

CLASSIC SCENE



40th Anniversary

November 2019



Some classic gems at Cars and Coffee, triangular boards of memorabilia at the 40th anniversary gathering and restored 1937 Austin 10 originally from Inverness looking for it's livery and more besides inside this months issue.



Club Officials

Chair: **Trish Brown**

Tel: 01862 832337

chairman@highlandclassic.org.uk

Secretary: **Bryan McIlwraith**

Tel: 01463 222839

secretary@highlandclassic.org.uk

Treasurer: **Ian Thompson**

Tel: 01463 790969

treasurer@highlandclassic.org.uk

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

Webmaster

www.highlandclassic.org.uk

Webmaster@highlandclassic.org.uk

Editor

Calum Pearson

Bowersburn, Croftnacreich,
North Kessock. IV1 3ZE

Email: editor@highlandclassic.org.uk

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Thursday preceding the monthly meet-
ing. Please send articles by post or
email to addresses above.

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, In-
verness IV2 4NG. 01463 236459

ranaldsmith@btinternet.com

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Cover Picture

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Welcome to the November Newsletter

This month marks the end of the show season and by the look of the hills, the start of the snow season. After a photo packed issue last month, we now have a nice long read from David Hird which I liked and I thought it would be a shame to split it into parts. So get the fire on, your beverage of choice at hand and enjoy.

Do you know anything about the 1937 Austin 10 van, registration number ST9438 on the front cover? The current owner wants to try and trace any history of the van and in particular to find out what the first owner's trade was so it can receive the correct livery. It was first registered to Andrew Douglas Munro, 16 Innes Street, Inverness on 5th December 1937. Send any information to the editor and I'll pass it on.

At the HCMC 40th anniversary gathering in October, I launched the printed Ruby Anniversary Newsletter special and I have been distributing as many as I can by hand so if you're at the next couple of club meetings I hope you can pick up your copy, but if not we'll do our best to get them to you before Christmas.

In the editors garage this month is the 'modern' Clio I've been fixing up, ultimately to sell on. I've replaced all the faulty parts as per it's last MOT and what else I thought needed doing, plus a major service, and guess what? There's no profit left in it. The moral of the story is be careful when you think, 'I could easily fix that up. It doesn't look too bad. It would be a shame to scrap it.' On the plus side I've sort of enjoyed the work and someone might get a nice we run around out of my madness.

It's just as well it's nearly finished as the Focus Mk1 needs a few bits for the MOT, then there's the Sierra to work on, a new sill to put on the 205 GTi, the Mini roof to paint, plus some mechanical work on that too. Then it's boat maintenance over the winter. I'll see you all when I surface again in March.

I had another idea for the newsletter now that 'Me and My Car' appears to have run it's course. What about 'My Dream Garage' the top ten cars you would have in your collection if money was no object. If you suggest 10 Ferrari 250 GTO's I may reject it on financial grounds, as it's more about reflecting your taste in classics. I have been trying to do mine but like top ten all time favourite bands it eludes me, I keep thinking, 'But what about that one?' My list stands at 21 and growing. One to ponder on for sure.

Your Editor

Chairs Bitty

The turnout for our anniversary party was amazing. For those of you who know the little dining room at the Old North Inn – it was literally standing room only. Lots of old faces and some new ones, for whom it was their first meet. Praise has to go to Bryan and Calum for putting in a lot of hours to make this meet such a success.



You may remember from last month that my little Skoda got a new battery. Ever since the car is being awkward about locking with the remote (unlocking – no problem). Locking and engaging the alarm is now a faff with unlocking the car with the key and then locking with the fob. And if you press the wrong button, the windows go down. The handbook claims that synchronising the key is a matter of pressing a button when next to the car and one minute later – hey presto. No. Alice found another synchronising method on-line, basically the same as the first, but with the ignition switched on. Hey, it works! Until the next day, when it didn't. On top of this minor annoyance the Skoda has broken an abs ring. It has been booked into the garage to get that fixed.

Our Landy needed a new exhaust bracket on the back box as the old one had rusted through. I duly got all the bits from that well known Landrover specialist in the Longman. And just as well as the old bits refused to come off and we ended up having to put on a new back box – not a big deal as the tailpipe was slowly disintegrating anyway.

