

CLASSIC SCENE



40th Anniversary

July 2019



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The club has an extensive archive of
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Cover Picture

This is my car of the week, a Rover
12 Rat Rod with a Chevy 5.7 litre V8
as seen at Cars and Coffee and driv-
ing about.

Our club area at the Tain Show.

Welcome to the June Newsletter



I put standard wheels and tyres on my Ford Sierra XR4x4 and the handling is transformed. The old ones were so wide that the tyres hit the wheel arches which is an MOT failure. Speaking of which I put it in for it's test and it failed on a worn steering column, a brake hose ferrule and a wee hole in the floor under the passenger seat. "Should pass again—no problem", said the seller. Still, no regrets. Gen-

erally my favourite MOT tester thinks it is a good solid car and worth the money.

A new lower steering column is hard to source. I joined various online groups for Sierra enthusiasts (over 7000 of them apparently!) and in less than a day I was offered two! A company called 'Sierras R Us', have heaps of spares and resources and who I'd never heard of. £80 for a new one which is fair. Someone else had a good used one at £24 delivered. Bargain. Ordered.



The courier was cheap and for a reason. Connect+. I had a tracking number and the delivery e.t.a. was 7 days away. Past the MOT retest period and into our holidays in Oban. So it was onto plan B. I had been watching YouTube videos on making your own poly-bushes with two pack polyurethane liquid. One Amazon order later, I was pouring chemicals into the carefully aligned column. It was brilliant. In about 30 minutes I had a good strong repair.

With all the repairs done I booked a retest and it passed. Guess what was on the doormat when I got home? Yes, the good used steering column!

Sadly we have heard that former member Charles Perrin passed away last year and his Jaguar XKR is advertised elsewhere in this issue. In 2011 and 2013 the club had a visit to his garage to see his Jaguar V12 special and he will be well remembered by many club members.

Your Editor

Chairs Bitty

Unfortunately I was not able to attend our last meet in Brockies Lodge and it currently doesn't look that positive either for our July meet due to health issues. I keep taking the pills and doing my exercises as I am determined to make it to our Ruby picnic.



Something happened the other day that I've not come across before on my commutes. I was following a car at a very safe distance going up the hill south of the Cromarty bridge – I got a little distracted with the early morning view and must have slowed down a little. Not that it annoyed anyone else, because there wasn't anyone behind me. Anyway. When I start concentrating on the road ahead again, I am wondering whether I am seeing double with oncoming traffic. "Where is that truck going?" I thought. Then realised it was overtaking a box van and apparently not making much headway. I can imagine that the car in front of me must have thought some wall of metal was coming down the road and was probably getting very anxious to put it mildly. At the very last second the truck threw itself back onto the north-bound carriage way so violently that its trailer (!) and payload were heeling over before righting itself. Phew.

After all the love and care we lavished on it, the Audi persists in throwing up gremlins. We'd warned the car to behave earlier in the year, especially after its sojourn in the garage in April. And if not..... It didn't and our Audi has been shown the door. We decided to go for something a bit more modern (how unlike you I hear you say, we always have old or quirky vehicles – indeed) and have ended up with a car from 2013.

The weather has been less than favourable for the vegetables. The courgettes have barely made any headway. The French beans is another sorry story. I have been watching them disappear one by one as, assumedly the slugs, have been nibbling away at them. On the other hand, the parsley which ran to seed last year and has seeded itself, has come up all over the garden and is thriving. If anyone needs some fresh parsley..... I have ordered sunshine for July so that my strawberries can ripen. And for our Ruby picnic of course. If you haven't got your tickets yet, you can get your tickets at our next meet. If you can't make it to one of our club nights, contact our secretary – Bryan.

This month we meet up at the Culduthel Care Home on West Heather Road for an impromptu car show for the residents, followed by a run to Dores. Slightly earlier time of 19.00pm.

See you there,

Trish.

