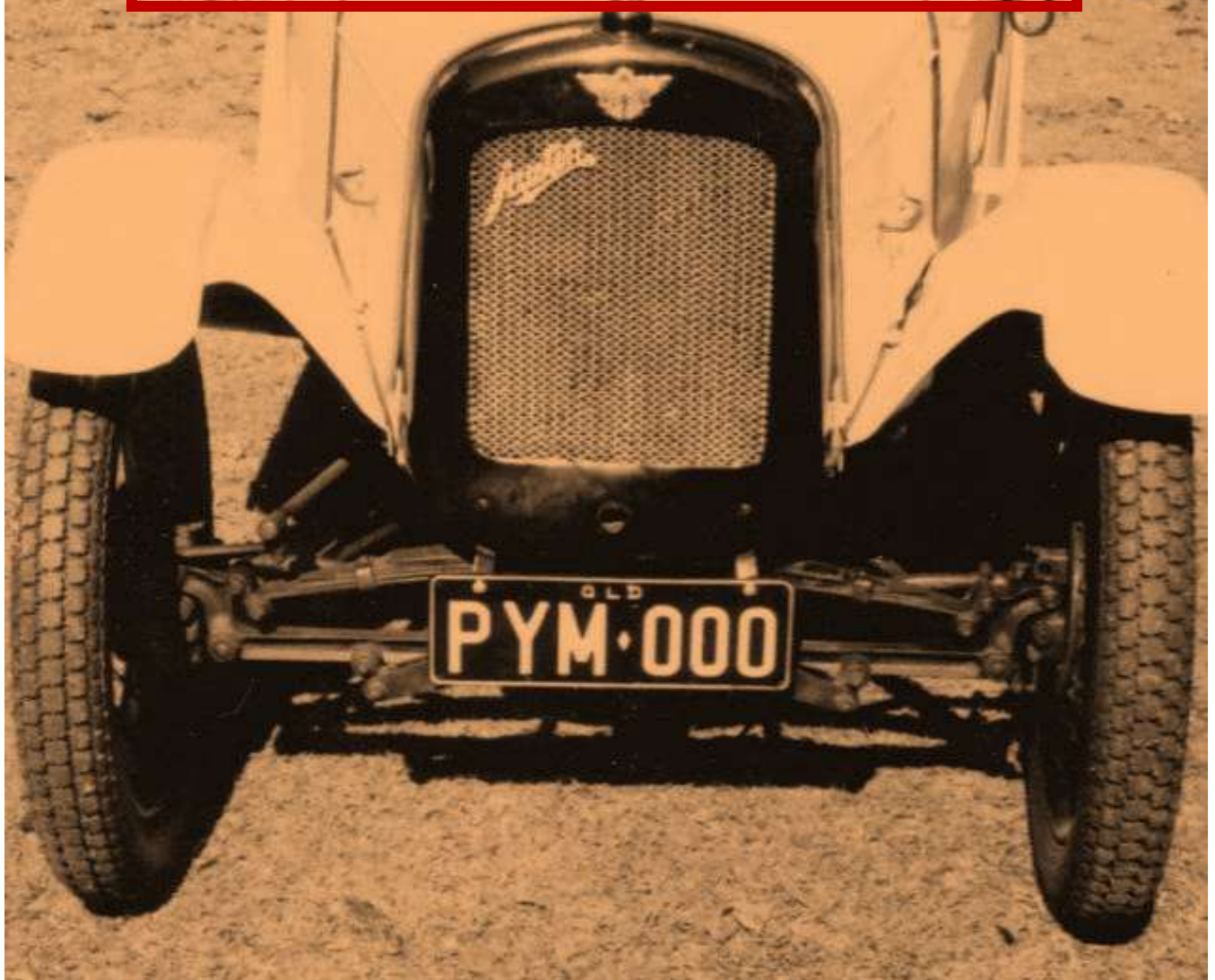


**A 50 YEAR
CHRONICLE of the
AUSTIN 7 REGISTER
of QLD. Inc.
1967 - 2017**





ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thank you to Peter and Gail Cahalane for a loan of Peter's collection of Register Newsletters, Eddie Ford of Restored cars for permission to reproduce some pages and material from the early issues of Restored Cars Magazine.

Also thank you to Joe Wilson of the Vintage Car Club of Queensland to allow me to use photos from the VCCQ 25th Anniversary Book.

Thanks to Valda McDowall for letting me scan her Dad's, the late Roy Ducat's, photos

Also thanks to Robyn Clark for loan of the Club Attendance Books.

And contributions from Peter Baker, Graham Cogzell, Rhonda Guthrie,

Mike Hawthorne, Colin Jones, Barry Neville and Especially Greg Riddel.



A 50 YEAR CHRONICLE of the AUSTIN 7 REGISTER of QLD. Inc. 1967 - 2017



**Compiled by Tim Braby,
with the help of present and former Committee
and Members of the Austin 7 Register of Qld Inc.**

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BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

A few months ago, last year, I spoke to John Que, present Treasurer and a former Past President of the Austin 7 Register of Queensland about the format for a 50th anniversary book. We discussed the project and had a very similar idea of how to approach it, using a slightly more academic historical approach than Rhonda's wonderful 40th anniversary Book which had an emphasis about the members and spirit of the Register.

The concept of a historical Chronicle Scrapbook came to as I started compiling information from old newsletters, magazines and photos.

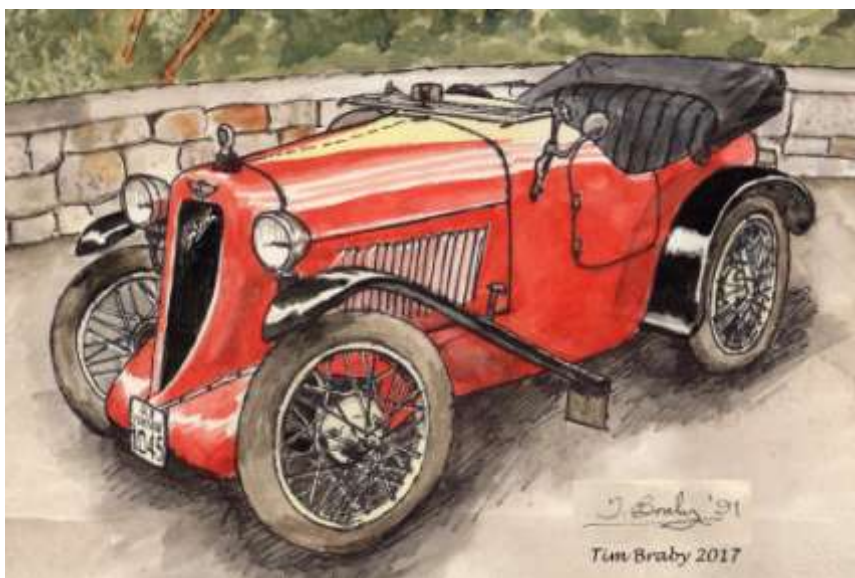


me

I am not able to go back to those earlier days as I only joined the Register in 1975, but can remember when I first began working in the City, and became aware of the number of old cars that were still used as everyday transport. I can remember when my Dad and I were stopped at the Valley Five Ways as the points policeman let a cheeky little green Austin Seven roadster slip through the intersection, and late I saw the same car parked in Fortescue Street, Spring Hill, outside an Architect's office. This was Chris Hills (Pym's son) and his 1933 Roadster. Then when I started going to the QIT I would regularly see Chocolate Monty parked next to the gatekeeper's Hut, when Jack Guymar was conducting lectures to spotty young would be architects. I even think I may have once or twice spotted Ernie Turner in his brown Chummy in the city. These certainly made "Rock and Roll" George's cream FX Holden look brand new!

Ours is one of the few clubs that has survived 50 years retaining its core values, we still own, restore, drive and enjoy our Austin sevens, without the need to compromise like other clubs and accept later model Austins and other makes to survive. To others we may seem a funny old sort of a club, but that is the character of our little Austins. So here is to the Mighty Atom!!!!!!,

Tim Braby - Compiler



A Watercolour and Ink sketch of my 1929 Wasp, in the years before it was bought and repainted blue by the Boatwrights in the Sydney Club.



Austin 7 Register of Queensland Inc. **50th Anniversary President's Message**

Congratulations to all members of the Austin Seven Register of Queensland on reaching the amazing milestone of 50 years.

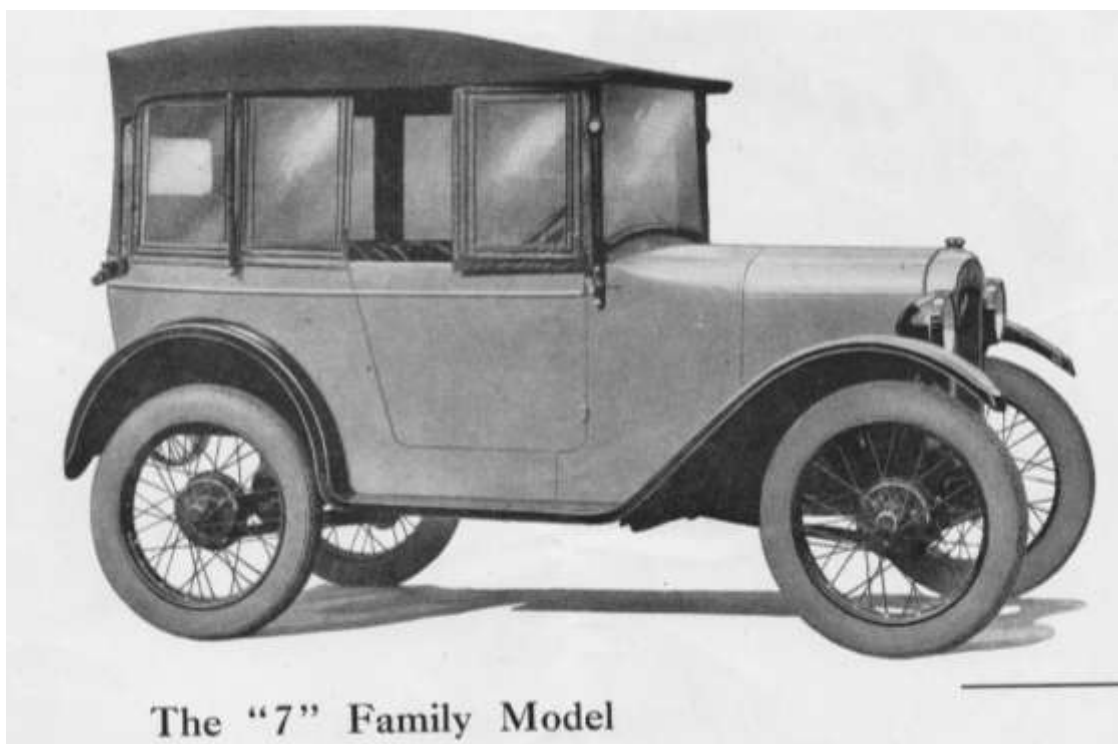
Who would have thought that such a strong and active club could have grown from those early meetings of a just few enthusiasts in their private homes and result in the many restored Austin Sevens that we now have on the Register.

During the last 50 years members have maintained the club's focus of showing their marvellous cars in public as often as possible and have driven their Austin Sevens to places far and wide - further than Lord Austin could ever have imagined. There have been many long-distance trips to places like Canberra, Mudgee, Adelaide, Longreach, Rockhampton and even Cape York. Some Austin Sevens have flown the Tasman to allow their owners cheap and reliable transport around New Zealand. All this with few breakdowns and an abundance of wonderful stories to tell the grandchildren (or any member of the public who innocently asks).

But while the cars are the reason for the club, the friendship and camaraderie of members have provided the important ties that have bound it together for so long.

The Austin Seven Register of Qld has undergone the test of time and has proved to be a vital and adaptable club and as President I congratulate all past and present members on reaching this important 50-year milestone and wish the club another happy and healthy 50 years to come.

Lindsay Jordan President



The "7" Family Model



CHAPTER 1 - A CLUB IS BORN

The Austin 7 Register of Queensland would not exist at all except for the efforts of two young men, one barely out of his teens in 1966-67. Greg Riddel could be described as the Father of the A7 RQ, whilst Peter Baker was its Godfather, guiding it all the way!.....

Back in the Beginning in 1966.....

News is at last? (for some) filtering through of an Austin Seven Register in Queensland.

This is intended to be an active club with many ardent Austin enthusiasts (we Hope) participating in various runs, possibly concourse and naturally gymkhanas.

The main aim of the Register is to be responsible for the resurrection of as many Austin Sevens as possible in Queensland, although enthusiasts will probably be mostly limited to the Brisbane area.

The Register would, after it became known, be able to make sure that none of "Herbert's "babies" went astray.

The Register would be open to all Sevens, maybe even "Alice*", but pre 31's are naturally preferred.

This Register will need SUPPORT especially in its initial stages and undoubtedly there are many V.C.C.Q. members who have Sevens ~ but most of which are not taken out! This is one club which can, with small effort, place much emphasis on having pure fun with their cars - they are easy to restore, drive and cheap to run with no fancy radiator caps to be pinched - it is a natural!

Written by Greg Riddel

First Published in "The Vintage Car" Vol. Five Autumn. 1966 and later the 25th Anniversary Rally Book, August 1992 - Reprinted with kind permission of Greg

An early history of the Austin Seven Register of Queensland by Greg Riddel

"I bought my Austin, a 1928 Roadster, on Good Friday 1965. It was in a sad state, mostly dismantled, but we were able to tie the body on to the chassis, add the wheels, and tow it home.

With no seats but an old fruit box, holey floors, no doors, windscreen, bonnet, or any other body



accessories, it was towed behind the family Falcon from Kenmore to Tennyson. On crossing the Indooroopilly Bridge, the toll master said "Where y'takin that - the tip?!!!" The tip was in fact, close by, and was the grave of at least one other vintage Seven that I know of.

Shortly after, I joined the Vintage Car Club of Queensland and tried to absorb as much Austin Seven information as was possible. Guy Freeman and David Potts were members at that time, but prominent, at least in my eyes, were one Peter Baker, and one Barry Neville. Peter had a car very similar to mine, a Charles Hope roadster, except his was 1930 and complete and running, and I was absolutely chuffed when he told me to take it for a drive around the Sherwood arboretum during a VCCQ Concours Day. I still wasn't old enough to get a license, but it was a drive I'll never forget. It gave me firm resolve to get my car running, even though mine never seemed to run as well as "Kooka" in the whole time I've had it!



Barry was also a legend. With his car also in use as daily transport, "Alice" (*Photo left*) could be seen parked outside Toowong's Royal Exchange, with umbrella firmly attached to the scuttle, on a regular basis. I even drew the car from memory and took it to a meeting to show Barry. He asked me to name my price, which took me back somewhat. I remember that he drove me home in "Alice", and left with the drawing. I don't remember the price, but it was probably far too much for the modest work. I wonder if he still has it.

And there was Ron Toy, in his red 'Meteor' boat tail, who used to come and visit me and let me drive his car often, even before I had a license. A real friend. (*Photo right*)

During 'restoring 'my car. (I use the term loosely as I had no real talent in this department) I tracked down lots of parts, and of course, other cars. In those days you



would keep a keen eye on the Saturday Courier Mail and all sorts of things would appear... Seats from a utility at Stafford. A dismantled Chummy at Balmoral. A car being wrecked at Holland Park. A complete untouched black 1929 Chummy that was

part of a disputed estate, still totally original.

I started to wonder just how many cars still survived, so I made it my quest to investigate every ad, every casual mention of a car or parts, and follow up every lead. This kept my weekends well occupied for some time, and I traced but a percentage of the cars that existed, but it still made quite a formidable list.





Peter Baker had left soon after I met him for his honeymoon. This had been in the form of an overseas trip, a year or two travelling around UK and Europe in the trusty "Kooka"!! True Peter Baker style.

In the meantime, George Elfick had joined the VCCQ, and nobody was unaware of the Austin Seven project that George was undertaking, because he made sure he told EVERYBODY every detail. *(Photo top Next page)*

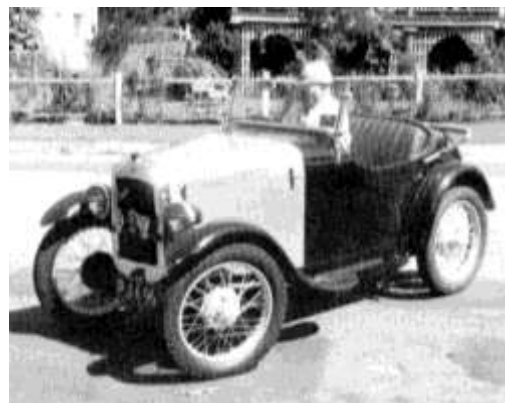
Other cars had come to light as well. A 'cache' of Vintage Sevens had been unearthed at Nundah, and although I

had prior knowledge of the rumour, I couldn't find the address. They were suddenly

advertised one Saturday, and were gone. Well, not really.

Howard Kenward, a VCCQ stalwart, got the

earliest and prettiest one, a 1924 Charles Hope roadster, and another, a 1929 Charles Hope roadster, became the famous "Chocolate Monty" in the hands of Monty Schofield, and later Mike Hawthorne. *(Photo left)*



Flushed with enthusiasm at the growing number of cars, I decided it should be a more organised group, and originally proposed that the Austin Seven Register should be formed. This was announced in the VCCQ magazine, 'The Vintage Car' in the form of an invitation to join in the formation of the club, and appeared in Autumn 1966. What an eighteen-year-old knows about forming a club doesn't take up too much space, and rereading my original letter, I don't suggest I'm going to be running it! I suppose I thought there would be an enthusiastic group just dying to take up the challenge! Lesson 1. Nothing happens unless someone does something. What I did know is that nothing could really happen without the support of A7 guru Peter Baker, and on his return to Australia, a group of us met him at an Eight Mile Plains service station on the very last leg of his world trip. "Kooka" was back home. , .

I remember announcing the news excitedly that we were going to form a club for Austin Sevens. My memory is that he just smiled and said, "Are we?" But then, anyone who has just driven an Austin around the world is likely to be a little jaded, aren't they?

However, he obviously thought the idea had merit, and he and Jenny are rightly credited with the hard work associated with forming and running the Register.

By the way, the reason that it was called 'Register', is that I originally envisaged that it would be a register of Austin Sevens attached to the VCCQ. That way, it could sort of build-up gradually before having a life of its own.

I guess in a way that is what happened, as several A7 owners joined the VCCQ, but there was always the question of Post Vintage Sevens, which were not strictly accepted as eligible cars within that club.



Shortly after, Peter set up house at Ferny Grove, and the meetings were held at the Baker's house, I think on the fourth Friday of the month, from 1967.

Although Austin Sevens always had a strong connection with the Vintage Car Club of Qld, most members having owned one in some capacity at one time or other, they were not always taken seriously, but the enthusiasm for the cars has meant that the current Register has grown, and remains a very strong force in the old car movement.

Indeed, the success of our Register is the envy of many other car clubs.

I can only remember one serious threat to its survival, and that passed with very little eventual impact on our membership, and indeed probably strengthened the resolve of the members to support it.

So, as the Austin Seven Register celebrates its **FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY**, it's congratulations to those that have put in so much for so long. Who could think of a Register without Peter Baker or Barry Neville. How could we ever have survived without Rhonda Guthrie to guide us? (ably assisted by Ross). What would we have read if Tim Braby hadn't been editor for all that time. There are many others of course, like Ted Bale and Cam and Judy McCulloch and Trevor and Elaine Moore, who have done a sterling job with the spare parts service, and Peter Cahalane, who balanced the books more times than the rest of us balanced wheels.

And there are the memories of members dear to us, like Pym Hills, Guy Freeman and Jon Chippindal, who are sadly no longer there.

But many who are still with us have been there for forty years, and that is a credit to the integrity of the club, and the strength of their enthusiasm.

Long live the Austin Seven Register of Queensland. Happy 50th Birthday!! "

Published previously in the 40th Anniversary Rally Book
-updated and reprinted with permission of Greg

CHAPTER 2 - PRESIDENTIAL MEMORIES

But Before there even was a Register....by Peter Baker

In 1960 I started a 5 year apprenticeship as an Electrical Fitter and Mechanic. This was the Southern Electrical Authority of Queensland (SEAQ).

During my second year, our training officer , Max Taylor, asked me if I was interested in owning an Austin 7. The car which he called "Kooka" (the little cockroach.) was a 1930 Brisbane Bodied Austin 2 seater tourer/roadster. Max had the car up on blocks under his Aunties house since the Second World War.

(Max Taylor had a 1936 Austin 7 Roadster he called "Hooting Annie". He had fitted a hand throttle to the steering wheel as he had lost a leg in a motor cycle accident with a tram. Max used the car as everyday transport.)

I was very pleased to get my first car as at that stage a push bike was my only transport. The roadster was delivered to 117 Crosby Road, Albion at my Mum and Dad's residence.



Over the next 12 months it was pulled apart and "restored" , at that time you could still buy new parts from UK Dominion Motors at Bowen Hills, opposite the Brisbane General Hospital..



When running again I fully registered the car, then the registration fee was based on H.P. and weight, so it was Very Cheap. Bill Williams *Book of Austin 7 Specials* was an essential bible to help me restore and maintain my A7.

I then obtained my motoring licence in "Kooka" , the Police Constable was horrified at how close I came to the stopped cars in front . Just as well he had NO idea that the brakes were poor!

The photo above shows a young Peter with "Kooka" in flood waters near Nambour in 1965.

I continued my apprenticeship and as we were allowed to carry out "foreign orders" I made up a welding machine, large machine vice, drill press and all sorts of jigs. I purchased a Myford "Super 7" Lathe and set it up under my Dad's house. I made up jigs and re-metalled con rod bearings, this was great fun!

I gradually met other vintage car drivers and joined the Vintage Car Club of Qld.

Other members I met were Greg Riddel, Howard and Alison Kenward, George Elfick, Ron Toy, David Barnett, Barry Neville, Terry Hicks, Ralph Cooter, David Potts, Peter Garget, Joe Wilson and many, many others.

The car club was quite a collection of various cars but the Vintage class was only up to 1930. After that date later model Austin 7s were not welcome to join.

The Qld. Vintage Vehicle Association was formed in 1964 by Alf Pepper and others due to the dispute between the established Vintage Car set and the owners of American , and the so called, mass produced cars. So members who owned these cars left and joined the QVVA.

I was collecting A7 parts from about 1963 and Austin 7s built after 1930 were in quite large numbers. I had two delivered from Jim Stafford's Wrecking Yard at the Albion Five Ways (where a few old cars ended up in Breakfast Creek). My Dad went off his brain as yet another A7 was delivered to our yard. The car was then stripped of all parts and most body panels simply dumped.

It was about 1964/65 the Vintage Car Club had received information from the UK about an International Veteran and Vintage Car Rally in Ireland in 1966. Bill and John French were two Riley enthusiasts who decided to go for the rally. So I thought it would be a good opportunity to go to the UK on a working holiday. I booked a passage on the P & O liner Canberra with Kooka for the full return price of 405 pounds (\$810). I drove to Sydney in Kooka, had it loaded onto the Canberra and sailed to England!!!!



Austin 7 Register of Queensland Inc. 1967 – 2017



On arrival at Portsmouth my sister Susan and her husband Alex drove down from London to meet us. "Kooka" was the only car of 11 on the ship that the AA managed to start first time, as I had bought a new battery before leaving home!



I followed my sister's Mini back to London and began a lovely 23 months of working and touring the country.

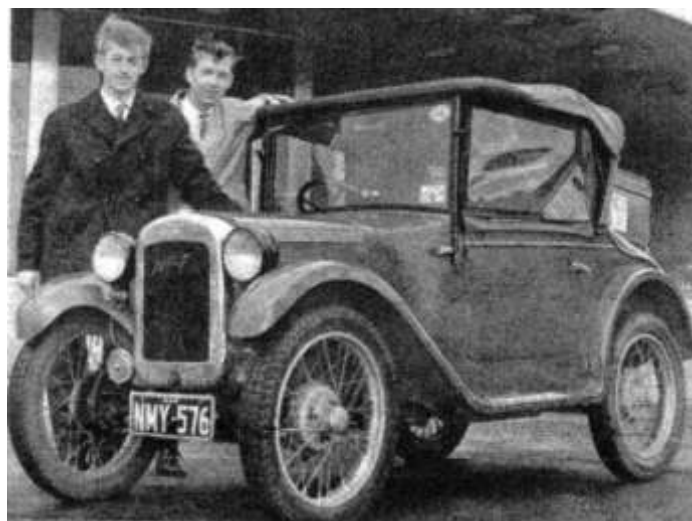
"Kooka" went to Ireland twice for the International Rally (in 1966 it was postponed because of a strike). I also visited the Austin Works at Longbridge, Birmingham and was taken to lunch and shown the assembly line, A30/35 vans and Minis were all the rage then. The Austin 7 Rally at Beaulieu in Hampshire was something to see. 300 Austin 7s attended. I also drove to Scotland up to John O'Groats and down to Cornwall to Lands End.

The photo below is from the June 1966 Austin Magazine and shows Peter and his mate Noel, also from Brisbane, at the Austin Assembly Plant in Longbridge. Peter said he had driven the little car 76,000 miles in the last 4 years, but as far as total mileage is concerned Peter said "no one will ever know ,Sport. The clock just keeps going round and round!"

I used "Kooka" for everyday transport while working. I was very cold in the car in winter with the plastic side windows and sometimes I had to put my raincoat onto the radiator to keep warm while driving.

I also took "Kooka" to the Continent for 3 weeks and covered about 3,000 miles. Holland, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Spain and Belgium were all visited in Kooka.

In late 1967 I returned to Australia with Kooka and on my arrival back in Brisbane from Sydney, I was greeted by some of the VCCQ members including Greg Riddel!



Greg had compiled a great list of Austin 7s of various years and their owners.

Over the next 12 months the Austin 7 Register was formed to save all Austin 7s made after 1930. The early meetings were held at Mum and Dad's house at Chaplin Street, Stafford Heights. Our earliest members included people like Greg Riddel, Howard and Alison Kenward, Monty & Rita Schofield, Barry Neville, and others.

After this it was HISTORY!!



P.S. I must note that the late Alison Kenward was the designer of the original Austin 7 Register of Queensland Club Badge. And also many thanks to Greg Riddel for having the foresight to compile the list of Cars and Owners which inspired the club to go forward.



AUSTIN SEVENS

Peter Baker's splendid Australian-built two seater arrived back recently from a 5,000 mile Continental trip covering no less than five countries. This, after driving all around Ireland - as usual, in the rain - at the time of the ill-fated Irish International Rally, for which he had entered. Incidentally, he was awarded a resplendant trophy for travelling the furthest distance - from Brisbane.

Peter is pretty well known in Brisbane - his home town - for his irrepressible enthusiasm, which was well illustrated when, during his Continental expedition, he had to pull out the engine and give it the full works at the roadside. Best of British to anyone who'll go that far. Also while on holiday, Peter's Austin went around the Nurburgring at an average speed of no less than 29 mph. Must have seemed like a ton, Peter.

by Bob Wyatt, Vintage Austin Register of GB, December 1966

FROM OVERSEAS

Good to get a letter from Peter and Jenny Baker in Brisbane. I first met Peter when he and his pretty 1930 Aussie-built A7 two seater visited Europe on route for Ireland and the International Rally of 1966. A seamen's strike on the Irish sea ferries reduced the big event to a country ramble, so Peter and his group of friends became part of the London scene before trying their luck on the Continent. He and his appealing little Austin must have made their mark with the continentals; the story goes that during a night stop at a camping ground somewhere in Germany Peter decided that the little car needed a bit more poke for the hills. To muck about with the motor in situ wasn't on, so out came the 747ccs there and then, on the side of the road - to the amazement of several local yokels who had emerged from their tents to see what all the row was about. 'Zeez mad English! Ozzies? Vot are dem??

by Peter Fry of The Vintage Austin Register of NZ.

Barry's early adventures in Alice

I have very many memories of Austin Seven motoring over the years, but some of the best are from the years prior to the time when the A7RQ became a formal club in its own right.

In the 5 years or so leading up to that a group of baby Austin owners were members of the Vintage Car Club of Qld (VCCQ), and were a sort of clique within that club. We were mainly all young blokes, and something of fringe dwelling ratbags among the ranks of owners of prestigious "pukka" vintage machines.

My first club outing was the VCCQ rally to the Lismore Floral Festival in September 1962.

Prior to that "Alice" had only done a few short trips around the suburbs, including to and from work a few times. I am pleased to report she behaved perfectly on that first long trip. This was to be the first of many tours to Northern Rivers areas in ensuing years, both on Club runs and privately, as well as to Melbourne and in Queensland north and west of Brisbane, all contributing along with daily use to a total of 100,000 miles clocked up in five years !

As near as I can recall, others present on the '62 run included: Peter Baker, David Barnett, Dave Potts, probably Ralph Cooter, Harry Fletcher, maybe Pym Hills, and just possibly Terry Hicks. Monty Schofield is another possible. There may have been others that I have forgotten about.

Photo Left: Alice en route to Lismore, Sept 1962. Somewhere between Mt Lindsay and Kyogle.

Photo Right: Lismore 1962 Dave Potts and passenger. From memory that may have been his brother. The nearest car could be Ralph Cooter's. Ralph was average height but of large girth. His car had flat rear springs as in Ulsters and other sport versions. However once he had disembarked the springs remarkably looked just like any other Chummy's!



Photo above Left: Dave Potts' car at Lismore for the Floral Festival 1962. This may well have been the first rally he attended.

Photo above right: Neville and Potts outside the Rathdowney Hotel, on the way home from Lismore 1962. And NO....we weren't inside the pub!! I had stopped to stretch legs and Dave pulled up behind me also.

Photo left: Ron Burns' car at Grafton Jacaranda Festival. Ron was a Northern Rivers area person, and was a regular at any rally that was available, including Lismore. We used to refer to it as the

"Mulberry Austin". He was by far the youngest A7 rallyist around at the time (note the L plate). Of course Ron is now a Queenslander and a member of the A7RQ.



One thing I do remember was grinding up Mt Lindsay with the original 3-speed gearbox. Peter had once mentioned that the later 4-speed box could be made to bolt on to the earlier engine, so right after that run I found an early 30's one and fitted it.

A couple of weeks later there was a VCCQ rally to Noosa, and that really showed the value of making the mod.

My records show a total of 28 VCCQ rallies attended from Sept 1962 to the end of 1965, in other words before the formalisation of the Register, although of course we did exist as an informal group from about 1962.

Most were "out of town", many were competitive (with Alice winning many prizes), and I'm pretty sure there were a few more runs that I didn't record. There have been many more rallies and adventures since then, all enjoyed in the "little car that could".

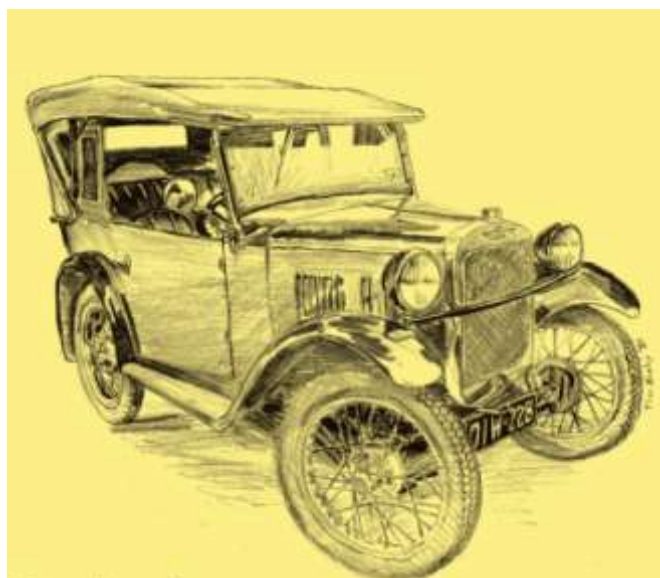
Barry Neville (President 1977 -1978 & 2000 -2002)

Growth under Graham's Guardianship

It was in the early 1950s that I saw a yellow and black Austin 7 parked in a service station at Paddington near the old Tram Depot. It was obviously an early model as the lights were at the windscreen level. I thought to myself, "That's a cute little car".

Shortly after this, I noticed at a Redhill Service Stn., a pointy tail early Austin Seven. It was at this point that I fell in love with the little car. However, it was not until the early 1970s that I could see myself clear to be involved with these machines as a hobby. At that time, I purchased, in pieces, a 1931 Tourer from a Mr McDonald at Indooroopilly.

Well realising that I needed to mix with Austin 7 people, I enquired about joining the Brisbane Vintage Car Club but was told that, as the car was 1931, the cut-off date for membership was 1930. I was however, given the name Peter Baker who was connected with an informal group of Austin 7 owners who met at his home at Ferny Hills. I was warmly greeted at one of these meetings and continued my membership with the group until recently. Shortly after this, the Austin 7 Register became a formal body and I was honoured to be elected President. The secretary was Rhonda Guthrie and the Treasurer Peter Cahalane. It had a Constitution and a bank a/c! Before this, Peter had held the cash in a tin under his bed.



Some of the early rallies were with other official clubs such as the Veteran Car Club. We also had our own early runs which included a trip to the Holt Ferry which crossed the lower part of the Brisbane River. The first static display was in 1972 and was held in a park at Sherwood. Peter



Baker was the instigator and organiser and many Austin 7s in various stages of renovation turned out. Some were completely renovated.

Other great rallies included Brisbane to Brighton, The Kern Classic runs, Kankanya, Mooloolaba to Montville, Sunshine Coast Motorkana, Canefields Classic, Gold Coast Autorama and camping at Moogerah Dam. In the morning at Moogerah, we were dismayed to discover Tim, his tent and his car were missing! His disappearance was due to him packing up during the night and silently steeling away to a motel in the region, due to an asthma attack. Austin 7 drivers seem to be impervious to adverse weather conditions. One very cold Wintery day, we assembled at Volvo, Wacol. One hardy soul had driven from Nambour at 4:00 a.m., with the top down. He was so cold; his hands were like frozen claws on the steering wheel. Some rallies featured dressing in the fashion of the car's era, observation runs and gathering articles such as fishing lines, half-eaten pies etc.

When I first met my wife Coral, she was principal of a little school at Woodhill east of Beaudesert. We enjoyed three fun-filled rallies the following year, 1988, when she was Principal at Hillview, west of Beaudesert. A sleep-over in the school building followed fun around the piano. A memorable rendition of "I'm a Little Teapot" was rendered by Henry Anderson. The sleep-over at Beechmont School coincided with the Firemen's Ball on the Saturday, and participation in the local Show on the Sunday. Laravale School was another one where the pupils gathered to view and be entranced by our vehicles. The idea of sleeping in the classrooms was a unique experience.



The cars have always had colourful names, like George, Chipper, Pork Chop, and Chocolate Monty. Speaking of the latter, the club has had its share of memorable and possibly eccentric characters.

The club has been invaluable in helping renovators with spare parts, new and old, and providing technical advice. Wonderful friendships have developed around the club and there have been marriages with members and their families. The most memorable wedding attended by many members in their Austin 7s, would have to be the Toy's. The last vision of the happy couple departing for their honeymoon in the pointy tail was Ron equipped with his driving goggles, and Daph in her wedding dress. When the door flew open Daph's dress flew out with it! I have personally had some wonderful times, met many interesting people, formed great friendships over the years and I am proud to have been associated with the club for over 45 years.

Graham Cogzell (Foundation President 1975 -1977 & 1981- 1983)

Terry's True Tales

"In the early days Ralph Cooter and I used to travel over to Peter Bakers home for meetings before the club met in the Hall at Milton we were often joined by Barry Neville who always travelled in Alice.

One of the first rallies the Austin 7 were involved with I remember was a yearly drive to Lismore with Ralph and his mum Vicki Gibson usually followed by David Barnett and Harry Fletcher (who lived in Bulimba) and later Peter Baker.



We believe that the Austin 7 spare parts started in 1971, the delivery vehicle was a 1966 440 Ford Cortina sedan driven by one Gwenda with parts assistant Cara in the baby seat in the rear of the car. The spares were side water Jacket top water jacket and 1928 Crank shaft Pulley all in Gun Metal Brass, however the pulley was far too heavy and future ones were made in alloy. Following the success of these items Fan belts made from a green material and were made in Valley in Brisbane with once again using the same delivery team but a Coffee stop was made at Crash Repairs.

Photo below shows Terry at back and Ralph to the right judging Kevin McKay's 1930 Ute)in 1974



From this point the money raised from the sale of these 3 items and the demand for spare parts we were then able to place a small order from UK and the Austin 7 workshop. we continued using our delivery team to sort out the Postage and customs charges etc. Some of the first items purchased from the Austin 7 workshop were shackle U-bolts to hold front spring in place and these water jackets which were all machined ready to fit to the car. We handed all over to Ted Bale

The "Member of the Year Trophy" was Ralph Cooter's idea and made using Form ply and polished up in the shape of the shield . The Austin Wings were sourced from an Austin 16 from an old shed in Riding Road Bulimba . A points system based on meeting and rally attendances was worked out and it was usually a contest between the Warring's and

the McCulloch's as to got it!! By 2005 the Member if the Year Trophy had run out of space on it any more individual medallions so it was "retired".

The concept of a trophy for the best member of the year was revived post 2010 after we lost Cam, and the "Cam McCulloch Memorial Trophy" was created. Judy McCulloch was able to present it it in 2012 at our Annual Static Display, but since her passing we renamed it as the "Cam and Judy McCulloch Trophy"

After Pym Hills death, his son Chris Hills and daughter Marylyn Biles initiated the Pym Hills Memorial trophy which was contested for by members on the "Pym Hills Run"

As you know Gwenda and I held most positions in the club and Gwenda even did Rally organiser at one stage. We both will never lose our love of the little car or the wonderful friend ship we have developed with the many people we met through the Austin 7 Register and are thankful for our association with the club."

Gwenda Hicks and Terry Hicks (President 1978-80)



Rhonda's Reveries

My early memories of club gatherings were early 1970, when we met at the home of Peter and Jenny Baker in Ferny Grove. The ladies would sit upstairs and discuss babies and children, whilst the men would gather down stairs under the house and talk about babies. Austin 7 types.



Over the years we out grew the house, and one evening Peter Baker felt it was time to organize a proper meeting place with a committee. He asked Graham Cogzell to take on the position of President, Peter Cahalane to take on Treasurer and myself to do Secretary. I was very honoured to be offered such a responsible position.

In 1970 Ross advertised in the Brisbane Newspaper Courier Mail, for Austin7's. We had a few replies and purchased one from the Redland Bay area. Complete but needed a total restoration as it had been sitting

outside in the weather for years. Not sure when the first rally was that we attended, but our first rally but what I do remember is driving to Redcliffe one day with Ross Jnr strapped into his car seat in the back on the Austin. He would have been about 9 month old. Photos are wonderful to jog our memories.

Whilst at Redcliffe a gentleman spoke to Ross saying he knew where there was another one of these cars. Ross was very interested, the man said it was at Darra, Ross immediately thought he meant Barry Neville's saloon. "Oh no", the man said this one is not restored it's under a house. The gentleman was a local postman and was able to give us the address immediately. So we wrote a note dropped it in the relevant letterbox. Sometime later we were contacted by the owner. So No. 2 Austin had arrived. We restored this car during 1975 as we have photos of Ian our youngest learning to walk whilst hanging on to the car in the workshop.

By this time it was 1974/5. Ian our youngest would sleep on the floor under the committee table during the meetings. We continued to have our meetings at the Qld Veteran Club Hall, Railway Terrace Milton, until the railway department requested all the organizations depart the building as they were going to demolish it.

During the years 1980/90's, the Austin 7 club was renowned as a friendly club. If an invitation came in for a weekend away of rallying somewhere, we were there. The club often received the trophy for the club with the most attendants. What we were also known for was, if one Austin 7 stopped we all stopped. It must have been a nuisance for other entrants, but it was just something we did. Never leave a club member stranded on the side of the road. I'm sure the practice is still carried out to this day.





I was very honoured to hold a variety of position on the club committee, President, Secretary for a lot of years, and Editor. All positions were interesting, fun, enjoyable, memorable.

We were/are a very active club, I can remember when I became President I was asked, what I was going to change. My answer. "NOTHING", the club was traveling along very nicely as we were. Nothing much has changed, since then. We, still are a friendly club. I think it is the marque of car.

Ross and I enjoy the club, unfortunately since moving to Coolangatta we don't get to many rallies but do try to make the meetings.

Enjoy driving your Austin 7, they are a very special marque, and it takes a very special person to own and drive such a vehicle.

Rhonda Guthrie (President 1998-2000)

Memories of the Austin 7 Club

I've always had an interest in cars and in the 1980's a long time mate, Doug Clark, asked me to join the A7 Club. Doug and I have known each other since we were 4 – 5 years old, 70 odd years! Next thing was to obtain a car but I found anything I tried to sit in had me with legs and arms wrapped around the gear stick or steering wheel and half hanging out the door, a problem at 6' plus. Ron Toy made his Austin 12 tourer available so we were able to participate in various events including the first Longreach Leap, a memorable trip.

Around 1990 a 1938 Big 7 tourer came on the market that belonged to Bryn & Dianne Godfrey at Petrie. With the deal done we started off for home and after travelling about 50 yards 'bang', sheared a key in the rear wheel hub, off to a good start!



PHOTOS Above: In 1995 Colin gave Pym Hills a ride in the "Australia Remembers" procession in Brisbane commemorating 50 years since VJ day. The other shows Colin either driving on or off the trailer on the 1992 Kingaroy Rally.

During our time with the club we participated in numerous events locally and throughout South East Queensland. One of the more memorable breakdowns (there weren't many) was on a Sunshine Coast Rally. In the hills behind the coast the Big 7 broke a rear spring. Many stopped to help and in no time Wally Que had pulled a roadside marker post out of the ground and with the aid of an unknown farmer's fencing wire, we were on our way again albeit slowly! Who needs 'Roadside Assist'?

