RAILTON

OWNERS CLUB BULLETIN

January / February 2024

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. It is always a sad moment when a car in long term ownership has to be sold. This 1934 Ranalah saloon has been in the possession of Richard and Liz Baxter since 1966. Its new custodian is Paul Tickner who joined the Club quite recently with the aim of locating a car. The story of the transfer is told on page 14. After it has been recommissioned, AOC 710 will provide an enjoyable service after several years of storage.

The back cover is a copy of part of the specification sheet issued by the factory in 1938. Printed on stiff paper, it is in an envelope titled "Railton Special Coachwork".

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

The user name and password for the Members' area may be obtained from the Editor, the Chairman or the Secretary if they have been mislaid.

Railton Owners Club

Printed by Ridgeway Press Limited https://www.ridgewaypress.co.uk/

EDITORIAL

Club Membership has held up reasonably well but the grace period for late renewals has now finally expired. A lot of work arises chasing late renewals so grateful thanks to all those who renew on time or who have set up standing orders. Several Members in the U.S.A. have been suffering from the vagaries of the U.S. Postal Service with their Bulletins being returned or just not delivered at all. This seems to be a nationwide issue but there is nothing that the Club can do to address it and non-recipients should take it up locally by making a non-delivery complaint. At least, with a return, we can send the item again together with the original, correctly addressed, envelope. With a non–delivery we can always supply a digital version if we do not have any surplus copies.

On a happier note, as usual a few of us have attended local New Year's Day gatherings around the U.K. My own was at the Maybush near Witney on the banks of the River Thames close to its confluence with the River Windrush. It was good to see fellow Club member and Brough driver John English also present. The car park normally extends as far as the willow trees but, as can be seen in this picture, most of it was deeply flooded making parking somewhat cramped – and the water was still rising!

The V.S.C.C. allowed me a late entry in the Measham rally after they received 11th hour permission from M.S.U.K. to allow LED lights on pre-war vehicles. I need not have bothered. After running very well on the drive down and for most of the first half of the rally the car ran out of fuel. This was hard to explain, as was the fact that it took more than the spare can I carried to give enough for the fuel pump to pick anything up. But even then it would not restart, try as I might. We were forced to retire, be towed to our accommodation in Leominster, and eventually to be recovered from there back to home.

The start and ignominious finish of the Measham rally. The very same recovery vehicle retrieved my Spikins Hudson from Loton Park in 2022. Maybe I should open an account!

Such a shame as results show we were in the lead until the forced stop.

Neil Thorp

CLOSING DATE FOR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE MARCH /APRIL BULLETIN IS THE 11TH MARCH.

SECRETARY'S NOTES

In the first Bulletin of a new year the Secretary traditionally comes up with a report on participation in one or other of the January 1st vintage gatherings in his enthusiasm to fly the flag for the Railton marque. Sadly, that is not something I can claim for 2024. The appalling weather here in Worcestershire in the week after Christmas dulled any such enthusiasm for preparing a car. Fortunately, the flood waters have now receded, but bitterly cold winds still give little encouragement to spend time in an unheated workshop.

Meanwhile members will read elsewhere in this issue of the various dilemmas facing the Club Committee in planning for the year ahead. I fear that optimism is in short supply at the beginning of our 68th year. But then, as I read of efforts to defend the preservation of our old cars in the face of growing environmental angst, my newspaper also tells me that the planet heating emissions already generated by the current war in Gaza were greater than the annual carbon footprint of more than twenty of the world's most climate-vulnerable nations! So perhaps there is little point in feeling guilty about a few hundred miles in a mildly polluting eighty-nine-year-old motor car.

If not out on the road with a Railton, my customary retreat from the excesses of a commercialised Christmas did lead me this year into some fascinating reading. A recent addition to my motoring shelves was a copy of Sir Henry ("Tim") Birkin's *Full Throttle* published in 1932 with a foreword by Earl Howe, the first and long-serving President of the B.R.D.C.. I had expected heroic tales of exploits with Bentley team cars in the late 1920s. What I had not expected was a remarkable diatribe about the inadequacies of contemporary Brooklands and the resulting perceived hindrance to the development of home-grown racing cars. To one, like me, brought up to hold Brooklands in some nostalgic glow – "the right crowd and no crowding" – Birkin's criticism was something of an eye-opener.

Acknowledging that the average Brit in the early thirties would express patriotic enthusiasm for the country's only race track, Sir Henry went on to suggest that:

"Admiring the huge banking with an unused and callow eye, and hearing the cars roaring when several miles away, he looks up to Brooklands as the Mecca of the motor world. It is nothing of the sort; it has only kept its importance so long because it has never had a rival in England since its creation. I say frankly that it could not have existed for more than a season in America or on the Continent, while we have been perforce satisfied with it for 20 years. There was undoubtedly a time, in the years before until the years shortly after the war, when it was a good track. But in recent seasons, it has failed even to provide the public with a good spectacle. A system of handicapping has been made essential, which affords the ludicrous sight of a car capable of 135 mph chasing round after a midget with a maximum of 105."

"Brooklands was built for speeds of no greater than 120 mph, and for anyone to go over 130, without knowing the track better than his own self, is to court disaster. The lap record is already nearly 140, and it is unlikely that speed will call a halt to further advance, and stagnate

agreeably until we have a modern track to suit it. Meanwhile, those who wish to set a higher pace, as they have every reason for wishing, must risk their necks because there is nowhere else in England to go. The surface is abominable; to those who had never had any experience of it at high speed, it would be incredible. There are bumps, which jolt the driver up and down out of his seat and make the car leave the road and travel through the air. I am absolutely amazed that this has not caused far more fatal accidents, We are asked to race against the clock, which is not a condition of a proper motor race. Meetings at Brooklands can only be considered as a joke, if jokes may be combined with such attendant perils. It is pleasant to meet friends there ……. ; it is amusing to have a race or two, as long as they are not taken too seriously. But otherwise the place has become a farce. The track's only possible use is as a testing ground for new cars, and a site for high-speed reliability trials, provided the speed never exceeds 110. In this role it would be almost invaluable; but in the role it strives to play now it is ludicrous."

Birkin goes on to argue for the establishment in England of a road course to match the recently established Nürburgring or the Grand Prix circuit at Pau. He dismisses opposition from "the beauty-lovers, the anti-litter societies and the institutions for the Preservation of Rural Spots". Such attitudes are contrasted with German pride in the Nurburgring which "has spoilt nothing, the noise does not make lunatics of its neighbours". Meanwhile, with no proper road course, he sees no encouragement for the British motor industry to rival the achievements of Bugatti, Auto Union or Alfa Romeo. This, of course, was the context in which Raymond Mays and Reid Railton conceived the E.R.A. but, for this reader, Birkin's book shattered some long-held illusions about the supposed magic of inter-war Brooklands.

But now, returning to the challenges facing the R.O.C. in the year ahead, the most pressing issue is whether we commit once again to displaying our cars at the N.E.C. in November. For several years now we have enjoyed the allocation of a stand in the prestige hall alongside the major vintage marques. It is now for the membership to help us decide whether this positive exposure can be maintained. In this context it is ironic that in my usual search for an **archive piece** I dropped on the then Chairman Bryan Tyrrell's plea just **15 years ago** in January 2009 for responses on a similar dilemma:-

"I hope it is because you have all been too busy over Christmas and the New Year, but suspect it is the usual apathy! Please prove me wrong and let me have your views on these issues and the NEC show."

