



An incorporated club

A0035462V

**A friendly family social motoring club**

Edition 125



February 2009

**AN INDIAN PRINCE FOR A DAY!**



***Hon Editor playing at being Maharaja of Bognor Regis!***

**You were warned – no photographs of members' cars coming in, means more pictures from the Editorial files, now swollen by 787 images from India!**

***Please send in photographs of your British Classic so that it can be featured here – otherwise, definitely more Jowett pictures!***

#### **MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS**

The annual membership subscription for the ABCCC Inc. is \$35.00. There is a once only joining fee of \$30.00. Please send membership subscriptions to:

Val Jefferyes

PO Box 8092

Burnt Bridge Shopping Centre

Croydon VIC 3136

**Please Note: Membership subscriptions should be paid prior to the end of December.**

**Your ABCCC News**

**THE ALL BRITISH CLASSICS CAR CLUB (VICTORIA) INC., FOUNDED - SEPTEMBER 23<sup>rd</sup> 1997  
THE ABCCC IS AN ACTIVE MEMBER CLUB OF THE ASSOCIATION OF MOTORING CLUBS INC.  
Club Founder – The Late Frank E Douglas**

**"Owning And/Or Appreciating The Spirit Of Fine British Classics"**

## ALL BRITISH CLASSICS CAR CLUB (VIC.) INC. – YOUR COMMITTEE

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THE ALL BRITISH CLASSICS CAR CLUB WEBSITE IS <http://www.abccc.com.au>

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## IMPORTANT CLUB INFORMATION

### Introduction

The All British Classics Car Club of Victoria Incorporated, hereafter called the ABCCC, is a fully incorporated club in accordance with the Associations Incorporation Act. Accordingly, any publication or document officially issued by the ABCCC, must carry the ABCCC's Association Incorporation Registered Number: A0035462V.

### The ABCCC Magazine (Including Disclaimer)

The publication, *Your ABCCC News*, is the official magazine of the All British Classics Car Club Inc. It is published once a month, with the exception of December. The magazine's issue date is during the week of the 25<sup>th</sup> of each month. To make the editor's task a little easier, it is requested that articles, events information and photographs are with the Magazine Editor prior to the 14<sup>th</sup> of each month. Articles published in *Your ABCCC News* may be used without permission. However, the ABCCC does ask that appropriate acknowledgment be given.

This publication contains general information that should not be relied upon without specific advice from a suitably qualified professional. The authors and the All British Classics Car Club Incorporated expressly disclaim liability for anything done or omitted to be done by any person in consequence with the contents of this publication.

Those products and/or services mentioned in this publication are not necessarily endorsed by the ABCCC Inc. Articles and photographs published in *Your ABCCC News* do not necessarily reflect the views of the Committee, the Club's Membership or the ABCCC Inc. Events, other than those conducted by the ABCCC, are included for interest purposes only, and they are reproduced in good faith. The ABCCC Inc. cannot be held responsible for any inaccuracies relating to other clubs' listed events.

For those members who receive their issue of *Your ABCCC News* via E-mail, the magazine will be available to download from the ABCCC website <http://www.abccc.com.au> at the same time that the printed copy of the magazine is mailed to those club members who do not have access to the Internet.

Address all correspondence to: The Magazine Editor, 59 Rowson Street, Boronia, Victoria, 3155. Other editorial contact information is listed above.

### The Victorian Club Permit Scheme

The ABCCC Inc. is a club that is authorized by VicRoads to operate vehicles under the Victorian Club Permit Scheme. On the Committee there are two Victorian Club Permit Scheme Officers, and their contact details are listed in the Committee Directory.

Club members will be kept up to date with respect to changes and improvements to the Victorian Club Permit Scheme. However, it cannot be stressed enough, that a vehicle operated on the Scheme, must carry the VicRoads Permit (current), the AOMC Victorian Club Permit Scheme Handbook and a copy of *Your ABCCC News* that contains details of the event the permitted vehicle is participating in.

All enquiries should be directed to the ABCCC Victorian Club Permit Scheme Officers.

## THE VICTORIAN CLUB PERMIT SCHEME

For your Victorian Club Permit Scheme (VCPS) renewal, please forward your completed renewal form to Colin Brown at PO Box 40, Coldstream, Victoria, 3770. Please enclose a stamped envelope, addressed to VicRoads along with a cheque/money order for your VCPS Fee, and I will sign on behalf of the club and forward it on to Vic Roads for you.

Please note that the Customer Copy and VicRoads Copy must be intact It is your responsibility to maintain the motor car in a safe operating condition.

*Colin Brown.*

## NEW VCPS APPLICATIONS

For members wanting to place a car on the VCPS, under the auspices of our club, please contact: Nello Mafodda on (03) 9719 7949, who is the ABCCC VCPS Officer in Charge. Nello will be pleased to provide all the information required to place a motor car on the VCPS.

Nello's position is entirely voluntary, so due consideration should be given when contacting him.

## ABCCC EVENTS DIRECTORY – 2009 PROVISIONAL

**Note: All events listed in this directory are placed in good faith. Events for inclusion must be with the Magazine Editor prior to the 14<sup>th</sup> of each month. Events organised by other clubs or associations have a contact telephone number, that should be contacted prior to the event, if giving consideration to take part in it, to confirm date and venue.**

### February 2009

- 1 Two Bays Run – [An ABCCC Event](#) Frank Sawyer 0408 633 778  
Meet At – Moorooduc Coolstore, Mornington Peninsula
- 15 Annual General Meeting of the ABCCC Inc. Pat Douglas (03) 9739 4829  
Melways Map 65 Ref. K7  
Venue – Como Gardens, 79 The Basin-Olinda Road, The Basin, Victoria.

### March 2009

- ?? RACV Classic Showcase – [An ABCCC Attend Event](#) Mike Allfrey (03) 9729 1480  
**THIS EVENT HAS BEEN POSTPONED!**  
Venue – National Steam Centre, 1200 Ferntree Gully Road, Scoresby, Victoria. Melways 72 D9.
- 21 - 27 RACV Fly The Flag Tour – [An ABCCC Major Event](#) Tony Pettigrew (03) 9739 1146  
Touring – Yarrowonga, Beechworth, Kerang, Mansfield and Shepparton

### April 2009

- 1 April Fools' Day Out – An ABCCC Event. Nello Mafodda (03) 9719 7949  
Venue – To Be Advised.
- 18 - 19 Como Gardens Open Day – [An ABCCC Assist Event](#) George Hetrel (03) 9761 3239  
Venue – Como Gardens, 79 The Basin-Olinda Road, The Basin, Victoria.

### May 2009

- 3 Morning Tea and Classic Run – ABCCC Event Geoff & Judy Birkett (03) 9755 1772  
Meet At – Sassafras & Ferny Creek CFA.
- 17 Toolshed Lunch Run – [An ABCCC Event](#) Rob Nolan (03) 5978 7798  
**NOTE: THIS EVENT MAYBE REPLACED BY THE RACV CLASSIC SHOWCASE AT (PROPOSED) SANDOWN RACECOURSE. YET TO BE CONFIRMED.**  
This is our National Heritage Motoring Day for the Australian Historic Motoring Federation.  
Venue – North Gippsland Area.

