

Humps and Pipes



Issue No.42

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Humps and Pipes

The quarterly newsletter of the Ronart Drivers' Club

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Cover Page Photo – Graham Frost's car at the Ronart/Vanwall Cars Open Day last Autumn.



FROM THE EDITOR

Sorry that 2 quarters have been shoehorned into one again, so that some of our reports in this issue relate to 2003. It may seem a longer gap because the last one was so incredibly prompt (done over the New Year holiday).

My main excuse (which I shall not be able to use again) is that I have been striving to finish my build in time for the Irish trip. First attempt at SVA is the day after tomorrow, so I am anxious to have H&P off my conscience so that I can dive into any "making good" issues and retest during the following 10 days before departure.

Plenty has already happened during this year, including Prescott, Shelsley Walsh, Le Mans, and an imminent trip to the Le Mans Classic by a small group of members who seem to have unlimited holiday-time! So we can look forward to reports and lots of pictures of these expeditions in future issues.

The Irish trip has been organised by Steve Trodd (with help from Dad and Tony L.) and we have a fine group of participants. As usual a lot of work has gone into planning this "mystery-tour" - all I know is that it is around Southern Ireland - "just follow the instructions".

I have been quite enthusiastic about the recent poor weather - on the basis that, on the law of averages, it might not be too rainy in early-August. But they say that Ireland is ALWAYS rainy. My concern is not so much that my new leather and carpets may get wet, but that this will be my wife Annabel's first Ronart tour and, in an ideal world, the heat of Provence might be more encouraging for her than the Atlantic squalls.

Steve is a very excited fellow just now because he has ordered a W152 kit from Arthur and hopes to be starting the build within a few weeks. He has the unfair benefit of Freddie's experience and elbow-grease,

and hopes to be on the road next year. Most of us builders start off with such optimism!

A summer gathering which may have taken place by the time you read this (Sunday August 8th) is a barbeque "At Home" kindly hosted by Henry & Jane Weitzmann. So far we have had many acceptances, so this may well turn out a close-second to the Xmas Lunch. Most of us will not have had a chance to admire Henry's collection of cars so this will be a rare treat.

The organisation of the Provence trip in September has been quietly proceeding, many thanks to David Mansfield. Again, this trip is well-supported, but that reminds me, I need to assign a photographer/scribe to report back to us. Much better that he/she would be a volunteer!

Our regional Noggins & Natters have continued this year. Down South we vary the venue just to keep the troops on their toes. We often get the odd Ronart (like Chris Bellhouse's) turn up, and the traditions of the Ronart Diners' Club seem to be alive and well.

You will see from the Schedule of Events that we are invited to several local shows, like the JEC's annual gathering at Polesden Lacy and Wotton Fête and, assuming that I have a shiny new W152 to parade in, I hope that several local cars will help me show the Ronart (Vanwall) flag and get some new orders and members flowing in.

I have spent several days at the factory this Spring with Jethro, Jim and Neil, and they asked me to remember them, and Ralph the cat, to all members who know them.



"WOGER THE WILD WONART WONDER BOY"

5th June 04

Well it's here - the first Wonart twip of the year. Went up to the Shelsley Walsh hill climb with the lads. Wachel wore her new outfit, very Wonart it was.

The first stop was at a winery: bit worried about Wachel and wine. They both love each other too much.

Got involved with a couple of the lads and their bet, fellow Wonartiers John and Graham have Wonart's that are nearly finished. The bet involves which car will be ready first... the banter was good. In the end I stood as adjudicator and it's called "WOGERS WAGER"; it's so good to be involved. Better not tell Wachel she would not approve of me being involved with gambling.

She slept in the spare woom when I lost a £2 bet at work. I bet that Iceland would beat England in the pre Euwo 2004 football match. Well, Iceland played so well in the Supermarket Challenge Trophy, they beat Tesco 3.0 in the final.

So it was a good job Wachel was in the pub garden with a few of the women talking about gardening.

Had so much fun, John and Viv wealy organised a great weekend. We all competed at skittles at a gweat pub. Wachel got wealy involved, never wealised she was so competitive, she got so excited I had to calm her down several times.

Met a great couple Peter and Wendy; Wendy was so nice and made sure Wachel was introduced to all the other lady Wonartiers. Peter was so much fun, bit of a weak handshake though, bit like Wachel's mother. Met another son of a Wonartier, good looking chap, long blonde hair, Wachel kept talking about how nice he was, Have to keep my eye on him I think...

Were all getting ready for the big twip of the year to Ireland in July. It's going to be Wachel's first Wonart twip and she has bought a new suitcase.

Not looking forward to telling her she wont be able to use it and she only has the packing capability of a couple of carrier bags. The hair dryer will have to go, along with the 9 pairs of shoes.

Might be spare room time again Woger.....??

CLUB TOUR REPORTS

Peter and Wendy Jordan's account of the Club Summer (2003) Trip to visit 'the Kanters' at their new home in France

This was our second trip with the Ronart Club; we hoped it would not have so many incidents as the Corsica trip!

Thursday 18th morning arrived and it was a mad panic to get everything packed into the car. Just before leaving we could not find the car ignition keys, we do have a spare set but had hidden them amongst our luggage! After a long search we found a set and off we went. Half way down to Portsmouth we remembered that the water had not been turned off, if left for more than a couple of days, the overflow runs quite freely. A phone call that evening to a neighbour solved that problem, the stopcock is outside the house.

Next problem, the junction on the A34 with the M4, this can get massive tailbacks on it. So we turned off a little before, using minor roads, and we got to the Newbury by-pass without a hitch.

Our arrival at Port Solent (our meeting place), was a little late 7.20 p.m. On arrival we saw the Ronarts in a car park, but then took sometime to locate the "Olivo" Italian restaurant, where we met up with our fellow travellers, Graham Hallett in Tony Legon's car, John and Vivien Ellis, Freddie and Sean Trodd and of course our organisers, David and Sue Small (who unfortunately announced that they would not be able to come, because of a pending operation on David's mother, who was well into her 90's).

After a meal, which turned out to be the most expensive of all our holiday, and not good value, we then had a delay, as Graham, in Tony's car, had a flat battery and had to have a push start (Ed: the first of 103 on the trip).

We all then made our way to the Brittany Ferries terminal. Here, John and Vivien Ellis were stopped by the Customs Officers and asked questions. They must have looked very dodgy! Once on board the boat we all met up in the bar for a drink and it was 1.00 a.m. before we all went to our cabins.

It was soon 5.00 a.m. and the 'piped' music started, followed by an announcement that we would disembark at 6.00 a.m. Again, Tony's car had to be push started. While doing this, we saw other classic cars in the hold, one of which contained a friend of ours who used to live in Crick. Soon through Customs, to find it was still dark, with an awful wet mist. Everyone's first priority was to fill up with petrol. The first station was unmanned and only took special credit cards, so we moved further on and soon found another station and we all filled up. Off we went again, in the awful mist; later to be stopped by pickets manning the road junctions, protesting about we know not what! By 8.30 a.m. we were all in need of refreshments, so we stopped at a coffee shop and were only able to buy a drink. They did however send us up the road to a baker where we bought bread and croissants. This they allowed us to eat in the café.

Off we went again, but still a flat battery. Graham produced a magic battery booster;



CLUB TOUR REPORTS (Cont.)

he had to use it every time he stopped for the next few days. Just before our lunch stop, the brakes on Tony's car appeared to fail. No servo and a white-faced Graham. This turned out to be an almighty air leak on the servo. It was soon fixed, but on starting the car again, the water hose blew off from underneath the header tank! Off with the bonnet and header tank, Kenlowe fan removed, and once the pipe was re-connected, it blew off again. So two jubilee clips were used and wired together! Moving on with a very late lunch stop at Liffre. The rest of the day was spent using minor picturesque roads, superbly navigated by Vivien and John in their 'Stag', arriving at L'Auberge de la Loire at Mont Jean sur Loire. This was a quiet and clean hotel. Freddie and Sean assumed that they were staying there and went into the first empty room and into the shower together! Very soon John and Vivien burst into what was to have been their room, what a shock they had! Of course, Freddie and Sean should have been in another hotel with Graham. No problem, John and Vivien changed hotels. Later that evening we had what turned out to be one of the best meals of our holiday.

Saturday morning arrived and it turned out to be a very hot day. On leaving the hotel we all filled up with petrol. Freddie and Sean shot off first and took a wrong turning and were soon stopped by the police for speeding.



Freddie, with his smooth soft talk, got them out of trouble. Meanwhile, the rest of us had all stopped, wondering where they were. John and Vivien retraced the route a bit and found them. A late lunch break at Uzerche on a very precarious balcony, overlooking the River Vézère and some basic door wedge sandwiches and thin white wine, soon found us moving on.

After 161 miles that day we arrived at La Rochefoucauld and out hotel La Vielle Auberge de la Carpe d'Or. It had been arranged to meet at a café just down the road, to the right. Everyone went off before us – could we find the cafe – could we heck! After trying all the streets in every direction, much later we met Sean trying to find us! Oh, "sorry" he said, it was to the left and a long way off! Soon we were reunited with our group at the street café, and a few beers later we all looked up and saw Mike Kanter coming towards us. He was joining us and was to be our guide for the next few days. Another beer or two and all back to the hotel for a rather uninspiring dinner.

Sunday soon came, an early start and short journey to Angoulême, which is an old hilltop town, with roads making their way to the top of the hill.

