

BABY TORQUE

AUSTIN 7 CLUB NSW INC

◆ Number 311 ◆



July | 2023 | Edition

Baby Torque

Committee Members	Executive	Name	Home Phone	Mobile Phone
	President	Paul Pui	(02) 9958 1791	0413 621 078
	Vice President	John Moyes	(02) 4837 3023	
	Treasurer	Kevin Lewis	(02) 9614 6030	0414 906 591
	Secretary / Public Officer	Maureen Boatwright		0413 017 263
	Non-Executive	Name	Home Phone	Mobile Phone
	Spare Parts	Mervyn Boatwright		0412 940 001
	Membership	Amy Pui	(02) 9958 1791	0481 771 523
	Events Director	Maureen Boatwright		0413 017 263
	Editor	Kevin Lewis	(02) 9614 6030	0414 906 591
	Web Master	Kevin Lewis	(02)9614 6030	0414 906 591
	Club Examiner	Mervyn Boatwright		0412 940 001
		Mark Wellington		0409 121 576
	Chassis Register Officer	Mark Wellington	(02) 9545 1507	0409 121 576
	CMC Delegate	Robert Byrne		0414 351 246
Committee Member	Russell Linfoot	(02) 9624 2801	0408 488 523	
As a courtesy, please do not contact Committee Members after 9:00pm				
Banking Details	Austin 7 Club NSW Inc		Austin 7 Club NSW Inc Spare Parts	
	Bank	Laboratories Credit Union	Bendigo Bank	
	BSB	802-841	633-000	
	Account	100008499	128875804	
Meetings	The Austin 7 Club NSW Inc holds its General Meeting at 8.00pm on the second Wednesday of each month normally at Bankstown Sports Club, 8 Greenfield Parade, Bankstown.			
Deadline	This magazine is published seasonly. Contributions to Baby Torque should be sent to The Editor, Baby Torque, P.O. Box 6009, North Ryde NSW 2113			

President's Report

Our deepest condolences to our dear member Judith Riches who sadly passed away. Bob and Judith have been long and pioneering and active members of our club. Being our neighbours, we have had regular contacts. Judith will be sadly missed for her beautiful smiles and engaging conversations.

We are in the month of July with our membership number now standing at 60. We welcome our two new members, Jane and Trent Watson, and Leon and Tracy Dellit. The weekend away runs have proved popular with members being able to spend more relaxing time out in the country. It was nice to catch up with our country members, Ian & Victoria Theyers during the Bathurst run and their contribution to our BBQ dinner. Many thanks to our event director, Maureen for organising all the events.

We would also like to encourage our members to share their interesting life story in the newly created profile section of the magazine. As the club has a generally older demographic group, the amount of experience that the members have with their vehicles would provide some interesting read especially for the new members.

The president's run will be on Friday to Sunday 13th to 15th of October this year and I am hoping participating members can arrive by Thursday evening on 12th of October evening so that we will have at least 2 full days to relax. The event will most likely be in the south coast in Batemans Bay area which should have some interesting places to visit with beautiful beaches and lots of seafood.

Take care and happy motoring.

Paul Pui



Austin 7 Club NSW Facebook

Kevin Lewis has created an Austin 7 Club NSW Facebook page and invited everyone in the club to be a member. This will allow people to check on what's happening in the club and add comments and photos if they wish to.

When you receive your new style Log Book please contact Mervyn Boatwright and provide your Log Book Number.

Events Report

Since the last Baby Torque our little Babies have travelled many miles whilst attending club outings. They visited the Settlers Arms Inn at St. Albans where we met up with club members Don and Barbara Scanes. In May our Babies toured round Bathurst, Blayney, Carcoar and Millthorpe and they even managed a drive on Mount Panorama Race Track. On the final evening we held a bbq by the pool at the motel where we were joined by Club Members Ian & Victoria Theyers. Victoria supplied the most delicious homemade soup to start the evening bbq.

