



OWNERS CLUB BULLETIN



May / June 2023

RAILTON OWNERS CLUB

LIMITED BY GUARANTEE

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RAILTON OWNERS CLUB

The premier British club for enthusiasts of all
Brough Superior, Railton, Hudson, Essex and Terraplane
motor vehicles.

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The front cover photo by SCCSA member Ron Johnson, shows Jim Scammell at the Barossa Vintage Collingrove Hillclimb in 2014 teaching daughter Alice to handle his 1922 Essex 4. The following weekend they competed in the Barossa Vintage Collingrove Hillclimb event. Result? Alice was just 2 seconds slower than her father. An article on this car starts on page 9.

The rear cover shows an early use of the front page of *The Autocar* by Hudson Motors. The Essex 5-6 seater English roadster illustrated looks exceedingly cramped! Artist Guy Lipscombe has signed the work. London based, Lipscombe (1881–1952) studied at the Royal Academy Schools and, soon after graduation, became the motor sport illustrator for the newly founded magazine *The Motor*. He soon became the acknowledged master of the genre and began painting and exhibiting large scale oils. His depiction of the 1907 French Grand Prix now hangs on the main stairs of the Royal Automobile Club in London.

R.O.C. Website: www.railton.org

The user name and password for the Members' area have recently changed and were advised by e-mail. Please contact the Editor, the Chairman or the Secretary if a reminder is required.

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Railton Owners Club



EDITORIAL

It was not by design, but this issue has developed into a celebration of Hudson and Essex cars in competition. I am indebted to Australian member Jim Scammell for the information about his vintage Essex racer and for reminding me of the less-than-successful Hudsons developed in France in 1936. This prompted me to visit the V.S.C.C. library at Chipping Norton to collate material available in the contemporary British motoring journals. The committee is always conscious that members who are owners of vintage Essex and Hudson cars are poorly served by the Club and it is good to be able to redress the balance somewhat.

My own competition year started off in May with an entry in the V.S.C.C. spring rally based in the New Forest. We had an enjoyable day out in the Ranalah Sports Saloon and, unusually, did quite well, coming third in class in spite of a faulty odometer. It was also a good opportunity to meet Bournemouth-based member Paul Rose and supply him with some parts missing from the Carbodies saloon which he is bravely restoring.

Neil Thorp

CLOSING DATE FOR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE JULY / AUGUST BULLETIN IS THE 10TH JULY.

SECRETARY'S NOTES

With Spring now upon us I hope members will have been exercising their old cars. My own 1935 saloon enjoyed an outing to the Old Bull Inn in Ambridge (sorry, Inkberrow!) during the first Bank Holiday weekend to join a gathering organised by the Vintage Morris Minor Register. However, my main preoccupation recently has been with preparations for the National Meeting in just over eight weeks' time.

It was ninety years ago, on the last day of June 1933, that a legal agreement was signed:

‘between A.N. Macklin trading as the Fairmile Engineering Company, Proprietors of “Railton Terraplanes”, and R.A. Railton, Esq.’

So came into being the Railton motorcar, known initially as the Railton Terraplane or “R.T.” Reid Railton, then Chief Engineer at Thomson and Taylor, was already heavily engaged with the building of the Napier-Railton for John Cobb and early development work for the E.R.A. He now received an initial £200 to cover a royalty of £6/10/- on the first 31 of the new cars



to be constructed at the Fairmile. In return Macklin was permitted to use R.A.R.'s name as advisory or Technical Director on any promotional literature relating to the new venture.

Before the ink was dry on this formal agreement between, in Reid Railton's words, "two parties who were personally known to each other" the first prototype was unveiled to the public. With lightweight open tourer bodywork by John Charles and Co., it tipped the scales at just 2,260 pounds. Writing in *The Autocar*, Sammy Davis declared that "the performance of this car has to be experienced to be believed". *The Motor*, in its first road test, managed nearly 90 mph and a 0-60 time of 13.4 seconds; while *Motor Sport*, similarly impressed, believed that the car "should find favour with a large circle of sports car drivers". And so it soon proved. After well-publicised success in the 1934 Alpine Trial, Railtons were being sold to such celebrities as Whitney Straight, Kenelm Lee Guinness and Lionel Martin.

The even more accelerative Light Sports Tourer with its significant chassis modifications made its competition debut at Shelsley Walsh in the hands of Richard Marker on September 28th 1935, with a first outing at Brooklands three weeks later. Over the next four years Railtons would appear regularly at the Worcestershire hill climb culminating in Charles Follett's establishment of a new sports car record with DPA 231 at the September 1938 meeting. Today the other original Light Sports Tourer is still active in the V.S.C.C. Speed Championship on both circuits and hills with its current owner John Fack.

All of which makes it entirely fitting that we should be celebrating the 90th anniversary here in Worcestershire with a visit to Shelsley Walsh on the first day of this year's Classic Nostalgia Event. Planning for the National Meeting is now complete. The customary Friday lunchtime gathering on July 21st will be in the picture-postcard village of Chaddesley Corbett which was thinly disguised as Chaddesbourne D'Abbitot in Francis Brett Young's 1934 novel *This Little World* (see image above). The Swan at DY10 4SA is an acclaimed CAMRA inn serving the incomparable Batham's bitter to accompany a selection of lunchtime cobs, sandwiches and pasties. Those who wish can then take advantage of special arrangements to visit a famous local country house just two miles away and en route for our weekend hotel base in Stourport.



Harvington Hall (see image left) is a moated Elizabethan manor house, home for generations of the Throckmorton family. Now owned by the Archdiocese of Birmingham, the Hall tells the story of Catholic Recusancy in the late years of the 16th century. With seven separate priest hides it also boasts one of the finest collections of Elizabethan wall paintings in

the U.K. After an hour-long guided tour, tea and cakes can be enjoyed in the Malt House coffee shop before our twenty-minute drive on to the Stourport Manor Hotel.

Details of the special weekend accommodation package negotiated for R.O.C. members were set out in both the January and March issues of the Bulletin. At the time of writing, a few rooms are still available at the special dinner-bed-and-breakfast tariff of £105 per person, but our reservation holds only until the end of May. Bookings should be made directly with the hotel (tel. 01299 289955) referencing the Railton Owners Club arrangement and our management team contact, Katie Hughes.

On the Saturday morning Midland Automobile Club Stewards will be expecting us at around 10.00 am to set out our display of cars in a reserved parking area at Shelsley Walsh. If members care to visit the M.A.C. web site they will see that the advance publicity for the Classic Nostalgia event is now promoting celebration of the 90th anniversary of the Railton amongst other highlights of this flagship annual event – 2023 is also the centenary of the MG and the 60th anniversary of the Mini Cooper S. For R.O.C. members we have secured a block reservation of entry passes for the day at a £10 reduction on the normal gate price of £25.

Members living in the area and not wanting to book hotel accommodation may join us at The Green en route for Shelsley Walsh. Do let me know in advance if you intend doing this so that an entry pass is reserved for you. For those who might find a whole day of hill climb nostalgia too much excitement, other attractions in and around the Teme valley include Lower Brockhampton and Berrington Hall (both National Trust properties), open gardens at Burford House and Stockton Bury, and the Elgar Birthplace Museum – all within a 30-minute drive. On the Sunday morning, again as revealed in the March Bulletin, we have planned a gentle tour before arriving at the spectacular English Heritage property of Witley Court. So, something for all tastes you might think. Do come and join in!

For a concluding archive piece in this lead-up to the 90th anniversary I shall divert from my usual practice of poring over past R.O.C. Bulletins and instead go back to *The Motor* magazine of 19th January 1944. There D.B. Tubbs, as part of a series titled “In Their Day”, profiled the 1933 Railton Terraplane. After a fulsome account making favourable comparisons with the performance of the earlier 30/98 Vauxhall, Tubbs concluded:

“Its large side-valve American engine worked always within its capacity, and soon gained a reputation for extreme length of life. It was essentially a touring unit with no special manifolding and required none of the attentions demanded by most high-output sporting motors. The Railton came near to being the perfect light tourer of its generation.”