A circuit of these are protected with Armco and street barriers. The hard part of the day was finding somewhere to park four Ronarts and a Stag. Hoping the local police would not mind, we parked on double yellow lines and half on the pavement. No problem – at the end of the day there were still there and no tickets!

What a day it turned out to be. It was hotter than the day before, thousands of people thronging around, many English, as were the drivers of the racing cars. We

CLUB TOUR REPORTS (Cont.)

bought a pass to the pit area, which was quite deafening with the exhaust noises. What a feast for old car enthusiasts. To name just a few of the makes, Alvis, Bentley (black label), Riley, MG, Delahaye, Alpha Romeo, Lea Francis, HRG, Amilcar, Talbot, Bugatti, Aston Martin and Fiat. Later we walked around part of the circuit to watch the racing. The best race was the Edwardian cars of the 1909 – 1918 era with their massive engines, many 8, 9 or even 12 litres, and a 13 litre 1908



Winner of the concours restored by an old friend of Graham

These were mostly chain driven and had wicker seats, beautiful copper and brass fittings and went like! Words can't describe the fun of that day, go and experience for yourselves, you won't be disappointed.

By mid-evening, after a beer or wine (for the ladies), we were all rather hungry, so off to find food. Down in the restaurant area in Rue R.Audour we found a rather promising 'Indian' in the street, called Jardin De Kashmir. After a beautifully presented feast and more wine, it was back to the cars and the usual crowd, as we 'roared off!' Arriving back to the hotel rather late and collapsing into bed.

Monday morning and rain. We paid our hotel bill, donned our waterproofs and loaded the cars up ready for a rather long day, and 201 miles to the Kanters at Larnagol. After a while the rain stopped, and we later arrived at Oradour-sur- Glane where there was a new village and the old one in ruins as a

memorial to the awful tragedy which took place on 10th June 1944, just four days after the Allied landings in Normandy. The SS carried out a diabolic and well-conceived plan to annihilate the village and any possible witnesses. Women and children were herded into the church, men were put into barns and everyone was mown down with gunfire and the whole village set on fire, and all its history went up in smoke. Only five men and one woman escaped from the slaughter of 642 victims. A few others escaped the village before it was encircled. There is a quiet 'Centre de la Memoire' with moving exhibitions in it. Space does not permit more comment. Perhaps we should all visit one such World War 11 site in our lifetime.

It was time to move on. I had noticed my brakes were not stopping well and mentioned it earlier. When I was elsewhere for a few minutes, I heard a Ronart revving and returned to find Freddie, driving my car and standing on the brake pedal, smoothing my tyres! He explained the callipers had been sticking and were now freed, nice one Freddie, thank you.

After a late lunch we finally arrived with Mike at his camping site, to be greeted by Ros and James. After an excellent barbecue supper, Tony and Leslie arrived in a new 'Mini' they had hired from the airport at Toulouse where



CLUB TOUR REPORTS (Cont.)

they arrived.

Tuesday was a bit of a rest day, up rather late, with Graham, Freddie and Sean were even later, as their accommodation was further down the road. We were sharing a very posh three-bed roomed mobile home with Tony and Leslie, John and Vivien had a caravan. Late in the morning we went to a well-known local hillside village called St Cirq Lapopie. Here we walked most of the small streets and passages, before having a late lunch under a rather chilly awning at Le Gourmet Quercynois restaurant. A few more shops visited, Mike bought himself a rather smart unisex jacket that also fitted Ros! That evening we all changed and went to the nearby town of Figeac for our evening meal. I think that the proprietor was pleased to see us, as there were only two people there.

Wednesday and the seventh day of our holiday and only four days to go. Unfortunately, a sad start as John and Vivien had had to start off early for home as John had received bad news about his brother's health. They did in fact motor the whole way to Caen that day and caught the night ferry back. Some going!

For the rest of us it was a quieter day. Tony went off early on the 'school run' to a local garage to try and purchase a new battery for his car. In broken French he asked for a battery. The mechanic replied "FOR A RONART?" At this point Tony had not mentioned who he was or what he drove. News travels fast in small places! After a session of 'fixit', for the battery was a little large for the space under the bonnet, we all moved off for a ride, taking in the local scenes and finally arrived at Marchilhac sur Cele, where we had

a leisurely lunch in the shade of an overhead vine. We then continued with our scenic tour stopping to forage through a junk shop, but found nothing of interest. Later we finished up at another favourite tourist village in the mountains called Conques at about 5.00 p.m., just after the car park attendant had left for the day, so we had free parking. Great! We all spent some time exploring this well-preserved picturesque ancient village. It had an enormous simple stone-built church with many intricate arches inside. Also, a most impressive organ.

We all stopped at the local café for a coffee before making our way back to Mike's. Later that evening we all made for the nearby town of Figeac, again enjoying another excellent evening meal, where we had eaten the night before.

Thursday, and Tony, Lesley and Graham in his Ronart, set off early to take Lesley to the airport at Toulouse and also return the 'Mini'. All went to plan and Tony and Graham returned in the Ronart at 12.45 p.m. That morning Ros wanted to go to the nearby town of Villefranche de Rouergue, so Wendy and I decided to accompany her. The first call was to the vet, where, in pigeon French



Embarkation for the kayaking expedition.

CLUB TOUR REPORTS (Cont.)



Ros enquired whether the cat or dog's (not sure which) sex life could be terminated, and the cost. We just smiled! Next to the market place, which was vast with so many interesting stalls. Afterwards, we went and looked at another enormous church nearby, which was quite different from others that we had seen. It was built using a lot of small, rectangular stones, which, especially in the vaulted ceilings, looked so impressive. What must be mentioned was another magnificent organ, which we were sure Graham would love to have played.

Back to the campsite, where we were due to leave at 1.00 p.m. for our lunch, but Mike was delayed by having to pick James up from school. We headed off to the restaurant L'Oilo at Tour-de-Faure, only to find that we were 24 hours late and the owner not too happy! By now we were late leaving the restaurant, so were late for the afternoon's adventure! Kayaking on the River Lot, what a fiasco this was – a rush to pay, fill in exclusion forms, life jackets etc. Then a trip up the road to the starting place with the Kayaks on a trailer. Wendy, with Ros's dog Bella and a map were dropped off half way by the river and told to walk down the river and we would catch her up! Further on we were dropped off and told, in French, to go down the river (without a map or written instructions). Off we went,

sitting in water, the kayaks had holes in the bottom to let water in, ballast perhaps? They were hollow-skinned anyway. On and on we went, getting stiff backs, tired arms and Ros soaked as James had tipped her over, accidentally on purpose, we think! No sign of Wendy, there were very high cliffs to the sides of the gorge so we started shouting "Wend-y, Wend-y". "Wend-y" it echoed, no reply. What must have been two hours later, miles and miles and many more "Wend-y"s, still no sign of her, or where we should land. Had we gone too far? All felt quite kn.....d, we turned back and after a mile we came across a cruise boat, also a man who could speak English. Would I like a drink and a biscuit, you bet! He then phoned the hire people, the number was on the bow and arranged to have us collected. Had they seen Wendy? NO. Suddenly she appeared with Bella in the direction we had come from. She too had gone too far, was I relieved. Soon the van and trailer arrived to pick James, Wendy and me up, the others had paddled further on up river and eventually found the hidden turning off point. When we got back to the hire base the boss was not too happy. Having now looked at the map, which Wendy had been given, if we had had one too, none of this would have occurred.

Then home, the chaps went out for a meal, both Wendy and I were rather tired so we



CLUB TOUR REPORTS (Cont.)

stayed with Ros, had a bite and drink and then she showed us around their house. They have worked really hard. The kitchen was fabulous. The entrance hall with its old fireplace was really cosy. Bella and the cat playing together was an unbelievable sight. The cellar was full of all sorts of interesting goodies. The rest of the house, which is quite vast, was still in the process of being altered and decorated. What a day! It was now late and we collapsed into bed and were asleep in seconds!

It was soon time to get up, after a good nights sleep, and we suddenly realised this was to be our departure date from the Kanters. Most of us however were still suffering from stiff backs and aching arms from yesterday's Kayaking fiasco! After another excellent breakfast, Mike took us on a tour around his extensive garage and workshop. It's amazing what he managed to bring over from England. By 10.30 a.m. we had our final photo call and said our farewells. But before then Graham made a statement. "One of us will have a breakdown on the way back". What a silly thing to say, or was he a genie? [Ed: genius actually.] Read on.

We left our hosts behind and set off out of the Lot Valley, taking some very minor

twisting roads that led on to the main route North to get some miles under our belts. On one of those fast stretches, Wendy and I gave the old lady a bit of a burst, great fun blasting past Graham and Tony! On leaving that road and starting off down a minor road we heard a clatter, oh no! We stopped and looked around and found that the heat shield around the silencer had fallen off. This was then tucked away underneath Wendy's feet. Off we went again. Later we stopped in a quiet village, only to discover that nowhere was open and we appeared to have parked in a gypsy camp, so we moved on. Just by chance as we headed out of the village on the main road we spotted a restaurant. What a find it was too, a superb menu, beautifully presented food, excellent service etc. We all left feeling really contented. Moving on again, half way down the first hill and Tony's headrest cover flew off, just missing us, Freddie behind us retrieved it. We continued on with Freddie and Sean acting as rear lookouts. This worked well as a couple of hours later, our car found it hard going up a hill and nearly seized. We all stopped and looked at the water on the road behind and the steam coming from under the bonnet. Bonnet up, to find the bottom water hose off and all my expensive coolant gone. Freddie

got his trolley jack out and soon fixed the hose back on again. In the meantime Tony took me off to the next village where we found a garage that supplied some decent coolant. While there, we spotted several old flat tank motorbikes and various old cars, including an Austin Healy. Moving on and stopping briefly for some spare coolant at the same garage, we then pressed on, glad that Graham had pre-booked the nights accommodation already, more about that later!