Over to you!

Max Hunt

CALENDAR 2024

Friday 19th - Sunday 21th July **National Meeting Gaydon**

As Max Hunt has mentioned in his Secretary's notes, our plans to go to Bicester have come to grief and we plan to visit Gaydon and Upton House instead. Provisionally, the activities on offer are:

- Friday: R.O.C. lunchtime get-together at a venue TBA; visit to restoration workshop.
- Saturday: Visit to British Motor Museum, possibly via another attraction.
- Sunday: Cotswold Tour to converge at Upton House (National Trust).

We will maintain our base at **The Holt** hotel at Steeple Aston, Oxfordshire, where we have reserved 20 rooms at the following dinner, bed & breakfast rates. (Rates are per room, per night, and include VAT). Friday rates would also apply if anyone wanted to stay on the Thursday before, or the Sunday after, the weekend. For the Friday night we will need to book dinner at the same time as booking the rooms. For the Saturday we will have the Club dinner, which, to maintain quality, will be a set menu of our choice, but with a vegetarian alternative; menu details will be available nearer to the event.

The hotel will hold the rooms until three months before the event. The rates remain thereafter, but availability cannot be guaranteed. So please book as early as possible.
Payment will be at check-in but a credit card would be required at the time of booking to hold the room. Free cancellation requires a minimum 48 hours notice before 11:00am of the day of check-in. Call and make bedroom reservations by following the procedure below:
Call 01869 340259 for in-House Reservations, or email **info@holthotel.co.uk**
If booking by email, guests will still have to call in with card details to secure the reservation at some point in the booking process, as these cannot be accepted by email.
Quote the dates and the Railton Owners Club's group booking code: **ROC**.
N.B. The best times to call are ones that avoid check-in and check-out time.

19th Friday
Singles @ £145.00
Standard doubles or twins @ £180.00
Superior doubles or twins @ £190.00
Deluxe doubles @ £210.00

20th Saturday – Club dinner night
Singles @ £185.00
Standard doubles or twins @ £220.00
Superior doubles or twins @ £230.00
Deluxe doubles @ £250.00

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THE CHAIRMAN'S COLUMN

A Happy New Year to you all and I hope the Christmas holidays were enjoyable and joyful for you and your families.

The only real concern I had this Christmas was the weather; it seems to have been raining non-stop for weeks, weather not really conducive to classic-car motoring. My regular measure as to whether to venture out or not in MMT is the amount of water lying on the A4 just up the road from our house. Poor drainage means puddles sometimes cover most of the road, several inches deep in the gutters. Since Christmas parts off the A4 just over the Thames from us resemble a small lake, so MMT has not turned a wheel for some time. I hope all is well for my next drive.

The outcome of not having used MMT much is, of course, that I do not have much to report, but there is one item I think may be of interest to some Club members. Railtons did not come with hazard flashers of course and while I know some have fitted them as a key safety feature I have not done so. One reason for this is that MMT still has the trafficators hooked up to the turn signal flashers, and I wondered about the semaphore arms waving about if I put the hazard lights on and the car looking like it was waving like a demented circus clown. It has the potential to cause more havoc that it might save?

This left me open to an unsolicited approach for a product that could help with the safety issue – the award-winning BriteAngle LED Warning Triangle. I usually ignore internet sales offers but this one caught my attention. The sales pitch was as follows:

"The RRP on our website shows the cost of the BriteAngle LED Warning Triangle as £59.95 plus £5.95 p&p.For a limited time, we are able to offer your members a discounted price of £15 plus £5.95 p&p.

We are able to do this only as we come to the end of a stock run, and have a limited amount of stock that can be sold at this special price. So this offer is on a first come, first served basis!"

Too good to be true? the email from BriteAngle mentioned several endorsements from the classic car world including members of the Jaguar Enthusiast Club, the Ferrari Owners Club, the Rolls Royce Owners Club, the Caterham Owners Club and many more. After mulling it over I decided I could risk £20 for the product and signed up on line.

The photograph shows the triangle deployed. It comes in a neat case, folds out and the case becomes part of the stand to give the triangle stability. It has a hook to hang on the car too if conditions to deploy away from the car are not suitable. Overall I was impressed with the product so much so that I ordered a second for my Morris.

I suppose that at the back of my mind was the thought that with the weather having been so foul of late a breakdown, in winter darkness, with no hazard flashers and the possibility of a complete electrical failure causing the breakdown so no lights on the car at all warranted some safety steps – hence the LED-lit warning triangle.

Now the bad news – the promotion must have been successful for BriteAngle but now the price of this triangle is back to £59.95. He who hesitates is lost.

Mick Jarvis

[N.B. The Editor is never happy about the endorsement of any commercial product but, having broken down in Z 6201 just around a fast but blind corner on a narrow country lane whilst on the January Measham rally, he would have been happier with one of these illuminated triangles rather than the standard type. However, much cheaper alternative versions may be found on eBay.]

INVITATION

Chubb Insurance will hold a Family Day on Friday 31st May at Bicester Heritage. Chubb has been a Patron for the charity StarterMotor for a number of years, donating significantly and providing resources, including a car in the driving fleet. As I have a Singer tourer on loan to the charity, the Railton Owners Club has been invited to participate in this closed event.

Last year's event included lunch at Hero ERA, a site tour led by charity Ambassadors and culminated in an afternoon on the test track in a variety of special and historic cars. This could also be an opportunity to try a friend's car for comparison with your own. I would expect that some of the StarterMotor cars will also be out too; others invited include Alvis, Rolls-Royce, and Bentley.

There is no charge but, as they say, there is no such thing as a free lunch so attendees will probably be invited to contribute to the charity and, of course, the sponsors will also be hoping to generate business.

Anyone interested please contact me at editor@railton.org

Neil Thorp

FPH 386
1937 RAILTON COBHAM COACHCRAFT SALOON

Winners of the "Special Award" for runner-up in the Concours d'Etat at the Club's annual National Meeting are presented with a framed original drawing by Coachcraft Chief Designer, Geoffrey Durtnal. The drawing is the 1937 semi razor-edge design for the Cobham which many would regard as the most elegant saloon body to be offered on the 122" Railton chassis.

The well-known car featured in this article is thought to be one of just three survivors of the original design; by the end of 1937 the roof line had been raised to increase rear head room, losing the purity of Durtnal's initial concept. The variation is illustrated here and on page 55 of John Dyson's *Coachcraft* (R.O.C. 2011).

FPH 386 was first registered with Surrey County Council on 17th July 1937 having been delivered back to the Fairmile from the Coachcraft works at Hanwell just eight days previously. Little is known of the car's early history but a tiny enamel badge on the dashboard indicates that it was supplied to its first owner through Messrs Thomson and Taylor of Brooklands.

FPH entered the Club orbit around 1960 when owned by early member George Butler living in Hammersmith. Photographs of the car are to be found in many early Bulletins. In November 1963 the next owner, Mike Ryan, Club Membership Secretary, advertised the car for sale at £200, describing it as "one of the best half-dozen Railtons in existence and the most handsome of all the saloons". Performance was said to be "refined but solid" presumably exploiting the power of the big-port engine with its twin-choke carburettor. Mr. Ryan was confident that with just 64,000 miles recorded FPH would "run for the next 10,000 miles with no mechanical attention whatsoever".

