



Newsletter

SEPTEMBER 2021



Donald Davies with Olivia Nash fund raising
www.eaovc.co.uk

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Front Cover Photo

[Donald Davies and Olivia Nash](#)

Message from the Chairman

Welcome EAOVC Members. I am pleased that despite Covid, we have managed an outing to the Larne Northern Ireland Centenary Garden Party, plus a Taster Run involving around 30 classic cars. From Nutts Corner Auto Jumble, via a scenic drive in the country to Route 26 Restaurant for a delicious meal for 57, then onto Brookvale Farm for a guided tour.

William Peoples (Chairman)

Hello fellow EAOVC members,

Well at last, finally our little club is, in a small way, up and running once again. We were almost homeless due to our usual meeting place the Loughshore Hotel being unavailable, but thanks to the diligence and determination of our Chairman a new meeting place has been found in time for our next meeting.

I am therefore, delighted to inform you that the next EAOVC MEETING will be held at the CORRS CORNER HOTEL, 315 Ballyclare Road, Newtownabbey BT36 4TQ on Tuesday the 7th of September at 7.30pm. So please all members try your very best, if you can, and be there. Drive into the front and go round to the back car park, walk up the ramp to the back door and go in and look for the EAOVC meeting room.

I am so looking forward, as I am sure you all are too, to getting back to a bit of normality. We are not out of the woods yet, but there is a definite improvement. Your committee have all been vaccinated and I trust that our members have also followed suit. All the necessary precautions and government regulations will be adhered to. Masks must be worn on entering the building and sensible social distancing will be observed. Your committee hope to be able to present you with an excellent programme of runs and events in 2022. Watch this space!

I know I live in this world of Pollyanna where everything is wonderful and I want everyone to be happy and kind to each other, but sadly I am realising that this is not always the case and it disappoints me. I had an unfortunate incident recently, with a person who misunderstood information given to him and he then chose to telephone me and complain in an offensive manner. You all know that I put my heart and soul into this club and give my time freely to work very hard for the good of all. Being a lady I was polite, but it still hurt. It concerned the Shanes Castle Steam Rally, which as you know, is traditionally booked on-line by many of our members who make their own way to it. This person was angry that he couldn't get a classic car ticket as the entry date was closed when he tried. This prompted me to speak to one of the Directors of the event, a lovely man, who rents the land and runs the show with others. We had a great chat and he invited our EAOVC classic car group to attend their 2022 event.

He asked me to contact him early in the spring to finalize things, which I will do. I also hope to print an application form in the March issue so that you can all register your cars in good time and therefore ensure your place.... So I suppose some good has come out of the nastiness that I was subjected too and I will stay in my Polyanna world!

Also, on a positive side, I am thrilled by the support and interaction that I am receiving from you, the members, who are entering into the spirit of things and are not afraid to laugh at yourself and are allowing us to join in too. Reading some of the articles I have tears in my eyes, of laughter and sadness. Well done friends, please keep it up! My thanks this issue go to our Roving Reporter Stanley, Our Quizmaster Alastair and Brian for his tribute to Donald Davies, also our committee who willingly perform a thankless job and of course, YOU the members again for helping and encouraging me to produce the newsletter and sticking by the EAOVC in these somewhat difficult times.

Being fairly new to EAOVC I was unaware of the important part that DONALD DAVIES played in this club. His dedication and modesty were unique. His Company, while he was an EAOVC MEMBER supported us generously to ensure the envious success of the Belfast to Portrush Run and E A DAVIES continues to honour his memory with their kind support. We that benefit from Donald's legacy and generosity, could give E A DAVIES a call whenever any of our car insurances are due for renewal, classic, or not and allow them an opportunity to give us a quote. I myself did so a few years ago and I have been delighted with their excellent service. Last year I had the misfortune to accidentally hit an Audi in my BMW while leaving a parking space. Luckily I had a protected no claims bonus, but you can imagine the cost of the damage to both vehicles. E A DAVIES Company was amazing and very understanding and professional. They very quickly had both cars repaired to a high standard (arranged a lovely loan car whilst the repairs were being carried out) and seamlessly sorted the whole unfortunate affair. I have just renewed my car again with them and amazingly my Insurance has not gone up and was cheaper than other companies. Their telephone number is **028 9034 2999**

