



The club for people who enjoy Aston Martin and other fine marques



top



gear

FEBRUARY 2013

THE LOTUS ELITE ISSUE



The Racing Car for the Road – The Lotus Elite type 14

Guest Editor and Lotus Admirer, Roger Morgan brings you living with a Lotus in all its various guises. Elite above is "prototype" CBU 1008 with the Wing Tank filler clearly visible. A clever place to put high octane stuff (except in a crash), later moved to a more conventional location



ABOUT OUR CLUB

Calender

The [Official Calender](#) is published on our web site. Print a copy to keep in your historic log booked vehicle.

Club Meetings

[Club meetings](#) are held on the 2nd Wednesday of every month except December & January at Carlingford Bowling Club.

Club Objectives

- To foster a better acquaintance and social spirit between the various owners of Thoroughbred Sports Cars in Australia
- To help and advance Thoroughbred Sports Cars in Australia
- To establish and maintain, by example, a high standard of Conduct and a Respect of the Laws of the Road

Club Shoppe

Visit the [Club Shoppe](#) and make sure you are dressed properly for the next event.

Correspondence

All correspondence to The Secretary, TSCC
P.O. Box 1318, Mona Vale, NSW 1660
Email: secretary@thoroughbredsportscarclub.asn.au

Incorporation

TSCC is incorporated as an association; Registered No. Y15083-35

Affiliation

TSCC is affiliated with CAMS Limited

Committee

The contact details of the [Committee](#) are published on the web site.

Membership Forms

[Membership Forms](#) can be downloaded from our web site. All new members must be proposed and seconded by financial members.

Website

www.thoroughbredsportscarclub.asn.au
Contributions to the Webmaster:
webmaster@thoroughbredsportscarclub.asn.au

Top Gear

All contributions to:
Jeremy Braithwaite, PO Box 207, Kurrajong 2758
M: 0416 222 112 Email:
editor@thoroughbredsportscarclub.asn.au

Guest Editors

Lotus Editor: [Roger Morgan](#)

Disclaimer:

Any opinions published in the Newsletter should not be regarded as being the opinion of the Club, of the Committee, or of the Editor.

No responsibility is accepted for the accuracy of any information in the Newsletter, which has been published in good faith as supplied to the editor.

Articles are invited and should be mailed to the Editor for publication showing the name and address of the author.





EDITORIAL

JEREMY BRAITHWAITE



Happy New Year to all our members!

With what we have planned for the year, it is going to be one to enjoy.

Your Committee started the year with a meeting at Terry & Robyn Daly's, where the main agenda item was the 2013 Calendar. More news on this on our [Diary Updates](#) page.

Vale Roland Clark

It was however a sad start to the year with the passing of Roland Clark. Terry Daly and Ray Ross have both provided tributes which you will find immediately after the President's Page.

I'd only known Roland since we joined this club in late 2009. There are a small number of people in this world you can sit down, face to face or over the phone, and just chat to them as though you had known them for years. Roland was one. He grew up in the Kurrajong district so we had something to share. His Dad was a local builder and actually created his own bricks called "Clarkies Crumblers". They are quite distinctive and are used on a lot of the public buildings in the district. Have a look at the local hall in the Kurrajong car park the next time we start a run from there. We will all miss Roland.

Lotus

Our main feature article this month is about the Lotus Elite and is contributed by Roger Morgan. Who better than Roger to tell the tale? He has just completed the world's most intense Elite restoration on Chassis 1073, and undeterred has now commenced work on 2036. It must be a bit like taking part in something like the London Sydney Marathon and waking up the next day and saying to yourself "Where to today?" and looking around in vain for the Route Card, let alone your navigator.

Julie & I have known Roger for quite a few decades. He's another 'To & From' who arrived with Tess, two daughters & three Lotus in tow in the mid 80's. I first met him looking at a Lotus article in the newsagency at the Macquarie Centre. "Interested in Lotus, are we?" was my innocent opening remark. Half an hour later I got back to work. Roger can talk!

At the time we had a Lotus 7 and were pretty involved with Club Lotus Australia. The 7 was rare being one of a small number of Steel Brothers cars made in Christchurch under licence to Lotus. It started life as a Series 4 and was modified by Steel Bros to take the Lotus slant 4 engine that later found its way into the Esprit etc. The plan was to export the car in substantial numbers to North America, and I think in addition to the two in Sydney there are another two or three over there.

Our car had long since lost the slant four, and this had been replaced with a turbo Formula Ford Kent engine. It went well when it went, but didn't go that often despite the best efforts of Neil Stevens who used to do all John Thompson's warranty work. We eventually gave up and fitted a Lotus twin cam, which went further if not necessarily faster.

I actually tracked down Steel Bros after our South Island tour in 2010. They're still there and they were kind enough to give me a copy of the book of the history of the company.

Roger has some lovely stories to share with us after all his years of Lotus ownership. He's the first of a Series of Guest Editors who will be making a contribution to Top Gear during the year.

The Binalong Temora Weekend

Something to look forward to later in the year is our Binalong/Temora weekend. It includes a visit to the Stuart Saunders delightful Binalong Motor Museum as well as a day at the superb [Warbirds Downunder](#) show at Temora. Click the link to see some of my pics from the 2011 event. It's only on every second year and is World Class.

I've booked out the entire town as accommodation is very limited. If you'd like to come could you please let me know straight away. See the flyer later in Top Gear for more details.

A Great Read

I've started a new Section in Top Gear called "A Great Read". I guess a few years ago we would have called it Book Review, or something similar. However today there is a large amount of really interesting material also to be found on the Net, so I thought it would be a better idea to come up with a title that encompassed both.

The interesting thing about the net is that some people are enthusiastic and knowledgeable about a subject and just jump in and do stuff, either with their own web site, or via a commercial blog publisher.

In many cases these people are friends or acquaintances; they mainly do it because they want to rather than for commercial reasons; and many do it very well.

I've kicked it off this month, but I'm really looking for members to share the stuff they have found with the rest of us.

Please let me know what you like (and dislike) in Top Gear. It is after all your magazine.

And have a great 2013!

Jeremy



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Lots of details and about the club, its corporate information, committee etc.

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Terry Daly's report on the last couple of months, plus what's planned

[VALE ROLAND CLARK](#)

The club has lost one of its most long standing members

[Tribute from Ray Ross](#)

[Tribute from Terry Daly](#)

COMING EVENTS

[Diary Update](#)

Bring your diary up to date with all our planned events

[Top Gear Festival](#)

Fun and games with Jeremy Clarkson & Mark Webber. TSCC is part of the show

Wednesday Runs

Run to the [Norman Lindsay Gallery & Museum](#) organised by Peter & Robyn Wards

Run to the [Weir Cafe in the Royal National Park](#) organised by Rob & Kay Finney

[Weekend in Noosa](#)

A quiet trip to Queensland with lots to see there and on the way. Organised by Terry & Robyn Daly

[Warbirds Weekend](#)

The Temora Warbirds Downunder Airshow plus a visit to the Binalong Motor Museum and a tour of Keith & Sandra Berryman's sheds. Numbers are strictly limited. Call Jeremy Braithwaite. First in best dressed!

REPORT ON EVENTS

[CARnivale](#)

Bye bye Motorfest. The Australia day event has been replaced by a new event with an emphasis on the best. Peter Wards and John Moody feature in the top four cars on display. Report and pics by Peter & Robyn Wards

[007 for a day](#)

Rick Johnson gets a feature article by David Berthon in the SMH

[Grey Gum Cafe](#)

It was raining cats and dogs and the Hawkesbury was in flood. The brave got breakfast

[Caves Beach Run](#)

Lunch run to Caves Beach organised by Les & Roselee Johnson. Report by the Wards who are clearly in the running for the Citizen Kane Award in 2013

TOP GEAR ARTICLES

[Volunteer Driver](#)

Barry Farr gets up close to the girls at the tennis

MEMBERS CARS

[Jensen 541](#)

New member Stephen Knox tells us about his very rare and very pretty Jensen 541

A GREAT READ

[Joe Seward](#)

Get closer to the F1 scene with one of F1's greatest journalists'

[Motorsport Retro](#)

A Sydney based site with a global perspective. A must bookmark for most members

[Lotus Sports & Racing cars in Australia](#)

Marc Shagen's epic tome

ROGER MORGAN'S LOTUS ELITE LIFTOUT

It's so big it's got its own contents page!

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

TERRY DALY



Welcome to the first edition of Top Gear for 2013. This is the first edition where we have a guest editor and in this edition it's Roger Morgan and as Roger has a passion for the Lotus make of cars this edition will feature an article or two on that brand.

The TSCC has already had four events this year, all with excellent rollups. The first event was the Supercar D'Elegance held on Australia day in Macquarie street. Besides 600 classic cars, this year featured the "best of the best" Concours in which TSCC had two entries in John Moody's V12 E-type and Peter Wards' TR5. David St Julian, who joined the club in February, also entered a Bugatti. John was runner up to a beautiful Rolls Royce Silver Ghost and Peter finished fourth. A great effort from both cars and their owners.

Our first club meeting for the year featured two guest speakers, one from NRMA Insurance and the other from Carfind. I must admit I found the Carfind technology most interesting and I'm sure if it was around when I first borrowed my father's car, my father would have brought it. My father used to limit my usage of his car to 50 miles a week and that's exactly what the Speedo would read, however, it only took 30 seconds to disconnect the speedo and the same to reconnect. I do remember Dad booking the car in for service as the fuel consumption was just terrible!

We then had a Wednesday run to Caves Beach organized by Les Johnson. A great run but it involved answering about 20 common interest questions. Robyn and Peter Wards were the winners with 17.5 questions right and for winning they got to write the article. Very sneaky is our Les and I'm sure the Wards won't be as keen to win next time!

Then on the Sunday the 24th February we had a breakfast run to the Grey Gum café on the Putty Road. If you recall the Saturday weather was simply shocking with heavy rainfall throughout NSW. *[We had 220mm of rain at Kurrajong Heights...Ed]* Please read the article written by one of our new members, Greg Edwards. All I can say is 42 left Dural and only 30 made it to the Café. The breakfast put on by Kym at the Grey Gum was really special and she threw in free milkshakes for anyone who wanted one (not two as per Keith Reynolds).

Just looking a little into the remainder of the year, I have the 6 day Noosa trip well under control with 63 people already booked. We are limiting the overall numbers to 70 so that the places we visit can cater for us. I have had a few requests from some asking whether I can add a "just to Armidale" as part of the trip. The answer is yes, so if you just want to do the drive to Armidale on the Thursday, overnight with the group, visit a car collection on the Friday morning and return home that day (you can stay on in Armidale if you wish) we can accommodate you. Please let me know by 31st March if you are coming to Noosa or if you would like to come as far as Armidale.

Looking even further out, I'm in the planning stages of the North Island of New Zealand trip in October. The North Island trip will be 10 days long and if we have enough demand I can organise a further 7 day trip of the South Island. (These people would exit the main group at Wellington and catch a ferry to Nelson). I will be putting out an expression of interest at the end of March.

And in the not to distant future we have the Adrian Walker organized "TOP GEAR" festival at Sydney Motorsports Park on the 9/10th March. If you are interested and haven't already sent your details to Adrian it may be too late. Speaking of Adrian it great to see he has recovered from a nasty car accident (unfortunately, his pet bird that was sitting on the front seat didn't make it. I don't think the makers of airbags tested them on birds! His XR8 was a write off as was the telegraph post Adrian hit!

On a very sad note we lost one of our dear friends, Roland Clark who passed away in January Roland was a foundation and life member of the TSCC. In this edition we have a couple of articles on Roland and the very active and interesting life he had. To Stephanie and all his family we pass on our deepest sympathies. On a brighter note Stephanie is looking at doing the March Wednesday run in the Aston Martin Vanquish.

And a big welcome to all the new members who joined in January and February. I hope you enjoy all the friendships this club has to offer.

Terry

ROLAND CLARK 1933 - 2013



VALE ROLAND CLARK

RAY ROSS



MY FRIEND - ROLAND

Roland Clark and I first met in mid 1981 at a Thoroughbred Car Club meeting held at Silverwater. We became friendly while attending the Thoroughbred's first Christmas party held at a restaurant in West Ryde where Roland and I sat together and started talking (& really had never stopped.)

Over the years since that time we travelled virtually thousands of kilometres together with our spouses, often in the one car, on various car rallies, club events, etc. Our social life was quite entwined and our friendship became very close.

Over the past 10 to 15 years I had been encouraging Roland to purchase a really good car that did not need rebuilding and, while he came close on a couple of occasions, it was only recently that he purchased his beloved Aston to reside in "Aston Villa" at Galston.

Many of us will have various car stories involving Roland and his cars, but I want to tell you about another side of Roland Clark. For many years Roland raced speedboats and competed regularly in the "Hawkesbury Bridge to Bridge" and travelled most years to Taree to compete in the racing up there with his boyhood friend, Rob Peck. In fact Roland was so competitive that he set a class Australian water speed record on an inland lake, the details of which I have requested from the Australian National Maritime Museum to substantiate. Roland did not tell me about this record as he was not a boastful man, but I know about this as I happened to spot a framed Daily Mirror article at his home and when I asked about it he said "that was something I did years ago".

My next recollection didn't make the press, but it could have! New Year's eve 1999 Roland and Stephanie decided to ask a group of 12 friends including Margaret & I, out on the Harbour for the day & stay for the fireworks at midnight on his 40ft cruiser All aboard - as we left the Henley/Gladesville jetty at about 9 am, heading for the Balmain/Mort Bay area on the western side of the Harbour Bridge. When we arrived at our destination there was plenty of room and Roland selected an excellent vantage point for the fireworks. Dropping anchor around 10 am we settled in for a long wait for the celebrations later that night. We were kept entertained all day with plenty of good food and refreshments and the coming & going of similar craft with the same idea as us.

Among the boats moving around the bay were three Maritime Services Board boats watching the activity to ensure all craft were a proper distance apart. Around 7 pm the Maritime Services craft returned and, as were in front of the fleet, they yelled to Roland

"You have got to move" - "Why?" asks Roland "You know we have been here all day"

"We have been told to move all you people because they want a tourist ship to moor here". "Not bloody likely" says Roland as he proceeds to prance up & down the deck with his hand cupped to his mouth yelling out "Don't Move, don't move" to all the surrounding boats. In a very short time all neighbouring boats took up the call and the bay was full of shouts of "Don't move!" "I'll take your number and report you" shouted the officer. "Take what you like, the number is right there!" shouted Roland.