Old Newsletter Content

One of our members sent in this humorous item from an old newsletter. It scores a low 2/10 on the editors offensivometer™ so can be published again, with minimal risk to the clubs liability insurance premiums. I hope! Please send your complaints to recyclebin@highlandclassic.org.uk

GLOSSARY OF ENGLISH/GERMAN MOTORING PHRASES

Indicators:	Die Blinkenleiten Tickentöcken.
Bonnet:	Pullnob und Knucklechoppen.
Exhaust:	Spityenpoppenhangentuben.
Speedometer:	Der Egobooster und Linenshooter.
Clutch:	Die Kuplink mit Achlippen und Schaken.
Puncture:	Die Phlatt mit Bludyfucken.
Learner:	Die Twatten mit Elplate.
Estate Car:	Der Bagzeroomfurshaggin aute.
Parking Meter:	Dertennarpinscher und Zlockenarr.
Windscreen Wiper:	Die Flippenflappenmuckendyspredder.
Power Brakes:	Der Edbangeronvindsscreen Stoppenquick.
Gear Lever:	Biggensticken fur Kangaroochoppen.
Fuel Guage:	Der Walletemptyung Meter.
Breathalyser:	Die Puffittinter fur Pistenarsen.
Rear View Mirror:	Der Yonkunter Ist Tooklosan.
Seat Belt:	Der Klunkenklikken Frauleinstrapper.
Headlights:	Das Dippendontdazzelubasted.
Exhaust:	Der Foffundschpitterpoluter.
Highway Code:	Der Wipen fur Arsen.
Fog Warning:	Die Puttenklogdownan und Fukkitt.
Traffic Jam:	Die Bludlfukken Dammundblast.
Rear Seat:	Der Springentester.
Backfire:	Das Lowdenbanermekkenjumpen.
Juggernaught:	Der Fukkengrat Trukken.
Accident:	Das Bleedinkmess.
Near Accident:	Der Phewn Near Schittenselfen.
Garage:	Der Haiway Robberung.
Cyclist:	Der Paddallpushink Pilloken.
Skid:	Die Banannen Waltzen.
Double White Lines:	Overtaken und Krunchen.

Fife Festival of Historic Transport 2019 Jim Mackay



This rally was held at the Scottish Vintage Bus Museum near Dunfermline on the 16th of June amid some heavy showers and sunshine. The former Royal Naval Stores has lots of big sheds and hard standing so a very good rally venue. Some 35 years ago we attended in Samantha and won a cup. She was much shinier then!

Out and About



Seen at the Big Tesco's, and...



at the wee Tesco's at Dores Road

Leonard Cheshire House

We had an extra club visit on Tuesday the 4th of June as we were invited to the Cheshire House Volunteers Week Barbecue. There were fewer cars than last year with it being a bit more last minute, but still a good turn out.



Drive Each others Cars Night

Graeme Bremner

A few hardy souls made their way to a dry but overcast evening of driving each-others cars in Kiltarlity this month. The weather didn't deter the hardy souls who arrived and parked up waiting to see what would turn up. A small selection was on offer from the attending members and pretty soon it was time to have a run about the small village of Kiltarlity.



I myself couldn't wait to get a drive in Frankenvan and soon was behind the wheel, complete with a passenger, who shall remain nameless... With a small left hand route at our disposal we were soon out and about in small convoys in the eclectic mix of cars that turned up. Several confused faces were passed as the small village wondered what was going on as the same group of cars seemed to be circling past their homes.



Many chuckles were had after discovering not only did the Dyane's gearbox need some thought but the interior door handles too. Soon it was time to retreat to Brockies Lodge bar and as per usual stories continued until it was time to leave.



Another good night for the club and we look forward to the next monthly meeting.

The Commercial Vehicle Tour

Picture the Saturday after Drive-It day. Here we are, driving into Invergordon from Tomich. At the junction with the industrial estate ring road there is a signpost saying "Commercial Vehicle Tour parking". Oh how nice, we thought, the Aida (a big touristimaboaty) has just arrived. This will give the tourists something to look at. And never thought much more of it.

Later that morning as we were about to enter one of the supermarkets across from the Alness Academy, Alice spotted an old truck driving into Alness. And another one. And another one. Hang on, we thought, are these the trucks that were parked up at Invergordon? Yes they were. Scania, Daf, Man, ERF, Renault, old, not so old, new-ish. A very large convoy of commercial vehicles drove past.

