



CHANGING GEAR



The NG Owners Club – Officers & Contacts

President : Nick Green

Chairman : John Hoyle

52 Reigate Road, Ewell, Epsom, Surrey, KT17 1PX
Tel: 0208-393-2555, email: john@hoyle-engineering.co.uk

Events John D Watson (JW)

Co-ordinator: 15 Braywood Avenue, Egham, Surrey, TW20 9LY
Tel : 07951-466206, e-mail: johnd_watson@yahoo.co.uk

Membership Bob Morrison

Secretary : 105 Battle Road, Hailsham, East Sussex, BN27 1UD
Tel: 01323-843769, e-mail: rmorri1847@aol.com

Treasurer: Teresa Goodbun

43 West Court Lane, Shepherds Well, Dover, Kent, CT15 7PT
Tel: 01304-830206, e-mail: teemgoody@aol.com

Magazine Charlie Killick

Editor: Windrush, Bitchet Green, Seal, Sevenoaks, Kent, TN15 0ND
Tel: 01732-761302, e-mail: ngoceditor@gmail.com

Technical Dave Woolgar

Liaison: e-mail: dwoo745786@aol.com

Website Mike Peel (www.ngownersclub.org.uk)

Manager: mike@mikepeel.co.uk

Facebook Jeremy Evans (www.facebook.com/groups/NG.Owners/)

Mediator: e-mail : ngmrtoad@gmail.com

Local Area Contact Members :

Home Counties (north) Refer to John Watson (pro tem)

Home Counties (east) John Watson : - as above

Midlands Mark Staley : 01332-723927 mark.staley2@ntlworld.com

New Forest & District Keith Baker: 01794-340490 keith.baker@roke.co.uk

Mid-Wales Jeremy Evans : - as above

South Wales Brian North : 02920-619796

South East Charlie Killick: - as above

Yorkshire Ken Elliot: 0781 7248764 elliot1968@yahoo.com

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Contents:

Chairman's Message..... 4

From the Editor 5

Events Secretary's Update 6

New Members..... 7

Future Events & Calendar..... 8

Event Reports: A Rally Postscript: The Perils of E10 9

 Charnwood Caper10

 A Peak District Jaunt13

 Caux Retro15

 Dogmersfield Village Fete.....22

 NG Garden Party..... 23

 Alfriston Fete 24

 A Grand Day Out - Hurst Festival.....25

 By NG to Scotland.....28

Articles and News: Lincoln Highway (Part 1) 30

 Mole's Adventures (Part 1)..... 40

Techy Bits: How Fast Were You Going Sir?..... 49

Sales and Wants..... 51


An NG Anthem..... 55

NG Christmas Lunch: Booking Info & Menu..... 56

Club Products & Regalia..... Inside Rear Cover

Contributions Please

Been anywhere interesting, done anything "newsy" in your NG, or to your NG; do you have an entertaining story to tell ??

Please send in a few words and pictures for 

Please send your contributions for the Winter issue by Early Feb to ngoceditor@gmail.com.

Remember, without your input there would be no magazine!

Thank You



Chairman's Message

Checking back through the last few issues of ChanginGear I realise I have been somewhat remiss in not mentioning and welcoming the unusually large number of new members. As we all know many NG's have been changing hands the last couple of years, mainly due to their previously ageing owners needing to sell. So welcome, I hope all you newer members are finding club membership useful and rewarding. The obvious advantage is being able to contact and meet up with others for a social gathering or to exchange technical information. Just being able to look at other NG's stimulates discussion and thoughts on how you might like to make various modifications to your own car.



A specific club get-together is the Christmas lunch which isn't all about cars, but a great social occasion when the other halves can feel more involved. If you haven't attended one and live in the South East you will find the info in this issue on how to join in. Further afield please feel free to get in touch with the "local area contact member" and together arrange one.

We are approaching that time of year when we start to think about "laying up" the car over the winter months, and what do I say each year - use the time to check it over properly, carry out necessary maintenance, and make that upgrade or improvement that has been at the back of your mind all summer. Or just keep it on the road and enjoy those bright, invigorating days to blow away the cobwebs...!!

Nick Green produced a range of fantastic kits which most people build using all the standard parts available so ending up with cars that are all basically the same, with only a few tailoring them to their own needs. I mention this because there are basic changes/modifications that can be made to make the car more "comfortable", user friendly, and just work better. So, what is he going to drone on about now you may be thinking, well nothing, it's just a thought that in the future we could look at topics such as dash layout, steering column and seat positioning, suspension set up, etc. That's a challenge to those members that perhaps think a little more "sideways" than most, to come back with their thoughts that can be presented in the mag to promote further discussion, which I will be very pleased to be involved in.

John



From the Editor

It has been a great summer for getting out and about in an NG with weeks of unbroken sunshine and lots of events to go to, certainly in the south there has been something on every weekend. A quick look on the internet for "Classic Car Events near me" shows that there are still things going on throughout the country, although as summer has passed into autumn things are quietening down.



I hope that you have been able to take advantage of this summer's sun even if only for a few runs out into the country.

For me, hot on the heels of the National Rally came a return to France for an enjoyable few days at Caux Retro with fellow NGers and then a succession of local events big and small, shows and breakfast meetings to keep the TC busy.

Even if there are no other NGs coming along it is good to get out and talk to other enthusiasts and see other people's ideas as to what makes the perfect car/van/truck/bike. Even if not all are to my taste it is impossible not to admire the skill and craftsmanship that has gone into them.

Two NGers have completed long distance journeys this year.

Just before the Summer magazine went to press Paul Strickland completed his epic trip across America on the Lincoln Highway and since then Jeremy Evans has undertaken the Liege-Brescia-Liege rally. Both have shared their adventures, with their first instalments in this issue.

Although the shortening days and cooler temperatures mean that many NGs will be entering a period of hibernation I encourage you to wrap up and get out and about when you can, there's nothing like an invigorating drive on a bright winter's day.

As ever many thanks to all the contributors; without your efforts there would be no magazine. If you have sent me something and it isn't in this issue do not despair, it will be in the next one!

Charlie



From the Events Secretary

Hello fellow NGers. By the time you read this we'll be well and truly heading towards the colder and wetter part of the year. Not only a huge contrast with the weather we've all enjoyed earlier in the year, but also fewer opportunities for the remainder of the year to meet with other like-minded people. That said, any opportunity to get out when there's a break in the weather will, I'm sure, be exploited.



There are no purely NG events now until the New Year, except of course the South East Christmas Lunch arranged by Sue Bolton, see ps 56 & 57. For more information do look at the event diary on page 8. I make no apology for the lack of specific dates with most of the events, few dates have been fixed. More information will come in our January ChangiNGear as organisers firm up dates of vehicle shows and fetes. It does however give an idea of the busy times.

In the meantime I encourage you to find other car groups who often arrange weekly rendezvous. Such an example is the south east group 'Past and Curious'. If you're on Facebook, you'll have noticed the many escapades of our own Dave Woolgar with the Past and Curious group. Or how about setting up your own Classic Car Meets. Regarding the latter we'd love to hear of your efforts.

In the Surrey area we do have the Sunday breakfast meets, the first Sunday being at Aimbridge, the last Sunday of the month at Blackbush aerodrome. Others can be found on the intervening Sundays.

That said, the focus of your committee is now to look to next year and the events that are an option from the wider classic and kitcar world as well as NG specific events. Regarding the Stoneleigh/Newark Kit Car Shows, they are in our 2023 events diary, but we really are undecided as to their worth, except of course as one of our meet and greet points in the year. Our thinking is there might be better venues where navigators/partners and drivers would all find a little more interest in visiting a National Heritage site for example. If you have any ideas, and in YOUR part of the world let me know,

For now as usual take care and safe NGing.

John



New Members - Welcome

We are always pleased to welcome new members.

Membership Fee : £15 per year (reduced if you join mid- year).

Membership includes quarterly issues of ChangiNGear and some Insurance Companies offer reduced rates for NGs.

Most of all you will be joining one of the friendliest car clubs around !

Contact Bob Morrison, Membership Secretary – details inside front cover

The following have recently joined the ranks of NGOC :

<i>NIGEL BEASLEY</i>	<i>1712</i>	<i>BUCKS</i>
<i>MARK WINDER</i>	<i>1713</i>	<i>SURREY</i>

ChangiNGear welcomes these new Members and hopes that they will get out and about in their NGs and meet many others NGers.

We look forward to hearing from you in due course with 'your news' to publish in ChangiNGear

- Thank you and Welcome, Charlie, Editor



2022 Events Calendar

6th November	London-Brighton Veteran Car Run	Charlie Killick
4th Dec 2022	South East Christmas Luncheon	Sue Bolton

2023 Events - Exact Dates yet to be confirmed

1st Jan Brooklands New Year Classic (pre-booking reqd. Check online)

Jan Bicester Scramble (Check online for date, pre-booking required)

23-April	Drive it Day	Everyone
May	Stoneleigh Kit Car Show??	John Watson
May	Wallingford Vehicle Parade	Bernadette
May	Winchombe Weekend Rally	John Watson
May	Jorvik Run	Steve Tyler
May	London to Brighton Kit and Sports car Run	
June	Le Mans 24 hour	Charlie Killick
24/25 June	NGOC NATIONAL RALLY	John Watson
July	Caux Retro France	John Coker
July	Newark Kit Car Show ??	John Watson
July	Dogmersfield Fete	John Watson
Aug	Gt. Yarmouth Family Fun day & Classic Car Show	
Aug	Old Timers Grand Prix Nurburgring	John Watson
Aug	Capel vehicle Show Surrey	John Watson
Aug	GVEC Manor Park Classic Vehicle Show Glossop	
Aug	Hesslewood (E. Yorkshire) Classic Car Rally	
Aug	Egham Show Surrey	John Watson
Aug	Cheshire Classic car/bike Show	
Aug	Prestatyn Classic Car Show	
Sept?	Cookham Regatta	
Sept	Classic Car & Vintage Rally Amerton Staffs	
Sept	Basingstoke MGOc Doughnut Run	
24/25 Sept	Kop Hill Climb	
?? Dec	Christmas Luncheon	Sue Bolton



A Rally Postscript: The perils of E10

The day of the national rally dawned and we were all packed and ready for the off. Everything was going well until we made a stop to answer the call of nature down near Coventry. We had been going for about an hour and a half by then.

