

WELCOME TO THE A C C JULY NEWS LETTER.

HELLO ONCE AGAIN EVERYONE, SUMMER WEATHER IS HERE !!

IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED THAT MEMBERS MEET SOCIALLY EVERY COUPLE OF WEEKS AT OUR NEW - NEW REGULAR VENUE AT BAR LAS VEGAS, NOTE: NO LONGER AT ATALAYA BRASA AND ENJOY YOUR COMPANY TAGGED WITH OUR CLUB RUNS.

AS YOUR COMMITTEE WE MET AT BAR LAS VEGAS ON A MONDAY EVENING 19.6.23, TO VIEW A NEW POTENTIAL MEETING ROOM ON THE PREMISES., THIS AFTER THE NUMEROUS NEGATIVE COMMENTS REGARDING THE DIFFICULTY IN HEARING MEMBERS SPEAK, DUE TO THE VERY POOR ACOUSTICS AT ATALAYA..

THE OWNER AT BAR LAS VEGAS WAS VERY ACCOMMODATING AND AGREED WE COULD HOLD OUR FIRST MEETING AT THIS WELL ESTABLISHED VENUE ON THE 6.7.23. @ 3PM. FREE OF CHARGE, IT WAS THEN AGREED TO RE-LOCATE TO BAR LAS VEGAS.

THE COMMITTEE HAVE AN ONGOING DUTY OF CARE TO ALL MEMBERS AND VISITORS, IN ADDITION MEMBERS HAVE A DUTY OF CARE TO ONE OTHER.

WELCOME TO ALL OUR NEW AND EXISTING MEMBERS OF OUR CLUB AND HOPE YOU ENJOY YOUR TIME WITH US !!!!! WE APPEAR TO BE GROWING IN NUMBERS. MORE PEOPLE - MORE INTERESTING CLASSICS.

CLUB EVENTS

SINCE OUR APRIL MEETING DISCUSSIONS WERE HAD AROUND THE TOPIC OF MEETINGS, VENUES AND EVENTS, RUNS OUT ETC....AS STATED ABOVE ALAN PLACED A PROPOSAL THAT WE MEET EVERY TWO WEEKS SOCIALLY UNDER THE GUISE OF

“BRING OUT YOUR CLASSICS”

LET’S SEE IF WE CAN IMPROVE ON THE NUMBER OF EVENTS PLANNED FOR THE COMING MONTHS.

HOPEFULLY SEE YOU THIS COMING THURSDAY AT OUR NEXT REGULAR MEETING TO BE HELD AT BAR LAS VEGAS. HUERCAL OVERA.

SPEAKING OF CLUB RUNS OUR THANKS GO TO OUR CHAIRMAN AND SECRETARY DAVID AND SUE FOR ARRANGING THE JUNE 13TH RUN. WE MET AT BAR LAS VEGAS AND CONTINUED UP TOWARDS VELEZ RUBIO AND HAD A BUFFET LUNCHEON AT LOS LUCAS RESTAURANT OUT ON THE BALCONY. EXCELLENT DAY OUT ENJOYED BY ALL WHO ATTENDED.

(HOPEFULLY THE OUTSTANDING NOVEMBER RUN WILL BE ARRANGED BY MEMBERS SOON).

AT THE FORTHCOMING MEETING ON THURSDAY IT IS THE INTENTION TO CONTINUE WITH A LITTLE FUN AND HOLD A “CARD BINGO” GAME. IF ANYONE HAS ANY OTHER FUN SOCIAL GAMES WE CAN ENJOY DURING OUR MEETINGS PLEASE DROP ME A LINE. I HOPE IT MEETS WITH THE APPROVAL OF THE MAJORITY OF MEMBERS. LET’S SEE IF IT’S A SUCCESS DESPITE THE LOW NUMBERS OF ATTENDEES..

AS STATED ABOVE THE OUTINGS CALENDAR HAS FILLED UP FAIRLY QUICKLY. WE STILL REQUIRE ONE MONTH TO BE FILLED DURING THE PERIOD AHEAD. PLEASE HAVE A LOOK AND SEE IF YOU ACCOMMODATE THE REMAINING MONTH OF NOVEMBER IN 2023. PLEASE LET STEVE HALES KNOW IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO TAKE UP THIS OPPORTUNITY, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CLUB.

