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**NO 50**

**SEPTEMBER 1992**



**50th  
issue!**

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## CONTRIBUTIONS FOR NEXT ISSUE BY 20 OCTOBER PLEASE

Typed or neatly handwritten items to the appropriate person listed below. Please **DO NOT** send items to the wrong people as such contributions will probably get delayed until the following issue.

**EVENTS & PUBLICITY:** Mr. G.C. Goode, 1 Dyas Road, Hollywood, Nr. Birmingham, West Midlands. Tel: 021 430 7300.

**SPARES CO-ORDINATOR (WANTED/FOR SALE):** Mrs. Debbie Smith, 21 Manor Road, Walsall, WS2 9PX. Tel: 0922 30088. (Ansaphone sometimes, so be prepared!). If writing, please print all numbers neatly and specify Mk 1/2. SAE appreciated for replies.

**CAR SALES CO-ORDINATOR:** Mr. John Kilby, Mutfords, Hare Street, Buntingford, Herts. SG9 0ED. Please print all numbers neatly and specify if Mk 1/2. SAE appreciated for replies.

**FARINA HINTS:** Simon Evans, 143 Ilkeston Rd, Marlpool, Heanor, Derbyshire, DE7 7LX.

**LOCAL GROUP NEWS:** Mrs. Janet Betteridge, 72 Shrubbery Road, Drakes Broughton, Pershore, Worcestershire, WR10 2BE.

**OTHER ITEMS:** (including **sharp** photos, minimum size 3 1/2 in. x 5 in.) to the Editor: Keith Bennett, 36 Wood End, Banbury, Oxon, OX16 9ST. Tel: 0295 265762.

If you don't want your full address published with your letter, please say so when you write.

### COVER PICTURES:

**FRONT COVER:** Definitely the last high-level photograph EVER in this magazine of an A40 Club AGM and Social Weekend. Last one, that is, from the top of my one-and-a-half ton portable tripod called a VW Camper. I'll have my A40 at the 1993 meet (*oh yes I will!*), and I'm not standing on the roof of that, even for you lot.

**BACK COVER - TOP:** Another "last" for Farina News: meet Deborah Smith, our knowledgeable and lovely new Spares Secretary. "Last" because I'm told that she much prefers to be called Debbie, and will tell you so quite, er, firmly. Mrs. Smith's letter explains why she's holding an off-spring (baby Robin) and an off-fell.

**BOTTOM:** Wessex Group's I.O.W. invasion provided an opportunity for Anne Davis's Mk 2 to return to the garage from which it was first purchased. The chap in the picture gave the car its pre-delivery inspection back in 1965 and its last MOT test before it left the island in 1976. It's 16 years since he last set eyes on it, and he still works there!

**INSERT:** Time-warp on the I.O.W. ferry! Not much room left for other vehicles, whose drivers must have wondered where all those old ghosts had come from.

# F A R I N A E D I T O R I A L

by KEITH BENNETT

**A very warm welcome to club members old and new to the 50th issue of "FARINA NEWS"!** This edition carries important details regarding the methods of advertising Spares for Sale/Wanted, and also Cars For Sale/Wanted. Some very hard work has been put in by several people in order to set the new systems up, and hopefully everyone will benefit. This occasion is too good an opportunity to miss for me to also commend everyone connected with our magazine for their unfailing good humour and toil in producing their particular contribution. Without you all it would not be possible. Grateful thanks - Ed.

**I was very amused to receive a letter from dear John Fowler,** of Chilworth near Southampton, who admitted that his copy of "Farina News" is read "as usual when ensconced in the smallest room". Well I hope he didn't suffer too much anguish waiting for June's FN, which arrived late due to circumstances beyond all control. I've asked Hawksworth Graphics, our printers, whether John's future copies can be delivered on a roll and already perforated!

**Conversation overheard the day before** the West Midlands Group annual picnic:-

"What time will you be arriving on Sunday?"

"Dunno, it depends which back-roads I have to use."

"Ah, the A40's still not taxed, then!"

Oh that picnic. Another winner. Bar and I arrived on Saturday evening in the VW camper and buried ourselves in a corner of the field. Then into the farmhouse for a welcome cup of tea with Anna and her beautiful dogs (poor Frank was working somewhere out of hailing range). Picnic Day duly arrived and the scrap cars were towed out of their lairs and lined up ready for gleaning. By 10 am quite a few A40s had rolled in and old acquaintances greeted. Shouldn't name individuals, I suppose, but it was very nice to welcome for their first visit that irrepressible pair, Paddy and Alf. Charles Hobbs joined us again, courtesy of chauffeur Kevin James and by late morning the balmy Worcestershire countryside was resounding to the usual sounds of people enjoying a picnic - hammering, angle grinders howling, that sort of thing.

A lovely quote came from Steve Nicholls of Bridgwater, peering inside one of the donor cars whose floor had long-since rotted away allowing the lush midsummer grass to grow up into the interior: "Well look at that - a sunshine floor!"

Club member Steve Carter, an avid show-goer, proudly told me of his A40's participation in the "Practical Classics" London to Brighton Classic Car Run held on 14th June last year. Steve, with co-driver Carl Horton, took his 1961 Mk 2 saloon from his home in Wolverhampton on a magical round trip of 430 miles. Many people were pleased to see an A40 again and came up to say so. Needless to say the car gave Steve no trouble at all. John Brooks intrigued all who watched his demonstration of how to re-colour faded, stained and worn car-carpet. It really was quite uncanny. Once the carpet is thoroughly clean and free of dust and any residual detergent, the nap can be gently brushed with ordinary emulsion paint, and NO, it didn't look "just painted", it looked very, very good, and by dint of careful research, John has discovered which proprietary paint brand-names exactly match the original carpet colours - and they jolly well do. John will be pleased to answer your queries - his telephone number is 0242-602907. He is also a dab hand at die-casting, and made a beautiful job of

fabricating a Mk 2 saloon. More of that later ...

Not a member, but a very good friend to our club, is John Bartlett who can always be relied upon to turn up at the picnic in some exotic machinery or other. Tea-time found us all spread round the lawns listening to John as he tried valiantly to auction two A40s which had originally come to the farm to end their days as scrap, but which really deserved one last chance at life. Charles (I haven't got an A40 any more) Hobbs piloted one of them up the track and onto Anna's trim lawn, just to prove that, despite advancing years, he hadn't lost his touch; the second car arrived too, and J. Bartlett commenced his patter. With the proceeds going to Leukaemia Research, one of the cars was sold to another non-club member (YET!) Steve Norcott whose Mum lost both her parents to the wretched disease. A very thoughtful gesture and as Steve owns an engineering firm, he promised us all that at next year's picnic the forlorn old car would be on show in all her restored glory. Good man.

With that car sold, John Bartlett pulled one of the oldest auctioneers' stunts going by saying innocently that the second (very rough) A40 was really only worth about thirty pounds, now, wasn't it? A poor girl called Becky Mitchell nodded her head in sympathetic agreement and suddenly discovered that she was its new owner! With the various monies gathered in and added to that raised through selling spares from the scrap cars during the year, Charles Hobbs stepped forward to present, on behalf of our club, some £800 to Peter Harber, the Chairman of the Hereford & Worcestershire branch of Leukaemia Research. Peter gave his warm thanks to everyone who had helped towards this total, and assured us that the battle continues against Leukaemia, a disease that strikes young and old alike.

The last thing John Bartlett had to do was prise a reluctant Charles out of Steve Norcott's new car. With the best wishes of all present, he pressed into Charles's hand one of John Brooks's beautifully mounted die-cast Mk 2 models.

So Mr (I've got an A40 now) Hobbs was happy; we all were happy, and another picnic drew gently to its close. Very many thanks to hosts Anna and Frank Vickerman, and everyone else who put so much into making it a lovely day. See you all next year. *(A BBC television crew are visiting the farm soon in order to film Anna's Mk 2 and Nick Bayliss's Mk 1 in readiness for the next series of "TOP GEAR" which will feature various marques of classic cars, A40s amongst them. The actual transmission date is not yet known, so watch out for the programmes which start "in the Autumn").*

**As "our" cars get older, and mechanics get ever younger-looking** (in company with policemen, nurses, experts of all persuasions, TV presenters, etc), it's true to say that it can be difficult to find a competent mechanic who is able to actually repair a faulty unit rather than merely bolt a replacement one on. It's equally true to say that even a lengthy relationship between a car-owner and his mechanic can suddenly end acrimoniously over what some folk might consider a trivial disagreement. All sorts of reasons. A fairly regular one that members write to me about is the re-bushing of the front suspension: the mechanic quotes the job, finds he needs to have the unit reamed and takes it to the local engineering works who charge him handsomely for their work. He has to pass this on to the anguished customer who starts yelling. Both parties are put out. The mechanic has a car in his premises waiting for attention, with a customer who's expecting it back at tea-time. The customer gets a bill that's higher than he's expecting and thinks he's being stitched up.

Unwelcome bills can be a way of life with elderly vehicles though, as I've said before, they're usually flea-bites compared to the purchasing, insuring and running costs of modern machinery (it's only in the bodywork repair department where parity comes anywhere near).

So one idea several members have suggested is the creation of a list of "approved" mechanics who have given satisfactory service to a member and who can therefore

be recommended to us all. Well there are several ways these paragons could be found. For example, I received a letter from Terry Lambert, not a club member but a mechanic whose lengthy engineering experience with such exotic marques as BMW, Ferrari, Alfa Romeo, Jaguar, etc., puts him firmly into the "could be useful" category (his letter's in this magazine). I phoned him to get some background to his offer, and was pleased to be able to sound him out. His original premises had to be vacated due to a glitch with planning permission, so Terry's currently working mainly as a mobile service. He admitted that he has yet to have the pleasure of working for an A40 club member, though he seems genuinely interested in the cars. So much so that he wrote to us offering his skills.

Now, what does one do? Dodgy ground, indeed, to recommend someone just on the strength of a letter and a phone conversation, yet Mr. Lambert seems a very capable person, willing to stick his neck out and actually write to a classic car club. If any member feels like contacting him, it would be nice to hear the outcome.