A typical breakfast at the Ruisseau du Treil

CLUB TOUR REPORTS (Cont.)

Around about 5.30 p.m. my car dropped the hose again and all its coolant, this time outside a garage. Out comes the jack and Freddie dived under the car again, reconnecting the hose and with wire, fastens the jubilee clip to a chassis member. Filled up with water, no coolant available, and off we go. That was the third breakdown! Soon I noticed the old pressure gauge going down to nil, oh no, what curse has Graham put on me! We all stopped again, up bonnet, check oil level; this was well below the low mark and had been full that morning. It took about three litres to bring it up to the high mark. Start the engine, no movement on the gauge. After a further chat, Tony noticed one of the leads to the gauge was taut and nearly off. He pushed it on and up went the pressure. It was then we realised the car was on quite a steep downward slope, so the dipstick reading was incorrect! That three litres of oil was not wanted, it had to stay put, this was our fourth failure that day.

It was 8.30 p.m. before we got to our hotel and 246 miles since leaving the Lot Valley. What a hotel it was, Hotel Moderne La Charmille at the town of Chatellerault. Cars away in the private garage (£7 a night), up to our rooms. What rooms, just like bridal suites. We had a bed much larger than a king-size, a sitting room and a magnificent bathroom. It had a raised bath, separate shower and toilet rooms with a long vanity unit the length of the wall with two basins, mirrors everywhere and dozens of towels!

A quick change and down to the bar and a few drinks, followed by an excellent dinner. It was 11.30 p.m. before we all finished, being the last to leave the restaurant. By now, after

such a hectic day we could not really take proper advantage of our suites.

Saturday and our final dash, 270 miles to Caen. But first, the hotel account needed settling. This we split three ways, breakfast was extra. So it cost us about £240 a couple, our dearest stop of the holiday. Graham was forgiven though, for he found us the most wonderful restaurant at lunchtime.

On leaving our wonderful hotel, we set off across country heading north. taking in the sights of the Loire Valley and passing over the river. Later we drive past one of France's nuclear power stations. As we went past through a mist created by the cooling towers, immediately the paint peeled off all the cars and we all took on an unnatural glow. I'm joking of course, but you do wonder why the cars seem to travel much faster now. Are they nuclear powered perhaps? We travelled through many very dead and deserted French villages just looking for a coffee stop and eventually found one. Tony did a Sean and spent the whole stop on the phone. Soon off again and further up Le Loire we came to Le Lude and La Renaissance Hotel with its 'Restaurant Gastronomique'. What a treat and mid-day on a Saturday too, everything was unbelievable, words cannot



Morning departure from the Kanter pad.

CLUB TOUR REPORTS (Cont.)



describe it, we all gave it 100/100. Just north of here, by chance was Le Mans! The lead navigator had no trouble in finding the way there. What for, we wondered? On arrival he floored the right pedal down a straight bit of road, this was of course the Mulsanne Straight, we all followed. Freddie and Sean nearly bent the needle on their speedo! Wendy and I took it more leisurely because of previous problems. Of course we had to come back up that straight to find our way north again!

Later, 20 odd miles from Caen, Tony stopped and suggested that we put on waterproofs, as it looked very dark in that direction. As we moved off again, there is a clatter from our car. Oh no, not number 5!! Out we hopped to find that the offside mudguard was trailing on the ground. The mounting bracket had sheared off, everyone cursed the designers! Out with Freddie's jack, wheel off, cut through some of the wiring and removed the remaining bracket. What to do with the mudguard? Very kindly Sean carried it on his lap, using it as an airbrake to help keep Freddie's speed down! By now it was getting dark and we only have one rear light. However, we all made it to Caen in time, to have our final meal near the port. Later onto the ferry for the night crossing, a visit to the bar and bed.

Soon that awful alarm music was going at 5.00 a.m. and it was time to disembark. We arranged to meet outside the docks to try to fix our mudguard. This did not happen as there were no stopping places and we were straight onto the M275. Wendy now had our mudguard stuck down her foot well again acting like an air brake, with of course the number plate on it. It was still dark and freezing cold. We kept going up the M27, M3 and M34. At last we found (it was now light) a 'Little Chef'. A welcome sight with the thoughts of a hot breakfast. Some such luck, we were greeted by the Manager with the words "Sorry we have no staff, so can only supply hot drinks! He did however manage a small packet of Corn Flakes.

As we drove off again, we thought what a welcome home to the UK! Back home, a quick drink, some food and straight to bed. It was late afternoon before we woke, thinking we now need a holiday to help us recover!

Joking apart, it was a fantastic experience and we are so grateful to everyone on that holiday, for their wonderful comradeship and unending help.

We hope you enjoy reading this rather long account and that it might inspire more of you to join further Ronart trips.

Peter and Wendy Jordan - February 2004



WEBSITES

Graham Hallett (Ed.) Reports

Not much has changed recently on our website in structural sense, but small modifications and updates happen frequently, especially on the For Sale page where, as I write, two very interesting Mark 1 cars are displayed - Paul Chownes-Dove's (ex-Tony Croft) much-modified S6, and Chris Williams's Weber-ed V12.

Yet to my eyes the site is ever-growing - it currently takes up 40mb on our ISP ClaraNet's server (that's quite a bit for a non-commercial website and it does not include the very large movie clips (of which more later) which I cheat over by tucking away in my company's websites).

I have taken the liberty of also retaining two archive sites of Ronart Cars Limited for our own and posterity's interest. On the RDC site there is the 20-page first rewrite of the RCL site which I did for Arthur around 1999. This version was largely about the W152 and included kit specifications, options, prices etc., so it is quite an interesting browse.

Then, about a year later, I revamped the RCL site completely, in 'look and feel', and in that it featured the Lightning and very little on the W152 (certainly no mention of kits!). This entire site is also still available (and oft-found if you do searches on Jeeves or Google) on my own family website - www.hallettfamily.org.uk

I regard this as an important resource because it contains specifications, prices, picture galleries etc., of what is now a piece of history. Arthur naturally does not want Lightning stuff cluttering up his new sites - www.vanwallcars.com - or - www.ronart.co.uk - which he has taken back into his own webmastery and which now feature Vanwall

replicas and Ronart W152 kits respectively.

Our own site is now over 40 pages plus dozens of extra picture gallery pages. Although I say it myself, you really should browse from time to time (it takes some time to find all the "treasures") and show it to your friends. If you search on Ronart or W152 or such you will find many hits on the search-engines.

If you have the time and the bandwidth, you will also find several movie clips (and more to come when I find time and webspace) including Roger Cook (the original, and one edited down to remove any reference to kits during the Lightning era!), clips of the Circuit de Laon (Including Freddie down a drain), and W152s at Goodwood and Spa.

Statistics - seldom have time to worry about these, but I recently used WebTrends to analyse the month of December 2003 - There were -

4036	visitor sessions
18:23"	average session length
130	per day
1534	unique visitors
275	sessions at the For Sale page
154	sessions at Laon/Goodwood clips
1940	visits only viewed 1 page
198	visits viewed 12 or more pages

Top Search phrase was "dashboard pictures"; "Laon Cathedral" got 15 hits; "purple Lightning" got 18! Most downloaded PDF file was my Loctite Guide, and the "Good Earth" article was downloaded 23 times.

Finally, have a look at www.lotcamping.com which is the website I have done for Mike & Ros to support the "Ruisseau du Treil".

THE GRIPE SHEET

After every flight, pilots fill out a form called a gripe sheet, which conveys to the mechanics any problem they had with the airplane during the flight. The mechanics read and correct the problem, and then explain in writing on the lower half of the form what remedial action was taken.

The pilot reviews the gripe sheets before the next flight. Never let it be said that ground crews and engineers lack a sense of humour. Here are some actual maintenance problems submitted by Qantas pilots and the solutions recorded by maintenance engineers. By the way, Qantas is the only major airline that has never had an accident.

(P = The problem logged by the pilot.)

(S = The solution and action taken by the engineer.)

P: Left inside main tire almost needs replacement.

S: Almost replaced left inside main tire.

P: Test flight OK, except auto-land very rough.

S: Auto-land not installed on this aircraft.

P: Something loose in cockpit.

S: Something tightened in cockpit.

P: Dead bugs on windshield.

S: Live bugs on back-order.

P: Autopilot in altitude-hold mode produces a 200 feet-per-minute descent.

S: Cannot reproduce problem on ground.

P: Evidence of leak on right main landing gear.

S: Evidence removed.

P: DME volume unbelievably loud.

S: DME volume set to more believable level.

P: Friction locks cause throttle levers to stick.

S: That's what they're there for.

P: IFF inoperative.

S: IFF always inoperative in OFF mode.

P: Suspected crack in windshield.

S: Suspect you're right.

P: Number 3 engine missing.

S: Engine found on right wing after brief search.

P: Aircraft handles funny.

S: Aircraft warned to straighten up, fly right, and be serious.

P: Target radar hums.

S: Reprogrammed target radar with lyrics.

P: Mouse in cockpit.

S: Cat installed.

P: Noise coming from under instrument panel. Sounds like a midget pounding on something with a hammer.