Clearly a motor car well worth celebrating.

Max Hunt

CALENDAR 2023

21st to 23rd July 2023

National Meeting and A.G.M. at Shelsley Walsh

We will be celebrating the 90th anniversary of the first Railton car in conjunction with the Midland Automobile Club's flagship Classic Nostalgia event and hill climb meeting. Our own programme will begin with the traditional informal Friday lunchtime gathering, this year at the Swan in Chaddesley Corbett. Hotel accommodation has been reserved at the Stourport Manor where the R.O.C. has been well looked-after previously. The package specially negotiated for members offers a dinner-bed-and-breakfast tariff of £105 per person for each of the two nights (Friday/Saturday) based on shared occupancy of a double room. Individual bookings should be made directly with the hotel (tel. 01299 289955) where our contact is Katie Hughes; members should identify themselves when booking as part of the Railton Club party.



The Shelsley hill climb is little more than 15 minutes drive from the hotel. Secure parking facilities will be made available at the Green Business Centre (just two miles from Shelsley) for those trailering their cars to the event.

The Editor at speed in his racing Singer 9 during the 2022 Vintage Meeting at Shelsley.

MEMBERSHIP NEWS

New Members

We welcome just one new member this time.

1251 Paul Butler. 50 Chapel Lane, Codsall, South Staffordshire, WV8 2EJ.

Paul is no stranger to our Club marque cars; he introduces himself as “Webmaster for the Hudson Essex Terraplane and also the UK rep for them as well”. Currently without a Hudson, he hopes one day to get himself another car. Presumably this is a quest we might be able to help with! Paul joins as an Associate Member.

Recent Deaths

It is with great sadness that we heard of the death of one-time member Geof Harris. Geof was never a Railton Owner but always accompanied his great friend Keith Levick when he attended to our National Meetings. We offer sincere condolences to Geof's wife Gill and to their family.

We also were sad to hear of the death, aged 97, of long-time Belfast-based member Sidney Gilmore who died over the Christmas period. He had a Fairmile and numerous other cars. Indeed it was through the Singer Owners Club that we became aware of his passing. We offer our condolences to his family and hope that his son Matthew will complete the restoration of the Railton.



THE CHAIRMAN'S COLUMN

Avid readers of this column will recall that I belong to a small, local car club as well as having membership in our Railton Owners Club, the V.S.C.C. and the Morris Minor Owners Club. My local club is called the Uxbridge Classic Vehicle Club and is open to membership to any person with a classic car – a fairly loose classification and we have members with cars from the 1980s and even into the 1990s.

The membership of the U.C.V.C. is not huge but is quite active and I really like the Events Calendar they publish in their monthly magazine. It lists nearly all the car shows and events in a radius of about 30 miles from my home, allowing me to find places to drive to in MMT and, as it were, set out the stall for the Railton marque.

The U.C.V.C. has an advantage in that, as it welcomes all cars of any make and (virtually) any age, it can attract more members than a marque-specific Club such as ours. That said, they too see a small decline in membership and struggle to get members to some events.

This year is a big year for the U.C.V.C. as it is their 60th anniversary and on June 18th they are planning a vehicle get-together at the home of Norman Grundon. I understand the home concerned, in South Bucks, is also a horse stud and is on a fairly large estate. Grundon is not a name I was familiar with until my son-in-law informed me he had an uncle who was friendly with Norman Grundon through the Maserati club. Obviously Mr. Grundon has an interest in cars and is throwing open his home for the U.C.V.C., something which I am advised he rarely does. It should be a good day.

I decided I had to learn more about Norman Grundon. He stood down as Chairman of the Grundon Company in 2022, nominating his son as Chairman. Since inception in the 1920s the company has always been led by a Grundon family member and is one of the largest and most successful gravel and aggregate suppliers and waste contractors in the country.

There is one other link between Grundon and wheeled vehicles – it was the company responsible for introducing the “wheelie” bin into the U.K. Perhaps the U.C.V.C. will allow wheelie bins to join the club in the future, but only if motorized.

Mick Jarvis



" WE HAVEN'T TRIED 0-60 YET "

NORMAN “WIZARD” SMITH’S 1922 ESSEX INTER-CITY RECORD BREAKER

In the 1920s, inter-city record breaking on public roads was all the rage in Australia and no-one was more successful than Norman “Wizard” Smith who was winning events, and with Earl Croysdill breaking records in his first Essex car. That car, owned by Lanes Motors in Melbourne was retired after its final record attempt on March 12th 1923.

During the winter of 1923, a second Essex car (right) was prepared by Dalgety & Co. Ltd. of Sydney for “Wizard” Smith and Len Emerson, again as a city-to-city racer. The Essex 4 cyl. 2,933 cc engine was fitted with a specially imported William Mills (UK) racing cylinder head, referred to at that time by “Wizard” Smith as a “Brooklands” head. The head was a key component in providing the car with 100 mph plus performance. The 1921 engine was a special unit from Hudson in the USA as indicated by the lack of engine number.



The William Mills (U.K.) “Brooklands” racing cylinder head.

The design of these heads retains the overhead inlet valve pushrods, rocker posts and rockers. The inlet ports are four in number, located inline on top of the head, whereas the original factory head has a single inlet port on the near side with internal manifolding. These special heads retain the four inlet valves but they are monstrously oversized valves. In addition, the head was given twin spark plugs, that is two plugs per cylinder, being well separated in each combustion chamber. Cast onto the head is the William Mills logo ... being ‘WM’.

Local Australian contemporary V8 racing engine builders have looked at these WM cylinder heads and have been amazed at the quality of design and execution of the inlet porting. In their estimation, they are as good as the porting in any current 900hp V8 sprint car racing engine. The factory original SX4 cylinder head porting is also very good.

What is not known is who in the U.K. was the instigator of the production of these beautiful racing cylinder heads and who in the U.K. made use of them on their cars, presumably at Brooklands?

The following city-to-city records were broken with this car:

27 Nov 1923 ... Adelaide~Melbourne record.

9 Dec 1923 ... Hobart~Launceston~Hobart record.

24 Dec 1923 ... Melbourne~Sydney record.

13 Mar 1924 ... Auckland~Wellington (NZ) record.

This was the last record broken by the Essex 4 of "Wizard" Smith and he wrote a dramatic account of it for *Smith's Weekly* (Sydney, NSW – Saturday 3 May 1924).

WIZARD SMITH'S NIGHTMARE DRIVE

A big thrill comes once in every man's lifetime. Wizard Smith, Australia's most daring driver, received his full issue when driving his racing Essex into the teeth of a 70 mile an hour gale over 300 miles of unfenced mountain roads, axle deep in wet clay, on his record breaking run from Auckland to Wellington, N.Z. For the first time in his career of turning milestones into picket fences, he really got the wind up, and for a time began to wonder if the game was really worth the candle. He tells this story of what he considers was the drive of his life for the first time.

Breaking records over Australian roads, bad as they are, was child's play compared with what I call my nightmare drive from Auckland to Wellington last month. Fate had been so kind to me during all of my previous stunts that I really thought the turning point had come on that trip, and that something was sure to go wrong. Driving at 70 miles an hour around mountain sides on a single track road, with not even a single-rail fence as a barrier against a death drop of 500 feet is bad enough in dry weather, but add a torrential downpour of rain and a howling gale, which the weather man estimated was blowing at 70 miles an hour when we hit it, take into consideration the speed of the car, and you have some of the reasons for my describing it as a nightmare drive. How the little Essex mopped up the 498 miles from Auckland to Wellington in 13 hours 19 minutes is past history. But the most thrilling incidents of the trip were lost in the enthusiasm afterwards. The record was broken, that was the main thing.



