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The official magazine of
the Thoroughbred Sports
Car Club

May-June 2019



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About Our Club

Calendar

The [Official Calendar](#) 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 and 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 appropriately for the next event.

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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 Website.

Other Information:

[Administration](#)
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Articles are invited and should be mailed to the Editor for publication showing the name and address of the author

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Top Gear

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Current and previous editions may be downloaded [here](#).

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Top Gear has been continuously published since September 1981.

President's report

Stephen Knox

The past two months has been dominated by the Big Trip, for those of us fortunate enough to have been part of it.

It was an amazing experience, expertly and efficiently organized by Tess and Roger Morgan, based on an itinerary plotted by Roger and Terry Daly. It followed trips in the same areas done previously by the Morgans and Dalys, so it was like having local tour guides. Roger's memory of past visits and knowledge of places he had not, combined with Tess's impeccable planning made the trip one of the best we've ever done, and I know others felt the same way.

There were 21 of us (10 couples and the Bailey's daughter, Shauneen) who collected 10 cars from Phoenix airport and we headed out onto the US freeways, sitting on the wrong side of the car and driving on the wrong side of the road. I'm pleased to say that the whole trip of about 3,300 miles went without incident.

I'm often asked if we rented something special but we all opted for a sensible car – ours was a Nissan Altima, which was ideal. The only 'special' car was driven by Dominic Truelove and Pauline. Dominic had ordered a little car from Budget and at the desk in Phoenix was asked if he'd like VW Beetle. "No luggage space," he replied.

"We have a Mustang convertible that needs to get back to California. How would that do?" they countered. So as we motored around in our eco-boxes, our mirrors were often filled by a red Mustang. Lucky buggers!

A full report is being written by the travellers but I thought I'd just mention a couple of memories.



Snakes and Super Snakes

While we were in Las Vegas, most of the boys and a few girls too, paid a visit to the Shelby Museum and assembly workshop. Of course it was a Mecca for Mustang enthusiasts and those who love the original AC based Cobras. There were some wonderful historical examples of early Shelby Mustangs and one or two Cobras.

The emphasis however was on new cars and the most visually stunning were a quartet of polished aluminium cars including a Daytona coupé. Also new but painted and available for (expensive) sale were completed versions of the gorgeous roadsters. One was a Supersnake which would no doubt have given neck-snapping acceleration, but at the cost of an ugly bonnet scoop that spoiled the delicate lines of the original.

While we were there, two people from Sixt car rental company took delivery of the first of 20 new Shelby Mustangs for their Florida fleet, shades of the famous Hertz Shelby Mustangs from the 1960s. Interestingly, they have budgeted for the 'loss' of two cars. I think they're optimistic! Next time you're in Miami, looking for a renter, keep an eye out for the black Shelbys with the orange stripes!



A few days later we were in Carmel-by-the-Sea and just up the road, near Monterey, is Laguna Seca. I was keen to have a look. It is an impressive facility and we were able to look around as it was only being used by a racing drivers' school.

The main part I wanted to see was the famous 'Corkscrew' so we parked our car and headed along a path by the track. I was looking to my left at the circuit when Jill, on my right, called, Stop'. A snake had started to cross our track, about two more steps from where we were. We backed off as calmly as we could, not knowing at that stage what it was. When it saw it had a free path to the grass on the other side, it slithered slowing along. It was about 4 feet long.

I showed my photos to the girl in the gift shop and she identified it from photos they hold there, as a Western Rattlesnake!

Thanks to the Morgans for putting in a huge amount of work to give us a wonderful holiday. It will be a hard act to follow.

Welcome to the May-June issue of TG. Lots of good stuff this month, highlighted by a hugely successful Big Trip. We weren't able to join the TSCC crew this year, however I'm off to Pebble Beach in August. This reminded me of Wendy 's and my big US trip two years ago. We also hired a Mustang Convertible shown here in the stunning Joshua Tree National Park.

Thinking of things US, I have owned a number of US cars over the past 15 years, all of them interesting in their own way. The first was a 1966 A Code Mustang Coupe. This was followed by a highly original 1953 Buick Super Riviera Hardtop. Yes, they had Rivieras in 1953. This was followed by a wonderfully original two owner 1965 Riviera with 38,000 original miles. Then, a 1947 Chrysler Windsor Highlander Coupe with the strange Fluid Drive semi-automatic gearbox. It had four forward speeds split into a high and low range with two gears each. To move off you would select Low Range with the clutch and let it out. The car would idle and when you accelerated it would shift automatically from 1st to 2nd gear. Once moving you then used the clutch to select high range and the car would automatically select between the two gears in that range. It was all activated by solenoids and was Chryslers answer the GM Hydramatic, which had been launched in an Oldsmobile in 1940. As we know it was later adopted by all the GM marques, and was even used by Ford in the early 50s!

I didn't like it, to me it wasn't as nice as a manual or as effective as an automatic. However, the most special part about the Chrysler was its Highlander interior, which was the primary reason I bought it. This was followed by a 1948 Cadillac Sixty Special, the last year of the venerable flathead V8, which had been used in landing craft and small tanks in WW 2. I then bought a 1968 Chrysler Imperial Crown Coupe, 18' long and powered by a 7.2 litre (440 ci) V8 and Torqueflight transmission. Despite its heft, it was a fast car and drove well. Yes, they're tanks, but also a lot of fun, from a time of can do optimism we're not likely to see again.

What was interesting was that, with the exception of the Mustang, each of these cars was purchased sight unseen and imported by me. All of the vendors were honest, each of the cars was exactly as described on arrival. This said, I did carefully examine the pictures they sent and talked to each seller prior to purchase. I enjoyed doing this, the thrill of the chase. Sadly, the zealousness of our Boarder Force in its pursuit of asbestos, has disinclined me to do so again.

Rick Marks also has the car collection bug and V8s have figured prominently in his collection, via Sunbeam Alpines and Mustangs, predominately Shelsebys.



“Re Maher-kable “ Wednesday Run to Lithgow 15th May

Eve Stefan

We pulled up in front of the Kurrajong Kitchen Café to the sounds of tinkling Bell Birds and the hum of happy chatter between friends. Gary Maher seems to have taken on the mantle of weather Guru from Vern Kelly who always produced amazing weather for our outings. With warm autumn sunshine, a clear azure sky and a lovely 13 degrees, our day was destined to only get better.

After a quick coffee and catch up we gathered for our info sheets and helpful directions from Gary and Wendy then set off towards Lithgow, travelling through Bilpin, along the Darling Causeway and down the Mt Victoria Pass.

Unfortunately, Les and Dianne Payne’s BMW 2002 had an issue with the gear stick and they had to retire and limp home in 4th gear I believe. As I write this I am hoping that you both made it home safely without any more drama.