We also enjoyed many social outings, who could forget the Austin 7 Club's Christmas in July and the night we went to a Karaoke restaurant with Rex Dannenburg getting on stage with a group of young women to sing "I Feel Like a Woman", great times!



I In 2002 we sold the Big 7 and purchased a 1964 EH Holden. Although we are no longer A7 Club members, the camaraderie we experienced during our time in the club has formed friendships that still exist today.

Colin Jones (President 1992 -1995)

"MY BABY"

Back in 1962 at the tender age of seventeen, I was writing as an apprentice mechanic at the Beerwah Garage where my father was a car salesman. One night he returned home to tell me where I could buy an Austin Seven car for \$30, fully registered. The car was at Caloundra, so on the following Saturday I went to the Sunshine Coast with my father and purchased the Austin Seven from a Mr Perkins.

What a drive home to the Glasshouse Mountains. The Austin Seven was a 1935 Tourer without a top, only a tonneau cover which looked pretty sporty to a seventeen year old in 1962.

Not knowing much about Austin Sevens at that time in life, this little car was driven flat-out at all times and boasted a top speed of 50 mph. There were times when the 'Baby' had to be pushed up the gravel hills in the Glasshouse Forestry by the passengers whilst the driver remained in the car to control the wheel. There were many of these good days.



In 1963, it was decided to sell the 'Baby' and buy an Austin A40 sedan. I sold the little tourer to Mr Sid Vere of the Glasshouse Mountains for \$35, a profit of \$5.

Mr.Vere had seven children and they learnt to drive in the Austin Seven on his pineapple farm. In about 1976, there was no more use for the little Austin and it was retired from service and placed on blocks under their house.

In 1991, after attending an Austin Seven Static Display under the Story Bridge, I took my family to see my old Austin. After making inquiries with Mr Vere if I could buy my old first car back from him, it was decided by his family that I could.

So on August 14 1991, I arrived at Mr Vere's farm with a friend and a tilt tray tow truck.

The tyres were inflated and the 'Baby' loaded on to the truck to head home to Yeronga.

After unloading and much interest from the neighbours, the baby was pushed to the back yard. A good drink of petrol, some water and a half hour of cranking, the 'Baby' started to my delight. Pleasant memories came flooding back as I drove the little tourer into the shed. It was pulled to pieces with 12 kg of dirt and grease being scraped off. The good pieces were then stored carefully.

Now, a little over twelve months later and new parts obtained from the Club, my 'Baby' is back to a running chassis. The motor started up with three cranks after sitting idle for the past twelve months.

There is still a great deal to do before I hit the road in my Austin Seven again. (The 1935 Tourer is now restored and joined by a gaggle of subsequent restorations)

Trevor Moore (President 1996 -1998) (Newsletter Nov. 1992)



CHAPTER 3 - A TIME LINE

Time Line

1966 In Brisbane members of the Vintage Car Club of Queensland who own Austin 7 cars announce the formation of a new register for Austin 7 Cars.

1967 Register Members commence holding meetings under the guidance of the mystical Austin Seven "Guru", Peter Baker. First meeting noted 26th October 1967.



PHOTOS ABOVE Barry Nevilles Alice Mk 1 next to Nev Doherty's Mathis in September 1962 and David Pott's 1930 Chummy with Aileen at the wheel! Early 1970s?

October 1967 Register Members commence holding meetings under the guidance of the mystical Austin Seven "Guru", Peter Baker. First meeting noted 26th October 1967.

June 1972 First register of members printed for distribution to 47 members.

August 1973 First Static Display at Sherwood Park Arboretum.

November 1973 First Newsletter printed

FROM OVERSEAS

Good to get a letter - at last - from Peter and Jenny Baker in Brisbane. Peter's enthusiasm for the marque, far from fading over the years, has infected his wife, Jenny and the pair are now kingpins of the Queensland A7 Register; their retinue including one daughter, Emma, one brand new son, Matthew, 'Kookah' the Aussie Austin, a chummy "shipmobile" and a Nippy in restoration. Membership of the Q'ld A7 Register is now about eighty.

by Peter Fry of The Vintage Austin Register of NZ, Spring 1974

August 1975 Register on a more formal footing, with a committee and new meeting venue at Milton. Club expands and after 8 years of hosting meetings on an informal basis by Peter and Jenny Baker it was time to form a committee and move to new premises at Milton.

PHOTOS BELOW Peter Baker and friends trying to read maps besides Ron Toys 1929 Sports with its "Brooklands" nose on and Ron's Sports again minus nose piece and Peter's 1929 Ace Sports



Jun

1975 8 cars travel up from Victoria to attend our 3rd Static Display at Sherwood Park Arboretum. Victorians scoop many of the prizes! Date was moved for this event to be more convenient for the Victorians!!

August 1976 Register now has 65 members

July 1977 Static Display moves to the City Botanical Gardens

August 1979 First Club Attendance book started

July 1982 60th Anniversary of the Austin 7 Meeting

July 1982 175th Meeting

1984-1988 Kern Classic Rallies

August 1985 200th Meeting

June 1986 Combined Council Rally held by the A7RQ and the BVAC

June 1987 Register moves to South Brisbane for meetings

July 1987 Static Display moves to Kangaroo Point

July 1988 Register celebrates its 21st birthday, 48 cars on display at the Gardens

March 1988 Bicentennial Rally to Canberra. 5 Cars drive there and back

June 1989 First Longreach Leap

July 1990, we make the magic 50 at the Static Display

April 1993 70th National Austin 7 Tour at Canberra

July 1992 Register holds its 25th Anniversary Rally, inviting other Clubs to attend.

April 1997 75th National Austin 7 Tour at Maroochydore

July 1999 Static Display moves 2 blocks from Captain Burke Park to C.T.White Park

April 2001 Shannon's 2001 Motoring Tour to Canberra

April 2002 80th National Austin 7 Rally at Ballarat



July 2003 400th Meeting - a record 72 members attend.



*PICTURE LEFT
The usual suspects
at the 400th Meeting
- standing: Robyn
Clark, Peter
Cahalane, Geoff
Singleton, Ian
Waring (behind),
Graham Cogzell,
Rex Dannenberg,
Colin Jones
(behind), Peter
Baker, Barry Neville
(eyes left), Tim
Braby,
kneeling in front:*

Trevor Moore and Rhonda Guthrie.

April 2007 85th National Austin 7 Tour in Mudgee

May 2007 500th Meeting

July 2007 Club celebrates 40 years.

June 2009 Longreach Leap Take 2

April 2012 90th National Austin 7 Tour in the Barossa Valley

April 2017 95th National Austin 7 Tour in Toowoomba

CHAPTER 4 - THE FACTS

LIFE MEMBERS

Peter Baker 1988

Aileen Potts 1988

Rhonda Guthrie 1991

Peter Cahalane 1991

Ted Bale 1996

Cam McCulloch 1997

Tim Braby 1997

Ian Waring 2007

Robyn Clark 2007

Judy McCulloch 2007

Trevor Moore 2017

Honorary Life Member Guy Freeman 2002



PRESIDENTS

1973-1975 Peter & Jenny Baker (unofficially the first presidents!)

1975 -1977 Graham Cogzell - Foundation President

1977 -1978 Barry Neville

1978 -1980 Terry Hicks

1980 -1981 Tim Braby

1981- 1983 Graham Cogzell

1983 -1990 Peter Baker

1990 -1992 Geoff Singleton

1992 -1995 Colin Jones

1995 -1996 Rex Dannenberg

1996 -1998 Trevor Moore

1998 -2000 Rhonda Guthrie

2000 -2002 Barry Neville

2002 -2005 Howell Whitehouse

2005 -2014 Lindsay Jordan

2014 - 2016 John Que

2016 -2018 Lindsay Jordan

SECRETARIES

1975 - 1978 Rhonda Guthrie

1978 - 1979 Molly Neville

1979 - 1980 Gwenda Hicks

1980 - 1981 Les Harvey

1981 - 1997 Rhonda Guthrie

1997 - 2004 Robyn Clark

2004 - 2014 Trevor Moore

2014 - 2018 Robyn Clark

TREASURERS

1975 - 2001 Peter Cahalane

2001 - 2006 Ian Waring

2006 - 2016 Amanda Wilson

2016 - 2018 John Que

CHAPTER 5 - MEETING PLACES

Official Meeting Venues

August 1967 until July 1975 –Informal meetings were conducted at Peter Baker's father's residence at Chaplin Street, Stafford Heights, later at Peter's new house at 15 Dooloo Crescent, Ferny Hills. Peter was our informal President, Secretary & Treasurer for nearly 8 years, sharing roles with Greg Riddell.

The Club expanded in number of members and after 8 years of hosting meetings on an informal basis by Peter and Jenny Baker it was time to form a new committee and move to new premises at Milton.



First Official Meeting held at the Veteran Car Club Australia (Qld) Club Room Milton - August 1975 until June 1987

The First President was Graham Cogzell, the Treasurer Peter Cahalane, the Secretary Rhonda Guthrie and our Rally Organisers were Keith Collins and Rhonda Guthrie.

The old Hall was an interesting old fibro building on a sloping block at the back of the Milton Railway Station, on hot evenings we could see passengers and trains thru the open back door. Facilities were primitive, toilets were in a separate building outside, and there was plenty of lighting outside. Graham and Peter always seemed to hold meetings full of fun and laughter, and the kids added to the noise running around the hall outside and under the seats!

Second Official Meeting place East Brisbane State School Hall - July 1987 until November 1993.

Meetings were held in a school class right next to the famous Gabba Cricket Ground, often with the spotlights glaring over the wall. Another venue which seemed to attract a good crowd due to its central location. One night in 1992 Jack Warren brought the Club Cannon for a test firing to salute 25 years of the Register, supervised by Trevor Moore, who was a member of the QPS. It was very loud!!!!

Third Official Meeting place Veteran Car Club Australia (Qld) Club Room Carindale December 1993- for the duration of the Register.

Due to a generous sponsorship deal between the Veteran Car Club of Australia Queensland Branch and Property Developers the Kern Corporation over 5 years of the Kern Classic, the VCCA(Q) now had enough money to purchase a vacant block of land next to the Arterial Motorway on Old Cleveland Road, Carindale. The block is huge and soon a lot of favours were called in to develop the block and build a new clubhouse for all car clubs in Brisbane who were looking for a permanent venue. It suited the A7RQ down to the ground. Luxury compared to our earlier venues, a big car park, decent kitchen and facilities. We were also there at the opening at you will read below.

GRAND VETERAN CAR CLUBHOUSE OPENING -

The biggest event of 1994 would have to be the Official Opening of the Veteran Car Club of Queensland's new building at Belmont.

It was great to see such a large turnout of old cars, especially all those Austins, both our own Club's vehicles and a large line-up from the Austin Motor Vehicle Club representing the 1950's and 1960's as well. Naturally, a lot of veterans emerged into the daylight as it really was their day, culminating nearly 40 years of dreams and plans for a headquarters for the old car movement, although I feel some of the original members may have shaken their heads at the vehicles the 'new breed' are restoring at present.

Numbers were down from estimates - just over 160 vehicles, instead of the planned 400, but the promised rain kept many cars at home.

Not so the Veterans, who came in all sizes and colours, many minus modern conveniences, such as hoods, windscreens, even doors!



Highlight of the Saturday was the official unveiling of the commemorative plaque by our own State Governor, Leneen Forde, who seems an excellent choice for such vice-regal duties. She

also, wisely chose to arrive in her Rolls Royce, maybe not a veteran, but, as she said, "It has Class!"

The remainder of the day was spent looking at cars, taking

photos, eating and doing what the Austin 7 people enjoy most, talking!

Dinner that night was under a huge marquee out behind the new building, but most of 'our' crowd felt attendance was a bit too much as we had volunteered to do breakfast duty for the hungry horde the next day. That certainly put a jinx on the evening as the rain came down, with water running under feet and tables.

Next day the weather outlook was just as gloomy. In fact, it rained incessantly all morning, but we had no time to moan, the A7 Register was on Breakfast Duty, cooking and serving mountains of cereal, sausages and eggs for the hungry horde.

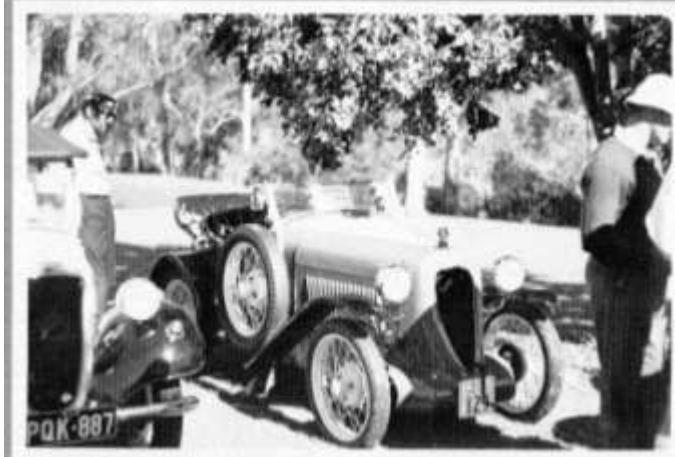
Unfortunately, the rain curtailed much of the Morning Rally, but the more adventurous made a showing, whilst those remaining tidied up and prepared for lunch. Having found that only two ladies were expected to provide lunch for 200 or so people, the mighty A7 Catering Service swung into operation on the BBQ's (they were ours any road!) and tables buttering buns, cooking marinated chook and dishing out slaw. All too suddenly the day was all but spent. At least the clouds parted so the cars could get a blow dry on the way home, and all there was left in our new home was the lingering smell of cooking and muddy tracks in the carpark!

(from newsletter April 1994)

CHAPTER 6–THE EARLY ANNUAL STATIC DISPLAYS



Austin 7 Register of Queensland Inc. 1967 – 2017



AUSTIN 7 REGISTER QUEENSLAND

AUSTIN...SEVEN...REGISTER...OF...Q.L.D.

INVITATION

SUNDAY, 14th JULY, 1974...10am. till 4pm.
SHERWOOD FOREST PARK... (FERRY ST. END.)

AFTER LAST YEAR'S SUCCESSFUL TURNOUT, THE AUSTIN SEVEN REGISTER OF Q.L.D. IS HOLDING ITS ANNUAL STATIC DISPLAY OF AS MANY AUSTIN SEVENS AS POSSIBLE.

THE OWNERS OF ALL AUSTIN SEVENS, BOTH RESTORED AND UNRESTORED, CHASED OR SPECIAL, ARE INVITED TO ATTEND THIS DISPLAY WITH THEIR CARS.

IT WOULD BE APPRECIATED IF YOU COULD KINDLY FORWARD \$2.00 ENTRY FEE TO COVER THE COST OF TROPHIES AND PLAQUES.

WE HOPES NO DISAPPOINTMENTS WILL BE AVAILABLE AT THE GROUND AND THAT MODERN VEHICLES WILL BE RESTRICTED TO STREET PARKING.

we look forward to your attendance...

R.S.V.P. PETER BAKER
 15 DOUGLAS CRENS
 FERRY HILLS
 BRIS. 4055

If wet weather, phone peter 512543 or joe wilson 785379.

PLEASE FILL IN AND RETURN THIS ENTRY FORM TO Peter Baker,
 15 DOUGLAS CRENS, FERRY HILLS, BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND, 4055.

Model and Year of Car/ve attending.....

Tick classes to be entered-

(1)... (2)... (3)... (4)... (5)... (6)... (7)... (8)... (9)...

(10)... (11)... (12)...

THE DOUGLAS ENTRY FOR THIS PARTY.

PHOTOS ABOVE Top left Babies gathered for the 50th Birthday of the Austin 7 at Sherwood 1972, below Left is the Guthrie Ruby Tourer and Bill Sanderson's 1929 Wasp. Top right -shows Joe Wilson is in his trade mark beret and Don Hiddle in the bucket hat judging the Austin 7 of David and Aileen Potts. Below right is the Potts Chummy with Matthew and Ben Potts keeping warm on a warm Austin 7 bonnet in Winter. Matthew is now an airline pilot and Ben a teacher!

In 1972 there was a Static Display of sorts held to celebrate 50 years of the Austin 7 held at Sherwood Forest Park. There were earlier get togethers from when the club was formed but details of these were never recorded and the Club became a more formalised entity.

Officially the First Annual Static Display was held in July 1973 at Sherwood Forest Park. There was no report but there was one for the following year in the 4th A7RQ Newsletter.

"1974 Annual Static Display"



Austin 7 Register of Queensland Inc. 1967 – 2017



“A total of 30 cars plus 4 running chassis and other exhibits were in attendance at the display held at Sherwood Forest Park on Sunday, 14th July 1974.

Trophies were awarded as follows:

Vintage 4 Seater - Ross Guthrie

Vintage Roadster - Howard Kenwood

Vintage Sports - George Elfick

Post Vintage 4 Seater - Cam. McCulloch

Post Vintage Roadster - Chris Hills

Post Vintage Special - Nev. Collins

Best Running Chassis - Cam. McCulloch

Best Commercial - Roy Ducat

Most Improved Car - Graham Cogzell

Best in Daily Use - Jenny Baker

Longest Distance Driven to Rally - Roy Ducat

Best Driving Effort of the Year - Lindsay Corben.”

“All Members who attended had a most enjoyable day. It was pleasing to note the high standard of entries in this year's display and the marked improvement in standards over that of previous displays.

After the great success it has been planned that next year's display will be at the same situation on the 29th June 1975.”



This photo was taken in about 1975 at the Sherwood Arboretum, maybe the ladies in the photo recognise themselves, so I won't even hazard a guess. Pym Hills's white chummy and Greg Riddel's roadster are easy to pick, but the Chummy on the left might be Jenny Bakers or the Guthries. The Guthries Saloon is behind Pym's car. There is even a trailer behind another car, is that the Toys chummy? And there are at least 3 Ruby Tourers. There appears to be quite a crowd in the background, President Graham Cogzell must be announcing the prizes!



PHOTOS ABOVE

Top Left- Peter Bakers Roadster Kooka, Keith Collins and his 1925 Roadster and Front of George Elfick's 1931 Sport in 1974

Top Right - Pym Hills 1925 Chummy, Jenny Bakers 1929 Chummy, the "shipmobile" in 1981

Middle Left – Barry Neville's 1928 Saloon Alice Mk. 2 in 1981

Middle Right – Various Club Cars led by Bill Sanderson's 1929 Wasp in 1974

Bottom Left – Ron Toy's 1929 Sports in 1981 & Bottom Right – Ross Guthrie's 1929 Chummy in 1974

MELBOURNE CARS PARTICIPATING IN DISPLAY, 29TH JUNE. 1975

1937 Ruby Tourer	Peter Jones, Victoria.
1937 Austin 7 Delivery Van	Roy & Dorothy Ducat, Victoria.
1929 Chummy Tourer	Bob & Ilona Booth, Victoria
1929 Austin Tourer	Athol, Deidre & Mark Lamont, Victoria.
1932 Austin 7 Roadster	Peter Trull, Victoria.
1927 - 1937 Special Sports	Chris Bland, Victoria



Austin 7 Register of Queensland Inc. 1967 – 2017



In 1976 we hit the jackpot when the Static Display made it in Restored Cars Magazine with this report.



“AUSTIN SEVEN REGISTER OF QUEENSLAND

The Queensland Register was formed in October 1967. its main aims being to bring together and help any person owning an Austin Seven or part thereof, and to overcome their problems however small they may be.

The original band of members has slowly grown until we now have over eighty cars on the register and usually manage at our Annual Static Display, to have close to forty cars in attendance.

Over the years the Register members in their enthusiasm, have saved from certain destruction many Sevens, including post thirty models, and given them new leases of life. We have regular monthly meetings and are now producing a quarterly Newsletter, which helps to keep members in touch with each other. As many club cars are fully registered we have numerous events during the year and take part in other Club's combined events”

The club has regularly held its Static Displays, it was only washed out once in about 1980 when we retreated to the Carpark of the old MacDonald and East Department Store in the city due to a mid winter southerly with rain. Venues have changed over the years, from the Sherwood Forest Park Aboretum until all car clubs were chased out by the “Friends of Sherwood Forest Park” who were concerned about cars impacting the “root zones” of the trees. Next the Brisbane City Botanical Gardens in Alice Street for a few years until 1986, then later Captain Burke Park under the Storey Bridge at Kangaroo Point to 1998, then to nearby C.T. White Park. We were here for several years until recently City Council regulations required us to provide the registration numbers and Third Party Insurance details of each and every car that was attending, (possibly they may have been having trouble from other users). The last two years have been held at a temporary venue at Capalaba Business Park, but it is hoped that our new venue in 2018 will be a corker!

PHOTO Right A7s at Captain Burke Park under the Storey Bridge in 1994.





CHAPTER 7 - THE EPIC JOURNEYS

Toowoomba Run - May 1975

Four Austin 7s participated in a run to Toowoomba on the 3rd, 4th and 5th May, 1975 organised by the Veteran Car Club of Australia and the Darling Downs Veteran and Vintage Motor Club. This was a most enjoyable weekend and Members who attended had an excellent time and enjoyed the hospitality extended by these Clubs.

It was however unfortunate and with much regret that we must report that, an accident occurred with one of the vehicles, the vehicle owned by Peter and Gail Cahalane. Fortunately, the Members were not seriously injured and whilst the car was severely damaged, we are able to report that due to the helping hands of various Club Members, the vehicle is now nearly fully restored to its original condition.

Particular thanks go to Cam McCulloch for his untiring efforts and help in the restoration of this vehicle. We have received notification that Judy doesn't know what Cam looks like and she is looking forward to seeing him one of these weekends once the vehicle has been completed.

Veteran Brisbane to Brighton Run - September 7th 1975.

Seven A7s participated in the Annual V.C.C.A. (Q.) Brisbane to Brighton Run where our good friend Ross Guthrie managed to win the trophy for the Best Vintage Vehicle. Our congratulations go to Ross and our many thanks go to the President and Committee Members of the V.V.C.A, for making the day eventful and enjoyable and extending such kindness and hospitality to us.

Sunshine Coast Club Perigian Run - September 1975

Many Members participated in the Annual Motorkana at Perigian and reported that they had a most enjoyable weekend. The following reports came back to us:

A7s must be most comfortable to sleep in because in separate cars Ross Guthrie and Keith Collins slept through the entire film *Airport '75* at the Drive-in.

We believe that Pym and Olive Hill are still proving to be the hardiest of the Club as they refused to let getting themselves soaked with the hood down in the Seven and soaked during camping on this weekend deter them from participating to the fullest in the events.

National Sunshine Coast Rally - September 1976

This was the event of the Sunshine Coast National Rally in which this Club was happy to participate, five (3) Austin Sevens namely those owned by Keith Collins, Wally Henderson, Barry Neville, Rhonda Guthrie and Barry Hopkins participated for the full duration the rally. We are indeed very happy and proud that Rhonda Guthrie won the Ladies Trophy awarded for the lady who had participated in all the events for the entire rally. Apart from those attending for the full week, Pym Hills, Don Doolan and Ross Guthrie were there with their cars to back up the others at the week-end.

Also, it was nice to see other members like Cam McCulloch and Peter Cahalane there to extend the interest of our Club in this important rally. For the information of members who could not attend, 240 cars participated for the entire rally coming from throughout Australia and New Zealand.



The furthest driven to the rally was from Adelaide. At the week-end 60 extra cars were added to the former and made the display the greatest ever known in Queensland.

(Graham Cogzell)

Kilcoy Run - March 1977

The drive to Kilcoy went off well, leaving Chermside at 7:30 a.m., there being two 7s driven and one trailered. It rained on the way through Burpengary and a welcome stop for morning tea at Woodford, then arrived at the camping area to find that Trevor and Bev had already set up camp. A beaut "goodies bag" was received on checking in, a lunch at the park, and then the gymkhana was on, with all the 7s participating. An evening Bar-B-Que was held at the C. of E. hall after



which we were treated to a performance of a play called "The French Correction", produced and presented by the Kilcoy Amateur Theatrical Society. Unfortunately, things were spoilt by slightly lewd and raucous comments coming from a section of the audience, surely not from the Austin 7 gang, anyhow they deny responsibility.

5.45 a.m. Sunday morning; who was the joker with the bugle telling us that "Breakfast at 6.50 at Foggy Doo Restaurant"? The Sunday rally showed how Austin 7 navigators easily get confused, although it is strongly suspected that our President really wanted to get lost with his little talented passenger. Luncheon Bar-B-Que and presentation of trophies provided full stomachs and yet another win for Austin 7s with the driver and navigator of PYM000 taking off the gymkhana event. On the trip home there were four Austins, the journey itself uneventful

but very pleasant. Quote for the Run "Thanks Kilcoy and we'll be back next year". *Pym Hills*
PHOTO ABOVE Ron and Daphne Toy on the road back from a rally to Kingaroy.

Sunshine Coast Club Perigian Run - September 1977

The drive to Nambour started approximately 7 a.m. and was a very good trip arriving approximately 9:15 a.m. Morning Tea was served before any cars departed for the first section of the Rally which took in views of Nambour. The second section was to North Arm in which we believe that some of the hills were a bit difficult for the cars (even the modern) to take but the Austin did them all well. Arriving at North Arm where a beautiful lunch was prepared for us. The next section took us to Perigian Beach arriving approximately 3 p.m., Bar-B-Que tea was served and drive in movies which were enjoyed by all who attended, Sunday brought a Treasure Hunt and gymkhana events. Presentation of trophies and a very happy trip home. A very enjoyable week end. Thank you, Sunshine Coast Car Club. *Tim Braby*

The Veteran Car Club's Silver Jubilee National Tour - September 1982 **... with Tim and Pym.**

Austin 7 Register Cars entered
Wally & Myrtle Que, 1929 Austin 7 Chummy
Sue and Mike Manning 1929 Austin 7 Roadster (Mike Hawthorne's Chocolate Monty)
Trish Handley 1927 Austin Sports



Also Keith Collins was a Rally Official.

After registering for the tour at the Victoria Park Golf Club on Monday, 12th September, Tim Braby and I left the Mt. Ommaney Shopping Centre in Tim's 1930 Ford A Sports Coupe, along with 150 other veteran and vintage cars and half a dozen veteran and vintage motor cycles on Tuesday, 13th, being waved off by Sir James Ramsay. *PHOTO The Que's and their Chummy, Chocolate Monty, Sue and Trish discussing passing manoeuvres and Trish's "tiddler"*



Keeping to back roads, we travelled thru Ipswich, Rosewood and Laidley to Gatton for lunch, after inspecting a sawmill operated entirely by a steam boiler which once was attached to a railway locomotive. It was great to see a veteran steam engine earning its existence at a cost of about a

dollar a day and burning the sawdust of the mill as fuel.

The Ford A hardly noticed the range road, but some of the veterans viewed from above at Picnic Point as they crawled up the range looked like little black beetles, but to their credit, they all arrived at the top.

The cars were on display in a huge shed in the Showgrounds on Tuesday night and amongst the crowds who attended to inspect the display were our friends and fellow A7 addicts, the Gillbards and Ralph Cooter. They all send their regards to the rest of the A7 Register.

Wednesday being a free day, the Ford A took us to the Jondaryan Woolshed and Brookvale Park and at night we participated in a fantastic smorgasbord at the Picnic Point Restaurant.

On Thursday it was off again, heading for Kingaroy, but about half a kilometre before the morning tea stop at Kulpi, disaster struck your adventurous club representatives.



A passing truck pelted a large stone which punched a hole in the Ford's radiator.

We limped into Kulpi like a little boy who held on too long and then the helpers gathered with advice and a pack of 5-minute Araldite. We drained the radiator below the hole, allowed the area to dry, opened the hole in the tube a little wider, then squeezed some Araldite into the hole and closed the hole up with a pair of pointed pliers.

The cars were on display in the Cooyar Showgrounds and the local P.& C. ladies fed us our lunch.

PHOTO Wally and Myrtle hurtle past the camera!

After viewing the Tarong Powerhouse construction site from a lookout, we proceeded to Kingaroy where Tim and I stayed in the veteran "Carolee" Hotel and the cars created a fantastic sight for the entire population of Kingaroy, by circling around the floodlit show ring with a commentator introducing each vehicle.

The three Austin Sevens attracted a lot of attention, especially the 1929 Chummy with Wally Que and his wife aboard and the commentator had just told the crowd that the restoration of the little car was completed only about three hours before the rally started and that it hadn't missed a beat. At that moment the little Chummy ran out of petrol and had to be pushed off the track! That was the only time that it played up on the entire rally however, and we should be proud of Wally, his wife and their car.



The two other A7's were very interesting also. The 1929 Silver Sports with Trish Hanley at the wheel was a familiar sight either leading a procession of impatiently driven fast cars or zipping past a line of chugging veterans. Nice work Trish.

Mike Hawthorn's "Chocolate Monty" roadster had at the controls a charming English girl. Sue Manning, with her dad Mike newly arrived from England as her partner. Sue has been in Australia for about two years and has seen more of Australia than most of us and her Dad had been in Australia only ten days before the rally started but had already seen Sydney, Melbourne and Canberra

with his adventurous daughter. Lovely people. (PHOTO Trish top left and Sue and Mike below)

Kingaroy really turned it on for us with window displays, inspection of peanut processing plants, tours of the surrounding areas and by being nice friendly people.

We had a beaut pig-on-the-spit feast on Thursday night and a Cabaret on Friday night. Saturday heading for Maryborough; Morning tea at Murgon and lunch at Woolooga handled by the Gympie Meals on Wheels ladies and on to Maryborough where a Spring Festival was Sunday boarded a launch which took us to Eraser Island for a bus tour. Frazer Island is grand and will have to be saved from development.



The run to Gympie and lunch was through wildflower countryside via the new coast road and after inspecting the Pioneer Museum, it was off to Tewantin.

A very restful launch trip through the lakes and a short session in the hotel filled up Tuesday very pleasantly for your intrepid clubmates.

On Wednesday we headed up the ranges to Kenilworth and Maleny for a lovely tour slightly spoilt by rain and fog at Mary Cairncross Park.

The trip home on Thursday to Marchant Park at Aspley was uneventful but the Dinner Dance and Trophy presentation at Cloudland was both well attended and most enjoyable, with everyone wishing that we were just starting again.

Our Keith and Noela Collins and Howard and Alison Kenwood worked like slaves as rally officials and because of them and the rest of the organisers, Tim and I, with the rest of the participants, can say that we thoroughly enjoyed a well organised ten-day tour.

Happy vintaging.

Pym Hills.

Combined Councils' Bribie Island Weekend - June 1986

Saturday June 7th! The honeymoon had started - the culmination of 8 years of courtship in a garage for Geoff and his 1937 Austin 7 Arrow Roadster. This was it! We were going on the Bribie Island Rally as part of the Austin 7 Register. The morning was cool and crisp. We packed the car. Geoff's orders were ringing in my ears - "Pack clothes to fit in a space 40cms x 60cms x 40cms, and 2 toothbrushes if you can.

No! You can't have more. The rest of the space is for water, oil, spanners, etc., etc.."

Smiling wanly, I hid the Coffee thermos and some buns under my feet - the trip could take hours - or even days - who knew?

Finally, time to wave farewell to two cats and our daughter, Melanie, who photographed the great Exodus for posterity. As we approached the Western Freeway we felt 'Samson', our Austin, start to shudder. Alarm bells rang, but nothing we could see was wrong. Then I remembered Herbie in "The Love Bug" - freeways frighten little cars, so it was then I began talking soothingly to Samson - praising, coaching, admiring. (For those who thought I had arrived at Bribie in a state of shock - I was only continuing the conversation with Samson).



Out past Aspley we ~~shuddered,~~ ~~thundered,~~ (Sorry, Geoff is censoring this!) sped, and met the Austin 7 'guys and dolls'. Secure in numbers, we started off together.

PHOTO Geoff and June reunited with Samson at the Barossa Tour in 2012

After a while, I noticed Geoff leaning out and feeling backwards. The wheel! It was coming off and my brave Knight was holding it on with his bare hands! "No," Geoff assured me, "The brakes are a 'bit' hot. Nothing to worry about."

Reassured by my driver, I settled back to enjoy the scenery. As a matter of fact, this is what is great! You can actually see the countryside you're passing through, as long as there is not a semi-trailer beside you - then it is a case of peering through the wheels. Going along great, then - the engine stopped. Geoff nonchalantly let Samson glide to a halt, then 'hit' the starter motor. Three quick prayers and lo! we were on the road again. To make it an eventful trip, this occurred 2 or 3 times more, and then we saw the Austin 7 gang up ahead - stopped. Trouble? No - they were all showing one important aspect of the Austin 7 Club concern for us and a readiness to help. A big thank you here from both Geoff and me for your friendship and assistance.

Thus reassured, we moved off again. In no time, we arrived at Bribie and checked into the Bribie Island Hotel/Motel (very clean, etc., but a word of warning to the unsuspecting - a little expensive at \$42 double a night, without breakfast, and a Saturday night Disco that 'ragged' on until 1 a.m. We found pulsating rhythm does penetrate Motel walls). Off to the Bribie School Grounds. This is it! We were part of the Rally. We were overwhelmed by 99 cars! No, not just cars - beautiful machines each constructed with such loving care, with many hours of hard labour. (And how many divorces?). The Austins turned up in force - 18 in all. Who said we were a little Club? We were all delighted to have a very welcome cup of tea and biscuits.

(Thank you very much from us all to Rhonda and Ross and their team for all the work over the weekend to keep up the fortifying cuppa's). Name tags helped a lot to become acquainted and before long we were having lunch with Jeff Jones (who had straight-faced told me he had driven his Fiat down from Cairns the day before!), and Judy and Cam and family. Graham and June were also excited about their trip overseas and shared their plans with us. Hope they are having a great time!

Thus strengthened, we 'shot off' on the Observation Run. The observers believed in a 'joint spirit' and Heather and Emma saw to it that answers were thrown back and forth. (Probably highly illegal, but as a beginner, I plead innocence!)

Off to the corner of Kangaroo and Jabiru Streets, or have I still got them mixed up? Geoff looked perfectly natural climbing the light pole to read the numbers on the top. (Please tell us 'oldies' to take binoculars the next time). We did encounter bribery and corruption from the locals - a group

of girls offered the answer if we 'took them for a ride in the old car'. A vintage Chev had done so before us, but not much hope in a 2-seater Austin! Still, Brains and Beauty won the day, Geoff found the answer hidden knee deep in Tiger country.

On route, we had a delightful ride at the Model Steam Exhibition -a very interesting stop-over and a lovely spot for children of all ages. Onward, onward, ever onward, then back to the Grounds.

What do we do at night? A shower and early bed? Oh, no! Not for the Austin

7's! A Birthday Party for Rhonda, who eventually confessed she was 22 on the Sunday.

So, armed with chicken and Chablis, we finally found the house, by the number of Austin 7's parked on the footpath. (Must go in the Guinness Book of Records).

What a night! Stories flowed back and forth, not to mention the wine and beer and Pym's piles of Chinese Take Aways.



So as to be fresh in the morning, Geoff and I left the 'youngsters' to their frolics and 'sedately' drove off to the motel. For some reason, there was a large farewell committee to guide us to the Arrow and amidst loud cheers, Geoff steered Samson back onto the road. The lights definitely need adjusting on our car, as poor Geoff had to drive all the way back to the Motel with his head out the window and I hung onto his heels.

Sunday morning - we lined up, the Austins all looking bright eyed and eager not so the drivers! Our first destination was the Woodford Show Grounds and a monstrous morning tea supplied by the local CWA. The weather continued to be gorgeous and we then completed a delightful Mountain circuit past Peachester. It was amazing that we were welcomed back at the finishing point by 'some' who had left after us! We put it down to their greater experience in rally driving, hey Peter? Lunch again by the CWA - much more than we could eat and all most appetising. Thank you, Organisers, for a job well done!



Out the gate and off for the afternoon 'short' drive. (So, the 'experts' said). Everyone was told to "follow the Arrow" as we were to be the Austin Club's

petrol tanker - 25 gallons of petrol in our tank. We Austins always come well prepared.

We were quietly confident, especially as we followed some of the older cars - safety in numbers they say. After a while, we seemed to have lost the numbers and almost our car too, as the ruts got deeper and deeper. Geoff had built Samson to last, and was sure it would hold together, but I just hung on. After about 2 hours, we saw a bitumen road and travelled along it, but the clues were 'back to front'. We reached Donnybrook and could go no farther! Off on to Toorbul - the natives waving and cheering us on - we felt elated until, "Sorry mate, you have to go back to the Highway." Back we went, and there was Graham and Tim at the Checkpoint - only we had



approached it from the wrong way! We really had done well - got lost and travelled 160 miles instead of the official 105 miles. Just as well we had that 25-gallon tank! Back to the Motel. A quick shower and into our 1920's Rage Outfits, ready, for the Dinner Dance at the Bribie Island Golf Club. We arrived, after our own private observation run, and soon were eating a mammoth smorgasbord of succulent dishes - all first class. Tim especially enjoyed the stew and deserts. After dinner, many 'authentic' tales of the Rally were swapped, and tales of bygone schooldays were also told by Rex, who found an old classmate in Geoff. (I wrote them all down, to be used as evidence against him later, for our three children).

Then came the music - that toe-tapping rhythm! The Austin-eers really put the rest of the clubs to shame. Peter, resplendent in his brown pin stripe suit, danced Rock and Roll with Vonnie, and Graham, immaculate in striped jacket and boater, did the Charleston with Trish, who wore everyone else out. Of course, the Austin-eers nearly 'swept the floor' with the prize-winning outfits - led by the Clarke family, who really looked great. Heather and Don were the genuine 'Classic' pair, complete with feather boa and Al Capone shirt and hat. Of course, Graham, showing off his socks (again!), won the Male section. The night was a huge success - except for the dew on our seats when we sat in the Austin to drive home.

Monday morning - back to the School grounds. The Austins were lined up - all 18 of them! It was a delight in slow motion to watch our burley Austin drivers pick up each Austin and place it within 1 inch of its neighbour. Trish bravely backed her A7 into a 60-cm space! Who said women aren't the best drivers? (Right, Mrs Cahalane?)

Then, my very first Gymkhana! Seemed easy enough - throw rubber sponges into buckets while driving on a rope! We tried - we really tried, but not one went in!

Then came 'bust the balloon'. I loved that. Geoff had to take orders from me! One more competition and we were finished. It really was something watching those big beautiful Rolls Royce's trying to burst a balloon! More great companionship in beautiful sunshine, then the prize giving. Of course, the Austins won the most valuable trophy - Best Represented Club. Finally, it was all over, and we were on our way home. Out on the highway we roared. Every time we were passed by fellow Rally Drivers, it resulted in a cheery wave and we felt at last 'Part of it all'.

Samson no longer shivered in fright. He purred along, never stopping.

Cheerfully we waved to the Radar Trap Police - "Couldn't be us. Officer." - and cheerfully they waved back.

Home - in just 1 1/2 hours - covered in dust, but looking a true Veteran of the Rally, and little Austin had done his duty and Geoff led him gently back into the garage where it had all started so long ago. Thanks to Peter and his Committee, it was a great weekend, wonderful company and our marriage, intact.

by June Singleton.

THE KERN RALLIES 1984-1988

The First Kern Classic Rally October 1984 - Sunshine Coast

This Rally must certainly go down as the highlight of the year!

Organised by the V.C.C.A (Q) and sponsored by the Kern Corporation. it truly turned out to be a 'classic' event.

There were 8 starting points, being in Brisbane, Toowoomba, Kipparing, Ipswich, Nambour, Gympie, Kilcoy and Beerwah; and after following specified rally directions, participants and cars passed two checkpoints and eventually arrived at Kern Kawana Shoppingtown of the Sunshine Coast.

The response to the Rally was fantastic - over 270 cars entered, and approximately 450 people entered in the judging of the Period Costume Competition. The Austins put on a fine showing with 21 vehicles participating on the day - a great effort!



The Austins were the third group of cars to move off from the marshalling area in Stanley Street in the newly built Expo 88 Carpark and make their way around the mall to follow some early Veteran vehicles, flagged off by the Governor who officially started the Rally.

We then motored through Keperra to Samford, Strathpine and Petrie. Most of the Austins then opted for an easier route following the old Coast road parallel to the Caboolture Highway to Caboolture, instead of tackling the 'high road' to Mt. Mee and Waterford. The scenery was wonderful no matter which road you chose and all too soon we had reached Beerwah State School where a delicious morning tea was provided, and it was time to chat about cars and costumes.



PHOTO On top of the world at Beerwah, Baker Chummy, Trish's Tiddler, Baker Van, & Porkchop with various Bakers in front

Once the troops were refreshed and cars checked over, it was back on the road again heading toward Maroochydore. After making our way to Alexandra Headland and down to Mooloolaba it was no time at all before we arrived at Kawana Shoppingtown, and a very warm reception. Once the cars were parked in their allotted areas it was time for a complimentary cuppa and wander around viewing some wonderful Veteran & Vintage cars, and enjoy the rest of the afternoon in good company before preparing for the smorgasbord that evening.

As Sunday was a free day, participants could relax and take their time on their homeward journey. Ross and Rhonda must surely win an award for how many people they can squeeze into a caravan for breakfast, and I must make special mention of Graham Cogzell's white, red and green socks which he had a marvellous time showing to passers-by on the Rally on Saturday; even the Governor got a viewing!!

All-in-all, the weekend was very successful, and I'm sure all members are looking forward to next year's 'Classic Event'.

The Second Kern Classic Rally October 1985 - Sunshine Coast (again)

SATURDAY: Starting from Peter Baker's place at around 7:30 were Mike Hawthorne and Matt in Pete's Nippy, Peter & Emma in the HMV Van, Kathy & Mike in their Chummy, Vonnie White in Pete's Chummy and, last, but not least "Tom the Pom" Newsome and Mark - A7 Sports (Tom and Mark arrived the previous evening at around 10:30 p.m. On board with them was 'Chiko' the wonder dog who had travelled with them all the way from Melbourne riding on the folded hood of the "Ulsteroid"!!