### June 2009

- 4 – 9 Two Clubs' Reunion – [An ABCCC Event](#) Frank Sawyer 0408 633 778  
Venue – Richmond & Hawkesbury Area, New South Wales.
- 20 The Great ABCCC Trivia Challenge – [An ABCCC Event](#) Geoff Birkett (03) 9755 1772  
Venue – To Be Advised.

### July 2009

- 5 Wool Museum & Ford Centre Visit – [An ABCCC Event](#) Anne Tootell 0412 549 906  
Venue – Geelong, Victoria.

26 Christmas In July Luncheon – [An ABCCC Event](#) Colin Brown (03) 5964 9291  
Venue – To Be Advised 0408 343 176

### August 2009

2 Anne's Big Day Out – [An ABCCC Event](#). Anne Tootell 0412 549 906  
Venue – To Be Advised.

14 - 21 ABCCC Holiday – [An ABCCC Event](#) Marjorie Pepper (03) 9439 7875  
Destination – Norfolk Island, Pacific Ocean,

### September 2009

2 Maxine's Picnic Day – [An ABCCC Event](#). Maxine Pettigrew (03) 9739 1146  
Note: A Mid-week Run not to be missed!  
Venue – To Be Advised.

13 A Special Club Run – [An ABCCC Event](#) Pat Douglas (03) 9739 4829  
Venue – Tynong North, Victoria.

27 Diesel Hauled Out Of Nyora – [An ABCCC Event](#) Heather Cannon (03) 5659 0264  
South Gippsland Tourist Railway and Lunch Trip  
Venue – Meet at 13 Hatch's Road, Nyora, Victoria.

### October 2009

2 - 4 The Splendid Indulgence Run – [An ABCCC Event](#) Peter McKiernan (03) 9787 6003  
Venue – To Be Advised.

17 - 18 Como Gardens Open Day – [An ABCCC Assist Event](#) George Hetrel (03) 9761 3239  
Venue – Como Gardens, 79 The Basin-Olinda Road, The Basin, Victoria.

25 RACV City To Cape Run – AOMC Inc Iain Ross (03) 9890 0524  
Start – Melbourne, Finish – RACV Cape Schanck Resort, Victoria.

### November 2009

2 Yarra Glen Races – [An ABCCC Display Event](#) Colin Brown (03) 5964 9291  
Venue – Yarra Glen Racecourse, Yarra Glen, Victoria. 0408 343 176

15 The ABCCC Members' Grandchildren's Picnic – [An ABCCC Event](#) Marjorie Pepper (03) 9439 7875  
Venue – Werribee Open Range Zoo, Werribee, Victoria.

29 Visit To Heronswood Diggers Café – [An ABCCC Event](#) Heather & Tom Cannon (03) 5659 0264  
Venue – Heronswood, 105 Latrobe Parade, Dromana, Victoria.

### December 2009

13 Christmas Luncheon – [An ABCCC Event](#) Tony Pettigrew (03) 9739 1146  
Venue – To Be Advised.

### June 2010

6 – 8 Queen's Birthday Club Weekend – [An ABCCC Event](#) Frank Sawyer 0408 633 778  
Put this one in your diary!  
Venue – Tocumwal, New South Wales,

**It should be noted that telephone numbers provided above are 'At Home' numbers.**

**Note: All ABCCC 'Noted Events' are Victorian Club Permit Scheme (VCPS) Authorized. To qualify for the VCPS, under the auspices of the ABCCC Inc., your VCPS permitted motor car must attend a minimum of three (3) club-run events per year, from the date of the vehicle's permit issue.**

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## EDITORIAL NOTES – ISSUE 125

Well, we have 'relaxed' in exotic locations in India and come home extremely tired after a virtual non-stop whirl of wedding doings, as organised by my sister. We touched down in Mumbai and were straight into a social whirlpool that has been difficult to clamber out of!

This issue may be seen by some as being a little late, but good things are well worth waiting for. This time, it has been very difficult to come down to earth and think about things Classic and, of course, British. As they say, here goes!

It appears that this is going to be your only advice of our forthcoming Annual General Meeting. It is important that as many club members as possible attend the AGM, and with a Committee that is fairly well entrenched, there is absolutely no need to keep a super-low profile at Committee election time. Please come along for the social aspect's sake and have an enjoyable time. A barbecue lunch will be provided for those attending the AGM, please contact Pat Douglas on (03) 9739 4829, so that we know how many to cater for. Our collective thanks are due to Pat and George Hetrel for allowing us to use their beautiful Como Gardens for the meeting. It can probably be safely said that, there is no finer place in this vast island of ours for a meeting! Particularly after our recent rains.

I have been asked to write about events in India, not entirely motor car oriented, but interesting none-the-less. On the front cover is a picture of an ex-Maharaja mid 1920s Rolls Royce that is a part of a very significant collection in Indore, Madhya Pradesh, central India. The collection belongs to an uncle of our nephew-in-law and I flew down to see it from Delhi. It was a fantastic experience, of which more inside.

In another car club's magazine I spied an article about the writings of one Tom Cahill, who contributed to US magazine *Mechanix Illustrated*. Apparently, Cahill had written some disparaging comments in 1951 about a certain British sports car (a make and model rather dear to my heart!). The article, and we won't delve into that here, was finished-off with the final chapter from Tom Cahill's 1954 book, *The Modern Sports Car*. This chapter expresses very well the experience of owning, driving and living with a British sports car in a very true manner. The chapter has been filched and reproduced here. I am sure that there are a number of us who really know what sports car ownership really boils down to!

*Mike Alfrey.*

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## PAST AND FUTURE EVENT REPORTS

### THE MYSTERY BUS TOUR – Sunday 30<sup>th</sup> November, 2008

It was a wonderful sunny day as we drove down from Brunswick (where we stayed overnight at Mary's brothers house) to the banks of the Yarra to meet up with the gang for a mystery tour on the world-renowned "Higginson Charabanc Tour Company" bus.

As we were driving down Queens Rd, we noticed all the side streets towards St Kilda Rd were blocked for local traffic only. We could not see any traffic at all down on St Kilda Rd. Must be some event they closed the road for. We pulled over when Frank Sawyer rang & told us they had discovered the Yarra and areas of St Kilda Rd was closed for a fun run event all morning. The meeting start place was now moved hastily to the bus depot in Keilor. There was a lot of ringing around to get people to meet at the new location with extreme late notice! Well done to Frank, Ray & Lyn.

We decided we might as well have an early breakfast in Toorak area before we headed off to the depot, but to our disappointment, all the good breakfast venues were not open for another 30 minutes or so. We headed down Chapel St and saw lots of sobering people staggering around the street, leaving the night club scene and going home. (Glad we are too old for those shenanigans these days!)

