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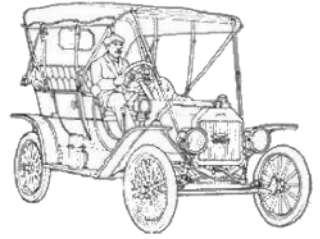
In the balance

*July News 2021*

*Yes, I know it's only June, but all will be explained in due course*

# Colin's Comments

My GPS says time of arrival  
I see time to beat



July's Newsletter.

So OK it's June , but read on

## **Hooe's Old Motor Club is Back with a BBQ at the Bull Boreham Street at 6.30 on Friday 2nd July 2021.**

The booking form is on the web page and in the back of this news letter.

Pre-Booking only, before 21st June please .

No one could have predicted the past year / eighteen months we have all had to put up with for the common good, but although movements have been severely restricted the Club's committee have met several times both by zoom and face to face as restrictions have been lifted, to consider the way ahead and get back to normal. To that end a BBQ has been booked for 2nd July. The pre- show Friday, the Saturday set up and the show are all on, unless covid restrictions prevent it; but we seem to be heading in the right direction at the moment. This will be followed by the AGM in September and club nights resuming thereafter.

To that end, entry forms for the Annual Show have been sent out and the returned numbers are encouraging.

Speaking of numbers, the membership of the club is now down to 80, so a greater burden in organising and setting up the show will fall on to fewer people. I am now having to ask non members to lend a hand to assist on the day.

There seems to be some confusion over who receives the Newsletter. You have to be a member to receive a copy which means membership subscriptions should have been paid at the beginning of 2020, which have automatically been extended until December 2021, or have been renewed this year January 2021. *The renewal form is on the web page -*

*<http://www.hooeoldmotorclub.org.uk/join.html>*

This information was disseminated widely in November 2020 in the Newsletter, with phone calls & loose inserts in the March Newsletter. I hope this resolves the issue.

The Mayor of London, as have most mayors, introduced an Ultra Low Emission Zone (ULEZ), although they are all called something different, but all designed to raise income. In the case of London, anyone driving in London (who would want to do that these days) within the South and North Circular Roads in a diesel engine road vehicle (DERV) will need to pay £12.95 after October 21st, then if you travel in further the Congestion Charge still applies. Makes rail fares seem cost effective. Perhaps this is this reason people are moving out of London rather than working from home.

The next piece of bad news for us with historic vehicles is fuel. The Government is hell bent on bringing E10 highly corrosive fuel in shortly and gradually phasing out E5, if that wasn't bad enough. There are a few outlets at present that still sell fuel without Ethanol so let's hope they continue.

The AGM is to be held in Hooe Village Hall on Friday September 3rd where committee members will need to be elected and several topics require discussing. Please attend, after all it is your club. Remember if you are not currently a member, you are not allowed to vote.

Alan Hodges will be our guest speaker on Friday October 1st at the usual time of 7.30 in Hooe village Hall

JB will be providing an evening of his interesting films on Friday 5th October same time same venue

Let's hope this is the start of whatever normal is going to be.

*Colin Lake*

chairman

### Club Meetings for the rest of 2021

Friday 2nd July	BBQ at the Bull boreham Street for 6.30 p.m
Friday 30th July	Hooe Village Hall pre Show
Saturday 31st July	Field set up Hooe Sports Field 10.00am
Sunday 1st August	Annual Show
Friday September 3rd	A.G.M. 7.30 Hooe Village Hall
Friday october 1st	Alan Hodges 7.30 Hooe Village Hall
Friday November 5th	J B's Film Night 7.30 hooe Village Hall

## *Colin's Capers*

In my “yoof” I thought I would like to join the Army. Goes to show how dangerous thinking is” I joined HMF (Army) serving for four and a half years with the Royal engineers, three of which were in Cyprus. Accommodation in the camp was under canvas, four men to a tent. The camp was two miles from a main road and about 25 miles from the nearest town with no public transport that soldiers were permitted to use. Not too sure if this was due to the troubles or the state the buses were in. The camps only saving grace was that it was situated about one hundred yards from the beach.

