine two speakers so different in style and content, yet each well worth listening to. The meetings, despite the levity, continue to fulfill their prime purpose of allowing discussion of matters Alvis - both of a club nature and of individuals' car problems.

Matters of a club nature continue to be looked after primarily by the Committee which meets approximately quarterly in a private home where lunch is provided; thus combining business with pleasure - usually a recipe for an effective meeting. My thanks to our spouses for making the recipe possible. The committee this year has formed an effective and harmonious team with all members contributing something for the good of us all. It is dangerous to mention names but I want to live dangerously and thank the executive members for their special efforts. Dale is a steadfast and efficient Secretary and a constant source of sound advice. Parky has done a great job as Treasurer. Last year we were running a deficit whereas this year, but for the unusual expense of the publication of the Club History, we would have been in surplus. Vice President Chester has organised and organised well such a large number of our activities that we would have been real stay-at-homes without him. "Alvic" continues to flourish under John Lang. It is the glue which holds us all together and a very fine pot of glue does he stir.

Talking of "Alvic" - it is great to see so many contributors. Letters, articles of social and technical bent, humorous pieces, historical pieces..... they're all there. Perhaps the newly established "Bill Barber" award has encouraged more members to put pen to paper. Awaiting success, there is a fine compliment to one's writing, a fine plaque upon which to have one's name inscribed and a generous book-token to be won.

The year has seen several cars "returned to the road" and the standard of workmanship in the restorations is delightful. That members are content to spend money and effort in such prodigious quantities is *the* indicator, along with attendance, of the health of the Club.

The only trophy in our Club that is awarded for competitive driving is the Bas Bowes Trophy. Last year it was not awarded because no member accrued the necessary points. This year it was on again. Competition has returned. The more competitive side of Alvis, indeed any make - motoring is run by the VSCC and Alvis has been well represented in many of their events and Alvis rings loud in VSCC activities for the year. As well as providing a competitive environment the VSCC also celebrated its 60th year and several Alvises attended a glorious picnic on a wonderful sunny spring day.

In August 2005 we held our Awards and Trophy Presentation in association with our "Rough Red & Pie Night" at the Club-rooms. This does seem to have been more a more suitable arrangement than previous attempts to find a date and a venue for a celebratory dinner or luncheon.

Two week-ends away, to Camperdown in November and to Echuca in April were very enjoyable. Visitors from NSW added to the fun at Echuca. On neither occasion was the weather particularly good - and that matters when open cars are involved - but that did not detract from the fun and the fellowship. A highlight of such gatherings is the opportunity to renew old friendships and to make new ones. As well there is time to drive others' cars. And there is little that is more instructive than that!

We have enjoyed the company of members several other one-make, English (of course!) Car Clubs during the year. These have been mainly Sunday runs to a country pub or winery with a gentle competition on the way. Bentley, Riley, Bristol and Daimler/Lanchester folk have shared our table and our interests and we thank them for their company.

So, I conclude my fifth Annual Report to the Club. Yes, I have been honoured to be your President for five years. I have enjoyed it immensely and I thank members for their support. I am not nominating for Presidency in 2006 - 7, though I would like to continue as a member of the Committee. I step down not because I am tired of the job or because I no longer enjoy it. I do enjoy the job but feel that five years is long enough. The Club will benefit from a new hand at the wheel, steering it in new directions. I have pleasure in handing over Presidency of a happy, vibrant, solvent and effective Club to my successor.

JOHN HETHERINGTON.

Many Thanks

As we approach the 2006 AGM, I would like to thank all the contributors to the newsletter, in the last 12 months for their articles and photographs. Rarely did a month go by where I had to conjure up information. Unfortunately there is only one Bill Barber Book Award, however your efforts have been noted.

John Lang.....ed

On Saloons, James Dean, and Bonk Frogs.

John Hetherington's musings about the desirability of preserving examples of closed coachwork bodies on Alvis chassis, and his reflections on high petrol prices which result in "Speed 25" being the measure of the cost in dollars per hour of running the thing, have prompted me to put index finger to keyboard.

Years ago, I knew a gentleman who, at weekends, donned his tweed cloth hat and cravat, and went motoring in an open vintage Vauxhall tourer with sporting pretensions. Each week night he retired to his book lined study with a bottle of scotch and a pale of ice. By means of a white ceramic dish and flame, he was able to evaporate a puddle of Castrol R oil and engulf the small room in the distinctive nutty aroma. Since Castrol R can be absorbed through the skin as a laxative, the oily haze was undoubtedly good for the body as well as for the soul.

A black vinyl twelve inch long playing record rotated at a steady 100 revolutions every three minutes on the felt covered turntable. From the speakers, a clipped English voice would announce "The Type 37 Bugatti." Then followed several minutes of clattering machinery and ripping calico sounds, culminating in the screech of tyres clawing the tarmac as the imagined blue car accelerated away. The English voice would then declare "The MG K3 Model," or "The ERA" and a similar sequence of sounds would vibrate the house.

In this way, the listener would be transported, trance like, back to the heroic age of motor sport.

Disabled Alvis saloons could likewise be used to conjure up the pleasant past. The car would live snugly in the heated motor house, safely resting on stout red gum blocks, awaiting the next appreciative owner. A video screen would be carefully set on the bonnet, facing inwards, and an Esky placed in the commodious carpeted rear passenger compartment against the buttoned leather seats beside the flower vase brimming with forget-me-nots. The car fridge is loaded with VB for the blokes and Sparkling Star wine for the ladies. Then with a good friend, or friends, and a 1950's movie playing, the saloon could be used to recreate the Toorak Drive In experience of 50 years ago when such vehicles were in big demand. The choice of entertainment would be left to the taste of the participants, vintage Alvis films may appeal to the few people who have not tired of the pun, and for those folk who criticise the Editor without actually contributing to Alvic, James Dean's "Rebel Without a Clause" may be appropriate.

And so stored saloons can be preserved and gainfully used, and the world's oil crisis is solved.

All we then need is a co operative doctor who will certify this new age saloon relaxation therapy, NASRT, as legit ament and we can claim car maintenance costs back on Medicare.

Note 1. Can somebody tell me why vinyl records have recommended rotation speeds of 33.33 RPM, 45 RPM and 78 RPM rather than turning at nice rounded figures? Alvis crankshafts always break at a satisfactorily even 5,500 RPM.

Note 2. If you think that making recordings of motor noises is an odd thing to do, these days you can purchase a recording of frog calls to positively identify the mating call of the bonk frog. About 30 minutes of the sounds of solid bonking will surely drive you bonkers and bring on the need for some more NASRT.

