



# *top* *gear*

JUNE 1984 — VOL. II No.2



## SUBJECTS OF THE CLUB

"Fostering better acquaintance and social spirit between the various owners of thoroughbred sports cars in Australia".

"To help and advance thoroughbred sports car owners and ownership".

"To establish and maintain by example a high standard of conduct and a respect of the laws of the road".

## GENERAL MEETINGS OF THE CLUB

The General Meetings of the club are held on the second Wednesday of each month, commencing at 8.00 p.m. at the Sydney Rowing Club, Great North Rd., Abbotsford.

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Advertisements are accepted subject at all times to the discretion of the committee. Display and Advertising: Full page \$30 per issue, half page \$20 per issue, 1/4 page \$11 per issue, 1/8 page \$5 per issue. Advertisements are on a monthly continuing basis unless the advertiser notifies the Editor.

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# Calendar

- JULY**
- 10 - SUPER SPRINT - NSWRRRC/TSCC Oran Park Sth. Crct.  
Booking Lionel Walker 477-1464 (h).
  - 13 - CLUB MEETING - Sydney Rowing Club.
  - 23 - JENOLAN CAVES WEEKEND - TSCC (inc. observation  
run). Bookings Garry Bruce 439-8333 (w).
  - 8 - LAP DASH - Alfa Club/TSCC Oran Pk. GP Circuit.  
Bookings Lionel Walker 477-1464 (h).
  - 11 - CLUB MEETING - (Movies) Sydney Rowing Club.
  - 15 - PRESIDENTS BREAKFAST RUN - TSCC (inc. bacon and  
eggs with tennis) - Brroklands.  
Bookings - Jim Peters 922-6807 (h).
  - 29 - FLYING FIFTH ON CONROD - BLCC/TSCC Mt. Panorama  
Bathurst. Bookings Lionel Walker 477-1464 (h).
- AUGUST**
- 5 - MOTORKHANA/BARBECUE PICNIC - TSCC, Fiat Club  
Grounds, Richmond. L. Walker 477-1464 (h).
  - 8 - CLUB MEETING - Sydney Rowing Club.
  - 12 - FISHING TRIP - TSCC - Perin Steamship.  
Bookings Laurie Perin 522-4003 (h).
  - 19 - LAP DASH - Alfa Club/TSCC - Amaroo Park.  
Bookings Lionel Walker 477-1464 (h).
  - 25 - GAMES NIGHT - TSCC.  
Bookings Garry Bruce 439-8333 (w).
- SEPTEMBER**
- 2 - SUPER SPRINT - NSWRRRC/TSCC, Oran Pk. Sth. Crct.  
Bookings Lionel Walker 477-1464 (h).
  - 12 - CLUB MEETING (Movies) Sydney Rowing Club.
  - 23 - HILLCLIMB - TSCC - Silverdale.  
Bookings Lionel Walker 477-1464 (h).
- OCTOBER**
- 10 - CLUB MEETING - Sydney Rowing Club.
  - 27 - HUNTER VALLEY WEEKEND - TSCC.
  - 28 - Grape View Lodge - Pokolbin.  
Bookings Garry Bruce 439-8333 (w).

- NOVEMBER**
- 4 - SIX HOUR RACE - ARDC - Amaroo Park.  
Bookings Lionel Walker 477-1464 (h).
  - 14 - CLUB MEETING - Sydney Rowing Club.
  - 18 - MOTORKHANA/BARBECUE PICNIC - TSCC.  
Fiat Grounds, Richmond.  
Bookings Lionel Walker 477-1464 (h).

- DECEMBER**
- 9 - SUPER SPRINT - NSWRRRC/TSCC Oran Pk. Sth. Crct.  
Bookings Lionel Walker 477-1464 (h).
  - 12 - CLUB MEETING - Sydney Rowing Club.
  - 15 - XMAS DINNER - Camperdown Travelodge.  
Bookings Garry Bruce 439-8333 (w).

## Secretary's Slice

Our elected Secretary, Dave Muir has gone jaunting overseas with his wife Barbara for three months. I have the impression that Barbara sees herself spending time at Christian Dior's - pity it's so far from Le Mans!

Having been "dobbled" right into the middle of being acting Secretary, due to any other member not volunteering to do the task for three months (I trust those who don't hold any position on the committee are feeling suitably embarrassed now), I shall now attempt to:-

1. Welcome the return of members from previous years, who haven't been behind the wheel for a certain time suspension - Grant Liddell, dont blush.
2. Express how pleasing it is to see so many members at our monthly meeting. As a number of us know, a very pleasant dinner is available in the dining room - do try it, you're sure to catch up with other members in there before the meeting.
3. Remind members that the monthly meeting will start promptly at 8.00 p.m. We know that the "stragglers" are still in the dining room - perhaps a tip could be got from Mark Anthony - have your coffee delivered into the meeting!! (Lots of style Mark).

Regards,  
VAL PETERS (Temporary Secretary)

# Comp. Sec. Report

Listed below are the results of the Lap Dash at Amaroo  
park held on 1st April, 1984.