A quick stop, back in the car and, horror of horrors, it wouldn't start. Plenty of cranking power but no sign of life. What's up enquired Susan. I don't know I replied all seems OK. Could be the old vapour lock problem that used to happen on the old MGB's but I have never known it happen on this car. So, rather than flatten the battery completely, I decided a call to the recovery people just in case who said it would be two hours before they could attend.....time for a sandwich.

By now the car had cooled down to somewhere about cold. Why not give it one last try now it's cool, said Susan who was by now getting a bit fed up. One touch was all it took and it burst into life. A call to cancel the recovery and we were on our way.

The next morning (Saturday) no sign of life. The battery had given up following the caning it had had the day before. Susan rounded up three able bodied men from the rally field for a push start and I drove the car onto the field.

There can be no finer place to suffer a break down than at the National rally with all the NG expertise in attendance.

No fault could be found with car other than I had just installed a new fuel tank and without thinking had filled it up with E10 fuel. Everybody agreed that was a stupid thing to do and would certainly account for all the problems. As it was only a quarter full a trip to the local garage and a top up of E5 solved the problem and I'm happy to say it's been OK since. Even the noticeable lack of pulling power seems to have been resolved.

This was the first time in over twenty years the NG had ever let us down.

My everlasting thanks to all those who came to our aid, you know who you are.

Susan and Jeffrey Yardley



Charnwood Caper.

Unable to support Wallingford Rally, as tickets had all gone, we found out that the local MG club (North Leicester MG Club) were having a car meet and rally in aid of DMRC (Defence Medical Rehabilitation Centre) and Headway, a Brain Support Injury Charity on the same day, Sunday 8th May.

Cars were to meet on Sunday morning from 08:30 onwards at Quorn and Woodhouse Great Central Railway Station for the start.

We arrived to find the majority of cars being MGBs, MGBGTs plus a couple of MGAs, two Suffolk SS100 Jaguar replicas and two Alfa Romeo Spiders plus of course our NG TF.

We were car no: 73 with around 75 to 80 cars taking part; a maximum of 100 cars could have participated.

We collected our instruction pack and Sue tried to understand the Tulip directions as navigator; along the route it frequently said SP; confused by this Sue asked another participant to discover it meant signpost! Off to a good start then!



It was not a timed run but as cars waited to be set off the older cars started to have problems overheating and as the lady in front pointed out you can't keep older cars waiting 5 minutes in-between cars departing. We were beginning to think holding back for a coffee at the station may have been our best option but then things got moving and we set off.

It was certainly easy having a trip meter centrally in the NG as each leg gave you the mileage in between and a running total.

It was a lovely day and the first time we had participated in anything like this.

Coffee stops were marked on route and we discovered lanes and roads we didn't know about even though some were only a few miles from home.

Avoiding those awful raised bumps, sleeping policeman, has to be avoided in an NG!

As mentioned previously, it was a lovely sunny Sunday morning and it wasn't long before we discovered cyclists, horses, joggers and walkers



all out for the day which can be tricky on narrow winding lanes!

Shortly after setting off we saw the first (car) casualty but the road was narrow and others had stopped for them; turns out it was suspected engine damage to one of the MGAs.

We passed over cattle grids and went by Launde Abbey which was a designated coffee stop but as we weren't ready for a stop yet we passed by, we did regret this as it was a lovely spot to stop.

Continuing on we were pretty accurate in our mileage, only missing one sharp 90 degree bend, but we quickly corrected that.

Time was ticking on so we decide to stop for coffee as we had taken a flask; we were lucky to find a quiet wide spot with a small lay-by just before some train barriers so we pulled over. It wasn't long before the rescue vehicle stopped to see if we were ok. We realised that we should hold our cups of coffee in a prominent position so that other passing vehicles on the Caper would realise we hadn't broken down and they would just wave as they went by.



Another car pulled in to the lay-by and a walker stopped to talk to us about the NG since they were both interested in the NG.

It was really hot now and no shade so we moved on; we were probably on the final quarter of the Caper in terms of mileage and we were beginning to recognise familiar roads returning to Stonehurst Farm in Mountsorrel which was the end point of the Caper.

The MG Club Official distance was 75.1 miles and we were very pleased with our mileage of 75.5 miles.

We parked up, the entry fee had included raffle tickets and we





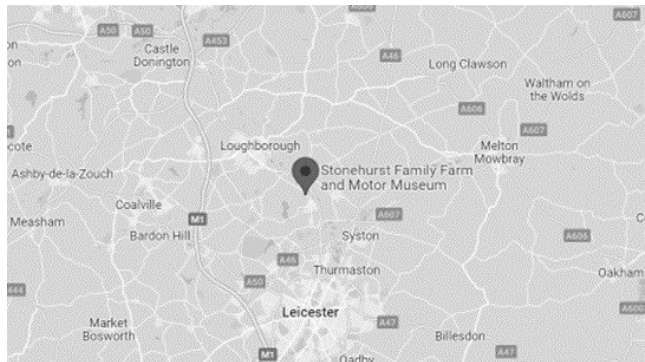
won a 1000 piece Jigsaw!

We then headed to the cafe for a coffee & piece of cake before visiting the Motor Museum and what a hidden gem that turned out to be with a number of vintage cars, a vintage bus, a Daimler Dart, Frog Eye Sprite to name but a few.

Stonehurst Farm is about 5 miles from home and yet we didn't know there was a motor museum there; amazing!

Apparently, they have a car club night "meet up" once a month in the summer on Monday evenings so may well turn up in the NG to see what other cars attend!

Dave & Sue
Bazuley



Stonehurst Family
Farm & Museum,
Bond Lane, Mountsorrel, Leicestershire,
LE12 7AA

It may be too late to catch one of their meetings in 2022 but look on their website next year for 2023 dates:

<https://www.stonehurstfarm.co.uk/>



photo courtesy of Stonehurst Family Farm



Peak District Jaunt



When I brought my TA, she had an interesting mechanical specification. It appears the gearbox was a low ratio four speed from a Morris Oxford and the engine was from a transverse mounted fwd landcrab, the back axle is certainly very early MGB or MGA.

After a bruising few years getting the TA running really well, and a few shorter rallies, including the London to Brighton, the transformation of an overdrive gearbox meant it was time to try a really long run. So, after a few scorching days, I decided that the Peak District would be fun. So, I set off.

The Hindhead tunnel was, as usual, an aural delight, heading towards Guildford the TA purred on the A3 seemingly enjoying the open road and soon we hit the M25 and stationary traffic which the TA coped with admirably. However, the M1 was a different story after a half hour in the heat we had a little fuel evaporation. As soon as we got moving again all was well and the TA stayed at a steady sixty all the way (Red bull needed by driver) and then it seemed that the TA had found it's perfect roads





with long sweeping A roads. It settled down to arrive in Glossop in fine style, 261 miles after leaving home, .



After some gentle cruising around the peak district, which the TA took in its stride, I turned my thoughts towards home, Derbyshire didn't want to let me go it seems and threw every drop of water it had at the TA to try and make it stop which it shrugged off, showing only the inadequacies of its old weather protection in the onslaught; every gap the rain could get in it did!

And so we set our wheels back on the M1 and flew southwards until the M1 closed; then the first issue arose, waiting in hot traffic too long and vaporisation occurred! A cold bottle of water cooled the pump and pipes down and cracking the filter and hey presto we were back in business. We then lost overdrive third, fourth was fine so we plugged on. A half hour break and everything cooled down, and overdrive returned in third, so there is a heat condition somewhere which needs investigation.

After a total trip of 650 miles, we pulled into the drive for a well-earned rest. I couldn't be prouder of the little TA. Now to start planning the next adventure

Huga Wilson



CAUX RETRO RALLY 2022

After missing two years of the Caux Rally due to Covid we were all set to head to France again this year when we received the sad news that Roger Devaux, Mayor of Allouville Bellfosse had suffered a serious illness. John Loveridge who co-ordinates the British contingent advised us that as Roger is the lead organiser of the rally and arranges much of the sponsorship from local companies the rally was again at risk this year. Thankfully however John was soon able to confirm that others had stepped in and that the event would go ahead, albeit without some of the usual features to reduce the work load.

Hence we were able to make final arrangements and prepare for the trip. Mike and Krysia Carter would again join us in their TD, staying with us in Dover on the Thursday evening to make the Friday morning ferry departure more palatable. Charlie Killick and Roy du Bois who were also attending were taking the Newhaven Dieppe crossing. By chance I was invited to take my TD to a Light Aircraft Association BBQ on Thursday evening that saw several aeroplanes and a good selection of Classic cars assemble at Steve Solley's Farm airstrip at Ripple, near Deal. Steve Solley is famous as the leading Ice cream manufacturer of Kent, so as it's made on the farm that was an added encouragement to start our break off with a visit. Alan and Teresa Goodbun joined us and we had a very pleasant evening with good food and interesting cars and aeroplanes to look at.



