

Issue No. 34

HUMPS AND PIPES

QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER OF THE RONART DRIVERS' CLUB

ISSUE 34 July - September 2001

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Cover Page: Laon 2001, Henry Weitzmann shows Alistair Rosenchein how to fill a radiator.

J.E.C. TRACK DAY

Tony Legon - R.D.C. Track Day Co-ordinator

The JEC (Jaguar Enthusiasts Club) is holding a track day at Mallory Park in Leicestershire on Tuesday 6th November and the club has been invited to attend. A number of Ronarts are going to be there but as they say the more the merrier. For those who have not been on a track day before these events can be great fun and in a Ronart you will not be intimidated at all. You will get to drive at your own pace and so you can take it easy at first whilst you find your way around and then if you want you can hammer your pride and joy something rotten, but the aim is to have a great time.

There are likely to be some noise restraints on the cars but I have at least one spare set of mufflers than can be fitted very easily to your car when you arrive if you have a particularly noisy MkII Ronart exhaust.

I need to get some idea of how many people are interested in going so that I can let the organisers know.

The cost is £105.00 if you are a JEC member and £135.00 if not. This should get you about 1.5 hour's driving time spread out throughout the day.

Please let me know if you are interested by contacting me on 01737 246201 or email Tony.legon@Btinternet.com

FROM THE EDITOR

Are Ronarts film stars?

We've been approached from a company called film CARSuk based at Bournemouth with a suggestion that a W152 could be the next Herbie, Chitty Chitty Bang Bang, Genevieve or even the time travelling Delorean, all of them made it big in the movies. There is a need for suitable vehicles to take part in films, TV far beyond really expensive super cars. This company produces a full colour directory which is



distributed to the trade, more detail can be found by calling 01202 773673/looking at their web site filmcarsuk.com. Colin Janes is your man.

Arthur smiles to himself, well pleased with the new look Lightning

How often does a coil go on you?

As if to underline the coil issue I mentioned in the last newsletter, believe it or not the same car's coil failed again 1500 miles later. This time I was in France and the vehicle packed up blocking a main highway with Juggernauts queued up behind it. I checked all the electrics and concluded it was coil failure again but did not have a spare. Finally a low loader took the car to a garage who refused to accept my diagnosis and retested everything, only to finally agree with me (by this time I had learnt over and over again that the French for coil is 'bobbin'). Replacement with a second hand unit had me on my way, the total cost (low loader + time + coil) to me a mere £20. Now in the UK I am sure this would have been no less than £150.

Grill/bar badge?

A special offer has come in from Southern United who are giving an off season deal we are told we cannot afford to miss. A discount on their entire Car Club, Grille and Bar Badges. As an example, one colour engraved solid stainless steel Bar Badge 35 (minimum) @ would be about £8.50 each, inclusive of design, artwork and VAT. I have

a sample and will have it to show at the NEC Classic Car Show. What do you mean you do not have a badge bar? Stick it on your dashboard or over the mantle piece.

Ronart Events

Tracking along – the rumour is that some 8 W152s will be trying their luck on the track at the JEC practise meeting at Mallory Park on November 6th. Our Tony Legon is of course co-ordinating the club efforts in this area and David Small has taken care of finding somewhere to stay the night before, for those needing accommodation. So do contact Tony if you are interested, his contact details are on the back of this newsletter.

Laon 2001 – The French Magazine 'la vie de l'AUTO' sported a great write up in their 9th August edition on this event, they did notice our Ronarts there and commented something like 'amongst the roadsters there were specials not seen very often. A delegation of some 10 Ronart W152s dating from 15 years ago and based on the XJ6, which the English like to make hybrids from, the result is quite successful and looks like the Allard'.

International Classic Motor Show, NEC (10 & 11th Nov; *note the date change*) - we've a record number of members attending and helping out this year, something like 12 of us. Many are staying over the weekend and get-together dinner has been organised at a local restaurant for the Saturday evening, but its not too late so give me a call if you would like to join us. In the past years we have struggled to have enough cars to show, this year we have been offered more than we have space for, which is very gratifying.