ADDITIONALLY WILL IS WILLING TO PLACE PHOTOGRAPHS OF MEMBERS WITH THEIR VEHICLES IF YOU SUBMIT THE NECESSARY DETAILS.

PLEASE REFER TO THE WEBSITE WHERE YOU CAN REFER TO THE HISTORIC RUN LOCATIONS-VENUES ETC. FOR IDEAS.

MEMBERS’ CONTRIBUTIONS:-

OUR VERY SPECIAL CONGRATULATIONS GO TO SEAN AND KAREN ON THEIR RECENT MARRIAGE. THEY TRAVELLED TO GIBRALTAR FOR THE CEREMONY AND HAD A GATHERING OF FRIENDS AT ARBOLEAS LAST WEEK WHERE THE FOOD, DRINK (COURTESY OF SEAN AND KAREN), AND MUSIC (COURTESY OF DUSTY AND DAN) KEPT COMING ALL AFTERNOON. IT WAS A FANTASTIC EVENT AND THANKS GO TO THEM BOTH AS WONDERFUL HOSTS. SEAN AND KAREN WILL BE SETTING OFF TO ITALY LATER IN THE MONTH TO

CELEBRATE THEIR HONEYMOON WITH FAMILY. WE WISH THEM WELL.



DAVID OUR PRESIDENT, HIS WIFE WIFE SUE OUR SECRETARY ALONG WITH WILL CIRCULATED THE JUNE '23 MINUTES. A COPY OF WHICH WILL ADDED TO THE ACC WEBSITE.

ON THAT MATTER OUR CONTINUED THANKS GO TO WILL FOR HIS ENDEAVOURS WITH THE UPDATING OF THE WEBSITE FOR MEMBERS REFERENCE.

I HAVE A FEW MEMBERS CONTRIBUTIONS TO ADD TO THE NEWSLETTER THIS MONTH. LET'S START WITH THE FOLLOWING,

From Jane Shergold:-

As Jane puts it "One for the ladies"

Jottings of a Boarding School Cook

This is a tale in two halves and starts in October 1968. After attending Trowbridge Technical College for two years, where I studied Domestic Science, I decided to spread my wings and become a Mothers Help, (I know; nothing to do with Domestic Science) with a family in Esher, Surrey. After eight months I decided that that life was not for me, so I asked Mrs. Mitchell, the head of department at college if she knew of any cook's positions. To my delight, St Mary's school for girls in Calne Wiltshire needed an assistant cook. (Evidently, if a position became vacant at the school, they always asked the college first).

I travelled down by train from London for my interview, was offered the job and started four weeks later.

Let me set the scene. St Mary's was a private school for girls in the Wiltshire town of Calne. The school was on the outskirts of the town, occupying extensive grounds. The girls slept in large "Houses" of which there were four or five. The sixth form girls had their own rooms in a new block adjoining the main school.

In the grounds was a beautiful large outside swimming pool, tennis courts, netball and lacrosse pitches. Lacrosse to me, is the deadliest game on the planet and involved catching a hockey type ball in a net on the end of a stick and then hurling it through the air to be caught by your team mate. No helmets were worn.

The school employed three gardeners and a lot of the fruit and veg we used was grown in the gardens. The gardeners lived in cottages in the grounds. Two caretakers and their families also lived in cottages in the grounds.

There was also a large cottage which was the Sanatorium where the nursing sister lived. If the girls were ill, they went over there and slept, and sister dealt with all the day to day cuts and bruises.

A dormitory above the kitchen was where the maids lived. Their job was to lay the tables, and take the food to the tables and wash up the glasses, plates, cutlery and serving plates. I think there were eight in total.

There were about twelve "Women" who cleaned the main school and dormitories, and they were provided with lunch. There was a matron, assistant matron, and secretary who all lived in along with most of the teaching staff, a head housekeeper and assistant and the Head mistress. This meant there were a lot of mouths to feed besides the pupils

In the kitchen was the head cook named Margaret, Mrs. Lewis, (Known as Lewie) who lived out. and little old me, we both lived in. I had one and a half days off a week, and every third weekend off. Life was bliss

The kitchen was large and we cooked on a bank of solid fuel Agas. This consisted of six large ovens and there were probably twelve hobs in groups of three. The outer ones were where you brought the pans to the boil, the middle one was where you moved the pans to simmer, You controlled the temperature for the ovens and hobs by "riddling" the bottoms, quite a skill. In the corner of the kitchen was a large gas cooker, that must have been the first gas cooker ever made. It was used for more delicate cake making like sponges and next to it was the large steamer, which looked like it belonged in a submarine.