Smith (left) in Melbourne after the Adelaide to Melbourne record-breaking run. The standard windscreen was purloined from an Essex 4 in a town half way along the track. The original racing windscreen was wiped out by an errant emu jumping onto the bonnet as they dashed along the Coorong track section.

A secret (unpublicised) pit stop on the Sydney~Melbourne record run.



The post record-breaking event advertising by Dunlop said the tyres gave no trouble at all but failed to mention the secret tyre change pit stop en route. These unbelievably rare photos were displayed inside an old pub, the Beehive Hotel, Coolac, about 7.5 miles north of Gundagai's 'Dog on the Tucker Box', very close to where the pit stop took place.

The Rangiriri Hills country is considered the worst part of the Dominion for motoring. There is nothing wrong with its reputation. The roads are made of sticky clay and stones, in the proportion of about 10 of the former to one of the latter. In places the rain had beaten the clay into the consistency of an egg flip, and through this the car had to plough its way, skidding in right angles at the slightest curve in the road, and sending up a continuous shower of mullock from the front wheels. Although goggles would have saved our eyes from the blinding mud, it was impossible to wear them. The mullock splashed them so often that they became more dangerous than useful. To let the wheel go for a moment to brush the mud off the goggles would have given the back wheels the opportunity of slipping over the edge. Below was a drop of hundreds of feet. At one stage the driving side back wheel actually started to slip over the edge after the car was straightened up from a side skid of about thirty feet. For about ten feet the car moved along with only the three wheels on terra firma. I immediately slowed down and, swinging the front wheels around to the end of the lock, headed the car for the opposite bank and stepped on the accelerator. As was expected, the wheel that was on the road began to spin, and for the moment it felt as though the car was slipping back instead of going forward. At the same time the wheel that was off the road was sinking lower and lower. Instinctively Campbell, the mechanic, threw himself out of his seat and crawled over the tank to put his weight over the spinning wheel. Whether the altered distribution of the weight made the difference, I do not know, but the wheel suddenly gripped and, with a tremendous effort, the car dragged itself to safety.

The second thrill came when we were going through the Awakino Valley. I was still in the first 100 miles of the run. Rounding a curve at the bottom of the mountain a landslide, timed to the second, occurred, and before the car could be slowed down we were thrashing our way through a veritable avalanche of falling stones, dirt and scrubbery. Huge stones weighing 10 and 12 lb. fell clattering onto the bonnet of the car. We could gain nothing by stopping. For all we knew the whole mountain might have made up its mind to look for a better 'ole, so we kept hard at it until we got out of the danger zone 50 yards further along. When I considered it safe to take my eyes off the road I glanced at Campbell. To my horror he was lying with his head back as though lifeless. In his lap lay a stone about three pounds weight. It had fallen on his head. On the floor of the car was a litter of smaller stones that came down in the same shower. Jamming on the brakes, I pulled the car up just as the limp body of the mechanic began to slip overboard. I grabbed him and put my hand in his shirt to feel if his heart was beating, for his mudstained and bloodstained face gave no indication. The cold had numbed my hands so much that I could not feel his heart beating, and it was not until I had poured some brandy down his throat that I was sure that he was alive. Over half an hour went by before Campbell regained consciousness. When he did, some time was lost in bathing and bandaging his head before a start was made once more.

For the following 100 miles the mechanic was in a semi-conscious state, but bravely making an attempt to carry out his work of signalling the turns and gutters in the road. The weather appeared to be getting better as we sped on but, nearing Wanganui rain began to pelt down with renewed vigour, and we found ourselves running head on into a howling gale. Through this the car simply tore its way around the mountain tracks at 60 m.p.h. Now and again, when we got off the mountain sides on to a straight stretch, I would open the Essex out to 70 against the gale. Often a wild pig would dart across the road within an inch of the wheels. This was another hidden danger. One of them was easily big enough to wreck any car going at such a speed. Skidding the corners on the slippery clay road against the terrific wind brought a thrill every time. It was necessary only to give the car just a little too much of the brakes and she would swing completely round and point in the opposite direction, sometimes perilously near the unfenced edge of the road. About 150 miles of this road, coupled with the southerly gale, were well-nigh heartbreaking, and when the lights of Wellington hove in sight at 6 o'clock I felt like offering up a prayer. From the time when we reached the post office at 6.34, breaking the record by 73 minutes, I forgot all about record breaking.

The following morning when I woke up at the hotel I rubbed my eyes and asked myself: did I break the record, or was it a nightmare?

Wizard Smith

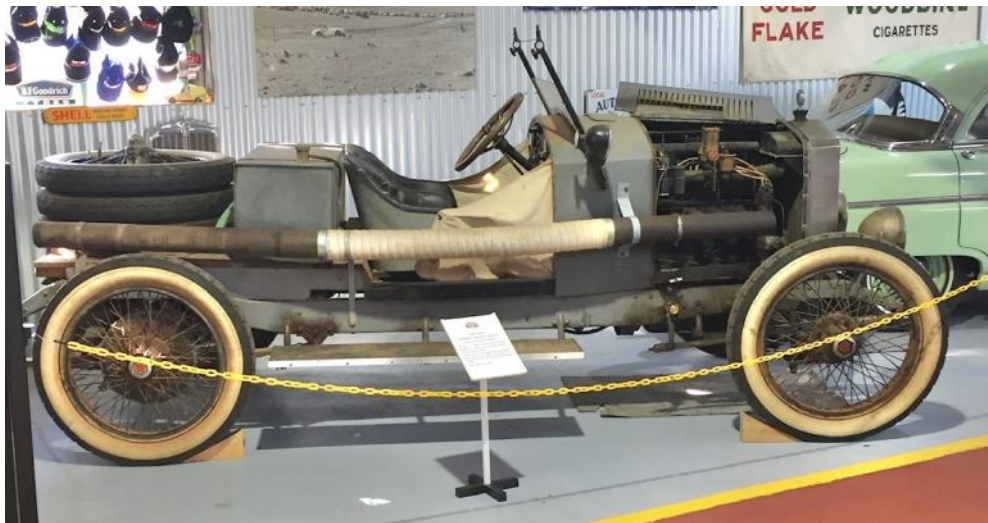
Owing to the new Essex 6 release, the car was sold November 1924. The new owner, Mr. H.W. Duncan, removed the racing engine from the Essex and installed it in a 16 foot restricted class hydroplane named 'Whippet'. The 2-seater boat was capable of 45 miles an hour. The engine was later installed in a road racing special and then, later still, transferred to an Amilcar and used on both road and track.

In 1966 a 16-year-old Jim Scammell in Adelaide purchased a new vintage car restoration project. It was a 1922 Essex 4 four-door sedan, a very rare car. However, being a stickler for originality, Jim noticed that the detail of the interior front toe boards looked to be workshop installed and not original factory installed, and therefore the car did not warrant an original restoration and he commenced building a replica of the “Wizard’s” second inter-city record breaking car.

In 1967 at a Vintage Section meeting at the Sporting Car Club of S.A., he was asked about his current project. When they discovered he was building a replica of the record breaking Essex 4 car, their eyes lit up. They immediately informed him that the “Wizard” Smith engine was alive and well, sitting in a shed owned by Ross Hill of Tranmere. The following weekend, Jim wrote his first ever cheque, buying the “Wizard” Smith racing engine along with a complete Essex 4 buckboard.

Military service, regular work travel, a wedding, two children and all the rest limited the Essex 4 project work and it was not until 1994 that one of Jim’s good friends, Andrew Nankervill, came to the rescue and completed the restoration. It was beautifully done under Jim’s close ‘historical accuracy’ guidance.

