Classic and Vintage Motor Club of Eurobodalla Volume 20 No 2



QUARTERLY News June 2021



National Motoring Heritage Day, Berri

17 May 2021





President's Message Rob Upton





Winter is just around the corner, and we've already had some cool days and cooler nights, but it hasn't deterred the devoted members with good numbers attending most club events.

And we sure have had some memorable events, none bigger than our "Final cars across the Batemans Bay Bridge". After several false alarms and postponements, we eventually made history with a group of club cars making the final run and paying respect to the icon that will soon be no more. A huge Thank You to Rob Currall, who spent countless hours liasing with the traffic controllers and had the honour of leading us across in his Holden Ute. An eclectic mix followed and those that braved the cooler than expected night will have a story to tell for a lifetime. Michelle Ryan's video has had hundreds of thousands of views on Facebook and we had several radio interviews as well. Public response was emotional and complimentary. Congratulations to everyone involved.

We had a great Sunday run to Willinga Park Equestrian Centre with 90 vehicles attending the incredible venue. Venue owner, Terry Snow made us all feel welcome and a few of us even got a drive in his Porsche, a first for me.

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Wednesday runs have been strongly supported and Saturdays at both The Waterfront and Smokey Dans provide some much needed club fellowship.

Our new Monthly Meeting venue, Tomakin Sports and Social Club has been very popular with record attendance numbers. On that point I need to thank everyone who takes the time to attend meetings and contribute to the clubs progress and welcome our new members, several who are rapidly making themselves comfortable on runs with some great new vehicles.

Some exciting things are in the pipeline including a new venue for the annual Show and Shine, with full details available in the near future.

Covid has changed the way the World operates, but we have adapted well in our neck of the woods so with relaxed restrictions we look forward to a bright future. *Rob*

C.V.M.C.E



The Classic and Vintage Motor Club of Eurobodalla incorporated

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www.cvmce.org.au

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OBJECTS OF THE CLUB: To bring together persons with a common interest in Historic , Veteran, Vintage and Classic motor vehicles and motor cycles.

PRINCIPAL ACTIVITIES: The use, maintenance, restoration and display of historic vehicles, and to conduct club meetings and social events.

REGULAR EVENTS:

- ♦ General Meetings: First Tuesday of each month (except January) 7.30pm at Tomakin Sports and Social ClubClub
- Saturday Runs: Meet for Coffee: Moruya at Waterfront Hotel, or Tomakin at Smokey Dan's
- Wednesday Morning Runs: Meet at 9.30am in Moruya at car park rear Adelaide Hotel for 10am departure to the nominated location or socialise at a local Moruya coffee shop. All motor vehicles welcome.
- Monthly 4th. Sunday Runs: These are held on the fourth Sunday of the month, leaving from Moruya rear Adelaide Hotel. Destinations to be advised per email... all manner of vehicles and their owners are very welcome.
- ♦ Newsletter: This Newsletter is normally published four times per year. Copies are made available at meetings and from our advertisers.

REMINDER

Membership renewals must be paid by June 30. Members who do not renew by then will need to pay the joining fee as well as their membership fee. In the meantime they cannot drive their historic or modified vehicle.

CVMCE New Member Policy

- All new members must be nominated and seconded by an existing member and will not be accepted as a full member of the CVMCE until the nomination has be passed by a majority of members at a general meeting.
- All new members will **not** be eligible to register a vehicle on historic or conditional registration, through the club in their first 12 months of membership.
- During the first 12 months of membership all new members must attend at least 6 club functions and have their attendance logged and signed off by a committee member on the log sheet provided with their membership application.

AGM Next Month

Once again nominations will be sought for Office-holder and Committee positions.

Huw Owen-Jones



Bikies Hip

Back in days when bikies were hip
N' Marlon Brando jackets did zip
A British' Triumph took yah trip
Just kick motor over n' let it rip.

But age has taken youthful grip

N' the cold of winter has icy nip

A bikies motorcycle long-gone tip

N' no more press-studs do they clip.

The schooner glass won't jackets fit
N' there's no hair left for comb flip
Their minds still feel throttles blip
Longings relive as years go slip.

Nowadays taking afternoons kip

Fills in time before afternoons sip

But still wish to young blokes whip

If only they could rebuild bikies hip!