June saw the Babies travel through beautiful Cobbity then to The Oaks and finally to Oakdale for lunch. It was great to catch up with club member Eileen Taylor who had travelled with Graham Burgess for the Run.

Regarding the three day trip away (August 4/5/6). It will be held in the areas of Boorowa, Harden and Young. I will check the area out in the next ten days to finalise the day runs and accommodation.

Please let me know if you are attending as I need to make tentative bookings a.s.a.p.

If you have any suggestions as to where you would like a Club Run to be held, please do not hesitate to contact me.

Happy Austin 7 Touring

Maureen Boatwright

Club Membership Renewals

Please be advised that Membership renewals are due on 1st January 2023 and if not paid by that date, you cannot drive your vehicle registered with HVS Plates until your 2023 membership has been paid.

Fees : Family Membership: \$55.00 Single Membership: \$50.00
Joining Fee \$30.00

Payment method: Direct Credit to LCU (details on page 2) OR cheques.

Cheque payments to be sent to the following address:

Mrs. Amy Pui, Membership Officer (Austin 7 Club NSW Inc)
P.O. Box 107, Northbridge NSW 2063

CLUB CAPS FOR SALE:

For those who wish to purchase more club caps, please contact Maureen Boatwright.
The cost remains the same at \$20 + postage.

Special thanks to Bankstown Sports Club for providing a meeting room free of charge to our club for our monthly meetings. Without the support of Bankstown Sports it would be difficult for the Austin 7 Club to hold meetings without passing on some costs. With their continual support our club is also able to enjoy the various facilities available to us.



UPCOMING EVENTS >>

- 2024 -

Austin 7 Club NSW 40th Anniversary

In 2024 the Austin 7 Club NSW will hold its 40th Anniversary. It is hard to believe that almost ten years have passed since the great run our club members experienced when we based ourselves in Gloucester to celebrate our Club's 30th Anniversary. Let's make the 40th Anniversary even bigger and better. The event will start on **Sunday March 17** and conclude on **Thursday evening March 21** and we will depart for home **Friday morning March 22, 2024**. Expressions of Interest will be available soon.

**AUG 4,5 & 6,
2023**

Club Weekend Away (South West) 2023
Please contact Maureen if you are interested booking will need to be made A.S.A.P.

AUG 20, 2023

Shannons Sydney Classic –
Sydney Motorsport Park (4 tickets available)

SEP 17, 2023

All British Day - Kings School Nth.parramatta.
2023 Please contact Maureen for your ticket (14 tickets available)

OCT 13-15, 2023

President's Weekend Away 2023

**OCT or NOV,
2023**

2023 Centennial Park Display Day

NOV 19, 2023

Christmas Party/Presentation Day - Vanilla Cream Cafe

DEC 13, 2023

General Meeting & Annual General Meeting

MAR 17-21, 2024

2024 Austin 7 Club Nsw 40th Anniversary

The Ferry Run (Don Avery Memorial Shield Run)

16th April 2023

It was a slightly wet morning when 5 enthusiastic Austins rolled into the carpark at the Ettamogah Hotel, Kellyville for our mystery run. Trevor Hails came with his 1932 Deluxe Sedan, Mark Wellington with his usual super polished shiny blue Tourer, Russell Linfoot in his 1928 A6 Roadster, Mervyn in the 1933 Sedan and Paul with his 1929 not so polished cream Tourer. Mark had already done 92km from home to the meeting place.

Shortly after 9.30, we “flew” down Winsor Road, travelling over New Bridge at Windsor into Wilberforce Road, then right into King Road which then became Sackville Road and through Ebenezer which then took us to the Sackville Ferry. Along the way there was beautiful farmland of Windsor with corn and vegetable gardens, then at Portland we travelled through some beautiful bushland at Sackville North. The ferry is a cable ferry linking Sackville and Sackville North across the Hawksbury River. Capable of carrying a maximum of 12 cars, our little Austins neatly piled into one lane. Sackville ferry is the farthest upstream of the four vehicular cable ferry

crossings between Windsor Bridge and Brooklyn.