[Sincere thanks to Jim Scammell for providing the images, newspaper reports and other information which made this article possible.]



The car as it is today, currently on display at the Gilbert’s Motor Museum in Strathalbyn, South Australia – still showing red clay dust from the 100th anniversary commemoration event of the start of motor racing in Western Australia at Lake Perkolilli in 2015.

TED LESTER'S MEMORIES OF BROUGH SUPERIOR

Over a period of ten years Ted Lester, sometime chief engineer at Brough Superior, and member David Bingham had many conversations regarding Ted's years with George Brough. In 1999 he asked David to record his memories and David has kindly given permission to reproduce some of them in the Bulletin.

Extracts have appeared in previous Bulletins; this one covers the Austin 7-engined bikes



Ted Lester sitting on the first production 1925 Brough Superior SS 100 Alpine Grand Sports.

The Austin 4 Cylinder

One day G.B. called me into his office and showed me a photograph. It was of a new machine, as yet not built. There is now doubt that G.B. was an artist in metal and like all the great artists often produced the design and used others to fill in the background. On this occasion he had brought in one of Kemp's photographers who were on Market Street, Nottingham. This chap would come over and, using sketches produced by GB and cuttings from photographs of existing machines, he would come up with what the boss was thinking. When G.B. was satisfied the photographer would go away and an artist would convert the collage into a finished picture and then photograph the result. This was the basis we would use for building the prototype. G.B. would study the form of the machine as we were developing the ideas and had a wonderful eye for the pleasant line and what would attract potential buyers. Only when he was completely satisfied would the go-ahead be given.

On this occasion he told me that he was expecting a new Austin 4-cylinder engine at any time and I could see that the intention was for this to form the basis for a new motorcycle. He had somehow done a deal with Freddie Stevenson, a Bulwell motor dealer and ex-employee of William Brough, to procure some engines. It was to be a special bike for sidecar use but also to be ridden for solo work. The first thing I did was to unpack the engine from its box and set it up on two house bricks on my portable bench. Due to the flat base of the engine this was a good solution as it gave us the ground clearance we were looking for. I then asked George Ward to make a frame to wrap around the engine and we could position mounting lugs.

We had many debates about the configuration between Bruce Alvey the boss and myself. We could not think of a solution for transferring the power from the crankshaft as it ran in line with the frame. Eventually we located a right angle gearbox and this we attempted to fit to the rear of the gear box to turn the output shaft so we could fit a drive sprocket as the bike was to

have a final drive of chain. This was a serious problem and George began to get agitated with lack of progress and one morning he came in and demanded to know what progress we had made. I told him it was looking like a bad idea because, by the time we had the in-line engine, the car gearbox and the right angle gearbox, we needed a field in which to turn the bike around due to its length. He replied "Can't you think of anything better than that" and then stalked off.

In the afternoon George appeared the worse for wear having partaken of a liquid lunch. Now when he was drinking beer he was quite manageable but this day he had been on the whisky and this neither suited him nor my temper. He said that he had been thinking and the solution for our problem would be to have two rear wheels and a shaft drive to a wheel & pinion between the wheels. I asked whoever had seen a motorbike on three wheels. George replied "Well you are going to see one now!" So that's how the three wheeler came about, it was a drunken gesture. Like many great artists a little imbibing seems to oil the grey cells.

In the event this was a first class idea and it was left to Bruce Alvey, George Ward and myself to gather the various components and devise a frame and layout. The basic design was for a three-wheel configuration with two rear wheels set at 7½" wheel centres, this governed by the components available.

We then had to get the sheet metal work under way with the boss taking particular interest in the radiator and fuel tank arrangement. I had quite a lot of head scratching to get the bike rideable but the gear lever defied anything other than a modification of the original Austin stick coming out of the top of the box. In the end it was just about workable but compared to a foot change it was a joke.

During the building of prototypes we would depend on George's father for special machining and I would visit him with any special technical problems. If you gave George an idea he was soon on the case and would take it on board if it was viable. Who got the credit was debatable. Often George would have the ideas and someone else would have to do the leg-work.

Unlike his son, the old man Brough only needed the whiff of a problem and he was on the case straight away. Mr. Brough senior had the ability to look at a sketch and could machine a pattern for a casting quicker than you could execute the drawing.

There were a number of items special to this machine and Ronald Clark has highlighted them in his book which also has an excellent drawing that we would love to have had to build the original from. We soon had the basic frame layout and a mock-up of the undressed machine and I could see it was all going to work and the result is for all to see. On completion of the prototype I informed G. B. that the machine was ready for testing and he came out to view the offering. I remember the occasion like yesterday.

"Have you ridden it Ted?"

"No I haven't."

"Well don't you think you ought."

“It’s a bit of a peculiar bike” I said.

“It still wants riding young-un.”

“Well it’s got your name on it Mr. Brough, I think that you should have the pleasure.”

“You’re not frightened of it are you?”

“Well, I would be happier if it had a chair on it.”

With that G. B. swung his leg over the saddle and familiarized the position of the controls, especially the gear change, which was under the seat. He then fired up and set off right out of the factory. Left at Hucknall Road, left at the boulevard then left up the North Bulwell Road before completing the circuit down Haydn Road again to the works. This was our standard first test run for new machines so we could easily find anyone left stranded by some failure or another. He was gone longer than usual and we were wondering whether to send the outfit to look for him.

When he arrived back with a huge grin on his face we went out for a report on our efforts and the boss had clearly enjoyed his test run and had clearly enjoyed a good pint in celebration. It’s just like riding a bumble bee he exclaimed, he then expertly flicked the machine into reverse gear and swung it round in the yard. Even being the expert rider that he was he must have been practising reversing the bike for I never saw anyone else ever manoeuvre the Austin Four as adeptly.

Climbing off, he offered the bike to me. I had no option but to set off on the same route and although the bike was indeed strange to ride the art of physically facing the machine over on bends was soon accomplished. That first machine proved the design pattern but it ran no further than about thirty miles as the prototype.

However, the view I formed on the first ride was never to change. The bike was under powered and would never sell in great numbers. The Austin 4 with the standard camshaft was only capable of about 52mph. With the special cam shaft for trials power was little improved. Maximum speed was about 55mph and 65mph with the high lift cam. The boss had done a deal for eight of these engines and they came from Stephenson’s garage in Bulwell. They were either discontinued or rebuilt engines but they were never any use for motorcycles. One thing for certain was that the engines must have been a bargain because we certainly would never have purchased eight engines at once for the ordinary bikes.

George had a fascination with oddball engines but I tell you I wouldn’t have let him choose me an engine to pump water from the bottom of my garden. As a person with engines George wasn’t good. Riding, designing and marketing were George’s skills, and at these he had no one to beat.

I built either ten or eleven of the four cylinders, and this includes the prototypes, before common sense, or more to the point, lack of sales intervened. The 1931 Show bike was sold to H.D.Teague the Midlands editor of *The Motorcycle* who kept it for a year and then re-sold it to Mr Bokstein. Tony Branson of Sevenoaks, Kent also ordered a bike at the show and this was collected in February 1932.

Generally this was another costly exercise we could not afford, but in terms of publicity, well, even today people are still writing articles on them, and no doubt will be long after I have departed.

The boss, who was still recovering from his accident in the 1930 ISDT, had turned to sidecar competition and I had by then become his passenger and mechanic. At this time I was working in Birmingham, my mother had passed away and I was commuting daily because I was living with my father who wasn't too well. Getting the bike prepared for competition and then spending time away in hotels counted for every spare minute of the week. But I was single and the experience was terrific for a single man. I can tell you that looking after Ron's bike was not nearly as onerous as looking after the boss's machine, especially as I was riding passenger in the sidecar. I had previously been looking after George's own bikes but to be going into serious competition, as his passenger was quite daunting. If anything went wrong he didn't have to curse someone back at Haydn Road, he had the man right there. We saw a lot of each other at this period as George knew when I would be home for my dinner and would often be in the kitchen talking to my dad when I arrived home. Unfortunately whenever I wanted an urgent decision on the car he would be difficult to find. If we were competing he would always track me down.