Needless to say nobody moved and after a half hour the Maritime services boats sailed off and we all enjoyed the fabulous fireworks. Nothing more was heard from the Maritime Services Board regarding the incident!

Ray Ross

V A L E Roland Clark 1933 - 2013

*Ray & Roland
together at the
30th Anniversary
event*



VALE ROLAND CLARK

TERRY DALY



I first meet Roland shortly after I joined the Thoroughbred Sports Car Club in 2001.

I remember Roland as a friendly guy who had more than a passing interest in cars. The next occasion we meet was when Roland and Stephanie hosted the TSCC Pride of Ownership day at their place in Galston. I was so impressed with his collection of cars but more that he had restored them himself in one of his sheds, and, in particular, that beautiful big SS1 Jaguar.

However, it wasn't until Robyn and I moved to Middle Dural in 2008 that I really got to know Roland. I would be amazed at the projects he would take on and his ability to solve just about any problem that would occur during a restoration. I asked Roland many a question on just about everything and he seem to know how and where the problem may lie and then how I could fix it. As was stated in his eulogy he simply loved fixing things, he loved moving into maintenance mode.

Some things members may not know about Roland.

- He spent his childhood and most of his life in the Kurmond / Windsor area.
- He had four children
- He was a very successful spec builder
- He started Airlite windows, build it into a successful business, and sold it in 1988
- He was the founding member and first President of Australian Window Manufactures
- He was a very successful speed boat racer owning Bonanza and Stingray.
- He was an active member of APEX

Roland also owned many cars, and at the time of his passing had three Aston Martins, two of which he had restored. He also owns an AC 289 Cobra which he also restored.

For the last few years Roland and I had been travelling together each month to the Aston Martin Club meeting. Along the way we would have a good old chat on just about every subject and I was always impressed with his common sense approach to just about everything we talked about. His family, his cars, his latest task, his next holiday, and the challenges of getting old! One night when Roland was driving we stopped at a green light and I asked him why. He said I'm getting on a bit and from that night on I did the driving!

Unfortunately in mid 2012 the doctors discovered Roland had a brain tumor and he would have to undergo extensive treatment to try and remedy the situation. As we all know the treatment wasn't successful and Roland has moved into car heaven. I just hope the good Lord gave Roland a new Aston Martin Vanquish on arrival!

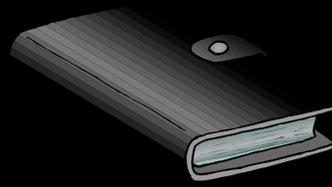
I visited Roland many times during his sickness and I always thought Roland was very strong and he would pull through. It wasn't till that last visit that I finally realised the he wasn't going to make it. I did however get the last laugh on Roland.

Stephanie had asked me to take one of Roland's Aston's to get a pink slip for registration. On arriving back at the Clark's I went and saw Roland and said what a great engine he had built in the V8 Oscar India. I told him I had achieved a speed of 240 kph on Old Northern Road on the way to the garage and I thought that a speed camera may have recorded it. His eyes rolled and he looked at me quite sternly. I then told him "I was only joking" and he laughed.

Roland was a Foundation and life member of the TSCC. He has been a very active member for the 32 years the club has existed. The Club has lost a truly great member and I have lost a great friend.

Roland you will be missed.

COMING EVENTS: DIARY UPDATE



2013 DIARY

The official diary of the club is published on our web page:

http://www.thoroughbredssportsclub.asn.au/events/index_files/Calender.htm

These are the events planned for the next couple of months:

- | | |
|--|---|
| 9 th – 10 th March | Top Gear Festival at Eastern Creek |
| 13 th March | Club Meeting at the Carlingford Bowling Club |
| 20 th March | Wednesday Run to the Weir Cafe, Audley
Organised by Rob & Kay Finney |
| 10 th April | Club Meeting at the Carlingford Bowling Club |
| 17 th April | Wednesday Run to the Norman Lindsay Museum & Gallery
Organised by Peter & Robyn Wards |
| 21 st April | Sunday lunch run organised in conjunction with the Country
Gentlemen's Association
Partners are welcome!
Organised by Jeremy & Julie Braithwaite |
| 8 th May | Club Meeting at the Carlingford Bowling Club |
| 15 th May | Wednesday Run |
| 26 th May | Breakfast Run |

If you would like to organise an event for the club please discuss it with Terry Daly or any member of the Committee

Check out the [Members Cars](#) gallery
on the club's website





SYDNEY TOP GEAR FESTIVAL

9-10 March 2013



Is Keith Reynolds really the Stig?

Why did clarkson steal our magazine?

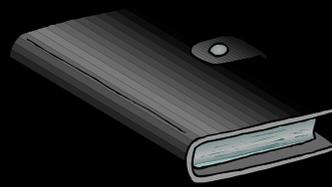
WHAT DOES JAMES MAY EAT FOR BREAKFAST?

Is mark webber quicker than terry daly?

WILL YOU BE UP THE CREEK IN MARCH?

**BETTER CALL ADRIAN WALKER ON 9987 4299
TO BOOK YOUR PLACE AND FIND OUT...**

COMING EVENTS: WEDNESDAY RUN ROB & KAY FINNEY



**TSCC WEDNESDAY RUN 20 MARCH 2013
TO
WEIR CAFÉ (Royal National Park, Audley) for LUNCH
via Bald Hill Reserve Lookout, Stanwell Park**

With the advent of Google Maps/Satnavs/etc and in order to avoid any confusion re directions we are asking everyone attending to make their own way to the meeting place at:

Meet 10:30am at McDonalds / McCafé – HEATHCOTE for coffee/amenities break

This **McDonalds** is approx. 1 hour south of the Dural area.

Depart 11.15 McDonalds towards Bald Hill Reserve Lookout, Stanwell Park (approx 20 minutes south) for a short visit to view the Sea Cliff Bridge and the glorious coastline (plentiful good parking at lookout).

Depart Lookout 11.45 travelling north through beautiful Royal National Park whilst we still have it there to enjoy (approx 35 mins) to:

Weir Café in Royal National Park for lunch at 12:30/1.00.

The Café is licensed with excellent plentiful parking.

TOTAL DISTANCE FROM SAY DURAL TO WEIR CAFÉ via Bald Hill Reserve Lookout and Royal National Park is approx 105kms. (direct return journey approx 60 kms).

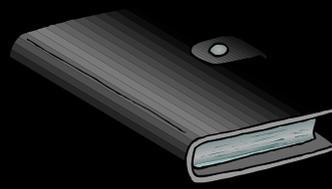


Run notes will be emailed in advance & available on the day at the meeting point to all those who indicate they are attending.

FINAL NUMBERS ARE REQUIRED BY SUNDAY 17 MARCH 2013

We look forward to seeing many of you on the day
Rob & Kay Finney - email: robfin@tgc.com.au
0400 220 427 / h 48617904

COMING EVENTS: WEDNESDAY RUN PETER & ROBYN WARDS



TSCC SCENIC RUN TO NORMAN LINDSAY GALLERY AND MUSEUM

for a tour of the Gallery, Studios and grounds, and
Lunch at Norman Lindsay Café in Faulconbridge.

Wednesday 17th April 2013.

Meet at McDonalds, McGraths Hill at 9.00am

Leave at 9.45am.

Tour of Gallery and Studios will be \$8.00 per head.
Lunch will be \$25.00 per head.

Could you please advise Peter or Robyn Wards on
0408219818 or email: prwards@bigpond.net.au if coming
by 10th April to enable bookings for tour and lunch.



The Norman Lindsay Gallery at Faulconbridge is the home of the Magic Pudding and displays the work of artist and writer Norman Lindsay (1879-1969).

Norman Lindsay (1879-1969), artist, cartoonist, and writer, came from a family that produced five artists.

His first novel was published in 1913, and by the 1920s he was both proficient and prolific in pen and ink drawing, etching, woodcuts, watercolours and sculpture. Lindsay rejected Christianity, and his art depicts Bohemianism and Arcadian pantheism madly admixed in a fantasy world.

There were many critics of Lindsay's work but he remained popular with collectors, and Albert, the loyal but cranky [The Magic Pudding](#) from his classic children's book (1918) is still just as popular with today's younger generation.



ASTON MARTIN OWNERS CLUB

WEEKEND IN NOOSA



20th to 25th JUNE 2013

Leaving Windsor at 0800 on 20th June 2013 with an overnight in Armidale visiting 2 car collections including Aston Martin DB5 & DBS

Three nights at the Montpellier luxury resort at Noosaville. One day of activities including a visit to the Bowden collection, the other day free

ALLAN MOFFAT'S XY GTHO



FORD PHASE III 1971

ALLAN MOFFAT'S TRANS AM BOSS302



FORD MUSTANG 1969

NORM BEECHY'S HT GTS 350



HOLDEN MONARO 1970

IAN 'PETE' GEOGHEGAN'S GTHO



FORD SUPER FALCON 1970

Back down the Pacific Highway overnighting at Coffs Harbour, and visiting Will Hagon's Kew Pitstop and the National Motorcycle Museum at Nabic. Budget \$500 per couple for accommodation



Limited numbers. Reserve your place by replying to Terry Daly on M: 0418 675 253, H: 02 96516175 or terry.daly@live.com.au



WARBIRDS WEEKEND

1ST TO 3RD November 2013

Limited Numbers – Book Early!



- *Warbirds Downunder Airshow*
- *Binalong Motor Museum*
- *Berryman Shed Tour*

Friday 1st November

- Scenic drive to Binalong on some superb driving roads
- Lunch at the Historic Taralga Hotel, est. 1876
- Book into the Royal Tara Motel
- Champagne reception at the Binalong Motor Museum
- Dinner at the Binalong Hotel

Saturday 2nd November

- Drive to Temora
- Warbirds Downunder Airshow
- Dinner at the Black Swan Restaurant

Sunday 3rd November

- Shed Tour hosted by Keith and Sandra Berryman at Stockinbingal
- See the D Type and the Match
- Choose your own route home ... or take a few more days to explore

RSVP to Jeremy Braithwaite on 0416 222 112 or atroz@bigpond.com



EVENT REPORT

CARNIVALE/1

PETER & ROBYN WARDS



CARNIVALE 2013, formally NRMA Motorfest, was held on Australia Day with over 600 classic and prestige cars being displayed all along Macquarie Street, around Hyde Park and down into College Street and outside St Mary's Cathedral. This all makes for a spectacular sight under pristine blue skies, mingled with the public, many dressed in their patriotic regalia for Australia Day. All had a story to tell of the car, or their "knowledge" of the particular make and model that they would relay to the younger generation.

I was invited to take the Triumph TR5 and enter it into the "Best of the Best" Concours D'Elegance, along with John Moody and his lovely red E Type Jaguar, with these cars being displayed and judged in front of St Mary's Cathedral. What a great honour to have my car displayed alongside a Silver Ghost Rolls Royce, a Dino, an E Type Jaguar, a Pagoda roofed Mercedes 230 SL, an Aston Martin, to name just a few. All cars were judged by seven immaculately dressed judges, including Terry Daly, the engine bay scrutineered, fingers wiping under bumper bars, hands inside engine bays looking for the slightest trace of oil, any road grime underneath did not escape the judges and finally all Heritage brochures and evidence of the vehicle was thoroughly checked. The car had to be started, and then all lights checked for working order. Mr Lucas did us proud! Everything worked!

We now had time to wander around all the other magnificent cars, ranging from small Fiat Bambinos up to a Ferrari F40, and everything else in between. This was truly a magnificent display of motoring history and one that should be seen at least once in a lifetime.

The judges must have had an agonising time tallying up the numbers and separating the cars, but this done, it was time for The Best of the Best to parade before the huge crowd, stop in front of St Marys Cathedral where David Berthon spoke about each car, and then the driver was interviewed about their car by Sally, the editor for Drive. Three cars received a call back, one being John Moody's stunning Red E Type Jaguar, which was placed second on the day. Congratulations John and Margaret, very well deserved. First was the Rolls Royce Silver Ghost and third was the Dino. I was whispered to that I was only beaten by the Dino by a few points.

Keith and Carol were even spotted on the day at Circular Quay, with Keith and the grandchildren ready to board a jet boat for a wild ride. They all came back, looking very wind blown and extremely wet, but all laughing and retelling the journey. Congratulations to all involved with a great day, the organisation and setup were superb, all thoroughly enjoyable.

Peter



EVENT REPORT CARNIVALE/2 JEREMY BRAITHWAITE



Lovely article by David Berthon in the Sydney Morning Herald features new member Rick Johnson in true James Bond style.

AUSTRALIA DAY CARNIVALE

LICENSED TO THRILL

Rare classic cars and themed events will inject serious glamour into the city centre, writes DAVID BERTHON.

Rick Johnston reckons his father Les's 1962 Aston Martin DB4 Convertible is "just the goods" to carry off the James Bond theme in the Concours d'Elegance Prestige Oblige at this year's CARnivale, the Australia Day car show formerly known as Motorfest.

Johnston and his Aston Martin will join more than 750 cars on display along Macquarie and College streets in the city centre on January 26.

As well as the new name, organisers have introduced a new event – the Concours d'Elegance Prestige Oblige, a mobile "themed" concours open to vehicles of any age, including the latest models. Entrants can choose their own theme and are judged not only on the car but on their attire relative to the theme and the era. Entries include a *Great Gatsby* theme with a 1928 Plymouth sedan, the "Sly Grog Days" with a 1938 Ford truck, *Risky Business* with a 1989 928 S4 Porsche and an Enzo Ferrari theme, with a 1992 Ferrari F40.

Johnston believes his Bond theme – and his rare Aston Martin – will win the day.

"It's a fabulous car and while Bond first used the later DB5 Coupe in *Goldfinger*, this DB4 was actually sent back to the factory and had the later DB5 front fitted with perspex headlight covers so it looks the part," he says.

One of just 70 DB4 convertibles built and the only one in Australia, it was the subject of an extensive six-year professional restoration and is valued at more than \$1.4 million.



I, spy ... Rick Johnston with his 1964 Aston Martin DB4 Convertible, which will be on display at CARnivale.

The 750 entries date from 1906 to 1983 and will represent more than 120 car clubs.

As well as having one of the largest displays of veteran, vintage and classic cars in the southern hemisphere, the Australia Day Council has broadened the event with the help of event company Supercar d'Elegance.

A supercar display at Queens Square will add potent new luxury sports models for the first time, while several mobile "themed" events near St Mary's Cathedral will add an exciting dynamic to the popular Australia Day event.

