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Your **ABCCC** News

The Official Newsletter of the All British Classics Car Club of Vic Inc

Front Cover

Great start to 2023 with our first event held on 22 January 2023 organised by Jack & Shirley Craven

Photo on front cover of Jack & Shirley with their 1994 Jaguar at their great meeting point "Best Friends" in Stud Park

More photos and information on the run in this edition

Presidents Report February 2023

What a great start to the year with a five and a half minute drive with Maxine in the Spitfire with the top down, the next event in Coldstream she's going in the TF. This was of course the Craven's event visiting a car collection two minutes from my home and it was indeed a great start to the year all-round.

I have been in contact with the Hamilton Car Club and they are expecting the application forms to be available soon for their Rally in June, I have booked some rooms at the Grangeburn at \$115 per night so if you wish to stay there let me know and I will put your name on one. If you choose to book your own accommodation still let me know so you can be included in the lunch stop on the way up and the traditional Friday night dinner at Alexander House.

Not a lot happening on the Mark V project it looks like the end of February before I get all the engine parts back from the three machinists I have used so engine assembly wont start until March when I go to Tasmania, returning Easter Monday. I have managed to keep things ticking along, overhauling the wipers and fitting them to the body shell and other sundry little jobs. Spent a whole day sorting nuts and bolts and still can't find anything, but still it's all good food for the brain.

We had a committee meeting on Tuesday 24th January and one of the items on the Agenda was the cost of a printed copy of the Newsletter. The cost to print and post works out in excess of \$100 per copy per year and with a membership fee of \$45 it is not viable. Of the seven copies printed three of the members have email addresses and another one has one but we don't have it. Two of the ones without email addresses are at this point in time are unfinancial. Consequently the March edition of the Newsletter will be the last one printed and posted.

Don't worry, be happy and travel safe.

Tony Pettigrew

President

Inside this Issue:

- Presidents report
- Club Information
- YouTube recommendations
- The Healey story - conclusion
- Events Directory 2022
- The story of Alice Anderson and Australia's first all-female garage
- What we have been doing
 - Inaugural Eastern Suburbs run by the Cravens
- Winter Odyssey
- 1962 Car Sales advertisement

* Upcoming Events

Notice: AGM – Annual General Meeting

Sunday 19th February 2023 –

THE 2023 ABCCC ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING (AGM) The venue is the

Crown Hotel, 273 Main St, Lilydale.

Cost of lunch is \$20.00 pay cash at entry, drinks are at bar prices. Lunch is two course alternative drop starting at 12:30pm. AGM meeting starts at 2pm

Please advise Pat Douglas if you intend to join us for lunch for catering reasons and with requests for items to be placed on the Agenda. Telephone Number 0425 712 973 or, E-mail secretary@abccc.com.au .

All lunches to be paid for on entry with cash please! Pat Douglas – Secretary

CLUB INFORMATION

Visit the club's Website for information about how club matters are conducted. This Website also features information about how the Victorian Club Permit Scheme (VCPS) is operated by the All British Classics Car Club Vic Inc.

Our club does have one explicit rule – for those motor cars operating on the Victorian Club Permit Scheme (VCPS), using the auspices of the All British Classics Car Club Vic Inc., for the ongoing benefit of the VCPS, their owners must continue to be a financial member for the duration of the permit period, and attend a minimum of three club events during the permit's active year. Failure to respect this rule will result in the VCPS renewal being insupportable and void.

YOUR COMMITTEE

Executive Committee	Name	Telephone	E-mail Address
President	Tony Pettigrew	(03) 9739 1146	president@abccc.com.au
Vice President	Colin Brown	(03) 5964 9291	colin@abccc.com.au
Treasurer	Bill Allen	(03) 9846 2323	treasurer@abccc.com.au
Secretary	Pat Douglas	0425 712 973	secretary@abccc.com.au
Committee Positions			
Committee Member	Frank Sawyer	0408 633 778	
Committee Member	Greg Anglin	(03) 9876 3293	
Committee Member	Rex Hall	(03) 9795 7669	rex@abccc.com.au
Committee Member	Walter Thompson	0408 507 890	wally@abccc.com.au
Membership Secretary	Ed Bartosh	(03) 9739 1879	membership@abccc.com.au
AOMC Delegate	Bill Allen	(03) 9846 2323	
AOMC Delegate	Mike Allfrey	(03) 9729 1480	michael.allfrey@bigpond.com
FVV & CCC Delegate	Bill Allen	(03) 9846 2323	
FVV & CCC Delegate	Tony Pettigrew	(03) 9739 1146	president@abccc.com.au
VCPS Officer (Applications)	Walter Thompson	0408 507 890	wally@abccc.com.au
VCPS Officer (Renewals)	Colin Brown	(03) 5964 9291	colin@abccc.com.au
Web Master	Ed Bartosh	0438 508 235	webmaster@abccc.com.au
VCPS Attendance Records	Sue Allfrey	(03) 9729 1480	sue.allfrey@bigpond.com
Club Regalia Manager	Maxine Pettigrew	(03) 9739 1146	
Newsletter Editor	Glenda Prewett	0418 345 499	editor@abccc.com.au
Editor's Assistant	Rick Lloyd	0417384845	
Associations Incorporation Registered Number: A0035462V			
The All British Classics Car Club Vic Inc. Website http://www.abccc.com.au			
The Association of Motoring Clubs Website http://www.aomc.asn.au/			
The Federation of Veteran, Vintage and Classic Car Clubs Website http://www.federation.asn.au/			

CONTACTING THE ABCCC VIC INC.

On The Web <http://www.abccc.com.au>

On Facebook www.facebook.com/AllBritishClassicsCarClub

Postal Address PO Box 190, Coldstream, Victoria, 3770



MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS

The annual membership subscription for the All British Classics Car Club Vic Inc. is \$45.00 per annum. This subscription fee also includes the club member's partner. In addition to that, there is a once-only \$30.00 Joining Fee. Please address membership enquiries to: Membership Secretary PO Box 190 Coldstream Victoria, 3770. Telephone Number 03 9739 1879.

LIFE MEMBERS

The All British Classics Car Club Vic Inc was founded by the late Frank E Douglas on 19th September, 1997. The Club is proud to grant Life Membership to those who provide exceptional service to our club.

Current Life Members are: Pat J Douglas, Mike Allfrey, Tony & Maxine Pettigrew

CLUB PERMIT SCHEME

ABCCC is a VicRoads authorised Club to participate in the VicRoads Club Permit Scheme (CPS)

The ABCCC has set rules & conditions for operating a motor vehicle [twenty-five (25) years old and older on the CPS, for further information about how the CPS is conducted by the All British Classics Car Club please visit the club's Website Link [ABCCC Club Permit Scheme information](#) All the information is available online.