Silverstone Historic Festival (24-26th Aug) - David Small reported a lower turn out this year both from Ronart club members and the even the general public, it's reported the attendance was 30% down on last year. No doubt the new Rockingham Festival that Coys were sponsoring, took away some of the attendees and it's not every bodies choice to Silverstone on a bank holiday. David was joined by Denis Baker, David Mansfield and David Lyons

Donington Kit & Performance Show (1& 2nd Sep) – labelled our Summer Event, not too many of you turned up for this either. It was left to myself, Denis Baker and Graham Banks to fly the flag. Good to say the weather held out with no rain and overall attendance was good. Final take up on the Sunday of doing spins around the track must have been down as the rules were changed to allow participants to tear round for just 20mins at a cost of £25. There were some interesting 'specials' for sale privately and bargains were to be had.

All Jaguar Spares Day (Sun 10th Feb 2002) – this is to be held once more at Farnham Maltings in Farnham, Surrey. Yours truly will have a table there to sell off some old

spares, if you would like to join me or just have me sell off some of your 'junk' please contact me.

Christmas Luncheon (2nd Dec.) & AGM (1st Dec.) – we have about 40 booked attendees so far with another 25 hinting that they will attend, so please don't delay, make it easy for the organisers to make the event a success. The Lightning will be on show and contrary to popular belief it is not necessary to come in a Ronart. Why not make a weekend of it and bring some friends with you ? the more the merrier. We have, at very little expense the great **MALCOLM JENKINS** joining us. This amazing man of wit and renowned after dinner speaker will address us regardless of cost; we are indeed very lucky to have secured his services.

2002 Continental trips?

- Short trip: I will repeat this once more, from the last newsletter, in the hope that somebody comes forward. 'One of our German members (Wolfgang Doell) suggests we go to **Nurburgring** next August when we can take our cars on the 16 mile amazing circuit during their fabulous 3 day motoring speed festival (known as the 'old timer grandprix'). I have found out that Continental Car Tours (the guys that did the Laon trip this year) actually offer this as a standard package. If we are to do this we need a volunteer this side of the channel to organise us in conjunction with say Continental Car Tours and Wolfgang – **any volunteer please**'?
- Longer trip: Again I repeat. 'Then there is our French member's (Jacques Grandjean) brilliant suggestion that we go to **Corsica**. The idea would be to put the cars on the train down to Nice to maximise the time down there, then take the ferry over to Corsica where he knows a wonderful area in which we could plumb ourselves. David Mansfield is keen to organise this one so you might give him a call on T: 01763 852115.' I visited Jacques recently whilst on holiday in France, travelling through Annecy, where Jacques hangs out with his lovely wife Christiane. He has done some of the basic cost etc research and gave me the results for David.

Summer's gone !

Mike

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FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Don't forget to let us have any suggested events and we will add them to the calendar as usual. If you're planning to go to a Car Show etc. and are willing to organise a few other Ronarts into turning up, do call Benjamin Weitzmann or Mike Kanter for the loan of the club display logo or flag pole. We are always looking for help to man the exhibits so please give us a call if you would like to help or put your Ronart on show.

The events in bold include Ronart involvement, that we know about; we do rely on our members to let us know if they plan attendance so that we can publish it, particularly with the race meetings. Always double check dates 'cos of misprints.

DATE	EVENT	DETAILS
Sat/Sun 1/2Sep	National Kit & Performance Car Show	Donington RDC attending, call Mike Kanter or the organisers on T: 01375 225857 <i>Highly recommended</i>
Thu 6 Sep	RDC Noggin & Natter London region	Sun Inn, Dunsfold, Surrey Details: Graham Hallett
Sun 9Sep	Car Heaven Vintage, veteran & classics	Church Farm, Steeple Morden off A505 between Baldock & Royston. A good day by all accounts
Wed 12Sep	Track Day Kit Car Mag	Kemble, Gloucestershire Details: 01883 624964
Fri 14Sep	Track day	Donington Park, Easytrack T: 01235 751109
Fri/Sat/Sun 14/15/16Sep	Revival Meeting	Goodwood, W Sussex Call Mike Kanter
Sat 22Sep	JEC Racing with the JCC Oulton Park Powered by Jag Challenge	Maybe 2 Ronarts entered?
Sat 29Sep	Track Day Which Kit?	Wroughton, Wiltshire Details: 01737 225857

Wed Track Day Elvington, N Yorks
10Oct Kit Car Mag Details: 01883 624964
Sun Joint JEC / JCC N.A.C. - Stoneleigh
21 Oct Spares Day Warwickshire

Thu RDC Noggin & Natter Sun Inn, Dunsfold, Surrey
25 Oct London region Details: Graham Hallett T:
01737 832686

Tue JEC Practice Day Mallory Park.
6Nov RDC invited, Contact Tony
Legon, our Track Day
co-ordinator

Sat/Sun Int Classic Motor Show NEC Birmingham
10/11Nov Sports Car Show Details: 0121 7804133
RDC exhibiting

Sat/Sun Great Western Kit and Westpoint, Exeter, Devon
17/18Nov Sports Car Show Details: 01233 713878

Sun Autojumble Hooton Park, Ellesmere Port
25Nov Details: 01484 660622

Sat Club AGM Royal Cambridge Hotel 1
Dec 6.00pm See below.

