

Fc3

The Magazine of
the
Fairford Classic
Car Club



SUNBEAM

FAIRFORD CLASSIC CAR CLUB



Member of the Federation of British Historic Vehicle Clubs

Summer—Sept 2019

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Firstly, my apologies for the late publication of this FC3 but I recently had a cataract operation and this has limited my time on the computer, plus, it has been a particularly busy period both with FCCC events and other activities.

Thank you to all members who have written articles—please keep them coming— and especially to one of Fairford's resident's, Sid Flatman, who has an encyclopaedic knowledge of Fairford's history and has a particular interest in all things motoring. I hope I can persuade him to contribute more articles in the future and if you have motoring stories from your own 'neck of the woods' please let us have them.

As previously mentioned, reports on the lunch runs, visits etc are now largely published in Geoff's excellent monthly Newsletters. FC3 is designed to include other articles which may interest members, plus reports on some of our more major undertakings, such as the annual 'away week' to Normandy this year.

I hope you find this edition of FC3 interesting.

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THE SUNBEAM STORY—Part 1

Malcolm Cutler



Who has heard of the term ‘Japanning’? The dictionary explains it as a type of finish used in Europe to imitate Asian lacquer work, initially largely used on furniture, but later on small metal items. Japanning is effectively "lacquer", similar to enamel paint, with black being the most common colour - synonymous with black japanning. So, what has this to do with classic cars etc I hear you all mutter? Well, it was the original technology which led to the birth of **Sunbeam**, bicycles, cars and motor bikes.



In 1851 a certain John Marston was apprenticed to a Wolverhampton company, Richard Perry, Son & Co who were tin smiths and Japanners. He later purchased a similar business in Bilston in 1871,

and amalgamated the two companies.

John Marston was apparently a hard task master and workaholic but also very involved in civic life, being Mayor of Wolverhampton in 1890 and '91. The family's relaxation was cycling and it was not long, during 1887/8 together with the works foreman William Newell, that they built their first bicycle, resplendent in japanned black and gold. The story goes that one sunny day his wife realised

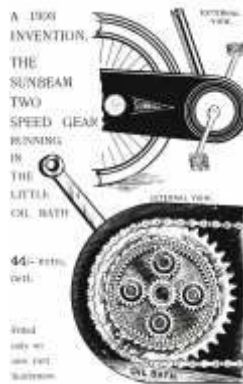
that the sun was reflecting off the bike and suggested that the ‘Sunbeam’ name be trademarked! William Newell was given a partnership and the manufacture of Sunbeam bicycles started, albeit on a one-off basis. They also built tricycles with John

Marston becoming a champion tricycle racer.

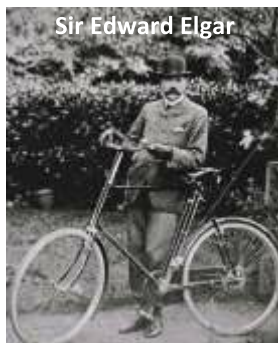
The bicycle business prospered with an expansion of the works, soon to become known as ‘Sunbeamland’ and the opening of a London showroom.

Sunbeam also intro-

duced their ‘Oil Tight Chain Lubricator and Gear Cover’ on their bicycles after its introduction on the factory production machinery showed much less wear than on naked chains. This would become synonymous with all future Sunbeam bicycles and motor cycles, known as the ‘Sunbeam Little Oil Bath’. Sunbeam bikes were renowned for their quality with their enamelled frames and lined with 22 carat gold leaf - no common gold paint for Sunbeams! No wonder Sunbeam bikes could be five times the price of their competition – but maybe Sunbeam did not think they had competitors in this market! A mechanic at one of Sunbeam's dealers in Litchfield recalls that he thought: *‘the Sunbeam was the finest bicycle in the world. He remembers them arriving at the shop wrapped in cotton wool and cardboard and how the only type*



of customers who could afford them, the doctors, lawyers or headmasters of the day, were generous with the occasional tip!'. Certainly one of their most famous customer's thought so, Sir Edward Elgar, who owned two Sunbeams, both called 'Mr Pheobus', which he regularly rode over the Malvern and Worcestershire countryside – maybe they contributed to his creating some of his greatest musical masterpieces?



Sir Edward Elgar

Sunbeam designed bikes were produced for over fifty years, through four different owners of the name!

Over the years Sunbeam built more and more of its own components from pedals and roller brakes, to free-wheels and also in 1907 the introduction of a 3 speed hub which, with a 2 speed bottom bracket gear, gave 6 speeds. It is therefore not surprising that in the late 1890's John Marston's and one of his trusted aide's Thomas Cureton, thoughts started to turn to the future of transport – the motor car.

In 1899 they developed a car powered by a 5hp vertical single cylinder engine, followed by a 4hp horizontal engine device and another with a 6hp twin cylinder motor. A 'voiturette' quadricycle was also developed, designed by Mr Mabberley Smith whose occupation was a designer of ornamental ironwork! As you can see from the picture this was an odd looking device which was fitted with a 2¾ hp De Dion Bouton sin-

gle cylinder engine with both front and rear wheels steering. It is reported that between 1901 and 1904 some hundreds of these vehicles were produced but with little on-going development. They cost £120 - £130!

In 1902 at the Stanley Cycle Show Sunbeam showed a 12 HP 4 cylinder car of more conventional design i.e. with the



The Mabberley

engine in the front, a 4-speed gearbox, chain drive and differential, and in 1904 they added, at least in prototype form, a 6 cylinder, 2 speed car, possibly the first 6 cylinder car to be produced in England - it is reported that this car was still running 19yrs later. The first 'Sunbeam' to go into production was the 12-14hp T-head side-valve four, designed by Angus Shaw. This had variable lift camshafts to control the engine speed, with no throttle and which effectively gave variable valve timing.

Enter, into the Sunbeam story, one Thomas Charles Pullinger in 1902, a professional car man who previously worked with Darracq and other French companies. He persuaded John Marston Ltd (as the company producing Sunbeams was now known) to sell all its original 'Mabley' cars and import 10/12hp Berliot cars, initially without bodies which were built at 'Sunbeamland' and then on a 'reducing' basis until only the engine/gearboxes were imported. With the expense of tooling up for this new ex-

pansion a new company was formed on March 1905, 'The Sunbeam Motor Car Company Ltd', with John Marston as Chairman. Production was moved from



1903 Sunbeam—Berlio

'Sunbeamland' to new premises on Upper Villiers St, Wolverhampton but with components such as the chain cases and radiators (which was an expanding business in itself) supplied from the 'Sunbeamland' factory.