The scenery along the way was iconic with views across the mountains and valleys to the sunlit, sandstone escarpments of the Blue Mountains. Approaching Lithgow, Peter and Moya Del Santo were seen to pull over to take an historic photo of their TR Stag’s odometer clicking over 100,000kms. It was so special because they have owned the car since new.

Our first stop was the Lithgow Gun Emplacements that had been built in 1941 to protect the Lithgow Smalls Arms factory, also the transport industry and local mining from a potential attack by Japanese aircraft. The gun emplacements were commenced on 22nd December 1941 and operational from 2nd January 1942 and were manned 24 hours a day. A Lewis Machine Gun was also installed on the roof of the Small Arms Factory nearby. The emplacement site was camouflaged as a farm using the existing farm infrastructure. Sections of the barn roof were removed for observation. As the threat to Australia moved north the guns were moved in December 1943/ January 1944.

The aircraft gun stations and dummy station were the only known inland heavy anti-aircraft gun station of their type in NSW.

The guns were never fired during the war and later suffered from exposure. In recent years, the site has been restored and replica guns installed. One of the guns was restored and used in the filming of the 2008 Baz Luhrmann film “Australia”.

We had no idea that this amazing historical site existed and will certainly tell everyone headed in that direction to have a look as it is well worth the visit. As Peter and I stood looking at the guns we were reminded of a tour that we did in Queensland of the Charleville WW2 Museum at the airport. We learned that there was and still exists today “The Charleville Secret” hidden away in a heavily guarded, secret building. A highly efficient proto type of a bomb sight apparatus called the Norden which, had the Japanese gotten hold of, would have allowed them to accurately bomb targets from high altitudes, negating the use of their Kamikaze tactics. More planes, more pilots, more bombs, who knows how it might have gone? Though very powerful, those guns may not have been enough to protect Lithgow. There is so much unpublicized war history in Australia it is sad to think that these amazing feats may just disappear from history.

After leaving the gun emplacement site we headed for the Small Arms Factory that was Australia's first, high precision, manufacturing factory. According to our tour guide there were 4 companies tendering for the job of building and setting up the factory. Three were British and one was American. The American company won the tender and did such a good job of the installation that it was influential in manufacturing standards in Australia for years to come.

Lithgow was chosen for the factory site because it was serviced by road and rail, it had a thriving iron works, coal and limestone and was protected in its location in the foothills of the Blue Mountains.

The factory opened on the 8th of June 1912 with 190 employees and is still operational today. During its height of production through the war years it had a workforce of 6,000 some of whom slept in the woods in tents. Another 6,000 were employed in feeder factories in towns nearby.

The factory produced among many others, the SMLE rifle and bayonet for WW1 and Vickers Machine Gun and Bren Guns for WW2.

Post war, the factory branched out to include civilian firearms, golf clubs, hand cuffs, Sunbeam mix master's, sewing machines, shearing heads, sewing machines and many other tools to name a few.

The museum holds many of these items along with photos of the machinery floors producing them. With cables and pulleys everywhere they look like an OH&S nightmare. There is also beautiful artwork done by an artist working at the factory, showing not only the faces of workers and the working conditions but also the architecture of those times.

Later as I stood in the huge old factory building with the big black iron and steel machines in front of me I could still smell faintly the oil that had soaked into the narrow timber floorboards over the years and I could just imagine the heavy thudding of machinery and hissing and humming of pulleys and cables. In that huge open building, I imagined the icy days of winter and blast furnace days of summer. I could almost feel the aching backs and sore fingers and muscles and see the young, red-faced apprentices watching in awe and respect as the old timer teaches them the tricks and the skills to get the best out of the "old girl" they are working on. I could imagine the click clack of the "bundy" machine, the tired but proud faces of the workers as they greeted the next shift coming in, and I wondered if somewhere under the new paint of the restoration in the 1960's were there some cheeky ditties or hidden initials or finger prints of those who had known this place like home.

It seemed too soon but we headed off to the Workmen's Club in Lithgow for our very tasty, well-cooked and well-priced lunches. The club is the oldest workers club in Australia with all the usual traditions, teams and support for the local area. In conversation with another patron I also found out that the club staff are extremely helpful and kind, especially with older or disabled persons needing any type of assistance e.g. wheelchairs etc. It was a lovely venue and a perfect place to finish our run.

After saying our goodbyes, Peter and I headed home back through Bilpin to purchase our last treat for the day; yes, you guessed it, a warm, crispy, apple pie. Ok, ok. I confess, two pies and a "fill your own bag" of crunchy Bilpin apples.

A huge big-thank you to Gary and Wendy for their hard work in preparing a perfect outing with great weather at 19 degrees in Lithgow, can you believe it? Thanks also for excellent instructions and directions and interesting places to visit.

Also in keeping with previous runs I would like to anecdote Wendy's family connections to Lithgow. Her great aunt owned the Royal Hotel and another aunt and uncle owned the old Cosmopolitan Hotel in Main Street, which has been turned into a solicitor's office and a café.

Lastly, a very big thank-you to Roger Korte our photographer for the day.

Now for a little light hearted fun, please forgive me for all the liberties I have taken with either your names or your cars, but I claim poetic licence:

An early start out through the gates
To Kurrajong to join our mates
The Thoroughbreds are on their way
To Lithgow town to spend the day

A coffee start, a must and first
A chat, a smile and quench our thirst
Our steeds lined up in their perfection
As we line up to get direction

Merc SLK with Dave and Peter
Eve and Pete in Merc 2 seater
Cortina 500 of Pete and Leonie
Jag XKE with Mal and Toni

The lively Stag of Phil and Leigh
Col's Mercedes Benz and Friend Dave Lee
Michael with his Aston Martin
Mark and Caroline's trusty Mustang

TR Stag of Pete and Moya
Rick and Bob with Rick's Porsche Baxter
C63 Mercedes Benz
Driven by Pete and Margaret Simms

Porsche 944 of Judith and Barry
Volvo leaders Wendy and Gary
Jag XK 150 of David and Anne
And BMW 2002 of Les and Dianne

BMW driven by Col Allerdice
Graham and Carole's frisky MX5
Lorraine and Malcolm with Porsche 911
Almost finished, four more and I'm done

Cameraman Roger and Pat in their Porsche
Vic and friend Chris in Vic's Honda of course
Chris in his Jag on his Pat Malone
Trev and Jenn in Mitsubishi GTO

So off we went to cross the hills
The view superb and Bellbird trills
A sunlit work on living parchments
Distant views, sandstone escarpments

To gun emplacements we did go
Historic guns to guard Lithgow
Though never fired an angry shot
They would have shown our foes what's what

The Small Arms Factory next on list
Its history proud should not be missed
The first and finest in our state
And punched a way above their weight

Then lastly on to have our lunch
Of food, so good it packs a punch
Down at the Workmen's Club with ales
The oldest club in New South Wales

Pete and Eve drove back through Bilpin
Just to get a little somethin'
Cos a sign had caught their eye
Yes, you guessed it "Apple Pie"

Now tongue in cheek I say this too
And just between us, me and you
Such sights and beauty seen today
Why would you fly to USA?

