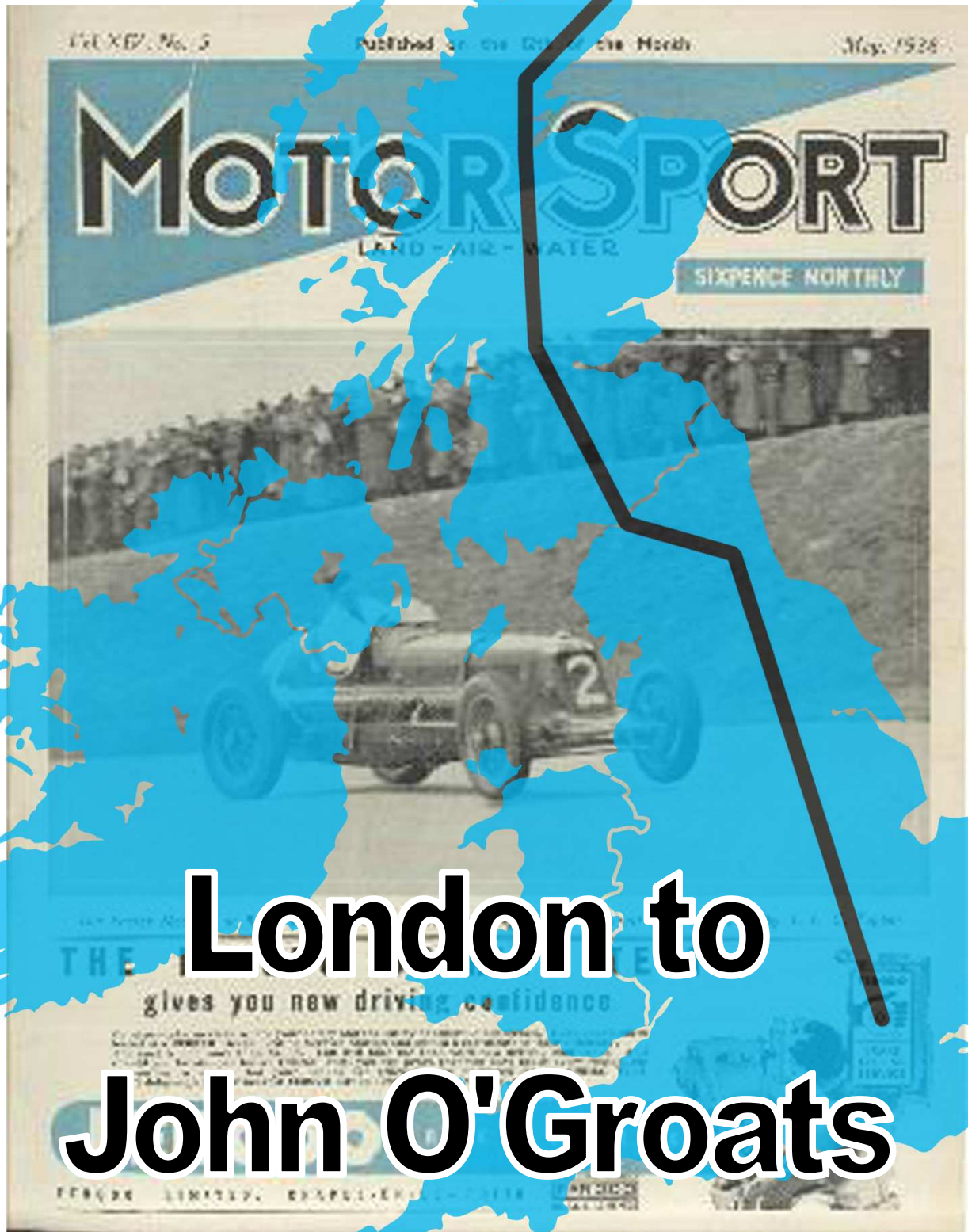


CLASSIC SCENE



January 2018



**London to
John O'Groats**

CLUB OFFICIALS

Chairman: Trish Brown
Tel: 01862 832337
chairman@highlandclassic.org.uk
Secretary: Alice Brown
Tel: 01862 832337
secretary@highlandclassic.org.uk
Treasurer: Ian Thompson
Tel: 01463 790969
treasurer@highlandclassic.org.uk