S: Took hammer away from midget.

TECHNICAL TOPICS

JAGUAR'S VI2 ENGINE -

ITS DESIGN AND BACKGROUND

By Walter T.F.Hassan OBE M.I.Mech.E.

Reprinted and edited from a rare 1977 paper of the AUEW.

SOME INTERESTING DESIGN FEATURES

Why did we choose to drive the overhead camshafts with roller chains instead of the increasingly popular cogged belt? When the design was conceived, experience of belt drives was meagre and it is difficult to visualise a single stage layout of the type that can be used with chains. The overall length of the unit would be increased and cogged belts would multiply the already difficult problems of providing drives for the air injection pump, alternator, power steering pump and air-conditioning compressor, particularly in the restricted space available. The timing drive as finally developed is simple; comprising one endless duplex chain, four sprockets, three rubber faced damper pads and a tensioner on the slack side of the chain.

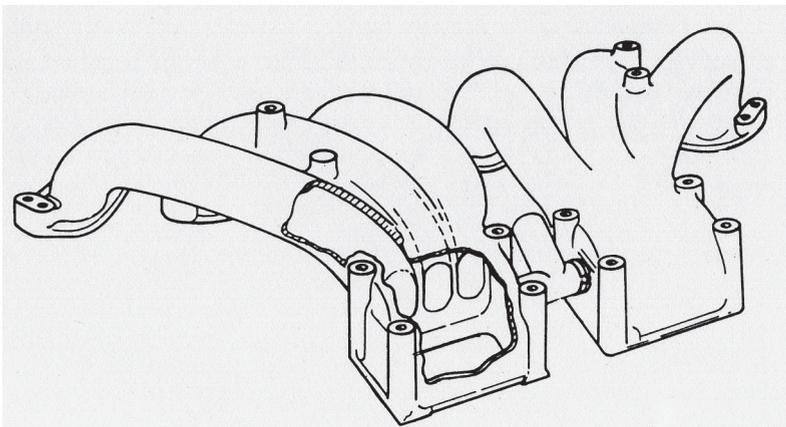


Fig. 26 Carburettor induction pipes

OIL PUMP

The oil pump is of the crescent type, as used in many automatic transmission high pressure systems. It was attractive because it could be mounted against the front main bearing face in the space resulting from the cylinder block offset which would otherwise have been wasted. Driving directly from the crankshaft, through an involute splined sleeve, no other drive gears or chain sprockets are necessary. Considerable development was required to achieve acceptable noise level. The terminal points of the crescent in the cast iron body, or ports in the aluminium cover, had little influence in this respect. The positioning and width of the bridge separating the inlet and outlet ports was important. The position developed in the Borg-Warner transmission, with the edge of the delivery port coincident with the point of maximum eccentricity was adopted.

Better results were obtained with the bridge equally spaced either side of the axis of maximum eccentricity and its width equal to two whole gear teeth. Noise level was reduced with increased end clearance.

Originally this was 0.0025 in. as used with spur-type oil pumps. Ultimately, a nominal end clearance of 0.007 in. reduced noise levels. Such a clearance could not be used with a spur-type pump without reducing flow and pressure at high temperatures. The effect on a

TECHNICAL TOPICS

crescent-type pump is less critical.

It is not clear why the actual flow is greater than the theoretical maximum with 100 per cent volumetric efficiency at speeds up to 4000 rev/min and oil temperatures up to 100°C as shown on this graph. Noise problems disappeared when the oil leak from the front main bearing floods the rear of the pump preventing the induction of air. Another advantage of this pump design is that the flow is not critical in regard to oil temperature and viscosity. There is an expected substantial increase in engine requirements between 90°C and 120°C but the pump has a slightly increased flow in the upper speed range at the higher temperature.

OIL COOLER

A simple low-cost variable delivery oil pump which would more closely match the engine

requirements is not available. Providing adequate flow and pressure at low speeds results in surplus flow at the high speeds which becomes proportionally greater as the number and sizes of bearings are increased. On this engine use is made of the relief flow, which is approximately equal to the engine requirements, to meet oil cooling needs. Relief oil is taken through an oil-to-water heat-exchanger, and thence to the inlet side of the pump. This ensures that the oil pick-up deals only with engine requirements and not actual pump flow; it reduces the possibility of cavitation at low temperatures and reduces the size of the suction pipes which are chosen to give an oil velocity of 6.5-7.0 ft/s at maximum engine speed. The oil cooler is an aluminium die casting bolted to the front underside of the sump. A large diameter water passage is in circuit with the inlet side of the coolant system. On the oil side is a series of deflector webs around

which the oil flows. At speeds of 130 mile/hr a reduction in oil temperature of 23°C is measured at the gallery with the maximum operating temperature of 126°C.

CRANKSHAFT

When the cylinder bore was increased from 87 to 90 mm the size of the big-end crank journals was increased also from 2.187 to 2.30 in. The shaft is

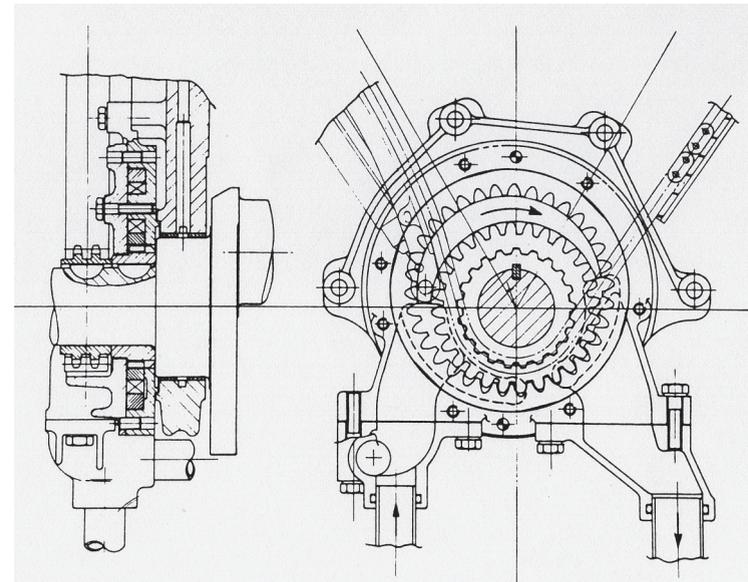


Fig. 29 Assembly of crescent-type oil pump

TECHNICAL TOPICS

extremely stiff in bending and torsion with a maximum amplitude of only 0.35° reduced to 0.09° with a vibration damper which is a Holset type with the seismic member mounted on an unbonded rubber ring of gull-wing form to control axial movement. The oil drillings, designed to eliminate dirt traps, consist of straight drillings to each big-end from all mains except the centre. These are arranged to run out on the crank pins at a point preceding the t.d.c. position

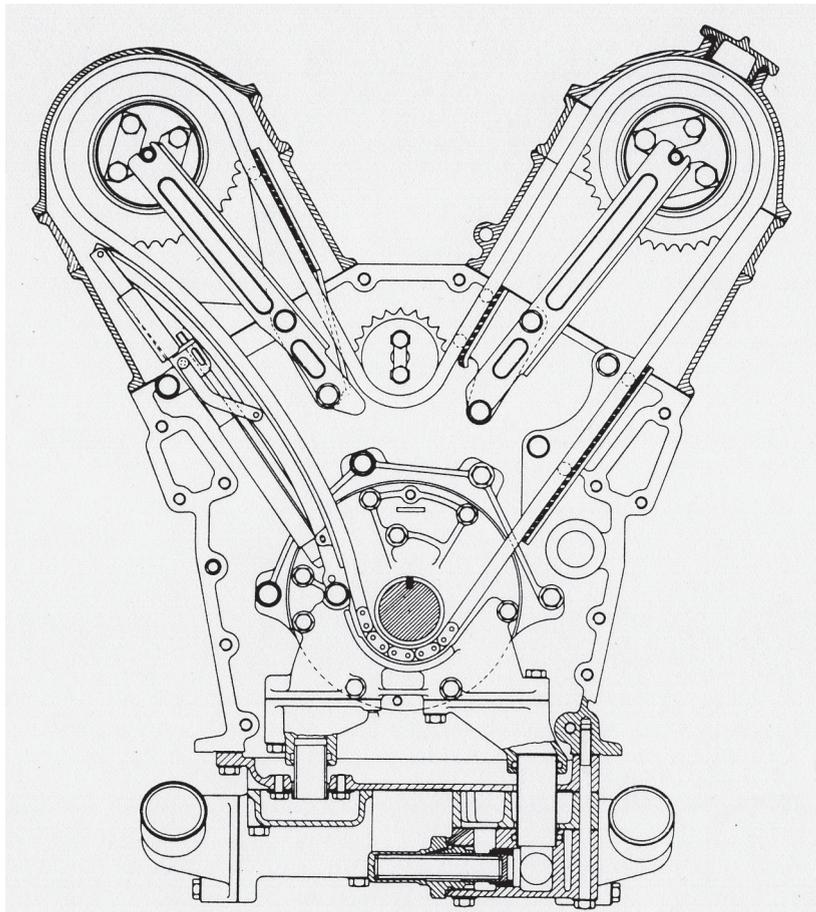


Fig. 27 Chain layout of single cam

by approximately 80° , thus ensuring the lubrication is provided at the area of maximum load and at minimum oil-film thickness.