Another way is for club members to suggest any mechanic whom they feel deserves mention in these hallowed pages. Hopefully the information may be of use to other members. Please send any nominations to the club's Spares Co-Ordinator, Debbie Smith, though note that no correspondent, the A40 Farina Club, it's Officers nor Members take responsibility for any subsequent disaster that might occur through a member responding to a recommendation. You're all big boys and girls now and must look after yourselves; sounds fair enough, doesn't it?

**I think I managed to talk to just about everyone** who rolled up to the annual AGM/Social Weekend at the beginning of August. The cross-section of folk was tremendous, ranging from a cheerful little baby busy coming to grips with the first tooth in his head, to elderly folk with a lifetime's memories in theirs; from a pretty girl with her arm in a sling, to several chaps whose arms were propping up the bar; from children bursting with vitality, to a club member from the south coast who was quietly determined that his debilitating illness would not keep him away despite a taxing train journey; from enthusiastic A40 owners who were dreaming of The Great Rebuild, to cynical old devils who had been that way before; from people who had arrived for a long weekend on Friday evening, to those who in one day had tackled a journey of nearly two hundred miles with only a few short hours saying "hello" at Nottingham before the homeward drive.

Saturday morning found huge grins round the breakfast tables: the word was out that our illustrious AGM organiser, Bob High, had tottered off to bed the previous evening once the bar had closed, and had crept into his rooms quietly so as not to waken his sleeping wife. To his puzzlement BOTH beds were occupied and it took a moment or two to realise that he was in the right rooms, but on the wrong floor. Exit featherfoot, leaving two total strangers still happily slumbering!

The weather was kind – warm and blustery, with bursts of glorious sunshine – and the staff, food, rooms and grounds of Nottingham University's Ancaster Hall did us proud, as usual.

In company with many other club members, George Ryan enjoyed his visit, and on Saturday had a truck-load of spares courtesy of Alf, whose daughter was to be married the next day. To Gillian and her new husband Robert we all sent our best wishes for their future happiness together. (Alf was particularly chuffed because the previous evening he'd tongue-in-cheek asked Nick Bayliss for £10 for a round of drinks, and to his astonishment had been meekly given same!)

Saturday evening found a couple of dozen of us at the annual Nottingham Carnival and Fireworks. Local member Ian Tansley repeated last year's kind offer of leading us in convoy by devious routes to a secluded car-park ten minutes walk from the carnival (thus avoiding the traffic jams). Unfortunately the incredible acceleration of his A40 left

the rest of us behind, and we had to navigate our own way after him. Happy ending though, and the carnival was magnificent. Incidentally Peter, who is also a member of the A30/35 club, has invited us all to that club's National Rally which is being held next May down in Newquay, Cornwall. More details in December's F.N.

Sunday saw Mr. A40 Spares himself, Henry Maslin, setting up his professional stall. It was a joy to hear him assuring a customer that all his stock was guaranteed for 25 miles, or one week, whichever came the soonest. Luckily his lugubrious sense of humour is renowned.

Phil Webb from Shoreham had tickled about with his A40, and had also changed the clutch slave cylinder after the hydraulics failed. Shortly afterwards the master cylinder failed ...

"Is there a prize for Best Improved A40 DURING the Show?", he was heard to plaintively ask.

The actual AGM itself on Sunday afternoon was painless. The books looked healthy; Kevin (goodbye Spares and Archives) introduced Debbie (hello Spares) to us all and Tim Hinton found himself Club Archivist in addition to his current role as boot rubber distributor; everybody thanked everybody else for services rendered; and it's a great pleasure to report that Charles Hobbs was made an Honorary Member of our club. The question was raised whether a good quality car badge for the grille or badge-bar might be a Good Idea. Bob High, in his capacity as Regalia Manager, replied that he was willing to oblige but the cost of making them would be considerable, due to tooling charges and minimum orders. However, if perhaps one hundred club members wrote to him signifying their intentions of buying one, at an estimated cost of around £12 each, he would go ahead and obtain a firm quote. He warned that he would need payment in advance from everyone, though, in order to fund the project. So if you feel you would like one, drop Bob a line enclosing an SAE (address inside back page, as usual).

After having agreed to hold the next AGM/Social Weekend at the same venue on the first weekend in August 1993, we were all released into the summer sunshine to enjoy a welcome cup of tea, more sunshine and to watch the draw for the raffle (at which, I blush to admit, I won the booby prize – a beautiful period "Motorola" car radio very kindly donated by Barrie Findlow).

Next came the presentation of cups awarded from the results of a simple, informal paper ballot to which anybody at the meeting could vote. Here are the chosen few ...

Best Mk 1		Best Mk 2	
1.	FJM 954 Ken Breckon	BFA 856C	Maurice Green
2.	TFN 937 Liz Smith	EDL 261C	Ann Davis
3.	WDW 179 Bob High	KOF 144E	Margaret Wilson

The furthest travelled (and there were several contenders) was Peter Berriman, from St. Ives in Cornwall (337 miles); the best visitor was judged to be 298 GOA, Nick Bayliss's mini-van. Charles Hobbs presented his two personal cups to ladies whose cars were deserving of appreciation – Liz Smith and Ann Davis – and of course the lucky chap was rewarded by kisses!

So, another one over. It was a pleasure to see a good number of new faces; members who'd decided to try a day's visit and who even admitted they'd enjoyed themselves! See you next year then?

**Sorry I've banged on so long** but club activities and related issues are happily on the increase. If you've got any related topic you'd like to air in "Farina News" please feel free to do so – that's what it's here for; it's your magazine, though lack of space this time, especially photographic, has meant that a couple of articles have been held over till the next issue – apologies to the correspondents.

See you all in December.

Keith Bennett

## GROUP NEWS

I must say the last issue of Farina News made very interesting reading (strange how words appear from nowhere, isn't it Keith?!). My husband Alan has hidden it away somewhere, but I seem to recall that someone wished to know if A40s could be used as wedding cars and I know reference was made to our car on the front cover of a previous issue – don't forget the bride wouldn't get into the A40 – she had an open top Jaguar XJS nearby!!

I can only assume that most of our members have got growing children demanding to be taken to parties, outings and participating in compulsory enjoyment at school functions; coupled with all the decorating, gardening, animal minding, parent minding, car mechanicking (attending Silverstone!) etc., etc., and of course working for a living, thus taking up so much of our everyday lives (if you get a chance to leap into bed and have a decent night's sleep you're extremely lucky – let alone a day off), that it's no wonder they have no time left to attend all those A40 events which have been so carefully and painstakingly organised and *pick up a pen and write about them*.

So it's just as well we have good old faithful people like Keith Bennett (*OY, not so much of the 'old' – Ed.*) and Terry Smith, not forgetting Nick, to name but a few, to fill the pages for us.

If you would like to know who is your local "organiser of events" please get in touch and I will do my best to assist.

Happy motoring!

Janet Betteridge

LOCAL GROUP CO-ORDINATOR

## DEVON GROUP NEWS

Very many thanks to Ted and Gwen Coles for holding the AGM at their lovely cottage in Stoke, North Devon. Plans for 1992 events include a BBQ and three other meetings.

Robert and Isobel Head

## WESSEX GROUP NEWS

The Isle of Wight Invasion took place on Sunday 31st May, when eight A40s and a Land Rover (plus passengers) made up the Wessex Group's annual outing by ferry from Lymington to Yarmouth for the day. The weather was brilliant, and what a sight it was for the onlooker when our A40s filled the complete deck from one end to the other – no wonder there was a gentleman on the quayside with a video camera, both on arrival at Yarmouth and again at 7 pm for the return trip to Lymington. He couldn't have believed his eyes seeing all those A40s at once, so he had to film it – we should like to see that video sometime, whoever you are at Yarmouth!

Back to the fun. Bernard Clarke (our IoW member and host) met us all off the ferry in his A40 and we all went in procession to Freshwater, his home, some two miles away. Unfortunately we lost Arthur and Sheila Russell from Totton on the way. One minute there were nine A40s, the next – oh dear!

Ten A40s travelling along the road,  
ten A40s travelling along the road,  
and if one A40 were to accidentally roam,  
there'd be nine A40s travelling along the road.

Nine A40s travelling along the ...

(GET ON WITH THE REPORT! – ED)

Oh what a jolly day! After some frantic dashes for an hour or so around the country lanes of Freshwater, we caught up with them in their red Mk 2, but it was more like the film "The Italian Job", using A40s instead of Minis.

After some welcome refreshments at Bernard's home we all went off at leisure around the island.

Thank you Bernard and Joan for your hospitality.

### **GREAT WESTERN RALLY – Sunday, 14th June**

Another good attendance by the Wessex Group at Longleat, when yet again the group scooped most of the prizes on offer!

Best Mk 1	Bob High from Cwmbran
2nd Mk 1	Sheila Coleman from Trowbridge
Best Mk 2	Gordon Davis from Sandhurst
2nd Mk 2	Dennis Fortune from Chippenham
Best Modified car	Steve Wilson from Slough
Positional Skills, (Driving Test)	Gordon Davis from Sandhurst

Well done to everyone who attended this year on such a smashing day (not like last year when we renamed it "Great WET Rally").

### **LYMINGTON VINTAGE RALLY – Sunday, 12th July**

Another good day – plenty to do, plenty to see. This rally is a little different from the majority of events, it was so nice to be interviewed as one paraded around the ring. The commentator was well up with all the cars too, and he gave everyone plenty of time to tell a tale or two on their particular vehicle, which was nice. What I considered was music to my ears was when he said "And here's another Austin A40 Farina", making good listening over and over again!

### **LOOKING FORWARD NOW**

Please do not forget the top **Welsh Rally at Tredegar Park, Newport, Gwent on 20th September**, all details in Farina News No. 49.

Then, the final meeting of the year for our Wessex Group, and a real must to be there to witness the very special long-awaited arrival of our very own Editor's car, back from the unknown, together with Keith and Barbara. He promises to take part in our 4th Birthday celebrations, so please make a very special note in your diaries for 11th October here at Chilworth, between 2–6 pm. Share a piece of birthday cake (in the A40 shape and in Keith and Barbara's colours of Tartan Red/Black roof). We are hoping for some 30 A40s to be in attendance – try and make it more by joining us – everyone is welcome (in an A40!).

SEE FARINA NEWS No. 49 FOR FURTHER EVENTS THIS YEAR.

