DORSET A7 CLUB MAY NEWSLETTER 1983

Hello Everyone,

Feast or famine seems to apply to editors lives! It is great to report that this month we have plenty of reader contribu­tions. Two reports of the now annual French trip at Easter, comment on the Daffodil run and some sales items.

At the committee meeting before our last club night I suggested we try Feely Bags, it seemed nobody knew what I was talking about. Well that's all past. The club met in the Saddle bar as our normal room was not available and we had a really full house! Everyone, who attended now know what 'Feely Bags' are! We had a good laugh at people trying to guess what various items in sealed bags were, by feel only. Pat Llewellyn won the ladies prize and John Page the gents prize, well done to both of them.

The next club meeting at Dormers is on Thursday 19th May and we are very grateful to the Swanage Railway Co. who are sending along a guest speaker to give an illustrated talk.

That’s all from me. I regret that I won’t see you club night as am away in Birmingham for the week.

George

Letters to the Editor

Dear George,

Re: Daffodil Run

Having heard from our members who supported this run and started from Stockbridge I was absolutely appalled at the tight-fisted attitude of the Bean Car Club in not presenting them with the usual Rally plaque.

For the extortionate entry fee of £3.50 our members were treated to tea at the Bournemouth Pavilion which I presume is also subsidised by Bournemouth Corporation in appreciation of the publicity brought to the town. If the Bean Car Club is in financial difficulty I can see the short-sighted attitude of charging a high fee to its entrants, wrong as it would be. Of course, one must bear in mind that a plaque costs about 50p.

I must stress that these comments are purely my own and not necessarily those of the entire DA7C although I have had some pretty caustic comments from some of the Rally entrants. I will certainly not be supporting this run again until the rules are changed.

Derek Munn

Chairman DA7C

(Ed, Comment. I understand the points made and agree with the sentiments expressed but Joy and I do enjoy the Daffodil run and look forward to this the first rally of the year. Pity about the weather yet again!)

EVENTS CALENDAR

SAT/SUN 14/15th MAY Braemore Rally

THURSDAY 19th MAY Club Night. Dormers. A guest Speaker on the subject of the Swanage Steam Railway Co. Don’t miss it

THURSDAY 26th MAY . Committee Meeting Dormers.

FRIDAY 27th MAY CAMPING FOR SPRING BANK HOLIDAY

27/28/29/30th MAY 1983 COTSWOLDS CAMPING WEEKEND

Camping will be at Leedons Park, Childswickham Road, Broadway, Worcs. Unfortunately, sites that accept tents in this area are few and far between. However, this site is fully equipped with showers, laundry, heated swimming pool, shop etc. but booking is essential. The basic camping fee is £3.00 per night (car, tent & 2 people). It is compulsory to book for the 3 nights (Fri. Sat. & Sun.) over the Bank Holiday. If you are interested in joining the Club for the weekend please ring Richard Cressey (096 322 526) as soon as you receive this newsletter, as the campsite would like to receive our bookings about 2 weeks before the Bank Holiday. To reach the campsite, take the 1st turning left on leaving the village of Broadway, marked A46 to Cheltenham & also to Winchcombe, then 1st right just past the garage (also on the right). The site is a short distance down this road on the left. There are camping signs at each junction.

28/29/30th MAY SCRUMPY run Bristol A7 Club.

5th JUNE WOOLATON PARK rally NOTTINGHAM PWA7C

5th JUNE Club run to Hawk Conservancy, Andover, Depart Ringwood Cattle Market 10.00 a.m.

SAT/SUN 11/12th JUNE CALDICOT RALLY. Contact Events committee.

SUN. 12th JUNE Attingham Park Rally PWA7C. Shrewsbury Severn Sevens

THURSDAY 16th JUNE Club night. P.M. run to FLEUR DE LYS CRANBORNE. DEPART 8 p.m. SHARP from DORMERS.

SAT/SUN 18/19th JUNE BERKLEY CASTLE RALLY. Contact events committee.

THURSDAY 23rd JUNE COMMITTEE MEETING. DORMERS

SATURDAY 25th JUNE Evening run to Sir Walter Tyrell pub at Cadnam. Depart Ringwood cattle market 7.30 p.m.