Bill Gretton, E type Jaguar, 1st in Class.	69.73
Bill Griffiths, Aston Martin V8, 2nd.	70.17
Mike Du Cros, E type Jaguar, 3rd.	71.27
Frank Grech, Aston Martin DB6	73.15
Linda Ellem, TR7	80.44

The results of the Motorkhana will be posted to those who  
competed. The place winners for the class are as follows:-

LADIES - 1st Sue Hall 143.27  
2nd Val Peters 144.38  
3rd Sue Williams 152.08

CL. A - Lionel Walker 135.43

CL. B - Jim Peters 137.87  
Zig Kyzelis 145.42  
Chris Johnson 156.09

CL. C - Nick Ross 164.49  
Bill Gretton 173.39

The day was well attended and those who participated had  
lots of safe fun. The competition was very close throughout  
the day and there is one thing for sure - the girls will be  
extra competitive at the next motorkhana in August. Don't for-  
get we have a special Motorkhana Series running.

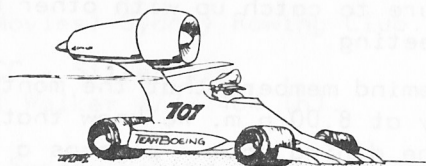
I hope all those who have got entry forms from me for the  
WRRRC Super Sprint on 10th June will be running. Anyone who  
would like an entry - I still have some left.

The point score is now published and I hope it will stir  
some more competition.

## POINT SCORE

### MEMBERMAN

Attendance at a General Meeting.....	1 pt.
Attendance at a Social Event.....	1 pt.
Attendance at a Sporting Event.....	1 pt.



## SPORTING

Enter a Sporting Event..... 1 pt.

Result allocation:	Outright Class	T.S.C.C. Members
1st in Class.....	4 +	3
2nd in Class.....	3 +	2
3rd in Class.....	2 +	1
4th in Class.....	1	

## CLUB POINTSCORE

14 pts.	J. Peters.
13 pts.	V. Peters.
12 pts.	D. Muir, L. Walker.
11 pts.	R. Clark, L. Madar, J. Williams.
10 pts.	M. Du Cros, V. Larkey, R. Ross.
9 pts.	J. Hall, S. Hall, T. Larkey, S. Williams.
8 pts.	C. McKay,
7 pts.	C. McKay, G. Bruck, B. Gretton, B. McBryde, I. Tooming, R. Tooming.
6 pts.	S. Foster-Spink, L. Ellem.
5 pts.	R. Boldy, R. Connaughton, F. Grech, A. Kazzi, B. Manshall, M. Ralph, D. Smith, G. Sara.
4 pts.	L. Gough, Z. Kyzelis, L. Kyzelis.
3 pts.	G. Balshaw, C. Johnson, N. Ross, R. Van Den Bosch.
2 pts.	R. Anderson, H. Boggis, J. Burton, L. Perin, S. Perin, A. Walker, D. Westwood, A. Jarrett, B. Rankin.
1 pt.	M. Anthony, J. Azzi, N. Carrington, P. Simms, C. Dale, T. Lehnert, G. Gibson, G. Liddell, J. Johnson.

## SPORTING POINTSCORE

13 pts.	J. Peters.
11 pts.	B. Gretton.
10 pts.	L. Walker.
8 pts.	T. Larkey, V. Peters.
7 pts.	F. Grech, S. Hall.
6 pts.	D. Muir.
5 pts.	M. Du Cros, A. Kazzi, J. Williams.
4 pts.	G. Bruck, R. Connaughton, J. Hall, D. Smith, R. Van Den Bosch.
3 pts.	Z. Kyzelis, L. Ellim, R. Clark.
2 pts.	C. Johnson, V. Larkey, B. McBryde.
1 pt.	P. Fast, R. Ross, N. Ross, L. Kyzelis, M. Ralph, L. Madar, C. McKay, H. Boggis.

## OBITUARY

On a Wednesday evening in May, 1984, Frank Grech was wantonly slain by an unknown assailant at his workshop in Parramatta. The murderer has not yet been apprehended but hopefully an early arrest may be anticipated.

Frank Grech was one of the inaugural members of our Club and was well-known to many. Frank was actively involved in the early development of the Club and was extremely generous with both his time and facilities. Frank was always available for advice and assistance and in many cases requested remuneration on a token rather than commercial basis. Frank had also provided many facilities for members to use at their leisure at his workshop and his workshop was always freely available for members' personal use.

More recently, Frank had become active on the competitive programme where he was most enthusiastic with the Aston Martin DB4 which he had restored over the preceding number of years. The enthusiasm which Frank showed for his cars was always evident in his personal and business life, where he could always be relied upon for lively discussion upon any subject.

Frank will be sorely missed by the Club, his business patrons, family and friends.

We express our deepest sympathy to his wife, sisters, and children for the tragic and unnecessary loss of Frank.

W.G. MARSHALL.

## JENOLAN CAVES WEEKEND / OBSERVATION RUN

Garry tells me that the bookings are now full for the overnight stay but that doesn't mean you can't compete in the observation run. The run is only a few hours and we are due for lunch at Caves House at 1 p.m.