OPUS IGNITION

In view of the problems when using twin six-cylinder ignition distributors on the first twin-camshaft engine it was decided that a single twelve-cylinder unit would be necessary. Lucas developed a completely new design

using their OPUS (Oscillating Pick-Up System) system and based on the units developed for high-speed competition engines. A twelve-cylinder engine running at 6000 rev/min requires a spark rate of 600 spark/s which is well above the capability of a conventional make and break system (400 spark/s). Using an electromagnetic pick-up and electronic solid-state switching, mechanical delays are eliminated. By discarding the make and break mechanism

TECHNICAL TOPICS

the wear problems are eliminated and the ignition timing remains constant - a most important factor in controlling exhaust emission levels.

CONCLUSION

This article has been written to give the reader some insight into the processes involved in the design and production of an advanced engineering product such as a high performance engine. Originally conceived as a power unit for competition cars, the emphasis was changed during the design period and the engine finally emerged as a volume produced unit for high performance cars. Some of the technical problems dealt with have been discussed in some detail whilst other have been given only a brief mention. The development and

experimental work described illustrates that the problems encountered, even in advanced technology, are not always entirely technical in origin: commercial and production factors having to be taken into account, often leading to compromise solutions. The Jaguar V12 engine is unique in being the only engine of its type in current volume production anywhere in the world. It is true that V12 engines are manufactured by Ferrari and Lamborghini but they are few in number and extremely expensive. The project has been highly successful technically and commercially and is the reward of years of work by Jaguar's design and production teams.

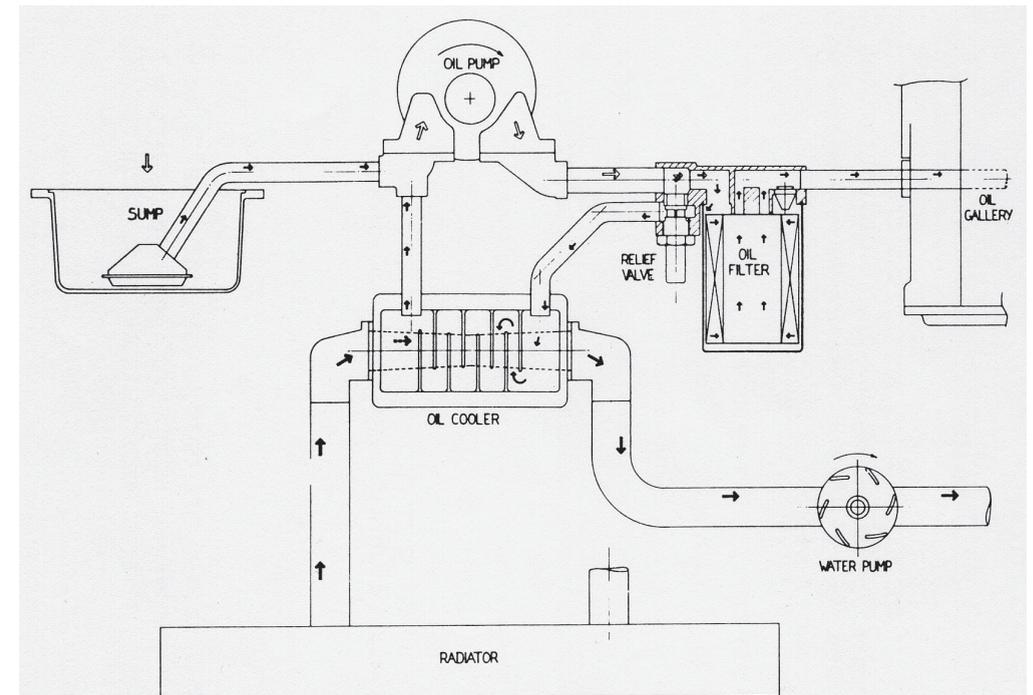


Fig. 33 Diagrammatic layout of oil cooler circuit

TECHNICAL ISSUES

The Kenlowe Fan

The objective is to raise the operating temperature of the engine to improve efficiency. It is important that the gauge reads higher than previously, thereby ensuring that the engine thermostat is fully open before the fan cuts in. The gauge is not linear in graduation - the first 1/4" of movement from "C" may represent 40°C, whereas further up the scale the same movement may only represent 7°C.

Remember - that the pressure cap raises the boiling-point of water by 3°F for every psi of pressure.

4lb cap	224°
7lb cap	233°
9lb cap	239°
10lb cap	242°
13lb cap	251°
15lb cap	257°

The power supply should be ignition-controlled - not direct from the battery. In any event it should be supplied via an inline 30amp fuse. If power cannot be ignition-controlled, then the automatic sensor should be inserted in the bottom hose rather than the top hose, say Kenlowe.

There is no point in the fan running after the engine is switched off because everything is cooling then anyway and you will only cool the water in the radiator, not in the block or head because there is no circulation without engine running; the power used by the fan after the car is switched off will "take the top off your battery" too, thereby reducing your margin of amps for later starting.

Adjustment - Turn clockwise to raise temperature at which fan cuts in.
Anticlockwise to reduce cut-in temperature.

If the fan runs for long periods and appears to have insufficient power to reduce coolant temperature, it is normally because the Variomatic control has been set to cut the fan in at too low a temperature.

Turn the knob a little clockwise and re-test. If necessary continue setting higher until the fan stabilises the coolant temperature. If the fan operates too soon it will overcool the engine and defeat the object of making the engine run at a higher and more efficient temperature.

Kenlowe say that the manual control switch is provided to allow the fan to be isolated (switched off) or switched on, irrespective of temperature.

But can it really -

- switch on if ignition is OFF?
- switch off if sensor is ON?

I cannot see how it could do either of these things. But maybe somebody could enlighten me?



Sight-seeing on the Lot trip.

LIGHTNING

Oh, for my love of a Ronart Lightning - by Peter Atherton

Peanut, a 1975 Reliant Scimitar SE5A peanut butter in colour, was long, long gone as was my 1978 SE6A and whilst my GTC was ambling along, she was beginning to show her age (18 years old) and was proving a little unreliable and anyway I had just retired from NatWest after 30 years of loyal service with a good pension and a little money left over. Lin my wife, who doesn't really like spending money, had persuaded me that now was the time for the GTC to go and I should seek a little "something new" for the weekend before I got much older.

So it was on that chilly Thursday October morning in 1999 that I set off from Broxbourne in jeans and sweater with pad,

pen and paper in t' backpack, to walk the hallowed halls of the Earls Court Motor Show. I stopped on the way for a coffee and bacon butty and arrived a little before opening time and so sat on the wall outside in the warm autumn sunshine pondering what might become of the day. What sparkle would take my eye, what dreams might come true or might I be swept off my feet!

My initial thoughts were of a TVR Cerbera in that light mushy pea green outer colour with the pale green leather interior. I liked the seating and the feel and the thrill of the acceleration but was not looking forward to the unreliability of the straight six. This was followed closely by the Jaguar XK8 or even the XKR convertible. Lin had tested and liked the Jag much better proclaiming it made her feel like a princess but I said if that was



LIGHTNING (cont.)

true then we should stick with the Scimitar since a real Princess did still own one of them. Anyway colours would not really be chosen by me, as you can imagine, except that I was not having a pale exterior colour or a yellow!

The doors duly opened and I was in, almost the first and so straight to the TVR stand. I looked, I eyed, I pondered, I asked questions and I dreamed of what might be. I regarded the video with interest, I listened to other customers and I listened most attentively to what the salesmen had to say: this power, that ratio, this option, that engine, from which garage and at what discount. All this was so real and for the first time in my life I knew I could afford the car and I was so eager to make my mind up but after one and a half hours of probing and questioning I knew it was time to move on and look at the

competition.

By the time I arrived at the Jaguar stand, the crowds were gathering and I found it difficult to get to the barrier never mind onto the stand. I was not too worried as Lin and I had been into our local Jaguar garage only the week before and spent over half an hour looking at, sitting in and observing this wonderful car. However, for me they have become a little too common albeit the build quality is good and they are reliable, or so I am informed by several friends of mine who have one be they coupés or convertibles. A little patience and time and I was onto the stand for a closer look and my questions were professionally answered but with a look that said I could not afford one of these cars and therefore be careful where you sit and mind where you put your hands!



LIGHTNING (cont.)

And so after half an hour I was on my way, this time to the Porsche stand. Now I have to admit, I am not a 911 fan but I did like the look of the 944 but that was in the days when I knew I couldn't buy one and therefore my interest had waned. However, I was allowed to sit in the 911 carefully but liked the look and thrill of the Turbo but what would I do with all that power. So I tried sitting in the Boxster. After all, Lin's last words to me were do not buy a car at the show and please try the Boxster as she had been in one and liked the look and feel of it even if I couldn't get my golf clubs in and she would need to do two trips to Sainsbury's to get all the weekly shop home.

This time I was off to the Lotus stand and for the Esprit which, like Jeremy Clarkson, I love the sophisticated look of and the power and

the steering and the shape is just awesome even if, again like me, it is getting a little old and has been shaped and reshaped who knows how many times. My colour would be British racing green but sadly Lin had said she was not keen because with the engine just behind your shoulders she felt very claustrophobic! However, I enjoyed my time on the stand and looked at the new M154 with its gull-winged doors. I must admit now looking back I still haven't seen any of these on the road and so like the Esprit, maybe it has quietly been put to sleep. The Elise does nothing for me, which probably confirms my getting old and liking my comforts, my electric windows, my air conditioning and a good stereo system with the challenge of the open road in a true Grand Tourer.