After crossing the ferry, we continued along Sackville Ferry Road and what seemed like no ending River Road which meanders and bends along the river for about 72 km to Wiseman’s Ferry. On the 5th of July 2022, the Hawksbury region had the worst day of flooding in 44 years with the flood exceeded 13.93m. A worse flood before that was in 1978 (14.5m) and 1867 (19.6m). The drive in the countryside was just wonderful with fewer cars on the road and pleasant river and hilly green scenery. We finally arrived at Wiseman’s Ferry and after crossing the ferry we travelled along St. Albans Road and arriving at the Settlers Arms Inn for a lunch break 3 hours later. Total distance from Ettamogah Hotel to St Albans is about 125 km. The Inn was built in 1836 from convict-hewn sandstone and the place was quite busy with visitors.

Our local club members Barbara and Don Scanes waited for us to join in for the picnic lunch opposite the inn. They have a wonderful collection of Austin 7 and club activity archives and will forward some





selected ones for publication in our club magazines. The weather was perfect, and everyone was happy to see one another and there was plenty to catch up. Unfortunately, we could not solve the world's problems. Despite a couple hundred kilometres travelled, all the cars performed very well.

Our club president, having experienced a frightening loose wheel nut in one tyre during the last President's run in Hunter Valley last year, was seen to be tightening all his wheels during the run, not once but twice!

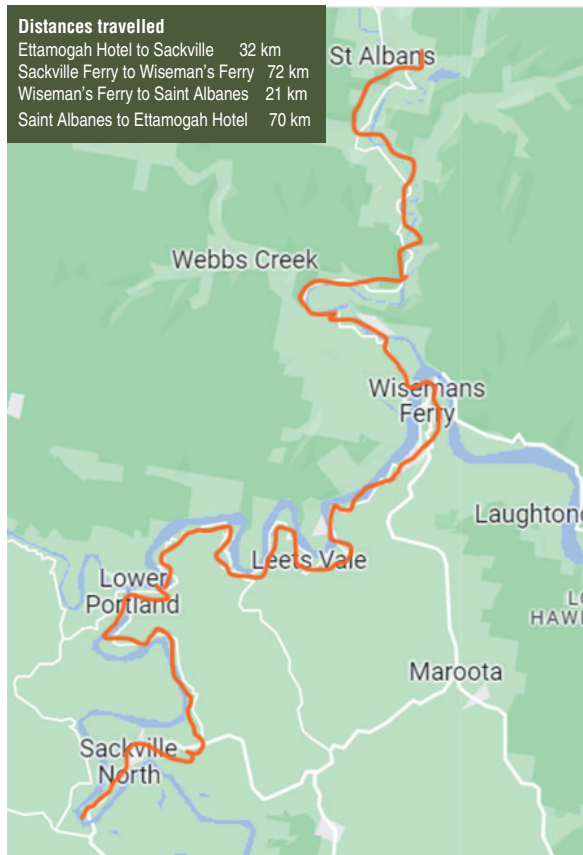
After lunch, Mark was in a hurry to get back on the ferry and head for home before it got dark, a journey of 2.5 hrs, total of 300 km for the day! The rest of us made our way leisurely back to finally join the suburban traffic battlefield.

Amy Pui



Distances travelled

Ettamogah Hotel to Sackville	32 km
Sackville Ferry to Wiseman's Ferry	72 km
Wiseman's Ferry to Saint Albanes	21 km
Saint Albanes to Ettamogah Hotel	70 km





Bathurst Weekend Run

12th-14th May 2023

What is the attraction with a weekend away with the Austin 7 club? All car clubs report dwindling numbers at meetings and club runs. We have the same problem but not when there's a weekend away.

Some blame COVID19. Some blame the log book system. Let's face it, meetings aren't very exciting and even in a big city a club run can be lonely if you don't have a navigator and you get stuck at traffic lights.