OK, so where do the motorcycles come in to the Sunbeam story. It is interesting to note the thinking that motorised transport at this time was the province of the rich who could also afford a chauffeur to repair it when it broke down. Motorcycles were more for the lesser well off, not Sunbeam's normal market (!), and you had to be fit as most motorcycles were then single speed with no clutch! In addition, John Marston was of the opinion that motorcycles were dangerous, but it is also reported that he never drove a Sunbeam car! However, sales of motorcycles by 1911 were rising and multi speed models with a clutch, were being introduced and with Sunbeam's expertise in bicycle frames, multi speed gears boxes, brakes etc, in 1912 it was time for John Marston, now 76, to enter this market

– but more of this later (maybe in another FC3) - so let's look at the development of the Sunbeam cars.

In 1909 Louis Coatalen joined Sunbeam as chief designer and once more reorganised the factory so that more parts were made in-house to ensure higher quality. His first road car was the 14/20, which in 1911 was rebranded the 16/20 with a larger engine. Over the next few years leading up to the First World War, Sunbeam introduced a number of models with 2, 4 and 6 cylinder engines ranging from 2.4 - 6.3 litres, notably the 4 cylinder 12/16. By 1911 Sunbeam was a significant manufacturer building around 650 cars a year although in 1914 other companies such as Wolseley were building 3,000 cars a year and Ford sold 6,000 Model T's!

Coatalen was also an enthusiastic racer and in 1910 built the streamlined Sunbeam Nautilus with a 4.2lt engine (which was not successful), but followed it with the Sunbeam Toodles II which had an improved valve system and went on to win 22 prizes at Brooklands in 1911. In 1923/24, driven by Henry Seagrave, Sun-



1914 12/16 3 litres

beams won the French and Spanish Grand Prix amongst other important rac-

es e.g. the Tourist Trophy in 1922. However, Sunbeams are probably most famous for breaking the World Land Speed records (LSR) in the 1920's. Probably the most famous was the 350HP Sunbeam which broke the record in 1922 at 133.75mph and which was then bought by Malcolm Cambell, renamed Bluebird and in 1924 raised the record to 146.14mph and a year later to 150.76mph, at Pendine Sands in Wales. In 1926 Seagrave set the LSR in the new 4lt, V12, Sunbeam called Ladybird (later Tiger) and in 1927 Coatalen himself raised the record to 203.792 mph in the amazing twin engined, 1000hp, record breaker which is now in the Beaulieu motor museum. (see picture below)

During the war Sunbeam built a number of Coatalen designed V8 and V12 aero engines, buses, ambulances and even planes. These included 15 Short bombers



fitted with Sunbeam Gurka engines, 504 Avro trainers and even designed their own Sunbeam bomber, but which lost out to the simpler Sopwith design. Over 20 different aero engines were built ranging from 100hp straight sixes, through V8's to an 800hp V12 of 64.1 litres, some more successful than others! Interestingly in 1919 the Airship R34 made the first roundtrip crossing between the UK and

the USA using five Sunbeam Maori, 250hp, V12, engines.



Sadly, in 1918, Marston's third son, Roland, died suddenly and on the morning after Roland's funeral John Marston, aged 82, also died. Roland had been expected to take over as chairman of Sunbeam, but with Cureton also in ill health, Coatalen was made joint Managing Director in 1914. Sunbeam continued to manufacture cars after the First World War but in 1920 the Sunbeam Motor Car Company Ltd was bought by Darracq who in 1919 had earlier bought London motor manufacturer Clément-Talbot. Sunbeam cars continued to be made in Wolverhampton, with Talbot in London and Darracq in Suresnes, France and in 1920 the Darracq name was changed to STD Motors (standing for Sunbeam, Talbot, Darracq).

Between 1920 and 1935 Sunbeam, under the direction of Coatalen, produced a wide range of models with the 16 hp (2.1lt) and 20 hp (3lt) being the most popular. At this time Sunbeam were employing around 3,500 staff on their 50acre site.

Sadly, as with many other companies, the Sunbeam Motor Car Company was forced to close its doors in 1934 having succumbed to the Great Depression and was

eventually sold to the Rootes brothers.

The rest of the Sunbeam story will be familiar to most of you with Rootes bringing together Sunbeam Motors and Clement-Talbot which eventually became known as Sunbeam-Talbot (combining the Talbot coachwork with Hillman and Humber chas-



1934 20 Sports Saloon

sis). But let's leave this story, along with that of Sunbeam motorcycles, to another edition of the FC3.

Acknowledgment: The information on the Sunbeam Cycles and early car development for this article largely came from the excellent book by Robert Champ entitled 'The Sunbeam Motorcycle' and information on the Sunbeam Car history and photos from Wikipedia and other related articles on Google.



HOW TO MODIFY YOUR CAR TO COPE WITH TODAY'S ROADS—OR NOT!

I recently came across the following in the Saturday Telegraph on the test of the new £200,000+ Ferrari F8:

Ferrari explained that “the cars new-found agility (to cope with big bumps, sleeping policemen etc) is a result of softening the algorithms for the magneto-rheological fluid in the dampers which becomes more viscous when an electric current is passed through it”.

So now you know—and I thought that by fitting good old oil Bilsteins to my BMW CSi I was upgrading the suspension!!



With thanks to Russel Brockbank—many of you may recognise his superb motoring cartoons from the 1950's and 60's.

EARLY MOTORING IN FAIRFORD— MY FATHER'S VEHICLES SYD FLATMAN

We moved to Fairford in 1950 when I was three years old and lived in a caravan on the Southrop Road, just outside of Fairford.

Having lived in Tottenham and suffering food and fuel shortages in both the depression of the 1930's and the Second World War, my father was determined to get out of the city. He was a maintenance fitter for the Tottenham Gas Company so never went to war. To supplement his income, he started a chimney sweeping business on the side, which eventually gave him enough money to buy a large caravan and a five acre patch of land in Fairford.

The first vehicle I remember my Dad having (and this was when we lived in No. 6 Greyhound Road Tottenham)



was a cased-in three wheeled, pre-war, Reliant Regent van powered by a 600cc

JAP engine. He carried all his chimney



sweeping equipment in the back e.g. rods, brushes, industrial vacuum cleaner and coal sacks full of soot.

