



## Colne Valley Classic and Vintage Club Newsletter

The CVCVC was formed in 1989 to encourage interest in Historic, Vintage, Classic Cars and Motorcycles



January 2021



### CHAIRMAN'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Well, 2020 has proved to be the strangest, not to say the most challenging, of years with, firstly, so many lives having been put at risk, and indeed most regrettably lost, as a result of the Covid-19 pandemic and, secondly, the cancellation or postponement of numerous events in the efforts to keep the virus at bay.

However, I am eternally grateful for the ongoing support that CVCVC has enjoyed from its members and I extend special thanks to Chris Sharman and David Singer who have kept us informed with the monthly Newsletters and the weekly Parish Notices which have benefited from the many articles, anecdotes and letters provided by you, the members, while we have been unable to meet face-to-face over the past nine months.

As I write, the first vaccines are due to be delivered so I hope most sincerely that as 2021 progresses, we shall see the gradual return to normality and we shall be able to meet once again to swap stories and enjoy our cars.

As the remarkable Captain Sir Tom Moore so succinctly puts it:

***"TOMORROW WILL BE A GOOD DAY"***

It only remains for me, therefore, to wish CVCVC Members and their families.

**A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS & A SAFE, HEALTHY & "CLASSIC" NEW YEAR!**

**John Goodman**  
**Chairman**  
**Colne Valley Classic & Vintage Club**  
**December 2020**

## In This Month's Newsletter

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## Editor's Intro

**2021 CVCVC Renewal Forms were enclosed with the December Newsletters, no fees required for next year. No need to return your form unless you subscribe to a posted Newsletter or have bought or sold a classic vehicle since last year, further details can be found on the renewal forms.**

I hope you and your families and friends are keeping safe. Unfortunately, Christmas gatherings will still be subject to Coronavirus restrictions, but as our Chairman John Goodman writes in his Christmas Message, the New Year heralds a return to normality when we can hopefully meet up and socialise at evening meetings, pub lunches and classic car events.

I am always impressed at the extent of motoring knowledge our members have - Stuart Black's article, The Arrows Long Flight, describes the long production run of the Rootes "Arrow" range of cars, while Mike Crees tells us in his History of Rolls-Royce, the story of the Bentley/Blue Train Race and that the IRA hijacked a Rolls-Royce to commence a campaign of terror in 1920s Ireland.

During this lockdown period, the supply and quality of members articles for the Weekly Parish Notices and Monthly Newsletters have been exceptional. Please keep forwarding articles for both Club publications. They needn't necessarily be classic car related.

**Have a Happy Christmas & Good New Year, Stay Safe –  
Chris Sharman**

## FORTHCOMING EVENTS

### Coronavirus (COVID-19)

**In line with our Government's lockdown restrictions, the Committee had reluctantly decided to cancel all club activities until further notice. The Committee are monitoring the Coronavirus situation and will keep members informed through the CVCVC Newsletter, Parish Notices and Website as to when the Authorities confirm normal activities can be resumed.**

**However, in anticipation of a gradual return to club events in 2021, Stuart Black has booked the Halstead Football Club for our regular Club Nights on the third Wednesday of each month, provisionally starting on March 17th. The actual date of our first meeting will be dictated by the COVID rules that are applicable at the time and we will keep you advised of the situation via the Newsletter and Parish Notices.**

## Club Information

**The CVCVC is open to all enthusiasts with an interest in vintage and classic cars and motorbikes**

### The CVCVC Committee

Chairman	John Goodman
Treasurer	Martin Brown
Secretary	Geoff Broad
Membership Sec.	Roger Martin
Newsletter Editor	Chris Sharman
Webmaster	David Singer
Events Co-ordinator	Stuart Black
Committee	Chris Harman
Members	Bob Chaplin

## CVCVC Membership

Club Membership is open to enthusiasts with an interest in vintage and classic cars and motorbikes. Membership details can be obtained from Roger Martin

## The CVCVC and Electronic Media

### eNewsletters

The majority of members now receive this newsletter, on a monthly basis, by email. If you receive the black and white copy by post and would like to receive the full colour edition by email, for home printing, then please contact Roger Martin.

### Electronic mailings

Regular updates are sent out with reminders of lunch meetings and information on our evening speakers. Additionally, these include more details of forthcoming club events and activities. To receive these, please make sure Roger Martin has an up-to-date email address for you.