A weekend away is a total reset, a new beginning. A chance to get away, a chance to travel on country roads with no traffic. A chance to stay at a country town that we've all heard of but never visited. A chance to see amazing landscapes. A chance to socialise with old and new friends. A chance to bring joy to locals as they witness our beautiful babies visiting their town.

Above all there is the lore of our club where new and experienced members work together to advance the cause. There is always the car that won't start, the car that won't charge, the car that overheats, the car that breaks down and the car that's too slow. When on a weekend away, there is no judgement and everyone works together to get all the cars started and all the cars home. There's always heaps of advice, some

unwelcome, but everyone has a good time. This weekend escape offered all of this and more. Our base was the Bathurst Motor Inn, well chosen by Maureen Boatwright as were the well-planned runs for each day. The chilly mornings of 1 degree meant that there was no frost, but cold enough to make starting the cars very interesting, with the downhill ramp in the motel carpark and John Moyes' jumper leads a Godsend.

Day 1, Welcome to Bathurst

The official early start was lunchtime Friday however some of our super keen members arrived even earlier on the Thursday evening.

At 1.00pm Friday we headed for none other than the Mount Panorama track. Outside racing, the track is actually a normal suburban road with a 60km/hr speed limit and significant highway patrol presence. We did a couple of laps but for us speeding was not the problem, more of braking on the downhill run. Until you've driven around the track it's hard to visualise how steep and narrow it really is, gaining an appreciation of the skill of the drivers of the Bathurst 1000. As was the skill of the late Warren Gracie, our former club President who won his class in a Mini Cooper at Bathurst in 1969.

Following the track run we spent time going

through the Motor Racing Museum with an interesting display of all manner of vehicles that have raced at Bathurst. After that it was a tour around the town taking in the amazing Victorian architecture that is all to see in the Bathurst City centre.

Friday night dinner was served at Bathurst Golf Club, a little way out of town but well worth the trip. The food was amazing, the company even better, where one of our new members, Gordon Critcher, displaced club President Paul Pui in the pound for pound eating competition. Gordon devoured two 350gm steaks with fries within 5 minutes, then backed up for dessert. What a champion!

Day 2, The main event

Saturday morning at 7.00am we awoke to 1 degree, lots of fog and the perfect scenario for bacon and eggs at Piccolo's on William Street in Bathurst awaiting a 9.30am start for an Austin 7 run.

Maureen Boatwright delivered our run briefing, along with a bag of goodies for all of the mothers and away we went, initially for a run to Blayney. The road was good offering wonderful valley views which seemed to be undulating until you had to go back to first gear in places and realise what a climb it really was. (At least we knew it would be an easy run home)

The main street of Blayney was a pleasant surprise, wide, easy parking and plenty to offer.





The Community Centre served great coffee, there was a swap meet at the show ground and warm gloves for sale for us tourists. Of course, the locals were happy to see us with plenty of photos taken and stories about the old cars their fathers once had. One lady told us that her father had an Austin 7 tourer and as a young girl, as the youngest of five children, always had to squeeze into the middle of the back, sitting on top of the tunnel. One would imagine they were more secure than in modern day child seats with such a tight fit. Soon it was time to move on and travel about 15km to the charming town of Millthorpe for lunch. A few headed to the local pub but most settled at the Railway Café for a bite to eat. The Railway Café dates back to 1886 and is still a working railway station with a timetable of two diesel services per day. (You wouldn't want to miss your train) The town also has a bowling club, antique shops, clothing shops, fine dining restaurants and chickens scratching around the well maintained, private gardens.

After lunch we travelled back through Blayney and on to another gem of a town, Carcoar. How does Maureen find these places? Carcoar also boasts a pub, antique shop and a running stream through the centre of the town. A local boy admiring the

Austins happily told us about the trout he regularly catches there. We took an opportunity for a photo shoot in front of the court house before driving back up the main street where the grateful locals took videos of our departure.

The run home took us back through Blayney where some took the opportunity to refuel since the hills had gobbled up so much. John Moyes and Cath Cole followed as tail end Charlies offering comfort on the 65km remote country drive back to Bathurst.