Graeme Jackson

Alvis in the Outback: If any one requires a stopover, we could provide a watering hole and a couple of beds for the night. We are 50 km from Pt Wakfield on Highway One, 100 km north of Adelaide.

Secondly, if there is anyone who would like to go but has a car undergoing restoration or the like, we will probably have an Alvis sitting in the garage, sulking because she has been left at home. It will probably be the TD21 saloon (Alison), as I have promised Alice, the TA21DHC it's her trip out!

Mike Osborne 08 8837 3158



Left: John Hetherington awarding the Bill Barber Book Award to Paul Bamford who was overseas during the August meeting when the club presentations were made.

"OTWAY Odd-Y-Sea"

What fabulous touring country we have in Victoria!

It is a while since the club ventured into the Otways and the time was certainly right for another visit.

Staying at the Light Keepers Motel in Aireys Inlet put us right on the Ocean Road with a coast line that rates as some of the best in the world.

Recently we put together a formula for weekends away and it was interesting to see if it was workable and provided an enjoyable event.

Aireys Inlet is about 90 minutes drive from Melbourne (No 1 on the list). Friday dinner was a walk across the road to the Split Point Hotel (even Eric Nicholl didn't get lost). The pub meals were excellent and the wine was too (No 2 on the list)

Saturday morning saw breakfast in the dining room (No 3 on the list) and readying for a departure for the day's run. 10.00am was obviously too late for a start as the engines were running well before. The McKinnons were on their way down, following an early start, but a call from Alan in Geelong indicated that they had a major gearbox problem in the newly commissioned 12/50 and were looking at their options (Not on the list!)

Subsequently advice was received that they had limped back to Melbourne and due to a tight time schedule for the following week were unable to participate.

Saturday's run took us down the Great Ocean Road to Lorne and a hairpin turn onto the Deans Marsh Rd that made a 3 point turn in the Speed 25 look very probable, who was it that said "here's to longer bonnets!!!!"

The climb out of Lorne seemed to go on for ever (about 10 miles) in beautiful country just made for Alvises. I was happy to be tail end Charlie, there is nothing worse than the McKaige 12/50 sitting on your tail, climbing hills like a mountain goat, with that smug little hare filling your rear view mirror.



A stop at the West Barwon Dam for morning tea reminded us of just how desperate the water situation is. The offer of us peeing in the reservoir was rejected by the Heads who said they drank this water as it was part of the Geelong system.

We then continued on to Apollo Bay for lunch and a visit to the Cable Museum. Apollo Bay was the site of the first cable between the mainland and Tasmania.

We then continued on to Apollo Bay for lunch and a visit to the Cable Museum. Apollo Bay was the site of the first cable between the mainland and Tasmania. Much interesting information and memorabilia had been gathered about the early history of Apollo Bay and the coast line. Photographs of sailing vessels on the rocks reminded us of the treacherous nature of the area.

Bob Northey was flying back from America when the event started on Friday, however he and Lesley were waiting for us at the Motel with the Ducksback.

Back to the motel for the evening BBQ. Working under the difficulties of the gas bottle running out and the overhead floodlight failure, cooking proceeded under torch light. No one grizzled about raw or overcooked meat so the exercise was successful.



Participants had been warned that the Parkinsons and the Langs had cooked up some interesting entertainment for them, however with Pat Parkinson in hospital, the Lang Corporation created a new game show.

Called Trial by Trivia, people were lulled into a sense of false security for an easy night, but to answer a question you had to notify your intention by a variety of methods that progressively became more difficult. Culminating in a single popper on the table, it became clear that there was a degree of manipulation of the rules by certain members who shall remain nameless. But the Heads admitted to harbouring 4 poppers on their table at one stage!!!!

Sunday saw a departure for Winchelsea and the Historic Mansion of Barwon Park. Built around 1870 for Thomas and Elizabeth Austin, it has been restored by the National Trust. The original 1872 furniture manifest still exists and many of those original items of furniture that had been purchased by locals at a major clearing sale some years ago have been reinstalled.



Thomas Austin was renowned for his hospitality, his livestock and his successful acclimatisation of rabbits. His wife established Melbourne's Austin Hospital.

The run to and from Barwon Park was most enjoyable on the virtually deserted country roads.

Afternoon tea was at the tea rooms at the foot of the Split Point Lighthouse at Aireys Inlet and we were treated to a guided tour of the lighthouse. Built in 1891 and originally called Eagles Nest Lighthouse, it guided sailors in



those days with an upper red light & lower that was contrary to the international standard.

Following 13 years of operation it was changed to a single white light at the top and the second light was removed. The view from the top was outstanding—you could see forever!

Pizzas were the order of the day for Sunday dinner and the wine and the conversation most enjoyable.

Carol & David Head did us proud by inviting us to their place for Monday lunch and a walk

along the Moorabool River, just outside their property. They had suggested a particular scenic route from Anglesea to their home at Batesford and it was well worth the effort.



From an organiser's point of view, the event was fun to organise and comments suggest it was well received. (A pity we had more Subaru's than Alvises)

JL

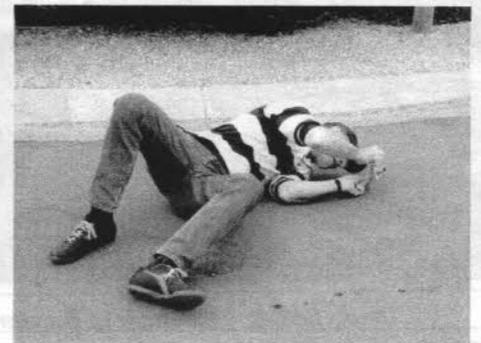
The event flyer stated that some of the people that were going were odd—the following pics confirm that statement.



Chester McKaige practices his rap dancing



Darell Horton's red & blue sox suggest he couldn't find a matching pair. Fortunately he can tie his own laces



JL surveying the route

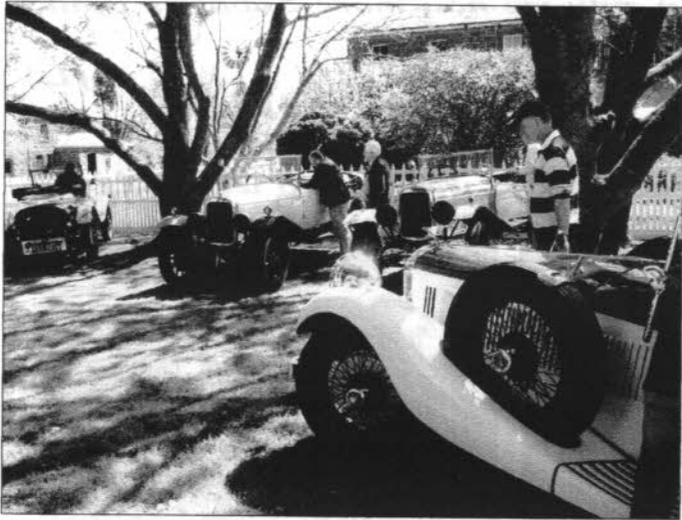


There are many uses for a good Riley, one of them is on which to rest the Saturday Age!