Once in Fairford and getting himself a job for a short while working for the Air Ministry, he rode an old side valve 16H Norton motorcycle, with a double adult sidecar. I always rode in the sidecar whilst my mother rode pillion. I remember the Perspex windows being misty with age, having a job to see out. My father wore a pilot's sheepskin jacket and goggles, never a crash helmet.

In 1952 my parents did a land swap for some ground at West End Gardens where they commenced building a bungalow. By this time my father was working at the Pressed Steel Company at Cowley (now BMW). Earning good money on piecework assembling Standard 10's, he treated himself to a brand new BSA side valve M21 motorcycle and sidecar frame only, from King's of Oxford. Instead of a sidecar body he built a six foot long wooden box out of planking, for carrying build-

ing materials helping with the construction of the bungalow.

1957, fed up with travelling back and forth to Oxford in the cold and rain, the BSA was traded in for a brand new, dark green, three wheeled Bond Mini car. This was complete with beige pvc hood, all aluminium it was as light as a feather, powered by a Villiers 197 two stroke motorcycle engine and electric start, but should



you have a flat battery you could lift the bonnet and with your right leg inside, use the kick start lever.

We didn't have the Bond for long due to an accident. Early one morning, we were starting out for London to see Gran and Gramp. Mum and Dad in the front, me sat in the sideways seat in the back, complete with a couple of trays of eggs. Going down Coronation Street we clipped the kerb. Being a three wheeler and very light, the vehicle rolled completely over and landed back on it's wheels. None of us were hurt except I was covered in broken eggs!

The damage to the car was extensive.

The hood was skimmed on both sides, the driver's side wing flattened, as were the rear mudguards. We pushed the car back home, mother cleaned me up and then we had a brisk walk to Fairford Railway Station to catch the first train out to Oxford and on to London. Father, being a practical man, bought all the spare parts and repaired it himself, even spraying it. Once done, the Bond was traded in for a Isetta Bubble car in light blue.

Dad kept the bubble car for about two years. It was cheap to run and whenever we went out in it Mum and Dad sat on the outside of the bench seat with me sat in the middle. The death knell came for that car when dad, travelling back from Oxford in the snow, and slewing from side to side due to the middle rear wheel riding the fro-



zen slush, left the road on a bend in Lechlade going head on into a high snow drift. Having a front opening door, he was unable to get out. Luckily for him some American servicemen were walking back to Fairford and

heard his cries for help. That was the end of my father's motoring on three wheels!

1960, working at Pressed Steel (by then BMC) Dad bought, through the company, the first of two A35 Vans. First a royal blue one and followed by a battleship grey one at an employee discount. I don't have any stories to tell about these other than he kept both for about three year's each.

Despite going to war with them, my



father was a great admirer of German engineering. With their Wolf pack submarines, V2 rockets, fuel injected Messerschmitts and auto bands, year's ahead of us. So, in 1966 he bought a brand new white Volkswagen Beetle with red interior. I was by this time an engineering apprentice myself and we would swoon over this car. Funny looking, yes, but so cleverly designed. Air cooled, so no radiator or hoses to worry about, rear engine so the noise was left behind, no exhaust system to rot out, a heater that warmed the interior in seconds and never rusting like its British counterpart, water tight cabin, under-

side sprayed with hot wax and running boards keeping the bodywork free from dirt.



1969 saw the last vehicle my father was to own, sadly dying in 1970 at the age of 53. He traded the Beetle in for a brand new Bedford Dormobile. Whatever possessed him to do this, I don't know. With just three of us in the family, why did he need 12 seats? Sky blue with a white flash down the sides he always looked lost in there, with its column change gearbox. After my father died my mother, not being a driver, passed it on to an aunt who traded it in at Busby's Garage for a new 850 navy blue Mini.

The Dormobile was then bought by the Fairford Scout Group who used it for many years transporting the troop from place to place.



TAPPET CLATTER

MIKE COX

Here we go again. Many apologies to my 'Faithful Reader' but hope that this makes up for what has been missed over the past couple of FC3's and also to Malcolm for once again having to do the 'Thor' act to get me back into writing again!

The Riley saga continues – my last epistle I think described the runaway hub cap and its subsequent retrieval from the bramble bushes. They now have my post code written on the inside so hopefully they will be returned if any come loose again.

Going back a few weeks I understand the monthly run proved a success with a good meal at the pub and the visit to the REME museum at Lyneham also went very well. However, during the meal, so I am reliably informed, a certain relative of mine suggested that he would organise a collection which, in turn, would be passed to me to help fund the outrageous bill* I have just received! I don't know where these rumours started, anyway thanks, but I haven't seen any money yet!!! Isn't it great to have thoughtful relatives.

Just a bit more on the Riley and the last incident of running out of fuel. The car was stood in the garage when I noticed signs of BLUECOL under the car which seemed to be coming from the direction of the bottom hose where it joins the radi-

ator. There then followed the usual 'octopus' act to get somewhere in the small spaces not taken up by other mechanical bits, to see exactly where the drips were coming from. It turned out to be the rubber welded heater pipe which



had come slightly 'un-welded'! It also turned out that the screw head for the clip holding the heater pipe to the

radiator was completely hidden by the radiator/heater pipe. So, out comes the small angle grinder to cut through the pipe and clip, but I then found out that the aperture was too small to feed the cooling pipe through, so out comes the angle grinder again to make mincemeat of the rubber hose!

Following doing of lots of other small jobs it, of course, all had to go back in so Mr Haynes was consulted, who recommended 'remove radiator, connect cooling pipe and replace'. Easy! - This I will cover in the next FC3 plus many other 'fun and games'.

**Thanks Fred for letting the cat out of the bag: 63 years driving record gone up in smoke as I was caught speeding at 35mph at 06.06 in the morning going down Woodstock Rd, Oxford for a very early appointment at the John Radcliffe Hospital. No other vehicles on the road at that time and all pedestrians still in bed!!!*

FCCC TRIP TO NORMANDY— REMEMBERING THE 75TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE D-DAY LANDINGS

DAVE & MAUREEN APPERLEY

The trip, kindly organised by Jill & Malcolm, was at first a bit “tongue in cheek” due to the ongoing shambles over Brexit; but of course FCCC members are made of sterner stuff & not to be put off by minor irrelevances such as politics! On the Sunday we all meet up at The Village Inn Portsmouth (apart from Robert & Gill Henry who had travelled earlier) and enjoyed a good evening meal and lots of catch up chat. (We arrived early and watched the French GP!)

