

No 145 July 2020

### Forthcoming Events

MORE INFORMATION AT [www.seeccc.co.uk/events](http://www.seeccc.co.uk/events)

**Due to Covid-19, all our events remain cancelled or postponed. With lockdown restrictions only just starting to ease, it may still be some time before we can organise any significant events. However, we remain hopeful that our events in August might run and have therefore listed them below. Do please keep an eye on the website for further news and final confirmation as these are not definite yet.**

**Sunday 2 August**

**VISIT TO THE WEST ACRE JAZZ PICNIC** organised by Jenny & Trevor Overson

**Tuesday 11 August**

**CLUBNIGHT RUN AND BARBECUE** organised by Phil & Jean Treversh

Please see **Chatter** below

### CHAIR-MANN'S CHATTER

Joy Mann [jmann@seeccc.co.uk](mailto:jmann@seeccc.co.uk)



Hoorah! Matt Hancock tells me I will be allowed out in August. For good behaviour perhaps? We have tried to toe the line over the last 3+ months but I have to confess we have probably gone off-piste a couple of times! It's a shame that taking a late evening stroll is now "legal" as it no longer feels that naughty.....

I think we have quite enjoyed lockdown (Nigel might disagree....) although we have certainly missed our family and friends. Selecting my own fruit and veg will be a real treat! Yes, I can hear you all saying "She DOES need to get out more!!"

Seriously, I am craving normality although I guess we will need to adjust to a different kind of normal. Here at SEECCC we will be working together to re-jig the calendar of events at our next committee meeting which will be a socially-distanced, al fresco affair, and I hope we will know more about events by the time the August newsletter is looming.

We are hoping, fingers crossed, we will be able to finalise arrangements for the club's forthcoming events. I am fairly optimistic we'll go ahead with Jenny & Trev Overson's Jazz Picnic on August 2nd and Phil & Jean Treversh's run out and BBQ on August 11th. The organisers are in talks with the venues and we are currently awaiting confirmation. Social distancing will be key on both but as we are looking at outdoor settings I feel we can be hopeful.

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If anyone has any ideas for suitable venues we can use for an evening / weekend run out and possibly take our own picnic please do let me know. Toilet facilities would be a major consideration!

As September is also fast approaching, I must mention our Losehill House Hotel trip – 3 nights from Monday, Sep 21st – kindly organised by Jenny and Trev Overson ...and not to be missed! This will now sound as if I am on commission but the Peak District is beautiful and Losehill is absolutely fabulous, hence the return booking. Also, they are completely geared up to ensure a safe return to “normality”. See [www.losehillhouse.co.uk](http://www.losehillhouse.co.uk) for reassurance. It's a privately owned hotel with a friendly team and fine dining. Jenny and Trev still have space, please call Jenny asap on 07736 271113 if you fancy treating yourselves.

So, please stay in touch and keep checking your inbox and the club's website for any updates. In the meantime, look after yourselves and do let us know if you have any flashes of inspiration for forthcoming outings or events.

*Joy*

## QUIZ

courtesy of Chris Livesey

All the answers are

**WEIGHTS & MEASURES**

1. Blackpool seafront
2. Michael? Labour Leader
3. Find these on a fish
4. Regal Distance
5. Small insectivore mammal
6. ? Gang
7. 7 of gentlemen
8. Staffordshire one
9. Work out
10. ? Maid
11. Snow leopard
12. Forehock of pork
13. ? Stick
14. Chick pea
15. Hear of these at the races
16. Measure of land 4,840 sq yds
17. Twelfth of a foot
18. 45 ins (hist)
19. Enclosure for animals
20. 5½ yds are ?
21. Sounds like this one sings
22. 20 grains (ARCH)
23. 112 lbs
24. Take a wee one
25. ? of cloth
26. Rank
27. Sounds like you live here...
28. Extent of bridge from end to end
29. Seventh day after a festival
30. Head

*Answers next month*

## SNIPPETS

- Thanks to David Allmond for a web-link to a seller of reproduction, replica British tax discs for classics, which may be of interest to members: see [www.poplargreg.com](http://www.poplargreg.com)
- The **Lotus effect** 'Episode 2', will continue next month (but only if Patrick sends it to me! *Ed.*)
- **Tesla** has become the world's most valuable car company. It is now worth £165 billion, which is apparently £3 bn more than the previous highest value manufacturer, Toyota (*Daily Telegraph*)

## AND FINALLY...

- What's worse than raining cats and dogs?  
Hailing a Taxi...