Above: what better than scones, jam & cream

Left: a character study of Thorpe Remfrey in the Riley



Above: finding some shade at Barwon Park



Above: the Northey 12/50 Ducksback



Chris Higgins & Eric Nicholl in Chris' 12/50

The following is Chapter 2 from the book *Horseless Carriage Days* by Hiram Maxim and published by Harper & Bros in 1937. With appropriate acknowledgements, this is called *The Explosive Tricycle* and makes incredible reading about the engines that we take for granted when considering the very basics of their function.

.....ed

THE EXPLOSIVE TRICYCLE

ONCE I had decided upon the type of engine I was to use, I could now crowd on all pressure and concentrate on one specific problem - the design of the engine. I knew engines pretty well, but I did not know very much about gasoline. That it was bought in paint shops, that it was about as temperamental as dynamite, was very volatile, would remove grease spots from clothing, and was a petroleum derivative was about the total of my knowledge. I decided to get a sample and familiarize myself with it. I would find out how best to vaporize it and ignite it, and I would acquire some notion as to how much real kick it would develop when exploded.

I visited a paint shop in West Lynn and asked that an eight-ounce bottle be filled. The proprietor looked me over as though purchasing gasoline were a highly suspicious proceeding. He supplied my 'Wants, but I was to hear from him later about this gasoline business. After six o'clock, when the factory had closed, I brought out my little bottle of gasoline and took a fond look at it. It was a colorless, limpid, innocent appearing liquid. No one would ever suspect it to be loaded with epoch-making possibilities. Gazing at the bottle' and its fascinating contents, I saw in my mind's eye thousands of drops. Each one of these little drops, vaporized and mixed with air, could develop ten times the thrust against my bicycle pedals that I could develop with my legs. The contents of that bottle could develop enough power to take me to Salem, if only I could provide a cylinder in which to explode it and a piston with the connecting rod and crank to translate the explosions into mechanical motion.

It was a fascinating thought. Little did I dream of the years of hard work, study, and discouraging failures which must be gone through with, the new materials and devices which must be invented and perfected, the thousands of practical tricks which must be learned, and the hundreds of thousands of dollars which must be spent before a bottle of gasoline could be made to carry a person from Lynn to Salem. Certainly, had I known what lay before me, I would have emptied the bottle in the ash-heap. But I did not know, so I pitched in with all the impetuosity of youth.

My first experiment was a rough "get acquainted" test. My idea of such a test was to introduce a drop out of the bottle into an empty six-pounder cartridge-case and then touch it off with an ordinary match. A six-pounder cartridge-case is a brass cup some two and one-half inches in diameter and some twelve inches deep. I made a wooden stopper which would plug the open end of the cartridge-case, so that after I had dripped in my gasoline I could insert the plug, roll the case around a few times, and thus evaporate the gasoline and mix it with air, which should give an explosive mixture. Then I would stand the cartridge-case on end on the bench, remove the wooden plug, scratch the match, and toss it into the open end of the case. It was hardly a precise experiment; but it would tell

me what I wanted to know.

I began with one drop. I was excited, for I felt this might be an historic moment for me. Standing back, I scratched the match and tossed it in. There was a very short and a very ominous pause. Then the end of the world came, it seemed to me. There was a terrifying explosion, fire shot up out of the cartridge-case, the latter staggered drunkenly on the bench and the match I had thrown in went hurtling to the ceiling. It was evident that there was about a thousand times more kick in a drop of gasoline than I had pictured my wildest flights of imagination. No wonder the old chap who filled my bottle was suspicious. I did not know it at the time, but I had exploded the first of countless millions of gasoline charges that I was destined to explode in succeeding years.

I repeated the performance several times, looking for variations, which might be significant. Then I tried two drops of gasoline. To my surprise the result appeared to be about the same. Then I went to three drops. Again I was astonished to find an increased delay between the tossing in of the match and the explosion, and in addition, a less violent explosion. I finally reached a stage where the explosion was quite dull and was accompanied with black smoke. This was my first contact with what we call today a "rich mixture."

It must be borne in mind that at this time, 1892, there were no spark plugs in the world, no carburetors, no magnetos, no good dry cells, and precious little practical knowledge about explosion engines, not to speak of clutches, change gears, differentials, steering gears, and tires. I even had no definite idea as to where on a vehicle the engine should be placed. Every detail about the automobile which we have today had to be learned in the hard school of experience. I was even was not decided as to the principle on which the engine should operate. Whether to use the four-cycle principle of Otto, which gave only one power stroke out of four strokes of the piston, or the two-cycle principle of Clerk and others, which gave one power stroke out of the two strokes of the piston, was difficult to decide. Only one power stroke in four seemed a sad waste of strokes, although things were thereby made quite definite and certain. The two-cycle principle seemed to promise twice as much power out of an engine of a given size, but there was a mixing of the fresh gas with the old burned gas and the apparent indefiniteness of everything.

After a terrible tussle with myself I settled upon the four-cycle principle of Otto. I wince as I record that I settled the size of my cylinders and the stroke and the number of cylinders before I had the least notion of what the engine would have to drive. I can only excuse this on the score of youth.

Early in the spring of 1893, on another one of my visits to Salem, I happened upon a second-hand Columbia tandem tricycle. It had seen better days; but it was

complete and could be purchased for thirty dollars. The forward wheel was ridiculously small and had a badly worn solid rubber tire about half an inch in diameter. The two rear wheels had one-inch solid rubber tires. Today they would look grotesquely thin; but in those days the present pneumatic tire would have looked grotesquely fat.

This machine fascinated me. It would not fall over. It was large and provided what seemed to me ample room for an engine. And, what was immensely appealing, there was that extra seat which some day might perhaps be occupied by a certain somebody. I hovered about that tricycle for weeks. Thirty dollars was a lot of money, and any purchase of that magnitude must not be entered upon lightly. But at last ambition and romance conquered and I decided to buy it. I induced my assistant in the factory, the late Leonard Stone, to go over to Salem with me on the train and ride the tricycle back to Lynn. He had no notion in the world what was brewing and regarded the entire proceeding as queer.