A "Best of the Best" Concours d'Elegance, in which car clubs enter their winning club car in an inter-club shootout, will be a special feature. Entries will parade over the ramp in front of the cathedral at 1.30pm to collect their trophies.

Motorcycles also have more prominence this year, with a display at the top of Martin Place, near Macquarie Street. Models will include a 1911 Norton and a number of Ducatis dating from 1963, some wartime Harley-Davidsons and examples of AIS, Vincent, BSA and Matchless from the '50s, as well as a rare 1920s four-cylinder Henderson.

At the intersection of Macquarie and Bent streets, a number of period trucks and commercial vehicles will be displayed, along

with a period fire-engine display, always popular with children.

This annual motoring fest is known for producing some rare and weird treasures, and this year will be no exception. Military vehicles are popular and a display of weapon carriers, Ferret Scout cars and special-purpose Land Rovers and Jeeps will be near the northern end of Hyde Park. Of special interest is a rare World War II Volkswagen Kubelwagen, a go-anywhere light military vehicle designed by Ferdinand Porsche for the Third Reich, often called the "Tub" car for its resemblance to a bathtub on wheels.

Open-wheel race cars will feature near Queens Square, while vintage speedway cars and bikes make up an exhibit at the corner of College Street and Prince Albert Road.

CARNivale will run from 9am to 5pm and the logistics of arranging so many vehicles in a short period of time is difficult, but the CARNivale vehicle co-coordinator, John Flower, says "after 20 years, it all comes together fairly easily. We assemble in the Domain underground car park from 6am, where entrants enjoy breakfast before driving up the hill and into position."

David Berthon is the principal adviser and concours director of Supercar d'Elegance.

EVENT REPORT

GREY GUMS/1

DICK KNEE A.K.A. GREG EDWARDS



COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.—POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.

FUNDS MAY BE QUICKLY, SAFELY AND ECONOMICALLY TRANSFERRED BY
MONEY ORDER TELEGRAM.
(PLEASE TURN OVER.)

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The first line of this telegram contains the following particulars in the order named.

T.G. 41
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Sent at.....
Ch'nl No.....
By.....

Office of Origin.	Words.	Time Lodged.	No.
<p>Remarks. Sch. C.2556.—10/1939.</p> <p><small>This message has been received subject to the Post and Telegraph Act and Regulations. The time received at this office is shown at the end of the message. The date stamp indicates the date both of lodgment and of reception unless otherwise shown after the particulars of time lodged.</small></p>		<p>To</p> <p style="text-align: center;">THE EDITOR TOP GEAR SYDNEY</p>	

6365

HI FELLOW THOROUGHBREDS AFTER OUR BRIEFING FROM PRESIDENT T DALY 42 PEOPLE LEFT FROM MACCASS FOR PUTTY GREY GUMS. MY SELF /JENNI TURNED A127KLM CRUISE INTO A 285KLM EPIC RULE1 READ DIRECTIONS FIRST, DONT DRIVE ANYWHERE UNLESS YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR GOING, DONT PRETEND TO LISTEN TO WIFE WHEN SHE HAS RUNNING SHEET OTHERWISE YOU WILL ENDUP IN THE CREEK LIKE WE DID. VERN/ WENDY KELLY TURNED AROUND AT THE WISEMANS FERRY FLOODED ROAD AN WENT HOME. PETER DOWRICK/ KONRAD DOVER/BOB FULOP ENDED UP AT BEROWRA WATERS AFTER 7 ATTEMPTS TO CROSS FLOODED CAUSWAYS. JOHN /VAL DIXON AND BOB SMITH HEARD THAT THE PUTTY RD AT COLO WAS FLOODED SO THEY HAD BREKY IN WINDSOR. CRAIG SHEIL IN HIS MARK 2 3.8 JAGUAR HAD A SMALL ELECTRICAL PROBLEM ,MISSED BRIEFING. DID NOT KNOW THE FEERY WAS OUT WAITED & WAITED & WAITED DECIDED TO GO HOME BECAUSE THE FERRY WASN, T GOING ANYWHERE ANY WAY. I BET THEO / TAMMY WILL THINK TWICE ABOUT LAST MINUTE DECISIONS AFTR 2 MOBILE CALLS AFTER 3WRONG TURNS 1 2KLMS WRONG WAY A U TURN AT GLENORIE COULDSEE NO ONE TAMMY WRANG THE CAFE WHEN WE GOT TO THE FERRY IT WAS NOT GOING ANYWHERE DECIDED TO HEAD HOME OH OH WHERE RUNING ON A SMELLY WRAG REACHED CALTEX MACCASS AND DROVE HOME. AFTER AGREAT BREKY /LUNCH AND SOME GREAT SOCIALISING WE START TO LEAVE BUT WAIT THE SOUND OF REAL THOROUGHbred CARS HEDING OUT OF THE CARPARK AND UP THE HILL WAS GREAT. TO THE 30 PEOPLE THAT MADE IT CONGRATS TILL NEXT RUN REGUARDS GREG MX5 EDWARDS

EVENT REPORT GREY GUMS/2 PICS FROM TERRY DALY



EVENT REPORT

CAVES BEACH/1

PETER & ROBYN WARDS



Wednesday Run 20 Feb 2013 Caves Beach

Organised by

Les and Roselee Johnson

After meeting at Mount Colah McDonalds and giving the old brain a boost with a good cup of coffee, it was away for a day of adventure.

A full page of trivia questions to be completed and route instructions were handed out. I'm not sure whether cars were following the directions from the trivia quiz or whether we were reading the route directions upside down, but very quickly we had cars going in all different directions.

Needless to say, we all, or most of us managed, to complete the route through the farming country of Kulnura, down Bumblebee Hill into the pretty Yarramalong Valley. Through the valley into Jiliby, before returning to the Old Pacific Hwy for several kilometres before making a right hand turn towards Caves Beach.

What a spectacular place! Having never been here before we had no expectation of what we were about to see. The Caves Beach Resort and Bistro is right alongside the ocean, and being the most perfect summer day, there was not a breath of wind, the surf a stunning turquoise blue, pristine sand running to the dunes alongside the bistro where we all sat and enjoyed lunch while Les set to work marking our Trivia answers.

I'm not sure whether it has something to do with the name, but two of the Robyns present, Robyn Leggott and Robyn Wards both won a bottle of wine for the most correct answers.

Meals arrived, and weren't they wonderful.....fish and chips, Surf n Turf, Caesar salads, Calamari, ...just a fraction of the menu.

Something was missing! The Porsche Cayenne with Vic and Maria was nowhere in sight. Finally as the group were preparing to leave, in walked two very well travelled people!

Vic's story

Our master plan was to take the lazy navigation technique and follow those who look like they know where they're going, mistake number one.

We followed a certain Alfa which made a deviation early and then disappeared. After we our correction there were no others to latch onto.

Heading inland to enjoy some country road bliss we arrived at a fork in the road ie a 3 way junction at Kulnura with a lack of signage. Maria and I decided on the middle option which looked like the obvious path, mistake number 2. We should have taken the right side path which would have taken us to Wyong.



EVENT REPORT

CAVES BEACH/2

PETER & ROBYN WARDS



After many km's of really nice scenery and lots of chatting we seemed to be going a long way and the lunch time destination was not looking possible.

Wollombi was a quick stop to check with a bus driver otherwise we may have ended in the vineyards even more navigation difficulties. So after finding our way back to Cessnock where our nav systems started working again we somehow found our way to the resort just in time for a quick meal without queuing and everybody leaving for our next afternoon stop.

To all those who went up the freeway, you missed out on a very stunning country drive and we didn't get lost, we just didn't know our exact location in NSW. .

Thankyou Les and Roselee for great day out somewhere. Vic Andrews & Maria Tenant

Les, now very relieved that all his charges were accounted for, now had us leaving Caves Beach to visit with Bruce Griffiths and Barbara Midgley for a quick look around and afternoon tea. Many thanks Bruce and Barbara for your kind gesture and opening your lovely house and garden for us.

On behalf of everyone who attended the run to Caves Beach, we would like to thank Les and Roselee for a fantastic day and a visit to a place many had never been to before.

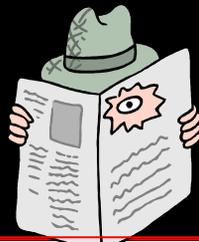
Peter and Robyn Wards



TOP GEAR ARTICLE

VOLUNTEER DRIVER

BARRY FARR



Early 2011 Terry Daly was telling me how he had just spent a week ferrying around tennis players & their entourage as a volunteer driver for what was then called the Medibank International Tennis Tournament at Homebush. He suggested I might like to try it.

As both Dott & I are both keen tennis fans & play the game regularly, we have been spectators at the Sydney event from when it used to be played at the White City courts & through to recent years at the Homebush Tennis Centre. I gave the proposition some thought & registered as a Transport Volunteer with the husband & wife team who organise & manage the tournament's transportation. The closing date for registration is early October each year & all new applicants must undergo a driver assessment prior to acceptance & placement on the team. Once accepted, all new volunteers are required to attend a compulsory training/familiarisation session & are then required to nominate their preferred shifts. There are three shifts, morning, afternoon & evening, each of which are approximately 6 hours. Only one shift may be worked on any given day. Some weeks prior to the tournament, the shift timetable is confirmed & drivers are requested to pick up their accreditation, uniform (shirts & cap) & complimentary tournament tickets (4) prior to their first shift. Access is easy as free parking is provided in a large open-air car park adjoining the centre.

As it happened, I could not undertake my driver's duties for last year's tournament due to illness, however I re-registered for this year's tournament which was called the Apia International at Sydney Olympic Park from January 6-12 & found the whole experience most enjoyable. I chose the morning shift for 6 consecutive days so my daily routine was to arrive at the centre 10 minutes before my shift commenced at 6.30am to sign on & be allocated a vehicle, which in my case, was a VW Toureg as VW was the major sponsor. A quick check over & in the vehicle to ensure no existing damage, cleanliness & sufficient fuel then to make my way into the Westin Hotel in Pitt Street, Sydney where most of the players & associated entourage stay. The transportation co-ordinator on duty there would invariably direct me to the airport to pick up players making their way down from the Brisbane tournament to take them to the Westin, or in the case of those who chose a lower priced alternative, the Ibis at Homebush. After each drop, I would then take my place in the line for the next job, which would usually be to take a player & possibly coach/entourage to the tennis centre.

During the week I ferried many of the top & some of the lesser known womens' players - Radwanska, Kvitova, Li, Wozniacki, Petrova, Hantuchova, Lepchenko, McHale - as well as many involved in the tournament in various capacities. I averaged 150km per shift with 3-4 empty trips from Homebush to the Westin & between 4-7 trips with passengers per day. I soon learnt the best & quickest routes & where to park free without hassle at the airport & I had a number of very interesting & entertaining conversations with many of my passengers. I also picked up on a lot of gossip relating to the players & their coaches, none of which I choose to repeat here. Not that there was much time to stand around between trips, however I did very much enjoy meeting & talking with the other shift drivers & the co-ordination team leaders.

So if you are fit & like driving & have some interest in either tennis or golf & you would like to convert some of your free time to volunteering, I would strongly recommend you contact Carol Amps at bridgeam@hotkey.net.au to register your interest.



*Agnieszka Radwanska
winner*



*Cibulkova
runner up*



MEMBERS CARS

JENSEN 541/1

STEPHEN KNOX



THE INSPIRATION OF JON CLEARY

It was rare to see an exotic car on Australian roads in the 1950s. The entire tally of Ferraris in the country could be counted on the fingers of a butcher's hand. I think there was one post-war Aston Martin, probably no Maseratis and even the sight of a Jaguar XK was very unusual.

There were at least two Jensens however. I used to see an early Interceptor as I rode the 190 school special from my home in Avalon to Manly Boy's High School, so it was probably about 1958. However it was the other one that just bowled me over. It was a 541 Deluxe and it belonged to the author Jon Cleary who was a neighbour. (Jon Cleary was one of Australia's most successful authors, his book sales reaching eight million before his death in 2010 at the age of 93. Some of his best-known works were *The Sundowners*, *The Green Helmet*, *You Can't See Around Corners* and the Scobie Malone crime novels.)

The effect that seeing this fabulous dark blue car was amazing. I suppose it would be the same today for a young car-mad kid seeing his neighbour pull up in a Lamborghini (or a 2014 Jensen Interceptor). The 541, so called because it was design project number 1 in 1954, was and remains one of the most beautiful cars of its time. In a sea of FJ Holdens and Austin A40s it was stunning.

The Cleary car was the first and for some time, the only 541 in the country. It was on the cover of *Wheels* magazine for October 1958 with an article on the car inside. The Jensen was looked after by another local resident, Frank Gardner who had a service station at Whale Beach. In the *Wheels* article, Frank says, "I'd say that it is a superior car in all respects to a Jaguar." That's praise indeed from one of Australia's greatest racing drivers who made his name in C- and D-Type Jaguars.

The 541 was a remarkable car, all the more so coming from a small manufacturer. Its distinctive pivoting grille centre allowed the driver to restrict the flow of air to the radiator until the engine had reached its correct operating temperature. It was a pioneer in the use of fibreglass for the body and the first production four-seater to use four-wheel disc brakes. It was one of the most aerodynamic cars built at that time and the fastest four-seater car ever previously tested by *Autocar* in 1958, achieving a maximum speed of 127 mph (204 kph).

I determined that I would buy a 541 when I grew up. In May 2011 I came to the realisation that I had probably grown up as much as I ever would and in fact had started to grow down and out! If I didn't do something about it, it would be too late. So I joined the Jensen Car Club.

I let it be known that I was on the lookout for a 541, thinking perhaps that there just might be one available in Australia or even as far afield as New Zealand. Within a very short time I received Issue 198 of *Stoo's Chat* and there was a note about a 541R being auctioned on eBay. In Connecticut!.

I looked up the entry to find that the auction had finished and there had been no bids. This looked interesting. I assumed the reason would be that it was a relatively unknown marque in the US and that it was right hand drive. I sent an email to the vendor saying that I had heard about his auction only after it had finished, that I noticed there had been no bids and asking him how much he would accept for the car.

He replied by saying that there had been some mix-up with the listing (he was listing it on behalf of the owner and was not familiar with the car and its history) and that it had been re-listed. I looked up the new entry only to find that it was three days in to a seven day auction and already it had attracted 14 bids! So much for my theory and, it seemed, my ambitions of Jensen ownership.

I tried to put it out of my mind but it persisted. I contacted Richard Calver who was able to confirm that such a car did actually exist and that he had seen it in England in 1998. He also knew the vendor's name so I began convincing myself that I should not give up hope.

