

HUMPS AND PIPES

Winter 25
Issue 84

Winter Maintenance?

What happens at this time of year for the W152's of this world. I would guess one of two things mainly. There will be some exceptions, but I guess in the main, a lovely but terribly cold sunny day when the desire to take the car for a spin somehow outweighs the prevailing conditions and it is for these times that the heavy flying jackets become worth their weight, cost and space they take up. However for the most part Ronarts will either be tucked up carefully, probably with a few odds and ends lying carefully placed along the bonnet or they will be in some stage of strip down being worked upon to repair this or that or to do that job that has needed doing for some time but you managed to put up with it until now! It is the later case for me and more of that later. Right now I need to change the exhaust manifold on my daughters Toyota Yaris. Not a particularly difficult job but one that is necessitated



because Toyota in their efforts to keep costs down make the manifold out of mild steel! And what a surprise it just rusts away over time. It was either this job or tile the bathroom. No contest really.

From the Chairman's

Dear Members,

Spring has arrived, and with it, the start of another exciting season at the Ronart Drivers Club. We're looking forward to a fantastic year filled with great drives, community spirit, and unforgettable memories.

Our Annual General Meeting (AGM) is ahead of us, at Crewe Hall, thank you to everyone who will attend and contribute to make it a gathering we will all love to be at. Our 2025 calendar includes some truly exciting events. One of the highlights will be our much-anticipated trip to the Netherlands this June, a scenic tour that promises beautiful roads and great company.

There's plenty more in store, and I can't wait to hit the road with you all again. Until then – enjoy the ride. I am looking forward to seeing you soon! Yours Jürgen



Crewe Hall
Hotel

Notes from the Editor:

Well Christmas and the New Year festivities have been and gone. I trust all thoroughly enjoyed themselves and had a great time. So from me “Happy New Year” to you all, even if a few months have past! I would also point out in my defence that I write my input into this esteemed journal over a period of weeks/months. I mean it is possible it is still 2024 when I put pen to paper for some of this .

The Southern region got the festivities going, with a super meal at The Running Horses pub in Mickelham, which is a small hamlet just along from Box Hill near Dorking. What with partners and friends we numbered 18 in total. The food was delightful and the setting superb. Somehow it came to £63.00 a head when the 3



courses were only £40.00 each. I guess I drank more than I remember! It was so good though. So no complaints here.

Ed: you will have to look hard to see all the usual suspects

Well done Mario for organising a lovely event. Anyway as already mentioned, I had a lovely Christmas fitting a new exhaust manifold on my daughters Toyota Yaris.



Did you know every tyre comes with a built in GPS Tracker! In this way Big Brother can track your exact location at anytime. To remedy this disgusting intrusion, just cut off the small aerial that protrudes from the wheel.

The Netherlands Trip 2025

Dates have been fixed for this from 19th June to 26th June and we are going to be staying in two locations over this time. Though some of us are meeting up the night before in Ashford in Kent. The two Dutch Hotels are:

1. Grand Hotel Ter Duin, Hogeweg 55
- &
2. Fletcher Hotel-Restaurant Sparrenhorst-Veluwe

Both these venues look superb. I suggest a quick look at their websites for more details.

<https://sheetz.nl/grandhotelterduin/en/>

and

<https://www.hotelsparrenhorst.nl/en/>

The plan as I understand it, is to catch the ferry from Dover, on the DFDS Line at 8.00 O'clock on the 19th and we will arrive back on the 4.00 O'Clock ferry in the afternoon on the 26th, having stopped overnight in Bruges, Belgium.

I have already prepared for my time in Holland and I sincerely wish the weather holds up for me to wear this attire.

This is my Bright Orange 'T' Shirt, which is available with the relevant embroidery in the Club's merchandise. See the website for details.



What is Waxoil?...Ladies this is **not** a technical article.

According to Google “Waxoil” is Waxoyl is a thick, waxy fluid that protects vehicles and other metal structures from rust and corrosion. It's applied to create a weatherproof skin that keeps out moisture.