Don't forget that Christmas is fast approaching so contact David soon and order your EAOVC regalia (sold to you at cost!) Tel: **07970 574430**
Take care and stay safe. *Olivia*

SEPTEMBER QUIZ TIME WITH ALASTAIR THE QUESTIONS

- Question 1: THE FIRST MOTORWAY?
- Question 2: MORRIS MINOR FRONT SUSPENSION SPRING CALLED?
- Question 3: OLD FASHIONED YELLOW INDICATOR THAT POPS OUT FROM BODYWORK?
- Question 4: S.S. CAR NAME CHANGE IN 1945 TO JAGUAR?
- Question 5: 1936 FIAT LAUREL 2 SEATER CAR NICKNAMED?
- Question 6: WHAT YEAR WERE AIR BAG EXPERIMENTS CARRIED OUT? AND WHERE?
- Question 7: ROOTES LAUNCHED THE IMP IN (A) YEAR? (B) WHERE MADE?
- Question 8: WHAT CLEAR ADVANTAGE DID STUDEBAKER HAVE IN 1937?
- Question 9: FIRST BOND FILM TO STAR AN ASTON MARTIN?
- Question 10: FIRST LANDROVER WAS SKETCHED IN THE SAND WHERE IN THE U.K.?
- Question 11: 1982 VAUXHALL BUILT MAJESTIC 3 LITRE VEHICLE?
- Question 12: WHAT IS FITTED IN A SMALL END

BY EAOVC MEMBER: ALASTAIR KILPATRICK

EAOVC FIRST TASTER RUN SATURDAY 31st JULY 2021

It has been a long and difficult time for each and every one of us, some more difficult than others. I know that one of the things that I have missed is the opportunity to get the car dusted off and spend a day in the company of like-minded anoraks, a bit of light-hearted craic and friendly banter all rounded off with a bite to eat and the ubiquitous ballot. The committee decided to trial a day out where we could spend as much time safely outdoors and with separation while enjoying some food and refreshments.



EAOVC MEMBERS CARS AT NUTTS CORNER AUTO JUMBLE

Saturday morning was a typically damp, misty and wet morning. On arrival at the Nutts Corner Auto Jumble we were directed to the back of the market where I was pleasantly surprised to see a large number of well turned-out classic cars. My first reaction was that there were quite a few cars that I had not seen before and was later informed that many new members had joined us on their maiden outing. Although it was great to see and chat with new members, I did miss some of the older hands. I hope that you are well and will be joining the next road show. You will see the cars, new and old, in the photographs, really impressive. The drizzle persisted and we beat a hasty retreat to the shelter of the cars for our picnic. Typical Northern Ireland weather, as we packed up to go on a relaxed drive along the Lough shore the big yellow thing appeared in the sky. We duly arrived at Route 26 and had a sit down (socially distanced) three course meal which, I must admit, I was ready for and thoroughly enjoyed. I believe that we will be going back there at some point. Andy from Route 26 was a great host and looked after us extremely well. Nothing was too much trouble and he closed the entire restaurant especially for the EAOVC.



EAOVC MEMBERS CARS AT ROUTE 26 RESTAURANT

Ballot over and off again a short distance through Moira to Brookevale Farm near Dromore, to visit a “state of the art” dairy farm, which was featured on more than one occasion, on Countryfile. The farm is run by father and son team Thomas and Richard and their respective wives, Olive and Pamela. The farm has a herd of 500 cattle which are looked after and monitored twenty-four hours a day by a computerised logistics system which can even tell if an animal is becoming ill before the illness is visible. The cows have been trained to voluntarily enter the milking machine where a sanitised unit milks the cow robotically: Impressive use of technology and really nice people. Our day was rounded off by having fresh flavoured milk straight from the cow - well almost.