The auction was due to end at 06.31.21 AEST on Monday 30th May 2011. I thought long and hard about the price I would be prepared to pay and, 45 seconds before it ended, I took a very deep breath and clicked the "Confirm Bid" button. A Minute later came the electronic news that I had won and for a little less than I was prepared to pay.

I had just spent a lot of money buying a car about which I knew very little, from someone I had never heard of, living about as far from Sydney as it is possible to be. I consoled myself by saying that the car did at least exist, that I had never had any problems before dealing with people on eBay and the photographs and description were comprehensive.





MEMBERS CARS JENSEN 541/2 STEPHEN KNOX



It was also the “right” car. It was one of just 193 ‘R’ models which means it had rack and pinion steering, it had wire wheels which were a desirable option and being a 1960 model, was one of the last 541s built. It was good colour, silver, and had been fully rebuilt by a professional restorer in the UK, or at least, that’s what the eBay description said!

The first thing to do was to apply for a permit to import the car. I had not imported a car before but I was assured that at least this part was a walk in the park. The papers arrived exactly one month later during which time I had paid for the car which the vendor kindly held for me in a secure building.

The quote from the shippers I had been referred to seemed quite attractive but I would have been better to pay extra to have it shipped in its own 20 foot container. As it happened, it sat in a warehouse in Irvington, NJ for eight weeks waiting to be consolidated.



MEMBERS CARS JENSEN 541/3 STEPHEN KNOX



At last it was loaded on to a ship and I received a notification that the ETA was 1st October, about four weeks from the day it was loaded. Considering the ship was coming from the east coast of the USA, that seemed about right. A few days before the due date I contacted the local agents, pointing out that the ship was due to dock very soon. They seemed confused by my news and said they would check and get back to me. When they did they said that the 1st October was the ETA of the ship in CHINA. The container was being trans-shipped and would arrive in Sydney about a month later.

In spite of the photographs sent to me by the shippers when they received the car into their New Jersey warehouse, I thought of some of the horror stories I had heard about cars in containers. What if the lashing broke and it was being thrown backwards and forwards, crashing into some immovable object? What if there was a car on a rack above it that was leaking brake fluid on my beautiful paintwork? What if a car above mine fell on it?

On 11th November I was picked up at the crack of dawn by a man with tilt-tray truck and we headed out to Botany. There were 20 or 30 trucks already in the queue when we arrived but I was sent to the office to complete the paperwork and hopefully reduce the waiting time. As I reached the office, there was the Jensen sitting outside. Apart from being a bit grubby, it all seemed to be there and there was no damage to the body, no paint stripped off by brake fluid. It looked great.

The forms were filled in and exchanged and I was handed the keys. With the help of a booster pack, it started and I drove it out of the yard to the street. The towie broke ranks and loaded the car. We were home by 9 am.

Since then I have had a chance to get to know the Jensen. The vendor, David Kaytes, replied to my list of questions and I now know its story from 1997 to its arrival in Australia. David is an American with a penchant for British cars. He spent some time in the UK when he was transferred there by his company. He bought the Jensen as a "barn find" in 1997 and handed it to a restorer named Bob Edwards. He set what turned out to be an unrealistic budget for the rebuild and it was exceeded by 365%! We've all heard stories like that. The car came with a vast file of photographs of the restoration, showing the car as found, then every component as it was stripped off the car and finally, every single part repaired or replaced. The only differences from the car now to the way it left West Bromwich are the wire wheels replacing the original discs and the change from light blue upholstery to red. On completion the car was shipped to Connecticut where it travelled an average of 300 miles a year, was maintained by a classic car specialist and lived under a cover in a heated garage.

It is now on full NSW registration. There have been the inevitable minor jobs to be done, the main one being a replacement radiator and correction of an oil leak from the timing chain cover.

I am enjoying driving the car and my confidence in it is building. I look forward to some long trips and Jensen outings.

I could not be happier with the 541R than I am and I am grateful to the JCC for steering me towards this car. It shows the value of a good club and the importance of its members' enthusiasm.



JOE SAWARD

REVIEW: JEREMY BRAITHWAITE

A
Great
Read



JOE*

* Joe Seward blogs about the world of F1



I first met Joe in the 1980's when he was a young reporter in F1. Bob Holden had met him at Spa when he did the 24 hour race there and invited him to dinner at his apartment in Neutral Bay.

It was a pretty lively dinner. Joe had a (strong) opinion on most things and never felt embarrassed when correcting one's previous perception of whatever was right and wrong in the world of F1 at the time.

He was pretty much always right as well....

Thirty plus years later nothing seems to have changed.

Joe is one of the senior journalists in the sport; I don't think he has missed a GP in all those years; he is disdainful of that section of the F1 'press' that just copies other people's utterings rather than doing original reporting; and all in all he is rather like that famous Belgian detective Poirot "who last made a mistake in 1928".

You can read Joe Seward for free on his blog:

<http://joesaward.wordpress.com/>

He, together with Peter Nygaard and David Tremayne also produce [Grand Prix Plus](#). It's an E-magazine which you can subscribe to for 30 quid a year. This is what you get:

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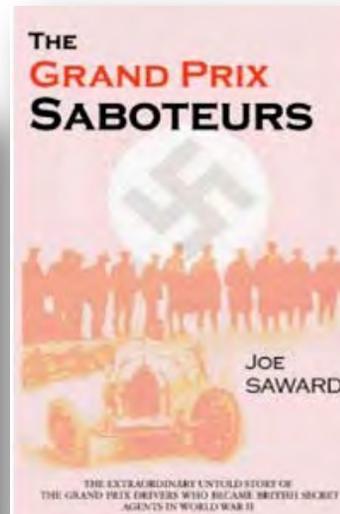
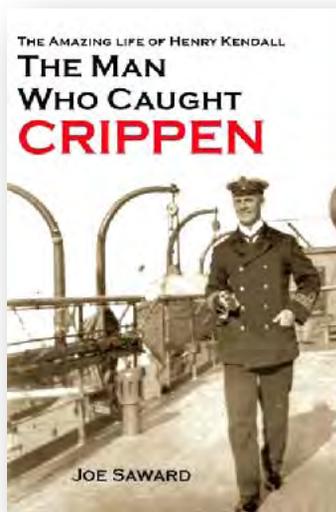
GP+ is an electronic magazine that appears just hours after each Grand Prix, direct from the Formula 1 paddocks around the world. It is a 75-90 page publication in PDF format, giving you all the inside stories from the F1 world. It is delivered electronically, no matter where you are in the world. GP+ is the only F1 e-magazine created in landscape format - so it looks great on a computer screen, a tablet or an iPad.

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- Free access to all 2012 GP+ editions - in our downloadable PDF e-archive. This will be available from January onwards so you can catch up on what you missed before the new season begins.

Click the link for a free sample of the [2012 Brazilian GP](#).

Joe is also an author of two books that are self published. Click on the covers to see a summary and buy online. I've got the GP Saboteurs book and it is a fascinating story about the English spy who won the first Monaco GP in a Bugatti and became a leader in the Resistance in WW2:



There is a lot more about Joe on his publishing web site:

<http://www.morienva.com/aboutme.html>





[MOTORSPORT RETRO](#) is a really interesting site that has some superb material for those who remember the days when 'Sex was safe and motor racing was dangerous'.

It's published by Rich Fowler. I first met Rich and his 911 driving Dad, Ray, in Formula Ford in the 1990's. He'd run a full year at the National Level in 1996 and had won the first race against people like Mark Webber, Marcos Ambrose & Garth Tander. They all went on to greater things in the sport but Rich (by name only) ran out of the folding stuff and settled down to make a living ... sigh!

Click on the pic below to go to the site ... There's fresh material on almost a daily basis and hours of entertainment whatever branch of the sport you follow:

MOTORSPORTRETRO.COM
A CELEBRATION OF MOTORSPORT

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Video Documentary: John Surtees – Motor Cyclist & Motor Racer
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As comfortable at the handlebars of his MV Agusta 500 GP on the bumpy bends of the Isle of Man as he was behind the wheel of his Ferrari 158 at the Nordschleife, John Surtees is a one of a kind racer.

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MARC SHAGEN LOTUS REVIEW: JEREMY BRAITHWAITE

A
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NEW 2012 LIMITED RELEASE

LOTUS

The Historic Sports &
Racing Cars Of Australia

Marc Schagen
Foreword by Leo Geoghegan

Just published and up to date history of every Lotus sports and racing car that has raced and "lived" in Australia since the first car came here in 1955. This book includes many never before seen photos colour or black and white of each car, many taken by professionals in the period. This is the culmination of a lifetime hobby of collecting information on each car.

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Contact Marc Schagen
0418 252323
PO Box 382
Berowra NSW 2081.
mschagen@bigpond.net.au

[Marc Schagen's book](#) was a long time in the making.

His father Adrien really started it off, and Marc continued, collecting information on the racing Lotus cars in Australia for most of his life.

The project really accelerated when Melinda Sexton became involved and with her brother Richard Dudley completed the typesetting and artwork. The incredible Brian Caldersmith contributed the front cover.

A must have for anyone with a love of Lotus and motorsport in this country.

<http://www.automotobookshop.com.au/lotus-the-historic-sports-racing-cars-of-australia-by-marc-schagen/>



Marc with two famous Geoghegan's at the Tasman Revival meeting in 2012. Leo wrote the foreword to the book.

Roger Morgan's LOTUS ELITE LIFTOUT



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[A Few Words to Stimulate](#)

Roger Morgan's introduction to his Lotus Elite Liftout – a lovely collection of Lotus experiences

[1958 Earls Court](#)

What a sensation the Elite was when it appeared at Earls Court

[Targa Tasmania 2006](#)

A trip around Tassie for Roger and a few mates

[Mateship and Lotus 2007](#)

A trip to Adelaide ... or Lots of Trouble Usually Serious

[Forbidden Fruit](#)

Our Man Morgan goes to America

[Riding Shotgun for 1141 to Speed on Tweed](#)

A fast chase up the Pacific Highway

[1073>2036 Almost A Century of Lotus Elites](#)

Roger ... well Tess's new car

[Parting Shot](#)

A Brian Caldersmith original painting of some of the more famous Elite's



A FEW WORDS TO STIMULATE

A few words from your Guest Editor.

Engaged at last! Despite feigning complete disinterest in taking up the challenge from Terry D and Jeremy B to help in putting together a magazine for the Club I have been pestered, cajoled pursued and persuaded to participate as the Guest Editor for February 2013 issue of Top Gear.

Further, I have been encouraged to include missives I have penned over the years demonstrating my love and commitment to the Lotus brand. Whether it be as a Lotus driver, Lotus helper or attendee at a meeting in support of these most engaging cars.

Lotus owners are drawn to the marque for a variety of reasons, their apparent simplicity, their undoubted beauty, the connection with Anthony Colin Bruce Chapman – the founder of Lotus Cars, whose influence particularly on the earlier models, is well known, or the thrill one gets from driving a lightweight, aerodynamic automobile.

As at the end October 2012 Tasman Meeting at Sydney Motorsports Park –(it will always be Eastern Creek to me), it was possible to get 26 Lotus Elans on the track for a 50th anniversary get together, on a very hot day – and get them all home without a single breakdown, although those of us in DHC models (convertibles) with no electric fan fitted were close to heatstroke either at the meeting, or on the way home.

I understand that one TSCC member was ferried on the 2 parade laps by Terry D and found a reduction in comfort level and space restrictions against his usual mode of transport, but that's part of the fun of Lotus driving, the driver is deeply engaged in the experience, particularly when alongside a heavy goods vehicle on the freeway. One needs to have good acceleration, concentration and a desire to stay alive when perambulating in a Lotus.

Over the years I have owned or driven a number of Lotus models. All the pre 1970 models are lightweight (some would say flimsy), fiberglass bodied, with fabulously effective braking and suspension with beautiful lines, probably none more so than the Type 14 Elite of 1959 – 1962.

As many of you will be aware I restored the 1960 Melbourne Motor Show Elite between November 2010 and mid 2012, and in September 2012 started to work alongside Bruce Mansell, noted Elite connoisseur, on another Elite for my mistress Tess.

This Elite CBU 2036 is a Series 2 car with an almost perfect fiberglass monocoque, but with badly rusted mechanicals in the suspension, braking and ski area (the metal triangulated ski is laminated in the front nose and engine bay area to mount the front suspension and engine). This Central Body Unit (CBU) 2036 has the mechanicals from CBU 1683 which was written off after an accident in the UK in 1969.

CBU 2036 was one of the 40 or so CBU's Lotus maintained as spares until the final CBU was shipped in 1969. It was one of the last spare replacement bodies shipped. It had most likely sat outside the Lotus factory on the grass until sold in 1969. The rusting was probably in the ski even before it left Lotus....This car will be named "Penny" in recognition of the 1962 English penny placed within the original mould deliberately during manufacture.

This penny was discovered when removing almost 10 kilos of hazelnut shells from within the body cavities...Its ironic that Colin Chapman's wife was Hazel, although the shells came from squirrels in Indiana from where the Elite was purchased, having originally started its life in Scotland.

It has been my privilege to drive a number of Elites, including the only Elite to be fitted at manufacture with the Lotus twin cam engine which now lives in a private collection in Queensland, and the unique "Bates" Elite fastback when it was owned by UK based Malcolm Ricketts, another long term committed Lotus owner.

Over the years I have penned a number of articles regarding my driving experiences, either in a Lotus, on my way to a Lotus event or helping another Lotus owner. In this month's magazine I have published 4 of these journals. It's the only way I could provide you with reading experiences without ceasing work on Tess's Elite...

I trust you will enjoy them.....let me know if you find them amusing, informative or educational. I compose these articles as "we" drive, and as such Tess should share the credit for being my P A, sometimes at speed, and for coming up with some of the ideas which make the articles worth a read.

Happy motoring in 2013, I hope you got the Christmas presents you hoped for, and spent time in your shed, polishing your pride and joy.....your Car, that is..

To my missives on being a Lotus fanatic.. Enjoy the articles as much as I enjoyed being their part author. Thank you Tess.....

Some people have their head in the clouds.... but our Rog has a much better idea





1958 EARLS COURT

AND PRETTIER THAN EVER IN 2012 BELOW



TARGA TASMANIA 2006/1

.... WELL ALMOST



Elite 1049 in the Tasmanian countryside, with the sun breaking through

Lone Elite and many other Lotus cars tackle the Targa trail in Tasmania in the weeks preceding the 2006 Targa Tasmania. Club Lotus Victoria stalwarts Guy and Kerrie Stevens fulfilled a long held ambition to tour Tasmania with other die hard Lotus owners over the Easter holidays. They deserve much credit, with other Victorian assistance in organising this 8 day trip with Tasmania Travel Centre.