When I finally led him into the bicycle shop in Salem and he took his first look at the machine that I had purchased, his eyes almost popped out of his head. But he was a good sort, and amid much attention from the bystanders, we maneuvered the thing to the street and mounted. Both of us were bicycle-riders. Neither of us had ever been on a tricycle. This particular tricycle had somehow acquired a list to starboard. Being bicycle-riders, we could not help steering in the direction in which we thought we were falling. It was one of those involuntary acts that cannot be overcome except by the most intense mental effort and an abiding faith.

In the first twenty feet, we ran hard up against the curb. No power on earth could keep us away from that curb. The street was considerably crowned, and this, added to the list to starboard, made it physically impossible for us to steer anywhere but to the right. We dismounted and examined the steering mechanism. Both of us were convinced it was entirely out of fix. But we found it was perfectly free. There being no reason why the thing should not steer, we trundled it out into the street and started over again. In spite of our best efforts, both of us leaning away over to port, we could not prevent again pulling into the curb.

The hangers-on at the bicycle shop became interested in us at this point. They shouted all manner of advice. The proprietor came out and in a disapproving manner and explained to us that a tricycle was different from a bicycle. It would not tip over, we must forget the balancing idea and sit on the Saddle and push regardless of whether the machine seemed on the point of capsizing. We would find that we could steer it where we wanted.

So we started once more, this time with a fierce determination to divorce the balancing from the steering. It worked, albeit both of us could not refrain from leaning away out to one side. I remember that I estimated I was pushing on the pedals with at least twenty times the power needed on my bicycle. Every few yards we had to apply a strong mental resolve to steer to the left withstanding the machine leaned ominously to the right. After proceeding about a mile we were both completely exhausted. We stopped and I recall the queer sensation of remaining seated without the machine falling over.

It was a long pull to Lynn. On the way I profoundly altered my ideas as to the amount of power which an engine would need to propel this vehicle up a sharp grade.

The presence of this tricycle in a vacant room next to my office in the factory was a constant incentive to hurry. There it stood, ready to take the road. All I needed was an engine to drive it. Everything had to be done after six o'clock at night or on Sundays and holiday because during the day my job had to have my attention. This slowed progress, but there was nothing that could be done about it.

The magnitude of my problem began to dawn upon me about a month after the tandem tricycle was purchased. I worked nearly every night until midnight all alone in that silent factory. I strove mightily at first to design the general layout - the chain drive, the clutch, its operating mechanism, a change-gear system, gasoline tank and support, engine mounting and engine. But every effort resulted in something that would require an express wagon to contain it. And I had to have it on a little tricycle! Discouraged, but by no means dissuaded, I fell into the error that so many engineers fan into. I decided to design and build my engine and then find a way to mount it in the tricycle. I had not learned that if I could not manage the design of the general layout with pencil and paper, when things can be changed and shifted by the simple manipulation of a rubber eraser, I never would be successful with an engine and a tricycle that were already built.

The designing of an engine was easy, or so I thought. I laid out a light three-cylinder, four cycle, air-cooled machine, three inches bore by three inches stroke, with mechanically actuated exhaust and automatic inlet valves. I decided upon make-and-break low-tension ignition because it seemed simpler and more reliable. I passed up the carbureting arrangement, muffler, manifolds and lubricating systems, as minor details, the designing of which could be tossed off at any convenient time! Another horrible example of how *not* to proceed. It required months of night work to finish the engine design and make all the working drawings. It took months more to get the patterns, castings, and machine work done here and there and everywhere. Some of the work was done at the factory, by a man I hired and paid. I was staggered at the amount of time required to build one small engine.

Late in 1894 it was finished. A beautiful piece of work had been done. I thought it the most ravishingly beautiful bit of machinery the hand of man had ever created.

The satisfaction of at last possessing an engine was, however, short lived. It needed a supply of gas and it needed an electric spark, not to speak of something to fasten to. I had ideas about all three, but they were a bit nebulous. It had yet to be borne in upon me that one kind of a mixture would ignite easily in a cold engine, quite a different one in a hot engine, and that the spark had to be advanced considerably ahead of the top of the compression stroke. In fact, there was a very long list of things, which had to be borne in upon me before the engine was to drive that tricycle.

I set my little darling up on a frame where I could

crank it. Then I tackled the carburetor question. After much reading and thinking, I took a small kerosene-can-the kind with the curved spout-soldered a copper tube in the bottom and led this to a needle valve. The needle valve was located at the end of the inlet manifold. When I opened the needle valve, gasoline dripped. When the engine sucked, the gasoline, which was passing was drawn in. When the engine was not sucking, the gasoline ran down on the floor. This was simple and direct, even if today it sounds inefficient and dangerous. I freely grant it was both.

As might be expected, I had trouble starting my new engine. The whole future looks black and forbidding after spending a week unsuccessfully cranking a cold gasoline engine. I used up a prodigious quantity of gasoline. Most of it dripped on the floor and was wasted. In fact, *all* of it was wasted, for a long time. The engine certainly did not consume any in running. I was compelled to return to the paint shop frequently to have the eight-ounce bottle refilled. Some days I went twice.

After a fortnight of this sort of thing the old gentleman who ran the paint shop became suspicious. From the beginning he had acted as though he supplied my gasoline demands under protest. When things reached the pass where I was in every day for eight ounces of gasoline, and sometimes twice in the same day, he became alarmed. Intently regarding me over the tops of his glasses one day, and holding my empty eight-ounce bottle in a threatening way, he asked, "What are you doing with all this gasoline?"

It is interesting to note that I was ashamed to tell him that I was developing a gasoline-engine for a road vehicle. I feared he might have me arrested. I dodged and replied that I was carrying on some experiments. West Lynn was the home of the Thomson-Houston Company, and from Professor Thomson down, nearly everybody was experimenting. The old gentleman asked me if I was connected with the Thomson-Houston Company. I was not, so I had to tell him so. For a moment I considered explaining to this hard-shelled Yankee what I was doing with the gasoline. But I thought better of it. I would be explaining for the rest of the day. The old chap realized it was not my desire to convey any further information, and as it was his business to purvey gasoline, among other commodities, he saw he must fill my eight-ounce bottle as often as I was willing and able to pay for it. But he disapproved of any young man consuming such quantities as I consumed. So, by way of relieving himself of what he probably considered his moral responsibilities, he announced: "Well now, young feller, let me tell you somethin' you prob'ly don't know. Everybody who ever experimented with gasoline got killed doin' it. Not a one of 'em alive today. I'm just warnin' of yer - that's all."