A very cool poolside evening barbeque followed and much to our surprise a bikini clad young lady did actually take a dip in the cold water. We were joined for dinner by Oberon members Victoria and Ian Theyers. Victoria prepared an amazing soup and damper entre. Merv Boatwright barbequed the steak and sausages which we enjoyed with salad. Victoria then followed up with an amazing butterscotch desert. We soon forgot about the cold as the warm conversation went on well into the evening.

Day 3, More to see

It was another chilly morning but happily some sunshine to take the edge off if you could find the right spot to stand. With no set plans for

breakfast we all took the opportunity to explore cafes on William Street and everyone returned with a good report. There was a briefing at 9.30 by Maureen before we headed for our final run of the weekend.

It began with a tour of the Bathurst parklands then a journey to discover Janine Critcher's ancestral home in Kelso for a photo opportunity. What a fine home it was!

Next was a run to Chifley dam about 20km south of Bathurst. The scenery along the way was amazing as we travelled through horse studs and bushland. The odd kangaroo was spotted hopping along by the road. The dam itself was closed to water sports but still made a great back drop for photos of our babies. After exploring the dam we headed back to our base in Bathurst to load the cars onto the trailers for the return trip home.

Mark Wellington



Liverpool to Cobbity/The Oaks/ Picton Areas

18th June 2023 Run



Well, the day finally came. I was filled with excitement, having picked up my Austin 7 (Sweet Violet) from Paul Boatwright after having the engine rebuilt. After some technical issues, which required the assistance of Mark Wellington to help get the wiring working correctly, I looked forward to getting Sweet Violet back out on the road again. Leaving home early on the Sunday morning, the car was driving beautifully on the way to Liverpool for the gathering of other 7's. A quick top of fuel was in order, but my poor old thing, didn't like me stopping at all. I got down to the meeting location where there were, the Puis, the Boatwrights, the Wellingtons, Graham Burgess with Eileen Taylor and Paul Boatwright and a daughter, to assist in navigating. Unfortunately, 2 other 7's were unable to make it, so the 5 Austins set off towards The Oaks.

We travelled along the Hume Hwy to the Crossroads where we then drove along the much improved Camden Valley Way. What a difference a few years (and dollars) makes. The amount of residential houses that have gone up is incredible with so many more still under construction. I can't understand how Governments keep saying we still need to build more houses with all the developments going on.

I had the top down on my 7, so was taking in the freshness (about 10 degrees) of the morning run. We got down to the Bringelly Road intersection and made a left turn on to the on-ramp. Just after turning left, I think Merv thought he was in big strife, as there was a marked Highway Patrol car perched on an angle on the left on the ramp and which blocked half the road. We all passed by without disturbing the resident in the car, so everything must have been ok. He would have been after the speeders along Bringelly Road, which meant he was not interested in us.

Drove down the much improved Bringelly Road to Cobbity Road and again, I couldn't believe the housing development which had grown throughout the Oran Park area. We made our way along to what was the Cobbity Winery which I remember stopping at about 45 years ago. The place was not operating this day as they are undertaking extensive renovations. We had a chat to one of the owners and also admired the petrol guzzlers travelling the other direction.

Off we set and drove through the quaint town of Cobbity and onto Werombi Road and headed toward another quaint country town, The Oaks. Don't know what was going on, but there were several police cars in town with some spending a bit of time in the café. We parked our cars and headed to the local bakery. It was about 11.30am and I was hanging

out for a freshly made local meat pie. You can't beat a country pie. Well, we got into the shop and they said they didn't have any pies or sausage rolls...sacrilege. What is a man to do, but to have a roll with something on it. We sat down inside and eating lunch, it was time to head off.

Another fuel top up was in order and the Wellingtons then bid farewell to us as they needed to get back home prior to a trip to sunny Queensland. We pulled out and headed south toward Picton. Again, the land surrounding us was magnificent and the roads were easy. Down through Picton township remembering what the shops looked like in the extreme floods that hit them back in 2016.