As we had no food with us, we stopped to indulge in a cooked breakfast in Lygon St, Brunswick and got to the depot in time to meet everyone, where all had finished their breakfasts and ready to board the bus.

With nearly a full bus, the mystery tour took us to Bendigo to the Central Deborah Gold Mine, and onto the Bendigo Vintage Talking Tram Tour. We all hopped aboard a tram for a ride through the township with wonderful commentary along the way of the historical buildings and sites.



First stop was at the Tram Museum where we had a guided tour of the vintage trams, both restored and in the process of.

*Left: Our tram conductor enlightening us with the history of the trams.*

There were plenty of displays of the workings, the ticket conductors' kit and uniforms. Remember the tram tickets below!

Back on the tram to continue the guided



tour towards Lake Weeroona, stopping at the Chinese Joss House before returning back to Deborah Mine.

Lunch was at Royal Arms Hotel in Junortoun, just outside of Bendigo where we previously visited on the Confectionary Capers tour. Delicious meals were promptly served and organised very well considering the large crowd they had to serve.

Afternoon tea stop was at Heathcote at a park where tea and coffee was offered and we could stretch our legs and shop!

We were well entertained on the bus by our hosts, Lyn and Ray with stories, lollies, quizzes and prizes! Ray's son kindly drove the bus for our trip.

Well done & sincere thanks to the Higginsons for a wonderful day out!

*Rob & Mary Nolan.*

### CHRISTMAS LUNCH – Sunday 14<sup>th</sup> December, 2008

This well attended event was held on a sunny, but cool day after some useful rain had fallen the day before. Bill and Terri Allen kindly collected us and drove us down to Mornington. It was quite a surprise when the huge Ford Galaxie

arrived for a good battery-charging run. An incredible motor car is the Galaxie, and as soon as you sit in it you fully understand the term – acres of sheet metal – that is applied to those motors from west of the north Atlantic Ocean.

Not to worry, Bill steered it deftly through the light traffic and it seemed that we were on 'our own road'. The thing that always really hits home, when settling into a car of this age group, is how positively ancient the seat belts appear to be. Cars of the twenty-first century certainly have much more convenient seat belt configurations. The rest of the Galaxie was all there in its late sixties or early seventies splendour – the chrome, expansive dashboard and Bill being about shouting distance away at the other end of the huge bench seat, which would have sat about eighteen Indians in comfort.

We had a good run to the Mornington Golf Club, Bill knowing exactly where it was and, crossing over Nepean Highway, it was a mite disturbing to see that vast bonnet suddenly make an immediate right turn into the road that took us to our luncheon venue. We were warmly greeted by Maxine and Tony Pettigrew, *Presidential Duties*, and equally warmly by Karen and Ken McDonald, *Mein Hosts' Duties*. We were straight into festive ambience and suitable drinks from the capable bar were quickly in our hands. Any bar that can serve a Cinzano and lemonade without batting an eyelid is – let's face it – very capable!

There was much chatter and greetings which slowed a little when Bill Bonner walked in wearing long trousers! It must have been a very cold morning in Kilsyth. Soon, it was time to sit down and enjoy a good lunch. We had simple Christmas fayre amongst great company and, yes, it was wonderful to be back.

We were interrupted by a presentation ceremony, as is usual at such Important events. This year the recipients of an award for service to our club, were Frank Sawyer and Val McCrae. Frank and Val had put in a great effort in ensuring that our club runs like well-oiled machine that it truly is. In addition to that presentation, there was a special club occasion to celebrate and to reflect on. Four of our club members had, in the year, reached the O.B.E. status. We will leave it to you to work that out, but we had in that splendid room three-hundred and twenty years of sound heritage motoring experience between them! Geoff Entwistle, Harry Cooper, Ross Wolstenholme and Ray Higginson were presented with a large, rich-looking chocolate cake in honour and admiration of their achievement. In this great celebration, we must not forget the good ladies, Thelma, Jean, Pat and Lyn who have nurtured these men to their O.B.Es. Congratulations all round folks!



*Val and Frank receiving a crafted clock from Tony*



*Karen, the cake and our fabulous O.B.Es*

Apologies for the poor quality of the photographs. For these occasions, we need to be careful about where the presentation is to be made. Preferably there should be a solid, full length wall behind presenter and receiver. There should not be large picture windows, or mirrors, on either side. The bright light upsets the camera's light metering system, as can be seen in these two images.

Then Santa came to visit us and oversee the exchange of gifts and, I don't know how it happened, but I 'scored' a packet of pink marzipan pigs a'humpin'. Whomever it was that chose that gift, chose well. This was no ordinary marzipan, no, this was *das echter* Lübekker Marzipan, from Germany, made by Carstens. Lübekker Marzipan is a Christmas tradition that goes back to 1949, and probably well before that, in our family. At home, there was always some Lübekker Marzipan for celebrating Christmas, and it was always either Niederegger or Carstens Marzipan. This, the very best marzipan in the world, was not available here until recently. When I went to England or Belgium for work, I would smuggle a few pieces back with me for our Christmas enjoyment. So, whomever it was – grateful thanks for a wonderful gift!

Our thanks are due to the Committee for nominating this as a 'paid for' event, and to Karen and Ken for putting it all together for us. A lovely time was had by all, and we look forward to next time we are out together.

*Mike Allfrey.*

## **TWO BAYS TOUR – Sunday 1<sup>st</sup> February, 2009**

We will meet at the car park at the Moorooduc Cool store Melways Map 105 Ref. K9 at 9:00 am for 9:30 am departure. Each car will receive a set of directions for the day, so, hopefully no one will get lost. This will be a bring everything you need day, as we plan to stop for BYO morning tea, and also a BYO picnic lunch, so pack your chairs, tables, chairs, Eskies and what ever else you think you may need. The tour will be a relaxing cruise through the scenic countryside of the Mornington Peninsula.

I have ordered the obligatory good weather required by the ABCCC. So all you have to do is come along and join in the fun. Please call me on 0408 633 778 to let me know if you are coming.

*Frank Sawyer.*

## NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

THIS IS TO ADVISE THAT THERE WILL BE AN ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE ALL BRITISH CLASSICS CAR CLUB INC. THE MEETING WILL COMMENCE AT 2:00 PM, AFTER A BARBECUE LUNCH, ON SUNDAY 15<sup>TH</sup> FEBRUARY, 2009.

WE WANT AS MANY CLUB MEMBERS AS POSSIBLE TO ATTEND. PLEASE LET PAT DOUGLAS KNOW YOU ARE COMING, ON TELEPHONE NUMBER (03) 9739 4829, SO THAT WE CAN CATER LUNCH APPROPRIATELY. LUNCH WILL START AT 12:30 PM.

THE MINUTES OF THE 2008 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING HAVE BEEN CIRCULATED VIA *YOUR ABCCC NEWS* AND THERE WILL BE COPIES OF THE TREASURER'S REPORT AND THE EDITOR'S REPORT AT THE MEETING.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE ABCCC FOLLOWS THE PROTOCOL THAT ONLY FINANCIAL MEMBERS OF THE ABCCC ARE ELIGIBLE TO CAST VOTES. IT ALSO RULES THAT THERE CAN ONLY BE ONE VOTE PER MEMBER COUPLE.

