

DORSET AUSTIN SEVEN CLUB NEWSLETTER JANUARY 1981

THIS MONTHS MEETING - THURSDAY 15th JANUARY 8.30 p.m. at THE NAGS HEAD, RINGWOOD. BERNARD COWLEY has organised a quiz.

FEBRUARY MEETING - THURSDAY 19th FEBRUARY at THE NAGS HEAD, RINGWOOD. NOGGIN and NATTER evening.

COMMITTEE MEETING - THURSDAY 22nd JANUARY, TYRRELLS FORD, AVON. 8.30p.m.

EDITORIAL

Well, I hope you all had a good Christmas, with lots to eat and drink, and plenty of 'presies'. Our New Year's day run, was quite a success with nine old cars and one modern. A report is in this newsletter. There is also an article on our latest, and highly esteemed recruit.

By the time you read this our annual skittles evening will have come and gone, many thanks to Mike and Elizabeth Wragg for organising it once again.

I have re-started work on my '32 Box Saloon at last, and hope to have it ready for the Lands End to John O'Groats run at Easter, 1982. The Ruby will probably need restoring again by then!

See you at the January meeting for our quiz.

Glyn

EDITORIAL SNIPPETS

Many congratulations to members Margaret and Richard Cressey on the birth of their daughter Elizabeth Rose on October 28th. Richard tells me that by the time they came out of hospital she was known as Rosie. Rosie travelled home in true style on a very wintry November afternoon in the back of their Austin 7, so she has been 'run in' ready for future A7 runs and Rallies.

Solent A7 Club French Trip

I understand that there are six 'Dorset' cars going to France at Easter this year. The first two nights are to be spent at Les Pieux and the following six nights at a site at St. Cast on the Cote du Nord in North Brittany.

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Mr. M. Rosenthall from Ringwood

Mr. R. Green from Weymouth

Mr & Mrs E. Paddock from Child Okeford

Mr & Mrs P. Holms from Christchurch.

I am sure you will all be delighted that the Minister of Transport has scrapped his plan for a possession tax on Motor Vehicles, following public feelings.

SUBS SUBS SUBS SUBS SUBS SUBS SUBS SUBS SUBS SUBS SUBS

THERE ARE STILL SOME MEMBERS WHO HAVE NOT RENEWED THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS. NO MORE NEWSLETTERS WILL BE SENT AFTER THIS MONTH IF SUBS ARE NOT PAID, SO PLEASE SEE GEORGE MOONEY AT THE NEXT MEETING, OR POST YOUR SUBS TO HIM AT 22, SOUTHWOOD AVE., SOUTHBOURNE, BOURNEMOUTH. SUBS ARE £4.00 or £5.75p. if you want the A.7.C.A. Magazine as well.

DON'T FORGET THE EVEREST INSURANCE SCHEME STATES THAT YOU HAVE TO BE A MEMBER OF AN A7 CLUB AFFILIATED TO THE A.7.C.A. WHICH THE 'DORSETS' are.

BARN DANCE

Do not forget our VALENTINES BARN DANCE on FEBRUARY 14th. Admission is £2 per head which includes a supper (you must bring your own booze and a glass) Please send P.O's/cheques, made out to Dorset Austin 7 Club to John Stone 22, Cobham Way, Wimborne by the 1st February at the latest. The dance is being held, as last year, at the Scout Hall, Redcotts Lane, Wimborne.

EVENTS REMINDER

THURSDAY 15th JANUARY Club Night Quiz at The Nags Head.

SATURDAY 31st JANUARY Evening meeting at National Motor Museum Beaulieu. Talk on restoration and renovation in the 'Brabazon' bar 7.45 p.m. admission £l each, members of Friends of Beaulieu free.

SATURDAY 14th FEBRUARY DA7 Club Valentines Barn Dance at the Scout Hall Redcotts Lane, Wimborne.