Lotus Elite owners Peter Murray (1049), piloted the sole Elite on this trip, but Elite owners David Haydon (1141), Barry Bates (on this occasion.1709) and my good self (1073) also attended, David and I driving Lotus Elans.

The story as it unfolded.....

Sunday 9th April 2006.

7 meter swells around Sydney – serious waves crashing on the headlands outside Sydney harbor. Have we made the correct decision to sail 22 hours from Sydney to Devonport, Tasmania rather than drive to Melbourne and sail across Bass Strait the 10 hours to Devonport? Certainly the 100 or so MG owners with their cars on their way to the National Concours in Launceston, Tasmania are apprehensive at the possible damage to their cars and their personal relationships.....Will the weather improve before we sail on Tuesday??...

Tuesday 11th April

Due to the previous crossing to and from Tasmania, our ferry, The Spirit of Tasmania 111 is delayed some 7 hours. We finally sail at 11.00pm, cars loaded below decks and my Elan chocked on all four wheels since I was instructed to park the car only four feet away from a 30 foot drop to the deck below. Why didn't Chapman decide that a good handbrake was a necessity, not a lucky extra for the few? At midnight we sail through the entrance to Sydney Harbor (The Heads) and into the ocean. My wife and I already trying to sleep in the belief that a bumpy trip would be ahead.....

3.00pm Wednesday.

I can't contemplate the next 6 hours without the requirement to "chunder". At 6.30pm precisely, just after I have declined dinner I return to the cabin to be "overcome by the journey" – seasick in layman's simplistic language. 9.30pm seems a long way away, but finally we arrive in Devonport. The 6 Lotus Cars, and 2 non Lotus's and their owners who have made the trip from Sydney are disgorged and we make our way to a stable bed, on a stable floor in a motel which to me at least still appears to be moving – albeit without the hum of an engine room throbbing through my frame.

TARGA TASMANIA 2006/2

.... WELL ALMOST



I should confess to being the only Lotus owner to suffer sea sickness during the crossing.

Thursday 13th April

We spend a fun day shopping with our wives...no more can be said. I'll tell you when I finally meet you.....I can tell you we had a superb lunch and most of us went to the movies to see "The Fastest Indian" – The Story of a Kiwi (A Nu Zeelunder) who took a home-built Indian Special to the Bonneville Speed Week in the early part of the 20th Century and set still to be beaten speed records, on a bike which should have been pretty slow. It's a great portrayal by Silence of The Lambs Anthony Hopkins, and a great reminder that one can achieve anything with an undying belief in oneself and machinery....a good reminder for the coming week.

FRIDAY 6.00AM

The Spirit of Tasmania 1 sails past our motel window and the major part of the contingent arrive...Queenslanders, Victorians, South Australians, other club members from New South Wales.....largely untroubled by the crossing. The first car failure occurring in the car park of the motel.....The lone Ferrari spewing water from one of it's two radiators. At least Enzo put two in to allow for possible failure. 7.30am breakfast, briefing and distribution of commemorative goodies, with two fleecy jackets with suitable logos for my wife and I..

The eternal optimists.. we take down the hood. The sun is shining, if it's a little cold, and wrapped up with the heater switched on, off we go in small groups distributed in a fashion relating to a convoy....

30 minutes later.....stop, put up the vinyl hood (some might call it the roof), it's raining.....and what's wrong with this heater? It's blowing cold air, and it's cold and my manageress is getting upset.....and we're already wet with 200km to go, on the first day.....and we can't see through the fogged up windscreen. This is not a good omen.....is it?

Can't check the heater now, it's raining, sometimes heavily, sometimes showers. This is the West Coast of Tasmania...Devonport, Burnie, down through the Targa Stages of Hellyer Gorge, Mount Black in an Elan set up more for the track – wider rims and tyres, stiff suspension, and I can't see.....

At Roseberry, going uphill through a fabulous set of sweeping bends, it's absolutely pouring with rain – the hoods holding up, and the work I did under the bonnet sealing off all the holes, which Elans have on flat surfaces, and the firewall with a Silastic compound seems to have paid off. We only have minor amounts of water inside the car, and not from leaks – rather water my wife and I brought with us on our clothing after various visits outside the vehicle. We grind to a halt.....Joseph Lucas, Prince of Darkness has struck.

I only had on the heater fan (note fan, no heat) the windscreen wipers, and an electric fuel pump in the boot (trunk). Luckily I am amongst friends and three minutes later new main fuse installed and we're off again – now I'm nervous about the 7 days coming up. I really should have taken this recent purchase for a lengthy run before trusting it to the wilds of Tasmania. I am reassured by friends that Elans are easy to fix, that we are carrying enough spares and tools between us to build a complete car, and "she'll be right maaate"...

Targa Stages including Strahan, rain easing and into Queenstown for the first nights rest and group dinner. I'm not the only one who's had problems. There is an Esprit three parking spaces from me with a Rolls Royce tank engine under the bonnet (alright, hood) or no exhaust system.

Day two of the tour

A day off for a trip on either the Franklin River on the West Coast Wilderness Railway, built in 1896, featuring 1:16 and 1:20 gradients through pristine temperate rain forests using an Abt locomotive (go look it up...on the web) or a trip on the Franklin/Gordon River system, a world heritage area of some significance...Tess and I chose the railway trip, I have taken a sudden dislike to boats, the sea, rivers or lakes, even having a bath is filling me with trepidation.

You will know that the West Side of the Island is very wet, pretty well nearly all year. In April it rains three days out of four...but tomorrow we go East...it can't rain there as often, Can it? We are after all driving on almost the first landfall from Antarctica (on this segment of the Earth).

Easter Sunday 16th April

Queenstown to Hobart, optimistic about the weather, certainly after the first hour or so out of Queenstown through the denuded mountain ranges, and dramatic passes left behind the post tin mining boom of the early 20th century, even today 80 years later not much has grown back to disguise the damage.

TARGA TASMANIA 2006/3

.... WELL ALMOST



My Elan S3 BDA, outside Strahan booking office

The drive out of the motel carpark is a little steep, and falls away as it reaches both the road edge and road centreline. The Elan is very, very low. The exhaust is separated at the clamp midway down the car. I knew it was going to do that. So why did I try and get onto the main road where I could see it fell away.....roll back into the carpark – bring out the tools, jack up the car, and fix it. Off we go. An excellent start to the day, two failures in one day is almost impossible; best get it out of the way early. The weather is improving, I can see. A visit to Nelson Falls, photographs on the Franklin River bridge, and up through Mt. Arrowsmith.

The road is very slippery, nearly icy, it's still cold but it's getting drier. My wife says she can see the sun. I have turned off the heater fan, the condensation is clearing, the engine note is more urgent – we're driving in Lotus country – bends, uphill though cuttings, sweeping down through forested gorges...long flat straights, and no other vehicles. I can see the sun.

Time to stop for lunch at the Derwent Bridge Hotel. Things are looking up, until we discover this is Tasmania at Easterno food available for another two hours.....Just a coffee and off we go. At Tarraleah, we miss a Kangaroo hopping across the road in front of the car, and hold off two motorbikes fast approaching in our rear view mirror. The roads are narrow, winding, up and down.

The BDA sounds fabulous, but I need a fifth gear, and a less optimistic rev counter. We safely dice with the bikes for about 6km before they peel off to a tourist viewing point. We carry on to Clyde for lunch in a convict build stone house. Again for my overseas fellow Elite owners who don't know Tasmania was a penal colony for the British Empire in the 1800s, many of the old jails/goals and stone built homes still remain from the period. If you haven't already decided Tasmania is beautiful and well worth a visit.

A 55k drive into Hobart, it's getting warmer. The rain has stopped, and Peter Murray in his Elite has arrived first. He must have left at 5.00am!

Here's the tale of the day. When leaving the hotel in Queenstown an Elise, in almost the same road position as my exhaust separation, breaks a front suspension arm. Where do you get parts for a Lotus on a public holiday Easter Sunday, anywhere not just Tassie.

The car has to be left pending arrival of a part from the mainland. It's fixed mid week and further inspection confirms that the component had been almost severed in a previous incident, breaking just as the car was turning at low speed on a difficult, grippy road surface.

Thank goodness it broke where it did.

TARGA TASMANIA 2006/4

.... WELL ALMOST



Day 4 Hobart to Launceston

Through the Domain Targa stage, over the Tamar Bridge and on into Lotus driving territory. Through Cambridge, to Richmond with Australia's oldest bridge – built by convicts in 1823 in the prettiest of “English” villages. It's hard to believe from the scenery or the place names that we aren't in England. I have to keep reminding myself that my wife and I left there 20 years ago. On through Oatlands and Ross on long sweeping traffic free roads over undulating countryside including the Colebrook and Ross Targa stages and into Ross for fresh bread from a wood fired oven and a home baked Cornish Pasty. I swear we are in England in the 1960's and just to add confirmation we are joined by a gaggle of MGs on tour (it said so in the sign in the rear window of the vehicle bringing up the rear). I know I shouldn't say this, but the maximum speed of the touring party must have been under 60km per hour. What is it they say...MG for Mainly Geriatrics.....I apologize, I know it's not politically correct. It used to be Might Go when I lived near Abingdon. Anyway doesn't LOTUS mean Lots Of Trouble, Usually Serious. There are many more tales about our various encounters with the MG Club (who after all share a passion for British Sportscars) which can't be told. Suffice it to say that there is something in the Lotus owners psyche which says one needs to drive them as they are meant to be driven. Colin Chapman would know what I mean...

Out of Ross, sunny and bright but very cold – a heater would be wonderful. We established last night that the plumbing on the BDA has both ends of the heater piping on the pressure side of the water circulation, and no water is circulating. Never mind, the rain has gone, the sun is out and the frost has disappeared from the demeanour of my manageress. Truthfully, Tess my wife has not uttered a word in anger, but I can hear her teeth chattering.

Through the Cressy touring stage and through Longford, once a famous road racing circuit before paranoia about safety reduced us all to driving on virtually flat circuits where risk is at a minimum and into Launceston. In our final 20km, we observe law enforcement officers driving around, looking for revenue opportunities. Three police cars in 20 km.....

Into Launceston, to a motel car park full of MGs, including a famous Sebring MGA in fabulous condition. I did spot the obligatory small drips of oil under a number of cars this evening. A reminder of the breadth and depth of 1950s and 60s British engineering.

The best day so far...we're now convinced the car will hold up, and that warmth is not an absolute necessity for successful touring. My wife and I are also committed supporters of the thermal underwear movement, and those fleecy jackets organized by Guy and Kerry have saved the day. I should also tell advise that the Murrays are cheating by travelling with a hot water bottle in their Elite...

Day 5 of the tour.

First thing in the morning we head to the Launceston Motor Museum for a group photograph before heading off on our adventures. Planned for today were the Northern Loop stages to the West of Launceston – Legana, High Plains, Moriarty, Devonport, The Nook etc, but my wife and I growing in confidence decide to go our own way venturing off the planned route to the North West of Launceston to Bridport, Weymouth, Lulworth Cove. We're back on an English placename hunt. The weather and roads are fabulous. I really, really need that fifth gear. Coffee and cake on the Seafront at Bridport and then as we leave to go to Scottsdale the Elise trio arrive - 3 committed, competitive younger drivers who are covering almost twice the mileage of the group covering virtually every “country road” on the island, leaving before most have breakfast in the morning, arriving with the moon late in the evening.

TARGA TASMANIA 2006/5

.... WELL ALMOST



I suspect these three cars are being exercised fully by the week in Tasmania, certainly the ear to ear grin the drivers are wearing says it all...

We visited the Lavender Farm for lunch and back through Lilydale and into Launceston a little early to get focused before the longest day down the East Coast road back to Hobart tomorrow.

Wednesday 19th April

The Longest Day, over 450km is the planned route, and the forecast is for rain, low temperatures and possible icy roads for the first 150km. We decide to take a different route with the Haydons in their Elan down to Campbell Town and across to Swansea and The Freycinet Peninsula, probably saving 80km and taking another fabulous route designed by Lotus, and avoiding to some degree the coldest mountainous section of the route.

When did I last drive on roads like this, certainly back in the 70s (possibly even the 60s) when most families didn't own a car, or at most only one car.....no traffic, absolutely no traffic – long winding undulating roads. I've been trying to keep up with David Haydon in his Elan, but we're bouncing all over the road. I have to soften the suspension when I get home. I've not mentioned petrol prices (OK gas if you will), but here in Tasmania petrol has always been dearer than the mainland but that last tankful in Swansea at A\$1.49 per litre was painful.

Our Elan is pretty frugal compared to our Skyline GTR, but it's still a shock.

What are we going to do when we pass "peak oil" and fuel is \$3, \$4 or even \$5 dollars a litre.

I intend to cram in a Tour a year for as long as I can. I just can't contemplate a future without a Climax, "Twink" or BDA growling up front.

Chasing David out to the Freycinet Peninsula my speedometer fails, now driving on just an optimistic rev counter. It's reading 50% high...so at 3000 rpm, my guide to engine speed says 4500rpm. Not really enough help when the Police have double demerit points over the holiday week (this means you can lose your licence for two speeding offences). I need to take care – let David go. We meet for lunch in Freycinet Lodge.

Accommodation is somewhat different from a daily dose of Motel. Another great lunch, the low price and quality of food in Tasmania is really something and then travel South through Swansea, Triabunna, Sorrell meandering down the fabulous coastal roads into Hobart. On the final leg 30km or so from Hobart, we came upon the long line of the MG on tour contingent. I'll leave the next bit to your imagination!!

Everyone arrived safely back in Hobart between 5.00pm and 8.00pm, including the lone Europa of Victorian Ian Palmer which had suffered from fuel or fuel pump problems over the past couple of days. Many tales were told this evening about the fun enjoyed by all and the many and varied routes taken by individual Lotus owners.

Thursday, almost at the end of our fun, Tess and I along with quite a few others visited the Cadbury's Chocolate Factory in Hobart this morning. Again, a sign of the times it's getting difficult to visit manufacturing facilities of any kind, and unlike my visit to Cadbury's in Bournville in England in the 1960s it's now impossible to get near the raw ingredients or the wrapping machinery. Even free samples off the production line is now forbidden. Where will safety and the threat of terrorism take us eventually? I didn't mean this diary to cover anything but car tales, but reality of life even changes that aspiration.

