



Early this year amongst discussions around going to the North Cape this summer Dave Haslam asked if we might be interested in joining a Healey outing to the Shetland Classic Motor Show. It sounded interesting but we knew nothing of the event and were directed to a small article in Rev Counter by Mike Rasmussen encouraging us to attend. After a chat with Mike we were indeed inspired to visit the Classic Motor Show in the Shetland Isles and return via the Orkneys finishing with a quality stop over at The Altnaharra Hotel on our return.

The SCMS is a biennial event which this year would coincide with the Diamond Jubilee celebrations. None the less it is a prestigious event which attracts several score high quality exhibits from all over the UK and neighbouring continent. As well as many magnificent Vintage and Classic cars there are also

excellent exhibitions of cycles, motor cycles, commercial vehicles, agricultural tractors, stationary engines, models and toys. In addition we were promised excellent ferry services, a warm welcome, comfortable accommodation and good food by our travel advisor, Mike Rasmussen. Sizable promise, but to his relief he was more than vindicated.

The event started for us on the Monday before the show weekend when the venerable Mr & Mrs J Harper delighted us by choosing the modest Austin abode in Middleton in Teesdale for their stop over en-route to Scotland. John is manager of the 100 register, former Chairman of the AHC and mine of all Healey knowledge. We had met on previous Healey events but this stay enabled us to confirm what so many already



knew, what a delightful couple they are, good company, informative and tolerant. We were most disappointed to learn shortly before our departure that Dave and Pam Haslam were unable to join us, for medical reasons, especially as Dave had done a considerable amount of the planning work

securing ferries, flights, coach bookings, Foy tickets and of course his forte, accommodation. Oh yes it was to be a most interesting and adventurous trip.

On the Tuesday we had a pleasantly warm sunny drive north through upper Teesdale to Alston, where, having blown a few 35amp fuses, John kindly showed me how to diagnose a significant electrical short using a spare bulb, via Brampton, Carlisle, Moffat, skirting Edinburgh on their western by-pass over the degenerating Forth Road Bridge to Kinross, where Ken had booked us all into The Kirklands Hotel. Ken and Cathy had arrived a few minutes before us. The external appearance lead Ken to mention that booking this might not have been his finest hour. After all on this occasion Mrs Broster had delighted us with her presence, so anything below standard would not be acceptable. Ken need not have feared, inside the hotel had been tastefully refurbished, the cuisine and hospitality were excellent. Once installed we took a pleasant walk down to Loch Leven to view the castle which had served as a prison for Mary Queen of Scots, a good few years before our own visit. We then enjoyed a return walk through the residential part of the town before



partaking of a splendid meal. Afterwards and tad overstuffed (again!) I suggested a repeat of that walk would be a good idea. No one accepted my invitation, but several suggested I should go and they would time me. On my return after a brisk but complete walk, expecting them to be in the bar with nightcaps they had all retired. Dearie me.

Next day dawned a tad overcast, but still certainly hood down weather, and we released our cars from the secure pound behind the hotel, rejoined the M90 in a northerly direction and set

out at cruising speed for Perth. En route we encountered modest drizzle requiring use of the wipers. I had had some trouble with the o/s wiper arm coming off previously, but I or Mrs A had always managed to retrieve it. Prior to this trip I had even sought advice on this matter from my technical advisor, a Mr D. Haslam, who advocated a blob of silicone, which had been duly applied as directed but apparently to no avail, as my o/s wiper blade and arm departed for the outside lane. Not to worry Mr B soon fitted a replacement arm securely, but we were still short of the blade. John had a product, I was unaware of, called Rainex which after application improved wet vision enormously. How useful it is to have these 100 men around when you're driving a BJ8!

Acquiring a new blade gave us a good reason for a modest detour to the Classic Car Restoration Centre at Alyth. This is a most interesting establishment whose personnel were helpful, hospitable and happy to show us round their surprisingly large collection of classics including a number of Healeys. They knew of the Shetland Classic Motor Show and had prepared cars for the event. During our impromptu tour Pru was soon supplied and fitted with a new wiper blade.

On leaving Alyth we were advised to take an interesting scenic minor road to rejoin our route over the Spittal of Glenshee and on to Braemar where we lunched alongside a party of Dutch Triumph enthusiasts who appeared to be traveling south. After lunch, a pleasant drive along the south side of Royal Deeside, before entering Aberdeen from the west. The signage to the port apparently anticipates those looking for the ferry in Aberdeen will arrive from the south rather than any other direction. I have worked with Aberdonians and am aware they will not spend a penny when a halfpenny will do. However we were in good time and our tour of the port area was not without interest.

On the docks we met other classic car enthusiasts and eventually the fourth car in our party Steve Ormorod and his green over white BJ8. Where were the Rasmussens? Was that their car, a blue over white 100/6 outside the dock fencing at this late hour? Indeed amongst all the confusion of the evening it was.