THE NEW YEARS DAY RUN TO LEPE

The day arrived with a bright sunny smile, a foretaste of the

year to come? We all hope so. Joy and I with Fairy (Sarah) arrived at the Cat & Fiddle to see a strange sight at first glance, a half-naked early (later said to be '32) Armstrong Siddeley with five smiling faces aboard. Glyn and Pat were also there with the Ruby and hard on my heels was Willie in the immaculate 34 Box. We wondered if the Armstrong was there by coincidence but we soon discovered that it was Mark Rosenthal with the family. The smiles were genuine but we suspect they were almost frozen in place! No hood, no sidescreens nothing. Bright it might be but it is too cold even on sunny days at this time of the year for open motoring. Well we were wrong; these stalwarts were coming and they were enjoying it.

The whole company soon assembled with ten cars including Bernard and Jackie with family in an Austin W Allegro WOW!

We had Peter Holmes and Daphne with a rather nice Chummy circa

1928. cont..

LEPE RUN CONT.

Four Rubies, John Page and family, Glyn and Pat, Phil Whitter and family and Joy and I with Sarah. Chrome Rads were there with Gary in his box, Willy in the '34 Box and nice to see Jim and Mary in the Tickford. Last but by no means least we had Mark and the whole family of five of them in the Armstrong Siddeley.

A Dutch visitor was very interested to see such a gathering of oldsters and was surprised to learn that all the cars had to meet M.O.T. standards.

We soon set off on are run with Peter Holmes having to leave after a few miles to keep a prior engagement for lunch.

It was a delightful sunny day with a fresh New Year nip in the air and we ran via superb quiet country roads for the most part keeping very close to the coast all the way. There were miles of smiles from other road users who were pleasantly surprised to see such a well turned out convoy.

We eventually arrived at Lepe which is a very pleasant spot at the mouth of the Solent and seemingly a hop skip and a jump from the Isle of Wight. After just a few minutes stop we made ready to depart to "The Flying Boat" at Calshot but a blocked jet on one of the cars stopped the whole convoy in the middle of the car park, lots of heads under the bonnet and we were soon away.

The 'Flying Boat' didn't look much but inside it was fine, very spacious and they were most kind in letting all the children in

without fuss. Plenty of people on the run ordered food here and the man-size portion of Sausage, Beans and Chips that little Richard Page put away was amazing.

We left the Flying Boat fed and suitably watered at 2.20 p.m. by the Armstrong Siddeley Clock (alright for some) and headed back to Lepe to go for a walk and have a leap about! Into the high-level car park we went except Phil in the Ruby and Mark in the Armstrong. May not seem much point in mentioning this but you will see why later.

We all set off along the shingly beach climbing or jumping over the breakers with talk of the Princess Flying Boats, the cost of living and the events of the Christmas holiday. The Pompey Royal and the cold forced me to visit you know where on the way back along the tow path. The loo looked rather strange stood on its own in the middle of nowhere. Phil was musing that it looked like the TARDIS and when I stepped out he burst out laughing but I'm not the new Dr. Who.

Certain Ruby owners were talking of painting their cars purple with black wings and white wheels. Who said we were not a progressive club?

Whilst we were discussing this colour scheme Phil managed to drive the Ruby up the foot path from the lower car park to everyone’s amazement but got stuck trying to get through a gulley into the top car park. It gave us all a laugh and a hefty push soon got him free. He likes a bit of excitement. (Yeh! Ride on! Ed.)

We got ready to leave at about 3.20 p.m. with Mark demonstrating his heater in the Armstrong, 2 cigars! We came back a more direct route via Brockenhurst through the New Forest, there were people everywhere, flying kites, walking and practicing their golf driving and generally enjoying their New Year’s Day, perhaps an omen for a better New Year.

We splashed through the ford at Brockenhurst and with the sun now dropping down behind the hilltops we drove off into the sunset and went our separate ways home.