EAOVC MEMBERS CARS AT BROOKVALE FARM

If, as we all hope, we can return to some degree of normality I believe that 2022 might see the return of more interesting days out

BY EAOVC MEMBER STANLEY BATES (our roving reporter)

DONALD DAVIES - A TRUE GENTLEMAN



Charity fundraising - Stephanie Butler, Olivia Nash and Donald Davies,
Brian Hamilton, Derek Clark and Robert Raj

Donald Davies and Robert Raj (two Gentlemen) had a dream of organising a run that all classic car clubs could join in and so the 'Belfast to Portrush Run' was born. The first Belfast to Portrush run originally took place in 1973 at a time when some of our modern day classics were not even in the showroom. This event continued until sadly due to the troubles it was deemed safer to cancel. Clubs had their own events but nothing on the scale of Belfast to Portrush and the two visionaries decided in 2002 to resurrect their dream and as the saying goes the rest is history. I would like to give you an insight to the work that went on behind the scenes of bringing this prestigious run back to life:- A committee was formed of EAOVC members who approached the police, as a cavalcade of 12+ cars was going to be a logistical nightmare to go through small towns like Antrim, Ballymena, Ballymoney, Coleraine and finally Portrush. The police were willing to provide a motor bike escort which involved blocking roundabouts etc., to get all the cars safely to Portrush. The AA also provided a classic van kitted out with all the tools that would be needed should one of the vehicles fall by the wayside. Donald and Robert approached the Belfast Council for permission to use Belfast Zoo as a starting point and Coleraine Council to allow the cavalcade to park at the Pits before going on for dinner. As previously mentioned a massive amount of work went on behind the scenes to get the show on the road and form the template for all future runs.

Donald was a quiet man who never raised his voice. He was the owner and CEO of E&A DAVIES, a local Insurance Broker who was very much involved in fund raising for various local charities.

Donald agreed that E&A DAVIES would sponsor the Belfast to Portrush run and all fund raising activities would be given to whatever charity the EAOVC had chosen to support - this shows you what kind of a man he was that an event like this should benefit those not as fortunate as himself. Over the years a total of around £80,000.00 was raised for local charities, ranging from Cancer, Arthritis Research, Special Schools to mention only a few and the Martin Trust which held a special place in Donald's heart.

Donald did not like, or seek the limelight, he had a heart of gold and always wanted to help the underdog. Sadly he was diagnosed with cancer and passed away peacefully. His funeral was a testament to the man he was as all EAOVC members brought their classic cars to honour him and many members of other clubs also attended which showed how he was respected in the classic car world,

There is so much more that I could write about Donald Davies. The world would be a better place if more people were like our friend
DONALD DAVIES

DONALD DAVIES with STIRLING MOSS



BY EAOVC MEMBER: BRIAN HAMILTON

BELFAST NORTHERN IRELAND sometime in the early 70's

Much has been written and spoken about living through what was not a very good time in the history of our small backwater province. Believe it or not it was still possible to have fun even though everything around us was either falling apart or worse. As old age is chasing me around the proverbial block and rapidly catching up, it has occurred to me and apparently others of my generation that life today has become so serious that the younger generations are not given the chance to go out and use their imagination to amuse themselves and have fun. Maybe there is so much wickedness around now that the powers that be and even parents are too frightened to tolerate or be seen to permit the younger generations to get up to mischief and devilment. I don't mean badness, but it is an important part of growing up to develop a sense of childish stupidity and have a real good belly laugh.

Just as a bit of fun I thought that I should put to paper some of the things that we did to amuse ourselves during the dark days of my youth. November is the month of the fog, or at least it used to be. It seems that along with long hot summers we also had weeks of fairly dense fog as the temperature dropped, the days became shorter and the nights became longer. These were the nights when dense fog made it possible, if you had been that way inclined, to freewheel your death-trap teen-mobile Ford Anglia or Mini into a garage forecourt, furtively pump some fuel into the car and sneak out quietly without the garage staff realising that anyone had been in the forecourt. Not that I ever knew anyone that would have committed such a scandalous crime but apparently it had been known to happen!!!! When we could afford petrol and were free to go and amuse ourselves on such a murky night it was always a good bet that we could go to the Upper Malone Road and drive slowly enough that we could get a gathering of cars behind us. It was always the case that sheep-mentality would prevail and the cautious drivers would take comfort in the fact that the driver in front knew what they were doing and that they would be the first to be involved in an accident anyway. After a mile or two, and when they were lulled into a false sense of security, they would follow us anywhere. As the road leaves the streetlights behind and enters the country the fog usually thickened. This was the perfect opportunity to lead the sheep off the main road and along the Old Coach Road which ran off at a very small angle from the main road.