From here we proceeded to Jeanette's place where we met her and Tim and Karen in Porkchop. - 19 Austin 7s in all! After a few rather large group photos, we made our way to the start. The club was videoed as we drove through the Mall - and so we had begun the rally.

Morning tea was held at Beerwah State School. We had a good run up with no breakdowns (except for a truck that blocked off the road for about 15 minutes!!!)

Morning tea was very welcome after the drive. This gave everyone a chance to talk and have something to eat and drink. Around 12:45 we started off to our Rally Headquarters - Kern's



Kawana Shopping Centre. Saturday afternoon saw us all watching the costume parade with some of our members entering.

Around 4:30 we departed from Kawana for our accommodation. Most of the A7 crew stayed at the Caravan Park - just inside Caloundra.

Saturday Night: We headed off for the dinner around 6:15 for what we expected to be a 10-minute walk. It turned out to be quite a bit longer, taking us 20 minutes!! Eventually we arrived at the Civic Centre for drinks. Thai Airlines supplied us with some beautiful orchids to pin on



our dresses, shirts, etc.

Dinner was served, and a 4-piece jazz band was provided for our entertainment. Most people got up to dance and for those who didn't there was joke telling galore at the table. Unfortunately, a great night ended quicker than we expected and because it started to rain several, well 6 of us, caught a cab back to the Caravan Park. I really don't know - these Austin 7 people are LUNATICS! Once back at the Caravan Park we had a mini party of our own with some champagne in Peter's Caravan. (We didn't get to bed until early Sunday morning!)

PHOTO The Singapore Airlines Lady promoting the serenity achieved whilst driving an Austin 7.

SUNDAY: Incredibly we all woke up around 7:00 a.m. We arrived at Kawana around 8:30, just on time for the lovely Chicken and Champagne Breakfast. At 10:00 we moved on to Mooloolaba for a quick swim then on to Palmwoods for the hill climb. (Incidentally Peter came second in Nippy). Lunchtime was spent in a nearby park with several unnamed members of our club deciding to 'hold a dance!'.

On the way back to Brisbane we got caught in the storm (luckily no hail) and unfortunately Pete's Chummy broke down. Anyway everybody ended up getting home in one piece - very tired but in one piece. I'd like to thank everyone who attended, and it was great to see such a good turnout of people in their costumes. There certainly was a lot of effort put into it. I think we owe a vote of thanks to the Kern Committee and Kern for a truly brilliant weekend.

I especially enjoyed it and don't think I'm the only one who can't wait for next year! *Emma Baker.*

The Third Kern Classic Rally October 1986 - Toowoomba

The week before the Kern Rally saw the best rain for many a month, but "What if it rained at the weekend?" Our Television Channel Selector had to be repaired because of Geoff's fast sprints from channel to channel after the correct weather forecast.

Our Austin engine had been in and out three times and finally Peter's phone refused to be answered again - I wonder why? Austin 7 members prepared by swapping information about spare parts at the Club Meeting the week before and our ladies were delving back into the past for the 1920's and 1930's fashions. Of course, good old Paddy's Markets and the Salvos came to the rescue! (Rumour has it that the husbands refuse to let the ladies shop anywhere else now after the bargains they found!) Who could resist Mike's waistcoat and two-toned shoes? Maurice Chevalier, eat your heart out!

Some came true to life - did anyone notice Ross's violin case? Seems Al Capone never went anywhere without one!

Enough of fashions! (No wonder we ladies never get to call Bathurst. Imagine what we'd say about Dick Johnston's eyes not matching his green car!) Back to Saturday, 4th October... the day dawned fine! The 'Arrow' had been packed since Friday morning - "No sleeping bag, June. No room. Anyway, it won't be cold in Toowoomba." (Who was it who borrowed Pym's sleeping bag at 2 a.m.?)



At 8 a.m., a group of us met at the Centenary Pool - a show of force needed on arrival in town. Photos were taken, including a close-up of Kathy's fox fur. It really was a 'smashing' turn up - that Red Riley may have had the Government pilot at the wheel - but who were those stunning lovelies steering the Nippy? (Going forwards they were perfect, but something was not quite right in reverse. However, that night, Jo thrilled us all with details of their triumph over that 'minor' detail.

Finally arriving at the Starting Point, we parked all together - except the Guthries who abandoned us for the comfort (and room) of their beautiful Buick. In all, 22 Austins were to take part - a marvellous turn up, but more next year! Time to depart - 9 a.m. - off we went in a procession up into the Mall. Crowds waving, cheering and the cars went crazy! There up ahead - it was large as life - a chequered flag! The Austins reared and snorted, some even back fired, but were held in check until Don Lane waved us through. It WAS strange to see all those grown people suddenly go down on their hands and knees. I thought they had suddenly realised the Austins' worth and were bowing to superiority, but no, they were only trying to see inside the little 'matchboxes'! Indeed! We were all heartened to hear one dauntless Austin driver's answer to the commentator that Austins did indeed reach 60 m.p.h. (Well done Vonnie! We won't tell Peter you passed us doing 70 m.p.h. going down that hill!) We crawled up Queen Street, nervous eyes glancing at the temp, gauges - would they boil before George Street? Should we tear up the footpath? Down with decorum and press the preservation! Saved! The green light and we were soon streaming along Coronation Drive. It was great - (now, this is for the one serious, intellectual member of our Club - our worthy Editor, Ian, for it is deep and meaningful) - it was great to see in this day and age of decadence, depravity, depression and debauchery (reminds me of the Bribie Weekend) - young and old alike smiling at the little old cars humming along the roads of our society and waving at the messengers of goodness and light at their wheels.

Along the Centenary Highway we sped, then off on the Mt. Crosby Road. In no time we could see the hundreds of cars crawling along on the way to the Amberley Air Show. Then tragedy struck! Don and Heather's little Austin Ruby started to boil - we all stopped and - well, enough said, except to say, "Never before have so many Austineers witnessed such iron control". Never a word passed Don's lips - we watched in silent awe. Don nursed their Austin until the Esk turnoff when a caring citizen offered his garage as a home for the weekend until they arrived back from Toowoomba. It's times like these when you often find how friendly and helpful people, often strangers, can be. Bad luck also dogged Pym with his Chummy and Carolyn and Trevor Anderson, who had trouble with Tim's Big Seven wheel studs pulling out. Again, good Samaritans made sure all arrived in Toowoomba to enjoy our time together.

Before the climb up the range, we all enjoyed morning tea at the Esk Racecourse, then off again. To the credit of Sir Herbert's "Baby", we all climbed the range without pause, waving gaily to the panting "heavies" parked by the road. Mike McGuill's Chummy and our Arrow had extra steam and Kathy and I had trouble holding the two —

Fangio's" back. By about 4 p.m. we had arrived at the Clifford Gardens Shopping Centre and checked in, had lunch, been judged in costumes and enjoyed a welcome beer each. The array of cars and costumes delighted our hearts, of course, and Peter's H.M.V. Van outdid the old Pianola easily and drew an appreciative crowd. (Or was it Emma, in her smashing 1920's outfit!). After a little difficulty, we all found the Caravan Park and squeezed about 17 people into 3 vans, but we did manage to be all dressed by 6:30 p.m. ready for 'The Bus'. There was plenty of time even for Graham to hijack a 'friendly' motorist to take our group's photo. Finally, the bus arrived to much cheering and on to the dinner at the Darling Downs Institute of Advanced Education.

Once inside, we enjoyed ourselves immensely - especially dancing to the music of Mike Hawthorne's Jazz Band. Prize of the night must go to Trish Hanley and Graham who put the rest of us to shame - except for Pym who looked quite dashing with a white feather boa draped around his shoulders. Finally, Rhonda insisted on piling us all into the bus, and tried to keep order but the Club insisted on singing, out of key, all the way home. We did give Ross, Rhonda and family an extra cheer as they left us at their motel.



Back at the Caravan Park - it was a "quiet cup of coffee" for everyone, and off to bed. Next morning, bright-eyed and clear headed, we all reported for Breakfast back at the Shopping Centre. We do thank the Toowoomba

Rotary Club for putting this on for us; it was much appreciated. Once farewells were said, we made our various ways home. The Kern Rally had been a success, a happy weekend for 'Men and Machines', wives and families. We all have many happy memories and look forward to next year. Wally and Myrtle WILL be there as the Kern Rally is to be a week later, after Bathurst. Wherever it will be - See you there! *by June Singleton*

The Fourth Kern Classic Rally August 1987 - Brisbane

1st August finally arrived, everyone looking forward to the Kern Rally and hoping it would come up to scratch with last year! the Austin 7 Register provided a reasonably good turnout of cars. Most of the Club started at Kern's Sunnybank Hills, whilst others started at last year's official starting point, the Queen Street Mall.

The day consisted of an interesting run around Sunnybank, and the surrounding areas, going as far as Ipswich. Luckily the weather remained fine, providing us with perfect rally conditions. The only complaints that I heard were ones about the unusual smells that were very easily detected in the Baby Austins!!

It's a funny feeling when you overtake the Singleton's Arrow, only to find that neither Geoff or June is driving it, Don and Heather did quite a good job of pretending to be Geoff and June though!!! Another wonderful alias was provided by Mike McGuill who was suitably attired as a 30's barman. Lemonade on the rocks thanks Mike. We had a plethora of jokes about our 'late morning tea' -I mean, just because it wasn't until around 12:30! A good incentive to keep driving though, wasn't it kids? Luckily my rally driver, Barbara, and I had a LARGE supply of lollies to tide us over, and we needed it too. Hopefully nobody saw our pathetic attempt to clutch start the Nippy while both of us remained in the car with one leg out the door trying to get the car moving!! We got some funny looks due to that incident. Guy Freeman has no excuse now I'm sure, his Austin would have endured the '87 Kern Classic!!! Well, you can never be too sure of what your fellow Austineers are going to come up with next.

Finally, the Austin crew arrived on the scene at Kern Sunnybank Hills where we were allocated a space for parking and inevitably Peter turned on his music. (Kindly provided courtesy of the Van!), Per usual, the Baker gang rushed over to the Hamburger stand for the hourly feast, and then it was over to the judging of the period costume competition. Time was wearing on and the Baby Austins were looking worn out. It was time to leave.

Around 16 of us were spending the night at Doug and Robyn Clark's place, out at Greenbank, so it was off to their house to prepare for the Saturday night's dinner.

Once we had arrived at the Acacia Ridge Hotel Motel we were greeted by Rhonda and the Austin 7 table for 50. Dinner was absolutely delicious, and it was served on time too! The Vintage Jazz Society provided us with their BRILLIANT music, up to our usual standard, everyone was up on the floor dancing, except for the boys!

What a pain! After the first few brackets, our dancing was interrupted by the usual speeches and prize-winners, etc. How dare they disturb the Austin 7 Register's dancing!

Actually, it's becoming a bit of a worry because no one from the A7 Club has won the trip yet.

Pretty disgusting stuff isn't it? We'll definitely have to do something about it next year.

Did anyone see Heather Doolen's mega cool fox fur? Brilliant, wasn't it! Speaking of dazzling, etc., there were some pretty wild outfits, including the President's tie.

The waiters and waitresses were very good and as a whole, the dinner was very impressive.

There were a few relieved faces when they realized that they wouldn't have to line up to get their drinks either.

Amazingly no one slipped over on the dance floor, even though Mike and Kathy McGuill were doing some pretty rough turns on the floor. Graham Cogzell would have been envious of Pym - who was dancing with a very large harem of women. (No, not all at once silly!)



The night came to an end despite the fact that we were all prepared to stay for at least another 7 hours. (By the way, the A7 crew were the last to leave - again!!!)

So, once we found Trish, it was back to the Clark's for a tooth brushing session.

Dad (Doug Clark) put us all to bed and Mum (Robyn) even brought down a teddy for Pym.

The Morning After. Awoken by laughter (of all things) at 6:15 in the morning is not what I call a good idea. I don't know about anyone else, but I was feeling pretty dead, and looked it! It was announced that we had to make our way into the Valley for breakfast at 7:30 ARGHHHH!!!! Like a zombie I managed to hop in the car and off we sped.

Breakfast in the Chinatown Mall sounded interesting enough. We were served at tables of 10 and the food looked different - to say the least. (Well, it tasted yummy).

We were entertained by a Chinese student who did a balancing act in the restaurant - a bit too early in the morning for me - obviously not for him! After breakfast was finished, it was time to say goodbye, etc. So, the Austin crew made their way up to the carpark where Peter and Kathy had the Van's music up full bore. They then proceeded to dance in the carpark, and were getting some funny looks from the Police patrol car (take my word for it!).

I'm getting a bit worried about new members, Doug and Nancy Soden, who were seen joining in with these strange activities. They will be wondering what's come over them.'

I'd like to thank everyone for being so much fun and making the '87 Kern Classic a great weekend. I'm sure we can't express our thanks enough to Doug and Robyn for letting us invade their house. That was a really funny part of the weekend as I'm sure everyone who was there would agree.

Next year we must have a record turnout of Austin 7 Babies to make the last ever Kern Classic something to really remember. Thanks again to everyone, and especially Doug and Robyn. Let's start working on next year's turnout!!!

Until next Rally, *Emma Baker-Spink*.

The Fifth & Final Kern Classic Rally August 1988 - Brisbane

Classic turns back the clock 50 years

MRS Heather Haynes jumped at the chance to return to her beloved Queensland after 62 years — even though it meant crossing the Nullarbor Plain in a 50-year-old classic car.

She arrived in Brisbane yesterday to join today's Kern Classic rally after seven days' driving from Perth in Mr Tom Newsome's 1937 Austin.

Crossing the Nullarbor in a car was not a novelty for Mrs Haynes. The first time she did it was 54 years ago in her father's Chevrolet.

"The trip was still the same. Australia is still as beautiful as ever and I don't think it will change," Mrs Haynes said.

She described her latest trip as hilarious.

"Tom and I have the same sense of humor and have been great friends for years. We are both quite mad, you know," she said.

Mrs Haynes brought her dog Sinbad along for the ride and said she slept with him in the back seat while Mr Newsome, 35, slept on a bed he had built into the Austin.

Mr Newsome said he had driven the Austin from England to Australia, around Australia and through the centre.

"She still has a lot of life left in her. When I drive her back to Perth, she will have travelled about one quarter of a million miles on the original engine," he said.

Today Mr Newsome will join the Kern Classic and travel from Ipswich to Brisbane.

Mrs Diane Eldridge of the Kern Corporation said 300 cars and about 1000 people would take part today.

"It is the largest one-day rally of this kind in the world," she said.

The 5th Annual Kern Classic Rally will be remembered due to the overwhelming presence of our little Austins, practically scooping the pools in honours, publicity and Club participation. Some Members started from Morayfield and stayed very close together.

The rest of us left from Ipswich, out of the new City Mall. There were 27 Austins in all.

The weather varied quite a bit from drizzle through to torrential downpours, but Mike drove all the way without the hood, and the Wasp used its hood only as a last resort.

We were waved off by Ipswich's Lord Mayor, Alderman Freeman, and promptly there were Austins heading in all directions, some not paying strict attention to their instruction sheets.

Two wet and muddy hours later most had reached Woodend for a welcome morning tea stop.

Unfortunately, Doug and Nancy, taking their 1929 Chummy on its inaugural run, ran out of fuel in the middle of a mud patch 2 kms short. Johnny Chip offered them a tow, but a slightly larger vehicle was pressed into service.

PHOTO BELOW. "Tom the Pom" and the Singapore Airlines Lady stage a return



The next leg was the return to Brisbane, via Marburg and Rosewood, although I thought I saw the Birdsville Pub in the distance! Tom and Heather's Ruby was seen resting outside the Rosewood Pub along with the Collins' Blue Bullet. Finally, after more rain and mud, our bedraggled but spirited cars rolled into the Queen Street Mall through crowds of onlookers. Most of the bigger cars were parked along Queen Street, but the mighty atoms were privileged to park on the Post Office Square itself. The Grand Final Dinner Dance was held at the Eagle Farm Racecourse, in the "Guinness" Room, and was the best Kern Dinner yet. The food, if not exotic, was nicely presented, the table service excellent. Entertainment

was certainly varied and well

appreciated. The youngsters from the "Fame" Agency sang a medley of mainly pre-World War One songs and dressed in period raiment's.

Next came the exotic dancers of J + P (?) Productions, which treated us to a feast of Belly Dancers, Can-Can Girls, Bobby-Soxers and Jazz Ballet provided by 4 scantily clad ladies and one lucky gent who also did the intros, operated the music, as well as doing some very strenuous dance routines.

PHOTO The Gledhill's Chummy leads the way to legally park in Post Office Square on Saturday.

The highlight of the evening was our very own Mr & Mrs Chippy winning the draw for the prize of a trip for two to London, participating in the London to Brighton in a veteran car, a coup for our Club and the VCCQ.

Sunday morning saw us up bright and early in the Chinatown Mall, where Tom the Pom showed everyone what he was full of by blowing up a weather balloon until it burst!

After a breakfast of Korean and Chinese Delicacies, a handful of intrepid 7's retired to Newstead House to watch Tom release his other Balloon, one constructed from paper before he left for Perth. The air was heated by a Primus stove and soon the inflated artifice (adorned with the words "Austin Seven") was floating over the river, only to crash unceremoniously near the Hamilton Wharves.

We then partook of tea, scones, jam and cream for "Eleveneses".

Soon it was time to leave and wishing Tom and Heather the best for their return journey our little cars wound their respective ways home.



Castrol Bicentennial Hub Rally to Canberra - March 1988

Dateline March 1988 - Hundreds of Veteran and Vintage Cars leave from different centres



around Australia, from Sydney to Darwin, all convening on our Nation's Capital to celebrate 200 years of European settlement with a week-long festival of motoring activities.

6 Austin Sevens leave from Southbank in Brisbane along with other vehicles. Those attending were Peter Baker in the 1930 Van, keeping a close eye on his other car, the 1929 Chummy driven by Jo Lord and Barbara

Parker. Mike and Kathy McGuill are in their 1930 Tourer, Trish Handley is in her 1928 Sports and Tim Braby and Pym Hills squeeze into the 1929 Wasp. Luckily, we have Doug and Nancy Soden following at a discrete distance in their Toyota van, which seems to run on the smell of an oily rag, and uses far less fuel than any of our Austins. Doing their own thing are Keith and Noella Collins in their newly restored 1929 Sports on its first big rally. Looking back, it was not always dry weather, it seemed to be either raining or threatening to rain. At Woolooga there an evening display on the beach, but we had to drive back in the teeth of a thunderstorm, I recall the Wasp being swamped by a passing truck!

Accommodation was mixed as well, from the Ballina Backpackers thru the comfort of Barbara Parkers various relations to the Bishops Manse at Goulburn. Mostly on site vans and Cabins. Ask Mike McGuill about the night he had to sleep on the top bunk



with the cracked chip board base because he was the lightest!!! Hitting Newcastle there was a heatwave and the Wasp shed its bonnet one day to cope. The best part was driving the highway into Sydney climbing a hill to pass a veteran (Model N?) Ford, only to be passed by Henry Andersons kids in the air-cooled Rover 8 followed by Mum and Dad in the big Overland.

(Barbara Parker's Rally Diary was printed over a succession of newsletters in 1988.)

On Monday, the 7th of March 1988, 6 little Austin 7's left Brisbane for Canberra for the start of a great motoring adventure, the 1988 Bi-centennial Veteran and Vintage Car Rally.

The entrants were 1928 Wasp Sports - Tim & Pym, 1928 Chummy - Barbara and Jo, 1930 Van - Peter, 1930 Tourer - Kathy & Mike, 1929 Sports - Keith. S. Noela, 1928 Sports Trish, and Doug & Nancy in Toyota Support Vehicle.

Barbara and Jo drove Peter's Chummy, and so enjoyable was the experience that Barbara now owns her own 7, the late George Elfick's little Sports.

Besides driving and navigating, Barbara maintained a diary of the activities, and after suitable censoring, I am pleased to bring you the first instalment of her adventures (movie rights available!).



Monday, 7th March - Big crowd to see us off from Expo Site, at last we are off on our big adventure.

First stop - Pie Shop at Yatala. Lunch at Tricia's Mum's at Tweed Heads. First of local Newspaper photos. Then on to Ballina Checkpoint (through rain!). Stayed at Hostel - great fun - all in one room - Pym, Tim, Jo, Peter, Tricia, Mike, Kathy and myself in double bunks. Hostel inhabitants bemused by us. One fellow in particular reminded Tim of "Neil" from the "Young Ones". Pym wanted to save me from loan walk from light switch to my bunk by making room in his bunk! Dinner at R.S.L. Smart Cop booking lovely John (English Millionaire) for parking Rolls R. wrong way. By next day that Cop was in hot water and official letter of apology from District Police Commissioner.

Tuesday, 8th March -Morning Tea at Maclean. Terrorised by lady with camera from Historical Society.

Lunch at Grafton. Giggling ladies at Pub next door. Nice caravan park at Woolgoolga.

Car Display at Coffs Harbour. 2 Dinners for price of 1 at R.S.L. (pairing off of couples!). Drove home after through Typhoon. Quote from other vintage car owner: "Driving through the rain, couldn't see ahead, when I was passed by those little Austins. Even the music box passed me! (Peter's van)."

Wednesday, 9th March - No more rain. Tim and Trish swim at South West Rocks, fish and chips for lunch.

Visit Trial Bay Gaol. Arrive at Uncle Jack's and Auntie Fay's at North Haven. Miles of baggage on footpath. Local Newspaper photos. Dinner at local Bowls Club. Boys sleep in garage.

Thursday, 10th March - Free day for washing and repairs. Visiting "Big Brother" mountain and other local sights. Gang dismayed by distance from North Haven back to Port Macquarie, but we all enjoyed our stay so much it wasn't a problem. Much laughter and confusion over washing singlets and underpants. It would appear that by the end of the trip boys might be wearing dresses if we didn't get our laundry act together! Nocturnal display back at Port Mac. Bush dance at Woolshed - worst event on - most left before end of meal and walked - bus batteries flat! Arrived back at North Haven, Auntie Fay at hospital for op! (Early opening for pre-scheduled stay came up!). Also Barb's Birthday!

Friday, 11th March - Headed off early for a change. Rally starting in Port Mac to pass end of our street, so we got away with the leaders. Early into Forster. Had very hot trip over Wallis Lake area to Hexham Checkpoint. 37° temperature. Glad we didn't know at the time, otherwise we would not have made it. Checkpoint, then on to Cessnock Caravan Park for 2 nights! We were, made welcome at Workers Club for dinner.

Saturday, 12th March - Car Show at Morpeth and bus trip to Hunter Valley wineries. Lovely day and lovely old historic town. Boarded coaches for wineries. Great day. Although only sipping, I think we were all tipsy and quite ready to cope with the little cars on those awful roads back to Cessnock. Workers Club for tea again that night. Club 'gave' us 8 7 oz.glasses to drink our Port and Tango Cream nightcaps. Too tired to drink. Into bed.

Sunday, 13th March - Our drive from Cessnock was great. Had a cavalcade through Newcastle main streets and saluted by Lord Mayor in the City. (Trish stopped and chatted with him!) Very pretty drive around the beach area and then on to Hornsby Checkpoint (after doing the half ton



on the tollway!). Afternoon tea, then instead of taking bypass roads, straight into city and over Harbour Bridge and through Darling Harbour to Sister Geraldine's, via Parramatta Road to Sefton. On arrival we were told that all day they had asked drivers over the radio not to go into the City as it was too congested. No problem for the Fearless Five Pocket Rockets (Chummy, Music Box, Wasp, the MacWheels and Trish's Tiddler). Straight through, causing chaos wherever we went. The Flying Fleas with me as leader muddled our way through safely to Sefton. Family style Bar-B-Que tea in backyard and we all fell into our various beds tired after another BIG day.

Monday, 14th March - Left Geraldine's at Sefton after a hearty meal of bacon and eggs. Caught up in 'peak hour traffic. Past site of "Green's Motorcade", now a caravan park! Out past Camden on beaut road, on through Bowral, very cold, hate to be there in winter!

Arrived at Goulburn. Tim finds a cache of A7 parts, not for sale but in good hands.

Spend night at "Bishophorpe", a big old stone building occupied by C. of E. Bishop and used to raise money by accommodating travellers and groups. Very nicely run. We went to Goulburn for dinner that night. R.S.L. full of rally people so we went Chinese.

On arriving home, Henry (Overland) arranged a sing-a-long, so Mike played the accordion, I played (?) the piano, and the rest sang (?). All was roaring along noisily when Margaret (Vinot et Deguigand) and Noela (A7 Sports) crashed to the floor when the table they were sitting on collapsed. Abrupt end to Sing-a-long! After applying ice to large lump on back of Margaret's head, it was a very subdued "good night" after an otherwise good evening.

Tuesday, 15th March - Lots of photos first, then away! No petrol or loo stops at first and couldn't get to bank so had to detour through Queanbeyan.

On approach to Canberra, just in time to see Bondy's Airship land at airfield near town. '

Had a really good lunch as our last official gathering for the Qld. run.

Afternoon checked into Motor Village. Pleased with accommodation. Kathy, Mike, Pym and Tim in one van; Jo, Peter, Tricia and me in another. Doug and Nancy on site with their campervan. After a big lunch, toast and soup was enough for tea that night.

Wednesday, 16th March '

Oil change, grease, general maintenance, and much needed wash for cars.

Went shopping in Canberra, then on to the National War Memorial, where driverless

Wasp attacks modern parked nearby.

Saw Darwin group arrive in afternoon, including Joe Wilson in his "Winsome Wensum"

Thursday, 17th March,- In morning, after laundry chores, did more shopping, then to Botanical Gardens (good) and Black Mountain. After nursing cars up, steep climb we went up Telecom Tower.

Rude assistant at Kiosk asked Pym if he had anything bigger than a \$10 note for a 40t post card. Had rest in afternoon.

Went to Duntroon in the evening aboard buses, settled down in seats after eating hot dogs (?) for a most exhilarating experience watching Beating of Retreat. Dinner at Vietnamese Restaurant.

Friday, 18th March - 6 a.m. Wake up by Kathy to see Balloons lift off on Parliament House lawns. ' Would love to go up.

9:30 a.m. Assembled at Commonwealth Park, Regatta Point for start of All British Rally with lunch at Federal Golf Club. Treated royally by staff at National Film and Sound Archives. Final stop at Indonesian Embassy to see display of artefacts and musical session.



6:30 p.m. Taxis take us to meet bus to Gundaroo Pub. Just as it seemed the bus was lost and never to get there, we were bailed up by a bushie with guitar, who actually was part of the pub band and soon had us in a rollicking mood with a sing-along session for the last part of the journey. What a night! A real country experience.

Enamel pannikins of soup on our arrival, beaut band, enormous steaks, wonderful damper, jam and cream with billy tea. Spoon playing lesson by a band member and a sing song at our table. We were told our group encouraged the Band so much that they enjoyed themselves more than the patrons!

Saturday, 19th March - Put cars in Showgrounds for display along with 1100 others Jo and I walked half way home, then decided to catch cab! Others, who stayed behind for an extra hour or so, arrived only minutes after. Rest in arvo.

Tim sent off to convalesce with cousin's family. Had gastric virus and was quite ill.

"Charisma" Dinner - two cabs took Tricia, Pym, Me, Nancy, Doug, Peter and Jo to Great Lakes Ballroom. Great Band, wonderful food, speech by Lord Montague, wine flowed, and all had a good time. Enjoyed company of Tasmanians from Hobart and Devonport.

Met Ian Waring (working on the Swan brewery airship crew) in morning and arranged to meet for tea Sunday Night.

Sunday, 20th March - Some played tennis, Kathy and I rode bikes for miles and miles and miles. Bought lunch and discussed route home. Peter did washing and shrunk everything to fit in the Austins to ease the journey home.

Tim came back to us after 12 hours straight of sleep. Looks better. Had great meal at Vietnamese Restaurant in O'Connor.

Ian Waring arrived at the Caravan Park to see Zip - Zip - Zip - 3 Austins flying down

Monday, 21st March - Well, what a day. Up before the sun. Breakfast, final packing and on the road by 6:30. Wow Heavy fog on road to Yass. Took detour in Yass to see where I took holidays as a girl.

Just about to Cowra for morning tea when the crankshaft in Mike and Kathy's car went. Had to leave it there to be carried home on a fruit truck. All their gear loaded into Doug and Nancy's Van. Luckily, we had 2 spare seats. So, Kathy with Tricia and Mike with me. Lost 2 hours there. Next stop Wellington. Peter and Jo, Tim and Pym, Mike and I arrive at Molong ahead of others so stopped to wait. Lost another 2 hours. Tricia headed for Wellington, Via Orange, not Molong. Kind people who'd been in the rally and knew our cars drove Peter right back to Canowindra - didn't find anyone.

We decided to go on to Wellington, where man at Ambulance Station said he had seen Tricia and Doug and Nancy go through, so we headed on to Dubbo. Found them there! Boy,

Ructions in the camp that night. Lots of friction all round, looking like Mike have to start wearing dresses if we hadn't have found Doug and Nancy with his clothes!

Tuesday, 22nd March - On road at first light - no breakfast, all cars to be joined by imaginary piece of string. Lots of route planning and discussions and off to Coonabarabran, via Mendooran. Breakfast at Coonabarabran and on to Tamworth for lunch. Trouble free day, to

arrive in freezing rain at Armidale for overnight stop.

Henry and Iris Anderson (Iris was blue with cold in the open Overland) caught us there and we all went to R.S.L. for dinner that night. Pokies very kind to us.

Wednesday, 23rd March - Away early again today. All now looking forward to being home. Tricia decided to leave us and cut across to the Coast. But at every possible point she would

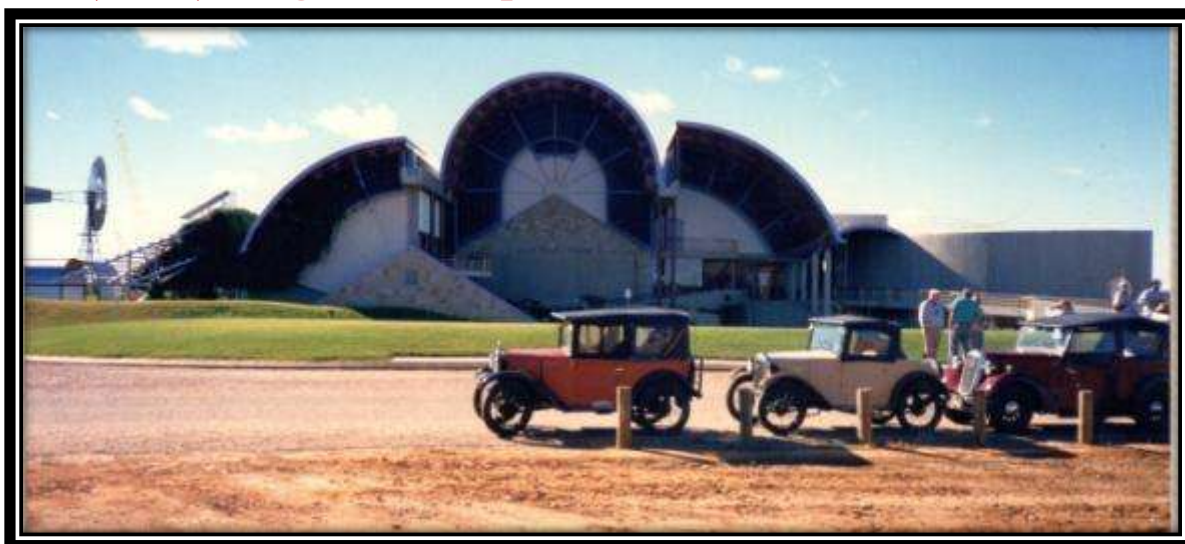


decide to continue with us. She came all the way to Brisbane in the end because she needed "some to love" her.

We had a good trip home with cold and rain most of the way. An interesting trip over Cunningham's Gap in the mist and rain. Last cuppa at Aratula. At beginning of Centenary Highway on Ipswich Road the remaining 4 cars gathered for the last time to congratulate each other and ourselves on a really wonderful 2,500 mile journey in cars all 60 years old. Haven't yet drunk our booze from Wineries. We'll have a Post-Mortem Party and celebrate then. Got home -arrived home whilst Jo and I unpacked the car. After talking our heads off - into my own bed at last.

(Barbara Parker - from original newsletter)

The (First) Longreach Leap- June 1989





The original idea belonged to the Vintage Car Club of Qld. who invited the Austin 7 Register to join them on the rally, which was eventually organised by the Austin 7 Register and became known as "The Longreach Leap".



A Rally of this scale was a first for the Austin 7 Register, but the members wholeheartedly put their efforts into making it a huge success.

PHOTO Monty and Rex regrouping West of Toowoomba.

Altogether there were 6 Austin Sevens, 1 Austin Twelve and a veteran Renault, forty members in total (including six from the Vintage Car Club), plus back-up vehicles, completed the run. Many members expressed a desire to participate but weren't able to spare the time. We also had a member who came along as far as Roma in his Dodge (and equipped with flour bombs! Now he has seen the light and drives a Ruby)

Saturday, 17th June saw the first leg of the journey. It was wet and miserable, but nevertheless we arrived in Miles shortly after lunch, settled into the Caravan Park and were able to spend an enjoyable afternoon at the Miles Historical Village.

An early start saw us on our way to morning tea at Roma (put on by the Historical Car Club), lunch at the pub at Amby, reaching our next destination, Charleville, by early evening.

Blackall was our next stop. After photographs by the local papers, we were on our way from Charleville. We arrived mid-afternoon at the Caravan Park and settled in.

That evening we all enjoyed a Bush Tucker Night around the campfire with music and a singsong.



Tuesday dawned, everybody was ready to roll, and we had our first breakdown (one of the modern vehicles). This delayed us a little, but we still managed to visit the Black Stump and a few other places of interest.

PHOTO We made it!!!!

We were all eager to reach Longreach. We re-grouped once more in front of the sign "Welcome to Longreach", where a toast was drunk, and all the Vintage Cars drove into Longreach together where we were immediately spied by the local press outside the Post Office.

A pleasant trip to Fernhurst Station where we stayed before our visit to the Hall of Fame on Wednesday. It got very cold overnight and we were nearly all in tents!

Thursday saw us off again, this time to Emerald. A day's rest for some, while others had a trip to the gem fields to make their fortune.

Saturday, we set off for Biloela, where we parted company on the Sunday - some having to return home via Nanango, while the rest stayed on for a day of site seeing, then on to Harvey Bay for two days before finally heading for home.



We covered over 2,000 miles and apart from minor problems (dirty petrol, dirt causing generator not to function, starter motor breakdown (no problem cars have crank handles) and a puncture). We were very pleased with the overall performance and the Austin 7's averaged about 30-35 miles per gallon.

As a first rally, it has been a learning process and we have realised that we would have liked to have had a little more time en route. We found that we had to keep on the move to reach our destinations in time and a lot of people missed out on seeing the cars which were of great interest to everybody. (One member at Longreach said he hadn't had time to spend any money!) *PHOTO Porkchop and the Big 7 crossing a flooded causeway.*



We would like to thank the Hall of Fame for their help in the early stages by providing information and helping us to contact people interested in helping us.

Mike & Kathy McGuill. (from original newsletter)

The First Austins Over Australia Easter At Tamworth - 1991

Friday, 20th March, the stars were shining brightly, and the full Easter moon smiled over the Singleton home. Out in the front yard two strange shapes emerged from the shadows. Tim Braby's Chummy and Geoff Singleton's Arrow Roadster. Geoff and my son, Craig, were ensconced in the drivers' seats and the Rally was on for the four of us at 3:30 a.m. However, we were not the first Austin Sevens to be on the road. The Pavan's and the Dorman's had started off early in the week, making it a leisurely trip, both families trailering their cars from Yandina and Maroochy respectively. Also on trailers, but leaving on the Thursday, were the Austins of Tim Braby., the Guthries and the Dannenberg's. The McGuills left Brisbane on the Thursday, but shewing much fortitude and power, drove their Sports. The Clarks, our backup, and Neville Derrick, placed their babies on trailers and left a little later than we did on the Friday.

All went well on the run down to Tamworth, except for the fact that at Deepwater, we stopped for morning tea at a park down a side street. Horror of horrors'.

We sat helplessly munching our biscuits and saw our back-up vehicle, Neville, Doug and Ross, fly by. Arriving at Tamworth, the gang thought we had been highjacked and were much relieved to see us arrive????

The Caravan Park was appropriately named "The Austin Caravan Park" and so, of course, we were well looked after. When we registered, we each received sample bags of goodies which consisted of maps, etc. Tim, Neville and Ross Jnr. spent hours colouring the pictures in and were seen rummaging in other bags for more. We all had tea in our own cabins and 'crashed' in our respective beds.

To our dismay, the next morning was overcast. The rain pelted down, and the covers went over the cars. Events were postponed a little and our intrepid shoppers, led by Cathy, Rhonda and Robyn, roared off into Tamworth to buy the winter woollies. Pym, of course, did a little reconnoitring of the Woolies checkout girls.

Arriving back at the Caravan Park, we were told the static display was 'on' up at Munro's Mill.



Austin 7 Register of Queensland Inc. 1967 – 2017



It was a little damp underfoot, but we enjoyed fraternising with the other Austins that were on display.



We enjoyed browsing through the antiques in the Mill and later some of us partook of the salad lunch provided with the other Austineers, while others went off to purchase their own.

Later, it was a very difficult exercise to prise Rex and Ross (Junior or Senior?) out of the hotel opposite.

Assembled together again, we were given our instructions for the short run to the Oxley Lookout. Unfortunately, the view was marred by the rain, but we valiantly drove on to the Endeavour Marsupial Park. Here it was hard to determine which were the galahs!

Soon we were back at the Caravan Park, where we entertained visitors from the Sydney Austin 7 Club, Peter and Dawn Abell and Mark Higgins, in our cabin with most of our group. Mark and Peter informed us of the National A7 Rally in Canberra next Easter, which will be run over a whole week.

Then it was a rush to shower and be 'beautiful' for the dinner at the Tamworth Bowls Club. Here we were divided up, which enabled us to make new acquaintances and talk Austin talk on a big scale. The meal was delicious, but it took quite an effort by Doug to restrain Robyn from rushing out to the Pokies. Mike kindly escorted me to the one-armed bandits, but neither of us won anything with our twenty cents apiece.



Robyn, by this time, had quite a little gathering, marvelling at her skill and success. Awards and prizes were given during the night and many of us were lucky. (Tim was seen the next morning blacking the tyres of

his sports with his prize, after he had washed the mud off them). After the show had finished, Tony Pavan astonished us all with his rendition of 'South of the Border' to accompany him as he needed some support. We have been booked for the Christmas Season at the Club. All we need is a Manager. Any offers?

Later on, at the Caravan Park, there were some strange noises in the night when two furtive shadows emerged from the Clark's cabin to throw rocks onto the roofs of the cabins where Ross and Rex lay snoring. I wonder why they didn't hear the noise?

Sunday morning dawned clear and bright, the covers came off and soon we were gathering at the Rally point at the park. It was a grand sight to see so many Austins together, but it is my humble opinion that the Sevens attracted the most attention from the locals. It was an



observation run out to the Chaffey Dam and we did drive through some magnificent country to arrive there. We all did well on the run, which was won by our Craig Singleton and his navigator. Leila Maraun.

We had morning tea at a lovely camping ground. Here we all cheered Tim when he finally arrived, after taking the wrong turn. (Seriously, Pym had directed him on to the dam deliberately to check it out for us). Winding up our elastic bands, we were off to the dam. It was a beautiful sight and so peaceful. We all enjoyed a hearty lunch and good company. It was heartening to see how much our mute friend from Melbourne enjoyed a ride in Mike's car. Let it be known that I am not responsible for the dastardly behaviour of my husband and son when they stole Rex's car, Monty, from outside the ladies' toilet and made Joyce and Cathy walk back to the picnic spot. Some of us were lucky to visit the Renault rallyists who were also on a Rally there.

Back towards Tamworth we soon headed, to stop briefly at the Tamworth Country Music Hall of Fame. There was some confusion on arriving though, as two of our members had engaged in 'wife swapping' on the way. I really enjoyed my run with Mike, but no one told me Mike grew horns when he sat behind the steering wheel!

Can anyone explain Cathy's remark when she climbed out of Geoff's Arrow "It is not so hot in Geoff's car as Mike's!"

Later we arrived back safely, although Doug was seen, flying backwards down the main street, something about petrol not running uphill? Soon it was time for the Barbecue at the Caravan Park, this had great atmosphere, with roaring fires and Ross Snr. and Doug helping out with the barbie. Following the meal, presentations were made, the Pavan's, the Clarks and Craig winning some nice prizes, well done! Then we all enjoyed some singing, accompanied by an accordion played by our host's father.

Finally, we had to move off to bed as we had to start early in the morning for home. Doug and Robyn were to leave a little later than us, acting as our back-up.

Everyone else stayed to go on to Dubbo by modern car.

Thank you, Austin Motor Vehicle Club of Queensland, for organising 'Austins over Australia'. It was a job well done! *June Singleton (from original newsletter)*

Easter at Tamworth - The Post Rally Trip to Dubbo

Monday morning dawned - the Singletons and the Pavans had flown the coop, but we were all up to see the Clarks off on their homeward journey. After breakfast we set off on a wild goose chase looking for Big Austin 7 parts, which turned to be Austin 8. A quick visit to the airport to see an "Avro" and back home for lunch.

After our rest day on Monday, Neville Derrick left the group and headed to Nambour.

The four remaining Austin Sevens were left under the home of Frank and Edwards for safe keeping. (We all hoped that he would let us have them back on our return from Dubbo).

Under clear blue skies we set off for Dubbo (300 km). The group now consisted of the Guthrie family, Rex and Joyce Dannenberg, Tim and Pym, Kathy and Mike McGuill.

After a four hour journey we arrived safely in Dubbo and went straight to visit the Dubbo Goal. With a bit of fast talking, Rhonda got us all in at a discount, only to discover that one of the flock had gone astray (guess who?), Tim was given a leave of absence from the goaler while he got his camera sorted up at chemist. The Goal was certainly worth a visit, after which we made our way to the caravan park to settle in before dining out at the R.S.L.