And so with interest waning, I left and



LIGHTNING (cont.)

headed for the AC cars stand via the Reliant stand. I had heard through the grapevine that someone was looking to produce an updated Scimitar but by another name but still with the 2+2 concept and an upgraded engine. Alas, it was not to be and so with head hung I headed for AC cars. I did not want a Cobra and the Aceca looked a nice car but was not too dissimilar from my reliable Vauxhall Omega Elite other than it had a cost 3 times my trusty horse. Needless to say I never went onto the stand.

And then it happened: out of the corner of my eye, I saw this vision, this shape that called me from afar, it was dark, truly handsome, a beauty in blue and yet she appeared out of nowhere. She had a voice that whispered, "Peter, you and I are destined to meet, to fall in love and be happy ever

after", well at least share a few years together. I approached with apprehension because the calling was so strong in one ear whilst in the other ear I could hear Lin telling me not to buy a car until she had had the chance to get acquainted and yet here I was falling madly deeply in love with someone (or thing) that I was to dream of for weeks, months and even for years to come before she would be mine; to love and to hold, to stimulate, to cherish, to be proud of and to enjoy for a long time to come.

I stepped towards the stand and then stepped back and then to the front; Oh, that grill was superb and so awe-inspiring; then to the side with her sleek lines and wholesome body; and then to the rear: those exhausts, the size of those tyres, the rounded shape like a good woman. I was in love and so



LIGHTNING (cont.)

ashamedly so. Then a voice whispered to me that was to change my whole life for years to come inviting me, after over half an hour of looking, gazing, eyeing-up this magnificent beast, to come onto the stand. Entry was by invitation only and here I was, the only one entering the kingdom of heaven. The security man smiled, perhaps knowing I was captivated, in love and about to meet my future father in law as I was about to enquire so much as to how, when, why, who and what? I was so exited that I nearly tripped over the carpet.

Arthur introduced himself in a quiet confident way with a warm smile that sort of said "I think I have what you are looking for so let me introduce you to..." The ecstasy of the event was making me warm and so I removed my jacket, put down my back pack, unhooked the keys from my belt, cleared my throat, touched and finally felt and acquainted myself with my dream come true. I was nervous with so many questions to ask. I got closer, much closer, yet I was still frightened to touch unless she bolted and my dream might be gone like a bird on the wing.

I took a much closer look now: under the front end, a look under the rear, those four shining exhausts looked absolutely fantastic to the extent I could almost feel the thrust as I asked her nought to sixty and was told somewhere in the region of 4.2 seconds. I gasped in awe with the thought of all that power. Arthur by now had the bonnet up and I was looking at this Cobra insignia on the engine cover and yet

it was all so tidy, so neat and so clean and so compact and yet, not to be undersold, Arthur mentioned she would develop 328 brake horse power or if I wanted, it could be race tuned to 430. Reassuringly, I said I could probably manage with 328. After all, the GTC was powerful enough with only 128bhp and had once delivered a cool 119mph as we rounded the M25 early one Monday morning several years before.

We then looked into the boot: it was so cavernous as Arthur mentioned that she had been developed as a "gentleman's sports car" and so there was enough room in the boot for two sets of golf clubs and two trolleys, together with an overnight case or two even when the roof was off and tucked tidily away. The hood was in two parts I was told as I was invited to sit inside. Really, I thought, being very careful as to how and where I sat and making sure not to scratch anything or to put my feet in the wrong place. Arthur kindly adjusted the seat settings mentioning something about Cobra sports seats, that they were heated and vented for both cold and hot weather conditions. Crimes I



LIGHTNING (cont.)

thought, I had never heard of that before, the venting that is, as I closed the door with a very reassuringly thunk. I embraced the steering wheel, looked at all the instruments like a pilot before take off and sat very comfortably feeling the cosiness and warmth of the new leather all around me. That was it, I thought, as I admired myself in the mirror and then suddenly woke up as I realised there was now a really big crowd around the stand. I felt captivated, caught up in all the razzmatazz of a big day out at the races, like a pop star at the previewing of his latest hit, or an actor at the premier showing of their new movie at the Odeon in Leicester Square.

"Well" said Arthur as I blurted out "yes please." And so it was that we sat down at this small desk at the back of the stand to talk of deposits and final production dates as he filled out a very simple invoice, almost suggesting that he would be happy to receive my cheque in a day or two. In the meantime, I should think very seriously about the car and even then if, after parted with the initial deposit, I had a change of mind or a change in circumstance as can happen, then

not to worry because Arthur would provide a total refund. His wish was always that his customers were totally satisfied. We stood up, the paperwork all done, shook hands and as he escorted me to the security guard who let me off the stand he said "I'll be in touch soon". I turned and said thank you and took one more look over my shoulder and pondered what I had just done.

Fear has many faces and so it was that I suddenly shivered as reality hit me like a sledgehammer in the darkness of a cold winter's evening. What had I just done and how would I tell Lin – she who must be obeyed – she who I had promised that I wouldn't do anything silly or certainly not act in a reckless way without telling her / asking her permission first - as to what I had just committed us, sorry, what I had just committed myself to. I seemed to drift towards the exit as I checked my watch: 4.30pm just enough time to be home on schedule, well at least that was a plus, trains and tubes permitting.

So I had an hour to dream up an excuse, to try and explain my rash behaviour, which was totally out of character, as I normally would buy magazines, lots of them, study them from cover to cover and then only come to a decision after many hours of research. And yet here in this starlit emporium of debauchery, I had parted with a large sum of money on a car that was not yet in production, not yet finally developed, would probably not be delivered for at least two years and who knows what would happen in the



LIGHTNING (cont.)

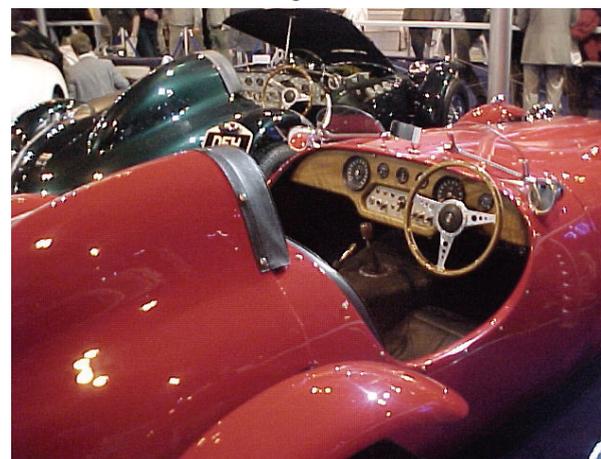
meantime. So it was that I arrived home that late afternoon, explained the situation, that I was captivated and in love to be told, "well, I suppose it is your money and so, I suppose, you can do with it as you please!" That was all? That was it? But...

And so it was that began a 3-year romantic adventure with a dream I had been introduced to, or should I say seduced by, that seemed to blossom and blossom despite the many seasons that would pass before we would be together.

Well that was phase 1 dated October 1999 and so on to phase 2 – the long wait - but it seemed almost instantaneous to my next thrill (!) in August 2000 when Arthur sent me a free ticket for the Motor Show to be held at the NEC, Birmingham in the October. I checked my diary and yes I was free and so began the planning of how to get there since Lin nearly always wants the company car on a Saturday but this time I was in luck and she agreed to take me, drop me off and then go into Birmingham with Gemma, our eldest, to do a little bit of shopping. Now that is another story and probably best left for a time after a good dinner! As always, I was almost the first one there, grabbed a coffee

and entered into the unknown since I had never been before and whilst I was terribly excited, it was with some trepidation that I entered this enormous and almost deserted great hall looking for guidance as to where the Ronart stand might be.

Purchasing a program revealed the full extent of the exhibitors and trade stands so I determined to make a full day of the experience and began my journey. Again I looked at all the manufacturers' had to offer but what struck me was my ability to spot fault with each and every car. Either the shape and design were not perfect or the look not exciting and so it was I came upon the Ronart stand with two Lightnings on the right and two W152s to the left of centre. The white Lightning was in centre stage with hood and boot both open, doors slightly ajar and being looked over by various people with the purple Lightning from last year on a stand to the right together with a demonstration of the Sprint composite just behind. Again I felt myself falling in love all over again. I watched and looked and observed the happenings from each and every direction before Arthur caught sight of me out the corner of his eye and beckoned me onto the stand.



We reintroduced ourselves with Arthur asking if I was still keen to purchase a Lightning and me, of course, reassuring him that I was even more positive than before especially having spent the morning wandering round all the stands before arriving at my destination just after lunch. I remember Arthur saying "Well, that's good" and then he again steered me towards the white car, opened the door and beckoned me to sit in whilst he

LIGHTNING (cont.)

reached for his digital camera. And so it was that several photos were taken of me in the car, of me looking into the cavernous boot, observing the engine with a last one next to the purple car on the stand. Here it was that disaster almost happened, since I had misunderstood Arthur's sign language and climbed up onto the stand, which then rocked violently with me almost falling off. Anyway, protocol was restored and the photo taken.



I was then very happy and content to spend the next hour or so talking with visitors and prospective buyers emphasising why I decided to buy one, why I was so content to wait several years for delivery and why nothing would dissuade me from my chosen route forward. However and alas, it was all too soon to leave and make my way to the front entrance where my dear wife, Lin, was awaiting my exit from this den of male bastion. As I sat in the passenger seat (Lin always likes to drive first), I was asked if I had enjoyed myself to which I excitedly said "yes" and was preparing myself to let forth with all the enthusiasm of what had happened but

Lin and Gemma got there first and exploded with all the good buys that they had found and so the story remained untold until today.