On Monday morning we were all at the port ready to catch the 08.15 ferry and enjoyed a good breakfast on board while we sailed across a misty sea to Ouistreham. Then, what should have



been a short trip to Crèpon, ended up taking over an hour due to various conflicting GPS routes & the new speed

restrictions through villages & towns to reduce the accident rate.

We were billeted in Manoir de Ma-than which was formerly the farm buildings belonging to Crèpon Manor and is now the annex to the Ranconniere Hotel, all tastefully converted into accommodation. They did provide breakfast there, but dinner was a 10 minute walk away and on several evenings we were forced to divert to the local pub on route! This was familiar territory to some of us, as we stayed in the Raconniere in 2001, following which they had a photo of Mal-



colm's Sunbeam on their website! *(Treasurer: we tried to get them to pay 19 yrs of back fees for this – but with no success!)*

Tuesday was our first day out to Arromanche & Colleville-sur-Mer and on route we visited the memorial to CSM Hollis of the Green Howard Regiment, in Crèpon, who won the only VC awarded on D-Day. At Arromanche we visited the D-Day memorial garden which had been brought over from

the Chelsea Flower Show, depicting soldiers coming onto the beach, all made from washers & very moving. Some of us walked down into the town and onto the beach looking at the

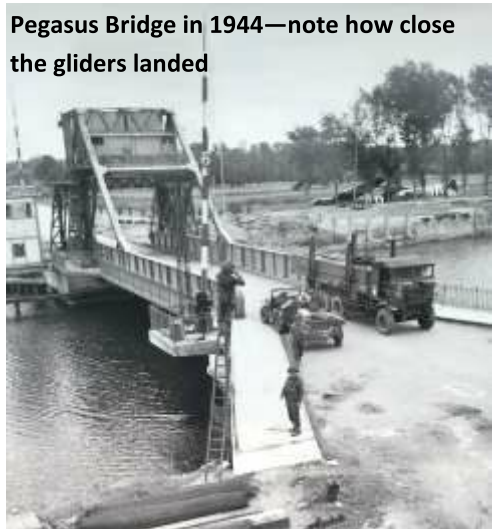


massive remains of the Mulberry harbour, now a protected memorial, followed by paninis for lunch sitting on the harbour wall absorbing the atmosphere. Then it was a stiff climb back up to the top and a visit to the 360 degree film which clearly depicts D-Day and the horrors of war. We then went onto the American Cemetery at Colleville-sur-Mer, which was very crowded, but you can still find time to silently walk amongst the graves and despair at the young age of many of the men buried there. Part of the cemetery had been roped off for grass cutting and we men spent some time inspecting the ingenious tractor pulled strimmer which neatly cut the grass around the crosses – a triumph of hydraulics and sensors. This was followed by a short run back to our hotel and a delicious dinner.

On Wednesday we journeyed to the

famous Pegasus Bridge at Benouville, twinned with Lynton & Lynmouth; captured by Major John Howard of the 5th Para Regiment close to where the three Horsa gliders landed to surprise the enemy. Many more Horsa and Hamilcar gliders, containing troops plus equipment including small tanks & jeeps etc, landed in the area to support the fighting. We were treated to an excellent tour of the bridge memorial & glider museum, and then lunch was had outside at the restaurant opposite the old famous café museum, which we all earlier squeezed into for a coffee on arrival. After watching the bridge raise

Pegasus Bridge in 1944—note how close the gliders landed



for a couple of yachts to go through, we drove 6 miles north to the Merville Gun Battery with its 6ft. thick concrete walls, a C47 Dakota and a bunker with very realistic sounds of what was going on outside - must

have been a frightening place to be serving the war in. We got a bit lost on our way back to the Hotel, all these roundabouts look the same, but between us we figured it out and arrived back in time for a quick shower and a super dinner. Each day was warmer than the one before!

On Thursday we made our way to Cou-dray-Rabut and the Cristian Drouin



Calvados distillery for a tour, plus several tastings and a superb 'light' lunch, followed by a final tasting of the top Calvados brands, up to 80 euros a bottle! This was all in a most attractive setting where they grow 34 different varieties of apples, which they blend to give different flavours and different types of cider, pommeau & Calvados. We could all have stretched out on the grass and had a kip after the fantastic lunch and tastings but, places to go and next on the list was Honfleur which is a most attractive fishing port & harbour, (scene in 1999 of Graham Young's memorable photo opportunity standing on a stone capstan behind a wedding group - he must have been in

all their (luckily they wouldn't have seen his baggy shorts, long socks & sandals - oh yes, Graham was known for his sartorial elegance)! We parked up and several of us walked round the picturesque inner harbour and sat down to have a cool refreshing drink and 'people watch'. It was very hot that afternoon with the temperature gauge in the local chemist showed 31c so we hit the road back to Crèpon, which turned out to be quite a long way - 66 miles, so another very quick shower and join the others for a beer and then off for another superb dinner. What a day, phew!

Friday saw us on our way South West to visit the Chateau de Balleroy which is owned and was fully renovated, by the Forbes family – of the American business magazine empire. It has beautiful stonework, both inside and outside with a unique suspended staircase in lovely light stone, portraits of Napoleon and Wellington in the Waterloo room, and the original wooden floor—a sort of parquet but in rectangular pattern. There is a lot of history in this well preserved chateau with its formal maze gardens and the straight approach road down through the town & through the impressive iron gates. We went round the air balloon museum and watched a film on the history of balloon flight and some of the original equipment used by early aviators; they certainly took their life in their hands - thank God for dreamers! The temperature

was well into the 30's so we bought freshly made paninis etc and had a picnic lunch under the shade of some trees before setting off back to Crèpon (calling in at a Canadian Cemetery on the way) and arriving back in time to have a cooling shower. That evening some of us walked down to the church where we met a very enthusiastic verger who was keen to show us round and also exercise his Oxford English, which became better and better as he guided us through the church, vestry etc. But we still had time to call into the pub which was next door and managed a swift ½ or 2 then made our way to dinner! Footnote - the whole area around Crèpon is devoted to growing vegetables so why were they so very rare on the dinner plates! Perhaps they are all exported to the U.K.??

On Saturday, after breakfast, we all



walked down to the Church, past the Memorial to The Green Howards and CSM Hollis, and laid our wreath at the graves of two British Airmen in the Crèpon churchyard (*Ed: see separate*

account on our investigation into the airmen). Their shiny white marble headstones and neat surroundings, all well kept, being a humble reminder of the sacrifices made by a now departed generation. We then left for Bayeux where we had a very pleasant day enjoying the comprehensive morning market with lots of fruit and veg, cheese stalls etc! Sitting at a café on the edge of the square people watching was most entertaining.