A few months later, at the Club's 1964 Blackbushe National Meeting, FPH attracted the attention of long-term Club stalwart Phillip (Pip) Barker. A photograph survives (see right) of his test drive with young David Railton Barker standing in the back of the car obviously urging his father to go faster. So the car passed into long-term ownership with Phillip Barker and would provide family transport in both the U.K. and Europe until his death forty-four years later. Club archives record the awarding of the Thomson and Taylor Trophy for the car with "the most elegant original body design" at four National Meetings between 1984 and 2005.

The car's next custodian from 2009 was past Club Chairman Peter Adamson, who oversaw a major engine rebuild while carefully preserving overall originality before selling to current Club Secretary Max Hunt in 2017. In Max's care FPH has made regular appearances at Club meetings, travelling to Devon for the 2019 National and later in the same year completing the *Automobile* magazine's Oily Rag Run, as well as winning a second-place award in the Concours at the Shelsley Walsh Classic Nostalgia event.

Apart from a repaint in its current burgundy-over-black livery in the mid-1960s, FPH remains unmolested with completely original interior leather and woodwork. With 116,000 miles now recorded, the car continues to perform well and retains an elegant "presence" wherever it appears. It is seen here at the New Year meet at Much Marcle.

Max Hunt

[see also July/August 2020 Bulletin for detailed images of the car and a period image in May/ June 2021 issue – Ed.]

WHY I WANTED A RAILTON
THE STORY BEHIND THE TRANSFER OF AOC 710

I am a member of Brooklands, where, a few years ago, Karl Ludvigsen gave a talk on Reid Railton to introduce his recently released book. Also, I have long been aware of Railton connections; my first employment was in Oceanography and we had spent three summers at Loch Ness based at Temple Pier – the base for John Cobb's ill-fated water speed record attempt. I liked the idea of owning a 'local' car as I worked in Byfleet for many years and have raced Ralt and Brabham cars, both made in the area. Whilst I was also tempted by an Allard, I joined the R.O.C. as the Associate Membership fee was so reasonable.

I had a good chat with Neil Thorp on the Railton stand at the N.E.C. Classic Car Show last year. He mentioned that there was an as yet un-advertised 2-door saloon available. He also offered to view the car with me as he was interested in comparing it with his own car.

Viewing the car

Unfortunately, Richard Baxter, who has owned the car since 1966, is very deaf and losing his sight, so is unable to drive any longer which is why it was for sale. The car has been stored for a number of years on a Carcoon in an open barn. It had been put away covered in harvest dust and the steel Expamet radiator guard had become slightly rusty, so the first impressions were not too good (see right). However, the car had had extensive work 12 years ago including paint, chrome and an interior tidy. The original leather has dried over the years and the driver's seat back has a tear. While Neil and I washed the car to reveal an excellent paint finish (see front cover), Liz Baxter plied us with Baxters soup (no connection) and bread rolls!

We could not attempt to check the engine or electrics as the battery was completely dead. The tyres are 23 years old and showed serious cracking to the sidewalls. More concerning was the evidence of woodworm in the passenger door card and seat base.

Following the inspection, Neil produced a comprehensive report on the car for the Baxters.

Purchase

I decided that the car warranted a thorough re-commission and 'rolling restoration' and I managed to agree a price that will allow me to spend the correct amount to return the car to good health.

Collection

I still have my racing car box trailer but was rather unsure whether the Railton would fit – or tow well. There was a rather panicky call to Neil to ask for the height of his similar Ranalah saloon! However all was well and it winched in with room to spare. (See below).

After Richard said farewell to the car (right), I towed it home to Godalming without any problem.

Next

While I wait for gaskets and other parts to arrive from Mike Stenhouse, I have removed the nearside door card and seat base. The woodworm (see left) has infested the plywood in the passenger door and seat base, but indications are that it has not spread to any ash structure.

I hope to have more news of AOC 710's return to the road for future Bulletins.

Interesting fact – The Railton has a smaller plan area than Janet's Honda Jazz!

Paul Ticker

RAILTON STAND AT N.E.C. IS IN JEOPARDY

In the November/December 2023 edition of the Bulletin I raised the issue of our Club being "on a precipice" due to lack of support from the membership. I noted that the Club was being run by a handful of dedicated individuals which was a situation that was unsustainable.

One decision we have to make very shortly is our continued presence at the Classic Car show held at the N.E.C. every November. Last autumn the Club had its usual stand, in the prestigious Hall 1, alongside other famous marques such as Alvis, Aston Martin, Bugatti, Lagonda, Bentley, Bristol, Maserati and Ferrari. This was reported on in the last Bulletin.

Getting our Club to the N.E.C. show involves an early decision and it is nearly time to confirm if we will attend in 2024 or not. Commitments as to the cars to display, who will attend to man the stand, who will erect and take down the stand also have to be made. In the last Bulletin I noted this had, for some time, been done by the same members, year after year, but that we needed more help. Sadly, we have received an offer of help from only one member in this regard and as such I am recommending we do not attend the N.E.C. show in 2024. If we do this, we will likely not be able to get our Hall 1 stand back once relinquished, removing the incentive to be at the N.E.C. to promote the Railton Club's cars as significant and prestige vehicles in the future. Our attendance has a positive effect on marque awareness and the perception and value of everyone's car.

Change is rarely welcomed but often inevitable. The final decision on the N.E.C. will be made at end of February, which allows time for other volunteers to step forward to save the day.

Mick Jarvis

MEMBERSHIP NEWS

New Members

Just two new members have joined us since November:

1263 Andy Dunne 16 Dartford Road, Sevenoaks, Kent. TN13 3TQ.
Andy joins as an Associate Member. He doesn't currently own a Club marque car but tells us he hopes to find out more about us.

1264 David Francois-Stroud (Partner Phyllis). 51 Rock Road, Olton, Solihull. B92 7LD.
David has recently acquired a 1937 Hudson Custom Six Touring Sedan with an interesting history. First registered in South Africa and restored there from a derelict state in 1974, the car was imported to the UK in 2014. David describes YXG 810 as very original with "a nice unrestored patina" which, happily, he does not plan to disturb.

BFM 762 RE-EMERGES

In early December John Fack, *inter alia,* wrote that "one of our guys was driving past Cricklade and saw what he described as a Railton saloon that had been "off-roaded" – Land Rover tyres etc. Had been up on axle stands for some time. Sadly he did not stop for a photo. Do you know this vehicle?" I went onto Google Streetview and there it was, looking as described, stored in a front garden in Calcutt St., and looking very sad. The registration was not visible but after a bit of sleuthing it was identified as BFM 762, one of the cars that competed in the 1997 Peking-Paris rally.

Then on 9th January, Mariam El-Accad posted on the Railton Owners Club Facebook page the picture below with this message:

"Does anyone remember us doing the Peking to Paris rally in this in 1997? Well it has finally come home after being stored (stolen twice in that time and recovered). And now we will finally restore it."

This seems an ideal excuse to reprint the account that Mariam wrote soon after the rally. This time around the pictures are in colour which was not an option previously. – Ed.

1997 PEKING - PARIS RALLY

I cannot go over the whole of the rally because there is too much, so I will try to give an outline only, of the car and its mechanics. For the rally, let me just say that when we first returned (and amazed we were to have returned!) – everyone asked "How was it? – did you enjoy it? Would you do it again?" Well the answer in my mind was very clear. 'NO!'
Now, three months on from arriving in Paris, the pain and shock and tiredness has gone, and we look back nostalgically. And itchy wheels.

