DORSET AUSTIN SEVEN CLUB NEWSLETTER AUGUST 1983

Hello again. Having wondered if summer would ever come I expect all of you were pleased with a blazing July. I believe all kinds of records for heat, hours of sunshine and rainless days have been broken.

The pleasing thing for me was to see people enjoying themselves on these long summer days and to revel in motoring with the 7 roof and screen open.

With people on holiday I have had no input from the members so this issue features more of Tom Newsome’s travels and other borrowings. Now that you have enjoyed your holiday I hope you will find time to put pen to paper.

July saw Beaulieu 83 National Rally and the Hurn Air Pageant take place, both excellent events with the Beaulieu rally being much more interesting when combined with the museum action day. There have of course been more events that many of you will have attended, perhaps somebody out there will let me have a report on their favourite event so far this summer.

It seems that Henrietta was featured on the TV during July in a 'South Today' item, fame at last!

I was very sorry to miss the Little Gore Farm event, regrettably I didn’t know it was on.

Happy Sunbathing,

George

EVENTS CALENDAR

THURSDAY 18th AUGUST Club Night. Meet at The Dormers for a run to The Drovers Inn at Gussage All Saints. Leave 8.00 p.m. sharp.

SAT/SUN 20th 21st AUGUST Longbridge Rally. 22/30th AUGUST Camping holiday North Wales. Contact G. Llewellyn or G. Munn for details.

27/28/29th AUGUST Piddle-in-the-hole run Bristol Club:A7C

4th SEPTEMBER Midland A7 Club. Stamford Hall Rally.

SUNDAY 4th SEPTEMBER Club mystery run. Leave Wimborne Square 10.30 a.m. VERY SHARP WE WILL NOT WAIT

FRI/SAT/SUN 9/ 11th SEPTEMBER Great Steam Working Stourpaine Bushes, Blandford.

1st SEPTEMBER COMMITTEE MEETING AT TYRRELLS FORD 8.30 p.m.

THURSDAY 15th SEPTEMBER Club Night Dormers, details to be advised.

SUNDAY 18th SEPTEMBER Cheltenham Lions Cox's Meadow Rally and Boot Sale. 750 MC Western Centre. Applications to G. Phillips, 27 Walkmill Lane Kingswood, Wooton under Edge, Glos.

THURSDAY 22nd SEPTEMBER Committee Meeting.

TOM NEWSOME, WORLD TRAVELLER

Tom is currently in Malaya, en route to Singapore. However, here is a follow on from the last newsletter.

9.12.82

Well, I went to the Yugoslav border at Albania near Filograd and asked, so they asked me for the documents and let me out of Yugoslavia. I crossed into Albania where they came to check my documents. Passport? I gave them it. I kept my eye on the armed soldier. Visa? I shook my head. He smiled and rotated his index finger, indicating a U-turn. I had to get out to start the car, but I said well at least I've seen Albania (all I will do) and have set foot on Albanian soil. He laughed, I said to the soldier who clearly didn't understand English, you mind you don't let that thing off. Guns are dangerous! Asked the chief if I could take a photo but he said I couldn't. It was all very friendly and polite - and in a strange sort of way, enjoyable.

I returned to Yugoslavia where the barrier raised automatically and headed for Greece, going round Albania. I decided to take a couple of mountain passes, God knows why they bother marking them on the map, all 2nd and 3rd gear stuff through the Jresnievik Pass and even 1st gear in places. Took me all day to get to Andrijevica. Then a very good road to Murino. There I stopped in a really bad room above the bar for the night. Next day was another very hilly climb through the Cakor pass - 1849 metres. Gave a bloke a lift. It was very snowy, hilly and cold. Stopped for a coffee (Turkish). Just before the coffee house was a road junction and a primitive bridge. A horse and cart was going to cross, so I waited. Thinking of filming it but didn't, wish I had because the fellow on the back sat on a piece of polythene sheet and slipped off - dozy bugger. I honked to let the horseman know but he kept on going and the chap running as fast as he could behind with a limp. In Peoe at last found a petrol station. Almost empty now and used the spare in the can. No Regular, so took 10 litres of Super. Bit drizzly, got the road for Pristina but was stopped by the Milicija. They went through everything from Diary to Eggbox. Why was I with cameras? To photograph your beautiful country I said. I was not impressed by them.

Several stops at petrol stations but failed to get Regular Benzine. Eventually I got petrol at Skopje. There I stopped at Hotel Jadran. Guess what - no ruddy plug for the basin!! Strange place.