In other words it is a very good thing to spray onto the exposed chassis of a Ronart. I am indebted to Chris Bennett for sending this into me. He 100% assures me that he read about this elsewhere and that it is not a personal story. I leave you the readers to make up your mind on this matter.

SO:

I really wanted to get some of this into the cars chassis before I started using it, so today was the planned time for waxoiling the inside of the chassis. I had gone to Halfords and bought 2 gallons, and knocked off work early. I also had the real benefit that my dear Lady was out, so I had since 3.00pm been shoving the 2 gallon cans into the spotless kitchen sink with near boiling water. I should have known things were going to go "slightly wrong" when I started I decided to use a Waxoil gun, and my compressor, I had had the propane burner on in the workshop since 3.00pm, flat out, it was like the Sahara, in fact it was so hot I decided a T shirt and shorts was the dress code, this will become relevant, I assure you. Grabbing some white spirit to further thin the waxoil I entered the kitchen and unscrewed the waxoil lid. Kerrrspalt, a big snotty dollop spewed out over the kitchen work surface, ok no probs I thought, I'll sort that out when I've finished, as I still might make a little bit more of a mess, I'm glad “She's” not in!” Clutching the now bloody hot waxoil injector thingy, part filled with waxoil and mixed with very very warm white spirit I squirted and soaked the chassis blasting away, at the same time practising holding my breath. One gallon later I was nearly there, I was at the rear cross

member. One more refill to go. I ought to point out that I had also decided that at some of the angles I was at pulling and holding the trigger was a real pain, so I had devised a cunning lock with an elastic band on the trigger, so that I could let it do its thing whilst it sprayed away So shove tube into hole and pull trigger, activate my locking device and waggle etc.

Enter my wife's love of her life.**The Cat.**

It sat there and looked at me the way only a cat can, it sniffed, unapprovingly at the dripping waxoil, and I said. "Huh, you don't want to be in here matey, this stuff will stick to your fur like sh*t to a blanket".....and at that very point the jammed on tube extension came off the gun! Could I release the elastic band round the trigger ? That would be a monumental **NO!**

The gun squirted warm waxoil/white spirit out at a force never so far experienced, one particularly good jet hit the cat, who bolted, knocking over the 2/3 empty = 1/3 full can of hot waxoil/white spirit mix, which flowed oh so well under the car and into my clothes and all exposed skin areas. Yes those bits I mentioned earlier! But I was still fighting with the hot octopus trying to switch the damned thing off, I failed, I was only saved when it eventually ran out, all 1/3 of it. Just when I thought nothing could get worse than lying underneath a car with waxoil soaked clothes, waxoil dripping onto my hair and face, and running into my ears, some waxoil dripped onto the lead lamp. A Ping & A Bang & Blackness ensued. That is Complete Blackness, Utter Blackness as it also pinged the fuse for the lighting circuit! I retired towards the house, removing dripping clothes on the way. I entered the house in "minimal clothes" to resolve the fuse problem. When the lights went on I saw the cat. I AM GOING TO DIE IF SHE SEES THIS!

Here Puddie cattie.....This did not improve the sink/kitchen area

one jot. Have you ever tried holding a 'waxoiled cat' in a sink with water and rags, especially when cat does not enjoy it ? I thought not.

One hour later cat was scrubbed and very pissed off with me, I've had 2 baths, and also cleaned the bath it seems that the bath will never be rusty and neither will the kitchen floor, sink, worktop etc. Now will my dearest notice? I peruse the evidence. Cat stinks, garage stinks, alley way stinks, I stink, kitchen smells of lemon washing up liquid, which strangely we seem to nearly be out of, floor stinks. So in otherwords I have ZERO chance, unless! She could be back any minute, [gulp] Nice job on the chassis though, I mean lesson No1. Always look for positives. Later that evening. Alleyway door closes and the love of my life walks in.

"Have a nice time dear ?" I say Cheerily.

"What the HELL is that smell?"