2" S.U. carburettor and revised exhaust manifold
(Photo: Pim Bentinck)

Our first big end went after we had collected the car from the port, like everyone else, checked the oil, water etc, filled up with petrol, and were escorted in a rather too fast police convoy to Beijing, where the cars were to be kept in a large arena, where we could prepare them for the start, two days later. (The ship that the cars were brought to Beijing on, had apparently been caught in a typhoon, and the rumours were that a container of cars had even been lost at sea.) It was not so bad, but there must have been a fair amount of tilting, and this must have emptied a lot of oil from the top pan to the bottom oil pan in the sump of our car. It is sad that despite my having taken up the challenge of being mechanic on this rally, and having made the pathetic contribution of taking apart the engine at Mike Vardy's workshop after we first bought it, in order to learn a little something about engines, I never got very expert. I did not even know that we had two oil pans, and that we had not got a pressurized oil system. Well, I did not really even know that you normally did have one!

Three quarters of the way along the fairly hot motorway, trying to keep the temperature at a steady 89°C, we started hearing a strange knocking noise. Eventually, we stopped and, not wanting to damage whatever it was any further, we were towed to our destination by a support vehicle. The diagnosis was grim. A big end, by all those who came and listened. It was already dark, and we had to leave, as the last bus was heading for the hotel. That evening there was a party, hosted by the Beijing Hard Rock Cafe and our team mates from the other Railton called us and urged us to go, despite our deep depression. That was great, because they said immediately that they were going to help us and David Ellison, the mechanic with them, was going to come and do what he could, the next morning. We were well cheered, and on arriving, some of the friends we had made, notably Etienne Veen and Robert Dean, from the Mercedes 630K, also pledged their support, amongst others. I wore my Peking to Paris

smoking jacket, kept well away from Philip Young and any of his possibly stupid remarks about our situation, and had a good time.

Anyway, David saved our bacon, with Jonathan as assistant, and myself as oil sump cleaner, the big end was changed. Very luckily for us, Mike had had two spare rods made up for us at the same time as the other 8, and so we had one to fit. We started the rally at the Great Wall, like everyone else!

We were extremely nervous; every noise, every temperature fluctuation made us panic. It was just that from the very start, it was made very clear to ushow very little we knew about this beast that was to take us from Beijing all the way to Paris.

The next two weeks were fine. We always arrived late, because when we had finished running in the new big end, we had other small things, like the third petrol pump jamming, or sparks oiling up, (our mixture was constantly too rich, and nothing that we or anyone else did, made it any better). When we got up into the serious altitudes, we were sailing along, and all of those who had passed us by on lower ground looked on enviously as we sped up steep climbs, as we moved along effortlessly, despite the low octane petrol or the thin air. Our Land Rover tyres and brilliant ground clearance took us through the terrible rutted muddy off-road excursions with no effort at all. Added to this, our combined three petrol tanks gave us a 60 gallon capacity, and we only had the terribly long wait for petrol every other day.

Increased cooling and revised exhaust pipe

(Photo : Pim Bentinck)

On the morning that we had camped in temperatures well below zero and woken up to a thin layering over everything of ice, the car started and stopped. Two hours after our supposed start time, we changed the condenser, and hey presto! Sounds easy, but the symptoms were not easy, and when you are very cold, very stressed and feeling dizzy and faint from altitude, you don't think efficiently. Anyway, this meant that we were very far behind, and we completely missed our first time control, and thus went any chances of a gold medal. Not that we had particular hopes, but nevertheless!

The stretch of road going down the mountains towards the border between Tibet and Nepal was very steep, treacherous, extremely narrow, and landslides had taken away large parts of the road. The Chinese had made every effort to re-carve a new road into the mountainside, and we were to descend these brittle dangerous paths with our old cars, many of which were no longer functioning correctly – the Bentley of the Dunkleys behind us stalled when we

stopped and had to be pushed through all the muddy bits – another two cars behind us, the Rolls Royce Phantom II burnt out its main electrical cable and coasted down. The Mercedes 630K likewise had no engine and very little brakes, with Robert Dean, wildly waving his arms and screaming at the top of his lungs – MOVE ! – NO BRAKES!! – NO ENGINE !!! I suppose it doesn't sound so bad, but how does a drop of 400 metres to the side and space only for one car and not a tyre more sound, when you are downhill in a sort of stop and start convoy with no engine and no brakes? Then there was the massive waterfall you had to drive under because the concrete roof to keep it from eroding the road had been eroded! It took us 8 hours to cover 24 kilometres.

After going through the most unattractive, stinking and depressingly dirty border town, and officially leaving Tibet (Chinese controls), we began to cross a few kilometres of no-man's land, before reaching the Friendship Bridge – the gateway to Nepal. These few kilometres were without doubt the worst stretch that we were to navigate during the whole Peking to Paris. It was muddy, slippery, steep precipices with hairpin bends without warning – the ruts we were trying to avoid must have been half a metre deep at times, and there was all sort of corrugated iron, large boulders etc. in the way. The most difficult part was where there was a waterfall coming down from our right, which had used about 50 metres of the road as part of its flow, and turned it into a mini river, about 2 feet deep, with a not very gradual beginning, and large boulders inside and on either side, to make it into a floating slalom. (With a few hundred metres drop on the side as usual.) I got out to film the Railton going through. My boots and up to the knee were in water, and as I excitedly waded backwards, I got very close to the other edge, but noticed just in time. Not so for one of our Railton team-mates, who apparently went over the edge, to luckily get stuck on a tree! Pim told me how he heard a small noise, turned around, and the man was gone. We had a good laugh, but he was not so amused. Anyway, these terrible 10 kilometres did eventually come to an end, and we all managed to cross Friendship Bridge! What a feeling!

Jonathan Prior and Mariam El Accad at Nacqu Camp, China

I will skip the dinner-plate sized insects whilst camping in Nepal, the 5 hour wait at a straw hut (customs) to enter India, the nightmare drive through crazy villages and up the winding mountains to Nainital in the dark, where a vintage Land Rover went over the edge (miracles do exist – they were relatively unharmed). I will also quickly skip the part where, when I was driving, I avoided an oncoming overtaking bus, and had a very close encounter with a rickshaw peddler and his passengers (the Railton dented a front wing, and bent its bumper and the rickshaw had nothing except a bent wheel – how do you figure that one?). During our day off in Lahore, one of the studs in

the head lost its thread completely, and we had one machined in two hours in the bazaar - a perfect fit. We got to Multan ok, but the next day a mysterious electrical problem, which mysteriously solved itself, delayed us and it was dark when we got to Lorelei, 5 hours driving from our goal. Here we were held friendly hostage by the local police inspector who took us to dinner and put us up. It was dangerous to drive at night – besides the terrible roads, there were armed bandits all over the roads although no-one wanted to spell it out for us. The next day we made it to Quetta by noon, and stopped at the Hotel where everyone else had slept, to have a break to fix the brakes. We heard then, of the tragedy that had killed our two German friends in the VW beetle, just 15 minutes before reaching the hotel, and we drove in stunned silence for most of that day.

