

LOTUS
2009

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LOTUS:09

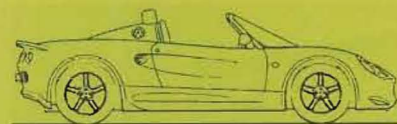
& Clubman Notes



The Official Magazine of
Lotus Club Victoria &
Lotus Club Queensland

Features:

- Elan Series 1
- Tasman Revival
- Forbidden Fruit
- Dutton Rally NSW





Canefields Run
30th November 2009.

LCQ End of year wrap. Photos by Russ Carter

A good roll up of 15 cars turned up for our final run of the year, with the older models managing to (just) outnumber the Elise variants. A perfect summer's morning greeted the participants, and after sampling the \$2 breakfast at IKEA (in itself an eye-opening experience!), we all headed off, through the canefields in pursuit of Russ' Elise and a planned stop at Calypso Bay.

Upon arrival, we pulled into the car park and stopped, only to see arms waving from a yellow Elise - "Follow Us!" seemed to be what they were saying. A short diversion led us to an underground car park, which we hadn't discovered on our visit earlier in the year. This provided some welcome relief from the sun, so thanks to Peter & Norma for leading us there!

As usual, we were running late, so rather than a leisurely morning tea, it was a quick drink and then back to our steeds for a run back to Cleveland for a Fish and Chip lunch. Geoff made a quick detour to Mt Cotton to see how a couple of our members were faring at the Hillclimb, with a promise to catch up with us for lunch. But upon our arrival in Cleveland we found that there had been a major electrical outage and that the establishment couldn't cook anything, so no hurry! Derek lives nearby, so we (most of us) went to Derek and Anita's multicoloured mansion on the canal at Raby Bay for coffee while we waited for the call from the Fish and Chip Shop.

After 30 minutes the call came, and we all headed back to the harbour for an excellent lunch, and then headed home (some back to "Chateau Dean" for more coffee!), so thanks to Wade and Derek for another successful social run.

Christmas Lunch 7th December

Our social co-ordinators had managed to secure the whole of the Tandoori King restaurant for this, so we decorated the room with Lotus flags (thanks Garry!), and hammed it up with Bon Bons, lucky door prizes and even Santa made an appearance (who was that formally fat man?).

Even though we had only 45 people turn up, everyone had a great time and it was a fabulous way to spend a Sunday afternoon. In fact, such a good time was had that nobody thought to take any pics! So those who didn't attend, too bad, we didn't miss you!

December Meeting and BBQ

In contrast to the small gathering at the Christmas Lunch, this brought the punters out of the woodwork! Derek's theory is because the BBQ was free! In any event, 30 cars turned up which is the largest gathering of Lotus in LCQ history. Great effort guys and girls! We also took the opportunity to award the trophies which are normally done at the Xmas lunch. Congrats to our winners:

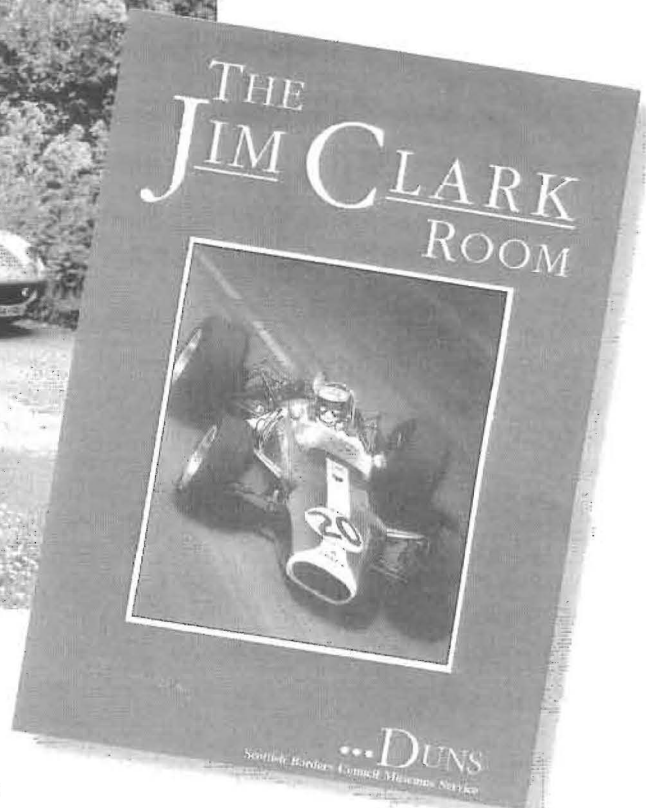
Clubman Award John Lungren

Achievement Award Mal Kelson

Competition Award Jason Patullo

Again, everyone had a great time and we harvested a few new members too! There were some cameras present, but no pics have been forthcoming, so perhaps in the excitement a few lens caps were left on! And that was 2008...





Jim Clark Statue and Rooms

By Giles Cooper

Following Warren King's interesting article about the unveiling of the new Jim Clark Memorial at Hockenheim in the August 2008 magazine, I thought readers might be interested to know of two other important Jim Clark Memorials that are slightly less well known.

From 2000 – 2003 I was fortunate enough to be posted to Aberdeen by my (oil related) company. Most people consider Aberdeen to be bleak, grey and predominantly cold and wet, (and they are basically correct!) but as the proud owner of a new Lotus Elise that I had only just purchased in order to be shipped back to Australia, to be unexpectedly offered a job in the middle of some of the most glorious driving roads in the world was an offer not to be missed! Aberdeen for me proved to be a glorious posting, with the true highlands around the Lecht Ski area only about 30 minutes from my house. The long summer evenings afforded many a pleasant evening searching for a suitable place to have "tea" with my wife – Needless to say we often went without our tea and just kept driving until 11 pm!! A bit further north, the A836 from Tongue, down through Altnaharra to Lairg has to be one of the most amazing driving roads in the world – especially if you have a sports car or bike. On summer weekends you will encounter every type of sports car and bike just cruising along, massive grins on the driver's faces telling the tale.....But I digress – That is another story all on its own.

While living in Scotland, Europe was also within easy reach for long weekends, and amongst other trips I had the good fortune to spend long weekends at the Nurburgring on a number of occasions with the local Scottish Elises group. Having found out how unbelievable it was in 2001, for the 2002 trip I arranged for both my two grown sons to come over from Australia for a holiday in order to expose them to the unique aura that is the 'Ring. On the way from Aberdeen to Newcastle (to catch the overnight ferry for Holland), I scheduled a stop in Kilmany, the birth place of my childhood hero Jim Clark, as I had heard there was a statue there.

About

9 miles south of Dundee on the narrow A914, one would be forgiven for missing the village of Kilmany, because it is on a side road off the already small "main" road, with minimal signage. After several U turns we eventually found it, and there, beside a small brook, on a tranquil grassy verge of the narrow lane, sure enough there is a statue – Unheralded, and essentially unmarked except at its foot. A truly life-like Jim Clark in his racing overalls, hands in pockets, striding out as if heading to his car in the pits at a GP circuit. First impression is how small he was – Could this really be life size? But a wonderful moment to be there in this beautiful tranquil setting, with a babbling brook to the side, knowing it was where he was born on the 4th March 1936 and spent the first 6 years of his life. And proud to be able to show my boys a piece of the history of a legend who was my hero when I was a boy.

After a long weekend at the 'Ring (again, another separate story!!), we returned north from the Newcastle ferry to Aberdeen, this time heading towards Duns down in the Border country SE of Edinburgh, where the Jim Clark Rooms are located. (Duns is where Jim had his farm, and the roads in the area are where he started his motor sport career.) A small house full of Jim's memorabilia – Photos, trophies, tributes – A wonderful museum to his many motor racing accomplishments achieved in such a short time. While small and low key (and I have a feeling that that is the way farmer Jim Clark would have liked it) it is a moving tribute to the great man. And yes, I asked about the size of the Kilmany statue, and was told it was life size!!