I could think of no reply that would meet the situation, so I did what every young person always does under these circumstances. I passed the situation off with a nervous laugh. Just the same, visions of the gasoline-soaked wooden floor, that exquisite little nickel-plated engine, the factory itself, a chance spark - all floated across my mind.

On the way back to the factory with my eight-ounce bottle of gasoline in my hand, I decided to catch that

dripping gasoline, and thereby not only reduce the fire hazard, but reduce gasoline consumption and the frequency of my trips to the paint shop.

In the forty-odd years that have passed since the colloquy in the paint shop, I have many times reflected upon what that old fellow typified. Had I taken him into my confidence, back there in 1893, and explained to him that conditions were ripe for a gasoline-engine-propelled road vehicle, that I was likely to be among the first to have one running, and that I believed it would become a big industry, he would have branded me as a person whose sanity was askew. He would have been backed up by every solid businessman. And yet it so happened that I was right and all the solid businessmen would have been wrong. Since that day I have been identified with several other new industries; and I have found that the solid businessman of recent years is an entirely different sort of being from his prototype of forty years ago. Today, anything is believed possible. So much money has been made from startlingly new things that the most revolutionary idea is given serious consideration. That old codger in the paint shop forty-odd years ago went to his grave never dreaming that a great new industry had touched him when I took my eight-ounce bottle in and asked to have it filled with gasoline.

Returning to the beautiful creation that seemed perfect in all particulars except its prime object: Everyone experienced in experimenting with a gasoline-engine knows that the reason my little engine would not start was because of spark or gas trouble. After a fortnight of exhausting and unsuccessful cranking I arrived at the conclusion. There was no way to look in and see if the igniters sparked, and I decided upon an indirect way of proving the spark. It was nothing short of heroic. It was to put in enough "juice" to draw a respectable arc at the igniters. This would burn the igniter points. If burning were disclosed after a few hours' cranking, it was conclusive evidence that the spark was sparking. And so it came about that I coupled my spark coil and my igniters up to the direct-current electric-light system in the factory. Being young and inexperienced in research work, I yielded to temptation and made more than one change at a time. From the condition of my right arm it seemed to me wise to mount the little engine in a lathe, where the shop power could be used to crank it. This shocked my friend Stone, who by this time was keenly interested in the mystery of why my motor so steadfastly refused to "mote." He argued that if it were necessary for a self-propelled road vehicle to carry around an entire factory lighting system and a lathe and the power to run the lathe, did it not appear that the ting would become a bit top-heavy? My reply was that his was research work, and the expedients adopted to establish certain basic facts did not represent what would be used in actual practice. But Stone was skeptical and yearned for a steam-boiler, a few chunks of coal, some water, and a steam-engine. Said he, "If where's water in the boiler, and a fire under the boiler and the boiler doesn't bust, then it's a cinch that the engine has got to run." But something told me that steam would not do.

One more change was made to further add to the confusion. Instead of letting the gasoline drip across the

inlet pipe, I rigged a little box in which I arranged some rags. The gasoline dripped upon these rags and kept them saturated. The amount of saturation was to be controlled by the needle valve.

One afternoon, just before quitting time, everything was set up in a lathe in the tool-room. By this time the whole factory had become interested in the game of getting the pretty little engine to run. Stone stood beside me when I grasped the shipper, which is the wooden lever that stops and starts the lathe. A bit concerned over the outcome, since matters had assumed large scale proportions and I was dealing with big powers, not to speak of having the entire tool-room personnel as an audience, I very gingerly pulled the shipper over. Amid the usual belt squeaking, the lathe began to turn and with it the engine. I opened the needle valve and the gasoline dripped on the rags. If she was going to "mote," now was the time.

Half a minute passed with no results. The smell of gasoline pervaded the entire tool-room. This told me that real good gas must be going through the engine. I had not had experience enough to know that I had a frightfully rich mixture, although my experiments with the six-pounder cartridge-case ought to have shown me. After what seemed a long time, I thought it the better part of wisdom to shut off the power and look the thing over. My first desire was to have a look at the igniter points to see if they showed any sign of burning. All three were taken apart and all showed most unmistakable evidence of pronounced burning. Evidently they had been sparking. (They certainly should have been!)

What possibly could be the trouble? A real healthy spark, all kinds of gas, and yet not one single explosion! I began to suspect the mixture and to try it. I decided to run the engine with the needle valve closed and no gasoline dripping. When the rags had become dry, I would slowly open the needle valve and thus gradually richen the mixture from, pure air to maximum richness. Stone concurred in this and urged prompt action, as his train left on the Sangus Branch, just back of the shop, at 6:15; and it was then 5.45.

With the gasoline shut off, but the rags still, wet, I pulled the shipper over again. The lathe turned a few times when, without the slightest warning, what seemed like the most frightful machine-gun fire cut loose I had never heard such a terrible clatter. Noise came from everywhere. Something was buzzing around under my nose at tremendous speed, fire was spitting out of everything, and smoke, smell, and confusion reigned supreme.

We had no warning at all Hell just broke loose and there we were right in the middle of it! Stone leapt for the door and paused in the doorway to cast a horrified look back to estimate the damage. Every tool-maker scrambled to a position that suggested preparation for dodging flying missiles. Not a one of them ever had heard such an astonishing noise. I gave an awful jump, and by either accident or intent threw the shipper back and shut off the power. Instantly quiet fell. It came as suddenly and as unexpectedly as the noise.

Blue smoke filled the room and curled out of the exhaust pipes of the little engine. My engine had run! but, how differently from the way I had imagined it would! I had pictured in my mind a sweet-running little sewing-

machine effect, whirling around, just hungering to be harnessed to the tricycle. Instead, here was the most savage, impetuous, noisy, and riotous little spitfire that the mind of man could conceive!