Sun RDC Xmas Lunch
2Dec Royal Cambridge Hotel Cambridge. The 'Lightning' will
attend Guest speakers: Arthur Wolstenholme and Malcolm
Jenkins. Details: Benjamin Weitzmann/Mike Kanter

2002

Sun All Jaguar Spares Day
10Feb, Farnham Maltings, Farnham, Surrey Tel: 01962 777321
Mike Kanter will have a stall, let me sell your unwanted
spares on your behalf?

Sun Cobra Replica Club
3rd Sun Eagle pub, A128, Kelvendon Hatch, Near Bentwood,
/month Essex or Nags head, Brook Street' Jn 28 M25, Brentwood.
Open invitation to all RDC . 12.30pm. from Graham

**Dorrell. Members are advised to contact our Web Master
Graham Hallett first.**

LAON - A WEEKEND JAUNT....

by Steve Trodd (son of W152 owner Freddie)

At the conception, I was present. During the toils and joviality of assembly, I witnessed and heard stories concerning the assembly of every nut, bolt, engine and body part. I was there when the engine first started, and when delivery was made from the paint sprayers. I have helped, expressed opinions. Even sacrificed the usual plans of Birthday and Christmas socks and pants, when seatbelts and other parts were far more important.

Now I was asked not only to be present on the maiden trip, but to also share the wheel on a four-day trip to France, where we would take part in the 'Circuit Historique de Laon' alongside 400 other classic, historic vehicles and 13 other Ronart W152s.

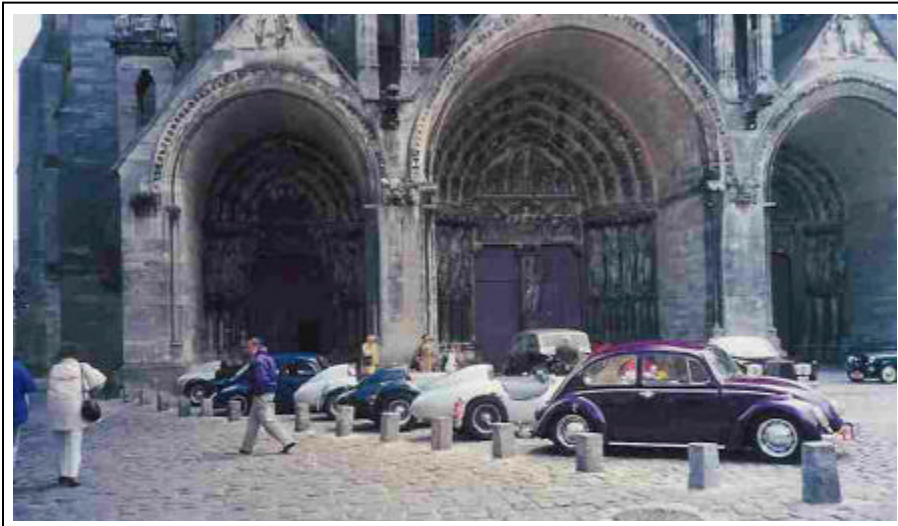
Was I excited.....? Maybe!!

Thursday 31May 2001 – all aboard!

All eyes scanned the skies for the fighter plane that had buzzed the tranquil little Village of Netherfield late on this perfect afternoon. But I knew better. My eyes were at ground level, waiting the mandatory 45 seconds between hearing and seeing the silver six-cylinder beast humming onto the driveway. The Ronart looked great, and a small crowd of neighbours (who were still wondering how so much noise came out of a method of transport that did not have wings) gathered to watch the proceedings.