SUNDAY 26th JUNE Wings & Wheels, Shepton Mallet Showground. Entry details from B. Cowley.

SAT. 2nd JULY Pre-Beaulieu Barbecue.

SUN. 3rd JULY 21st National A7 Rally. 750 M/C.

SUNDAY 10th JULY Club run to Warbarrow Bay. Picnic no Pub stop. Bring your own. Depart Wimborne Square 10 a.m.

SUNDAY 17th JULY BOURNEMOUTH AIR PAGEANT. STATIC DISPLAY, INTERESTED PARTIES PLEASE CONTACT B. COWLEY.

THURSDAY 21st JULY CLUB NIGHT. DORMERS.

FRI – SUN 22/23/24th JULY NETLEY MARSH STEAM RALLY MEADOW FARM. SOUTHAMPTON

THURSDAY 28th JULY COMMITTEE MEETING. DORMERS.

22/30th AUGUST HOLIDAY RUN CAMPING NORTH WALES further details G. LLEWELLYN or G. MUNN

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EDITOR’S OTHER BIT

As there is plenty of copy this issue I am holding back on the continued saga of HENRIETTA and TOM NEWSOME’S travels.

I note from an official SOLEX publication that a carburettor suited for the A7 is type 26 FVGTSS. Choke 19 MAIN 82.5 x 40 B PILOT 055 AIR JET GA 2 Petrol Jet GS 10

No other 'cars we own' stories to hand yet.

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SPARES REPORT

Sales have been ticking over during the last few months and it is expected to inject some more club finance aimed at increasing our coverage - perhaps a long and short half shaft would be worth adding? Any ideas welcome! If any members come across A7 spares in bulk (not bulky secondhand spares!) we may be able to arrange finance if the items would prove fast moving. Let Phil Whitter know on Ringwood 5558.

Ruby windscreen seals are back in stock and we have just received a fresh delivery of most other items held.

A BIG THANKYOU

From time to time we receive kind donations from club members towards funds. These usually take, the form of items for the club to sell. For certain reasons we are not always able to name the person concerned however this month I would like to thank Terry Jefferies for kindly donating five superb A7 prints in frames for us to sell. The proceeds from this sale (we have sold them all) will be used for spares trays to make my transport problems easier - many thanks Terry. One good turn deserves another so don't forget to use Milton Glass Co. for all your glazing requirements.

See you club night,

PHIL WHITTER

SERVICES

MUNWELLYNS - A7 Mechanical Repairs and Restorations; All Work undertaken. Ring Glyn on New Milton 613080 or Gary on Bmth.745951

Austin Seven Brake Relining Service

Set of 8 shoes, any year (Exchange Service). £15.25

Clutch linings and rivets 19/23/36. £ 8.50

Clutch linings Borg & Beck 193619. £ 8.50

Exchange Borg & Beck clutch plate 1936/9 £10.50

All prices include postage and VAT

Service by return of post from: Bernard Cowley, 232, Rempstone R ad, Merley, Wimborne, Dorset.

Wimborne 887666

Mig Spot and Gas Welding by skilled technician done at your home by arrangement or in Workshop. Contact Chris Smith at Ringwood 78066.

Car trailer for Hire. If you need a car too this can be arranged with or without driver. Competitive rates. Contact Chris Smith on Ringwood 78066.

WANTED

ANY SORT OF 33/34 BODY FOR A FLAT CHASSIS. TEL. FRED BAILEY on BH. 33249

SALES

2 x 5.25 x 16 TYRES AND TUBES IN NEW CONDITION £15 PAIR RING MR. SHERRAT CORFE CASTLE 480142

A VIDEO FILM COMPRISING 10 AUSTIN FILMS IS AVAILABLE DIRECT FROM JOE SPALTER, 9, ARDEN ROAD, LONDON N3 3AB. RUN TIME 110 min. VHS AND BETAMAX TYPES £25.00 post free U.K.

WANT A MIRROR RE-SILVERED? GET IN TOUCH WITH RICHARD COWELL ON GILLINGHAM 4102. GOOD WORK AND NOT EXPENSIVE HE SAYS.