After breakfast at MacDonald's on Wednesday morning, we set off for the Zoo, Rex wasn't to be outdone and asked for a group discount, which we got.

The layout of the Zoo made it possible to view the animals at close quarters which we all enjoyed.



Some of us found that it was just as easy to walk around but our chauffers had to keep going back to pick up the cars.

The Maned Wolf made us sit up and take notice of him - he never stopped moving and we realised why when we got up wind of him - the smell was atrocious, We spent a pleasant four hours at the Zoo and headed back to Dubbo for lunch, while Tim got a puncture fixed.

When we arrived back at Tamworth we were all tired and after something to eat we settled down for the night.

We had decided to break our homeward journey at Stanthorpe and we were lucky enough to get the same unit again. Rhonda had had enough of packing and unpacking so they stayed in a motel. On their advice we found a great place for our ever meal, after which we went to view an old chassis of unknown origins (photos have been taken).

Rex and Joyce called in at a service station to fill up with petrol, they were told that there was an Austin 7 dumped in gully 10 miles out of Dubbo in Fiddlers Creek.

We had a break at Coonabarabran to try to locate a source of Vintage Cars Ross had known about some sixteen years earlier. The man he was looking for was out of town, but Ross got a phone number.

The last leg of the journey was delayed with a bit of distributor trouble, it was solved before the decision of whose car was coming off the trailer to way for the Sports and we left for home around 9:30 a.m.

Everyone arrived home safe and well after a great holiday.

Mike McGuill. (from original newsletter)

70th Anniversary National Austin 7 Rally Canberra - 1992



17th April (Good Friday); at last the day of departure has arrived, all the preparations finished, no time left for last minute changes! The 'rig', consisting of a 15 year old Toyota Cressida (named 'Crissie'), plus a red, cream and black trailer carrying a red, cream and black Austin 7, pulls out of Kedron at 7 a.m., pausing only at 7th Avenue to pick up Navigator Pym. We make good time



that day, having late lunch at Tenterfield. Trip remarkable for avenues of rainbow hued autumn trees through the New England area.

Arrive at the Austin Caravan Park, Tamworth, where we are treated like royalty by Frank and Christine Edwards. Whilst having afternoon tea. Rex and Joyce and 'Monty' arrive as well!

Frank takes us all for a drive in his 1929 Dodge to visit his mate Bert who has a few cars! Rex loved the Indian and sidecar Bert and his wife toured N.Z. in last February.

Spied an alloy crankcase amongst the debris out the back, told it and other bits were Austin 20, free for the taking!

That night, we were all treated to a nice home cooked meal, the conversation centring mainly around N.Z. travels and the trials of owning a Caravan Park. Early to bed for us all!

Saturday 18th April: Up early. Monty leaves first, Joyce leaving her jewellery behind in the unit. Luckily the cleaner found them whilst Rex got petrol from 'Bogas', just across the road.

I also filled up, only to find that I had left the fuel cap at Wallangarra. - Thank goodness for the external hatch!

The roads are quieter and flatter today, but a much longer journey. Frank suggested we travel through Gulgong, only striking the main road at Wellington where Pym and I had 'Country Split' sandwiches. Rex and Joyce have gone to Dubbo, so we said farewell at Mullaley.

Finally reach Cousin Marie and Colin's property at Goondah (14 kms from Binalong) at 6 p.m. in the dark. Once more treated royally with lashings of food and cups of tea.

We make plans next week to pop in whilst visiting Binalong Motor Museum with the Queensland crowd to see genuine shearing in progress.

Collapse at 10 p.m. into a soft bed to dream of the forthcoming week!

Awoken thrice by passing trains. After all the main railway line between Sydney and Melbourne is only 50 feet away!

19th April (Easter Sunday): We awake to the sounds of country life, chores being attended to before morning Mass at Binalong for the Cousins. We promise to have the Wasp off the trailer before they arrive back. Have time to do dishes, off load the Wasp, and pack 'Crissie'.

Pym and I then head back up the road to Emu Flat, where Mum's family once lived, but now owned by a cousin in Sydney. Primarily a sheep property, it was purchased nearly 100 years ago, and holds lots of happy memories of childhood holidays. The original corrugated iron assemblage that was home to 6 kids is no longer, thanks to a bush fire, but the other faded 2 bedroomed house with the railway sleeper floored veranda, with weathered trees around it, is still in occasional use, 60 years after it was built by my Uncle.

I took several photos, then Pym and I were bailed up by a guard sheep, a cantankerous old wether that obviously had been a pet at one time. We thought he was trying to ram us, but he was only playing!

Got home 2 seconds before my cousins, who then were able to admire the 'Wasp' in the daylight. A couple of runs up and down the road, and a photo session later, it was time to head to Canberra!

Pym drove the Toyota and trailer, whilst I drove the Wasp into Canberra, arriving at the Motor Village near Black Mountain, to be greeted by Ross and Rhonda and Cathie D., who had flown down, the Ruby travelling by transporter.

Wasp and Trailer were left outside Chez Guthrie, as we were not staying there that night.



Instead, it was off to visit more 'relies' on the southside of Canberra. We were greeted by Cousin Patricia and my Uncle Ted and Auntie Neena.

Wine beer and rum flowed well that night, especially as Pym and my Uncle Ted are both ex-'Diggers' who served in the Pacific!

Late to bed!



Monday 20th April:

In the morning we venture back to the Motor Village which is rapidly filling up with A7's of all shapes and colours! Find Robyn and Doug Clark with their two young sons have arrived, the

Sports safely stored under the van annexe. Ross is happy as the Ruby had materialised earlier. Suddenly Queenslanders are popping in and out everywhere.

Tony and Lois Pavan find Rex and Joyce have squatted in their van! Peter and Nell Dorman are just up from Chez Guthrie, while Dennis and Lynn Gillbard show up in a white Japanese buzzbox, their Austin 1800 tender vehicle had a hernia in Toowoomba, so the Chummy had to stay at home! Also find Mike James and Peter Goldsworthy pushing my old Chummy 'Porkchop' around and dismantling various components in order to get her to run right! (Sorry guys, the warranty just ran out!).

Finally, the Hebblewhites roll in and Trevor is happy to find a chair to sit and sip his rum in! Lots of other familiar faces appear, the Booths, Styles, McIlroys and Ducats from Melbourne, and the Abell's from N.S.W.

We all congregate in a relatively small hall on the campsite grounds to register, buy any small souvenirs (tee-shirts, badges and stickers) or those much needed bits for your car.

I purchased an aluminium side plate and sports step plate to take home. Judges are briefed for the selection of the various categories. Doug, Ross and I are sworn into the brotherhood of Judges!

A delicious meal is served afterwards, and many people are busy obtaining signatures for their Rally Souvenir Booklets.

Finally retire to a warm van (turned on the heater earlier) and try to sleep by counting A7's jumping cattle grids. Vow never to drink beer on a cold night again!

TUESDAY, 21st APRIL: Allowed to luxuriate in bed till 7 a.m. Bit nippy outside, promise of a fine, if crisp, day to tour Canberra in style.

At last all the 'Minnows' group together (well, most). Over 100 assemble at the Banksia Street Park, giving the commuting Federal public servants something to talk about on the way to work! Time to take photos and for the judges to compare notes.

We are to be escorted in groups of 10 by vehicles from the local Antique and Classic Club. Our group is led by a red Chevrolet, driven by an ex Federal Policeman, who helps us around overzealous car park attendants.



First stop is the Site of the proposed National Museum near Black Mountain, consisting an information pavilion and lookout over a large grassed paddock.

Back onto the expressway over to the Red Hill Lookout (722 m.) in South Canberra, superb views across Capitol Hill and Lake Burley Griffin. A fairly steep climb to the top but they all made it! Now we all rattle down the hill and straight along Melbourne Avenue towards Parliament House. What a sight with a straggling line of Sevens as far as the eye can see!

Here we turn off behind the old P.H. and seek a parking spot. Here our Piloting Chevymakes short work of one officious parking attendant who doesn't want to know us!

Eventually park on the grass within a short walk to our next destination, the High Court of Australia, a very imposing edifice, which seems an awful lot of building for just a few rooms!

We next travel to the highest spot in Canberra, the Telecom Tower on Black Mountain

The Wasp eats the climb with ease, pausing only to pass a slow 'Ruby', first at the top!

After parking, it is a long lift ride up the tower to the Kiosk and Observation Decks. Fantastic

360° view all round. Funny to see little matchboxes below, still climbing the hill - slow A7's!

After we meet up with the less adventurous who went straight into the Botanical Gardens at the foot of the Mountain. Here we find examples of nearly all the varieties of eucalypt, (literally 100's!), all different in various and subtle ways.

Time for afternoon tea, meet with the Hebblewhites and Jones. Table next to us is occupied by a trio of Crows, regrettably a waitress shoo's them on!

Our final port of call is out front of the new Parliament House, a sunny, but windy spot(who mentioned about hot air rising?)

90 plus Baby Austins line up for a family 'snap-shot'. What a sight! Rex and Trevor running around videoing everything. Why not! We even get all the people away from the cars, so we can take our photos. This has to be the climax of the trip!

Just to be different, whilst the others leave, we Qld'ers stay put for a more select group of Big

Red, Wasp, Brown Rover, Meteor, Porkchop, Green Ant, Batmobile and Chocolate Monty, also Peter and Dawn Abel's Chummy, and 'Grandma', the far-travelled Roadster of Bryant and Eunice Lawson of Atherton.

Eventually back home to scrub up for a quiet night out at the Lyneham Workers Club.

Quite a remarkable building



that incorporates a bicycle museum and about 6 old trams, plus a piano bar, Fordson Tractor and pedal cars! You have to see it to believe it! The meals were very good and cheap, financed by those darn one armed bandits!

WEDNESDAY, 22nd APRIL: Up early to prepare for another day of rallying, this time out in the country. Weather overcast and cool. Assemble at Banksia Street again. Miraculously most of the cars show up, although 'Porkchop' throws a tantrum.

First stop, Uriarra Crossing for 'Smoko'. Here we find a tranquil, riverside visage, of slowly flowing water, rocks, sand and tall trees. Here the Judges get serious and start short listing cars, so much off for non-originality and road grime, some confusion over categories particularly between 'Sports' and 'Special' types.

Next stop the Cotter Dam, where we park side by side along an autumn gold avenue, a lunch with our feet upon a carpet of leaves. Rex and Joyce seen emerging from an Ice Cream shop with tempting desserts - start of a rush!

Tummies and Chummies full, it is off to the Tidbinbilla Nature Reserve, a beautiful spot with scenic valley view all round, ideal painter's aspect. Weather a bit nippy, all animals are curled up in their burrows!

Long drive home via Tuggeranong. The Wasp deviates from the others, followed by Trevor's Big 7. Wasp stops. Trevor shouts, "Where are you going?" Reply, "The shops!"

Dinner at the Workers Club again, only this time busier as the word has got around the camp about the cheap food!

THURSDAY, 23rd APRIL: Most of the Banana-Benders are going into town for a day off but the Wasp is to return to Binalong and the O'Mara's Farm. Find a small (but select group of 3 A7's and 4 moderns about to undergo the trek, most put off by the reports a bumpy road (true)!

88 kms later, we arrive at the Binalong Motor Museum, situated in a tiny little town that has only recently been discovered by Canberran's in search of a country retreat.

The Museum, although not large, has some very interesting sporting cars, including a brace of



Bugatti's, an immaculate Citroen 5 cv Roadster and a Napier 2 seater.

Lunch, provided by the Museum, was Lamb on the Spit, washed down by a 'bottomless' cup of coffee. Having seen the cars (only took 20 minutes) the Wasp absented itself to check out some of the local history. One of Ben Hall's associates, Frank Gardiner, is buried here (shot by the 'Traps' at Emu Flat) as well as that of Andrew Bogle Patterson, Banjo's Dad.

Our now reduced band of 2 A7's and 2 moderns call in to 'Clanmara' at Goondah

on the way back to Yass, where shearing is going full bore in Cousin Colin's new shed. No touristy plastic sheep here folks, this is the real thing, with the smell of lanoline, sweat and dust. The 'boys' knock off for smoko, while all the grandkids take turns in being 'Wasped' around the paddock. Next Great-Grandma Clancy is gently eased in. She says it is very uncomfortable for a lady nearly as old as the century, but what a thrill! As a reward for us all Cousin Marie has a table ready, weighted down with cake and tea.

Sadly, we bid farewell, and are soon heading back to camp!

Retire to bed exhausted again!

FRIDAY, 24th APRIL: All up early, polishing mudguards and checking oil, for we off to the final day of Display and Gymkhana events.

Find ourselves around behind the Fairbairn RAA F Base, in a nice grassy field (not so nice after



we left!!), and segregated into Static and Kinetic forms (i.e. Concours and Gymkhana). There also was a mini swap meet of sorts, with different types of Club regalia for sale but very little in the way of bits for cars as such.

The Gymkhana events are very entertaining and very novel, including such items as 'Blind-folded Driver know your Horn' and a 'Timed Slalom' course: ideas for future rally organisers? *PHOTO Joyce Dannenberg was seen riding on Chocolate Monty's running board, not unusual for a lady who spends more time outside her car than in, helping to push, lighten the load up steep hills!* This being the last time for all the cars to be together, group

photo sessions were organised, particularly Ruby Saloons, the 3 Big 7's and 3 very impressive sports cars, in fact a nosey Wasp, a nose less Wasp and a Wasp less nose!

All too soon the day was over, with only the big Dinner left to go. Sad to see the cars being loaded onto trailers.

We all get dolled up for the evening. Pym insists his 'Safari' suit is legitimate 'period costume! After much driving we eventually find the Canberra Workers Club and file in for our free complimentary pink bubbly. A good ploy. All the serious drinkers rush to the bar to wash away the taste! Dinner is nice tucker (but not a patch on the 25th Dinner!) with dancing for the gregarious and gracious afterwards, mingled with lucky door prize few!) and official rally winners' trophies. Doug and Robyn got the best Sports, while Trevor and Donna won the overall Gymkhana Trophy - Gold to Queensland! Off to bed a bit later than usual!

SATURDAY, 25th APRIL: A cold and sad misty morn as trailers loaded with precious cargo head off back to their home states. Some brave souls actually drive their A7's (Been there, done that in 1988)

The Clarkes and Hebblewhites leave early, followed by Mike and Peter towing 'Pork Chop', Ross and Rhonda are staying a while yet as they are flying home, the Ruby ignominiously loaded on a transporter!

Final farewells and the 'Rig', with the 'Wasp' strapped down securely, moves out, northward bound. We pass a convoy of local vintage cars off on a daytime run, and rapidly overtaken by a car/trailer carrying one of the low slung A7 specials, giving a friendly toot as he heads off to South Oz.

Just for a change of scenery, we drive north westerly through Yass, past the Cherry orchards of Young, and Ben Hall's Grave at Forbes, finally stopping at Parkes in a nice, clean Council run Caravan Park. Feel we are really in the country, flat red soil plains, gun barrel roads and very little traffic.

Watch the sunset from the top of the local lookout, which is also site of the War Memorial realise it is Anzac Day! So, we go and have a meal at the R.S.L., not at all crowded, whereas the hotel down the road has about 40 motorbikes parked around it.



SUNDAY, 28th APRIL: Feeling very refreshed, we set off to Tamworth, but first the Radio Telescope just out of town. Very interesting, but we cannot linger too long. Catch up with the traffic at Dubbo where we have smoko. Back on the highway, 16 kms south of Coonabarabran, where the Cressida's generator light was on. Thinking I will check it out at our imminent fuel stop, but suddenly rising temperature causes an immediate cessation of movement. Fan belt reduced to bits, lucky I carried a spare! Rest of day's journey uneventful, but tedious as dusk meets us at Gunnedah. Thankfully we arrive at Tamworth and the excellent hospitality of Frank and Christine of the Austin caravan Park, I don't think every camper is given a roast meal in the manager's home; and the kids put on a wrestling match for us at the dinner table whilst Mum and Dad were attending to customers! Spent a pleasant evening talking cars, rallies and people!

MONDAY, 27th APRIL: Straight forward trip home, dropping off Pym at home first.
Tim Braby (from original newsletter)

Qld. And NSW Austin 7 Club Clan Gathering at Woolgoolga - April 1994

Thursday, 25/3 - I finish work at noon, thinking to miss bulk of pre-Easter (ha!). Pick up trailer, Pym and his suitcase and load up Willie Wasp at home. Fill up Chrissie Cressida's fuel tank at 54.90 a litre and hit the arterial road. 3 hours later we slowly creep over NSW border in biggest traffic jam the Coast has seen. Lot of rain, accidents and impatient drivers. Best was the boat trailer that lost a wheel, which we followed for nearly 1 km after it fell off on the road! Finally make it to Lismore at 6:30 p.m., at the Lakeside motel, where met by Robyn and Doug, June and Geoff (who are bravely driving Samson) and later Rhonda, Ross and Ian.

Friday, 26/3 - See Samson off early to W. (Woolgoolga) while waiting for Brian and Rita King to arrive, which they do just after breakfast, in time for a quick cuppa. The convoy is off once more now we have regrouped, and it is a speedy and uneventful trip down thru' Casino and Grafton. We become tail-end-Charlies, and just 15 kms north of W. (Woolgoolga) our trailer shed its LHS tyre tread. Soon on the way again though. Find W. very easily. It is dominated by a roundabout on the Pacific Highway and two large Sikh Indian temple buildings in dazzling white! "Samson" is waiting for us at our A7 over-run Motel, along with some early NSW arrivals, as well as Rex and Joyce with "Monty". Others arrive very quickly whilst we unload A7's and pack trailers. Peter Goldsworthy and his mum Evon arrive in their Big Red Ute from Gympie, Maurie and Rhonda Maher bring their newly finished 1935 Roadster in its own covered trailer, and a contingent of elderly Dodges from Tamworth, driven by A7 owners, the Edwards, Larkhams and their friends, the Maggs and Nixons. At night there is a very enjoyable BBQ as we all get to know each other better. Most of the food came down from Brisbane as it was Good Friday and not much was open. This was supplemented with local fish, which apparently was 'delish'!



Saturday 27/3 ... Up early, watching others go on enervating walks, find Rhonda in room reserved for Rally HQ, sorting out rally paperwork, have a cup of coffee while we discuss rally. After breaky, take Willie up to local lookout, superb view, and arrive back to find babies being arranged for group photo. crowded as all shops are open. Further south we leave Pacific Hwy. at Raleigh to turn inland, regrouping spot as some cars miss turn! We find Bellingen a very busy spot as farmers and hippies mingle for shopping. Two hiccups as Samson has fuel pump problems and Ross and Rhonda's Tourer drops its radius rods! Poor Ross spends most of his time at B. under the car removing a broken radius ball, which was welded by a local garage. Wee Willie finds his past here where he sat for 30 years in a garage in the main street, and I was able to contact a previous owner (over

50 years ago!) by phone.

We decide to cancel our trip up to Dorrigo due to the breakdowns and reports of how steep the road will be! Instead we travelled back to W. at our own pace, find poor Samson stopped. He ends up on the trailer to be carefully attended to in the comfort of the Motel, whilst a few succumb to the temptations of the Beer and Pokies at the R.S.L.!

At night we all descend on the local spaghetti palace for dinner, with much mirth and laughter as all unwind, at last it feels like a holiday!

SUNDAY, 28/3 - Back to Coffs again to visit the harbour-side markets and other tourist venues. Find markets in a very claustrophobic underground carpark, buy some food, a couple of cheap novels and spot a nice lift-up petrol cap for Mr Ted. For a breath of sea air, we stroll out along the breakwater, past a few dollars' worth of yachts onto 'Muttonbird' Island, a sanctuary for these





sea birds to put burrows to hatch and raise their chicks. It is a good steep climb up on to the Island, but worth it for the spectacular views of sea and land. We all grab a bite to eat going back to our cars, delicious seafood for some, whilst myself and the Bales buy the world's best hamburgers out of an unpretentious van away from the smell of fish (I'm allergic!)

Off again, this time pausing at the Big Banana where the tourists take more photos of our cars than the Big B! Much mirth as we examine the contents of the novelty shop. A few gents aspired to the caps with attached hair, whilst Rhonda was fascinated by the naughty nickers! It was strange to see normally conservative chaps driving back to W. with long hair streaming in the breeze, the licentious lingerie was for later!

Great time had by all at our final dinner as a group at the local Bowls Club. Rhonda at her most animated as she awards special 'prizes' to various victims, and we all have sore cheeks from laughing continuously for nearly an hour! Some of the richly deserved prizes were: a tube of anti-seize compound for Frank Edward's jaw (what a yarn spinner!) a bottle of water for Joyce Dannenberg to keep her cool when 'Monty' breaks down; joke spectacles for our optometrist mate Peter Goldsworthy to frighten his clients; a pair of surgical gloves for Doug Clarke to wear when polishing the alloy Sports; the Editor received a glove also to use when removing Easter Bunny droppings (little chocky eggs really) from the Wasp. However, the best was reserved for Merv Boatwright of Sydney a special pair of male panty hose (correct in all details) to wear for early starts at those cold southern swap meets. At first Merv wasn't too sure where to wear them, so they went on his head for a while, but plenty of ladies were willing to demonstrate the correct way for him! We all crashed that night

MONDAY, 29/3 - Sad to see many of our friends leaving for home, especially Brian and Rita King, with the Meteor lost upon its huge trailer, along with a few of our new southern mates. No time to fret, though, we are off on another run, this time linking up with some of the local Coffs Club.

The 'Wasp' nearly didn't make a start. Its little gear lever broke off before leaving the Motel. The others wonder why I am laughing as I neatly unscrew the lever off the 4speed box, go to the Toyota's boot and return with the lever off the Austin 10 box that is there. Presto, it goes straight on, only need to bend the lever a bit to avoid hitting the dash in 3rd!

Off at last to Coffs to meet up back at our Saturday destination. On the way, more bad luck as a hapless bird suicides in front of the 'Wasp'. Unfortunate as I did not see it until after it hit, although one pedestrian acted as though I deliberately ran the bird down! First stop is the Sealy Lookout, overlooking Coffs. Pity it is cloudy and threatening to rain. Still, an excellent viewpoint.

It actually does rain as we go on to our next stop, Glenreagh, a quiet little spot on a river that is so tranquil that automatically the cameras are all out snapping away.

We enjoy a nice drop of Toohey's and a counter lunch at the Golden Dog Hotel.

The day marches on, so back to W. to rest and freshen up before dinner at the local R.S.L.

TUESDAY, 30/3 - More "deserters" next morning. The Bales leave to visit family at Lismore, the "stragglers" left to do their own thing. Our group, consisting of the Dannenberg's, Guthries, Larkhams, Singletons and Pym and myself decide to see the local sights. First up to the W. Headland to take in the view, next the W. Lake, where the tide is out. Not as nice as the postcard I bought!



PHOTO Decide to visit the Sikh Temple that dominates the hill overlooking W. Very imposing, but quite austere inside.

Next stop, Coffs, pausing to check out a beach nearby first, but soon off again, heading to south Coffs and the "Model Craftsmen Centre". This is a must for anyone who likes machinery, especially the self-propelled type. Here we see exact scale replicas of trains, boats and planes that in most cases function exactly the same way as the real thing. *PHOTO Pride of place however*

has to be the Kenworth Truck and Trailer that is nearly half the length of the real one, and just as complex as a real vehicle. It was designed and built to carry miniature trains into buildings for display purposes, just that the builder couldn't stop adding extras, such as a sound system!

Back to W. to unwind with a quiet ale or two and swap yarns.

WEDNESDAY, 31/3 -At last, the Austins get a rest (except for poor 'Samson', who is on his way back to Maleny) as we visit Bellingen and the Dorrigo Plateau. Pym and I hitch a ride with the Guthries in the Range Rover, followed by Rex and Joyce, Aileen, Steven and Peter G. and his Mum. We briefly stop at Bellingen, where I get to look in the garage where the 'Wasp'



resided all those years ago. Ross buys a special gizmo for his CB, and Peter finds a hat with a solar powered fan! Onward to Dorrigo, up a steep narrow road reminiscent of Cunningham's Gap, only with breath taking views of the Ocean.

Find Dorrigo a pleasant quiet spot, with lots to see around the plateau. Most intrigued by the hill covered by dozens of old steam locos and rolling stock, the result of a planned Railway Museum that is currently being dragged through the courts because of some \$3 million that went missing! Have a pleasant lunch overlooking the Dangar Falls.

Last stop the 'Skywalk' at the Dorrigo Rainforest Centre. This is an elevated walkway that simply juts off the edge of the Plateau, ending many, many feet above the virgin rainforest below, and an excellent view of the bush and mountains beyond.

Back to W. to load the 'Wasp' and 'Monty' on to their trailers and rest before tomorrow's big trek back to Brisbane (yuk!).

THURSDAY, 1/4 - Time to travel home! The Dannenberg's stay a bit longer, but the Guthries and the Goldsworthy's are to travel north as well. The faithful Toyota with its precious load of sporting A7 leaves first, letting the others catch up. We are only 50 kms north of W. when bang!

the right hand trailer tyre goes down, sending shreds of tube flying everywhere, so back on with the spare just as Peter and his Mum arrive. New tube fitted at Grafton, letting Peter go ahead. Just a few more kms. and bang goes the trailer again, this time the left side! New tube and this time a tyre as the mechanic says the retread we bought at W. is starting to delaminate! While waiting for service we wave down the Rover with its Ruby loaded behind. Ross and Rhonda decide to stick close by till we get home!

Stop at Lismore for lunch, and arrive at Kedron Just after 3 p.m., with no further mishaps. Phew!! Tim *(from original newsletter)*

Action in Armidale - Easter 1996

In Easter 1996, nearly 250 Veteran, Vintage and Classic Vehicles descended upon Armidale for the running of the 25th "Bush Council" Rally.

Hosted by the Classic and Specialist Car Club of Northern New South Wales Inc., this is an annual coming together of the Council of Country Antique Motor Clubs of N.S.W. 6 entrants



were fortunately allowed to enter from our own Club, despite a limit on entries (we got in early!). Those attending from Queensland included Brian and Rita King - 1929 Sports; Ted, Daphne, Stacy and Sharon Bale - 1933 10/4; Ross and Rhonda Guthrie, plus Cathy Dellit - 1937 Ruby; Doug and Robyn Clark - 1929 Sports; and Tim Braby and Pym Hills - 1932 10/4.

Other familiar faces seen were John and Robyn Ikin, whose Austin 16 wasn't quite finished to attend the Rally, plus Gary Cottle in 'Buttercup' motored up as well. *PHOTO A familiar face I hadn't seen for a few years was Bert Jackson, who lived at*



Margate Beach in 1981, restoring a 1930 Sports, and his wife was expecting. Now Bert and Ruth live in Uralla, the Austin 7 is on the road and the baby' is now a 15 year-old lad doing an excellent job as a Rally Marshall!

The whole event was extremely well organised, right from the start. Rally H.Q. was at "The Armidale School" (T.A.S.), a lovely collection of brick buildings in a magnificent setting of large playing fields and avenues of trees with autumn hues. The Rally started off on Good Friday with a static display and Rally Registration at T.A.S. Here we

received a very comprehensive rally pack with souvenir books, a lovely heavy car badge and other goodies in a calico bag (I still have mine in 2017). Most Queenslanders didn't arrive until midday after the long haul from Brisbane.

Despite feeling a bit weary, we head for T.A.S. for a sumptuous feed that night, travelling in style on board lovely old buses, especially driven up from the Sydney Bus and Tram Museum at Tempe, especially for the weekend. The Rally Director, David Carey, warmly welcomed us to the Rally.

Up early next morning, prior to a busy day of rallying, some cars are harder to start than others. One in particular, a blue Austin 10, rolled down 3 blocks before it would even think about firing

Time for the Official Rally Start, flagged off by Mayor Richard Torby, who hitches a ride in a veteran Talbot for our run around Armidale. Chaos supreme as nearly 250 old crocks throw all traffic in town into confusion. One Austin gets lost at a round-about. Part of the route is through a nursing home. No-one to guide us through; drove along every road in the place and only saw about 5 people waiting for us!

After that little run the cars all arrive back at T.A.S. for Concours Judging before lunch. Two of our little cars volunteer for inspection, but pull out when it is realised the winner must be



present at another Concours at Newcastle next year, same time as our Easter Rally.

PHOTO After lunch we hitch rides upon the vintage buses. The old double deckers are very popular with all ages. Our destination is the historic Saumarez Homestead, situated on one of the earliest razing properties in the district. Built as a single storey home in 1888, it was extended to a second storey in 1906. The house and most of its contents are still exactly as they were 70 years before it was ceded to the National Trust in 1976. Now visitors

can still see the decorations and soft furnishings in their original state, and stroll around the gardens and many out buildings.

Dinner that night was once again at T.A.S., followed by some light entertainment conducted by "Colonel Posonberry", but the tired Queenslanders opt out, settling instead for a monster feed at the R.S.L.

Next morning, we assemble at T.A.S. once more for another tour, this time down around Uralla, "Captain Thunderbolt" country. First stop is "Gostwyck", access unfortunately over 10 kms of fine white dust (had we gone to the dinner the night before, we would have been told of another access over sealed roads). One poor gent with a freshly restored Nash Coupe was not amused. Personally, I thought the destination did make the journey over dirt worthwhile, and added to the flavour of the weekend.

"Gostwyck" was first settled by Edward Gostwyck Cory, who was a squatter, and in 1834 acquired by William Dangar, whose family owned it for well over a century. But the old property was subdivided, one portion forming "Deeargee". Our morning tea was served in the "Deeargee" Woolshed, built in 1871 when shearing was done by hand. Today it is still in use, albeit with electric power. It would have to be one of the biggest woolsheds in existence, one end has a 3 layered conical roof section which allows in plenty of air and light. Wet sheep from the paddock can dry here overnight, before the day's shearing.

Driving out (over bitumen!) we pass the "Gostwyck Chapel, built as a memorial to Major Clive Dangar, a veteran of both the Boer and Great Wars. This ivy clad building, still in private ownership, placed at the end of an avenue of autumn clad elm trees, is typical of many large established properties which contained a virtually complete village, with employee's cottage, a store and many outbuildings.

On the return to T.A.S. and lunch, we passed through Uralla and a sign to Dangar Falls, deciding to visit them next day. After lunch we had an optional run to Hillgrove, a mining town, now virtually a ghost town, with most of its buildings long since pulled down. Only sign posts show where the local policeman, dressmaker and a small day school for young ladies once were.



However, the local museum gives a taste of the town's former worth, with enlargements of photos showing it at the turn of the century. Photos also show mammoth ore workings, the source of former prosperity.

Time to return to get ready for the final dinner, the Editor only pausing long enough to pose his Austin 10 next to its twin from Dubbo for a few quick photos.



That night final presentations are made, along with lucky number draws. We did not win any major individual prizes, but did score a plus for the best non-affiliated club. Unfortunately, the trophy was mislaid at the time, although a photo may be forthcoming!

Next morning the numbers were down for the final breakfast, some cars were already heading home, others being readied for their trip. The Kings and the Clarkes decided to get away after breaky, and so trailered their cars to T.A.S. So sad to see the cars and owners dispersing. We all had a superb time, thanks to the efficiency of the Rally Committee who

managed to keep all of us happy and busy most of the time.

In the afternoon those remaining either rested, or went touring, modern this time! We went to Uralla, checking out the craft shops, found an amazing second-hand book dealer who had a lot of interesting quality books, many of Australian history, as well as framed prints.

On to the Dangar Gorge and Falls, over a dusty road where we see a spectacular drop of 300 feet, although the drought had dried up the falls for the present.

That night we assembled for the last time, having an enjoyable feed at the Pizza Hut.

Next morning the two Austin 10's headed home, our trip home was uneventful, luckily, pausing only at Stanthorpe for petrol and a nice lunch at Warwick, with a quick walk around the shops to stretch the legs. Finally, home, with the car offloaded by 4 p.m., before the peak traffic build up.

(from original newsletter)

75th Anniversary National Austin 7 Rally - Maroochydore - 1997

Easter Friday - Maroochy River Resort Cars and trailers start arriving slowly at first, mostly the Rally Committee, families and others. Cause a stir amongst the incumbent "Parents without Partners" group, especially when they find a couple of bachelors in our party. 'Rocket' and Erby arrive from Wauchope with their colour matched cars.

Evening spent eating take away from Cotton Tree Fish'N'Chip shop.

Easter Saturday Time to get busy, the Committee is all assembled, along with willing helpers, to assemble nearly 125 Rally Packs, two assembly lines, one for the paper work, the other the little esky fill of goodies.

Concern as the supply of whisky miniatures dwindles quicker than the fluffy fabric softener. More cars arrive, highlight of the day when John and Lisa Wright (Brian and Rita King's daughter and son-in-law) arrive in a large truck, carrying Brian's Chummy and Meteor, a cot for baby Elanah, plus several boxes and suit cases.



Dinner at the Coach House, kept awake from 11:30 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. by happy Parents without Partners.



Easter Sunday (we gate crash the Toowoomba AOA) - Dawn start for Tim and Greg as they head off to Toowoomba to gate crash Austins over Australia.

Early on Easter Sunday, 'Kenny' and 'Tim-Tam' left the Sunshine Coast, under tow to Toowoomba to join the "Austins over Australia" Rally to the Jondaryan Woolshed. Kenny and Tim-Tam are respectively a 1929 A7 Chummy and Saloon, belonging to Greg Stevens and Tim Braby, with Mr Austin Uzcinski as a navigator, and driver reviver.

Despite leaving at 5:30 a.m., the drive up was very long with a trailer on tow, and we arrived an hour after the rally start, so the two A7's were offloaded in a Toowoomba side street, at Greg's friend's place.

The drive out was a good mile out on a long flat country highway and we were soon sneaking into the Woolshed by an unattended side gate and parked cheekily at the end of the dozen or so A7s already assembled. We were soon chatting away with Bryant Lawson from Atherton and Peter Booth from Melbourne, who were surprised to see us.

There were reportedly 150 Austins assembled together, mostly from the grey porridge period of the 1950's. Except for the healthy selection of 7's, pre-war cars were scarce. These included 3 10/4's, 12/4 and 16/6 saloons, a 16/6 Roadster, a 20 hp Tourer and a 1930's Goodwood Saloon.

A visit to Jondaryan must include the traditional roast lunch, and here we meet the Billings from Auckland, who were heading to Maroochydore for our own Rally. I also met John Goninon and his friend Anne Wilkins from Hobart, with his little Chummy 'Jeanie'.

All too soon it was time to leave for the long haul back to the coast, just a few snaps with the camera, and I had missed talking to the occupants of the 1933 Austin 10 Roadster anyway.

After a tiring trip, 'Tim-Tam' finally returned to Maroochydore at 7:30 p.m., in time for the start of our 75th Anniversary Rally next day.

Committee vegetates before the onslaught. Sydney contingent arrives today as do more Queenslanders.

Easter Monday: Day 1 - Registration Day - Much activity as the P. without P. vacate and scores of Austins, driven or trailered, arrive. Our registration post is the focal point with A7's parked all around it as we assemble to receive our rally packs and other goodies. Outside Ross Guthrie the younger is taking individual car photos for the souvenir book. Much excitement when Russell Wright arrives with his 1924 Gordon England Brooklands Sports, especially when it is revealed to be a real one, not just a replica, making it the sole survivor!

Finally, the southerners arrive via Toowoomba, from Melbourne, even as far as Hobart. Now we have a logistical nightmare trying to ferry nearly 50 empty car trailers up to the back of Diddidilbah.



PHOTO Graeme Logan and crew decide to show us how quickly that they can disassemble and rebuild an Austin motor, pretending that there was a noise in the Latrobe Sports, naturally nothing was amiss. So KII (Ken Innes Irons) decided to do a head gasket swap for a finisher.

The looming evening storm threatened to finish us all, visions of fabric roofs billowing off towards Noosa had some scuttling for cover. Luckily, we only had about 30 minutes of wind and rain, although the writer received up to two feet

(60 cm for you youngsters) of hail back home in Brisbane!

Big opening night at the Welcoming Dinner, with a great line up of previously unrecognised talent.

First up was a hilarious impromptu performance of Cinderella, directed by Ann Bourn and produced by Maureen Boatwright of the NSW Club and featuring the talents (?) of their volunteers/victims, Graeme Logan (Cinders), Noel Waller (all 3 ugly sisters), David Rundle (fairy god mum) and Ian Waring (the "Pransome Hince").

Next Treasurer Peter Cahalane was roasted on the celebrity spit as dark and terrible truths were presented from his past in a delicious "This Was Your Life" presentation by Graham Cogzell, which followed Peter's earlier life, from his first penny to his first P.M.G. pay packet (still intact to this day!).

Next were the sensational Victorian 'Bright Sparks', complete with electrically enhanced bow-ties, who entertained us with cleverly reworded versions of popular songs, changed to suit our cars and their owners.

Our own Peter Goldsworthy then presented his rendition of 'My Aus-tin Seven', as recorded by Clarkson Rose nearly 70 years ago, accompanied by Coral Cogzell on the keyboard, a good performance of a difficult number.

The grand finale saw our greatly esteemed Rally Director Rhonda take her turn upon the Celebrity Spit Roast, basted over the flames once more by Graham Cogzell.

First, we were treated to meet her high school gym teacher, played by, and also in reality Coral Cogzell. Next Rhonda embarked on a career as a hairdresser. One 'Edwina Bale' was a past customer who revealed a shiny pate under 'her' wig, although Mrs Guthrie was not to blame in that case. Following that was a long career with Mr Myer's Emporium as a beautician, with Barbara Parker playing one of her less successful clients, with make up all askew! But the best (to me) was peter Baker and Keith Collins dressed up as the young Guthrie twins, Ross 'n' Robb.

Tuesday: Day 2 - Tourist Day- Up early for Tourist Day. After the carpark briefing, we head off' to the Lion's Park at Cottontree for a large family photo. Not sure how many cars in all - counted 107, but did a few leave early?

Next port of call, the Big Pineapple, outside Nambour. Here we see Peter Goldsworthy buying another hat for the collection ("One for each day," he cried). Greg Shuker is hit by a falling fluoro tube and turned around to see who was tapping him on the shoulder!

At lunch, Brian Clancy is presented by a large round cake for his birthday, only to find it was a balloon covered in cream when he went to cut it!



On to the Ginger Factory just up the road at Yandina, where the delicious ice creams are very popular for drivers and navigators alike.

We have a few retirees today. Ken Folliot valiantly sets out in the ute, only to run out of clutch, Steven Morey finds the top half of his fuel tank has a hole, and Ross Guthrie's Saloon's new motor is still very tight, causing it to get a bit hot.

Wednesday: Day3 - Scenic Day - All assemble for Scenic Day, but Tim-Tarn runs out of petrol before the rally even starts (who said that they run on the smell of an oily rag!). Filled up with fuel only to come to a halt on a very narrow road only a few kms from the start. Diagnosis is a blocked jet, took two goes to get it started, before pulling out every jet fixes the problem properly. Out through Nambour, catch up with others at the Dulong Lookout, before the final assault on the hill up to Mapleton, time to cool off and give the radiator a top up before arriving at Montville for a look around the shops and a large lunch. Greg Shuker is having trouble with his carby. It runs better with one off a lawn mower, which was sitting back on the bench at Rocky! Laurie Topping has trouble with both the magneto and then head gasket on his Chummy, so into the 4WD which expires due to a dead battery! Brian and Sue Clancy's Meteor broke an axle key at the bottom of the 'hill'. However, all arrived in some mode of transport or other.

After a suitably respectable time for our tummies to digest a large lunch, we head back down the hill

to Palmwoods, into Caloundra, then north to Kawana Waters Shopping Centre, where we parked into disciplined ranks before descending upon the coffee shop for our complimentary cuppa.

Others head to the bank for a cash top up, while the photo processor is inundated with exposed films.

The cars now head 'home', some taking advantage of the motorway to 'open up', passing their slower brethren.

Thursday: Day 4 - Discovery Day -Discovery Day is the last chance to use our cars for touring, so the drive up to Noosa via the twisty and hilly stretches of the David Low Way allow many to exercise their cars with vigour, (I am sure some forgot that they were not driving their 'modems'). At Noosa we assembled at the Lions Park, an amazing large park right at the back of ritzy, glitzy Hastings Street. Some go shopping, some dip their toes in the surf, while others choose to relax back with the cars. Off again, this time through the canal estate back to Noosaville, avoiding that



big hill, and so on to Pomona. One last surprise though, a nice long climb has many cars gasping for water before the top, or was it just a rest spot? One A7 was seen being held behind by its usual driver who was acting as an anchor, whilst the navigator put her foot down on the loud pedal. Progress was eventually gained! A couple of drivers missed gear changes, one even did a quick u-tum to have a fresh go at the climb. 'Tim-Tam' saw 'Alice' pulled up doing an impression of a



boiling kettle and decided it was a good place to rest. Good idea too as water was pouring out of its overflow as well!

Finally achieved Pomona, under the shade of Mt. Cooroora. Lovely lunch put on by the kind folk of the Pomona Meals on Wheels (the local senior citizens must all be well fed) at the School of Arts Hall. After the visitors are in for a treat at the Majestic Theatre (Australia's only original silent movie theatre in operation), where they see Buster Keaton and Co. wreck several cars, houses, trains and boats, to the accompaniment of a live Wurlitzer Organ.

After such a lovely day, the run back to base seems an anti-climax. Some folk are even loading cars upon trailers already!

Friday: Day 5 - Adventure Day

So sad - Adventure Day is our last day of activity as the Austins take a well-deserved rest, while everybody plays tourist on the 'Noosa-Queen', up and down the lower part of the Noosa River. First a cruise around Noosaville's canal front developments, then up river to John's Landing for a nice B.B.Q.lunch.

Meanwhile, back at the camp, the stragglers went shopping or just rested before the big last evening,

Friday Night: A Grand Night Out

An absolutely smashing finish to a fabulous week of activity with lots of fun, accolades and prizes!