One of the events we entered was the 1932 London to Edinburgh in order to boost lacklustre sales of the Four. For trials riding the works fitted a high lift cam in order to boost power, but it wasn't the engine that was to be our undoing. We were north of Carlisle at Ragley Bank when we came unstuck. The Morgan crowd had just overtaken us, Mr. Morgan, Molly and John Goodall. They gave us a wave, and that was quite alright with George. However, then a Norton came past that was set up as though the bike was trying to get into the sidecar, with the wheels sloping towards each other like an 'A'. In the sidecar was a young lady and that was just too much and he gave the engine full throttle.

We gathered speed and were soon flat out and catching the Norton, the first I knew, sitting in the sidecar was that George wrenched the handlebars first one way and then the other. The next thing, George had disappeared and I turned round to see him bouncing along the road like a ball. The outfit careered along the road with me as the unwilling passenger. The bike was trying to get into the sidecar and coming down the road was a lorry. I couldn't get out of the sidecar because George always ran with a very narrow body close coupled to the bike for trialling purposes. Quite a good arrangement for the job in hand, but no use for escaping. My first reaction was to snuggle down low in the sidecar, but clearly a sheet of aluminum would be no protection.

The next thing I remember, and it is as if it were yesterday, the whole panorama of my life shot past, it was as plain as day and yet it was over as quickly as snapping your fingers. Eventually I was clear of the lorry because there was no way I could have helped him avoid me. Fortunately we had been experimenting with a left-hand twist grip and this saved me from certain disaster. I was able to reach out and wrest the handlebar and shut down the throttle, but the momentum carried the bike over towards a steep 10ft bank, recently excavated, and the sidecar nose skied up onto a galvanized railing and I was left suspended

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inches from disaster. I was able to gingerly escape from the sidecar and climb to safety over the bike.

Freddie Stevenson later took a photograph of the stranded machine which showed the plight I was in. There were two tall trees either side of where the bike was and I had missed them both. But now I raced back down the road in search of George. Several people drove past unaware of an accident having happened. I located him in the hedge bottom and at the same time saw a man in a farm cottage garden at the side of the road. I called for him to help me and I discovered he had not noticed the accident either. We lifted George out of the hedge and onto a cinder path. I dispatched the old man to the farm to phone for an ambulance.

The ambulance, when it arrived, was nothing more than a converted Ford box van, and we loaded George onto the bed inside. He was unconscious and I thought he was dead. The ambulance man felt his pulse and said he was still alive. He set off as fast as the Ford would go and into Carlisle, heading for the hospital. Unfortunately he became tangled up in the tramlines and I was in the back with George and peering out of a small square window. The driver swerved to miss the tram and headed for the pavement, scattering the pedestrians. I remember thinking "Jesus wept, we are in trouble now because the van has only space for one injured person".

On arrival at the hospital a doctor came out to the ambulance to look at George and feeling his pulse asked if I knew him. I replied "Yes, he is my employer, Mr. George Brough". With this the ambulance driver said "Not George Brough the manufacturer of Brough Superior motorcycles? I never thought I would ever drive a man as famous as that." I said "If he wakes up you will know you've been driving him."

However, true to form, as soon as he came to, his first words were "That bloody dog". "What dog?" I asked. "The one that ran out into the road", he replied. "There was no dog," I answered, "the two point connection gave way."

"Now then young-un, the story is that there was a dog ran out and this caused the accident and that's when the coupling broke." Whenever he called me 'Young-un' I knew there would be no further discussion and so the dog became the cause. George was kept in hospital a few days because of his concussion.

The thing with George he never blamed the Brough Superior for failure. It was always some bought-in component we were experimenting with. That way we were developing and no one got the blame. He never blamed his people in public either, however he was a different man back at base if you had fouled something up.

In a way the dog story suited me because when we were confronted with having to attach a sidecar to the machine it looked quite a simple matter when the bike stood upright on its three wheels. Bruce Alvey had devised the two-point coupling that went under the cradle of the frame and was quickly detachable by bolting through two-coned lug fixtures on the frame. We devised a special lug for the front connection and the rear connection was bolted across

the frame to form the connection. By removing just two nuts the sidecar could be taken away complete.

The reason for this was that, at the Olympia Show, the Manufacturers Association had called for some simple device that would enable riders to quickly detach their sidecars. This was so the two halves could be wheeled down alleys and paths to get to back yards to make the machines less vulnerable to theft. Clearly this idea wasn't a success. I certainly should have noticed that this connection would have been vulnerable to fatigue and we should have carried out exhaustive tests. Unfortunately we were very short of time, and indeed cash, to do such work because we were fighting with the car development which was a severe drain on resources. In any event it wasn't to be the fault of Brough Superior and the owner didn't blame his staff either.

The accident was to be George's last serious one on a motorcycle and he left competitions to others after this. He still wasn't immune from danger because after I had left I heard that he had arrived at the works one morning with a seriously damaged car. He had been returning late at night from one of his jaunts and had made to overtake a lorry with only one rear light. Unfortunately the lorry turned out to be the single red light on the Bingham railway-crossing gate!

MARKET PLACE

For Sale

1949 Railton Eight University Coachwork drop head coupé, KLM 60, which was exhibited at the first post-war 1948 British International Motor Exhibition. Stood for approximately eighteen years, so will require recommissioning. Extensive history file. Viewing near Richmond, N. Yorkshire. Price £17.5k o.n.o

Contact: Paul Railton, Tel. 01335 310049, paul.railton@btinternet.com



For Sale

1937 Hudson Six Custom Touring Sedan (touring sedan has the larger boot).

122 inch wheelbase (extra leg room in the rear); 212 Cubic Inch (3474cc) 6-cyl with Super Power Dome Head producing 107hp; Twin Spare Wheels (very rare); ignition system upgraded to electronic ignition so very reliable; 12V negative earth.

Interior has been redone in vinyl; the bodywork is completely original.

The chassis and suspension underneath is excellent, with no rust at all due to being in a South African climate all its life.



This car is not concourse but is a very good vehicle which runs and drives very well.

Much history with the sale including detail from Anthony Flewellen who restored it in South Africa c.1974.

A realistic asking price of £15,000.

Contact John Grimwood:

john.grimwood@oldershawgroup.co.uk,
07971658138.

Stop Press

Peter Adamson has now sold the Railton R.E.A.L. tourer BVU 563. Its new custodian is an existing Club Member, Charles Baseley. A deal has also been agreed with Dutch ex-member Ger Gorissen for Peter's Special, EPA 93. Ger will be soon be re-joining the Club.

Richard Baxter's 1934 Ranalah saloon AOC 710 (elder sister to the Editor's Z 6201) is likely to come on the market in the very near future. Having stood idle (in a Carcoon) for a while, the plan is to get it re-commissioned by Blakeney Motorsport before its sale but anyone who wants to get in ahead of the game should contact the Editor in the first instance.

HUDSONS IN THE 1936 FRENCH GRAND PRIX

The Autocar magazine of July 3rd 1936, (which, incidentally, has a Railton front cover advertisement) contains a four-page report on the 1936 French Grand Prix (held on 27th June) titled “French Grand Prix – All That a Race Should Be”.

