

CLASSIC SCENE



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**The next 'Classic Scene'
GOES TO THE PRINTER
on the Monday of the week preceding the next meeting**

Please send articles by e-mail or typed.

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COVER PICTURE

A Ford pick up truck spotted at the Scottish Air Show on 5th Sep.

Any guesses as to how big it is?

See the back page.

The MET office was right for a change.

We had a pleasant evening run past Loch Ness in late evening sunshine. In Drum-nadrochit, we picked up one of our members in their 2CV and they led us all the way into Beaulieu. Much to our surprise the pace was pretty spirited. John later admitted that he was purposefully keeping the foot to the floor as he didn't want



to let the rest of us down by sauntering. Beaulieu was mobbed with some Highland fling in progress, but we managed to squeeze in beside the health centre. The evening was rounded off with social chit chat and some drinks paid for by Frank from his very modest raffle winnings. Ta, Frank – it was very generous of you.

We took a trip up to Kinlochbervie this month in our Smart. You may remember that the club received an invite to display a few cars at their 20th anniversary of the school. I am guessing that with the distance and the vagaries of the weather recently, not many of our members took the trip. Actually, can't say I saw anyone else. No matter, the weather was good, the road surface between Lairg and Laxford Bridge surprisingly smooth, making for a really pleasant drive up north.

It has been well over 25 years since I was last in Kinlochbervie, before the existing school was built. For the size of school, the actual school roll is very small – 52 pupils. The janitor assured me that this was up on last year and that following a few lean years, the area appears to be attracting young families again. One other interesting thing that was mentioned is the effect of the North Coast 500. Local business in Kinlochbervie have already noticed an increase in tourist traffic in the area since May. On our way home we made a detour via Ullapool and checked out the hidden landscape of loch Glascarnoch.

The Club's committee will be meeting soon to discuss the draft program for next year. If you have any suggestions of things to do next year, please let me know. We will also raise this as an item at the AGM, so get your thinking caps on.

This month's meeting is a visit to Autohead Recon, Inverness. Meet there at 7.30pm prompt.

See you there,

Trish.

Dyane to get started....

Where did it all go wrong? I blame Miles – he was the one who put me onto a '2CV' van which he'd spotted down the Carse which turned out to be a Dyane Van with a Dyane saloon as a spares car. I watched its stalled progress with interest for over a year until I found them both on Gumtree for a wholly inappropriate price. I thought, "I'll make him a really cheeky offer", and before I knew what had happened, I was the new owner of a van, a saloon, two removed engines and gearboxes and a large assortment of parts – some Dyane, some not.



I quickly found a buyer for the van and was left with a very tatty Dyane saloon to recover and 'hide' away at home. By some sort of miracle, I managed to get it around the side of the house and tucked away into the back garden, all before my wife got home. Unless you looked really hard, it wasn't all that noticeable – honestly!



Spring came and went, and I decided to look at the car with a view to dismantling it to see what was what. A weekend of sunshine and showers saw the body shell parted from the chassis and the now terminally rotten chassis stripped of all suspension and steering. Luckily, the previous owner had removed the engine and gearbox and just cut the various cables etc ☹



And so it ended up in my garage, displacing the Yellow Dyane. The rust wasn't too bad – it had gone in all of the usual places, but these was all fixable given enough time. The most obvious issue was a large dollop of filler on the scuttle hiding a hole through the bulkhead into which the rain freely ran, rusting out the parcel shelf. I'd fixed small holes in the yellow Dyane in this area, and thought I'd be doing the same thing again here.



After removing the scuttle, it became apparent that there was more hole than bulkhead and a large repair was going to be needed. By the time I'd cleaned the stonechip off the bulkhead, it became apparent that a new bulkhead would be needed.

Having removed the bulkhead, it also became apparent that the parcel shelf had mostly dissolved and would need replaced, along with the A-panel supports, the top flanges of the A-panels, the inner and outer lower bulkhead, the....you get the drift. Nothing is ever quite what it seems.



Fortuitously, Miles asked for some help replacing his built-in oven around that time, and the now scrap oven was adorned with some very nice Zintec sides – roughly the same shape as a Dyane Bulkhead...

A quick trip to ebay saw the purchase of a very cheap and nasty bead roller, which, after a day's worth of modification, was pressed into service putting stepped flanges into the oven sides to create a passable RHD dyane bulkhead. The parcel shelf was created in a similar way and both fettled to fit together.



The next step is to weld in the parcel shelf, then weld in the bulkhead, restoring the strength to the front of the car. From then on in, it's plain sailing – just another few years of folding and welding.



Next time....Sills and spills.