LOL. Eve



It's hard to believe but 50 years ago, in May 1969, I acquired my first car. Looking at the list of cars that I have been "lucky" to have owned over this past 50 years I thought the background and development of this mad obsession might be of some interest to TSCC members. The comprehensive spreadsheet that I have maintained on the collection over the years shows some 244 cars to date – will there be more, who knows?

As many members would know, I have been around Classic Cars and Historic Motor Sport for quite some time and would say I am reasonably well known in these circles. My very understanding better half of 43 years, Joy and myself live in Sydney suburbia – some of you may have participated in the TSCC shed tour a few years ago and saw the collection first hand. A few cars have been sold in recent years and the collection (including our day to day cars) is now numbered at 18. I think this story of an Eclectic Classic Car Collector is interesting – hope you do also.

Basically, it all started with my father who was very keen on cars. He never had a collection of cars as such; in fact, he never had more than one car at a time, except later in his life when I acquired one or two for him that finally ended up as part of my collection. He always strived to have a nice car and, although he was far from a wealthy man and was quite ill from the effects of World War 11, he always liked cars. Fortunately, my mother mostly always agreed with the car he wanted to purchase as she knew that with the illness he suffered it made him happy. Well, perhaps not the rare '68 Rambler AMX 343 V8 coupe that he spun out in the wet a few times....!! A more sedate Triumph Stag soon replaced the AMX.

From a young age for me, Dad was interested in motor racing, although he never competed. While we didn't go to many motor racing events we would watch the annual Bathurst race and others religiously on TV. This was in the 1960's and my mother would always tell me that from when I was about four or five I could name virtually every car on the road. Dad taught me to drive when I was 12 on a manual shift car (FE Holden). Dad's first car was a '34 Ford V8 Roadster that his father bought for him in the late 1930's when he was 21. Thinking about it, I suppose that Dad having a Flat Head Ford V8 steered me into a long love affair with Ford V8's that's still going strong today.

My first car was a Volkswagen – I bought a '60 VW Beetle for the princely sum of \$275 on 12 May 1969 in my final year of high school. I was able to fund it by selling my drum kit (as I have always been an avid, but not very good, drummer), my mother gave me \$50 and I had some savings of my own. I bought the VW and immediately thought I was king of the road. Early in 1970, which was my first working year, the VW gave way to a pink and beige '62 Austin Cambridge. However, the car after that was something far more interesting, was quite rare then and still is today - a '67 Prince Skyline GT. At the time the Datsun 1600 was all the rage, but I couldn't afford one. I had the Austin Cambridge, which was fairly pedestrian, but it was in nice condition and had been a step up from the Beetle. In late 1970, I remember going past a Datsun dealer in Top Ryde and saw this red '67 Prince Skyline GT and it looked the duck's guts. I went in and managed to get a reasonable trade-in deal on the Cambridge and came away with the Prince plus a bit of debt. I had started working in the banking industry that year so was earning some money. It cost me \$1,200, which to me at 18, was an absolute fortune. It was quite a car and over the years I have had six of them and am still a devotee of the marque. The engine is a Mercedes based two-litre six-cylinder with triple Weber carburettors and I used to delight going into fuel stations back when there was driveway service. The attendants would put fuel in it and you should have seen their faces when they checked the oil and water. They had a great looking engine bay. They were the forerunner of the Nissan Skyline GTR and are worth quite a bit of money these days. Prince was bought by Nissan during the late 1960s and the last of the Prince Skylines were badged Nissan Skylines.

Also in 1970, I moved on to a marque that I was associated with for many years – Studebaker. I bought a '60 Studebaker Silver Hawk locally quite cheaply. It was a beautiful car in white with red trim. Dad had bought a '53 Champion six-cylinder in 1954 which he really liked but couldn't really afford. They were a great looking car with their Loewy design and I recall that he paid £2,500 which was a lot of money back then and almost enough to buy a house. That started Dad's love affair with Studebakers and he went on from the Champion to a '63 Gran Turismo Hawk which is the car I gained my driving licence on. It was a beautiful car finished in red with a black vinyl roof. Around that time, when we were watching the Bathurst 500 race, the Studebakers were always on the front row of the grid after qualifying well, but their Achilles heel was their wheels and brakes. They would do very well and lead the race for the first ten laps or so and then start to run into brake problems and split wheels. Ironically, in 2012, I was able to acquire the ex Needham Motors '64 Studebaker Commander that competed at Bathurst in 1967 and 1968 driven by Warren Weldon and John Hall.



Looking through the list of 244 cars it doesn't really follow a particular marque or type of marque - or even cars from a single country or continent. It's extremely eclectic from Sunbeams, to Fords, to Chevs, to Jags, to Porsches and so on. The Sunbeams came about as the marque was part of the Rootes Group. I became involved with Sunbeams aged 19 and not long after the first Studebaker I bought my first Sunbeam Alpine. A work colleague heard me talking about buying an MG Midget or MGB. He said that I shouldn't buy one of those and should take a look at a Sunbeam Alpine instead. I did and found this quite late '67 Alpine Series V that was only a bit over three years old when I bought it in 1971 eventually selling both the Prince and the Studebaker. The car was in lovely condition with low mileage and white with red trim – a really nice example of a classic Sunbeam Alpine. That started me on the long and winding Sunbeam path and the Alpine eventually led me to the Tiger V8's (and all things Shelby) which I have maintained an interest in to this day.

My mates mostly had Aussie cars so I borrowed some money, traded the Alpine, and bought a Torana XU-1 brand new in March 1972 which I then drove to work every day. It was not an easy car to live with in peak hour traffic but I probably should have kept it – one recently sold for \$182,000..!! In early 1973, when I was just 21, a good friend of mine bought a Sunbeam Tiger V8 and drove it around for me to have a look at. Until then I didn't even know that they existed and when I looked into the engine bay at the small block Ford V8, I wondered how they actually got it in there. He took me for a fast run and I decided that I had to have one. The first one I found locally was a UK import and quite rusty so I let that go, but about six months later the one I still have, came up for sale in Canberra. It was sold new in the US, but bought into Australia by someone in the US Consulate and converted to right hand drive in the mid-1960s. At one stage, it was my only car and I used to drive to work in it. I started my Motorsport career in that car doing hillclimbs, lap dashes, dirt circuits, sprints and travelling all-round the countryside attending Sunbeam club events. It has truly been a lifelong love affair with that car. Of course, there is a strong Shelby connection with the Sunbeam Tiger as the prototype was built by Shelby American using an Alpine as the base.