Once National Service men disappeared there were fewer of us to perform all the duties required of a camp as well as our primary task of being tradesmen. This meant duties such as Guarding the camp, a twelve hour shift, guarding the Middle East Broadcasting Station, MEBS, twenty four hour shifts, fire piquet and batman duties on a rota. If you were really lucky as a bonus you could clean out the cook house. One stint in there and you didn't feel like eating for a week.

Then there became a shortage of officers so a Sergeant and Corporal chanced their arm went for Officer Training and came back as Second Lieutenants . The former Sergeant was ok, but the former Corporal was a nightmare, and I think may have been a bit dim.

When he was the Duty Officer he was obsessed with either turning out the Guard on camp, MEBS , or the fire piquet.

It was ridiculous turning out the guard at the MEBS as not only would the Guard Room on camp ring through informing the guard commander he was on his way, but it was a straight track of two miles from the camp to MEBS and who else would be travelling along this track in a Mk1 Landrover, distinguished by its headlights, in the middle of the night.

The soldier on guard at the MEBS would also be in a tower several meters above the buildings thereby having a clear view of the camp as well so the arriving vehicle wasn't exactly invisible.

It wasn't too long before us batmen twigged what was going to happen overnight when he was duty officer as part of our duty, having cleaned all his kit was to lay his kit out to be inspected. Depending what kit he asked to be laid out we knew who wasn't going to get a good night's sleep. Message was relayed to the appropriate party so they would be prepared.

If it was going to be the Fire Piquet the duty driver would be informed who

would then link the fire pump up to the Landrover and sleep in the vehicle. The fire alarm would sound for the regulation three minutes by which time the Fire piquet and Landrover were on parade before the officer got there, the parade ground being opposite the Officers mess.

Very efficient what could possibly go wrong. Well you are ahead of me because one night we did actually have a fire and sods law demanded something was going to go wrong somewhere along the line, and so it did. One night when he was duty officer a tent caught fire and the alarm was sounded. Three minutes later the officer crossed the road to the Parade ground to be confronted by the still of the night and a blazing tent.

A dishevelled fire piquet turned up along with the camp to view a tent well alight and no sign of the Landrover and pump. Sounds could be heard coming from the M T pool which sounded like they were having trouble attaching the pump to the Landrover then the familiar sound of the starter motor whirring away which sounded as though they were having trouble starting it. The tent by this time was well and truly consumed by the fire. The Landrover was roaring it's way around the camp but the road had just been resurfaced with loose chippings and on one of the bends the Landrover slid off the road and into a storm ditch.

The tent had now disappeared and we were left with the spectacle of the soldiers steel locker gaily ablaze.

The officer then turned to the nearest soldier and ordered him to get a fire bucket and stirrip pump from the nearest fire point. This duly arrived and the officer plunged the stirrip pump into the fire bucket - of sand.

The paint on the locker, of which there were plenty of coats, was still ablaze by the time the Landrover and pump arrived.

The officer duly linked the pump up to a hydrant and was gaily spraying the whole area with water, some of which actually went over the soldiers locker, when the officer happened to ask who turned the electric supply off, as each tent was supplied with 240v overhead power lines.

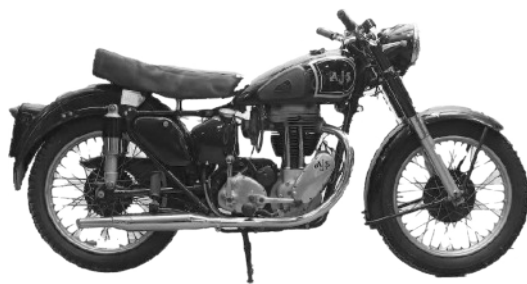
He was met with a lot of sniggering.

NB: fortunately the soldier who lived in the tent was on leave at the time.

*C.L.*

# HOOE'S OLD MOTOR CLUB ACCOUNTS 2020

<b>INCOME</b>	<b>£</b>	<b>EXPENDITURE</b>	<b>£</b>
Club Subscriptions	1075.00	Insurance	221.00
Donations	64.00	Hall Hire	0
Club Dinners	0	Club Dinners	0
Coach Trips	591.00	Coach Trips	695.00
		Stationery/Postage	416.97
		Donation to St Michael's Hospice	500.00
		Web Update	0
		FBHVC	67.21
		Speakers/sundry expenses	0
		Newsletters	612.20
Annual Show Income	190.00	Annual Show Outlay	1141.00
<b><u>TOTAL INCOME</u></b>	<b>1920.00</b>	<b><u>TOTAL EXPENDITURE</u></b>	<b>3653.38</b>
Balance from 2019	19683.60		
Loss	-1733.38		
Balance 2020	17950.20		
Money Manager A/C	10151.70		
Bank Interest	8.16		
<b><u>TOTAL FUNDS</u></b>	<b>28110.00</b>		



