

Monthly Newsletter November 2020

Welcome to dreary November, short days and long nights, but it'll soon be Christmas and a new year and the days will start to get longer again. Once again there is not a lot to report on motorsport, our roving reporter Nigel Cowling attended the Camel Vale trial on October the 18th which had a good entry and was well run, with thanks to those involved in running it. Congratulations to Darren Ruby and family on his class 3 win, classes 1,2,3, were put in one class, Darren had also won his class on a recent Exmoor trial, there's no stopping him!

The recent bulletin from Motorsports UK has confirmed that all Non-elite motorsport is postponed until early December, no surprises there, it won't affect me as I know all too well that I am not a member of the "Elite" establishment. For motorcyclists the ACU has released a similar bulletin.

The MCC Exeter Trial in early January has reached its full entry list anyone wanting an entry will now be put on the reserve list. M.A.C. will be hosting the Clee Hills Trial on Sunday the 24th of January, the event will be open to competitors on 2,3 and 4 wheels. Covid 19 rules/restrictions will apply, all cars must have a passenger.

So now over to our club President Robin Moore

Alvis and the other lady in my life part 6

The jubilee tour took us as far North as Dundee, where provisions had been made for a two night stay at the Salutation Hotel. This was arranged in order to give the 34 full car participants a break, and to celebrate with a number of seats who had by this time joined up with us. A Gala Dinner had been arranged for the second evening of our stay, after having had a free day. The free day saw people heading out in different directions. Some headed for the highlands in search of snow, but for ourselves, we decided to explore the "Road to the Isles" as immortalised by Harry Lander's recording. I remember it being a particularly hot day and we quenched our thirst at the inn at the head of Loch Rannoch before resting in the shade of the pine trees lining the shore, before returning to Dundee.

The Gala Dinner was quite something, continuing into the early hours following midnight. The wine flowed freely and yours truly was not alone in being somewhat inebriated. After breakfasting the next morning, I think most of us were not fully alert. I recall driving to the official BP filling station to refuel and receive our daily 5 gallons of free spirit before returning to the hotel to collect our ladies. I headed back but lost my direction and found that I was at the approach to the bridge over the Firth of Tay, and heading out of town, and impossible to turn around. Stopping at the toll I explained to the jovial Scot on duty that I didn't wish to cross the bridge just yet as I needed to collect my wife first. His reply was

“That’s what they’ve all said”. And with a broad grin on his face moved the cones separating the traffic lane and invited me to do a U turn.

This jubilee event was to finish at the home of Alvis in Coventry and we headed southwards via Cumbria and the coastal road as far as Ravenglass where I turned inland to follow the line of the narrow gauge steam railway which follows the Eskdale Valley. Continuing further along the very narrow road one comes to the very steep (2.5 in 1) Hardnott Pass on the seaward side of the Furness Fells. Some years earlier I had tackled the Wrynose Pass that begins at Shelwith Bridge not far from Ambleside, and rises from Little Langdale to the same summit. In those far off days those minor roads were quite rough in parts and consisted purely of broken stone and gravel and only rarely used by motor vehicles. I had previously driven the Wrynose Pass , against local advice, with my 1938 series 3 Morris, rough yes, but the gradient not too severe. But Hardnott is a different “kettle of fish”. I remember breathing a sigh of relief when reaching the top in my Alvis that I had not been or forced to make a restart. Marjorie and I stopped for a while on the fells after making the climb, and were later joined by two or three others who chose to follow the same road. And I thought we were alone in this vast wilderness. I must admit we were very pleased to see them, none of us at the time had the means of modern communication which we all take for granted these days, should we have had a problem and needed emergency assistance.

We eventually found ourselves at the penultimate day of this tour as we headed for Hereford, the last overnight stop of this marathon of an event. By this time we had been joined by a large number of Alvis from the Midland and Southern areas of the club, and the two Trust Houses in Hereford had been reserved to accommodate everyone. The Green Dragon and the City Arms, the former having a large secure underground parking facility for our exclusive use, and what a sight that was. Someone remarked that he hoped adequate insurance was in place, but we were sure that all individual owners would have been fully covered by their own policies. After all, every car was in a secure locked building, and security, and security personnel on site whilst we were there.

RHTM

to be continued

Information Request - I received this from Richard Kinver together with some photos below seeking information on his father's Dellow:-

Hi
I'm wondering if you can help!
My father, John Kinver, competed in NCMC events in the early sixties, I have replica trophies of his, including a Fulford Cup tankard from 1962.
He has always said he had and competed in Dellow, but I've since established it wasn't a Standard Dellow, if a Dellow at all!
I'm keen to find out if there are any archives for the NCMC which may list Dad and the car he entered in, do you know, or know anyone might know please?
To add to the story I have recently tracked down, what I believe is, Dad's car and bought it back with the plan to recommission it and competed in it (at present I competed in an X90 and did the President's Trial today) and need to establish some facts around Dad's car to get its registration back.
Many thanks and kind regards,
Richard Kinver.



I think I have to concede (concede, word of the week) that Lockdown has finally got to me, last night I found myself repairing a puncture on a wheelbarrow of all things. We seem to have somehow collected a larger than average quantity of them, five to be precise. It's not all my fault, we have a very large garden so it's quite common to be using more than one at

the same time but how we actually got to five I'm not sure, they seem to just keep turning up, a bit like stray kittens, little notes on them, please look after this wheelbarrow. One of them is a rebel, it's not painted green like the rest but finished in galvanise grey.

Anyway I quickly remove the offending wheel and take it to the garage workbench, get the tyre levers out of the Dellow and commence battle. At first things seem to go ok, let the last remnants of air out of the tube, then lever one side of the tyre off, attempt to extricate inner tube, valve stuck, remove other side of tyre and finally its off. Once the tyre is cleaned of all debris I decide the best plan is to fit a new tube, I have several scooter ones but on inspection these are all too big, scooter tube 10 inch, wheelbarrow tube 8 inch. Check old tube for leak in bowl of water, no bubbles so maybe it was just the valve after all, treat it to a new valve, yes looks promising, all I have to do now is refit tyre and tube to rim.

ALL, ALL ? have you ever tried it, it's like herding eels. For a start it won't keep still so you chase it around the bench attempting to lever the first part of the tyre over the rim, after various other items on the bench have made a break for freedom onto the floor, the first side is done. So next it's fit tube inside without damaging it, this fit is more snug than a baby Koala in its mother's pouch, trying to get both my hands inside the tyre to direct the tube in place with the valve in its hole seemed to take forever, but once the skin is removed from all my knuckles it's there. So now I have to gently ??? Fit the other side of the tyre onto the rim without puncturing the inner tube, I have three tyre levers but only two hands, it's Sunday night and the Octopus has the night off, shame, eight hands would have been useful. After a few failed attempts I work out that if I stand on an up turned bucket I can hold one of the levers in place with my belt buckle (still around my waist) giving me two hands free, this did look as if it might work until the lever held in place by my buckle gave way under the strain, taking a downward trajectory, its impact with my lower region causing me to fall off the bucket, when I got back to my feet all swearing was done three octaves higher !

Eventually the b***** thing was fitted and pumped up, I retired to the house and vowed that next time I would buy one of the non puncturing £15 alternatives on that well known auction site, fortunately this morning it was still holding air.

In future I'll stick to the trials car and scooters.

All for this month J.T.

Please feel free to contribute

billjan299@gmail.com