I lost count, but reckon at least 40 vehicles, most of them with their trailers and in some cases trailering even older agricultural vehicles. We made a point of watching from the side of the road and waving at each of the drivers, most of whom waved back.

The Commercial Tour caused quite a tailback, but it gave us more time to look at the vehicles as they inched their way past. No idea where they went afterwards, but the next day we spotted a few of them going north. Homeward bound perhaps.

Trish and Alice

Tain Vintage Vehicle Rally

23rd Jun 2019

Unfortunately your editor couldn't make Tain this year as he was triple booked and then cancelled everything due to having Man Flu. Everyone one seems to say it was well attended and successful. Here are some pictures. We might have some more next issue.



GARAGE NIGHTMARES or TRYING TO FIX A STAG.

Part 3. by Bryan McIlwraith

So, having climbed the Eiger solo, direct, in winter.....well it felt like that. Jane reckons that men do stupid things because there are no sabre-toothed tigers left to fight to satisfy our alpha-male impulses. I can't argue with that and I definitely suffer from the "I won't be beaten" syndrome.

Anyway, I'd made the decision to transplant a 2.5 6-cylinder engine and gearbox. Actually one of the Stag prototypes ran such an engine bored out to 3 litres. And let's not get started on the merits of having an engine that was smooth and reliable. Oh no. Triumph thought the car would not sell in America without a V8, but rather than use this, or the Rover V8 which was available since they were now in the Leyland group, they would build their own (heap of crap)! Hind sight is such a wonderful thing.

In point of fact I thought this would be an easy temporary fix because I've done it before. On first acquiring the Stag the engine gave trouble (surprise!) and I decided to put in the 2.5 engine and box. For this first transplant I simply looked around the garage and selected an engine and gearbox as a legacy from having owned multiple 2.5s in the 70s and 80s, and it only took three weeks in total to do. However I had cleared out all that crap - I mean useful spares- some time ago, so I had to start phoning round all the Triumph nuts I knew. The reality is that the supply of bits is starting to dry up and it's getting harder to find them. One look on e-bay will give you an idea of what people are starting to ask for bits now. Eventually I tracked one down in Culloden courtesy of Stuart Mackay who also had run multiple 2.5s. The only issue was that it was at the bottom of his garden surrounded by other dead vehicles. Stuart has a digger and a Range Rover so we managed to shift the wrecks enough to get started. There was absolutely no possibility of moving the Triumph so the engine had to be removed where it sat. Fortunately I could run a long lead down to it so I had power and having persuaded Stuart that the car was otherwise unsaveable he allowed me to cut off the front of the wings and the radiator panel. That meant that the engine would not have to be lifted too high, but it would still have to come forward. Along with a 4.5 inch and a 9 inch grinder, MAP gas also came into its own for removing many of the nuts. So much for the engine compartment but I still had to release the gearbox from the prop shaft and its mountings. The car was so rotten that the jack, instead of lifting it, gradually disappeared into the bodywork! Given that the jack was on a plank on the bare earth and grass it took a lot of jacking and wedging with lumps of tree trunk that were lying around but eventually it was raised enough to slide under (in the mud!). Again fortune smiled and an angle grinder made short work of the exhaust and the bolts in question. (Don't even mention Health & Safety!) With the help of a large tripod borrowed from the Riley Spares Emporium the engine could now be lifted and edged forward. This was repeated several times with the tripod repositioned and eventually it swung free and with the help of my nephew Stephen we slid my trailer in below.