Terry Smith

### **WEST MIDLANDS GROUP**

#### **THE PICNIC, or OH WOT A WONDERFUL DAY**

Dear Club Members, Yes, it's that time again, my usual sum-up of what's happened recently or possibly what may be happening next. Although the picnic was on a Sunday, it all started on the Saturday. 8 am off I trundled, Birmingham to Anna's at Worcester with all sorts of equipment (jumbleads, batteries, tools, etc.) to prepare the

worn out tired A40s which were to be stripped for spares. First off, the Agate Red Mk 2. Fit battery, few turns of the key and it was off and out of the barn. Next, Cumulus Grey Mk 2. Ah! Where's the keys? In the farmhouse. Collected. Few turns and THAT'S off and out of the barn. NEXT! Mini-Van. (What's that got to do with it? Read on). Fuel pump (electric) not functioning. Temporary repair to move it out of the barn, up on ramps to replace faulty one, replace that flat tyre on the front, no spare, rob one off another mini, now up and running. NEXT!

Ah, Malcolm Lane and friend arrive. They are staying overnight B&B with Anna having come from Hemel Hempstead. Right, don't run away Malcolm, you've timed that just right. We still have three non-runner A40s in the barn that must be moved up to the Dutch barn onto hard standing. Rope around spring hanger of Agate Red one, rope around roll bar of Fern Green one so we could tow it up to the Dutch barn. Right, done that. NEXT. Same again with the Snowberry White Mk 2 (that was a little lighter due to having no engine in). While all this was going on, another friend, John Bartlett, arrived in his Rapier. By this time we all needed a cup of tea! Plans were discussed and it was decided to nip down to a farm in the village to borrow some trestle tables, so John and I went to fetch them in the Rapier (it's a convertible).

Back to Anna's and set up the tables. Now this is where the mini-van fits in. All the loose spares of past broken up cars had to be ferried up to the Dutch barn. About four trips later we had done it, all the spares were laid out on the tables so it was easier to spot a part you may need. Almost finished. There is still one more A40 in the barn (Anna's old black one) but here is a problem. We had sold the steering box. Luckily Frank (Anna's husband) has a tractor and chain. For those readers who are squeamish, don't read the next bit. I said DON'T READ IT! Chain around the tractor's bucket in front, then around the A40's front suspension and up she lifted. So did most of the front bodywork too. The car was dragged out most ungracefully and hauled into the Dutch barn alongside all the others.

Right, that's it. No, one more. The one that's going to be auctioned. A black Mk 1 that is too good to scrap. Park it up and fit the "For Sale" sign and that's it, we are now ready for tomorrow, Sunday 21st June. (What about the cucumber sandwiches then? – Ed).

Arrive at 9 am. Not many around except Anna, Frank and John Bartlett. Where's Malcolm and his friend "Squeak"? Ah! Apparently it was a late night and they've overslept. I wonder why? Could it have been the long journey up (I don't think so). When they finally surfaced all was revealed. They were very quiet and were hoping everybody else would be. Ah now we know – hungover. John and I go outside to see if anyone has arrived. Yes here are some now. They are greeted and then parked up. Here's some more. Same procedure. And again. And again. And again. A40s and other classics arrived all day, even Paddy turned up (the first one he's been to – well done). Everyone settled down to the picnic and people were removing parts from the cars donated. Later on in the afternoon we were all given tea, etc. We thanked everyone who donated tea, sugar, etc., and helped out. After tea it was time to auction the A40 so we decided to let Charles Hobbs drive it into the garden, as it's been such a while since he has been able to drive one. (Private land, so we were OK). The bidding was slow to take off at first but after a few initial interests the bidding was a two-man heat. Finally the highest bid we managed was £225 sold to a prospective new member, then we decided to auction one of the spares cars so this was then driven into the garden. A top bid of £30 was accepted, sold to Becky Mitchell.

By the way I must thank John Bartlett for being the auctioneer as it saved us hiring a megaphone. Afterwards people started to make their way home so all the spares were packed away and the scrap cars put back in their shed. Everyone said how they had enjoyed the day and will be returning next year. This year we had 21 A40s, 6 A30/A35s and 11 other classic cars, a total of 38 cars. The furthest travelled (correct me if I'm wrong) was George "Paddy" Ryan (Wigan), Ann and Gordon Davis

(Sandhurst), Steve Nicholls (Bridgwater), Charles Amis and Keith Hallock (Kent), and I must end with the grand total collected for Leukaemia Research in 12 months was just over £800. We thank all those for donating.

Nuf sed.

Nick Bayliss (M/N 13)  
328 Sarehole Road, Hall Green,  
Birmingham B28 0AQ.

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Dear Club members,

We now have stocks of the following original Leyland manuals for the Austin A40:

Mk 1/2 handbook AKD 3921 1969  
Mk 1/2 workshop manual AKD 927H 1968

Both books are available direct from us. The handbook costs £5.50 and the workshop manual is £22.45. Both prices include postage and packing.

You're welcome to contact me for any further information.

Yours sincerely,  
Barbara Cleveland

\* \* \* \* \*

### **Under a mound an ancient relic is revealed ... Jim Hewitson goes digging for treasure in a garden in Papa Westray**

Each spadeful of earth and rubble brought increasing excitement among the diggers. The prospect of a momentous find seemed close at hand. It must have been like this as those Victorian pioneers broke into the tombs of the pharaohs in a dusty valley so far from the rain-soaked black earth on this Scottish Isle of Papa Westray.

We burrowed as moles into the mound – a little hillock like so many on the island which over the centuries have yielded archaeological treasures. Anything lumpish around here is worth exploring. This mound was easy of access – in fact it was in the back garden. Downwind of the septic tank, a few yards west of the compost heap, it was an overgrown jungle of nettles and dockens in summer but a bare, clearly artificial little mound in winter. Legends about it were few but enough to justify the dig.

Finally, as the rain began to drip down our necks, the mysterious knoll gave up its secret. There was no mistaking the artefact, its shape and style betrayed its antique origins. It was a symbol of a culture long forgotten, of a time when life was more simple and straightforward.

We stood back; there was no doubt – it was an Austin A40. Strange in a society of trade-ins and big business scrappies to have the graveyard of a car in your vegetable plot, abandoned and forgotten for a score of years. But not so on Papa. Here the car almost always ends its days on the island, finally giving up the ghost halfway up the Sandy Road or on the mudbath track that the east shore road becomes in winter. They are laid to rest with their comrades on the track to the farm or by the shore.

With no qualified mechanic to conduct the tests, the MOT does not apply in our northern outpost and the cars run until they literally fall apart. No journey is undertaken without a roll of bailer twine in the back seat to tie down the bonnet, tie up the exhaust pipe or prevent the battery from wandering around the engine compartment.

Today there are scores of cars on the island. Many lie derelict around the farm buildings, rusting heaps that occasionally find a new calling as henhouses, potato stores or greenhouses, but many sink into the soil. One thing is certain, archaeologists of the twenty-first century will find little trace of them if the observable rate of decay is anything to go by. The mounds will hold many disappointments.

But today they remain a headache. What are the alternatives to leaving these vehicles around to decay – eyesores on an island which is successfully enticing visitors from the world over to its silver shores? They can be offered up to the sea. Speared on the tractor's fork and sent crashing from the crags into a geo, one of the narrow clefts which eat into the rock faces of the island. The grinding motion of the sea in one winter will leave nothing recognisable, pulverising the frame against the sandstone shelves.

Hardly a satisfactory solution. Breakwaters have been built from a selection of wrecked saloons – a good subject for the visiting photographer – but this, too, is hardly the answer. And the scrapman – who only wants the heavy engine blocks – cometh with the same regularity as Halley's Comet, once every 70-odd years, and leaves the place in a bigger mess than he found it.

There were suggestions that a Norwegian incentive scheme should be adopted whereby folk would be keen to get their old banger to a scrap dealer because a £100 payment would be made. This effectively would be a repayment because a similar deposit would have been included in the purchase price. So far the Government has been cool on this idea although environmental groups think it's a winner.

Another solution might be to install a crusher on one of the vessels which serve the outlying northern isles of Orkney; perhaps the coal boat. There is support again, for this idea, but so far no action.

However, one question still lingers. Do the visitors really regard the decaying lumps of metal as objects or disfigurement? One group of German high school students recently went home with their back packs lined with a collection of door handles, number and name plates and windscreen wipers from our fleet of wrecks.

The Papa car crisis had been a holiday bonus for them. One farm, North Rendall, has a magnificent but ageing tractor engine as a gatepost and a bewildering collection of metal hulks, including a light aircraft written off when it failed to clear the airport dyke. Imagine Alex and Alice's delight when a visiting tourist asked earnestly ...

"Is this the agricultural museum?"

*A day out for the Scottish Group? Mrs. May Kohn, Member number 35 from Lenzie in Scotland sent me this offering which first appeared (in a fuller version) in the Glasgow Herald of 18th January 1989. Perhaps we should hold the next AGM on Papa Westray!! – Ed.*

**Terry Lambert**  
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## TPE 269F

There must, by now, be some Members who are beginning to doubt if Debbie Smith (*our new, wonderful Spares Lady – Ed.*) does actually own an A40. Well, on the back page you'll find a photograph of the lesser-spotted last-but-two-off-the-line Mk 2 saloon.

The story really begins with its predecessor, a 1978 Morris Marina. The Marina had automatic transmission, and when I finally convinced the Old Man that I wanted to learn to drive, he said we would look around for "a cheap old banger with a manual box".

The Old Man (John) once owned an Austin A60 and dreamed of owning another and, consequently, bought Exchange & Mart every week. I picked up a discarded non A60-bearing issue and immediately spotted an A40.

We travelled to Worcestershire to see it and I fell in love with it at first sight. John pointed out that the price (£195) was a bit steep, as the rear wings were obviously 90% filler, the exhaust system was paper thin, and the offside headlamp was in danger of falling from the well-rotted front wing – and THAT was just on a cursory inspection.

We said we would leave it, and returned to Walsall, but I couldn't get the little car out of my mind. Eventually I rang the vendor back, made an offer of £150 and got it!