As well as the Mk1 Tiger, I also still have a very rare '67 Mk2 Tiger acquired 20 years ago in 1999. This is one of only 533 built after Chrysler had bought the Rootes Group. This was the last of the breed given that Chrysler couldn't squeeze in their own V8 and had to provide warranty on the small block Ford 289 V8 fitted to all the Tiger Mk2s. Tigers were never sold new in Australia, but there are a couple here that have been in Australia from very early on, including one that was privately imported new through a Rootes dealer in Sydney.

My liking for Rootes Group cars is why I have had many Sunbeams, Hillmans, Humbers and Singers over the years. Two Sunbeams in particular that I have owned couldn't be further extreme from each other. One was a genuine '64 Tiger Le Mans and the other was a '64 Alpine Series IV automatic. In 1979, Joy "convinced" me that I should buy the automatic Alpine as she doesn't drive a manual. The car came up for sale in Sydney and it had a very interesting history being imported by Mervyn Victor Richardson who developed the world's first practical rotary lawnmower, the 'Victa'. Richardson bought it for his wife and the car was in lovely low mileage condition in moonstone white with red trim. It was a GT with a hardtop and no soft top. The transmission was a Borg Warner 35 and honestly it wouldn't pull the skin off a rice pudding, but Joy loved it. We owned that car, on and off, for quite some years. I think I sold and bought it back three or four times, the last sale being about twelve years ago to a friend in the Sunbeam Club who still has it. Not many automatic Alpines were built and most were converted to manuals as they weren't a very quick car.

At the other extreme was the '64 Lister Tiger Le Mans, one of three in the world and I was fortunate to acquire it from the Melbourne owner in 1984. I knew exactly what it was and I wanted it badly, but at that stage I was in my early 30s and had to sell a few other cars to get it – including a De Tomaso Pantera! I cut my teeth in Historic Racing in the Tiger by running it in Historic events for about six years. However, it was probably before its time as not too many people here knew what it was and how rare it was. Lister had been commissioned to build the body and it was all alloy from the windscreen back. It looked a little Aston Martin like with the Tiger front. The actual car was built from a Series 3 Alpine as the Le Mans Tigers were built before the first production Sunbeam Tiger was built. They made three of which two were raced at Le Mans in 1964 and the other was a mule. Mine was one of the race cars (no 8) ADU179B which lasted nine hours, when the 260ci V8 engine supplied by Carroll Shelby expired. The number 9 car ADU180B only lasted three hours.

So, it was a bit of an ill-fated attempt at Le Mans for the Rootes Group. After that the Le Mans Tigers just became yesterday's race cars with the one that I owned coming to Australia in 1967. I knew where it was and I pestered the owner for quite some time until he decided to sell it to me. It's probably one of the regrets of my collecting that I let the car go. I was approached by a collector in the UK in 1992 and at that stage we had two very young children and I wasn't using the car as I had built up an Alpine for some serious historic racing. So, the Le Mans Tiger was sitting forlorn in the corner of the garage and in a weak moment it went. The UK owner still has it and it's been at the Goodwood Revival many times and raced all over Europe. Today it's probably a million-pound car. Such is life!

I also had a replica of a Le Mans Alpine during the mid to late 1990's that a friend in Melbourne had built from scratch. It was a really nice recreation of the 1962 car being a little different from the production version. I ran that car at the short-lived Guyra GP...!!

My other genuine Le Mans car was a Lotus Eleven that raced there in 1958 and out of a total of six that year it was the only Team Lotus car to finish. It was fitted with a 750cc Coventry Climax engine with an eye on the Index of Thermal Efficiency which Lotus had won in '57. The engine was experimental and was taken back by Coventry Climax and the car was fitted with an 1100 Climax engine. I bought that in 2003, raced it a few times locally and sold it to a persistent guy in the US about five or six years later.

The collection has always been and still is extremely eclectic as at one stage we actually owned a '73 Morris Marina Coupe automatic. To be fair, that was Joy's daily drive and as I said before she couldn't drive a manual (and now has a Mazda MX-5 roadster coupe automatic bought new in 2007). Our finances were pretty tight back in the late 1970's and the Marina was transport for her. It wasn't a bad car, being an ex-government vehicle with low mileage and it went very well. However, I really don't know how long it would have lasted, but I have added everything to my vehicle list, warts and all. Despite little cash, I had some big ideas in the late 1970's after reading through some hot rod magazines and noting that where they were fitting Tiger engines into Hillman Huskys. So, I was thinking of putting a 289 Ford V8 into a Husky, which had been done elsewhere and bought one. It's a great conversion and I think they look fantastic, but in the end, I decided that it was beyond my capabilities, financial and technical, so I never did it and sold the stock Husky.



I first dabbled with big Fords in the mid 1970's when I bought a '70 ZC Fairlane 351 which was a great car being a Falcon GT in a Fairlane body and also quite rare. After that I had a whole range of V8 powered Fords including several early Falcon GTs and Fairmonts until I first started getting interested in Mustangs. That was in 1979 when I was drag racing the white Tiger and I met a guy who had a workshop quite close to me and we developed a friendship. He was into Mustangs big time and I caught the bug deciding that I had to have one. Once I started collecting Mustangs, I found out that the ultimate was the Shelby so I had to have one of those. I bought my first Shelby Mustang in 1982 which was a black '68 GT500 Big Block 7 litre Fastback with four side draft Webers – a real beast. Over the years, I have had 11 Shelby Mustangs both GT350's and GT500's including the two now left in the collection. I believe I now have the ultimate Shelby which is a '65 GT350 - the very first of the breed and basically a race car for the road. I was lucky enough to get that Shelby in 1993 when it only had 33,000 original miles on it and now it's done just 41,000 miles today. I think it would have to be one of the lowest mileage '65 Shelybs in the world. My other current Shelby is the red with white stripes '66 GT350 manual.

No serious Mustang collection is complete without a first series car. Ford released the Mustang to the public on 17 April 1964. I have a '64 Mustang coupe which is the second oldest Mustang in Australia. Built on 27 March 1964, it is fitted with the Ford 260 V8 and has factory air-conditioning, power steering and drum brakes! At the other end of the spectrum I purchased a new 2016 Mustang GT S550 convertible. As most would know, these cars are built RHD by Ford USA and have been very well received in Australia.

There have been some pretty rare machines over the years that have come and gone. I had a genuine Shelby Cobra, a De Tomaso Mangusta, a De Tomaso Pantera as well as a Bizzarrini GT America. I always wanted an original Cobra and after having Shelby Mustangs, I felt that the ultimate Shelby had to be a Cobra. I never thought I would be able to afford a real one so I bought a Robnell Cobra that was made here in Australia. It was a beautifully built car and I reckon the best replica going. That was in 1995 and I had that Robnell Cobra for nearly ten years when I had the opportunity in 2004 to acquire a genuine '63 AC Cobra 289 Mk 1. This was really the pinnacle of anything I ever wanted. I got it, but it meant trading in the Robnell and selling five other cars unfortunately including the Bizzarrini. I had the Cobra for six years and then was approached by a pretty serious Australian collector with a fatter wallet than mine and sold it.