Alas, a second courgette is not to be. That precious flower did not last 2 days. And with autumn arriving that will be it for this year. I'll need to give it some thought over the winter on how I can protect these plants a bit better. Never seem to have that problem with my strawberries. I left them to get on with it for a while and there is a carpet of runners invading the driveway. I'll stick some of them into small pots for next year as part of the annual rotation – oldest ones out, new ones in.

This month Alan, your previous editor, is giving a WW2 talk, with I believe, lots of handed down memories. We'll meet again in the Old North Inn at 19.30pm.

See you there,

Trish.

The Ruby Anniversary Social

Ahh,,, the whiff of hot engine oil...or maybe it was just that the whiff of nostalgia was so strong at our 40th anniversary evening that I could almost get the smell of hot engine. Forty years! Who knows where the time goes! Forty Years! It doesn't sound much when you say it, but it's almost half a lifetime spent *in cars, under cars*, fixing things, breaking things, and worst of all, associating with other people who do the same. They say one definition of madness is doing the same thing again and again and expecting a different outcome. Perhaps by that definition we are all mad!

Mad or not it was wonderful to see so many faces at our Ruby Social Event. There were a good number of faces from the early days of the club; in particular it was great to see an original founder member in Kelvin Skinner who was presented with a certificate marking his honorary membership. (His brother Hugh was presented with a similar certificate at the Ruby Picnic). To help us remember who we all were we helpfully gave out name tags which also helped our carers round us up after the event!

To prepare for the social event I rallied the troops and we spent an evening at my office stapling and gluing old photos and bits of news-letter onto display boards. That itself was a trip down memory lane, jogging our memories of trips and events long forgotten; Gairloch, Ullapool, even as far as Edinburgh and the Myreton Motor Museum, Karting, the heady days of the first Alness Rally. So *that's* where the time goes.

It wasn't just all oldies who were there however.



I did speak to one brand new member who was contemplating whether to go the Mini or MGB route. It's heartening to see that a younger element are still joining the club, and also bringing along more recent classics.

The Bogroy (sorry Old North Inn) did us proud with the catering and I would like to thank all who helped in any way to organise the social event, and also the picnic. These two events really helped to mark our Ruby anniversary properly. The only question is...will we be around for our Golden Anniversary?

Bryan.

A couple of club members from the 1940's turn up to an HCMC meet in their classic Willys Jeep. This was taken before the Hotel's name changed to the Old North Inn. Back in the real world, this picture featured in Highlife Highlands, 'Am Baile' Facebook page, which caused a bit of a stir and was suggested by some club members for inclusion in the newsletter and we were kindly given permission to reproduce the picture. Am Baile is bilingual source of cultural history of the Highlands and Islands and if you haven't had a look, please do. It is excellent.

Photo courtesy of Charles Cook and www.ambaile.org.uk



Out and About

Dolly and Cortina spotted in The Royal Hotel Car Park Tain by Trish and Alice.



Or how about this 1950's Chevrolet Bel Air seen by your editor driving up the A9?



AUSTIN A35 1955, 52,671 miles, 4 door, good condition, never been welded, 4 new tyres. £OFFERS TEL: 01479 872895 HIGHLAND

Or this advert for an Austin A30 in Grantown on Spey. I briefly spoke to the owner and it sounds like a nice wee motor, even though it has been incorrectly listed as an A35 in Practical Classics.

Now get ready for a long read...

RANDOM REVERIE - YOUTHFUL RILEY MEMORIES RILEY RME MWT 516

This is a shameless exercise in memory dredging and, as such, is likely to be occasionally inaccurate, when my attempts at recalling the events of fifty years and more ago become sideswiped by confusion, or memory loss, or advancing years, or a wholly unintentional rewriting of reality, or brain fade, or the delayed effects of mildly experimental youthful substance abuse, or any combination thereof. Anyway, that's my defense, and it's always advisable to get your excuses in first.

In 1965 I was twenty and single with all the advantages that blissful state brings. Those were the days when STD heralded the emergence of the modern world. Subscriber Trunk Dialling enabled national 'phone calls to be made without the intervention of a living breathing telephonist. (Pre-STD I once asked to be connected to an Altrincham number. The ensuing confused silence was broken with the enquiry from down the line "Do you spell that with an 'O' or an 'H' ?") STD eh? I am reliably advised that those same three initials now command an entirely different, if not exactly wholesome connotation.