Saturday we meet at 9.30 a.m. at the Bells Garage, Bells Lane Road, Kurmond. You can't miss it - just look for my beautiful blond hair and smiling face.

TREVOR LARKEY.

## Last Meeting

35 Members present - what a great roll-up, got off to the usual late start. Amid noise and confusion to the background of piped music, the various committee members had their say. Val was elected Secretary. Garry Bruce pointed out that his address given in the May issue was wrong and in fact he and Karin are trying to save money by living in a P.O. box - Box 154, Crows Nest.

Trevor Larkey outlined the Alan Grice Driving Course and Jim Peters is going to see what else is available.

Many members indicated interest in the motorkhana and as you can see in this issue, 26 did compete. Almost as many indicated a start at the Oran Park Super Sprint - should be great. Derek will do a write-up on that, just as Sue did a write-up on the motorkhana.

Bruce Macbryde outlined the May 27th Observation Run and he will do a write-up of that in the next issue. I am registering the magazine with Australia Post which will cut postage to 16c and also allowing us an increased weight limit.

Chris McKay produced the projector which the Travelodge Group donated "threw out" to us and a "screen" which I am sure is the legendary Nundle boarding house sheet which was hung up by its legs. This gave an added dimension to the film on race driver Frank Gardiner, which we all enjoyed.

Val and Chris pointed out that the Club raffles had netted \$109 this year so far - great. Rita and Ilmar Tooming won the raffle of champagne - no doubt they will use it to launch their new Aston Martin.

Simon and Jim will be doing a "dry run" for the Presidents Breakfast Run before the due date which is July 15th. Simon will do a write up on the event.

Next great meeting night 13th June - don't miss it.

L.P.M.

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AS YOU CLIMB THE HILL OF THE COMING YEARS  
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## Letters to the Editor

I think congratulations are due to the T.S.C.C. for its growth and staying power.

Trevor and I joined the club in 1982 and our first introduction to the club was at Silverwater Speed Boat Club where we were introduced to about eight others around a barren looking table in a large room.

The last meeting we attended at the Sydney Rowing Club was a jam-packed affair with late comers being ushered in and chairs moved to accommodate them. I didn't count numbers but 30 to 35 would have been close to the mark.

The atmosphere of friendship and goodwill prevailed with laughter and business mixing as it should.

I believe everyone who attends these meetings contributes in his or her own way to the best of their ability. This is the recipe for a long and happy association with the T.S.C.C. Good on you all !

VICKI LARKEY.

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1st — Ray Ross, Jaguar E Type.



3rd — The late Frank Grech's MGTA.



2nd — Trevor Larkey's Ferrari 308.



4th — Roland Clark's Aston Martin DB4.

## ANNESLEY LODGE — BOWRAL

Who's great idea was it to go to Bowral for the weekend? Twenty eight adults and sixteen children can't be wrong! There's tennis, table tennis, log fires, disco dancing courtesy of Jim Peters cassette player and for the real enthusiast you could even 'strip the willow'. For the uninitiated this is a folk dance requiring about seven couples and plenty of energy, which Bill and Shirley Marshall had enough for all of us. The stay at Annesley was 'better than Nundle' I am told, in fact five times better so after examining the bedrooms, shower rooms and dining hall of the once 'all girls boarding school'. I can only wonder at just how basic Nundle was. Since the weekend was primarily a family one with the accent on togetherness I must say it really was ideal. Two tennis courts enabled all of us to have a bash, any serious player was soon reduced to propping up some poor hapless "I played fifteen years ago" partner, nevertheless, I'm sure many of us will look forward to another such weekend or maybe just a morning of tennis booked somewhere in Sydney would do?

Quite a few photos were taken before, during and after (?) and since this edition of the News Letter will be coming out before these are developed maybe we can expect a few samples in the next issue.

Sunday after breakfast and just before lunch it was voted we should examine a few antique coffee shops in Bowral and then meet for lunch at the local pub, another good idea, this took us right up to 3.30 or so before we all headed back home via a large warehouse belonging to someone Bill Marshall knows. This contained old doors, windows, furniture, fireplaces, bits and pieces which had been brought out from England. I bought nothing but it was interesting just the same. Relaxed and happy we headed home.

VICKI LARKEY.



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## A DAY AT A MOTORKHANA

After going to bed at 1.30 a.m., I arose when the alarm went off at 6.45 a.m. on Sunday, I really can't say I was over enthusiastic about a motorkhana, at that time of the morning but as I had promised Sue Williams I'd be at her place by nine I decided I better get moving.

I arrived at Sue's a little after nine together with my daughter Josie, her friend Belinda and Ben the dog. John and Rod had gone on a fishing trip and Sue's John had to work so we had decided to go together. We arrived at the Motorkhana at 10.30 a.m., I had no real intention to drive on the day because my car had a "funny" noise and it was due for service but once there I couldn't resist the temptation so I paid my money.

Ben Hall (the dog) as we call him, caused me some embarrassment, when Sue Williams came running over to say he had done an unmentionable on Val Peters lunchbag, luckily nothing went inside the bag, much to my relief. After chatting to Joan and Chris the Motorkhana started.