"Smell?....er do you mean the waxoil ?"

"Is that what it is - it's disgusting"

"Er..really" Don't you like it then?....

"The alleyway stinks, I mean I could smell it when I got out of the car."

"er...really?"

"yes, Really, I mean my God its stinking everywhere out, it's even in the house "

"Really, that would seem unlikely, afterall the car is in the Garage" She picks up cat, I look away at the telly and prey, and

"Good grief even the cat smells of it." It's at this point the cat growls [probably had enough of being "handled" during the evening]

"WELL if you're going to be like that madam cat, you grumpy old thing" She places cat down firmly, the cat grumbles some more and then decides to leave, still grumbling,

"Charming,well, anyway, have you finished?"

THOUGHTS. I just may, only may, mind you, have gotten away with it?

“Yes dear thanks”I have”.

I Have, I've got away with it I've got away with it. Time for a beer. I'd better be careful though.

"Would you like a glass of wine dear?"

I've got away with it, Yippee. I' really think I might have got away with it and SHE'S GOT THE HUMP WITH THE CAT TOO - NOT ME !! Beer and Bed. Bit of a result really! But a bit too close for comfort though.

Ed: Thanks again Chris for this story.

On a different matter and with the Chinese taking over the world, I have decided to learn Mandarin.



This is how you say “Hi” in Mandarin.

So the continuation of the Dordogne/Angouleme trip.

We set off from Sarlatla Caneda to head North Westerly direction, not a great distance to cover about 90 miles to our Logis Hôtels Domaine du Chatelard. This is a lovely hotel outside of Angouleme itself, set in its own grounds with a beautiful lake.

As we arrived having driven $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile down the entrance drive we were greeted by our the rest of our contingent.

David Small, his son Rob and Dr. Andrew Cross and Rob's fisherman friend Mark. They had heard the rumble of our Ronarts. David Small had travelled in his Ronart and Rob had driven his 1920's Bentley. The cars lines up in the Car park were a sight to see. The next day Saturday is the day when, if you wish, you can enter a private rally around the adjoining area, visit a Grand House/location and get a special commemorative Car Plate for your efforts. To limit the numbers involved the price for this sojourn is about £500.00! Needless to say I have never participated. However good fun can be had by scouring the internet to try and find out what route they are taking, locating a suitable spot and cheering on the spectacular cars as they pass by. It wasn't long before Rob Small had found the information and after a brief stop at a place the tour had passed in a previous year for a spot of lunch we headed for our viewing point. We ended up at a cross roads where the organised tour route cars made a sharp left turn. This meant the cars all had to slow down, which was great for viewing them, and then listen as they powered away in a new direction. Better still was the fact that many of the cars didn't spot the turn until too late and ended up, screeching on there brakes, rapidly reversing and executing a wheel spinning turn.



We stayed here for an hour or so and then saw Rob Small and the Bentley and David Small in his W152 join onto the end of the parade and head off. The next day Sunday was the day of the racing itself. Most of us decided to travel in by taxi as the parking can be pretty tricky what with so many roads closed off as they are either part of the track or are closed for emergency vehicles only. I won't go into the racing too much in Angoulême as it has been covered many times before, in past issues of this magazine. However I will say that this year we were let down by the tour company that we have used many times before. We already knew that the tour operator had not been able to secure seats in the usual Grandstands that we had so successfully viewed the racing from, in years past, but we had been told that we would still get seats in another grandstand, one which appeared to be well placed on an hairpin bend at the lowest part of the circuit. There were 2 problems here. (1) this grandstand was no where near any refreshments and worse (2) the lowest two rows of seats were below the armco safety barriers so one could not see anything at all from these seats. Having said that all the seats were taken anyway. Kay and I managed to get a couple of seats but most of the our party did not. So I will not be using Scenic Car Tours again for this jolly until they can guarantee the original Grandstand seats that we have so enjoyed in the past. Suffice to say, the racing itself was as spectacular as always After the racing we retired back to our fabulous hotel for our last meal all together, not realising that we would be saying "Goodbye" to Gordon and Helen for ever. I still cannot really believe the tragedy that was just around the corner.