THE VENUE FOR OUR AGM IS COMO GARDENS, 79 THE BASIN – OLINDA ROAD, THE BASIN. MELWAYS MAP 65 REFERENCE K7. OUR SINCERE THANKS TO PAT AND GEORGE HETREL FOR PROVIDING SUCH A BEAUTIFUL VENUE FOR OUR ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

*Tony Pattigrew – President.*

### RACV CLASSIC SHOWCASE – Sunday 1<sup>st</sup> March, 2009

Please note that this event has been postponed until a date in May. It seems that major road works are happening in Ferntree Gully Road outside the National Steam Centre and that, for these road works, VicRoads are using the booked display site to store road building materials and equipment for an extended period.

We still support this event very strongly, even though May is a bit crowded for us at present. It would be nice if we could put on a great display and, maybe, take out the club display award.

The AOMC has a Delegates' Meeting at the end of February, more news about this event should be available for us by the next issue of *Your ABCCC News*. Watch this space!

*Mike Allfrey.*

### ABCCC – 2009 COMBINED CLUB RALLY – 4<sup>th</sup> to 8<sup>th</sup> June, 2009

It's time to start thinking about our joint rally with our sister club in Queensland. Those of you who attended our last trip to Tomingley will know what a great time was had by one and all. This year's rally will be to Richmond in New South Wales. Richmond is one of the historic towns on the Hawkesbury River approx one hour's drive from the centre of Sydney and a similar distance to Katoomba in the Blue Mountains it is close to the other historic towns of Windsor, Pitt town and Wilberforce. This will be an ideal place to base ourselves as the only problem that I can see is having to make our minds up which of the many wonderful things to see and do we include on our itinerary.

Many of you will know John and Margaret Gagen from the Queensland club. They have just undertaken a tour to visit Richmond to check it out personally, and have managed to secure a booking at the motel operated by The University of Western Sydney. It is a twenty-eight bedroom motel in the middle of a large uni complex and is part of their conference centre. The daily charge will be \$99 per double or twin share. There is ample security for our cars, and all within easy access of wherever you wish to go.

We plan to arrive in Richmond on the Friday afternoon, having travelled from Melbourne and stayed overnight somewhere en-route. I will organise that accommodation when I have some idea of numbers. The trip up is either via the Olympic highway to Bathurst and down through Lithgow (920 km) or via Goulburn and Penrith (890 km). I will decide on the route in consultation with those that are going.

Please contact me either on 0408 633 778 or by e-mail [frank.cars@bigpond.com](mailto:frank.cars@bigpond.com) To let me know if you are interested in joining us so that I have some idea of numbers. It really is difficult to organize an event without knowing how many to cater for. As always all that I can promise you is a very interesting trip with wonderful people, to a very historic part of our magic country.

*Frank Sawyer.*

### A WARM WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Since our last report, there has been a flurry of new members. A hearty welcome to you all from all of us in this splendid, well-oiled machine that is the All British Classics Car Club. We hope to see you, and importantly, your

classics at club events soon. We have a fabulous calendar of events in 2009, so there is plenty of opportunity to get your classics out and about throughout the year. Welcome All!

Name	Make of Car	Model	Year
Gordon & Mary Hughes	Jaguar	XJ6	1970
Brian & Nayda Kelly	Jaguar	Mk II	1962
Robert Wood & Barbara Grant-Wood	MG	'B' Mk II	1970
Rob Coventry	Leyland	Mini	1974
John & Leanne Trenwith	Triumph	TR 4A	1967

*Val Jefferyes – Membership Secretary.*

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## THE FEEL!

*In the United States there used to be a magazine called 'Mechanix Illustrated and, a contributor to that magazine was Tom Cahill (Uncle Tom to his readers), who also wrote a couple of motoring books. Set out here is the final chapter of Tom's book, 'The Modern Sports Car', published in 1954. It is an interesting piece of reading and, certainly, explains the 'feel' that some of us are lucky enough to have. Our thanks to Uncle Tom for this entertaining piece. ED.*

### It All Boils Down To This

By now, if you have read all the mumbo-jumbo that has gone before, you must realize sports car people are just a few notches different than the dyed-in-the-wool, conventional mugwump. In a sentence or even less, a word, it all boils down to one simple fact—sports car people have the “feel”. Maybe it's an appreciation for the better things of life, or a normal revolt against regimentation on a commercial scale.

One thing is certain, the true sports car man revolts against taking to the highways like a duck parading with millions of other ducks in vulgar creations created to catch the eye of vulgar people. As this book is being put to bed, the writer has noticed an increase of idiotic Sunday newspaper supplement articles slanted to soothe the Detroit paper advertising space buyers by condemning all types of sports cars and sports car owners. These are generally written by intellectual delinquents with no mechanical, and very little family, background. These Union Square soap-box editorialists usually have the literary talent of a Borneo gorilla and usually only succeed, I am glad to say, in interesting more people in sports cars.

Unless you have the “feel”, sports cars definitely are not for you. The man who doesn't feel that his MG, Austin Healey, or Jaguar is a sporting and adventure companion just doesn't have it. I realize many sports cars are bought primarily for show-off purposes, but this is only a small part of what the sports car man knows about the sport.

Let's take a hypothetical trip in a sports car, all alone. Actually, although you never tell this to your wife, sports car driving on a trip is more fun alone. You don't need your wife or a close friend to keep you company — your sports car is your good companion. It is impossible to get this feeling with a cold, Detroit commercial stamping.

Let's say your car is a little Austin-Healey. Everything about it is top quality of the very finest material. Unlike your Cadillac, Lincoln, or Chrysler, you have a feeling for this little car, an affectionate regard almost like one you have for that good dog you own. When on the highway, you often talk to the little car as if it had warm blood running through its veins. Well, it is a friend, and warm liquid is running through its veins, though in this case it doesn't happen to be blood.

After the car has given you exceptional pleasure on a fast 100 or 200 mile jog, which may have been a business trip or to another friend's for a weekend, you often, as you get out, give the fender a friendly pat of thanks. (How long since you've patted a Cadillac?) The man who does this has the “feel.” He may never race, enter a hillclimb or a rally, hut he has the “feel.” Let's say you work in New York and live in New York, and garage your little jewel in a not-too-tidy auto hotel where it is continually surrounded by unaesthetic iron. You find yourself often just before you turn out lights at night wondering how they're treating your pal over in the garage and whether dirty hands have been marring its highly-polished finish.

Our hypothetical trip, and it actually happens every day to thousands, starts in your office. Old Joe Blow, the firm's wealthiest client, wants you to come down to his plantation near New Iberia in Louisiana for some late fall duck shooting and the possible discussion of future plans.

Your secretary checks the air schedule and trains. By plane, it's just an afternoon's hop, but you elect to do something that has the other men in the office slightly suspecting your sanity when you announce that you're going to drive down in your Austin-Healey.