### Club Articles

There is always space for articles, so please forward details to the editor, on your vehicle's motoring experiences, event reviews, or restoration and technical stories. New feature ideas are always welcomed.

### February Newsletter

Would you please forward articles by email or post before Monday 18<sup>th</sup> January.

### DISCLAIMER

*The views, opinions and any technical advice printed in this Newsletter are not necessarily those of the Committee or Editor and should not be taken as such. The CVCVC accepts no responsibility for the results of following contributor's advice.*

## Tribute to Brian Joscelyne 1934 – 2020

Previous CVCVC Weekly Parish Notices mentioned that former member Brian Joscelyne had recently passed away.

Many members will remember Brian for his illustrated talks to the Club and his knowledge of classic cars, motorcycles, aircraft and particularly Brooklands; plus, his extensive and unique cinefilms /photographs library. Brian also had an interest in music and sang with the Braintree Male Voice Choir.

Following National Service in the 1950s, Brian trained as a Chartered Surveyor and joined the family business. During which time he owned a series of pre-war and post war Aston Martins, becoming involved with the Aston Martin Owners Club and successfully raced a DB3 and later DB3S.

In the seventies and eighties Brian raced a variety of historic and current sports racing cars, including a Maserati T61 Birdcage, Chevron BMW B8 and various Lolas with considerable success on UK and continental circuits. He was also involved in managing racing teams.

Brian was never without his cameras and over the years collected a vast archive of photographs that were published in a bespoke book entitled "Racing Through Europe".

The CVCVC extends their sincere condolences to Brian's family.

## The Arrow's Long Flight

If you had to name the three British designed cars with the longest production runs for their basic design, I am sure you would correctly identify the first two:

- Morgan 4/4 - Number one whichever way you look at it. 82 years as a nameplate but, more honestly, a mere 63 years from the new chassis introduced in 1955. I am sure all you Morgan fans will have your own stats!



- Hindustan Ambassador (Morris Oxford) - 59 years



How about third place? The original Mini perhaps? Well, its 41-year run is exceeded by a car that was never intended to be long lived – the Hillman Hunter soldiered on for much longer.

In the early sixties, The Rootes Group had envisaged a very advanced replacement for its conventional Audax range of Minxes and variants. Originally intended to be a scaled-up version of the Imp, including a rear mounted engine, the plan unravelled when the financial pressures of launching the Imp forced the engineers to carry over much of the Audax powertrain. Codenamed “Arrow”, the Hillman Hunter was launched in 1966 having a light but strong body that was cleanly styled to face off against Ford’s Mark 2 Cortina. The adoption of MacPherson strut front suspension was hardly ground breaking but it was a first for Rootes.



In 1968, the Hunter’s reputation was boosted with an unexpected win driven by Andrew Cowan on the 10,000-mile London to Sydney Marathon. Cowan wanted a car from Rootes that would finish and the Hunter’s simple, strong engineering outlasted the fragile works Ford Lotus Cortinas.

Like all toy car obsessed boys at the time, I simply had to have the Corgi model of the winning Hunter complete with plastic kangaroo (I still have it, if not the box... or kangaroo!)



My Dad had been a Rootes buyer in the sixties, owning a couple of sturdy Audax Minxes – a Mark 111 and Mark V. So Dad’s next car had to be a Hunter and this took on new relevance for me as he replaced it with second one in 1972 (all nagging by me to buy a Holbay H120 Rapier coupe version of the Arrow fell on deaf ears). This Hunter would be the car that took me from learner to fully licensed boy racer. Dad was generous and let me drive his Hunter on many occasions. Once, I neglected to tell him that I would use it as a course opening car on a night rally in Hampshire. My own Imp Sport was in bits at the time. We hurtled over a crest on a well practised section only to find a tractor had recently covered the road in wet mud on the run up to a T junction. Much locking of wheels, swearing of navigator and immense relief that the farmer had left the gate opposite wide open! A quick bit of cross-country driving, swift application of the handbrake and we were back on the road with no evidence of our narrowly avoided disaster apart from thick mud on Dad’s normally sparkling Tango metallic paintwork. I think Andrew Cowan would have been impressed... my Dad less so!

The Hunter outstayed its welcome in the UK market as Rootes became Chrysler UK and they lacked the money to follow it up until the Simca derived Chrysler Alpine was launched in 1975. The company was sold on to Peugeot, continuing briefly as Talbot. The last Hunters in the UK were produced at Linwood in 1978 but it would live on in CKD form in many countries.