Soon as it left on the truck I regretted it. That was in 2010 and just from the financial

aspect it has most likely doubled in value since. Another one bites the dust...!!



The Bizzarrini GT America was a different story as honestly, I didn't even know what it was. In 1999, Ian Cummins Classic Cars had it for sale on consignment in Sydney and I just loved the look of it plus it was exactly what I liked – great looking, tough and noisy! It was an exotic Italian sports car with a Corvette 327 V8 engine and four side draft webers, but with the styling by Giotto Bizzarrini who also designed the Ferrari 250GTO. It was a rare '67 GT America with a fibreglass body of which there were only ten built. Again, it was a beautiful car and the only reason I sold it was for the AC Cobra in 2004.

I had the Ferrari experience for quite a number of years and like the Cobra experience it was reaching the pinnacle of what I wanted to achieve when I was quite a bit younger. In 1987, after selling an Alpine and a Tiger, I was able to buy a black '71 246 GT Dino for \$38,000 and probably I should have just put it in the back of the garage and left it alone. I decided that it needed some work, but while I did a lot of thinking about the car I didn't do much with it. In the end, I eventually sold it and moved to a '78 308 GTB which was a much nicer car to drive. Over the years, I had three 308s and finally acquired another '72 246 GT Dino (which was a lot more expensive than the first one), but that went too when I had the opportunity to acquire the rare '65 Shelby GT350 that I still have today.

Amongst the current collection, as well as the two Sunbeam Tigers, there are a number of other British cars such as two Jaguars, two Mini Coopers, a Lotus Elise and Caterham 7. The Jaguars came about through my friendship with the late Ian Cummins. I had always fancied owning a Jaguar and I loved the way they looked, sounded and smelt, so I bought my restored BRG '63 Mk2 3.8 saloon from Ian in 1998 and at the same time I bought an XK140 drop head coupe. In the end, I kept the Mk2 and sold the XK as while it was a beautiful car it just wasn't me. In its place, I added a wonderfully restored '62 S1 3.8 flat floor E-type roadster in Opalescent Bronze. To me the difference between the XK and the E-type is like chalk and cheese. Needless to say, I don't drive either of the Jaguars as often as I should but I would like to keep the early E-type for as long as I possibly can.

I have always loved classic Minis as they are an iconic car and have had quite a few over the years. Both my current Mini Coopers (Mk 1 1275S and Mk2 1275S) are Australian delivered and were beautifully restored by the same passionate enthusiast in Sydney over 20 years ago. In my view, they represent the best of the classic Mini Coopers.



Apart from US, British and Italian cars I have had a few of Germanic origin. I do like Porsches and have owned a number of 1970/80's 911's plus a '63 356SC over the years. However, one of my favourites was a rare '81 Porsche 924 Carrera GT Turbo bought in 1994. Only 400 of these were made for European race homologation and only 12 came to Australia in RHD. These gadgets were very quick in their day and great to drive except for the turbo lag. They are now worth quite a sum. I have owned a low mileage Guards Red '05 Boxster 987 for the past ten years and still enjoy it very much. My only BMW so far has been a rare '73 BMW 3.0 CSL – these are fabulous looking cars and they have appreciated significantly over recent years.

One of the challenges of having a large collection is garaging. This is essential. We have been in our Sydney home for 33 years and way back in 1986 I built a decent size garage that can accommodate ten cars. It has always been said that we have the smallest house in the street with the biggest garage. Of course, cars like the Mini Coopers, Lotus, Caterham etc are quite small so that helps. Then a few years back I bought a factory unit about ten minutes away from home and that's where the V8 performance collection is kept - the Shelby Mustangs and the Sunbeam Tigers. I garage the late model Mustang GT convertible and the rare MX5 SP Turbo up at Port Stephens – a great place to tootle around in an open top sports machine.

In an effort to continue to maintain the classic car collection, I decided to retire from motor racing at the end of 2015 after 31 years and sold my '66 Mustang historic racer and the '59 Elva Courier I used to run. The Elva was a great race car and fantastic to drive. Do I miss it? Yes, I do, but I had a great run in it over 11 years and won three Group S championships. In 2017, I sold the previously mentioned ex Bathurst Needham Motors Studebaker Commander to a very serious historic touring car collector. In my five years of ownership I ran the car at Muscle Car Masters and did a few shows and display days but most of that time it was on loan to the National Motor Racing Museum at Bathurst. In 2018, I sold the historic racing prepared '66 Sunbeam Tiger V8 roadster that I had owned and raced sporadically for 15 years.

In my view, any serious car collector needs to belong to relevant car clubs both for the camaraderie and the sharing of information amongst the members. I have been a member of the US based Shelby American Automobile Club since 1976, a founding (now life) member of the Sunbeam Owners Club NSW since 1977, a member of the Mustang Owners Club Australia since 1981, the Historic Sports and Racing Car Association since 1984 and I joined TSCC in 2012.



I'm pretty happy with what I currently have and if anything, I will be thinning it out the collection even more. Very soon I will be of an age that further culling the fleet will be required. I have several "pairs" of marques so that is the obvious place to start. At the end of the day, I would really like to keep the '64 Sunbeam Tiger (acquired in 1973), the '65 Shelby GT350 (acquired in 1993) and the '62 Jaguar E Type roadster (acquired in 2001).

There is nothing else I really want at this time although of course there are plenty of things I would love to have. However, most are outside the realms of what I could now realistically afford and manage. Unfortunately, that's how it's always been – we have never had a whole lot of money or mega incomes so when something came up that I really wanted to have, others had to go provide the funds. With two kids, a large mortgage and the historic racing as well, that was the only way things could be done. What's important is that I have very good friends who help me out as far as maintenance and mechanical repairs are concerned and, of course, how amazingly understanding Joy has been over the past 43 years and what she has had to endure with this crazy and expensive obsession. Undoubtedly, there have been some side benefits.....!!!

Looking back, I wish I had many of the fantastic and rare cars that I have sold, but that just hasn't been possible. I think what I have now is a pretty reasonable Eclectic Classic Car Collection, perhaps not as good as it could have been, but most are quite collectable classic cars and each has a certain amount of rarity and provenance. Of course, as Joy and I get older we will be able to part with some of the cars to continue to fund our retirement – lots of great memories (which I hope I can continue to recall) and that's got to be a win/win. However, I am still hopeful of being the only old dude in the nursing home with a Shelby GT350, a Sunbeam Tiger V8 and an E Type Jaguar.....

