

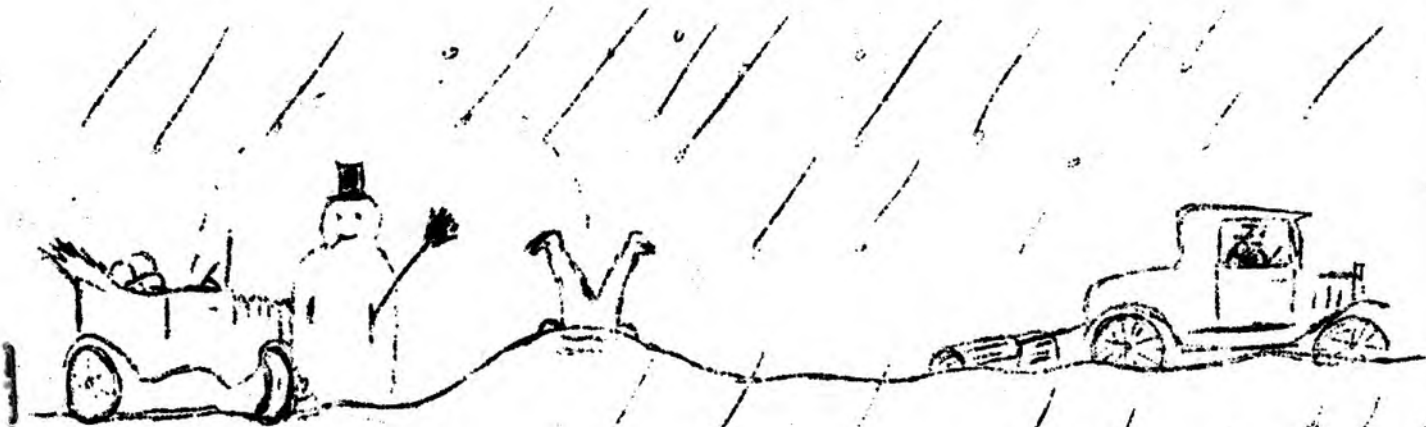
HOOES NEWS.



CHRISTMAS



SPECIAL



1926



I.

HOOES OLD MOTOR CLUB.

HEADQUARTERS: THE RED LION, HOOE.

MEETINGS: FIRST FRIDAY EVERY MONTH.

CLUB OFFICIALS.

CHAIRMAN AND FOUNDER

Cp. Capt. Wyndham Welch.
'Pirtrees' 28 Dane Road,
St. Leonards-on-sea.
Sussex.

HON. SECRETARY.

David Hance,
4 Beauport Home Farm Cottis;
Battle Road, St. Leonards,
SUSSEX.

TREASURER.

Peter Honisett,
202, St. Helens Road,
Hastings,
SUSSEX.

COMMITTEE

Bob Poynter,
10, St. Georges Road,
Bexhill,
SUSSEX.

Dave Colthan,
Redfern Cottage,
East Mountain Lane,
Kennington, Ashford,
KENT.

RALLY COMMITTEE.

David Hance.

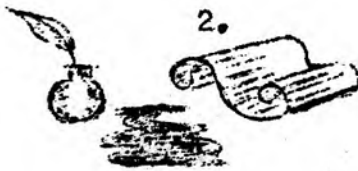
Bob Poynter.

Francis Fowler,
14a, Dane Road,
St. Leonards.
SUSSEX.

John Powys,
7, St. Marys Terrace,
Hastings,
Sussex.

HONORY MEMBERS.

Keith Barton. Landlord of the Red Lion.
Prince Marshall. Editor of 'Old Motor'.
John Jones. of Charringtons.



First of all a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year to one and all.

As you may gather from this Christmas special newsletter, articles from members has improved, but more are still required to keep up the standard for future editions. Perhaps wives or girlfriends would care to contribute, commenting possibly on the advantages or otherwise of old car mad better halves.

With the price of petrol now being what it is and likley to be even higher very soon a few ideas or hints on fuel economy to help keep our vintage motoring costs down next year would be useful.

In the next issue the first part of an article on Sunbeam racing history will appear.

My thanks to members who have so far contributed to our newsletter.