Ronarts and their donor vehicle

So after a quick mission briefing, Flt Captain 1st General Freddie Trodd, and his trusty sidekick Blondie donned their flying jackets, leather helmets and goggles, and proceeded to literally pour ourselves into the cockpit, ready for take off. Of course Freddie never request's attention, it just happens to be there every now and again. So on this occasion it would be a shame, not to disappoint. Well, after about fifty yards the rear of the car finally returned to its correct position following directly behind the front, and the effect on the neighbours? It was three days before the little boy next



door had managed to close his mouth, and resume conversation with understandable English. After an exhilarating hour long drive, we pulled into the car park at the hotel in

Dover and were pleased to see that we were not the first Ronart to have parked up. The two that were there really stuck out in the crowd. So after removing items from all sorts of little hideaways and cubby-holes we set to prepare Freddie's rubber booted baby for her first night away from home, with a waterproof cover and a bedtime story.

Friday 1st June 2001 – over to France

Before I proceed with a story of the events that unfolded, I would like to suggest without offence to those who are lucky enough to own and drive such wonderful machinery that...A Ronart is a Ronart; thus you can have a pair, a trio, even a quad.

But what if you have seen 13 in a line like I have. I asked, read even phoned a friend and still could not come up with a collective word for a group of Ronarts. So I scanned the great books for a word that would captivate the imagination and depict a true definition of such a gathering.

A Harem of Ronart's

Harem (**ha:ri:m**) n. 1.Lovely to watch 2. Only gets used every now and again 3. Expensive to maintain 4. When you turn them on you don't really want them to stop.

Anyway, back to the tale. After a full and strength giving breakfast a quad of Ronart's left for the port. The remainder of the group was booked on the same crossing. So if the plan went right, we

A rare and magnificent Bentley joined us in Soisson.



would all meet up, as we were ready to board the boat. Or in the coffee bar on once we had set sail.

We arrived at the loading area and were met either by those who had arrived before us or we heard the distinctive Ronart roar, as another car pulled up to join the Harem. By this time we had attracted fellow passengers laden with cameras. Everyone was interested in knowing more about this bevy of beasts that were parked waiting to the deliver the

true meaning of 'ooh la la' to our European cousins. We were summoned on board and the coffee bar beckoned.

The coffee was as welcome as the faces that were drinking them. Stories of routes and catching up with fellow Ronartiers filled the corner of the bar. As the ship turned and started to edged its way towards France, the true heroes of the trip got their heads together and before we arrived in French territorial waters, the Ladies had distributed copies of mobile telephone numbers, and made sure that each and every car had a map, the route marked showing all stops and final destinations.

Upon arrival we were greeted with the usual French customs and passport control. This involved a wooden hut with an unshaven Gendarme tripping over his bottom lip as the Ronart's just kept coming.



Fred
die
and I
were
placed
towards
the back
of the

pack. The lead cars soon opened up gaps as they gained confidence with the roads and driving continental style. Short bursts of raw power showed the real potential of these machines, and full credit to all the drivers who used sensible control and speed at all times. Time flew as we made our way towards our lunch stop via the coast road. This chosen route had superb road surfaces, challenging bend formation and great views for the passengers.

Lunch was provided by way of a typical French style Café/Restaurant. Great food, even better coffee and very reasonably priced! After stopping for lunch, it was onward to our first French hotel. This was located in the town of Arras. Its picturesque square surrounded by tall narrow panelled buildings, and the road around was laid with cobble sets. Once again the hospitality was friendly and efficient. Underground car park tickets were issued when you checked in, thus providing the drivers with assurance that their cars were safe, and in the dry.

We all met for drinks prior to dinner and the general conversation was that it had been a great first day with little or no incidents. We all had stories to tell, and excerpts of the day that we wanted to re-live. Food was waited to our tables, wine did flow and coffee and liqueurs fuelled some members into conversation long into the night.

Me? I know my limits. For tomorrow I was driving.

Even a London bus joined us!

Saturday 2nd June 2001 – finally the drive to Laon!

Freddie has an annoying habit! He wakes ever so early. So the prod that inquired what TV channel could Sky News be found on, was incoherently dragged out of me in time for the 5.45am updates. The unzipping of bags and the folding and packing of his clothes ready for the day ahead followed this. I then get dragged into conversation from the virtues of driving on the left to what could be the worst aspect of the Lib Dems winning the seat of Guildford. My refusing to chat worked and after a while Freddie realised that I was not getting up at such an obscene hour, laid on to his bed and drifted off to sleep.

The next we know its 9.45 and we are not even dressed; let alone breakfast.