Then it was time to hit Razorback. I have never done it in an Austin before, but they all seemed to raise to the occasion and succeed in getting over the top. Down to Camden South and onto Narellan. I had to stop and check the jets in my carbie as it was spluttering and coughing. Everyone headed back to Liverpool and I headed up the Northern Road then over to the M4 Motorway, eventually getting home about 4.30pm. Everyone had a lovely day on a spectacular run organised by Maureen. Once again, gratitude Maureen.

Hoping to see others out and about in the near future.

Cheers for now, Kevin





Mystery Run *16th July 2023*

It was a beautiful winter's day, no wind and very pleasant when standing in the sunshine. We met at Auburn as planned where we were greeted by Stewart Paterson, an Austin enthusiast visiting Australia from South Africa, keen to see our restored babies. It seems that Austin 7 spare parts and advice are hard to come by in South Africa, prompting numerous photos, questions and compliments about the quality of our restorations. We exchanged contact details and look forward following his journey on the African continent with his Austin.

Maureen had organised another of her wonderful runs for the day but due to unexpected circumstances only three of us were available to attend. Following a quick team meeting it was agreed that the planned run sheet should be set aside for another time and that our small group would make our own mystery log book run. It turned out to be a gem!

Russell Linfoot had done his homework and discovered that just a few kilometres away at Silverwater Park was the annual "All French Day", a continental version of the "All British Day" that our club has been affiliated with for many years. Russell contacted the organisers and

gained an invitation for us to attend as visitors to the first such event held in several years due to COVID 19.

There were hundreds of cars on display, Citroens, Renaults, Peugeots, ranging from a 1908 Renault up to modern day vehicles. Some were advertised for sale but most were obviously much loved by their owners. The standout was a magnificent Panhard Levassor 4 cylinder vintage sports car. When the engine started up it was very loud which was surprising when the bonnet was lifted to reveal that the exhaust system consisted of short pipes straight out of the exhaust ports. Panhard and Levassor pioneered the automobile, starting in 1887. They are credited with the invention of the first modern transmission and the steering wheel. Ultimately they were taken over by Citroen.

Despite the French connection, our Austins were warmly received and attracted lots of attention in the car park. We enjoyed the display, the croissants and red berets, then moved on to the Silverwater Hotel for a sumptuous lunch.

Mark Wellington



A typical milk cart delivery

Life is Too Short...

Back in my day of growing up, what we would have called a youth a juvenile delinquent, we would now refer to them as a 'normal kid'. My parents never worried where I was all day as there was lots of other kids around the suburb looking for stuff to do.

Where I lived a small child where there was once paddocks of cows and horses, is now a huge shopping centre. There was no sewer in those days and the sanitary cart was horse drawn, which added

to the other services which were all horse drawn vehicles. The 'milko', butcher, ice cart, clothes prop man and rabbito, were regular services in my street as Jesmond.

One eventful day, the horses pulling the sanitary cart, bolted and rolled the heavy laden cart on the corner where the glistening shopping centre now stands. The horses were down and tangled for some time until they were released and the now emptied cans were picked up and stacked roadside. The mess and smell needs no explanation.

There is something romantic about the memories of all children of those days, and of friends, where we played in the storm water drains and the stuff you could find in there. Playing in the bush and long grass were great adventure days when I was 6 years old. When I was 7, my parents bought a small mixed business and we moved to Waratah, near the



A dunny cart being unloaded

Commonwealth Steelworks, that made stainless steel and train wheels. Nobody ever chided us kids when we went inside that huge smelter among the machinery and dangerous hot steel rolling mills. It seems now that even though there was danger, it was generally accepted you should watch what you touched, otherwise one of the workers would tick you off, well and truly.



The old Steelworks site at Newcastle

The main Newcastle abattoir was also close by, with the opportunity for kids to get into all kinds of mischief.