In Iran, it became virtually the national car and taxi in a similar way as the Ambassador had dominated the mid-sized Indian car market. Fully localised production started in Tehran when UK parts were used up and the car was sold as the Paykan (Persian for Arrow), being manufactured as a saloon through to 2005. The last ones were real plastic purses from sows’ ears. Shades of Morris Ital budget styling desperation here:



However, the Arrow was not grounded yet. The last derivative produced in Iran was the Paykan Bardo utility.



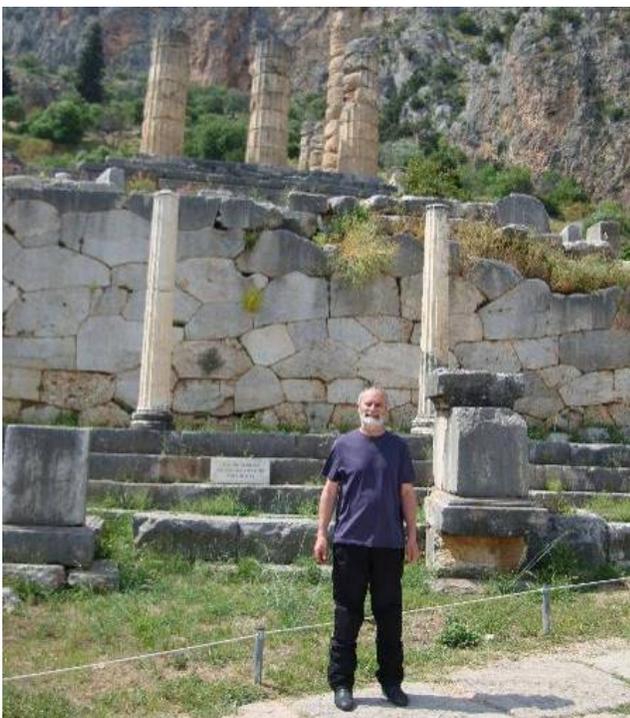
In 2015, production finally came to an end. The Arrow had flown well past its target for 49 years.

## Another Ride or an Adventure Peter Sprot - part 4

The next morning, I had a big problem as I decided to try to fix the ever adjusting clutch on the Vincent. I had run out of adjustment on the gearbox side and also the cable, so I removed the footrest and then the clutch cover then unscrewed the adjuster near the kick start and the cable hoping to take up all the slack on the central adjuster on the clutch hoping it would get me home. I could do it but not without losing the ability to use the locknut. Then I had a bright idea, if I put the locknut on the inside, I could get all the adjustment I needed so I made a note of where it needed to be then started removing the nine small screws that hold the clutch springs compressed. One of them was so tight I damaged the head. Graham asked what am I going to do and at that moment I had no idea. Later he returned and the screw was out. (I had used mole grips to grab what was left of the head) "How did you get it out?" He said. I told him that I called the Buddhists who were meditating on the beach and they all sat in a circle around the Vincent and I watched as the screw slowly unscrewed itself and fell to the floor. I made the adjustment put it all together using eight screws and it gave me enough external adjustment to get me home. When I did get home, I removed the exhaust and the gearbox cover to find the long clutch torque arm had a deep recess in it where it pushes the rod and the ball bearing which is halfway along the pushrod was squashed to the shape of a small tablet. I now use a roller bearing halfway along the pushrod and the arm has been repaired and hardened.

After Marathon we headed due north towards Delphi and part of this was on a new motorway which was almost empty. Graham was quite a way ahead and I was in the middle lane at about 110kph which is just less than 70mph when I glanced in my mirror and saw two motorcycles approaching very fast. I froze and watched not daring to move to the inside lane as I knew that at the speed they were approaching they would have little control. They passed me, one on the inside and the other on the outside and I would guess their speed to be around 230kph or near enough to 150mph to not matter. Within seconds they passed Graham both on the outside and began to slow down. I never saw them again, but that moment will be engrained in my memory forever.

We arrived at Delphi on Monday the 18<sup>th</sup> of May which just happened to be the international day of museums when they are all free, so I went in.



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From Delphi we headed north and started to think about leaving Greece. We thought that one more night in northern Greece should see us close enough to the border with Bulgaria to enter it in the morning. We had heard that in Bulgaria and Romania the chances of being stopped by police and having to bribe your way out of trouble are quite high, so we both took out more Euro's from cash machines than we needed. So far we had been living off our credit cards, mostly mine as Graham had received two phone calls the day before we started our journey to say both of his cards had been cancelled due to fraudulent use, so both of us had been living off mine until Graham found the pin number for his spare card. Living off my card was not a problem as Graham being a man of numbers kept meticulous records of everything we bought and once he could use his card, he paid for most hotels to bring us even.