Jeff Blackadder



Club WD Run 19 May 2021

Early on the Wednesday morning a convoy of eight 4WD vehicles, no two the same, left Moruya and headed up Araluen Road to Wamban Road. There they were joined by a stalwart on a 1982 Honda trail bike.

The convoy went along Wamban Rd onto Donalds Ck Rd with crossings over some delightful little creeks, and Condella Rd. Then Serpentine Rd, which was fairly rough, it led to Condella Fire Trail.

Running along the ridge it provided views to the ocean on one side, and the Great Dividing Range on the other. The fire trail provided a good testing ground for the vehicles and drivers. Turning left onto Little Sugarloaf Rd, morning tea was had at the Hanging Mountain lookout, (see front cover picture).



This provides panoramic views South; East – including to Montague Island; and North. Moving along with gusto after morning tea, Richard decided to drive for a couple of kilometres "checking out a road for a future run" before turning everybody around and going back to the indistinct junction with German Creek Rd.

Parts of German Creek Rd presented more magnificent displays of ferns, and led to Comerang Rd and then Comans Rd, which took the group into Nerrigundah.

There they took in the monument to Constable Myles



O'Grady, who was fatally shot dispersing the Clarke gang of bushrangers who were holding the townsfolk hostage in the tavern. Sadly, there is little left of Nerrigundah. Then an easy drive to lunch at Bodalla Downward Dog.

Most of the drive was in areas burnt by the Black Summer Bushfires. The extent of the burn, from the ocean to the Divide, is still sobering. In places the trees are not re-shooting on their trunks, with sap evaporated by intense heat they are now dead. Also along the way the flourishing post-bushfire regrowth was obvious, and the rains have generated a huge amount of lush bushfire fuel from waist level down. We still need to be cautious.

Our Events Director arranged a superb Autumn day for the run, and a good time was had by all.



Experience with a Morris Major Paul Hely

When I was in the bush walking club my car was a Morris Major. I got the feeling to be really accepted, you really needed the car of choice, a VW Beetle, or a Land Rover. I was happy with the 1500cc Morris Major and wanted to prove its ability, also, my good friend Ralph, also in the bush walking club, had a Morris Major Elite, 1600cc, quite a powerful brute.



Late 1964 four of us, including Ralph went for a walk in the Barrington Tops area travelling in my car. The idea was to walk up the Patterson Ridge from Carrabolla and back down the Williams Ridge and back to the starting point in two days. In hindsight it was going to difficult. By mid morning the first day I had a bad feeling about this so I arranged to meet the rest of the party at Lister Park, a picnic area where the fire trail down the Williams Ridge emerges. I went back to the car and drove back from Carrabolla to East Gresford, about 45 km with only about 2km of tar between Gresford and East Gresford. I picked some additional provisions and fuel. It was getting dark. I headed for Lister Park, about another 50km on more gravel road. After a good while I was not exactly certain where I was so I camped beside the road.

Next day I realised I was fairly close and I drove another three kilometres to Lister Park, I don't think it is called that now. The Williams Ridge fire trail emerges here with a ford over the Allyn River. I thought I might check it out. The ford was a bit deep and a bit rough.

I had taken the car through plenty of fords over the Gloucester River previously on the way to Gloucester Tops, it didn't worry me too much. No problem with the ford.

The trail ahead was a serious track, very steep with three more significant features, Lagoon Pinch, Scouts Alley, a bog, and the Corker a long and very steep climb topping out at about 1300 metres on the plateau. How good would it be to get up the Williams Ridge in the Morris Major. The car had a six and a half inch ground clearance and a fairly low 15:1 final drive in low gear. I headed up

with no great drama until I reached Scouts Alley, about two thirds of the way up where I found that the engine was boiling. So what to do now? sit and wait for to cool or go back down and let cool on the way with the fan cooling the radiator and the water circulating? I went back down.

The road had climbed solidly about 600 metres in about five and a half kilometres, slow, mostly first and second gear. Apart from overheating, the car coped alright. The rest of the party turned up later that afternoon.