ARCHIVIST

The club has an extensive archive of information relating to all aspects of classic car ownership. To access this please contact Ranald Smith at Hawthorn Cottage, 2 Burn Road, Inverness IV2 3NG. 01463 236459
ranaldsmith@btinternet.com

MEMBERSHIP

Bryan McIlwraith
Renewals should be sent to Bryan at 72 Lochalsh Road, Inverness IV3 6HW
Tel: 01463 222839 (Work)
01463 232144 (Home)
bm@invernessosteopaths.co.uk
Please let Bryan know if you have an email address.

HCMC HOMEPAGE

www.highlandclassic.org.uk &
Webmaster@highlandclassic.org.uk

EDITOR

Calum Pearson
Bowersburn, Croftnacreich
North Kessock. IV1 3ZE
Email: editor@highlandclassic.org.uk

CLASSIC SCENE

The next 'Classic Scene'
GOES TO THE PRINTER
on the Thursday of the week preceding the next meeting
Please send articles by e-mail or typed.

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COVER PICTURE

Hit the North. Read about iconic motor journalism trips to the north of Scotland in this issue.

Welcome to the January Newsletter. Something is a bit different this month. We have squeezed in a feature length article from David M. Hird regarding the adventures of Motor Sport journalists testing cars through the ages, from London to the north of Scotland. Some nice reading for you on these dark cold winter nights.

As winter is a time for planning, David mentioned it would be nice to partially recreate this run by having a club run from Inverness to John O'Groats. Does anyone like the sound of that? I do. And does anyone know anyone with a 1930's Bentley?

At the risk of sounding like a broken crankshaft, your newsletter is desperately short of items in it's vaults. In particular we'd like more 'Me and my Car' features. Just send a photo and some basic details like the ones featured at the back of this newsletter. Otherwise you'll just have to hear about mine. Terminal Mazda Bongo anyone?

All correspondence to editor@highlandclassic.org.uk

Happy classic motoring.

Your editor.

Chairs Bitty

The weather wasn't that favourable in December. Cold, windy, lots of snow, which was forecast for the Thursday of the meet and apart from some known apologies, I will pretend that this is probably why only a select few of you turned up. A big thank you to Brian for the Quiz. It an easy one he said. Yeah, really, but we had a good night out. I for one thoroughly enjoyed myself even though our team came last. And there were some very tasty nibbles.



The forecasted snow arrived once we went home from our Santa meet. Big fluffy flakes that markedly reduced visibility and speed. It only got worse once we crossed over the Kessock Bridge. Fortunately not as bad as the previous Friday. On that morning the sky was clear when I got up, but starting to snow heavily once I got out of the house to go to work. Clearing the car was like clearing leaves and I eventually just got in and set off. I got about two miles down the road and by that time driving through the veritable snow storm made me so dizzy I was about to throw up.

Chairs Bitty continued...

After a brief stop in the village car park, I decided that rather than another 30 miles of this, I was going home. By the time I got home and out of the car I couldn't even walk straight. If this is what happens when you get older, help me boab.

With the cold weather and snow the car park at work was like a skating ring. I usually park right in the middle – the highest part – but for well over a week I parked in a two car parking bay between some trees on the furthest edge of the car park. I can then walk over the grass verge to the office. Going for a walk at lunchtime was more taxing than relaxing as you slide your way over the pavement. Pavements got better as the days wore on. And then just as sudden the weather turns warmer and poof gone is the snow/ice. Apparently not for that long though.

We sometimes do our shopping in Alness. Over the past weeks the car parks round the back of the High Street were just like the car park at work – one ice-sheet. I was therefore surprised at how many folk still park in these car parks, especially as they all slope down towards the railway. One van driver found this out to his cost as he tried to reverse out and only ended up going towards the railway. One woman offered up her car mats in the hope of giving the tyres some grip, but you will have guessed it, the mat simply shot out from under the wheels. Plenty of folk watching and only 1 person (me) digging soil out of the planters. Spread this behind the wheels and Mr Van Man was saved. Had to laugh at two old geezers talking about how youngsters these days have no skills driving on ice, but lending a hand?

