

**LADIES COLUMN *Continued*****MARY'S ADVENTURE**

First, I must explain the reason for my adventure. Alan has recently had an operation and is not allowed to strain his stomach. Maurice and Alan were going to fit these shockers together, but as you know they chose the same time to be 'laid up'.

This will give all you men a good laugh, I spent 25 minutes trying to loosen a nut that was welded in place, first mistake. After much pulling, pushing and cursing, I finally removed the first spring. Can anyone tell me why it is that most tools favour right handed people, don't they realize some of us are left handed ?

Anyway back to the car, once the first shocker was off, I felt quite elated, piece of cake, I thought. It does hamper ones progress when you are wearing thick rubber garden gloves, not that my hands are all soft and dainty, just like the rest of me, they are large and worklike !

Next problem, having placed the new shocker in position, couldn't get the rotten bolt through because the rubber insert was a bit tight. Eventually the bolt went into place, all tightened up and I was fitting the wheel back in place, when well meaning neighbours came along and asked if I did call outs ! Cheeky devils, I told them my rates would be too high for them ! Poor Alan is taking this in good humour but keeping one eye on his beloved Naylor just in case I go beserk and bash it with a spanner.

Fitting the second shocker was easy with all the lessons learnt from the first side. I have even learned how to use a torque wrench, sad isn't it when you get elated about fitting your husbands shock absorbers. I must get out more.

The icing on the cake was being allowed in the car for the first trial run, even though I looked like a grease monkey. Oh bliss, no more back bashing over the bumps. It was worth all the aches and pains I suffered the following day.

The moral of this story is , watch out all you Naylor men, this just might be the thin end of the wedge !

Mary Milne.

**AN OBITUARY**

With a feeling of real loss, I report the death of member Brian Gaskin. Some time ago he said to me quietly "John I've got the big C" and then carried on chatting about our cars in the normal way. Such was the man, quiet and courageous. He was a founder member of the club, bringing his car to Gaydon and I last met him at the "Stakis", although we talked later on the telephone several times. He loved his car and had a keen eye for the detail differences that make our cars so special. The club has lost a fine member. He leaves a widow, five sons and a daughter, to whom we offer our deep sympathy.

J.T.