Two years previously (on 17 June 1963 to be precise, a date for evermore seared onto my soul and my psyche) I had joined the staff of the Town Clerk's Department at what was then the Town Hall, Bradford, West Yorkshire, eager to ascend the greasy ladder of life to a glittering career conclusion offending no-one and achieving little whilst avoiding all controversy, eventually to emerge with a generous pension and a worn-out grey suit shiny in its basal aspect. I soon became friendly through regular contact with a work colleague named Keith Balding. Keith was a highway engineer with the then City Engineer's Department. He lived at Old Pool Bank, Otley. Soon I became aware that he was selling his everyday transport at what seemed to me to be a reasonable (for that read affordable-ish) price, and we agreed a deal.

The car cost me £75.00, every penny I had to my name.

Keith was the second owner of the vehicle; it had been registered new by John P. Allen, Cutler and Furnishing Ironmonger of Bridge Street, Tadcaster (established 1851, telephone Tadcaster 2140) in June 1953 and had clearly been cherished throughout his ownership. Mr. Allen later passed on to me a collection of spare parts which he had accumulated for the car at his very impressive old property in Monk Fryston, West Yorkshire.

I clearly recall the evening late in the 1965 when I set out from home, not

announcing my intentions, on a filthy, dark, wild and wet night to complete the deal and thus emerge a new member of the motoring autocracy. Otley was twenty or so miles from my home; it might as well have been on the outskirts of Ulan Bator. The return journey was, err, quite character-building. I was on unfamiliar roads in challenging conditions in a vehicle with which I was almost wholly at odds. I had, of course, previously driven Minis and the like, but the great black slab of a one-and-half-litre Riley showing every pretension of limousine-like greatness was something for which I was certainly neither prepared nor entirely capable. But we managed. Ish.

I arrived home bearing, what was for me, an unusually and all too obvious benign countenance. Eventually father ventured an enquiry.

"Been out?"

"Yep."

"Anywhere special?"

"Bought a car."

"Where is it?" (Note: not "What is it" but "Where is it".)

"Out front."

After the passage of what seemed like half an age to me in my state of barely suppressed euphoria, father rose and peered through the curtains into the wild black meteorological gotterdammerung outside. He returned to his chair and resumed his nonchalant, almost somnolent, attitude having discerned not much more than an extensive bonnet and the graceful sweep of an offside front wing very much from yesteryear.

And there the matter rested until, and to no one in particular, he announced in what, in the circumstances, could have been regarded as a stage-whisper

"He's bought a damned hearse".

The car was painted all black with lavish chrome accoutrements, waist rail, hinges and impressive rear bumper set, dark green leather interior and a fine-grained walnut veneer dashboard extending the entire width of the beast richly adorned with all manner of gauges and clocks and switches and dials with which I was, as yet, quite in awe, not to mention the umbrella parking brake

handle secreted under said dashboard. The generously proportioned rear hinged front doors we knew as 'Harvest Festival' doors, for should either burst open unexpectedly whilst making determined progress along West Yorkshire's notoriously ill-maintained road surfaces then all would be safely gathered in. Familiarity with the machine and its intricacies gradually developed between us. It slowly became obvious to me that it had its own foibles and personality. And it also had its faults. In-built obsolescence is not a new concept.

Most owners will, no doubt, be intimately acquainted with the engine's flexible exhaust downpipe and its propensity for self-destruction. Designed-in flexibility and longevity would appear to be mutually exclusive concepts; intentional flexibility is surely the inevitable precursor to an all too obvious problem of audible proportions. A flexible metallic right-angle connecting the engine to the chassis intended to absorb vibration between the two must inevitably be a triumph of hope over experience. That was the case throughout my relationship with my RME.

Being an impecunious first car owner I took the practical view. Why consider replacing any component, which must anyway have a finite working life, when an obvious and inexpensive solution presented itself, though to a mindset given to eccentricities it must be readily admitted. My swift grasp of the engineering problem facing me was solved effectively by the simple expedient of melding together a used soup tin, adjustable hose clips, and proprietary exhaust paste in a close relationship never originally visualised by their separate manufacturers. Take one used small soup can, remove both lid and base and split it lengthwise, with a junior hacksaw, so that it can be opened out into a flat sheet of precisely the correct dimensions. Liberally coat the inner surface with Gun Gum exhaust sealing paste. (Other gas- and pressure-proof sealing pastes are available; have you ever tried to shift dried Weetabix from literally anything? It is simply indestructible). Carefully bend the repurposed soup can around your cracked flexible downpipe, overlapping as necessary, secure it with two Jubilee clips, and tighten equally in the approved manner. By this method the soup can will gradually assume the required shape, and an effective repair is, err, effected.