The next morning we waved goodbye to the Hotel in Angouleme and headed north to our stopping off point at Chartre-sur-le-Loire the L'hotel De France. This was a favourite hotel for many of the racing drivers of the 50's and 60's when they were racing at Le Mans. It is a lovely friendly place to stay On our way to the hotel we stopped for a picnic by a lake so that our fishermen had another opportunity to catch something. I'm told they didn't!

Our final nights stay was the usual, riotous affair and the following morning we set off for Caen. We organised ourselves to allow us enough time to stop at the Pegasus Bridge Museum, which is very near to Ouistreham where the ferry departs from. Pegasus Bridge was one of the key objectives of the D-Day landings in 1944. It here that a Light Infantry Division landed behind enemy lines in special purpose built gliders and within 15 minutes had secured the bridgehead. It was a total surprise to the enemy and secured vital supply lines for the next days beach assaults. The museum is well worth a visit if you are in the area.

David Moreton recalls:

As a small boy growing up on my family's farm I was always happy playing with my elder brothers as there were endless things to do. One thing that I never gave much thought to was how we were able to play in the cockpit of an aircraft that was sat at the back of the farmhouse. I remember there was quite a lot of broken glass and the seats were very tatty; hands on the controls pretending to be flying. Being the youngest I was always the co-pilot.

Now many many years later on our way back from a well organized trip to see the racing at Angoulême we called in at the Pegasus Bridge Museum. I feel so very lucky that I was born after the war and that I haven't had to be as brave as the glider troops who landed incredibly close to Pegasus Bridge in order to capture it on D Day. Behind the museum stands one of these gliders.

When you see how they were made with very little strength or safety, it makes you realise how



brave these men were. Looking into the glider's cockpit I then realised what I had been playing in all those years ago.

ED: I can only assume David that your Father had it in mind to invade a neighbouring country, otherwise why else would he have purchased such an aircraft. Clearly he intended to use heavy farm machinery in his conquest, hence the fold back cockpit, you mention. This picture shows a side ramp!

Some of these gliders were made so that the cockpit could swing out of the way to enable vehicles to be loaded. The one my father acquired must have been one of these.

We all reached the ferry with good time to spare and boarded and then re-grouped in one of the lounges. It was here just after we set sail that Peter Jones got an odd message through on his phone. The message was asking if we knew what had happened with Gordon and Helen and the Foreign Office. The message made no sense and by now we had travelled far enough out from the port to be unable to get any meaningful signal on our phones. Eventually after much deliberation about phone scams and the like we managed to get hooked up to the Boats WiFi. Alas we were unable to get through to anyone and solve what was a mystery at this point but at the same time something very worrying to all of us. We all said our goodbyes on the car deck and at 22.45 in the evening prepared ourselves to drive to our destinations. For me this was home, as I only live a few miles from the port in Portsmouth. For others it was a drive to Surrey and for some to some nearby hotels. I had just got home when I heard the devastating news that Gordon and Helen had died the afternoon before in a terrible motorway crash. I still find it very hard to talk or write about it. It has been a truly wonderful trip and I will always remember the extra joy, warmth and camaraderie that Gordon and Helen provided for us on this holiday.

So what else is there to report?

Lots happening in France is the answer. I got an email through from the club secretary that an enquiry about any history if it were available on car Number 79. Michael Petit is the new owner and club member. A hearty welcome to you, Michael. He has purchased this bright red W152, which is a Right hand drive car but has French registration. This is particularly handy as the car is going to reside in Reunion Island and to save you from having to look that up, Reunion Island is beautiful place sandwiched between Mauritius and Madagaskar and due South of the Seychelles in the Indian Ocean! The car will certainly vie for the furthest flung Ronart that I know off. Yes Ok I know Mike Kanter's first car went to Japan and I know that another car went off to South America, and I also know one car which went to the USA not long ago, but these cars we have lost touch with, their current owners not wishing to be club members.