As usual it was getting dark as we decided to stop and look for a hotel I was telling myself off for letting this happen again as I swore after the Arctic circle trip I wouldn't ride for so many hours every day, or so far and yet here we were doing it again, but having said that some days it just feels right to do a lot of miles and others you just know you are making a mistake and on those days I should just stop.

Just before we turned off the motorway, we got caught in a shower, so we stopped at a fuel station to ask directions to any hotel. The manager brought his ten-year-old son who translated. The manager asked us to stay until the rain stopped and brought us strong coffee and biscuits. When the rain had stopped, the coffee was drunk and it was time to leave we gave the son a few Euros for helping, as everyone from the garage including the customers waved a big farewell. The hotel we found was on the waterfront of a huge inlet known as Pagasitikos Kolpos on the central eastern side of the country. The hotel was called Protessilaos Hotel in a typical holiday resort town called Nea Anchialos. The manager and come to think of it the only employee we saw during our stay was called Vasillos. A nice chap who was clearly gay and said he was an out of work actor and dance instructor. He could speak at least five languages fluently. The hotel was nice if not a little ostentatious and the rooms were very clean and well equipped. Vasillos aka Vaseline recommended a good fish restaurant nearby and said we should drink the local spirit, which was an aniseed based powerful liquor, so I only had the one. Over breakfast the next day we asked Vasillos about travelling in Bulgaria and Romania and he told us about his experience taking a traditional Greek dance troupe on a tour of Bulgaria. He said that the roads are worse than Greece and get worse still the further east you go. We had originally intended to visit the Black sea but Vasillos and others said it was not worth the effort, so we set the sat nav to take us due north towards what we thought was a bridge over the river Danube which forms the border between Bulgaria and Romania.

The road up to the border between Greece and Bulgaria was new, I noticed a sign saying how it was EU subsidised and as we got close to Bulgaria, I noticed several more interesting signs, one of which suggested that if we took a highway to our right, we could get to Istanbul Turkey in less than a day.

Entering Bulgaria as with most other passport controls the Vincent ticked over nicely until the man handed me my passport then it stopped. Strange, but at least it was consistent and always started again first kick.

What an eye opener it was to go from the smooth roads of Greece to the bumpy pot holed roads of Bulgaria. For me it meant that my touring speed came down as it was just too uncomfortable to ride over the bumps at any speed. Those of you reading this who don't have a Vincent may wonder why they often have this large 5-inch diameter speedometer. Next time you see one look at where it is mounted, it is not on the damped side of the fork so it jumps up and down with every bump so if you don't have a large speedo then the roads of Bulgaria would make it impossible to read. That's my assumption and I'm sticking to it.

Within a few miles of the border, I remember having to swerve to miss an exposed manhole then having to swerve again to miss the bits of cover and I had my first good laugh at a petrol station where the young English-speaking attendant told me that in Bulgaria a shake of the head means yes and a nod

means no. I thought he was having me on until we had it confirmed later. The further north we went towards the border with Romania there were fewer cars and a lot more horse drawn trailers and horses grazing outside houses, the people all seemed happy enough many waving to us as we passed.

We headed towards the capital Sophia and I was shocked in more ways than one, to find the main road leading into the capital is made of uneven cobble stones. In places it was so bad that I had to stand up on the footrests and let the bike bounce around under me. Our hotel was in a small town on the northern outskirts of Sofia. We had no currency so we had to be careful that they could speak English, would serve us an evening meal and would take a credit card. What we didn't realise was that breakfast was not on offer so when we asked the man just pointed us down the hill saying, "You strong men, café down there". The café was down there but down there would not take a card or Euros, so we packed our bag and headed north.