Had a great crowd round Egbert - could hardly move. Was invited to a table with Stefanovski Voislav who kept a bottle of home­made wine under the table and kept filling the glasses when no-one was looking. They must have thought our wine lasted all evening. There was quite a to do when another bloke got caught doing it -- and he got chucked out. Of course, we were in full agreement with the management. Quite disgusting! then filled the glasses again when they looked the other way.

Awoke to find all my washing dry on the radiators. Had to raid a laundry cupboard as they hadn't provided towels! Left and made for Greece. Crossed border having then completed 5011 miles. Kept going all day and got to Thessalonica. Had expected so much more of the Greek people. On the road they are crazy and every day I think 'If I hear another car horn'. They block junctions up due to a stupid selfishness and no-one can move and everyone is blowing their hooters. It's unbelievable. Got to a hotel and inspected the room. O.K. but NO PLUG! She offered another room with a plug (it wasn't so good, so I whipped the plug and went to the first room)

Next day outside the hotel, I met a lad from Liverpool. Richard Headey. We went for a coffee together. He'd cycled to Greece. We spent all day together looking round the sites of Thessalonica. By the end of the day we agreed to travel on together as a team as we both got on so well. We dismantled his bike and tied it on the back and left for Athens that evening. Found a desolate hotel and in the shadows saw the hotelier with a double barrel shotgun unlocking the door to us. He turned out OK and we learned some Greek from him before turning in. Next day we got to Athens. If Richard was to do the trip, then he would need visas and injections, and his passport needed renewing. All these formalities took place in the next couple of days or so and we stopped at the Youth Hostel in Athens. At the Embassy we met an English girl who was married to a Greek who offered to store his 'bundle of bike' whilst away. Everything seemed to fit like a jigsaw and I'm pleased to say that as time has passed we appeal to be each of the right temperament for it to work successfully. The next boat crossing to Alexandria is on 16th December so there were a few days to spend in Greece. On the way to Corinth, Egbert went over an enormous hole in the road and the front offside mudguard bottomed and has ripped the main support and side light out. Funnily enough just as I was leaving Athens, a Greek stopped me and said, if you needed any repairs in Egypt here's an address in Alexandria. It looks as though I'll get the sidelight sorted there. It was very annoying as it was a so-called motorway, and of course you have to pay to go on these QUALITY roads.

We've been round Corinth and now we've made it to Olympia (13th December) so tomorrow we'll have a look around before returning to Athens and Pireus. I did incidentally look round the Acropolis. Amazing place! I'll return to take a few photo's before I leave.

Cairo. Youth Hostel,

Egypt.

27th December 1982

Hi folks,

Damn it, I couldn’t record in my diary where I last wrote. Well, I assume it was after Thessalonica 'cause I met Richard there. Forgive me if I recap any. Richard and I got to Athens and stayed at the Youth Hostel. Now Athens has about 4 million people in it and I reckon they've each got several cars which they all drive at once. That would explain the atrocious driving and the volume of traffic. They are an inconsiderate race - push, push, push. Consequently, they block junctions up when it is impossible for them to go on so the lights change and the other traffic tries to move - yes forcing and filtering through the blockage. But this makes things worse and the lights change again. All this is accompanied by the continuous sound of car horns and they sound them for any reason whatsoever – and at any time of the day and night. Need I dwell on this subject? I hated their way of life. They are far too aggressive. Of course they loved my car etc. We travelled on to Olympia and Corinth while we waited for the next crossing on the 16th Dec. to Alexandria. On one of the days I fixed new linings to the rear brakes. It took a long time doing each wheel by the pavement, rivetting by hand. Also arranged replacement linings by telephone with John Platts of Bristol. You may be aware that he has sponsored me with components very well and as changing linings is awkward I asked him if he could let me have a couple of shoes ready done. He said he'd send a set of 8!! Four of them duly arrived at Athens Poste Restante, with a note that the other four and a fresh Austin Seven Sticker would be sent to Cairo (the last one was stolen by a souvenir hunter).

Olympia was very interesting and Old Corinth too. On the way there, on the toll road (Motorway?) it, was evening and an enormous hole in the ground came upon us - at 35 mph! One hell of a crash but kept on the road. Heaven above knows how!

I didn't break a kingpin or burst the tyre. It wasn't until camp that I discovered that the mudguard my side had bottomed, and the wheel had ripped the main support forward 6 inches sheering the sidelight mounting and wrinkling the headlamp reinforcement tab - and that is on a road you have to pay to go on. Two days earlier Yanni Theodorakis had stopped by the car and asked us to call in on 'his lads' who ran a garage in Alexandria. Not relations but he had trained them. We said we'd call but we were wanting for nothing. Now it turned out that his offer was going to be useful.