First up was a pleasant surprise for our own Club Members who especially finished a car just to enter the rally. There were more than just a handful who received their handsome certificate. Then there were the trophies awarded to the various classes of vehicles, these being voted for by entrant's choice; as well as those awarded by individual clubs for personal achievements

An unexpected moment was when Joan and les Billings son David, from Auckland, part of our small but enthusiastic band of swaggies, presented the Host Club and their daily drivers with magazines, badges and other mementoes in warm appreciation of all the hospitality that they had received.

We were also pleased to congratulate our Rally Committee for a job very well done on all accounts.

Graham Cogzell was happy to thank Trevor Moore, Robyn Clark, Rhonda Guthrie, Ian Waring, Cathy Dellit and Donna Hebblewhite for their excellent efforts on the Club's behalf

The night ended on a bright note with dancing, streamers and party poppers going off (although the Coach House staff were determined to have us out and the place cleaned up just after 11 p.m.)

Saturday Postscript - Cars, trucks and trailers have been leaving the Resort in a steady stream, with heartfelt farewells.

Some are heading home, others, such as the Melbourne crew, heading up to their Whitsunday yachting holiday, continue on their touring. There are those who still have to drive a long way home, to North Queensland. N.S.W., Victoria, South Australia, even Tassie.

Sad to see them all go - dear little Chums, Roadsters, Sports, Utes, Saloons, even a Van, and their lovely drivers and navigators who make the Austin Seven Fraternity the one big happy family it is, be it on a local, state, national or a worldwide basis.



One final note, we get to do it all again in five years' time. Our Victorian friends will be the hosts, at a town outside of Melbourne. See you there!

(from original newsletter)

Austins Over Australia - Adelaide 1999

Nearly 300 Austin cars converged upon Adelaide over the Easter Weekend for the fourth "Austins Over Australia" Rally, drawing cars from as far as Cairns, Perth and Hobart, whilst enthusiasts came from New Zealand and the UK. Nearly one third were Austin 7s, followed by a variety of vintage, historic and classic models of all colours and types. Entrants from our club included Bill and Sue Clarke (Chummy), Brian and Rita King (Nippy), Greg and Christine Stevens (Chummy and Sports), Peter Goldsworthy (Doctor's Coupe) and Tim Braby (Saloon).



all 4 days, taking tours of Adelaide, the Barossa Valley, the Fleurieu Peninsula, Birdwood Mill, and Hahndorf.

A lot of the time we were being pushed uphill by sporty Sevens and hot A30s. Poor old Baby Jane and Tim-Tam were flogged without mercy until they expired on the roadside. Baby Jane suffered a compound fracture of the crankcase on the second day and Tim-Tam snapped No. 8 valve spring on the last outing whilst attempting a very steep hill.



It took three and a half days to reach Adelaide from Brisbane, allowing for meals, small mishaps and the odd junk shop.

Rally HQ at Marineland Holiday Village was superb, very comfortable and with easy access to the beach, which was next door!

A pleasant surprise was the arrival of Tom Newsome (Tom the Pom) and his new wife Lois, who drove "Egbert" from Perth, only to be pipped for the prize for longest distance driven by Bill and Lynne Simpson of Cairns in their 49 year old A40! We were kept very busy for



PHOTO Apparently, there was some hanky panky earlier on in the holiday village. Sunday morning there was a new blue baby nestling next to Mary Jane and Tim-Tam. Whether it is a result of Austin 7 breeding, or a present from the Easter Bilby, Peter will not say, but the bub, nicknamed "Sweet-Pea", rode home to Gympie, curled up in the back of Peter's ute. (Yes, a 1928 Roadster will fit into a Commodore Ute - only just though!).

You may think Adelaide is flat. Yes, it is, but there are some very big hills that isolate it



from the inland Mallee Plains along the Murray. Adelaide is a very pretty city and well worth the visit and the drive, especially when there were so many of our cars out and about.

The Rally was very well handled by David Hall and his Committee - just a few hiccups with catering, to be expected with over 500 individuals to feed.

The journey north was eventful. First, we found a 1950's garage full of Austins, then we were treated to the sight of a Bugatti running on two-stroke fuel with a straight through exhaust. Here Peter found a gearbox for his 1914 Studebaker and I brought home some A7 bits.

Now I am home, tired and dreading that looming Visa Card Bill, I can look back and say we all had fun meeting up with some lovely people (not just Austin owners).

Tim *(from original newsletter)*

Southwest Tour - 2000

A group of members had a marvellous touring experience over the recent Easter / May Day combination of weekends. The Club was invited to join the Roma district club in the Roma "Easter in the Country" festival, and thereafter we undertook a roundabout tour of the southwest designed to bring us to Toowoomba for the following long weekend, and the 30th Anniversary Rally of the Darling Downs club.

Barry & Molly Neville and Cam & Judy McCulloch drove their Austins all the way, the Neville's travelling to Dalby on the Thursday and McCulloch's leaving on the Good Friday morning. Peter Goldsworthy trailed his car to Toowoomba on Thursday, then drove it the rest of the way. He was joined in Toowoomba by Tim Braby, who accompanied him to Dalby for the Thursday night. Tim Tam was trailed around the route, being offloaded at each major stopover. Ian Waring also trailed to the Garden City, then drove to Dalby, from whence a gathering group of us set off towards Roma. By prior arrangement we met at Miles, by which time the whole contingent of trailed and driven cars had congregated.

TOTAL 1278 Miles

THURSDAY, we left home at about 9.30am and were pleasantly surprised to arrive in Dalby before 2.30pm. There were stops at Helidon (a long spell), Withcott for fuel, halfway up the range (Alice boiled), top of the range (for me to stop boiling about the car boiling), and Jondaryan (p-it stop). We knew that there were others on their way to Dalby or Toowoomba that day, but didn't see anyone until the next morning.

FRIDAY. After much planning and checking of the car the day had arrived for us to leave. Starting at 3.55am we travelled through Brisbane. We stopped at the bottom of the Range at 6.10am for petrol, and continued to Toowoomba, where we were caught up by Ian. After leaving Ian's trailer and modern we continued to Dalby, arriving at 8.30am. We picked up Tim, Peter and Barry, who had all travelled up the previous day. We drove on to Chinchilla, stopping for morning tea at 10.00am. Continuing on, we arrived at Miles at 11.15am to be greeted by David Sweetapple and his wife and 2 children, who had lunch prepared for us and organised the Museum to be opened up. We then went to David's house to view his Austin, which is nearly finished.

Leaving Miles at 1.40pm we headed for Roma, arriving at 3.55pm. 336 miles and 12 hours from home, with no problems.

SATURDAY.



*"On Saturday morning the street parade started,
Peter did donuts and poor Ross broke down.
Bill was erratic, and Doug called him a clown!
The billycart races, the market and shops
beckoned us all to spend all our money;
The goat races were fast and looked very funny.
Then to the gymkhana, we all had a go
Molly "went for broke" when throwing the piston.
Some more home baked goodies, oh how to stay thin,
Before we all gathered for a BB Q tea the Mud Derby called us,
what a sight for sore eyes!
Covered in mud they all scored a prize.
We broke up quite early, all feeling tired,
and made it to bed before the Easter Bunny arrived."*

SUNDAY. Only those who were up before the chooks caught a glimpse of a little long-eared furry thing hopping around the cabins in the park. I'm afraid that proof of its existence cannot be given here as the photographer had his finger in front of the lens again! But next year—

— Some consequently had eggs for breakfast.

The days agenda was motoring to Mitchell, but first most visited the markets opposite the



marshalling point. Not many purchases were made (I mean... who had the room?) Off we went at a great rate of knots. Unfortunately, then it happened. The Guthrie

baby got wind, and spent the rest of the day in the pram. After this little episode, what could be called Mitchell Madness overcame us. Great was the weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth as the mighty Atoms were goaded and whipped into a frenzy to get to Mitchell before all the scones were devoured by the hungry horde. Quiz questions were handed in, coffee quaffed, then off on the observation walk. Beady eyes peered into all sorts of nooks and crannies looking for skinny dogs, the man of steel and other vitally important considerations. The walk ended at the artesian spa. Nobody was game to take the plunge.

Your correspondent was told by a little bird that the "Imprecise Austin Driving Team" were 'at it' again down near the weir, driverless - doing drags - donuts - and dreadful driving displays Naughty, naughty! After lunch there was a bit of horse sense on horse play, with entertainment by a performing horse, of course. An uneventful trip back to Roma only saw empty petrol tanks The "big night out" saw the Austineers collect in a big way. Amongst the winners and grinners were - The Club won for the best represented. Sue Clarke was first overall winner (pre 1940) in the gymkhana and Tim Braby second. Sue also was first in the "shut the gate" section, and Tim was first in the "balance wheel". Doug & Robyn Clark won the "nut on a string" event. Ian Waring won "Mark's Mystery Event", and the writer doesn't know what it was. Bev McCulloch won the Lady Driver prize, and Ross & Rhonda Guthrie received one of the hard luck prizes. So it was arrivaderci Roma, and home to beddy-byes.



MONDAY. Our first free day saw a gathering in the Park laundry, catching up on some washing and drying. A great place to meet fellow travellers and learn about the tricks of the road and accommodation. For more information on this, speak to Sue Clarke, she is now ready for life on the open road. The men spent the morning tinkering under bonnets and generally sprucing the cars up ready for the next leg of this adventure.

In the afternoon it was all aboard the two-horsepower carriage for a tour of Roma. Once we were on board Peter, our driver, informed us this was only his fifth time at the reins! Bit of a worry really, however after our (no worries) look round town we were safely deposited back at our camp. Here it was decided that Tea at a local pub would be a good idea, and a 6.00 meeting was arranged. After re-arranging the pub dining room, it was down to the business of ordering meals from "Curly". He had a system of bringing out hot bread rolls as he took orders, so he remembered who wanted what. Rhonda decided she would upset his routine by suggesting he bring out all the rolls at once...bad move! Ross was insistent that everyone needed salt on their food, and the chocolate mousse was too rich (or was it sour?) for Bill & Sue. Unfortunately, Ian became unwell, so Doug took him back to camp. No, it wasn't Curly's cooking... hope he recovers for tomorrow, he is supposed to be the next scribe!

TUESDAY. The morning dawned with three members feeling poorly. Ian Waring's car was pushed onto a trailer and we did not have the pleasure of his company that day, as he slept on the back seat of Ross's Range Rover. Cam & Judy were also sick and took it in turns to drive. We all met at the Roma Information Centre at 8.30am and our touring party for the next few days grew. We were joined by the Blights, Gillespie's, Parks & Hoerleins as well as Trevor & Bev McCulloch (modern, trailing their 7) and Bill & Sue Clarke's daughter who had driven from Brisbane to join them.

The first stop was at Richmond Downs Homestead, 16 kms. from Roma, where the owners Andy & Ros Arthur had morning tea ready for us. While we enjoyed the sandwiches and cuppa, Andy gave us a talk about the property which consisted of 4580 hectares, running sheep and cattle and carrying out farming. The homestead is a classic Queenslander built in 1923 and still retaining its original layout.



Lunch was on the Balonne River bank just outside Surat. This was where the Cobb & Co coaches changed horses between Yuleba and St George, and began in 1879. After lunch we crossed the river to have a look around town, especially the Cobb & Co Museum which also housed a native fish aquarium and the Brennan & Geraghty's Store which opened in 1871, also the Qld Energy Museum display - Electric Memories.

Our next official stop was the E.J. Beardmore Dam 18 km from St George, but Barry & Molly were having some unofficial stops by the roadside as "Alice" had decided to have a rest after every few miles. Barry soon sorted it out and all arrived at St George

That night we walked to the RSL for tea. They were having raffles (it was Anzac Day) and Bill & Sue's daughter won one.

WEDNESDAY. After a day's recovery in the back of a Range Rover it was time to get back on the road. Today's trip from St George to Goondiwindi with stops in between was again uneventful,



with the first stop at Nindigully where we had morning tea. This the place where "Paperback Hero" was filmed. It was interesting to see that a town with a pub, two houses and

a race track could be used to film such a movie. Apparently, the rest of the town was built from cardboard for the film! After picture taking and the like it was time to move further on to the lunch stop in a town called Talwood. Here we had lunch at the local sports ground, again more socializing with the locals. On further down the road we travelled to Callandoon, then stop at a graveyard of a town which no longer exists. Here there were three headstones still readable, of the dozen plots in the yard. According to the plaque, the yard was close to the local lock-up.

Then it was time to move on to Goondiwindi for the night's stop, with dinner at the local RSL.

THURSDAY. 9.30am was our departure time from Goondiwindi, to continue our tour to Tenterfield. Our first stop was Inglewood, to have morning tea and farewell "Satellite" Blight & wife Dee and "Leadfooted" Paul & wife Lyn. Before leaving the park our dear Mother President Rhonda had to say a few words. After several attempts because of the Editor blowing his car's horn she finally had her say. Then it was time to make our way on to Bonshaw for lunch. After we had all eaten, it was off again, this time to Tenterfield. Following Don & Bev, a flock of galahs thought the Chevy was another galah he certainly was low flying.... that Chev goes well! Many old brick drying houses, used for tobacco curing, along the way. Must have been a lot of tobacco grown in the area in past times. Lovely scenery along little creeks, wildflowers, silver leaf, ironbark. Also, plenty of wineries if you wanted to drop in for a drink. We had a short detour into Glenlyon Dam, a very nice place with great views. Back to the highway and on again, it became a bit of a struggle when reaching the range with a headwind. The beautiful autumn colours of the Poplar, English Oak, Liquid Amber and many more trees were outstanding. We arrived in Tenterfield to mist & rain, wind, and quite cold. A night at the Royal Hotel, with a great meal and lots of laughter ended a great days touring.

FRIDAY. We awoke to an overcast cool autumn day. The coloured leaves on the trees sparkled with dew drops, mist floated through the air. Smoke from the home chimneys reminded us how cosy it would be in front of a warm log fire.

As there is so much to see and do between Tenterfield and Toowoomba, it was decided to go our own ways and regroup in Warwick for a late lunch. Many couples visited Tenterfield local shops, and wrecking yards. Cam, our illustrious spare parts rep., was able to purchase a few petrol pump repair kits unobtainable everywhere else he has checked. It just shows you need to check every nook and comer.



Wines were sampled at the many wineries, and fresh fruit was purchased at roadside farm stalls.

Also, local bushrangers' hideouts were investigated. It was a very interesting day.

We regrouped at Warwick as planned, then continued to Toowoomba, where the men cleaned and maintained the Austins and the ladies looked for the laundry (women's work is never done).

On arrival at the motel we had been warmly greeted by other vintage club members who had already arrived ready to enjoy the Toowoomba club's 30th Anniversary Tour over the weekend. Dinner that evening was enjoyed at the Hotel across the road...can't get lost from there!

This was the last day of our extended tour from Roma, and we all enjoyed the countryside, the fellowship with club members & other enthusiasts in cars much more powerful than ATs. It shows, no matter what number of horses under the bonnet we can all travel together at our own pace, arriving at each day's destination and looking forward to doing it over again the next day.

SATURDAY, Autumn had definitely come to Toowoomba, leaves were falling faster than the drifting mists of rain. But our mighty little AustinAtoms were ready to accept any challenge that fate put their way. Officially we did not have to register at the start for the DDVVMC rally until just before lunch, so the recalcitrant Peter with 'Baby Jane' and Tim with 'Tim-Tam' headed for the local "antique" shops to sniff out any treasures. After spending a few dollars, as luck would have it the wandering pair met up with the other Austins at a roundabout en route to rally HQ.

The DDVVMC have done very nicely from their annual Toowoomba Swap takings. Their clubhouse has just had a major extension, so they can cater for larger rallies. A total of 13 Sevens

were in attendance, bolstered by the arrival of the Dormans, Hebblewhites and Moore's, whilst the Singletons and Catlow's travelled by MG. After a filling lunch, there were to be a few



gymkhana events, but the rain put a stop to us churning up the adjacent Council land. Instead a couple of simple identification games were substituted, including Guess by Feel and Guess the Liquid in The Bottle!

The afternoon program included a "short" run out to the Preston Winery. This is a beautiful spot with spectacular views to enjoy whilst sampling a sweet Muscat or a cheeky rough red. Next stop was a nearby cairn, just off the road a bit, built to commemorate the heroic settlers who blazed a trail over the steep Gorman's Gap.

PHOTO Two little Austins, containing the Messrs Goldsworthy, Guthrie & Braby, decided to explore the limits of the track, ignoring the "no through road" sign (they simply didn't see it!). The road became a narrow, steep and rocky trail-bike path, and the

Austins were really "rockin' & rollin' " as they bounced over rocks and skidded through the ruts!

We stopped when the road suddenly disappeared over the escarpment. Luckily there was just enough room for a 9 foot Baby to do a 3-point turn and climb the track back to more civilised roads.



We arrived too late to appreciate the beauty of the Japanese Gardens at the University of Southern Qld, besides the drizzle had returned and it looked like a very wet evening. Only Bill Sue Clarke joined the sausage sizzle and other activities at the Rally H Q that night, the rest of the Austin crew adjourning to the Bistro across the road, where several persons enjoyed a flutter on the Pokies.

SUNDAY. We left the motel at about 8.00am and met at the Rally HQ. After instructions we left in light misty rain through the streets of Toowoomba, heading east and down the range to Flagstone Creek Road. It was a steep descent, but in second gear there were no braking problems encountered. It was not long, and we were at Stockyard Creek Hall for morning tea. The weather was fine once we left the range.

After morning tea, we had a good drive through farm land, cattle & small crops etc. We were heading for Clifton, and passed the Pilton Memorial Hall which was the first WW1 memorial hall to be built in Australia, in 1919. The A7's made a detour to visit Shane Hoffman who is restoring Ian King's Seven. It is a different body to most other A7s.

Next stop was Clifton for lunch, after which we visited the local Museum and on leaving Clifton passed Rudd's Pub which contains memorabilia of the Dad & Dave days, then Sister Kenny memorial hall. Sister Kenny received worldwide acclaim for her treatment of poliomyelitis. Nearing the township of Cambooya, we all stopped at Brian Coughran's place (DDVVMC member) to look over his collection of vehicles of all types, and have afternoon tea.

At 3.15pm most started to return to Toowoomba to rest up for the dinner at the clubrooms. After an enjoyable meal, trophies and lucky draws were conducted. Peter & Nell Dorman received the bad luck trophy as a result of his gear stick breaking on Saturday. Trevor & Elaine Moore took first prize for the "gymkhana" while Trevor & Donna Hebblewhite came third. Other members received several lucky draw prizes.

MONDAY. The windup day for the DDVVMC rally, and the conclusion of our own 12-day long adventure. By this morning the field of Sevens had dwindled to eight, and the Guthries cheekily stayed at the motel for a sleep-in, with their Baby on the trailer, to join us later on. The best one could say about the weather is that it was not good, and on the morning run around the west/northwest areas I for one had a real battle with headwinds and hills. We returned to the clubhouse for morning tea, then went for a short tour to two local displays.

The first was Rob Prentice's marvellous Model display at the family Landscape Centre. The specialty is models of horse-drawn vehicles, but there were also "four-poster" beds and other items. The accuracy and finish have to be seen, to be even partly believed. The ladies of course also gave the Nursery the "once-over".

After that we went to the airport, to visit Lyn Zuccoli's aircraft collection. This comprised two immaculately clean hangers full of beautifully restored "warbirds", most of which are fully operational. (I now know where those planes come from when they fly over my home near Archerfield). We repaired again to the clubhouse, ready for a welcome hot lunch and the farewell proceedings. Sincere, heartfelt, thanks and goodbyes were exchanged between rallyists and organisers, none more so than those who had been on the grand tour.

I must recount here a story from a few days previous: - At the wonderful and hilarious meal on the Thursday night in Tenterfield, Don Park (with Bev, in the Chev you'll remember) gave a little speech of thanks to the A7 Club and particularly Rhonda for inviting them to join us on the tour. In conversation afterwards, I said to them that it was our pleasure, and that every Austin tour needed a "Mother Duck", likening the large car and the 7's to a duck with a string of ducklings



following behind. The tag stuck for the rest of the tour, with lots of banter between Mother Duck and the Little Ducks at every opportunity. The Grand finale came when Don called Rhonda up in front of the crowd at the farewell lunch and presented her with a decorative casting depicting a duck and trailing ducklings! it brought the house down!

To complete our story, everyone made it home from Toowoomba without problems, to use the old phrase, tired but happy after 12 days of Austineering. *(from original newsletter)*

Shannons 2001 Motoring Tour to Canberra - April 2001

DAY 1 Wednesday 18th April - Brisbane to Stanthorpe 138 Miles

Weil this day has finally arrived, we have been looking forward to this trip and have decided to

do Tour 2 to Canberra to be lead and organised by Lawrie & Jean Bennet of the Rootes Group Cam rang last night to say that they may not be coming because the motor in his car ceased when he went for fuel.

Everyone gathered at the Sunnybank Rugby Union Club. Macgregor for the Official Flag Off. it was wonderful to see so many of our club members there to wish us well and safe trip.

PHOTO "Tim-Tam" with "Blinky Bill"

Our members participating were: -
Tim Braby 1929 A7 Saloon "Tim-Tam"
Doug & Robyn Clark 1929 A7
Chummy "Victor"



Bill & Sue Clarke 1928 A7 Chummy "Blinky Bill"
Graham & Coral Cogzell 1969 MG B
Keith & Noela Collins 1929 A7 Sports "Angry Ant"
Peter Goldsworthy 1927 A7 Doctors Coupe "Baby Jane"
John & Daphne Hoerlein
1928 Ford Model A
Brian & Rita King 1934 A7
Nippy
Cam & Judy McCulloch
1938 A7 Saloon
Barry & Molly Neville 1928
A7 Saloon "Alice"
Also, David Neville in his
EH Holden, carrying a
spare motor Cam had
assembled and other
spares in case of trouble
and followed us every day,
while Ross & Rhonda
Guthrie came part of the
way in their Range Rover
with a trailer as back-up.
His Excellency Governor
Major General Peter
Arnison A.O. flagged us off





at 9 am after the official speeches. We were on our way, with Australian flags flying from each car.

Our first stop for morning tea was in a park at Boonah Visitors Centre, where we were greeted by Mayor John Brent, On the road again, via Aratula, up Cunningham's Gap, past Maryvale and Gladfield. Off the highway, and pass through Freestone, on the way to Warwick. We paraded down the main street to our lunch venue at St. Mary's Church hall for lunch, organised by Warwick Veteran & Vintage Vehicle Club, and a welcome from the Warwick Mayor Ron Bellingham. More cars were to Join with us from here, in total Lawrie was to have 65 cars under wing on his tour.

Back Into the cars again following the Sydney-Stanthorpe signs, at Dalveen do the Fruit Run through Cottonvale, Thulimbah and The Summit down the Old Warwick Road then back onto the highway to Stanthorpe. Our first days travelling was over.

Cam & Judy were not very pleased with the way their Ruby was performing after boiling coming up the range, and being so slow, it was decided when we reached the motel that it would be better to take it home. With their Austin loaded on Ross's trailer we waved good bye hoping to see them sometime tomorrow.

Doug & Robyn Clark

Day 2 Thursday 19th April - Stanthorpe to Tenterfield 40 Miles

A light mist provides a backdrop as our little Austins eagerly seek our orders for the day. Starting from the bottom of the town, next to the Creek, we meet several new fellow travellers, including 4 rare German Stoewers, with a group of European visitors, which include the Granddaughter of one of the "Gebruder Stoewer". Cam and Judy have just re-joined us after their Ruby played up the day before, this time in \the MGA roadster. Laurie Bennett says in his morning address that yesterday "one of the Austin 7's blew up and came back to earth as an M.G.!" We are photographed by the local paper and farewelled by the Mayor, forming a procession through town, before embarking on our way for the shortest day of the whole rally. (53 miles)

We head south, detouring via Storm King Dam where Blinky Bill, Baby Jane and Tim-Tam pause for a cuppa, along with the Thompson Family and their Chevy Roadsters.

We make Wallangarra in easy time for lunch and an Informative talk on the NSW/QLD. Railway Gauge saga. Time for a stamp on our passports as we enter NSW, pausing for the obligatory photo at the old Tick Gates.

We arrive early in Tenterfield, time to check out the local shops, Including the Saddlery, and a bookshop. Just to while away the time before dinner. Ail the Austins were bunked down at the "Tally-Ho" Motel) That night we walked down to the Bowls Club to listen to the "Oracles of the Bush" over dinner. Actually, it is a very good night, our M.C. was a bit of a larrikin and told some very funny poems, we all went to bed very tired that night!

Tim Braby



Day 3 Friday 20th April - Tenterfield to Inverell 129 Miles

We awoke to a beautiful autumn day, our Journey, for today commenced with a complimentary breakfast in the centre of Tenterfield. *PHOTO* As Bill & Sue travelled to the breakfast, they heard a noise coming from under the back of their chummy. After enjoying their breaky It was decided to inspect the rear end. The car was placed on our trailer with one side slightly jacked up. Cam & Bill took various parts off the vehicle and found there was part of a tooth broken away in the pinion. They managed to find most of the small chips and decided to put the car



back together and see how it went. Bill & Sue travelled all the way to the evening stop at Inverell, and decided the car was not too noisy and they would continue to Canberra.

At Bonshaw State School the local mums provided lunch, fit to feed a King.

We arrived in time to visit the Inverell Motoring Museum. If you are ever in Inverell the Museum is well worth wandering through. Best check with the locals on its locality as Inverell Veteran & Vintage Car Club Is planning on moving the Museum closer to town.

Ross & Rhonda Guthrie.

Day 4 Saturday 21st APRIL - Inverell to Gunnedah 155 Miles

Today we travelled from Inverell to Gunnedah, stopping at Bingara for morning tea. Our "security blanket left us today (Ross & Rhonda Guthrie) as they had to return to Brisbane for work, so now we are on our own. But then, Austin Seven's don't break down!! So, we all continued on to Manilla for lunch.

Each day there is the ritual of warming up the little babies before heading off, but today Angry Ant refused to start until Noela bellowed, "have you turned the petrol on?" Of course, it started up straight away. Why is it when a car won't start it is the ladies who know what is wrong!

We arrived In Gunnedah for the night and had a B.B.Q. at the local Bowls Club. Here we heard a poetry recital from the Club's poet laureate Coral. (The Book will be coming out soon).

Thanks to Lawrie & Jean, our tour leaders.

Happy Motoring, John & Daphne Hoerlein.

Day 5 Sunday 22nd April - Gunnedah to Gulgong 128 Miles

We awoke to rain after four days of lovely weather. Out with the rags to soak up the water, side curtains have now been brought out.

Pouring down rain, with limited vision with fog we soldiered on at 8.20am. We continued on to the morning tea stop at the Black Stump historical site.

Then on to Coolah for lunch (still raining).

After lunch, we continued on to Gulgong. After a shower in our motel, the dinner was held at the R.S.L. A good meal, then on to The Prince of Wales Opera House for a presentation of Lawson characters which was very good. This is the town where Henry Lawson was brought up. His childhood was spent here.

Cam & Judy McCulloch

Day 6 Monday 23rd April - Gulgong to Orange 106 miles

After leaving the Gulgong Motel which must be described as "Breathtaking" (due to not being able to breath in the rooms - or hear the possums bounding on the roof), we headed for the Petrol Pump in town where Des Kelly the singer from the Opera performance the night before had a chat. He was later seen waving us off from the RSL after breakfast.

Beautiful day for a drive and we headed to Wellington where one side of the main street was roped off for us to park. The Mayor gave a speech and we had lunch in the pretty park. Then off down country roads to Orange, which was rather cold. We knew when we were in Orange due to the colour of the autumn leaves both on and off the trees. The Motel was excellent, and dinner was at the Golf Club. What a fun night Coral gave a great rendition of "Austin and Minerva". The Germans sang "Wooden Heart" in their language and we sang "Waltzing Matilda" in ours. The food was superb and although cosy a wonderful night to farewell Laurie and Jean with gifts and thanks for being such great trip leaders! They had organized everything so well we just came to expect the Mayor in each town to have something special ready for us how spoilt we were.

Sue & Bill Clarke

DAY 7 Tuesday 24th April - Orange to Canberra

Orange In the mornings In April is not orange, but rather a mucky shade of grey - FUG, and doing its best to rain too. Wot a miserable start. Noticed some getting pushed and pushed. Much choking and coughing.



Smoko was held in a local hall in Canowindra (pronounced Caloundra like Caloundra so us northerners are told). Lots and lots of yummy food and so nice to get out of the cold. Found a monument to Ben Hall up a side street and across a suspension foot bridge.

On to Boorowa for lunch where you made your own arrangements to eat Tim and I went to a cafe where the chips were the best, so worth waiting for. After lunch Tim and I digressed (Rellies to visit for Tim). Tim's Cousin put on a great cuppa. Going this way, we got to see a small motor museum at Binalong with some very interesting cars.

Arrived at Canberra at The Pavilion at 6 pm precisely. A long day, but a very nice drive.

The busy roads from Yass to Canberra didn't over faze us. Then again after 6 days driving an Austin 7, nothing could faze you.

Dinner was informal at the Ainslie Football Club. A mere stretch of the legs away from The Pavilion. Then we were visited by the Sandman.

Peter Goldsworthy

Day 8 25th April - Canberra Anzac Day

Our first full day in Canberra, a public holiday, and a free day for tour entrants. For some of our party there was registration to be completed at rally HQ, and the chance to meet other entrants.

We checked out our car and then went on a totally unplanned drive around Canberra, just sightseeing and getting a feel for the layout of the place, since we hadn't been here for nearly 30 years. In the process, went for a tour of Parliament House, and later by coincidence found where we would have to assemble on Saturday morning to parade to the big display. There were Shannon's Tour cars and people wherever we went, everyone waving to each other.

A visit to rally HQ in the afternoon gave a glimpse of the shemozzle of organisation which was to follow, with all sorts of rumours about what is happening tomorrow, but no definitive official word!

All the Qld Austineers adjourned to the nearby AFL Club for the evening meal...good cheap food and we all had fun.

Barry & Molly Neville

Day 9 Thursday 26th April - Canberra Observation Run 85 kms.

We have a chance to wipe away some more of the road grime on our cars, before the start of official proceedings. Doug is not happy with his Chummy and soon has his carburettor dismantled for all the experts to examine. And he is also chasing wheel spokes as one wheel is very frail indeed.

Blinky Bill, Baby Jane and Tim-Tam are not of much use, so we head off to Rally HQ to take part in the Observation Run. The weather is glorious, showing off the autumn leaves to best effect, a sight we do not see in Brisbane. One of the other runs has been cancelled so we get a lot of the newer cars mixing it with the Pre-war Cars. We are pleasantly surprised to meet a very large contingent of Austin 7's from WA, including

several tourers, a roadster or two and two very special little Sports Cars. It is interesting to see that some carry number plates with names like "Primrose" and "Herbert". Barry Ryle has his ultra-rare and desirable 1928 factory Super Sport along for the run and Bruce Harrington-Hawes has a lovely little car that was built by the apprentices at the Holden works in 1935 upon a 1929 chassis.

We leave the EPIC Centre in convoy with them, but find after a few miles that one particular chummy can only do 40 KPH, as attested by a sign affixed to its derriere!

First stop is Lanyon Homestead and the Nolan Gallery. It is soon a very busy spot as the cars descent There is an hour wait at the tearooms so the tuckerbox in the back of the Austin is raided for biscuits and coffee.

Next, we are back in beautiful country as Mt Tenant and the Brindabella Ranges come to view. We cross the Tharwa Bridge and check out the old general store at Cuppacumbalong, bypassing the Tidbinbilla Nature Reserve (been there, done that!) and head for the nearby Deep Space Tracking Centre, where the queue outside the



"Moon Rock Cafe" stretched for miles. Since we have already prepaid our meal, there is no choice but to join up for 40 minutes or so! The Cafe's owners were only told of our arrival the day before, and certainly were not expecting 1500 people from the combined rally groups, but we all did get fed eventually.

On our return journey we paused at the Cotter Dam and took photos of the Austin under an avenue of autumn trees. Next, we came across a stationary Blinky Bill, due to a break down, but Bill and Sue have spotted a group of roos in a near paddock.

It was getting late in the afternoon by the time we arrived at the Pavilion, and found that a group was planning to have dinner at the famous "Tradies" at Dickson. A word of explanation is required here, several years ago a chap began collecting old tramcars from all over Australia, and it was decided to combine them into a restaurant, owned by one of the Trade Union Clubs. So, a building was built around the trams a museum of old bicycles and pedal cars were added, and so "Tradies" was created!

We first discovered this spot in 1988 on the Bicentennial Rally, and seek it out each time we return. Fall in bed well fed and happy.

Tim Braby

Day 10 Friday 27th April - Canberra Observation Run to Wakefield Park. Approx. 65 miles.

Today was the day for cars 1901 to 1945 to go to Wakefield Park either on an observation run or for the drivers to test their skills on the track.

On to Wakefield Park to watch the antics of cars and drivers around the track. Jack & Nancy Whittaker were there but Jack's over enthusiasm on the track in his Porsche caused a dropped valve. Our lunch queue was nowhere near as bad as yesterdays.

We decided to give the hills a miss coming home, so headed to Goulburn and straight back down the Federal Hwy to Canberra.

We all had an early night, as it was to be an early start next morning.

Doug & Robyn Clark

DAY 11 Saturday 28th APRIL - Canberra



What an honour I have to do this Daily Report. This day is what the whole Rally was about.

The culmination of an Idea to have 2001 cars arrive in Canberra for Federation Day.

The 2001 car target regrettably was not achieved. But just over 1200 cars were presented on the lawn in front of Old Parliament House.

The assembly of cars dating from 1899 up to mid-1970's has never happened before and may well be the one in a life time event.

We arose at 5.30 am for a 6.30 am assembly in year categories at the

Jamison Centre, temperature 2c. We had a wonderful Breakfast across the road at West's Rugby Club and off at the prescribed time at 7.30 am. Our assembly was one of five. This was necessary to co-ordinate the 1200 cars into the park in front of Old Parliament House.

Police escorts were needed to achieve this goal by the set time of 10 am. Our age group (1929) were parked by 8.45 am and the last car, the Shearer Steam Wagon came in at about 11 am.

What a cavalcade of Motoring History. I was glad and proud to be there and part of it at this one in a life time assembly of cars.

There were about 20 Austin Sevens of all types and sizes. The most outstanding was the very originally restored Works Supercharged Race Car from W.A. (Barry Ryle's)



We left at 3 pm instead of prescribed 4 pm to beat the huge traffic jam, which would occur later. We had met old friends and some new ones. We met at 7 pm for the final dinner at the exhibition Park in Canberra (IPIC) where the entrants and visitors were catered for in two huge adjoining conference rooms.

The food was good and the drinks expensive. But we all were still very excited from the day's events and the nights proceedings of naming the winners of the rally events.

Finally, we said goodbye to friends new and old and caught a mini-bus home to the hotel.

This day I shall remember forever, and I dare say a lot of people will feel the same.

Keith & Noela Collins.

Day 12 Sunday 29th April - Still in Canberra

This is the end of the Canberra section of our expedition. Weary after the big day (and night) yesterday, but off early to rally HQ for a sausage sizzle breakfast and display of the vehicles in "country of origin" groups on the main showground. More chat with new and old rally friends.

Here some ad hoc arrangements were made to encourage all A7 entrants to meet later in the day, then back "home" to attend to the cars and make initial preparations for the return trip to Brisbane. Most of us then off to the Botanic Gardens for a 1.00pm meet with A7 rallyists from WA (half a dozen), SA, Canberra and NSW. A very pleasant time was had, taking photos, talking Austins and having lunch or afternoon tea.

By now Bill & Sue have left to fly home, with Blinky Bill to return on the back of a truck.

This evening various groups dine in different places, vowing to have an early night ready for the drive to Picton tomorrow.

Barry & Molly Neville

Day 13 Monday 30th April - Canberra to Picton

We leave for home today after a wonderful time in Canberra. Also leave Peter & Tim who are making their own way home. It is a very cold day. Heading out to Goulburn on the Federal Highway. Once we are out of the traffic we can appreciate the countryside. It is very dry at the moment as there is a drought on.

Morning tea was held at a rest area. The highway changes to the Hume Highway, but the scenery doesn't change. Not far out of Canberra, at Collector, we have to stop for Noela and Keith, as they have an awful noise in their car. A Quick trip in the car with Cam reveals that they have a dry speedo cable.

We continue on to Picton, arriving too early for the motel rooms to be ready. To waste some time, we had a good look around town and have lunch. Dinner is at the motel.

Cam & Judy McCulloch

Day 14 Tuesday 1st May - Picton to Raymond Terrace

The two MG's (Cam & Judy and Graham & Coral) left us this morning to make their way home. That means 4 little babies are travelling together now with David Neville in his EH Holden. The party is getting smaller.

We set off at 9 o'clock. Came to the first set of traffic lights (it seemed days since we saw one) when we turned off the Hume Highway to Liverpool, which was to be our morning tea stop, but had trouble with the traffic and finding a park (with Toilets) on our left. Finally stopped at Ringosa Park, Holroyd, on the Cumberland Highway.

Back on the road again to the Sydney Newcastle Freeway at Hornsby. On to Ourimbah for lunch. Left there at 1.30 pm and had a few showers of rain on our way to Raymond

Terrace for our overnight stop at the Sleepy Hill Motel.

Barry & Molly Neville.

Day 17 Friday 4th May - Grafton to Ballina



Our little convey now reduced to 3 Sevens + "Sidekick's" Holden, Doug & Robyn having departed from Grafton at sparrow chirp to drive straight home. This left In order of height King's Nippy, Collins' Sports and Neville's Saloon.

Away by 9.00am, with David Neville driving "Alice" and Bazza enjoying relative luxury in the EH. An easy run via Maclean to Woodburn for our smoko stop by the river, then another short run to Ballina. Walked or drove around town, during which Brian had a haircut (don't know which one!) and Keith & Noela visited the old chap who upholstered the Sports. David was nicely settled in at a good fishing spot close to the Motel when a kindly local informed him that all fishing in the Richmond was temporarily banned.... stuffed up his whole afternoon, that did! The final evening together for what's left of the A7 explorers, at the Ballina RSL. We had a great night, and encountered Shannon's tourists Nev & Joan Schumann and Don & Anita Bader (USA). We also had seen a couple of other rally cars around town in the afternoon.

Barry & Molly Neville.

Day 18 Saturday 5th May - Ballina to Home

The last day - all we have to do is get in the cars and go home - everyone is looking forward to an easy day and their own bed tonight. Away about 8.30, with David again driving Alice and looking forward to the challenge of some serious hill-climbing work!

Dad, again in the EH, left a little behind the 7's. Quite a way up the road and wondering where the hell the 'Babies' were...should surely have caught up to them by now...wither they've all got rocket power overnight or they've taken a wrong turn!

Then Just as I see a blue car on the roadside ahead there's a call from Dave on the CB -Keith's pulled up, could I check it out as they have gone on to the top of the hill.

Found out that the Sports was not clutching at straws...or hills, or anything else. Plenty of smoke from the clutch, but no go! Whiz up to the lookout where the others are enjoying the million-dollar view across to Byron Bay, then we all troop back down to Keith. Here begins a saga of "what to do" and "who to ring" followed by prolonged negotiations between the Collins' and NRMA, RACQ, towie, and everyone else (up to the Prime Minister?). Eventually the car is on the Tilt-tray, with Noela in the truck, heading for South Tweed, and Keith headed for home (with David behind the wheel of the EH) to fetch the modern & trailer. During the delay on the hillside several Historic cars pass, and I wonder why they weren't home from Canberra days ago. Then I found out that the Tweed Valley rally was on this weekend, and they had dawdled up the Coast to arrive in time for that. Among those who pulled up was Nev Schumann, who left us a towrope in case we needed it!

So, then there were Two. Our original plans for morning tea and lunch stops now out of the question, Brian and I decided to go to Murwillumbah, have a lunch break there, find Nev and return the towrope, and scoot off home. On arrival at Murwillumbah we find the rally HQ and are promptly marshalled into a double line of parked entrants on display in a barricaded main street. Well, we aren't getting out of there in a hurry, so we have lunch and chat to Club members who are there for the weekend, plus new & old friends from the Shannon's and other past rallies. Finally, the Tweed club's afternoon tour moves out, and we extricate ourselves from the pack and head for Brisbane. Fuel stop at Tugun then an uneventful run home for Alice and the Nippy. All in all, a tiring day, and I just want to relax when we get home.

Barry & Molly Neville.

Travelling Home with "Baby Jane and Tim-Tam"

Monday 30th Farewell to the majority of the Austin 7 Crew whom are returning via Sydney and the Pacific Highway. Peter and Tim have decided to rest up for a day in Canberra, we are both tired and I have a heavy head cold. We are staying the night with my Cousin Pat on the south side of Canberra, giving us a chance to have our photos developed.

Tuesday morning, we collect our photos before heading off to Yass for petrol and a cuppa. It is drizzling, but the road is good, and we make it to Boorowa for lunch where we inspect the

historic old newsagents and meet a gent who buried two Rubies in his back yard (sorry, he has built a garage over them!)

The run to Orange (198 miles) for the night is not very pleasant as it is pouring rain, dark and all the traffic is in a hurry to get home. We get the last room at the "Sundowner" and the young receptionist takes pity on us, giving us a slight discount and finding a small carport where we can park behind an industrial bin!

Wednesday is luckily fine, and we make good time into Coolah (158 miles) where we inspect the only motel, a little place but well maintained. The owner even gives us a piece of delicious rum flavoured fruitcake. It is very quiet and only the honking of wandering geese disturbs the serenity. Dave and Lyn Forman's 1950 Studebaker also are in the Motel, members of our Tour down to Canberra. On Thursday we excel ourselves by travelling 248 miles in one day to Inverell via



Gunnedah and spot two familiar faces in town. It is Jeff and Ann Cox from Toowoomba who tell us that Don and Bev Parks are having trouble with a collapsing wooden wheel on their '25 Chevrolet ("Mother Duck"). First, we get a room at the Sapphire City Motel (also recommended); we are lucky as a lady was just before us wanting 3 single rooms for 3 single ladies, as previous clients we are given a room quickly!