FOR SALE

1930 SHORT CHASSIS WITH UNCOUPLED BRAKES. STEERING BOX COMPLETE WITH STEERING WHEEL & LEVERS. REDUCTION GEAR STARTER; FUEL TANK; RADIATOR SURROUND; RADIATOR BRACKETS; FIVE AUSTIN CENTERED WHEELS; FRONT & BACK SHOCK ABSORBERS; CRANKCASE; OIL BUTTON; BACK AXLE - SCREW-IN TORQUE TUBE TYPE; FRONT SEALS; FRONT & BACK WINGS. COMPLETE WITH LOG BOOK (DATE OF ORIGINAL REGISTRA­TION 28th FEBRUARY 1930) all SUITABLE FOR LATE CHUMMY. £400

RUBY CHASSIS WITH NUMBER PLATES; FRONT & REAR WINGS & ODD BITS, SUITABLE FOR SPECIAL. NO LOG BOOK £50 ono.

PAIR OF EARLY RUBY DOORS WITH WINDOW WINDERS & GLASS, VERY GOOD CONDITION £40

BOX SALOON BONNET £15

1932/33 TOURER WINDSCREEN, VERY GOOD CONDITION £60 1930/31 Radiator surround, screw on badge type £25

GENTS BICYCLE, CIRCA 1937 £15

RICHARD CRESSEY TEL. CORTON DENHAM 526

TRIP IN THE DARK \* OR \* A DRIP IN THE ARC

In the week preceding: -

All my spare time was spent digging out odd pieces of steel angle that one stuffs around the shed and behind piles of old tyres ­hoping that I could put together a decent luggage rack for the forth coming trip, four of us in a short box doesn't give much room to spare so the luggage rack was drawn up. By the Wednesday it was finished, lights, G.B. plate, and all!! By that evening I purchased a steel trunk (complete with lock), stripped and painted it, complete with union jack and matching blue luggage straps – I were dead chuffed. Jane had spent her odd moments making lists of things we should need - witch hazel, sickness tablets, tea bags, toilet rolls, sticky plasters, flasks etc., etc. I swear the list was two yards long in every room there was little piles of clothing neatly folded and plastic bags full of vital things that we would need if the boat sank!!

Friday afternoon, the trunk was strapped on the back - we packed the car twice then realised we had left the children out - so, everything was pulled out. This time we'll put them in first, followed by sleeping bags, blankets, tea pot, groceries, tools, jack, "Mum I can't see-" Marc cried, "Be brave" said Jane "Scott's in there with you!!" "Go and tell the neighbours we are off now" said Jane, this done, we left a note for the cat and fed the milkman. As we pulled out of the drive one of the locals enquired where we had got our low-profile radials.

We met Phil and Hilary at their place – Hilly was giving instructions and Phil was busy stuffing the car. Without further ado, we were on the road to Portsmouth, where we started our holiday by having a cuppa! Phil and I (with children) to the swing park (remember those great big old cast-iron slides with the polished brass run?!) - glad I wore my jeans.

Eventually we were joined by Jim and Mary (Tickford), John and Cynthia (Ruby), Richard and Margaret (Rosie with her large tea cup (Opal), a quick chat and away to the ferry terminal where we spied two other Sevens in the half mile queue ahead awaiting to board --WHAT A PICKLE!!

Phil, John and Jim had all driven alongside the waiting queue, directed to do so by some ...\*!?\*: to the front of the column. Richard and I had been travelling some distance behind and were told to join on the end of the queue. Apparently, someone had waved someone else down the wrong way, eventually three Sevens arrived back at the end of the queue with steam coming out of the windows! A further jumble ensued when they tried to round us up together at the side of the dock. This time they caught a different three plus a Morgan. Perhaps they thought it was a special!! After twenty minutes they gave up, and we were directed into the yawning hull of the boat, locking our cars and grabbing the children, and flasks of tea, hurrying to our respective recliners, the elite amongst us having cabins (they don't wear jeans!!) After finding our seats and kindly asking old ladies and company directors to vacate them, we unloaded our valuables, and had a welcome cuppa. For the next two hours everybody went in pairs to explore the flood lit decks of the ship which by now was on her way. Down Southampton Water, around the Isle of Wight. It could have been Timbuktu, but I think that’s left...