At 9 years of age, I got my first horse that cost five pounds (a lot of money at the time) and hooked up with kids a couple of years older than me. It was there, that I became one of the regular volunteer cowboys who mixed with the stockmen, and we did all the crappy jobs thinking that was how you became a stockman who were revered, because they had really good horses. Hanging around the abattoir and sale yards, brought many adventures to us young kids, even though we thought we were



Slaughtered pigs at the Newcastle Abattoir in 1938

all grown up. Any kids that were inclined to be cheeky to the slaughtermen, usually got their treatment in slaughterman style. I well recall my slightly older brother gave cheek one day, so another slaughterman crept up behind him and put a bag of tripe, which had just been removed, over his head. My brother vomited for several days after, being unable to get rid of the putrid smell from his face and hair. I might say that he never did give cheek again.

A bunch of us kids, who thought they were a lot older than they were, volunteered to drive horses from Hexham Flats to the abattoir each Sunday, as the horses were killed on Monday for the dog meat industry of Verge Robertson at Mayfield. Many amazing events happened during some of those trips along the narrow Pacific Highway. It would be remiss of me to not tell of the disastrous outcomes of some of those trips where old and feeble, or mad and dangerous animals, were herded into a mob of up to 60 or more, and driven along the side of the highway in the Sunday traffic. On one occasion, a giant black draft horse bolted from the herd and galloped along the middle of the highway. Ironbark Creek Bridge was then a narrow wooden bridge across the Hunter River estuary where a new Morris Minor had stopped as the horse bolted towards it. The horse demolished the front of the car, then dropped dead in the middle of the road. Lots of dramas followed and Verge Robinson bought the man a new car.

Another time, a very old ex-racehorse died on the side of the road so us young kids had to slaughter it right there, beside the road. Robertson's dog meat truck was brought along to pick up the pieces of horse we had butchered as the Sunday afternoon traffic went slowly by with many older women looking on with horror as to what the bunch of kids were doing. There was nowhere to take the carcass, so it was decided to park the truck on the Throsby Creek Bridge, where we threw it bit by bit into the creek. That would be a 'go to gaol' offence today. I must add, when you are 8 years old, a horse's head is very heavy to lift and throw up onto the back of the lorry.

There were no cameras or mobile phones in my life

then and just as well, as any photos of those times could be embarrassing as well as incriminating. My father worked at BHP and I recall the lack of concern from anyone when I rode my horse into the steelworks to see my dad. Along the train lines and among steam trains and heavy industry, nobody told me to get to buggery out of there. A kid on a horse in a steel works is now totally unthinkable and someone would be calling Triple 0, but then it was just another day for a kid on his horse.

High school saw my parents move to Speers Point, where I joined the sailing club and some really good times were had sailing VJ dinghys and getting to regattas by pulling up to 20 VJs behind the local ferry, all the way down to South Lakes or Wangi Wangi. Of course, sailing they say is a good character building sport, but I seem to have failed the course as I didn't stop when I became old. I merely took on more dangerous things in the sailing world, including attempting to sail Cape Horn in winter with 3 of my skydiving friends.



Graham skydiving over Florida in an inflatable boat

A bunch of skydivers set out from Ushuiia in a small yacht to attempt to sail around Cape Horn where a great many a ship was lost with as greater number of lives. The weather at that place was terrible, as we soon found out when the waves rose up to sixty feet and the temperature to sixty degrees below zero, as well as winds of sixty miles per hour. After two attempts, we gave up the idea as we preferred to live rather than die at that godforsaken place where so many seafarers disappeared, including a neighbour who had been my first introduction to



Photos of Graham aboard his yacht with his City of Lake Macquarie Flag and the freezing conditions

Austin 7's (see earlier Baby Torque magazine). Disappointment to me is a good reason to try something else and considering I had been successful in my business ventures, including resurrecting the tourism industry in the Hunter Region, my wedding reception business had been super successful having catered for close to one thousand weddings on the Wangi Queen Showboat but it was time to move on again.