Progress was slow and as we got closer to the border with Romania the traffic got lighter and lighter, we could see no sign on the sat nav of a bridge and as there was little else around, we followed it to Calafat and found a large barge moored at the end of the road with several trucks and a few cars waiting to cross. We paid a few Euros and rode on board. There was no shade unless you hid down the side of a truck. I wanted to check the primary chain tension on the Vincent and as it looked as though we would be a while sailing across the border to the Romanian town of Vidin, I got out my tools. The Vincent has a large ring spanner to remove the rocker box or primary inspection cap or oil filter cover. I took it out of the tool tray and put it on the deck being careful not to drop it down the narrow gap between what I realised was two barges tied together. It was only a few seconds later that I went to pick it up and it was so hot from the sun scorched deck that I had to hold it with a rag. The rag was not in the tray, it was in the tank top bag which was not on the tank but tied behind me on the seat, the rag was covered in oil because the litre I had brought and used only about half had been bounced around enough to have the top come off. It was in a plastic bag just in case but too much had come out for the bag to hold it causing it to soak my largest rag and coat most of the tools. 'Ah well, I said to Graham as we chugged across the Danube, "Worse things happen at sea."



Vidin is close to the border of Serbia and I had said to Graham that if the roads of Romania are anything like Bulgaria, I don't want to go to the Romanian capital Bucharest which was 150 miles due east. Our intended route was North West following

the Serbian border in the general direction of Hungary, but we or rather the sat nav decided to visit Craiova where we found a hotel near the centre which they said had internet, but it didn't work and with the help of a very nice girl who was also staying at the hotel we learned quite a lot about the country and its people. She was called Michaela and she is a salesperson for a pharmaceuticals company. She travels a lot and told us of the best way to head north and how long it should take. She lived in a city called Cluj-Napoca which is in a large crater of land, so it is always polluted. She said to go through and out to a nice hotel on the northern side which is what we did. The city reminded me of the soviet days with drab concrete apartments. It was a bit out of our way, but Graham had expressed an interest to visit Transylvania which was on the way to Cluj-Napoca, parts of it were very nice but the poor roads did not give us as much sightseeing as normal.

One sight I do remember from that road was seeing quite a new truck coming towards us with the top of its cab pushed and crushed well over to one side. All the windows were missing and inside was the driver wearing a neck brace and smoking a cigarette. About five miles further was a field on a bend in the road in which the contents of his truck were strewn and was being picked up and loaded onto another truck by several volunteers.

As we got further north the roads got better, the horses, donkeys, goats, geese etc on the road got fewer and the traffic got heavier.

The hotel that Michaela recommended was incongruous to everything else we had seen of the area; it was newly opened very modern rather posh and airy and large. There were not many guests, so I think we were outnumbered by the over helpful staff. The evening meal was extremely nice as was the Romanian wine. The bikes had been left in full view of the main road and the glass front of the hotel so after breakfast I felt a bit self-conscious as I went through my checks, adjusted the rear chain and gave the bike a clean in full view of the guests eating breakfast. I had wanted to check the bike more carefully than usual because the roads over the past few days had been rather bumpy.



I had forgotten to fill the tank as we went through Cluj-Napoca, but I knew there was about fifty miles left before I had a problem, so with twenty left I pulled into a station which although it showed that it took visa cards, it didn't. This happened twice more so with what I thought should be fifteen miles left I looked in the tank and the side I could see was completely dry. Then I remembered that it had been filled by an attendant last time who didn't fill it to the top. I showed Graham who couldn't understand how it can still be running. I continued more slowly passing two more stations pulling off the road at the third only to hear my engine cut out as I slowed to the pump, thankfully they accepted my card. Transylvania was nice but not as nice as we had expected.

*To be continued*  
*Peter Sprot*

## 50 Not Out (in duplicate!)

In early September, Geraldine and I celebrated our Golden Wedding Anniversary although, for obvious reasons, any meaningful celebrations had to be put on hold, so it was, by definition, a low-key event (at least for the time being!!).

However, little was I to know that a further celebration awaited me two months later and, hence, the purpose of this article and the meaning behind the duplication in its title.

On 9th November, a package arrived "out of the blue" from the MG Car Club and it took the form of a stiffened envelope bearing the words 'Please Do Not Bend'. I considered this rather strange for although I have been buying online during lockdown, including from the MG Car Club, I had certainly not ordered any items which necessitated such an instruction on the packaging. Therefore, with a mixture of inquisitiveness and trepidation (?) I opened the envelope to be confronted by a letter from the General Manager at the MG Car Club, together with a certificate congratulating me on reaching 50 years of membership of the club and an appropriate lapel badge.

A few years ago, I had contacted the club as, having been an MG man before the first Morgan came along (*CVCVC members may find that hard to believe!!*), I was unsure as to when I had initially joined but, unfortunately, at the time the membership records were unavailable although George Wilder, with the knowledge of my membership number, had hazarded a guess at the 'early 1970s'. I guess that he has been proved correct and, thus, that most pleasant and unexpected surprise in November.