Later things start to roll and wallow and other things turn yellow and run outside and come back green, so a quick dose with the sickness tablets brings the colour back to a comparatively healthy pale grey!!

Have you heard enough yet...well there is more! Around one o'clock the lights are turned off leaving one lamp in each sleeping lounge and those who have not acquired recliners are busy finding niches where they can kip - under tables, on tables, under chairs, every passage way and spare space seems to be full of bodies, suitcases, and carrier bags. The black hole of Calcutta must have resembled this, me thinks. Amid all this chaos there must be 300 children between the age of 10 and 15. Some are bean- feasting, others playing stud poker and the remaining are playing stud with some floozie in a corridor somewhere!! We gathered this from exasperated schoolboy voices as they returned to recoup; and discuss their experiences.

After a terrible night, dawn breaks (I bet you’re glad - how do you think we felt!!) over our heavy eyelids and the cafe opens with a clatter of china and cooking utensils. Going out on deck we were greeted with the sight of St. Malo in the distance. At last! taking nine hours. We docked and were soon waiting in our cars for the bow doors to open and let us escape. Jane having lived the 'Poseidon Adventure' nine times over during the night. (Do you know the film...the one where the boat overturns in the night and they all float to the top!!)

Soon off the boat, we all assembled (8.45 a.m.) less Morgan, some 500 yards onto French soil. There we met for the first time, Les and Tonia, and her father Tony. Two-seat tourer and Box, from the Solent Club. Les we found out later is the local sea-food expert, well known by his ferret, cross Jack Russel hat, now we are seven! and away. Our first stop was to me the prettiest town of all, Dinan, with its 15th Century Tudor style buildings overhanging the narrow, cobbled streets. After some window gazing, coffee and croissant, plus a little shopping, we travelled on and on to Joselin and parked below the magnificent castle with the river Nantes meandering below. What a beautiful spot. Sitting in his car young Jim looked thoughtfully skyward and predicted better weather once we hit the coast. Photos taken, tea and snacks eaten, we travelled on and finally reached Carnac, (4.30 p.m.) our base for the next week. So far, the weather had been fair, but the roads bumpy, we must have bottomed the back end a dozen times. We had only 160 miles on the clock, but we were glad when we were shown our respective apartments, which, were better than expected with all the comforts of home. Oh! -for a cup of tea!

Sunday dawned, bright, it was decided we would do our own thing. Whitters and Whibleys joined forces, gathered wine, bread, cheese and, oh yes, the children and lunched on the wide beach, not unlike Sandbanks. Afterwards a long walk around. the shore-line, paddling and drinking more wine, followed by a visit to the large area of Megalith Stones, a local feature, like an enormous Stonehenge, but running in parallel lines, where more interest was paid to the sevens than the stones.

That evening we all gathered for a meal, after much wandering we eventually found our restaurant in Carnac (High Street) where we stayed for the evening.

Monday: a run to the Quiberon Peninsula was organised. Where Jane insisted she must have her photo taken outside a French café. We sat for a while drinking coffee and enjoying the sea views, while across the road other members of our party were enjoying other views on an overhead balcony.....! Lunch, wine and a spot of sun-worship on the beach, (life was slowing to the French way of taking at least 4 hours for lunch, as you can tell from how little we now have to say. Thank goodness for that, I hear you say..., but there is more...!)

Tuesday: the sky opened up and down it came, it was decided it was ‘do your own thing day’. Aurey was our choice, walking around, window shopping, Lunch taken in the quaint east quarter of the old town, buildings going back to 15th Century. Restored or being restored to their original form, with a large humped stone and cobbled bridge linking the old town with the new. Lunch was a disaster, due to lack of understanding between us and two waiters serving. Getting our meal after an hour but it was worth waiting for.

Wednesday: we travelled en masse to the new side of Aurey, peering in shop windows and being amazed at the high prices, especially clothing and footwear. Back to the cars and after two laps of the city centre with much waving from passersby we arrived at 'The Hypermarket', it was found to be necessary to have two sessions inside as once around was not enough!! The day was rounded off with an evening meal in a friendly country creperie, which we had to ourselves (bar two people - who soon found us too much to cope with and left!)