These two memorials, in conjunction with the one trackside at Hockenheim, make a complete and moving tribute to Jim Clark. Unfortunately I have been unable to visit the Hockenheim circuit myself yet, but it is certainly on my to do list over the next few years.





Wind the clock back to Chris & my last trip to the UK in April 07. I'd had my usual auto fix at the Goodwood racetrack. Visiting this time on an Italian Day. The place was jam packed with exotic Italian cars & motorbikes, but also the Fiats & Vespa's etc. were well represented. We also found time to go to the excellent new Sammy Miller motorbike museum in the New Forest.

Towards the end of our holiday we, as usual, stayed with our Welsh friends, Andy & Ange Bradshaw, who live outside Cardiff. Andy is the ultimate Lotus nut & owner of many. He prepares & races them for himself & others. So I always enjoy my time with him and Chris gets on well with his wife. Andy always drives us around Wales to meet his Lotus mates & shows us all their cars locked away against the elements. So, just as Chris & I were bidding them farewell on their driveway with the car all packed, Andy asked again if I was interested in buying the JPS Europa (a real basket case!) he had taken me to see. I stated that I fancied moving onto a single seater for my next project. I know of one just up the valley for sale he said. Apparently another of his many Lotus friends had a Lotus 61 Formula Ford all in bits needing a total rebuild that he now didn't have time for. I tried to control myself, & declared I'd think about it.

We continued on our trip back to Portsmouth in the South of England - our family base. There was no point in Chris talking to me on the way back, I didn't hear a thing she said! Although she did suggest we should have gone to see the car.

By the time I'd reached Portsmouth I'd already sold the car to myself. I must admit I wasn't familiar with Lotus 61's, but it was a Lotus, and that was good enough. We only had a few days left before we flew back to Oz, but I couldn't stop thinking about the car. Back home in Brisbane I was rebuilding a 1952 BSA motorbike & fancied another Lotus project after that. I've owned my S3 Elan for almost 35 years, and my 1970 Europa that I enjoy doing Hill Climbs and Sprint events in for 5yrs.

As it turned out the only day we could get back to Wales was on my birthday. So Chris knew I'd have to have it even before I'd seen it. This Welsh chap John, had bought it totally dismantled in it's 2 crates from America. It had raced in America, but was in an accident there in 1978 taking the right hand front wheel suspension off and sustaining fibreglass damage to it's nose. The car was disassembled and appears to have changed hands a few times in this state. Documents proved one of the owners paid for the Lotus-Holbay/ Ford engine and Hewland gearbox to be rebuilt. On examining the contents of the crates it appeared to all be there, which was amazing after all those years. So as Chris guessed a deal was made!

I was hoping I wouldn't regret my impulsive buy. Risking the unknown with Shipping, Customs & Quarantine fees, I expected to see my purchase in Oz in just a few months, but it didn't turn out like that. I even sold my Ducati motorbike after 22 years ownership to help finance my new project. It went to a good mate in England, but I almost couldn't let it go when the time came. For one reason or another my crates ended up being stored in





Chris wonders



New nose to attach



Slightly soiled Lotus parts

England until July 08 which was very frustrating, then the crates finally left for Oz, arriving in Brisbane on 20th August 08.

I didn't realize what I was in for with Customs first and then Quarantine. They both took forever and the waiting was very stressful. My great fear was that I would be extremely lucky if everything was there by the time I got my hands on it all. Customs decided after over a month that after all I did need to get import approval from Canberra, more delays.

Customs were dealt with and paid for then onto Quarantine. They decided that everything had to be fumigated and then taken somewhere else to be washed. Which I objected to as certain things such as gauges

etc. would be ruined. So they eventually agreed that it didn't have to be washed, but all taken out of crates and vacuumed instead. I found it most frustrating to be powerless as to what happens to your belongings and how long things take. I don't recommend the experience being the usual impatient male. To cut a long story short, after 4 months with the Brisbane shippers my car was released to me 2 days before Christmas with a push. So I was finally relieved to see that all of my 61 was there when I got it home and unpacked it. Chris was also pleased that she had a happy chappy over Christmas.