We manage to catch a rushed but enjoyable breakfast and met everyone at the car park. Packed the boot and set off in mild drizzle to refuel. Being last in the queue of a Harem of 11 cars to fill up has its problems. You see the first to fill up has to wait and as the cars gain their quota of fuel it is all too easy to overlook the last and shoot off. This is exactly what happened.

I was replacing the nozzle back in the pump as everyone set off. We took off as quickly as possible. But as hard as I tried to locate the pack it was to no avail, we had been separated. What was worse we had no indication of which direction they had gone.

This is where once again I must thank the Ladies who had made sure that we knew the location, road and direction of the next port of call. So after a few wrong turns, the odd horn attack from the locals and a fair bit of cursing we found the right road. The road to Soission was under the wheels and the road was mine.....

This was the first time I had driven the Ronart in earnest. I must admit that my apprehension of driving my father's pride and joy did not hold me back at all. I was soon breaking hard into the bends and un-leashing everything it had to give on the way out.



*Some of our
great Ronart
companions.*

Upon the straight and empty roads I was able to push speeds that you just cannot do in

England. On approaching the small villages double-de-clutching, using the gears to slow the car was a delight. To control this car with its tremendous torque and power was a dream. The handling is balanced and direct, very little understeer and rear end stability when you need it. Oh and one thing more the noise.....ooh la la.

As we approached the town of Soission, near Leon, I sort of hoped that we had caught the rest up and entered the town all together. But a large part of me really enjoyed the freedom of being on our own and taking full advantage of the near empty roads. As with all of France the local directions were excellent and soon we were driving towards a main square that was our meeting point. The square was filled with as fine a selection of classic cars as you will ever see. We had driven into a gathering of MGs, Jaguars,

Porsches, Rolls Royces, Austins, Bugattis, Lotus even a big red double decker London Bus.

So after checking in and receiving our bag of goodies and refreshments, Freddie and I heard the familiar pitch of six cylinders in line, making their way into the square. We had arrived approximately 15 minutes ahead of the pack and once again it was a sight to behold watching these machines pulling in with passengers suitable attired in traditional racing jackets, helmets and goggles.



Parked outside the Cathedral

My drive to Soissons apart from being fast and enjoyable was far less eventful than the procession. The main group was about to, or had just negotiated a lorry that was obviously in the way and going far too slow. Well, as far as I am aware the lead car had a problem with a un-fastened buckle and the ensuing updraft caused the said hat to leave its owner's head (after just purchasing one of these leather helmets myself, I can understand the urgency in assuring its retrieval). Brakes were applied with much haste. A miscalculation of how close the cars were behind was only realised when the scream from the tyres reached soprano pitch, and the tyre smoke created a misty haze that had everyone thinking they were in London town during the fifties. As the hand full of Ronart's found their resting place facing every direction except the way they wanted to go, David and Susan Small were doing their "Tonight Mathew I'm going to be a combine harvester" impression as they slid balletically along the verge.

Anyway back to the square. The procession to the Chateau de Villeneuve-Saint-Germain was both noisy and very noisy. My father who had

repossessed the keys must have unknowingly stepped into a pile of molten lead with his right foot, and was finding it quite difficult to keep the rev counter below 4K. The result of which came apparent when the switch to the fan failed and the engine temperature became comparable to a nuclear reactor on full meltdown.



David Lyons, forever the gentleman, tips his cap to the photographer

Then before Freddie had stopped to begin the cool down, the Harem had pulled over and a mass of leather helmets were pressing, prodding and blowing upon the over-heated engine. Within minutes, water was waiting and the car was ready to join the pack. Until then the weather had been rather kind to us exposed mortals. But as we made our way to the second hotel the heavens opened. The turn for the worse was both very cold and extremely wet, and when we lost our direction it was the Ladies who really came into their own, with visits to local shops to exercise their French and to find where we were and the way to go. *Well done ladies.*



A river of water and all from David Small's W152



The hotel was most comfortable and we all met in the bar as an appetiser for the evening ahead. It began with strong beer and great food, and the crew was now relaxed and dry after a day that tested everyone. After everyone had eaten and drunk their fill, the evening's entertainment began. As I mentioned before Freddie never seeks attention, it just happens. So as I sat back and watched the crowd laugh and enjoy the excellently delivered rendition of Quasimodo and the skinhead, whose face did not ring a bell. I thought to myself what a great weekend.

Sunday 3rd June 2001 – Track Day!