The kitchen had a large walk-in larder was well equipped with an enormous food mixer, a bacon slicer which terrified me when I had to if I had used it or take it apart and clean; a deep fat fryer and a large gas grill that you could toast twenty-four slices of bread at a time. The only modern thing in the kitchen was a gas potato boiler. Our work space were two enormous tables, which only two months earlier were covered in Formica, which had to be scrubbed clean. These two tables were set on blocks to adjust the height, Margaret and I were tall, poor Lewie was a short arse.

In the passage was a walk-in fridge and lined up in the passage to the back door were the milk churns. Milk was delivered daily and we ladled out the milk as and when we needed it. It was always cool, full cream in those days, none of this semi skimmed nonsense. The jam cupboard, which housed all the tins of preserves and any exotic dry ingredients like nuts, marzipan and chocolate. Across the corridor, was Lewie's office, which also housed all the fresh fruit. After I had been there about six months, the school bought its first freezer.

This lived in Lewie's office and as you can imagine, was enormous. With no freezer, there was no frozen veg, or ice cream, if the girls had fish fingers they had to be delivered in the morning, ready to be cooked for lunch that day.

Meal times were family service, this was a table that seated twelve, a member of staff or a sixth former, sat at the head. Everything was on an oval platter or in dishes with enough for twelve and the head person served each girl.

We had two hundred boarders and one hundred-and-twenty 'day' girls, aged between eleven and eighteen years, plus 60 'babies' - infant and junior age. They used to lay up the tables in the sewing room to accommodate them.

St Mary's was noted for its excellent food - no skimping on quality, or quantity. Can you believe it, Lewie never really had a budget to follow? Just a little thought, out of all the hundreds of people we fed, there was not one person that was allergic to anything, although as I left a new girl was starting and she was a diabetic, very interesting, don't you think? No fads or fancies in those days.

Breakfast was cereals, or in the winter, one morning a week, porridge, followed by something like scrambled eggs on toast, or even kippers would you believe! If there were to be boiled eggs, we would fill the pans of water and bring to the boil the night before, close the lid of the hob and stand the pan on top of it, so next morning you opened the hob and within ten minutes the water was boiling. We would put the eggs into large round baskets, and lower them into the boiling water. The eggs cooked perfectly.

Sunday breakfast was different, half an hour later. On Saturday evening, a village baker would deliver delicious bread rolls. Sunday morning, we would warm them, slice breaded gammon ham and lay it on oval platters. This would be served with pots of fresh brewed proper coffee.

Lunch was the main meal of the day and would be meat and two veg followed by delicious puddings. The girls would have tea at 4pm This was cup of tea, bread, butter and jam with homemade cake.

Supper was at 6.30 and could be something like egg mornay, cauliflower cheese or cheese salad and was always followed by fresh fruit. At suppertime the teaching staff would eat in the staff room and have something like gammon

steaks, roast chicken or lamb with veg and lovely desserts. I used to cook the most wonderful creme caramels.

Sunday lunch would be rotated, wonderful huge joints of roast beef which made the most amazing dripping. Roast Pork or roast chicken (we used to have whole boneless loins of pork. The supplier would cut off the skin - crackling, but always let us have it and we would cover the chickens with it when we roasted them) The roasting tins were a yard square and we had to cut the lengths of pork to fit the tins. It took two people to lift the tins out of the oven. Some Sundays we would make steak pies. We would cook the meat the day before in huge cast iron oval pots which took two people to lift. Then on Sunday morning we made the pastry and made the pies.

The school liked to buy local, so although we had a large wholesaler who would deliver catering sized things, we also bought local. All pork and bacon products came from C&T Harris, a large factory in Caine who held the Royal Warrant. All other meat came from the local butcher. Occasionally Harris would supply us with Cornish pasties which were lovely. They made a special wooden box which we called the coffin and they would deliver them hot, using a three wheeled van called a Scammel mechanical horse. Any fruit and veg not produced in the school gardens and smaller stuff came from a local supermarket. Eggs and milk came from the local dairy, bread rolls came from a village baker.