You don't get mad at the many questions, such as “Supposin' it rains, can you keep dry in that bucket?” or remarks that it would be a lot safer and cheaper to fly. You don't try and explain — these fellows have all the adventure in their souls of a meek ribbon clerk and couldn't understand if you told them. So you just say goodbye when the time comes and leave the office ignoring a wisecrack or two about walking back or hitch-hiking.

It is exactly four A.M. when your alarm clock lets go like a furious rattlesnake and, with high adventure ahead, you're out of bed and wide awake in the first jump. Twenty minutes later the sleepy night elevator man in your apartment building eyes you suspiciously as he takes your gun case, duffel, and kit bag. You leave these in the lobby and make the two block brisk walk to the garage. The night garage man openly looks at you with suspicion as he shuf-



flingly leads you over to Junior, parked way in the back between two man-made mountains of chrome. You give it a fond pat on its left flank and slip behind the wheel.

The top is up and the passenger side curtain is on. With the adequate heater and your big greatcoat you won't need the other side curtain as the temperature outside is a mild 40 degrees. You turn the key and instantly the engine roars awake. You let it idle for several minutes and then pull up to the gas pumps. The tank filled, you drive back to your apartment for the bags and your gun and, with these in place in the trunk, you head for the Jersey Turnpike.

The speed limit is 60 MPH and in overdrive the engine is happily loafing at 70, a speed you calculate will not attract John Law. You are just settling down to the trip when a turnpike all-night restaurant-service-station looms, reminding you you haven't even had your coffee. After a good, solid breakfast (the driver on a long trip needs plenty of fuel just as the car does), you emerge from the diner and find that it's just daylight.

Now you're really on your way at your steady 70. The car wants to go faster, but you hold off, the cops are thick on this thoroughway (in more ways than one). As the sun comes up over your left shoulder, signs indicate Philadelphia somewhere on your right.



*Left: An Austin Healey, similar to that described by Tom, full of 'The Feel' sets off on the 2008 RACV Fly The Flag Tour.*

The engine is purring a song that no symphony could compare to. As they say in the Ozarks, boy, you're really livin' it up! — and you know it. Ever since you pulled out of the tunnel back in New York there's been a tingle in your spine, a real, perpetual, underplaying thrill that seems continuous. In a short time you're over the Delaware Memorial Bridge, a

short shot through Delaware into Maryland and onto the great Chesapeake Bay Bridge.

As you cross the bridge you slow down, noticing several flocks of canvasbacks trading back and forth. The fact that you're going all the way to Louisiana for duck shooting momentarily strikes you as a little silly when right now you are over some of the greatest duck shooting water in the world. Around Annapolis and over to U.S. 301, and then the high Potomac Bridge and more ducks.

Now you are in Virginia. At Port Royal you pull up for a second breakfast and re-fuelling. It's only a quarter of eleven, the day's young. A fast trip through the City of Richmond, and then a s-l-o-w drag through Colonial Heights and Petersburg. Once clear of Petersburg you snap back to life quickly and head for South Hill and Raleigh.

At three o'clock you're not even tired, though you've been driving ten hours, at moderate speeds for the Healey — which made the trip effortless. In Raleigh you get yourself a late, late lunch or an early dinner and head for Southern Pines on U.S. 1, 70 miles further south. In the outskirts of Southern Pines you find a beautiful motel with a restaurant and a vacancy, so you pull in. It is five o'clock and you've covered just under 600 miles.

The year before when you made this same trip in your Detroit car you were pooped, but tonight after a quick shower and shave (so you won't have to do it in the morning) you feel like a million dollars.

Of course you had to answer with a smile several times in the restaurant when the motel manager and one or two other friendly people asked, aghast, "You mean to say you came all the way from New York in that little thing today?" Then they'll usually add, "Why, that would even be a long trip for my big Buick [or DeSoto]."

You smile back friendly enough, but don't try and explain. Ignorance knows no limitations and your mission in life is not the education of the multitude.

Happily, you find the motel coffee shop open at six the next morning. After a big breakfast of flapjacks and grits, you're on your way once again, bowling down U.S. 1. On the way back you'll come by way of Atlanta and the Piedmont Trail, but this time you'll stay on U.S. 1 until just south of Augusta where you head west for Macon and Montgomery. Down to Mobile and along the Gulf on #90 to New Orleans. Then the short run to the plantation on Vermilion Bay where the mallards come up like thunder just at the break of day.

By nine o'clock you've taken the passenger side curtain out, and by ten, when you stop for a second breakfast and re-fuelling, down comes the top itself. It's late November, but the temperature is in the high sixties. Just after eleven o'clock you make the swing west a few miles south of Augusta. The deeper you penetrate the South, the more attention your car gets, especially from the children on the roads, who wave and yell gleefully as you pass.

That afternoon, after leaving Montgomery, you head south toward the Gulf and at night you pull into another motel near Mobile. At noon next day you are in New Orleans and stop off to see your old friends at La Louisiana, that fabulous restaurant, for a meal that no king has been able to buy for some time.

By mid-afternoon your little gem, tooling along under the moss-laden trees, sounds just as solid as when you left the garage many miles back. You are now driving in your shirt sleeves and are feeling pretty smug about yourself and life in general since you've just blown off a couple of Louisiana hot-rodder's with ease.

As you pull up to the plantation you give the instrument board an extra-friendly pat for a job well done — but your host won't let you leave the car. He has to feel the seats, kick the tires and touch the paint, then the old routine again, "You came all the way from New York down here in that?" By now you're feeling so good about everything, so superior to most of your fellow earth-dwellers, you almost tell Old Joe Blow to go climb a tree — in fact, you do, but you're smiling.

Three days of wonderful duck shooting and another big order from Joe and you're on your way home. You find as you are tooling over the highway some of the roads in the south are long, fast and deserted. You pass 100 MPH on  
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several occasions and cruise at 80 or 85 much of the time. You're all alone, and you sing to yourself as you haven't sung in years, and whistle off-key as much as you please; the car doesn't protest, and you never have to slow for a corner but just keep bowling along.

Old Betsy, your prize double barrel gun, did you proud, and you suddenly realize that the deep affection you have for this gun that was given to you before you entered college is similar to the feeling you have for this car. Both fine pieces of sporting equipment and both good companions.

You understand this, you have the "feel." Those realists can have their reality, this is for you. A man's gun and a man's car.

As you unload in front of the apartment you realize a great adventure — nothing really much, no lions, no tigers, no rescues at sea — but a great adventure you and your friend, the car, a sports car, have had together.

If you have it, you'll know what I mean. If you haven't, it's just too damn bad.