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'The Classic Motorcycle' magazine

## 'A Long Call From Sussex'

by

Alan Turner

The Hellingly Festival of Transport is held annually (well, it is in a normal year...) At a suitably large field close to the village of that name on the outskirts of Eastbourne, East Sussex.

Like most of these occasions, from models to full-size traction engines, all types of heritage transport can be found and motorcycles are no exception. For many years, that part of the show was marshalled by Bert Wright, who performed similar duties at other local events, such as Hooe, another local village, and even a show at Drusilla's Zoo Park. Bert was an arch enthusiast and supported by wife Betty, would find any excuse to ride or be involved with bikes until he passed away in 2015.

The family involvement with the Hellingly Festival continues yet as Betty handles the paperwork and her granddaughter helps organise the 'motorcycle pen'.

At the 2019 Hellingly gathering, there was a 1952 500cc, AJS Model 18, perhaps not immediately eyecatching among the lines of assorted classic and vintage two-wheelers. However, in front of the bike was an illustrated information board that revealed some unusual provenance from one particularly interesting period of the bike's history when it formed part of Bert Wright's collection.

The AJS was a couple of years old when Bert bought it. He was a member of the Eastbourne & District MCC and a keen trials rider on AMC machines. As a different application of similar skills, the recently-acquired bike was soon pressed into service as part of the club's trick riding display team, appearing at local fetes, carnivals and similar events.

It was a complete surprise to discover my picture and Alan Turner's article 'A Long Call From Sussex' in the November 2020 edition of The Classic MotorCycle (p36-38), as I'm the current owner of the featured AJS 18S, and have been so for about 50 years.

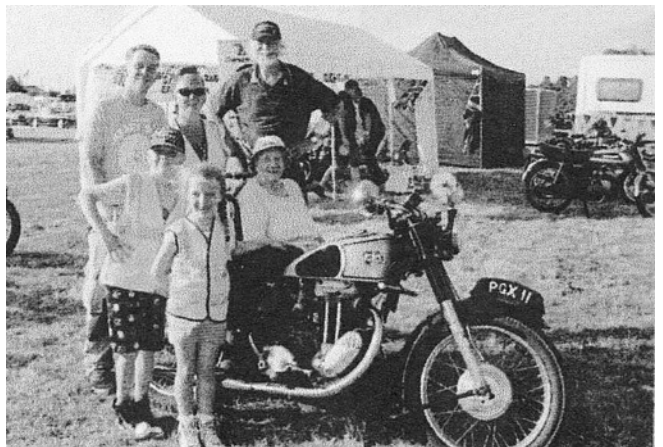
The AJS has been a joy to ride and maintain for the last 20 of those and yes, the visit to Hellingly and meeting the Wright family as documented was fantastic. Please allow me to fill in some of the gaps:

My uncle Colin in Eastbourne acquired the AJS from a work mate in the late 1960s, as a rolling chassis restoration project. I was about 16 years old when I first saw the AJS. It was propped up against the inside wall of his garage and I was awestruck. The engine was in the frame and most of the tinware was present, including a rather nice ~ although badly battered - silver and blue panelled petrol tank.

A few years passed and Colin still hadn't got around to doing anything about the AJS project and he decided he'd let me have the bike in exchange for my roadworthy Raleigh Wisp moped, so my younger cousin Roger could learn to ride and take his test. The AJS then found its way to Wales when my family moved there from Surrey in 1972.

During the following decades, I purchased replacements for the missing parts (when I could afford them) and around 1998, I had enough parts and the funds to get the AJS up and running. I dealt with most of the mechanical work myself but entrusted the finishing work and final assembly to South Wales-based professional motorcycle restorer, Eddie Bonnet.

Before working on the fuel tank, Eddie asked me if I'd like to have it returned to its standard production colour scheme (black) or would I prefer it refinished as per its current 'customised' silver and blue panelled version. I liked it as it was and despite not knowing the significance, I chose the pretty silver and blue.