We usually move our January auction night to the second Thursday in the month to give all of us time to recover from the festivities. As I wrote this piece something was nagging at the back of my mind, so I asked Alice. No, she says its on the 4th. I remember booking the venue back in February right after the AGM and decided to check with the agm minutes (the 4th).

So, the first Thursday of January **is** our auction night. Take along your garage surplus, tools, stuff you are no longer going to use and other car goodies. We're looking for a heavy duty rivet gun (hint). Will see you there. Happy New Year everyone.

Trish.

The Christmas Meeting

Alice Brown

Despite the harbingers of doom, which never really materialised (storm Caroline), eleven of us made our way to the Old North Inn for the club's Christmas meeting. This was a quiz and the now renowned Secret Santa.

The quiz was organised by Bryan (complete with top hat), and had varied motoring related questions, ranging from motor manufacturers beginning with the letter A, who owns the car brands we drive, Formula 1, which cars featured in song lyrics, to the obscure general ignorance such as what is a canard!

In the song lyric round it was amazing how many times Cadillac was used. Tip for the next time: any American songs with cars in them answer Cadillac!

Three teams took part, 'The Black Isle Boozers', 'Googlers' and 'Uz in Korner'. The banter was great, and points were deducted for being too smart when answering the questions. Some answers had us scratching our heads a bit, mostly in surprise.

Nibbles were provided and delicious they were. We did manage to get thorough most of it. While Bryan totted up the points, Secret Santa arrived. The best gift was a window sticker of Donald Trump which Ian won. He immediately thought of a friend in Seattle who hates Trump - guess where the sticker is going! Callum thought he'd got a bottle of Glenfiddich, but as he said it was too light, and he enjoyed what was hidden inside.

The results of the quiz were announced, and 'The Black Isle Boozers' won (Tom, Zak, John, and Chris), with 'Uz in Korner' (Alan, Jane and Alice) second, and in third place 'Googlers' (Ian, Miles, Callum and Trish). Nobody came away empty handed. Even our quiz master received a prize of an Aston Martin model guide.

A great night. Thanks to Bryan for organising and to everyone who turned up, then it was out to the snow and home.

Alice.

(Pictures by John MacKenzie)



BILL BODDY, MOTOR SPORT MAGAZINE, AND JOHN O' GROATS

By David M. Hird

This piece does not purport to be an exhaustive account of all of the many visits to the far north made by staffers at Motor Sport magazine, and of that doyen of motoring journalists William (Bill) Boddy over the extensive period of his editorship last century. Rather it is an account describing some of the more interesting British-built vehicles manufactured by British-owned companies which the magazine tested in runs from the soft south to the extremities of Caithness, and which caught my eye.

WB's first account was of a journey he took, seemingly with little planning or forethought but with a large quotient of carefree abandon, in 1938, with a newish looking Bentley 4¼ litre Vanden Plas Drophead in the company of the magazine's Tom Lush and Jim Brymer. Their objective was to travel from London by the then quickest route through Barnet, Hatfield, Baldock, Biggleswade, Stamford, Grantham, Newark and other coaching towns of a previous century,



1938 Bentley 4 1/4
Vandenplas

via the A1. The age of the by-pass had yet to dawn. The party then pressed onward to Scotch Corner, across Bowes Moor and the A66 westward to Carlisle and then north to Inverness, completing the journey via the A9 to John O'Groats. The three colleagues set off 'for the fun of