Now of course the flexible exhaust downpipe will surely select another place in which to fail. But your newly acquired skill will present no problems in addressing this latest, repeated challenge. After all, you have been victorious once, haven't you? And, of course, when this effective and novel exhaust enhancement has been implemented along the full extent of the flexible section, as it certainly will, then you will have a unique talking point with which to strike up a technical conversation with anyone fortunate enough and interested enough to find themselves voluntarily beneath your Riley RM. And it goes without saying that you will have a distinctive and nourishing exhaust aroma with which to enhance the otherwise miserable existence of any nearby bus

queue or pedestrian. Upcycled mulligatawny cans I found particularly efficacious.

I overcame yet another design fault by the application of yet more lateral thinking. Riley RMs can be instrumental in developing useful character traits in their enthusiasts; self-reliance, determination, endurance, obstinacy, courage, tenacity, bleeding knuckles, subcutaneous grit and grease; all of these, and more. I experienced repeated clutch actuating rod failures. The mild steel rod would break, leaving my left leg seriously under employed. Indirect intervention solved the problem. Father was a skilled refrigeration engineer. I threw myself upon his good offices. He made for me a batch of clutch rods to the precise dimensions required. These fitted handily into the offside under-bonnet tool space. I became most adept in replacing and refitting the clutch actuating rod as and when the need arose. I didn't even need to switch off the engine. I completed the entire operation, on one occasion, whilst waiting at a red traffic light. I am sure that the motoring public behind were mightily impressed at this open display of gymnastic dexterity once they were satisfied that I had not exited the car and disappeared underneath it in a determined bid aimed at automotive suicide.

Of course, all this palaver became quite unnecessary once I settled on a permanent solution. I had a replacement rod, and a spare just in case, made up from high grade indestructible stainless steel - much better than going to all the trouble of correcting the misaligned clutch levers and yokes. Lateral thinking is always your friend.

Many RM series owners will be well acquainted with the roof construction and its questionable fitness for purpose. My RME was no exception. The longitudinal seams of the vinyl-covered outer roof gradually shrank, as they were wont to do in our maniacally contrary British weather. Only to be expected really in a unit now twelve years old and counting. The construction principals were somewhat eccentric. A perforated metal inner roof was covered in what appeared to be thick felt, or wadding, or war surplus army blanket, or that day's compressed sweepings from the trim shop floor, which was then itself enveloped in a stretched vinyl-like material wholly insufficiently wide to achieve the objective of providing a single piece weatherproof covering devoid of joins - hence the seams, and the root of the problem. And whichever genius developed the concept of perforations in a roof ? Perforations might be acceptable, nay specific selling points and/or a marketing man's nirvana, in a tea bag. But on a roof given to more than the usual flexing? I suggest not, m'lud. The need for these questionable perforations might have been weight saving, but the whole concept compromised the entire vehicle.

A failed stitch became a small hole, and a small hole became a larger one, and the larger one became a split, as they do, and I was required to direct my all too obviously limited automotive practicalities towards a solution. I tried everything. Black Bostick (at least it was the right colour), military grade wax boot polish, silicone gel, stick-to-anything under-seal (at least it was the right colour), Dubbin, flexible plumbing filler, polyurethane sealant, even yacht varnish. Nothing worked successfully. The car suffered continuously from the degenerative effects of creeping damp into all its many timber components, and those effects began to assault every passenger's olfactory sensibilities. A master carpenter friend of mine at the time always referred to the car as 'The Rentokil Special'. I never noticed a problem. A strategically-placed nosegay would have provided an effective and immediate solution for those of a delicate disposition.