A light shower Friday morning finished just before we set off for the Ferry port, only 10 minutes' drive from our home in Dover and we were soon in the que. The P&O upheaval was subsiding and thankfully, other than a later departure than booked all went smoothly enabling us to start the drive from Calais at around 1130. As usual I had instructed the Tom Tom to avoid motorways and after negotiating the back streets of Calais we enjoyed a lovely run on quiet roads through the countryside. In wanting to put some miles behind us we had missed the French lunch period, but eventually stopped at what turned out to be a wine merchants store that also had a small café. It was a fascinating place with a good



selection of wines and spirits, but also some impressive models and dioramas on display.

We rolled into Caudebec-en-Caux by the river Seine at around 16:30 after a very enjoyable run and soon met up with Charlie and Roy along with an MGA crew they had met on the ferry. We stay in the Normotel there as it's one of the nearest to the rally centre at Allouville Belfosse, and because there is a good choice of small restaurants close by and pleasant walks by the bank of the Seine.



Saturday is the day of the conducted tour around the area, but we had time for a leisurely breakfast in the pretty town square before making the 15 minute run to the rally start. The participants met up in the



grounds of a school and the village square and we were allotted to one of the three rally routes which are of different lengths to cater for some of the older vehicles that may not wish to make the full run that is typically around 65 miles. Each run is led by motorcycle outriders who ride

ahead of the convoy and stop all traffic at junctions so we have right of way, thus enabling the convoy to stay together and removing all navigation and traffic worries. The convoy usually stops several times at businesses who have helped sponsor the rally, thus providing advertisement for them and usually refreshments for the rally participants. Due to post covid hardships and the loss of Roger Devaux's work there was only one planned stop this year, and as it had been a blisteringly hot day both drivers and cars were very glad when we pulled into a road side café and bar.



As usual we were on the longest run, but even on that there were some



very old vehicles including several very impressive Bugatti replicas and many old classics. We were all amazed while awaiting the start to see a genuine 1929 Bugatti type 35 B Grand Prix racing car arrive, driven by its owner and accompanied by his family in a beautifully restored classic Rolls Royce.



The rally ended as usual at an impressive Chateaux, where all three rallies came together together with yet more vehicles that had not participated. This provided a lovely setting for strolling around and chatting with the owners of many interesting types. We were all very pleased to see Roger Devaux had managed to attend the gathering here, still looking rather frail, but hopefully on the mend.



Leaving the gathering our three NGs headed back to Caudebec and enjoyed a lovely meal in a restaurant we had not previously tried where we were joined by Jon Loveridge.

The Sunday of the Caux Rally is the show day where all entrants are asked to put their cars on show for the day so members of the public may come and view them. This enables the organisers to advertise it as a car show and to charge an entrance fee for visitors to help reclaim costs of putting on the rally. The ladies of Allouville and other local villages put on lunch in the village hall for all owners and crew of cars on display just across the street from the car show. This is one of the most enjoyable features of the Caux as it brings visitors and locals together and one gets the real feel of France.

There is normally a Concours d'elegance competition, but that had been omitted this year to ease the work load, but with more cars than ever attending on the Sunday it was probably a good thing as parking was so tight that even the nearby farm yard and lane leading to it were employed for the overflow of classic vehicles. One of the interesting features of the Caux is that it attracts classic vehicles from France and



other continental countries that we rarely see in the UK, in particular Allouville Bellfosse has some links with the Czech Rep. and Slovakia from which some entries always appear. In the past they have hired a car transporter to bring a very interesting array of old cars and motorcycles, but costs proved prohibitive this year so only the motorcycles were present.



The Sunday show had been so well attended, with over 200 vehicles present, that we had been split up when parking and had trouble getting out. Hana and I were a long way from the show entrance and had little chance of reaching it, so I was forced to deploy Hana to smile at one of the French marshals guarding a closed exit who agreed to let us through after explaining that we were suffering from a radiator fan failure and could not spend a long period in the queue. Once free we headed back to Caudebec where we came across a small festival and spent some time with Charlie listening to an enjoyable country music group playing live on the embankment, a nice end to the afternoon before we headed for the final dinner together.



Team NG at their hotel in Caudebec-en-Caux



The weather had been very hot all through the trip and seemed even more so on the day of our return. First stop was refuelling at Caux before taking the same route back, Charlie peeling off towards Dieppe enroute and before we stopped for lunch at an agreeable bar restaurant that we have used before. A nice meal and then onward to Calais where we joined the que for the ferry. We found we were in company with quite a few other sports cars including several Morgans who were returning from the Classic Le Mans event and one of the Morgan drivers came and asked us what our cars were as he liked the look of them.

We had a good ride back to Dover, saying our goodbyes to Mike and Krysia on the ferry and were soon back in Dover.

The Caux is a relaxing and very enjoyable weekend without long distances in France, so I would recommend it to members.

There is a web site at www.cauxretro.com telling a bit about it and Jon Loveridge can be contacted at <jonmaglov@gmail.com>

John Coker

The Dieppe Group

I had opted to use the Newhaven ferry to go to Caux Retro as it is the closest port to home and from Dieppe it is an easy drive along the coast to St Veairie-en Caux before turning south to head down to Caudebec where we were staying. A nice route avoiding busy roads along roads that I know well.

I met up with NGOC Member Roy De Bois, NG-less at present so in his Lomax, in the ferry queue and we got talking to a couple, Dick and Katie, in a very nice MGA twin-cam. They too were heading for Caux Retro and were a little uncertain of the best route so asked if they could travel in convoy with us as it turned out that they were staying at the same hotel as I was.

As I boarded the ferry I noted the MGA at the very back of one of the upper, suspended, car decks—a bad sign as that meant that he'd be almost last off the ferry.

When leaving the ferry at Dieppe I was surprised to see Roy in his Lomax tucked into the side at the bottom of the ramp; his fan switch had been



knocked on as he got out of the car and the battery had gone flat during the crossing so he had required a push off the ferry and a bump start. We emerged through French border control and parked up awaiting the MGA, a lengthy wait as it was, as I feared, almost the last vehicle off.

The wait caused Roy a few problems since he didn't want to turn his engine off until the battery had got some charge into it, but with an air-cooled engine was worried about overheating when stationary for a lengthy period. The solution was to get some air flow with repeated laps of the roundabout just outside the port!

When the MGA finally emerged we headed off under sunny skies into Dieppe, winding through the side streets to pick up the coast road, not long re-opened after some major realignment work following a cliff fall.

All was going well until a few beeps and flashes from Roy indicated that there was a problem with the Lomax so we halted to investigate. It was firing on only one cylinder, the cause quickly found; a plug lead had come adrift from the coil, shaken loose over one of the many "sleeping policemen" which the French have adopted with enthusiasm for traffic calming in many villages over the past few years.

With the lead reattached, secured with tie-wraps to avoid a recurrence, we set off again and continued without further problems, even managing to navigate the maze of streets through the centre of Yvetot without being separated, until Roy peeled off to head for the Chateau where he had booked to stay with other friends. The MGA continued with me to Caudebec to the Hotel and to meet up with the other NGers, who had travelled down from Calais, for an enjoyable couple of days on the rally.

After a final breakfast on the banks of the Seine on the morning after the rally, I set off with John & Hana, Mike and Krysia before turning off to head for lunch in St Valerie-en-Caux while they continued on to Calais.

I've been to St Valerie many times before so knew where I wanted to eat. I parked by the harbour at the back of the seawall for a breath of sea air before walking through to the restaurant in the square for an excellent, and very reasonably priced, lunch. After lunch I visited the extraordinary modern seamen's chapel, a cool oasis on a very hot day, before continuing my leisurely and meandering way back to Dieppe

Charlie Killick





Hot and Bothered, a Caux Postscript

I had suffered a very overheated engine while waiting in the ferry queue on the outward journey.

When the fan seemed to have failed at the rally, we believed it to be the thermal switch, after some testing, so I had made use of a spot lamp switch as my override switch also seemed to have failed.

This had kept temperatures down all the way back until we ran into traffic around Calais and the ferry queue. I was suspicious though as I had been losing a little water throughout the trip but without any obvious leak visible.

The following day I had to drive back to Ewhurst so again topped off the water and tested the override switch was working before setting off on the 93 mile trip. All was well and the temperature stayed down as it was now cooler and I had no hold ups. On my return I set about a more thorough investigation and on looking underneath found a suspicious stain on the gearbox housing. On starting the engine all seemed fine for several minutes, but then using a torch looking down between the bulkhead and the back of the engine I saw a leak beginning from the head gasket. There had been no loss of performance luckily as turning the engine over by hand showed no compression loss, just the water leak that caused the overheating. I now believe that the fan thermo switch is probably OK, but was simply not functioning as its sensor is in the highest part of the system, and was probably starved of water as the level dropped. The manual switch had probably burned out since as it was only fitted for use in short bursts I did not wire it through a relay. It had been fine for 20 plus years, but extended use on the long rally run that was rather stop and start this year just proved too much for it.

So, I'm now in the middle of a decoke and gasket replacement that has not proved as easy as I expected, but that's another story. At least the old bus got us home.