To say the engine was in a bad state would be the understatement of the year. It was absolutely filthy, rusty, covered in dirt and grime, and pretty much everything was seized. The water pump was a hopeless lump of rust and the carbs were seized, but having put diesel down the bores before starting the job, at least the engine turned after a little persuasion. It took weeks, and sev-

eral cans of brake cleaning fluid worked in with a paint brush, but gradually an engine appeared. Prior to joining the gearbox to the engine there was one issue that had to be addressed. The output flange on the back of the 2.5 box differs from the Stag. The answer is simply to swap them over which I knew from past experience. The flange on the Stag box came off no bother. The one on the 2.5 box was immovable. I tried the air hammer. No luck. I applied heat. Nothing. I borrowed a high torque electric hammer from John Macdiarmid. Result; one shattered socket. Eventually I had a massive stillson gripping the flange bearing down on the floor, with me above jumping my full weight on a four foot extension bar. Nothing. Nada. The nut sits deep in a recess in the flange and so a grinder cannot be brought to bear. There was nothing for it but brute force. I bought a set of small cold chisels and chiselled straight down the side of the nut but keeping just high enough to clear the threads. Eventually the nut gave up the struggle and I was relieved to find that the threads were undamaged. I removed the flange and aaaaaaargh, No! The splines were different! This was a manifestation of the problems that would now plague the job. The engine and gearbox were from a late 2.5. I hadn't realised that there were any differences but it seems the late models were substantially re-engineered. Anyway, this problem still had to be overcome. The answer was suggested by Callum at a committee meeting. He suggested turning the flange $1/8^{\text{th}}$ turn and drilling four new holes. As luck would have it the two flanges have exactly the same outer diameter and I was able to clamp them both in a vice and use the Stag one to drill four new holes in the 2.5 one. Not finished yet though. I'd destroyed the retaining nut and the only one I could find in all of Inverness was too tall for the nyloc to engage. Again Callum came to the rescue and lathed about 3mm off the nut. All of the above took weeks, and was a portent of things to follow.

Now I could fit a new clutch and pressure plate, and water pump and thermostat, and having joined engine and gearbox together I swung them into the car.

But "hold on" I hear you say. "Didn't you take the head off?". Nope. That way lies grief. Inevitably I'd have discovered wear in the camshaft, tappets, cylinder bores. Where do you draw the line? The engine would either run, or not. Simple!! Once the engine was resting in the engine bay, with a jack under the gearbox, I connected up some fuel and a battery, and with no exhaust or coolant I cranked her over, firstly without plugs in. Houston, we have oil pressure! And now with the plugs in; With a thunderous roar it fired up. Houston we have lift off!! Thirty seconds of cacophony and smoke proved the point- it was worth continuing.

I wish I could say that it just remained to connect everything up, but in fact it now turned into a saga that made the twelve labours of Hercules seem like a mere bagatelle. I don't want to bore the pants off you dear reader so I will treat you to only a few highlights of the saga.

The gearbox was still sitting on a jack (more of which later), but as I connected up more and more of the engine bay I fired up the engine a few more times. Initially all was well, but suddenly the starter stopped engaging with the flywheel. I'd bench tested the starter before fitting but maybe the solenoid was weak. Of course the starter had to come off and then my worst fears were confirmed. The Triumphs have a known weakness. The starter ring gear is shrunk onto the flywheel and the pre-engaged starter can gradually knock the ring gear backwards until it no longer engages. I had considered this before fitting the gearbox to the engine, but it looked OK, and I thought if it hadn't moved by now it probably wouldn't in the future. Wrong, wrong, wrong.

It had done so, and now the only option was to drop the gearbox. Fitting it to the engine whilst on the garage floor is relatively simple, but the box is really heavy, and almost fills the tunnel and basically it is a b*****d to get out. Onward and upwards. With the box out the trick is to batter the ring gear back in place, and then arc weld six inch-long beads behind the ring gear alongside the clutch fixing bolts. This maintains the balance of the flywheel, and stops the ring gear moving back, and although it reeks of bodging (well it is) it works well and saved many a 2.5 Triumph in the seventies.

Of course the box had to go back in and since it is so heavy, the trick is to sit it on a plank and with a variety of jacks, adjust the angle so that the box can slide up to the engine. Using extra long bolts in the bell housing guides the box to where it should be- except this time it didn't! Over three consecutive evenings I tried to fit the box and it was only at the last attempt with much effing and blinding I realised that the box needed just a tiny rotation and it slid in perfectly.