Thursday: amid showers a visit to Locmariaquer, the heavy gun emplacements protecting the harbour entrance and the dank underground quarters made one think of less tranquil days...

I bet you’re glad it’s Friday, and off the beaten track to picturesque Bona with its iron suspension bridge, high over the narrow estuary, lined with yachts and pretty stone cottages. Baden, where we were once more rained upon... Guess what, lunch and the wine followed by a long walk along the beach, and around the village. That evening, Jane and I (and children) went back to the same Creperie as Wednesday evening and were warmly greeted and ate our fill. On our departure we were given a glass of wine ­behind the bar – Mum came from the kitchen to join in a glass and showered with kisses from the two young daughters -- no males about - could do alright there!

Saturday: everybody’s up early packing (mostly bottles it seems) and checking out, eventually, leaving at around 10.30 a.m. Needless to say it rained all the way back to St Malo, which was our stop for the night. After finding our respective hotels, most of us explored the old town. Later in the evening we all met for our final meal in a steak and sea-food restaurant in the shadows of the old city wall, concluding the evening with a stroll around the ramparts to the delight of the children …wait for it … and so to bed... (nearly finished - honest!!)

Promise of better weather, it’s Sunday morning as we all met at the ferry terminal. (Might have known it would stop raining!). Everybody’s car looking a little low on the springs. Once on board we had little trouble obtaining seats and were more or less all together. Once unladen, we went on deck and watched the old port disappear - perhaps for another year? The sea stayed clear for maybe four hours but looking towards the bonnet end we could see great black storm clouds. Soon we were in heavy seas, a freighter passed our stern with waves hitting the bridge. It wasn’t long before that yellow feeling returned but Cynthia was on hand with the pills. We finally regained our confidence in sea travel when we docked at Portsmouth at around 7.30 p.m. After stocking up with duty frees, which some of us had gone over the limit on! (17 Bottles) But the customs were looking for bigger fish, although we all declared, we were allowed on our way without being charged.

After saying our goodbyes, we all headed for home - losing each other within two miles.

We'd clocked 520 miles = 3,650 between the seven of us - the only problems we had were one case of retarded ignition and another of a leaking manifold (Names withheld - under threat!) but it shows what a well-turned-out crew the DORSETS are. Jim was telling me on the way to Carnac that his car had never been over 45, but at one stage we were all cruising in convoy at that speed. Jim told me afterwards he had seen 49 come up on the speedo.

Yes, it’s drawing to a close!

Well, we are looking forward to the next trip but maybe a trailer, and I'm working on a pair of bolt-on wings and tail plane for the Seven....

A BIG THANK YOU TO JOHN AND CYNTHIA FOR A GREAT HOLIDAY

Dusty and Jane

Overlooked from last issue were congratulations to Sandra Llewellyn and her new husband Ray upon their recent wedding. 3 A7s in attendance.

Congratulations also to Debbie Munn who got married 7th May to Martin also 3 A7s in attendance and a lovely day for a happy occasion. I am sure you will all want to wish both couples long life and happiness.

A7 FRENCH HOLIDAY

I am not sure if anyone else has prepared a report on the holiday, but I thought as I enjoyed myself so much, I would write my version.

Seven A7s went on the holiday - John, Cynthia and their two. younger boys in the Ruby, Phil, Hilary and sons also in a Ruby, Dusty, Jane and boys in. their SWB. saloon, Jim and Mary Clenaghan in the Tickford, Les & Toni from the Solent Club in an Opal with Toni's father Tony in his LWB. saloon and finally Richard, Rosie and myself in the Pearl, on its first long distance trip.

Friday

We met the other Dorset, members at Southampton, so that we could travel to Portsmouth together. Those of us with children were well-laden, with John and Phil both carrying loads on the roof of their Rubies.

The boat was due to sail at 9.30 p.m. and at Portsmouth we met up with the two Solent cars. Phil and Hilary and Dusty and Jane had decided on Pullman seats for the crossing. The rest of us, having booked cabins, went off in search of our various numbers, hoping for a good night's sleep.

Saturday

After a rather choppy crossing (I know what they mean by "headbanging" now - mine came into contact with the end of the bunk several times), we arrived at St. Malo at about 8.00 a.m. to be greeted by rather a damp cold morning. With John as our leader, we headed south for our destination of Carnac on the Quiberon peninsular.