1. **Initial contact** should be made with the club's Vehicle Logbook Club Permit Scheme (VLCPS) Applications Officer, currently Wally Thompson. He will advise the procedure for application with respect to the conditions set by the ABCCC. He must also provide a first inspection of the vehicle.
2. **PERMIT RENEWALS** VicRoads requires that an ABCCC authorised VLCPS Officer's signature is entered on the permit renewal notice. Therefore, your VLCPS renewal should be sent to Colin Brown, PO Box 40, Coldstream, Victoria 3770. Enclose with it a stamped envelope addressed to VicRoads, along with a cheque/money order for the VLCPS fee. Colin will sign on behalf of the ABCCC, and then forward the permit renewal on to VicRoads. The form also requires YOUR signature, so be sure to sign it as the permit holder as well.

Both Wally & Colin's position are entirely voluntary, so due consideration should be given when contacting them.

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL

Payment of ABCCC Annual Fees of \$45.00 are due by 1st January each year Please post or Transfer money to: All British Classics Car Club, Membership Secretary PO Box 190 Coldstream Victoria, 3770. Tel 0438 508 235

Please note that, should you be unfinancial and driving a classic car under the auspices of our club on the Victorian Club Permit Scheme, you are effectively driving an unregistered motor vehicle.

Bank details: BSB 063 863, A/c No.1001 3709, please provide your details as a reference. Renewal Form can be downloaded if required to update information, from the ABCCC Website. Thank you, Ed Bartosh



NEW MEMBERS

A hearty welcome to the well-oiled machine that is the All British Classics Car Club. We hope to be able to welcome you and, in actual fact, your British classic motor cars, at one of our events soon. Our club aims to have two motoring events each month, so there are plenty of fabulous events for you to select from.

Welcome!

<u>Name</u>	<u>Car</u>	<u>Model</u>	<u>Year</u>
Nil			

Ed Bartosh – Membership Secretary



Did you watch last month's recommendation?
New links (copy & paste)

Classic British Cars – made in Coventry (BBC British documentary)

<https://youtu.be/6hZ0gyVydqw>

Gordon's Photo collection "Fly the Flag Friendship Tour 2018"

<https://youtu.be/pbxBHrLxtmA>

(thanks Gordon Lindner's collection) - Great memories

THE HEALEY STORY

Conclusion of the Healey series

Article by David Horrocks our QLD correspondent

More results, More success.

The Healey story moves on as changes start to occur in design. In September of 1956 the model 100/6 was introduced to replace the 100/4. The main reason for the change was because the A90 engine had been superseded by a six cylinder unit of actually slightly smaller capacity at 2.6 litres but with very similar power output to the A90 four cylinder. The result of this changeover of power plant didn't improve the performance mainly because the new engine was no more powerful but was in fact heavier than its predecessor; also the overall balance of the car was disturbed by the increased weight towards the front of the machine. The other change made was a slight increase in wheelbase and overall length which allowed for the fitting of two of what were described as 'occasional seats' in the rear. These were really only fit for children to sit in a fore and aft manner. I once rode in the rear of a later model fitted thus but it was only possible to do so by actually sitting across the car, no seat belts of course in those days.



The 100/6 was a moderately successful competitor in international car rallies and brought into the limelight a person with the famous name of Moss. No, not the so named Stirling who I have mentioned in previous episodes but his younger sister Pat. In the Liege - Rome - Liege rally of 1958 she took fourth place overall to win the first of her five European Ladies' rally championships. But more on Pat Moss as we move onto later Healey models.

Production of the 100/6 continued until 1959 when the more famous and what became the last production model of Big Healey the 3000 model was introduced. I'm told that both Donald and son Geoffrey Healey were much happier when the six cylinder engine of the 100/6 was increased in size to almost 3 litres in the following model and when triple carburettors became the norm. Later models did revert back to a twin set up for normal road use as distinct from competition models which kept the triples, some say because the triple set up was too difficult to keep in tune. The fitting of this even larger engine and its accompanying carburettor system made it necessary to fit a hump into the bonnet to be able to accommodate all the gubbins. This 'hump' gave the car its unofficial nickname of 'The Camel'.

I'm told that Donald was not a lover of the later folding hood on the 3000 which although more weather proof than the earlier models was bulky and ugly when stowed prompting him to remark 'what have they done to my beautiful car?' However what was worthy of compliment was the new fitting of front disc brakes with servo assistance.

From the driving and owning experience perspective I can quote a knowledgeable friend who owned one. He told me that the car was indeed a beautiful thing to behold but that it was hard work to drive over long distances and was very hot inside the cabin due to the exhaust being so close to the passenger floor. The heavy engine made steering (no power assistance in those days) and braking hard work so that rallying the car must have been a real challenge. More on these issues and the Pat Moss success story to follow.



As mentioned earlier Pat started her association with Austin Healey in the late 1950s but in 1960 she won outright the



Leige - Rome -Liege in a Healey 3000 and finished second overall in the Coupes de Alpes. In the following year she finished 2nd at the RAC rally a result which she repeated the following year. In confirmation with the opinions expressed earlier in this story she once in interview described the Healey 3000 as a 'beast'. She married another driver, Eric Carlsson a Swede with whom she partnered driving Saab cars and later other marques. Her biggest achievement however was winning the Netherlands Tulip Rally in a Mini Cooper that she describes as being 'twitchy and pretty unruly'. She was probably the most successful woman rally driver of all time being able to better the efforts of all other competitors male or female. Pat sadly died of cancer in 2008, aged 73.

As a business proposition for Donald Healey himself and Leonard Lord of BMC the car was a huge success. It achieved the original idea of winning export orders especially in the USA where 90% of the sales deliveries were made. The Healey boasted a whole plethora of celebrity owners and fans including such Hollywood luminaries as Clint Eastwood, Steve McQueen, Harrison Ford, Joanne Woodward and even Princess Grace of Monaco. So, if you have dreams of driving in the sunshine you'll be in famous company if you chose to drive a Healey.

There is a sad tale to relate now in that the business name 'Austin' is now owned by the Chinese company Nanjing which bought the assets of MG Rover Group out of bankruptcy in 2005. The name of Healey Automotive Consultants went to HFI Automotive who in 2007 signed a collaborative agreement with Nanjing with the intention to recreate the marque along with the MG branded products we now see on our roads. Whenever I see the TV ads for the 'new' MGs which declare 'since 1924' I cannot help but feel anger.

Not to despair I can tell you that there is the only Austin Healey museum in the world located near to Amsterdam which a friend visited recently. There you can see one of the only three AH 4000s ever built. they had fitted the Rolls Royce designed 4 litre engine as used in the up market Austin Princess R model. This was to be more of a Grand Tourer than an outright sports car with auto transmission and other 'modern' comforts. However all the plans of the time came to nought. Also to be seen there is Donald Healey's personal car of twelve years, a fixed head coupe.



Hope you enjoyed reading about this famous marque and will look out for Healeys on the road - be sure to give them a wave.

ABCCC EVENTS DIRECTORY

Note: This ABCCC Events Directory lists only those events organised by the ABCCC. Only those events scheduled in this Directory qualify for Victorian Club Permit Scheme requirements. All events are also listed on the club website.