John Coker



Dogmersfield Village Fete

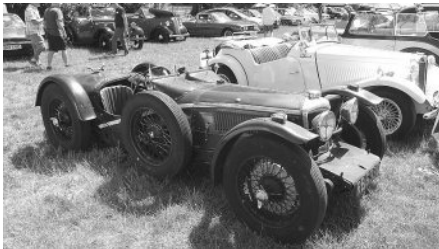
Another glorious summer fete morning dawned so off I set for the Classic Car gathering at the Dogmersfield Village Fete in a small village lying between the towns of Fleet and Hartley Wintney in Hampshire, about 60 miles from home.

Time was not pressing so I decided on a cross country route avoiding motorways; along the A25, skirting around to the south of Guildford then across to pick up the end of the Hog's Back, on to and around Farnham then the Odiam Road and a right turn to arrive at the Dogmersfield show field.

As I entered the field I was greeted by John Watson in his blue TC, Bow, who had arrived just before I did and shortly after that a V8 burble announced the arrival of John Hoyle in his silver TC, allowing all three of us to park together.



The good weather brought out a fine selection of cars, everything from rat rods, classic British sports cars, elegant Rolls Royces, and of course NGs, with the fete providing other entertainments such as ferret racing, Morris dancing, plus refreshments and most welcome ice creams.



Jeff and Sue Stretch in their red TF arrived a little after we did but were able to move down to join us for a group photo just before they left

Charlie Killick





Cream Tea with the Morrissions

On Sunday, 31st July 2022 we were delighted to welcome new NG members Andrew and Catriona Anderson as well as John and Barbara Hoyle, Dave Woolgar, Charlie Killick, John and Yvonne Hamilton-Smith and Su and Chris Hore to a cream tea with homemade scones in our garden. Andrew and Catriona especially enjoyed meeting other NGRs.



Thank you to John Hoyle who said 'What better way of spending a Sunday afternoon, so a big thank you for entertaining and providing us with that lovely tea in your garden. Apart from the scones being superb (A, you still didn't tell me whether they were Sainsbury's or Tesco)'. I ignored those last few words...

As the cream tea in our garden seemed to go down well the second year running, Robert and I will make it an annual event and hope that more NGRs will join us next year.

Angela



Alfriston Festival

After a very enthusiastic reply from the organiser of the Alfriston Festival, I was pleased to hear from Dave Woolgar, Charlie Killick and John Watson, who possibly tempted by the offer of a picnic lunch, said they would be happy to drive to the historic village of Alfriston. After fixing the picnic hamper on Belle's luggage rack, we set off and parked our cars on The Tye, a green area in front of St Andrew's Church known as the Cathedral of the Downs. The church is situated alongside the Cuckmere valley and river, which offer good walking opportunities.

This was the first 'fête' held in Alfriston since before lockdown and although the stalls were not as numerous as in previous years, once the blessing of the animals was complete, the dog show got underway and many were drawn to the NG line up.

A lot of interest was shown in all the cars and Dave, Charlie, John and Robert chatted away to everyone who had questions galore. I overheard an American couple say "Apparently,



these cars were built from scratch - unbelievable". If only I had thought to take Robert's photograph album of the build of our NG. It would

have blown their minds.

As I have already been asked if NG car owners will return next year in greater number, I will ensure that the date features in the NG magazine 'Events' page as well as posting on Facebook. It would be great if we could double the number of cars next year.

Angela



A GRAND DAY OUT

As I write, long shadows roll across the field, an unwelcome portent of dark winter evenings to come. A time to sit and reflect upon events and drives in warm summer sun, those usually rare T shirt drives that have become common this year. Some near, some far and some running over the same old ground. Like the memory of a lost paradise.

One of these great memories is SUPER SUNDAY, so the billing goes. A curtain raiser for the first day of our village festival that runs from the 18th of September to the 1st of October. It certainly is an action-packed day with the otherwise busy High Street closed to traffic from 1pm till 4.30pm to allow more traditional fare to spill into the road with all manner of stalls, street

performers, food and music. My small part in proceedings was to be in the annual Treasured Transport Parade, a ragged band followed in my footsteps to group up pre-parade at Washbrooks Farm Centre located on the south side of Hurstpierpoint. A chance to catch up and relax with coffee and cake from the café. A view to die for across the fields to the Devils Dyke and below Wolstonbury Hill, the Danny Estate hidden through the trees.

1pm finds us driving up the hill to the High Street in convoy to start the Festival, turning right to follow the Brighton & Hove City Brass Band through the High Street now packed with people, with both adults and children waving enthusiastically at the cars. Charlie Killick behind me, having driven all the way from Kent for the day. At a slow pace the band eventually led us onto the recreation ground to park up on the grass now soft and green following summers





ravages. I have to say, arriving was some relief as I find it slightly unsettling and embarrassing to be waving at folks as I am driving along.



There is plenty going on at the recreation ground with many happy people looking at the cars and enjoying the entertainment, bouncy castles, things to try and fair ground rides, a welcome contrast to rather more sombre events to come. After our fill of conversation and appreciation of the cars belonging to others on the green, Charlie and I strolled along the High Street to check out the sights, sounds and aromas coming from the stalls and pub's. Morris Dancers now filled the bus stop and shelter beside the village green, rhythmically jiggging and clashing sticks to assorted traditional instruments, a colourful sight to behold indeed. One such instrument was a Hurdy Gurdy, I had heard the name but never seen one before. Surrounded by Verbena, the lady playing this fine instrument kindly explained and demonstrated how it worked to those gathered around between dances.



Eventually, light refreshment was required so we adjourned to the New Inn, which has a wonderful atmosphere and heaving with people inside. Along with much of Hurstpierpoint High Street, the New Inn is certainly not new by any stretch of the imagination. A table in the garden was procured and yet more live music played whilst we sat





a while to enjoyed our drinks in the shade of a parasol. With the afternoon drawing to a close and crowds thinning in the Street outside, we returned to the recreation ground to find it still packed with people and children running all around enjoying the entertainment. A delightful cacophony of joy and noise



As is the way, all good things come to an end and Charlie and I departed with a wave good bye to the others, each going our separate ways. A very satisfying day, one of the many I have been lucky enough to enjoy this summer with my NG TA.

Dave Woolgar



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To Blebocraigs and back!

Like many of us, I've attended a number of 1 and 2 day classic car meets during the summer. On the strength of the weather looking good, I decided to take a week away in the TF. With my (almost) permanent navigator we set off at 6am one Friday morning, hood down, for the 450 mile trip from Egham to a lovely little hamlet near St Andrews called Blebocraigs. Why there you might ask, well it happened to be the residence of my Navigator's, architect friends, and an excellent base for local expeditions it turned out to be.

Using the A1M and partly a picturesque route suggested by our editor Chas, we arrived just after 4.30 that day. The V8 making the journey with ease.... and lots of petrol!

Our first visit was to Crail at the request of my 97 year old mother-in-law, Wyn. The reason, in 1941 it was where Wyn was posted as a conscript. Her role and 200 others was to train as bomb range markers. A really pretty little harbour town.



Our stay coincided with an art week in the small town of

Pittenweem. So many pop up art studios including temporary exhibitions. For example between the usual times of breakfast and lunch the local cafes and restaurants were made available for public viewing of art exhibits. We loved the day there.

There were also plenty of opportunity for walks. Our hosts took us on some really picturesque walks. Just sometimes it's rewarding to step out





of the car and explore a little on foot.

As with most holidays, the more fun you have so the faster goes the time, our stay in Blebocraigs was no exception. We planned the route back to take in the Holy Island of Lindisfarne (ensuring we worked out the low tide point for the road crossing), and on to Alnwick (pronounced Annick) where we spent time in the famous second hand book shop contained in Alnwick's old railway station.

The biggest and pleasant surprise on the return journey was the short stay in Newcastle. What a fabulous buoyant and friendly place. We took the opportunity to visit Harriet's son's public Art gallery and later in the day an after school art project in a deprived area also run by her son and a friend. There are some wonderful eateries in Newcastle to explore, good quality and very reasonably priced. It really is a place I would recommend you visit.

Still on the exploring theme, our next and final stop was to the Hepworth Gallery in Wakefield. For those interested in textiles and fabric design, this really is a must. Some exhibits were of gigantic proportions.



That almost concluded our week away....but it's an old car! During the final leg of the journey hot water began bubbling out of the top louvres of the V8's bonnet.

It turned out that the plastic expansion tank decided it was time to split!!! We managed to limp home stopping frequently to add coolant, well just water actually.

We made it home and thanks to our editor a bright and shiny new tank was dug out of his 'spares' garage and fitted. All in all a great time, helped considerably by the excellent weather.

John Watson

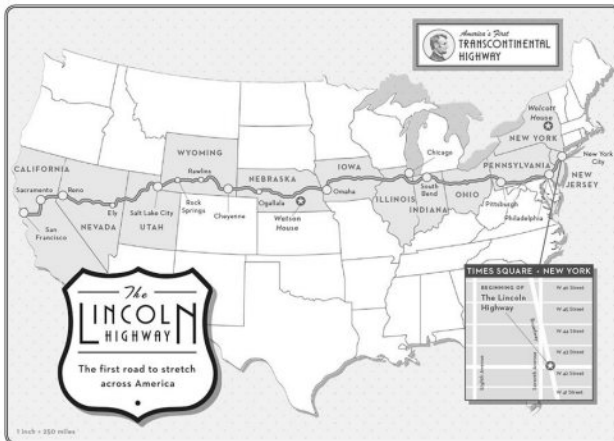


The Lincoln Highway by NG

The Plan is Hatched

I've always liked America, not necessarily the big brash "must see" bits, but the quieter smaller places that tourists often miss. My wife and I have toured there extensively, and even lived in California for a short period. After watching a documentary about Horatio Nelson Jackson, the first person to drive an automobile across the US in 1903, I suggested (whilst under the influence of drink) to my neighbour that it would be a fun idea to do something similar.