It was to be another 6 months before we got the call inviting us up to the factory and this time it was for real since we were to choose the colour of the bodywork and of the interior. It offered the first chance to see the buildings, the lads who made the car and to at last meet with Ros with whom I had spoken on numerous occasions. This was October 2001 and at this stage we had an expected delivery date of summer 2002 and so the adrenalin was rising as we set off on that damp morning for the 100-mile journey almost into the unknown. Across to Stevenage and then onto the A1 (M) north Lin drove with me navigating in case of need. As we approached the turnoff for Peterborough, I felt a nervous tension wondering what the "chicken shack"

actually looked like and would I be able to continue with the enthusiasm that swelled up inside of me. A second left, a left again, straight on and then a right onto the dual carriage way and the first left before turning right on the roundabout. And so to the final roundabout, where we took the second left and were entering the private road down to the "farm" through which we passed whilst observing the slow speed signs and noticing the sweet smell of chicken soup! Then we spied the Ronart sign and finally arrived at our destination.

To be continued...

SVA Matters

The following has been compiled from various articles (e.g. Kit Car magazine) since the introduction of the SVA. A further summary of the issues will appear in the next issue, by which time both my car and John Ellis's should have been through the SVA and we will be able to add some REAL advice and guidance.

In the meantime the Club has bought the official VOSA Guide, which John Ellis will hold, but any member will be very welcome to borrow it as long as they deal with the postage for shipment and return.

Unlike some countries, when a vehicle is first registered in Britain it receives a registration mark which normally remains with it throughout its life – wherever it travels and no matter how many times it changes ownership. The DVLA says it stays on that vehicle until it is 'broken up, destroyed, permanently exported, or transferred to another vehicle - in what is known as a cherished transfer.'

Rebuilt Vehicles

Sometimes however, vehicles are partially, substantially or fully rebuilt - which in the eyes of officialdom, at some point calls into question the original vehicle identity. At what point does the broom with two new heads and two new handles become a different broom from the one bought 20 years ago? From a DVLA standpoint, the question revolves around whether a vehicle is original and has simply been repaired, or have so many new or different parts been used in a repair that it constitutes a rebuild, and therefore the original vehicle has effectively been broken up? The DVLA has decreed that vehicles which have been 'substantially rebuilt' need to be examined by one of their VRO officers, who will assess whether the vehicle can retain its existing registration mark. If the decision goes against retention, an 'alternative' registration will be issued. The decision apparently depends on whether the majority of major components come from

the original vehicle.

There are separate arrangements for heavier vehicles, but for cars and car-derived vans rebuilt using a mix of new and used parts, the rules which must be met in order to retain the original registration mark are quite distinct.

Firstly the vehicle must use the original, unmodified chassis or an unaltered bodyshell, OR a new chassis or bodyshell of the same specification as the original, supported by evidence from the dealer or manufacturer.

Either of these options must be accompanied by the use of at least two other major components from the original vehicle, from within the following list: • Front and rear suspension; • Front and rear axles; • Transmission; • Engine; • Steering assembly.

If a second hand chassis or monocoque bodyshell is used in repairs or rebuilds, the vehicle must successfully pass a Standard Single Vehicle Type Approval test, completion of which will result in a registration number with a Q prefix being issued.

Radically Altered Vehicles

The DVLA describes a radically altered vehicle as one which 'has been substantially altered from its original specification, but which is not a kit conversion.'

With vehicles of this nature, to assess the registration situation, mathematics are brought into play. Components used in the altered vehicle which emanate from an original vehicle are given a numerical value. In order to retain the original registration, a vehicle must : score 8 or more points. If less than 8 points are amassed, or a second-hand or modified chassis, or altered monocoque bodyshell is used, once again a Single Vehicle

SVA Matters

Approval certificate will be needed in order to register the vehicle - when it will receive a Q prefix allocation.

The following values are given to major components used in the build:

- Chassis/bodyshell/monocoque (original or direct manufacturer replacement): 5 points
- Suspension: 2 points.
- Axles: 2 points.
- Transmission: 2 points.
- Steering assembly 2 points.
- Engine: 1 point.

Finally, where the DVLA finds evidence of two different vehicles welded together - the infamous "cut and shut" vehicle of motoring folklore, a Q registration will be issued without hesitation.

Kit Cars and Kit Conversions

It's important to understand the distinction made by the DVLA between these two types of vehicles. The definition is as follows: A kit car is one in which all parts of a vehicle are supplied new – but unassembled - by a manufacturer, whilst a kit conversion is deemed to be one in which a kit of new parts is added to an existing vehicle, or old parts are added to a kit comprising a manufactured body and chassis or monocoque bodyshell. As a result of this the general appearance of any original vehicle will of course change, and a revised description will be entered on the registration document.

Kit Cars

Subject to the provision of valid receipts, and what the DVLA describes as a 'certificate of

newness' a kit car as defined above will be allocated a current registration mark. Vehicles of this type which have been built using not more than one reconditioned component will also be registered under a current mark, subject to the provision of satisfactory evidence that the reconditioned component has been restored to an "as new" standard. However, in these circumstances, a Single Vehicle Approval test will be required.

Kit Conversions

A kit conversion will retain the registration mark of the donor vehicle if either the original unmodified chassis or unaltered monocoque bodyshell is used, along with at least two other major components.

If a new monocoque bodyshell or chassis from a specialist kit car maker is used, or an altered chassis or bodyshell from an existing vehicle together with two major components from a donor vehicle are used, an age related mark, based on the age of the donor vehicle, will be allocated. In either case, a Single Vehicle Approval test will be needed in order to register the vehicle.

Where there are insufficient parts from a donor vehicle, or where the original registration mark is unknown, a Single Vehicle Approval certificate will be required to register the vehicle - and it will be allocated a Q prefix registration number.

Some useful information leaflets, and assistance with registering all these various possible permutations of vehicle are available via Vehicle Registration Offices.

So there you are. The W152 falls under the final category, but there are a few pitfalls to watch out for.

A Taster of the Provence Trip

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51480 DAMERY

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Port : 06 08 47 42 34
e-mail : jpgouzin@tiscali.fr

Damery le 13 Janvier 2004

For those of you who can understand some French, Jean-Paul is trying to arrange a blast on the AGS circuit in the South of France.

à

A G S Formule 1
Circuit du Var
83 590 GONFARON

Tél : 04 94 60 97 00
Fax : 04 94 60 90 45

A l'attention de Mr RHUBON,

Bonjour,

J'ai eu l'occasion en Août 2000 d'effectuer un stage de pilotage AGS avec découverte de la Formule 1, avec mon fils Théophile, qui avait travaillé en tant qu'élève ingénieur stagiaire dans votre équipe en Juillet de la même année. Nous en gardons évidemment un excellent souvenir.

Aujourd'hui, toujours passionné d'automobile, je possède une Ronart. C'est un Kit car anglais avec châssis tubulaire et carrosserie polyester évoquant les voitures de course des années 60, souvent réalisé avec des mécaniques Jaguar 6 en ligne 4.2 litres ou V12. Le « Ronart Drivers Club » regroupe la cinquantaine de propriétaires et organise régulièrement des sorties touristico-sportives, dans la plus pure des traditions britanniques. Mr David MANSFIELD, membre du RDC, est grand amateur de la Provence au point d'y avoir acheté une résidence secondaire près de Lorgues. Il propose d'organiser une semaine en septembre prochain (la date n'est pas encore fixée) pour rassembler quelques 10 ou 15 voitures et, outre les traditionnelles visites des gorges du Verdon ou de la Côte, je lui ai proposé de joindre à son programme une journée « Circuit » à GONFARON.

Quelles propositions pouvez-vous nous établir, soit pour la découverte et la présentation des activités AGS F1, soit pour un mix : Découverte de la piste en Ronart (quelques tours) puis stage de pilotage sur Opel Lotus et / ou baptême en F1 biplace. Naturellement, j'ai conseillé à David MANSFIELD de visiter votre site internet pour en savoir plus.

Je reste naturellement à votre disposition pour tous renseignements dont vous auriez besoin et vous prie d'agréer, cher Monsieur, l'expression de mes sentiments distingués.

Jean Paul GOUZIN



www.ronartdriversclub.com

20 QUESTIONS

Simon Sutton - Membership Secretary

What was your first car?	Morris Minor 1000
What is your every-day car?	Renault 5 Campus
Where did you first encounter a Ronart?	Kit Car Magazine
What's the best car you've ever owned?	Ronart W152
What's the worst car you've ever owned?	Morris Marina
Which car do you most regret selling?	SWB Landrover
If you won the lottery, what car(s) would you buy?	Aston Martin
What is most essential tool for a Ronart owner to carry?	Tights
What is the most useful spare for a Ronart owner to carry?	Tights
What is your favourite classic event?	Pass
What was your favourite/most memorable drive?	From Athens along the Peloponnesian Peninsular, at night.
What has been your greatest achievement?	Getting this far
What is your favourite word or phrase?	"Kin hell"
What trait do you most deplore in yourself?	Conscientiousness
What is your favourite motoring book?	W152 Workshop Manual
Why did you buy a W152? - looks; performance; sound; adventure?	All
What's the worst thing about the W152?	Lack of sunshine
What or whom do you most dislike?	Politics
Where would you most like to live?	Derbyshire
What is your favourite music?	60's
What do you think about speed cameras?	A necessary evil
What has been your most embarrassing moment?	Never
When or where were you happiest?	During my previous job.