ABCCC Calendar of Events for 2023

If you are attending any of these events please contact the Organiser, as numbers are often required
Further details will be provided closer to the event or updated on the website

		Sun. 5th Feb.	3G's run Greg Anglin	Thur.2nd Mar.	Day on Philip Island with Leigh and Sandra Wishart
		Wed.15th Feb.	Morning Cuppa in the Hills Deb Beal	Sun 5th Mar.	Kalorama Rally Geoff Birkett
		Sun. 19th Feb.	AGM - Crown Hotel 273 Main Street, Lilydale (change)	Wed.15th - Tues.28th Mar.	Tasmanian Holiday, Maxine Pettigrew
		Sun 26th Feb.	British and European Day at Caribbean Gardens	26 th Mar	Wunghnu Picnic Federation Event
		Wed. 10th May	Morning Cuppa in the Hills Deb Beal	Fri.9th - Mon.12th	Hamilton King's Birthday Rally Tony Pettigrew
Sun. 16th April	Event to be organised by the man from Otley and his child bride Judy Birkett	Sun 21st May	Heritage Day with Rex's Big Day Out	Wed.21st Jun.	Lunch at The Naked Racer. Trevor Beaumont
Sun.23rd April	Picnic in the Park Greg and Geraldine Anglin			Sun.25th Jun.	Liberator Museum Werribee, Peter Lester
Wed.5th July	Christmas in July lunch at King Henry Restaurant in Sassafras Contact Deb Beal	Sun.6th Aug.	Pub Run Brian Tootell	Wed.13th Sep.	Morning Cuppa in the Hills Deb Beal
Sun.9th July	Event organised by Jack and Shirley Craven	Sun. 20th Aug.	Annual Lunch, Colin Brown	Fri.22nd Sept.- Sun.24th Sept.	Sandra's September
Sun.23rd July	TBA	Wed. 30th Aug.	A day out with the intelligentsia. Anne Tootell		
Sun.1st Oct.	Castlemaine Market and lunch Ian Terry	Sun.12th Nov.	A day out with the warm weather man Phil Cook	Sun. 10th Dec.	Christmas Lunch Maxine Pettigrew
Wed.18th Oct.	Morning tea at Como Gardens then visit private collection in Highett followed by lunch. Pat Hetrel	Fri.24th.- Mon.27th	Indulgence weekend TBA Peter McKiernan		
Sun.29th Oct.	A day out with a Morgan Phil Cook				

Website: www.abccc.com.au/calendar

Facebook - don't forget to like ABCCC on facebook link.....

<https://www.facebook.com/AllBritishClassicsCarClub/>



The story of Alice Anderson and Australia's first all-female garage

Alice Anderson was the proprietor of Australia's first all-female garage. This is her story

This article was first published in the June 2019 issue of Street Machine.

In the early years of last century, Alice Anderson had a pioneering vision: to turn the mechanics trade into an accepted and aspirational career choice for women.

Born in 1897 in Melbourne, by age 20 Alice was working as a chauffeur and began running an auto workshop from the back of a house in Kew. Two years later, Alice established the country's first all-female workshop, the personally designed, Art Deco-fronted Kew Garage. All of this at a mere 22 years of age!



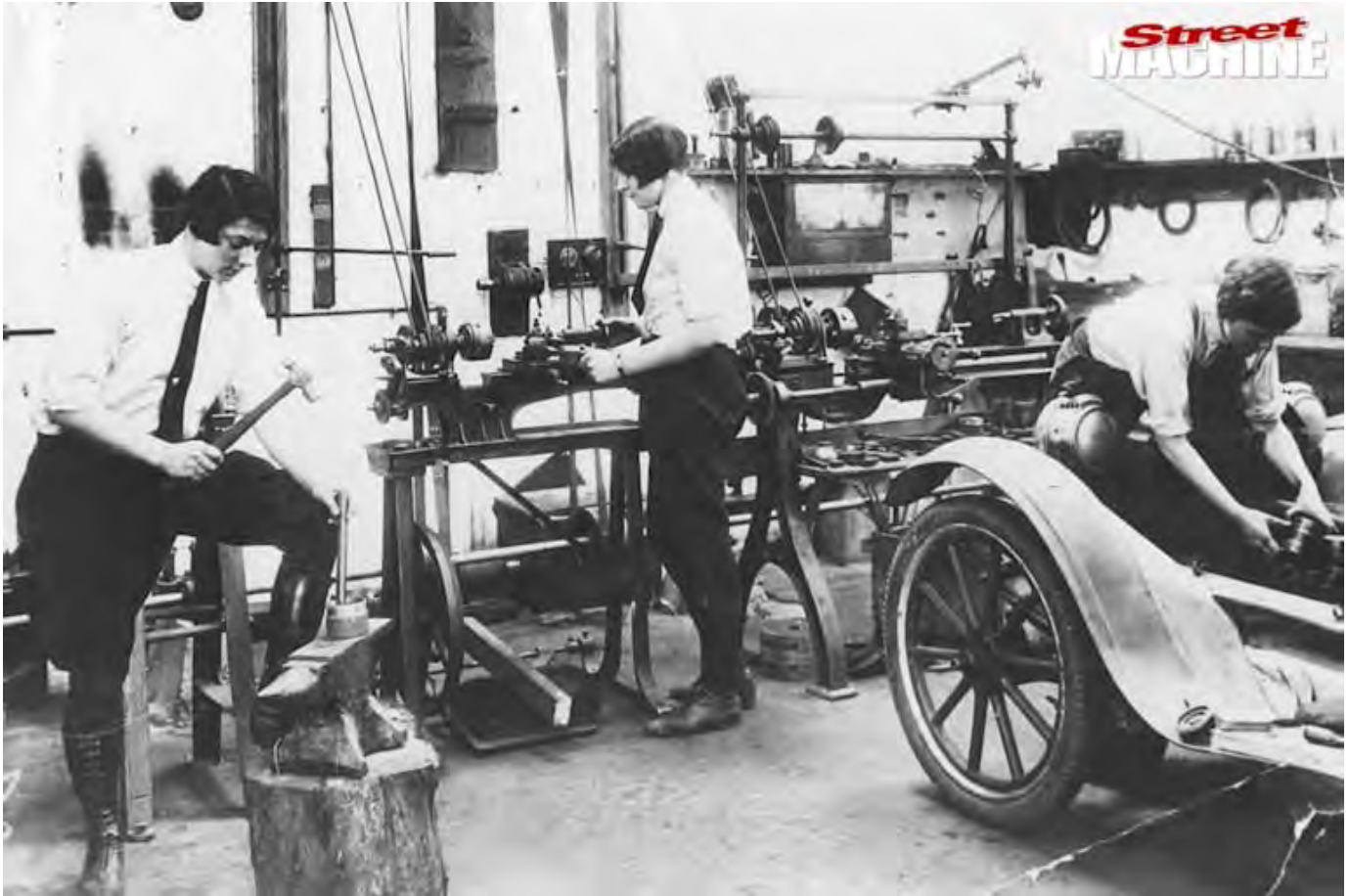
Alice working at the lathe, something expected of all of the Garage Girls. Making parts and brackets was commonplace

Although her workload greatly increased as proprietor of Kew Garage, Alice continued her chauffeur role and in turn created the 'Radi-waiter', a flask that attached to the radiator, thereby keeping the contents warm. This way her customers could enjoy a piping-hot cuppa or even a warm meal when they rocked up at their day-trip destinations.