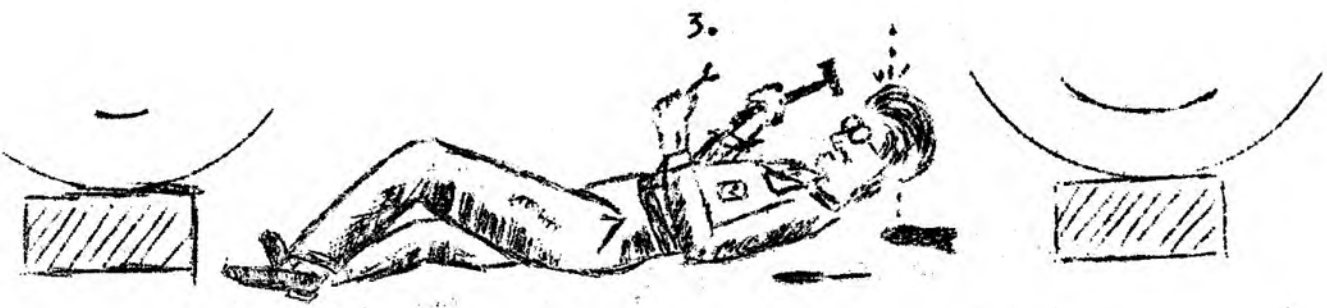
CLUB MEETINGS.



FRIDAY 3RD JAN. We begin the new year with our annual nosh up. Good food, good wine and good company. So roll up and forget the troubles of the old year and lets begin the new with a goodly turnout of members.

FRIDAY 7th FEB. It is hoped to have a lecture on Austin Sevens by Mike

FRIDAY 7th MARCH Hodgson, an expert on the subject at one of the meetings. The other one will probably be films or a lecture on period motoring costume.



RESTORING A 1934 MORRIS OXFORD SIXTEEN.

BY DAVE THORNTON.

Well, I imagine that the average persons idea of restoring a vintage car, is of a happy cheerful person, whistling away tinkering with his pet. But how much of this is reality, what of the swearing and blinding bits when all goes wrong.

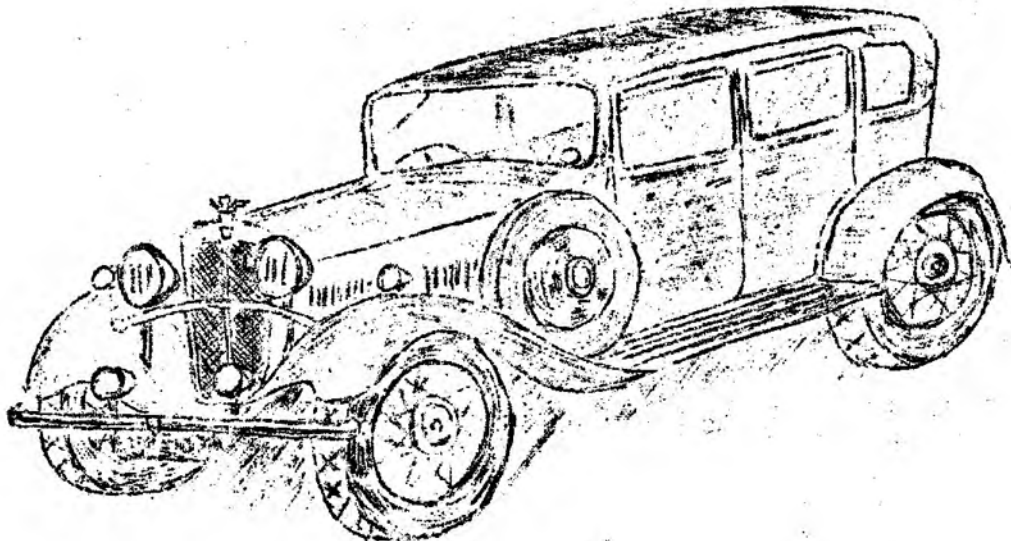
Getting under the car can be a dirty dangerous buisness, especially if your down a pit and your partner working above drops a spanner. Inspecting hydraulic hoses with someone ~~pressing~~ the pedal can get you an eyeful of unpleasant liquid. That unattached wire can swing across the chassis spraying sparks everywhere. How many trousers have I split on those old bumpers, catching the turnups unavoidably. After a days work I surface filthy from head to foot, bad tempered and disagreeable longing for a pint.