The mist fell on us just a few kilometres out of Kurrajong. We had been sent on our way to Collits' Inn at Hartley Vale at the appropriate time by the ever-enthusiastic Terry Daly, the organiser for the day. Instructions in hand, we were off and running.

Single file and no overtaking are the orders of the day on such runs.

And keep up with the car in front Then out of the mist I saw it. In the rear vision mirror a silhouette. It was getting closer. Eyes front, Colin. But then I noticed it was looking larger and larger in the mirror. The silhouette had turned into a motorcar. Not just any motorcar this was the most iconic and recognisable motorcar on the planet. It was James Bond! I stayed to the left. Fearful of those Browning .30 calibre machine guns hidden in the bumper bars, to say nothing about the deadly wheel-hub-mounted tyre slashers known to kill Ford Mustangs at the flick of a switch.

This was one Aston Martin DB5 in a hurry. The romantic in me envisaged James Bond on the job rushing to Hartley Vale to investigate why Pierce Collits', transported to Australia in 1801 as a convict was made Head Constable of the Nepean District around 20 years later. Clearly Government corruption is involved here. Is the gold standard at risk? Will 007's skill save yet another Government from falling? Or will 007's nemesis Goldfinger achieve his long-planned goal of defeating Bond? As the DB5 got alongside I chanced a look to the right ... but it wasn't "Bond, James Bond" at the wheel ... it was "Branson, Michael Branson".

sighed in relief. I could relax at the wheel knowing that there were not going to be any oil-slicks or smoke screens to contend with for the rest of our journey ... just the mist and a bit of rain.

This was, of course, the much-anticipated joint Thoroughbred Sports Car Club and Aston Martin Club run on Sunday 23rd June to Collits' Inn, a historic Inn and farm dating back to 1823. Also known as the "Golden Fleece", the inn was the premier hostelry on the western road until Victoria Pass opened in 1832. The 30-acre property was then converted back to a farm and remained as such through a range of successive owners until more recent times when a Permanent Conservation Order was granted under the NSW Heritage Act. The buildings were restored, and the inn reincarnated around 2005.

The venue gave members of both clubs the opportunity to mix freely and the open fires were most welcome. The fare was basic but plentiful. Many members got out the classic (not just Michael) with the reward being to just wash it the following day. And the spirit of Vern Kelly was again with us as the drizzle cleared as we breasted the mountain and drove down into Lithgow. Sunshine or a close facsimile of it followed for the rest of the day.

But Vern, please, can you make it a bit earlier next time!

60th Anniversary of Aston Martin winning LeMans

By Rick and Les Johnson

This event was held in the magnificent club rooms of the South Australian Sporting Car Club in Adelaide.

2019-June-21st-Friday: Rick picked me up at around 11-00pm for our flight to Adelaide because we were invited guests of AMOC South Australia. Our car the 1957 DBR2 Aston Martin (replica) was to be placed on stage at the Black-Tie dinner. On arrival at Adelaide airport, we were picked up by Australian racing legend driver Phil Moore, and would be guests at his home in the Adelaide Hills area. Phil drove us to a container transport depot yard to pick up the DBR2, delivered by rail earlier in the week. We collected the car, which Rick drove following Phil to his colonial historic home in the quaint English style suburb of Agate an area similar to Bowral in the NSW Southern Highlands.



The DBR2 was placed in Phil and Chris's garage along with his Ferrari (1970- 365 2+2) Lotus Clubman (1964-Lotus Super 7) and his Aston Martin (1961-DB4). The garage had a great atmosphere with its racing memorabilia. Phil is a very modest man, not discussing all his racing achievements over the years. I remember his Ansett Formula 5000 and the famous and very successful Elfin 360 Repco only too well. I reconnected with Phil and his navigator Digby, driving a DB7 Convertible on the 100th Anniversary of Aston Martin European Tour, when Rick and I drove our DBR2 on this great memorable event.

Evening meal was cooked and served by Chris, as we sat at their antique dining table (which could be extended out to some five metres) with invited guest Terry Holt whom I have known for some 40 years, through Aston Martins. Terry had supplied a few select bottles of wine for the occasion and Terry seemed to hold the floor with his travels and the many girls in his life. It was a very enjoyable evening, great food and wine with great company. Now how do we stop Terry talking so we all could go to

bed. At 1-00.am Terry suggests that maybe he should get going home. We all nodded our heads. I think we were all in bed by the time Terry had made it halfway to his home.

2019-June-22nd- Saturday: Up early around 8-00. am. Breakfast, cleaned the DBR2 ready for the display. Phil and Rick took the DBR2 for a test run. At around 4-00pm Rick drove the DBR2 down to the Club house with Phil and I in the Falcon. On arrival, I was blown away by the grandeur of the club house. What a fantastic place, all built out of local stone. Terry Jones (AMOC South Australia area representative) was there to greet us making us feel very welcome indeed. The DBR2 was placed on stage ready, then it was back to Phil and Chris's place to change ready for the anniversary black tie dinner.

On arrival, we were greeted by Terry Jones who introduced us around approximately 60 guests. Our table consisted of Terry Jones, his charming daughters Caitlin and Megan, Phil and Chris Moore, my son Ricky, and wine maker Tony (Parky) Parkinson. As the night rolled on two Aston Martins on the stage with a film of the 1959 Le Mans Race shown as background on a large screen. The atmosphere was set for a great night.

Terry Jones being our master of ceremonies for the night enabled the evening to flow smoothly. Tony (Parky) Parkinson was the presenter speaker and a great story teller.

He spoke for some time on his friendship with racing world legend Sterling Moss and a few of the wonderful experiences he had over the years with him. Tony is definitely a bit one sided being a converted Austin Healey man. He then invited me up onto the stage to talk about the DBR2 and how it all came about. That then, lead to how my introduction on to Aston Martin's, a few stories regarding the Aston Martin Marque. Tony a keen wine maker supplied the labeled

Peter Saglietti (AMOC Rep Victoria) gave a presentation and a talk on the coming Australian AMOC National meeting to be held in Healesville 1st-May-2020 issued as invite to all at the dinner. I did ask if the accommodation had improved as I was there in a tent for three months at the same time in 1968 (National Service). It was freezing and no hot water to shower!

It was the friendliest group of people we have ever met in the one place. Our first visit to this club will be engraved in our memory for a long time.it was great catching up with Peter and Anne Saglietti, Kent Patrick, Richard and Pam Harvey-Dyson, not to mention the vibrant Terry Holt.



The evening finally came to a close and it was time to return back to Phil and Chris's Home. Rick changed in to more suitable driving clothes (warm clothes) to drive back because it was 2 degrees outside and asked if I wanted to drive back with him. "Too cold I replied, but thanks anyway". On arrival back at Phil's home the temperature gauge at the front door showed minus one degree.