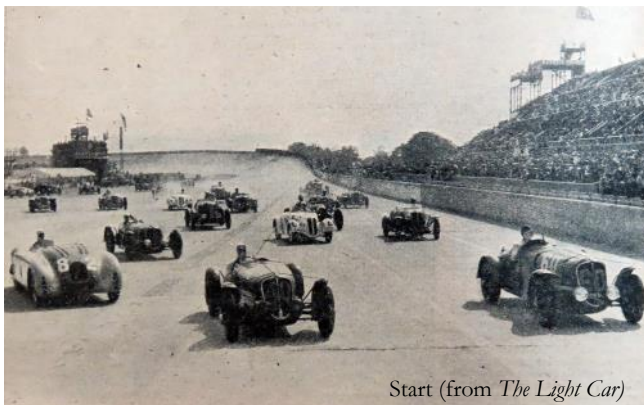
For 1936 the French Grand Prix was reduced in status to a 1000 km race for Sports Cars, chiefly because the French were a little fed up with the supremacy of the German teams in G.P. It was run over 80 laps of the 12.5 km Circuit Routier at Montlhéry, a total distance of 621.4 miles. There were thirty-eight entrants and thirty-seven starters and in the 4-litre class for this event five cars took the field, two Lagondas and a team of three Hudsons. These latter cars were fitted with skimpy two-seater bodywork albeit behind the standard ‘fencer’s mask’ grille and had Rudge knock-on wheels. Four downdraught carburetters were used.



The race had what we today refer to as a Le Mans start. The drivers took their stand twenty feet from the cars, then as the flag dropped they sprinted back, leaped in and pressed the starter buttons. Dreyfus (Talbot) was first, away, followed by Le Begue (Delahaye) and Trintignant in one of the Hudsons. In the first photo of *The Autocar* report (see left) two Hudson cars, no. 92 and no. 96, are visible amongst the thirty-three (*sic*) cars at the race start

and the photo's appended text reads, “The start was magnificent. Of the British cars in the foreground Von der Becke's Riley, Seaman's Aston Martin, and Lord Howe's Marendaz are away well”.

By lap 5 in the 4-litre class Lehoux (Lagonda) was keeping ahead of Trintignant



Start (from *The Light Car*)

and Bravard in their Hudsons, but Leoz on the other Lagonda was pulling into the pits. His brakes were evidently all astray and he overshot his depot by 50 yards meanwhile winding furiously at the steering wheel. Trintignant came in with his Hudson shortly afterwards with smoke coming from one back brake drum, so evidently the Circuit Routier was testing these components thoroughly.

After 42 laps came some important retirements including Bravard, who retired his Hudson with engine trouble when he was lying second in the big car class. At 68 laps Colas on his Hudson had some trouble coming round the banking and shot right onto the grass. He left the car there and walked back to the pits but was ordered out again to collect it. (W. Boddy in his book *Montlhéry* records that the “Hudson ran out of fuel, became ditched, [and] was restarted by some spectators”.) Colas brought it back to the depot, filled up and handed over to his spare driver. However, the car, now driven by Zattzky, caught fire a kilometre down the road and had to be abandoned. The driver had an extremely lucky escape, being uninjured after a jump from the moving car. The Hudson was burnt out, the smoke being an unpleasant hazard for other drivers. A final pit-stop by Trintignant shortly before the end allowed Leoz (Lagonda) to pass quite unexpectedly into first place in the 4-litre class.



A Hudson burns during the French Grand Prix of 1936. (The Autocar)

The three Hudsons driven by Henri Trintignant & René Trintignant, Colas & Zattzky and Bravard & Reveiller didn't exactly cover themselves with glory. True, the Trintignants' car finished 2nd in the Group III (over 4-litres) class to a 4½ litre Lagonda after leading the class off and on but in a lowly 19th place overall, six laps behind a contingent of 1½ litre Rileys, and only five ahead of a couple of Singer 9 'Le Mans'.



The Hudsons suffered endless problems with engines as well as their hydraulic brakes and, finally, the dramatic fire. The final photo in *The Autocar* report shows two cars and has the following text appended below it ... “Trintignant’s Hudson passes its sister car burning fiercely in the ditch”.

Who were H. Trintignant and R. Trintignant and what relation to the better known Louis & Maurice Trintignant? Louis Trintignant was the elder of five sons of a winemaker – Louis, René, Raoul, Henri and Maurice. Louis, described then as a “young man of wealth, owner of large vineyards at Chateauneuf-du-Pape”, had been killed at the wheel of his Bugatti during

practice for the 1933 Picardie G.P. In the 1950s Louis' youngest brother Maurice Trintignant was a Formula 1 driver who twice won the Grand Prix de Monaco as well as the 24 Hours of Le Mans, becoming one of France's motorsport legends. His brother Raoul's son was renowned movie star Jean-Louis Trintignant, born in 1930, who also became a talented amateur race car driver in the 1980s.

Louis Trintignant's fatal accident occurred on Saturday, 20th May 1933 early morning, during the first practice session for the IX Grand Prix de Picardie, held on a somewhat triangular 9.765-kilometer circuit of public roads located south of Péronne, in the Somme département, northern France. The organizers allowed the drivers to make their practice laps between 04h00 and 05h30 on the circuit closed to the traffic. After three laps with his mechanic on board, Trintignant decided to start his fourth practice lap alone.



Trintignant's Bugatti after the accident

It was thought that he may have been temporarily blinded by the rising sun while travelling along the track, before crashing. Different accounts reported Louis Trintignant to have come across a gendarme who attempted to cross the road and, trying to avoid him, swerved and lost control of his Bugatti.

The following day a second fatal accident marred the event, when Bugatti driver Guy Bouriat was killed during the Grand Prix de Picardie, which was won by Philippe Étancelin's Alfa-Romeo 8C-2300. A marble memorial created by architect Daniel Roguet with the sculptor Albert Roze, was erected in 1934 at Estrées-Mons, along the circuit of Péronne, near the Mons-en-Chaussée corner, in honour of Trintignant and Bouriat. For the 1934 Grand Prix de Picardie, chicanes were added to the circuit's straights.

Was it Chateaufort money behind the Hudson venture? These cars were obviously rather special, so someone had quite a deep pocket to finance this team, in many ways a much greater commitment than Railton had made with their L.S.T.

There are a few recorded entries of these special Hudsons in other events that have been found in the contemporary motoring journals (and probably other entries that have not been found). Henri Trintignant came 13th out of 28 entrant in the 3 hour Grand Prix de Marseilles on 24th May 1936, one month before the big event. All three cars were entered for the Marne Grand Prix at Reims on 5th July 1936 but even the two surviving cars were no doubt undergoing repairs & modifications after Montlhéry so none of them started the race. Henri Trintignant did however start the 3-hour Grand Prix de Marseilles in July 1937 but did not finish.

References:

John Dyson in the *R.O.C. Bulletin* of March/April 1998; *Motor Sport* Aug 1936; *The Motor* June 30th 1936; *The Autocar* July 3rd 1936; *The Light Car* July 3rd 1936; *La Vie Automobile* 10th July 1936; *The French Grand Prix* David Hodges, Temple Press Books, 1967; *Montlhéry* W. Boddy, Veloce Reprint, 2006; www.motorsportmemorial.org

TECHNICAL TIPS

Oil Pump

There seems to be a worrying tendency for Railton Owners in mainland Europe to send their cars for an overhaul to restorers who have no experience with the marque. As a consequence the Club is asked from time to time for spares which are almost certainly not required, the restorer no doubt believing that he is doing his client a favour by replacing key components when he is in fact just wasting money. All grist to the mill of the spares scheme except when the part in question is in very short supply or simply unobtainable.