Well, the other Sunday at last she was ready for a test, all sixteen feet of Morris Oxford Sixteen. Get in the seat, right - startex or non startex - hm! well we have no key so it will have to be automatic starting. Automatic or non automatic clutch, try automatic for fun.- half charge or full charge for dynamo- full charge, right. What ignition setting? - full retard I think. What throttle? - two thirds closed, - free wheel locked off? yes, choke out ready to go at last. Ten minutes has elapsed since getting in - all these decisions, wearing. Oh dear starter motor won't turn off - thought so, no dynamo charge. Turn off. Startex restart. It's that third brush again, hm

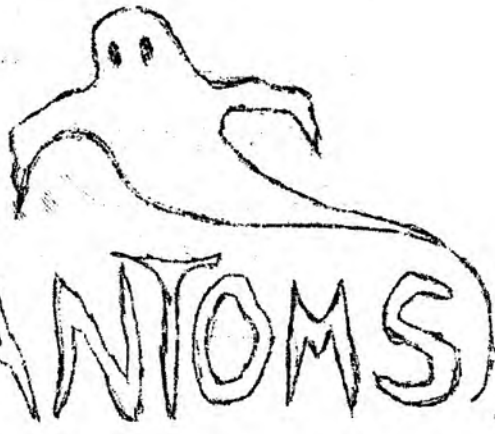
clutch out of adjustment, - adjust.- Now the Bendix automatic clutch needs adjustment,- it will have to wait (temper rising). Which is first gear ? ah, were away. A very slow pickup from awet cork lined clutch - smooth though. Not used to this central accelerator pedal- nor to the clutch pedal moving up and down with a loud sucking noise on its own.

Stalling the car and hearing it start itself is a novelty. The thermal shutters are not fully opening on the radiator,- needs a spring I expect. Now whats wrong? After the test run the ignition lights not working and the rings stuck toget at the bulb - silencer leaks, petrol leak at carburettor, hydraulic hose split, numerous adjustments and a quarter of an inch gap above a door. What can one expect after an overhaul of a forty year old car.

Well after eighteen months work a lot of money, £40 alone for glass rubber and paint, has it all been worth it? Well I have a beautiful car - long bonnet, narrow, real leather upholstery , spare wheel in the wing, foot stools, picnic table and real inlaid wood trim, plus a host of novel gadgets. Yes, it certainly was worth it and I look forward to running it.



HIGHWAY PHANTOMS



A SEASONAL DISCOURSE ON SOME SPECTRE'S OF THE ROAD.

While driving along deserted roads at dead of night have you ever wondered if roads are haunted. Castles, abbeys and houses have a considerable number of phantoms, apparitions and ghosts, therefore logically our ancient highways should have their fair share. According to the Society for Psychical Research this supposition is correct, many of our roads are alledgedly haunted.

At twilight and on brightly moonlit nights, a spectral lorry is sometimes seen on the A7 between Stow and Heriot in Midlothian. If you meet this lorry coming in the opposite direction, it is said to suddenly swerve off the road and dissappear across the fields at top speed.

The A1029 in Yorkshire between Filey and Flixton is haunted by a werewolf, whose glowing red teeth and eyes terrifies travellers late at night when the moon is full. For those unfortunate enough to break down on this stretch of road, there is the added horror of eerie howling as they cower behind the wheel hopefully awaiting rescue from a fellow traveller. The stench from the beast is said to linger until the sun touches the ground it walked.

Yorkshire also has a more friendly ghost by the name of Nancy. She helps motorists wend their way through fog and mist along a particularly dangerous stretch of moorland road. Motorists keeping her in their headlights, can travel safely at the speed she glides along the road.

One ghost is bad enough but the A819 through Glen Aray in Argyllshire is

haunted by a whole column of redcoats colours flying and camp followers running alongside. The whole spectacle vanishes when your car gets within two hundred yards, provided you have not turned and fled in the opposite direction by then.

Back to Yorkshire once more, this time to lanes off the A164 at Watton. Many motorists have had frightening experiences in the area. What they see is the horrifying headless body of a nun jerking about in the road. The nun reputedly Elfreda who was beheaded for her wickedness.

Drivers travelling through Windsor Great Park often hear the horn of Herne the hunter at dead of night. He has an antlered head and is sometimes seen riding his horse which jumps high in the sky.

The A428 between Rugby and Coventry can prove dangerous to late night travellers. After midnight a big lorry vague in shape and with no lights, runs silently along. At the approach of an oncoming vehicle it seems to almost collide, but disappears just before impact. Many accidents have been caused by this phantom when drivers have tried to take evasive action. So beware.