Running maintenance was a continuing concern, and the recently-introduced MoT test (initially for vehicles ten years old in 1960 but gradually, as we now know, tightened to the point where an annual and increasingly stringent examination became mandatory for those able to successfully lurch beyond the manufacturer's warranty period) concentrated on safety issues, tyres included. Hitherto it was not unusual to encounter vehicles running on tyres proudly displaying the innermost secrets of their construction, with canvas and wire exposed for all to see. The early days of the ten-year test could have their lighter moments. Spring-loaded steering and drag link ball joints could always be packed solid with a tanner (pre-decimal sixpenny piece, just the perfect size) to mask any perceived slack. And I once had a 1934 Riley threatened with failure because its "brake pipes were leaking". But there was no hydraulic brake line anywhere on the vehicle. What the tester had seen but not recognised were the lines of a centralised lubrication system running from between the front dumb irons to all, including the rear, spring shackles. Grease was pumped in at the front in a spirit of fervent hope. It was always a lottery where it might emerge. The car had cable brakes with a central in-cab adjuster accessed from the driver's seat. Yep. String brakes. Result of this embarrassment? A sheepish withdrawal by the tester considerably younger than the car, and an immediate pass.

I accepted that I ought to replace the tyres before the next dreaded annual inspection and I found, at Freeman's Tyre Service, Olympia Buildings, Thornton Road, Bradford a full set of new British Bergougnan 6.00 x 16 inch cross plies (fortunate really, a standard fitment for the London black cab) complete with new inner tubes, fitted and balanced, new valves and dust caps included, at £22.00 all in. Yes, for four! The tyres were £5.00 each and the tubes ten shillings (50p to the uninitiated). But, yet again, my finances had been cleaned out in one fell swoop. I fretted for days at the dreadful inequalities of this motoring life, giving a metaphorical double-digit salute to the iniquities of parts parasites generally and profiteers in particular. But those tyres were still ro-

tating and performing satisfactorily when I sold the car years later.

During my ownership I decided that its all-black funereal appearance could be lifted somewhat by the simple expedient of highlighting the side panels in a sympathetic hue. I settled on a light metallic bronze, and the car remained so throughout my ownership. The highlighted bonnet sides and lower door panels complimented extremely well, I believed, the black coachwork, the chrome highlights and the deep green leather interior. And the car was, to my view, unique. This refreshing enhancement was undertaken by a well-known and respected automotive expert named Fred Wood at his equally long-established premises in Birds Royd Lane, Brighouse. Fred was a gifted and skilled automotive engineer of the old school. I recall that during those long-gone late 1960s years he restored a three-seat RMC roadster in glorious white/cream with striking red upholstery for local businessman Ronnie Nicholson, proprietor of Floral Foundations in the town. What an impressive machine that was. AEN 312 from memory.

At some point in the formative years of the Riley RM Club I became a member with all the enthusiasm of a zealous convert following, I believe, a late 1960s mention in Motor Sport magazine, or it could have been, I am told, Exchange and Mart, not my usual reading matter. I recall the sterling efforts of founding fathers Messrs Byron and Atkinson to capture and develop interest in these cars from a small but enthusiastic national membership. I particularly recall James Atkinson's avowed determination to 'preserve stocks of parts to enable the cars to be kept on the road. The glim bits we can look after later'. I also now remember attending what could have been the first (or very early) national rally, at Leamington Spa (?). And a memory of the Membership Secretary's radical new plan to store membership and car details on a card system complete with holed tabs and a knitting needle device so that models or locations or any number of other member details could be extracted instantly. Was there another specialised knitting needle available which would replace said cards in their correct order ? I suspect not. Oh how ignorant we were in those days of the benefits that personal computers would bring.

I became a local organiser/area-secretary/representative/small-fish-in-a-large-pond for what could have been Yorkshire, or West Yorkshire, or some such. Memory does not serve well. I recall local meetings being held at a pub in Nether Poppleton, York. Could have been the Fox Inn, or similar. Up to half a dozen fellow members met from various parts of the premier county. I barely remember arranging a group trip to W H Crossland's premises at Walton Hall, Foljambe Avenue, Chesterfield, then the doyen of specialists concentrating on 1950s Riley RM models. Harry Crossland was a regular Motor Sport magazine advertiser. I seem to recall that he had perhaps a dozen or more RMs in various states of preservation or decrepitude spread about his venerable old farm buildings. Doubtless by now they have gone the way of old motors; and

doubtless also the fields surrounding WH's premises are now festooned with modern executive housing. Tempus Fugit.

