

Newby

So here we are at the great Newby car show once again: We had made Cheese sandwiches and coffee: The weather is grand, the atmosphere nostalgic, and the sweet summer smells have all been lovingly replaced by steam, vegetable and mineral oil with a splash of hot dogs: If only Chanel could bottle that.

After a short break for Tiffin during which one us, (no names here), polished off most of Rita's delicious home made cake, it was time to wander around.

James and Rita were invited into the hall: Robert Adams had a big hand in the designs of the rooms, (one of which is round and not suitable for corner furniture). He did not seem to have considered a garage, so he wasn't that much of a far thinker.

Andrew and myself decided to browse the stalls, just in case there was something we simply had to have, or that could come in useful sometime. Jackie, Sylvie and Jeff decided to rest for a while and sip some more of Jackie and Andrew's wine, (it was a long 2 hours in the cars, and they needed a sit down).

I was too thorough in scouring the stalls for that illusive Higgs Boson thingy, and lost touch with Andrew, who was looking for something Quarky. I did buy some nuts and bolts, and other very useful things for Sylvie, and our TR, well the TR at least.

Newby is always an amazing place for the show; there is so much there to enjoy,



the Hall, the gardens, the miniature railway, the river and its boat trips etc.

The cars are our main attraction however, and I wandered lonely as a silver cloud, that floats silently over vales and hills. When all at once I saw a crowd, a host of olden automobiles: Beside the lake, and beneath the trees, spluttering and manoeuvring with graceful ease: This was of course the Triumph area, and a magnificent sight it was: Proud owners sat next to their cars, some of them must have been extremely shy as they were underneath, some were pointing out inadequacies in other cars, some were trying to pinch good ideas. I kept my bonnet shut and sauntered off to look around the other marques.





The steam car is always impressive, and I wonder if it could be made practical by using a nuclear reactor to generate the steam, instead of burning fossil fuel?

There are an amazing number of survivors from the early part of the 20th century (in particular the many types of Austins), and it is a credit to their owners that most of them make it

under their own power, as well as the cars. While on the subject of reliability, it has to be mentioned that on the way to the show, Jeff's TR6 was overcharging (I always thought his car was priceless) and James's TR4 lost a nut, and came to a graceful halt. It was soon replaced, and all was well thereafter: I continued my meanderings, past Bentley's, Jaguars, Fords, Singers, Porches with the front doors open, and many, many more nostalgic memories. Then it was time to return and meet up with the gang again.



After more cake and coffee it was time to head home. We all set off on our chosen directions. Sylvie and I went through Boroughbridge, and had a great Carvery in a village pub further on.

The group had a great day and all made it home safely: Sylvie and I took a long meandering time to get back, but I prefer the side roads: Despite the long time taken to return, the cheese sandwiches were still fresh in the fridge, and Rita's cake was delicious!