GATSOs

Roadside speed cameras are an easy target for a snarl, but there's more unpleasantness lurking behind them than mere greed. They're a visible sign of Big Brother watching us in the modern official British way; spying on us from behind the safety of computers and cameras.

The cameras also tell us that as individuals, we don't matter. As long as the tax is successfully extorted, it doesn't matter if people lose their licences and jobs for offences that would in a more civilised society be judged on their seriousness.

If somebody drives past an emptying school at 35 mph, he should probably be imprisoned. If he drives past the same school at midnight at 35mph, so what? The state gives him the same fine and licence removal for both offences.

The fines for four such speeding offences don't just stop with the court extortion either. In a country increasingly unable to provide public transport to get anybody reliably to work, most productive workers have to use a car. Jobs are therefore at risk. The fine for four speeding offences could therefore be £30,000. With no dole for months for anybody self-employed, homes are at risk too; so the fine could effectively be £100,000. The marginally speeding sales rep's family could finish up in the homeless B&B, if they're lucky enough to get into one.

However, the British establishment will never admit that this is just a money-making scam, so they have to keep taking licences away as well, to make it look as though there's a connection with reducing accidents.

We all know that the speed cameras don't work in reducing speed. The provincial government in Canada's British Columbia

[Comment from a kit car magazine.]

tried them out, found some temporary reductions in speed within thirty feet of the cameras and a few extra tailgating accidents, realised also that they piss people off big-time and make them despise the police for becoming visible tax bandits... and they ditched the things. The BC police went back to hanging around schools at closing time with speed guns and fining people who richly deserved it.

The Americans probably won't even bother trying to put up speed cameras. Having the country's nutters carrying hand guns (coming to a street near you soon) is obviously stupid, but the Americans will simply blow the cameras away with a favourite Magnum, without even asking if they feel lucky first. But then, the individual is still quite important in America.

Even the Dutch, who are more obedient than the Germans, have taken to destroying cameras in amusingly creative ways, and also to openly filming the police when they try to set secret motorway speed traps by hiding behind bushes. The Dutch plods look ashamed of themselves, then pack up and go away.

There are the beginnings of anti-camera disobedience here too.



Members' News

It does occur to me that this sounds very like the opinion of somebody with only three points left on his licence, but oddly enough, mine's clean. I can't afford enough fuel tax to go fast enough to get caught for speeding tax.

One can't help wondering what they do with all that money anyway. The camera scam nets millions on top of all the other tax squeeze methods. British roads now make Tunisia look flash, and local schools are still holding jumble sales to pay for books. I have a plan to help with that problem though - I'm going to write to schools in Botswana asking if they've got any spare books that are a bit tatty but would do okay for the poor little barefoot English children.

At New York's JF Kennedy airport today, an individual later discovered to be a public school teacher, was arrested trying to board a flight while in possession of a ruler, a protractor, a setsquare, a slide rule and a calculator.

Attorney General John Ashcroft believes the man is a member of the notorious Al-gebra movement. He is being charged with carrying weapons of math instruction.

"Al-gebra is a very fearsome cult, indeed", Ashcroft said. "They desire average solutions by means and extremes, and sometimes go off on a tangent in a search of absolute value. They consist of quite shadow figures, with names like "x" and "y", and, although they are frequently referred to as "unknowns", we know they really belong to a common denominator and are part of the axis of medieval with coordinates in every country.

"As the great Greek philanderer Isosceles used to say, there are 3 sides to every triangle."

When asked to comment on the arrest, President Bush said, "If God had wanted us to have better weapons of math instruction, He would have given us more fingers and toes."

Steve Trodd

It all comes to those who wait.

The temptation was too much, the pull too strong. The first time it happened I thought I could keep it under control, every time I felt the attraction, heard the noise, the wind on my face and power at my feet, I suppressed it.

But the pull was strong.

As I climbed out, wind swept and face dirty with 100mph grime. Nostrils full with engine fumes and rubber... it had finally caught me.

I had to join, be a groupie no more. I wanted to participate. I had to run with the finest group of lunatics I know. Talk nuts, bolts, humps and pipes and tell stories till there all told and then tell them again.

And now I have one.....

So fellow Ronartiers, please welcome me into the fold and be prepared for summer 2005... (no bets please)

Steve has ordered the ready-painted (silver) Mark 2 which Arthur has unearthed. There is also a ready-painted (BRG), part-built Mark 1 for sale at the factory which looks very beautiful and an excellent proposition for somebody.

Freddie & Tony

It didn't take Freddie very long to fix his blown head gasket and rebuild his gearbox, and Tony has bought a new engine and gearbox, soon to be fitted by Brian Ball.

The moral of all this is - beware of trying to beat the mighty Merc - there are hidden costs.

Chris & Chris Bellhouse

You should see the pictures of the new Spitfire replica being built for them in Eastern Europe! Spectacular.

Members' News

Peter Langmaid

"Does any member still have a fluid coupling fan assembly from either a S6 or V12? I'm looking for one for my car. Still having overheating problems: the excessive heat (at high revs) causes cavitation in the water system which then results in an air lock at the top of the radiator. A vicious circle once started!

Long term I think the plumbing needs to be looked at. The only other solution is to have the external exhausts but just do not have the money for either the carb set-up required or the pipes.

Also, I tried to start my neighbour's XJ6 S11 (which has not run for nearly 2 years) but found no petrol getting through to the carbs. I have checked: petrol in tanks; all fuses under the dash are ok; safety cut-out is set.

There does not seem to be any power at the safety cut-off switch which indicates that the pumps also do not have power either. The pumps are set in the tanks on this car so have not been able to check this out.

I have looked for an additional fuel cut-off switch/anti theft device but have not found one. Has anyone any idea?"



Sean Trodd with Bella at one of the lunches in the Lot.

MYSTERY PHOTO



Last issue's mystery photo was the rear fog light of Graham's new car, but did you identify the use of Kenlowe fan kit components to mount it?

A bit Heath-Robinson, but just a temporary installation to get through the SVA.



This issue's mystery photo is a hose, but isn't it labelled "air brake"?

What for, who and why? Any ideas?

Motors Reunited

We have beentalked into a weblink swap with this interesting site - so the RDC is listed with a nice familiar little pic. So please support them by exploring the site. I'm afraid it will not have the amazing appeal of Friends Reunited but nevertheless could be useful for some of us:

www.motorsreunited.co.uk

Forthcoming Events Calendar

Please do let the Editor know well in advance of any events which are worth listing here. If you are planning to go to a Car Show and are willing to organise a few other Ronarts into turning up, please call Benjamin Weitzmann for the loan of a Club banner or flagpole.

April 8 Thursday	Southern Noggin & Natter - The Sun at Dunsfold
April 29 Thursday	Midlands Noggin & Natter - The Bear at Berkswell
May 2-3	National Kit Car Show, Stoneleigh
May 19 Wednesday	Prescott Hill-Climbing day course (David Small)
May 27 Thursday	Midlands Noggin & Natter - The Bear at Berkswell
May 6 Thursday	Southern Noggin & Natter - Black Horse, Chorleywood
June 5/6	Shelsey Walsh Weekend (John Ellis)
June 10 Thursday	Southern Noggin & Natter - More Place, Esher
June 12/13	Le Mans
June 24 Thursday	Midlands Noggin & Natter - The Bear at Berkswell
June 25/27	Goodwood Festival of Speed
June 27 Sun	Bromley Pageant of Motoring
July 15 Thursday	Southern Noggin & Natter - Fairmile, Cobham
July 22/23	Le Mans Classic (Jacques Grandjean)
July 28-Aug 7	Ireland Tour (Steve & Freddie Trodd)
July 29 Thursday	Midlands Noggin & Natter - The Bear at Berkswell
Aug 6	Nurburgring OldTimer Grand Prix
Aug 8 Sun	Barbeque chez Henry & Jane Weitzmann
Aug 15 Sun	Beaulieu Jaguar JEC Rally
Aug 15 Sun	Cranleigh Classic Car Show, Surrey (Ronarts attending)
August 26 Thursday	Midlands Noggin & Natter - The Bear at Berkswell
Aug 27 Friday	Southern N&N & BBQ - Fairmile, Cobham
Aug 30 Monday	Wotton Fête, Surrey (Ronarts attending)
Sept 4 Sat	Castle Combe Classic & Sportscar Action Day 01249 782417
Sept 4/5	Goodwood Revival
Sept 5 Sunday	JEC Surrey Day (Ronarts attending) Polesden Lacy
Sept 4/5	National Kit & Performance Car Show, Donington
Sept 11/12	Beaulieu AutoJumble
Sept 17-28	Trip to Provence (David Mansfield)
Sept 30 Thursday	Midlands Noggin & Natter - The Bear at Berkswell
Sept 30 Thursday	Southern Noggin & Natter - The Sun at Dunsfold
Oct 28 Thursday	Southern Noggin & Natter - Sportsman, Mogador
Oct 28 Thursday	Midlands Noggin & Natter - The Bear at Berkswell
November	NEC Intl Classic Motor Show - Club Stand hopefully
Nov 25 Thursday	Midlands Noggin & Natter - The Bear at Berkswell
Dec 5	AGM & Club Xmas Lunch

KEY: Main Event Local Event General Interest

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Email Addresses!

Please send Graham Hallett an email and register your address with the club; We are finding it an increasingly efficient way of keeping in touch cheaply AND receiving quick feedback on issues with members.

Club Website - www.ronartdriversclub.com