Once the victims were well and truly out in the country and very disorientated and, hopefully, totally lost we could speed off on our well-trodden path and disappear into the night. One of our little group, who today would be known as non-achievers, had the misfortune to have been a compulsive scrapper owner. Seldom did he pay any more for a car than would have bought a few bags of cheese and onion crisps and a tin of Iron Bru. Needless to say, his fleet of mechanical wonders was used for any number of stunts and adventures. One Ford Zodiac was used in the evenings, if all was quiet, and we could find a suitable large car park to us as a bullring. We didn't have access to a bull but the Zodiac was an admirable substitute. Now, you would think that it would be difficult for a driver in such a large and sturdy beast to actually catch a young male in his prime, what-ever that means but, truly, there were many nights when we went home with more pains and aches than were possible from belly laughs. Belly laughs don't leave bruises or the need to walk like John Wayne for a day or two. As the bullring started to become boring we decided to add some more excitement, after all why should the driver have all the fun?! Everyone was allowed to take a turn at driving and the matadors were allowed to arm themselves with a box of eggs, free range naturally. This was tremendous fun, just about everyone had a chance to be pelted with free range eggs until one bright spark decided to substitute his fresh eggs with hard boiled. Almost ended in disaster. The owner of the car was taking his turn as the bull and doing quite well until our friendly bright spark launched one of his projectiles with youthful ferocity, through the open window and scored a bull's eye. With perfect aim, pure luck, or not, depending on how you look at it - he hit the driver fair and square right on the temple rendering him completely and instantly unconscious. The car roared out of the car park entrance across the road and ended up chewing at a ditch on the other side of the road. Fortunately, the road was quiet and there were no other cars involved. With the amount of traffic on today's roads things might have ended up differently. Belly laughs all round. The driver came to and recovered without any long-lasting complications, I think. We all had hard-boiled eggs on the way home.

The Zodiac eventually expired and went to the great scrapyards, not so much in the sky but Ravarnet, just outside Lisburn. So, our gallant friend eventually scraped up coinage to the equivalent of the proverbial two bags of crisps and an Iron Bru and became the proud owner of another budget chariot - a one step from the scrapyards Morris 1300 - this was to be used as a replacement buckaroo. The powerless little

car did not match up to the Zodiac so we had to find other ways that the little car could test the limits of our foolishness. The object of the exercise was to climb out of the passenger side window of the moving car and on to the roof, the victim lay on the roof holding the gutter rails at the open front windows while the driver did his best to throw the roof man off the car. In all fairness a little caution was used by the driver until the red mist came down and caution literally went out the window – so to speak!! or bright spark decided that it would be entertaining to wind up the windows and amputate the rider's fingers. Side movements were, with practice, easily managed by the rider but a severe dash on the brakes usually saw the victim slide off the roof, down the windscreen, along the bonnet and end up in a pile of bad language and confusion on the hard ground. Safety depended on the driver's braking skills. We also used this car to exit through an open side window, at anything up to the national speed limit on the motorway, and through an open window into another speeding adjacent car. I thought it a bit too daft when bright spark started to move his car away from the Morris while I was between the two, not funny!! The little Morris eventually bit the dust after an eventful night out terrorising the countryside. A lot of fun can be had in older cars which are fitted with basic ignition systems. We came to realise that if we switched the little Morris's "A series" engine off while the car was in gear and let it run for a few seconds then switch the ignition on again, BANG, all of the unused fuel would ignite and cause a joyous and tumultuous backfire that loosely resembled a low velocity gunshot: Much merriment and belly laughs for immature and psychologically underdeveloped adolescents. One particular wet, windy and miserable night the driver and I were on the prowl looking for something to do and enjoying the magnificent backfires when after one particularly loud bang the engine decided that it had had enough abuse and eventually gave up the ghost just beside the grounds of a local hotel. Tragedy Miles from home, last bus gone, wet and miserable night and a long walk ahead of us. In those days it was quite usual for cars to break down regularly, especially when the value of the beast was compared to crisps and Iron Bru. We decided that we were going to get wet no-matter what so we would take a few moments to see if we could get the old Morris to start again. After a few minutes it was fairly obvious that our mechanical knowledge was limited and that the sad and dejected looking Morris was destined to spend the night at the side of the road. Just at that moment there was a movement in the hedge at the perimeter of the hotel. Before we had time to react a blacked-out creature with an SLR