However eventually we were all boarded on this good modern ferry which runs overnight from Aberdeen to Lerwick. Unfortunately the restaurant is rather small and easily fully booked which we had not anticipated so it was fish and chips in the cafeteria for her ladyship and her friends before retiring a tad warily to, I am told a surprisingly good nights sleep on the ocean wave.



Thursday's bright crisp cool morning greeted us at Lerwick, drivers and classics disembarked parking the cars in a protected area marshalled by the local SCMS organisers, before the drivers were allowed back onboard to take a leisurely breakfast. A civilized, relaxed, can do culture, with which we were to become all too comfortable over the next few days.

After breakfast we disembarked "formally" to meet and chat to other exhibitors and the event organisers, swapping plans for the weekend.



Although there were supposed to be planned drives in different directions according to the age of your vehicle, on alternate days it seemed very relaxed and we felt free to do our own thing. We explored the southern area of Shetland mainland crossing the airport runway, which seemed quiet enough for a spin but there was probably someone watching, to arrive at Sumbrugh Head of shipping forecast fame, who's dramatic cliffs support the lighthouse of that name and thousands of sea birds including the comical Puffins. We later found the visitor centre at Howick offering a welcome warm drink and to John's considerable interest a large collection of various radios the characteristics and use of some he was able to enlighten us about. The girls found a knitwear boutique they insisted on revisiting before we left the island!

After exploring further around the western part of the mainland on superb Healey friendly roads we found our accommodation at Burrastow House Hotel. This choice had been guided by Mike and proved an excellent choice, run by Pierre Dupont from Belgium and his assistant Victoria from Italy. We had very comfortable modern rooms and after pre diner drinks in the library, we were able to dine on Pierre's excellent



cooking, in the convivial atmosphere of the conservatory. Our style was endorsed on the second evening when a couple flew in by helicopter for dinner and stayed the night. They must have been amused by the four "Velux" windows which opened as four heads popped out to greet them.

On Saturday morning most of us transferred from Burrastow to Lerwick as our cars were to be exhibited indoors at the Clickminin Sports and Cultural Centre in Lerwick. After entering the exhibition hall they would not be available to us until around 6.00pm on Sunday. So we arranged to stay in Lerwick, rather than the 26 miles away we had been at Burrastow. The event was very well organised with plenty of skilled marshals pushing cars into the halls and positioning them with precision providing stands and display cards about each car and drip-trays for all vehicles. All very professional and a credit to the organisers. There were exhibitions of bicycles, models (no model farm now is complete without a model wind turbine or two) and two halls of Classic and vintage cars inside the extensive well equipped centre. Outside there were exhibitions of commercial vehicles, classic tractors, various engines, more cars, Land Rovers and even quad bikes! The vehicles were extremely well presented and a credit to their owners and provoked a great deal of interest and discussion as well as appealing to a wide audience.

After a day enjoying some fabulous classics our host, the absent DH had arranged and provisionally paid for us all to attend the Saturday evening "Foy". A Foy we were advised was a Shetlander's idea of a good knees up with Scottish country dancing to a live band amongst old and new friends accompanied by food and drink. Not unlike a ceidlih then?

The next morning, Sunday, many of us had arranged an escorted coach tour with Mr Leask, of the northern most of these northern isles. We were collected from various locations around Lerwick before heading north, passing the large



but well concealed North Sea oil terminal at Sullem Voe. Many will recall the siting and construction of this caused a certain amount of debate in the 60's and 70's. The Shetlanders have been rather canny in keeping control of the land not selling any to the oil companies and securing a rent. From our view point this apparently second largest terminal of it's kind in Europe appeared well sited and not so intrusive. Nearby is Shetland's third airstrip built to serve this oil terminal. We crossed by modern efficient



ferry service to the nearby Island of Yell where we visited the Haa, an old manor house and now excellent coffee shop, museum and surprisingly fertile garden given this latitude. After

refreshments we ventured further on Mr Leask's coach to cross on another ferry to the northern most of the Shetland, and consequently the British isles, Unst. At the northern most tip of this isle is the lighthouse know to many as "Muckle Fugga" which we were able to see albeit from a distance.



After lunch we retraced our steps via a most interesting boat Museum to Lerwick to collect our cars at the end of the second day of the exhibition and thence to our hotel where Pru found a very respectable companion for the night!



Monday, our final day on Shetland was spent re visiting the wollens shop at Howick, Sumburgh head and the poignant museum and memorial to those brave men who operated the wartime Shetland bus.

We had a fortunate, enjoyable and mildly adventurous time on the Shetland Isles which full filled every iota of Mike's promise. Many thanks indeed are due to Mike and Kathleen for stimulating us to go and advising, arranging so many details and to Dave for making so many arrangements although most unfortunately he and Pam were missed very much and we wish Pam a speedy and full recovery.

Very grateful thanks are also due to the organisers, marshals and everyone associated with the Shetland Classic Motor Show for their wonderful hospitality and arranging such a large and professional event in a most interesting location.

