

CLASSIC SCENE



**MERRY CHRISTMAS
DECEMBER 2013**

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CLASSIC SCENE

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 dream of a Christmas Present...

Yeh, sure.

Dream on!

Chair Bitty December 2013

Our Smart has been tucked away into the garage for the winter. We have learned from last year and made sure that any (winter) essentials are put near the garage door for easy access. Only made one change and that is to put our bicycles into the shed. It is surprising how much more room there is in the garage. It must be my age, but I promptly forgot about all this and wondered why Alice had taken the Merc to the November meet – DOH!



I would like to point out that unlike November last year, it wasn't me that derailed the folding doors at the Bog Roy. However, it was Roy and others that fixed it again.

Brian was on form. Although I have seen his presentation some years ago, Brian has a way of making this subject captivating and I was surprised at how the evening flew past. You will probably hear us talk about this night on future meetings and you'd wish you had been there.

The Landie positively flew through its MOT. Alice took advantage of getting the carb /timing tuned at the same and the difference is amazing. The engine positively purrs. Alice discovered this for herself as she found herself zooming down the road the other day at a heady 55mph. So if you see a blue/white Landie whizzing past, it may well be us. King of the Road – Yeah.

Our December meet is at the Bog Roy again. It is our annual Santa event where we exchange gifts of token value. I remember from last year that the quality of gifts was rather impressive, but Gentlemen & Ladies, there is no need to outdo the neighbours.

There will be some nibbles available on the night and I will make sure that there is a veggie selection too (I learnt my lesson from last year).

As this is the last newsletter of the year, may I wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Cheers

CLASSIC CARS AND THE ECONOMY.

No, nothing to do with your fuel consumption, but the economic value of your classic car. No, not what your old banger is worth on eBay, but the effect it and the whole business of old bangers has on the national economy. While sitting at the computer hoping for inspiration for something to put in this month's newsletter (BIG HINT EVERY-ONE!) I visited the website of the Federation of British Historic Vehicle Clubs and found their newsletter archive. There was an article on the value of the whole Historic/Classic car movement to the British economy. They listed some of the larger events and what they generated in the way of income for the areas in which the event took place and how much the Government raked off the top. The figures made interesting reading, especially as always, and all ways, the dreaded VAT was levied.

The London to Brighton Veteran Car Run was worth to Brighton alone over £1.1 million pounds. As this run is a travelling event it also generates income all along the route with many route side hotels laying on special events from overnight stays at the hotel through to breakfast specials, no doubt followed by a few drinks in the bar.

The Beaulieu Autojumble raises £3 million for the New Forest area and sales at the event a further £11 million with £1½ million in VAT.

The Goodwood Festival of Speed. £12 million to the local area with £4 million in VAT.

In general the whole Historic/Classic car movement has a turnover of £4.3 BILLION. With £1 million coming into the country from abroad. Tens of thousands of people are employed in the industry and they pay tax on their earnings.

So if anyone complains about your classic car/old banger being on the road just mention how much it contributes to the national economy. And as the complainer is almost certainly driving a car that was NOT built in the UK, what are they doing for the national good.



Editors Monthly Rant.

Everything seems to be a bit quiet at the moment. Cars are safely tucked away in the garage safe from the winter salt. This year I've gone to the trouble of putting the Lancia up on axle stands. I had read in one of the classic magazines of someone who just left his pride and joy in the garage for only a few months and on his first trip of the year found that he had flat spotted all four tyres. And what made it all the more frustrating for the owner was that all the tyres were new. The magazine also said that over inflating the tyres by about 10 psi should work. Note the "should" not "would". The Lancia now sits at a comfortable work height for replacing rear screens! Also in the news this week is the ousting of the last of the Morgan family from Morgan Sports Car company. Charles Morgan was voted off the board of directors and has left the company. I'm no fan of the cars as you know but he did raise the company output from 20 to 30 cars a year to several thousand and brought the waiting list down from 5-6 years to something sensible. I know of someone who when he went to Fords as a 16 year old apprentice put down a deposit on a Morgan and hoped that when he qualified 6 years later he could afford to pay for it. He could but he still had to wait another year!