Perhaps this may be an opportune point at which to enlighten CVCVC members with some details of my links with the 'Octagon'?

My first MG was a 1963 Midget which I bought in 1967 after reaching the ripe old age of 21 years! A chap always remembers his first sports car and, of course, I thought that I was the proverbial "Jack-the-Lad" when I, and a friend with a Sunbeam Alpine, took great pleasure in "cruising" Southend sea front on a warm summer's day with either Radio Caroline or Radio London at full blast - halcyon days (*or do I just have rose-tinted spectacles?*).



As you will note from the photograph, the car was an early model as there are no outer door handles and the side screens dropped into the doors as per the earlier Frogeye Sprite. No such luxury as wind-up windows, I'm afraid. At the time, I belonged to Thames Estuary Automobile Club (TEAC) and Southend Auto Club, now both long gone.



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I regret to say, and the second photograph shows the 'pots' which I won for competing in Driving Tests where I would take two spare wheels wearing bald tyres (one in the boot, the other on the boot rack), arrive at the venue, jack the car up to replace the rear road wheels with the 'baldies' and tape the handbrake to form a 'fly-off'. Most of the tests involved either first gear or reverse at circa 5000rpm through the cones interspersed by handbrake turns and, of course, eventually the gearbox cried enough and imploded! It begs the question were the 'pots' worth it?!

In 1970, in readiness for my forthcoming marriage, the Midget, which was now showing some signs of the dreaded 'tin worm', had to go and it was replaced by a 1961 Mini but the following year saw the arrival of my (our?) next MG in the shape of a 1932 J2 which can be seen in the accompanying photograph on the driveway of our first house in Chelmsford in company with the Mini and, lurking in the shadows of the garage, a 1937 Morris 8 Series Two saloon (*but that's another story*).



Moving on, 1976 saw our 1973 MGB roadster take up residence and we really delighted in that car as we enjoyed weekends away and there was (and still is) always something rather idyllic in driving an MGB, hood off, on country roads and, of course, members may recall that 1976 was the really hot year which broke records. We did seem to enjoy good summers in those days or is it that 'rose-tinted spectacles' syndrome clicking in again.



In 1980, the faithful MGB had to be sold as the first Morgan, ordered in 1975, had at last been built and although I would have dearly loved to have kept the MG, unfortunately funds were required to finance the Morgan.

As regards the MG J2, that remained in the family, so to speak, from 1971 until 2007 although for all but one of those years it was a non-runner (*yet another story!*) and it was sold to an avid MG enthusiast in West Sussex for restoration. I later noticed the car for sale via a magazine with a classic car dealer in 2013 and with an asking price of £39,995.00. Having since made enquiries via the MG Car Club, I have now established that the J2 is resident, fully restored, in Japan.

So, dear readers, we now come up to date as I (we?) currently own the 2002 MGTF, my daily transport since late 2016, and the 1970 MGB GT which arrived in August 2018.

Interestingly, and purely by coincidence, both the 1973 MGB roadster and the 1970 MGB GT are in Bronze Yellow which, back in 1976, would not have been my first choice in colour for the MGB but it does grow on you!



Thus, although CVCVC members undoubtedly know me as a Morgan aficionado, or even fanatic, the above proves my first love affair with the products of Abingdon which predated the arrival of the first Morgan by 13 years (*although I have been a member of the Morgan Sports Car Club since January 1979 so only another 8 years to go before I earn that next 50th anniversary accolade!!*).

**John Goodman**

## Guess the Car



**Most attractive coupe, extremely rare, in fact the only one I have ever seen was in an Earls Court Motor Show, many years ago. Email your answers to the editor.**

## A History of Rolls-Royce - part 5 W O Bentley and the Moon Car

W O Bentley was as good an engineer as FH Royce. When demobbed from the Royal Navy at the end of the Great War he continued to develop his own cars. From an engineering point of view, they were as good or even better than Rolls Royce built with speed in mind without sacrificing comfort.

He built up a clientele of extremely rich aristocrats who financed his business and got great enjoyment from racing his cars. They were called the "Bentley Boys", one of them Woolf Barnato raced his Bentley Speed Six saloon against the "Blue Train", a crack express which ran from the South of France to Calais. Starting the same time as the train left the Cote d'Azur 5.45pm, he drove through the night in pouring rain arrived at Calais, on to the Channel Ferry and drove on to the Conservative Club St James Street London, arriving 3.20pm, 4 minutes before the Blue Train arrived at Calais.