When the day arrived for me to leave Esher, John and I were courting. He took the day off work and drove to Esher to fetch me, and my suitcase which was one of those huge expanding ones that you could fit two bodies in, plus several bags and my trusty Singer sewing machine that had belonged to my Mother and took two men and a boy to lift. We arrived at the school and I was met by Lewie, and she took me upstairs to my room, which was very large and very comfortable. Margaret had a room opposite me, also on the corridor was Miss Gibbs who was an ex-army major and was head housekeeper, and Mrs Ashworth the assistant housekeeper. Everyone was so helpful. As I was classed as "Staff" I was allowed to have John in my room, (Very racy...) The maids were not allowed boys on the premises. I was then then taken to see Miss Gibbons the headmistress. During the war, she took a group of children to safety in Singapore, like Gladys Ailworth

Next morning, I was "On parade" in my white overall and apron after observing breakfast and eating my own, Lewie said to me, "Right Jane, today you will be making the pudding, which is steamed syrup sponge. Go to that cupboard and get out the aluminium basins, about forty-two of them." When I got them out, they were peppered with lots of tiny holes. Lewie obviously saw my confused look and told me I wasn't to worry as we didn't put the syrup in them because that took up too much space. I made a plain sponge mixture using what seemed to be hundreds of eggs, filled the basins, put the greaseproof paper on the top, and put them in the steamer. To open and close the steamer door, you had a big wheel to turn and on opening the door, it was as if the Flying Scotsman was passing through the kitchen. I was still concerned about the syrup, but all was revealed on serving. The syrup came in gallon cans and about 30 minutes before serving, you took the lids off about two cans and stood them on the simmering hob to warm. Then you turned out each pudding out onto an oval platter, and poured the syrup into plastic jugs, one for each table.

The cooks only cooked but would wash up in an emergency. Vi, the wife of Geoff, one of the caretakers, prepared all the veg, (If there were fresh peas, it was all hands on deck to shell them) Mrs. Tilley, or Tilley as she was always known, cooked the veg, and washed up all the pots, pans, dishes and cooking utensils

As a cook, you were always looking ahead to the next meal, or anything that had to be cooked for the next day's meal. When it was something like Scotch eggs, or egg mornay, hundreds of eggs would be boiled, then we would sit at the big tables and shell them, and have a good natter, (the eggs in those days always shelled perfectly, not like today, I think it must be something to do with the hens' diet). When we had salad, we made our own salad cream. This was a white sauce made in two large double boilers, seasoned with add salt, pepper and dried mustard, then thinned with vinegar, it was lovely.

Custard was also made in these double boilers, but we would use four of them. Occasionally we would serve what we called "Work House Pudding" it was a bread roll, a piece of cheese and a banana, the girls really liked that.

I had only been at St Mary's a couple of weeks, and it was my first weekend off (you finished Saturday lunchtime and then were on parade Monday morning for breakfast). This particular Sunday they were having meat pie for lunch so I had to cook the meat. The large pots were plunged into a sink of cold water to cool them down more quickly. Off I went for my weekend off. When I returned on Sunday evening Margaret told me I had forgotten to put the pans of meat into the fridge, and the meat had gone off. They had to have egg and chipps for lunch and they had to get two of the gardeners in to bury the meat. I thought I would be collecting my P45, but Margaret said it was her fault as she should have checked especially as I was new.

There was always a little bit of friendly rivalry between Miss Gibbs and Matron, as Matron was also ex-army and she was a rank above Miss Gibbs. Miss Gibbs was a brilliant needlewoman, she used to go on cruises. She made all her own evening dresses, with matching beaded evening bags. She used to teach some of the girls how to make soft toys. At Christmas, she would send to a company that sold all the components for making Christmas crackers. She would get some of the older girls together and they made all the crackers for Christmas lunch, which they had the weekend before they left for the holidays. I remember she made a box of crackers for a man friend, they were black and red, on the top of each cracker was a saucy "Can Can girl".