Alice Anderson wearing a chauffeur uniform c.1918



In 1918 she created the 'Get-Out and Get-Under', a device used to roll oneself under a car. You might know it now as a Creeper. Unfortunately, Alice didn't get the recognition she deserved for her innovation. A 1922 newspaper explained: "Owing to an oversight, Miss Anderson failed to patent this invention in America, and soon after it appeared in Melbourne she received a visit from a polite American, to whom she showed it. A few weeks afterwards American trade journals arrived in Australia advertising and lauding the 'Creeper', an exactly similar device to the 'Get-Out and Get-Under'."



Jessie Millar and two other Garage Girls getting about their daily routine in 1925. You can see the old lathe and other must-have tools such as anvils, hammers and the obligatory slab of redgum

A frustrating turn of events – not that it deterred her. Alice’s personal motto was ‘Qui ne risque rien n’a rien’, a French proverb basically meaning ‘nothing ventured, nothing gained’. Alice wore the saying on her tiepin and used it on her business cards, a nod to her heroine Joan of Arc.

In yet another Australian first, she offered Kew Garage customers the Once-Over car service, carried out in just one day. I bet that pissed off the competitors! Kew Garage also offered the usual petrol and repairs, as well as a 24-hour chauffeur service.



It may be grainy, yet there’s no doubt that this 1920 photo is of Alice’s invention, the Get-Out and Get-Under, or what we now know and love as the Creeper

On top of this, Alice educated women in what was a fairly new technology. Starting with driving classes, which included mechanical tutelage on demo motors, women could then pay a bit extra to work on their own car alongside the mechanics. Some carried on to become fully fledged ‘Garage Girls’.

Yet Alice set the bar high, preferring to train the well-educated. She was reported as saying: “I can train a girl to be a good driver in a year; but if a girl is to qualify as a thoroughly competent garage assistant she must be in a position to undertake any repairs and to make spare parts if necessary. This involves a working knowledge of mechanics, chemistry and trig – an eight-year course. My ambition is to turn a trade into a profession for women, and it is well within the grasp of those who have initiative and grit.”



Alice was taught how to drive and pull down an engine by her father and his garage staff in 1916. A year later she took on the "arduous and risky" postal round from Healesville over the perilous Black's Spur to Marysville. In her spare time she chauffeured families on day trips to the countryside in her seven-seater 1917 Hupmobile. Alice's chauffer uniform consisted of a thick coat, gloves and pants – unusual clothes for a woman in the 1920s

Grit was something Alice had in spades. In August 1926 she left her employees in charge of the garage to set out on an adventure, heading off in her brand-new '26 Austin 7 on a treacherous trip from Melbourne to Alice Springs. While today we might debate taking our muscle cars on the sealed open highway to [Red CentreNATS](#), back then it was unheard of. The Baby Austin was stripped of its doors, with a cross-brace to suffice; this in turn allowed for the weight of the necessary supplies needed for the successful return journey.

Can you imagine driving a 1926 Austin 7 on dirt and potholed outback trails? Alice did just that, successfully touring herself and friend Jessie Webb to Alice Springs

Tragically, only a few weeks later, on 17 September 1926, Alice's life came to an abrupt end. She died in her garage of a gunshot wound to the forehead. It's unknown whether it was an accidental injury while cleaning her guns, or perhaps murder, or even suicide. Sadly, we'll never know exactly what happened to the 29-year-old, and can only imagine what else this incredibly ambitious and innovative woman may have achieved.



GARAGE GIRL

INTRIGUED by Alice and would like to know more? Historian and writer Loretta Smith has written Alice Anderson's biography, *A Spanner In The Works*, recently published by Hachette. For more info head over to her 'Alice Anderson Garage Girl' Facebook page. And if you're ever near Birdwood, SA, take a gander at the Alice Anderson exhibition at the National Motor Museum.



Reminder for upcoming ABCCC events

Sunday 5th February 2023 – 3Gs Run – Greg Anglin

A catch-up lunch, meet at the venue

Glen Waverly RSL, 161 Coleman Parade, Glen Waverley at 12.30.

If you are attending pls ring Greg for details by 31 January 2023

Greg's mobile: 0418 502 202

Wednesday 15th February 2023 – 10:30am

'Morning Cuppa in the Hills with Deb Beal'

A casual get-together Wednesday 15 February 2023 for those who are free and interested in catching up for a morning cuppa/cake; or those with a real appetite, brunch. My first booking is at Ripe Café – 376 Mt Dandenong Tourist Road in Sassafras at 10.30am.

Ripe Café is nestled next to the teapot shop and Miss Marple's, opposite the garden centre. Parking is on both sides of the road. If you have time, this is a quirky village of gifts, pampering and clothing to explore/update.

Being mindful of planning needs for the café, I will seek definite numbers by Wednesday 8 February. I can be contacted by email worklife2@bigpond.com or text to 0458 274 252 to confirm.

I look forward to seeing you then.

Contact Deb Beal on mobile 0458 274 252



Sunday 19th February 2023 – AGM – notice

THE 2023 ABCCC ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING (AGM) The venue for our Annual General Meeting will be **Crown Hotel, 273 Main St, Lilydale**. Please note this venue has change from the previous newsletter!

Cost of lunch is \$20.00 pay cash at entry, drinks are at bar prices. Lunch is two course alternative drop starting at 12:30pm. AGM meeting starts at 2pm

Please advise Pat Douglas if you intend to join us for lunch for catering reasons and with requests for items to be placed on the Agenda. Telephone Number 0425 712 973 or, E-mail secretary@abccc.com.au .

All lunches to be paid for on entry with cash please! Pat Douglas – Secretary

Sunday 26th February 2023 – AOMC British & European Day at Carribbean Gardens



AOMC official flyer and entry information can be downloaded from

<https://www.aomc.asn.au/britishandeuropean>

Thursday 2nd March 2023 - Leigh's Grand Prix

10.30 am meet for morning tea at Churchill Island.

Go over the Phillip Island bridge, go past the Chocolate Factory on your right, the turn off to Churchill Island is approx 100 meters past that on your right.

After morning tea we shall do 2 laps of the 1938 Grand Prix track on public roads at 80klms per hour.

Then on to the Go Kart circuit, replica of the famous Phillip Island circuit.

Try your skills with a 10 minute qualifying session followed by a 10 minute race.

We need 15 drivers in order to have the track to ourselves at \$75:00 per head.

Come and try your skills at Go Kart racing or just come along as a spectator and encourage your favourite driver.

After that lunch is going to be at the Forshore Restaurant around at 11A Beach Road Rhyll at approx 1:30pm.

As Leigh and Sandra are going on a Cruise in February we will need numbers in by the 8th February.

Otherwise if you have any questions after that please contact Brian or Annette Aitken 0419025858.

Please contact Leigh on 0403 243 700



SUNDAY 5TH March 2023

65th Kalorama Vintage and Classic Car Rally

This a great day out with all proceeds going to the Kalorama CFA.

A very worthwhile cause indeed. Plenty to see and do, food available, a trophy awarded to the Club with the best display.