The first French oddity Richard and I spotted was a Peugeot car carrying a small Fiat on its roof-rack. Our first stop was at Dinan, where Richard, Rosie and I enjoyed a French breakfast. Dinan is typical of many Breton towns with a well-preserved old town adjoining the newer town. After breakfast, we wandered round the cobbled streets buying a few provisions for the day.

We headed south once again and John lead us to another picturesque town, Joselin, where we stopped for a picnic lunch by the River Oust with a magnificent Chateau behind us. At last we arrived at the agency in Carnac to pick up the keys to our apartments only to find that John, Phil, Dusty and their families were staying in a block of apartments about a quarter of a mile from the rest of us. However, the apartments all very comfortable and well equipped.

Sunday

We went our separate ways to explore the town and market in the morning and after lunch, while Phil, Hilary, Dusty and Jane took their boys off to the beach, the rest of us travelled about one mile to see the Alignments du Menac, one of two sets of megaliths for which Carnac is famous. The stones resemble Avebury Rings but are more numerous, running in several parallel lines for about threequarters of a mile. There is no definite theory as to why so many stones were placed upright, but they are thought to be the remains of some early form of worship.

That evening, we all went out together for a meal, taking the children with us. We found a small bar and restaurant and for just over £4 each had a very good meal with excellent service.

Monday

We decided to travel together down the peninsular to Quiberon taking in the coastline on the way. After a quick look at Quiberon we headed back up the coast to Fort Haliguen, a small fishing village where we had our picnic lunch, with sand as an added condiment, in the most sheltered spot on the beach. Derek Whitter very bravely went off into the sea with his fishing net. Unfortunately, here my troubles began with rather a painful swelling of my eye, so Richard and I returned to Carnac early. I am not sure what the others did before their return, but everyone seemed to enjoy the day out.

Tuesday

At leisure as they say in the holiday brochures. This was our only day of heavy, continual rain and most of us opted to stay around Carnac. However, Phil, Hilary, Dusty and Jane decided to visit the nearby harbour town of Auray, where they got rather wet. Jane was forced to buy a rather vivid Charlie Brown plastic mac and thereafter was seen to carry a towel everywhere.

Wednesday

Once again, we travelled as a party to yet another of the beautiful old towns of this region, Vannes. Vannes has a harbour and nailed old quarter with the typical cobbled streets. We all went off in different directions to explore the town. Richard, Rosie and I walked around the ramparts before going into the old town. Same parts put me in mind of the Shambles in York, narrow alleys with the upper storeys of the buildings almost touching.

We returned to the harbour for our usual picnic lunch and en route witnessed an accident on a pedestrian crossing. The victim didn't seem any worse for having bounced off the car bonnet onto the road and after we had helped him pick up his hat, glasses and briefcase, he hobbled off on his way. The driver showed concern by poking his head out of the window to check on the car. John was sorry to have missed the accident as it would have been an opportunity to practice his first aid. By mid-afternoon, we had all had a good look at Vannes and started the journey back to Carnac. Richard and I left the others on the way to a Hypermarket as my eye was becoming more troublesome each day and I decided to consult a doctor in Carnac. It was quite an experience to see a French doctor: my appointment was the last of the evening, after an ancient Breton fisherman with ankles like pea-sticks whose insides rattled every time he moved. They had an odd system whereby you entered the consulting room by one door and left by another. We wondered if the doctor had managed to cure the old mariner but, no, we heard him rattle and cough as he crunched down the gravel drive. My French was put to the test as I explained my symptoms and answered the doctor's questions. Finally, he shrugged his shoulders and announced in English "wind in zee eye" and "aspirin"!

Unfortunately, we had been unable to join the others at a local creperie for dinner but met Jim and Mary returning to their apartment. It was obviously a good evening and a case of crepes with the wine. Jim's face was the colour of his car, it verged on fluorescent!

Thursday

Richard and I chose to go to Auray and as John and Cynthia were of the same mind, we travelled together. Auray is built on the river after which the town is named. We walked across the temporary foot bridge (the cobbles were being re-laid on the main bridge) and up a very steep narrow street to look down on the town. There was what I thought to be a very obvious sign prohibiting vehicles from the street, but as Cynthia commented, had Gary been there with the Chummy; he would have attempted an ascent.