2019-June-23rd-Sunday: The AMOC South Australia had an Aston Martin Club run to a winery through some of the best rolling green hilled country side you could imagine with lovely stone cottages dotted along the way. I don't think you could have had a better day with the sound of about 30 Aston Martins disturbing the soft crisp air with that certain crackling sound that only an Aston Martin can produce.

Arriving at the Woodstock winery we were greeted by Richard and Pam Harvey-Dyson longtime Aston Martin friends of some 40 years including trips to England and very memorable drinks at the Green Man Hotel as we watch and listened in ore as the Concorde would take off, setting car alarms off outside as the Concorde made its way to New York.

On arrival Champagne and Wine was served as the cars lined up and parked. Lunch was enjoyed



upstairs in our own function room consisting of a two course meal. More wine and the afternoon went so fast, but I had to catch a plane to get back to Sydney, Rick was staying an extra day on business. Phil and Chris lead the way in the DB4 Aston Martin carrying my suitcase, then Ricky and I in the DBR2. We followed Phil and Chis to the airport, saying farewell. Hearing the sound of the two Astons disappearing into the distance as they left the Adelaide airport..

Another great weekend of memories – Thank you all in South Australia and especially Phil, Chris and Rick



Boy Racer - a short Story by Stephen Knox

Something that has interested me since retiring has been writing short stories. I enjoy entering competitions and have had a few of my works published, not as winners yet, but as 'runners up'.

The most recent completion – it closed in mid-June so the results have not yet been announced – was called 'Times Past'. Entrants had to write a story of fiction with a maximum of 1500 words, based on an historic event in Australia's past. I chose the 1928 running at Phillip Island of what became the first Australian Grand Prix. The story had to have a rider of up to 100 words that explained what the story was based on and that follows the tale.

Remember, this is a fictionalised version of the actual event. Drivers' names and the cars they drove are true but the race was actually run as two timed events, not one as my story suggests.

I thought you might be interested in what other members get up to in their spare time.

Boy Racer by Stephen Knox©

The ropes on the ship's derrick groaned as they took the weight and the magnificent racing car began to rise from the deck as if being inflated with helium.

"Close ya mouth, young fella. You'll be swallerin' flies if ya not careful," the old man said to Stuart. The lad realised he was gawking as this mechanical wonder inched its way down to the wooden wharf. It was Terdich's Bugatti, the first entry to arrive on Phillip Island for the Hundred Mile Race due to start the following Monday. It was 1928 and automobile racing was starting to attract a public following.

Stuart McDonald was a smart kid although not in a going-to-school kind of way. All he wanted to do was build cars to race at speedways he'd read about, places like Brooklands in England and Indianapolis in America. Stuart's father ran a mechanic's workshop in Cowes and his son began an apprenticeship with McDonald Motors the day after he left school. His dad had given him an old Austin. "It's yours Stu but ya gotta get it goin'". By his fourteenth birthday he'd stripped it, got it going and was terrorising the locals. Constable Cleaver's regular visits to Stuart's father always began, "Nev, he's a good kid but if I ever catch 'im, I'll have to book 'im. I'll 'ave no choice."

Neville McDonald, who was secretly proud of his son's exploits, would say, "I know Col. I'll talk to 'im." But he never did.

The Light Car Club of Victoria had proposed a race on the island and the council agreed. A rectangular 6½ mile course was chosen and work began on converting bush tracks to a racing circuit, although few could tell the difference.

In the days following the Bugatti's arrival, five teams established their bases at McDonald Motors. From early morning to well after dark, voices struggled to be heard over revving engines.

Saturday was set aside for practice and when Bill Williamson invited Stuart to join the team as general factotum, he could hardly speak. Soon after dawn, the ragtag entourage set off from the workshop, Bill and his riding mechanic, Bertie Heffernan in the Riley, followed by Stuart in his father's Model T truck carrying spare tyres, oil, water and cans of fuel.

The Riley was one of the first cars out on the track while Stuart set up a rudimentary garage. Five laps in and Bill reported difficulty selecting gears. After a quick check and some more fuel he went out again.

The dust seemed impenetrable even though council had spread oil on the corners. They'd graded the surface, but potholes remained and over crests, in thick dust, cars were airborne, their drivers steering blind.

Disaster struck on the third lap after the refuelling stop. As Bill crested a rise, the car jumped out of gear. The narrow wheels of the little Riley became stuck in a rut and the car clouted an embankment, throwing Bertie from his seat. He landed heavily, catching his leg awkwardly under him. Later he told the doctor he heard it snap.

The ambulance took Bertie to the facility in Cowes where he was cast in plaster from ankle to thigh. With two days to the race, he was out.

Back at the workshop, under flickering kerosene lamps, father and son repaired the Riley's gearbox and had it back in the car by 10pm. It had been a long, tiring day.

As they were packing up, Bill called Stuart over. "Bertie's out of action, Stu and I need a riding mechanic. How would you feel about taking his place?"

"I'd love to, Mr Williamson. I'd love to. Only thing is," Stuart stammered, "I've never raced before."

"I'll tell you a secret - neither have I." He laughed and slapped Stuart on the back. "I'll tell you another secret. Nobody in this event has raced before. Oh, except Arthur Waite in the Austin 7. You're in good company Stu! And call me Bill."

"I know the track, Mr Will... sorry.. Bill," Stuart gabbled. "I can beat Constable Cleaver around it."

The sun struggled to make an impression on race day as an Antarctic wind blew across the island. McDonald Motors emptied as roaring racers and trucks laden with fuel and spare parts made their way to the circuit. They shared the roads with a throng of spectators on foot, on horseback, on push bikes and motorcycles and in probably every car on the island. Stuart felt as if everyone was looking at him in the racing car and they probably were.

They were allocated a spot in the paddock and had completed their preparations when the tannoy called cars to the circuit. The little engine fired into life with an ear-splitting scream and they eased their way out.

That's when Stuart saw his nemesis, Constable Colin Cleaver. When Cleaver spied the youngster in the Riley he stopped in his tracks and walked briskly towards the car, wagging his finger in that 'come here' fashion.

"Gotcha. I've been lookin' for you. Come 'ere," the policeman said.

Stuart's heart sank.

As Cleaver approached, a broad smile split his stern looks. He patted Stuart on the head and said, "'arf yer luck, young fella,'" adding, "Do yer dad proud," before walking back to the starting line.

At 11:00am, the starter's flag dropped and the four smaller cars were off. Bill fluffed the start and was fourth into the first corner, eating dust, in spite of kerchiefs tied over their mouths and noses.

Bill knew the faster cars would soon be snapping at his heels and at 11.05, the hounds were released. He was determined to get into the lead and powering out of Gentle Ann Corner, he passed one of the little French DFPs. Its driver was hunched over the steering wheel, willing his car to go faster while stealing a look at the passing Riley. Stuart waved. The DFP driver didn't wave back.