Inspired by my effort, Ralph suggested going trout fishing in the Barrington River on the Tops at Christmas that year in his more powerful and newer Elite. We tackled the Williams Ridge in the Elite which went quite well until were stopped about half way up the Corker by a an obstacle on the road. We left the car on a little level area there and walked on. Coming back however was another matter and was rather hair raising. The weather had turned and by the time we got back to the car and got moving it was dark. The clouds had come in and it was



drizzling, visibility was practically non existent with the headlights turning the view ahead into an almost solid grey wall, the track was very high up the ridge and steep. I can still see Ralph with his face almost glued to the windscreen trying to see the way.

Now we knew what the cars could do a whole lot of fishing and exploring opportunities opened up, but there had to be an easier way.



2021 Club Runs No: 89

Runs are for all members and friends. Updates will be posted on the Website
Last minute changes will be notified via SMS if we have your mobile number
Wednesday runs start at 9:00-9:30 am for a get together and chat
In the Adelaide Hotel Car Park, Moruya, Departure is 10am
Several of the coffee shops in Moruya host members who do not want to attend the run
Make yourself known to fellow members if the scheduled destination does not suit you

Events Coordinator: Jake Harris 0427427747

Wed	12-May	BATEMANS BAY JJ's Marina	
Sat	15-May	Waterfront Hotel MORUYA to Smokey Dan's Tomakin	
Sun	16-May	BERRY Showground National Motoring Heritage Day	
Wed	19-May	BODALLA Downward Dog Café	
Wed	19-May	4WD & Dirt Bike trip early 8 -8:30 departure from Adelaide Carpark	
Wed	19-May	Lunch at Downward Dog Bodalla	
Sat	22-May	Smokey Dan's Tomakin to Waterfront Hotel Moruya	
Wed	26-May	MORUYA INDUSTRIAL ESTATE Shelley's Cafe	
Sat	29-May	Waterfront Hotel Moruya to Smokey Dan's Tomakin	
Tue	1-Jun	Monthly Meeting Tomakin Sports & Social Club 7:30pm	
Wed	2-Jun	COBARGO CO-OP car park Kitchen Boys	
Sat	5-Jun	Smokey Dan's Tomakin to Waterfront Hotel Moruya	
Sun	6-Jun	Sunday Run to NELLIGEN River Cafe	
Wed	9-Jun	LILLI PILLI Café Theree66	
Sat	12-Jun	Waterfront Hotel Moruya to Smokey Dan's Tomakin	
Wed	16-Jun	BATEMANS BAY Tribe Café next to Birdland	
Sat	19-Jun	Smokey Dan's Tomakin to Waterfront Hotel Moruya	
Wed	23-Jun	TUROSS Boatshed	
Sat	26-Jun	Waterfront Hotel Moruya to Smokey Dan's Tomakin	
Wed	30-Jun	NELLIGEN River Cafe	
Sat	3-Jul	Smokey Dan's Tomakin to Waterfront Hotel Moruya	
Sun	4-Jul	Sunday Run to NELLIGEN River Cafe	
Tue	6-Jul	Monthly Meeting Tomakin Sports & Social Club 7:30pm	
Wed	7-Jul	KIANGA Anton's	
Sat	10-Jul	Waterfront Hotel Moruya to Smokey Dan's Tomakin	
Wed	14-Jul	BAWLEY POINT Saltwood Café 636 Murramarang Rd, Kioloa	
Sat	17-Jul	Smokey Dan's Tomakin to Waterfront Hotel Moruya	
Wed	21-Jul	TOMAKIN River Mouth General Store	
Sat	24-Jul	Waterfront Hotel Moruya to Smokey Dan's Tomakin	
Wed	28-Jul	MOGO Courtyard	
Sat	31-Jul	Smokey Dan's Tomakin to Waterfront Hotel Moruya	