If I wasn't working in the evening, at 6 o'clock I would meet in Miss Gibbs room with maybe Mrs. Ashman for a glass of sherry

When it was Wimbledon fortnight, the sixth formers would go by coach for a day at the tennis. We had to make sandwiches, tray bake cakes, and dozens of bottles of squash for them to take. Occasionally, the sixth formers would go to Marlborough Boys' College for a social evening and when they returned, we served them hot chocolate and biscuits

St Mary's was quite a musical school and they had specialist teachers come for an afternoon, for one-to-one teaching. One of the teachers was a young man from Armenia, he was not very tall, but had a mop of dark curly hair and always wore a very sharp suit, he was like an Adonis and everyone clamoured to get a glimpse of him. All these teachers used to have a dainty tea tray

served to them, (Miss Gibbons had one every day). In November, the school held a music festival, and the parents would come, so afternoon tea was served. The sewing room was turned into another kitchen, where dozens of loaves would be turned into sandwiches, the "Women" used to make them. Us cooks made dozens of fancy cakes. It was a very big occasion. Two weeks later it was all repeated again for the girls' Confirmation.

When the Investiture of Prince Charles took place, the girls had the day off and a TV was hired so they could watch it.

After I had been there about eight months, Margaret, the head cook moved on to pastures new, and I was made head cook. Once again, the school contacted Trowbridge College and a girl named Joan came. Joan was the eldest of six or seven children; her Father worked on a farm, and the furthest she had been was Swindon in the north of the county. She was very jolly and good company.

John and I decided to get married in December 1970, so I had to leave, because it was too far to go on a daily basis. I was allowed to make and decorate our three-tier wedding cake at school, (one of the maids got married while I was there and I made her three-tier cake). In the June of 1970, Miss Gibbs told me that John Lewis in London was having a one-day fabric sale and that I should go up and get the fabric for my dress and bridesmaids dresses. By this time, the girls had gone home for the summer holiday, but we had stayed to cook for the staff who were gradually drifting home. Lewie said Joan and I could have the day off, so we packed sandwiches and went up to London on the coach, then took the Underground to Oxford Street. Well, Joan's face was a picture, I nearly had to hold her hand, she just couldn't believe what London was like. We bought everything; material for my dress and netted petticoat, head dress and veil. The material for four bridesmaids' dresses, plus material for the muffs they were going to carry. I also bought material for my going away outfit, plus all the zips, cottons, lace, buttons and binding.

We struggled home and showed everything to Miss Gibbs. She suggested that I put all the tables together in the sewing room end to end and cut everything

out, I borrowed her big dress making shears, It took me two days to cut everything out and I had loads of blisters. I put everything in a big box and took it home and spent the entire holiday sewing in my little bedroom. My trusty Singer sewing machine I had to put on top of my chest of drawers,

(No table) and stand to turn the handle. I had to sit on the bed to pin and hand sew, as there was just room for an iron and ironing board. I had everything made by the time I returned to school; I took it all back with me to show Miss Gibbs

I thoroughly enjoyed my time at St Mary's and was very sad to leave. It would be sixteen years before I went back into a school kitchen. That would be working for the County Council and that was a very different kettle of fish.

Images from Bob and Carol after their recent trip to the Malaga car museum





FROM CHAS AND JUDY:-

ON WAY BACK FROM UK TO FERRY AT PORTSMOUTH MY FILTHY CAR (COVERED IN LIME TREE SAP) NEEDED CLEAN . MOST CAR WASHES THAT WE VISITED ON ROUTE BLOODY CLOSED. SO A RANDOM DETOUR FOR A SMALL PRIVATE PETROL STATION WITH CAR WASH (SHOULD BE A SONG). ENTERED OTTERBOURNE (NR WINCHESTER) AND FOUND A BRILLIANT ONE .WHILST DIRECTING MY JET I NOTICED A TRIUMPH STAG AND A WHOLE RANGE OF MODERN GARAGES WITH A RANGE OF ABOUT 10 JENSENS IN VARIOUS STAGES OF RENEWAL. SO I WANDERED IN AND MET JASON WHO GAVE ME A LIMITED

TOUR. (RESTRICTED BY MY TIME AVAILABLE)..HE IS RIVERBOURNE CLASSICS



LTD.LOOK HIM UP VIA GOOGLE.

LINKS FROM THE EDITOR:-

TO CLASSIC VALUATIONS FROM HAGERTY.

[HTTPS://WWW.HAGERTY.CO.UK/VALUATION/TOOL/](https://www.hagerty.co.uk/valuation/tool/)

A LINK TO THE BEST DIY-FRIENDLY CLASSIC CARS

[HTTPS://CLASSICSWORLD.CO.UK/GUIDES/BEST-DIY-FRIENDLY-CLASSIC-CARS/](https://classicsworld.co.uk/guides/best-diy-friendly-classic-cars/)

I MENTIONED IN LAST MONTHS NEWSLETTER STEVE AND MYSELF WOULD BE TRAVELLING TO THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF CLASSIC CAR RACING AT THE SARTHE CIRCUIT - LE MANS.