*From The Modern Sports Car by Tom Cahill.*

*With Thanks.*

## CUMBERLAND SAUCE – Delia Smith Recipe

*The Christmas and New Year period being a time for cold turkey and other cold meats, we went looking for some of that delectable Fortnum & Masons' Cumberland Sauce. The kind lady at David Jones shook her head sadly, but suggested that we try the Internet for a recipe. She knew the basic ingredients, but wasn't too sure. On the Internet, Delia Smith's recipe was the first option. Now, it has to be said that, ever since seeing a comedy sketch (Ronnie Barker) imitating Delia's Home Counties accent perfectly, and announcing that. "Tonight I am going to teach you how to boil water!", I have been a fan of Delia's cookery show ever since. It was shown on the ABC some years ago for a series or two. With the march of progress, trendy cookery shows, the solid and safe Delia Smith and her 'How To' series are no longer with us here in Oz.*

*Here's Delia!!*

This is, for me, one of the great classic English sauces, provided it's made with a good-quality redcurrant jelly with a high fruit content; some of the commercial varieties are lacking in fruit and are too sickly sweet. Cumberland sauce is always served cold and is a wonderful accompaniment to either hot or cold gammon, tongue, cold goose or game, and it goes extremely well with a slice of Old-fashioned Raised Game Pie. This sauce should not be thickened – it is meant to have a thinnish consistency. Serves 8



### Ingredients

- 1 medium lemon
- 1 medium orange
- 4 heaped tablespoons good quality red currant jelly
- 4 tablespoons port, plus one more for confirming taste!
- 1 heaped teaspoon mustard powder
- 1 heaped teaspoon ground ginger

First, thinly pare off the zest of both the lemon and the orange, using a potato peeler, then cut them into very small strips ½ inch (1.3 cm) long and as thin as possible. Boil them in water for five (5) minutes to extract any bitterness, then drain well.

Now place the redcurrant jelly in a saucepan with the port and melt, whisking them together over a low heat for about 5 or 10 minutes. The redcurrant jelly won't melt completely, so it's best to sieve it afterwards to get rid of any obstinate little globules.

In a serving bowl, mix the mustard and ginger with the juice of half the lemon until smooth, then add the juice of the whole orange, the port and redcurrant mixture, and finally the strips of lemon and orange zest. Mix well and the sauce is ready to use. Cumberland sauce stores well in a screw-top jar in the refrigerator for up to two weeks.

***This recipe is taken from Delia Smith's Complete Cookery Course, Delia Smith's Complete Illustrated Cookery Course and Delia Smith's Christmas and has appeared in Sainsbury's Magazine (Guide to Poultry and Game Cookery). With Thanks.***

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## A WEDDING IN INDIA

At our Christmas luncheon function I was asked to write an article about the main purpose of our recent visit to India and, was told that cars did not really have to come into it. Sue, son Pete and I set off for Mumbai just after 1:00 am on 18<sup>th</sup> November. This was actually quite civilised timing, because we arrived at our destination at 10:00 am the same morning. The wedding was for our nephew and, due to there being relatives and guests in Mumbai and Delhi, there were activities in both cities. In addition to that, we had a spell in Goa for a week in between.

The major players in this story are:

Linnet Mushran	My sister	Viney Mushran	My brother in law
Ashwin Mushran	My nephew	Vasundhara Sanghi	My niece
Karun Sanghi	My nephew in law	Rebecca Vaz	Ashwin's bride
Franco Vaz	The bride's father	Ramona Vaz	The bride's mother

As soon as we arrived in Mumbai, we were pulled straight into a food-overload situation. We had carefully brought four bottles of good quality Australian Red, which went down well with the locals. The bottle from Coldstream was particularly savoured and a bottle of *Ned's Red* was enjoyed immensely, mainly for its name. We were at the Sanghi apartment and soon it was time for lunch. This was family together for the first time for some years, and it was wonderful sitting around the large table together. The food was incredible, and so much of it too.

The wedding itself was in Mumbai and there were two receptions there. On top of that, there was a huge reception in Delhi. It has to be said that, when Linnet does something, she does it thoroughly. I have a feeling that Viney, just let it all happen and manfully paid a vast number of bills. On that first evening, we went to a party at the Joss Club in south Mumbai, where there were about one-hundred guests. There was Salsa dancing, which Ashwin is actively involved in and we met some international Salsa dancers who had come for the wedding. There were also huge amounts of food consumed. It was all a bit much and 'Delhi Belly' struck with a vengeance that evening. I felt every bump in the road on the way home and was relieved to tumble into bed with a pill inside me. Next morning, I was fine and could eat anything.



*Left: Ashwin and Rebecca. Ashwin is a Bollywood actor and is currently starring in an Indian soap opera.*

The next night, we were invited to, Franco and Ramona Vaz's home (again with about a hundred guests!) for a proper introduction to that side of the family. There were quite a number of Rebecca's school friends as well as all of us from our side of a vastly growing family. Here we went through the ceremony of anointing the bridal couple with coconut oil. The idea is to make them more beautiful – if not, then extremely slippery. Being a Mamu (Uncle), and Sue being Mami, we had to take part, so I gave Ashwin a good and thorough dousing and Rebecca a much more discreet amount. It was all great fun on a very warm and humid Mumbai night. After that it was yet more food and drink. Drinking is no problem in India, because you have a driver to pour you home. The food, mostly Goan, was amazing and Viney and Franco gave good advice on spice heat. I like Franco, he writes musical scores for Bollywood pictures and documentaries. He also plays drums when ever he can. He is very great fun to be with and we had some long chats about Oz and England.

*Right: Sue Mami anointing Rebecca.*

Rebecca's Grandmother sang Goan songs while the anointing was going on and Franco had organised an interesting dance demonstration by a group of family and friends from Goa. This involved white handkerchief waving along with the men wearing golden sashes. Franco played his drums and, hopefully, he had invited the neighbours!



Next day we went on a bus tour of Mumbai. Our guide took us into the gardens that cover a vast water tank on the top of a low hill, we went into an ornate Buddhist temple, Mahatma Ghandi's house (now a museum) and had a look at the famous Taj Mahal Hotel and the Gateway to India. Our lunch was a Dosa lunch next door to that great hotel. Then we had a look at the dhobiing area where a vast amount of laundry is done out in the open.



The next event was a lunch hosted by Karun and Vasundhara at a very elegant Chinese Restaurant, This was quite new to us as the house specialised in steamed food. After being more than replete, we retired for a siesta before a traditional Henna ceremony followed by a huge dinner. This was at Vasundhara and Karun's home in north Mumbai. Sue also received the Henna treatment to one hand. The stains took a long time to wash off. After eating (again) we went to bed quite late. It was this night that Karun took Peter and his Swiss cousin Ian out on the Mumbai Tiles.

*Left: Sue having Henna applied freehand.*

Karun asked the caterer to leave all the serving tables set up and come back to serve a Dosa lunch next day. Dosas are a pleasant south Indian semi-fast food, and are a large pancake that is made from semolina and coconut and are either folded with a filling like a Cornish pastie, or rolled to simply eat with pickles. My favourite is the Dosa Onion Rava Masala which is absolutely sublime and not too spicy. Vasundhara claims that one-metre long rolled Dosas are available in Bangalore. What a lunch that caterer put on at short notice for us, and most of the previous night's hundred-odd guests. By now, we were well and truly in food overload mode!