Meanwhile John had found his A60, the Marina went to auction and the A60 became the family car for a few months. The Marina had a tow bar which we used to tow a trailer to take the kids' bikes to the park, and the garden rubbish to the tip (as Walsall dustmen will not take it, even though most of ours is leaves from the council's own trees which overhang our garden!). So, a tow bar for the A40 became urgently required. An A40 bought for spares by Peter Brown had a tow bar which we obtained. The A40 was backed up the ramps and then the trouble started. The bumper, which we had assumed had worked loose, came off with a substantial part of the chassis bolted to it!

That would have been the end of that until by chance the next Farina News landed on the mat, containing a list of the eldest and youngest cars in the club – and there was mine – 172896 compared with the last one built, 172898.

So we decided to put it in the garage until the following summer, and then strip it down and see exactly what it needed to do a modest restoration. The rear end was duly completed, and then the mortgage interest went through the roof and everything stopped again.

So, in a nutshell, that's the story to date. The A40 is 80% finished externally, the A60 goes on the road May to October and the family run-about is a Reliant van which is ideal because the Austins can reside in the garage whilst the Reliant glass-fibre body doesn't mind being out in all weathers at all!

In fact the Reliant could become a classic in its own right. As mentioned, we only bought it to use to run the kids to school and to pop down town in. The A60 went to Sandwell Rally this year, and once it was the only specimen. This year it was one of four A60s plus over half-a-dozen variants (Oxfords, Rileys, Wolseleys).

There was not one single Reliant!

Debbie Smith (M/N1377)  
21, Manor Road, Walsall,  
West Midlands WS2 9PX.

*(Yes, but what about learning to drive, dearest? Did you ever succeed, or was the excitement of owning an A40 so great that all thoughts went out of your head?? – Ed.)*

## SECRETARIAL RAMBLINGS

Welcome to you all, whether you are reading FN for the first time or you are an old regular (not necessarily old in years!).

Only a few words this quarter, must leave as much space as possible for Part 2 of the Bennett Memoirs. Rumour has it that we shall be entertained for several years to come with tales of GBH (makes the mind boggle, doesn't it?). Estimated time of arrival back on the roads of Banbury in October. I'm not going to say which October though, and there might well be a prize for the first member to spot a Tartan Red with flashy Black top (the car, not the owner, our ever-smiling editor, Keith). What prize, you ask? Well it could be very useful to any future restorer, a parcel of well-used plastic bags! (My car is NOT in plastic bags – it's in cardboard boxes; damp cos the garage roof's sprung a leak – Ed).

Enough of this frivolity. The AGM at Nottingham was a great success and the Saturday evening trip to the Goose Fair and firework display was very enjoyable. Yours truly managed to acquire a micrometer and a 3/16 UNF tap, thus enabling further progress to be made in respect of replacement body panels.

The long-promised price list is now available. If any member would like a copy then send me an SAE and you can have a two-sheet set.

That's all for now folks, back to the workbench, scribing and cutting and hammering bits of metal into more A40 panels. Have a good time with your cars and take care, as we have been notified of at least one car that has been stolen so LOCK UP YOURS!

Best wishes,

Alan Ratcliffe

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(Member No. 528)

## CENTRE PAGES:

Good value for money, these two pages. They sent the printers mad trying to follow my setting instructions ...

### LEFT PAGE – The Annual Picnic

**TOP LEFT** finds Malcolm (legs) Lane nursing a hangover and what looks like an important little bit of that car's steering gear. So sad to think that the shambling old heap with the unlovely body and clapped out innards was once someone's pride and joy. Same goes for the car of course ...

**TOP RIGHT:** John Brooks demonstrating his carpet rejuvenation technique. Not very clear in a black & white photo, I know, but can you see the different squares on what was a plain oatmeal-coloured carpet? The effect on tired, waterstained fabric trim really was amazing. He told me he'd write an article for FN explaining all (address inside front cover, John!).

**MIDDLE:** Not just boring old A40s; as with any good picnic the fare was nice and varied. Personally I'd like a quiet five minutes with the lunatic German who called the camper's roof a "pop-up" (far left). All that pops are your editor's eyeballs as he strains to lift it. Nice venue, innit?

**BOTTOM LEFT:** A rare picture, this. Alf Pearson has goodies for sale – Nick Bayliss has the cash. They eye each other warily. They haggle. Suddenly, in a flash, Alf's got the money AND the goods. Now that's what I call a rare picture – Nick separated from both!

**BOTTOM RIGHT (ABOVE):** Peter Harber, of Leukaemia Research, receiving a round of applause from all present (further right, crashed out on the lawn after tea) as he thanks Charles Hobbs for presenting to him, on behalf of the club, our annual donation (raised from selling spares, etc) to Leukaemia Research ...

**BOTTOM RIGHT (BELOW):** ... and the tables turned as J. Bartlett Esq. presents Charles with his scale model Mk 2. "This one's going to be easier to keep clean", he grinned.

### RIGHT PAGE: The National Meeting

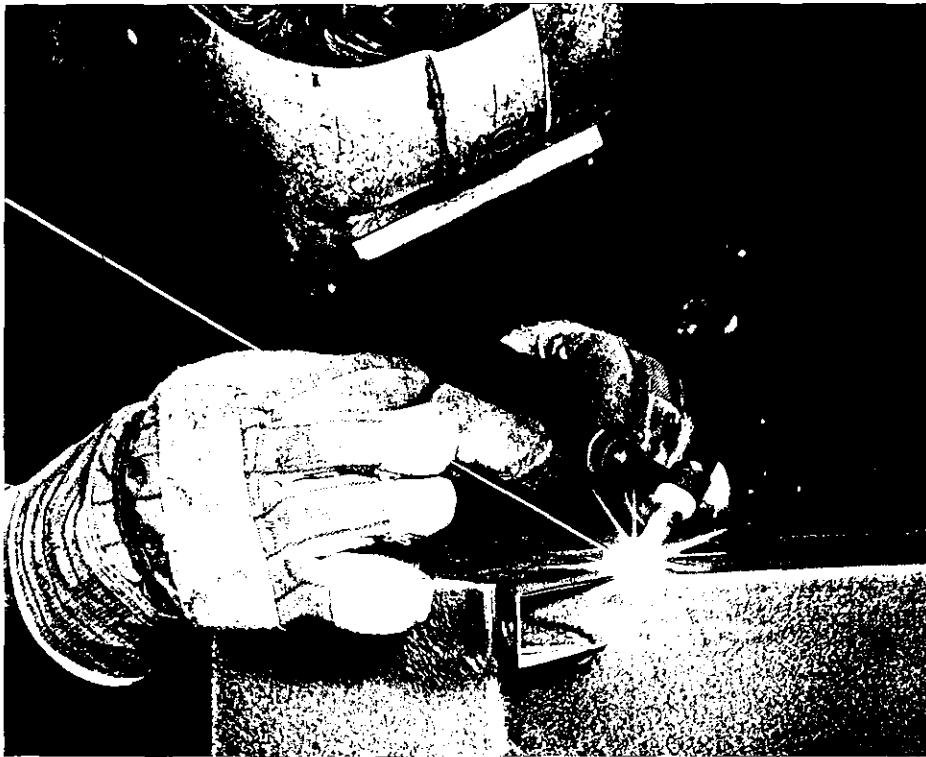
**TOP:** A40 Mechanicals are still fairly easy to come by, but the tin-ware is a different kettle of rust. Here, Alan Ratcliffe's hand-crafted repair section samples are destined to keep a few more of the old birds on the road. The off-side front wing of his car is one of those before and after demos, but I'm blessed if I can remember which ...

**BOTTOM:** Like a vulture with its lunch, this sadistic patrolman sits watching and waiting. Actually he had come to the aid of (now don't giggle) a half-timbered Morris 1000 Traveller that had limped in suffering from a failed water pump. With faces suitably composed, club members ambled over to crowd round offering help and consolation. Rumours that when they left, the AA van wouldn't start are completely unfounded. Unfortunately.

**INSERT:** A heartbroken Nick Bayliss (left) is being consoled as tender-hearted Alan Ratcliffe explains that the pile of stuff in front of them, which was Nick's latest rebuild, would have lasted longer if he hadn't reused all the old rusty nuts and bolts. It's a really fascinating subject – the effects of oxidation on ferrous metals – and Alan would doubtless break it to Nick gently ...







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## GROWING WISER BY THE YEAR

(Part 2 – in which Life deals the Editor yet more surprises)

I wish now that a photograph had been made of the expression on my face after about half an hour into that first session in the garage. By then I had neatly laid out my shiny new tools (plus the lawnmower spanner for good luck), opened the books at relevant pages, and set to work to take off what items were still bolted onto the shell. By that thirty-minute mark I'd discovered the reason why those items were still attached – their fixings were solidly rusted on. My nice new socket set was the wrong sort: hardly any socket fitted any nut or bolt. Most of the skin on my knuckles had been scraped off as those sockets which most nearly fitted the stubborn heads had slipped off them, and I was faced with the prospect of cleaning the penetrating oil and blood from the socket set and returning it to Halfords in the hope they might change it for the correct one. (They did – "Best bring one of the nuts into the shop", the man had said, "and we can chose the right set for the car". I could have strangled him – I couldn't get a ruddy nut off because the sockets wouldn't fit: eventually it was the lawnmower spanner that carried the day and I triumphantly presented him with, if memory serves, an almost rounded bolt from a rear spring shackle).

Time is relative, they say. Certainly it doesn't seem like six years since first I delivered Gab for her Great Rebuild. Since her return home, I've lost count of the hours of toil addressed to scraping the grease and old underseal off the car (with, I blush to admit, a half-inch Stanley wood chisel); of sorting through the cardboard boxes trying to find a component whose bolt-holes would give a clue as to the position of a long-lost piece of bodywork (for example the heater and its relative position on the rusted-out front bulkhead); and the hunt round the kingdom for some more panels to replace those damaged by Terry that he had cut about to make fit.