It's hard to imagine the US in the early years of the 20th century. There was no commercial air travel, if you wanted to travel long distances, you went by train. Cars were strictly for the wealthy, with only 4000 built in 1900, and apart from the major cities, roads were a patchwork of rough tracks. But with automobile ownership increasing rapidly, interest grew in defining routes across the continent. In 1913 the Lincoln Highway Association (LHA) was formed "to procure the establishment of a continuous improved highway from the Atlantic to the Pacific". Without government funding the group relied upon private donations (including Thomas Edison & Theodore Roosevelt) and local support. The highway was promoted as a means of increasing business, with towns and cities clamouring to be included on the official route.



The Lincoln Highway became "America's Main Street", a destination in its own right, with attractions such as the house in the shape of a boot, and



world's largest coffee pot, nestling amongst the multitude of hotels and eating places. Progress was swift and by the late 1920s the original LHA, it's work done, disappeared. The highway and the many other copycat routes that sprung up in its wake became the basis of the US road system still in use today.

In 1992 with growing interest in historic byways, a group of enthusiasts reactivated the LHA, the new organisation being dedicated to preserving and promoting the highway. Amongst its activities, the new LHA has run a number of rallies along the highway, and had one planned for the summer of 2022. This seemed like too good an opportunity to miss...

After a little basic planning, we concluded that at least a month was needed to travel length of the Lincoln Highway from Times Square to San Francisco. My wife Anne excused herself early on as the idea of such a journey in summer, with no air conditioning, did not appeal. Instead, I organised a relay team of three navigators, my neighbour (from the original drunken conversation), my son, and another friend from our village who had participated in some of my earlier crackpot schemes. Each would do a third of the trip, with handover days at convenient points en-route.

Getting to America

12th May and the journey begins for real... 1st leg from home in Lambourn to deliver the NG to Berth 40 at Southampton Docks. Looks like I'll be sharing the voyage with vast quantities of heavy earth movers and a vintage Rolls Royce.



18th May, the ship departs, bound for Baltimore....and the shipping agent confirms that the NG is on board!



27th May, Good morning, Baltimore!!!!!!! Confirmation that the ship has arrived at the docks.

2nd June, "Please be advised that your vehicle has been released by U.S. customs and can now be picked up from the port of Baltimore, MD."

All looks good so far! Only weird thing is that I apparently need a TWIC approved escort to be able to enter the port and collect the car. The name of the company suggested for this is A-1 Escort Services. I've tried to explain to the nice folks in Baltimore that "escort services" has a very different meaning in the UK....

Our first day in America was spent retrieving the car from the docks at Baltimore, with the invaluable help of Lou, from A1, to get through the port bureaucracy and the hurdles resulting from the heavily unionised dock labour



With the NG clear of the docks at last, we set off for New York some hours behind schedule. After an overnight stop at friends in Pennsylvania, a pleasant evening of reminiscing, and good food and wine, we carried on to start the big adventure.

The Lincoln Highway Part 1 - New York to Joliet, Illinois

The first part of the journey was the tour organised by the LHA, covering the Eastern Section of the highway, from New York to Joliet, Illinois. 30 cars gathered in New Jersey on Saturday evening, ready to start the run from Manhattan the next day. The touring party consisted mainly of veterans of previous pre-Covid LHA rallies, with cars ranging from a 1954 Packard to a brand new Corvette C8. They were somewhat bemused to find 2 Englishmen with a kit car in their midst, but curiosity quickly turned to comradeship.



In the US, if you have more than 5 vehicles in convoy you must have a police escort, so any idea of sticking with the pack was soon abandoned, and it was a somewhat staggered start the following morning, in steady rain. New York is not the easiest place in which to drive, even on a Sunday morning, with detailed instructions, and sat nav! Reaching Times Square, we couldn't see the official LH marker (it was hidden behind a construction hoarding) and I'm afraid I wasn't prepared to park up on the US equivalent of Piccadilly Circus to try and find it! But a lot of tourists got to take pictures of a strange car on UK number plates. Back through the Lincoln Tunnel and into New Jersey again, we soon stopped at one of the many historical markers on the route which also happened to have an uninterrupted view of the magnificent Manhattan skyline. An amazing way to start our journey.



At stops like this, we quickly realised how different the trip would have been in an "ordinary" car. Everywhere that we went people stopped to look, take pictures, ask questions or just simply nod in appreciation. Americans seem to love their cars, and take it as a personal challenge if they do not recognise a vehicle. Yes, we did have a few "is it a Morgan?" comments, but mostly they wanted to know how old it was and what was under the hood.

Navigation of the route is aided by various markers. The Lincoln Highway symbol was originally painted on telegraph poles, and bridges. In 1928, Boy Scouts planted 3000 concrete markers posts along the route, many of which are still in place. Today, the routes historical significance is





recognised by many states, and modern signs guide the traveller. In addition, a 10 year project by the current LHA has produced an online interactive map, to trace the different iterations of the route across the continent. Without it, I would either still be lost in the desert somewhere, or would have missed much of what is fascinating about the journey.

Much of New Jersey is built up and our route took us through endless towns and cities which seemed to merge into one. We visited the site of Thomas Edison's original research facility at Menlo Park. As much a shrewd business operator as a prolific inventor, he commercialised the light bulb and pioneered music recording with his phonograph.



Continuing south, we crossed the Delaware River into Pennsylvania, pausing to see the last remaining original Lincoln Highway state line marker. And then on into Philadelphia, where the route of the Lincoln Highway is now known as Roosevelt Boulevard or US Route 1. I'd visited Philly before, so we didn't stop to take in the sights, but started to head west. Once you are out of the cities and off the main routes, Pennsylvania is a very green and pleasant land, with great driving roads.

We headed for Intercourse in Amish country (no giggling thank you). Although now something of a tourist trap, the Amish continue to lead their simpler lives, driving their horse drawn buggies, seemingly indifferent to the visitors. Perversely, there is an excellent car museum in the centre of town.

A quick visit to Wheatlands, the home of President James Buchanan (the one prior to Lincoln), before the obligatory stop at the Haines Shoe House. Built by the head of the Haines shoe company in 1948, the 5 storey shoe house has at times been a guest house and an ice cream parlour.

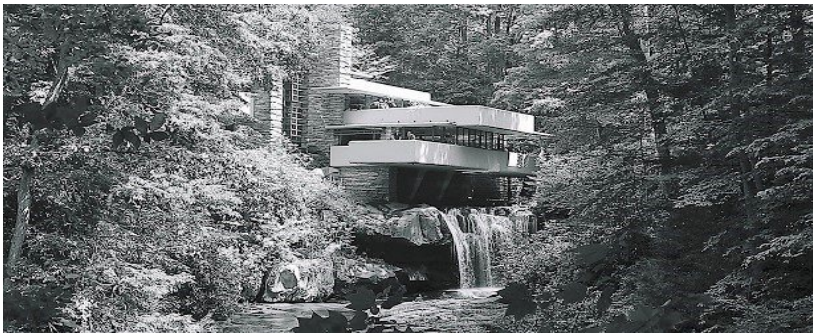


If you like American history, Gettysburg is a compulsory stop with battlefield sites and memorials all



around the town. I'd recommend the interactive diorama for a great overview before visiting the actual locations. We then headed up and over the Appellation Mountains before the long haul to Pittsburgh. Most poignant stop was the Flight 93 Memorial near Staystown, and the most ridiculous, the giant Coffee Pot in Bedford. Pennsylvania has done much to preserve and promote the Lincoln Highway with many murals and a Lincoln Highway experience centre.

My navigator Duncan, is an architect, so we detoured south to visit Frank Lloyd Wright's iconic Fallingwater. Smaller than expected, it nestles into the landscape.



More giant kitchenware at the World's Largest Tea Pot where the highway briefly strays into West Virginia before you cross into Ohio. Here we encountered our first stretch of original brick paving dating from 1919, but left in place when a more direct road was built in the 1940s.



Other Ohio highlights included breakfast in a classic car showroom, the bizarre collection at the Mansfield Historic Museum, and the President Warren G Harding house and library. We stayed in Lima, which our guest speaker at dinner described as "lost in middle America".

In Dyer, Indiana the tour stopped for a group photo at the monument to Henry C Osterman, one of the original pioneers of the Lincoln Highway, before heading on to Joliet, Illinois, where the group tour ended.



The Lincoln Highway Part 2 Joliet to Salt Lake City

Change of navigator; Duncan flew off to Toronto to meet up with his wife for a holiday (in far more luxurious accommodation) and my son Aiden flew in from London. Aiden doesn't drive and his navigation skills were largely unknown, but he did a cracking job for the next 2 weeks even though we had no manual to guide us, or other drivers to follow!

The actual route of the Lincoln Highway is a complex and sometimes baffling puzzle. In many towns and cities it soon became the main commercial thoroughfare, and as such was improved over the years, becoming unrecognisable, buried under modern freeways. Elsewhere, the original route was abandoned in favour of a more direct alternative and has all but disappeared into the landscape. But in many places the original route (or more accurately, routes) survives as a backroad which now carries little traffic, often parallel to the interstate or freeway that replaced it. Some stretches still have their original road surface, concrete, brick or compressed gravel. Driving these roads, especially with the hood down on the NG, it was possible to imagine what it was like to drive the Lincoln Highway in its early days.