As we had visited the tapestry previously some of us decided to go to the Cathedral which has some beautiful



stained glass windows & recently opened vaults - which we were happy to leave to the visiting school parties! There was also a most extraordinary carving overhanging the pulpit and lots of beautiful stonework. It was so hot we opted for a snack lunch in the shade and watched the world go by, including Le P'Tit Train which is an enjoyable way to see the whole of Bayeux. On returning to the car - free parking on a Saturdays! I burnt my finger on the boot catch!!

On the way back we decided to top

CRÉPON WAR GRAVES

Malcolm Cutler

up with petrol at a supermarket, which turned into a shambolic experience (a story for the pub) so we had a cool drink inside and returned to Crèpon. We arrived at the Crèpon bar a little earlier and enjoyed a convivial hour swapping stories of our day out. As the landlord had been most oblig-



ing with our large party and the good hearted banter with the amused/bemused regulars we presented him with one of our “on tour/rally plates” and we all bade him farewell. At our final dinner at the Hotel we gave Jill & Malcolm a small gift to thank them for arranging such a comprehensive trip + of course wonderful weather.

An early start on Sunday for the trip home with a pleasant cruise across the channel and then the top down all the way home to Exmouth. What a lovely week with enjoyable company, as is usual with FCCC trips.



It was our intention to lay the FCCC wreath this year at the new British Normandy Memorial at Ver-Sur-Mer but this was not possible due to it not being completed. We instead laid the wreath on the graves of two young RAF ‘reserve’ personnel — Aircraftsmen D Harris and Corp. F T Onley — who died on 10th June 1944, that we discovered in the Crèpon village churchyard. I subsequently contacted the War Graves Commission and the RAF, but the only information they could give me was that these two young men were not flight personnel, but were killed by gunfire whilst sheltering in a trench nearby to the village. Could they have been forward spotters? We will never know but they gave their lives, aged only 23, to ensure our freedom.



After you—no, after you!

FCCC Croquet



Adrian Lees-Smith
—sartorial elegance.

The sun shines on the FCCC righteous!



Now look 'ere mate!

Pershire Plum Fair ice creams



FROM THE ARCHIVES 'NOSTALGIC RAMBLINGS' Barry Cooper

Ed: Barry has taken the following from the FC3 of Spring 2007—not a lot changes!

The Only Thing Worth Looking

Forward To? - The Past!

Why is it that one gains the impression that History in general and Nostalgia in particular, have become rather unfashionable in the 20th century? It used to be taught that one is supposed to learn by one's mistakes but then, I would suspect, our mentors would have us believe that they are infallible in their policies and that they 'know what is best for us'. Anyway, it's now possibly because it is so depressing to ponder how things might improve when Tony (*for today read May/Boris*) is no longer the tenant of No 10, that immersing oneself in the past has now become such a popular pastime. The fact that we are remembering how FCCC came into existence two (*now over three*) decades ago is, after all, a nostalgic backward glance, so no criticism please for those of us who have an (admitted) fondness for looking back to 'the good old days'. I suspect, however,

that it is very often the case that one's memory prefers to paint only the rosiest picture in one's mind – 'it never rained during my school holidays when I was young' is a prime example!

It was very much with the latter in mind that I have reason to remember one unforgettable moment during my two years of National Service. In its inimitable way 'Basic Training' probably did serve the purpose of either



'Character Building' or 'Complete Demoralisation', depending on each recruit's demeanour. As my fellow brothers-in-arms had been plucked, either from a professional career, or directly following a course at university, we were a bloody minded lot, with scant regard for the Queens need of our 'services' – especially at 28 bob a week! After one particular taxing session of square-bashing, ear-offending and Army 'bull', we threw ourselves onto our beds and swore a grim pact. Namely: never were we to let rose col-

oured spectacles have any influence at all, when recalling the separately boring life which we were all, at that very moment, enduring! I sometimes wondered how my companions of those times fared in the days after our demobilisation. Did Stuart indeed become a barrister, is Ray still in nuclear engineering and what of Trevor, did he continue in geology or did he succumb to the lure of tin-pan-alley, and follow his brother into the music making world? To my regret I did not keep in touch with any of them and with one exception, have not subsequently met up with any of my old friends from my school days.

What on earth has this to do with the FCCC I hear you ask? Well, it occurred to me that friendships made within the club have genuinely stood the test of time. Many long standing members have known each other for a period longer than their school days, college/university years or national service, all rolled into one! Some businesses give their employees a gold watch after only twenty years service!

There we are you see. In a few years time we will be reminiscing about our 20th (or soon our 35th) birthday celebrations. More Nostalgia!

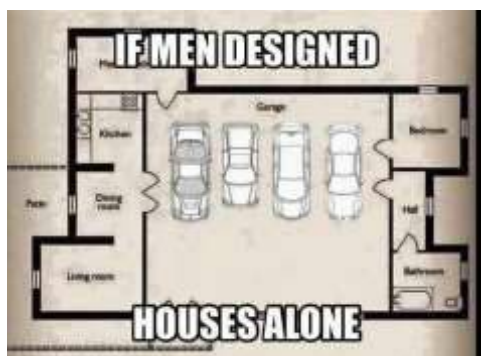


* 'MANY HAPPY RETURNS' FCCC! *

(SO MANY V. FINE MEMORIES)

'HOP THE BIG DAY WENT WELL.

Ray & Anne G.



MANSHEDED RAMBLINGS

Part II

Robert Henry

Update on the Mansheded

The competitive nature of the mansheded seems to have waned so time for an update on mine and some other ramblings to keep the FCCC folk riveted.

The interior has become dingy after years of welding, grinding, swearing and spraying, so time for a refresh. Park trailer in middle, empty every box, remove dust and all that 'useful stuff' I never really needed to keep. The result is a full trailer of junk and lots of dust, so how to clean it before painting?

Fire up the trusty leaf blower and give it a

good blast, couple of very important things before starting, remember to OPEN the mansheded doors and if you really want to continue a 'meaningful relationship with your wife' also remember to SHUT the house doors and windows before moving the dust from one area to another. Then onto the surface preparation, which we all know takes ages and is very important (ie boring). In exchange for repairs I frequently borrow a trailer mounted hot washer, spray truckwash (caustic) on the ceiling, and blast the whole interior with said washer, for those of a sensitive nature it is best to turn the electricity off first as it gets very steamy and wet leading to them getting very angry with each other. The rest is simple, paint ceiling, walls



and floor, it is now so bright I have to wear sunglasses.