2021 Club Runs No: 89 continued

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Sun	1-Aug	Sunday Run to NELLIGEN River Cafe
Tue	3-Aug	Monthly Meeting Tomakin Sports & Social Club 7:30pm
Wed	4-Aug	NAROOMA Inlet 0422880663
Sat	7-Aug	Waterfront Hotel Moruya to Smokey Dan's Tomakin
Wed	11-Aug	EAST LYNN Roadhouse Pie Shop
Sat	14-Aug	Smokey Dan's Tomakin to Waterfront Hotel Moruya
Wed	18-Aug	BODALLA Dairy Shed
Sat	21-Aug	Waterfront Hotel Moruya to Smokey Dan's Tomakin
Wed	25-Aug	MOGO Botanical Gardens Café
Sat	28-Aug	Smokey Dan's Tomakin to Waterfront Hotel Moruya
Wed	1-Sep	MOSSY POINT Boat Ramp
Sat	4-Sep	Waterfront Hotel Moruya to Smokey Dan's Tomakin
Sun	5-Sep	Sunday Run to NELLIGEN River Cafe
Tue	7-Sep	Monthly Meeting Tomakin Sports & Social Club 7:30pm
Wed	8-Sep	BERMAGUI Sundeck Fishermen's Wharf
Sat	11-Sep	Smokey Dan's Tomakin to Waterfront Hotel Moruya
Sat	11-Sep	Historic Race Meeting Pheasant Wood Circuit Marulan
Sun	12-Sep	Historic Race Meeting Pheasant Wood Circuit Marulan
Wed	15-Sep	MORUYA INDUSTRIAL ESTATE Shelley's Cafe
Sat	18-Sep	Waterfront Hotel Moruya to Smokey Dan's Tomakin
Wed	22-Sep	BODALLA Downward Dog Café
Sat	25-Sep	Smokey Dan's Tomakin to Waterfront Hotel Moruya
Wed	29-Sep	BATEMANS BAY JJ's Marina
Fri	1-Oct	Canberra Weekend
Sat	2-Oct	Canberra Weekend
Sat	2-Oct	Waterfront Hotel Moruya to Smokey Dan's Tomakin
Sun	3-Oct	Canberra Weekend
Tue	5-Oct	Monthly Meeting Tomakin Sports & Social Club 7:30pm
Sat	9-Oct	Smokey Dan's Tomakin to Waterfront Hotel Moruya
Sat	16-Oct	Waterfront Hotel Moruya to Smokey Dan's Tomakin
Sat	23-Oct	Smokey Dan's Tomakin to Waterfront Hotel Moruya
Sat	30-Oct	Waterfront Hotel Moruya to Smokey Dan's Tomakin
Sat	30-Oct	Moruya Machinery Show
Sun	31-Oct	Show and Shine Moruya Showground





More about Talbots - Ken Doust

The article on Talbots in the last edition led to the following from Ken Doust:

Further to Eric's comments on a 105 Talbot, I believe that this Roesch Talbot passed through my hands in the first half of the seventies. I had been advised by Reg Babb, a heavyweight in Vintage Motoring in the postwar era, that he had the right car for me. Unseen, on his advice I agreed to \$500 if he drove it from Sydney. DC023 promptly arrived at Wollongong.

The car was described as a Close-coupled Lancefield Sports Saloon and was painted British Racing Green. The roof had been modified, losing the opening top to a new complete vinyl type cover. This had been done at time of BRG paint job. Everything worked, especially the I would be most interested in finding present location. brakes when going forward. The huge drums were fitted with leading shoes, front and back. This resulted in the need to apply the transmission handbrake at a hill stop, otherwise, if only the foot brake was applied, the car went backwards. Initially this was disconcerting, however, the footbrake must have been, just about the best of any car in 1932 - Pull up on a pinhead.

The gear box was unique, it was similar to the Wilson box, but was a roesch design, preselector with automatic return3to4to3 on depression of the gear pedal.

The speed of shift gave the 105 an advantage in cornering over the Bentleys in road races and Alpine Trials in early 30's.

The development of the 105 racing teams, well described by Antony Blight in "the Invincible Talbot". This was said to be the best motoring book ever written.

I used the car as my daily drive, in medical practice, in The Gong and Bathurst.

Apart from an intermittent sticky valve gave no trouble over 5 years until my son tried to start by rolling backwards, downhill on a freezing Bathurst day. The crownwheel carrier disintegrated. With great difficulty Anthony had a series of carriers crack tested and found 5 out of 30, sound. He air-freighted one out from UK, so we were back on road.

The 105 had been fitted with twin SU's when bought but came with the original downdraft Solex in the boot, but no inlet manifold. On a trip to UK, we visited Anthony Blight at Callington, having a terrifying ride in BGH23, I thought he can't be intending to suicide approaching right angle bends in narrow Cornish hedge lined lanes at 90 MPH. The car seemed to leave the ground and levi-

tate around the bends. Anthony had arranged for Dunlop to reproduce tyres to the original 1930's racing pattern.