The next car Bill picked off was the Amilcar that had been garaged at McDonald Motors. They almost collided. The dust at that part of the circuit was especially dense and as the Riley sped around the corner, the little blue Amilcar was sliding, broadside across the track with the Riley's radiator a few feet from the co-driver's door. Only Bill's skill and some good fortune saved them from a crash. Stuart's last sight of the blue car was of it rolling backwards off the track.

One of Stuart's jobs was to watch out behind and tap the driver's shoulder when an overtaking car loomed into view through the dust. It was so thick in one place that the first he knew another car was behind them was when it clipped the Riley's tail, sending it into a slide. Bill's arms flailed as he saved his car from disaster and the Morris passed by.

Soon all eighteen cars were on the circuit and the little Riley was rarely alone amongst other flying, sliding, skidding cars. After the incident with the Morris, Stuart was extra vigilant. Even so, it wasn't the sight of Arthur Terdich's Bugatti that startled him, but the sound like ripping canvas and the intoxicating smell of hot castor oil as it roared past. As quickly as it arrived, it was gone in a dust storm.

They were approaching the part of the circuit known as The Needle's Eye when Stuart sensed trouble. He noticed a difference in the dust ahead, like a rain cloud amongst cumulus and he tapped his driver rather harder than necessary, indicating a move to the right. Nothing Stuart had ever done before was as important as that instruction. Jack Day's Bugatti had speared off the track, mown down a dozen stout eucalyptus saplings and come to rest back in the centre of the road. Bill swerved right, just grazing the damaged car. The Riley, lightly wounded, raced on.

With two hours fifteen minutes gone, the Riley crew knew the finishing line was only minutes away. Bill had driven well and Stuart's vigilance had prevented certain disaster, but they were in a gaggle of cars all out to win. On Hell Corner they slipped under Barney Dentry's Seneschal to move up to third in class. A mile further on they glimpsed Les Pound's DFP. They were driving blind in the dust but Bill knew that Pound was too. Bill bluffed a move to the left and Pound followed, blocking the Riley. Bill was ready for that and swerved right, passing the French car as its driver was committed to a line he couldn't leave. Stuart spied a fist being shaken as they raced past. He smiled.

Just after 1:17pm the flying Riley crossed the line, twelfth overall and second in Class B.

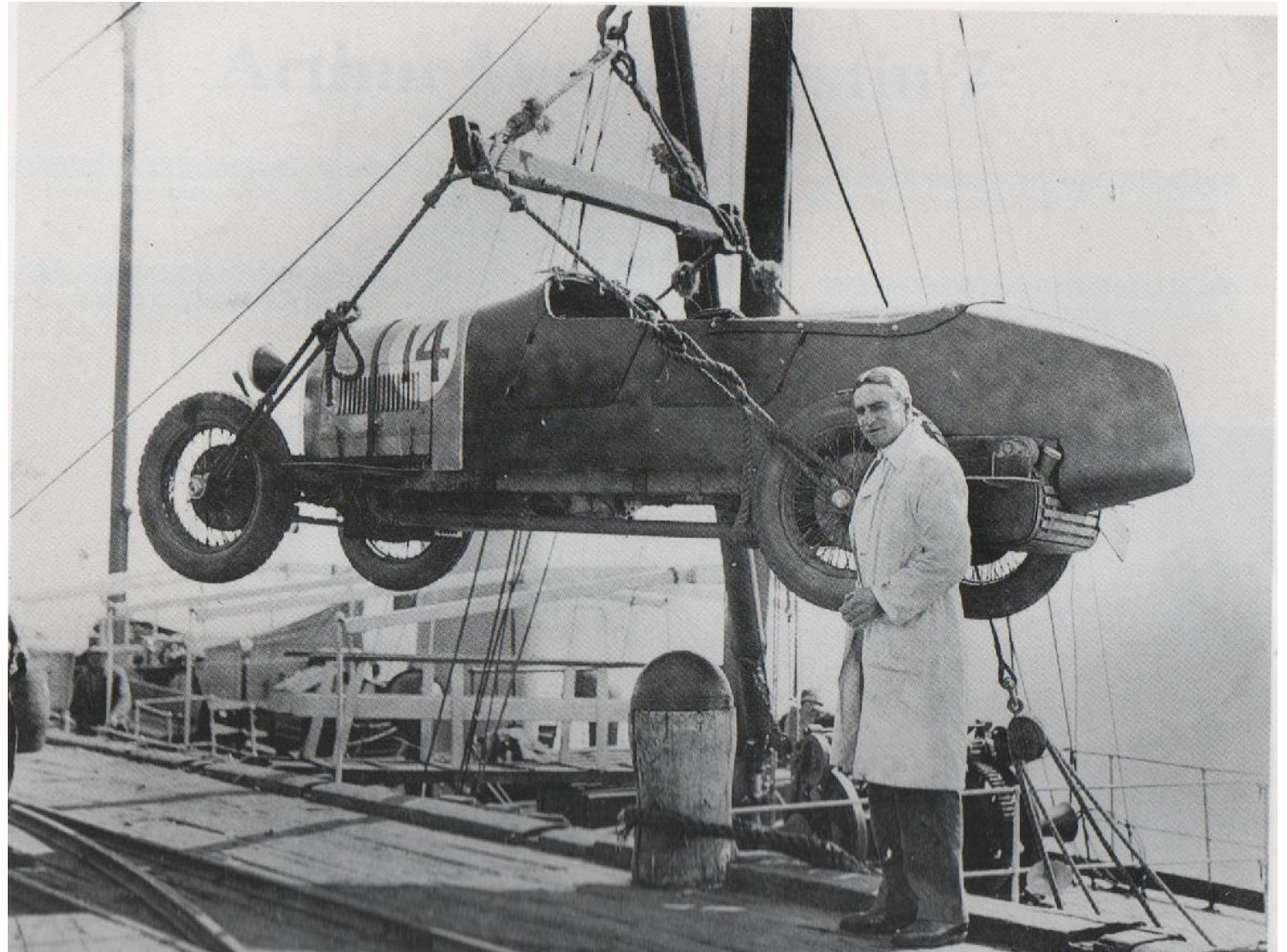
Stuart was hooked. As they pulled into the pits, Bill said, "Well done son. You're a natural."

"Thanks Bill. Err, Bill..."

"What is it son?"

"Have you ever thought of racing the car at Brooklands or Indianapolis?"

First held in March 1928, the Australian Grand Prix is arguably the third oldest continually contested national Grand Prix in the world. Initially called the Hundred Mile Race, it was held on Phillip Island at the mouth of Western Port Bay, Victoria. It was the first road race for cars in Australia. Run as a time trial, it was won by Adelaide-born Arthur Waite driving an Austin 7, specially imported from England. (Waite had married the daughter of motor manufacturer, Herbert Austin. He was the only entrant who had previously competed in a motor race.)



Star/s on unreasonably priced cars



The End