After lunch, we travelled down to the Morbihan Gulf, an inland sea with a delightful coastline. There are several islands in the Gulf, the largest being Ile aux Moines where orange, lemon and palm trees grow. After enjoying the tranquility of the area, we headed home, crossing over the old suspension bridge at Bono, with a fine view of the harbour and river.

In the evening, a few of us went to a local restaurant for a meal. Here we met Brittany's answer to Basil Fawlty. He obviously found his customers to be more trouble than they were worth and his grim expression did not change during the entire evening.

Friday

This was our last day in Carnac. As the weather was not too good Richard and I stayed around the town. In the afternoon we visited Tumulus St. Michel, which is a large ancient burial chamber. It was very dark and damp inside the tunnel and as the guide was at the far end, speaking very quickly, we missed quite a bit of detail. However, Richard and Rosie enjoyed themselves, darting off into the various chambers. On our way out, we saw John and Cynthia going in. They were no better informed at the end of the tour either. Richard and I then drove a short distance to Le Po, a small fishing village and one of the many areas where the breeding of oysters has become a profitable industry. The process begins with the young oysters attaching themselves to tiles which are placed in the bay and these tiles are stacked in every available space when not in use.

Saturday

After having the apartments checked by the respective agencies, we set off in convoy for St. Malo where we were to spend the night before catching the ferry home. Within a few kilometres we experienced our first mechanical trouble of the trip. The Opal was not pulling very well and finally Les had to stop. With several heads and a couple of umbrellas over the engine (presumably to keep the engine dry, not the heads) the problem was soon solved by advancing the ignition and we were on our way again.

We arrived in St. Malo late in the afternoon and here managed to become separated. Richard and I with Les and Toni located their hotel in the old town and as we went off in search of our own, we found the others lined up on the sea front. Here, I witnessed John speaking French for the first time and very clear and concise he was too. On being asked directions by a Frenchman, he replied "No parlez French mate”. He was immediately understood.

We were staying in the new part of St. Malo with Jim and Mary while the others were in hotels in the old town. There was some confusion over the whereabouts of the key to Jim and Mary's room and consequently they were given what was obviously the honeymoon suite with brocade covers and private bathroom. It's worth remembering room 9 if you ever stay at Grotte aux Fees. It's also worth remembering number 14 – our room. We knew we were near the laundry but didn't realis how diligent the laundress was in her duties. With the extractor fan working throughout the night, she loaded the machine with linen, the final fast spin occurring once an hour.

That evening Richard, Rosie and I went into the old town for a quick look round before meeting the others for a meal. Jim and Mary decided to eat at the hotel and Les, Toni and Tony made off to enjoy the lobsters they had seen crawling in a tank. The rest of us enjoyed our meal in a small restaurant, taking up most of the seating, which we followed with a walk round the ramparts.

Sunday

We arrived at the ferry terminal and due to a bit of quick thinking on Cynthia's part managed to get seats for all of us by boarding as foot passengers. The crossing lasted nine hours and we were fortunate to miss the appalling weather that ensued ­at least until we reached the Isle of Wight.

I don't normally like Americanisms, but there's one that suits John perfectly - he is so laid-back that as we sailed past the Victory into Portsmouth Harbour, he was buttering bread, determined to finish his tea.

We all got through customs with ease and headed for home. However, we lost sight of Dusty and Jane and next saw them speeding in the opposite direction on a carriageway below us. I hope they have managed to reach Ringwood by now.

Richard, Rosie and I thoroughly enjoyed the holiday and I would like to say thank you to all the children who didn't mind Rosie joining in their games and particularly Richard Page to whom Rosie took a fancy; to Mary for amusing Rosie with paper boats in the bath and, finally, to John and Cynthia for their hard work in organising such an excellent holiday.

Margaret Cressey

WELL FOLKS THAT IS IT FOR ANOTHER MONTH.

'WRITE TOME ABOUT YOUR SUMMER RALLY EVENTS AND ANYTHING ELSE YOU FANCY, EXCEPT POLITICS OF COURSE.

GEORGE