He had 8 of the team cars at one stage. He was very generous, giving me an original inlet manifold. When fitted the 105 went like a heifer going into a new paddock, back feet up in the air and away. You had to be careful not to put a hand too close to the air intake or you could be sucked in.

The 105 passed the hands of a collector at Orange, who unfortunately passed away soon after and subsequently has passed to an unknown person, still with my prescription books in the glove box.

Someone has a very good car. Ken Doust"

And Ian Pattison writes from Spain:

"Hi,

I live in Spain but am a regular visitor to Moruya as my daughter lives there with her family. I have a longstanding interest in cars and read your magazine from afar. The article on the Talbot 105s reminded me that when I was a student a friend bought one. It was a "Rootes" car being post 1935. As impecunious students we thought this "runner" was a bargain at 3 pounds - the price the owner wanted to buy the glass to replace the wind up partition which he had planned to use in his greenhouse.

We had great fun swanning around in this limo but my friend soon found that the maintenance and restoration needed was beyond his means so he sold it.

The car was a Touring Saloon with the wind up partition. It had a 6 cylinder, 4 litre side valve engine with 105 bhp. The body was by Thrupp and Maberley.

Photo is from 1966.

My friend recently tried to trace the car through the owners register but there was no record of it.

Hope this is of some interest and that I may get to meet you in Moruya one day."

Regards Ian Pattison

Don't You Ever Let a Chance Go By, O Lord (Nap Time in Newcastle)

When young Norm leaned out of the passenger seat of the hot FJ with chrome-plated grease nipples and double overhead foxtails to say g'day to that good-lookin' sheila outside the Parthenon milk bar in Hunter Street Newcastle on that fateful day back in the mid-seventies, he was a man of his time. And what a time it was. Few people seem to realise it, but Australia has always been ahead of the pack in terms of culture and sophistication. Especially in the mid-seventies. No, really. We have always been a clever mob. And good-looking.

Back when British band Status Quo was banging away with their sledge-hammer guitars and demanding that any object of their affections simply "Roll over, lay down and let me in", our Norm, a far more sensitive and genteel chap, was observing time-honoured conventions as he cruised up and down Hunter Street advertising his availability and obvious suitability as a soul-mate for



some lucky gal.

He may have been unsuccessful on the occasion immortalised in the Newcastle Song, but it was later revealed by Maureen Elkner in her heart-rending rejoinder, "Rack-off Normie", that she did eventually come to regret spurning young Norm's approach, even threatening to "smash ya back window with a great lump of rock" and advising him to "rack-off now before I do me block".

These endearing musical gems were part of a great wave of Australian culture that swept the globe back then, bringing joy and enlightenment to a pathetically grateful world.

Even British import Ted Mulry and his Gang appear to have been touched by the civilising influence of Australian culture when they issued their totemic anthem, "Jump in my Car", a cautionary tale warning all and sundry of the dangers of accepting unsolicited offers of transportation from complete strangers.

Australia's monumental achievements in promoting progressive attitudes through popular culture are even more remarkable when one considers that little more than a decade had passed since the world was lapping up the crude and unsavoury examples of immorality promoted the all-powerful (some would say satanic) American music industry. Consider just one example from the early sixties, a wildly popular ditty that actually celebrated the efforts of a stalker to force his vile attentions upon a blameless young lady.

The world sang along merrily as he vowed to lay siege to her home and harass her unceasingly unless and until she agreed to submit to his demands. I was only young at the time, but still recall, with remarkable clarity, the repeated chilling threats should the young lady not comply:

I'm gonna knock on your door, ring on your bell Tap on your window too

If you don't come out tonight when the moon is bright I'm gonna knock and ring and tap until you do.

The world has come a long way since then, thank goodness, but it has taken us Aussies to lead the way. Consider another example, again from the mid-seventies, this time from the annals of automotive history. Back then, little thought was given to the dangers of driver fatigue. Sure, Volvo was innovating with secondary protective measures like three-point harnesses and sideimpact beams that would help to minimise injuries in the event of a crash, but few had given thought to addressing primary factors behind those crashes. But the clever people Australia's own Holden car manufacturing plant had! Yes, way back then, Holden had already recognised the mortal dangers of continuing to drive when sleepy or inebriated. And those brilliant, forwardthinking engineers applied themselves unstintingly to the task. The result was the Sandman panel van. Released in the mid-seventies, this breathtakingly avantgarde creation meant that young Aussie drivers could, at the first hint of drowsiness, simply pull into a handy parking space, preferably up a secluded lane or similarly peaceful spot, and be safely in dreamland in a matter of minutes. After a restorative nap, they could be back on the road, refreshed and revitalised, ready to face the challenges of the world.