rifle thrust itself through the hedge and shouted at us to stand still and under no circumstances move. Move – my backside - I don't think that I could have moved even if I had wanted to. Fight, flight or freeze. Freeze – that's the one – that will do me, thank you very much!!!! Not a bit of wonder he was so brave, there were about a dozen of his mates there as well, all making such a noise, shouting orders at us not to do this or that. Some of the things that they were calling us – well, there was no need for language like that. It turned out that our “misfiring” car had been reported as someone driving around the countryside firing a low velocity pistol. We pleaded ignorance, “Just trying to get home Officer, the car was going badly, and we didn't know what else to do, Officer.” We were told in no uncertain manner that if the car had fired another shot that we would have been used as firing practice for about a dozen trigger-happy red beret paratroopers. So, I suppose we spoiled their night. Eventually things calmed down. The head paratrooper decided that he probably didn't believe one word that we had told him, it was still raining heavily and they were near the end of their shift. A few more barrages of verbal abuse and that would be that, we would have to walk home. Even a lift in the Land Rover was refused. Then things got worse. Their radio began to cause a lot of interest; within seconds we were arrested and did get a “lift” in the Land Rover. Not home but to the local Police Station. Now this is where it gets worse. My friend was to be charged with stealing the little Austin and I was to be charged with aiding and abetting a crime. I was almost certain that he had not stolen the car, I think-ish. But, and there is always a “but”. But what were we doing sitting under arrest at four in the morning with the Sergeant informing us that he would make us clean the yard with a teaspoon? I still cannot figure out why he and his cohorts thought that hilariously funny – but they did, must be some sort of police in-house joke. Anyway, I was allowed one phone call just like the movies. I rang my father who was never in great humour when woken from a sound sleep. He told me that he would ring the station in the morning to see what the police were going to do with me. He put the phone down and went straight back to sleep!!!! After a long night we eventually found out that the car had been stolen two years earlier. It had subsequently been recovered and returned to the owner but no one thought to let the authorities know that all was well and the records amended. The nice paratrooper with the silly red hat had not bothered to press any charges for disturbing the peace and wasting their time. I am convinced that they were more than slightly brassed-off at missing out on some target practice. When the police realised that we were

“innocent victims” they made us coffee and let us stay in the cell until the morning before ringing home to ask for a lift. Waken my father twice in one night - no chance. All's well that ends well. The little dark green Morris followed the Zodiac and went to the great car park in Ravernet and we moved on to another scrapper, a horrible little Ford Anglia with a gaping hole in the passenger floor. I suppose I should point out that I cannot, nor would not, advise today's youths to amuse themselves in ways that might cause them injury or harm, but even in dangerous times it was still possible to have fun.

EAOVC MEMBER: STANLEY BATES (OUR ROVING REPORTER)

Now another bit of fun for all of our EAOVC members and hopefully another feature to look forward to in the future. Please join in and send to me a photo of yourself when you were a baby or a youngster for everyone to guess who? Below is our first EAOVC volunteer, whose identity will be revealed in the December Newsletter.

Many Thanks *Olivia*

“Who is this person?”



SEPTEMBER QUIZ TIME WITH ALASTAIR

THE ANSWERS

- Question 1: BERLIN, GERMANY
- Question 2: TORSION (A SOLID SPRING STEEL BAR TWISTING TO GIVE SUSPENSION TRAVEL)
- Question 3: SEMAPHORE
- Question 4: SOUNDING TOO CLOSE TO THE EVIL S.S. IN GERMANY
- Question 5: POPOLINO OR LITTLE MOUSE
- Question 6: 1969 IN U.S.A.
- Question 7: (A) 1963
(B) PAISLEY, SCOTLAND
- Question 8: WINDSCREEN WASHERS
- Question 9: GOLDFINGER
- Question 10: ANGLESEY
- Question 11: ROYALE
- Question 12: A GUDGEON PIN

BY EAOVC MEMBER: ALASTAIR KILPATRICK

And Finally

In the next issue of the Newsletter read the amusing thoughts of one of our EAOVC members.



THE EVENTS CALENDAR

2022

At last we seem to be emerging from a very bad time and hopefully we can eventually look forward positively to a better 2022. We do hope to be able to present to you a programme of possible events and runs in the December issue of the Newsletter.

Meanwhile, everyone

Please take care and stay safe!

EAST ANTRIM OLD VEHICLE CLUB COMMITTEE
www.eaovc.co.uk