A recent example involved the oil pump. There are none in the new Club stock and member Bill Kyle in the USA who frequently assists us, was not been able to locate a new or new old stock pump as a replacement, nor locate any “rebuild kits” for these pumps. Al Saffarahn, a well-known go-to person for Hudson parts, could supply a used pump cleaned in a solvent tank prior to shipping but with no guarantee. It should be noted that Al has been rebuilding Hudson engines for decades and he has only found one bad pump in all that time. His suggestion was to put the suspect pump in a solvent tank to clean it up and operate the pump while it is in the solvent tank. If the pump pushes fluid out of both discharge ports, the pump is good.

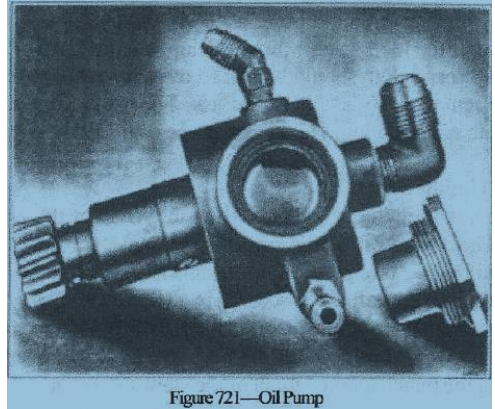


Figure 721—Oil Pump

Hudson eight-cylinder engines use a splash oiling system and the purpose of the oil pump is simply to distribute the oil throughout the engine moving it from the sump into the dip trays. The engines do not have a “pressurized” oil system like most modern engines and pumps, when new, develop only 3-6 pounds per square inch oil pressure. If you are testing the pump with an oil pressure gauge, the gauge range should be 0-15 psi or perhaps 0-10 psi. The discharge pressure would barely indicate on a 0-100 psi gauge. The pertinent sections of the service manuals for 1934-1936 and for 1948-1952 Hudsons read

Engine lubrication is by the Duo-flow system which delivers the lubrication oil in ratio to engine speed to all bearing surfaces immediately from the first turn of the crankshaft. The oil is drawn through a pipe connecting with a floating screen in the oil pump by the oscillating plunger type oil pump which is driven from the camshaft. Oil is forced through oil lines to the front and rear of the engine where it is then deposited in the splash troughs of the oil pan tray.

The oil is then picked up by the connecting rod dippers and vigorously distributed to interior working surfaces by the splash system and a series of channels which

convey it to wells over the crankshaft and camshaft bearings. Overflow oil running down the crankcase wall is diverted by drain troughs in the oil pan tray until it reaches the centre splash troughs.

The pump is of the oscillating plunger type and the drive is by gears from the camshaft. The rotary oscillating motion imparted to the plunger by the eccentric on the drive shaft, together with its reciprocating motion, causes slots in the plunger to alternately register with ports in the body of the pump which are connected to the inlet and outlet so that the plunger is in reality a combination of a double acting piston and sleeve valve

The condition of the engine can be a good indicator of a working oil pump. If the bearings in the engine are in reasonably good condition and the engine was not seized or showing any significant wear, the oil pump is most likely working satisfactorily. It is important to ensure that there are no leaks on the suction side of the pump and a vulnerable spot is where the pick-up pipe from the sump locates into the block. Later cars have a chamfer to accommodate an O ring at that point but earlier engines rely on the sump gaskets to provide the seal. If a pump is not delivering enough oil this is the first thing to suspect rather than the pump itself.

Paint Your Wagon

Sometimes it pays to know when you are beaten. I'd long along decided that, when all the major work was done to make sure EBP looks and runs as I'd wanted, a repaint would be the final (well, finalish) task. Only the body tub had been painted by previous owners but the addition of cycle wings courtesy of Neil Thorp plus newly fitted side valances made things look a little disjointed. I'd also decided that a slight change of colour from the rather clichéd – to my mind anyway – dark British Racing Green to something with more of a bronzy tint to it would be better. Finally, I'd decided that brush painting rather than spraying would be in keeping with its status as a Special. Even with no experience at all, doing it myself was the preferred choice. Note that I say brush painting not coach painting. I know my limitations.



Reading and research encouraged me to continue with this plan and led me to Craftmaster Paints, not far away at Over just north of Cambridge, who cater mainly for the steam engine and vintage commercial vehicle market. I duly ordered brushes, tack cloths, etch primer, high build undercoat, thinners, top coat and varnish. A sketch to calculate approximate surface area tallied with their “experienced eye” view of what was needed. Plastic sheeting to build a tented area in the garage was the next step

along with repeated viewings of painting techniques. Which just left removing all the old paint from the body tub since I had no idea how it might react to coach paint. Which in turn

meant stripping all the fixtures and fittings, most of which had been fixed with no thought that they might ever need to be removed. Which in turn meant all methods of fixing had to be rethought and replaced. I was beginning to understand why a repaint took so long and cost so much. Undeterred I laboriously stripped, sanded, bashed a few bits straight and finished it with Scotchbrite pads. I have no idea how many hours this took but it was a lot and I'm sure one arm is now shorter than the other.



Having done all the preparation I then realised that, with time slipping away for another year and with an ever increasing workload from record breaking projects and the demands of elderly relatives, maybe finding somebody to paint it would be a good idea after all. Turns out that is easier said than done. Via direct contact and via friends a number of bus and steam engine painting specialists were contacted with no joy. I then found a specialist in York who made much of his skills via YouTube videos

and social media and declared he was up for it. Long phone conversations followed by pictures and videos left me with an assurance that he would come back to me with an outline estimate and timescale. I guess you won't be surprised to hear that I'm still waiting. My rather wary view of so called specialists was reinforced still further with another couple of months wasted. Then, completely by chance, things led me back to Craftmaster.

When I'd bought the paint they didn't offer painting services. But this year things changed and Jamie began painting small stationary steam engines and then larger kit. They are currently fixing and repainting a showman's engine, coincidentally from the Thursford Collection not far from our Norfolk home. This time the phone calls and sending of pictures was far more successful with a visit the following day to deliver the wings and other removable items for painting. A trailer to collect EPB for a 35-minute trip to Over is due next week.

I'll let you see the results when it's all back together but judging by what I'd seen there and their enthusiasm to do the work, I'm confident that things will work out. Mind you, one of the chaps there wanted to know where the coal goes in a Railton.

Robin Richardson

PHOTO DISCOVERIES

Gordon Phillips asked if a Terraplane was known to the Club.

Please see attached picture (right) of a relative with what I believe is a Terraplane but initially thought was a Dolomite – as an owner of a Triumph Renown I had wondered whether there might be some Triumph DNA on board! The last three numbers on the plate are 223.

Regrettably there is no record of this car in our database.

[Note the interesting selection of war-time lighting etc. on the vehicle. Ed]

A while ago, Bill Kile sent in the image below. It shows Geoff Moore in his Railton Randalah tourer JT 427 at V.S.C.C. Silverstone on 23rd April 1966. Geoff entered two races that day.

Note the television outside broadcast truck!



CALIFORNIA DREAMING

An epic California trip in March threw everything at us – biblical rain, floods, avalanches and roads blocked by mountains of snow. The decision to insist on a giant 4 x 4 as ordered, rather than the Camry the hire car company initially insisted was all they had on offer, proved to be crucial. With much rerouting and making it up as we went along, visits to aircraft museums, railroad museums, automobile museums and even an aircraft carrier (the U.S.S. Hornet that recovered the Apollo capsules) were included to make it all worthwhile. Getting to the National Automobile Museum in Reno proved to be a challenge via a 250 mile detour that brought us in via Virginia City following snow ploughs.



Originally part of Bill Harrah's collection it's well worth a visit even though the other half of his collection went to a casino display in Las Vegas many years ago. Every car is restored to a standard that would probably be described as "over-restored" here. But there is plenty to see in well laid out displays. Only two Hudsons are on offer, both as part of a Used Car Lot display.