A BRIEF REUME OF OUR WEEKEND FOLLOWS:-

WE LEFT HOME AT 7:50AM ON THURSDAY 29TH IN CONVOY. STEVE LEADING THE WAY IN HIS 1966 RED FORD MUSTANG. I FOLLOWED IN MY 2003 MERCEDES 500SL. IT WAS OUR INTENTION TO TRAVEL INTO NORTHERN SPAIN AND SELECT A HOTEL EN – ROUTE. DESPITE THE NUMEROUS COMFORT AND REFUELLING STOPS WE MADE GOOD PROGRESS AND ARRIVED AT OUR FIRST NIGHTS STOP SOME 640 MILES FROM HOME JUST NORTH OF BORDEAUX IN FRANCE. EARLY NEXT MORNING AFTER QUITE A SUBSTANTIAL CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST WE MADE GOOD HEADWAY AND ARRIVED AT THE LE MANS SARTHE CIRCUIT EARLY AFTERNOON.

WE WERE GREETED BY FOUR OF STEVE’S FRIENDS FROM THE UK, MASON, SAM, DAVID AND JAMES. THESE GUYS HAD ARRIVED PREVIOUS AND THANKFULLY HAD ERECTED THE TENTS WHERE WE WOULD BE SLEEPING FOR THE NEXT TWO NIGHTS. WE GOT AROUND TO ESTABLISHING THE NECESSARY ARRANGEMENTS AND PROCEEDED TO BLOW UP OUR AIR BEDS. I WAS ABLY ASSISTED BY MASON WHO LOANED ME HIS AIR PUMP, AS MINE REQUIRED CHARGING. ONCE DOMESTIC BLISS WAS COMPLETED, GAS CANISTERS, WATER, COOKING UTENSILS ETC ETC. WERE ARRANGED WE TRAVELLED INTO ARNAGE VILLAGE TO GRAB A LATE LUNCH AND BUY PROVISIONS FOR OUR STAY, WHICH INCLUDED COPIOUS AMOUNTS OF A CERTAIN ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGE..

THE VILLAGE WAS EXTREMELY BUSY WITH A VAST ARRAY OF VEHICLES PATROLLING THE STREETS. THE NOISE WAS DEAFENING.

OVER THE NEXT THREE DAYS WE WALKED A TOTAL OF AROUND 19 MILES, BACK AND FORTH FROM OUR CAMPSITE TO THE HUNDREDS OF PADDOCKS, THE VARIOUS EXHIBITIONS, CLUB STANDS AND STALLS SELLING ALL TYPES OF MOTORING MEMORABILIA AND TO OUR SEATS IN THE DUNLOP GRANDSTAND WHERE WE HAD AN EXCELLENT VIEW, DAY AND NIGHT. THE RACING ITSELF WAS VARIED WAS EXCITING. CARS FROM THE 1920’S TO MODERN DAY 2000’S BATTLED THE 8.1 MILE CIRCUIT.

A FEW SUPERCARS WERE ALSO ON VIEW, SOME COSTING OVER 2 MILLION EUROS. THERE WERE DIFFERENT CATEGORIES OF RACING AND RACES WITHIN RACES. WE SAW NUMEROUS SPINS, CRASHES AND A LOTUS GOING UP IN FLAMES, RIGHT IN FRONT OF US..

I MENTIONED THE NOISE IN ARNAGE WAS DEAFENING, IT WAS NOTHING COMPARED TO BEING TRACKSIDE, WE MEASURED THE SCREAMING AND SCREECHING CARS AT 110 DECIBELS. I NOW HAVE A NEW FOUND RESPECT FOR THE MECHANICS CARS AND DRIVERS, PROFESSIONALS AND AMATEURS ALIKE., THEY APPEAR FEARLESS. THE RACING DRIVERS OFFERED AND GAVE NO QUARTER.