One particular wedding I did, the bride and groom arrived in Speers Point Park by parachute. I was paid in part with a particular jump. 2000 jumps later, saw me with 2 world records under my belt for parachuting. Along with people from 11 countries, we parachuted into the North Pole from a Russian Jumbo Jet. We later learned that it was stolen from the Russian military and the \$250,000 we paid was shared among the crew. Next was a plan to parachute onto the South Pole, which turned out to be very expensive

at \$58,000 each. That saw my 1929 Plymouth Roadster and my 1928 Chev Truck leave the family home when Maria said, “you are not spending that much of OUR money on a stupid parachute jump”. And that’s how I came to own a much less costly Austin 7.

A trekking adventure across the Western Australian desert with a camel herder, introduced me to another period in my life when along with club member, Elaine Taylor, we hiked across the Mongolian Gobi Desert. Soon after, we chose to walk the Camino Trail from Lisbon in Portugal to Santiago de Compestela in Spain, some 850kms. We then walked the Camino del Norte Camino across northern Spain, a distance of 500kms. Many hikes in many places later, we decided to walk across the Nullabor for no better reason than I didn’t know if anybody had ever done it before. We set out with a specially built Billy Cart and pulled it



Graham and his 'billy cart'

1,800kms to Ceduna in South Australia. Sleeping on the ground by the roadside is not for everyone, but it’s cheap and reliable, just like my Austin 7. Life is too short to not experience what adventure has to offer.

Graham Burgess

NOTE: When registration is due on your Historic Vehicle, you need to make an appointment for the inspection of your vehicle, fill out your 1259 Form and bring it with you at the time of Inspection.

Once the vehicle has passed the Inspection, the paperwork will be signed and stamped, photo copied for our Club records and the originals returned to you so you can register your vehicle.

Please phone Mervyn Boatwright on 0412 940 001 for Inspection.



Point Score Trophy



Don't forget the Austin 7 Club NSW **Point Score** program. Our aim is to see as many people as possible attending events and meetings (including monthly general meetings). Participation in an event or outing from the starting point to the finish will score you 2 points, while attending a general meeting will score you 1 point. These points are awarded whether you attend in your Austin 7 or modern car. The person with the highest points tally will receive a trophy at our Christmas Luncheon / Presentation Day. Come along and get involved.



DISCLAIMER: The Austin 7 Club NSW Inc (the Club), its Officers and the Committee cannot be held liable for any errors and/or omissions in items that are published in good faith in this Baby Torque magazine. It should be noted that the publication of an advertisement or expression of views in articles and reports in this magazine does not necessarily imply endorsement by the Club.

Austin 7 Club NSW Inc

“Dedicated to the preservation and enjoyment of all types of Austin Sevens”

Our Club is a member of The Council of Motor Clubs, Inc

The Austin 7 Club NSW Inc has been active since 1984 and aims to bring together people with the common interest of restoring, preserving and driving Austin Sevens. We are an informal family club that regularly takes our “Babies” to the road for some fun social touring. Spare parts are available to Club Members through the Club Spares Division and our technical people will give advice, where possible, in regards to the restoration of these cars.

RMS Regulations & Club Rules

Members are to observe all RMS Regulations and Club Rules as contained in our current Constitution and Members Mate booklet.

If this Club is nominated as your Primary Club under the RMS Historic Conditional Registration Scheme (HCRS) then the following documents **MUST** be carried in your vehicle at all times.

- a copy of your RMS Certificate of Approved Operation of Vehicle
- a copy of this Clubs Certificate of Insurance (Public Liability)
- a current or recent Baby Torque magazine
- a current yearly membership receipt

If bad weather conditions are looming:

please contact Maureen Boatwright (Home) 02 9822 8609 (Mobile) 0413 017 263
or Paul Pui (Home) 02 9958 1791 (Mobile) 0413 621 078
Saturday evenings or from 6.30am on the Sunday of the run.

Postal Address: P.O. Box 6009, North Ryde NSW 2113

Email: info@austin7clubnsw.org.au

Website: www.austin7clubnsw.org.au