On the Saturday we join what is left of Lawrie's return Tourists, three Humbers, and a Buick, whilst the Coxs' and Parks Head straight up the highway. We visit the workshop belonging to Ron and Ann Thorp, situated next to their own private airfield. English cars are Ron's passion, including Triumphs, Rovers, Jags, a Bristol, and even a Dennis fire Engine! They also were on the tour south, towing a classic Caravan behind their Mk.6 Bentley. Ron tells us to avoid the Highway because of the steep hills (Jeff and Don told us later that is was all downhill!) We stop for lunch at a quiet little town called Ashford where there is little traffic, could have spent a week there to unwind! The two Austins are left behind and we make our own way into Tenterfield (123 miles) where we spot a sign for the Bowls Club Motor Inn, down a side street. Brand new, very nice, cheap and right next to the Bowls Club where there is to be a final dinner for the Qld. tourists, hosted by the local club. Everybody is still travelling well, even Mother Duck who now has a wheel reinforced with shims and screws. The dinner is also good value, and we are sorry that we have to go to be early for the last big push!

Up early We push on taking in two junk shops before Stanthorpe and a chance meeting up with Jean and Lawrie for scrambled eggs at the Warwick Mobil. We bid them and their Humber Vogue a final farewell from hear as we take on Cunningham's Gap from the easy side. It is raining on the way down and the traffic builds up, until we are plunged headlong into the mad race that is the Ipswich Motorway on a Saturday afternoon. We arrive at the Guthries' where Peter has stashed his modern vehicle and trailer and follow me home where there is a magneto crankcase awaiting him. Made it at last, 187 miles today and we are both mentally shattered, poor Pete still has to drive to Gympie finally arriving home at 7:45 p.m., in time for "The Bill" on the ABC. In total Tim-Tam travelled 2031 miles (3267 km), at an average of 40mph. Fuel consumption was an amazing 45 mph! (16 km per litre) Total wear and tear on the car includes a badly worn front tire, one broken wire spoke, a loose door handle on the



way down and one potentially dangerous problem when a kingpin started to come up through the axle eye in Wellington. (Many thanks to the member of the public who lifted the car whilst I placed a jack under the axle!) The roads were generally good but there are a lot of rough spots that can test our little cars severely, and for some odd reason there appeared to be road works at one end of just about every town we passed through! Did I think it was worth it? Yes, the trip there and back has once again proved the reliability of the Austin Seven and show the bigger and later cars that our Austins are not mere toys, despite their size!

Thank you to everyone who participated in helping to make this a Great Trip - *Tim Braby*

Ballarat National 80th Anniversary A7 Rally - 2002

OUR BALLARAT HOLIDAY from the Neville family perspective.

We had long ago decided that there should be more to our participation in the 80th Anniversary Rally than a quick trip south and back. Therefore, we agreed to join the Guthries and others in a leisurely drive down, and opted to return home via a mainly different route.



This was to be the first time in many a long year that "Alice" had gone anywhere on a trailer, but it meant that our son David could be with Molly and me instead of tagging along behind. For the most part it was a trip to new places for him, and revisiting places that the "oldies" had not been to since

the seventies.

Thursday before Easter we left late morning and drove to Goondiwindi more or less in convoy. It was good to have the rare company of the other half of the Guthrie twins, Rob, and his wife Pam. They trailed Ross's brown Ruby saloon, and on the CB Radio it was a toss-up who did the most chattering, Rhonda and Pam or Peter Goldsworthy and Tim Braby.

On Good Friday the Neville's stayed over at Coonabarabran, while the rest of the fleet went on to Tomingley (blink and you miss it!) where apparently a good feed and night was had.

Saturday, we gradually came together again, mainly around Parkes, and motored on to Wyalong. Here we took over the motel, and that evening it was dinner at the obligatory RSL Club.



On Sunday the group started to expand, as some of the members who had left home later began to catch up with us, and that night we again took over the motel, this time at Numurkah, just over the Victorian border. Dinner at a local pub was great.

Easter Monday was the last leg, but we all spent considerable time at Echuca, the charming

Murray River town with its elegantly preserved riverfront precinct. Of course, a trip on a paddle steamer was called for. Then it was off to Ballarat. Here we had



to pass through Bendigo, and to our dismay we fell victim to the biggest scourge of our trip down, namely the Easter Carnival. We had struck this in the streets of Parkes and Tocumwal on the previous days, but in Bendigo they simply closed the main streets and put up detour signs, but with no indication for a stranger to find their way back onto the highway on the other side of town.

Perseverance paid off, and about mid-afternoon Alice and friends were at the Ballarat Goldfields Caravan Park.

Apart from the torrential rain of the first couple of days (which saw the Clarks drive huge distances to get into NS W dodging flooded roads) the weather was kind, and so it remained for the first night of the Rally. This was the welcoming tucker and formalities at the Sovereign Hill rally HQ, quite a large scale catering job that went off remarkably well.



Tuesday morning saw us assembled at the Sovereign Hill Lodge for the first of the daily briefings, complete with "lucky dip" draw for prizes. Then the entrants had the day to explore the Hill, a completely recreated gold mining town, and the adjacent gold museum. The Neville's, like most of the others, took up the whole day on this. We walked (climbed?) miles, and I have to say that this is a place not to be missed by anyone passing anywhere near Ballarat. That night it was back to the same place for a dinner at the New York Hotel,

followed by the excellent Light& show "Blood on the Southern Cross" which told the story of the Eureka Rebellion, and carted us around the whole complex again, this time in the comfort of a motor "train" (thank goodness, for our poor legs). About this time, we first heard that Brian King was feeling unwell, but had no idea of the trials he and Rita were to face as time went by. Incidentally, Brian had fixed the Rally Badge to the front of his car on the first day, possibly being the first to do so!

Wednesday morning it was the briefing etc, then a free day for entrants, with the option of a guided walk in city streets or a drive to Maldon, another of the regions historic gold mining sites. This family opted to relax in the morning, recovering from the exercise of the day before, and took the guided tour in the pm. This was a brief but interesting walk along historic Lyndon St, with a comprehensive commentary on the buildings and history by our most knowledgeable guide.

That afternoon it started to rain, and that was to be the end of what had been quite acceptable weather by Queenslander standards, to that point, in the evening a planned barbeque get-together of entrants staying at the caravan park was all but washed out (frozen out?), and most retired early.

Thursday morning's briefing was held at a forest park on the outskirts of Ballarat with mist and a cold wind blowing. It was a beautiful spot, but the watery sun could not penetrate the trees very well, and we were glad to be back in the car and on the road for the only major planned drive of the week. Once under way, the sun came out strongly, but the wind was icy if you were



out in it, and Alice covered more than her fair share of road width in the gusts. A nice scenic drive to the north of Ballarat took us to Hepburn Springs and finally to "Cricket Willow", home of the willow cricket bat, where lunch was taken at the picturesque cricket oval and all the photographers had an excellent opportunity for group photos. About 150 Austins parked around most of the perimeter of a lush green oval in bright sunshine was a sight to see. *PHOTOS above left two rare 1920s Coupes and below the*

famous 1931 Rubber Duck of Grant Cowie

From there we called in to the "Macaroni Factory" at Hepburn for an interesting talk on the history of the family and building. With Dave now driving Alice and me tagging along in the modern we headed back to town, via a pottery/gallery. By late afternoon we had decided to eat in again, so declined to join some of the others who headed for the RSL for dinner.

Friday was to be the Static Display and various attractions, so after the briefing at HQ we drove the short way to the



gardens area of Lake Wendouree, where we were parked by the lake under cover of a regular forest of large leafy trees. This was a great site for the occasion, spoiled only by the fact that the sky was gloomy and the breeze very cold. One imagined the lovely photo opportunities that went begging for the want of bright sun filtering through the trees on to the shiny baby cars gathered there. While Molly and many of the ladies gave the pretty Botanic Gardens the going-over. Dad & Dave did likewise with the cars, then went on a vintage tram ride and explored the tram museum. Late afternoon we toured a little on the way back to camp, there to rest ready for the evening's final night festivities. A bus arrived to take us to the Mercure Inn for the Dinner, and this was an event on a grand scale. I'm sure everyone had a good time, and when the trophies were handed out the Qld contingent fared very well. Some of our members suggested (good-naturedly) that Brian King would do anything to get a trophy, when the Hard Luck trophy went his way. (Brian was in hospital almost all the time of the rally, and was transferred to Melbourne after the rest of us had left Ballarat),.

Saturday was goodbye time, and those who had to be home soon were the early birds, while we lazed around and cleared Ballarat about 11am. From there it was a shortish run to Wangaratta for the night, pausing at Glenrowan for the Ned Kelly bit.

Sunday, we went to Beechworth and did the whole tourist thing, walking miles, before heading to Albury via the Hume Weir trout farm. As this was Molly's birthday, a night out at the RSL was in order, before retiring ready for a big day tomorrow.



On Monday, after 540 km, we arrived in Dubbo via Wagga, Junee, Young, Grenfell. The RSL again, and an early night.

Tuesday was Western Plains Zoo day, and a wonderful experience this was. Here we met Rob and Pam Guthrie again, and parted with mutual wishes for a safe trip home, only to catch up with them again that night at the motel in Coonabarabran! I must add here that entrants left Ballarat on a wide variety of courses towards home, and we saw many in all sorts of places along our way.

From Coonabarabran we used Wednesday to reach Tenterfield via Tamworth, Armidale and Glen Innes. We stayed at the Tally Ho motel and ate at the Royal Motel, both well remembered by members who have toured to Tenterfield in the past.

On Thursday we were home at Oxley at 11.30am, 15 days and two hours, and some 3900 km after leaving. Our only troubles were a broken speedo cable in Alice on the Thursday rally, blown stoplight bulbs on the trailer (and they were only about 35 years old!) and a couple of stones that sounded like a couple of house bricks which made a bit of a mess of the Futura's windscreen on a perfect piece of road bypassing Stanthorpe.

In summary, we had a great holiday and thoroughly enjoyed the 80th Anniversary Rally in Ballarat, thanks to the Victorian Club and their organisers, led by Peta Lee.

(from original newsletter)

Tatersall's Tassy Tour **Travellers Tales - 2003**

I will not bore you with too many details of our trip, but here are a few highlights that may be of interest. Peter and I took 2 and a half days to reach Melbourne in the Holden ute, towing Peter's 1927 Doctor's Coupe on the trailer, arrived in Melbourne at the

Elwood Sands in time for lunch, just before the Guthries arrived with the 1929 Saloon towed by the faithful Range Rover. Having two drivers and changing shifts at two-hour intervals helped greatly! We were also joined by the Abel's (1934 Roadster), Ikin's (Austin 16), and David and Di Rundle in their well-travelled 1929 Chummy.



The trip in the "Spirit of Tasmania 1" was great, the water was not choppy, and the 9-hour daylight journey sped by. We were farewelled by Cam and Judy McCulloch with son Bruce, who now lives in Melbourne. You could tell that they would have loved to join us the rally! After spending the night in Devonport, we offloaded the Austin and drove down to Deloraine, via a decadent Chocolate Factory (Sore tums that night!) At the rally start we were surprised to see many familiar faces, including Kevin and

Jocelyn Brooks, Peter and Sue Finnegan (who I haven't seen for over 20 years since I was working in Rockhampton.), along with Geoff Bemhagen and Donna Davis, A very pleasant surprise also to see Bryn and Diane Godfrey in a big Morris LD5 van, now Tasmanian residents! Quite a few more familiar faces from the Veteran Car Club of Queensland were motoring around, along with groups from N.S.W. and Western Australia. There were nearly 150 entrants, with a good mix of veteran, vintage, post vintage and "classic" cars, built between 1911 and 1970, ranging from a 1911 Talbot to a 1970 MGB.



One thing I had better explain to you is that even though Tassie is small on the map, it is very hilly, and has lots of lakes, rivers and "rivulets" (Tas speak for a stream). The drivers had to do lots of gear work, and the shoulders got sore from steering around all the bends, not to mention the brakes getting a good work out. But the weather was coolish (but not bitterly cold), so the motors ran well, even under steep climbs!

For the remainder of the rally we explored most of the north west of Tasmania, visiting the Axeman's

Hall of Fame at Latrobe, Leven Canyon, Railton, Port Sorell, seeing a private collection of Veteran Cars in Wynyard, photographing the murals at Sheffield, climbing "The Nut" at Stanley, visiting the "Grubb Shaft" Gold Mine Museum at Beaconsfield, shopping for souvenirs at the original "Coles" Store in Wilmot before finishing the Rally at "Woolmer's Estate" near Longford.

Most chose to stay at our rally HQ, "Camp Clayton", a church camp near Ulverstone, which has hostel type accommodation, but we were well spread out, and the facilities were clean, and the food superb. The cost, including 3 decent meals was only \$36.50 a head each day, quite a saving over 9 nights! Unfortunately for some the camp was "dry", but a bit of "sly grogging" was carried out behinds scenes, but so as not to embarrass the organisers. The nights were generally low key affairs, with a carpets bowls session and some musical interludes. The star was 86 year old Ern Sharman, a wizard on the musical saw, as well as the mouth organ and the accordion. We also had a retired jazz pianist in our group, who still can tickle the ivories!

A few mishaps were inevitable amongst 146 cars and one van, but most breakages were fixed overnight, although it took a whole day to change the MG's throw out bearing (the original one

definitely was at the "throw out" stage by this time!). The Sevens, as a rule, provided reliability each and every day! All too soon the rally was a memory, and Peter and Ross put the "Babies" to bed at the Turners' home (they live at Turners Beach!) whilst we toured Tassie for another 10 days "modem". Finally, our stay in Tassie was over, we had a rather nice farewell feast at the Turners, beforehand, as we picked up the trailers and the Austins, and headed back with heavy hearts to Devonport. As we were





waiting in queue to board we were approached by a grim faced Geoff Bemhagen, with news of Peter and Dawn's accident.

(they were in an unplanned collision when a passing motorist clipped them from the other side of the road. Luckily Peter and Dawn emerged badly shaken but not stirred and a week later they were on the ferry home, but their car badly damaged.)

In conclusion on return the Holden had clocked over 6000 kms. the Austin did over 805 miles; we used about 24 rolls of film and spent a fortune on food, fuel and "souvenirs", but had a ton of fun doing it! Funny thing was that Peter reckons he has lost weight over the trip, whereas I reckon I have piled it on! Tim

Austins Over Australia Centenary Rally - 2005

The Austin Sevens made their presence felt in numbers and showed their younger cousins their true grit and tenacity tackling the roads around Warwick and District

In planning by the Austin Motor Vehicle Club of Queensland since the last AOA in 2003 at Ballarat, a lot of effort went into running a seamless event for all Austin enthusiasts. The only problem was the sheer response of the large number of cars and entrants and their passengers who created a logistical headache for Kevin Airton and his crew, with Austins emerging out of the woodwork everywhere.

Old family favourites were dragged out from back sheds and under houses, given a quick one over with the spanner and chamois and tickled into life once more just for this holiday weekend, whilst rally regulars were given a bit more attention with the brasso and armourall.

THURSDAY, we head to Warwick, meet some Kiwis, and register for the Rally!

Finally, it is "A" Day. Peter Goldsworthy from Gympie has called to say, "see you at 10 am ready for a quick get away!" This is good as it takes a while for me to remember how the Austin is tied to the trailer, adjusting the links as the last time it was used to take a Ruby up to Hervey Bay. We decide to try and get to Warwick before lunch to avoid the usual Easter Break crush. The day is hot and dry, petrol prices well up and the traffic is moving ok. We stopped at Aratula before Cunningham's Gap, to check out the Antique Shops, not a sausage! We see only one other Austin, but about 3 Humbers headed to Warwick for the "Rootes Roundup", as well as interstate Hot Rods heading to the Gold Coast. We arrive at the Country Rose Motel, and find others have arrived before us, namely in the form of Peter and Dawn Abel, with their recently rebuilt Roadster, all back to normal after their frightening mishap in Tassie when a car collided with them. Also in the Motel is a most unusual car, a 1919 Austin 20 Special, built to resemble one of Herbert Austin's Grand Prix cars of 1908, by Stewart Dyke from Fielding in NZ. Stewart has a navigator, Peter Woodend, a name very familiar to many that have been chasing parts for their bigger Austins. The amount of knowledge about Austin Cars and their history these guys don't know wouldn't fill a matchbox!

As Peter G. and I extract our cars from their trailers we see another glorious sight as Ross and Rhonda Guthrie appear in their magnificent Austin 20 tourer, shepherded by brother Rob and Pam Guthrie.

Later Keith and Noela Collins arrive with Angry Ant on a spotty trailer that Keith was still to finish painting after some repair work. We are also joined by Gordon Riley, our new member from the "mother country", who is down for a weekend of touring and hoping to catch up with the cars on the Display day.



After a lunch of "scrambled legs" at the Mobil servo, a firm favourite with Austineers travelling interstate, we went to nearby Queens Park, the site of the Rally Headquarters to pick up our rally bags, and check out the regalia for sale. Two bags, two new Austin Caps, and a set

of coasters and a mug with Sir Herbert's moustached face on them later we returned to our lodgings to find our fellow travellers relaxed around our unit with the nibbles and cleansing drought busting beverages in hand!

FRIDAY more cars arrive, and the "Country Rose" is invaded

Next morning the rest of the Austin Sevens have arrived in earnest, including Cam and Judy McCulloch, Trevor and Elaine Moore, Ian and Deborah Waring, and later in the day, after traveling for nearly 6 hours from Hervey Bay, Trevor and Donna Hebblewhite. Back down at HQ there are a lot more cars, and we are rapidly filling both sides of the road leading in all manner of Austins, mostly from the 1920's to mid-1970's, but with one rather nice example from 1912, a 12hp tourer, which was also part of Austin's Jubilee Celebrations in 1955, when it was pictured on the cover of *Modern Motor* (reproduced in colour in a great souvenir book we were given as part of AOA2005). The next oldest is Stewart Dyke's 1919 20/4 Special, created in the late 1970's. Stewart and his wife Colleen did a 14-month tour through 17 countries during 1993-94, covering 44,000 kms. This is the third time that Stewart has brought his car over to Oz.



Other Austin 7's of note: there were about 25 Austin Sevens and Big Sevens entered for the rally, but a few couldn't make it for various driver and car-based reasons. Amongst the notable who came were Phil (The Yorkshire Tea Man) Hayes's 1931 Van, dispensing tea and coffee to the thirsty participants, Ian and Cheryl Jones who drove their much travelled green chummy up from Adelaide, to join fellow "crow eaters" Brian and Heather Densley in their rare 1936 coupe. From the ACT came Scott Appleyard with his 1931 Sports, Mark Thomas from Orange brought a very nice Meteor, and from northern Tassie came Noel and Maureen Gardham in their 1931 tourer (I hope they found the hills gentler around Warwick than back in NE Tassie!) 5 cars were entered from the "State on the Move", including Noel and Faye Stevens in their very original 'Miss Daisy' which would have made an interesting comparison with our "Ernie", Calvin Coghlan in a

very nice red roadster, John and Judith Cowley in their big 7, and Neville Smith's aluminium 1928 Sports.

Last and not least was our very own Justin McCarthy, who made sure his presence was noted, especially when vying for people's choice votes from the mums, dads and kids at the big Display Day!

Upon arrival at Queen's Park in the morning there is a bit more activity at Headquarters, a lot more Austins and people meeting and greeting and comparing cars and the journeys they have all travelled to arrive here.

Not being one to let a chance go by I noticed that Terry Jorgensen was selling model cars at a table inside, and as I had brought a box of about 40 Matchbox Austin Seven Van models to sell for friends, I asked the organisers if I could set up a stand for a short while. Well I had sold out in about one hour flat! Even Peter got in on the act and helped me with my product presentation. That afternoon most had not decided to go on any of the self-guided rallies, and the A7 crew had settled in the Country Rose's courtyard once more for refreshments.

That night some of us ventured to the RSL for the official Welcome by the Mayor of Warwick Shire, Councillor Ron Bellingham, who is justly proud of his area of governance and also acknowledged he is old enough to have driven an Austin or two. After finger food Peter and I gracefully slip away from the noisy hall filled with 100's of Austinatics and retire early after watching Inspector Rex on SBS!

SATURDAY, we travel to Killarney and Queen Mary's Falls, and get buzzed by a 'plane!

This promised to be a big day, and we had instructions to assemble at Rally HQ by 8 am. Some were going on a bus trip to the Wineries in the Granite Belt area, others up to Glengallan Homestead and Rudd's Pub at Nobby for lunch, but the majority of the A7s had elected to visit Killarney and Queen Mary's Falls. The trip out was rather uneventful; kindly the organisers



decided to let our little minnows have a head start. But just at the Killarney town limits Trevor and Donna had a "flattie" in the Big Seven, and the spare was just as bereft of air as well! (Photo above) So good Samaritans that we are, Peter and I took the spare into town, and found a

man with a compressor. It was interesting that whilst 100 or so later model Austins passed Trevor broken down, they were all too shy to stop and enquire if they could help! On the other side of town, we had a few kms. of climbing up to the falls and for some odd reason a certain A7 with a 4 speed box was only to climb up at a steady 20mph, with the rest of us right up his tail pipe, juggling between gears in our 3 speeders.

The Falls themselves were by now a very crowded place to park, but the cheeky Sevens slipped in between some narrowly positioned posts and created their own special car park.

Half the crew went off on a 45 min. stroll down to the base of the Falls, whilst the cannier slipped behind and instead chose the 10 min. walk to the lookout, where we could see just how badly the drought has affected the surrounding countryside, the Falls were definitely a very pale

version of their usual exuberance. On the way back down, the hill we called in to the less frequented Daggs Falls lookout, very tempting to checkout if the lookout platform would take the weight of an Austin Seven.

On the way back, we were in a group of 4 Austins, and we stopped at Emu Vale to watch the ceremonial fly past, commemorating 50 years since a Lincoln Bomber carrying crew, a nurse and a little sick baby from Townsville crashed on the side of Mt. Superbus, killing all on board. After lunch Peter and I drove our Sevens to Allora to try and catch the Rootes Roundup Display at the Showgrounds, but were about 20 minutes too late as they had all but packed up for the day.

In the Evening Peter and I had elected to go to the BBQ at the HQ building, only to find a lack of seating, the room full of cooking fumes and a cacophony of noise, which Peter finds a major problem with his hearing (and I agree!), so we went to the local Pizzeria for a "Vegarama" and "El Scorcho" instead and retired to watch "Monarch of the Glen" on the box!

SUNDAY the big display at Victoria Park and I have a pretty passenger to the Leslie Dam

This was IT; the big display day had arrived. All the cars were grouped by model types prior at the Rally HQ, then proceeded in an orderly group to Victoria Park (on the Stanthorpe Road), where the Marshals had trouble telling the difference between the different types! A lot more cars had arrived just for the day, mostly from local clubs in the SE Queensland area, although what an FJ Holden had to do with the Austin Motor Company must have been a figment of its owner's imagination!

Some of the more unusual sights included a replica of Peter Brock's Holden powered A30, Justin McCarthy's car covered in balloons, the sight of nearly 50 A40's lined up to park on the hill. Cam and Judy wearing colourful cardboard replicas of their little sports as entrants in the Easter Bonnet Competition (*PHOTO LEFT*), winner was a gent who had half an A30 sitting on his head, the colourful entries in the Rocker Cover Derby Competition, (a great concept, decorated rocker covers from OHV Austin motors, mounted on wheels, and run down a ramp). With so many cars



to take in and people to talk to the day went by very quickly, and the show wound up by early afternoon, when some of the Sevens decided to visit the Leslie dam, via part of the Leyburn Sprint circuit. I had to apologise to Marie, my Lady passenger, and explain that the Austin was not always so noisy and that possibly a gearbox bearing was on the way out. We were both pretty hoarse by the end of the trip!

That night was the night of the Official Dinner. Appropriate dress for the period of

your car was encouraged, so we had Prohibition Era Gangsters and Flappers to Bodgies and Widgies, with every style in between. I had on my best suit (\$10 from a local Flea Market) and had the honour of conducting Peter and Dawn Abell in Tim-Tam to the RSL.

Entertainment consisted of lots of official speeches, prize giving, and a slide show of old images of Austin Cars being offloaded from the wharves in Brisbane. This was interleaved between huge buffet style servings of salads, roasts, cooked veggies, jellies, ice cream, apple crumble, finished off by Coffee.



MONDAY a short drive to Allora, a final Luncheon and sad farewells

Next morning was rather sombre as some cars were leaving early, loading up to their trailers for the journey home. As Tim-Tam was so noisy the night before, it was loaded up ready to go home, and I rode shotgun with Peter for the Morning run out to Allora. I had a chance to take some more photos, this time of Keith and Noella in their little Sports as they sped along the road.



At Allora we had morning Tea, and time for a last picture or two of the assorted cars, including some of Keith parked next to Darryl Brook's big Austin Twenty (*PHOTO LEFT*). On return to Warwick we had a final buffet style meal at the RSL (Some of the dishes looked familiar), shared with the Guthries and Collins, and it gave us a chance to say a big "Thank You" to the Rally Committee who were huddled over the "books" in a corner. Peter and I had an uneventful trip back to Brisbane, only that the traffic was pretty hectic, and came to almost to a stop several

times heading back over Cunningham's Gap. I think everyone slept very well that night!

Tim (from original newsletter)

Mudgee and Back in the Austin Sevens - 2007

We had planned the trip for over twelve months - Howell and Coral had made the bookings for the overnight stops and we had handed our cars over to Cam for a thorough overhaul beforehand. We had discussed what spare parts to take, how much luggage to carry, how to tackle Cunningham's Gap, how fast we would drive, and we had all bought new walkie-talkies for communication along the way so that we could yell if we needed help. All seemed ready but gradually our numbers fell, and in the end, only three Austins were to be driven to Mudgee - Cam and Judy McCulloch's 1928 Roadster, Howell & Coral Whitehouse's 1935 Roadster and yours truly in "Ernie", a 1929 Chummy.

Easter Saturday morning arrived, and it had been decided for all to meet at the "first hill" after Ipswich by 7:30am. Of course, with such precise instructions, one of the three waited on a different hill, ensuring the definition of "hill" would be debated during the upcoming week, however, after a few phone calls, we met up and set off on the road to Mudgee. Sitting on 40mph, the Austins made good time to Aratula where we took a break and the great Cunningham's Gap climb was again discussed.

Cam advised that we should wrap a wet chamois around the fuel pipe and leave a bonnet leaf



open so that cool air could circulate the motors. A great idea and it worked well as we climbed the hill at a leisurely 15 mph. We congratulated ourselves on our preparations, although it must be said that, whilst climbing, Howell had a rush of blood and sped past in top gear. Ahead of schedule, we refuelled in Warwick, and chose a park for lunch, to be joined by Brett



and Amanda Wilson who had caught up to us towing their 1930 Roadster. They were to travel behind us and protect our rears by displaying a sign saying that "Austin Sevens were ahead". Next stop was Stanthorpe - a good drive without much traffic, but again, instructions were patchy causing one Austin to continue on to Stanthorpe alone whilst the others did the tourist bit and bought enough apples to outlast a Biblical famine. The desperate phone calls and cries over the walkie-talkies were now met with the realisation that mobiles didn't always work and although walkie-talkies did, nobody could understand anyone anyway. Finally, we met up again in Stanthorpe with the apple buyers being soundly chastised by the solo driver for again not being clear in their instructions. By early afternoon, we motored into our Tenterfield motel, happy that the three cars had gone exceptionally well.

Sunday- A good breakfast followed a good night's sleep and we were joined by Justin McCarthy and his mobile home and trailer that carried his 1930 Sports. We were ready for Stage Two - the road to Manilla. The towns of Bonshaw and Ashford passed by and we noticed how road surfaces were becoming poorer as we continued south, making for stressful driving in many places. Cam was having fuel problems caused by some contaminated fuel bought in Warwick, so this called for a clean out of the filter bowl and jets in Inverell. Here, John Que, caught up to us, travelling modem and towing his empty trailer as further insurance for us in case we broke down. We arrived at our motel in Manilla by mid-afternoon where we caught up with Ian, Deborah and Amanda Waring again and had dinner in the local RSL.

Monday - and after refuelling, we continued our way south. Some contaminated fuel problems with Howell and then Cam caused a few delays but there were many helpers prepared to clean out blocked jets. By lunchtime, though, we had made Gulgong and were only a short drive away from Mudgee. The order came over the airwaves from Coral, "Don't stop for lunch!" so we obeyed. Later in Mudgee, Coral declared that she had actually said, "Don't forget to stop for lunch!!!!!"

atmospheric conditions often cause trouble with reception. Happily, we entered Mudgee, relieved that we had made the trip down with no major problems. All the cars were in great condition and had run well.

After registering at the Country Comfort Motel, we made our way to our camping grounds to meet up with our fellow Austineers from Queensland and some from interstate.



The organised rallies during the week were excellent and a credit to the Rally Committee who had planned everything down to the smallest detail. Our cars continued without a problem although the road surfaces still gave a few scares. As Justin Mc had an injured foot preventing him from driving safely, John volunteered his services and together they motored around the countryside allowing Justin time to regally wave to onlookers as they passed ... and to give John



instructions on when to change gear ... and how to drive ... and where to drop him off so he didn't have far to walk ... and when to pick him up again afterwards. Cam and Judy now demonstrated their car's performance and proceeded to overtake everybody on the daily rallies.



Howell, not to be outdone, kept a tally of how many Austins he passed, almost becoming a menace on the road and having to be frequently reminded by Coral to slow down.

The week flew with major laughs along the way and after Friday's street parade and display, we serviced the cars at the camping grounds and watched as Cam insisted on doing a wheel alignment also. He also decided that a slight rattle in his dash would be silenced by moving the motor

forward a fraction of a millimetre. Cam panics if he hears a rattle - most of us panic if we don't because it means something has fallen off! However, Cam insisted on levering the engine forward a precise one thousandth of a millimetre and amazingly the rattle disappeared.

That night, Friday night, was the farewell dinner and presentation - beautiful decor for Friday the 13th awaited us and here Howell, dressed in black for the occasion, amazed everybody with his Germanic/Transylvanian background and instructed our table on the correct way to pronounce his name - "Huvell". He introduced us to his wife, "Cuvell", too.

After breakfast next day, we packed the Austins and at 7am we left Mudgee for the final time and headed north for home.

Again, we had the Wilsons following, having driven their little blue roadster all week, then John and finally Mike and Kathy McGuill, who had also come along for the drive. The Austins again stretched their legs on the open highway and made good time. Arriving in Manilla for lunch, we



met up with Peter Goldsworthy driving his 1927 Doctor's Coupe and Tim Braby towing his 1929 saloon. Peter had driven from Gympie to Mudgee without a problem and had achieved some new land speed records for an Austin in the process. Because we were making good time, we decided not to spend the night at Manilla but to push on to Bingara for the night and arrived there by late afternoon.

Warwick was our goal for Sunday, and maybe even Brisbane if we made good time, so we left Bingara after an early refuelling. Howell demonstrated his uncanny ability to daydream while refuelling and overfilled his tank by a few hundred litres, causing a veritable river of petrol to flow across the servo's tarmac. He used words that sounded most impolite but later told us that he was just conversing to Coral in his native German tongue.

So, we drove on and on until, a few kilometres out of Inverell, Cam had fuel trouble again - he'd run out. Back in Mudgee, we had decided not to carry spare fuel in our cars anymore because of the needless weight but, unfortunately, we had pushed too far. How we all wished that we had some of that precious liquid that Howell had carelessly poured down the drain many hours ago in Bingara. Upon reminding him of this, Howell became most ungentlemanly, even for a German. Luckily, Brett and Amanda still had their spare fuel, so Cam was soon on the road again, but it was important for all of us to refuel asap at the next town - and keep our distance from Howell while we did it.

After Inverell, we headed to Glen Innes, choosing to stop there for morning tea in a local park and from there, we pushed on to Tenterfield for lunch. Brisbane was now too far away for us to arrive in daylight, but Warwick was still an easy afternoon's drive even though the traffic was getting heavier. However, it was after Stanthorpe that traffic really became a problem. We pushed the cars along fairly hard between the designated overtaking lanes, but many people seemed reluctant to pass. Indeed, a semi-trailer chose to follow along guarding our rears all the way into Warwick - the only semi-trailer that we met on the whole trip that drove with consideration. Warwick was the limit of our endurance though and we made our way to a great motel with a restaurant attached for dinner and the night.



Sadly, we farewelled our convoy of helpers who had to continue on to Brisbane because of work commitments the next day.

Brett, Amanda and John departed but left us feeling confident that now we only had a short drive home next day and would get there safely. Their help and assistance during the whole trip was wonderful.

We left Warwick at 7am Monday morning, eager to get home. The Austins were going as well now as on the first day and we made good time to Aratula. Here, Cam indulged in some early morning ice-cream from a favourite little shop - a little addiction he had that we discovered on the way south. Justin rang from somewhere near Warwick waiting for us on the highway, but we had long passed that spot. We farewelled each other for the last time and drove out in line making our way towards Brisbane. I arrived home at 9:30am after doing grand total 2 500 kilometres,

and dear old Ernie, that marvellous little machine, hadn't missed a beat the whole time and was still as toey as the day 1 drove out of the driveway.

What a week it had been and what great company along the way. A huge thank you to our convoy of helpers, Amanda, Brett, John and Justin who stayed at our speed regardless of the temptation to get to the motels and relax. It was greatly appreciated and a fantastic effort. Thank you to Howell and Coral and Cam and Judy for their wonderful, cheerful company that made the trip so entertaining and safe. And a special tribute to Cam for, without his dedication, skill and knowledge in preparing all our cars (and mine in particular), we would never have made it.

Lindsay Jordan

The Longreach Leap Take 2 - July 2009



Introduction

Late in 1997 I was inspired by a re-enactment of the Peking to Paris car rally and came up with the idea of a second "Longreach Leap". The original Longreach Leap of 1989 was a very popular trip with the Austin 7 Register members who participated and the thought of a return to Longreach exactly twenty years later appealed equally to those who participated in 1989 and those who missed out first time around. Eighteen months seems a long time to prepare but the time went quickly with lots to organise and cars to prepare. On 18 July 2009 ten Austin 7 cars set off and all ten cars made it to Longreach and back with no major problems, a testament to

the cars, their owners and the Spare Parts team! New friendships were made, knowledge shared, and a good time was had by all. We also raised a significant amount for the Royal Flying Doctor service. Thank you to all who participated and helped in making the trip such an enjoyable success. *Matt Potts, Nov 2009. (from original newsletter)*

Dedicated to Rex Dannenberg and Cam McCulloch

Nearly 20 years ago in July 1989 seven Austin 7s from the club went from Brisbane to Longreach and back. It was a highlight of the club's history. In July 2009 we did the "Longreach Leap" again.



We have supported the Royal Flying Doctor Service for many years and we collected donations for them as we travelled through their heartland, central Queensland. We hoped the publicity and interest generated by our trip will assist them in their good work.

2800km in two weeks in an 80 year old car is a big challenge. With the help of our supporters, the public, and each other we all looked forward very much to getting on the road and sharing the joy and excitement our old cars bring.

Dates: Sat 18/7/09 - Sat 1/8/09 (2 weeks)

Total Distance: 2800 km

Route: Brisbane, Chinchilla, Roma, Charleville, Blackall, Longreach, Barcaldine, Emerald, Biloela, Mundubbera, Childers, Kingaroy, Brisbane

18/7/09 Sat Brisbane-Chinchilla 306 km

After much debate, a chilly 0630 meeting at Riverview for a 0700 departure had been decided. We were farewelled by members of the Austin car club, Trevor and Elaine Moore, Barry and Molly Neville, Alan Couser, Neil Thyer, Aileen Potts, Katie Goldston, and Ken Folliott. The six Austin 7s departing were driven by Doug and Robyn Clark (1929 Chummy), Brett and Amanda Wilson (1930 Roadster), Cam McCulloch (1935 Tourer), Lindsay Jordan (1930 Chummy), Cliff Stockley (1929 Meteor) and Matt Potts (1930 Chummy). Modern support cars were driven by Mike and Kathy McGuill, John and Twink Que, and Ian and Valda McDowell.

At the morning tea stop in Toowoomba we were joined by the Sunshine Coast crews of Peter and Nell Dorman (1931 Sports Special), and Geoff and Lyn Boucaut (1935 Arrow Sport). Peter and Nell had set off the previous day in their 1937 Saloon but had suffered a broken conrod enroute to Toowoomba. Not to be deterred they had rapidly changed plans (and cars) to continue in the Sports. Their friends, Viv and Daphne Blowers, also joined us as the official video team. Noel Clarke from Wahgunyah and the McGuill's friend, Marie Riseley, also joined us along the way. After lunch at Dalby we arrived in Chinchilla to be met by Ian Holthouse (1929 Roadster) and Doug Munro (1929 Tourer) from Childers making up the full complement of 10 Austin 7s. The enthusiastic new Chinchilla Auto and Motor Club put on an excellent roast dinner at the Chinchilla Museum and bought along some of their wide variety of cars.

19/7/09 Sun Chinchilla-Miles-Roma 186 km

Avoiding the craft markets in Chinchilla most cars got away at the scheduled time of 0800. Devonshire Teas at Miles Historical Village were followed by a very brief Sunday church visit then on to Yuleba for a loaves and fishes lunch in the pub car park. The Roma car club made us very welcome at the Big Rig along with their cars and an impressive Austin pedal car. The train ride and camp oven dinner were enjoyed by all.

20/7/09 Mon Roma-Charleville 268 km

A cold morning greeted us with frost on many of the cars. Before leaving Roma, we paid a brief visit to the big bottle tree and the chaos of the Ace drapery in town. Morning tea in Mitchell was celebrated with a cake for Doug Clark's birthday then on to Morven for lunch. Arriving in Charleville we were joined by Matt's partner, Katie Goldston, and some running repairs were carried out on a few of the cars. After another excellent camp oven dinner, we headed off to the Bilby show where we learnt all about these beautiful little animals.

21/7/09 Tue Day off in Charleville



An early start was well worthwhile for those who headed out to the airport in Charleville to visit the Royal Flying Doctor Service hangar. The Senior Base Pilot gave us a very interesting talk and we had the opportunity to check out their Pilatus PC-12, VH-FDP (*PHOTO*

left), before it headed out on a regular clinic run. Then it was back for breakfast, washing, and some time in town before the RFDS visitor centre put on a delicious lunch for us. The historic Hotel Coronas was a popular visit before afternoon naps and dinner at the RSL.

22/7/09 Wed Charleville-Blackall 302 km

It was a nice mild morning departing from the Charleville Post Office, but wind and rain were forecast. Augathella was a quiet morning tea stop before the long stretch to Tambo against strong headwinds. Lunch was shared with the ducks in Tambo before checking out the Tambo teddies.

Matt's car ran well after some solder work fixed his carburettor in Charleville, but Cliff still had fuel vapour problems and Doug Munro was running his car's electrics on battery power. Some participants visited the Black Stump and the Wool Sourer in town before another camp oven dinner with damper and billy tea.

23/7/09 Thu Blackall-Longreach 215 km

Jackie Howe, shearer and Ford agent, saw us off from Blackall to Longreach via an amended route through Isisford and Ilfracombe. It was a good smooth, quiet road with a few big cattle grids to keep us on our toes. Cliff's burning rubber announced our arrival into Isisford where we took up the offer to visit the local primary school. It was a highlight of the trip to see how much the kids appreciated our visit.

After a quick lunch in Isisford, checking out the machinery display and hat collection in the pub, it was the stretch of road we had all been waiting for. Everybody was in good spirits as we spotted the tail of the Qantas Boeing 747 approaching Longreach. A toast was celebrated and lots of photos taken on the edge of town. A photo was taken of participants and cars that completed the first Longreach Leap twenty years ago: Peter and Nell Dorman, Doug and Robyn Clark, Mike and Kathy McGuill, Matt Potts, Chocolate Monty, and Victor. There were plenty of options for a drink and dinner with the Cattleman's Bar at the Hall of Fame being the pick of the lot.

24/7/09 Fri Day off in Longreach

It took a considerable time to get the cars "just right" for a photo outside the Hall of Fame. We spent most of the morning at the Hall of Fame before adjourning for lunch and meeting again at the Qantas Founders Museum in the afternoon.



Welcoming us to the Qantas museum was a Model T Ford, recently restored for a re-enactment of the Qantas founders' trip through Queensland and the Northern territory that was to take place in a few weeks. Tours through the Boeing 747-200 and Boeing 707-100 were followed by a look through the heritage listed hangar and museum. Doug Clark, Noel Clarke, John and Twink Que, and Geoff and Lyn Boucaut did some extra touring and a wing walk on the Jumbo that they all loved. Members of the Longreach car club joined us for dinner in the museum along with Austin 7 Register members from Cairns, Trevor and Dawn May.

25/7/09 Sat Longreach-Barcaldine 108 km

Katie had to leave us for some real Flight Attendant work, so she boarded the Dash 8 back to Brisbane. The Central West Collectable Vehicle Club hosted a RFDS fundraising sausage sizzle for us before we left Longreach for Barcaldine. After a visit to the Tree of Knowledge the caravan park put on a great billy tea and Chinese dinner, then it was off to explore some of the nine pubs in town. The pick of them was "The Artesian Hotel" complete with karaoke and live guitar!

26/7/09 Sun Barcaldine-Emerald 309 km

Chocolate Monty had a rest day on Noel Clarke's trailer with a clutch bearing problem. Brett and Amanda's Roadster benefited from some attention to plugs and points in Jericho before morning tea in Alpha. Geoff Boucaut indulged in the relative comfort of Matt Potts' Chummy, compared to the cosy Arrow, to the lunch stop at Anakie. Steak sandwiches seemed to be the most popular. We arrived in Emerald with plenty of time for car tinkering.