We struggled past a Reliant Robin near Christchurch at about 55 m.p.h. only to be left standing by a Porsche, not much point in hurrying really so we didn’t give him chase.

Come along on the next run, you may find it a lot of fun, we did.

George & Joy Mooney

AUSTINEER’S

Scoop! Scoop! Startling revelation concerning The Royal Family. Following some discreet enquiries, I now have it on very good

authority from the palace that both the Queen and the Prince are, wait for it, yes, Austin Seven Enthusiasts!

The news finally broke yesterday, following the appearance in last Tuesday’s National Daily Seven, of a photograph of The Royal Party in Windsor Great Park, in which my eagle-eyed friend, Harry Lodge, noticed that Prince C….. was wearing a Dorset Austin Seven tee-shirt. Harry promptly went over to Windsor in his Ruby, where, being a polo enthusiast, he managed to wheedle his way into The Prince's company and, whilst offering H.R.H. one of those delicious little round minty sweets with the hole, asked him how he came by the tee-shirt. Harry knew full well, of course, that they are a pretty exclusive garment. Realising that he was in a tight corner, H.R.H. was forced to come clean and said to Harry, "Actually, old chap, I am a new member, under an assumed name of course". The Prince, reluctant to say more, immediately galloped off to play his next chukka, so we phoned the Palace and made further enquiries.

Eventually a Palace spokesman gave us a brief interview and upon being asked just how many Austin Sevens were in The Royal Collection, he said, "I am not sure, but you can hardly move for them at Sandringham and there are quite a few in the stables at the back of the Palace". "Do they go in for many rallies", I asked. "Not really", he replied, "although Her Majesty never misses Stourpaine in her wellies and Sou’Wester she usually manages to remain incognito".

One of the Palace Staff is reported to have said later that the Queen often runs the odd Austin Seven in the Palace Grounds.

From someone who has now sacrificed all hope of appearing in The New Year's Honours List, Prince Charles also owns an Austin Pedal Car which is still to be seen at Buckingham Palace Ed.

AROUND EUROPE IN AN AUSTIN 7 PART 4

After a lengthy but fairly straight descent, we arrived at the Italian border, only to find all the windows blown out of the customs hut, and not a soul around. Not wishing to upset anyone, we sat in the car for about five minutes, but still no one appeared, so we drove gingerly on waiting to be shot at at any moment! Unscathed we found ourselves at yet another customs post about half a mile further on. This time an officer wandered out in the middle of his evening meal, and waved us on, we both commented that we could have been smuggling anything.

Our first impression of Italy was one of squalid little tumble down towns and scrawny lads riding their beaten up mopeds anywhere but in the right place, and quite frankly our impressions weren’t much altered all the time that we were in the country, but to be fair we only visited the industrial north and not the tourist resorts of the South.

Anyway, about an hour later we found a campsite by lake Orta, arriv­ing in grand style by spotting it at the last moment, missing the drive completely and stopping in front of the hedge. By the time we finally got down the drive the entire family were stood watching. (I hasten to add I was not driving!) (Good job too, or you'd have been in the hedge Ed.)

Neither of us knew any Italian but Peter thought it was similar to Spanish which he spoke, but we soon found out it wasn't. Eventually we made ourselves understood with a mixture of French, English, Spanish and sign language! After pitching the tent in the dark and preparing a quick supper, we walked next door to a newly built hotel which the campsite owner recommended. The hotel was almost empty and we were the only two in the bar. During the evening, we experienced a typical Italian scene:- On three occasions all the lights in the hotel went out and the bar maids lit candles to light up the bar whilst the manager flew about turning a few more switches off with each blackout until finally the system could take the load! We retired early as we had decided to attempt the 250-mile journey to Venice next day. It poured with rain in the night - the only time we had rain throughout the whole holiday. The following day’s route was travelled without difficulty on an excellent Autostrada running direct from Milan to Venice. We made a couple of stops at service stations for a rest and petrol, and unbelievably at each one, a sly looking character sauntered up asking if we wanted to buy a good watch, but they both ended up chatting about the car when they saw we weren’t interested in their wares. It suddenly struck us that it was Saturday and we had very little cash, so after spending the last of our money on the Autostrada toll and petrol, we arrived at Venice penniless (I thought it was Lire-less Ed.) so we headed for the tourist information office where it was suggested we might be able to change money at the railway station which, luckily, we managed to do.