The first event I had done several times before, it was zig-zagging down through the flags going around in a semi-circle and back through them again. I enjoyed that one and I did a reasonable time. A little behind Val, who had hired a Laser for the day after winning the Ladies Class in mine last time.

The second event was a little more difficult but similar to the first one. My times improved and I began to feel more enthusiastic. After that we had lunch, Joan and Chris were having a barbecue so I claimed the scraps for Ben and I bought him an ice cream, I also fed my kids.

If its music or musical instruments you, your family or friends require contact

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After lunch came event No.3. It was the hardest of the day. It started by going around the middle flag, then around the bottom flag, then going up to the top flag, then going back around the middle flag to the other side, then repeating the process, then out via the middle flag. You had to keep all the flags on the right side of you. After a good practice run I muffed the first timed run. I got lost somewhere amongst all those flags, so I had to get a good time in the second run or bomb-out of the event. I enlisted the help of Adrian Johnson (Chris' youngest son).

As I went around Adrian called the flags - it really helped, I got a good time, .1 of a second faster than Val, I was very happy with myself.

During the fourth event I caused a small sensation when Josie's friend Belinda timed me three seconds faster than anybody else, so I had to repeat the run, needless to say I couldn't repeat the time but I still did a reasonable good time with Adrian helping again.

After that it was time to go home. I really enjoyed the day. Us ladies are getting better at Motorkhana's. The first of the year we achieved three out of four of the top places, so you guys better start practicing, because us ladies are proving to be formidable opponents.

SUSAN HALL.

Finishing his prepared statement, the blustering politician threw the press conference open for questions. "Is it true that you were born in a log cabin?" one sarcastic reporter asked.

"You're thinking of Abraham Lincoln", the politician answered coolly. "I was born in a manger".

#### OLDEN ERA CLASSIC AUTOS

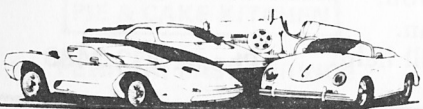
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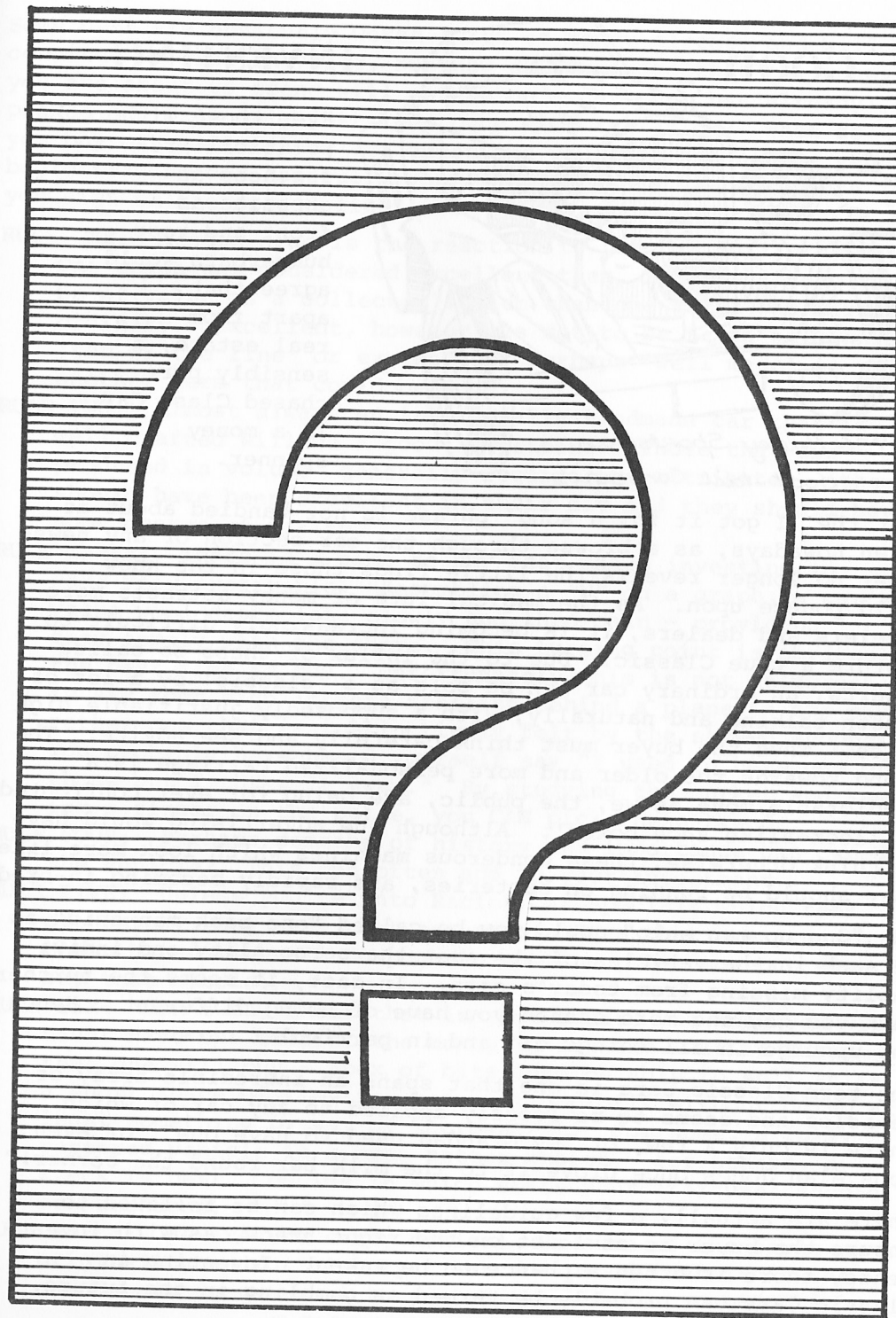
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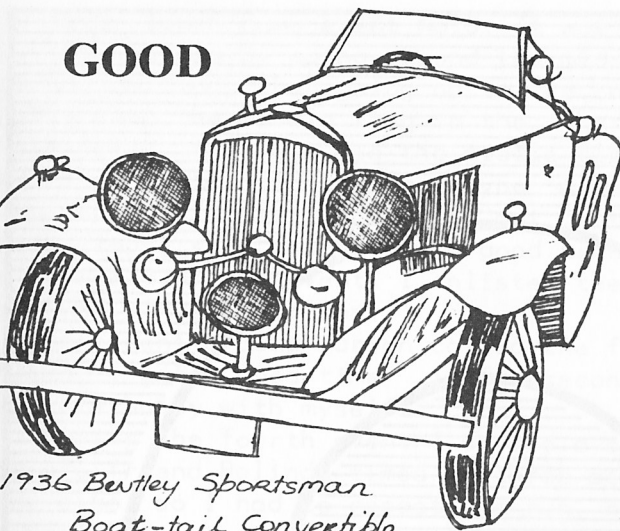
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## GOOD