Next, I needed to reclaim the original PGX11 registration number, I only had a 'duplicate' buff logbook which started around 1964 so had no idea, who owned the bike before that.

Luckily, the engine and frame numbers shown tallied with those on the bike itself and so, with some more professional help, the PGX11 identification Was retained.

I had no idea of the bike's 1950s history highlighted in Alan's article until I received an email a few years ago from Leigh Wright, who had traced the registration number PGX11 to me. When we started corresponding, I was blown away to discover Leigh's grandfather Bert Wright led the Eastbourne Motor Cycle Club Trick Riders Team and that mine was one of the bikes they used!

I was especially stunned when I saw the old action shots of the bike and team. Apparently, Bert had the fuel tank colour scheme customised to make the bike look a little bit showy.

The tank's special paint work can just be glimpsed in some of those photos. I'm so delighted I inadvertently retained that piece of PGX11's history too! By the way, my Uncle Colin, when he first saw the AJS after restoration work said:

"You've done a good job of that, lad. Well done.' High praise indeed! He added:

"Can I have it back now please?"

Sadly, Colin passed away in 2017 but my aunt still lives at the same address. Whenever I rode down from Wales to stay with her (pre-Covid days) I'd prop our AJS against the garage wall, exactly where I first saw it over 50 years ago.

Chris Moreton, Wales.

## Vehicle Reminiscences

By  
Chris Woodley

I passed my driving test on the 5th of November 1965, and my first vehicle was a Thames 7cwt van (or Anglia van) which I ran for 18 months. The next vehicle though was the car of my dreams, NO not a Ford Capri, but a 1958 MG Magnette ZB Varitone This car came with all the



extras as standard, - heater, spot lamps, wooden dash with instruments, radio, lockable petrol tank, windscreen washers (*vacuum operated - useless*) all for £285; my work colleagues all said that for another £50 I could have had a modern car, but I was not interested. My MG served me well over the next seven years, being my daily drive and taking me on holiday to Spain and Yugoslavia.



During this time I also bought a split screen VW bus for £40 and took six friends to Yugoslavia (and back again) and sold it for £80.



I bought my wife to be an Austin A25 for £10 in 1970 and taught her to drive in it, and after 18 months sold it for £35 to fund the purchase of a £40 Morris 1100 that needed a new sub frame. This was sold for £80 to help pay for an Austin 1100 bought for £150 which my wife and I drove (again) to Yugoslavia.



The MG by this time needed a couple of replacement doors, and a visit to a Guildford breakers yard yielded a complete 1956 MG Magnette ZA for £20 (this would be in 1972) it was painted squadron blue, and passed the MOT the following day. I sold the Varitone for the number plate BYL2 for £90, only to see that registration for sale a week later for £400 !!!



By this time my wife's Austin 1100 had been exchanged for a Riley 1300, and I had a company vehicle - a Ford Escort van MK 1 and the MG was sold for £40.



*Editor's note:- pictures are for illustration only, NOT the actual vehicles!*



Other vehicles that passed through my hands between 1970s - 80s with their purchase price included - Mini Saloon



£50; Mini Van £50; Mini Traveller

(woody) needed front wings, valance, sills, £30;



Austin 1800 £150;



Vauxhall Victor Estate £ Free;



Bedford CA Utilabrake and Bedford Workobus at £50 and £10 respectively;

Hillman Imp for 700 bricks (!)

And another Imp for £200.

The Riley eventually folded in half and was replaced in turn by a



Wolseley 1300;

Escort MK 2;

MG Maestro 1600;



Maestro VDP and finally a Lancia Trevi, then my wife got her company car, a Metro Automatic.

After the second Imp was sold I bought the money pit which I still have today,

a 1967 Jaguar MK II fitted with a 3.8 litre engine.



Now for the cars I walked away from (and regret) :- In 1968 a Morris 8 for £15 with new MOT; in 1967 a Riley Kestrel with wire wheels, sunroof, twin carbs and reconditioned differential for £20; and in

1969 a 1952 Sunbeam Talbot fitted with straps for additional fuel tanks in the boot (Ex Rootes Rally car??) For £150.