We were at this stage a day behind the rally, and had to spend the night in Noski, at the invitation of the local commissioner. It was very pleasant, but we set off in haste at 4.30 the next morning. By now, despite altering the brakes, we had none, and after running through a surprise roadworks detour at our normal touring speed, we decided to have this seen to in the next desert town, Dalbandin. Whilst having the brake pipe welded where it was punctured (we had absolutely not a drop of brake fluid left), and having the rickshaw gap, which was beginning to rip apart, welded, and the bumper welded back on, and the tyres repaired and one changed, (all for £3.00), we met a pleasant young man named Salim. He invited us for lunch, which we declined as it was already 11am, and we had part of a desert to cross, before crossing the border into Iran. He assured us it was too hot, especially for our 'old' car, but we left anyway. As if we had had an evil eye thrown on us, 15 minutes speeding along the furnace of a road, the temperature leapt to 94°C, and although we slowed down immediately, the damage was done. A second big end had gone and how we cursed the white metaller! We returned to Dalbandin, as the next place was 3 hours ahead.

It was hard to get towed, as all the pickups that passed were overladen with contraband petrol from Iran, and could not support towing us. A bribe eventually secured a tow, and we were taken to the 'big mechanic' of the village Sawar. After I put the word out that I was searching for Salim, he too soon appeared. The workshop of Sawar, consisted of three sandy walls, a sand floor, no pit, a small shady room with sand floor, and not a single tool. In fact, there was only a goat in this tiny compound. He said he could fix our car, as he had dealt with old American cars, but did we have any tools? Well – we were a driving workshop so that was okay. When he said it would take 3 days, I used my feminine weapon – tears. They worked a treat, and we were promised the car later that night. He would have to call in other men though, and soon there were 5 men sitting inside our engine, all with a joint in their mouths.

Hashish was a normal thing here, and often used as a sort of currency, or to get you through road controls with police.

After the big end was changed, Jono drove around town a little with the mechanic, and it was working perfectly. We woke the next morning at 4.30 again, and started the car, but after a few minutes, there came a nasty tapping. It seemed like the beginning of another big end, and so in great desperation, I set off with Salim to find a lorry driver to drive us to the border. We had no more big ends, and time was too short to hang around to do anything. The job had cost us $75, which I suppose is not a lot, but all the same! We found a lorry driver who was delivering some goats, and didn't mind them sharing the ride, as long as we could secure the vehicle well. I am going to go on forever, so I will very briefly say that we did not get over the border that day as the lorry with goats and Railton disappeared, and we were left waiting at the border with the border officials whom we had befriended. (We had come by contraband pick-up.) The lorry turned up after the borders closed, and we supped with our friends, and spent a second night sleeping under the desert stars, to the sound of territorial wild dogs. It took us 24 hours to get to Esphaban, non-stop by another two lorries, and when we finally arrived, everyone was frantic, especially my dad who had been called in Dubai by the rally organizers to ask whether he knew where we were, and that was three days ago. He was on tranquillizers, by order of the doctor! I suppose the area between South Iran, Pakistan and Afghanistan was not so safe, but we had been very well looked after wherever we went, and met many interesting people. Even if they all walked around with the latest guns, which were always slapped onto the table at dinner time! By this stage, Mike was already flying in, and so did my father, as we had run out of big ends and needed another. In the event, it was a little end, but it needed changing, and the others checking. 24 hours non-stop later, we left them, and set off in hot pursuit of the rally, together with the boys in the Buick (they had had a new crankshaft machined, and new set of big ends etc.) It seems as if every time we declined a meal, to continue driving, disaster struck, and on leaving the Buick boys to eat dinner, we only had a few hours left to reach the border with Turkey, when the fan came off and speared into the radiator. It was Lord Montagu's curse, as it was known on the rally, but we were not easily defeated. I chatted up some Iranian Kurds from the lorry depot across the road, and soon they had towed us across, taken the radiator to be welded, given us tea and it was all back in place. They added a grey metal powder to the water, and interestingly, also a small jar of paprika powder. It certainly did the trick. Only Jono was by now, very ill, with a stomach virus picked up from drinking the melted ice water that Iranian lorry drivers drink. That night we crossed the border into Turkey at half past midnight, and after two hours drive into the wilderness, stopped off at a remote unmarked town, where the local policemen searched a hotel for us. It was to be a night on the floor of a refugee camp cafeteria, where the two dishevelled bodies turned out to be another two rally friends! (Allard drivers.) The next day was one of the longest, without breaks and, only having a two-hour drive to catch up the rally who were overnighting in Cappadocia.

Cutting another story short, the next morning on the road towards Istanbul another big end went. Well, it might seem as if we never put oil into the car, or drive like maniacs, but this was not the case. With Jono as ill as I have ever seen him, I used my German with the Turkish farmers who were very kind, and got us a lorry to take us to Istanbul. He said it would take around 8 hours. We arrived in Istanbul and after arguing about how to get the car off the

lorry for some time, I suddenly saw our friends from the rally walking towards me, and our team from the Railton. I've never been so happy! It was heaven. Even if I still had to find a guy to do the big end change and sort out whether it could be done by that night so that we could start with the rally in the morning, for the moment, I felt very well looked after. Thank you Guys!! The people who changed the big end were great, and everything was ready for the following morning. That night, Jono felt better, and we went down to the gala dinner organized by the hotel. I left to go to the loo, and in my absence, I was awarded the prize for the most persevering competitor! What fun! But most sad to have missed being there in person.

Well, I have gone on too long, and I cannot tell you how much I have missed out, but mechanically, we had no problems, apart from some pinking just before Reims. (Now I know what this famous pinking is!) Getting into Paris was just magic! We were incredulous. I had bought two bottles of champagne on the way in – one very expensive to drink, and one plonk, to pour over the car. I opened the expensive bottle, and poured it all over the car! The plonk tasted great! And so many of our friends had come over, and family too, to see us in. We were almost last, as usual, but that didn't matter any more. And believe it or not, we still qualified for a bronze medal.

Mariam El Accad

The other Railton in the rally was entered by Pim Bentinck. It is now owned by Jan Roosenburg and still used for tours and rallies, but usually in Europe.

FROM SHELSLEY WALSH TO SPA FRANCORCHAMPS

During the nineties I was a member of the R.O.C., so lots of nice memories came back when meeting Club members at the Swan, the Stourbridge Manor Hotel, Shelsley Walsh, Witley Court and the drives in between. In those earlier times I drove a Railton Special purchased from the Fack brothers at the time that they acquired the Brough Alpine Grand Sports.

The car joined several Annual meetings. In 1994 we went with a little group to the Alps. Some years later Railtons met at Monthléry, (see photo 1) a wonderful event with a very fast Geoff Moore with his Terraplane, and I came slightly in the grid, but also got out. My tyres came from a Series I Land Rover and were a bit stiff for the wet circuit! I had the car for 18 years and sold it at some point.

1

But old love never dies, so I am happy to be back with the Railton EPA 93 from Peter Adamson. Peter managed to get the car insured on my name as a driver for the 90th celebration. So the first official drive was to Shelsley together with Ian, Max and Mick. A short drive but extremely wet, luckily Peter handed me a big umbrella – very welcome with the open car.


2

Shelsley was, despite the weather, a wonderful motoring event, seeing impressive hill climbs by different types of cars and as extra top of the 'pudding', the L.S.T. Railton and a beautiful line up of Club cars and of course the 'baby' Cobham. (See photo 2). In my opinion a perfect combination of motoring event and Club meeting! One forgot the rainy Saturday when on Sunday's sunny run, driving lovely Worcester roads and arriving at the impressive Witley Court. Thanks to Max and the organising crew for all their efforts.