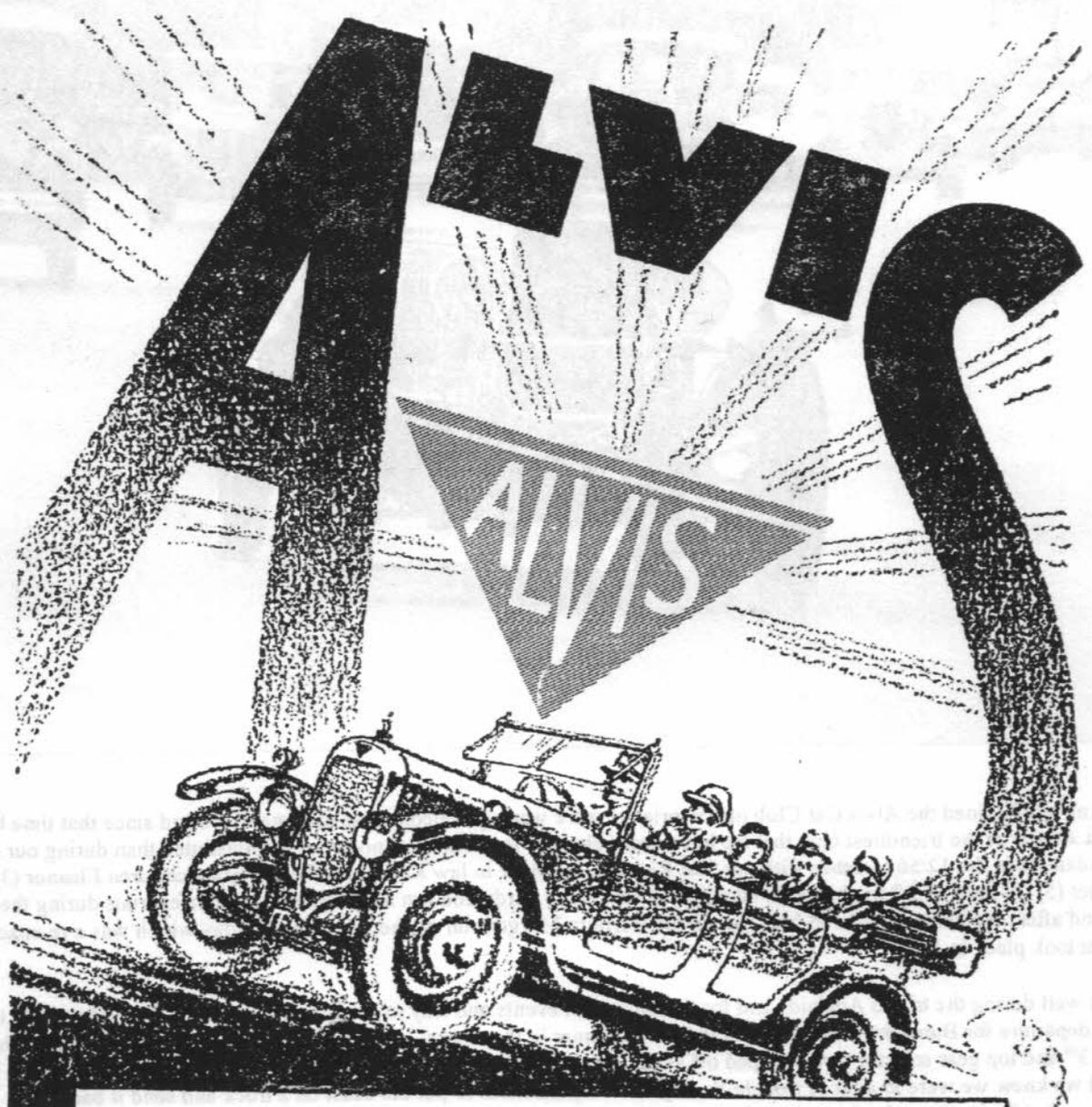
There was some tall thinking done that evening. I had my first real disillusionment. The nature and general temperament of the gasoline-engine was not at all what I had pictured it. This larger aspect of things dwarfed the small question of what finally made it start. I was hit pretty hard. Having no previous experience in a field where most of the fundamentals were new and unknown, I found things looking pretty foggy. I have to confess that I was afraid of the little engine, too, for it had given me a very bad fright. If it was going to go off like a bunch of cannon crackers every time I started it, there was not so much fun in fooling with it.

But time straightened out a lot of the confusion, and after a few days I began to cheer up. The noise and fire-spitting could be handled in a muffler. The ignition probably had been all right from the beginning. I would not need the factory lighting system. The trouble all along had been with the mixture. The rag carburetor would not do at all; it offered too much hang-over effect. I would have to make a mixture control valve that would give me positive control of air and gas. Probably a mere tank, with the air passing over the top of the gasoline, would give me enough gas. I had better not bother any more with the lathe. Hand cranking was laborious, but it was safer. But I had yet failed to grasp the necessity for some sort of a load to put on the engine. This necessity was to be shown in due time.

To be continued



CLUB SPIRIT



NO car, no matter what you may pay for it, will give you such lasting joy and satisfaction as a 1927 Alvis. Amongst the Experts best fitted to judge, the Alvis name stands SUPREME.

These are two reasons why you should investigate the Alvis TO-DAY.

FOR your old car in exchange, Henlys will definitely give the highest possible price, and if desired, will arrange unique payment terms from £50 down.

Why not get our price for your car to-day? This will not involve the slightest obligation, but will enable you to judge how Henlys can help you when given the opportunity.

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE,
PICCADILLY, W.1.
Phone: Grosvenor 2271.
1,3&5, PETER STREET,
MANCHESTER.
Phone: City 9834.

HENLYS

Sole Alvis Distributors for London and Manchester.

91, 155-157, GT. PORT-
LAND STREET, W.1.
Phone: Langham 3341
(10 lines).
Service Station: -7/13,
UPPER GLOUCESTER
PLACE, N.W.1.

CLUB SPIRIT



When Ann and I joined the Alvis Car Club of Victoria we were warmly welcomed as new members and since that time have regarded ACCV as the friendliest club that we have ever belonged to. This was no better demonstrated than during our recent trip to Adelaide in the 12/50 together with our Son Richard, daughter in law Kellie and the two grandchildren Eleanor (3) and Alexander (5) In their 20/60 Sunbeam, to take part in the Bay to Birdwood run and associated Motorfest runs during the weeks before and after. We had also entered both cars in the Burra to Morgan run on the following Sunday which was a re-enactment of a run that took place in 1906.

All went well during the trip to Adelaide and for the Motorfest events and Bay to Birdwood run, but on the Friday prior to our planned departure for Burra the Alvis decided to 'put a spanner in the works'. At about 2 pm. and whilst still in Adelaide, the gearbox 3rd and top gear selector fork snapped off at the selector rod. What do we do?? At 2 pm. on the Friday before a long weekend we knew we were in a bit of trouble !!. My first response was to put the beast on a truck and send it back to Melbourne, but Richard was having none of that and the decision was made to fix it. Having rolled the car into a side street to get away from main road traffic Richard set about removing the gearbox whilst I rang one of the Motorfest organizers to see if we could get some welding done. The aforementioned long weekend ruled that out but he said "leave it with me we'll organize something". A few minutes later the mobile rang and a voice said "this is Stuart McDonald, I believe you are in a bit of trouble, where are you? I'll be there in 15 minutes.