We drove the short (and very ordinary) stretch of road in Plainfield where the Lincoln Highway and the famous Route 66 merge, before visiting the headquarters of the LHA in a restored "mom & pop" store in Franklin Grove. Into Iowa, and the iconic Lincoln Highway bridge in Tama, before another detour to the Dutch themed town of Pella, where the parents of one of Aiden's friends kindly lent us their house overnight. In Grand Junction, three iterations of the route (and the railway) cross



a small river within a few yards of one another.

From Iowa into Nebraska, with a stop in the delightful city of Omaha. Leaving the city on a 8 lane highway, the interactive map directed us through a small area of car dealerships, and then onto a pristine, deserted section of original LH brick paving. Within 200 yards, we had travelled from present day back to 1913. In Grand Island we also saw the



last remaining section of concrete paved "seedling" mile, unchanged since it was first laid.

The highway is not always straight, in places like the Gothenburg Stairstep, the original road zigzags for 20 miles following the grid lines of the existing fields, the price of buying the cooperation of the local farmers. Only when the government mandated the building of interstate freeways in the 1950s was a diagonal line drawn across the map.

Nebraska is not the most scenic state, mile after mile of flat cornfield, but in Cozad we passed the official half way point of the highway. We also visited Buffalo Bill's ranch in North Platte. On then into eastern Colorado (which is much the same as Nebraska!). In Sterling we picked up our puncture, and spent most of our first day in Denver getting it sorted. I'd ordered a spare inner tube before we left the UK, but unfortunately it arrived the day after we flew out. We put the spare on and headed for Denver, assuming that it would be easier to fix the problem in a large city. Sadly this was not the case, with most tyre dealers reporting that they hadn't fitted an inner tube for 20 years, or as one mechanic succinctly put it "whatever it is, it's a no". Salvation came in the form of a British sports car restoration company buried away in an industrial



estate who fitted a new tube. The place was a goldmine of MGs, Triumphs, and Jaguars etc. in various states of repair. The spare I d



ordered in the UK also arrived later, but needless to say we had no more tyre problems during the trip.

We also had a very entertaining and enlightening evening at a drag bingo restaurant (I blame Aiden). It was also in Denver where I managed to leave one of the car door panels on top of the roof, only for it to fall off with me driving 30-40 miles before realising that I didn't have it..... A very kind café owner (and former Austin Healey driver) searched the nearby roads and recovered it (thankfully undamaged) for me.



A word about American roads; a lot of them are in terrible condition, especially in the big cities. Combine this with some of the more obscure gravel or brick sections of the route that my navigators insisted I had to take, and the poor NG was being shaken to pieces. The bonnet hinge pin snapped, the bolts holding the headlights on had to be tightened regularly, and the glove box became literally unhinged. As driver my primary responsibilities were following the navigators' directions and



avoiding potholes, not necessarily in that order. More than once I feared for the health of my clenched teeth and the NG suspension as we plunged into yet another unavoidable abyss in the road surface.

From Colorado then into Wyoming, the most old-school "western" state of the trip. Small towns, and wide-open spaces.



And then down from the high prairie into Utah and Salt Lake City for our navigator handover. The city is an interesting blend, with the tranquil Mormon headquarters buildings mingling with the usual big city brashness. An odd place to be for July 4th, but we were able to join in with some properly local celebrations. My son Aiden disappeared to Portland, Oregon to visit friends and Adrian, my final navigator of the trip, flew in from the UK.....**To be Continued in the next issue**

Paul Strickland



Following his Montlhery adventures in Mr Toad, his trusty NG TA (see the Summer issue of *ChangiNGear*), Jeremy returned for further Continental adventures, this time in Mr Toad's stablemate Mole, an MG TD.

Liege-Brescia-Liege 2022 in an MG TD

I have been thinking about how to start this journal for the last couple of days, the memories of the event are already a couple of weeks old and I keep coming back to the same thing - Wow!

There really is no other way to sum up what we have just done than that.

I am sure you will all have heard of at least one of the famous rallies run by the Royal Motor Union of Liege. Liege-Rome-Liege (1931-1960) and Liege-Sofia-Liege (1961-1971) perhaps being the most known. However, in 1958 Liege-Brescia-Liege was run, specifically for cars up to 500cc and it was this route that we were to follow. Thankfully we did not have the gruelling schedule of the original event which was almost non-stop, but were going to take ten days to complete the challenge. Which I can assure you gave all those doing the rally a huge level of respect for the drivers in Fiat 500s, Berkeleys, BMW Isettas and Zundapps, to name but a few of the marques that took part in 1958.

Having had a number of MG's over the years, a 1929 M-type, a 1947 TC and a 1954 TF 1250, a TD caught my eye in March 2021. The TD was a newly repatriated car from California. It is a basically rust free, unrestored 1953 example with more sun damage than anything else. To cut a long story short it was soon in my garage! Shortly after buying the TD I came across an advert for the MG LBL, it was an event I had been interested in for a while and here it was presented to me again, so why not after all a jaunt through Europe with a group of MG owners, what could be more fun?

I contacted Malcolm McKay of Classic Rally Press (www.classicrallypress.co.uk), the event organiser, and asked about potential navigators and was quickly put in touch with members of the Victoria MG Owners Club on the west coast of Canada. A few emails and facetime calls later Stu Moore and I were signed up and preparation got underway in earnest.

July 2022 seemed to whiz around and all the arrangements were made to travel across the UK, hop on the EuroTunnel and motor across to Liege. The TD was weighed down with spares, tools and enough clothes for the



duration - and tea of course!

The trip to Liege was uneventful, the crossing smooth, and only the loss of a wheel trim to mourn (somewhere on the roads around Basingstoke). It was lovely to pull into the hotel car park in Liege and be greeted by Stu and a collection of MG's spanning six decades. The oldest car on the run was a 1949 TC of club members John and Sue Wylie and the newest a 2010 MG TF.

Once signed in Stu was soon pouring over the pile of maps, all supplied by Malcolm, and a route book that we were to learn to both love and hate. I went out to put the event stickers on and we were ready or at least we thought we were ready for the welcome dinner and a good night's rest before the challenge of the following ten days.



So how does it all work? The event centres of the road book. It contains the rules and how you lose points but is in the main a list of towns, more detailed directions in complicated sections and 110 photo control points. Photo controls are specific things like a sign post, a phone box or a church. The idea is that you check out at the start of the day within the allotted time window, use the route book to navigate to all the photo controls using the shortest route, take a photo at each control and check in at the end of day within the allocated time window. The time windows were generally quite generous although one or two were a challenge for the slower cars at least.

At 8am on the 7th July we collected our packed lunch and checked out of the hotel. Today's start was outside the City Hall, with all the infrastructure work going on in Liege this was the closest we could get to the original start point of the rally. As soon as the control opened we were flagged off, a very grand way to





start the day's activities with both the Belgian and UK flags being used, and we made the first turn in the correct direction - so no embarrassment there!

Although getting out of Liege with all the roads dug up and diversions in place wasn't easy. We soon had a couple of photo controls under our belts and were beginning to settle into the rhythm of rallying LBL style.

We saw the first and last rain of the trip as we cruised south east wards through Belgium. Belgium, it has to be said, had the worst road surfaces of the trip. And when wet - very slippery! We did resort to putting the hood up for a short while, not something any T-type owner likes to admit but there is photographic evidence!



The last photo control of the day was a picture on the Rhine Ferry that runs across at Leimersheim and then a short run to the Kartbahn Liedolsheim for a special stage and the close of the day's events. The special stage was a drive around the kart track to see how close we could get to the "bogey" time of 76.3 sec which was nominally a 50 kph average with a flying start. Stu and I discussed tactics and decided that we would not go above 55 kph and then be slightly faster than the set time. We lined up with a few other cars and felt quite relaxed about the whole thing. Our turn came and we were flagged off, accelerating hard the TD swung around the first corner, then the tight second, with a little bit of sideways action going on, the Blockley cross ply tyres gripping well. We reached the short straight section and Stu casually said we have not hit 50kph yet! What we thought was a 55 kph cruise had turned into a full on as fast as we could "lap of the track" without going off! I mean we had not even unloaded the luggage! To cut a long story short we took 90.05 seconds against the target of 76.3, other than unloading the car there was no way we could have gone faster. But hey, we still had big grins on our faces.





Day one was over, we had driven 300 miles, bagged all the photo controls, checked in and out within the time slots and only lost a few points on the special test. Not bad for a novice crew who had only met the day before.

Day two was hard work, complicated navigation and whilst not as far distance wise tested our metal. The day ended with a run into Munich to the BMW museum and quite an early check in. We realised some 60 miles out that checking in on time would be a challenge for us, so we raced on, got all the photo controls and then headed for Munich. What we didn't know was that traffic in Munich was pretty much at a standstill due to a Guns and Roses concert. Messages flashed up on the LBL WhatsApp hot line saying things were getting difficult. But we could still make it and were within spitting distance when the organisers took the decision to cancel the check in at the museum. Whilst disappointing after our massive effort to get to the control on time and collect all the photos, we totally understood and diverted off to the hotel.

The first challenge of day three was getting out of the underground car park. Gosh the ramp was steep and with a cold engine the TD did not want to play. Having failed the first time, not aided by an automatically opening door that wasn't triggered to open until you got most of the way up, we took a run up and the second attempt resulted in liberation and the start of the day that would see us cross Austria and finish up in Italy.