I like to think that young Norm, back in Newcastle all those years ago, would eventually be able to buy his own Sandman panel van and fully enjoy the benefits it

Mk1 Zephyrs - Rob Patterson

From listening to my Dad, eons ago, the old Holden Vs Ford thing has been going on from before the first 48-215 Holdens even hit the road. Back then the discussions and arguments about Holdens and Fords weren't much different than they've always been and I remember that there were 3 distinct camps. Holden, Ford and everything else.

When I turned 17 I needed to have a car. All my mates had cars, FX to FC Holdens, Morris Minors, Prefects, Anglia's etc; and one rich kid had a Falcon. In those days, my Dad had a black Mk1 Zephyr, my Grandad had a black one too and Dad's brother had a pale blue one, a really early flat dash. So, with all that going on in the family, it was almost mandatory that I would have a Mk1 Zephyr 6. So I looked around and found a cream one for sale in the local Ford dealers, Great Southern Motors, Wagga. With just 40,000 miles on the clock, it had been traded in by a local farmer whose wife used to drive it into town once a week for groceries. I was making just \$16 a fortnight as a junior clerk then and I had to borrow half of the \$250 asking price from my Dad. Once I owned it, I didn't treat it with the respect it deserved and within a year, I'd wrapped it around a tree, head on, just out of town, nearly killing myself and the girlfriend. (No seatbelts fitted).



A bit on early Zephyr's history..... In the late 40's Ford marketed their V8 Pilot. A British built car with mid 30's styling. With declining sales figures, it was obvious that the Pilot needed to be replaced and about then, in the American market place, the new '49 single spinner Ford was a huge success. Ford UK decided to employ the same US styling team to design the replacement for the Pilot. What resulted in 1951 were the Ford Consul 4 and later, the Zephyr 6.

Their styling was obviously far ahead of their British and European opposition, and the cars were, arguably, mechanically ahead too.

They were marketed as "The 5 Star Cars", with each star representing something new & unique.

First mass produced car to have McPherson strut front suspension.

First British Ford to have Monocoque chassis/body.

First British Ford to have 4 wheel hydraulic brakes.

First British Ford to feature "Center Slung, between the wheelbase, seating".

First British car to have an OHV, oversquare engine, after the demise of the bore tax.

Regarding performance, there isn't much between the Mk1 Zephyr and the FX/FJ Holden. Acceleration and top speeds were almost the same, but when it came to ride, roadholding and handling, the Zephyr had the edge.

The well known Holden Grey motor is a little beauty and although it's under-square, it can be made to rev. There was a myriad of bits and pieces, some still available, to bolt on to make them really perform. The king of these parts would be the highly desirable Repco cross flow head.

The Zephyr has a similarly sized, but over-square 6. In stock specs it performs about the same as the Grey. The casting of the block, especially the lower part is quite a bit stronger than the Holden, but its head design is its weakest point, where the castings made to accommodate its hockey stick exhaust, let it down. Like the Grey, there were/are lots of

parts available, especially in the UK, to make them perform better. Where the Repco was the ultimate head for the Grey, the "Alan Mayes", all aluminium head, with 3 different performance levels was it for the Zephyr go faster guys.

In Sydney in the late 50's, Bill Buckle built 20 very nice, one piece, fibreglass coupes, called imaginatively, "Buckle Sport Coupe". With only a very slightly modified (Mk2) Zephyr engine they could reach over 140mph. At one stage AC Cobra's in the UK were fitted with (Mk2) Zephyr engines too.