As a direct result of my RME ownership I gradually developed an interest in the pre-war, so-called 'proper', pre-Nuffield Riley. The genesis of this interest was provoked at a local National Benzole filling station. (I became a regular and committed customer of this establishment solely because of their attractive prices and fringe benefits. They sold their petrol at 4s 9d a gallon (24p for 4.54 litres - these conversions from early Elizabethan Imperial to metric are becoming tedious), and I could therefore get four gallons for less than £1.00, with Green Shield stamps, and change - heady days.) As I drew up to the pumps a shriek emanated from the depths of the attached workshop followed by the appearance of a mechanic with an obvious Riley predilection - fine fellow. He was a little deflated as he came to recognise a post-war model, and thereafter expounded his preference for the pre-war forerunners.



Sometime later I obtained a 1932 Riley four seat 'Plus Ultra' series open tourer (XJ 2953) in an advanced state of neglect from Hedley Beaumont, one of the celebrated Huddersfield Beaumont brothers. Brothers were Wendell and Keith. I always felt a little sorry for Keith. How did Wendell and Hedley command unusual forenames? Did Keith suffer from some slight, err, slight in infancy? The car cost me £120.00 I now recall.

With the onset of supposed maturity, I gradually acquired a spouse and a house and a son, though not necessarily, I am required to declare, in that order. The Riley RME had to be sold. I needed more efficient transport. So with what did I supersede it? Why, a 1964 three main bearing-engine MGB two seat convertible of course. CWU 501 B. Heart and head in clear conflict. Better than a round of golf any day. The MG was perfect for my circumstances, I convinced myself, as it provided space of just the correct dimensions behind the seats in which to locate a carrycot and small child, in relative security. And I always regarded it as the perfect shopping car. Spend not very much and the boot was full. We young marrieds competed in the BARC Classic and Novices speed hill climb at Stockton Farm, Harewood in successive years in the early 1970s, with notable lack of success. Competitiveness was compromised by the absolute need to have something in which to drive home. And that MG was surely the only other specialised knitting needle available which would

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full. We young marrieds competed in the BARC Classic and Novices speed hill climb at Stockton Farm, Harewood in successive years in the early 1970s, with notable lack of success. Competitiveness was compromised by the absolute need to have something in which to drive home. And that MG was surely the only vehicle competing to pass scrutineering when fitted with an integral wine rack, and carry cot clips, behind the driver's seat. We also competed in the MG Car Club sprint at RAF Topcliffe, similarly failing to unduly energise the timekeepers.



Though I can remember clearly how I came to acquire the RME I can now recall nothing of its sale. To whom I sold it, and for how much, or the circumstances of how that came to pass I have no recollection. I retain no documents or other memorabilia of the car save a finely executed large size pencil drawing now displayed in a contemporary oak frame. I commissioned the drawing from a skilled artist during my ownership of the car. The two should ideally be reunited.

Just this year (2019) I established contact with the archivist of the still thriving Riley RM Club. Mark was able to fill in some of the details of successive owners of the car since our parting. Club records indicate that I sold the car in 1974 to one Steve Clayton for the vastly inflated price of £100.00. (33% mark-up over nine years hardly qualified me for the Arthur Daley award for services to British entrepreneurship.) Thereafter sporadic references indicate that the car languished with dealers in Bingley, West Yorkshire, at one time described as 'derelict but restorable'. Its next appearance refers to its having been purchased in 1990 by one A. Clarkson 'for restoration'. Then there is a gap of twenty-five years or more, until November 2016, when the car is recorded as being with a K. Newton in the south of England, now presumably restored to running order.

A V888 enquiry to the Driver and Vehicle Licencing Agency produced the not entirely unexpected hide-behind-the-skirts GDPR defence. Our Swansea IT wizards claimed to be '*unable to release the information* (i.e. previous ownership details) *due to restrictions in the Data protection Law*', and they further contend

that I *'have not been shown as a registered keeper of the vehicle'*. This arrant piece of administrative double-speak is patent nonsense. The car was registered in my name on my purchase of it in 1965 at the address of my sole residence at that time. I subsequently relocated to another local address and I advised the local taxation office of the change at the time. I sold the car from the latter address and submitted the required notification. Both addresses were within the area of the then Bradford City and County Borough Council, the relevant vehicle licensing authority. I suspect that the DVLA myopia came about because, simply, they misread the correct spelling of my name despite it and my former addresses being clearly stated in my V888 application. There are none so blind as those who will not see.