Michael's car has had some engine work done on it by VSE and has a cracked cylinder head which is being repaired as I go to press. It is though a beautiful looking car.

And now just a few days ago I get an email from Antoine Houdebine who has recently purchased a W152. At this point all I know is that the car is headed for France. Perhaps in the next issue I will know more.

I can also report that meetings in the Southern area have taken place at "The Well Inn" near Lower Kingswood on the 5th March followed by a wonderful outing to The Surrey Oaks" near Leigh on the 9th April. Both with near double figure turn outs, though understandably not many Ronarts in attendance as it is still pretty cold out there. David Small graced us with his wonderful Daimler Dart though and Mario made it two outings for two in his car.

The Surrey Vintage Vehicle Society [SVVS] which a number of Ronart Owners are also members of had a lunchtime meeting at

“The Kingswood Arms”, Kingswood. Bruce Smith and Mario Zuccarello were in attendance as seen in this picture below.



Mario's Silver 6 Ltr V12 MKII next to Bruce's Red 4.2 S6 MKII

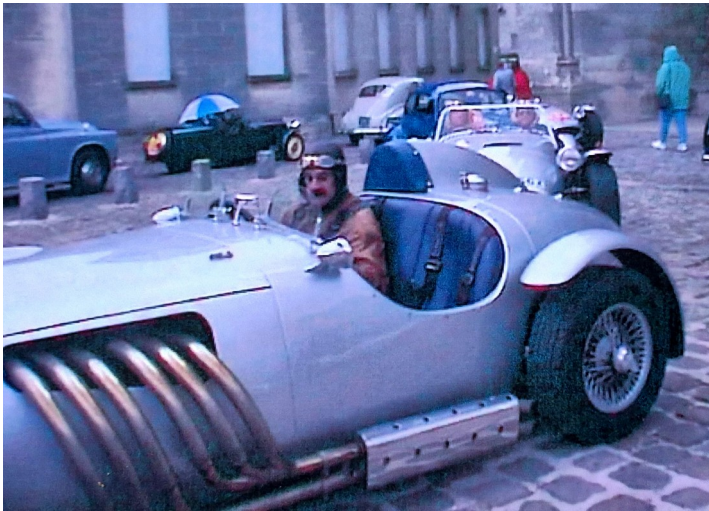
Where is the **“Ladies Page”** I hear all you ladies asking? Well you must send me something to put in! I am not a “Lady” (At least I wasn’t last time I looked.) I would really like to hear from you so that we can all get a broader perspective of matters. It doesn’t matter how you send it, email or Wattsapp, I will endeavour to include it. It can even be anonymous if you wish.

I had been warned, before becoming editor, that the winter edition of H&P was always going to be difficult to get enough copy to make it worth the effort of publishing and with that in mind I



apologise in advance for the amount of personal content contained herein but it is at least content. And on that subject I have found some very old photos taken around

24 years ago when a group of us all went to the Laon Car meet/weekend in France in 2001. This event is still running but nowadays it is more of a car show than it was back then. Back then you displayed your car where you wanted but you were allocated a number for the listings and on Saturday or possibly Sunday afternoon you drove from the lower parts of town up to the cathedral at the top in a sort of parade.



Ed: This picture is of my car followed by Freddie Trodd's car in a rare view with the full windscreen fitted outside the Cathedral in the square

I say "sort of Parade" as basically so long as you did nothing crazy the Gendarmes turned a blind eye to the speeds you were driving at! It was a good turn out with at least 9 or even 10 W152's from the UK with at least 2 more from Europe.

Ed: This is a view from my petrol cap and behind is Freddie & David Small and I think Jaques Grandjean but it could be David Lyons.



The pictures I have found are stills taken from a video camera and the resolution, by today's standards is poor but for those who remember this trip they will certainly invoke happy memories. There is I believe grainy video footage of Freddie Trodd effecting repairs to David Small's car on this trip by going down a manhole. This can be viewed on the Club's Website.

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