NEXT RALLY AND OCTOBER CLUB MEETING

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|----------|--|
| 27th Sep | Laigh O' Moray Vintage Assoc. Vintage Rally
Inchkeil Steading, Roseisle.
Off the B9013 Elgin/ Burghead road. |
| 1st Oct | October Club Meeting. Visit to Autohead Recon,
Inverness. Meet there for 7.30pm. |
| 5th Nov | November Club Meeting. Garage visit to Calum
Pearson. Meet there at 7.30pm. |

THE JOYS OF THE SELF-CONFUSING GEARBOX

I would appreciate the benefit of fellow members' expertise concerning an annoying problem I am experiencing in the gearbox department. Let me state at the outset my firm belief that mechanical development reached its zenith in the latter years of the steam age; I remain uncomfortable with and untrusting of any machine that refuses to perform until plugged into the national grid.

My problem is this: my motor car would appear to be fitted with a self-confusing automatic gearbox. I am quite happy to select P (perambulation-inhibition) and be confident that the car will not move. But what is the point of having a mechanical device the purpose of which is to convey its occupants in serene comfort which is fitted with equipment specifically designed to stop it acting as a conveyance? Developments of that ilk defy logic, surely? However, I digress.

And I am quite content to select D (daytime-mode) safe and confident in the knowledge that the car will progress, regally, as though one's coachman is in full control of matters up front. But it is after lighting-up time when the fun, and the frustration, starts.

By my selecting N (night time-mode) the engine will race until it screams at a pitch above top-C and all the dashboard screws jump out into my lap. But the car refuses to move.

Now, just today, I experienced the latest problem with this witless contrivance. I was sitting quietly at traffic lights (I insist of continuing to refer to these doubtful devices as 'robots') when alongside me drew one of these oh-so modern creations festooned with fat wheels and spoilers and go-faster stripes and ambulance windows piloted by a young visually-impaired gentleman, such was the opacity of his Little Stevie Wonder-inspired fashion eye wear. Cause and effect perhaps, since I noticed that he was wearing his cap back to front.

I just knew that a traffic light drag-sprint was in the offing. I can resist everything but temptation. So I quite imperceptibly, surreptitiously, conspiratorially perhaps, selected R (racing-mode) and, at the very first flicker of amber, took off like a stabbed rat.

Inexplicably my motor car struck the white-van-man behind a sharp blow to the impressive entomological collection proudly displayed on his front bumper and bonnet area. A frank exchange of views ensued, and now I am advised that the local constabulary require my presence, no doubt for yet another frank exchange of views.

I cannot rely on this so-called 'automatic' transmission to perform as I expect. What is wrong with it? Can your members offer helpful suggestions?

I have spoken with the help desk at Borg Warner. They just laughed. And I received a similar dismissive reaction to my pleas to the national motoring organisations. Their unified advice as I explained my quandary was that it would take three weeks for their mirth to subside and, since I reside some way north of Inverness, three months to find me.

What should I do? I never had this bother with my velocipede.

Yours more in hope than anticipation.

The Dowager Countess Melanie Bellamy,

Cluas Deas, Assynt.

THE EDITORS MONTHLY RANT

The story of the self confusing gearbox is courtesy of David Herd and on reading it through I was reminded of a similar gearbox confusion of an ex Met Traffpol friend of mine. Names will be changed to protect the innocent etc but he lives in Gairloch and answers to the name of 'Mac'. Now Mac was driving an old Series III LandRover and you don't need me to remind you that the gearchange on an old high mileage Landie was from a much gentler era. No short throw remote gear sticks on these old beasts. The gear stick was about three foot long and would vibrate and hiss and fizz as you rattled along. At some time in the history of these LandRovers there was a spring on the gear change to ensure that reverse was not accidentally engaged whilst selecting first. But years of heavy abuse took its toll. This abuse was generally when attempting to tow a 32 ton artic which had decided to cause mayhem in the morning rush hour by breaking down in the Blackwall Tunnel. But I digress. So the spring pressure on the gearchange was non existent. Mac had stopped at a set of traffic lights and a young lad in his Mark II Cortina had stopped perhaps a little bit too close to the back of the Landie. The lights changed to green and Mac pops it into 1st and moves off. Now Alec was one of those people who doesn't suffer fools too well and he drove in the same manner. Well you can guess what happened, the Landie shot backwards and hit the Cortina with a resounding clang. Well the Landie rear bumper went clang (Have you ever tapped one? Preferably with a 4lb lump hammer. They definitely go clang) Unfortunately the Cortina front end just gave up the ghost with a gentle crumpling noise. Mac then leaps out of the Landie and accuses the Cortina driver of running into the back of him. Cortina man says it was Macs fault, but Mac says, "Don't be daft, did you see my reversing lights come on?" It wasn't until Macs passenger, who also shall be nameless but I worked with him for many years including my time at the Royal Courts of Justice, pointed out to Mac that Series III's don't have reversing lights and Mac had gone into reverse. Mac admitted the mistake so Cortina man got his car repaired courtesy of the Met Police, but Mac always insisted "The silly s-d shouldn't have stopped so close behind me!"



How big? Well the gent standing in front of this monster is as tall as me.....over 6 ft. The tyres are almost as wide as they are tall.

This year will be the last time that the Mighty Vulcan will grace our skies. So I close with its final appearance in Scotland. Many thanks to all those that kept her flying for so long.



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