Finally - Oh yes, I enjoy watching the Talking Pictures channel especially the film called "Jigsaw" with Jack Warner where I spotted at least three MG ZA and ZB Magnettes.



## ENGINE REBUILDS - ARE THEY WORTH IT?

By David Bick

Now that vintage cars are so prized, like old cottages in the country, we often find the first thing that a new owner undertakes is a thorough restoration. And usually this involves a more or less total rebuild of the engine. For it is always assumed that a reconditioned unit must be better than an old one, and certainly no specialist firm out for business is likely to deter you. And regardless of the engine's true condition, it is not unknown for the client to be hood-winked into a total overhaul- crank grind, or re-metalling, re-bore, new pistons and all, on the basis that the job could not be guaranteed without one. Often, the results are disappointing, not to mention the cost.

Oil consumption is a common pretext, and perhaps sundry miscellaneous noises in varying degree. But what is generally forgotten is that few vintage engines ran with a Rolls-Royce silence, nor ever approached modern engines as regards oil, most of which seem to use none at all. Indeed, such a goal would then have been considered not only unattainable, but undesirable. By present-day standards all vintage cars drank oil, and when the Rolls-Royce 20hp model came out in 1922, a consumption of 1,000 miles per gallon was considered 'remarkably low'. And some sleeve-valve Daimlers could only manage 400!

The standards of today are mainly due to tighter and more accurate clearances in the moving parts and better piston and ring design, all of which might be applied to rebuilt vintage machinery, but only at a price. For although you are likely to end up with a quiet engine, it will probably be sluggish, run hot at the least provocation and be heavy on petrol, to the extent that the extra cost of fuel easily outweighs the saving on oil. It is like driving with the brakes on, which in effect, is what it is.

However, you will be told that - 'all rebuilds are like this, and things will get much better on running-in, old boy'. But although this for long held true, the story is very different today. Largely due to improved oils, additives and filtration, engines virtually never wear out, and thus it follows that they do not run-in either, for running-in is simply a process of gradual wear. A man well known in the motor trade told me he had recently taken a BMW engine to pieces and the honing marks were still visible in the bores after 100,000 miles! No wonder Peter Lilley's 14/40 MG is nice and quiet, but still tight after years of extensive motoring, and still is only doing 20 or 21mpg.

(In this context, I am told that Castrol sell an old-fashioned 'straight' oil; which may be ideal for running-in, but no more details are to hand).

Unlike their modern counterparts, vintage engines do not have the power to spare for the inevitable higher friction which results from tighter clearances.

The late Freddie Dixon, the ace Riley tuner, said 'take three thou off everything' if you want performance and economy. If a Morris engine is free, with the plugs out you should be able to turn it over on the handle with one finger, even when stone cold. Some years ago when I rebuilt my 1929 Cowley UF 5170 (ex-Barraclough), bored out 70 thou to suit Renault pistons, I specified an extra 4 thou clearance in the bores. The engineer was horrified; but the car went splendidly from the start, often does 30mpg at 50 mph, and much to my surprise, uses very little oil. It is however, quite noisy when idling, but you can't have it all ways: The choice is yours!

In case you may have missed the programme "***Classic British Cars: Made in Coventry***" which was on BBC 4 on May 17th, it will be available on BBC iPlayer for the next 12 months and is well worth watching; A direct link to the iPlayer location is :-

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/iplayer/episode/m000w6sp/classic-british-cars-made-in-coventry>

To celebrate the award of UK City of Culture 2021 to Coventry, local boy Mark Evans tells the full history of the classic cars made in Coventry, This passionate retrospective runs from the industry's beginnings in 1897 through to the present day and includes interviews and archive footage detailing the stories behind the creation of classic marques such as the Daimler, the Triumph, the Riley and the Jaguar and the companies and people behind them.



## BRUCE'S WORLD OF WHACKY MOTORING

True stories from the pioneering days of motoring, written by Bruce Moore.

### Chapter 3

#### A STUPENDOUS CHALLENGE

1907, a good year for wine with an after-taste of the previous year's French Grande Prix, where once again pioneering Motorists' appetites were whetted, and thoughts of another endurance race loomed large. On 31<sup>st</sup> of January the celebrated French Paper Le Martin challenged the automotive industry to a 'stupendous Challenge', and lay down the gauntlet with the question, IS THERE ANYONE WHO WILL TRAVEL FROM PARIS TO PEKING BY AUTOMOBILE! (Note, Peking is now known as Beijing.)