it', though with a close regard for mileages and costs and speed averages and fuel consumption figures to provide the justification. They left the gates of the Palace of Westminster at midnight with no planned itinerary and without forewarning any hotels or garages, nor with barely a vague notion of the further reaches of their intended route between them. The party was obliged to wait at selected hostelries until they opened to serve breakfast, and on one occasion 'knocked up a vendor of petrol in the night hours who only condescended to supply us when he was told we intended spending no less than twenty-four shillings (£1.20) on filling the Bentley's tank !' In those pre-war days fuel cost around one shilling and eightpence (8p) a gallon and engine oil tenpence (4p) a pint. (This is not fantasy I hasten to add; twenty five years later I clearly recall getting four gallons of National Benzole premium petrol, and change, and Green Shield stamps, from a pound note, and I shod my first car, a 1953 Riley RME 1½ litre, with four new British Bergougnan 6.00 x 16 tyres and four Dunlop inner tubes for £22.00 all in. That transaction cleared me of cash and I fretted for weeks worrying about stray nails wherever I ventured).

The 1938 Bentley consumed ten pints of oil and two tyres, and presumably also received attention to chassis and suspension lubrication, during the run.

In those days the A1, though then generally referred to as the Great North Road, was quite narrow in stretches, and as war was looming less than a year hence, long convoys of military vehicles were out and about making overtaking difficult.

WB's foray north took 15 hours and 14 minutes and he drove all the way. No motorways or satellite navigation in those days, but there was far less traffic to interfere with the studied determination, of course. Their average running speed south to north was 50.5 mph over a distance of 702 miles; their total elapsed time including stops for fuel, map consultations, sustenance and other necessities indicated an average overall speed of 46.0 mph.

In 1955 Motor Sport was offered a Bristol 404 for extended road test and WB again selected John O' Groats as the target, though on this occasion acting as co-driver to 'a young colleague' as chief test pilot. This time the outward journey commenced in Parliament Square and out along the A14 rather than following the A1 all the way.



1953 BRISTOL 404 Coupe

The two litre Bristol managed a running time average for the 716.2 miles of 53.6 mph, the journey taking under half an hour less than the Bentley had needed to cover 702 miles 17 years earlier. The 'Businessman's Express' produced an overall fuel consumption of 21.3 miles per gallon, whereas the pre-war Bentley could manage just under 17 ½ mpg.

From these results WB surmised that roads had improved post-war, though were now more congested. On the shorter return run from Scotland the Bristol averaged 52.3 mph whereas the Bentley managed 51.2, admittedly on a rather longer haul. Evidently no allowance was made for the Bentley having an engine twice the capacity of the Bristol. Comparisons can be odious. And just six days prior to this Bristol to John O'Groats episode, WB was at the aforementioned claimed northernmost hotel in Scotland during what was admittedly a 'touch-and-go' event principally for PR and publicity purposes. The occasion arose when our erstwhile editor, in what he was pleased to call a 'fuel-consumption frolic' starting at Lands End, arrived at the far north terminus in company with Kenneth Best representing National Benzole. The jolly was undertaken in an Austin A50 at speeds kept down to about 50 mph, which enabled us to claim over 34 mpg and still average 39.09 mph'. They drove off south more or less immediately on arrival at the John O'Groats House Hotel after posing for the obligatory photograph recording the event.

In the year following the 1955 runs with the big Austin and the Bristol, Motor Sport decided to see if the same driver could better his time, on this occasion in a 4.9 litre S-series Bentley. WB reported that as magnificent as the big 1956



Bentley was, the expedition was abandoned in Edinburgh because the car's handling hampered high speed due either to the belief within Rolls Royce that most of the servo-mechanical braking effort should be loaded to the rear wheels or because the then prevailing tyre dimensions were unsuited to driving a heavy luxury car as if it were a sports car; or 'perhaps the roads

were extra slippery' or that spirited driving in a car not designed to perform thus in adverse weather conditions late in the year might just have been an inadvisable enterprise. Notwithstanding all of this supposition and effort in far from ideal conditions the 1956 Bentley, this time powered by a yet larger capacity engine driving through an automatic gearbox, returned an average speed of just 47.6 mph and a fuel thirst of 13.6 mpg. Frequent stops to refill the too small fuel tank further discouraged WB and his colleague, and after an hour's sleep in Scotland's capital city they headed south and home.