The next morning brought better skies and dry tarmac. And after quick but tasty coffee and croissant, we were out preparing the car for the track day around the city of

Now, that's the way lads Laon. A cathedral of biblical proportions and buildings that showed the scars of conflicts fought decades before, overshadowed the small square where a handful of the harem was parked prior to the chase. The atmosphere was that of subtle excitement and for the likes of me unknowing.

Freddie and I poured ourselves into the Ronart and before long the marshal summoned us to join the mass of classic cars that were already enjoying the spectacle. One lap was all Freddie needed to make the most of the situation, and before to long we were drifting into the bends and screaming our way out.



But did Freddie clean out the sewer first?

Then our hearts sank. As we drove through the wall section of the town we saw a Ronart with the bonnet up. David and Susan were peering into the engine, and with a river of water running down the road, we both realised that something serious had happened. Once again within a few moments the harem had pulled over and a wealth of Jaguar knowledge were making its prognoses. A large water pipe had split like an over ripe tomato. When a bag of spare pipes were offered, hopes were high. But as luck had it, not one was even similar. Effort and ideas were coming from all directions, and the sense of camaraderie was typical of the spirit that everyone had over that weekend. It was not a case of, how could we solve the problem? But how long would it take?



A
w

ealth of knowledge fix Tony legon's car

Well, pipes were cut, pipes inserted into other pipes to avoid creasing, and every possible bending and stretching of all sorts of pipes were tried. Even as this went on, as backup the original split pipe was meticulously repaired by way of patches and enough gaffer tape to build a small plane. The efforts paid off, the repair was fitted and it would be enough to get the car back to the hotel.

The rest of the allocated time was taken by stretching the car to permitted limits by Freddie and I, which was once again exciting and very exhilarating. The finale was as we completed the final lap we saw a sight that left spectators speechless.

We reversed Freddie's silver Ronart into a space alongside 12 others. With pride and admiration we witnessed the harem of 13 Ronarts, who were quiet, still and looking very spectacular along the side of the old cathedral. The evening back at the hotel was again filled with race talk and exciting manoeuvres performed that day. Every one had a story to tell and we all listened. After dinner we were delighted with music from the penny whistle, and fables and stories. Including one at David Small's expense, about a miracle watch that required batteries big enough to run a milk float.

The day was a delight and there was still tomorrow. Surely the trip hope would be easy and uneventful.

Monday 4th June 2001 – time to leave for home!

As we were enjoying breakfast, a fast Ronart was on its way to pick up a radiator pipe to fix the split one that would never be able to make it home. The pipe that had been picked up was not right for the job. Therefore modification to the solid radiator pipe had to be made, this involved cutting a section off to make the new pipe fit perfectly.

The next sight that I saw took some believing. Having tried every thing else, a manhole cover was removed and my father was climbing down a drain hole and a Ronart was rolled over him so to gain better access to cut the pipe. Amid requests to change oil and paint sub-frames the Ronartiers fitted the adapted pipe and after re-filling, you never would have known there was a problem. A lasting memory will be the Ronart being rolled back and Freddie clambering out of the drain hole like the first exit man out of Stalag 13.

Enough events already, I thought as we all left the hotel to catch the ferry. But fate would have one more blow. The entourage pulled over with the lead car (Tony Legon) loosing complete power. Again the camaraderie and wealth of knowledge by process of elimination, diagnosed a faulty fuel pump. Therefore with the rear wheel removed and fuel pump detached, it was systematically dissected and cleaned of a considerable amount of gunge that was blocking the flow. This was completed much to the disappointment of the relay lorry that was summoned just in case plan 'A' failed to work.

The final journey to Calais was uneventful and very fast. After a short pit stop a handful of Ronart's blasted the last 80 miles with speeds that never dropped below 90. The results were that all of the cars made the crossing back to old Blighty.

After we made it back home and the events of the weekend had time to sink in, I reflect with thanks that I was able to meet such genuinely nice people. Also with envy that the Ronart Drivers Club has the ability to attract friends from France (Jacques and Christaine Grandjean and Germany (Wolfgang and Doris Doel) who who travelled to meet and play cars with a selfsame passion. I would like to thank you, all who welcomed me as one of your own, I would like to say that I enjoyed very much meeting you all. A special thanks has to go to the lady map-readers, who I feel without, we would still be there now.

What for me now? Well, each night as I drift into the twilight area between first closing my eyes and real sleep, I am driving the 14th Ronart, I cannot tell you the colour but its shinny and very fast. As I head up towards the cathedral ramparts, I flick into second, bury the throttle and start snaking out of the bend.