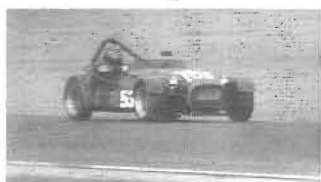
Work is now under way on the rebuild and I am looking forward to not taking too long about it. Working it around doing customers cars first of course! I will get Chris onto the job of researching the cars history, so I can get it log booked and try my luck at some Historic racing events as well as the Sprint meetings I enjoy.

The Lotus 61 Formula Ford has the wedge shaped bodywork. They were introduced in 1969. The preceding cigar shaped Lotus 51 was introduced to Formula Ford in 1967. The wedge shape of the 61 gives good down force without wings. The defining factor with Formula Fords is the fairly basic blue printed 1600 Ford engine, brake calipers & wheels. Apart from that the chassis/suspension is fairly open and with good power to weight ratio it makes a good little race car and on top of that it's a Lotus - good and reliable!

Watch this space.

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Long Way Home

by Cameron Campbell-Brown

Driving an unknown car 1200km in a day and a bit on the strength of a 10 minute test drive is unlikely to go down in history as the wisest decision ever made, especially when what little you do know about the car in question is that it has a chequered history, but fortune favours the brave and all that so at 6:30 pm on a Saturday afternoon in Sydney, I swapped a piece of paper with the word cheque written on it somewhere for the keys to what is apparently fairly well known as "Csaba's old car".

Putting out of seller's driveway, nice and well behaved past the mother with her stroller, don't want to look too irresponsible. Onto a quiet road that leads back to the Princes Highway via a semi industrial area... SQUIRT!! Ohh this really is good fun! Now I turn left here don't I? Hmm doesn't look so familiar, nice twisty bits though, shame about the 60 signs... What 60 signs? Ah yes a dead end... Never mind, this is great fun. Slightly sheepish look as I drive back past the chap watering his garden.

Eventually I did find the highway, declined the very kind offer of swapping my newly acquired beast for a classic XD Falcon, resplendent as it was in its rust stained, sun faded paintwork and pulled in for fuel and caffeine. Well then best check the oil, hmm bit low. Well that'll explain the rattly top end, I'd been wondering about that.

"Yes, it's a Lotus. Oh no there are a fair few of them about. No I've not seen too many either, seems they're mostly owned by slightly eccentric types. Am I an eccentric? Good lord no... no you see I've only just bought it, no no I'm just an aspiring eccentric, think that's a few years off yet"

Well, that much of what is said about Lotus ownership seems true then, perfect strangers striking up conversations in servos!

"Yeah mate", the bloke in the servo assures me in reassuring tones, "just follow this road then turn right you can't miss it! No mate, don't take the toll road, it's just as easy to go this way and cheaper!!

Why it is that people so often underestimate the ability of others to miss turns? It is my singularly spectacular ability to miss all manner of things that has got me where I am today, but where I was at this point of my little story was lost...

There really are a lot of F250s in around these parts, not the shiny new ones; the old crusty Northern Exposure ones... Thought this place was supposed to be classy? Reminds me of Ipswich. Oh, Campbelltown? That's odd, I didn't think that was on the way to Newcastle... Ahh well, that road had some fun bits in it I'd better see if they're more fun going the other way!

So here it is... The southern end of the Newcastle - Sydney road... How gladdened the heart might be by sight of a simple road sign! Hmm that motor sounds tappety again. Better stop and check on it.

Now I'm sure the oil level was higher than that! Must have been mistaken, this light oil isn't so easy to see on the dipstick under these lights. I'll pop the roof off while I'm here; I hear these things are a pain to get off, hmm not really... Quite easy actually. Don't know what to do with all the bits though... guess that's what the boot is for.

I've never owned an open car before, tootling along in the cool evening,



this is quite the way to travel! And what a beautiful road; Mooney Mooney, I remember this from a bus trip when I was at school... oh yes it was raining that day too... getting pretty heavy now.