When WB's 1938 exploits with the 4¼ litre Vanden Plas-bodied Bentley convertible were reprinted in the magazine in early 1985 they prompted much interest and positive comment. The readership imagination was caught such that it was resolved to recreate the trip, and with WB aboard yet again. The man was becoming, or had become, obsessed with John O'Groats, and no bad thing either. The 1985 trip was therefore presented as an updated direct comparison between the 1938 and 1985 Bentley models on offer.

In the event a bout of the 'flu laid him low and he was unable to take part, so three of his colleagues on the magazine convened at Parliament Square leaving, as in 1938, on the stroke of midnight on a night quite late in the year. No longer was it possible to just roll up to the Palace of Westminster and take photographs unannounced; common sense and courtesy dictated that the authorities and the police be contacted in advance. A Bentley Eight was provided from their demonstrator fleet, finished in far from understated vivid red with distinctive and contrasting white leather upholstery.



DMH's Bentley 8

The Bentley Eight was introduced in 1982 in an effort to attract a younger and more sporting clientele. The car was essentially a rebadged Rolls Royce Silver Spirit with firmer suspension and damper settings and a slightly reduced level of interior appointment. It employed the conventional 6.75 litre V8 engine, (as opposed to the Mulsanne Turbo model) driving through a three speed automatic gearbox. These were the models credited with the resurgence of Bentley's reputation. ML commented that not so long ago the Bentley share of Rolls Royce/Bentley sales had fallen to a mere 5% and serious consideration had been given to dropping the marque altogether. But Bentley fortunes revived to the extent that by 1985 the new personality Bentley name attracted 22% of Rolls Royce and Bentley production figures.

The Deputy Editor remained unconvinced that the Bentley Eight was the true spiritual descendant of the 1938 4¼ litre car; rather he regarded the current Jaguar XJS as a more appropriate candidate, 'ironic when you think that Jags used to be known, among other things, as Wardour Street Bentleys'. This slightly wry, not to mention to our present-day sensibilities, questionable opinion was just the first in a series of similar humorous-for-the-day comments peppering his report. He ventured to suggest that as the Eight model was aimed at the younger owner/driver it was really a sort of Rolls Royce starter kit. Hmm. More in the same vein, unsurprisingly, later.

The 1985 party determined to follow as near as possible the original route north, but to return by the then quickest way making use of the M6 and M1 motorways south of Carlisle. Following the old A1 sounded simple and straightforward, but first they had to find it ! Use of photostat copies of pre-war Ordnance Survey maps made things a little easier, though in Barnet the old A1 was now the A1000 and the adventurers became disorientated in Hatfield, where the original Great North Road petered out in a cul-de-sac. They also encountered many new by-pass roads; and near the Yorkshire border the A1 became the A638 cutting through Retford and Doncaster. This elicited the comment 'Extraordinary how roads have changed, mainly in the last 20 years'. *Plus ça change matey, plus c'est la même chose.*

The Motor Sport party found a particular delight starting their foray by driving through the centre of London along deserted streets. After the error of navigation in Hatfield, Stevenage presented the next challenge. It did not exist in 1938, so ML and his cohorts utilised the new by-pass around the post-war new town. The passengers marvelled at the space, grace and pace (thanks are due here to the Jaguar PR personnel for that little gem of motoring hyperbole) of the Bentley with its self-levelling hydraulic suspension, comfort and silence. ML could not resist mentioning that at 60 mph the loudest noise in the cabin was the passenger commenting on just how silent it all was.

Two hours into the night-time blast north ML became aware of a change in the pattern of headlights in his rear view mirrors. Trimming the cruise control back to 70 mph mode he cruised along, purer than the driven snow, watching as the interloper approached. Sure enough he was flagged down by a police Rover. (Cue yet another questionable PC humour alert). ML sloped back to be met by a very attractive WPC who, whilst emphasising that he was not being booked for any offence, ventured the opinion that he might have been travelling at 80 mph. Actually their speed had been well in excess of that, a fact of which the WPC, the police driver and ML were quite aware. ML conceded that she had an 'interesting' opinion but since he had been able to detect an approaching police car two miles behind in pitch darkness then he was driving well within his limits. The WPC's repost was 'We knew that you had clocked us, but it's all a game, isn't it ?