Immediately Count De Dion snatched the glove claiming that De Dion-Bouton would eat the challenge for breakfast. (His drivers actually ate his words in dust and mud, it proved later!) Then Prince Scipione Borghese, an Italian Nobleman, removed his own olive oil-stained gloves and (metaphorically speaking) promptly stroked both cheeks of the Count. He immediately ordered a car from the Itala factory in Turin. So began the first of a total of no less than **40 challengers**, though eventually only five cars reached the start line. And the reason? The entry fee was set at 2200 francs, an enormous amount of money for that period, exceeded only by the enormity of the task in hand, all of which had to be organised within just 5 months!

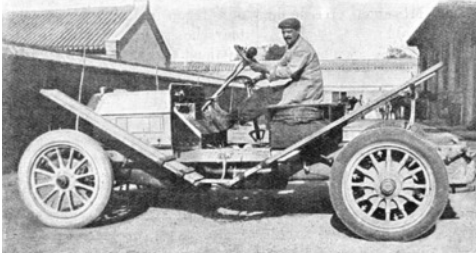
The organisers then decided to reverse the route, with the finish in Paris making a glorious spectacle for the car-mad French public. (Well, it makes sense doesn't it.)

All cars had to first *get* to Peking, a challenge in itself. The cars were eventually shipped by sea, rail and road, where the 'race' could commence.

#### THE PEKING START LINE.

On the 10<sup>th</sup> of June 1907 at 8.30, after a sumptuous breakfast, the 5 intrepid competitors set off for Paris, with supplies and spare wheels drooping over every available side of their vehicles. Most of the vehicles carried the driver, a mechanic and a reporter. Most that is, except the one-cylinder Contal tri-car which hardly had room for the driver, let alone the mechanic too.

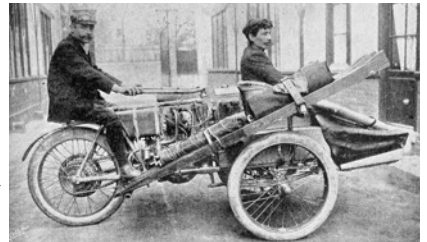
The Itala



To the disbelief of every Pekinese Chinaman present (there were a LOT of them, and hard to tell apart too), they watched as Victor Ollignon, driving a De Dion for France, Borghese, driving an Itala (Italy), Charles Goddard, a stunt motorcyclist AND jockey, (what better credentials?), driving a Spyker, then

another two cylinder De Dion driven by Georges Cormier, lined up on the starting line.

Ah, you ask, that's 4, what was the fifth entrant? It was that one-cylinder Contal Tri-Car so small the driver Auguste Pones and his mechanic Oscar Foucauld had little room for rations. Well, it was only a 10,000-mile race, a pushover. (The word "plonkers" comes to mind.)



But back to those inscrutable Chinese. The State Council feared that the "fuel chariots" race was a cover for the west to survey a route for a future invasion. The authorities ushered the cars out of Peking ASAP to avoid corrupting the locals with "western germs".

The route would challenge even Jeremy Clarkson today. Just imagine this, from Peking north-west to Mongolia, across the Gobi Desert, (no McDonalds there), over the uncharted Siberian plains to Moscow, then via recognisable roads (?) to Warsaw, Berlin, and on to Paris. Phew, I'm exhausted just writing it.

Don't give up reader, this is where it gets *really* unbelievable! Although they had decided to travel in convoy until Irkutsk in Russia, half of them promptly got lost! Goddard couldn't read a map, and Pons in his tri-car gave up and completed the first stage by train. The rest took 7 days to travel 200 miles. The Chinese roads were strewn with boulders, and Coolies had to pickaxe a path for the cars, and at one stage dismantle the cars and using teams of mules, dragged the cars through gorges and mountain passes until they finally reached the Mongolian plateau. THIS WAS A RACE?