Malcolm, aka The Commandant, will have filled you in on the brilliant 75 year raid of Normandy but without the noisy guns and bullets.

Many folk had problems with the Sat Nav not working very well, but the solution that worked very well for several members—follow Jackie and Kay. We scrounged a lift with them one day, their car had real aircon, not the old stuff we are used to by taking the roof off. France was the first time Jackie had intentionally driven on the wrong side of the road, Gill and I piled in the back and let the pilot and navigator get on with it. It was like a full scale military operation, they had managed sort of vaguely to find out how to operate the vehicle sat nav (despite the lack of helpful input from the garage it came from) and Google on one of those new fangled smart phone thingies that seemed to work really well. Kay gives instructions, Jackie responds 'I have that' and with several other cars relying on them they always kept them in view, particularly when getting out of junctions, simply brilliant, but like all things it had a devastating downside.

As most of you men are aware, but will not admit to, MEN are not good at listening to or following any instructions, so while Gill is brilliantly navigating off an old fashioned map, I easily get confused and then probably 'a bit manly', but now I get

a simple reprimand 'Jackie would NOT have said THAT to Kay'. It is in danger of becoming a new stock phrase but I blame using a map from the 1990's instead of a 1950's that suits the car, you see how difficult it is to mix technologies.

Our VW Golf Mk1 is now on the road



again, no it is not a GTI, it is a C (C stands for Cheap trim, well in terms of things provided it certainly does—no passenger door mirror, no intermittent wipers until you had a CL, which is Cheap with a little Luxury, GLS is Grand Luxury Sort of) with 5 doors and diesel. Bought new back in 1982 in the days when the UK market was seriously screwed on car prices, and pre www. days when getting information was more difficult.

In June I went to Northfield and was offered one in a revolting green with a 4 speed gearbox (that would be an absolute real joy on the motorway) at about £5000 or if I wanted my spec: C diesel. 5 speed box. Sunroof. Tinted glass and Mars Red it was full retail @ £6300 delivery January. One of the local garages

was bringing them in discretely (VW would have made getting RHD cars difficult) from a supplier to the Forces, organised by John who ran the R A Lister office in Germany, so he ordered ours, delivery October, the total including flying out there, a hotel, ferry and import duty came to £4700! It was run in by the time we got home, both children much later learnt to drive on it and used it until about 10 years ago when I took it off the road. Total mileage is 213,000 and the engine only came out for the first time so I could paint it and respray under the bonnet, except routine stuff the engine just went straight back in, it is still a nice car to drive despite the fact they never had good brakes! The only thing left is to retrim the seats. In a few years it will be tax free and to all the 'greenies' who think I am killing the planet, please look at the 'whole of life cycle' of the vehicle.

Scientific fact: Cows contribute to pollution by creating methane in large quantities (it really should be captured and used) so does that mean vegetarians create the same problem? Just asking.

Canada Dave's engine in LGW really says a lot about the type of person who joins FCCC. The purists will all be off for their snowflake fruitcake counselling as it is BLUE! Not just any blue but I think it is FORD Tractor Blue which is completely wrong, I know this because our AH Sprite engine is Ultramarine Blue as

the proper light green metallic came offonly twice and as I replumbed the car



with Samco hoses which are blue it all matches, very pretty, 18 years ago that was the only colour they came in, good job they were not pink! The plus side is I have never been invited to the Sprite/Midget meet locally despite knowing a few members here in Dursley who have peered under the bonnet and reeled in shock.

Future projects:

The garden tractor I built over 30 years ago (that is another whole screed about my genius I need to write one day) needs some tlc, a few years ago I had to build a new cutter deck as seeing the blades rotating through the holes started to alarm me.

The mini digger (Vincent.. it was owned by Vince Plant Hire) needs a coat of paint so I can scratch most of it off again on the hedges. .



The Little Great White

Episode VII January - August

The coming of Spring was to be a time of great progress for LGW. Alas, May and June were given over to a heaps of house projects that had been building up since we moved in so it was time to get stuck in and sort them -



some landscaping, new deck, laying pavers, refurbishing garden furniture, some old trees out and some new ones in, etc, etc -you get the idea. Summer is half over as I sit on the deck in refurb'd furniture sipping a large G&T as I write these words. None-

theless, the last few weeks have seen progress.



The brake callipers were rebuilt and finished in Ford Blue; the alloys went out for total refurbishment and new Falken Azenis 615K 19560R-14 went on them. Some powder coating happened to the dash, black grill, roll bar, wheel hubs and cooling fan. Remember the heater photos a few episodes back? Well, after some stuffing around, I got it all back together with no bits left over and got on with one of the more loved tasks in the MGB world - putting the heater in. Fine Pom-mie steam- age engineering that thing!



Righto, wheels on, down off the stands and onto the wheel dollies. Then he was

shoved to his side of the garage where the rest of the assembly will take place. The prop shaft is in and the stainless steel exhaust is on the bench waiting for its turn. Davo's current rate of decent to the floor and then ascent back up to the tool chest to get "one more tool" is getting slower by the day so a hoist is now top priority for the post-lotto basket! LGW needs to be on his own turf in the garage as more space is ... needed.



Remember Tony, my neighbour and a car bloke extraordinaire from early days? He carted LGW everywhere he need to go in his huge, covered trailer. Two years ago he bought a low mileage 2001 Jaguar XK-R. He has now sold it. To me! So a Jag is back in the Barton stable and LGW is absolutely thrilled to have a younger brother again. OK having two , two-seater sports cars doesn't make sense. But we are car guys ... good sense has nothing to do with it.



LGW's Little Brother

Dave Barton August 2019

1

The red blanket is Canadian Army standard issue from the Sixties, compliments of Her Majesty, The Queen of Canada.

MY MG 1300— ONE OWNER,
NEVER RACED OR RALLIED!
John Dodman

John and Judy acquired the MG in May 1996 (first registered in 1970) and after a service and MOT they did the London to Brighton classic car run in June '96. It was a busy year as in Sept '96 they took the car on the Chrysler RAC/MSA Euro Classic from Dover to the Nürburgring. You can recognise John and Judy is the photo (opposite) which was taken on the Euro Classic in '97 crossing the St Gottard pass.

