

Ramblings & Rumbings from the Workbench in 2020.

By Grumpy Geoffrey O'Connell

The latter part of the last full week of January was rather busy. On Thursday we were able to collect a re-upholstered wing-back drawing room chair – a job that had only taken the upholsterer some eight months.

On Friday mid-morning our repaired Walker ride-on, deck mower was delivered after some major '*surgery*' involved the replacement of both hydraulic drives.

Mid-Saturday afternoon our Series 3, E-Type Jaguar was returned to us from Davidson Motors where it had been undergoing some necessary repairs and rectification.

Over the last few months one or three Jaguar Drivers' Club members have been kind enough to enquire when I might return to the task of writing another article for the Club magazine.

My usual reply was that I am only able to so do when a theme or topic stimulates me and that I am incapable of writing '*to order*'. Difficult child! Whatever, it was the delivery of the Jaguar back to us that prompted me to once again '*pick up my quill pen*'.

The Rotorua Vintage & Classic Car show held on Sunday 19th January this year was the first Club event that we have attended since our return from France. As in the past it was held on the splendid 'Village Green' greensward close by the lake on the one hand and Eat Street on the other.

Eat Street, which is a continuation of Tutanekai Street, is, as the name might suggest, lined on both sides by a profusion of cafes and restaurants.

On display at the Concours event were more than 300 cars, ranging from veteran through vintage to collectible, in addition to other machinery on display. There were many memorable vehicle makes of '*yesteryear*' Great Britain. Rose advised me that the Market stalls were possibly rather unremarkable.

The journey to and from Rotorua proceeded without any misadventures, however a number of problems with the '*beast*' became apparent – as they would.

For the weekend we stayed with the excellent hosts John & Raewyn Bourke at their impressive residence beside the shore of Lake Rotoiti.

The first and rather worrying mishap was that the underside of the bonnet was bearing down on the right-hand (facing forward) carburetor cover panel with the result that the stainless steel plate was wearing through the bonnet. Ugh!

The second transgression was that at very low forward speeds the brakes were emitting an audible squeal. And believe me the vehicle speeds on SH2 traveling towards Tauranga that Friday afternoon were very, very slow.