## Thanks to Phil Tucker for this tale

Towards the end of 1950 I was serving in HMS 'Mauritius', the flagship of the East Indies Fleet, stationed in Trincomalee, the naval base in Ceylon (now Sri Lanka). This cruiser spent about one third of its time at anchor in the port; at other times it visited places in the Persian Gulf, the east African coast plus various ports in India and Burma etc.

I was determined to see as much of Ceylon as I could during my two years commission, so I bought this 1939 Singer 9 open sports car, a derivative of the renowned Singer 9 Le Mans and this, of course, forms the basis of my story.



After some months I was granted a fortnight's leave to be spent at the naval leave camp at Dyatalawa, right in the mountains in the centre of Ceylon. En route and getting fairly near to the camp, I was negotiating a sharp hairpin bend when I just missed running slap-bang into a chauffeur-driven Humber Super Snipe coming downhill. This car was sporting a mini - flagpole on each front wing carrying some sort of official flag, but it was definitely in the wrong not giving way to a car coming *up* the hill.

I leapt out of my car and was about to disabuse the chauffeur of his discourtesy when the rear window was lowered and a small, elderly Singhalese gentleman leaned forward and said "My card, young man!". On the card was written Sir Stanley Somebody-or-other, followed by "Lord Chief Justice of Ceylon". I don't remember if the term "gobsmacked" was current in the 50's, but I got straight into the Singer and backed off. The Humber went on its lordly way.

I arrived at the camp, spent two weeks enjoying the scenery and motoring around the mountains. Then the day came for departure. I set off in good time to arrive at the ship well before the 1900hr deadline as the ship was due to sail for the Seychelles the following morning. Disaster struck after about half an hour.

Going round one of the numerous hairpin bends there was a terrible screeching noise and the offside rear of the car dropped. I stopped, got out and saw that the rear wheel was hanging onto the axle by one bolt, the other three had sheared. My thoughts immediately went to my courts-martial for being AWOL, the sword pointing directly at my stomach and being dishonourably discharged from the Royal Navy. I had no telephone, as mobiles had not been invented...

Whilst I was standing there wondering what my next move would be, two Singhalese men came by, stopped for a moment, looked at the car and then continued down the road and around the next bend. About ten minutes later, they reappeared with two others, pushing what looked like a railway porter's barrow. They positioned this under the rear of the car, motioned me to get in and steer and off we went down the hill. Just around the corner were a few dwellings, one of which proved to be a smithy. The blacksmith looked at the situation and said in English "I fix maybe", whereupon he removed the wheel, but was then faced with three broken studs. One had about an inch protruding so that was not too difficult, but the other two were nearly flush with the drum. He started up a very ancient Lister which drove an equally ancient dynamo which in turn provided power for his drill. After what seemed to be an eternity, he drilled out the two difficult studs. Then, of course, he had to make up four new studs. He selected four mild steel bolts, cut them to size and threaded both ends. By this time, practically the whole village had turned out to see this naval officer, his outlandish red sports car and the trouble they were in.

Anyway, all was fixed, the wheel replaced and, my God, was I relieved! I thanked the smith most fervently and gave him a R500 note; to the other four helpers I gave R100 and went on my way, you could say, rejoicing.

On arrival at the ship, I was regaling my escapade to the wardroom and describing my lucky escape when one of the more senior members said: "You know Toothy (all naval dentists are called Toothy!), you shouldn't have given the smith a R500 note". I asked: "Why not? He really saved my bacon". He replied: "By all means, he deserved the money, but you gave him probably a month's wage and he might have difficulty in changing it".

He also said that, to celebrate my safe arrival, I should buy a round of drinks!

That's the end, if any of you are still awake!

PT

### **INTIMATE KNOWLEDGE: *The romp home* – part 3 in a series by Neil Jervis**

Although it is a distant memory now, the summer of 2010 was beautiful and as a result the boat yard which makes the body for the Suffolk SS100 was busy building boats, which meant we had to wait until November before the next consignment of car bits arrived at our home in Belgium.

The body finally arrived, along with many of the internal fittings and electrical components, late one November evening just in time for the winter build season. So having yet again rounded up enough neighbours, we lifted the body onto the chassis and pushed what was now, undeniably, a car into the garage where it was to remain for another year.

Although lifting the body onto the chassis was easy, shimming it so that the doors closed and nothing rattled was a challenge and possibly the most frustrating part of the whole build; I must have spent a couple of weeks bolting and unbolting the body from the chassis to add or remove a washer or shim. Although the steel frame in the body adds lots of rigidity, it does mean that every one of the 20 or so body security bolts has to be “just so” to avoid one door, or the other, sticking out. Eventually I saw a new Morgan and realised that it did not really matter that much, my finish and fit was good enough; that was until I dropped a door and took a 2 inch chunk out of the top, so much for my paint job.