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The Bentley Boys raced their cars through the 1920s, but other interests caught their imagination and one by one they gave up racing, reducing W O Bentley's income. With the Wall Street Crash in 1929 and following Great Depression, sales were low and with outstanding debts the company went into voluntary liquidation in July 1931.

Royce saw his opportunity and using a pseudonym bought the company. W O Bentley was extremely annoyed. Had he known who the real buyer was, he would never have sold his company to Rolls-Royce. W O Bentley was offered by Royce a high managerial position in Rolls-Royce, which Bentley accepted for a short time, before resigning in 1935 and going to work for Lagonda.

When the Great War finished Rolls-Royce continued to make rolling chassis for the Silver Ghost for sale to rich customers and it was not until 1922 that a 20hp rolling chassis was offered to the professional classes. The 3150cc engine had 6-cylinders in line. In 1924 a servo assisted 4-wheel braking system was introduced. Prior to that rear wheel braking only was fitted.

In 1925 the Silver Ghost was replaced by the new Phantom which had a 7668cc 6-cylinder engine with overhead valves replaced the side valve engine of the Silver Ghost. The subsequent 20hp chassis was also fitted with overhead valve engines.

In 1922 Robert Anderson from Dublin bought a Silver Ghost. One day he was sitting in his car waiting for his wife to finish shopping, when he was approached by three masked gunmen, who climbed into his car and ordered him to drive out of town, then dumped him on the roadside and stole his car. It was then used by the IRA with two machine guns fitted in the back.



The IRA's following campaign of terror was mainly at night and the Rolls was so dubbed "The Moon Car". Eventually it was disposed of by burying it in an Irish bog where it laid for 60 years before being found and restored.

**Mike Crees**

## Thank goodness for Redex - part 2

I thought the fuel problems to my 1936 Singer were over, but a couple of weeks ago I decided to give the engine a run. switched the SU pump on, choke out, a touch of accelerator, pulled the starter and the engine fired up within a couple of tries. However, the engine starts but misfires, so bonnet up and inspecting the SUs, I noticed the pistons were stuck halfway up the dashpots, whereas they are meant to rise and fall in response to their respective throttle butterflies.

The fault linked to the piston spindles sticking in the dashpot tubes was caused by solidified oil deposits. With the pre-war HV2 SUs, there are no return springs or damper pistons fitted inside the dashpots, the design relies on gravity, with help from lubricating oil to push the piston down when the carburettor butterfly closes. To remove the solidified oil, I unscrewed the dashpot caps used for periodically adding a few drops of oil and poured Redex into the dashpot pistons to dissolve the oil, after a few minutes, the pistons lifted and dropped freely. I think the sticking issue was caused by using engine oil to lubricate the pistons, this thick oil slowed the piston rising when accelerating thus enriching the fuel mixture. The manufacturers original recommendation was to use a bicycle light oil. In future I will heed that advice. I later dismantled the dashpot assemblies and thoroughly cleaned the parts with Jizer, after reassembling the

dashpots and pistons on to the SU bodies I poured a few drops of "3 in 1 Oil" into the dashpots, hopefully the thin oil will provide the necessary lubrication and still leave a few thou. clearance for the pistons to rise and fall as designed.

*Chris Sharman*

## Bits & Pieces

**How good is your vehicle recognition, guess the cars from the headlights, answers to the editor**



**A**



**B**

## Members Letters

Hi David

Firstly, I would like to thank you for the excellent newsletter each month.

The main reason for contacting you is that I was talking to my daughter over the weekend. She works for a company in Burwell that restores, services and generally deals in, primarily Volkswagens, but also other air-cooled engine cars. They are now advising their customers to use ESP Ethanol Protection Fuel Treatment. Apparently, there is now a higher level of ethanol in petrol which can cause damage to the carbs. She was suggesting that I should be using the additive in my E-Type. This would probably require the fuel lines to be changed as it can attack some materials.

I would be interested if a more knowledgeable member than myself has information about this and perhaps could advise in an article in your newsletter.

The additive is available from [www.millersoils-shop.co.uk/eps-ethanol-protection](http://www.millersoils-shop.co.uk/eps-ethanol-protection)

I look forward to being able to meet up again on the Thursday runs. In the meantime,

**Best regards  
James Portway**

Hello James - good to hear from you.