1936 Bentley Sportsman  
Boat-tail Convertible

## INVESTING

Even those with political preferences as opposite as front and rear bumperbars would agree that, apart from real estate, a sensibly purchased Class Car is a money spinner.

But the 'I got it for a song' phrase is not bandied about as often nowadays, as a browse through the car section of any newspaper no longer reveals the little finds those in the know would pounce upon. As the magical lure of money attracts more dealers and dealers, it is becoming increasingly difficult to capture a true Classic. Due to the influx of these so called experts, an ordinary car can be sold as a 'classic' by a lot of blarney talking and naturally, with a supposedly justifiable high price. Thus the buyer must think carefully and see advice. The trend towards the older and more personalized carriage is a predictable move as we, the public, are being for ever confronted with 'look-alike shoe boxes'. Although the advertising would have you think otherwise, these wondrous machines which look more like toys should be running on batteries, are rapidly becoming in-bred.

The "One up man ship" could now be called "one back man ship" as we seek in the vehicles of the past the personality and individuality missing from today's cars. In fact, it seems the further back you go, the more chance you have of being different. Hence the upsurge in all things old and in particular cars.

The term Classic Cars is one that spans an incredible array of vehicles and seems to be loosely applied to any car of which there is only a few, or "my Grandad used to have one", or even, as Alan Jones once drove it to the milk bar round the corner!"

There are actually a few guidelines which can be followed to ensure the buyer is at least on the right track, as with investments, there is often a chance to be taken. Investing in Classic Cars can probably be termed as gambling in the future.

Some cars are obviously worth a lot of money already and will continue to rise in value, but how do you judge that the money you are about to spend will not be on a car that has already peaked and will only just keep pace with inflation? When do you buy or sell? These are questions you must ask before you begin trading and hopefully you'll have them answered before you sign on the dotted line.

**RULE ONE:** A good clue is the reaction to the car in its heyday. One which was considered excellent then, is more likely to be of value as a collector's item than one which was merely ordinary. Excellent, however, is not to be taken as meaning 'top of the line' or expensive. Perhaps 'well made' is another term that could be used.

**RULE TWO:** Almost always an individually handmade car that is well crafted will be a good investment. Those that are produced in volume generally require two attributes - they should have been excellent in their day and they should have some degree of rarity.

**RULE THREE:** There is a time to buy that makes investing in cars very profitable. Resubbling a "U" on a graph, a car's value will depreciate slowly and then gain - providing they comply with the above. This turning point is obviously the best time to buy. Unfortunately this is not telegraphed in six foot high letters trailing behind a plane in the sky, rather one that is instinctively felt by the shrewd shopper. You probably have heard yourself say "I used to have one of those but I threw it away." By studying the market and keeping a finger on the pulse, you CAN pick these trends.

**RULE FOUR:** Perhaps someone of history and importance has owned the vehicle? This can often add to your investment.

**RULE FIVE:** Unless you're into Racing Car Specials which reek of History, buy cars that are pure. Cars that are true to their breed with all components genuine. Let someone else buy that hybrid.

**RULE SIX:** Don't buy a car that in your heart, you know you will never have the time or the money to restore. It is rare that one will buy a 'box of bits' and be able to sell it in a short space of time for resounding profit without doing at least something by way of improvement. For some, a fully restored vehicle is a much better choice - for others, a wreck is best. Decide in which state your 'fortune' should be purchased.