The style of the 1929 Hudson Sport Phaeton compared to that of the 1936 Model 64 Deluxe 8 Sedan shows how far things had moved in a short space of time. Since EPB 39 uses a 1936 chassis and running gear, it was a surprise to me how much of a tank the saloon looks compared to the skimpy body fitted to mine. Still, at least you wouldn't get wet in the saloon.

Robin Richardson

CORRESPONDENCE

From John Dyson

As a follow-up to Robin Richardson's book review in the last Bulletin, I noted that the death of Paddy Macklin last January was marked in *The Daily Telegraph* of 10th February by a long tribute to what was described as a "Bibulous Free Spirit". Lance's only son, Paddy was more at home on the water and his unsung circumnavigation of the world in 2009/10 with little more than a school atlas as an aid, was something of a feat of endurance. That he and his 27ft sloop *Tessa* survived such an undertaking against the odds was remarkable. Like his father, his lifestyle was unconventional to say the least and as the obituarist remarked "six months ago he renounced drink but it was too little, too late for his long-suffering liver". He was unmarried, and is survived by his sister Miranda and his mother Lady Shelagh Montague Browne.



Patrick (Paddy) Macklin
1957-2023.

Lance Macklin was an Hon. Mem. of the R.O.C. for some years in the 1970s until he disappeared to Spain, without leaving an address. He and children even attended a Finmere National one year.

From Richard Hughes

I just wanted to let you know that I have sold my Railton, I also sold my two Porsches — all to Michael Caine. Michael races Porsches and is a member of the B.R.D.C.; it is his intention to race the Railton too.

I decided that at my advanced age it was sensible to let the cars go rather than leave the problem for others. I must say it was quite sad to see the Railton go after almost 60 years of ownership.

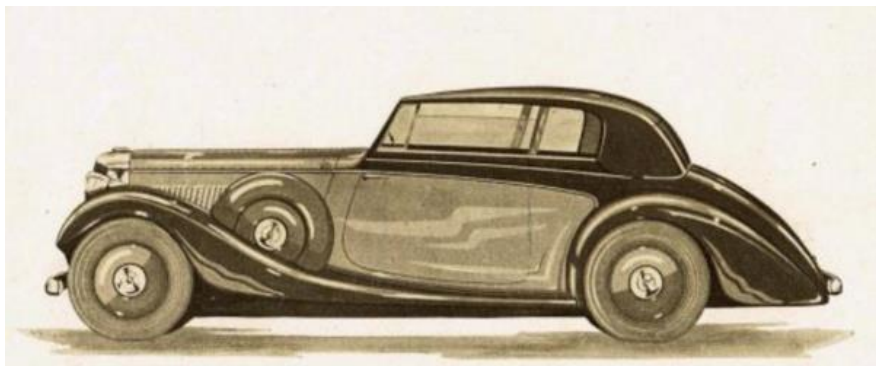


[Right: Richard in his Railton Special drives up Prescott at the B.O.C. Inter Club Event on Sunday 4th June 1972 — the R.O.C. team's first run.

Photo: N Thorp]

From Jan Roosenburg

Reading James Fack's letter in the Jan/Feb 2023 Bulletin regarding the Abbey Coupé, gave me an idea. James writes that the very tall radiator and its consequences prevented it from being the best looking Railton ever. While I agree on the too high bonnet on ARO 442, I



disagree with the contention that it would have been the best looking Railton. This gave me the idea that Bulletin readers should propose what they feel is the best looking Railton ever, with drawing or photographs please. The idea was reinforced after reading the Mick Walsh article on the Shuttleworth Railton [see the Classic & Sportscar website under features].

To me the best looking Railton is the E.J. Newns Coupé, shown here in a drawing. I have a photograph of the only one that was built but, as is not unusual these days, I cannot find it. Taste is, of course, a very personal thing and beauty is in the eye of the beholder. I look forward to seeing what other Railtons are put forward.

From Paul Rose

[Paul is in the process of restoring the ex-Pat McDonald saloon AUA 551 – Ed]

The front bulkhead and the tool box assembly have been removed along with the side panels. The extent of the rot is clear, in fact when the bulkhead was being lifted out there was a dust cloud of “plywood”; I’ve never had to vacuum up the structure of a car before!

Nevertheless, it will serve as a template for the replacement and whilst it is being mapped out, I think I will try and make the aperture for the gearbox a bit wider to help any subsequent engine/gearbox removal.



Now I have good access to the mechanics I am trying to sort out the seized engine. The cylinder head is off and after much internet



surfing, many concoctions of releasing agent have been applied, in the end a Plusgas/3 in 1 oil mix followed by Redex, seemed to be effective. Subsequent light hammering of pistons with a piston sized diameter block of wood and mallet has resulted in piston movement of about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch. But I am reluctant to use brute force, so next it'll be sump off for a look-see and also a lever on the flywheel. The gearbox will have to come out too as the output flange/bolt assembly is missing and the clutch will need checking out.

The whole fuel system is now off, tank, filters, pump, pipework etc. pending a thorough inspection and all the electrical wiring is out now as well. Additionally, the rear telescopic shocks are off and despite surface rust seem to be in reasonable condition. They have what look like oil drain plugs at the base so hopefully they can have an oil change and be reused

There is much to do, and I'm still on a steep learning curve, but am hopeful that things will be moving in the right direction soon.

From Tony Flewellen

I was sorting through some old magazines the other day, and came across some South African Veteran and Vintage Association magazines. The copy from the fourth quarter of 1993 caught my eye. Front cover was ex-member Desmond Dunn's Railton in Port Elizabeth (now Gqeberha) (see right).



Inside are two pages of Railton history as well as a photograph (left) showing Desmond with the car and the previous owner John English and his wife Mandy. This is a black and white image which I had taken in 1979 and must have passed on to Desmond.

In 1979, we moved from the Johannesburg area to East London in the Eastern Cape Province. Port Elizabeth was only 180 miles from us, and after Christmas in 1979 we arranged to spend a few days with John and Mandy English whom we had known from our early R.O.C.

days in the UK.

We found John's house easily enough as it was at a small airfield near the race course. We spent several days there and were able to visit Desmond Dunn who had bought John's Railton. We were given a short flight in one of John's aircraft and were able to view his recently purchased De Havilland Dragon Rapide.

John is still there and is running the Progress Flight Academy. Desmond passed away some years ago.



John English (from his company's website); he still flies the De Havilland.

From Max Hunt & Toby Sharp

Readers of *The Automobile* among you may have spotted on page 83 of the April 2023 issue a short review of an automotive autobiography by our new Member Andy Saunders. The foreword by Karl Ludvigsen would seem to give the book a cloak of respectability, though the price of £90 may mean a limited print run! In case colleagues are alarmed by the implications of Andy's customizing record, he assures us that he has no evil intentions towards the rather nice Terraplane he has just acquired.

Toby writes: I spent an afternoon with Andy Saunders about 10 or 12 years ago. At that time he was customizing his late father's 'barn find' 1933 Essex and I was sorting through the parts he had removed for use on my own car. I felt it was rather a shame that a very restorable and rare car was being turned into something else (560bhp Cadillac power and totally reworked chassis, drivetrain and suspension). To an extent I was won over by the immaculate quality of his work, but still a shame.

Andy is an extraordinary character and a true artist in his medium. The humour and individuality of some of his creations based on more recent production cars is worthy of a close look, it is in a different league to any other car customizer. He is driven to express himself, as artists are. He is easy to talk to and in conversation he is very thoughtful and knowledgeable, and a true fan of our coach-built cars. He was very taken with the later dhc Railtons. I think he has a profound respect for the work of the coachbuilders and I would think that the Terraplane is in very good hands.

Right: Andy's acclaimed "Picasso's Citroen" – inspired by Picasso's three musicians and his portrait of Dora Maar.



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