Forget the conversation surrounding the mechanicals of the FJ and Z car. It could go on forever. Instead, look at the bodywork of the two cars and even though they're from the same years, you'll see 2 completely different styling era's. The styling of the cheapened down Chevs, dates back to the early 40's. They have bulbous mudguards, an incredibly high waistline, and two slabs of flat windscreen glass. On the other hand the Zephyr has a curved windscreen, straight through body work, a low waistline and is just generally more sleek than the humpy. I know that won't stop any of you, died in the wool, early Holden fans from loving these things. After all, they have reached a sort of "cult status" in Australia, that as a (twice) past FJ owner, I will admit to once being a part of.

A few years ago a group of early Holden people reenacted the entry of a 48-215 (FX) Holden into the 1953 Monte Carlo Rally. From memory, Craig Lowndes was involved with the re-enactment. The '53 drivers were

Stan Jones, Lex Davison and Tony Gaze and with this Australian motor racing royalty, the poor old humpy wallowed around and eventually finished 64th. Which wasn't too bad when you consider that 440 cars started the rally and 253 finished.

In the same event. 3 Mk1 Zephyrs were entered. They finished in 1st place, 12th and 28th. The winning car was driven by Maurice Gatsonides, who went on to design the first speed cameras. Do we like him?

Despite Zephyrs being an

easily overlooked car, there is a great deal of history behind them. They easily matched their opposition, but in Australia, due to them being too pricey, their market place performance proved disappointing against the FJ. From 1951 they were fully imported into Australia and had leather seats, carpet and cloth hood lining. In an effort to make them more affordable to buyers, around 1953, Ford began assembling them in Geelong and reduced them to vinyl seats, vinyl hood lining and moulded rubber mats.

Additional to Sedans, both New Zealand & the UK were building Convertibles and Station wagons, while the Geelong people were developing a Ute and a Coupe. I understand that a couple of each were built, but why-oh All the best,

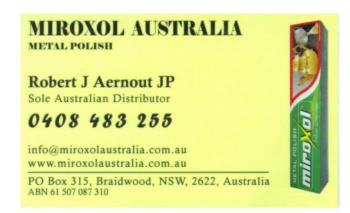
-why didn't they continue down that track? Fast forward to 2004. Sandy and I had just finished the restoration of our '21 Model T and identified that it was



The winning car having its brakes cooled

going to be a problem as a club car. Just too slow. So we decided to look around for something faster, still historic and preferably with wind up windows and a heater. I wasn't looking for a Zephyr, but when the car we have now presented itself, we snapped it up, even after a disastrous test drive. It had the exact same rattles as my first one did, back in the late 60's. The car is unrestored but was re-painted about 30 years ago and re-trimmed about 5 years ago.

Sandy and I have owned "Purdey" for 17 years now and we thoroughly enjoy driving and pampering her. Like my first Zephyr, she is about 99% mechanically stock standard and also without seatbelts.





Biker Joke

An 80 year old man went to the doctor for a check-up and the doctor was amazed at what good shape the guy was in. The doctor asked, "To what do you attribute your good health?"

The old timer said, "I'm a biker and that's why I'm in such good shape. I'm up well before daylight on Sundays and out sliding around corners, "shootin" sand washes and riding up and down the steepest, wildest mountains I can find at the crack of dawn."

The doctor said, "Well, I'm sure that helps, but there's got to be more to it. How old was your dad when he died?" The old biker said, "Who said my dad's dead?"

The doctor said, "You mean you're 80 years old and your dad's still alive? How old is he?"

The old biker said, "He's 99 years old and, in fact, he went riding with me this Sunday, and that's why he's still alive... he's a biker too."

The doctor said, "Well, that's great, but I'm sure there's more to it. How about your dad's dad? How old was he when he died?" The old biker said, "Who said my grandpa's dead?"

The doctor said, "You mean you're 80 years old and your grandfather's still living! How old is he?"

The old biker replied, "He's 117 years old." The doctor was getting frustrated at this point and said, "I guess he went riding with you this Sunday too?"

The old timer said, "No... Grandpa couldn't go this week because he got married."

The Doctor said in amazement, "Got married!! Good Lord!!! Why would a 117-year-old guy want to get married?" To this old biker smiled and answered,

"Who said he wanted to?





A Return to Caravanning - Peter Smith

It's 26 years since Sharon and I took off on a Caravan Trip. We travelled up to Queensland in an old Chesney 15 footer. I bought the van for my son to live in when he decided to return to school as a mature age student. Adam found it tough living in a group house in Batemans Bay and wisely decided to move back home to Broulee while doing his HSC.