Stuart arrived and a plan was made, firstly we needed to organize some accommodation as we had booked out of our apartment in Adelaide that morning. Ann jumped into Stuarts car and off they went. After much driving around because of full bookings for the long weekend we got rooms. Meanwhile, back in the side street and after much undoing of nuts and bolts and cursing the gearbox was almost out. Ann and Stuart returned with the good news that we had beds to sleep in that night and Stuart said that we would be most welcome to use his workshop for repairs.

I contacted the RAA who have a reciprocal arrangement with RACV and organized a tilt tray truck to take the 12/50 to Stuart and Claires property 15kms away. It was now 5 pm. Before the tilt tray arrived Richard had the gearbox out and he and Stuart took off in the Corolla heading to Stuarts workshop. I was relegated to accompany the tilt tray driver and Ann, Kellie and the children headed off in the Sunbeam to the Motel.

By the time I arrived with the 12/50 at about 6 pm. Stuart and Richard had the selector rods out and the offending part set up on a flat plate for welding and Claire had cups of tea and biscuits on the go.

With the fork scarfed out with the angle grinder and welded up, reassembly was imminent, however, Murphy took a hand and it was found that with the fork now in one piece it would NOT fit back into the box without stripping out the mainshaft. Claire came to the rescue by advising that dinner was served with a beer for Richard and a glass of red for Stuart and I.

Resumption of play was at about 8.30 pm. but during assembly it was found that the gear into which the offending fork slotted was quite tight on the shaft with the internal diameter bottoming on the root diameter of the splined main shaft. There followed about an hour of 'final fitting' before the fit of the gear to the shaft was deemed acceptable.

By this time it was around 10.30 pm. and despite Richard's enthusiasm for re-fitting the box to the car, both Stuart and I decided that it would be more beneficial to both the car and the mechanics if work ceased for the day and the gearbox was put back in the car the next morning. So we piled into the Corolla and Stuart drove us to our motel, a round trip of about 40kms.

Next morning with all 6 in the Sunbeam and with the bag belonging to Ann and I wedged between the sides of the bonnet and the inner parts of the front mudguards we headed for the McDonald residence.

Arriving at 8.30 am. and with one further attack on the gear box (we had put the 1st and 2nd gear cluster in back to front) we had the box back in and were ready for the road by 10.30 am. More tea and bun and a look at the McDonald automobile stable and we were on the road to Burra, arriving half an hour before check in time.

This story, I am sure you will agree, serves to highlight the wonderful people we have in our Club. I had never met Claire and Stuart McDonald before the trip to South Australia, apart from seeing Stuart make the presentation for next years National Rally when we were at Lakes Entrance, but they opened their house to Richard and I, Claire fed us, Stuart worked with us until late at night and on top of that drove us backward and forward, covering many kilometers. We cannot thank them enough for their help and I'm sure that if it had been another club member from another city they would have done exactly the same for them – that's "**Club Spirit.**"

Thanks again Claire and Stuart.

Ann and Ray Newell and family.

RUN TO TRAWOOL ***Sunday 29th October***

Gather at the Manhattan Hotel, Cnr Canterbury and Heatherdale Roads, Ringwood (Mel. 63.D.1) at 9.30a.m. for a 10.00 sharp departure.

After a 45 minute run through the Yarra Valley B.Y.O. morning tea will be taken at Queens Park, Don Road, Healesville (Mel. 270.E.12). After morning tea we head for Trawool via the beautiful southern slopes of the Great Dividing Range.

We have reserved the picturesque "Garden Room" at the Trawool Country Resort, which has a 180 degree view of the surrounding tranquil mountain scenery.

Lunch will be a la carte from the bistro menu and drinks will be available at bar prices.

Trawool Country Resort is located 9 km. from Seymour on the Seymour-Yea Road.

Your support is sought to make this an enjoyable and convivial day. A detailed run sheet will be available at the start.

Please ring Ann or Ray Newell on 9755 3280 after 5th October but before 25th October so that we are able to advise catering numbers.

In a shed, under a tree or rusting away out in a paddock, do you know this car?

Many vintage car enthusiasts can be likened to a terrier with a bone, they will just not give up. One such person is East Doncaster, Victoria, old car nut, Bernie Jacobson. He is well known for his particular passion, Lagonda Rapiers, sports cars from the middle 1930s. With their factory at Staines just to the west of London, Lagonda started in 1899, firstly building motorcycles and then cars. The company still survives to-day as part of Aston Martin-Lagonda, now owned by Ford.

But the "small four cylinder 1100cc cars that the company introduced in 1934 are Bernie's main interest. Never a company to build cars in big numbers, their smallest model, the "Rapier," was no exception with a total production run of less than 400 cars. Just 21 Rapiers have come to Australia over the past 72 years. The remarkable thing is that all have managed to survive. In recent times two have been sold to overseas enthusiasts leaving 19. Of these, five are in Queensland, two are in NSW, one each in WA and SA, the rest are known to be in Victoria. That is except one. Of course it is this one particular car that has held Bernie's interest for almost 40 years. The reason for this fascination is simply that he can not find it!

Despite spending hours and hours in the public library searching through old newspapers and even things like the Victoria Police Gazette, going to Swap Meets, on Rallies, to almost anywhere where old car people gather, Bernie is still no closer to finding it. All he manages is to get that occasional, vague whiff of scent that keeps him searching. But why is this one car so special? First it is the only one of a very limited edition known as *DeClifford Specials* to come to Australia. *DeClifford Specials* were named after Lord DeClifford the main London Lagonda dealer and sometime works competition driver. These cars featured a specially tuned version of the twin overhead camshaft engine and were fitted with a unique two seater sports body. They were identified by a small additional badge, in the form of a scroll fixed to the radiator over the main Lagonda badge. This simply bore the words *DeClifford Special*. The body was quite different to other British sports cars of the period in that

it had quite high sides rather than the cut down doors fashionable among the sporty set in the 1930s.

The second reason is that without finding this one elusive car, the unique record of 100% survival for anyone model of car to be imported into Australia over the last 75 years is in doubt. Not that Bernie is giving up. His research has uncovered one vital clue.

According to Police Gazette of June 1949 the then owner, William McDougall, reported to the Brighton Police Station on the 26th of May, that his car, a white Lagonda Rapier sports car, registered number GE 925 was stolen from outside the Windsor Castle Hotel. Ten months later the Police Gazette reports that the car was recovered on 2nd February 1950. Some years ago after advertising in one of Melbourne's main daily papers, seeking information about the *De Clifford Special*, Bernie was told that the car had been recovered in a damaged condition from a creek bed "somewhere in the country". His informant, a past owner of the car and unfortunately now dead) went on to tell him " as the insurance company had already paid out, the car was sold by auction at the Victorian country police station where it had remained for some months after being recovered." Sadly as by then he was well advanced in years, Bernie's informant could not remember where! **SOMEONE** must have bought the car and taken it home!