MG 1100

MODEL YEAR: 1962-1967

NUMBER MADE: 116,827

The MG 1300 was slightly faster than the Morris 1100 with its top speed of 94 mph (150 kph). This is a 1970 example.



SPECIAL REMARKS: Between 1967-1971 26,240 MG 1300 cars ere sold. The MG 1300 was in reality an enlarged Mini which many people found too small.

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MY CITROEN 'TRACTION AVANT'—Part 2

Ralph Morgan

Following the work described in the previous issue of FC3, I now had a roadworthy car. I took it on increasingly long trips around the area, starting with a few hundred yards up the road and back, to gain confidence that it at least “worked”. First impressions of driving it were rather mixed, and I was reminded of something the Owners Club spares coordinator told me during my first visit to him. “Don’t spend too much on it at this stage since you may get it on the road and then not like it. It happens!” While it is clearly a car from another era, I was impressed with the ride, directness of the steering, reasonable turn of speed, decent brakes and good general handling. Less impressive were the heavy steering, particularly at low speed, the enormous turning circle, the very obstruc-



tive gear change, and the rattles and clonks from the front suspension, particularly when negotiating the many

potholes in the area. The engine was also pretty noisy, with a deep rumble that caused concern. Although it seemed to tick over and run well enough, I was also worried about the oil fumes billowing out around the filler cap, suggesting that at least some of the piston rings and/or bores were worn.

At this stage it made sense to join FCCC as I felt that I now had a suitable vehicle. I had picked up a leaflet several years earlier at the Castle Combe Autumn Classic but “never got round” to joining. My first event was a Lunch Run early in 2018; I enjoyed this, and the welcome and camaraderie of other members, so Chris joined me with the car on a couple more runs in the spring, as well as the informal show at the Old Spotted Cow pub in Marston Meysey. During the first half of the year we also ventured further afield, visiting the Bicester Sunday Scramble on “Drive It Day” in April and the Prescott Hill Climb French Weekend in May.

Then came the annual FCCC event at the Hunters Care Home’s summer fête near Cirencester. During the journey there I noticed occasional “slippage” in the transmission, something that had sometimes occurred during earlier drives. It felt like clutch slip, but seemed to happen only momentarily when pulling away from a standstill. However when it came to leaving the show for home, it proved impossible to get the car to move. Another Club

member noticed that the drive shafts were turning but the front wheels were not! I then of course remembered the issue of the drive shaft/hub wear that I mentioned earlier. It was clear that the suggestion that I should “get away with it” if I tightened the hubs up enough was optimistic! So, with the prompt and friendly attention of the RAC the car was taken home and sat in the garage while I considered my options. It didn’t take long reading the workshop manual to realise that this was a job that I ought to leave to someone with the right tools and experience. Otherwise it had all the hallmarks of one of those tasks that you wish you’d never started!

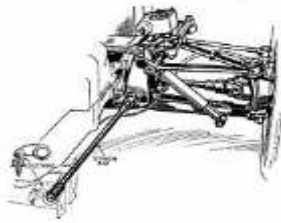
I was recommended by the Owners Club to contact a Traction specialist near Salisbury, so once the holiday season was over my friendly local flatbed driver was booked to get the car there. During several telephone conversations it became clear that I was wise to have given the work to him.

After dismantling the front suspension he had the drive shafts refurbished with new outer sections, and obtained some original (but refurbished) Citroën brake drums/hubs at quite a saving over the new parts, but as is so often the case there was more work required than he and I originally thought. Therefore, we agreed that while everything was apart he would replace the badly worn upper wishbone bushes and inner wheel bearings. He also shimmed the ball joints properly and adjusted the steering geometry, sorted out the obstructive gear change, reset the timing and mixture, and fitted a new rear engine mount which he felt was the cause of the deep engine rumble. After several weeks, and another £3,000 spent (parts alone were £1,700...) the car came back home on the flatbed.

I drove it around the area quite a lot, including normal everyday trips into Swindon, and it felt like a different car. The engine started and ran better and quieter, the steering was lighter and



more positive, the gear change was fine, and the earlier rattles and clonks from the front suspension had disappeared. The run to Bicester for the January Sunday Scramble, and a trip to



the Prescott French Weekend in May, gave me confidence that the car would be

fine for the FCCC Normandy trip in June. The journey to Coventry in early June to take part in the very enjoyable Citroën Centenary celebrations further confirmed this. However the car did show signs of fuel starvation on that trip on the long steep climb out of Burford towards Stow in the Wold. I put this down to the rather vague fuel gauge and the probability that the tank was emptier than it appeared, causing air to be picked up on the hill, since the problem went away once we reached level ground, and following a fill up of fuel in Stow the car performed well for the rest of the journey to Coventry and back home. A couple of trouble free local runs, including one to the annual FCCC show at the Hunters Care Home, convinced me that the problem was an isolated incident.

With the Normandy trip rapidly approaching I gave the car a full service, put together a spares kit, and started to prepare for the adventure. Come

the day of departure, fully loaded and with a Union Jack and Tricolor attached to the grille, we set off for Portsmouth with the intention of making a leisurely journey with a lunch stop on the way. However, as we climbed the hill on the road to Marlborough from the M4 J15 roundabout, the signs of fuel starvation that had occurred earlier in Burford reappeared. Fortunately, being a Sunday morning, traffic was light, and initially the problem cleared as we reached level ground at the top. However it recurred on several occasions along that road, forcing me to make the decision to return home and investigate rather than risk becoming stranded somewhere on the way to Portsmouth. After an hour or so on the drive at home unsuccessfully trying to solve the problem, and eventually finding the car impossible to start, I decided to abandon the plan to take it to France. With the help of neighbours it was pushed into the garage and we prepared to take the Mazda MX5. While Chris was busy transferring the luggage into the Mazda (a tricky job without starting again on the whole packing process...) I called the ferry company to change the booking, sorted out European breakdown cover, and dug out all the necessary vehicle documents from the files. No chance for anything in the way of preparation of the car for a foreign trip other than a quick check of tyre pressures, oil and other fluids, and a cursory nod to French lighting requirements with

stickers on the headlamps, and we were off, reaching Portsmouth by the fast route at the same time as most of the rest of the group.

I was obviously bitterly disappointed that we couldn't take the Citroen on this trip, as we had so much looked forward to driving it through French villages to the D Day sites and elsewhere in Normandy. However, as the week went by and the temperature rose, we realised that the Mazda was a much more suitable car for the trip. I had no worries about reliability and, of course, there was the bonus of "top down" motoring on excellent quiet French country roads in glorious sunshine. As the old saying goes "all's well that ends well".