The task steadily assumed nightmare-like proportions. For someone who didn't even know how to de-coke a back axle or spot-weld a quarter-light, it was rather like attempting DIY brain surgery when the only medical knowledge one had was knowing where to buy a pack of sticky plasters. And I was getting through quite a lot of sticky plasters! My wonderful long-suffering wife has, over these last few years, become a dab hand (if you'll pardon the pun) with Dettol and Elastoplast; at rescuing me as I wandered, blinded, around the garden after I had accidentally squirted the rust-neutraliser "Jenolite" into my eyes; at ignoring the colourful and comprehensive swearing as I discovered that jacks and axle-stands are very likely to pass straight through bits of car which looked quite sound; at darnng yet another hole because I'd got myself hooked up on some particularly sharp and rusty bit of Gab; of thawing out an oily, grumpy, exasperated husband on wintry evenings with cups of steaming soup and tea; and of consoling her amateur, almost beaten and close-to-tears car restorer on those occasions when he could glimpse the enormity of the task that stretched ahead of him. Not once did Barbara question my undoubted lunacy or suggest calling a halt to the proceedings. I owe to her such a debt as can never be repaid in full, and beg forgiveness for all those unprovoked verbal attacks upon her when she had the misfortune to be the first human being I set my bloodshot eyes on after emerging, bristling, from yet another infuriating session in the garage. Thank you Bar; I love you.

And as if this wasn't enough, I had taken it into my head to try servicing the VW camper in order to save myself some money. I suppose I was becoming mentally unhinged. With all those A40 bits strewn around the garage, why not add a few Volkswagen bits to the pile as well? This is not the place to enlarge upon that chapter of my engineering career – suffice it to say that the first time I tried changing the spark-plugs I stripped the threads in the engine and had to get a garage to rescue me. The mechanic peered into the depths of the engine-room and told me that I needed

my head re-tapping. I couldn't but agree with him. Then I got in a hopeless muddle with the valves and the timing and once again called HELP. Then I tried topping-up the windscreen-washer system (no electric pump – it relies on pressurised air) and took the camper to the local garage to inflate the system. I must have put in too much air or too much water; whatever the reason, yours truly connected the air-line and squeezed the trigger and the inside of the VW was comprehensively drenched as the sudden pressure blew the pipes leading up to the switch by the steering wheel clean off ...

And still the madness held me. In 1987 Paul Stapleton, one of the founder members of our A40 Farina Club, was finding that the excitement of being both Secretary and Editor more than he could bear and appealed for someone to take over the masterminding of "Farina News". In my (by now) mechanically half-crazed frame of mind (and covered in spots of old underseal and grease from the A40, slightly younger spots of oil from the Volkswagen, and ancient scabs and sticky plasters covering wounds from both of them) why, it seemed the most natural thing in the world to undertake something else car-related. Yes, of course I'd LOVE to be editor of the Club's magazine. Why not? Cuckoo cuckoo, dribble dribble! Move the A40 seats and panels out of the spare room and hide them elsewhere around the house; now, where's the typewriter and camera?

In my first editorial for "Farina News" (issue number 31, December 1987) I was able to show off my new-found knowledge of technical terms (like steering wheel, brake, etc) in an analogy illustrating my terror at my debut at compiling the magazine. Despite the increased workload I soon discovered one huge advantage pertaining to my new job – contact with the hardcore of enthusiastic enthusiasts, the like of which form the foundation of any voluntary organisation such as ours. Without them, I'm sure Gab's rebuild would have foundered a long time ago. Their glorious mixture of wit, advice, practical help and sensible suggestions gave me a much-needed shot in the arm, rather than the shot in the head that I had been frequently contemplating in my darker moments. I also discovered one huge disadvantage – that of seeing the lists of Spares and Cars for Sale. Spares weren't too much of a temptation because I had no idea what items I was missing, but to see the occasional "pristine" car offered for a few hundred pounds would, bearing in mind the wreck in my garage, sometimes plunge me into despair. I must admit that it was about this time that I ceased taking "Practical Classics" on a regular basis. It infuriated me to read the smug accounts of how some correspondent had discovered, in Autumn, in the middle of a marshy field somewhere in Lincolnshire three bumper-irons, a wheel, eight seat springs plus horsehair, a puddle of gearbox oil and half an empty box of Woodbines stuffed inside the remnants of a 1953 Motorola car wireless – only to roll out, the following Summer, a concours winning something-or-other which they promptly drove all round Europe without it missing a beat. Aha, you cry, sheer jealousy. OF COURSE IT'S SHEER JEALOUSY, DAMMIT. From time to time adverts for abandoned projects would also appear, and I was beginning to understand some of the reasons why they may have fallen by the wayside.

A major element of my despair centred around the problem of welding the car back together. An acquaintance of mine had very generously lent me on open-loan his professional welding equipment and tools (though I still found the odd bolt only my lawnmower spanner would fit) and had shown me the rudiments of welding using two pieces of new steel. All well and good until I tried welding new steel to pariously thin steel. After the self-inflicted fiasco with the Jenolite, I'd had the underneath and interior of the shell sandblasted in order to speed up the rust-removing process. Trouble was, the remaining metal – while beautifully rust-free – proved considerably thinner than the new repair metal, and under the assault of my heavy-handed attempts at welding just blew itself into bigger and bigger holes. Dave the Welder (whose equipment it was) had recently joined British Telecom, and was working all hours – certainly too

many to give much time to my needs. He recommended a friend of his (called Bob the Welder), and so it was that the unholy alliance of Bob and I came into being. Bob is a pure Cockney and, rather like the Duke of Edinburgh, much given to calling a spade a bloody shovel. Under his direction I would prepare the particular piece of car we would be currently working on, and he would turn up, tell me what I'd done wrong, make me do it properly, and weld it.

Over the months a sort of routine settled in. Bob works shifts, so on average he would be free to come and weld every fourth Saturday morning if that particular weekend suited us both. (In retrospect I can understand now how the restoration took us six years!). In the interim I would have made cardboard patterns of the current area of fascination and then try to duplicate them in metal. Some of my early attempts were interesting, to say the least. And Bob wasn't one to say the least! Bob would say quite a lot more than the least, clearly and concisely, and forcefully point out why the mangled piece of new metal I had managed to beat into what I hoped was an acceptable shape in fact wasn't, if you see what I mean. Still, man learns from his mistakes they say, and I perpetrated enough mistakes to learn quite a lot. Once I understood what was required I usually came up with the goods, and as the time passed, with less and less in the way of flattened fingers or wounds from the sharp offcuts of metal.

The biggest problem facing us was that the car had twisted. When Gab was rescued she had needed manhandling out of the workshop past the other sad remnants which once were cars and onto our trailer. Although looking reasonably like an A40 from a distance, the shell in fact had been badly cut about and the four principal wing panels were just tacked on. The inner sills didn't exist and the outers, like the wings, simply fitted where they touched. The doors were hung, though very badly, but at least by tying them tightly to the door posts it was possible to keep the car roughly in shape. Once it was safely home, Bob and I spent ages squaring the shell up and measuring datum points. Because so much of the lower shell just didn't exist, especially the near-side, this was an exceptionally difficult task. The front suspension had been left on, but the rear springs (and therefore the rear axle) were supported only where they were hung from the back of the car – the front hangers and the heelboard beneath the back seat, to which they attach, had vanished.

The solution presented itself by virtue of the fact that new outer sills and both rear wings were needed. Because the doors were new, and Gab's front wings still in repairable condition, Bob and I were able to take measurements from the remaining top half of the shell onto the replacement panels, aided by the faithful Parts Manual. It's not an occupation that I would recommend to anyone of a nervous disposition – luckily in those days I was still blissfully ignorant of just how much work there would be in the car. With hindsight I'm tempted to say that if I knew then what I know now about the 'joys' of restoration, Gab would almost certainly have been scrapped. But "fools rush in where angels fear to tread", though anyone thinking of referring to Bob the Welder as a fool should first consider whether they fancy several weeks of hospital food. The title might more easily sit on my head, and I admit that sheer stubbornness was the principal that kept us both at it.

And at it we kept. As time passed, even Bob had to admit that I was producing really quite acceptable repair sections. Only the underside, I hasten to add. Mr. Mowett at Radford Panels made up some of the more 'ockerd' (to use an Oxfordshire expression) corners that needed heavier weights of steel. For the rest of the panels and pieces, they were bought either at the A40 Club's AGM and Social Weekends in Nottingham where those two stalwarts of our club, Henry Maslin and George Ryan set up their respective spares stalls to tempt the membership, or from a chap up in Barnsley who had some A40 bits for sale.

Another problem exercising my mind was the almost total lack of nuts and bolts. The originals had been either thrown away by the 'professional' restorer or were so rusty that they had to be cut off the car. For those folk who have a shed full of tins each containing a huge assortment of the things, all well and good. But remember that I had no such stock, acquired or inherited. So, if I saw a nut, a bolt or a spring lying in the road it would be carried home and offered to those bits of A40 lacking in fixings. Most often the new-found treasure wouldn't fit – sometimes it did. Bar joined in this eccentric treasure-hunt with enthusiasm and as the months went by, our hoard steadily grew. Those refugees that fitted would be cleaned and oiled and screwed into their new home; those that were too far gone were kept anyway, 'just in case'. They were gleaned from road-sides, garage forecourts and car parks both in England and abroad and borne triumphantly home. I can state with no fear of contradiction that Gab is the most international of vehicles!

Then, disaster. My appalling memory (have I mentioned that yet?) led me one day to forget setting the handbrake on the camper. She waited until I was safely indoors then stealthily rolled out of our steep drive and down the equally steep street. Miraculously no-one was in the way as one and a half tons of Volkswagen careered across the cul-de-sac, over a footpath, down two terraced front gardens and smashed into the corner of a house. A kindly neighbour came to my front door. "Excuse me, is that your bus down there?"

I could hardly deny it. We walked down to Bethania together, the neighbour offering to telephone for a tow-truck. I clearly remember answering, "no; no need, she's a Volkswagen – I'll drive her out".

She'd ended up poised over a four-foot terrace drop with her nose crushed against the unyielding angle of the house, windscreen gone to hell and a million pieces, the dash at a strange angle and the pedals ditto. Both front doors were jammed shut by the impact but luckily the sliding side door still worked. I climbed gingerly in and crept forward through the shambles; swept most of the debris littering the driver's seat onto the floor and sat down. The brick wall was but an arm's length away. Breathed deeply to see whether the fuel tank had ruptured or the camping-gaz cylinders been damaged, but my nose gave the all-clear. Quite unconsciously checked she was out of gear (!) then turned the ignition key. Sixteen feet behind me the engine rattled into unconcerned life. I selected reverse and softly, oh so softly, eased my left foot up. As gently as any ship leaving a tight dock Bethania and I extricated ourselves from that unhappy berth, did a three-point turn on someone's neatly trimmed lawn, drove slowly back up the hill to home territory, and parked with the handbrake firmly ON.