A direct transcription of the ensuing encounter follows :

Now that's a traffic cop you can *call* a traffic cop. She asked for my particulars, which I gladly gave whilst suppressing the urge to ask for hers (personality as well as looks, you see), and we talked a while of this and that, and then she gave me a solemn warning about falling asleep at the wheel. "I have two reserve drivers" I said. She looked at the Bentley and replied "I'm not surprised. It looks the sort of car which comes with everything". The little darling ! We lost five minutes but gained three paragraphs.

Proceeding sedately through Stamford so as not to miss savouring the darkened beauty of 'one of the most under-rated towns in England' they pressed on northward, and shortly encountered road gritters preceding them, a warning of character-building conditions to come. Their time to Doncaster, they noted was almost exactly the same as WB had achieved in 1938. And onward to Scotch Corner, through the second of four single lane carriageway sections with the inevitable lumbering truck in front. They tailed a police Ford Escort for some miles before stopping for a fuel top-up as a precaution and then overshoot the A66 turn off. Deverell was driving, ML having assumed the position of navigator. ML laconically observed that the error was entirely his; had he been guiding Columbus he would have discovered Cardiff. A swift about turn and they were heading across the wild expanse of Bowes Moor.

JD pressed on briskly over quiet roads to Penrith. Sleet and patches of fog were encountered as were cars parked at the roadside covered in cloaks of thick ice. ML took over the driving at Carlisle happy to note the frequent dashboard ice warnings. The weather and road conditions, and a stretch hampered by a slow-moving van, slowed progress even more. ML insisted on driving through Cumbernauld, where they became unsure of their whereabouts. (For that read lost – why use one word when four are available?)

The journey north took them through the Stirling, Dunblane and Crieff. The intention remaining to recreate as closely as possible the 1938 route. WB and friends stopped at the hotel at Amultree for breakfast, though ML and party were early, which indicated that they were approximately half an hour up on the 1938 time. JD resumed pilot duties and in Dalwhinnie they stopped to re-fuel unaware that the fuel warning light was reading 80 miles on the pessimistic side. The filling station accepted every credit card except the one they were carrying, so they were obliged to break out the cash.

Following this unexpected excitement ML took over the driving, observing that soon they had to leave the wide sweeping curves of the new A9 to follow the old road to remain true to their outbound objective. A cooked breakfast was now urgently required and, spotting a roadside sign promising 'Cafe, Open All Day' a mile off the road, disappointment ensued when the promise turned out to be a snare and a delusion. The roadhouse opened rather later than their arrival time, and they pressed on without encountering an alternative.

At Inverness ML yet again manifested his navigationally-challenged propensities by missing the old swing bridge over the Caledonian Canal. (One assumes that this was not a literal description; presumably they failed to find the crossing rather than immersing themselves in the waterway to be crossed). This failure was rectified by driving down a cul-de-sac, reversing, turning and regaining the old road. Things change rather less rapidly for Englishmen in Scotland, WB encountered the same problem in the same location in 1938. After this unplanned deviation ML retired to the back seat for an hour's sleep.

When the Deputy Editor regained consciousness snow was falling and he insisted on taking over the driving. 'When you are loaned a £50,000 car you take the pleasure and with it the implications. A BMW 320 passed us during the stop and, shortly afterwards, in the Berriedale Braes, we stopped to offer assistance when the driver fell off the road. A Metro beat us to it'.

They arrived at the John O'Groats House Hotel at 13:35 and found it closed for lunch! They had improved WB's overall 1938 time by 99 minutes and his running time by 43 minutes. The 1985 running time was exactly 13 hours which, given the mileage of 720 (WB's distance was 702), gave an average speed of precisely 55 mph. (WB in 1938 averaged 50.5). Including stops for fuel, the frustrated breakfast search and ML's heart-fluttering interlude whilst in deep and meaningful discussion concerning speed limits with the Lincolnshire constabulary, it worked out at a shade over 51.5 mph; WB achieved 46.0 in 1938.