A recent lazy day web search revealed that my RME remains very much in existence, much to my very pleasant surprise. I teased out the facts that the car had been advertised for sale, now with dark green panels in place of my distinctive light bronze, in Car and Classic magazine as recently as late 2018, in Devon. Evidently it sold for a price in the region of £7400. I missed it by a matter of weeks. On checking the DVLA public database I further discovered an export marker on the vehicle record, so obviously it had now gone abroad. Further on-line delving revealed that the RME had been bought by classic car dealer Ted Koopmans of Hengevelde, Netherlands. I contacted Ted who responded that he had since sold the car. He remains in touch with the car's current owner and undertook to pass on my details. Suddenly I had a very keen rekindled interest in the car enough for me to convince myself that I would readily buy it back, given the opportunity and a correct planetary alignment.

And there the story ends, for the time being. I would love to own MWT 516 again. This is perhaps a subconscious reaction to what I now recognise as my neglect or dismissal of my first car as unimportant to me whilst I owned it. That is and was a mistake. Hindsight always comes with 20/20 vision. Am I attempting to make amends after fifty years? Probably.

David M. Hird

Cars and Coffee

Octobers Cars and Coffee was chilly but dry with a good turn out and variety of cars. I lean towards the older and classic vehicles like this 1980's Dodge D350 pick-up with a 5.9 litre V8 engine making all the right American noises. Peter started it up and gave it a little rev which



attracted quite a crowd and emptied his wallet of another tenner. It's got Foose wheels which is another American point-scorer and as you can see runs double rims at the rear. I asked about lane discipline (Inshes roundabout?) and the answer was to be careful. I've never seen one of these before and imagine my surprise when one featured in a hold up in Boston based TV

series 'City on the Hill'.

We had a little charity collection on the go with an appearance from Highland and Blood Bikes. They are a life saving charity that delivers blood to places that need it in a hurry and the NHS can't deliver. They can be found on Facebook, if your on that platform and are worth a wee 'like'. They are looking for volunteer car drivers too as especially in the winter months, bikes aren't the ideal vehicles. They managed to raise £152.64 and I'm pleased my 4p made a difference.





And here's a few of the other cars. 1970's Britain couldn't have been that bad, some fast fords and the Mcwhirter family came all the way from Elgin to show their classy classics. There were less Mini's than last week but still a good few. Hardly any VW's this month and in the interest of balance I have left my Beetle out of the gallery.





This year, Cars and Coffee Inverness are planning to help out with Moray Firth Radio's Cash for Kids—Mission Christmas.

They have Reliant the Robin, and we have a beige Reliant Scimitar which we hope to fill with gifts for children who would otherwise have none this Christmas.

Gifts should be bought new and delivered unwrapped to the November or December Cars and Coffee. There will also be cash collections as the MFR team will buy for any demographic range not covered.

The Launch for MFR's event is on Monday the 11th at the Telford Street Co-op in Inverness between 9-10am and they will be operating there office where the old travel agents used to be. You can drop of there as well during office hours.



LOCAL EVENTS

7th Nov 2019	'The Army that Went to Sea' a talk by Alan Goff	Old North Inn, Inchmore. 19:30 in our usual room.	A Short talk about a surprising piece of military history, followed by a social gathering.
10th Nov 2019	Cars And Coffee - Inverness	Rollerbowl, Culduthel Rd. Inverness. 10am to 12 noon Every 2nd Sunday of the Month.	A quiet Social Event for all Car Enthusiasts. Park up, buy yourself a hot drink and snack from Rollerbowl. Featuring collections for MFR Cash for Kids Christmas Mission.
5th Dec 2019	Xmas Night out 10 Pin Bowling at...	Rollerbowl, Culduthel Rd. Inverness	Bring a Secret Santa Present! We have reserved a number of 10 Pin Bowling Lanes, so the more the merrier. Approximately £6 per head. Meet in Rollerbowl for 7.30pm. Refreshments available at the Bar.
8th Dec 2019	Cars And Coffee - Inverness	Rollerbowl, Culduthel Rd. Inverness. 10am to 12 noon Every 2nd Sunday of the Month.	A quiet Social Event for all Car Enthusiasts. Park up, buy yourself a hot drink and snack from Rollerbowl. Featuring collections for MFR Cash for Kids Christmas Mission.