The next problem was to find a campsite and after accidently driving right on into Venice itself, we turned round and drove back. We asked someone the way to the site and were directed to the only open campsite in the area. What a hole; we drove in and the attendant told us to park, and he would try and fit us in. The campsite consisted of a walled court yard, planted with trees, and rows and rows of tents pitched in rows up and down. We finally found a pitch and just enough room to park the car within view. We pitched our tent and decided to drive down to the town to explore. To begin
with, we weren’t very impressed, as we could only find one canal but, on turning a corner, we got utterly lost in a maize of canals for two hours. Feeling sure that we must have walked down every street in Venice we returned to the campsite and slept like logs as we were utterly exhausted. We got up early the next morning and left as soon as possible, for a hopefully shorter and much more leisurely day’s driving for a change.

The day’s drive was pleasant and uneventful except for almost writing off the car twice because of the atrocious camber of the roads. Once again, we had virtually no money left and hopes of finding a Bank rapidly faded as we followed a barren cliff edge Genova road with Genova somewhere at the other end of it. We decided to save our last pennies to buy petrol to get us to civilization, and found a quiet pitch hidden from the road where we camped. We even had to make do with our duty free Whisky instead of our usual bottle of wine, but it was lovely to find a peaceful spot for a change.

Gary Munn - to be continued.

FOR SALE

CYCLEMASTER 1956, 32 c.c. SPARE WHEEL WITH ENGINE ORIGINAL LOG BOOK AND HANDBOOK £135 Mike Wragg Ferndown 875087

WANTED

1930-34 AUSTIN SEVEN TOURER IN RUNNING ORDER. Mr. R.C. Green, 3, Belmont Street, Weymouth, Dorset DT4 8UJ (New Member)

COPY DATE for February newsletter 12th February.

Please write down anything you have for inclusion in the newsletter, as verbal contributions get forgotten.

TECHNICAL TIPS

How many times have you had wood screws pull out of aged timbers? Particularly on door handles! Try this: PLAS PLUGS, and probably others, do a special, rather fat plastic plug to insert into damaged wood, or chipboard, much better than match sticks. You drill a hole to suit the plug (in my case a 3/8” drill). Drive home the chevroned plug and trim to wood face. A permanent cure in minutes

George Mooney

At last I've found a use for this new "Supa glue" apart from sticking fingers together! If ever the occasion arises where a nut has to be threaded onto a bolt and there is insufficient finger-access to hold the nut, simply retain the nut in the end of an appropriate size open ended spanner with a spot of "supa glue", wait a few seconds for it to dry and then feed the spanner into the tight space and screw the bolt up onto the nut. When tight the spanner can easily be extracted again without problem. It is advisable to check the nut will thread easily onto the bolt beforehand.

Gary Munn

Restoration of OW 3654 continued from January 1980

At last I have managed to get started on my 'Box' again, after

a year’s lay off. The last operation you may remember was lifting the body back on to the chassis. Over the Christmas holiday I decided to get as much of the filling and primer done as I could, the body shell I found quite straight forward, and was completed in a couple of days. The wings however

are another story. I welded all the splits and replaced rusty sections with new steel, which was not too bad. When I came to the filling however, the rounded sections of the front wings in particular, I am finding much more difficult to get the surface smooth. A tip for others here, do not try to fill over high spots, hammer them down.

Another job completed during the holiday was filling in the roof. It should have a sunshine roof, but as the previous owner had discarded it and filled it in I decided to do the same for the moment at least.

Continued next month Glyn.