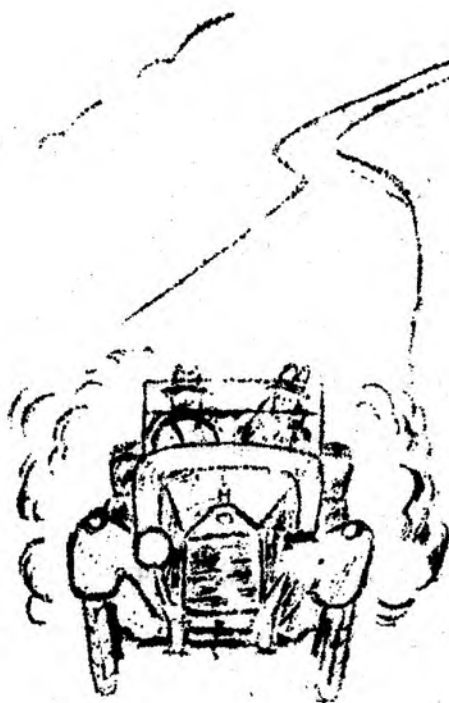
In Hampshire between Liphook and Bramshott an apparition known as the Liphook Fairy can be seen, but only by children in roadside bushes and hedgerows playing his flute. This fair haired boy can be seen night or day but is invisible to adults who only hear the playing of his flute.

The Brooklands Racing circuit, or what remains of it, at Weybridge in Surrey is supposed to be haunted by a joggled figure on derelict parts of the track. Workers in the Aircraft factory which now covers a large part of the old track, often hear the scream of tyres, while on night shift.

Those of you who like hunting old cars may care to seek out this one if

continued on page 9.

THE OPEN ROAD



CARAVAN TOUR, VINTAGE STYLE.

BY DAVID HANCE.

We set off at the crack of lunchtime, intending to stop somewhere the other side of Brighton. However as things went well we plodded on to Petworth.

My 1934 Austin Ten was touring a 1925 Angela caravan loaded with the luggage for a family of four and the family of four plus dog in the car.

The previous week I had driven down to Beaulieu with Dave Coltham in the Austin Ten to try out the rebuilt engine recently installed. All had gone well and now the family was off for a weeks touring.

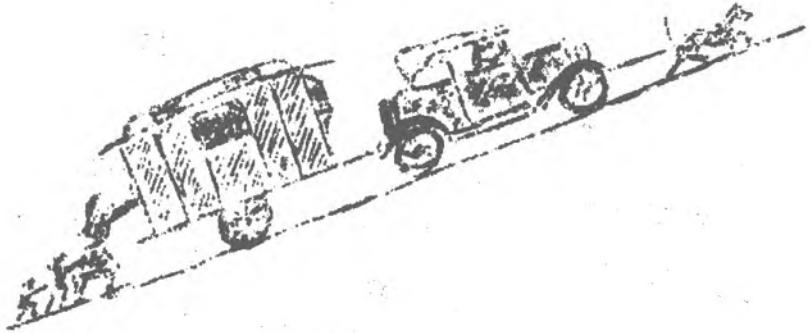
We selected a pleasant spot among some beech trees in Ham Golf Club at Petworth and spent the night there. The leaves were so thick that during a downpour the area under the trees remained bone dry. The next day we set off west again and arrived at a little caravan site of about five caravans, set

right in the country in a village ten miles from Bath. As usual interest was shown in the outfit with cameras clicking left right and centre. The next day we unhitched and went to Bath (The town of !!). We returned in the evening in pouring rain and found wind forcing rain through the lantern light in the roof. We struggled to move the 'van to a sheltered corner which helped and then dried out and kipped down for the night.