We sailed from Pireus on the 16th at about 11 o'clock at night due to arrive in Alexandria around 7 a.m. on the 18th. It was a very smooth crossing most of the time. The crew was Italian and only accepted lire. The loading was interesting, run by a bunch of amateurs in my opinion. Egyptians were employed for these lesser tasks, I think. Having got the car on, Richard and I were told to get out immediately and back via the quay to the cabins. I wanted to take certain items in bags already prepared, but their panic was unbelievable. Hustled out, I kept trying to tell them my passport was in the door panel. Eventually they listened and had to let me back in to get it. It only took a couple of minutes but caused nearly 10 minutes hassle. Oh - and one passenger was running from his car along the ramp to get out but they started the hydrau­lics and the ramp was rising to the ceiling, so the poor chap nearly got crushed. They were all howling and waving their arms furiously, but he survived.

Before unloading, the Egyptian Customs arrived on board and checked us all against the black list - volumes of them in alphabetical order. Thank goodness our names are not too common and there was no confusion. Unloading was just as bizarre as loading, only the drivers were hopeless in reverse. It's a good job we all drive our own cars. Egbert was thus reversed up the steep ramp and put on the quayside. The customs and paraphernalia took a couple of hours and they issued some Egyptian Reg. plates so EG 3704 is now covered by CH ALX 25404

Let me skip a few days and tell you Richard and I went into Alexandria separately for sightseeing, shopping, etc. and arranged to meet at Montazah, 10 km up the coast. The plan misfired, and we missed one another, but on the way back, I was travelling on a wide section of dual carriageway - the only car in the area when bang!! A car had hit the near mudguard of Egbert just behind the running board. There was enough room for 4 cars at that place! I stopped to see the damage, I tried to catch his number, but the English numbers are small and the Arabic difficult to catch quickly. Now you understand. He shot off at maniac speed. I doubted his parentage and drove home disgruntled. At the hostel an Egyptian was horrified when I told him. He rushed out to see the crushed metal, but consoled me with, it's OK - the car will still work! That was the sort of sympathy I could well do without at that time. 30 minutes later the local tin basher arrived to offer his services for free, crude but an improvement and he oiled the naked metal to stop it rusting!

Back to the arrival. As we proceeded from the docks we were hailed by everyone with the words WELCOME - ENGLISH - WELCOME. Car horns blaring with approval. And that's how it is here. So much so that I'm getting tired of the greetings, even though they are meant well. Nevertheless, a good contrast in mentality to the Athenians. Went to Fouad and Abdou's garage for the front wing and he said I could fix it there. They helped me a lot on the Monday and told me no charge. When the wing was removed I got the 2-inch tear welded and all re-bolted back and the main support sorted out. There's no paint around the weld, I'll have to wait to civilization for that I think but it doesn't look amiss for now.

The air filter duly fitted is very necessary now as the dust level is extremely high. While the wing was being done there were many 'helpers' and one helped himself to my movie camera. Fortunately, I'd removed the film as it was used up only hours before. But now my camera is vital, so I had to replace it. Not many shops here for that sort of thing so I've splashed out money I cannot afford, 395 Egyptian Pounds!! It caused me a lot of hassle and heartache and I was without movie from Alexandria to Cairo.

We left Alexandria and arrived in Cairo on the 23rd December. We took the Desert Road which was quite beautiful in its own way.

 Then it came to the crunch, back at the car. Just give something for the guard please - anything you have sir. I found 25 piastres and thanked him profusely. Today we met a really green tourist who was given similar treatment (except for seeing the skull) and they charged him 10 pounds! And he paid without bartering. Even this rag-head thanked me for 25 piastres (though he was hoping for a lot more). One of the problems was that we did not want to reveal our wallets.

One of the wonders of the pyramids we found when we went in them was that some of the chambers were carved from a single block. Yes! a complete chamber about 30 feet long and 10 feet wide and 10 feet high, with one small entrance (inside measurements) had been hollowed out from one enormous block of stone and placed in position. Also, there was a passage way quite steep and long which too had been made from a single block. How did they do it? And they did it with such precision

We spent a few hours in the museum and saw the treasures of the tombs. There was so much to see, we could have spent several days there. One of the things which reminds us of where we are is the mosquito bites, And as I write this, Richard tells me there is one on my neck. You can't feel the little blighters settle, but they leave their mark. We have started taking our malaria tablets but the ones in this area are not infected so we are told.