And so it was with the roof back in place, several hours later than I expected to be that I drive past the little hotel in Raymond Terrace where I'd taken the time to book a room. "The dirty *this section of text has been edited in the interest of common decency*, they've closed - I mean it's only half past one! What do you mean that's QLD time? This state is seriously backward! By at least an hour by my reckoning" I do find that a good rant helps in these situations, and the one I was having at the time was a cracker! But I shan't elaborate any further for fear of spoiling the tempo of my little "quiet issue filler" story.

"Please Mr Innkeeper, I've travelled a long and challenging journey tonight, can you spare me a room?"

"There is no room in my Inn this night... Oooh nice car, is it a Lotus?"

"Yes, it's a Lotus. Oh no, there are a fair few of them about. No, I've not seen too many either, seems they're mostly owned by slightly eccentric types. Am I an eccentric? Good lord no... No you see I've only just bought it, No no I'm just an aspiring eccentric, think that's a few years off yet... oh a room, lovely"

Right then early start! Bit rattly... Dam oil thieves!!! Never mind, topped up and underway!

A few hours up the road and I'm not sure what was attracting all the attention. Perhaps it was the beautiful lines of Julian Thomson's design, the exhilarating exhaust note, the bright yellow paint, the unconventionally handsome chap with the windswept hair in the driver's seat. I don't imagine for an instant it had anything to do with the great clouds of oil smoke that are doing wonders for windscreen wiper sales up the mid coast of NSW.

It's not so bad if I only drive with modest throttle openings, but then it's at its worst when I open the throttle wide after long periods of cruising... Valve stem seals perhaps? Hmm, I've used 5 litres of oil since Sydney. That's one hell of a valve stem leak. (This turned out to be because of a poorly selected throttle body, but more of that in another story, assuming I'm ever allowed near a keyboard again!)

By the time I rejoined the Pacific Highway after a charming drive up the lake's way I was gravely concerned... I'd bought more oil on this trip than I had for years, and my other car is a Land Rover! Topping the oil up no longer seemed to make the tappety noises go away.

Time for plan B "Hello F, mate, what are you up to? Don't fancy a drive into NSW with a car trailer do you?" I say into my phone, holding it slightly away from my ear, not entirely sure I wanted to hear the response...

"I told you not to try to drive it back" for indeed he had told me so...

Port Macquarie turn off, more oil

Regrettably, I'd chosen the one weekend where the northern rivers

of NSW have been in flood since our dear Mr Chapman was himself removing weight and adding simplicity, so in Kempsey I pulled up at the local police station "Well, well, well", said the policeman stationed locally "what have we here, a Lotus?"

"Yes, it's a Lotus. Oh no, there are a fair few of them about. No, I've not seen too many either, seems they're mostly owned by slightly eccentric types. Am I an eccentric? Good lord no... no you see I've only just bought it. No no, I'm just an aspiring eccentric, think that's a few years off yet, although I am developing a penchant for poor running jokes."

"Eh?"

"Never mind. I was just hoping you could tell me if the roads are clear of flood water further north?"

"I've no idea sorry mate, but I wouldn't worry, my fishing boat is made of fibreglass and alloy too, it'll go great in the water." (Yeah! That quote is real!)

Leaving the local of the stationed police I once again turn to the phone...

"Hello F, mate, what are you up to? Don't fancy a drive into NSW with a car trailer do you?" I say into my phone, holding it slightly away from my ear, entirely sure I do not want to hear the response...

"Yeah OK, keep nursing it north and H and I will pick you up where we meet you Oh we told you not to try to drive it back" for indeed they had told me so...

It was the not so very early hours of Monday morning, when H pulled up in front of my house in the northern suburbs of Brisbane. We unload as quietly as possible as the lights of the neighbours come on... Curtains pushed aside as I drive off the trailer...

"Is that a Lotus?"

"Yes, it's a Lotus, Oh no, there are a fair few of them about, no, I've not seen too many either, seems they're mostly owned by slightly eccentric types..."

"And we told him not to try to drive it back" for indeed they had told me so...

Great thanks to Ferris and Harry for their retrieval that night, and their patience with my penchant for poor running jokes.