Many of you would have gone as individuals before, this year we want as many members as possible to attend as a group to represent our Club.

We will meet at the carpark of the Olinda Community House on the Olinda/Monbulk Road which is next to the Olinda Swimming Pool. Melways Ref. Map 66 K8 for a PROMPT departure at 9.30am so as to arrive as a group at the Kalorama Reserve to enable all of us to display our cars together.

This is important, as areas are not allocated to individual Clubs, and we want to keep in a group, and be assembled before the public are admitted at 10am. Entry fee is \$10 per person, other occupants of the car are \$10 or free if under 16. Any driver under 25 in a car on Club Plates will be entered free. A programme will be issued to each car. Come along and make a picnic day for yourselves.

Contact Geoff or Judy Birkett

Email: greengem3@bigpond.com

Phone 9755 1772

Mob 0409 414 23



Tassie Tour Wed 15th – Tues 28th March 2023

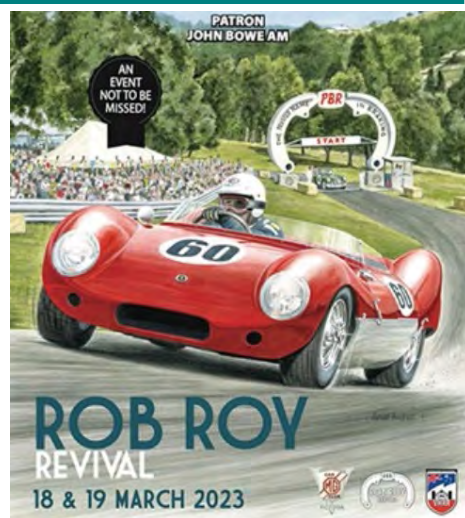


18th & 19th March – Rob Roy Hill climb MG Car event

Venue: 375 Clintons Road, Smiths Gully VIC 3760
(Melway Map Ref 265 A9) ([map link](#))

Note: Tickets won't be sold at the gate so you must buy in advance through trybooking.com/BWHGL or <https://www.trybooking.com/events/landing/848547>
Early bird discounts apply, and tickets include a souvenir program. Car parking is \$10 per day

Marque of the Meeting is Elfin; Australia's largest and most successful racing car producer and its legendary founder, designer, builder and driver Garrie Cooper





As announced by President Tony at our Christmas luncheon, the indulgence weekend will take place in November in lieu of Maxine’s “No-frills weekend”.

This year we will be travelling to Echuca in Northern Victoria with the format being somewhat different and more relaxed than that of previous events.

We will meet at McDonalds Tullamarine travelling via Romsey and Lancefield to the Northern Highway, proceeding to Elmore for lunch. After lunch we’ll continue to Echuca and our accommodation at Moama where we can enjoy drinks and nibbles on the banks of the Murray prior to visiting our dinner venue at a local club.

Saturday morning you are free to visit Echuca and enjoy some retail therapy. At 11.30am, we will be collected by bus to travel to the Cape Horne winery, where we’ll have grazing platters and stone oven pizza along with samples of their wine.

After a relaxing afternoon, we’ll return to our hotel for more social activity on the river bank followed by a selection of sandwiches, chicken and salads for dinner.

On Sunday, we’ll return home and to our regular diet routine.

The response to this event at the Christmas luncheon was such that only few place remain. If you would like to be part of this event, please contact Peter McKiernan on 0407 876 023.

Gotta get a laugh in.....



WHAT HAVE WE BEEN DOING

22nd January 2023 Inaugural Eastern Suburbs Run organised by Jack & Shirley

Attendees

Mike Allfrey	Greg & Geraldine Anglin	Trevor & Jill Beaumont(Lance & Adele Brazier
John & Teya Broadbent	Terry & Leonie Conway	Phil Cook & Ann Carly-Salmon	Leon & Judy Cousins
Jack & Shirley Craven	Gary Dickinson	Peter & Michelle Flavelle	Peter & Sandy Hibbert
John & Jenny Mason	Rob Nolan	Colin Oberin	Gordon & Gill Patterson
Tony & Maxine Pettigrew	Wally Thompson	Brian & Anne Tootell	Arie & Val Vermaas
Richard & Barbara Wellard	Leigh & Sandra Wishart		

We met at “ Best Friends” Stud Park Rowville.

From Stud Park via Kellets Rd we made our way to Wellington rd then to Belgrave South passing the Pony Club which had a full area with floats and horse power. Soon we were in Belgrave and turning right at the top of the town to Monbulk and to Mt Evelyn Lilydale and final stage to Coldstream .Trip 48 klm 60 mins arriving close to 11 am

Tony and Maxine by arrangement came directly from home (6 mins) and assisted us all to park safely on the property - nice being welcomed at the gate !

The private collection of Robert and Suzy Hayden was varied and interesting - vehicles from Japan, Italy, USA, and Britain. An urn was awaiting us and coffee, tea, soft drinks and biscuits were for morning tea - the blokes mainly did the walking.

Lovely views from the back of the property. The shed construction and design was done by them. We were fortunate to have been able to see the collection as it not open to the general public. The photos show some of the cars.

With lunch stop next on the agenda we departed around 12.30 for booking at 1.00PM bound for Wantirna Hill Club. The route was essentially Swansea Rd / Canterbury Rd / Mountain Hwy through Bayswater to the lunch stop in Wantirna and we don't think anyone got lost... that's a plus!

Judging by the significant chatter of ABCCC group things worked out pretty well with the food and the drinks and we reckon its up the standard expected by this savvy group- at least we hope so!

Thanks for a good turn out (39) and support for the Cravens Inaugural.

Jack and Shirley





Rare Fiats



Buicks & a Ferrari waiting for its engine.



Lot of signage to see..... and The President!



WINTER ODYSSEY

A Morgan Plus Four Shakes The Sand Out Of Its Shoes And Gets Some Snow On Its Boots

To the exile in Egypt, Christmas in England seems a highly desirable goal; and to one who has experienced two full years of stifling heat under a merciless blue sky, the prospect of a winter holiday is one of unusual attractiveness. To add an even keener edge to my anticipation were the facts that my previous assignment had been for three years in Austria, for whose lovely mountains and valleys I yearned, and that I am the possessor of a Morgan Plus Four drophead coupé of 1951 vintage who was as tired as I was of the eternally flat, dusty, boring desert highways of Lower Egypt. In fact, all the ingredients for a perfect holiday were there: all that remained was to combine them to the best possible advantage.

After a careful survey of all the available means of trans-Mediterranean transport, my choice fell for reasons of economy on the Yugoslav State Steamship Line *Jugolinija*, which was prepared to convey myself, my baggage, and the 850 kilograms of *Putzi II* to the shores of Europe for the astonishingly small sum of £45 sterling, in the somewhat odd division of £30 for me, eating three meals a day, and £15 for *Putzi*, eating nothing at all. These Yugoslav boats are little freighters of 3,000 tons, carrying up to twelve passengers as a sideline. Their rates are over 100% lower than those of the fast 11,000-ton passenger liners which operate from Genoa, Naples and Venice. The ships are comfortable and well appointed – every cabin with a private bath – but they suffer from the basic trouble of cargo boats in that their movements are dictated by the available freight.