The repairs cost the insurance company and me a thousand pounds each, but Beth was worth it. I couldn't have bought another one like her for that sort of money and anyway she had become part of the family. After transporting Bar and I all over England and the continent in complete safety it would have been sad indeed had she ended her days just two hundred yards from home. With the replacement of the front end estimated at three months, I decided to buy a car and found an Austin Maxi which did sterling service until Beth came home. All of this rather naturally took precedence over poor old Gab who had to languish abandoned in the garage until funds allowed a re-start.

Which they did eventually, and when the time came to trial-fit the wings it was a momentous occasion. Up until then I had been content to follow Bob the Welder's instructions on what he wanted doing next and watch as chassis pieces, floors, heelboards and toeboards, inner sills, spring-hangers, 'A' posts and 'B' posts all were carefully welded into place upon this ramshackle immovable latticework cage. The immediate challenge of producing, by whatever means, the next required repair

section divorced my mind further and further from the actual shape the car would assume when clothed in her outer panels. Then, one evening, the time had come to offer up the wings. Bonnet, boot and doors had been on a long time, doing valuable service as datum points; I hung the wings on loosely with the aid of some welding clamps. Now, suddenly, here was a thing that looked like an A40. Now, suddenly, I could actually kneel where the driver's seat would eventually be, and gaze out over a long-forgotten vista of bonnet and front wing. Now, suddenly, I realised what a tremendously long experience Barbara, Bob and I had been through.

And were still going through. A long way to go, but seeing a glimpse of light at the end of the tunnel gave a huge impetus. I searched through my cardboard boxes and discovered a rear light cluster, a chrome headlamp surround and the dashboard top. These incidentals I carefully balanced on Gab and stood back to admire this strange new apparition. Headlights, where were the headlights? Must have them – and the door handles. And the chrome strips (held on temporarily with insulation tape). No glass in the doors of course, but I gingerly leaned the rear side windows in position. And the chrome bonnet-strip with its rare 'flying A'. And the radiator grille. All precariously perched on their respective places.

And there she was. Not a straight line on her, and everything covered in a layer of dust and greasy fingermarks. Electric cables snaking around and under her; tools, jacks, bits of wood ("persuaders", Bob calls them), clamps, grinders and axle-stands, offcuts and cardboard patterns – all strewn about; but there the old girl stood, defiant if slightly comical-looking in her adversity. I cleared a space on the workbench and sat down, feasting my eyes on a sight not seen for over four years – my old A40 resurrected. And then I wept.

I wept for Gab: for me; for the time, money and anxiety the last few years had exacted; for the unfairness of it all; for the ridiculous looking thing standing there before me. It came to mind that the hubcaps would be a nice touch. Hot-eyed and sniffing, I got up and unearthed them from a box; walked over, bent down and put the first one in place against the front wheel; banged it with my hand – and the whole apparition promptly collapsed! Most everything I'd just added fell off, though mercifully nothing was damaged.

Anyone walking past the garage that night could be forgiven for thinking there was a madman within. I was weeping still, but this time from hysterical laughter. I'm of the opinion that that half-hour was well worth while – it had relieved all those tensions and heartaches within me, and gave as it were, a new beginning to the rebuild. From here on in, the only way was UP!

Ironically the next few months saw very slow progress on the car – and my reborn optimism for the projected completion date soon evaporated as Bob gently explained to me that fitting panels ain't that simple. With so much repair work done to the basic shell, there would be (and as it transpired – were) difficulties getting all the edges to come together. And Bob himself couldn't spare much time for Gab because the Oxford extension to the M40 motorway was due to open shortly, and he was being kept very busy fitting-out some huge towing trucks belonging to a local breakdown firm envisaging a generous increase in business. Still, it gave me a chance to tinkle about and finish off the odd corners on Gab that we'd missed in the past, and more importantly to start sorting my cardboard-box collection for the first of the mechanicals we would need when the shell came ready for painting. Compiling "Farina News" filled any spare time more than adequately!

And then in May 1991, the Volkswagen got mugged. I was driving home in the early hours of a Saturday along a lonely 'B' road several miles from Banbury when to my

astonishment and alarm I saw in my headlights a group of youths spread across my path. In the few seconds sight of them that I had, I could see that they'd torn branches from the hedgerows and were waiting for something (or one) to use them on. The bus was running at around sixty, so with hand on the horn and pounding heart I aimed for a gap in the middle of them. I glimpsed one of them leap towards my door, then BANG! SMASH went my driver's side wing mirror. I was through, and not waiting to see what had happened behind me, I rattled off into the night and reported to our local 'nick'. Details were taken, though no-one seemed too excited about it, and I went home to bed. The next morning (or rather, later on the same one) I checked the wing mirror; the chrome body had been dented, though it popped back into shape after some persuasion, and I drove down to the local Volkswagen main dealership to buy a new glass.

Innocent old me. Never mind that the Volkswagen Type 2 is the world's largest-selling light commercial vehicle – never mind that I was standing in the stores of a main Volkswagen dealership – never mind all sorts of reasons, it was gently explained to me that I really couldn't expect them to keep mirror-glass in stock for an eighteen-year old vehicle, and that the "service charge" for ordering one would be two kings' ransoms plus VAT.

Well yar boo sucks, your hero wasn't about to be fobbed off like that. He'll go and buy a replacement glass from Halfords, or somewhere ...

Nobody had one. Hillman Avenger? Vauxhall Viva? Ford Sierra? Certainly mate – how many would you like? Volkswagen camper. What, that one out there? Sorry, no call for them ones. Eventually a kindly soul suggested I try a commercial glass-cutter. Double-glazing? Conservatory? Patio door safety glass? Greenhouse panes? Certainly squire! Mirror glass? Absolutely! Come to the right place here, you have. Now, how big are these wardrobe mirrored doors you want replaced? As nicely as I could, I explained that all I wanted was a smallish piece of mirror glass with rounded edges to fit my Volkswagen. NOT TOO MUCH OF A REQUEST REALLY, IS IT ?? WELL, IS IT ?? Seems it was. The day was wearing on a bit when I was finally directed to a small, independent glass-cutter working in a lockup garage on a rather seedy little patch of ground that no-one in their right minds could call an industrial estate. Except the optimistic landlord, whose tatty old sign proclaimed "only a few units left". In fact, only two were taken – the glass-cutter, and next to him – a car restorer!

A car restorer. Oh temptation. My quest for the mirror glass temporarily forgotten, I stepped inside the double doors. A multi-hued Triumph Spitfire shell lay on its side with an ancient tarpaulin covering the front end. Around the walls were ranged several workbenches covered with tools, paint tins and the usual clutter that seems to gather round motor cars at rest. The centre of the garage was taken up with a three year old Sierra. Some men were peering into the top of the engine, and all wearing that air of knowledgeable patience that is just waiting for someone else to make a fool of themselves by suggesting the ridiculous. Well it wasn't going to be me. The garage owner (an alarmingly youthful-looking chap seemingly fresh from Tech. college) glanced up at me, and in answer to my enquiry about his services handed me a very much photo-copied business card bearing name and number. "Fourteen pounds fifty an hour, me old mate", he said, "plus VAT."

His old mate thanked him and retired gracefully, entered the glass-cutter next door and emerged two minutes later with a grin from ear to ear, climbed aboard the VW and rattled off home. Behind him he left a car restorer who would just have to rub along without the A40; and a first-class tradesman who had taken a template of my driver's mirror, priced the job at two pounds all in to cut two pieces, and told me to collect them in a couple of days.

That little interlude taught me not to be so impatient. I've no reason to doubt the capabilities of the restoration firm, but my blood ran cold at the thought of the cost to finish Gab professionally. Nope, it was back to the drawing-board. Well, the workshop anyway.  
**(To be continued in the next Farina News)**

\* \* \* \* \*

# SENATOR OIL

& CHEMICALS LIMITED

28 COBHAM WAY, GATWICK ROAD, CRAWLEY,  
WEST SUSSEX RH10 2RX  
TEL 0293 613322 FAX 0293 613311

SENATOR OIL, an authorised Castrol and Shell Distributor, is shortly to market in a range of pack sizes, three grades of oil which, it states, are "straight" (non-multigrade, low-additive) oils as recommended originally by makers of veteran, vintage and classic engines including access to Agricultural, PSV and Commercial grades.

Revealing its intention, the company says "At last it will be possible for enthusiasts to have the assurance of using the right oil, no more, no less, as in the days when XL and XXL were available on garage forecourts everywhere. Keeping old machinery original should not stop short of lubrication as there is a risk in using (often unsuitable) modern oils".

\* \* \* \* \*

## MUTTERINGS FROM YOUR MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY

Well I have been promising myself I would write a regular piece for FN for years; aside from the number of members by area and highest and lowest chassis number listings. Current membership stands at 603 with 122 new members from Jan. to Aug. 1992. If SMMT figures are to be believed, there are still plenty of A40s not enjoying the benefits our club has to offer.

Remember to keep us informed if you change your A40 or acquire another one for spares or whatever and don't forget to slap a flyposter under the wiper of any A40 you see not displaying a Club sticker.

The AGM this year saw a few more suggestions than normal (some were even repeatable!). One of these ideas was to publish a list of membership numbers for those of you whose membership falls due around the time Farina News is published. If you are one of these then you should have received a renewal form with this magazine, as has been the case for a number of years, plus, now your membership number will appear below. Our Magazine Editor was sure you would find this riveting stuff.

25	26	31	33	35	40	142	144	193	273	283	288
308	321	323	324	326	484	491	500	506	508	513	516
526	528	532	539	545	550	771	786	796	800	1004	1007
1014	1025	1040	1042	1043	1202	1204	1218	1221	1228	1377	1384
1392	1400	1403	1406	1409	1411	1533	1544	1549	1550	1552	1555
1560	1562	1564	1567	1709	1719	1720	1721	1724	1725	1739	1745
1747	1748	1750	1755	1916	1919	1920	1928	1936	1937	1940	1941
1943	1946	1947	1951	1954	2076	2077	2078	2079	2080	2081	2082
2083	2084	2085	2087	2088	2089	2090	2091	2092	2093	2094	2095
2096	2097	2098	2099	2100	2101	2102	2103	2104	2105	2106	2107
2108	2109	2110	2111	2112	2113	2114	2115	2116	2117	2118	2119
2120	2121	2122	2123	2124	2125						Keith Hallock, 9.8.92.