Since our return home from France I have spent some time on the car to try to solve the problem, overhauling the fuel pump with new parts, blowing the fuel line through and generally checking the system. It seems to run well now, and I've taken the car on a couple of short local runs, but I need to venture further afield soon to confirm that things are now fine as I have a commitment to do a wedding run in the car in early August!

Assuming the fuel problem has been solved the plan is to enjoy the car now, with no major jobs planned for a while. There is quite a lot of corrosion around the boot floor that I need to sort out using the services of my local body shop. I'll ask them to flush out

the fuel tank at the same time, as they will need to remove it from the car; debris in the tank could be at least



part of the cause of the fuel starvation problem. The wiring is a mess, as mentioned earlier, so I may work

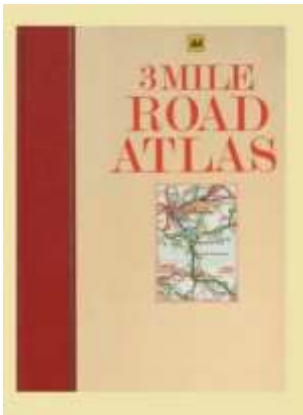
on this on a circuit-by-circuit basis, but most likely purchase a complete new loom from the Club and do the whole job over next winter. The rear wings could do with being refurbished, and again I would use the local body shop. However I'm reluctant to spend too much time and effort on the bodywork as I think the car has a nice "patina" that suits something that is as old as me!

Overall, it's been an interesting and rewarding project with several lessons learnt. Sometimes I regret not doing more homework and viewing more cars before buying this one, but then again it was very cheap and even after all the subsequent expenditure I've not yet spent more than it should be worth if I were to sell it. I know that's not always (if ever...) the case with restoration projects, so I don't feel that I've wasted money. Time will tell I suppose!

FINDING YOUR WAY WITH ROAD MAPS, NOT SAT-NAVS—Nostalgia article in WiltsGlos Standard, July 4 '19

Long before the days of the device known as the SatNav, before the Internet and Data Roaming had even been thought about, if you wanted to drive anywhere other than a 50m radius around Cirencester, you needed a Road Map!

My Dad had several of these large A3 size books knocking around in the boot of the car, but I don't ever recall him using any of them. Once a year our family left the



environs of Cirencester and headed off on a week's holiday to Weymouth or Paignton.

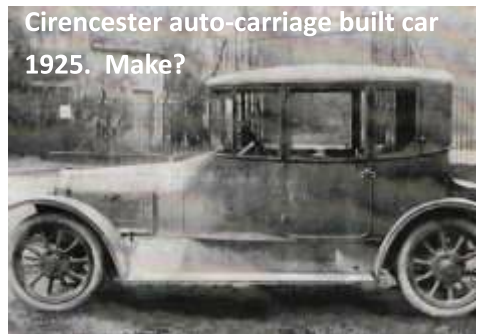
Without the benefits of seat belts and safety seats,

my sister and I would roll around the back seat at every corner, whilst up-front in the passenger seat of my Dad's Wolseley 6/80 saloon, my mother would be the Navigator. Instructing my Dad all the way from the Gloucestershire boundary to our destination.

A lot of planning went into these voyages to deepest Dorset and Devon! Weeks

beforehand my mother would write a letter to the AA asking directions; enclosing about 3shillings and 6pence (17p today's money!). The directions would arrive through the post a few days later – a turn by turn list which would be type-written on a sort of pad for mother to read out.

Local driving was pretty straightforward in the 1960's. There were few completed



motorways and the Cirencester bypass wasn't even on the drawing board. It was pre-breathalyser and most country pubs were well used. It was considered normal back then to drink a gallon (or more) and then drive home!

The drivers didn't need a map to get home, they used the centre white line of the road to guide themselves back to town – hoping, I guess, not to meet a country resident who'd been drinking in the opposite direction and was also using the same white line to get home...!

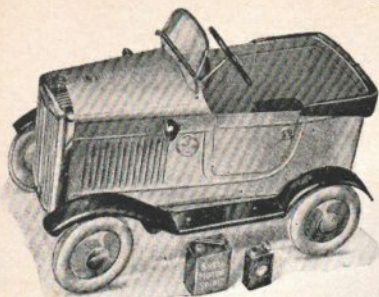
This article was written by Robert Heaven in the Wilts and Glos Standard on 14th July 2019. I have e-mailed him (twice) asking for permission to reprint the article in FC3, but have yet to receive a reply!



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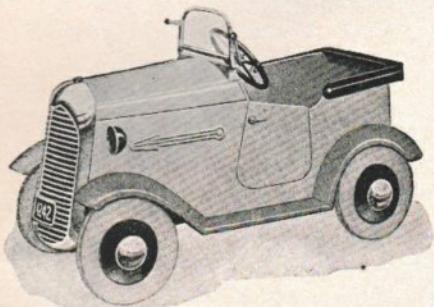




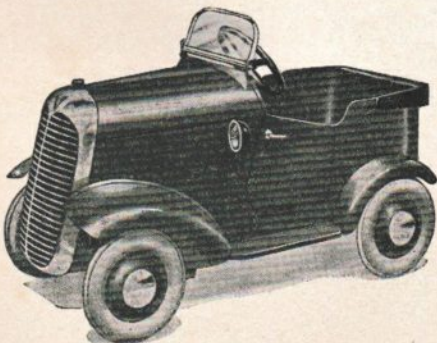
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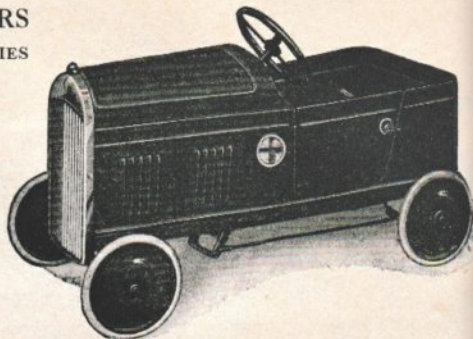
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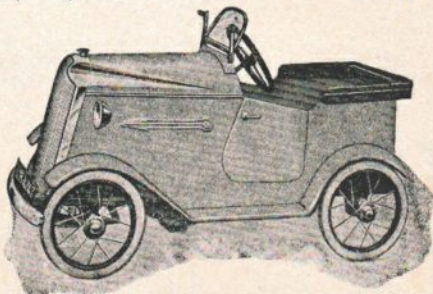
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