The second control of the day was a railway station (Bahnhof) but we came unstuck along with most others as road works had put a diversion in place. Soon a collection of MG's was milling around and we collectively pounced on a cyclist who took pity on us. It must have been quite a sight, a cyclist followed by four or five MG's weaving its way through the town. But after expressing our thanks and snapping the photo we waved our knight on his pedal-powered stead goodbye and headed off looking for the next control, which we never found, in the maze of roads and gravel tracks, but we came across the fourth control in the process. So down 20 points for a missed control we continued on.

Whilst we were all competing against each other, as the rally went on we seemed to come across the same people each day, and were able to have little chats along the way. Often competition gave way to helping each other out or travelling in convoy for a bit on the basis that four heads



are better than two. But whatever direction we were going in Jo and Johnny could be relied upon to be going in the opposite direction in their modern MGF, only to zoom back past moments later!

My main memory of day three was the mountains looming and getting closer and closer until we were amongst them. The first big climb was the Brenner Pass at 1375m. But how magnificent the Dolomites are, excitement built as we got off the big roads and started work our way deeper into Italy. Our hotel for the night was the Grand Hotel Misurina. This hotel was used as a control site during the 1958 rally. While the hotel was only at around 1300-1400m the climb up was steep and this resulted in quite long stretches in first and second gear. Malcolm was taking photos of the cars as they climbed up. He said to me after "I thought I heard a light aircraft and was looking around for it and then there you were!"

Minsurina is a stunning location, with a lake and mountains surrounding the hotel. It is only a short distance from Cortina but that wasn't on our route. The underground car park once again represented a challenge and two goes were needed to escape it but unlike the newer cars we didn't have ground clearance problems at the top. I did take the opportunity here to lean the carburettors off a little as we were now firmly in mountain territory and the car had been tuned at sea level.



Day four was a day of passes - Passo di Mauria (1298m) Passo di Nevea (1190m) and Passo Del Predil (1156m). Some of these were steep and narrow and this, plus the ambient temperature being in the mid thirties, started to show up some issues with hot oil pressure in the TD. We started to stop more regularly to cool down a habit that was to continue for the rest of the trip.



We missed one control despite



being on the right road and in the right place but found all the others so had another 20 points to add to our total.

We drove on into Slovenia, dipped headlights are required here. A few more photo controls, the sign for Kranj, the old steel works after Jesenice and a beautiful stone buttressed wall that we were surprised to see on the road we were on as we were convinced we had made a wrong turn!

Wrong turns were a part of the event and we made most around 3pm - it became a sort of joke in the car "it must be 3pm" as the heat and tiredness began to take effect.

The mountains receded as we dropped down into Ljubljana and parked the cars in the central square. I was overwhelmed by the public reaction. The cars were swamped with young and old alike. There were loads of questions and interest and everyone was so welcoming and proud of their nation.

We had a rest day in Ljubljana which was much needed. I took the opportunity to adjust the brakes, clean and re-gap the spark plugs, grease the front suspension and generally tinker with the car, including checking that the carburettor float bowls had not come loose again. A problem that John had on the TC as well. The TD had served us well so far and had been a delight to drive, tackling everything we threw at it, just the persistent low oil pressure to worry us. After this there was time to explore the city which is beautiful.

The Dragon Bridge was a highlight for me, as well as searching out a "burek" as suggested by my cousin. A burek is a traditional filo pastry filled with various things and knotted into different shapes. The one I had was spinach and feta cheese and it was totally delicious.



The rest day also enabled other cars to get fixed. Several had not liked the headlight loads and alternators were needed (one not charging and



one overcharging). The dynamo cars seemed to cope better for some reason. Ongoing water pump issues on an MGA and a disintegrated clutch thrust (throw out) bearing on Colin and Robin's MGB. Local contacts helped us and the alternators got rebuilt overnight. And after scouring Ljubljana for clutch parts, Anglo Parts in Treviso were paid a visit by the latter two. It took a bit longer to remove the engine and replace the clutch, but both cars were able to rejoin the rally in Brescia.

Day 6 started well, picking up multiple photo controls as we drove westwards from Ljubljana. One church proved difficult to find and we criss-crossed the area looking for it successfully. There is always that lovely moment of "we've found it" with the more difficult controls, sometimes amazement and surprise thrown in as well! Some of the controls looked a bit different from the photos in the route book, a cabin that was now white rendered rather than wooden, a sign that had changed or a restaurant that was now closed or repurposed.

Again many passes were climbed, using our now tried and tested approach of climb a bit, stop to cool, then go again. After Udine, we climbed Passo di San Osvaldo (827m) Passo Staulanza (1763m), Passo di Pordoi (2239m) and finally Passo di Costalunga (1745m).

These were all warm ups for the Stelvio the next day.

Having driven 246 miles in the day we were pleased to see the hotel and the finish control. We stayed in what Stu and I agreed was the loveliest hotel of the trip, the Hotel Adler. Not everyone was lucky enough to stay here as we were such a large group, but it was an amazing rustic building that had once been a wood mill. As people came to get their wood sawn up they stopped for a drink and food and some stayed overnight. In turn the staying overnight proved more profitable than sawing wood and the mill gave way to the hotel. Run for generations by the same family. There is a super photo in the reception area taken in the 1950's I think with a sole Fiat Topolino parked outside. The Fiat was owned by the hotel and used as a taxi to collect guests.





Day 7, dawned and with the oil topped up and the luggage stowed, we set off on a route that would take us across the Stelvio (2757m) and the Gavia (2621m) and then down into Brecisa. Navigation was easier in the mountains than in the towns and gave us the chance to enjoy our surroundings more. We topped up the petrol tank in Silandro, the TD proving a rarer car than a Ferrari, as four near identical Ferraris were taking advantage of the 100 octane fuel for their climb. They had motored down from Germany that day as the weather was nice!

The Stelvio is a magnificent road, but can be very busy, more motorbikes and cyclists than cars. I am pleased to report we weren't overtaken by any cyclists! However, there were long stretches in second gear and some shorter bits in first, particularly if we had got caught up with another vehicle on a hairpin that robbed our momentum.



At the top we had a celebratory Coca-Cola and as it was so busy headed back down, which was way more fun for us as you can drive between hairpins and a quick dab on the brakes, swing round and off to the next one. Some of the newer cars boiled brake fluid and smoked their brake pads on the descents. However, I was massively impressed with the standard twin leading shoe brakes on the TD, they got warm but never hot and showed impressive power in slowing us when needed.

After the Stelvio in Bormio we took a left turn and were soon climbing again. The Gavia was much quieter but the road surface was less good and far fewer safety barriers were in place. But an amazing drive nonetheless. There is a lovely lake at the top too. The descent was fun, at times the narrow road caused some scary moments, and the lack of barriers made you think hard about speed and road placement. You can tell by how few pictures we have that we were very focused on safety! As we came down off the mountain and onto the flatter ground leading to Brescia the heat began to mount. Whilst the lake at Iseo helped manage temperatures we were pretty exhausted when we saw Johnny waving us into the service road where we grouped up for the police escort into the centre of Brescia. Happily we were on time and had bagged all the control photos.to be continued in the next issue

Jeremy



Farewell from Claus & Gabriele (from an e-mail to John Hoyle)

Dear John Hoyle,

We have not had an NG in our possession for some time.

We were looking for a good one, preferably built by you. Hubert Regenscheit and a classic car dealer in Aachen (Willi Rauschen) unfortunately beat me to it and now, after the Brexit, it is difficult to get a registration or even a technical inspection here. Also, in the foreseeable future we will get severe restrictions in the area of carburettor vehicles without catalytic converter. So we will have fond memories of our NG of yesteryear. They are very nice cars, but we will concentrate on our "family car", our Jaguar XK 140 DHC, which we have had for 34 years now and which we will probably only drive on special occasions, even with special licence plates.

Although we will continue to follow the activities of the NG Owners Club, we will unfortunately leave the club at the end of the year.

I would like to thank you for the always very friendly and helpful open manner and the always open arms for all questions.

We wish the NG-Owners Club and its members many relaxed kilometres with the beautiful NGs and good health for the future. This also applies to the growing German NG community.

With best wishes for the future and continued active club life.

With kind regards,

Gabriele and Claus Stauch, Mainz (Nr.1630)



Sorry that you are leaving but pleased that you have happy memories of your NG.

I hope that you have many years of happy motoring in your XK140



Charlie (Editor)



Technical Matters

HOW FAST WERE YOU GOING SIR?

Problems with speedos and compatibility came up on the NG Facebook page a while ago, so I thought it worthwhile to take a fresh look at the subject for those readers who may be new to our favourite cars. As the saying goes; "Old gold, is still gold".

It is pretty obvious that it is to our advantage to have the speedo fitted to your car accurately indicating the speed you are going and the distance you are travelling. Correct speedo calibration can be an area that is often overlooked by the car building enthusiast, particularly in years past. These days, with the introduction of more stringent testing and proliferation of speed cameras and smart motorways restricting the open road that we desire, it is vital to know how fast we are going.

Since writing my original article on this subject over twenty-five years ago, we have devices that aid or can back up the original Smiths analogue instruments that most of us use in NG's. I know a number of people that rely on a cheap battery- operated GPS unit stuck to the top of the dashboard and must admit I was quite astonished to find them on Ebay for under sixteen pounds! The other alternative is that most Sat Navs display your current speed, although this indication can be quite small and you need to take your eyes off the road to see it. However, both are useful tools in establishing if your vehicle speedo is accurate. For example; my own speedo head which was calibrated using the method I shall go on to describe, reads around three to four miles per hour slower at seventy miles per hour than is indicated on my Sat Nav.

However, I believe that the instrument permanently fitted to the vehicle should be your primary speed indicator.