HCMC Events

Date:

5th Dec 2013 Christmas night—Bogroy Hotel, Inchmore

9th Jan 2014 Auction Night, North Kessock Hotel

6th Feb 2014 AGM, N. Kessock Hotel (Don't turn up late!)

Motoring in Wales.

They don't really do signs, or passing places, or fences in Wales. Let me expound. Here in the Highlands we are used to bilingual signs. I don't really give them a second glance as I know where I'm going most of the time, but when you go to Wales it's a different story. I now realize that they are at best a pain in the arse, and at worst down right dangerous. If you are coming up to a roundabout on a major road in Wales with five junctions, you will be faced with ten names on the sign, which is bad enough, but most of them will be of the LlanI'mbuggeredif Icanpronouncethat type,(and many of them longer), and it is impossible to read all the information as you approach. I'm not exaggerating when I say that I had to go around three times on occasion to find my junction, so the signs that they do have are ineffective.

This was our fourth time in Wales, which of course means going down the M6. Does the sun ever shine on Shap? Every time I go there it is pissing rain and a driving nightmare. This time was no exception and I freely admit to staying in the inside lane most of the way, but even there you have to keep to about sixty-five or some forty ton artic starts to overtake you. Meanwhile the local nutters are doing eighty plus in the outside lane and there is hardly a high intensity rear light to be seen despite the visibility being down to twenty yards at Our first port of call on this trip was the old Penrhyn quarry in North Wales which is home to ZipWorld which has the longest zip wire in Europe. It's a mile and a half long to be precise and basically goes from the top to the bottom of the mountain. You go down suspended horizontally, head first, and about a quarter of the way down you pass over the cliff face of the quarry and an eight hundred foot drop opens up below you as you reach a speed of about 75 mph. Wheeeeee!

Having survived ZipWorld we headed South towards Monmouthshire. South is a bit of a euphemism. I was following the A470, which in reality is just a heap of old main roads joined up. It zig-zags across the country and you go fifty miles east and forty miles West to get about twenty miles South, but that is the reality of Wales. There are no direct routes through Wales which is actually quite pleasant if you're on holiday and ambling along, but it must be frustrating for the locals.

Having negotiated the roundabout with ten unreadable names on the signs you would hope for confirmation of the route about 100yds down the road as we do here in Scotland with a sign giving the road number and the miles to various towns. Not in Wales; you've just got to hope that you're right and plough on to the next major junction. The A roads are all quite good, but the majority of small towns are actually bypassed. We kept on saying that we'd stop at a shop "in the next town" but after a while realised that we'd have to deliberately detour into a town as we were missing them all en route.

Monmouthshire is very pleasant with gently rolling hills which are green all the way to the top. If you look at a large enough scale map you can see small roads criss-crossing the hills, but none of them are sign posted at all. What you have to do is head up (always up) through a village, and just keep trying different roads. Most will end up in a dead end but eventually you will find one that becomes a narrow lane and heads right on over the hills. As I said, they don't do fences. What they have are dykes of mounded earth three or four feet high. Bushes and trees grow on these up to eight, ten or even twelve feet, and they are trimmed, giving a vertical wall of greenery. Some of them are barely wider than the car, and (this is where it gets good) they don't have passing places! You can drive hundreds of yards with totally blind corners, just hoping that nothing is coming the other way. When you do meet another vehicle it's anybody's guess as to who should do the three hundred yard reverse!

One thing they do have in south Wales though, is rugby. Every tiny village has a rugby club with its own pitch clinging to the hillside. I saw one pitch where a ball kicked into touch would have bounced three hundred feet down to the valley floor.

We spent a very pleasant week touring the area, and it has to be said that the Wye valley is incredibly scenic.

To be fair to Shap, the sun was shining on our way back north, but to round off our holiday I managed to get caught by the speed camera van at Dalwhinnie doing 71mph. Yes 71 !!!!!. Everyone's doing 70 on the A9 for flip's sake. I've just received the fixed penalty form back and the fine has gone up to £100. Bugger bugger bugger.

Bryan.

TWO MYSTERY CARS

Car no.1. This car could be popular in a pub.



Car no.2. Shakespeare may have written one of these.



And the answers are:..... Make sure you are at the Quiz Night!

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