Still in search of hot food the party bade farewell to the house of Jan De Groot and headed for Wick and the Ladbroke Hotel, where rooms had been reserved. Well fed and in need of sleep after 700 plus miles and 21 travelling hours, they turned in early. ML's impression of their overnight accommodation was of 'an anonymous road house, comfortable and competent, which would be instantly forgettable were it not for the warmth and friendliness of the staff, which was remarkable. You felt like one of the family.'

Snow fell heavily overnight but the Eight remained sure-footed and the passengers displayed no sign of nervousness. They did however, encounter a second road accident at Berridale Braes, this time in the form of an inverted Ford Fiesta and they stopped to offer assistance to the uninjured driver. Berridale elicited the comment that, 'It is so 'interesting' there is an escape route with a sand pit at one point to arrest runaways.' They took lunch in Golspie, and continuing south in falling snow they came across yet another inverted vehicle, from which the occupants had already been evacuated. Before reaching Inverness yet another accident caused a diversion off the A9, and by mid-afternoon they were on clear roads again and speeding south. At Southwaite services on the M6 they stopped for supper, where the food was judged to be 'mediocre, it's a place to be avoided'. The stop cost 48 minutes.

Now the M6 was almost deserted. ML took over driving duties at Lancaster to complete the run back to London, arriving back beneath Big Ben's clock tower at 53 minutes past midnight on, effectively, day three. The return leg had covered 716 miles, the extra distance being attributed to the enforced diversion between Inverness and Perth. Overall speed was 51.4 mph, almost exactly mirroring their speed on the outbound leg. Excluding stoppages for fuel, food and attending to cars and drivers in ditches the running time average was just over 60 mph 'which isn't bad considering the weather'. The 1985 fuel consumption was 14 miles per gallon whilst WB's 1938 trip returned a figure of 17.5 mpg. But they did qualify for getting on for a dozen petrol company

tumblers, with the comment 'but where do you store twelve loose glasses in a car ? Why *do* petrol companies give gifts of glass, of all things The Deputy Editor's account concluded with...

'...my trip will not have been as memorable as Bill's. I simply got in a car and drove in air-conditioned luxury with the radio on. Most 1938 cars would have needed attention with a grease gun at some point in the journey ... and a trip of 1500 miles in 48 hours was an adventure whereas, for us, it was merely 'interesting'. I wonder how the 1938 and '85 trips will stand up to comparison in 2020 ? Just as I'm convinced Bill had more fun than I did, so I'm sure that I had a better time than a future writer doing the run 40 or 50 years from now. Predicting the future in detail is silly but it's fairly safe to say that motoring will not become more enjoyable.'

Looking back from the present-day it is clear that the 1985 run was memorable in ways quite different from its 1938 predecessor. Between the two events road conditions had changed almost beyond recognition, petrol was delivered by electric pumps by and large, and the all-night garage was beginning to appear on the near horizon. A modern car and modern roads certainly provided for quicker progress, but the greater imposition of national and local speed limits and a fifteen-fold increase in the number of vehicles on the road each contributed in their own way to the downsides. WB could not resist commenting in this regard 'For me the introduction of absurdly low speed-limits on our vastly-improved roads has reduced the fun of these long runs, remembering the old freedoms'. He never called a spade an excavating implement

Now for the useless, or at least questionable, information. ML saw fit in his 1985 report to highlight that WB's 1938 Bentley 4¼ litre Vanden Plas convertible, at £1579.00, cost the equivalent of 15 Fords, and that his 1985 Bentley Eight also equated to 15 basic Fords. Pre-war petrol cost approximately 8p per gallon but then a basic Ford cost the equivalent of 1300 gallons, whereas 1985 petrol was relatively cheaper at around 1600 gallons for a Ford. Now the relevance of all this escapes me, but I am sure that my next major purchase of high end electronic equipment will be priced, mentally, in fractions of a Ford. And finally, ML speculated just how a repeat of the 1938 and 1985 epics would stand up to comparison in 2020. Anyone up for it ? Anyone got fifteen Fords and a brand new Bentley ? Anyone got a direct line to Motor Sport magazine ? Anyone have a 1938 4¼ litre open top Bentley ? I can provide the 1985 Bentley Eight. Why not consider a repeat run from Inverness to John O'Groats in period vehicles, or the British makes mentioned in this text ? Anyone got any sensible suggestions ?