However, from Alexandria, they guarantee to land you either at Venice, Trieste, or Rijeka (the pre-war Fiume), and as these ports are only about 200 kilometres distant by road, the maximum probable lateral deviation is insignificant when compared with the total axial distance to be travelled.

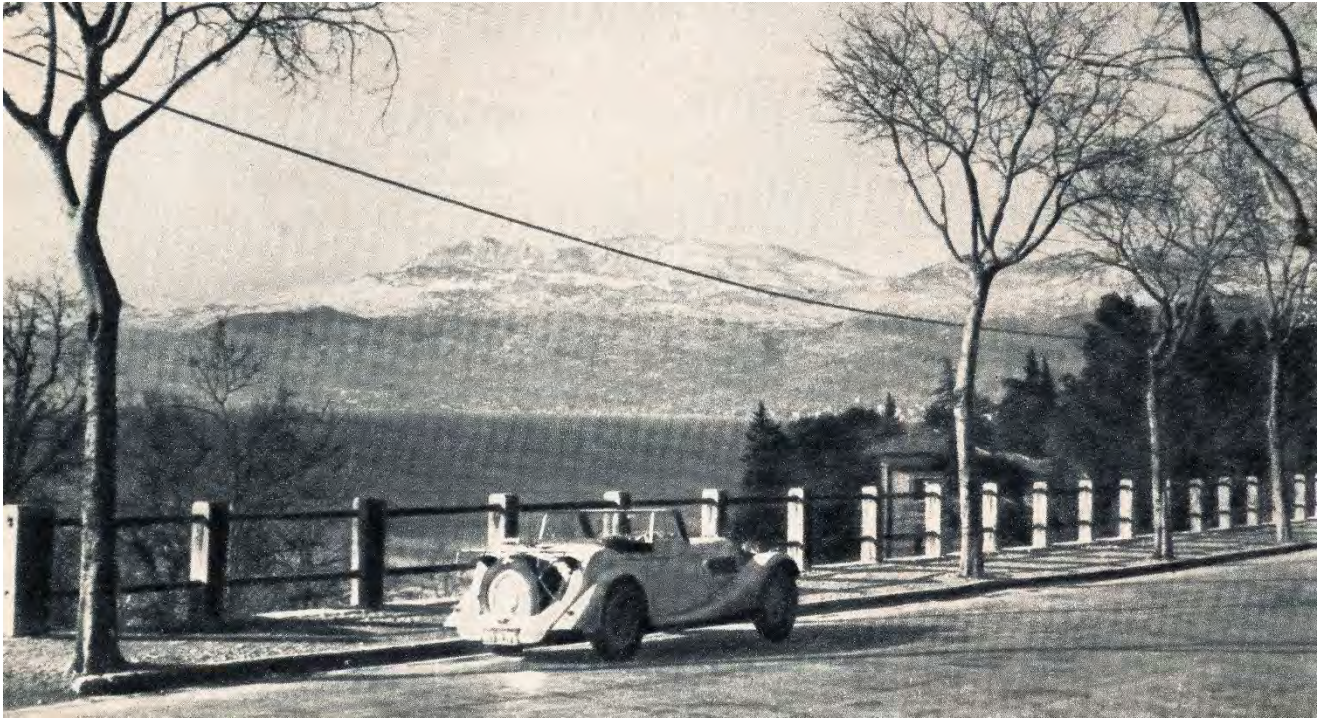
As it so happened M/N. Skopje sailed only two days behind schedule and landed *Putzi* and me on the quayside of Trieste at noon on December 13th, along with 5,000 bales of cotton from the Nile, 15,000 cases of oranges from the Lebanon, and 20 tons of garlic from Syria – which mercifully had travelled in strict seclusion in the strong-room. We parted with affection, and *Putzi*, crammed to the roof with assorted luggage and with a pair of eight-foot hickory skis strapped on outside, stormed out of the dock gates, clearly as eager as I was to sample once again the qualities of Italian roads and high-octane fuel.



Administrative Setback

We were not bound directly for Britain, but had a date in Vienna and an appointment in Geneva – somehow one cannot imagine a ‘date’ in staid Geneva, and an ‘appointment’ in Vienna could scarcely be really serious. However, in Trieste at the very start we had a bad check to our plans. The little Free State is under Allied tutelage and, together with other doubtful blessings of Anglo-Saxon culture, the English week-end is firmly established. December 13th, was a Saturday, alas, and, at the very moment of our docking, officialdom had already placed its feet on the mantelpiece until Monday morning. Hence no permit to cross the Russian Zone of Austria in order to reach Vienna was to be had, and the delay of two clear days would be too great with Christmas but 12 days away. I knew my Russians too well to risk the transit without a ‘grey card’ in my pocket, diplomatic passport notwithstanding, and so the visit to Vienna receded in the nostalgic limbo of the might-have-been. Still, all was not lost, and a little violent cabling made Innsbruck and not Vienna a port of call.

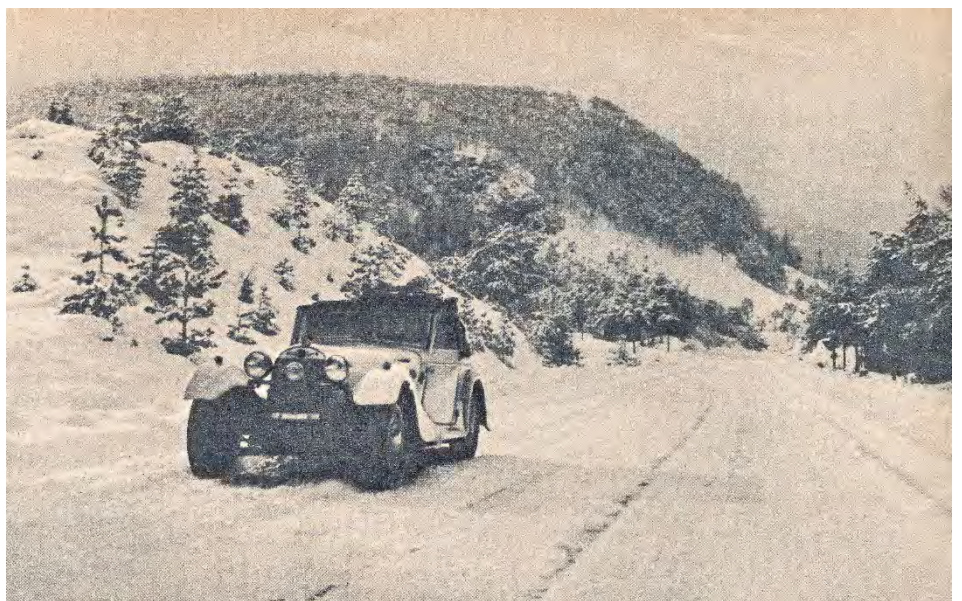
A quick study of the map and a little searching of my memory assured me that the best way to Innsbruck ought to be *via* Udine, Cortina d’Ampezzo, and thence along the old South Tyrol highway to Fortezza and the Brenner, so, with this project in mind, we took off along the magnificent coast road from Trieste to the Italian frontier proper at Monfalcone. But *Putzi* was plainly furious at having been denied Vienna and so, on a particularly lonely stretch of road, she quietly, malevolently, and irrevocably burned out her ignition coil – about the only foreseeable spare with which we were unprovided. By the time I had hitch-hiked back to Trieste, acquired another at an astronomical lira figure, returned and fitted it, things didn’t look so good, and Innsbruck uncomfortably distant. But *Putzi*, during her period of enforced contemplation, had apparently repented of her ill-humour and decided that in any case it wasn’t fair to take it out on me, and she snored along to Udine at a steady 120-125 k.p.h., taking her corners as sweetly and gracefully as a contented Morgan will.