Our first exchange student, Kitsey Scott had his room so the only viable alternative was to buy an old caravan to live in. This worked well for the year that he was back with us. When Adam finally moved away, I had a bit of time on my hands and decided that there was a viable restoration project right at my doorstep. Three months later and with a complete gut and rebuild, we had a good, sturdy and reasonably presentable touring caravan.



We only ever did that one trip in it and had a great month away, travelling as far north as Rockhampton. Developing our Caravan Park and the opportunities available for overseas travel put paid to our local travel plans. The old Chesney became a popular holiday (gratis) letting while it was in storage at Broulee. It became occasional accommodation for many family members as well as the many friends and relatives who called in to stay over-night. We eventually sold it to Keith Pickett an old Moruya identity who was building a house at the time and used it to live in while building.

I never thought that we would ever own a caravan again but with current travelling opportunities being somewhat limited, we have enthusiastically joined the masses of frustrated baby-boomers and are now off to explore, leaving on our first trip recently. We had a good but uneventful trip down to Melbourne. Holbrook was our first stopover, we found a good piece of dirt behind the Riverina Hotel in the main street, and quickly set up camp, happily assisted by two couples who welcomed us like old friends and obligingly directed us into position despite the rude interruption to their happy hour. I had almost forgotten the strong camaraderie that exists between fellow caravanners which partly explains the popularity of the gypsy lifestyle that Grey Nomads adopt for long periods. Steve and his wife, one of the two couples we ran into at Holbrook, intend to spend the next eight

years travelling.

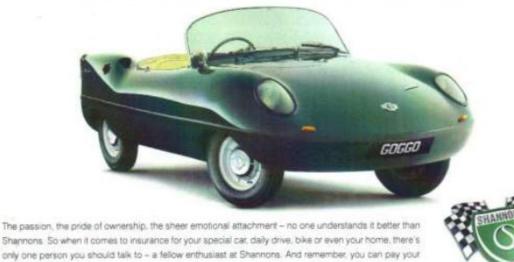
Leaving Holbrook at an early hour on our way to Melbourne. We decided to spend a night in Bright. It has been our favourite holiday destination for many years. Situated on the Ovens River, to many it is the gateway to the snowfields. Sharon and I have had many holidays there over the years going as far back to the 1960's when each of our families separately and independently holidayed there. A couple of months ago, I asked Sharon where she would like to go for our 50th Wedding Anniversary next October. Without hesitation she said "I would like to take our caravan down to Bright." Except for a fleeting drive through, while on a Vintage Car Club trip in 2011, our last stay there was in 2003 when we rented a B&B for a couple of days on the occasion of Sharon's 50th Birthday.

We were guite unprepared for the level of change that has taken place in recent years. Change that has been forced by the popularity of the region as a destination for Retirees and the subsequent need for more and better accommodation. We were confronted on arrival by masses of elderly tourists (mostly about our vintage) who were without doubt, attracted there for the same reasons as ourselves. Bright in recent years has become more and more popular and the Baby Boom Bulge of which we are all aware has exacerbated the influxes to the area. The masses of tourists aimlessly wandering the streets, was on the day quite confronting. We were unable to find accommodation in the town, the Caravan Parks were full and those that had vacancies were either way out of town or didn't take dogs. Adye of course was travelling with us.

We made the decision to forgo another night on the road and head directly to brother Mick's place in Melbourne, arriving there three and a half hours later just as it was getting dark. Melbourne's North Eastern outer areas are experiencing the most amazing transformation, (we should get out more often) It is a defined official Growth Corridor in the mid-life stages of catering for the needs and demands of the many thousands of families settling there. New arterial roads and freeways make it extremely disorienting for somebody who has not lived in Melbourne over 45 years. The invention of, and the simplicity of the GPS, definitely came along at the right time for our generation.

The stay in Melbourne which included the annual reunion with my brothers was particularly good this time around. The four of us are now past retirement age and three of us are having 50th wedding anniversaries within the next 18 months. My youngest brother Mark was a late starter. With our trip back to Moruya now due, it is time to reflect. The main lesson to come out of this trip, was to plan a caravan holiday where possible, with travel to warm climates where there are few people. That of course could be an elusive combination these days.

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