I rest my case, and my brain, such as it is.

DMH

Dalchalm,
Sutherland.

(c) David M. Hird

Cars and Coffee Inverness Sunday December 10th

It was a quieter gathering this month with all the snow, ice and salty roads, but we still had a dozen or so cars. The chat was good, and the event was more relaxing for the organisers. Andy drove his red Mini from Elgin and his heater stopped working, however sympathy dropped when Alex burbled in in his Triumph Stag which he had also driven from Elgin, with the roof down.

You can see the salt spray on the side of my Mini. It had a good wash when we got home.

The air-cooled section were ironically air warmed with their Propex heater in the camper. It was toasty in there.

Alex showed us his rebuilt Stag engine bay after a fire. For comparison is the engine bay of a Ford Focus RS in attendance. It hasn't been on fire.

See you next month. 14th January Café V8, Henderson Road, Inverness.



Me and My Car

Car: Morris Minor

Owner: Jeff Tavendale

Type: 2 Door Saloon

Engine: 1275 Morris Marina A+ with Type 9, 5 speed gearbox



0-60: Takes a while so relax.

Top Speed: 75ish, just hold on tight and enjoy the vibrations!!

How long have you had it? 32yrs. This was my 2nd car after passing my test. My first was a Vauxhall Chevette that rusted away in front of my eyes. My Dad & Brother were into Morris Minors so they helped me source this car for £750.00 from Troon. It has taken me all over the UK and to the South of France, Luxembourg and Germany.

What work have you (had) done? I think of it as triggers broom. There is not much of the original 1958 car left. Lots of work has been done and I am on my 4th engine. Most recently in 2007 both chassis legs, tie plates, floors, spring hangers, front & centre cross members were replaced. I refurbished the back axle, updated the suspension with telescopic dampers, fitted Marina discs brakes, salvaged 2 front wings and fitted them along with 2 replacement doors, bonnet boot lid. I have made a few mods for reliability and performance. With a 1275cc engine, 5 speed gearbox, electronic ignition, Saab 99 seats, heated front & rear screens and seatbelts for additional safety. Eventually it was all sprayed the same colour – Almond Green.

What do you like about it? It is a good distraction and has given me an interest where I have learnt skills and met likeminded folk.

What makes it a classic? Up until 2yrs ago it was my everyday car. I don't think of it as a classic but a means of transport that I enjoy and of course you can't always predict when & if you might arrive at your intended destination.

What other cars do you own? Another 2 door saloon for restoration at some point.

Jeff Tavendale

UPCOMING EVENTS

4th Jan 2018	Club Auction night	Old North Inn, Inchmore	Club Auction night
14th Jan 2018	Cars and Coffee Inverness	Café V8 Hender- son Road	Meet up and drink coffee. Or tea.
1st Feb 2018	Club AGM	Old North Inn, Inchmore	2018 AGM. Come along and determine the direction the club takes
22nd April 2018	Drive It Day	TBC	Get your cars ready for the annual Drive It Day

Is your Historic Vehicle 'Substantially Changed? - Update

Thanks to the FBHVC, the 'substantially changed' issue looks a lot less worrying. In essence it looks like it only affects MoT exemption.

'A vehicle that has been substantially changed within the previous 30 years will have to be submitted for annual MoT testing. Whether a substantially changed vehicle requires re-registration is a separate process.'

And the onus is on the owner to apply for MoT exemption and to decide if their vehicle is substantially changed.

'Keepers of VHIs claiming an exemption from the MoT test should make a declaration when renewing their vehicle tax. The responsibility to ensure the declared vehicle is a VHI and meets the criteria, rests with the vehicle keeper as part of their due diligence. If a vehicle keeper is not sure of the status of a vehicle, they can consult a marque or historic vehicles expert, a list of whom will be available on the website of the Federation of British Historic Vehicle Clubs.'

Editor