Impasse

I had no snow chains and, indeed, on the 1951 Morgan dropheads it is impossible to fit them (an oversight since remedied on the 1952 models), but with 68 b.h.p. on tap from the 2-litre Vanguard engine, a delicate throttle toe, and plenty of easily changed gears, I was pretty confident of being able to surmount any reasonable hazard that might lie ahead. But again, Fate, or what you will, stepped in, and at dusk, at the foot of the first serious ascent at Pieve di Cadore, I saw the ominous sight of a line of stationary traffic ahead. Inquiry revealed that an incautious *autotreno* driver had skidded on the first hairpin, jack-knifed his trailer, and overturned, neatly sealing off the whole of the roadway. Local talent assured me that all would be well in an *uretta*, but I knew these Italian 'little hours' of old, and I saw no future at all in the situation. Without any hesitation whatsoever, I turned Putzi in her tracks before more traffic could silt up behind and headed back down the pass on the long and dreary 150-kilometre detour through Trento and Bolzano. Before, during, and after Trento road conditions became appalling. There had been a good deal of slushy snow during the day which the wheels of the heavies had worn into deep ruts. This, with the coming of night, had frozen solid. To make matters worse, a thickish mist had descended, against which headlights were worse than useless; and it was bitterly cold. Driving in those ruts was a nightmare, for the Morgan, with her 9-in. ground clearance aft, was continually bottoming on the centre bank, and any attempt to leave the 'tramlines' was to court disaster. Over and over again, I blessed the hypoid back end with the prop. shaft inside the car, where it could come to no harm. I made the market square of Bolzano at one-thirty in the morning, nearly dead on my feet, but relieved and triumphant at being there.

I felt, though, that I was in no fit state to tackle the Brenner then and there, comparatively easy pass though it is, and so I turned into the ever-open Hotel Griffone for the luxury of a hot bath and an hour or two of sleep. By six o'clock, a good deal recovered and in the best of spirits, I was once again under way, and, as we climbed the foothills of the Alps, it was clear that for once the gods were with us, for the rising sun discovered a cloudless sky and a perfect day, with a surface of level packed snow on which to travel. Putzi positively sang up the slopes, executing neat



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and dazzling ‘christies’ on the bends, and, soon after eight, was chuckling quietly at the frontier officials, who were very gratifyingly surprised to see us at that early hour. “*Che bellina!*” exclaimed the Customs man, pointing at Putzi. “*Aber schon ist der Wagen!*” they said on the Austrian side. “Yes,” I thought, “beautiful indeed!” as I brought her to rest outside the Arlbergerhof at 9 a.m. on the dot.

Building-in Warmth

I spent the whole day in Innsbruck, feeling my way back into that glorious *Gemutlichkeit* which makes Austria ‘home’ for evermore to those who have lived there and learned to love her. Putzi spent the day in a workshop being fitted with an interior heater, for the horrifying experiences of the previous evening and night had convinced me that I could not hope to enjoy a long trip through a European winter without one, with my blood nicely thinned out by the Egyptian sun. Although it meant losing a whole day on schedule, thus risking my appointment in Geneva, and driving to the Swiss border by night, the delay was well worthwhile, for the whole character of the ride changed as I felt the pervading and grateful warmth blowing up from under the scuttle. It was the first interior heater I had ever had in 20 years of motoring – but I’ll never be without one in future. Warm and relaxed, rather than hunched and shivering, one’s reactions are immeasurably improved, and a much higher psychological safety factor is available. I had feared drowsiness as a result of interior heating, but I was amazed to discover that the exact reverse was the truth.

Traction to Spare

Putzi now had another passenger aboard, but she didn't seem to resent the extra weight at all as she pounded up the long, long Tyrolean valley towards the forbidding barrier of the Arlberg. I thought the pass would probably be too much to ask of any car on a winter’s night, and I intended to avail myself of the train service through the tunnel which cuts off the worst of the road. But, alas, there were no more trains that night, and so over the top or nothing it had to be. “Can we do it?” I anxiously asked at S. Anton. They looked at the car without enthusiasm and shrugged. “You can try,” they said. But, of course, from the outside, the Morgan is a deceptive little car – it could so easily be a ‘ten’ (and was, not so long ago). I had faith, but even I doubted as we gingerly assailed that first frightful hairpin at Moserkreuz. I need not have worried. Putzi, with two up, with four heavy suitcases, with every available cranny crammed with impedimenta, and with no snow chains, sailed over S. Christoph with traction to spare, albeit the snow walls on either hand stood a foot and more proud of her little roof. Superb vehicle! My running log shows that she did the 189 km. from Innsbruck to Schaan in four and three-quarter hours, which included a coffee in Bludenz and the crossing of the Liechtenstein frontier after Feldkirch – an average of just under 40 k.p.h.

Bed in the pocket principality of Liechtenstein was sheer delight. Just try the Hotel Risch in Schaan sometime, preferably after a long drive through snow and darkness at more than ten below, and you will know what I mean!

The next stretch through Zurich to Berne was mere child’s play despite the thawing slush, and the following day’s run for lunch in Geneva scarcely more than a perfunctory potter. Saturday teatime to Tuesday lunch, with 1,250 km. on the clock, with two Alpine passes and three frontiers behind, driving mostly in the dark, although by no means near Monte-Carlo standard, was not too discreditable, we felt. Actual driving time had been just under 26 hours, giving a running average throughout of just over 47 k.p.h.

Business in Geneva satisfactorily disposed of, Putzi was pushed on to Auxerre (how she enjoyed the N-6!) and then allowed to rest.

On the following day Putzi took us faultlessly to Paris for lunch, posed for a photograph before the Louvre, and then hustled on to Dunkirk, protesting a little at the pave in the Pas de Calais, and delivered us at the Ferry Dock with time to burn.