Of course 1950 was a long time ago, this is why Bernie is appealing to fellow car enthusiasts, especially those living in the bush, for help in finding the *DeClifford Special*. Over the last 40+ years Bernie has been known as a person, not only interested-in vintage & classic cars generally, but as one-passionate about Lagonda Rapiers. During all that time he has never heard of a single part that would indicate that this car has been broken up! Bernie says that he knows Rapiers backwards and that every component is easily identifiable, be it cylinder head, crankshaft, gearbox, front axle, what ever! Even the instruments! **He is convinced that it still exists!** He has no doubts that the Lagonda Rapier "*DeClifford Special*" is tucked away in a barn, under a tree or rotting away out in the open, in the back paddock of some rural property, somewhere near you? The question where is the *DeClifford Special* now?

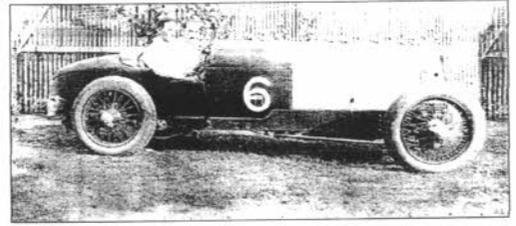
Do you know something, no matter how slight, that could help Bernie in his search. He can be contacted by phone (03) 98425808 or by-email <hel_bern@21century.com.au>

Bernie Jacobson
an Impecunious Enthusiast

SWAP, BEG, BORROW or STEAL

FOR SALE

1928 FA FWD. Engine # 7598 Chassis # 7035
Licence to build a serious car for serious money.
Ring Geoff Hood (03) 9704 7549



FOR SALE

For TA21

Headlights—one complete with chrome trim, rubber seal & globe. One as above, without rubber seal. One bare - with globe.

Fuel filler cap—with rubber grommet to guard. Chrome fair.

Tail Lights—2 complete units, excellent chrome & glass. One needs minor work.

Parking Lights—2, c/w “Throaties” original chrome, good.

Hub Caps—4. Varying scratches and / or dings on good chrome. All respectable at normal viewing distance.

Horns—good working order. One pair need paint, other pair good.

Ash Trays—4 excellent

Spark Plug / Distributor Cover?—aluminium—needs some repair

Wheel—one with as new recap.

Instrument Panel—(incomplete no gauges, choke cable, or reserve fuel switch) Has speedo, all remaining switches.

Bonnet Side panels—complete, no damage, require refurbishing.

Boot Lock & Handle—good, no key.

Wheel Brace.

Handbrake Cable—inner & outer, good.

Timber dash capping—poorly restored, sound, restorable.

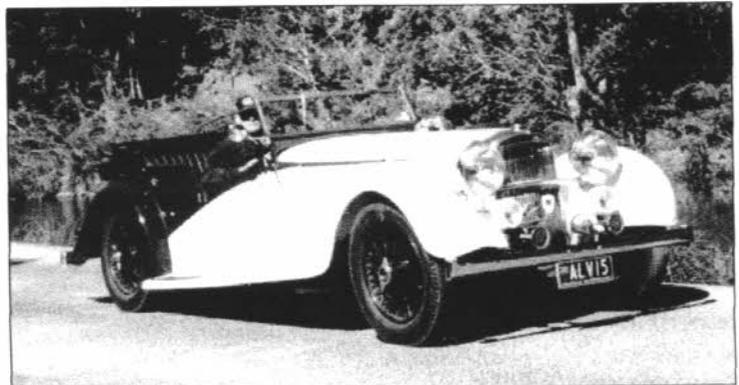
Other: voltage regulator, coil, steering box parts, body & some components, no high wear bits. New suspension bits, 1 set of seat rails, demister ducts, Smiths heater parts, Bakelite fan housing, fan, motor (condition unknown)

Contact TK Maltby, 34 Dorothy St, Leopold Ph (03) 5250 1789 or tomcat7@dodo.com.au

FOR SALE

Dale Hanley advises that he is prepared to negotiate the sale of his 1939 Speed 25 Cross & Ellis Tourer (ex Glasgow Police car) would consider a Firefly as part payment.

Ring Dale on 07 3219 1141



FOR SALE

Alvis Grey Lady TC21-100, 1954, Car # 25638.
Fully registered (Tas DB7286) & going beautifully.
Bare metal respray in 2 tone scheme. New leather upholstery, carpet & hood lining. Needs window rubbers & the heater needs attention. Eventually will need a set of new tyres. Selling price \$24,000.
Contact Willy Schneider, Box 380 Margate PO Tasmania 7054 or ring (03) 6267 2740



WANTED

WANTED - Pair of 8 inch 12/50 headlamps from 24 to 27 era preferably with pillar mounts. Pillars if available also matching side lights if possible.

Ken Cuming at watertec@bigpond.net.au or phone 03 9818 6013

ALVIS SPARES CONSORTIUM

FOR SALE

Several hundred spares for various ALVIS models are offered for sale to Australian owners. Most items have been used and their serviceability and price is listed in 5 catalogues.

Electronic catalogues by email are free.

Printed copies will be posted at cost.

Email requests to jdmelang@bigpond.net.au

Phone : John Lang (03) 5426 2256 for printed copy

(The ASC is a consortium of ACCV members who have secured these spares as a job lot with the intention of selling them at fair price, initially and briefly to Australian Alvis owners and then to the wider car community.)

WANTED

For TA14 Sedan.

2 D shaped tail light lenses. 2 side light lenses, front mudguard mounted

Left & right rear doors complete or timber frames for same

Ring Mr Bruce on (08) 9417 2317

ALVIS PARTS AND REPAIRS DATABASE

Newsletters over the past year have carried a note to the effect that your committee has offered to create a database of useful parts information, to capture those useful parts equivalents that most of us hear by word of mouth or discover ourselves. With the notable exception of a lot of 12/70 & TA14 items from Bob Graham the response to date has been modest, but continues to trickle in.

To recap the intention, we are seeking to record;

- Equivalent parts for specific Alvis models (examples might include alternate magnetos, radiator hoses, valve springs, pistons etc etc)

- Sources for various general items

- Parts repair hints or techniques

If and when this database starts to reach a critical mass it will be published on the internet – for now however there is not enough information to warrant it. Please think hard and see if you can contribute one or two gems...

Information please, to Bob Northey (northneys@westnet.com.au, or 2 Orrong Rd, Elsternwick, Vic 3185).

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