Now I could get on with connecting everything up, except the early versus late model problem raised its head at every turn. If I were to tell you of every problem that I encountered it would fill another six pages, so I won't bore you to tears with the detail. Suffice to say that every single connection or mounting had to be re-engineered to fit. The gearbox cross-member drove me nuts for weeks trying to figure it out, the overdrive wiring was totally different, the cooling system, the throttle and choke linkages, the power steering and a myriad of other differences had to be resolved in such a way that the car could be returned to original spec at some later date.

The final battle was with the carbs. They had been in a dreadful state and I was suspicious of them from the outset. The engine started and ran but was well down on power. I took it along to Drive it Day but things were far from right (in addition to a burst power steering hose!). Back at the house an inspection of the plugs showed No 1 to be sooty, and number 6 to be spotless; it was running on one carb. A genuine Burlen SU kit was ordered up and fitted. Tom came round because I'm quite happy to admit that setting up twin carbs is not something I'm familiar with; besides, he's got an airflow meter and I haven't. Except that it wouldn't fit between the carbs and the wing! So I tried the tube-in-the-ear trick. It's not a hiss, it's more of a thrumming sound (in medicine it would be called a *bruit*).

At last, after eighteen months of graft, sweat, some blood, and many many four letter words the engine was running sweetly and pulling well. That was on a Thursday night, and by chance I was finished work at lunch-time on Friday which was a beautiful day, so Jane and I went off for a run around the back roads behind Nairn stopping for coffee (and cake) at Househill. No breakdowns, no leaks, no drama. Wonderful. Now all I've got to do is fix the water pump on the Aston!!!

B.M.

Cars and Coffee 9th June 2019

Here's a small selection of cars from Junes meeting. If you want to see more like this, the next one is the second Sunday in July. 10:00 to 12:00





JAG AD

My husband Charles Perrin used to be a member of your club a few years back. He passed away last year and I no longer can justify keeping his beloved Jaguar XKR, Coupe, built 2000 with ultra low mileage of only 5100 miles.

This car is up for sale and it would be lovely if it could find a new home in the local area.

Contact details: Margrit Perrin, Tel. 01808 521331 email: bereborn50@gmail.com



Highland Classic Motor Club "Ruby Picnic"

July 7th 2019

To celebrate the Club's 40th anniversary we are hosting a Ruby "Classic" Picnic on Sunday July 7th.

Come with us and enjoy a classic drive to a country location where we will host a fine buffet lunch with light refreshments.

The event is not open to the public. No Prizes. No Judging. Just good company and classic cars. Admission is £10 per head and by ticket only, available from Bryan, Miles, Callum, Graeme, Chris.

The route visits meeting places over last 40 years

Starts 11.00AM Shandwick Inn, then on to Invergordon Shore Rd, Alness High Street, Evanton High St, then south over Cromarty Bridge to Tore, then Dingwall and on to Castle Leod at Strathpeffer for a fine buffet lunch

Admission by ticket only (bring picnic chairs & table if you have them)

Further details on the club website highlandclassic.org.uk



LOCAL EVENTS

Thursday 14th Jul 2019	Summer Evening run to Dores	Culduthel Care Home, West Heather Road, Inverness IV2 4WS	We have been invited to meet at the Culduthel care home from 7pm (behind Frasers Undertakers) to allow some of the residents to enjoy our cars. Plan will then be a short run to the Dores Inn taking the scenic Essich Rd
Sunday 7th Jul 2019	Highland Classic Motor Club Ruby Picnic	Castle Leod, Strathpeffer	Starts 11.00AM Shandwick Inn, then on to Invergordon Shore Rd, Alness High Street, Evanton High St, then south over Cromarty Bridge to Tore, then Dingwall and on to Castle Leod at Strathpeffer for a fine buffet lunch
13th/14th Jul 2019	Scottish Transport Extravaganza Weekend	Glamis Castle	Saturday 13th & Sunday 14th July. Entry Forms at www.svvc.co.uk or call 01307 840311
Sunday 14th July	Cars and Coffee	Rollerbowl Inverness	10:00 to 12:00
1st Aug 2019	Club run to Gin distillery at Inshriach House	Inshriach House, Feshiebridge	Club to Inshriach House, PH22 1QP. Meet at Simpsons Garden Centre for 7pm . More details from Bryan McIlwraith