The day after, EPA 93 went on the trailer heading to Dover, on the ferry to Calais (photo 3) and finally to Simpelveld in the


3

Netherlands. (Photo 4). To get the car registered went smoothly so now EPA 93 is renamed PM-64-41 with its old plates underneath. Waiting for the registration I did some overall checks at the car, renewing oils and checking the valves and brakes. Brake linings have been renewed and Mike sent me some oil seals. Ready to go for several drives to get more and more accustomed to the car.

A bit more of a challenge came with the participation in the Spa Six Hours event in the Ardennes on Sunday for Pre-War Cars. (Photos 5, 6, 7) Between the several Bentleys, Rileys, MG (supercharged), Bugattis etc, the Railton did very well and ended in all 3 runs in the leading group of 4 cars.

A lovely event and a challenging circuit ,meeting motoring people from my region with MG, Riley and Rover. So we made plans for 2024 heading for the North of France, Monthléry and Nürburgring.

Hope to meet you at the National 2024.

Ger Gorissen (photo 8)

CORRESPONDENCE

From: Jim Scammell
Just a quick observation on the Bulletin's Nov/Dec 2023 front cover …

Railton owner Will Dobell, the TANKY we call those blokes, takes me back to 1969 when the Australian Government press-ganged me and 8% of the 20 year-old male population into two years' military service, so that the Yanks would feel more comfortable fighting their war, the American War in Vietnam. The war only lasted for 11 years and we didn't win.

Luckily my 10 weeks' basic training was conducted in the same military camp that was headquarters for the Australian Armoured Corp. As a new recruit observing the Centurions and M113A1 APCs (Armoured Personnel Carriers) passing by from time to time, as we were footslogging from nowhere to nowhere at great pace, the job of APC driver looked pretty appealing. Not only that, but in the APC driver role you were no longer a common soldier, that is, no longer a GRUNT as the footsloggers were called. As an Armoured Corp member I formally became a TROOPER in the Australian Cavalry, wore a beret, never to wear an Ozzy slouch hat again, carried a 9mm pistol and an M16 Armalite 4.0kg rifle when required, had my own vehicle, therefore had something to sleep in when out bush or in the donga, etc, etc. It sure beat being a simple soldier, even if the Cavalry did suffer more loss of life percentage-wise than any other Australian military group.

I still have a great feeling, even love, for the FMC M113A1 APC machine. The Yanks do make good stuff (Hudson ? You bet!). They were a cross country sports car, and could also be encouraged into a two-track, high speed, full drift turning through an asphalt intersection at 40mph under full power. What a wonderful piece of work they were, and still are. I had a choice of becoming either a Centurion Tank driver, Rolls-Royce engine (no thanks), or an APC driver … the decision was easy. The V6 GM two stroke diesel engine and auto trans were absolute pearlers. Centurions were not allowed to use public roads in Australia, but APCs were, which meant as a Trooper you could get out in the real world driving 15 tons of aluminium APC and be seen by all manner of young civilian ladies, even if they could only see your head.

So, the Infantry personnel were called GRUNTS and the Armoured Corp personnel were called TANKIES. I'll leave it there.

From: Jan G Roosenburg

Although I have not been able to find any proof of a Railton being used in an Armed Services capacity, I found Jim Scammell's writing about the Australian experience enticing enough to provide some comments. Jim was obviously a cavalry man, black beret no doubt and driving luxurious vehicles with

big American engines and GM automatic transmission. No such luxuries for a Dutch gunner in the mid sixties. As a battery officer I was driven around in a 1 ton truck called a YA-126. It was built in the fifties by DAF and it won first prize for most uncomfortable military vehicle. It was impossible to not hit your knees on the dash when entering, exiting or driving over even small road indentations.

Although the four wheel drive actually worked well, it was slow and the steering was a most interesting experience. When not in this vehicle I moved around in a NEKAF. This was actually a Willys M38A1 jeep assembled from 1955-58 by the Nederlandse Kaiser-Frazer Fabriek in Amsterdam, hence the name NEKAF (see right).

It was a terrific vehicle, always worked and got everywhere. It gained a good amount of weight in its lifetime, as the best, and easiest, solution for a muddy exterior, especially the red mud from Baumholder in Bavaria, was to give it another generous coat of green paint. As the Dutch armed forces are no different than any of their colleagues in other armed forces, such a good vehicle had to be replaced, and in the mid-sixties they managed to introduce the most useless 4x4 that has ever been produced, the DKW Munga (see left). It was incredibly uncomfortable, had a 3 cylinder 900cc two-stroke engine which produced such amazing statistics as 0-100 km in 62 seconds, was utterly incapable in all sort of terrain, and was terrific at breaking down.

It was such a success that in 1970 it was retired from active service because it never worked. Luckily some clever person in the Ministry had put all the NEKAF Jeeps in storage rather than selling them to some unsuspecting Dictator, thus out they came and they were in use until 1996. Last but not least, my battalion was one of two that had been mechanized. Unfortunately in their wisdom the very clever people in charge of acquisition had decided on the AMX from France, reliability must not have been one of the criteria. As a Battery Officer I had to be able to drive it and went to Tank Driving School to get my licence. That was fine except driving the thing was not a great joy. In a tracked vehicle one uses two levers to slow down or stop one or both tracks as the steering mechanism. The gear lever was to the right of these, of course below the armed steel body with one's head outside, so you could not see what you were doing and a steel plate was in a very stupid place next to the gear lever, located so that a gear change meant a bloody knuckle. This was especially nasty in terrain with many

gear changes both up and down, which meant a very bloody hand. The drivers used gloves, but we did not get those in Tank Driving School.

The starter motors constantly went on the blink, I actually managed to find a civilian source in France which sold them and bought six, which were much better than the Army supplied version. The best way to keep all six in action was to drive to the Artillery Shooting Grounds over the highway. This was about 50 kilometers and it was completely illegal to go on the highway, but drive it we did at about 80 Km/h much to the despair of an MP on his motorbike, with the result that we had working guns for the entire exercise. Above is yours truly with the pennant for best Battery in the Dutch Army in 1968.

From Roger Brotton (sent to Max Hunt)
I received my magazine yesterday, and will enjoy it fully over a full glass of the hard stuff this evening.

I empathise with the comments about the N.E.C. attendances. I have been doing it with one club or another for over 30 years, and I have also 'had enough'. Even though one of my project restorations was exhibited this year, I still didn't attend. My mechanic went instead, and he enjoyed it. I guess pre-war cars attract pre-war owners, and therein lies the problem for the future, for some clubs especially.

Shelsley Walsh was an excellent event – the cars get some exercise and the social weekend is a bonus – so for me, a preferable event these days. In 2024 I also intend to attend more local Yorkshire events as well. My car will never be a trailer queen; I bought it to enjoy, although some maintenance and improvement along the way will be desired, if not that essential.

I've just bought all the parts to rebuild the Carter carburettor which came in a box with the car. The S.U. and electric fuel pump will go back in the same box. Nothing against S.U. carbs, but not on my car. Also, loose in the boot, was the original remote gear-lever assembly. Why on earth the last owner swapped it out for a 3-foot long pudding stirrer is beyond me, because you never know what gear you are in, or where the hell the next one, up or down, is either.