The next challenge was pinning down the octopus, the name I gave to the wiring harness. At the extremities there was lots of extra wire which made fitting the lights, horns and other external electrical parts easy. Unfortunately, there was little flexibility in the main part of the harness. The relay boxes and fuse panel were made with little slack and as a result I was forced to mount them along the steering column very close to the pedal box, which means I have kicked the odd fuse out. In due course, I will extend the relay box wiring and mount the relays high up under the dashboard, out of the way of my size 12 feet. Fitment of the lights, instruments and radiator were all straightforward and much excitement was had by all, neighbours included, when I was able to get the lights and horn to work without blowing fuses.

By this stage, I had spent a lot of money on my car; however, I was acutely aware that I had not managed to find any insurance for it. Classic car insurance in Belgium is very restrictive and I had to jump through many hoops, such as joining car clubs and drivers associations, before I could even approach an approved expert to get my car valued. At last, after paying the valuer a small fortune, I had all the documentation I needed to approach the insurers and then, would you believe it, the Royal Navy suddenly said I was coming home, so it was not worth paying a year's premium for two months cover. Without insurance it was not sensible to put flammable liquids in the car and so, 22 months into the project, I had still not heard my Jaguar growl!

In the meantime, the build continued. I fitted the floors and seats, followed by the windscreen and hood, and then started the process of making the body waterproof.

By the start of 2012, my car was just about complete. We had bought a house in Lincolnshire and the RN had given me a retirement date. At last I was able to get insurance through the Jaguar Enthusiast Club and so added fuel and oil to the car. I would like to write that the car started on the first turn of the key - but it did not. Thankfully, the Haynes manual came to the rescue and after resetting the timing for about the sixth time, the engine started and filled the neighbourhood with smoke... With a good tick over and sound oil pressure, I was able to drive triumphantly down to the bottom of our cul-de-sac and return, before a significant fuel leak curtailed any further testing. With our move home imminent, my car was tucked up in the garage again and all work on it stopped to allow us to pack up our home.

To make the logistics problem of our move easier, we sent my car back to Suffolk Sportscars and asked them to trim it, clear any faults and complete all of the mandatory testing. This ensured that I was able to move house, refit a kitchen and unpack boxes without distraction. However, my focus did not last and, before long, Sue commented that she had noticed that I appeared to be clearing a car-sized space in the garage. Cover blown, we agreed to a day off and on a cool March morning I triumphantly drove my car out of the factory gate. The guys at the factory had been complementary about my work and had corrected the mistakes I had made, thus I was all set for the trip home.

The 150 mile journey home was mostly uneventful, the brakes were not brilliant and there was definitely lots of air in the system, despite it having been bled a number of times. This meant that the first 25 miles on very small country lanes were exciting and I quickly decided that I needed to get on the A1. Thereafter, the trip was great; running-in meant I was limited to only 60 mph but that was fast enough because aerodynamics were not considered in the 1930s. Lots of people waved and I arrived home wearing the biggest grin ever seen!

To be concluded:



NJ

## QUIZ ANSWERS

### June's SEECC makes & models teasers

Thank you to everyone who entered our competition last month. We are delighted to report we had a tie for first place so Nigel drew the winner out of his hat! Brunch for two will be winging its way to John Oram and Janet Bouch as soon as the SEECC events are back on the road.

Yabba Dabba Do pet	<b>Dino</b>
Footwear fetish-er	<b>Marcos</b>
White City shopping	<b>Westfield</b>
Golden Shot girl	<b>Aston</b>
----smith	<b>Aero</b>
Oundle's hotel	<b>Talbot</b>
----- Pants	<b>Capri</b>

Alexandra's daughter	<b>Marina</b>
Jamaican bay	<b>Montego</b>
UK dosh	<b>Sterling</b>
Jesus wants me for this	<b>Sunbeam</b>
Between Hessle & Barton	<b>Humber</b>
? C A	<b>Anglia</b>
Poncho required	<b>Mexico</b>
Tim, Rog and Dan have this in common	<b>Bond</b>
Big, stripy Vespa	<b>Hornet</b>
Hotel California	<b>Eagle</b>
Used to be in Avon	<b>Bristol</b>
Italian F1	<b>Monza</b>
Radio Rentals or -----?	<b>Granada</b>

JM