For information I produce the weekly electronic "Parish Mag" and Chris Sharman produces the monthly newsletter.

In answer to your question; E5 petrol has been around for quite a while and the name means that there is 5% ethanol added to the fuel (so it is only 95% petrol) this produces less carbon emissions.

There are two problems with adding ethanol in that (a) it is hygroscopic - it absorbs water - and (b) it is more corrosive to natural products - like cork gaskets or seals.

The resultant mix also burns at a higher temperature causing older engines to not run as well.

E10 petrol has been around on the continent for some time and it is proposed to introduce it here at some point in the future. The government have pledged to keep the higher octane (97) fuel at the pumps to be no more than 5% ethanol for the foreseeable future.

A good article by the FBHVC on this can be found here; <https://fbhvc.co.uk/fuels> And the Department for Transport has recently had a consultation on the introduction of E10 petrol but the results have not been published, yet.

They will appear here;

<https://www.gov.uk/government/consultations/introducing-e10-petrol>

**With best wishes  
David Singer**

## Gordon's Goings On January 2021

Who could have imagined what a very unpleasant year we all had a head of us in 2020? While it all started fairly normally, it soon became clear that it was going to be anything else but, as things developed. While hindsight is a wonderful thing, it's obvious that as a country, we haven't done very well! At least as I write the vaccination programme has started and as long as it's kept under NHS control, it could well prove to our only saving grace. Let's hope they get all the NHS staff and the vulnerable vaccinated as soon as possible. And that the Christmas celebrations don't cause more problems than they solve.

Strange to have things like MOT holidays and as it happens, I managed to keep my small fleet on the road. Having had the Passat prepared in January for at least a couple of trips to Spain, as well as Le Mans, it has covered only a minimal number of miles since. After December, it will be back to green cards, vehicle registration documents and personal medical and travel insurance! The Laguna was serviced and MOTd in December, ready for a busy year of local activity. The 911 was serviced and MOTd at the end of February, ready for a booked trip to the Isle of Man as well as a couple of track days, which of course didn't happen, although the Porsche Club did arrange some track days, with just the driver allowed to take a car to the circuits. I didn't feel comfortable with that. The bikes were much easier as Sean and his team at the local bike shop carried on working and I was able to get them all looked at as required.

Normally we don't plan very far ahead, but this year we did and in the end, we didn't get to do anything. Fortunately, we had all our deposits returned, but we had to resort to Barclay Card to recover a deposit from a well-known local cruise firm, who didn't consider that being at risk was a good enough reason for cancelling. And of course, no refund from Ryanair!

After several months of battery charging, (not using a conditioner, that's for hair!) and just running the cars and bikes in the drive, I decided that, given the volume of traffic passing our house, together with the blatant disregard of the rules by some, that I could justify taking them all for short trips quite safely, just to keep everything moving around and getting a warm up. I must say there has been a huge saving on petrol. Getting used to masks, gloves, sanitiser and pay at the pump took a bit of getting used to.

I saw there were a few car and bike shows taking place, and I know some of my mates were riding together, but we had already decided not to get involved. Julia's Choir started on Zoom very early in the first lockdown and managed a few drive-in events and spaced inside rehearsals, so we have been able to keep in touch.

Like CVCVC, our bike club has used our website and regular emails to keep in touch with the members and we should all be grateful to David and to Chris, because it's quite a time-consuming thing to do, even if there is a regular supply of contributions. Also, despite not much else going on, the running costs of all the clubs still have to be met so don't forget to renew your memberships for 2021! We have just renewed our bike club BMF membership in anticipation of some trips in the new year.

Interesting that the first all-electric "filling station" has been opened in Essex, one hundred years after the first petrol station was opened by the AA. Let's hope the users are paying the full cost of the electricity and that the national grid are being paid a premium for providing the service, which every single household in the country has to paid for.

We now have two world motor sport champions and Lewis deserves some praise for his achievement, but it's a pity Johnathan Rea doesn't get a bit as well. And of course, George Russel has just shown that we have another potential world champion. His performance at the last Grand Prix was nothing short of outstanding, while demonstrating how good the current Mercedes F1 is as well. I bet the post-race debrief was interesting! I hope he gets another chance.

All the race and tour operators are promoting lots of events for next year. Let's hope we can get to some. And I must resist booking up too far in advance in future.

**Gordon Levett**