A couple of uneventful days later we decided to visit my brother at Wantage. Off we set. All went well to within about eight miles from Wantage, I then had a brainstorm and suggested we drive up to the Uffington White Horse en route. We turned up the very narrow road leading to this famous hill carving and proceeded on up. The road which was about nine feet wide got steeper and steeper, the car got slower and slower and hotter and hotter and stopped! I informed Arthea, children and dog that their presence was no longer required and they got out. The road here was about 1 in 4 with steep banks on each side. A car now appeared coming down the road, saw what was happening, turned round in a gateway and went off. I tried to reverse but became stuck against the bank. I then put it in first, revved up and let out the clutch. The car filled with white smoke and went about four feet and stopped. I repeated the performance about five times and got to a gateway. We now unhitched the caravan backed it by hand into the gateway and I turned the car round further up the road, came down below the caravan and parked it. Now came the tricky bit. I gently eased the 'van out of the gateway and back down the hill. Arthea stopped it running over me by keeping a fence post in front of the wheel as we came down. About two feet from the tow bar on the car, I lined up the 'van hitch and managed to let it down on to the car without ranning the boot. We all climbed in and decided we didn't want

to see the White Horse that day in any case.

Nothing else untoward happened and we arrived home at the end of the week after having a very pleasant holiday in the style of 40 or so years ago.



HIGHWAY PHANTOMS.

(continued from page 6.)

you've the stomach for it. The roadside verge near Bayham Abbey on the B2169 between Tunbridge Wells and Lambethurst is haunted by a vintage limousine (make, model and year unknown). It can only be seen by drivers overtaking it, as they pull out it slowly fades away. I don't know the full story behind this ghostly car, do any of you? Perhaps its rusting corpse is lying somewhere near by awaiting resurrection.

I haven't yet come across an actual car that is haunted, but there is always a first time. Who knows what foul deeds may have been committed in our ancient cars in the distant past, so do not be at all surprised when driving alone at dead of night if you feel a ghostly finger touch your neck, or see a skeletal shape reclining on the rear seat when you glance in the rear view mirror. You have been warned!



D.C.

THE RISE AND FALL OF MORRIS MCKENZIE.

There once was a singer
 who wished to become a star,
 so he called on Albert, his manager,
 a rover, just home from afar.

Well now, said Morris McKenzie,
 for that was the singers name,
 the standard of my singings such
 at the Palladium I ought to entertain.

Slow down now, Albert said,
 your a sensible sort of guy,
 to swift a rise to fame is bad
 to soon to pick a goal so high.

Alas I'm broke, said Morris,
 I've not a blooming bean.
 Alright said Albert, you sign this,
 its just a bond, to keep our dealings clean.

You want to triumph and be rich,
 then do just as I say.
 Theres a pop festival in Essex
 you'll play there at Enfield all day.

To help improve his image
 he grew his hair and beard more.
 Soon became a celebrity
 and sang for royalty at Windsor.

To dodge the many fans and press,
 he changed his name to Maxwell Moon.
 But his life was getting in a mess.
 His arab wife would leave him soon.

This sad tale now comes to an end.
 To him, singing was as easy as A.B.C.
 But plugging in his guitar one night,
 his hands did slip. He died , of 240 volts A.C.

The object of this corny rhyme if you have not already guessed is to see how many different makes of cars are mentioned. I thought it might arouse some of you budding motor historians after your Xmas pud, instead of dozing off. Try not to cheat by looking up in books. As added incentive I'll buy a pint for the first person with a correct complete list by 9 p.m. at the Jan Meeting.

II.

FOR SALE

Bullnose Morris 'Hotchkiss' engine, Complete and free to turn over.
1937 Standard Flying 12 rad and rad grill
Assorted clutch discs, all sizes and shapes.
Many pre-war gaskets. Patterns required.
Assorted track rod ends, many other odds and ends.
Phone NEW ROMNEY 2818 or come and talk about motors.

KEN COOK
St. Nicholas,
76 Littlestone Rd;
New Romney, Kent.

Austin Seven axle shafts, used.
Austin 8 1938-40 crown wheel and pinion, unused, still in original box.
Morris 8 1935-38 " " " " "
Also Three more " " " " sets so far unidentified all brand new.
Assorted track rod ends, shackle pins, speedo drive gears and 'U' bolts for road springs.
Wire wheels Singer Junior 1928-31. Also head gasket for same.
Austin Seven front axle.
Morris Cowley front axle without front wheel brakes. D. Coltham.

WANTED.

4/50 or 4/00 x 17 tyres.
12 volt Dynamo for 1930 Rover 10/25

Francis Edenden,
'The Warren',
Brabourne Lees,
Ashford, Kent.

4/50-18 Tyres.

D. Stevens.

5 Stud artillery wheels for 10/23 Talbot (small centre).
For Morris Cowley 1929. Front and rear wings, hoodframe,
seats and dickey seat top.

D. Coltham.