(Too right your editor does – he's just found his number – 500 – in the ruddy list!)

## CAN YOUR CAR BEAT THIS?

With 2889 A40s on the Club's Vehicle Register, the following table shows current Club Members Only. A few of the earlier/later vehicles' owners have not renewed their subscription to the Club. Have you?

Type	Earliest	Chassis No.	Owner/Area	Earliest or Latest Possible
Mk I	Saloon	AA2S6 789	David Lewis, Worcs.	AA2S6 101
Mk I	Countryman	AA W6 49831	Paul Hannaford, Australia.	AA W6 50471
Mk II	Saloon 948cc	AA2S8 114	Robert Alderman, Middx.	AA2S8 101
Mk II	Countryman 948cc	AA W8 1106	Patricia White, Devon	AA W8 101
Mk II	Saloon 1098cc	AA2S9 51557	John Crosby, Lancs.	AA2S9 50201
Mk II	Countryman 1098cc	AA W9 53430	David Griffiths, Wales.	AA W9 50251
<b>Latest</b>				
Mk I	Saloon	AA2S6 169126	Neil Corfield, Herts.	AA2S6 169710
Mk I	Countryman	AA W6 167455	Doreen Shires, Lancs.	AA W6 169709
Mk II	Saloon 948cc	AA2S8 50094	Paulina Benyon, Merseyside.	AA2S8 50200
Mk II	Countryman 948cc	AA W8 49179	John Bonnett, Bedford.	AA W8 49545
Mk II	Saloon 1098cc	AA2S9 172896	Deborah Smith, W.Midlands	AA2S9 172898
Mk II	Countryman 1098cc	AA W9 171331	Peter Kearns, Kent.	AA W9 172366

K. Hallock, 29 May, 1992.

## WHERE IT'S ALL HAPPENING

Despite a healthy number of new members joining us, there is a slight decrease in membership this time. Each area is followed by the number of members in that area.

Avon	15	Bedfordshire	8	Berkshire	8
Buckinghamshire	7	Cambridgeshire	6	Cheshire	14
Cornwall	8	Cumbria	5	Derbyshire	14
Devon	16	Dorset	10	Durham	5
Essex	30	Gloucestershire	9	Hampshire	28
Hereford	3	Hertfordshire	13	Humberside	2
Kent	42	Lancashire	20	Leicestershire	3
Lincoln	6	London	31	Manchester	2
Merseyside	6	Middlesex	12	Norfolk	4
Northants	5	Northumberland	4	Nottingham	8
Oxon	10	Shropshire	6	Somerset	13
Staffordshire	15	Suffolk	8	Surrey	25
Sussex	23	Tyne & Wear	6	Warwickshire	8
West Midlands	24	Wiltshire	7	Worcestershire	14
Yorkshire	24				
Australia	2	Austria	1	Channel Isles	2
Denmark	1	France	1	Greece	2
Ireland	4	N. Ireland	4	Malta	2
Scotland	16	Singapore	2	Sri Lanka	1
Sweden	2	Switzerland	2	U.S.A.	1
Wales	22				

TOTAL MEMBERSHIP 592

Keith Hallock  
31 July, 1992

## SPARES FARINA NEWS

Right, I'm officially your Spares Co-Ordinator as from the AGM. Thanks to Kevin for his hard work in the past. From now on, your **helpline phone number is 0922 30088** with an ansaphone sometimes.

My job is to act as intermediary to put buyer and seller in touch as quickly as possible. This service is free to paid-up club members, who must quote their Membership Number with any enquiry. Please note that I DO NOT HANDLE THE TRANSFER, NOR KEEP ANY STOCK, OF SPARES.

The advertising of Spares for Sale/Wanted will be fundamentally different from now on. Although subsequent issues of Farina News will still carry requests for Spares Wanted (because some reader might know of the location of what's needed but not necessarily possess the stuff), the Spares for Sale need no longer rely on exposure in the magazine for results. This is because the service will be much faster if people with spares to SELL tell me straight away so I can place them with people who've rung me to enquire about spares WANTED. Our members who live abroad should, particularly, find a huge improvement in their quest for spares. So ...

**If you need a spare part urgently**, ring up. Try to have as much information as possible to hand before you do so, it saves us both time. I'll be able to tell you all the people who have what you need. If I can't help you immediately, I'll keep your name, address and phone number and come back when I've got some news, unless told otherwise. If you're looking for a spare with no urgency, send me a SAE. I'll check my lists and reply as soon as possible.

**If you have spares to sell**, send me as comprehensive a list as you can, by post, as soon as you want. It'll be immediately added to my lists and won't have to wait for the next issue of Farina News before prospective buyers read about it. Please take particular care to write stock and telephone numbers clearly, they are vital in this kind of work. If you have just a few parts to sell, then ring me up, but dictating/copying long lists over the phone is not fun and mistakes can occur. The whole system relies on YOU keeping ME REGULARLY UP TO DATE with your stock availability. Members who would still like their hoards advertised through the pages of the magazine will, of course, be welcome to do so. Please send your details to me FIRST so that I can add them to my list, then I'll send them on to the editor. Remember I'll need your contributions for the next issue at least a week BEFORE the closing date shown on the inside front cover of each Farina News.

As you've seen in the editorial, the club intends keeping a list of firms/persons whose names club members have recommended as having given them good service. This scheme is in its infancy, so write and tell me of any trustworthy car-repairers who have done you a good turn. Please note that NEITHER THE CLUB NOR ITS OFFICERS OR MEMBERS WILL BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY RECOMMENDATIONS SO MADE.

I've received a postcard from PDM Motor Spares in Portland Road, Luton, claiming that they stock most spares for "our" cars. Their tel. number is 0582 21468. Whether they have any rare bits, or just stock the easily obtainable Quinton Hazell, Moprod, Girling parts, I've yet to discover.

Debbie Smith (M/N 1377)  
full address inside front cover

## SPARES FOR SALE

From Paul Stevens in Somerset: Tel. 0278 683277.  
One Mk 1 steering box, factory recon, unused. £50

From Rick Waring in Preston: Tel. 0772 614865.  
Driver's door lock assemblies £5 each. Bottom hoses £2 ea. Plenty of used parts – please ring.

From David Burgess (non-member) in Welshpool: Tel. 0938 553061.  
Mk 2 engine £55, gearbox £35. Also both doors, all glass, axle with new wheel cylinders; front suspension and steering gear.

From Gary Nicholson (non-member) in Newcastle-upon-Tyne: Tel. 091 267 8506  
New Mk 2 front grille, also new badges etc.

From Nick (nuf sed!) Bayliss: Tel. 021 777 2397 or SAE to 328 Sarehole Road, Hall Green, Birmingham B28 0AQ.

All new BMC unless stated:-

1	BLA1491	Mk 1/2 front bulkhead	£651
1	BLA718	Mk 1 o/s rear skin wing	£110
1	BLA719	Mk 1 n/s rear skin wing	£110
1	BLA2109	Mk 2 n/s sill	£25
1	BLA1522	Mk 1 bonnet (slight damage)	£20
1	?	Mk 1/2 saloon rear boot aperture panel	£35
1	BLA2082	Mk 2 Countryman bootlid/lower tailgate	£90
1	BLA1596	Mk 1/2 lower front valance	£35
1	14A5452	Mk 1 o/s rear side bumper	£25
1	14A9129	Mk 2 o/s/rear side bumper	£25
1	14A9115	Mk 2 grille badge surround	£15
1	14A9121/9320	Mk 2 boot/tailgate handle	£12
2	14A5606	Mk 1/2 door hinges	£5 each
1	14A5665	Mk 1/2 o/s outer door handle	£5
4	14A5851	Mk 1/2 n/s doorlock assy.	£10 each
1	14A5567	Mk 1 saloon boot handle (shopsoiled)	£15
1	14A9648	Mk 2 n/s front overrider	£15
1	14A5560	Mk 1 early bonnet "Flying A" motif	£10
1	14A5850/51	Mk 2 doorlock (matched set), inc. boot/tailgate	£25
2	13H521	Mk 2 headlight rims	£9 each
2	47H5059	Mk 1 headlamp rims	£35 each
8	47H5080	Mk 1	£3 each
1	2A9118	Mk 1 front indicator/sidelamp lens complete	£10
1	2A9119	Mk 1 early number plate lamp (dimple type)	£10
4	17H7365	Mk 1/2 n/s/front wheel cylinders	£10 each
4	17H7364	Mk 1/2 o/s/front wheel cylinders	£10 each
1pr	17H7945/6	Mk 2 shoe handbrake levers	£10 pair
2	21A104	Mk 1/2 Fixed side rod assys.	£20 each
1	2A9123	Mk 1 saloon speedometer	£15
4	37H9915	Countryman wing-mirror stems	£8 each
4	27H9725	Mk 1/2 o/s doorlock barrel assys	£8 each
1	non-genuine	Mk 1 exhaust box + tailpipe	£30
1	non-genuine	Mk 2 exhaust box + tailpipe	£25
1	non-genuine	Mk 2 exhaust frontpipe	£12
3	"Ferodo"	Mk 2 rear brake shoes	£8 set
1	14A9859	Mk 1/2 l/h/r door window channel	£10

From Mr Dowsing, in Surrey: Tel. 0483 474841.

Mk 2 new parts:- handbrake compensator £10, temp gauge £4, voltage stabiliser £2, steering side rod (fixed) £10, trunnions £7 each, control box £8.  
Used parts:- 1098 engine £20, gearbox £15, windscreen £15, 1098 cylinder head £8, complete dashboard £15, starter £5, dynamo and coil £5.

Plus many more sundry items. Send an SAE to Debbie for full list.

From Steve Carter in the West Midlands: Tel. 0543 371910.

Mk 2 petrol tank, £20.

From Debbie Smith in Walsall: Tel. 0922 30088.

Mk 2 o/s door (no glass) £40; used n/s steel and new o/s fibreglass wings £40 each.

From Ken Tingey (FORD Dealer!) in Dorset: Tel. 0202 679258.