The wedding was on the Saturday at 5:00 pm in St Anne's Church, Pali Hill. Peter was given the task of being a bridesmaid's escort for the wedding. This was quite a long, and serious, Roman Catholic service and afterwards we went outside, in the warm velvet Mumbai night, for a cup of tea made with hot milk. It was very warm in a suit and tie, fortunately the reception, at the outdoors Crystal Springs Reception Centre, was not so formal and soon my jacket and tie could be removed. There were music and dancing. At a conservative guess there were at least three-hundred guests at that reception, which was very well handled by the best man. There was also food! And, another late night for Pete.

Next Evening, it was Vasundhara and Karun's turn to host a reception, and there seemed to be more people at this one. We did our duty and ate even more food again. This reception was at the Willingdon Sporting Club and was a truly splendid affair. We dined copiously out on the lawns and had a most enjoyable time. Felt quite tired at this stage – age is creeping up on me!

While we were in Mumbai, we stayed at AB's Exclusive Serviced Apartments. Quite an establishment with seven floors and a slow lift. At the time we arrived in Mumbai, Linnet and Vasundhara were visiting AB's to make sure that all arrangements were right. They were horrified to find that the entrance lobby had been completely dismantled for enlarging and re-modelling. That did not worry us greatly, it only meant that we had to get to the lifts on the first floor from the back of the building. Then it became quite interesting. While I had a spare moment, I took some photos of the front of the building and. I had just taken a few when I was stopped by one of the three security guards – "No pictures, this is a building of national importance!" I responded, "Oh? Why?" The answer to that was, "This is Naval Building!" It later transpired that all the work in the lobby was taking place, by the contractor (mostly at night) by-passing local authority red tape! We were very comfortable there, and the kitchenette, and we had no intention of cooking for ourselves, featured a small two-burner gas stove – but there was no gas pipe attached!

While Ashwin and Rebecca went to Greece for a week's honeymoon, we spent the same time further south in Goa at Vasundhara's holiday house (mansion more like!). We had a wonderful time in Goa where there is just as much food. We had superb lunches on two Indian Ocean beaches. The two restaurants, of very good quality, were right on the beach and, the prawns particularly, were sensational. One lunch, and we all had our fill of seafood, was just \$10.00 per person, and included wines and soft drinks. During our stay in Goa I visited a spice farm. It was a bit too tacky touristy for me, but it was interesting to see where such as cloves, turmeric and cardamom come from. Elephants work on this farm and every day they have a bath in the little river that flows through the property.



The current craze with Russian tourists, is to ride an elephant into the water and then be showered by the elephant's trunk-full of water. I shudder to think how it would be if the poor animal was suffering from hay-fever! (Runny nose and all that) We were just in time to see the water frolics and the elephants were reluctant to get out of the water – they like a long bath.

*Left: Receiving a shower straight from the elephant's trunk!*

We visited old Goa town and spent time in Portuguese churches and a museum. We also had a good look around Panjime which is close to where we were staying. We had cars and drivers for the whole week in Goa and the cost was just \$A93.00 per couple! Somewhat cheaper than the taxi fare to Melbourne airport. The service was excellent too. There were eight of us staying there and we shared two top-end

Toyota Inova people-mover cars. There were three dinner parties while we were there, and the look on a neighbour's wife's face when her husband invited us all for supper next evening, was to be treasured! However, with an army of servants, there was no visible problem. I missed that meal due to having hurt my back while swimming.

We then flew up to Delhi, and yes, there was another wedding reception – three-hundred and eight guests at this one. I know that because I was involved in the late stages of planning. Viney had no idea what was planned! Thirty-three bottles of Scotch were consumed and there was some Sula red wine left over. Here it was a bit cooler and we did not have to plonk an ice cube in our wine as we had been doing to get the red down to 'room' temperature. Red wine from Sula has a very strange after-taste.

Next day, Viney found out that thirty people had been invited to a lunch party at their apartment. Yet again we were eating. Later that afternoon Pete and I flew down to Indore in central India. The purpose of this excursion was to visit Karun's Uncle who has a vast old car collection. We stayed two nights and spent a whole day amongst ex-Maharajas' cars from early days of motoring, through to the early 1950s. This collection was absolutely mind boggling stuff for me – it really was a completely new scene of motoring. Fortunately, in the early 1980s, the Indian government placed a ban on the export of such cars. Karun's Uncle has two-hundred and four cars of royal connections in his collection. The gentleman who looks after them, with an obvious passion, is himself a prince. He is very knowledgeable about all of these fantastic cars. We had a wonderful time together and discussed everything from Jowetts to Railtons and Phantom III V12 Rolls Royces that require ten litres of petrol, just to start them! Here, behind a car dealership's scruffy-looking frontage to its repair shops, are about seven very large garages.

Inside one such garage were about fifteen 1920s – 1930s Rolls Royces and Bentleys. Some restored and some awaiting attention. They were crammed in so tightly that photography was very difficult. There was a superb Lagonda Rapide, a Daimler Double-Six King George V Royal Carriage that came to India in advance of a Royal visit (the King died, but the Daimler stayed there unused), a huge Delage and an amazing early Pierce-Arrow that has been superbly restored. There was a splendid long Lancia Lambda, but for me, the nicest of all was a large 1923 Sunbeam. This was a car with presence! It was all too much to absorb in just the one day.

I was asked which car would be my choice? My response was first of all the Sunbeam, but near equal second choice was a totally unrestored Rolls Royce Phantom saloon with most of its paint missing. The owner and his man were quite surprised at my choice.

*Right: A Room full of Rolls Royces and Bentleys.*

There is one point about these cars of Indian royalty, due to difficulties procuring the correct tyres, most had non-original wheel equipment. As a result of this, a fair few had non-original mudguards too! It seems that the RROC (UK) is not happy about this, but as I was told, in those days of the 1920s and 1930s, differing bodies and wheels were freely fitted and most of that work looked quite acceptable – although, the artillery wheels combined with flared mudguards on the Sunbeam did look odd to me. In essence it is still a Sunbeam though! It is wonderful to know that these cars are in good-quality storage and that restoration work is in progress, and is being carried out by enthusiasts with a passion for them and their history. India is very fortunate in having a vast labour force and, most importantly, within that force, a good number of highly skilled metal workers and good vehicle mechanics.



*Left: Another Lagonda in the corner.*

I was told that two ex-Maharaja cars were exported to buyers in Australia, before the Indian government put a stop to such exports. Karun's uncle and his staff are very keen to find out what has happened to these cars. The reason for this interest is not to buy them back, but to keep their history up to date. This is particularly so, because I spent a whole day with a charming lady who is researching a complete history of all the cars in this collection, and other known cars, of royal background, for a book that is due to be published soon

Next day we toured a huge palace near Indore, and it was easy to imagine some of those cars being stabled there. The palace was remarkable for its interior grandness, and all in polished marble too. The dance hall has viewing balconies and a large rectangular teak floor that is suspended on springs. High up above were three huge crystal chandeliers. When we were upstairs we were shown a well hidden traverser that ran on rails so that the cleaners could get to those magnificent chandeliers. The traverser was like a fifteen ton factory travelling crane!