If you have changed the wheel and tyre size from that of a standard donor car, or fitted different head to the speedo drive combination in the gearbox, or changed the rear axle ratio, this will affect the accuracy of the speedo reading and it will require professional re-calibration by an instrument specialist. This is quite easy to do and not especially expensive when compared to a speeding fine or points on you licence. For a modest charge a number of companies can perform this work for you and offer a mail order service. Not only that, they can refurbish your instruments and provide screen printing if you want a change of colour or style on the face of your gauges. They could even change your rev counter face to Kermit green with markings that say BANG at 7,000 rpm



as I once saw on a highly modified mid mounted V6 Beach Buggy. So a crusty old speedo that has been mouldering away in an MGB donor for years has the chance of being returned as a pristine instrument with which to grace your dashboard.

The How to Bit

Set the tyre pressures and find a level surface on which you can easily roll your car forward by hand.

Measure the distance between the rear hub centre and the road surface. Write this measurement down and make a chalk mark on the bottom of the tyre as a reference point.

Remove the speedo cable from the back of the instrument and drop it down below the dash.

Make a pointer to push onto the end of the inner cable. (A decent paper clip is quite good for this exercise).

Push the car forward six complete revolutions as indicated by the chalk mark on the tyre at the same time noting the number of revolutions and part thereof that the inner speedo cable makes. Note this number down and repeat several times to confirm accuracy or your recording.

Parcel the instrument up together with your recorded numbers and send it off to the instrument specialist.

DO NOT do this by jacking the car up, it will provide an inaccurate set of figures.

I must give credit to Speedy Cables who calibrated my speedo many years ago. They have moved to Wales since then but still offer the same great service and provide lots of information on their web site including a form you can download to carry out the above checks and record the figures you take down. (Life is just so easy these days). Check out: www.speedycables.com

They also make cables. This can often cause builders trouble if the donor handbrake, speedo, heater control cable is not suitable for the car being built as it is too long or too short. It is often more prudent to have a bespoke cable made to your specification than compromise and mess around with an old one that is not working out for you

So, there you have it, a simple solution to a problem that is often unadvisedly ignored by some builders.

Dave Woolgar



Here we have for sale my NGTF

I have owned the car for the last 3 years. When bought the car (which is tax) was described as roadworthy, but for me, not to an acceptable level, so i had the following work done:

1. brakes refurbished, including the addition of a servo unit
2. electrics overhauled, some rewiring, electronic ignition installed, new o/d switch, and solenoid
3. carbs stripped and refurbished (by Ron Harper) and engine tuned
4. cooling system refurbed new hoses etc, new thermo-static fan and controller
5. steering col refurbished
6. fuel tank sender replaceed, also fuel cap and pipe
7. new battery

The car is a delight, the pictures do not do it justice, it also comes with hood, sidescreens and tonneau cover. The only bad points are the scuff on the front wing and some micro-blistering on the rear offside wing (cant be seen from 2 meters away) and, as of today, the horn refuses to work.

I am selling with regret, but the car is no longer practicable for me.

Mike Forrest 07792546867 - located in North Yorks - looking for **£7500** ono



NG TF for Sale

NG kit car, Registered as NG TF, Maroon
MGB roadster donor, 1800 engine,
Overdrive gearbox,
Stainless steel petrol tank and exhaust.
Wire wheels,
Soft top in good condition, pannier,
Not currently running as carburettors need attention,
Last running in 2008.



Price **£6500**

Contact: Malcolm Bast

Email bastmalcolm@yahoo.com Phone 02380326147



NGTA for sale



It is in the midst of refurbishment and has had a lot of new parts fitted chassis has been off and is as solid as a rock, all ancillarys are there, just needs someone with more time than me to finish it off

Selling at a reasonable price of **£3500**

Phone Peter on 07811 092476. Location is Ashton In Makerfield, Wigan.





NG TF Body for Sale

Unused NG TF Fibreglass body tub and wings, aluminium bonnet panels but no nose.

Stored 20 years so a bit dusty but otherwise as new.

Offers to Alan Goodbun: 07340 836979

Located near Dover





The NG Anthem to the tune of 'God Save the Queen' (or the King!)

Scouring the ads online,
Hoping for something fine,
Buying NGs
Heaps of junk over-priced,
Too far away, not nice,
Cheaper to roll the dice,
Buying our NGs

Grimy rags, spanners lost,
Summer heat, winter frost,
Building NGs
Engine, wheels, body, spring,
Can't seem to start the thing,
We alternately curse and sing,
Building our NGs

Exploring hill and dale,
To and from Europe sail,
Driving NGs
Polished and shining bright,
Turning heads left and right,
Pleasure both day and night,
Driving our NGs!

By Audrey Bailey

Just the thing to sing at NG Christmas gatherings



NGOC
Christmas Meal
4th December 2022
BEST WESTERN
REIGATE MANOR HOTEL

Best Western Reigate Manor Hotel is on the A217 only 1 mile from junction 8 on the M25. The address is Reigate Hill, Reigate RH2 9PF.

01737 240125

Meet in 'The Study' Bar from 11:30 am
Lunch in The Garden Room 1pm

We need to know numbers as soon as possible and if you wish to attend it would be appreciated if you could contact me to check availability

Please email rayboulton744@btinternet.com or phone me on 020 8949 1065.

Any problems on the day my mobile number is 07752 721121.

Menu is on the next page and I would ask you to forward me your menu selection and cheque for £29.00 per person, made payable to NG Owners Club. Alternatively BACS sort code 40-24-22 Account No. 41034065 NG Owners Club and please use your surname as a reference.

Regards

Sue Boulton

5 College Gardens

New Malden

KT3 6NT



REIGATE MANOR
SURREY

NG OWNERS CLUB
FESTIVE LUNCH
SUNDAY 4TH DECEMBER 2022
1pm

Starters

Winter vegetable soup with a hint of chilli, garlic croutons (v, ve, gf, df)
Chicken, ham and cranberry pâté, toasted ciabatta, spiced chutney (gf, df)
Prawn and crayfish cocktail, Bloody Mary dressing (gf, df)

Mains

Sliced turkey with all the trimmings
Oven baked salmon with tomato and basil sauce (gf, df)
Garlic and herb pork tenderloin (gf, df)
Vegetable Wellington (v, ve, gf, df)
All served with roast potatoes and seasonal vegetables

Desserts

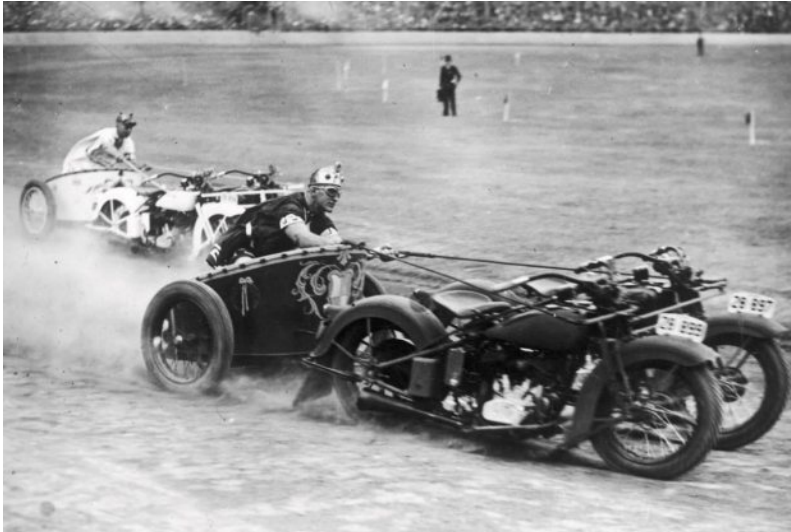
Christmas pudding with brandy sauce (ve, gf, df)
Apple and cinnamon sponge with salted caramel sauce, vanilla ice cream
Chocolate cheesecake with lemon crème fraîche
Coffee and mini mince pies

When sending your menu selections please advise meal selection against each person as this helps me and the also the hotel who usually supply place cards with the menu for each guest



And finally

From a time long ago, in a land far away

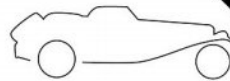


Not sure who the official looking gent with the briefcase might be

(Any contributions of photos and/or amusing articles from the motoring past for 'And finally' gratefully received at ngoceditor@gmail.com)

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The following are the current lines :

- Sweatshirt L, XL (temporarily No Stock) £14.00 + £3.00 p&p*
 - Polo Shirt S, M, L, XL £12.00 + £3.00 p&p*
 - T-Shirts M, L, XL £9.00 + £3.00 p&p*
 - Baseball Cap (navy) £9.00 + £1.50 p&p*
 - Beanie (navy) £8.00 + £1.50 p&p*
 - NG Car Badges (unpainted) (temporarily No Stock) £20.00 + £3.00 p&p*
 - Brollies (last few) £22.00 (only at The Rally)
 - Fleeces (temporarily No Stock)
- Logos are in contrasting Silver or Black

- all available from Mark Staley

7 Loxley Close, Oakwood, Derby, Derbyshire DE21 2PU
 Tel: 01332 723927 or 07711 124153 Email: mark.staley2@ntlworld.com

*p&p charge up to a maximum of £6.00 per order

Please state size/colour, and make cheques payable to NG Owners Club

Front	Cover Photos	Back
The Lincoln Highway—Nebraska	Team NG at Hotel La Marina, Caudebec on the Caux Retro trip	
	Lonely at Newark	
The Lincoln Highway—Elkhorn	Saturday	Sunday
	Hurst	Dogmersfield
	Festival	Village Fete
		The Lincoln Highway—Colorado