Chocolate Monty's bearing was re-packed in the motel car park and was good to go again. An all-you-can-eat dinner at the local sports club was well attended before an early night.

27/7/09 Mon Day off in Emerald

John and Twink, Geoff and Lyn, Doug and Robyn, Ian and Valda, Lindsay, and Matt headed out of Emerald for some gem fossicking at Rubyvale. Twink was our most successful fossicker! Some participants also ventured to the Fairbairn dam. We met up during the afternoon for some photos with the local newspaper followed by an early night before two big driving days.

28/7/09 Tue Emerald-Biloela 313 km

Car park congestion at the Emerald caravan park delayed our departure and put us in peak hour traffic departing town. We bid farewell to Mike, Kathy, and Marie as they headed off to Charters Towers. Morning tea was spent checking out the old train in Blackwater before leaving the traffic behind as we turned off the main road towards Dululu. Doug Clark's brother, Stuart, and his wife met us in Dululu in their beautiful MG TC. After a brief look around Biloela we were settling in to our accommodation when the caravan park owner crashed his car into a nearby cabin! Kentucky Fried Chicken was an easy dinner for tired drivers and crew.



29/7/09 Wed Biloela-Mundubbera 315 km

Another cool start was followed by some beautiful scenery as we wound our way through trees and hills to cream buns for morning tea in Monto. We bid farewell to Geoff and Lyn as they headed off the beaten track for some rest and recuperation. Eidsvold for lunch was nothing special but it was nice and warm in the sunny main street. Ian and Doug pushed on to the comforts of home in Childers while the rest of us either stayed in Gayndah or Mundubbera. The trawling of second hand shops continued, vests were very popular again! We must have been over the camp oven dinners because the huge pizzas tasted great.

30/7/09 Thu Mundubbera-Childers 156 km

It was another cold morning as the Mundubbera crews headed into Gayndah to meet the rest of the group and check out the great museum, including Graham Cogzell's old Austin 7. Cam McCulloch had an early start heading off to his brother's place at Blackbutt. Morning tea at Ban Ban Springs was followed by another nice stretch of road into Biggenden. Ian and Doug, refreshed after their night at home, introduced us to Al Cunningham and his fantastic shed in Biggenden. Al's collection of old cars, motorcycles, and parts was truly amazing. Assembling on the outskirts of Childers we drove up and down the main street together before hitting the second hand shops again. Ian and Cindy kindly hosted the great "Longreach Leap Shed Party" which was a fun night of sharing photos and stories over a sausage sizzle and a few drinks. Later in the night the music room was christened with the band firing up to entertaining the stayers!

31/7/09 Fri Childers-Kingaroy 207 km

A few hangovers were reported but fortunately a later start had already been organised from "the Nut Van", where we were farewelled by Doug and Cheryl Munro. After another morning tea at Ban Ban Springs we enjoyed a leisurely lunch in Goomeri waiting for Brett and Amanda to arrive on John and Twink's trailer after more fuel and electrical problems. A brief visit to the impressive Wondai wood display was followed by our arrival in Kingaroy. Brett fixed the tracking problem in their car's distributor and Noel Clarke decided to keep on going to Brisbane. The last supper was celebrated at the Kingaroy RSL before bunking down out of the very cold night air.

1/8/08 Sat Kingaroy-Home!222km

The last morning of the trip was another cold one and everyone was keen to hit the road. We joined the traffic out of Kingaroy and indulged in cream buns for the last time in Blackbutt. Mechanical issues with Brett and Amanda's car allowed a few more breaks in Esk and Fernvale before Cliff peeled off at Mount Crosby and the rest of us met up again, back where it all started, in Riverview.

A very enjoyable trip was had by all!

(from original newsletter)

National Austin Rally - Barossa - 2012

About 19 Queensland Cars eventually made it to Adelaide, two stayed on their trailers most of the time, one came off in Adelaide for the Bay to Birdwood rally, but the owner became very ill and had to return home. One other had a bit of a mechanical upset halfway thru the week and retired with engine trouble. My own car stayed home as I could not afford to leave my now elderly parents for too long (a wise decision in retrospect) and I flew down for the weekend and was met at Adelaide Airport by John Que and Peter Goldsworthy on the Saturday before. We



stayed at a very (but cold) Cabin at Brown Hill Creek Reserve, and Peter allowed me to navigate for him in the Bay to Birdwood Rally on the Sunday.



Sunday 30th September - The morning of 30th September 2012 was cool and overcast as we made our way to the assembly point for the start of the 2012 Bay to Birdwood



Run (fondly known as “The Bay”). Along with other veteran and vintage cars and bikes, we arrived at Barratt Reserve (West Beach), north of Glenelg, Adelaide at around 7am ready for the Run start at 8.30am. To keep us occupied prior to the start, there were a number of food stalls run by local service organisations from which we could purchase a variety of tasty breakfasts. The odour of freshly

cooked bacon, eggs and pancakes filled the air. At around 8am, three vintage aircraft from the Adelaide Bi-Planes Club provided a splendid display overhead. By the start time, gathered in the Reserve was the most extraordinary range of 1300 or so veteran and vintage vehicles from all over the country.

The Run, first held in 1980, is the largest most continually staged historic motoring event held anywhere in the world.

Following the Governor of South Australia’s representative cutting of the Start Ribbon, and in a light drizzle, the vehicles set out, one by one, on the 71kms (approx. 1 hour) trip to Birdwood in the Adelaide hills. Austin 7s, in South Australia for the 90th Year 2012 National Rally, were a feature vehicle in the Run this year and were well represented by the 146 or so A7s in attendance. Several Queensland A7s were there to “wave our flag”.

The trip to Birdwood, as we headed north-east skirting the Adelaide CBD, was an extraordinary event. Lining the roads along the complete



length of the Run were tens of thousands of spectators of all ages. Some were enjoying champagne breakfasts by the roadside, some were seated in comfortable chairs, some were standing in groups, but all were shouting and waving as we passed by. There were also very obliging Police and Run Marshals along the way to ensure we didn’t get lost – not much chance of that with the route clearly defined by spectators! Also along the way, between Tea Tree Gully and Chain of Ponds (for approx. 14kms), the Run

organisers had approval to redesignate the roadway to “one way” for the safety of Run participants heading to Birdwood – a safety aspect typical of this splendidly run event. After much jubilation, and in fine weather, we finally arrived at the finish venue – The National Motor Museum at Birdwood. The grassed grounds surrounding the Museum were eventually covered by the cars and bikes that had conquered the trip into the hills. The National Motor Museum, opened in 1965, is an international centre for the collection, research, preservation, education and display of Australian road transport history. In the Museum grounds were several food and general merchandise stalls that were well patronised throughout the day. There was also a stage from which organisers conducted competitions and events for the entertainment of visitors to the Museum and Run participants. Fashions in the Field, a Charleston dance demo, prize draws and the 2012 Concourse d’Elegance Presentation were stage highlights.

As the day drew to a close, we reluctantly cranked up our vehicles and headed back to Adelaide and our evening accommodation. It had not only been a big day but also one we will never forget. Having driven the Bay to Birdwood was obviously a unique and special event in the lives of those, like us, having done it for the first time. Huge congratulations to the organisers of the Run – a great success!

Stan Laurel & Oliver Hardy (Neil & Alan) *(from original newsletter)*



Monday 1st October - trip to the Barossa & Get-together

It was 85 kms. from Brown Hill Creek in Adelaide to Nuriootpa where John, Peter and I had digs at the Barossa Valley Tourist Park, after settling in and disconnecting the trailer we went exploring for the Rally headquarters back down the road at Tanunda, only a short 10 minutes away by road. The venue was at the Tanunda Showgrounds with plenty of parking and a huge indoor area for meals and get togethers. We collected our Rally bags, given details of judging duties for John and me and we were then invited to go on an orientation tour of the Valley, taking in the delights of Tanunda, Angaston and Nuriootpa. One of the most popular spots was the historic Blacksmith’s Shop in Angaston, plus all the best of the area’s gift shops, vineyard door sales outlets and coffee shops. At night there was a welcome dinner for all entrants and we were introduced to the famous little chummy rally direction signs, both left hand and right-hand versions in 4 colours. (No touching please!)

Tuesday 2nd October - Run to Mannum on the Murray.



Dawn broke over a very chilly Barossa Valley Tourist Park in Nuriootpa; we were told it was going to drop down to a very chilly 2 Degrees overnight due to a cold air mass from the South Pole and a lack of cloud cover. John and I got up promptly at 6 am, as it was too cold to stay in bed

any longer. We loaded up the not quite vintage 2004 Ford and headed over to Rally HQ Tanunda for a BIG breakfast, Food was laid out hotel style and there was plenty of it too! Phil Hayes and Cassie in the Orange Yorkshire Tea van were on the job also dispensing proper tea and plunger coffee. John decided to be tail end Charlie whilst I went hitch hiking with Ian Leitch of the SA club in his green 1936 Ruby Tourer. Today's run was a drive down to Mannum on the Murray River, a distance of some 50 miles there and 50 miles back (if you want that converted to kill-o-meters you will have a problem driving a pre metric motor car like an Austin Seven!), The sight of 150 little Austin Sevens of all styles



and colours heading out on a run is a sight to gladden any car enthusiasts heart, and the Barossa Valley with its wonderful brown stone cottages is the perfect setting, surrounded by hills of lovely bright green verdant vegetation of new vine and flowering Canola. Leaving Tanunda, we passed the huge chateau inspired structure of Penfold's Winery, before heading off to Angaston for a quick bypass of its many touristy delights (no time to stop today, after visiting the fascinating old Blacksmiths shop on Monday). We headed east thru Keyneton and some very enticing vineyards, before suddenly hitting the top of the escarpment at Sedan Hill where we hurtle down a steep road, past pastures fenced with dry packed stone walls, into marginal farming land on the Murray Basin. Next stop, Sedan, a quiet little town with many ancient stone buildings in original (and sometimes decaying) condition, but it is a buzz of activity as an army of Austins swarm thru, settle then take off again, when they realise there is only one solitary toilet! Now we turn south thru Cambrai and cross the Marne River, both famous First World War battle grounds, this being a soldier settlement scheme area. We finally reach Mannum a busy tourist town on the river Murray, site of the old Horwood Bagshaw

Factory that once employed hundreds of locals making farm machinery. When that factory closed down they said Mannum would die, but it's nice location on a gentle bend in the Murray made it prosper as a very popular recreation spot. Lots of Austins were parked in the streets taking in the sights and sampling the shops, before settling in Mary Ann Reserve with all the other wonderful Austin Sevens. The river at this point is quite high, only a few feet below the grassed reserve. Two large modern houseboats quietly floated past, like ghosts of the old steam river boats that once gently came “wuf-wuf-wuffing” around the bend to pull up for loads of wheat or offloads raw materials for the factory,

Our lunch was provided as a pack of a major piece of a chook and salad, provided by the local Lions Club. Some sat down by the river, as did many of our Queensland crew to enjoy our lunch. But no time to rest as John and I were judges! Our category was the saloons, 24 Of them, including two lovely Swallows



(how many swallows make a summer?), a bevy of Rubies, Box Saloons and our very own Barry and Molly Neville in Alice, the only vintage saloon attending!

Very hard to choose in this category, we picked three contenders, a

Box Saloon, a Ruby and one of the Swallows, but there are still 8 cars we have not found!!

After lunch Ian kindly let me drive his car back to Tanunda, a task I accepted, although the narrow roads with their exaggerated camber are a challenge to any Austin Seven. The return trip was made more interesting, as some cars faltered with minor carburettor and ignition faults as we had some climbing work to do to get back up in the Barossa area. All was going well until there was a load “**BANG**” followed by a continuous clatter from underneath our car and I hurriedly pulled off the road, but Ian was not concerned, “Oh, the exhaust has fallen off again!”. Luckily Ian produced a piece of mild galvanised tie



wire from behind the seat to lift up the dangling tail pipe but there was a pronounced “bark” from underneath the car for the remainder of the journey!! Back thru the little communities of Mt. Pleasant (watch out for the rally Marshall and oncoming traffic!), Springton , Eden Valley, and the descent down Mengler Hill off the Lofty Ranges. We stopped at the lookout for a view across the valley, only find there was another lookout with a superb view across both Tanunda and “Noori”* just after that one,(is this where the Sculpture Park that is mentioned in the directions was?), oh well, that is something to look for another time! Back down onto the flat and return via Angaston , we arrived back at rally HQ in Tanunda, but the hall as shut, so no chance for a cuppa, so after ringing John (who was off somewhere putting petrol in a thirsty Austin Seven), Ian left me to return to his digs up the road.

The night was to feature a Noggin and a Natter at the Barossa Junction, but I think most decided to make it an early night!!

**The town is spelt Nuriootpa, but I kept on calling it NuriOOP-Ta, the locals wisely just call it “Noori” for short.*

Tim Braby



Some of our Club Cars assemble on the last morning at Tanunda, From Top to Btm. and left to right we have - Messrs. Curtis, McCarthy, Abell, Thompson, Clark, Brindley, Neville



More of our Club Cars assemble on the last morning at Tanunda, From Top to Btm. and left to right we have - Messrs., McDowell, Clancy, Shuker, Young & Dorman!



Wednesday 3rd October run to Seppeltsville & Maggie Beers and a surprise collection of "Big Cats".

Once again, we have a lovely

breakfast at Austin Seven Heaven. Today saw a big split in the ranks, no not a Marxist Leninist factional rift between the vintage and post vintage adherents nor a north vs. south border dispute, but simple logistics of having to split up the entrants so the venues we visit today can cope with the influx! But first was some serious business, men's business in the form of a small private Austin Seven only swap. Business was very brisk, I managed to get three new books for the Austin Seven Cupboard, and a new exhaust and replica Benjamin Horn for my Chummy, interesting to see the Victorian Club stocking up on Austin Seven jewellery (lights and instruments) for their spare parts department. The weather is getting better but still a bit cold in an open car!

This morning the late start allowed Doctor Ian to have his exhaust fixed up so as not to upset the locals and cause the grapes to wither on the vine with a rumble usually associated with a big boofy macho V8, not a dainty gentile Austin Seven! John and I just poked around until BBQ lunch at HQ then I hopped into the little green machine, "let's go to Seppeltsfield first said the good doctor. Seppelts possibly are the largest and one of the oldest Wine producers in the Barossa, founded in 1851 by Joseph Seppelt, his family had owned the business for just over 100 years, and their famous Tawny Port has been in production since 1878. Some of the family still are there, the family Mausoleum dominates the road in from a hilltop with a large flight of steps leading up to a stone terrace and Greco-Romano Portico. 500 ancient date trees line the road in. The one point everyone gravitates to in Seppelts Cellar Door, set in amongst gardens and lovely stone painted buildings. Here you can taste a mouthfull of the famous Tawny Port or a nice new crisp table wine. On a table there was a special Cask of wine celebrating 90years of the Austin Seven made by their master cooper, we were invited to fill in the entry form for this fantastic souvenir, to be drawn at a later point in the week back at Rally HQ. A few mouthfuls later we then headed off to Maggie Beer's Farm Shop to fill up on special comestibles for the kitchen, or have cup of coffee, a light meal or a lovely ice cream. Surrounded by gardens, this is a popular venue for weddings and other celebrations.

Arriving back at Tanunda we were told a local business man had offered to show us his collection of Jaguars that after noon. Carl Lindner is a property developer, and wine maker who

has a rather nice collection of mostly Jaguars. He has several large and airy sheds full of cars, trucks, furniture and machinery. His oldest car is an unrestored 1932 Jaguar SS1 sport tourer, a complete and really cool SS1 Coupe, beautifully restored C type and D type racers, and almost the entire range from the 1950s and 1960s. One car I liked was not even English, but a large 1940 Lincoln Continental V12 Coupe.

That night John and I visited the local pub to check out the facilities for the final Dinner in two days' time.

Thursday 4th October run to Kapunda

During breakfast representatives from Seppelt's were on stage to make the presentation of the lucky draw for the special Cask of Austin Seven Port, the timber was milled in the 1940s and specially marked to celebrate 90 years of the Austin Seven. This was won by Gail Sheldon, who was travelling in a Ruby Saloon from NSW. The weather is now getting warmer so pale skinny legs and shorts are in prominence.

We then headed off the run to Kapunda, passing past the large statue of "Map the Miner". At Kapunda there was an Austin Seven Traffic Jam as the Marshalls tried to park all the cars at the local trotting track, neatly! Here we were participating in a "Funkhana", that is kids party games for Austin Sevens. I was kind of glad my car was many borders away up in Queensland as "volunteers" from every state and territory were chosen for some devilish feats of driving. Our victims were Ian and Valda McDowell in their 1937 Van and Allan Couser in his 1933 Tourer, with Neil Thyer as his navigator. They must have had ample warning as both cars were



decorated with XXXX stickers and State of Origin flags.

Their trials included

(1) driver blind folded and required to drop a ball INTO a bucket and negotiate traffic cones, while the navigator yelled at them, "Left, left, no, no, now RIGHT!" or "Stop, STOP, too far, REVERSE!".

(2) driver lobs 6 rolled newspapers across his roof trying to get them in an old tire on the other side.

(3) the classic go slow race, retard the spark, don't ride the clutch and slowly does it.

(4) driver negotiates a traffic cone slalom, this time the navigator has to keep quiet

(5) driver has to drive car forward exactly one metre with a cardboard box on their head, some may think this was an improvement in the driver's appearance (I NEVER said that!!)

(6) driver has to reverse car and park left hand rear tire on steel plate. All this was in front of the large racetrack grandstand where the audience participation is very voluble!

After lunch (held in two sittings due to the numbers) we were allowed to explore historic Kapunda. The local museum has many interesting exhibits including wagons and sulkies, farm machinery, even a complete fully stocked grocery shop.

The buildings in town are worth looking for as Kapunda was a very important town 100 years ago, when Sir Sidney Kidman ran his vast cattle empire spanning from SA to Qld and the Northern Territory from here. His house was left to the local high school in the 1920s for us to see today.

A quick trip home thru magnificent Austin touring country. That is, until we came across Wayne and Jenny Styles stranded with a flat tire. Wayne was having trouble with the jack staying up right on the loose gravel shoulder of the road. Ian and I tried all sorts of bits of wood, even a concrete post under the car to give the jack some stability.

That night John and I went to visit Barossa Junction, a combination hotel, motel and motor museum built on a railway siding between Nuriootpa and Tanunda where several lucky rally folk are staying in a line-up of restored dark blue SAR carriages, we were told they were VERY comfy. The museum is quite an interesting one that is very single minded in its content, mostly Aerial Square Four (the famous “Squariel”) motorcycles and veteran and vintage Chevrolets, including a rare late veteran era V8 and an air-cooled four, built before a long line of reliable ohv fours and sixes we usually think of powering Chevrolets.

Friday 5th October – Roseworthy Campus This is our last full day in the Barossa and the weather is now perfect, so we tried to take a photo of all the Qld Club cars together, the drivers are a bit harder to find. We left the ‘Shed’ after our last drivers briefing heading in convoy for one of the shortest runs of the week along the familiar road up to “Nuri” then turn due east to Roseworthy, to the University of Adelaide Campus of Veterinary & Agricultural Sciences. In time honoured tradition we were parked in a neat cluster on the College’s main oval for our final end of rally photo before being allowed to explore the campus and have morning tea at the cafe. The college has been established for some time and is quite large, with many students living on campus, this being a rural college. The main administration building is an imposing 3 storey building intricately built in classic red brick, grey stone and beige cement. Unfortunately exploring the buildings meant I missed out on the free morning tea! The next attraction was the proximity of a live steam model railway operating next to the oval. More than One Austin Seven Driver and Navigator were seen being hauled along Tootles the Saddle Tank Engine or the magnificent 4-6-4 New York and Central Railway Locomotive.



Lunch was put on by staff at the College Refectory Building, seating was at a premium, once again it was suggested we eat in shifts. After I managed to catch up with Doctor Ian as he said the College Museum was definitely worth a look, John was very pleased as they had 3 Lightburn Zetas on display plus working tractors, engines, and agricultural machinery. So, the cars started going back to base to rest up and get ready for dinner, also many had a long journey the next day to drive home or trailer their cars. Even John was starting to get tired on our way back to



the caravan park, so I got a chance to drive his modern Ford. Back at our camp I let John have 40 winks while I went on a sightseeing walk around town armed with camera in hand.

Friday 5th October Dinner at the Vine Inn Hotel Nuriootpa

The final Dinner was only a 15 minute walk from the Barossa Tourist Park. The theme was Black and Red, and it was nice to see that most people chose to make the effort. Red & Black hats, wigs, shirts and dresses, and bow ties were the mark of the sartorially resplendent Austin Seven Driver and Navigator. It was pleasing that two of our own won important prizes, Alan Couser won Best Post Vintage Tourer and Ian McDowell Best Commercial and Russell Curtis was one of the lucky few to win one of the little Chummy direction markers. Neil Thyer represented our State with the cutting of the Austin 7 90th Birthday Cake. The longest Distance Driven was Hugh Fryer who drove solo in his 1926 Chummy from Perth to Adelaide. The car John and I chose as Best Saloon was not a sporty Swallow but a very nice local 1932 Saloon. We thought it presented very well as a good restoration inside and out with only one minor paint flaw.

Neil helped John with his Presentation about the 95th Birthday National Austin 7 Rally in Toowoomba in 2017 to be run by our very own Austin 7 Register of Qld. After John and Merv Thompson handed our rally information packs which were eagerly snapped up. It was a very late night to bed for us all! Next day I was up early to catch my shuttle bus back to Adelaide and a flight home to Brisbane. The SA club produced 3 nice Rally souvenir books and a DVD of excellent photos which are well worth looking at if you wish to know more about the Rally.

THE END *(from original newsletter)*

Rocky Run - April 2014

Well, we had a bad start, in the week before the Tour was to commence I discovered a gear box



oil leak, so, engine and gear box out, rebuild & back into the car on Wednesday for a test drive to get petrol. Oil leak fixed but got some bad fuel that blocked the tap out of the fuel tank – we discovered it had flecks of red paint in it, not good for the fuel line. So after a bit of coughing & spluttering we were brought to a stop on the way to the starting point (300mtr from the start in fact). At the start line we removed the carbie to clean it out and blow back up the fuel line to the fuel tank & this appeared to clear the

problem.

At the start we had our Austin 7 Roadster & a 1957 MG Magnette ZB belonging to Brett's Mum & Dad, Bruce & Barbara Wilson. Mike & Kath McGuill also arrived at the hardstand as they were travelling with us until the morning tea stop. So, after attending to the mechanical issues we had a later start than planned at 9.15am but we were eventually off through the hills to our



first stop at Esk for morning tea, thankfully without any further issues. Mike & Kath planned to leave us at Esk whilst we headed on towards Toogoolawah & points further north. We made it to just outside of Moore before the next breakdown. Did I mention there were hills? Again, off on the side of the road we blew back up the fuel line to the fuel tank which again seemed to fix the problem, so we made a lunch/pit stop in Moore for a bit of a break before we tackled the Blackbutt Range (more hills). Our little Austin went up the range in 2nd gear without a problem (thankfully) but we were glad it wasn't much longer. As we knew the MG would make it up

much quicker they went on ahead & waited for us at the top & surprisingly they said we weren't that far behind them. We made it into Kingaroy at about 2.30pm & John arrived with Peter in Peter's Austin 7 van at around 4.30pm. John, unfortunately, had to leave his Austin at Peter's place when it decided that it didn't want to play the game & work properly despite several hours' effort from both Peter & John on it (we are still waiting, John!)



At 8am the next morning we headed off with Peter & John as Tail-end Charlie & after many hills a couple of which made the temperature rise on the motorman, we made it into Monto for the night at 3.25pm thankfully without any further fuel issues. A quick check under the bonnet at the motel & we found that the fan belt had broken on the Roadster. We replaced the belt & discovered that the bush appeared to be a bit stiff so with the help of a friendly passing local & a quick trip to his house around in the next street we added some grease & were ready to tackle the next set of hills – this was turning into a very hilly road. I'm sure that they've added in some more hills since we came back from Longreach on it in 2009 – I don't remember there being this many. Then again, we were coming from the other direction & that can make a BIG difference to your perspective.

At 8am we were off to get over the next big hills before the day got too warm – 2.5 km of climbing at one point & we stopped for a much-needed rest at Dululu. After many, many hills we arrived at Rockhampton at 2.15pm for a bigger rest, before we headed off for a BBQ dinner with Ken Burton and the Rockhampton Veteran & Vintage Motor Club. A fantastic welcome with cars and members of the club coming to see who was crazy enough to drive little Austins all the way from Brisbane to Rockhampton. We spent a pleasant afternoon & evening inspecting





Ken's hidden treasures in his shed & under his house – with Peter relieving Ken of a wheel rim that didn't suit Ken's cars but would suit one of Peter's. The next day Peter & John did some sightseeing while we had a relaxed morning & we meet up again in the afternoon at Brian & Sue Clancy's for a sticky beak in Brian's shed & a BBQ dinner with members of the Capricornia Car Club. Another fantastic welcome from them also, another good night was had along with more Austin 7s to look at in Brian's shed as well the cars brought along by the club members. After the BBQ on the way home as we pulled into our accommodation we could hear a clicking sound coming from the front of our Austin & after a quick check in the dark it appeared to be a broken spoke. However, the next morning as we started to leave the click sound from the front of the Austin 7 seemed to be louder so, a stop in the car park to get the jack out to take the front wheel off & have a look see, only to find that the jack wouldn't work (bugger). A dash down to Peter's cabin to borrow his jack, which he already had out as he was in the middle of changing a tyre, & we found that the backing plate was hitting on the brake drum – easy fix. We also found the front right side tyre appeared to be wearing rapidly but as everything felt good and looked ok we headed off south. Did I say before that there were hills? We stopped at Dululu again for a rest & when Peter pulled in he asked if he could go first as he didn't fuel up before leaving Rockhampton and, so he hadn't filled up his 5ltr backup jerry as we had done. He reckoned that he had just enough fuel to make it to Biloela but wanted us as a safety net just in case. So, Peter lead the way, unfortunately, his calculations weren't quite right & he ran out of fuel 12km out of Biloela. Did I say there were hills? A good day's drive had us into Monto arriving at 2.15pm. This time when we lifted the bonnet we found that the bush on the fan had died entirely somewhere along the way & the mount on the bonnet for the electric horn had broken & the horn was hanging down loose in the engine bay – so no fan belt from then on & the horn was removed & relegated to the back of the car instead. Just as well I have a hand operated air horn. Did I say there were hills? The next morning started with a heavy fog as we headed off for Kingaroy, so far, the days had been clear and fine, if a little warm after lunch, Peter & John turned off at Tansy to head for Gympie & we went off onto Kingaroy with just the two cars now. Did I mention that there were hills? Some of the patchwork repairs of the bitumen were very rough in places & driving the old cars is more of a strain than you realize at times – especially when the road is badly patched & you're getting bounced around by it all the time. So, it felt like it was a loooooong drive to get to Kingaroy.

Our last day now as we headed home for Brisbane. We made it to Moore again without any problems. However, while there we found the front right tyre had worn down to canvas in one spot (bugger) we also noted that the front left hand tyre was showing signs of wear too. Anyway, no jack and the MG one only fits the MG, however, being in the country, we met some very nice people on this Tour and one was Bob, who was camping at Moore. He brought over his jack & we changed the tyre. He then told me he was a retired tool maker & he had made Austin 7 crank shafts & he would be happy to make any part we may need for the Austin 7's so we exchanged details & will be calling him soon as he gets back to Burpengary in about 3 weeks' time. Did I say there were hills?

We made it home at about 12.30pm, so our 84 year old car got us to Rockhampton and back to Brisbane under her own steam even with a few handicaps. The handicaps by the end of the trip were: front right wheel bearing dead, left front wheel bearing dead also, one wheel had 3 broken spokes, 2 x bald tyres, the speedo stopped working (it started doing a complete 360 circle around the face without stopping so we decided to disconnect it), bad fuel, 1 broken horn mount, 1 broken fan belt & a fan bush shot. But considering the distance travelled these were relatively

minor issues. The distance travelled Brisbane to Rockhampton – first day Brisbane to Kingaroy 209km, second day Kingaroy to Monto 315km, third day Monto to Rockhampton 247km – a total round trip of 1464km.

Brett & Amanda (from original newsletter)

Lang & Bev In an Austin 7 - Trip to Cape York - July/August 2015

Club Members Lang & Bev Kidby drove their 1928 Austin 7 Chummy (Daisy) to Cape York

In deference to Daisy we elected to travel the shortest distance to the bitumen straight south to Laura. There are some bitumen strips several kms long but in between it is the roughest section of road we have encountered. We stopped at Hann Roadhouse for a break before arriving at Laura late morning.

Here we took more photos of the two Austin 7's together. The store owner at Laura has had one parked outside his roadhouse for many years so it is symbolic being able to have them side by side from Laura



we are back on a lovely smooth road surface with no more white knuckle, heart in the mouth, bone rattling travel. We stopped at Palmer River roadhouse for a late lunch then made it to Mount Carbine where we checked into the caravan park and are able to secure a cabin overnight. This is not just two beds in a donga but the cheapest accommodation so far and the size of a small unit with all mod cons, very welcome.

9th We have a pleasant trip down the range into Mossman and then along the coast, arriving back in Cairns at midday having completed our circle with Daisy purring along and the two of us feeling very much more relaxed.

The trip has been great fun and we have been able to bring history alive which is what we set out to do, and we achieved our aim. Driving old cars though, especially under such rough



conditions, you are constantly aware that you are testing the boundaries. Lang did a fantastic job driving the entire route and attending to all the mechanical needs Daisy required. Of our two New Zealanders in 1928 Hector only learnt to drive between Sydney and Cairns and he said in his book he was always happy, like me, to be the passenger. I can only imagine how difficult it was for them, no communications, no roads and no idea of what lay ahead, true pioneers who should not be forgotten.

Total distance covered from Cairns to Cape



York and back was 1,624 miles (2,598km). Total fuel used was 58 gallons/230 litres giving 43mpg in the old money – pretty good seeing we spent a lot of time crawling in third and even second gear. On the good sections we played it conservative and although Daisy would do much more, we sat on 35mph/60kmh. Several of our problems were caused by the huge load she was forced to carry. The corrugations are constant throughout the trip and although the Austin 7 rides nicely, effectively having no shock absorbers results in regular out of control “drift driving”, particularly on corners.

A great little car for its day and it would have been a winner on the English country lanes for which it was designed. Just goes to show you can take any car anywhere as Dick and Hector proved in 1928. Back to the 4×4 for us for a while until we feel in the need of no more punishment.

Lang & Bev (from original newsletter and Lang's Website)

Celebrating 95 Years Of The Austin 7 National Tour-Toowoomba - 2017

As a result of ex-cyclone Debbie, it was touch and go whether everyone would be able to make it to the 2017 National Austin 7 Tour held in Toowoomba. By a variety of routes all of Queensland's Far Northerners were able to get through as a result of leaving early before the roads closed, or later after they had opened. Barry and Yvonne had to be in Brisbane early to be able to have a new radiator fitted to their 1935 Austin 7 Sports. Mays took their time and arrived without incident.

It was great to meet up with Far Northern Restorers members Ron and Wendy Byrnes in their beautiful 1929 Austin Chummy and Allan Blair driving his uncle's 1930 Sports which he is bringing back to use in Innisfail.



The Austin 7 National Rally is held every five years, the last one in the Barossa Valley in South Australia. This year over 120 little cars converged on Toowoomba where the Austin 7 Register of Queensland committee had been working for 5 years to have everything perfect—which indeed they accomplished.

Activities began with Registration in the afternoon followed by a Welcome dinner held at University of Southern Queensland campus. It was an opportunity to meet up with old friends and make new ones.

The following day was a town day with a swap meet at the headquarters, a High Tea for female members and then the cars were displayed at the Cobb & Co Museum. This was an appropriate venue as the Cobb & Co coaches were being phased out around the same time as the Austin 7's were starting to be manufactured.

Next followed 4 driving days where we visited every little village in the Toowoomba district. We were “eased in” with a journey of some 87 kilometres from the Club Rooms to the Highfields Pioneer Village where we had damper and billy tea and lots of opportunity to view the extensive collections housed at the venue. From there we drove to Goombungee for lunch provided by the local CWA women. On the way home, we visited 3 venues—Double H Alpaca Stud; 2nd 2 None Winery and the Colonial Woodcrafts.

The second driving day covered 127 kms from the club rooms. We were on back roads on our way to the Jondaryan Woolshed. Here we had morning tea in the largest shearing shed in the Southern Hemisphere, witnessed a display of shearing and then wandered over the vast complex. Then we were back into our cars for a drive to Adora Downs Homestead at Mt Tyson. This was a working station with beautiful grounds. Here we had a lovely roast dinner which went down very well. We returned to Toowoomba passing the new Wellcamp Airport.



There were plenty of activities in the evening for those that had the energy including ghost tours; dinner in a railway wagon and a trivia night.

Our third touring day—a distance of 144 kms took us initially to Allora and another lovely morning tea and a group photo of all the Austin 7s at the Allora Showgrounds. Our car was parked beside Greg Keller’s Austin 7 van. It had had several owners between Greg and the present owner who lives in Warwick. The new owner said it was going to be with him for a long time. Isobel and Ray Plath were waiting there to greet us, so our little team of Far Northerners had grown to 8. From Allora, we went to Nobby of Steele Rudd fame for lunch and then back to Toowoomba.

As a result of the long distances travelled, the number of Austin 7s on the last day of touring had diminished somewhat. All the Far Northerners were in modern cars. We had done over 400 kms in our Chummy which performed really well, and it proved especially good on the many hills that had to be traversed.

The last day was only 117 kms which involved a drive to Pittsworth where state representatives competed in a gymkhana. We also had an opportunity to take a bus ride which would have to be the cheapest ride in Australia—\$1 per head for the most entertaining ride led by Penny. After she had finished with us most people were wanting to move to Pittsworth which was a lovely little town with wonderful gardens.

In the evening, we were back to USQ for the farewell dinner and the presentation of awards. It was the opportunity to thank the Austin 7 Register of Queensland members who had done an amazing job. The next National Rally will be held in 2022 in Victoria. I am sure that Yvonne and Barry will make it, but it might be too far for the Mays.



***Courtesy of Dawn and Peter May and the Cairns & District Historic Vehicle Club Inc
“Bearing Chatter magazine” (from original newsletter)***

A7 Reg Qld 50th Anniversary Tour, Dalby –September 2017

Friday September 8 (Day 1)

Members travelled independently with 10 Austin 7s on trailers and two back up moderns from their respective homes to the Dalby Tourist Park on the banks of the Myall Creek, checking in and unloading their cars in preparation for an adventurous few days around Dalby. Some members had chosen cabin accommodation while others decided to live out of their caravans and campervans. Around mid-afternoon, several members gathered for pre-dinner drinks and nibbles outside the cabins of the Moore’s and Alan.

As the sun set, we walked to the Criterion Hotel Steakhouse next door to the Tourist Park for dinner. Due to the very cold evening temperature, it was agreed by all to postpone the monthly A7 Reg. meeting, scheduled to be held that night, until Saturday lunchtime at Thomas Jack Park in Dalby.

Neil & Karyn



Saturday September 9 (Day 2)

After a cold night, everyone rose at their own leisure to a warm, sunny day. Saturday was a free morning and so everyone went their different ways – breakfast, coffee, shopping and the aerodrome. The Tourist Park resembled somewhat of a workshop with several cars needing some TLC to get them on the road. At around 11.30am we headed off on a short run northwards to Thomas Jack Park for lunch and our monthly A7 Reg. meeting.

Following our sumptuous BYO lunches and a successful A7 Reg. monthly

meeting, we all set out under Doug and Robyn’s instructions to Tom and Fay Saxelby’s residence. Here we viewed three sheds full of beautifully restored trucks and vehicle memorabilia. The more adventurous male members had a close inspection of the “truck graveyard”, an area where rusted and beyond repair vehicles were consigned for the rest of their days. We enjoyed afternoon tea under the trees, along with the Saxelby’s and members’ dogs. After Doug formally thanked Tom and Fay for their hospitality, we headed back to our accommodation where the A7s were put to bed for the night. The Austineer “mechanics” then decided to spend some time working on David’s A7 in an attempt to get it on the road. They were unsuccessful – it seemed to be an electrical problem.

Dinner was again at the Criterion Hotel Steakhouse, which turned out to be an entertaining evening. Thank you to Robyn and Doug for organising the run instructions for the day.

Neil & Karyn

Sunday September 10 (Day 3)

It was another beautiful sunny day in Dalby, following a cold crisp morning. We were all pleased to hear the sound of the Ure's A7 engine running, after the troops had spent yesterday afternoon tinkering with it.

At 9am sharp we gathered for a day's run briefing by Doug and Robyn. The briefing included wishing Trevor, Tim and Karyn a happy birthday with candled lamingtons, cards and singing. We drove through town a short distance to the Dalby Pioneer Park Museum. For morning tea, the tables were laden with a variety of home-baked cakes, scones and slices, and we all ate so much that we were not sure how we would fit in lunch. We walked off morning tea by looking



through the interesting displays in the various buildings around the site. At noon we gathered again for a delicious lunch of cold meats and salads followed by dessert, all prepared by the museum volunteers.

Following lunch, we drove about 8 kms to the home of Neville Morris, collector and manufacturer of all things mechanical. At Neville Morris's we were shown around by Neville and his mate, Johnno. Members were astounded by the volume of motor components stored around the site and the many "motors" and "inventions" that Neville had spent most of his 80 plus years producing.

On return to our accommodation around mid-afternoon, we gathered for afternoon drinks in the Tourist Park's camp BBQ area. It was decided that everyone would do their own thing for dinner, as we were all so full from the day's meals at the Museum.

Thank you to Robyn and Doug for organising the Museum visit and the run instructions to Neville Morris's home.

Neil & Karyn

Monday September 11 (Day 4)

With some members having departed for home yesterday, six A7s and three moderns (one with Harry on his trailer in preparation for the trip home) set out at 9.30am for Bell. After driving through the flat fields for 40 kms we reached the modern Bell Visitor Information Centre. For morning tea, we were served delicious scones loaded with jam and cream, together with tea and coffee. One of the volunteers gave a brief talk on Bell township and history. We then enjoyed browsing the lovely arts and crafts available for sale in the gift shop, with many of us purchasing the rosella jam. Before departing, we moved the A7s in front of the Centre for photos. Some of the volunteers were then taken for a spin in the old cars.

We drove onwards for 22 kms to the beautiful Jimbour House for lunch. On arrival we walked around the well-manicured grounds. After lunch John Que and Neil & Karyn departed for home to fulfil commitments on Tuesday. The remaining members then headed back to their

accommodation, looking forward to an afternoon of music around the campfire located at and organised by the Dalby Tourist Park.

Thanks to the Guthries and McDowall's for organising today's interesting run.

Neil & Karyn



Tuesday September 12 (Day 5)

With Neil & Karyn and John going home yesterday, and Trevor experiencing some minor problem with the carbie on his car, Ross & Rhonda, Ian & Valda, Trevor & Bev, Tim and Ken & Jing set off with their A7s, with Trevor & Elaine along with Alan going modern, for our day's run to Broadwater Lake.

Our run to Broadwater Lake took us thru many fields being prepared for Spring planting of



cotton and other grain crops. These fields looked so good with the land looking so rich even with the lack of water. These farmers of the land deserve rich rewards for their effort. On arrival at Broadwater Lake we met up with Phil & Bridget from the Dalby Car Club in their VW Beetle (Bug) where we had Morning Tea followed by a visit to the Bird Hide viewing area along dirt tracks. With binoculars were spotted pelicans and other birds. According to the locals, the lake is only about two (2) metres deep but water skiing is popular. The lake is a very enjoyable spot – nice and green and lush. After leaving Broadwater Lake we headed for

Jimbour along the Moonie and Warrego Highways crossing the Condamine River (with no water) and the Macalister Bell Road until we reached the Jimbour School. Here we then met up with Wally & Bev and had lunch on the veranda of the community hall. After lunch the children and teachers came from their classes to look over (and blow horns of) our cars.

On the way back to base there was one minor problem with a fuel blockage in Tim's car.

This was the end of a most enjoyable five days of Austin 7 fun. We must do it again sometime, somewhere.

Thanks to the Guthries and McDowall's for organising today's interesting run.

Alan Couser (from original newsletter)

CHAPTER 8 - OTHER MEMORABLE JOURNEYS



Lismore Rallies - in the early days the A7s joined the VCCQ on runs to the Northern Rivers. Terry Hicks tells me his mate Ralph Cooter and Mum Vicki in Ralphs Chummy and David Barnett in his 1930 roadster would set off at about 5 am, with their beanies on to keep out the cold to attend rallies in Lismore in the early days. This photo is a later occasion with Ross Guthrie talking to Neville Ogborne at the Lismore showgrounds, assembly point for many a Lismore Rally.

Condamine Run - In October 1977 Trevor & Bev McCulloch drove out their 1929 Chummy Gus through Miles, Drellen and another 70 miles of dirt to Condamine. Result a broken windscreen.

Bundaberg Canefields Classics - a very popular event, although may choose to trailer. One year's my trailer wheel came off going up a hill, passed me, and the car ahead, before rolling into a ditch. Luckily the trailer with the 1929 Wasp survived relatively unscathed

Dalby Rally's - Lovely flat roads, with visits to collections of old machinery and historic properties

Darling Downs/ Toowoomba Invitation Rally's to historic Houses, Museums, and other treasures.



The wonderful **Gold Coast Autoramas**, who can forget the salubrious Evening Star Motel at Labrador when it rained all night, and each bed only had a threadbare blanket in the middle of winter.

Ipswich Rally - lots of history in and around Ipswich to explore with John and Daphne Hoerlein often our hosts.



LAMA Gatton Rallies - lovely drives up the Lockyer valley to visit nurseries and camp out in the old railway station at the Historical Village – still going well after 30 years!

QVVA Motorkhanas in and around Brisbane.

Sunshine Coast Motorkhanas up and down the Blackall Range

The fantastic **Tweed Valley Rallies** just across the border in lush forests and glades .