COME SUNDAY MORNING STEVE AND I HAD JUST ABOUT SEEN ALL WE WANTED TO SEE, WE WERE EXHAUSTED. THE WALKING, LACK OF SLEEP HAD CAUGHT UP WITH US. WE DECIDED AFTER ONE LAST TRIP TO THE CIRCUIT WE WOULD MAKE OUR WAY HOME. WE HAD PACKED UP OUR KIT THAT MORNING AND DEPARTED UPON OUR RETURN TO THE CAMPSITE AFTER WATCHING A FEW MORE RACES AND SAYING OUR FOND FAREWELLS TO OUR FELLOW CAMPERS AND THE CIRCUIT.

WE MANAGED TO FILL OUR TANKS NEAR ARNAGE AND STARTED OUR JOURNEY HOME, TRAVELLING TO THE SOUTH OF BORDEAUX WE FOUND OUR RESTING PLACE FOR THE NIGHT. WE DECIDED TO SKIP BREAKFAST ON MONDAY MORNING AND HEADED SOUTH ONCE AGAIN. OUR BODIES AND CARS BEING REPLENISHED AT THE NUMEROUS FILLING STATIONS, EN ROUTE.

WE DID ENCOUNTER A COUPLE OF THUNDERSTORMS IN NORTHERN SPAIN, ONE IN PARTICULAR WAS DEFINITELY OF NOTE. WE COULD SEE UP AHEAD WHAT WE WOULD BE DRIVING TOWARD, THE SKY HAD TURNED BLACK, JET BLACK. THEN IT STARTED, ON THE 2ND OF JULY IN SUNNY SPAIN ON THE MOTORWAY NORTH OF TERUEL ALL TRAFFIC - LORRIES, BUSES, CARS MOTORCYCLES WITH HEADLIGHTS, FOG LIGHTS, HAZARD LIGHTS FLASHING TRAVELLING NO FASTER THAN 15 MPH, WERE HIT BY A SEVERE HAILSTORM, THE HAIL BEING THE SIZE OF GOLF BALLS IT WAS QUITE AN ALARMING EXPERIENCE WITH THE ROAD COVERED IN A WHITE COATING OF HAIL SLUSH.

AT OUR NEXT PIT STOP THE FILLING STATION HAD BEEN HIT BY THE STORM AND HAD LOST ALL POWER, NO FUEL TO BE HAD. WE THEN PROCEEDED ONTO THE NEXT FILLING STATION, WHICH WE THANKFULLY MADE, BEING REALLY LOW ON FUEL. AFTER OUR EPIC JOURNEY WE ARRIVED HOME AFTER A 2000 MILE ROUND TRIP AT 7:45PM ON MONDAY EVENING.

WHAT AN EXPERIENCE, BRING ON 2025 WHEN THE NEXT CLASSIC MEETING IS SCHEDULED. YOU CAN COUNT ME IN.

FOOTNOTE:-: STEVE AND I WILL POST SOME PHOTO'S OF OUR TRIP TO WILL FOR ADDITION TO THE WEB-PAGE.

THE NEWSLETTER EDITOR REQUESTS ANY OTHER INTERESTING ITEMS YOU MAY HAVE SUITABLE TO PRINT IN THE NEWSLETTER. I DO RECEIVE ITEMS FROM MEMBERS BUT NOT MANY, SO PLEASE GET YOUR THINKING CAPS ON.

ITEMS FOR SALE.

NO CURRENT ITEMS FOR SALE. PLEASE REFER TO THE WEBSITE FOR ITEMS OF INTEREST REGARDING HIRE OR LOAN.

THE NEWSLETTER EDITOR DID SUBMIT DETAILS OF A FRIENDS' NISSAN JUKE FOR SALE, DUE TO RELOCATING BACK TO THE UK, BUT IT WAS SNAPPED UP WITHIN ONE WEEK.

IF YOU HAVE A VEHICLE OR EQUIPMENT FOR SALE OR KNOW OF ONE THAT MIGHT BE OF INTEREST TO OUR MEMBERS PLEASE LET WILL OR MYSELF KNOW.

WE CAN ALSO LIST EQUIPMENT THE MEMBERS HAVE READILY AVAILABLE TO BORROW. PLEASE REFER TO THE WEBSITE FOR THE FULL LIST.

ANSWERS VIA EMAIL TO NEWSLETTER EDITOR. A NICE BOTTLE OR CHOCOLATES AWAIT THE FIRST PAST THE POST !!!!!!!

SEE YOU ON THURSDAY, OUR NEXT MEETING JULY 6TH 2023.

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BAR LAS VEGAS