**RULE SEVEN:** Beware the shady dealer! Be sure of the car's originality and/or history. Ask for proof that it is the car Fangio drove to victory at Bathurst!!

# Juan Manuel Fangio

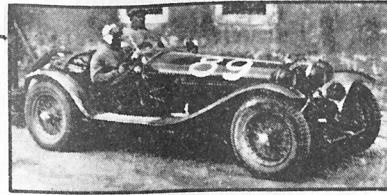
## A LEGEND IN HIS OWN LIFETIME

Juan Fangio was born in 1911 in the village of Balcarce, 220 miles from Buenos Aires, of Italian parents. This village not only remained Fangio's home, but more importantly its citizens provided the means by which he was able to race.

As a young boy, Fangio began to frequent a local repair shop which held a great fascination for him. At ten or eleven he commenced work there, the mechanics becoming like gods to the young boy who observed them with the timid reverence of a medical student watching a famous surgeon performing a delicate operation. His insatiable enthusiasm overcoming all obstacles, together with his passionate love of engines, led to his eventually becoming a fully qualified mechanic.

As Balcarce was an agricultural area the majority of Fangio's work related to tractors and the like. With the help of friends and family, the lad built a small workshop in the courtyard of his family's house when he was 16. At this time road racing was becoming popular throughout Argentina, and a year later Fangio had his first taste of racing when he was asked to travel as mechanic in a 1928 Chevrolet. As his mother was vehemently opposed to such activities, he did not tell his family.

Eventually he built a '34 Ford V8 Special, with the help of his brother and entered his first race



in 1938. In practice Fangio was quick enough to make the first 6 places alongside the name drivers and finished the race third outright – obviously an extremely talented driver and mechanic.

The second major race that Fangio entered was his introduction to death on the race track. It was only a stroke of fate that saved Fangio from being involved in the accident that claimed five lives, several of whom had become national racing heroes. Despite the carnage, people had already noticed Fangio's natural ability.

On the lad's return to Balcarce, he was astounded to find that the village was taking up a collection so that he might acquire a racing car worthy of his skill. Even peasants who would slice a loaf thin to save a penny subscribed with enthusiasm. This absolute generosity highlights the emotional and communal spirit of such a primitive society. It must also be viewed in the context of the time with road racing being of enormous national interest. It was the Golden Era of road racing.

It was decided to buy a Ford coupe with the money collected as it was thought this would be the most suitable for those very long road races which fanned the country's sporting enthusiasm.

The new Ford was not ready for the Grand Prix at Buenos Aires, but an old Chevrolet coupe with a 'Fangio engine' was able to be entered. This Grand Prix was one of the notoriously long road races.

It started at night and the entire population of Balcarce was glued to the radio. About two hours after the start the oil pressure dropped rapidly due to oil loss. Juan and his passenger, mechanic Hector Tieri, lifted the bonnet – a broken conrod. They repaired the injury where they lay. In spite of this loss of time they were lying an unbelievable eighth at the next checkpoint. The Chevy was still losing oil. Lacking anything better, they took a piece of radiator hose, made an opening into the oil filter cap, and attached the hose as best they could so Tieri could add oil as needed from within the cockpit.

The next stage was a nightmare as the hose also acted as an air vent, allowing smoke and fumes to fill the cabin, almost asphyxiating the occupants. They were lying 17th at the next checkpoint. Of 800 starters only 70 had survived to that point. Their Chevy was in such a vile state that the Chevrolet agent strongly advised them not to continue – obviously fearing that they would ruin the company's reputation.

This advice was ignored; they could not let down their Balcarce friends. The boys took their car to the garage of a very sympathetic Italian where they were able to work on the car wholeheartedly. A boy, knowing that a special oil was needed, disappeared from the garage but returned soon with two bottles of the particular oil!

At the end of the next stage

Fangio was lying 5th outright, ahead of all the Chevrolets, including the works cars. By this time Fangio had run out of money and reluctantly telegraphed Balcarce for further funds. As he came out of the post office, the Chevrolet agent appeared.

"Dear Fangio, at last I have found you. Do you need anything? What can I do for you?"

Evidently his fifth place had been noticed!!

"Well, actually I need tyres, but I am broke."

"Broke! You should have said so before. Let General Motors take care of it. Just sign here."

In the next stage, Fangio gave it everything, and was able to finish second outright ahead of the more powerful and mechanically superior Fords. He was the toast of the Press. He was the only topic of discussion in his home, Balcarce and again the people took up a collection. If Fangio could come 2nd in the Grand Prix in an old Chevy, how would he do in a new Chevy.

Fangio went from strength to strength, winning all the major events. However, the war brought an unwelcome interlude to road racing in Argentina.

When racing began again in 1948, the Argentine Automobile Club had not forgotten Fangio. The Club bought two new Maseratis, one of which was for Fangio. He fully justified the Club's confidence in him, winning every race imaginable. Shortly after, the Club sent Fangio to Europe where he won the first Grand Prix he entered. Again he went from success to success – but again he was broke! The Argentine Government came to his rescue and provided him with

a new Ferrari, and cash to run the car.