At Shelsley you asked me about the electric fan that I installed prior to the event. I guess my car is one of the very few still on 6 volts electrics? It has worked for 88 years, so I am actually

reluctant to change it for 12. (Although admittedly, it has spent a considerable number of years off the roads, pending repair or whatever !). I couldn't locate a 6-volt electric fan, so fitted a 12 volt fan, which of course, runs much slower. It was not satisfactory, and I am looking now at alternatives.

One , is to buy from the USA – damned expensive, even without postage and duties – or take a 12-volt to pieces, and have a specialist convert it to 6-volt. It should be easy enough, and not exactly rocket science for a competent electrician of the 'old school'. I'll keep you up to speed on that one. I do need a result, as I hope to take the car abroad on a run – Spain maybe – so an electric fan and the waterworks in full working condition is a must.

Nothing ventured, nothing gained !

From Phil Kidd
Please keep up the good work you are doing on behalf of all of us.

It was a real pleasure meeting all those who attended the 90th. Since our trip to the UK, the "bug" has unfortunately struck again, as an opportunity was presented to purchase Alastair Jones' 1934 black Railton Terraplane "Bagherea". Early November, following the 52nd Hudson Essex Terraplane A.G.M. in Taupo where I took my 1935 R.E.A.L. Sports Tourer, I collected it. As it was impossible to drive both, Coral hopped into "Bagherea" and had no difficulty getting home, a drive of nearly five hours. I wish I could say the same about Kermit. It boiled coming up the steep rise on the relatively newly-constructed Transmission Gully road. I have since removed the head after checking compression to find not one, but two burned exhaust valve in cylinders one and two. Replaced valves and head – but still no compression! So off to the shed to investigate. I've been in touch with Mike Stenhouse who tells me he's doing something similar on his Claremont.

Just before Christmas I got the 1935 R.E.AL. Sports Tourer going after removing all exhaust valves that were burned due to insufficient tappet clearance (set by the previous owner). It goes really well following regrinding and giving more clearance for the stainless steel valves. A big thank you to Mike Stenhouse for his help with the parts needed.

From Barry Nutley
Here is a picture of 1935 R.E.A.L. tourer BUL 364

From Robin Richardson

Are We Nearly There Yet?

We all know that old vehicles are never really finished. Whether they're bought substantially ready to go, or as a project, there's always something to work on. But in the 5 years since I started the rebuild of EPB 63, I've often felt like the kid in the back of the car heading off for an annual holiday. The dealer's assertion that it was "ready to enjoy for touring or trials use" was only loosely associated with the truth. But I'd bought enough projects in the past to assume that nothing would be as promised. As the old adage goes – hope for the best but plan for the worst.

And there was plenty of "worst" as I began taking things apart. You'll have read my previous updates so I won't repeat myself but they ranged from the laughable to the scary. In the laughable stakes, the modern exhaust manifold gaskets butchered from modern versions with a carving knife and a drill was right up there. The plug on the back of the diff slowly cutting through the petrol tank is the sort of stuff that can keep you awake at night. It had an MoT though, so how bad could things be? But, despite all the bodges and dodgy parts, it's a big "hats off" to previous owners since they obviously enjoyed using it as intended. Look around the internet and you'll find pictures of it bowling along muddy roads and bouncing off grass banks so it can't have been that bad.

The final major job was the paint and although I'd hope to do it myself I decided not to push my luck. When Jamie at Craftmaster delivered it back to me I couldn't have been happier at my choice. Brush painting is their forté while mine is coughing up cash when it comes to getting a satisfactory result. Months stripping and rubbing down paid off and he did as asked by leaving various minor dings and blemishes acquired during its previous life. I knew there would be a tendency to rush into things as soon as it was back but having waited this long I avoided temptation. Few of the fixtures and fittings were reusable since most had been bolted, screwed or riveted in place before the interior went in. My goal was to make everything easily removable this time, so mostly this meant using threaded inserts. They ranged from the small for the tonneau fasteners (there were a lot of them) to the jumbo sized for the windscreen mounts. Not original but at least I can get things off easily now.

My only remaining task is to fix the wiring to the indicators since incompetence on my part means they don't work even with everything labelled up and photographed before removal. One thing that had also annoyed me were the thick Perspex headlight lenses since the originals had presumably been broken. They are pre-war Notek lights as fitted to a variety of vehicles including Bentleys and Rolls-Royces with associated prices. After months of scouring ads I'd come close to buying complete but rusty units just for the lenses. By chance one evening looking for bits for another project I came across a pair in the Lorry & Commercial section of eBay. A hasty 50 quid's worth of Buy it Now secured them along with the rubber seals.

So, finally I'm there - or as near there as I'll ever be. Just to prove what a hopeless case I am, the space vacated by the Corvette has already been filled with a rally-prepped MGB GT.






From Peter Adamson (by phone)
Watching daytime television the other day I was surprised to see a Railton featured. For others interested, there are three cameos in episode 4 of series 1 of *The Darling Buds of May*. In the clip showed here Celia Imrie is pretending her car has broken down so that she can attract David Jason (just visible by the side of the bonnet).

The car is a 1936 Fairmile II, registration CYO 2, but it has now lost its original number and masquerades as 846 NOU.

The Club's records show it with Geoff Crabtree in Kent.

SPARES NEWS – WHAT NEXT?

The spares scheme was set up using funding from the main Club account supplemented by loans from members with the long term goal of being self financing. Since then, day-to-day stock has been replenished as required, small batches of other items, some (such as mascots) never previously available have been commissioned, and one-off purchase opportunities seized as and when they arose. Even so, all the member loans have been clear for a while and thought is now being given to making some higher value items available, especially those which have a high set-up cost.

Suggestions are now being sought as to what these might be. Before putting them in hand some commitment is required to confirm the need, but what should be put in hand? Possibilities could include:

Cylinder head, aluminium high compression or two-part aluminium/cast iron
Crownwheel & pinion 3.9:1 or Crownwheel & pinion 3.5:1
Cam followers and guides
Gearbox 1st gear pairs
Gearbox 2nd gear pairs (helical) or 2nd gear pairs (straight cut)
Brake drums

What do you need, anticipate needing in the future, or have just been forced to obtain elsewhere because the Club could not supply it?

Please contact Mike Stenhouse with your suggestions at **spares@railton.org**

MARKET PLACE

Motoring Books for Sale
A Club Member wishes to sell his motoring books, starting with the list below. Please send all enquiries to the Secretary (contact details inside front cover). Offers are acceptable for multiple purchases. Post and packaging is extra.

Karl Ludvigsen. *Reid Railton: Man of Speed.* Two vols with case. Mint. £85

Mike Harvey. *Skinners Union*. 312 pages. Mint with dust jacket. £15.

Wheatley & Morgan. *Restoration of Vintage and Thoroughbred Cars*. Mint with jacket £15.

Wheatley& Morgan. *Maintenance and Driving of Vintage Cars*. Good with dust jacket £10.

Michael Sedgwick. *Cars of the 1930s*. 384 pages. Very good with dust jacket £10.

Hon. Mrs Victor Bruce. *Nine Lives Plus*. 190 pages. Good with dust jacket £8.

Rob de la Rive Box. *The Encyclopaedia of Vintage Cars 1886-1940*. 336 pages. Mint with dust jacket £15.

Charles Mortimer. *With Hindsight*. 143 pages. Very good with dust jacket. £8.