The Gobi Desert saw the demise of Pons and his mechanic in their tri-car, who retired and nearly died in the desert, surviving only when saved by a passing Bedouin tribe. Meanwhile Borghese who had planned meticulously his trans-desert crossing, went from fuel supply to provision dumps, all located by camel trains in advance, smart boy. For about 800 miles they all followed the telegraph wires until the wires changed direction, then into the wilderness, (quote Borghese) “-for hours with no guide except common sense”! (Come on now, if they had had an ounce of THAT they wouldn't have taken the challenge.)

Borghese was constantly bogged down in deep mud, and even shot at by Siberian bandits. In one incident a team of passing Mongolian horsemen appeared and rigged up their oxen to the car. The hapless animals were reluctant to pull until the engine was fired up, with remarkable results. “-

The Itala cleverly used the bed of the Trans-Siberian railway part of the way, since the surface was considerably better than the local roads.



Suddenly the car came out of its furrow with one bound!” , quoted the count.



protection again torrential rain and the burning sun. He made constant use of the Trans-Siberian Railway, but nearly lost his life when a road bridge collapsed under the excessive weight of the Itala. The car was eventually winched to safety. Meanwhile, some way behind, our jockey stuntman was reported resorting to theft in order to stay in the race, while other crews hitched half-wild horses to their cars to ford deep rivers.

By now they were caked in black dust and mud covered their clothes in a thick crust. A pith helmet was Borghese's only





Prince Borghese finally arrived in Moscow, 18 days ahead of his nearest rival, so he ‘afforded a lengthy detour to visit St Petersburg’ then despite ‘social engagements’ increased his lead through the rest of Europe and arrived triumphantly into Paris on 10<sup>th</sup> of August, after 60 days of unspeakable trials and privations. The Spyker arrived 20 days later followed by the two De Dion’s. These men, like their cars, were incredibly tough and strong, with a resolve that we should all emulate today, true heroes to a man.

### **A Whacky old Motoring world then, for sure!**

#### Footnotes:

The Itala became famous throughout Europe and overseas, and was in great demand. However, it met it’s “Waterloo” when it accidentally slipped into the Genoa dockside en-route to New York, and was too badly damaged to be exhibited! It has since been completely restored and is on display in an Automobile Museum in Italy.

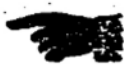
Prince Luigi Marcantonio Francesco Rodolfo Scipione Borghese, commonly known as Scipione Borghese, was best known for participating in the Peking to Paris race accompanied by the journalist Luigi Barzini Sr. and Ettore Guizardi, the prince’s chauffeur, who apparently did most of the driving. Borghese was an Italian aristocrat, industrialist, politician, explorer, mountain climber and racing driver belonging to the House of Borghese. Tall and abstemious, he was a man of few words, cold, with calm and measured manners, and with great self-control. He died in Florence in 1927.

A slightly earlier Spyker (1905) became famous years later starring in the famous 1953 film ‘Genevieve’, the story of two rival veteran cars in the annual London to Brighton car run.

Pon’s Tri-car is still languishing somewhere in the Gobi Desert to this day. However, in June and July this year 2019, two Belgians will attempt to re-write history by entering a Contal in the Beijing (Peking) to Paris Classic Motoring event, deemed the greatest Classic motoring rally in the world! Good luck to them.



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Porter P. 2 ...	... ..	@ 1/2 " "
Double Stout ...	... ..	@ 1/6 " "

If your dealer cannot supply you send us his name and address on a postcard, stating quantity required. You will be supplied direct **WITHOUT DELAY**, carriage and delivery free.

**THE BURTON BREWERY CO.,**  
**BURTON-ON-TRENT. LTD.**

# Hooe's Old Motor Club

## Summer BBQ



Date & Time

**2nd July 6.30 p.m.**

Meeting at

**The Bull's Head  
BOREHAM STREET  
Herstmonceux  
BN27 4SG**


Cost

**£7.50 per person**

Please complete and return this booking form or information to :-

Ron Wanmer

By Post to - The Homestead, Ersham Road, HAILSHAM, BN27 3PN

 - 01323 840346

 - ronwanmer@hotmail.com

So that I can collate the numbers, please reply by **Sunday 20th June**

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### BOOKING FORM

Your Name .....

Telephone number or email address .....

How Many would you like to book?.....

Total Cost @ £7.50 per person.....

Please attach a cheque for the full amount made payable to Hooe's Old Motor Club

# ODDS AND SODS



How fast was this little bastard going?