Before leaving for Indore, I asked Linnet to find a good restaurant, that would accept Visa Card, so that I could shout lunch before Vasundhara and Karun left for Mumbai. Karun made a strong request for non-Indian food – even he had had enough by then! The Diva Restaurant was booked and we went to have a grand Italian lunch. The wine list was amazing – a bottle of Australian Penfold's Bin 28 was listed at 3,950 Rupees and, strangely, there were no Australian white wines listed, but there was a lovely white wine from New Zealand which was refreshing and – importantly – nice and cold. It was a wonderful family meal with superb Italian dishes and good wine.

Then it was time to pay for all of this opulent eating, the Visa Card came out and was swiped by the manager. He looked at me somewhat puzzled, and swiped the card again through his reader machine – 'DECLINED' was the result. Oh dear! "Would he accept a bank debit card?" "Yes that would be fine." He wanted his R/-29,250.00! Again, the dreaded 'DECLINED' was shown on his display. I turned to Pete and said, "You and I are washing up for a long time!" This was interesting, as I had had the Visa Card checked before leaving for India and this was the first time I had used it on the trip. Pete gallantly stepped forward with his Visa Card and, whoosh, it worked first time! I was now quite embarrassed and worried that some fraudster had had a good time on my account.

Last time we were in India, we used American Express Travellers Cheques, which we found to be very difficult to cash, even in Delhi. This time we used our Commonwealth Bank key cards in Maestro-friendly ATMs, and they proved that local knowledge is very useful. Before leaving, I had set a daily limit of R/-30,000 (close to \$1,000). I soon found out that to obtain the limit amount, three separate ATM transactions, at a later discovered \$30-plus, per transaction, of R/-10,000 had to be carried out! We were carrying great wads of R/-100 notes and it was the thickness of these wads of notes that dictated the three separate transactions. The ATM money-issue openings could only handle limited amounts.



*Above: An elephant in New Delhi. Note the Tata Truck      Delhi traffic, loaded, and the ever-present auto-rickshaw*

Traffic in India is dense and, to us it was amazing just how tolerant the Indian driver is. At intersections and roundabouts the flows of traffic magically merge, and we got through intersections wondering how on earth our driver had achieved the manoeuvre in such busy conditions. None of it is fast moving and horns are used in a friendly 'letting you know I am here' manner. It was also amazing how much goods are still transported on tri-shaws, bicycles and hand carts. In Mumbai, at the apartment block where we were staying, sheets of polished marble for covering large concrete columns, about one metre by two metres and about 20 mm thick, were being wheeled in sitting on bicycle saddle and handlebars only. I asked how far the load had come and was told ten kilometres. At least the carrier had the chance to ride the bike back for the next sheet of marble!

There are a vast number of flat top hand carts that run on four ancient-looking bicycle wheels that carry all sorts of goods. They were seen stacked high with large drain pipes, fresh bananas, freshly cooked samosas and sugar cane stalks for roadside sugar cane drinks. These drinks are produced from crushing the cane between two stainless steel rollers, driven by electric motors sourcing their power from 'alligator' clips on the overhead cables! I went to the end of the road where Linnet lives in Delhi, to watch some main thoroughfare traffic. After a few minutes a huge elephant with two riders came along, totally unperturbed by the traffic around it. It paused alongside me and a ride was offered. A totally new experience was having an elephant's trunk breathing down the back of my neck! The elephant was investigating me like a dog would. Having been on an elephant before and, having no idea of where it was going, I gave its trunk a friendly pat and politely declined.

Delhi and Mumbai are extremely heavily polluted, to the extent that I sometimes had trouble breathing. Both cities are actively working at pollution reduction. Amazingly, in Delhi, all public transport (including taxis and auto-rickshaws) can now only be fuelled by compressed natural gas. This is most interesting as the auto-rickshaws still run with power from the 'Bim, Bim, Bim' sounding two-stroke engine – but without the characteristic blue exhaust haze. All buses are now on CNG and the newer buses are painted green to reinforce the going-green progress in the community. The little three-wheel Bajaj auto-rickshaws now sport the fashionable green and yellow paint colour scheme. In addition to that, new Bajaj commercial three-wheelers (one shown above) are now built to run on CNG. The CNG comes to Delhi from drilling platforms in the Arabian Sea, via a pipeline north of Mumbai.

In Delhi, and other major cities, large long-distance trucks, that always look severely overladen, come to the outskirts and wait till late at night to deliver their loads in the crowded areas. There are long lines of trucks waiting their turn during the day. The Tata in the picture above left, is now quite a rare sight in busy Delhi and, this visit, the city's roads were not scattered with broken down trucks. The cab-over Tata still looks old, even when reasonably new!

Motorcycles form a large portion of private road transport, and it appeared that pillion passengers have no desire to wear a crash helmet. A near-new Royal Enfield 500 cc Bullet was seen with Mum (in a beautiful sari) and Dad, with a child between them on the dual seat, another child on the rear rack, yet another child on the petrol tank and a toddler in a basket on the handlebars – family transport! This was in Indore, where the motorcycle was prominent.

In Goa, a three-wheel Bajaj ute was seen with two high stacks of those plastic stackable outdoor chairs, in bright red, and loosely tied on, but with a passenger riding on top of one stack and grimly hanging on to the other stack. The cab was crammed full of men as was the ute's tray!

*Right: A 'Deadline' bus negotiating a roundabout.*

The Hindustan Ambassador (1956 Morris Oxford) is still present in large numbers, but not quite as numerous in Mumbai. They are still the venerated transport of government officials and those can be easily identified by fancy lace curtains at the windows and a pennant on the front of the bonnet. I did not see a single Indian produced Rover SD1 this time. That was strange, because older vehicles seem to hang around in India.



Since 1995, Toyota have made vast inroads into the nation's car fleet. There is a very popular seven seater people-mover style car, the Toyota Inova, with 2 litre engine of either petrol or diesel. We had the use of two of these in Goa. Another similar vehicle, but more of a four-wheel drive, was the Mahindra Scorpio which seemed to be related to Mitsubishi.

For me, it was wonderful to see, and hear, those fabulous Royal Enfield large singles!

The Mumbai terrorists missed us by two days, we had been to the Taj Hotel and the Gateway To India areas on our tour. Having been inside the hotel on a previous visit and seen some of its splendid grandeur, the damage that was done inside is beyond belief. India has staunchly announced that the Taj Hotel will be completely rebuilt, patiently piece by piece, is a huge commitment. I think it was the Duke of Edinburgh who said, "If you want to see real Royal opulence, then visit Bombay's Taj Mahal Hotel."

Our stay in Goa was marred by the saturation news broadcasts of the Taj Hotel siege. It was strange to see pictures "live" showing commandos being lowered from helicopters. All the perpetrators of carnage had to do was switch on a TV set in one of the rooms to know what steps were being taken to round them up!

India was a wonderful experience, I hope this has not been too boring.

**Mike Alfrey.**