Driver's door shell £105.75, n/s rear wing £135.25 Both genuine BMC and new. Prices include delivery and VAT.

From Harry Edwards (non-member) in Essex.

He's the editor (*a gentleman and scholar – Ed.*) and historian for the Morris Register: Bearing shells for the crank mains, big ends and camshaft. Please write to Harry at Wellwood Farm, Lower Stock Road, West Hanningfield, Nr. Chelmsford CM2 8UY.

From A.J. Brooks of London: Tel. 071 837 2117 work hours.

Offers for a front and rear windscreen; also a bootlid (Mk unstated).

## SPARES WANTED

From Peter Jackson in Lancashire: Tel. 0253 723697.

Mk 2:- doors, locks, window winder mechanisms, bumpers, wings, tailgate, suspension, wishbones. Would consider complete car, if reasonable price.

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FARINA  
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This edition of Farina News sees a new method of advertising cars for sale. If you want to buy one, write to me enclosing an SAE please, and within a few days you'll receive a list of possibilities. This should be a great improvement over having to wait for the following edition of the magazine before seeing what's about.

If you're a vendor, send me some details of the car (at least indicate if it's a Mk 1/2 – saloon/countryman – its year of manufacture, etc and don't forget the asking price and your name & address). When it sells, please write and let me know, otherwise you may still receive enquiries.  
John Kilby

## CAR STOLEN

Mk 2 (Red/Black reg) reg HOL 741D stolen from Birmingham middle of June. Please keep an eye open for any signs of it.

(Dear Kimberley, what a sad start to your membership of our club. Let's hope we have some good news for you soon – Ed.)

## MK I SALOONS

1960 Black (interior red). 65000 miles (engine on 25000). Stored for the last ten years. £650 including reg, VVY 121. Contact B. Hartley (M/N 1533) by letter please at Flat 18, 110 Coniscliffe Road, Darlington, Co. Durham DL3 7RW.

1960 Grey/Black, interior blue with white piping. 46,500 miles, resprayed new panels, stored last 5 years. £995 ovno. (Number plate valued over £600). Also ... 1961 Tartan Red, interior black with red piping. Re-reg ALA 569A. 103,000 miles. Good body but wants new sills – panels included. £350. A. Ratcliffe (M/N 914) Tel: 061 962 3044 (evenings).

## MK I SALOONS (Continued)

1960 Grey/Black (interior red). Reg 756 ETA Taxed to March 93, MOT to November 92. 47000 miles. Reasonable offers to W. Lloyd on 0803 852961 (Brixham, Devon).

1961 Horizon Blue/Black (interior blue). Reg SHS 612. Mileage 63538. MOT to December 92, taxed to November 92. £1100. Contact Mrs Campbell on 0258 453566 (Dorset).

1961 Farina Grey (interior red). Reg 776 UVX. Not taxed; MOT to April 93. 37587 miles. Good bodywork and chrome. Contact Mr & Mrs Coates on 0279 505459 (Bishops Stortford, Herts.).

1961 Sunderland Green/Black. Re-reg USK 437. Mainly original bodywork (mileage 103,000). Very clean, sound car. £795 ono. Contact D. Evans (M/N 1976) on 0492 547331 (Colwyn Bay, North Wales).

## MK I COUNTRYMAN

1961 Grey/Black (interior red). Reg 3381 RO. Mileage 41714. Well above average condition. Offers around £1000 to Mrs J.A. Clark (M/N 2201) on 0474 566691 (Gravesend, Kent).

## MK II SALOONS

1962 Grey/White (interior red) 57000 miles, good condition. £270 ono, but with the registration (795 GTM) the price is £1570 ono. Contact Elaine Henderson on 031 557 4273 or 031 453 5766.

1962 Agate Red (interior grey). 70000 miles. Good runner, solid bodywork. Re-registered. £700. Contact Simon Joynson (M/N 2196) at 53 Thistleberry Avenue, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffs. ST5 2LU.

1963 Grey/White (interior red) 57590 miles. Reg XSN 108A. Sound condition. £500. Contact Nick Easton on 021 445 4985.

1967 Green/White (interior brown) 44829 miles, £245 ono. Also spare engine/gearbox and three wheels. Offers for them please, to Richard Harper, on 0384 873307.

1967 3 months tax & MOT, bodywork excellent, reliable reconditioned engine. £800 to club members only. No offers. Tel. George Ryan on 0744 893445 for more details. (*Paddy was at the picnic with it – Alf said to me with an evil grin "put in the advert that it tows well!" – which is a base slander, because the car drove down from Rochdale to Worcester and back with no bother at all! – Ed*).

## MK II COUNTRYMAN

Horizon Blue/Black AJB 801A is FREE TO GOOD HOME. Don't want to scrap her, restoration project please. Contact P. Sweatman (M/N 245) at 22 Fairstone Close, Ore, Hastings. Tel: 0424 423319.

1963 Black/Grey. Runner – no tax/MOT. £200. Contact K. Chubb (M/N 732) at 194 Old Heath Road, Colchester, Essex.

1965 White/Grey (interior red). Reg GOU 855C. Mileage 19099. MOT to October 92. Replacement wings and sills in the last year. Superb condition. £600 ono. Contact Mr M.A. Hail at 42 Malwood Road West, Hyde, Southampton. Tel: 0703 842865.

1967 Horizon Blue/Black. Low mileage, good interior. New king-pins fitted. Needs bodywork. Spare body panels included in the sale. £200 ono. Injury forces sale. Contact Steve Eardley (M/N 2052) at 7 Riverside Road, Trent Vale, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs. ST4 6NJ. Tel: 0782 643311.

## MISCELLANEOUS

Collector wishes to EXCHANGE either a 1965 Mk 1 Mini or 1966 Riley Elf (both in good condition) for a Mk 2 Countryman (preferably), or any A40 Farina in comparable condition. Contact Peter Jackson (M/N 2021) at 10 St. Leonards Road West, St. Annes on Sea, Lancashire. Tel: 0253 723697.

Year not stated. Needs attention to bodywork. £125 ono. Contact Victoria Clements, 76 Whiteman Street, Gorse Hill, Swindon, Wiltshire.

1960 Riley 1.5 Damask red (red leather interior) Reg YSK 622 for restoration. £150. Contact K. Hallock (M/N 80) at 113 Chastilian Road, Dartford, Kent. ALSO FOR SALE: 1950's period two-berth fibreglass folding caravan; requires new rubber seals to body, £60.

## A40 FARINA CLUB OFFICIALS

Please enclose a **stamped addressed envelope** if you require an answer to your written enquiry.

### COMMITTEE MEMBERS

CLUB SECRETARY	MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY	SPARES CO-ORDINATOR	TREASURER
Alan Ratcliffe 8 Holmefield Sale, Cheshire. M33 3AN.	Keith Hallock 113 Chastilian Road Dartford Kent, DA1 3LN.	Debbie Smith 21 Manor Road Walsall, WS2 9PX.	John Kilby Mutfords Hare Street Buntingford Herts. SG9 0ED.
Tel: 061 962 3044		Tel: 0922 30088	

Committee meetings are held every four months. Members wishing to raise matters for discussion should forward them to the Secretary.

The Annual Subscription to the Club is £8.00. When your membership has less than one month to run, please send your renewal to the Membership Secretary (address above). **Make cheques/POs payable to A40 FARINA CLUB**, please.

### TECHNICAL ADVISORS

Mk. I CARS	Mk. II CARS
Simon Evans, 143 Ilkeston Road, Maripool, Heanor, Derbyshire, DE7 7LX. Tel: (0773) 769074.	Simon Evans

Mk. I and Mk. II cars differ fundamentally only in the rear brakes/handbrake mechanism, fuel pump, carburettor, dashboard instruments and door window mechanism, so advice on other aspects may be sought from any Technical Advisor.

## A40 FARINA CLUB SERVICES

Cheques/P.O.'s should be made payable to 'A40 Farina Club'.

### CLUB REGALIA/VIDEOS

C.W.O. and membership number to Bob High, 2 Spring Lane, Croesyceiliog, Cwmbran, Gwent, NP44 2ED. Allow up to 5 weeks for delivery of shirts.

CHILDS T-SHIRT	ADULTS T-SHIRT	CHILDS SWEATSHIRT	ADULTS SWEATSHIRT	TIE
Red or Navy Sizes 20in-32in. £4.65 – 50p P&P.	Round neck: Cream, Black, Navy, Red or White. V-neck: White. Small, med. lge, ex-lge. £4.95 + £1 P&P.	Red, Navy or Black Sizes 20in-32in. £9.95 + £1 P&P	Cream, Red, Sky Blue Brown, Grey, Dark Green, Black or Navy. 36in, 38in, 41in, 44in. £9.95 + £1 P&P.	Red club badge on Brown, Pale Blue, Maroon, Dark Green or Navy Blue background. £4.50 + 25p P&P.

**COASTER**  
Black club badge on bronze hexagonal metal/cork backing. 50p ea. + 20p P&P per order of any size, or post-free if ordered with other regalia.

**A40 VIDEO**  
All AGM & Social Weekends from 1982, and other A40 antics on VHS or Beta tape. Available on 14 days' hire for £2. There may be delays in sending out tapes if demand is heavy.

**KEY FOBS**  
(with A40 logo on) 40p each.

**BALLPOINT PENS**  
(with A40 Farina Club on)  
40p each

### CLUB SPARES

**STEEL WINGS/BODY PANELS/REPAIR SECTIONS**  
Details from Radford Panel Co. Ltd., 1 Blick Road, Heathcote Industrial Estate, Warwick CV34 6TA. Tel: 0926 313801. Please quote your membership number.

**REAR WINDSCREEN RUBBERS**  
Saloon (Mk 1 & 2) £16 + £2.75 post and packing (total £18.75). Countryman (Mk 1 & 2) £16.00 + £2.75 post and packing (total £18.75). Please order from Anna Vickerman, Aston Court Farm, White Ladies Aston, Worcester WR7 4QQ. Tel: 0905 65412.

**BOOT RUBBER SEALS**  
Tim Hinton, 48 Mathias Close, West Street, Epsom, Surrey, KT18 7RX. £10 each incl. P&P.  
**Make cheques/POs payable to A40 FARINA CLUB** please.

### CLUB LITERATURE/PUBLICATIONS

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