Richard Sutton. *Motor Mania: Stories from a Motoring Century*. 159 pages. Mint. £10.

A.B. Demaus. *Motor Sport in the 20s*. 113 pages. Mint with dust jacket. £8.

R.O.C. *Commemorative Bulletin 2006*. 68 pages for Club 50th anniversary. Mint. £5.

For Sale
Tony Abbott's immaculately restored 1936/37 Cobham saloon is for sale.
Fully documented restoration with very little use since then.
May be viewed near Canterbury.

Offers to Paul Abbott:
07860 471206

Enclosed trailer also available.

For sale

1935 Railton saloon project, UK registered but in Brittany, France

Sadly, poor health forces the sale of my Railton Carbodies saloon project. The chassis, which is sound, has been completely degreased, stripped and painted with underseal and the partial wood frame woodworm treated and painted. I have a good radiator, the bonnet and scuttle, plus a good chrome radiator surround. I have two incomplete engines, including two restored blocks, without cracks, plus one good crankshaft and one rusty one, 4 good timing gears and one good camshaft. Some of the tappets and pistons are missing, but there are many duplicate engine parts that could be sold to offset costs. Also with the project comes an aluminium high performance cylinder head. 4 new tyres but no spare wheel.

Please do not hesitate to contact me with any questions or for further photographs.
The car is at my workshop in the village of St Segal, North West Brittany, post code 29590.

Reduced price for quick sale, £ 5750

Contact: Mike Burnett, 0033 782 17 9983 Email : michael.burnett@sfr.fr

CLUB SHOP – AVAILABILITY AND PRICES

	Price	U.K. Postage	ROW Postage
R.O.C. Car Badge	£35.00	£1.32	£1.65
R.O.C. Tie	£10.00	£1.25	£1.43
Embroidered badge (approx. 3 inch wide)	£5.00	£0.70	£0.90
History of the Railton	£3.00	£0.70	£0.90
Land Flying – The Terraplane by James Fack	£8.00	£1.25	£1.65
The Lost Coachbuilder – Atcherley by James Fack	£9.00	£1.25	£1.65
Railton & Brough Superior Gold Portfolio (Brooklands Books)	£17.50	£3.50	£7.00

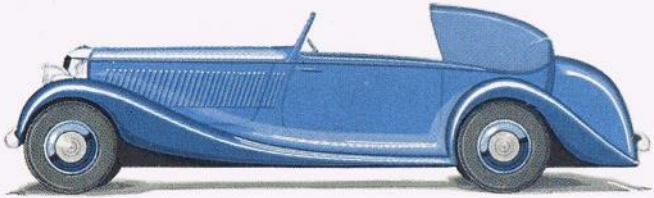
GENERAL ENQUIRIES: Contact the Secretary, Max Hunt. Telephone: 01299 401135.
E-mail: **secretary@railton.org**

PAYMENT BY CHEQUE: Cheques (sterling only) for the total including postage should be made payable to to **"Railton Owners Club"** and post with your order to: Max Hunt, Secretary, Abberley Cottage, 7 Dowles Road, Bewdley, Worcestershire DY12 2EJ.

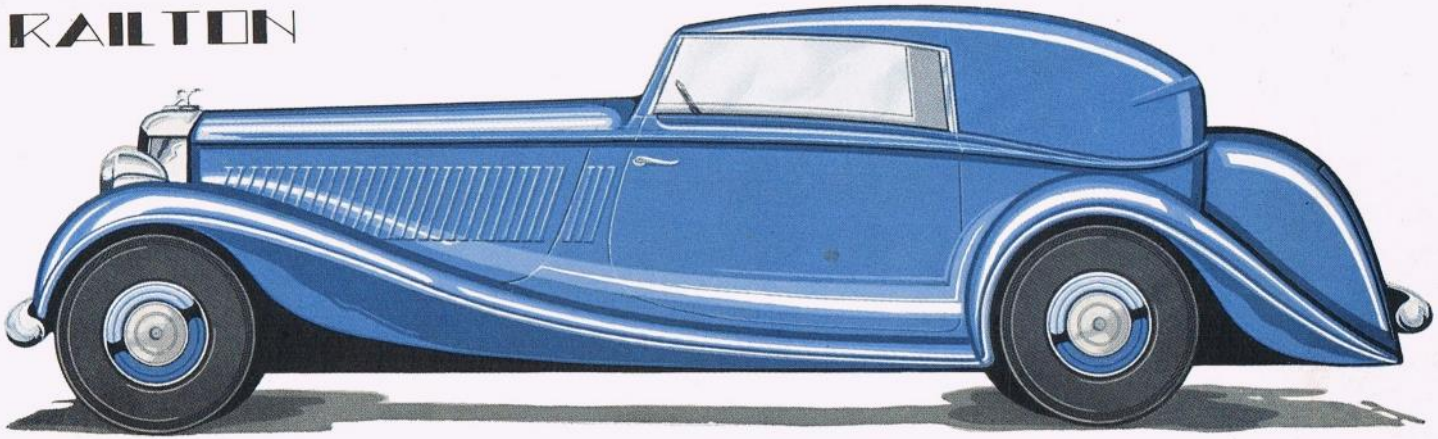
VIA THE WEBSITE: Go to www.railton.org and then click on *Club Shop*. (You do not need to log in to the Member-Only pages to purchase items). Scroll down and click on the *Add to Cart* button by the item(s) of your choice. Checkout using PayPal.

PAYMENT DIRECTLY FROM YOUR PAYPAL ACCOUNT: Registered users of PayPal can use the "Send Money" facility but you must send the money to **treasurer@railton.org** in sterling. Please add the following amounts to the total cost of your order including postage to cover PayPal fees. Total up to £10 (add £0.50); up to £14 (add £0.75); up to £19 (add £1.00); up to £24 (add £1.25). You can either list your order in the "message" area in PayPal or e-mail separately to Max Hunt.

PAYMENT BY BACS: E-mail your order to Max Hunt and make a sterling BACS payment directly into the R.O.C. bank account. **Quote reference of your surname/membership number so that we can identify the payment.**
HSBC Bank Sort Code: 40-17-04 Account Number: 91009877
IBAN: GB52HBUK40170491009877 BIC: HBUKGB4153R



RAILTON



BRIEF SPECIFICATION

"CARRINGTON" COUPÉ

On Long Wheelbase Chassis

Two-door Foursome Folding Head Coupé with three-position hood and detachable cantrails, folding completely flat when in the open position; doors hung on four heavy chromium hinges; swivelling wind deflectors to doors; spacious luggage boot forming grid platform when open; glass sun visor; straps and waterproof cover for luggage and ample accommodation for golf clubs; Vaumol leather and cellulose colours to choice; hood trimmed in best quality specially shrunk material to choice; woodwork solid Walnut with burr veneer; large centre armrest; specially designed seating with pneumatic cushions and sorbo overlay; driver's seat fitted with special angle regulator. 12-volt lighting and starting; special anti-dazzle de luxe headlamps; twin electric horns; Ace discs; D.W.S. Four-wheel jacks; de luxe spot-light; remote control gear lever; bumpers front and rear; radiator stone-guard; badge bar; automatic trafficators; spare wheel cover; dual electric windscreen wipers with remote motor; reserve tap with dash control.

(The right is reserved to vary this specification without notice.)

Price **£850**

"UNIVERSITY" COACHWORK BY COACHCRAFT LTD.