On the way from Dover to Bexhill, her final destination, Putzi broke her fanbelt bang outside the Standard service station, and was highly amused when I promptly produced a spare from her own tool locker. “Well, of course,” she said, “if I’d only known you had that on board –“



While in England I took the opportunity of driving Putzi down to her ancestral home at Malvern Link, where she received a great welcome and the company demonstrated that they mean what they say in the foreword to the Instruction Book – “our interest in every Morgan continues until the car is scrapped.” They remembered Putzi as an individual, and they treated her as such. Peter Morgan asked what criticisms I had after two years of desert use, and I told him candidly. In every case I mentioned, since 1951 a ‘mod.’ had already been developed. Steering dampers, which are comparatively fragile can now be replaced in half an hour without dismantling the front suspension; the clutch thrust pin has been strengthened; an air cleaner is now fitted to the Solex downdraught carburettor; the cooling properties of the radiator have been improved; the doors have been sealed against dust penetration by rubber sponge strips, and the wheels are now slotted for snow grips. These were exactly the criticisms I had found to make. Without further ado, Putzi was trundled into the shops and modified to 1952 standards, and I drove her away with an even increased respect for the integrity of her makers, and a complete confidence in the marque as such. We then celebrated her partial renaissance by leaving Malvern just before four, having tea in Cheltenham, dinner in Oxford, and being safely at home on the Sussex coast well before midnight, in spite of all a miserable English winter night could do to stop us.

After a very pleasant sojourn in the land of our fathers, we faced the prospect of the journey back, the sadness of which was to be palliated by a week’s skiing in the Austrian Alps, and one foggy night (we didn’t choose it: it chose us) we set out again for Dover. Well as I know Sussex, by the time I reached Rye I was utterly baffled, and hadn’t a clue as to where the road was. As I sat gloomily at the wheel wondering what on earth to do for the best, a lighted bus thundered past, the magic word ‘Folkestone’ on its destination board. I ripped Putzi into action, tore off up the road after the bus and when it pulled into Rye station yard I asked the driver’s permission to follow him through to Folkestone. This he readily gave, and we made the trip in splendid time – he was less than five minutes late on schedule.

In Folkestone I found another bus which piloted me to Dover. A big ‘thank you’ to those two drivers: without their skill and expert local knowledge I could certainly never have reached the port that night. On the other side of the channel, when we finally reached it hours late, things were no better regarding the fog, but rather worse in general, as the road was covered with ‘verglas’. After a somewhat apprehensive start from Boulogne at 11 a.m. though, by dint of much local bus following, I managed to reach Chateau Thierry for bed – 275 soul-searing km. from the coast. The next morning the fog was as thick as ever, and Geneva, at 450 km. distance, seemed to be quite out of the question. But yet another bus got me to Troyes and after that the fog cleared and the treacherous ‘verglas’ gave way to good honest snow on which Putzi was by now quite at home.

Clear Passage

Thus, contrary to all expectation, we stood on the frontier at La Cure by eight p.m. Neither the French nor the Swiss authorities evinced the slightest desire to leave their offices in order to examine Putzi’s nether extremities in search of her chassis number, etc. – which was not surprising as the thermometer stood at 15 below and a keen breeze was blowing. Putzi, thus trusted and enfranchised, sailed down the Col de la Givrine in an exalted mood, her tail end pleasantly but not alarmingly adrift, her normal marked degree of understeer completely nullified by the smooth snow surface. We finished up in Geneva in grand style with a beautiful broadside, neither of us in the least weary.

But on the following day all was not well, as fountains of hot water from the radiator testified. Gasket, I thought, notwithstanding the fact that she continued to fire on all four cylinders and didn’t seem to drink her water at all. However, undue pressure in the radiator can be but one thing and so, reluctantly, off came her head. Gasket trouble it certainly was, but the burn was so slight and so curiously situated that although it could let the compression out, it could not let the water in on the induction stroke.

All this delayed us for some hours, of course, and we only reached Konstanz that night, crossing in the morning on the ferry to Friedrichshafen in order to take the longer; though easier road through Germany to Lindau rather than that serpentine affair that leads through Nafels to Buchs and is far too narrow for comfort when there is snow about. I can recommend this northern route to anyone finding themselves in Switzerland and wishing to reach Austria in a hurry – a very natural reaction. Putzi then further distinguished herself by climbing the Arlberg Pass from west to east without chains, a vastly more difficult feat than her earlier performance on this pass, and one which the gendarme in Stuben village below the first hairpin swore couldn’t be done at all. But we did it.

Up at S. Christoph, 5,450 ft. above sea-level, I had a glorious five days of quite perfect sunny weather with wonderful sport, hissing down the long gleaming open slopes over crisp dry snow; sunbathing (and getting burnt) with the ground temperature 10 below, a fantastic experience. Putzi got a 15 minute tick-over each day just to keep her in form, but apart from that was allowed to sleep in peace in the open air, heavily drugged with anti-freeze.

Off to Austria



On the closing night of my stay the beautiful weather broke, and I awakened in the morning to find no Putzi – just a big white heap. Fifteen minutes concentrated work with a shovel revealed her to sight though, and she started on the button without demur. Once the snowplough had been through and opened up the pass we slithered off Vienna-bound at last, the Russian permit safely clipped into my passport.

Vienna offered its eternal charm, of course, and so completely demoralised Putzi that she would only fire on three cylinders at speeds below 50 k.p.h., although she went the whole hog when driven faster. This odd tendency defeated me, and completely baffled two electricians, who could find nothing wrong. The third found it by accident – a tired contact-breaker spring that had lost its temper. By no means obvious – but oh, how understandable!

At last a melancholy telegram from the shipping agency ordered us south: 'Skopje' lay at the quay in Rijeka and would not be denied. So regretfully we left our beloved Austria through that most lovely of all her provinces, Carinthia. Heads high, but a tear suspiciously and uncomfortably near, we re-

embarked for Egypt.

Now here we are steadily pounding down the Adriatic, me snug in my cabin, Putzi lashed down to the after well-deck. She has 7,500 proud km. on her clock, and I have my running log to con over to bring back happy memories of the astounding exploits through fog and darkness, through snow and ice, of Putzi, the magnificent Morgan.

Queer ideas of holidays these English have-or have they?

Written by Denys Peterson.

From THE MOTOR – 8th April, 1953 – with thanks.

Of Note: Interesting to read about the Morgan's tractive performance in snow and ice conditions. The same with the Jowett Jupiter, hopeless traction on wet grass, but surprisingly impressive in snow and ice conditions. Thanks to Tony Pettigrew, for bringing these articles to our attention.

Captions for illustrations:

Morgan 0001: '... fifteen minutes concentrated work with a shovel ...'

Morgan 0002: Mediterranean regained – the coastline between Rijeka and Opatija.

Morgan 0003: On the Arlberg Strasse between S. Anton and Innsbruck.

Morgan 0004: Putzi securely lashed to the after well-deck.

Morgan 0005: Innsbruck for breakfast; Putzi on her way down the snowy Brenner Pass.

Article prepared by Mike Allfrey – 10th January, 2023.

Do You Know?

What make and model of vehicle does this dashboard belong to?

Answer on the last page of this newsletter



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'58 MORRIS OXFORD £95 Dep.	'59 MORRIS MAJOR £135 Dep.	'61 WOLSELEY 15/60 £175 Dep.	'61 STUDE. LARK — Auto. £350 Dep.
'53 HOLDEN £85 Dep.	'59 MINOR 4-DOOR £125 Dep.	'61 HOLDEN 5TH. WGN. £200 Dep.	'61 WOLSELEY 6/99 £300 Dep.
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