The rest is legend. Fangio won 8 major events from 200 starts, driving Maserati, Ferrari, Chevrolet, Mercedes-Benz, Alfa, BRM, etc. He also won the World Drivers' Championship 5 times — in 1951 (Alfa), 1954 (Maserati/Mercedes), 1955 (Mercedes), 1956 (Ferrari), and 1957 (Maserati).

One further incident is most illuminating in the understanding of the great driver-mechanic. Fangio took delivery of his new 2 litre Ferrari (compliments of the Argentine Government) in time for the Monza Grand Prix in 1949. In practice he noted an abnormal vibration in the gearbox. He decided to look into the problem himself and spent the whole night under the car. He found that the best way to resolve such little mysteries was to roll up his sleeves and become again the Balcarce mechanic.

Fangio spent the night working on his car while the other teams had swarms of mechanics preparing their cars.

Miraculously Fangio won this Grand Prix, the third in succession, within two months of attacking the European scene. The Press went wild. Argentina went wild. A new star was born.

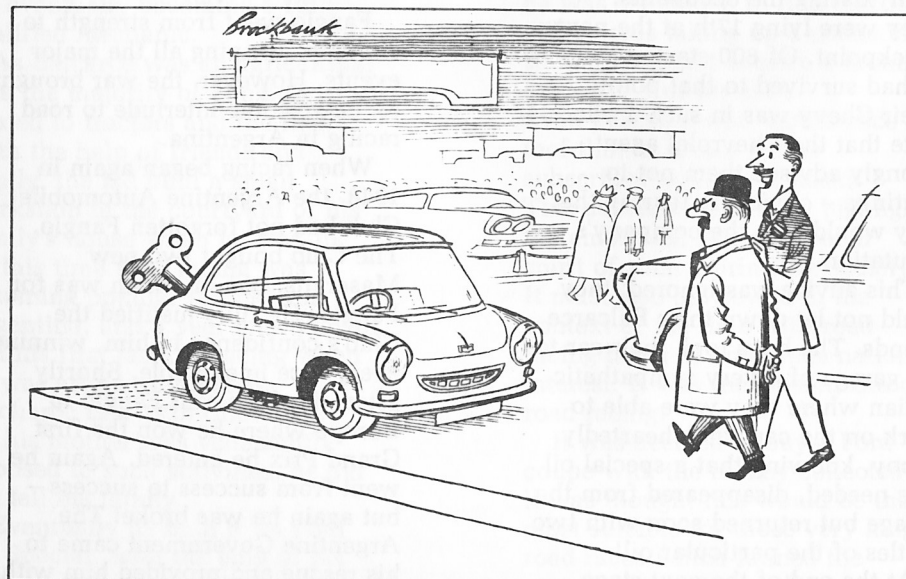
A legend in his own time.  
Long live the legend!

CONTRIBUTED BY BILL MARSHALL.

**ROBERT ANDERSON**  
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**Chiropractor**

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Phone: 759-6908



"And here, sir, is one in the eye for the Arabs!"

# THE DISCRETE CHARM OF THE FORMER CAR

"**F**ORTY-FIVE HUNDRED dollars for a 1962 Morgan 4/4," I said loud enough for my wife, Barbara, to hear. She was seated nearby at the breakfast table, reading that questionable part of the Sunday paper that contains no used car classifieds.

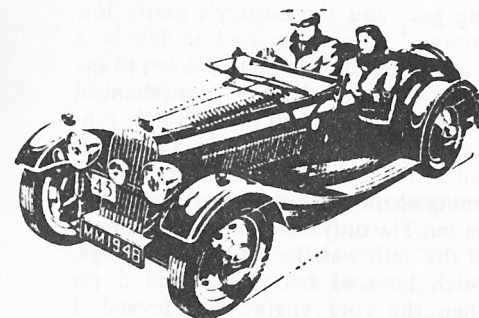
"Is that a good price?" she asked, trying hard not to look like a person who is about to have half her joint-life savings wiped out by a single check.

"I haven't seen one that cheap in years," I responded. "If the car's any good, that's an excellent price."

For nearly a year I'd been setting money aside for a project car, preferably something with the words Jaguar, Morgan or Lotus on the grille. The money was building up in my savings account much the way voltage builds up in a static electricity generator, and the first car to come along with the right credentials was going to get zapped with a bolt of greenbacks. In one year I'd saved literally tens of dollars. The rest would be borrowed against our Datsun.

I called the owner of the Morgan and got directions to his house. He lived in the foothills north of Los Angeles on a 5-acre horse ranch, way back in one of those steep canyons that make the evening news three times a year during the fire, flood and mudslide seasons. A place where the occasional earthquake is just gravy. Two hours later we pulled into the ranch.

The Morgan sat on the front lawn in the shade of a huge oak tree, strategically placed to melt the resolve of tight-fisted car buyers. It was dark green with black fenders and a leather strap across the hood. From our vantage point in the driveway, the Morgan looked beautiful. I let out a low whistle. "I think we may have found ourselves a car," I said.