In the afternoon, our Elan took us for a tour of the Huon Valley, West of Hobart. We bought a side of smoked salmon from the roadside for A\$12, and stopped in to the quaint village of Cygnet for soup and crusty sourdough bread after blasting through country roads, designed by Lotus. What a fabulous place to drive. We will return...

Friday, April 21st. Last meaningful day, Can't believe it, or accept it. Hobart to Launceston. Almost every Lotus owner has gone their own way this morning, Tess and I drive again up through Richmond breakfasting with the Haydons and the Ratters with their Elise before we go our separate ways, agreeing to meet in the famous Pub in Longford for a late lunch. Everyone is now seeking their last blast through the countryside. Apart from the memory of such an event, I always try to purchase a special something to remind us of our trips, so it's back to an antique shop in Richmond for a small purchase.

TARGA TASMANIA 2006/6

.... WELL ALMOST



Elise and Elans in Richmond

It would appear from the pub conversation in Longford with the wives that to describe their trip up through Bothwell and the lakes as scary would be an understatement. They took the A5 as being the main road to the west of the lakes..23 km of dirt road with snow they later discovered the B road to the east was the correct route.

We were all impressed to find a picture of David's Elite 1141 photographed racing (and winning) at Longford in the early 60s amongst the pictures on display in this famous motor racing pub.

It's back to Launceston for the final dinner. Everyone more than ever committed to keeping their Lotus's running for ever, much merriment and moderate consumption of food and alcohol.

Tomorrow, we go our separate ways. Those of us booked on the Devonport – Sydney ferry boarding at 1.00 pm after a 90 minute drive, the Melbourne boat not leaving until late in the afternoon.

Postscript. Our Elan overheated in the check in queue for the ferry, pooped itself, and much jiggling of the main fuse needed to get it going again – and the ramp onto the ferry had a steep angle falling away as the car moved onto the loading deck. You guessed it. I had to drive the car home from the ferry in Sydney with a very noisy exhaust, because all cars were locked below deck for the duration of the journey.

Would we do it again?? YES, Yes, Yes. Why don't you see what Tasmania offers for yourself? Next time in our the Elite...I promise.

TARGA TASMANIA 2006/7

.... WELL ALMOST



The Elite post dirt and snow...heh..heh....guess who was the map reader?



And I thought that Cheshunt, where our Elites were built was in the UK not King Valley, Tasmania



MATESHIP AND LOTUS 2007

ELITES, ELANS AND ELISES...ALL THE SAME?

Have to get the car ready.....too many things interfering with the chance of my 64 Elan making the trip to Adelaide.

Sticking calipers and sticking clutch fixed 4 days before we leave, with David Haydon doing the major part of the work.... and with 2 days before departure, disaster strikes. A petrol leak onto the coil and fire.....No chance of fixing it in time.

Revert to the trusty GTR, and decide to follow young David and Janine Haydon the northern route to Adelaide from Sydney. An uneventful trip through Bathurst, Cowra, West Wyalong to Hay end of day one meeting up with our other NSW friends in Hay for the night, and another uneventful trip through Balranald, Mildura and Renmark for what turned out to be a well organised great four days with fellow Lotus lovers.

The trip back.....safely into Mildura for cake and coffee, the briefest meeting with the Haydon's who stay behind for lunch at Stefano's and a quick blast across the Hay Plain for a dinner with Wybe and Angela Geertsma, Andrew Challenor and the Haydon's. David recounting gratefully how Wybe had rescued him 20km from Hay when the Elise seemingly ran out of fuel.

Mental note.....must stay behind the Elise tomorrow.....

Its here I missed some of the 10 rules of mateship ;-

- I was carrying 12 litres of fuel for David in my car..."apparently" needed the day before.
- I was carrying 70% of Janine's luggage in our car.
- I had religiously stayed within 5km of the Elise for over 2 days of the trip, to pick up bits.
- Tess had made sandwiches on the outward journey for all four members of our team.
- We had two mobiles from different telco's tuned in for the possible call for help.
- We had enrolled "a mates mate" Wybe" to rescue David on Wednesday.
- But, We were not carrying spare oil, and we didn't have adequate spare water, I didn't have a tow rope or spare fuses, and the optional, but not mandatory reading material, sunscreen and aeroguard.

8.55am Wednesday morning, storming into West Wyalong with the Elise having long left me behind....we get the call and advice that the Elise is "a little hot" and would I keep an eye out after the Ampol in WW.

35km later, and we catch David's Elise.....she's smoking a little.....and he's going just a tad below the speed limit.....something must be wrong.

7km later and a right turn onto the Great Western Highway, and my nerves are frayed by the amount of colour in the exhaust haze.....10km later, and David pulls to the "soft shoulder" and we stare at the heat haze emanating from the engine.

Need water, may need oil, we start scavenging roadside for plastic bottles which might hold water. Its now I recollect the two Eagles sitting on the fence on our outward journey waiting for food to appear.....

First decision...go back 52km to Wyalong for two items I wont forget next time. We spot Wybe at 10.17am traveling north up the Sturt Highway, on his way homefinding oil and water remain our primary task.

I scavenge through the wheelie bin at the Shell truck stop outside Wyalong for 1 litre water bottles – I'm certain that truckie is about to offer me food and drink, I really must dress to a higher standard!!

Back to David waiting extremely patiently 6km west of Caragabal, with a now slightly cooler Elise engine. oil and water into the top of the engine.....and water out of the bottom.....at least a torn hose somewhere.....the melted dipstick ominously warning of other issues. And she won't turn over on the starter....

Into Caragabal where David has been advised there's a garage.....why didn't I drive 6km for petrol.....we find the reason, the garage has been closed for many years. Across the road to an agricultural merchants and the offer of a tow.....possibly even 50km, as far as Grenfell. This is my first real long distance cross country trip and I was amazed at what was a very generous offer of help.....David needs more.....we buy what felt like one metre of rope (he was really close), and we agree that I will tow him to Cowra...what is Chris Reid's phone number, and how can I contact him.....what price country mobile coverage.

There were times when I was certain that David might overtake me.....but for the first time that we have travelled together I held him off, at times with some difficulty

We eventually make contact with Chris, who offered immediate help.....arrive safely in Cowra, are fed and watered by Libby and Chris, replete we squeeze 100% of the people and 27% of the luggage into the GTR and blast home, leaving the Elise in the safety of Chris's cliff top garage (another story).

Next trip.....don't forget the oil.....and water.....and rope.....must buy some Elise spares....and reading material, perhaps a couple of Lotus Workshop Manuals.

The Elise was picked up within two days, and I'm certain, as I write this, that David has it in bits in his shed.

It is said in folklore "that all Lotus owners without mates eventually get permanently stranded"

Roger M.



David Haydon – early 1990s

Roger starts with a tale that will confirm for many that Lotus does stand for: Lots Of Trouble Usually Serious...Ed.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT/1

ROGER MORGAN AND CO PILOT



I stole my first look in Aspen in August 2007. She was absolutely gorgeous, and with an older bloke, I was smitten immediately by her magnificent body, dressed in pale primrose yellow she just stood out in the crowd. It was noisy, hectic, just like a party anywhere but I just couldn't think of anything better than getting to know her and maybe eventually taking her out, having fun, and who knows eventually gently brushing my hand along her curves.

I was tempted to approach her as soon as I caught my first glimpse, but Tess was with me. My wife is very understanding – but we don't have "a special arrangement", I am committed to being faithful, but on a bright sunny day in Colorado my heart was stolen by just that first look.

I had to tell Tess later, that's the deal – you can look, but you can't touch, and anyway the cost of being with her as my own, was just beyond me. Within a couple of days I was stealing another look. What fabulous curves, what poise – the most beautiful of creatures, I just had to try to spend a few minutes with her. The bloke she was with was a great guy, but I don't believe he understood just how her beauty had gripped the imagination of just a few of us.

Then the breakthrough, Tess and I were invited to lunch with them both, and eventually "Would I like to spend time with her?"....Would I like to take her for a drive?

The rest is history.....Its now just over a year later and we're about to spend two weeks together in Arizona. Tess is with me, this could turn out to be a very special couple of weeks, I have permission from Dave, her guardian, to gently take her places she might not have been. I can touch her, maybe caress her, but at the end of these two weeks...who knows – could she be promised to me?

Could I be a little closer to becoming her guardian? Certainly she will have a place in my memory forever. I discovered during the past year that she's 47 years old – but she just doesn't look a day over 30. She has the most beautiful of demeanours – she's a little loud, but not coarse. She is petite and slender and best of all I have her tenderly held in my hands – just held with the lightest of touch, and she is so responsive.....

She is of course a pristine, primrose yellow Elite, Body Unit #1149. David has been her guardian since she was a teenager, In 1976 she left Al Frank and went to live with Dave. Being with him has brought her back to life. He has taken her from a very poor young thing, poured love and attention on her over many, many years. She is now truly gorgeous. David has restored her looks, and brought the very best out in her. Why is it some men do not realize that you deserve from a relationship what you are prepared to invest....and it's always time not money that really pays dividends.

In the weeks before our trip the world financial crisis rears its ugly head, and the Aussie dollar takes not just a dive, but a freefall from 98 cents to the greenback down to the 60 cents Tess, achieved on October 28th October, and on the 30th I noted it was back at 67 cents. I strongly believe it's a conspiracy to prevent Tess and I enjoying our trip. That won't happen.

Tomorrow, November 3rd 2008 we continue our relationship. Tess and I arrived in Phoenix, Arizona on November 1st and following a 36 hour adjustment period with the gracious Sharon and David Barnett, we are off on our travels, it being my pleasure to be at the wheel of the constantly fettled Elite.

THE LOTUS POSITION

For those of you accustomed to knee high entrance to your Lotus Elise, the access and comfort comes as something of a surprise. She is remarkably spacious – slim hips, even smaller derriere but with an amazing capacity for luxurious relaxation. Noisy, but nice is the best description. Hands out in front grasping the leather covered steering wheel we are off following a trim German at quite a gallop. We are scheduled to visit Tucson, Tombstone, Flagstaff, Arizona...don't forget Winona...It's a continuation of my Route 66 homage with The Rolling Stones and Chuck Berry rocking and rolling in my head.

The Elite is a remarkably comfortable ride, a perfect lotus position, not legs out front style, more deckchair leg placement with relatively soft suspension, heaps of legroom, but just a little tight on headroom if your long of form and decide you must race the Type 14. Wearing the mandatory skid lid inevitably means a crook neck for most tall blokes, but today in my soft cap the headroom is more than ample Monday 3rd November 8.30am, we are packed and ready to go. A brief conversation with David and Sharon regarding our route down to the Boyce Thompson Arboretum, instruction on the walkie-talkies Dave has provided and we join the queue at the freeway entrance just over a mile from their home.

David is not a spring chicken (his age is between the two of us) but he's off down the freeway like Michael Schumacher. In the early morning cars enter freeway traffic at stop lights car by car, and by the time I'm on the freeway heading south, Michael Schumacher is in lane four gunning his 356 at quite a pace. Slow down, slow down I urge him on the walkie-talkie and "Brrh, frx iwshfk" is the reply. He's out into lane 7 or 8 into the HOV +2 lane (the what....) and Tess is already telling me he's nearly out of sight. I'm doing near to 70mph in a right hand drive car, on the right hand side of the road, and we've being going less than 10 minutes. The traffic is stationary in lanes 1-4 and slowing down in lanes 5+ and we're doing near 80 mph alongside stationary traffic – If anyone pulls out into the HOV lane we're kaput.



FORBIDDEN FRUIT/2

ROGER MORGAN AND CO PILOT

"Frrrp nifft llffft spprg nutt tuur" is the first message that crackles across to Tess, and I slow down to see an accident blocking lanes 4 and 5. I am pleased we aren't in the wreckage, and fear about the fragility of the Elite looms as I note a 450 ton truck bumper full width across my rear window at near 80 mph, and I can't get out of his way. The car itself is magnificent, I just confirmed the brakes work, she steers straight and true, but I wasn't quite expecting that Michael (alright David) would be off like a scalded cat.

I am at least reassured that the weather is on our side. Arizona is at most times of the year sunny, very dry and warm and today it's perfect weather. A little cooler than during summer and the car is fabulous to drive. David has fitted a 3.9 diff and she cruises beautifully between 65 and 80 mph, and she's not that noisy with the side windows out.

Post visit to Boyce Thompson Arboretum I'm now comfortable about our relationship and we are following the old German attired in silver who is now leading me a merry pace due south on highway 77 east of Phoenix due south past the Ray copper mine towards the "bone yard" – the Pima Museum and Davis Monthan airbase where one can buy pretty well nearly anything once flown by the US armed forces.... We stop briefly for a salad, drinks and fuel just north of Tucson and I am accosted by a customer in the fuel stop who says something akin to the following.

"There's one of them darn things in Amarillo Texas that wins races every Sunday"

Into the Pima Air Museum, Tess is now feeling ill, but thankfully not from my driving. Little more will be said, but Tess was unwell the whole trip allowing me only to catch the ailment the day before we left to return to Australia.

SR 71A, B56 Hustler, ex UK Shackleton coastal command aircraft, Soyuz fighters, Hawker Hunter and we only managed time to tour the Air Museum before we are off to Mission San Xavier approaching dusk (where I mislaid the car keys) and into Green Valley for the first night's rest and recreation.

We eat very reasonably at the Coyote Grill within the Green Valley Golf Club which we originally decided was just a stroll from our apartments for the evening, but within minutes had decided the map scale from which we made that decision was interpreted incorrectly. We returned to the cars, and drove the miles to eat our fill for the evening.

Incidentally, should you need a fighter plane, jet engine, or ram jet for your world land speed record attempt, almost everything in the Davis Monthan "bone yard" is for sale and years younger than most of the current Aussie armoury.

The organizational skills of Sharon and David Barnett are exceptional – from a detailed itinerary weeks before our arrival to a series of historic and scenically located hotels and motels across Arizona which would undoubtedly leave memories to be re-visited long after our return to Australia.



Early evening Elite at Mission San Xavier



FORBIDDEN FRUIT/3

ROGER MORGAN AND CO PILOT

Day 4, Tuesday 4th November and our second day of driving, with a sick navigator who had a very poor night last night. Calling god on the big white telephone, and with a brutal headache. But, as is the strength of my wife her decision was to go on as planned, and for that I thank her. The German from Zuffenhausen is puffing and purring in the car park – but this morning I planned to show her what a mature lady from Hethel can do. We are off on our sprint to Tubac, visiting the Presidio where the first Europeans established a base, in the now USA, moving onto what was then Mexican territory. Tubac is now largely an artistic colony where our wives made several investments.