A local drink is sugar cane. They pass the sticks through metal rollers and the juice runs down into the bucket underneath. The can is very dusty and it all gets washed by the juice. We've tasted it. This comes in the category of 'very suspect food'. The effect of VSV is more dramatic than a gallon of Andrews Liver Salts. We've decided that there are three categories. Suspect, Very Suspect and Extremely Suspect. I think that to eat Extremely Suspect food you might as well go and bite a rabid dog. Most Egyptians have bad eyes. This we are told is caused by bilhartsia (don't know how its spelt, but pronounced BILL HARTSEYA whoever he is). There is a microorganism in the water of the stagnant pools around the Nile which, if you get in contact with your skin, it enters and plays havoc. Lots of the farmers have it. 'Incidentally one lad at the Youth Hostel saw a dead horse in one of the water ways of the Nile a few days ago. You can lead a horse to water but make it better again.

We are now on our way to Luxor to the Valley of the Kings and that is probably where we will be for the New Year. Before I close, let me say that it is very easy to get used to sights and forget that they are abnormal to the western world. When I think about them I was surprised to see the women and men carry things on their heads perfectly balanced. Even ride bicycles with enormous parcels balanced on them. Many wear pyjamas all day long and have nothing on their feet. Many do their washing at the river bank, plates and pans or clothes and walk back with them balanced as I described. Buses are packed with excessive numbers 80 or 90, I guess. People steal rides on the outside of vehicles and motorcycles - I have seen with 4 people on them. These were things I expected to see in India rather than Egypt. I have seen hand operated Archimedean screws being turned to bring water from the canal up to an irrigation waterway. The Egyptians seem to build things but NEVER maintain them. When something is worn out here, it is absolutely useless.

I'll Close Now.

I understand from Tom's mum that he rang from Cairo and to date has covered 6946 miles – that’s not bad going is it, especially in a 7? She also had a call from a Philip Cotterill, London, who had been cycling around and having met up with Tom and Richard, spent a few days with them, and said that Tom, Richard and Egbert were all looking well.

I bet when Richard set out on his 'bike ride' he was prepared for most things, but never expected to be bound for Australia in an Austin. I wonder if he has yet discovered 'it’s better on a bike'?

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MEMBERSHIP REPORT

No new members this month, just a change of address to report: - Jimbo and Mary Clenaghan have moved to 12, Cornford Way, Highcliffe, Dorset.

Glyn.

FOR SALE

RUBY CHASSIS SOUND CONDITION OFFERS

3 RUBY WHEELS OFFERS

RUBY PROP SHAFT OFFERS

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Gary Munn Bournemouth 745951

TECHNICAL TIPS

Borrowed from various newsletters with thanks and acknowledgment to the clubs mentioned.

Technical Tips from the Midland A7C.

Little Squirts:

I remembered whilst attempting to rebuild an engine recently that Jack French mentioned the lining-up of the oil jets, in a recent A7CA mag. He says turn them in 20 degrees towards the crank centre-line to increase the period during which oil is squirting into the troughs in the crank webs. Mike Forrest says 30 degrees. So you take your choice. I used a piece of steel rod drilled to fit over the jet and bend slowly. First clean up the end of the jet where someone has undoubtedly walloped it trying to get the crank out previously. As Jack mentions, the two troughs in each web probably don't line up in a lateral direction, and the jets don't squirt where they are apparently aimed, mainly due to the aforementioned wallop. So you will need to test them out with a suitable wire and reach a compromise.

Thread Bare.

The block I was hoping to use had five oversize studs on top, indication a ham-fisted mechanic with an overlarge spanner. Martin Eyre, A7 racer, suggests a mere 12 lbs. torque here which won't strip anything. He also says 18 lbs. is enough for the big end bolts.

2. A7OC LONDON ON DYNAMOS

Whilst on a 'technical' subject, I mentioned to one of the other Kent Mob that I had never seemed to be able to get the "Summer half-charge' switch to work, despite a strip down and clean of the switch-panel, and one look inside the engine compartment was enough for him to tell me that for 20 years I'd had the wrong dynamo (obvious isn't it). So, if anybody is having similar difficulties, have a Iook around for two "resister coils". These are two coils of wire about 1½ " long, just under ½” dia. connected. Together (?) at each end and will either be positi­oned on top of the dynamo with a fuse, or as part of the cut­out. Sometimes a bodge has been achieved by connecting the two terminals on the dynamo with a "certain size" bit of metal. The other thing I discovered was that on the other dynamos in my possession there is a screw which, when loosened allows adjustment of the third brush. On the dynamo with the fuse box on top there is no such screw. Apparently, the magic brush is sprung loaded and it is possible to move it, but expect it to