The owner, a pleasant fellow, appeared and showed us around the car. Up close the Morgan had a few rust spots along the fender seams and the interior looked fairly weatherbeaten, but overall it appeared sound enough. It would be fun, I thought, to paint this car and reupholster the seats in nice leather. We looked under the hood at the Ford 109E engine, which was covered with oil-soaked cobwebs. The oil appeared to be the product of excessive blow-by from the valve cover. I shrugged. The English Fords were sound engines, easy to work on and fun to rebuild. We looked in the trunk.

The trunk had problems. I wiggled a piece of the ash frame and a large chunk of the inner wheel arch came off in my hand. When I tried to put it back in place, the wood crumbled in my fingers like a slice of week-old pound cake. I apologized profusely, but the owner was quite good-natured about it. "Oh, that's okay. All the wood is worthless in this car. Dry rot. It needs a whole new body frame. You can get one from a place out East for about \$800."

I got down on one knee and looked under the car.

"The steel chassis rails are all rusted out, too," he added. "but you can still

order a whole new chassis from the factory for less than \$1500."

He suggest we take a test drive, so I opened the driver's door and the door came off in my hand. "Dry rot around the hinges," the owner explained. I latched the door back in place and he said, "I'll have to give you a push down the hill. The teeth are all gone on the ring gear and the battery's pretty low anyway." The car roared to life in a cloud of smoke, and settled down to the most complete collection of mechanical noises I've ever heard from a single running engine. Big-end rod knock, small-end rod knock, main bearing rumble, timing chain noise and deafening valve clatter. The only functioning instrument on the dash was the oil pressure gauge, which hovered between 3 and 5 psi when the cold engine was revved. I slipped the gearshift into 1st and we were off. "Skip 2nd gear," the owner shouted over the absent exhaust system. "It's missing a few teeth."

"What's that shrieking noise?"

"The rear end is bad."

As we motored up the canyon road, thick clouds of blue smoke began pouring from the hood louvers and from under the dash. After a mile the smoke got so bad I couldn't see the exact location of the road. It was like driving through the boys' room at a high school basketball game. At halftime. I looked over at the owner, who smiled at me pleasantly through the haze, apparently oblivious to the choking fumes. I wondered if I was the only person who noticed the smoke. Was I dying? Maybe this is what it's like, I thought. The car pitched wildly into a corner, and the man warned me to be careful because the sliding pillar suspension was badly worn and the spokes were all loose.

We clattered back to the ranch on 1 lb of oil pressure. I carefully parked the car beneath the tree, turned off the ignition, removed the door and got out.

"Well, what do you think?" The owner asked.

Having just been recently gassed, I struggled to collect my thoughts. What did I think? I thought the car was a wonderful collection of dreams held together

by cobwebs and green paint. I thought if the car were a 1962 Ford or Chevy you'd have to pay the wrecker \$35 to haul it away. I thought how wondrous it was that Morgans and a small handful of other cars in the world had such charm that a man could even hope to sell one in this deplorable condition. For money. With a straight face.

"Well," I said, "the wood-rimmed steering wheel is in nice shape and the front fenders seem pretty sound... but \$4500 seems like a lot of money for a steering wheel and some fenders. I think the rest of the car needs to be replaced."

The owner looked at me with a mixture of amusement and genial pity. "The car is completely shot, of course," he said, appealing to my sense of reason, "but a nicely restored Morgan will cost you two or three times what I'm asking. At \$4500 I'm sure someone will buy the car and fix it up."

I thanked the man for his time, and for the first time in my life I did the unthinkable. I turned around and walked away from an opportunity to buy an overpriced, worn-out, nearly unrestorable facade of an old British roadster that looked good sitting under an oak tree. Age, reason—something—had finally overtaken my usual witless optimism. Maybe it was the smoke. The owner was right, of course. There really was someone out there who would buy the car for \$4500 and fix it up. But this time it wouldn't be me.

As we drove back down the canyon toward home I felt oddly elated, remarkably carefree and suddenly wealthy. We stopped for lunch at a hamburger place. "Milkshakes all around," I said to the waitress. "My wife and I have just come into a large sum of money."

Barb stared out the cafe window and shook her head. "I really wanted that car when we first saw it," she said. "How could such a neglected, worn-out old car look so good, sitting there on the front lawn?"

"It's a Morgan," I said. "And no one ever throws a Morgan away."

*Reprinted from Road & Track, USA.*

# Classifieds

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FOR SALE: Jaguar XJ6 Series II. Immaculate, 1976. Popular deep red, unique red leather trim, tinted windows, every extra. Ring Geoff Belshaw 411-4228.

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\*\*\*\*\*

## LO THE ANGLER

He riseth early in the morning and upseteth the household.

Mighty are his preparations.

He goeth forth with a great hope in his heart,

And when the day is far spent he returneth,

Smelling of strong drink, and the truth is not in him.

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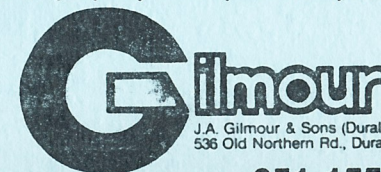
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