South through Tumacacori, an old derelict mission and through Nogales mid-afternoon, sideling alongside the Mexican border briefly before turning North East through Patagonia (not that Patagonia...) still heading through to Bisbee, once the largest copper mine in the world, or so the locals insisted.

Can you imagine the fun chasing the 356 across the high desert plains with the occasional "Frrg nuuuttrp wesssp" message bursting through on the walkie-talkie which were equipped with new batteries this morning. They are so much better with new batteries providing Dave and Sharon are within sight. We start to climb and the Elite comes into Lotus territory, the 356 hits the wall on even moderate gradients, which I am assured by David is more to do with gear box ratios than horsepower, but I'm still not convinced.

We are approaching 4.00pm and driving moderately quickly near Huachuca City when the Porsche suddenly disappears into the distance. Tess was writing notes for our journal at the time and these are thrown in the back and we are off on a chase. The speed limit I seem to remember in this area as under 70mph, but it took a lengthy press of the right foot and concentration to eventually get to them after a 4 mile chase, by which time David and Sharon were travelling at a substantially lower speed. I was assured by David later that Sharon made him do it....thankfully the sheriffs department must have been away from the highway at the time.

Chapman really knew that weight was to be avoided at all costs even at the expense of fragility. The Elite at the end of my fingertips shows no sign of fragility due to the meticulous skills of David Barnett. It's getting cooler as we climb, and for the first time Tess and I comment on maybe needing the windows back in the car, but we only have 5 miles to go to Bisbee and the Copper Queen Hotel and we agree the windows can stay wrapped up behind our seats.



Who wouldn't want a B58 Hustler for their shed?



FORBIDDEN FRUIT/4

ROGER MORGAN AND CO PILOT

Wednesday 5th November, Morning arrives the weather is another fine day, but it's a little cool. I went down this morning early and went out to get Tess hot chocolate and a big cookie. A day in bed might aid recovery.....and Sharon, David and I are off to the Bisbee copper mine for an underground tour.

I love mines, I was an avid collector of fossils in my youth...Llechwedd quarry at Blaenau Ffestiniog in North Wales, for an underground slate mine visit, with a welsh miners choir greeting visitors with marvelous harmonies magnified by spine tingling acoustics 300 feet below ground (a pre-recorded CD/DVD not the real thing) It's quite moving to hear them "talk" through the appalling conditions endured until the 1940's,

Two candles per working group in an underground cavern 100 feet high 200 feet deep and roughly 60 feet wide, and perpetual water dropping from the roof. As you would expect of young Roger I sold them a Xerox copier – and bought a slab of slate which weighed almost 150 kilos and ****ed the suspension of the company Hillman Avenger on the way home. I remember 1974 so well. Badfinger, Lynnerd Skynnerd, The Stones, whatever.

The Salt mines in Salzburg, near Vienna similarly spring to mind where conditions were at least drier (natural salt, being hygroscopic of course absorbing the moisture) and various other coal mines throughout the UK. And not forgetting the Argyle mine south of Kununurra in Western Australia...But today, it's Bisbee, Arizona and copper.

Our guide is Henry, a magnificently built 76 year old. He's built like a brick toilet block – some might say it less elegantly. He is still doing mine maintenance aside from the underground tours. He shows us some pit props he has erected the previous week. They would be heavier than the Elite, 10" square and up to 12 feet long.....I got tired just sitting on one of them.

David and I were both inspired by this young, fit 76 year old, and I confess to being inspired just a little by the young blonde Russian cashier in the mine shop (please don't tell Tess).

A walk around Bisbee is interesting – from the Bicycle Brothel, to the Geological museum, the broad range of craft shops, antique shops and eclectic eateries. The place is full of characters. With a day without driving, we have an ideal opportunity to check the oil consumption.

Climax owners will know that the FWE, and all other members of the Climax fire pump family were in the early 60's copious consumers of oil. Driven hard however the consumption goes down. We have used no oil, but we both fill up with fuel, the Elite taking a full tank of gas, with the Porsche having a larger tank needing more gallons, but not a full tank..



Henry, the Bisbee Copper Queen guide, still working full time at 76 years of age. An inspiration to us all.

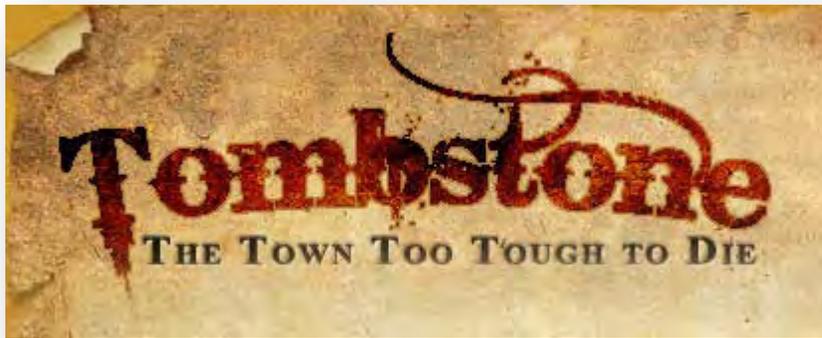


FORBIDDEN FRUIT/5 ROGER MORGAN AND CO PILOT

At lunch we are fascinated by the colourful nature of the passers by outside our eatery. We are assured that every day is a parade and that during the previous winter a young attractive lady in red high heels, bikini and tiara had been a figure of some attention in the City particularly since it was close to freezing. Without making any allegations I suspect certain vegetable elements are freely available within the city limits.

We spend part of the evening listening to a country and western singer Joe Green in the Bisbee Grande Hotel, who was quite a poet, as well as an entertaining song writer and performer. It's clear David particularly likes live entertainment, and we spend a comfortable couple of hours listening to Joe. As we leave the bar we are confronted with a "drunk as a skunk" mid 30's female bikie just about to leave on a Harley who tells us what her views are on the Obama win in the election. Sadly, I can't write her precise words, but she did believe it would make a difference to US society.

Tomorrow an early start to Tombstone, Karchner Caverns and back to Phoenix for a couple of days recuperation before our next trip, sadly not in the Elite. Thursday 6th November. We leave around 8.30 am, traveling up through Tombstone Canyon onto the highway north. Dave is pulling away in the 356, it's time to chase him again. "Sh***, Wha.." the Elite starts to buck and dive, I've got no torque.....there it goes again.....Kangaroo hopping, firing, not firing....I've got a problem. "Get on the walkie-talkie Tess, ask David to slow down".....:"frt rry nuhgt" is the reply.....I wouldn't be calling if I could "frt rry nuhgt".....we reach the crest of a hill (we are at 6000 feet or so) and she clears.....That was scary, all is well as we race downhill towards Tombstone.



More on Tombstone at: <http://www.tombstonechamber.com/>



FORBIDDEN FRUIT/6

ROGER MORGAN AND CO PILOT

Then suddenly she's doing it again. Something is wrong, its not mechanical, but she is sick. We limp into Tombstone before 9.15 am and I tell Dave. He's concerned but suspects I'm over reacting. It was very cold last night in Bisbee, maybe even a little frost. It took a little while to start the Elite in Bisbee, whereas she normally fires second turn of the key. The car doesn't use a choke for starting, Dave has cleverly rigged up an electric fuel pump to feed the mechanical pump and normally starts are executed as soon as the electric pump stops priming – at which point the electric pump is turned off.

Don't worry about it. Dave's apologetic that the Elite has demonstrated any poor behavior, but I am still concerned so we check the points gap, and plug leads and all seems well.

Tombstone, what can I say. The place looks exactly as it did in the 1880's.....It was populated for less than 10 years and when the silver ran out the town was deserted, until the mid 1930's.....Imagine visiting the O K Corral, the Birdcage theatre, inspect where Doc Holliday and Wyatt Earp sat.....and so many interesting facets of the place during its heyday...The place is full of interesting facts.

Just 3 facts about Tombstone for now:

The hearse out to Boot Hill cemetery cost its owners US\$48,000 in the 1880's ...the most expensive vehicle in the USA at the time.

The song "She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage", was written in 1881 after two patrons Foy and Lamb discussed "the soiled doves", the ladies of the night who plied their trade from 14 small cribs suspended from the ceiling on each side of the theatre floor. Foy said "they were likes birds in a gilded cage, they don't have a chance"

Aside from the silver mine at the end of the main cross street, gambling was the major earner for some in Tombstone in the 1880's. In an 8 year period US\$10,000,000.00 exchanged hands in the Birdcage Theatre, and the house took 10%.

At our meeting next month, I shall check you read my article.....these 3 questions will form part of the inquisition. I would recommend you visit Tombstone, it has barely been touched by time. The only major change is the main highway separates Boot Hill from the main street of the old town.





FORBIDDEN FRUIT/7

ROGER MORGAN AND CO PILOT

Lunch in Tombstone which was then becoming a little busier than when we arrived and off to Karchner Caverns. The Car is still poorly.....not quite the violent jerking of two hours ago, but she's not well. Into Karchner Cavern State Park, a brief discussion with Dave and a decision to visit the Caverns and see how she behaves as the day is now warming up considerably. A fabulous set of caves found in 1974, the land owners advised in 1978 and kept from the general public until 1988. Karchner is a magical experience....It has 2 major caverns open to the public, and is the best preserved and protected cave system anywhere in the USA. The throne room is dominated by Kubla Khan a 58 feet tall agglomeration of stalactites and stalagmites (tites come down.....mites grow up).

I would go back again to see the Big Room...your ticket for the visit gets you into only one of the two cavern systems. A coffee, visit to the gift shop and we're off to Phoenix, or are we? I cant accelerate away from Karchner up a 1 in 50 gradient onto the freeway...She just wont pull...no torque, constant misfire and the walkie-talkies are in use again. I finally catch Dave and Sharon who have pulled over to wait for me....Off at next exit into a rest area.. Out of the front trunk on the 356 comes the best of Elite spares...But first lets strip the front carb, it has to be sparks or fuel. The simplicity of the Elite leads one to believe this type of problem is easily identified, which can sometimes make one feel totally inadequate when an easy fix isn't forthcoming. The fuel bowl is not absolutely clean, neither is it obviously dirty.

We reassemble the carb, change the rotor arm and we're off...I'm still driving the Elite and within a couple of hundred yards she's playing up again.

Off at the next exit, check the coil lead which isn't a really tight fit, change the plugs, change the distributor cap, and this time I request that Dave needs to drive the car.

Our second stop in a freeway rest stop, but such a pretty under the hood view of the Climax

Off we go, and it's definitely better. Dave is now beginning to wonder about me....We drive for 30 minutes or so and we're north of Tucson when we finally understand the message on the walkie-talkie that Sharon can't turn on the lights of the 356. We pull to the side of Interstate10, Dave darts back to twiddle the appropriate switch and he's back at the helm.....and she wont pull away.....Bang, Stutter, Jerk.....its back.....Boy I am glad in a sort of masochistic way.....We gradually and slowly build up speed without depressing the accelerator pedal hard, even the slightest sudden depression and she winces.....

We are half way back to Phoenix traveling at 60 mph when Dave decides we need to overtake a Honda Integra. That turns out to be a mistake.....we can get alongside the car, but we cant push the pedal to the metal.....there is a lorry fast approaching in our rear view mirror, and Dave makes the best decision of the trip and pulls smartly behind the Integra.

Safely home, into the garage with an agreement we'll both have an early start on her tomorrow morning. What a great trip, made all the more Lotus by today's events. Dave is not as enthusiastic about today - this Elite normally runs like a dream...

For me its fuel....but we are not in full agreement...



Our second stop in a freeway rest area, but such a pretty under the hood view of the Climax

FORBIDDEN FRUIT/8

ROGER MORGAN AND CO PILOT



Next morning, Friday I'm up at 8.00am and having breakfast, assuming of course young Dave is still in bed. I decide to pop out to the garage.....and he's already drained 95% of the remaining fuel.....He didn't wait for me....new fuel into the tank and down the road for a test drive....she's not fixed.

But, we now need to go shopping with our wives (a 3 line whip...) to buy provisions for the Lotus owners (LOOP) get together David and Sharon have organised for this evening. Its down to Costco to get food, a bite to eat for lunch, and Dave and I leave the girls to go elsewhere to get grog/booze and soft drinks. Did I tell you we went in David's 1964 Corvette Stingray.....another fabulous vehicle lovingly restored by Dave...I'm not a 1960's American fan, but this car is spectacular, and totally original.

We arrive home and begin to prepare for the arrival of 18 Lotus fanciers this evening. Owners, partners and aficionados who are giving up their Friday evening to visit with Tess, Sharon, David and I. The evening is a great success,

We had brought some small souvenirs from Australia for each attendee and Lotus Elite 50th anniversary pins for the Phoenix based Elite owners. Mauricio Zagorin and 1054 turn up for the party, We had great fun before crawling off to bed at 11.00pm. Well past the time I normally hug my teddy.

Saturday 8th November, breakfast at 8.00am Into Dave's garage to change points and another frustrating run around the block.. She is still sick. A neighbour from the aircraft engineering fraternity says "go buy some HEET", an iso propanol based water absorbing additive.. He is similarly convinced it's water from the Bisbee gas station who probably never sell premium 92 octane to the locals, and that despite draining the tank water is still the prime suspect.

One hour later we're back with HEET, changing plugs, distributor cap and add HEET.....She is fixed within minutes....

Off to the Penske showrooms and Racing Museum in Scottsdale, Arizona.

Scottsdale is not for paupers, but it's clear there is some economic downturn.....0% interest on all his various luxury car ranges, and even more cashbacks from the European manufactures.....but the cars are so cheap compared with Australia.

"Can I take a photograph in the museum please....." not of any of the Marlboro Cars.....are the instructions from the reception and security staff.....I get a couple of shots of other famous Penske racing cars.

Home for lunch, after which I convince David we should put the original distributor cap and original points back into the Elite to be certain that it was only the fuel. Being an excellent engineer he accepted my suggestion and she still worked perfectly....another bottle of HEET went into the tank the next day, and she ran faultlessly for the balance of our visit.

Tess is still not well, and the planned evening at the Gainey Ranch, a flamenco restaurant is shelved. Tess will stay at home with Sharon, Dave and I will go to a Muscle Car show and shine in the Corvette near Scottsdale. Pontiac GTO's, Deuce Coupes. Tbirds, what a fabulous series of cars, all restored to Dave's high standards.