I then smile to myself because the harem has just got bigger.

We are indebted to Steve for writing this account of yet another great and memorable club trip - Ed.

WORKSHOP MUMBO JUMBO

Material supplied by John Ellis

For those of you who have come across minor or major discrepancies when using your car workshop manual or possess a full toolbox and have no idea what their intended uses REALLY are, this should help.

HAMMER: Originally employed as a weapon of war, the hammer nowadays is used as a kind of divining rod to locate expensive parts not far from the object we are trying to hit.

MECHANIC'S KNIFE: Used to open and slice through the contents of cardboard cartons delivered to your front door; works particularly well on boxes containing seats and protective clothing.

ELECTRIC HAND DRILL: Normally used for spinning steel pop rivets in their holes until you die of old age, but it also works great for drilling mounting holes in Ronart body work just above the brake line that goes to the rear wheel.

PLIERS: Used to round off bolt heads.

HACKSAW: One of a family of cutting tools built on the Ouija board principle. It transforms human energy into a crooked, unpredictable motion, and the more you attempt to influence its course, the more dismal your future becomes.

VICE-GRIPS: Used to round off bolt heads. If nothing else is available, they can also be used to transfer intense welding heat to the palm of your hand.

OXYACETYLENE TORCH: Used almost entirely for lighting various flammable objects in your garage on fire. Also handy for igniting the grease inside a Ronart brake drum you're trying to get the bearing race out of.

WHITWORTH SOCKETS: Once used for working on older British cars and motorcycles, they are now used mainly for impersonating that 9/16 or 1/2 socket you've been searching for the last 15 minutes.

DRILL PRESS: A tall upright machine useful for suddenly snatching flat metal bar stock out of your hands so that it smacks you in the chest and flings your tea across the room, splattering it against that freshly painted part you were drying.

WIRE WHEEL: Cleans rust off old bolts and then throws them somewhere under the workbench with the speed of light. Also removes fingerprint whorls and hard-earned guitar calluses in about the time it takes you to say, "Ouch...."

MEMBERS NEWS

👉 **Introducing new members. Providing some gossip on members' activities.**

😊 **Under here you may also find members 'stuff' for sale**

✍ **The separate club membership list is provided as a central point of contact for all members to form a mutual help group; it is reissued whenever there is a change.**

Carl Marsh offers us a little news from the West Coast (of USA), some to be taken lightly. 'The family situation is all well, nothing that 6 months of antibiotics could not take care of.' He has bought an '87 XJ6 with fuel injection and only 56K miles on the clock, in great condition from a police impound auction for just \$1025 (that's about \$700). Lucy (Carl's wife) found out that the previous owner got too fond of the crack pipe and lost everything. Carl is planning to go to the Festival of Speed in New Zealand next February and no doubt looks forward to meeting any members who plan to drop in.

Graham Hallett and Jacques Grandjean both sent me pics from the Laon trip that has been published in this newsletter, many thanks chaps. Jacques even managed to find a write up in 'la vie de l'AUTO' which I commented on in the editorial. Thanks also for doing the groundwork on the proposed Corsica trip, Jacques.

Graham Hallett wrote to say 'I've Been Struck by Lightning and Survived. That's to say, I haven't got enough money, otherwise I would have ordered one. Last weekend I accompanied John Ellis to Peterborough to collect his Stage 1 kit. That was an enjoyable experience in itself, but when we arrived Arthur was engrossed with some electronic gizmo tuning up the Ford V8 engine. The first Lightning (in dark blue again) passed its SVA test a couple of weeks ago and was looking businesslike, if lacking in some trim details. Once we had loaded up, Arthur offered me the first club-member ride, which naturally I tried to resist but couldn't. I'm not sure what I expected, but I was impressed. '

It was taught, rattle-free and very fast indeed. Not as loud nor as windy as a W152, but still a very satisfying engine tone. Although we had no boot lid, nor roof, Arthur's hair was hardly rustled at a very quickly achieved 110 mph. Steering, road-holding, braking and cornering felt precise and efficient, as far as one can judge when not actually behind the wheel, but I, Arthur and the Lightning seemed totally confident.

There are very definite Ronart qualities in this car - it looks and feels different and individualistic - not your average TVR or Porsche. But it also appears to be a car which one could live with on a daily basis, in all weathers. The overall appearance is chunky