And our local Runs, the **Pym Hills Run**, The **Presidents Run**, **Mother's Day Run**, **Family Fun Runs**, The **VCCQ Concours** at Sherwood, Kangaroo Point and Ormiston House, Tennis at Ferny Grove, Camping at Cedar Gove and Lake Moogerah, playing cricket against the Morris Club and the Veteran Car club, **Mother's Day** at **MacLean's Bridge**, **Strawberry Festival**, **Australia Day** at **Montville** and later **Australia Day at the Ormiston State School** which grows yearly..

PHOTOS BELOW Hillview Campout1988 - we stayed at Coral Cogzell's little one teacher school where she was a teacher. Fun singing songs and camping out on blow-up mattresses in the classroom. Later we also stayed at Cedar Lake in the gold Coast Hinterland where we relaxed, played tennis and tried to ride horses!



CHAPTER 9 - CELEBRATION OF THE YEARS

21st BIRTHDAY WEEKEND

The weekend of the 23rd and 24th of July 1988 saw a large portion of Brisbane's Austin Seven population come out of storage, the occasion being our Club's annual static display.

The Friday night preceding saw the usual lively meeting well attended by members and visitors.

The 'new' Committee handled proceedings with its usual friendly manner, although at one stage there was much discussion about the scandalous increase in Concessional Registration fees.

Visitors included Fred and Bernice Darling and Peter and Ann Booth from Victoria, all confirmed Austin enthusiasts.

A light supper was held after with a nice selection of fattening goodies.

At 1 o'clock on Saturday about 12 Sevens assembled in the Centenary Pool Car Park in anticipation of the afternoon run.

Soon a straggling line of little cars stretched through Gregory Terrace, Breakfast Creek, Kingsford Smith Drive and on to the new Domestic Airport.

A brief stop at the Sir Charles Kingsford Smith Memorial gave a chance to see "Smithy's" old bus in its new home and to answer some questions on the Rally Sheet, which nearly everybody answered correctly, causing the rally organiser to lose some more of his hair!

Trish's car, "Tiddler" caused a few anxious moments when it refused to start, and a poor bystander was worn out trying to push start it. Trish soon deftly diagnosed blocked carburettor, and was blowing tunes on its assorted jets. True to form, no such blockage could be found, and "Tiddler" started instantly with a gentle nudge from 3 gents.



All the other cars did a return loop past the new airport terminal. Pym did two much to the delight of a group of Japanese travellers.

Our final destination was the Boondall Entertainment Complex for afternoon tea near the model boat lake. Parking was restricted so two, even three, Sevens parked in what was one normal parking bay! A welcome cuppa was available for all, although biscuits were at a premium. Unfortunately, it was not possible to explore the interior of the Complex, so after a short while, all the cars were off again, this time towards home to spruce up for the evening's festivities. Dooloo Crescent, Ferny Hills, was lined with cars belonging to Club members and their families. Peter's little Sevens skulked down the side of No. 11, objecting to being kept out of their beds to such ungodly hours.

Highlights of the evening were the presentations for the Rally Winners - 1 packet of sweets for the Cahalane's which the girls soon thinned down, also there were two musical treats. Emma and her accomplice, Tanya, wrote, played and sang a song that they had made up about the Club and its Committee.

Also, your Editor had a tape recording of a "twenties" gramophone record which featured a song about the adventures of an Austin Seven owner. I believe a copy is now on its way down to the Melbourne Club!

By 10:30 p.m., the numbers had thinned right down as next day would be a long one.

9:00 a.m. Sunday and the Guthrie clan were already at Captain Burke Park, a pleasant spot under the Storey Bridge. The weather started out cloudy but there was constant sunshine by noon with only a slight breeze.

Ultimately, we had 48 vehicles or parts thereof assembled in an impressive array. It would have been nice to get the magic 50. A few familiar faces were missing but a few new ones were made very welcome.

Joe Wilson in his magnificent Vauxhall Wensum and past-President Barry Neville made an expert judging panel and were impressed by the standard of many of our cars.

Highlights of the day include Henry's new body frame, Mike Hawthorne's Ulster neatly parked inside "Errol the Econovan", Ian Waring's Tourer without guards, doors, bonnet, but the original carpet in place, Guy's "Cartridge" skate board, Henry assuming his RACQ role and coaxing Doug Clarke's 12/4 to life after over 10 years of slumber and then taking it for a lap of honour around the park!

Finally, at 3 o'clock, the judges had reached their verdicts and presentations were to be made. Firstly, however, Peter Baker, our esteemed President and Founder, was made a "Life Member" for his untiring efforts for the Club and its members. There can't be anyone in the Club who can say that he or she hasn't had to consult Peter on some facet of their Austin, not to mention wiring up a couple of backyard sheds!

The trophies awarded were:

BEST CHASSIS - Ted Bale - 1934 10/4 Sports.

BEST VINTAGE - Robyn Clarke - 1929 Chummy.

BEST POST-VINTAGE - Judy McCulloch - 1937 Ruby.

SPECIAL INTEREST - Guy Freeman - Cambridge Special & Ian Waring - 1935 Tourer.

BEST CAR OF THE DAY - Tim Braby - 1929 Wasp Sports.

MOST ORIGINAL - Judy McCulloch - 1937 Ruby .

SPECIAL EFFORT - Matt Baker - 1930 Ulster Chassis

Barbara Parker - 1928 Sports



Austin 7 Register of Queensland Inc. 1967 – 2017



Henry Anderson - Sports Body Frame.

CHAMPION CLASS - Cam McCulloch - All 4 cars!

MEMBER(S) OF THE YEAR - Doug and Nancy Soden for their untiring efforts shepherding 4 (sometimes 5) Austins to Canberra and back.

(from original newsletter)

25TH ANNIVERSARY

WELCOME to the Silver Anniversary Rally of the Austin 7 Register of Queensland.

Our members are justly proud of the progress and development the Club has achieved since its humble inception in 1967. Credit is due to Greg Riddel and long-time President Peter Baker for the original idea to form a Club for A7 enthusiasts and both still own and drive the cars they then owned.



Since that time, club membership has grown to over one hundred and we have a number of keen Austin 7 owners in country centres, even as far distant as Townsville. The Register includes a wide range of models, all attesting to the endurance and versatility of Sir Herbert's "Baby 7". These cars are regularly driven in a varied programme of rally events and social gatherings. So, we feel we have something to celebrate and are most anxious to share this pleasure with all members of the old car movement. We particularly want this occasion to be a very happy and sociable time for all entrants and wish you all a most enjoyable weekend.

Thank you, one and all, for participating and contributing to the success of the A7 Register Silver Anniversary Rally.

Geoff Singleton. *(from original newsletter)*

25th ANNIVERSARY RALLY

Only one word need be used to describe our 25th Anniversary Rally, held on the weekend of the 18th and 19th of July 1992 - Superb!

Many of our country members and fellow enthusiasts from other Clubs were heard to say how well organised the whole event was, the attention to detail, and commented on the excellent Of course, our numbers were greatly swelled by visitors from the other Clubs, ranging from two immaculate Veteran T-Fords, right up to a pair of Morris Minors. Visitors and members came from near and far. John and Evelyn Emerson trailed their stunning silver-grey 1935 A7 from Sydney, and Dennis, Lyn and Bruce Gilbard brought their Chummy from Toowoomba.



Even those whose cars are yet to be completed obliged by travelling vast distances. Kevin and Dianne Drew came down from Cecil Plains, whilst Ivan and Paz Cutler popped in, travelling between Townsville and N.S.W.

Most cars went very well, although the jinx was on both Mike Hawthorne and Pym Hills, whose cars both succumbed to sudden transmission seizures! (details elsewhere).

We all thought the weather was going to be foul on Saturday, just as on the rain soaked 2 days before! But, except for some morning drizzle and passing scuds that had gone by lunch, it was ideal motoring weather. Those that decided to leave 'Baby' at home were kicking themselves as the day wore on!

Mention should be made of the Stalwarts who were 'on the go' all day. The Rally Committee were busy sorting out entries, rally bags and meal tickets with professional ease, despite the irritation of late entries, lost tickets and countless other hassles.

THE CLUB 25TH ANNIVERSARY CANNON



The Club now possesses an unusual emblem, an accurate scale model of a Napoleonic field cannon, in working order and mounted on an attractive base plate.

It was the gift of the late Jack and Alison Warren of Montville. Jack assured us that the gun will project a one half inch ball with sufficient force to penetrate a six-inch pinewood board at a range of ten feet. Moreover, he is ready to demonstrate its performance at any time, and describes the noise of the report as eminently satisfying.

We thank Jack and Alison for this gesture to enhance our Anniversary celebrations and congratulate Jack on his fine workmanship. The cannon was displayed during the 1992 rally weekend for all to appreciate. *(from original newsletter)*

Everybody made good use of the time prior to the official Rally start, doing what makes our Club special, getting out and talking with old friends, visitors and the greater populace! After a quick lunch, it was a short run down to historic 'Ormiston House' at Cleveland. The rain had well and truly disappeared by now. A brain teasing questionnaire was devised by Cathy Dellit and Ross and Rhonda Guthrie, which kept most people visually scouring the house and nearby grounds for clues. Even the experts weren't exactly sure of some items! Afternoon tea was served by the ladies of 'Ormiston House', but provided by courtesy of the ladies of the A7 Register, who spent hours baking and icing cakes, biscuits, etcetera, etcetera!! All questionnaires completed and handed in, it was time to go home and get ready for the night. Dinner at the 'Pandanus Room', Carindale Hotel, was well attended, but it was a pity some felt too shy to enter into the spirit of the event by dressing up in period costume, which made those who did a bit conspicuous! Lashings of food was available, plenty for seconds (or even thirds!). The entertainment was excellent, courtesy of the Vintage Jazz Band, led by Mike Hawthorne, who did a great rendition of 'My Austin 7'. Proceedings were enlivened by periodic lucky door prizes (I think everyone got some sort of prize over the weekend).

The Costume Judging was another highlight, the best lady being Myrtle Que in a blue outfit of the Edwardian Period and best gentleman being Ken Folliot who appeared to have just raced in his Bugatti,



Sunday arrived with beautiful clear skies, tempered by a cool breeze, ideal motoring weather for the assorted vehicles that assembled at the Carindale Rally Control in expectation of another challenging day. And challenging it was! Our Rally Directors decided to spice up things by having 3 separate routes and sets of questions, hoping to eliminate the usual 'tagging' and traffic jams associated with observation runs.

The Blue Route was fairly straight forward, the answers easily found (although precision was required for some!), and we didn't impede the 'Moderns' too much!

All entrants first converged on Wynnum for a trek along the 'Heritage Trail', and ultimately 'Lota House' for morning tea. (A couple of vehicles did their own thing and went straight through to the lunch stop!). Once again lots of cakes and biscuits, courtesy of our lady members, served in pleasant, shady surroundings and a chance to compare rally notes. 'Lota House' is now the 'Edwin Marsden Tooth Memorial Home', and the sight of our elderly cars brought pleasure to the senior citizens living there.

Off again on the last part of our Observation Rally in 3 separate directions, converging on picturesque Victoria Point, the cars arrayed on the grounds of the State School. (Credit to the Groundsman for nice turf, even in winter!) The wind had abated, and the sun had a bit of 'bite', but a large covered assembly area provided shade for all to have their lunch.

Final answer sheets were handed to the Judges who then spent a hectic time choosing the winners from some pretty close scores. One rally leg had 4 equal correct entries!

The overall rally winners were Dennis, Lynne and Bruce Gillbard in their green 'Chummy'.

The 'Ormiston House' Adult Observation was won by Daphne Hoerlein (MGTF), Children's Observation by Scott Cleveland (Big 7 - Bernie's grandson!).

Then, the last of the door prizes were given out, raffle drawn, speeches made, and announcements made, and it was all over!

One special presentation was made by Coral Cogzell to Rhonda, in the form of an Illuminated Address, a light-hearted way of giving credit to the instigator, motivator and organiser behind the whole weekend.

Good one, Rhonda!

LETTER FROM GUY FREEMAN

Dear Austineers,

Whilst many people who attended the 25th Anniversary 1967-1992 weekend verbally expressed congratulations and other statements of high quality, I felt we should have some mention of this wonderful successful weekend in our records.

During my 35 years association with the 'Old Car Movement' I must say it was one of my most delightful and enjoyable weekends.

I wish to congratulate our Club for the high quality of all aspects of the weekend and members:

- for their dedication to the job at hand
- for the excellent venues and the services provided.
- for those organisers who employed such precision for the scheduled events.

There are far too many members to name individually - but to one and all, "WE THANK YOU".

The weekend proved one thing, that the Austin 7 Club is based on togetherness and friendship which I am sure is the secret of its popularity - may it never change.

Ailsa joins me to wish the Club continued success and friendship.

G.M. Freeman, Austineer. (From the August 1992 Newsletter)

50TH ANNIVERSARY DINNER HELD AT THE CLUB ROOMS 12 AUGUST 2017



Above: Presidents, John Que (2014-2016) , Lindsay Jordan (2005-2014 & 2016-18), Howell Whitehouse (2003-2005), Graham Cogzell (1975-77), Barry Neville (1977-78 & 2000-2003), Colin Jones (1992-95), Peter Baker (1983-89), Trevor Moore (1996-98) and Rhonda Guthrie (1999-2000)

On Saturday 12th August 2017 66 of our club members gathered together to celebrate the 50th Anniversary of our Club.



To help us celebrate this historic event we had the following in our midst.: 9 Life Members, 8 Past Presidents, 4 Past Secretaries & 1 Past Treasurer.

Left: Secretaries - Robyn Clark (1997-2004&2014-2018), Trevor Moore (2004-2014), Molly Neville(1978-79) and Rhonda Guthrie (1975-78 & 1981-97)

Below: Treasurers - John Que (2016-18) and Peter Cahalane (1975-2001)

Graham Cogzell, Peter Baker, Barry Neville and Mike McGuill spoke of their involvement in the club and related some stories.

All members then got down to eating a hearty roast dinner followed by a sumptuous desert.

Always Professional Catering & Party Hire (Stephen Graham). supplied the excellent food. After we had all eaten, members then circulated to catch up with old friends

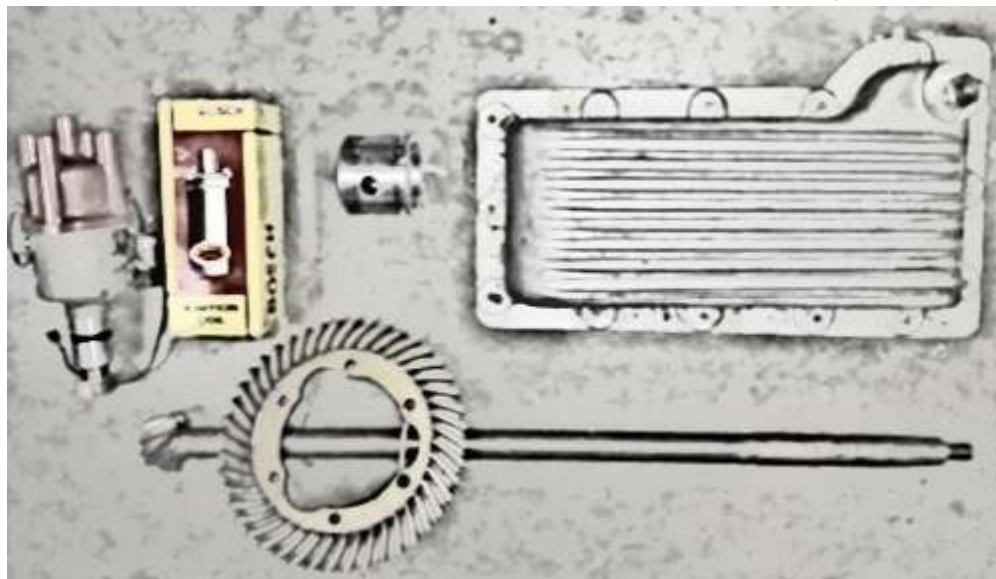
Entertainment for the evening was provided by Bill Henderson on guitar, who was appreciated by all, with his selection of 50s, 60s and 70s favourites, from Burl Ives to Neil Diamond and Slim Dusty!

Mike McGuill.



CHAPTER 11 - GOING SPARE

The Austin 7 Register of Queensland Spare Parts (A Historical Perspective)



The spare parts as we know it today, was started by then member, Ralph Cooter around 1971.

Ralph had trouble with his 1928 Chummy, the side water jacket had corroded through and needed to be replaced. As this item was not available new in Australia, and

replacement ones were just as corroded as the original, Ralph, together with my husband Terry set about making a mould from the original water jacket.

They used the original water jacket, lined with "Plasti-Bond" to fill any imperfections in the original part and to fill in the radiator hose out let. First ones (side jackets) were cast by Nielsen's Foundry of Norman Park in gunmetal Brass.

Boy what a problem a Young House wife with baby under arm, had to convince these burley engineering types, to cast a couple of parts for some old car they considered — should be in the dump any way. Thank you, Terry!

However, with the promise of a cash deal, the first parts were produced, and to their credit, were fantastic, the Austin Seven Register Spare Parts were born.

Ralph and Terry were so pleased with the job. they decided that a half dozen beers were in order for the guys at the foundry, yes you guessed it. the young house wife returned to the foundry with the goodies on Friday afternoon, COLD Beer!

Funny, from then on in. they were only too pleased to help us out with what ever casting job I should land on their door step.

These first water jackets sold out immediately they arrived at the Milton Hall, our old meeting place.

The side water jacket was followed by. two different model top water jackets, also in brass or alloy, semi-finished, just drill the holes and fit.

Then came the fan pullies, I believe the alloy ones were ok, but the brass ones were not so good as they were too heavy in use.

Most of the original parts produced, can still be found in use on some cars today, which proves what a good job those guys, did all that time ago.

Next was fan belts, the leather straps or old discarded belts people were using as fan belts were unreliable and in some cases, would walk their way off the fan pullies.

I believe Cam McCulloch gave Terry the solution here, (industrial belting) get your belts made from some green stuff at Virginia. After a lot of searching on a hot summers afternoon with a crying child in the car. (I am hopeless with directions from Terry on the North side) I located the



manufacturer and placed our first order on behalf of the club. Six fan belts please, Fan belts the bloke said, looks more like washing machine items to me.

After showing him a photo of an Austin 7. he was only too glad to help.

By this time, it was peak hour traffic time, Virginia to Wynnum via the Valley, Bloody Austin 7s! Bloody Terry!

As the demand was climbing for spare parts, Terry was now spare parts officer, as Ralph had moved to Laidley, we managed to find our friend in England, the Austin Seven Workshop, to supply all the goodies our little cars needed.

From the initial purchase by Ralph and Terry, of the \$50 of water jackets, we were able to purchase different items for members to use. The above items enabled the club to then build to the present situation we now find this club enjoys.

A number of people have had a big influence in the development of the spare parts over a long period, the spare parts have been operating, and it's through their dedication to this club, that the spare parts have grown to where it is today.

So, ends my little bit of history about our club.

Gwenda Hicks. (Newsletter April 1993)

Next a move was made to order parts from the Austin Workshop in the UK. Terry would do the orders on an as required basis and Gwenda would go to the post office to pick up the parcels and pay any customs charges. Terry did this job for about 10 years until decided to get out of Austins and concentrate on bigger cars. Peter Baker then took charge for about two years amongst all the other projects he had on the go!

Then in 1988 Ted Bale took over the role of Spare Parts man, using his business skills and experience ordering parts for his Austin 10 from the UK. Ted put the spares on a higher level, still dealing directly mainly with The Austin 7 Workshop, ordering high demand parts to keep on the shelf for future use, dealing with the custom agents as the size of our orders went up, even getting parts, such as half shafts and hubs repaired at his workplace, on a strictly costed basis after hours. Ted also went scouring the swaps and many members are using points, rotors, caps and condensers sourced from the swap meet trail. Ted also embraced new technology, using the then new MYOB program to keep track of stock and invoices. One other facet of Ted's attention to detail was the timber boxes with the parts indexed on the outside to be placed on the shelves. I understand Trevor still uses these same boxes!

Then in 1999 Ted also decided he needed a break and work on other projects and the parts passed over to Cam and Judy. The set up was that you came to their house in Hill Parade Clontarf, sorted out the parts you needed with Cam and discussed how they would be fitted, whilst Judy generated an invoice upstairs before you left. Cam's knowledge of all Austin 7 models was phenomenal!!

Unfortunately, we lost Cam to illness in September 2010 and the Spare Parts duty passed to the present purchasing officer Trevor Moore, a man of much patience and knowledge of his subject, having restored and maintained several Sevens. Parts are ordered as required to maintain stock of most essential parts.

Most of the club new parts are sourced from Melbourne A7 club as we are a club member of their club so there is not a need to keep a large stock of parts on hand

The new parts are stored in 2 metal file cabinets with most of the second hand parts stored at Doug Clarks and

With the passing of the years the club has also accumulated a small, well picked over collection of Second hand parts, which is presided over by Doug Clark and as a result Doug became the second hand part officer.

CHAPTER 12 - MIKES MEMORIES

My mother always said my first word was “wheel” rather than “ma or “dada”. The die was cast! My Austin Seven life starts in the mid-1960s. I used to drive a wonderful old 1947 MK IV Jaguar as a daily car. All my mates at college who drove Holdens etc thought I was mad negotiating this monster around the (now) QUT carpark. I met Monty and Rita Schofield about that time when

the Austin Seven Club met at Peter Baker’s place at Albion. I think it was Rita who fell in love with my Jaguar (the Duchess) and wanted it. They owned a little Austin Seven Roadster which I also fell in love with. The answer was simple. We swapped. No money changed hands and that was that. No Roadworthy Certificates in those days! We are still mates 50 years later! As I was recently married, my then-wife and I bought a little house in Oates Avenue, Holland Park up on stumps with a dirt floor. Ideal workshop conditions to “restore” the ex-Monty car! I painted it brown and cream – somebody said it looked like a biscuit and it became “Chocolate Monty” forever after that.



any ,many happy hours were spent in that car, but after a month or two I was concerned about how hard the driver’s seat was. Further investigation revealed a house brick jammed into the springs to beef them up a bit by Monty, who is a big bloke now, but even bigger then!

Over the years I have always had an Austin Seven of some description, usually garaged with exotica such as a Porsche 911, Rileys, a Vauxhall etc etc.

The Vintage Car Club always used to encourage competition events like the Avocado Hill Climb, Lakeside Historic Races etc. I built one replica Ulster and a quick lightweight Ruby-based racer called WO*TAM (Waste Of *** Time And Money in case you were wondering!). I managed to turn the Ulster over at Lakeside which put me into Redcliffe Hospital for a few days.





The Speed on Tweed event at Murwillumbah was a must-do for us competitive lot. The loss of my dear mate Jon Chippindall at one of those meetings is an unbearable memory.

All in all, my love of Austin Sevens is over 50 years standing and never likely to diminish.

In 1990 I saw a genuine Nippy for sale in the UK in very run-down condition, but I bought it and had it crated up and sent to Brisbane. After many years of hibernation and procrastination it was restored in time for the 2017 Toowoomba Rally.

I have some chassis and many spares and I was thinking about building a bread van.

Is it worth another divorce?

I'm thinking, I'm thinking Michael Hawthorne (Vintagent)

CHAPTER 13 - SOME MEMORABLE MEMBERS

James (Pym) Hills

(and the Car on the Cover of this book)



Pym Hills was the proud owner and restorer of this 1925 Austin Seven Chummy. This is his story as told in the newsletter 40 years ago.

My son, Christopher, has a 1932 Roadster which, after he and I completely restored it, he drove every day for ten years until it reached a stage where it required a, second restoration. That is to come.

He was driving it through the Valley one morning, during 1967 when a motorist with a huge handlebar moustache waved him to the side of the road and

told Chris in most colourful language that he had one of those things when he was a student at the Queensland University. He sold it in 1936 and bought it again in 1956, after seeing it on the Gold Coast.

He said that he didn't have the time to restore it after dismantling it and as his two sons weren't interested, he would sell it for twenty pounds. Chris and I went onto his house with a trailer and loaded the completely dismantled but almost complete heap of Junk into the trailer.

After five year's work, Olive and I got it on the road (she did the upholstery) in 1970, and we have covered quite a lot of enjoyable miles and made a lot of people laugh and be happy since then. We are quite proud of our Registration Number PYM-000 too.



The painting was done by the coach and motor painting apprentices of South Brisbane Automotive School where Pym was teaching metal work. The only serious problem met was patching missing parts of the aluminium body. Modern brazing alloys are useless on 40 year old aluminium. Counter sunk pop rivets and araldite were used to fix patches. Incidentally, the previous owner, a medical practitioner, was one of the founders of the first Vintage Car Club in Queensland.

Pym is remembered as a true gentleman and a bit of a larrikin, who drove his car in all weathers and was a dedicated promoter of the register. Pym's dear wife Olive remade the seats and hood on both Pym and Chris's cars on her home sewing machine. Olive died in 1992 and for many years Pym became navigator for the compiler of this book on many local and interstate rallies in the Wasp and the Austin 10. Pym passed away quietly at home while working in his shed.

Cam & Judy McCulloch

A Gentleman and his Lady and Friends of the Austin Seven



Some once wrote that the Austin Seven was the "Friend of the World", if so, then Cam and Judy McCulloch were surely the friends of the "Friend of the World!"

There was no part of an Austin Seven motor car that Cam had not serviced, cleaned, restored or in probability even remade.

A very private and quiet man, Cam performed some remarkable restorations, his sports was just a rusty body wreck with practically no lower panels left, but he built a new shell and replaced the rusted chassis, and his last rebuild, the 1930 Tourer, was an insurance write off that had been hit hard and rolled over, yet it emerged looking brand new and possibly straighter than when it was new!

His first Chummy Tourer was built up out of bits, some panels were made from part of an old Holden because the shape was close. The 1937 Ruby Tourer was restored nearly 40 years ago, but still looked like a fresh restoration, but Cam, being the perfectionist, pulled it all down to repaint before embarking on the Longreach Leap in 2009, with Judy as his offsider.

PHOTO ABOVE - Cam and Judy McCulloch celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary in 2005.

Cam also happy to help others with their restorations, there was always some else's axle, motor or gear-box in pieces on the bench as Cam took on each new challenge with his usual quiet enthusiasm. His knowledge of cars and mechanical engineering was encyclopaedic, but he was always willing to share that knowledge and encouraged members to have a go themselves, in the knowledge that they hopefully would not make a complete mess of the job.

Cam was also the complete Club Member, appearing on every rally with his dear wife and often apprentice mechanic, panel beater and spray painter Judy as navigator in sunshine or rain. Even though when he was sick he braved the long hours driving to Longreach last year and this



year he was determined to drive to the Sunshine Coast Motorkhana Rally in convoy with the rest of the small contingent of Club

Members and then a few weeks later joined us at the RACQ Motorfest, such was his commitment to the club.

So, it was that many members gathered around when we found Cam was really sick and this helped him sustain his vitality through some dreadful times, and I tip my hat in gratitude to you all. I am at least happy to tell you that I did get to see Cam one last time only days before his passing and speak with him.

At the end Cam was still optimistic with the hope that he could go on one more rally or work on some small fault on one of his cars, but I guess that God decided it was time for Cam & later Judy to join him to sort out his Celestial Chariot.

So, Cam& Judy, farewell, we miss you terribly.

Tim Braby (From Newsletter)

Cam Passed away in Redcliffe on the 1st.September 2010 aged 72

His Wife Judy passed away in Melbourne in June 2016

There would be very few members who have not have called upon him for his help and technical advice. This he would willingly give at any time, and quite often one would have an argument with him over the price for a job he had done .

He would say : “It keeps another car on the road”

Cam sometimes no doubt received a request for a particularly spare part and even though the description was somewhat vague, he would turn up at the next meeting with the correct one.

He encouraged many of us to tackle a long Rally to somewhere or other and we would go because we knew that he was with us for support should some drama with a car occur . On such events that we shared with him we all made it out and back safely .

Thanks Cam, you changed our life for us by introducing us to the Club and I am sure that I speak for all members when I say that you will be sadly missed .

HOWELL WHITEHOUSE (From Newsletter)

Guy Freeman

Another “Veteran”Owner who left us was the remarkable Guy Freeman, a quiet achiever, who preferred driving his Austin 7 to his Rolls Royce, here is his story.

Why I like Austin 7's. because they are most useful when there is an urgent need, as I shall explain.

I was in England as a pilot in the RAAF when suddenly I was seconded to the RAF and in April 1941 posted to RAF Station Waterbeach to serve in the famous, 99 Squadron. Waterbeach is situated approximately 6 miles from Cambridge on the Cambridge/Ely road. My second Pilot was Geoff Wells who worked with me at Shell Brisbane before the war. Incidentally we were the only Australians on the Squadron. As Australians we were amongst a number of pilots invited to the beautiful Georgian home of Mrs Winifred Armstrong; to play, tennis and the lovely gardens of Cambridge. I enjoyed the visits when flying; permitted, but transport was most difficult, so something had to be done.

Our Armament Officer had been to Cambridge and really had a night on the town. On his way back to the station he had the misfortune to hit a Shell petrol pump in his 1931 Austin '7' Fabric



Bodied Saloon - result a Write off of the body, but still driveable. He refused to drive it in that condition, so I bought it from him for six pounds.

Next question, how to get a body for my Austin '7'. With Geoff's aid we pulled the body off the chassis complete from the front edge of the door back. We then obtained some pieces of waste timber from the Armament Officer and built a wooden, frame similar to the Sports M.G. The next step was to cover the frame work. The Mess President mentioned the Ante Room of the Squadron Mess needed some refurnishing to which we agreed and immediately suggested new linoleum to which he agreed. We then suggested when pulling the old linoleum up would he make sure there were some 6 foot lengths available.

These lengths we cut to the shape of the wooden frame, then polished with black boot polish so it really looked the part.



We used this smart Austin '7' with the aid of some Aviation Gasoline for our transport to Cambridge, all around the area and oh the aerodrome without a hitch. When parked in Cambridge the local Police would keep an eye on it, so we always had trouble free parking.

During one of my visits to London, I travelled with my cousin to Staines - the Lagonda works making aircraft parts - where she introduced me to W.O. Bentley of world fame.

During our talk about Austins and the Seven in particular, he told me the Austin '7' had the best Power/Weight ratio of any

car in production at that time.

The formula is the rated HP by 110 lbs. (one hundred weight) to the total weight of the car which should be equal.

For example, Austin 7 $7.8\text{HP by } 110 = 858$

Weight of Austin 7 = 880 lbs.

My next need for a car, which turned out to be an Austin 7 was in Townsville in 1946.

Ailsa was expecting our first child and I had sold my car. Suddenly Ailsa was admitted to hospital and I was forced to use taxis to visit her. I looked in the local paper and there was a 1929 Austin 7 single seated for sale for 65 pounds, which I bought based on my previous experience and had transport immediately.

Unfortunately, the car got smaller as our daughter grew and visits by our Parents from Brisbane required a larger vehicle, so little "Freddie" had to go.

Then, as age crept on, I felt a smaller car would be more acceptable than the 1937 25/30 Rolls/Royce Sports so once again the Austin 7 came to mind. In 1985 I purchased a 1929 Austin 7 in 1000 pieces and commenced the job of sorting and assembling the bits. The job was very interesting, and my little car was finished and approved by the Transport Authority in 1989. Since buying my Austin 7 I realised I have gained access to a Club of wonderful people, all with the same objectives - good fellowship, interest in their Austin 7's and always willing to help each other, so my Austin 7 will always be here for a long time.



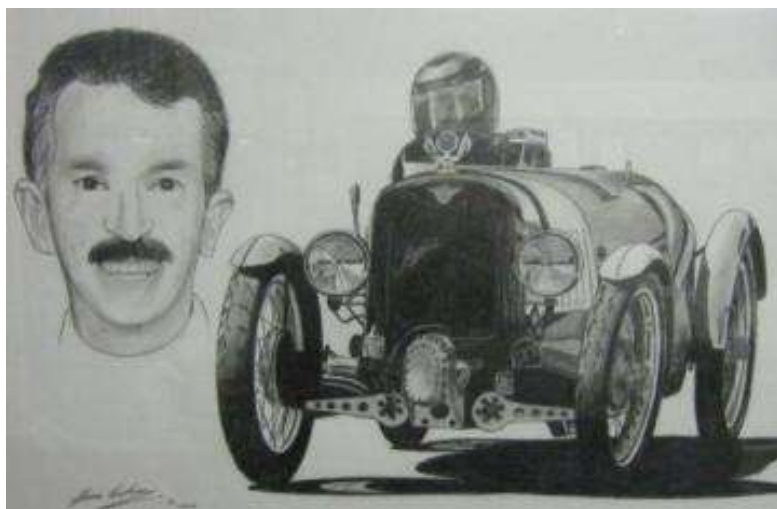


In conclusion, may the Austin 7 Club continue as is to offer its members the friendship and goodwill which is so important in these unsettled times.

Thank you Austineers for everything.

Guy Montagu Freeman (1915 - 2006) *(from original newsletter)*

Jon “Chippey” Chippindall



Jon was a great promoter of the Austin 7 Cause. His Supercharged 1928 Sports known as “Baby” was well known both on the road and on the track. Jon unfortunately left us at age of only 54 when “Baby” lost control and hit a barrier at the 2004 Speed on Tweed car festival at Murwillumbah. The picture is from the original drawing of Jon at his car on display at the Veteran Car Club hall. Jon’s wife Robyn and their children still own “Baby”, which has been repaired by Jon’s friends.

Chapter 14 - In Memory of Our Friends Who Have Gone Before

Olive Hills January 1982
David Potts November 1987
Pym Hills April 1996
Brian McKeering November 1996
Ken Mathers November 1996
Myrtle Que February 2001
Wally Que October 2001
Bert Jackson December 2002
Jack Warren April 2003
Ralph Cooter October 2003
Jon "Chippy" Chippindall September 2004 (picture above)
Guy Freeman May 2006
Howard Kenward May 2011
Lola Couser 2010
Cam McCulloch September 2010
Coral Whitehouse December 2012
Jack Hynd April 2013
Roy Duckett 2013
Alison Kenward July 2013
Les Harvey December 2014
Bill Clarke 2014
Judith Chapman 2014
Rex Dannenberg August 2015
Judy McCulloch October 2016
Jeff Jones October 2017



APPENDIX

A LIST OF ID NUMBERS OF CARS IN THE AUSTIN 7 REGISTER OF QLD IN THE MID 1990's

Note: this never was an exhaustive list of every car on the register, most of the listings were captured by the Author in the 1990's. Some of these cars have since changed owners, or their owners are no longer active in the Register. Most of these cars you will recognise by the description of body and colour.

CARS WITH A CHASSIS NUMBER AND/OR CAR NUMBER

- 1925 white Chummy Eng. M16241, Chas. 9180, Austin Factory AC "Pram Hood" body.
- 1927 green Roadster Eng. M3055 , Chas. 32074, Australian steel body
- 1927 dark red Roadster Eng. M52859 , Chas. 57849, Car A5-9736 Body by "Charles Hope"
- 1927 yellow Doctor's Coupe Eng. M51535 , Car 57107 Body built in Adelaide (based on a steel roadster body, with doors similar to a Top Hat Saloon, and a fabric covered roof.
- 1928 red Wasp Sports Eng. M80244, Chas. 66768, Australian by "Wm. Greene"
- 1928 red Chummy Eng. M67453 , Chas. 66773, Australian AD body
- 1928 red "Ace" Sports Eng. M86776, Chas. 67553, Australian pointed steel body
- 1928 brown Roadster Eng. M71600 , Chas. 71392, Car A7-3857, Australian steel body
- 1928 red Chummy Eng. M100435, Chas. 72587, Australian steel AD Body (car in NSW)
- 1928 green and aluminium Supercharged Special, Eng. M111898, Chas. 72841, Car A7-5296
- 1929 red/alloy Sports Eng. M93577, Chas. 75780, Car A7-8245, Body by "Charles Hope"
- 1928 red Chummy Eng. M67626, Chas. 75988, Car A7-8453, Australian steel AD Body (now in Victoria)
- 1928 red Chummy Eng. M94299, Chas. 76860, Car A7-9329, Australian steel AD Body (now in Tasmania)
- 1929 green Chummy Eng. M86783 , Chas. 81652, Australian steel AD body
- 1929 dark red Chummy Eng. M83001, Chas. 82858, Car A8-5424, Australian steel AD body
- 1929 pale green Chummy Eng. M83500 , Chas. 83521, Australian steel AD body
- 1929 fawn Saloon Eng. M84332, Chas. 84455, Car A8-7021, steel and timber body by "Holden"
- 1929 green Chummy Eng. M100468, Car A9-4660, Australian steel AD body
- 1929 pale yellow Chummy, Eng. M81419, Chas. 92799, Car A9-5466, Australian steel AD body
- 1929 red Chummy Eng. M87467, Chas. 93448, Car A9-6112, Australian steel AD body
- 1929 blue Sports Eng. M104539, Chas. 93548, Car A9-6122, Body by "Charles Hope"
- 1929 cream Roadster Eng. M93706 , Chas. 93572, Car A9-6243 , Australian steel body
- 1929 cream Chummy Eng. M119977, Chas. 94050, Austin factory AD body (from NZ)
- 1929 green Chummy Eng. M103974 , Chas. 95001, Car A9-7673 Australian Steel AD Body
- 1929 green Roadster Eng. M100743 , Chas. 96410, Car A9-9077 , Australian steel body
- 1929 red Sports Special Eng. M98641, Chas. 98752, Car B-1409 Body built by restorer
- 1929 unrestored Sports Eng. M99147, Chas. 98868, Car B-1636, Body by "Charles Hope"
- 1929 cream/brown RK Saloon Eng. M99697, Chas. 99418, Car B-2186 Austin Motor Co body (this car is also with the New Zealand listings, but lives in Queensland now.
- 1929 Wasp Sports Eng. M100379, Chas. 100389, Car B-3157, Australian "Wm. Greene" Body (now in NSW)
- 1929 maroon Chummy Eng. M284171, Chas. 100851, Car B3648 Australian AD Body



1930 coral brown Chummy Eng. M111831, Chas. 111831, Car B1-4703, Australian AE Body
1930 maroon Chummy Eng. M111892, Car B1-6104, Australian Steel AE Body
1931 green Roadster Utility Eng. M69955, Chas. 125225, Car B2-8199, body by "Qld. Motors"
1931 maroon Tourer Eng. M138064, Chas. 137379, Car B4-555 Australian AF body
1933 green Roadster Eng. M163207, Chas. 161975, Car B6-5379 Australian body
1933 green Tourer Eng. M184043, Chas. 181877, Car B8-5484 Australian AH body
1934 white/maroon Opal APD Roadster Eng. M186640, Chas. 192822, Austin Motor Co body from NZ
1935 russet Nippy EB 65, Eng. M210772, Chas. 204570, Imported from UK
1935 white Tourer, Chas. 243304, Australian AAL style body
1936 green/white Sports Special, Eng. M254921, Chas. 251521, homemade all steel 2 seat body
1936 cream Nippy EB 65, Eng. M236476, Car AEB 252099, Ex London car
1936 green Ruby Saloon Eng. M256876, Chas. 256576, Car A/RR 256576, Australian assembled ARR body.
1936 red Roadster Eng. M256819, Chas. 252414, Australian APE style body
1936 red Tourer, Eng. M261890, Chas. 250178, Australian AAL style body
1937 brown Ruby Saloon, Eng. M269579, Car A/S 263140, Australian assembled ARR body
1937 cream Roadster, Chas. 265661, Car A/S 265661 Australian "Muller", similar to APE style body
1937 pale blue Tourer Eng. M269100, Chas. 266977, Car A/S 266977, Australian AAL style body
1937 cream Tourer Eng. M265344, Chas. 267581, Car A/S 267581, Australian AAL style body
1937 red "Arrow" 2 seater Eng. M267292, Car A/S 281291, Australian built and unusual styled body.
1938 red Ruby Saloon, Eng. 2844254, Chas. 283588, Car A/RR 283588, Australian assembled ARR body

CARS WITHOUT ANY CHASSIS OR BODY NUMBERS

1924 red Roadster Eng. M3055 Australian Body
1925 green Chummy Eng. M11085 Austin Factory AC "Pram Hood"
1927 silver and red Sports Eng. M46709 alloy Australian Body
1928 metallic blue Chummy Eng. M29871 Australian Steel AD Body
1928 pale blue Roadster Eng. M75725 Australian Steel Body
1929 aluminum Sports Special, Eng. M78037, homemade body on a long chassis
1929 green Sports Special Eng. M90745, Homemade 2 seater body
1929 grey Saloon Eng. M99284 Body built by "Holden"
1929 grey Chummy Eng. M111783 Australian Steel AD Body
1929 pale blue Chummy Eng. M105240 Australian Steel AD Body
1930 red Sports Eng. M103683 original pointed tail body built in Sydney
1930-31 maroon early type RL Box Saloon Eng. M87639, believe original UK rego "GG6321"
1931 red Sports Eng. M144721, Australian body
1931 maroon Tourer Eng. M142705, Australian AF style body by "Charles Hope"
1932 green Tourer Eng. M161568, Australian AH style body
1935 sports special, Eng. M191059, homemade body
1935 Tourer, Eng. M209448, Australian AAL style body
1936 green Ruby ARR Saloon, Eng. M257308, Austin Factory body from NZ
1937 (Ruby) Utility, Eng. M269449, Australian body



AUSTIN BIG SEVENS

1937 red Roadster, Eng. 1A5076, Australian body by "Hope"

1938 green "Forlite" CRW Deluxe Saloon, Eng. 1A15983, Chas. C/RW 16076, Austin Factory body from NZ

1938 royal blue Tourer, Eng. 1A16562, Chas. 15449, Car C/S 15449, Australian body by "TJRichardson"

1938 maroon Tourer, Eng. 1A17572, Chas. 17790, Car C/S 17790, Australian body by "Hope"



This is Not the End