Tomorrow we leave Lotus driving behind.....I will close off with a brief synopsis of the remaining week since Lotus figured only briefly in the balance of our trip, although we drove many more hundreds of miles.

Our next four days were spent in Dave's PT Cruiser GT which surprised me greatly. A nice car to drive, and built to a high standard powered by a 4 cylinder turbocharged Mitsubishi engine of 2.4 litres. The bigger surprise was the selling price in the USA - 25% less than the current price in Australia.

It is a great tourer. It took us north to Flagstaff, Route 66 and Grand Canyon where within 20 minutes of arrival they had the first snow of winter.....12 photographs, an IMAX view of the Grand Canyon and as soon as the roads were free of ice next morning we made a dash for lower altitude.



I should know is it a Deuce Coupe or a Roadster?

FORBIDDEN FRUIT/9

ROGER MORGAN AND CO PILOT



Tess and the Grand Canyon, minutes before snow



We will visit the Canyon again, in the Summertime



FORBIDDEN FRUIT/10 ROGER MORGAN AND CO PILOT



The moon over the Paris Las Vegas

To the Hoover Dam, and a highlight of the non Lotus portion of our trip. What a fantastic feat of forethought, engineering skill and bravery. Can you imagine someone having the foresight in the depression of the 1930's to build into the dam all the necessary requisites for future tourism. The tour inside the dam wall was awesome, particularly standing at the abutment of the dam and canyon wall and hearing 10,000 gallons of water per minute finding its way through the rock strata around the dam. The guide was particularly robust in confirming the dam had never leaked. Well worth a visit, but do go inside the dam wall and peer down the gorge and up at the new bridge which is behind schedule, construction commencing in January 2005 and will probably take 2 years longer to build than the dam. That's progress for you. (It finally opened on 16th October 2010).

Las Vegas beckoned, Tess wanted to eat at the Bellagio and win on the slots or roulette. I wont say more than one has to visit once, and that Tess has vouchers from 3 casinos showing her winnings – although how you can claim your small change from a US \$50 dollar investment are winnings has me beat.....

One memory that won't go away is that visiting Vegas confirms that both the USA and Australia is battling the bulge. I did see one trio of breakfast eaters at our Hotel/Casino confirming why advising people to eat a balanced diet won't work. They each had two plates on their way back to their seating.....On the left hand plate would have been 10 pounds of meat, pastries and sweet items, balanced by 10 pounds of carbohydrates, pasta, pizza and sweet "sugar free" soft drinks on the right hand. The breakfast being free encouraging one to stock up for the day.

Diabetes, Heart and mobility problems for the future...the near future...and certainly not Lotus drivers or passengers.



The new Grand Canyon bridge photographed from a vent in the dam wall 100 feet above the canyon floor.



FORBIDDEN FRUIT/11

ROGER MORGAN AND CO PILOT

Back into Arizona and into to Kingman for lunch and a then a beautiful drive south on highway 93 to Phoenix. We sight a group of Porsche 911s heading north obviously enjoying the freedom a blast up the Joshua Forest Parkway offers to sportscar enthusiasts. We head back to Sharon and Dave's home for an overnight, before a planned northern loop tour with Sharon and David through Wickenburg, Prescott, Jerome and Sedona, that will bring us back north just over 100 miles of highway 93. We shall have the chance to enjoy once more part of this drive through Arizona featuring saguaros and suaharita cactii dispersed randomly across the desert landscape

The final day trip up past Wickenburg to Prescott, and beyond to mile high Jerome is a road we have to travel again in a Lotus.....187 bends climbing uphill through magnificent country to Prescott and an exciting drive down through Jerome to Sedona with its magnificent bluffs, escarpments and a predominance of red sandstone monoliths is breathtaking. We speed back to Phoenix late afternoon nearing the end of a marvelous two weeks with the Barnett's.

Friday 14th November David and I visit Mauricio during work hours. We inspect the large scale marble finishing equipment on site. Generously I am given an Elite steering wheel blank with rim which Mario has carved from a solid sheet of alloy with the marble cutting table which is the centerpiece of his business, we have a bite, and I am then offered, a drive in #1054 which today, is elsewhere in Phoenix

Saturday morning, I take her for a brief spin. She is fitted with a single bucket seat into which I squeeze, has larger rims and tyres and is equipped with twin Webers. It just confirms to me the range of personalities that an Elite can demonstrate to its owner.. 1054, one of the 1959 Elites imported by Jay Chamberlain for racing against the demure, pristine easy to drive of 1149 from Dave's stable of sportscars.

They can each have their own personality despite them all apparently being from the same stable.....But, it's one more Elite that I have been privileged to drive owing to Mauricio's generosity.....thank you Mauricio



Tess in David's MG TC

FORBIDDEN FRUIT/12

ROGER MORGAN AND CO PILOT



Mauricio, 1054 and David with 1149 ... race car and the road car

RIDING SHOTGUN FOR 1141 TO SPEED ON TWEED/1



A 1000 km drive in a Lotus Elan didn't seem such a good idea, and it was easy to decide to take my 1997 Nissan GTR particularly when David Haydon advised me that due to a racing license delay he wouldn't be taking his Lotus Elite 1141.

Tess and I duly turn up at the Haydon's, after a slight unplanned delay relating to alarm clocks – David and Janine Haydon being fast asleep when we rang to tell them we were on our way at 5.30am.

On arrival we find a recently washed 1141 ready to travel the 1000 km from Sydney to Murwillumbah. I'd admired David's total commitment to preparation before such a long trip....he'd clearly removed all the sticky gummy residue which drops from the eucalypt trees which surround his home in the bush, and he'd washed all the glass – there was however no sign that the bonnet had been opened.....more later...

Off we go, my instruction being to stay behind to pick up any bits which might fall off.....90 minutes later after leaving the freeway 120km north of Sydney to travel the country route up through New England I'm already struggling to keep up with the Elite – suffice it to say that David believes the shortest time between two points requires a right foot glued to the floor....

We stop for fuel at 350km, and lunch at Tamworth at around 500km, and I now know why Elites are so admired.....How can you struggle to keep up with a 46 year old car in a 500HP Nissan GTR with 4 wheel steer, and 4 wheel drive.

Admittedly my instructions were to stay behind. Coffee and Cake at Uralla, and our gremlin for the trip surfaces.....The Elite wouldn't start.....Starter motor cooked.....I shall say it only once.....for the rest of the 5 days I became the starter motor – in muddy fields, On tarmac, in all weathers....daylight, half light, and darkness - and I stopped counting at 27 push starts.

One of the two best bits of the trip now followed 123 km of winding, climbing, dipping roads between Tenterfield and Casino which brought us to within 150km of our destination. We passed not one car in the quite brief time it took to cover this distance.....For the first time since 1999 since I purchased the GTR my wife and I really had fun (driving the Car.....cheeky). Staying safely close to the Elite being easy, going up hill, and entertaining going down hill.....I saw the right front tyre off the ground at least twice on 1141.

Arriving safely in the dark at Murwillumbah was clearly good news for the four of us, not being certain for the last 150KM how much of the Elites electrics were AWOL.

Speed on Tweed at Murwillumbah is an annual event for sports and racing cars from the 1920's to the 70's and is located in a small country town where the local residents are prepared annually to close off the streets for a race against the clock by individual cars to a maximum of 170 entrants, along with a car show which attracts some fairly decent collectables such as a Ferrari Monza, Porche 962, Pagani Zonda and a beautiful replica XJ13.

But more on the Elites....There were 3 competing Elites, a couple of Elans and I remember 1 Europa. My weekend was more or less taken up starting the Elite – I have a pair of trousers which now have a right leg which has been decorated by mud splatters and oil....27 times at least, and why does he drop the clutch when we're on 5 inches of mud....why cant we wait for the tarmac (asphalt to some). It was fun, Symphony Under the Stars with dinner served in the closed off High St on Saturday evening.

Our wives dressed up in costume of black and gold, or black and silver....and we had fun. Visit the Speed on Tweed website for more...

The trip back.....push started David in the paddock Sunday afternoon with an agreement to follow as before. Run to my car, start it, turn out onto the main road....and where has he gone.....

Spend 20 minutes visiting every gas station.....conclude he has raced ahead (why am I surprised) and start to chase 1141, mobile phoning every 20 minutes to be certain we are the follower, not the leader. Forgetting of course that its noisy in an Elite – and anyway one of the two mobiles is in the trunk with the spanner.

90 minutes later we make contact when the Elite stops for fuel. We meet up for a sandwich in a country pub.....and then the second bit of driving fun starts for my wife and I. Whilst I know 1141 had fun at the Speed on Tweed event, being fastest Elite, and winning its class, my weekend was fulfilled by chasing David and Janine to Armidale in mid Northern New South Wales, on a similar road to our Tenterfield - Casino blast. For the last 50km I drove in closing darkness trying desperately to stay on side lights having been advised my Xenon lights gave David great discomfort on our last hour into Murwillumbah.

An evening meal with the Blackwoods, stalwarts of Club Lotus whom we had arranged to meet at the Cattlemans Hotel, where the waiter aspired to culinary service levels and etiquette rarely seen in Double Bay. Early to sleep and off next morning behind the Elite, and Blackwoods S2 Elise down to Uralla and across country down the Thunderbolt Way (not marked on two out of three of our maps) to Barrington Tops, and the coast for lunch with Elaine and Don Mace – previous owners of 1141.

This drive I will remember for a long time. It cannot be possible that two plastic cars, one almost 50 years old can cover the distance we did in two hours.

The highlight for me was stopping for fuel, in the middle of nowhere and Maurice Blackwood being propositioned, in full view of his wife Anne, by a country "girl" – she was a little older, but the bodywork was in good shape, at the same time as an old bloke rushed out of his shed to tell us he used to work on Elites in the 60's.

He was totally "rapt" to discover that 1141 was the Leo Geoghegan Elite which won the Australian Sports Car Championship back in the mists of time – was it 1961 or 1962 – maybe both years.

Lunch at Don and Elaine's overlooking Blueys Beach. We were made incredibly welcome –fed, watered and entertained. In return Maurice took Don for a blat in the Elise.

Following lunch, a leisurely drive to Sydney was agreed..then...where have they gone....again.

I should mention David checked the oil in the Elite on Day 4 when he had no oil pressure sweeping through uphill curves. I wouldn't dare tell Car lovers how much oil he poured into the sump!

RIDING SHOTGUN FOR 1141 TO SPEED ON TWEED/2



Leo Geoghegan's Elite 1141 in the 1960's, photo courtesy ML Howard



1073 > 2036 ALMOST A CENTURY OF LOTUS ELITES/1



Once bitten, twice shy...babe, is an old adage made famous as a song by ex Mott the Hoople lead singer Ian Hunter, but as many of us car buffs know once a restoration is complete something draws us back to the grease, grime and garage floor such that having being bitten once the desire returns, and the need for a second bite rears its ugly head, even if sore fingers, lacerated knees or bumps on the head from the sump plug should mean we return to retirement mode.

Visitors to my shed almost a year ago will know I restored Elite 1073, the 1960 Melbourne Motor Show car to a pretty good condition, almost single handedly, aside from the final paint and upholstery which were outsourced to Sam Movizio and Brent Parker.

But, I had promised my co driver, manageress and courtesan, an Elite which could be driven alongside or behind Elite CBU 1073 as we traversed this fine land.

I had originally agreed to acquire a beautifully restored Elite from a good friend in Arizona, but sadly that purchase became an unlikely proposition, such that I had to find another "we" could afford and that meant I needed to return to fiberglass dust (almost as bad as asbestos), rusted nuts and bolts and another 12 month task to create another work of art.

All Elites are known by their CBU number. This number was allocated to the stressed laminated fiberglass monocoque when it was built either by Maximar, a boat builder, or Bristol who took over from Maximar and built all the Series 2 Elites.

The production line for Elites ran between 1959, late 1961 and early 1962, although the prototypes were built earlier in 1957 and a few post production specials were assembled in late 1962.

Lotus kept 20-30 spare CBUs outside the Cheshunt works possibly because they knew that in the case of a serious accident the owner of an Elite in the 1960s had little chance of finding a repairer who would tackle fiberglass.

Elite CBU 2036 was a body unit sold by Lotus around 1969 in which all the mechanicals, electrics and trim were installed from CBU 1683 which had been involved in a non repairable accident in Scotland, which almost totaled the glass fibre shell – although the bonnet and boot lid survived the accident.

The original CBU plate was destroyed and CBU 1683 became CBU 2036, and found its way to Indiana and a second owner who kept the car until 2010, driving probably less than 2000 miles on the new monocoque.

In stripping the car, we discovered one possible reason for the low mileage on the second CBU.

Lotus were known to have stored the spare replacement only CBUs stacked 3 high on the grass behind the Cheshunt Works – there are many photographs showing this storage method, probably because it was felt the fiberglass couldn't rot.



1073 > 2036 ALMOST A CENTURY OF LOTUS ELITES/2



They were correct about the fiberglass not rotting, but laminated between the glass layers in the engine bay and front nose section was a steel subframe on which the front suspension hangs.

This subframe was paper thin from rusting on the passenger side and needed to be cut out from the CBU, repaired, zinc coated and replaced.

I am not working alone on 2036 and Bruce Mansell my co worker (who had purchased the car from Indiana for restoration), has a jig for the ski and both the knowledge and desire to build the best Elite in the world – that wouldn't have been possible with a rusted out ski.

1073 had almost perfect mechanicals and a very ordinary shell, 2036 is almost the opposite.

Work began in September 2012 and as I write this all the mechanical sub assemblies are ready for reinstallation, the new engine ran 10 days ago on the floor of Bruce's workshop and the CBU is nearly ready for paint. 2036 is to be painted primrose yellow with grey carpets and dark grey leather trim, and she has a name....

When stripping the car we removed along with the carpets, felt underlay and grime, a rats nest, more than 30 kilos of hazel nut shells either of which gave me a bacterial sinus infection, and led to a shingles outbreak. We also removed an English penny of 1962 which had been placed between the fiberglass laminations.

So the name had to be Rattie, Hazel or Penny.

Its Tess's car and Penny will be the name when we finally have a launching ceremony.

You may be invited to the show when the car is finished. Terry has promised the bottle of champagne!



PARTING SHOT



Painting above courtesy of Brian Caldersmith. Two of the Elites above EL5 (1001), first registerable Elite and WUU2 – Class winner at Le Mans (1003/1016) have owners in Australia.