

# KEMPSFORD

Newsletter  
Summer 2007

## CLASSIC CAR & MOTORCYCLE CLUB

In the March edition of the Newsletter I asked if it would ever stop raining. After just coming home from Fairford Church Fete in a rather soggy Walnut Tree Field, and completely devoid of any classic cars or motorcycles, I'm still wondering! Although, to be fair, we had a great April, and hot sunny days for the Wheel Nuts and Filkins events, of which more later. More too about Martin Ranal's recovery from the January floods. I imagine he's eyeing the heavens very uneasily at the moment

So, while those of us with open cars and bikes think wistfully about classic saloon cars and wait patiently for the sun to come out here is a review of some of the Spring highlights and news of member's cars, and a true confession by our very own jailbird, Tony Alden, professing his innocence to the last...

### UNRESTORED GEMS

We've mentioned Gordon King's beautifully original 1959 Wolseley 15/60 before in these columns, but it seems that he just keeps on winning awards: back in April he won 1<sup>st</sup> in Class (1950's) at the Newbury show and was runner-up in the same class later that month at Marlborough. And here's a picture to prove it, if proof were needed.

Gordon, your mantle piece must be groaning under the weight of them all!

But of course, Gordon's Wolseley is not the only unrestored classic in the club. Those of you who were at the Filkins show will have seen Graham Cleaver's 1960 Morris Mini Minor. Not only does this car still sport its original Clipper Blue paintwork, but everything else is original as well! This is the de Luxe model, and in 1960 I understand this meant it was equipped with chrome petrol cap and stainless steel hub caps. This car has covered a mere 89,000 miles, and you can see from the pictures that it is in outstanding condition, both inside and outside, for an



unmolested 47 year-old Mini. No doubt this is largely due to the vehicle being garaged and undriven for 26 years until Graham recently brought it back to life, although we all know that classics, be they cars or bikes, continue to deteriorate even when off the road. Once he had sorted out a few basics like battery power, **POINTS**, etc. the car started straight away and runs and drives well.

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There are other unrestored cars in the club, and in the next newsletter I hope to feature Stephen Blackwell's Jaguar XJS.

## WHEEL NUTS AT ST. ROSE'S

April 29 and a small convoy left Kempford in unpromising conditions bound for St Rose's School in Stroud and the annual Wheel Nuts event. By the time we got to Stroud the sun was out and we all warmed up as



we waited to get into the school...and waited...and waited. But eventually, in spite of the worst the organisers could do, and overheating in all senses of the word, we finally got on site. We were lucky enough to be pitched next to a Smart Car club and these cheery souls kept us enthralled and entertained all day with their witty repartee and happy banter, not to mention the smoke from their barbecue!

But even they couldn't spoil a great day. Here are a couple of pictures of our line-up including one taken through the windscreen of Johnny Ockwell's immaculate Austin 10.



## FILKINS CLASSIC CAR SHOW

June 11<sup>th</sup>, another scorcher and we were off to the Filkins Classic Car Show. What a contrast! Efficient and friendly organisers, a refreshment area set aside for exhibitors, and not a Smart Car in site! In fact there were a number of extremely interesting motors. My favourite was an open topped 1928 red label Bentley, but there were plenty of other great cars. As usual our club was well represented, even if some did turn-up late in the day and with sore heads!

We had two new additions to our line-up, Graham Cleaver's 1960 Mini and Mike Williams' magnificent 1950 Studebaker Champion. This was the car's first run out since undergoing a complete bare-metal and re-chrome restoration taking eleven months. Looking at the car today you can only say it was eleven months well spent. You may expect spares to be a problem with such an unusual and American made



car, but Mike tells me he can get most parts from the US in a week or ten days with just a telephone and a credit card. In fact he says the most difficult thing was getting the DVLA to issue a regular



registration number instead of a Q plate. This involved inspection by their engineers in Reading and eventually the intervention of the Studebaker's Owners Club. The car is powered by a three litre six cylinder engine and has six volt electrics. I'm guessing that you don't get too any chances at starting before the battery gives up, but we hope that's not going to be a problem, Mike. As you can see from the photos the boot is extremely long. What you can't see is that it extends about another two feet inside the car. No, this is not to enable Chicago's low-life to dispose of the bodies of their gangland adversaries. As a Business Coupe this car would have been driven by a travelling salesman who would need a big boot for all his trade samples. (Compare and contrast: Vauxhall Astra!). Sam's verdict: "Cool!" We couldn't agree more.

**WHATEVER HAPPENED TO...**

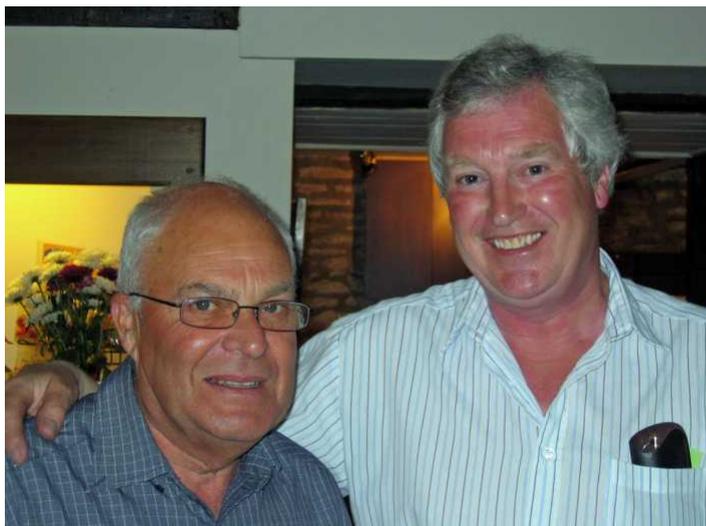
In the case of Terry's 1955 Humber Hawk Estate, it was sold to Dick Williams who had it re-sprayed white, and we think you'll agree it looks great, even from behind.



**WORKING AGAINST THE LAW, BY TONY ALDEN.**

Recently I was having a pie and a pint with a friend of mine that I went to school with about 50 years ago in Northampton. While we were drinking our half-a-shandy the usual subject was cars and motoring. A Morris 8 tourer pulled into the pub car park which sparked off the "do you remember when...". I was reminded of an early experience of the Law and motoring which, dear readers, I will now relate.

In 1957 I had a Morris 8 tourer, as did the mother of another close friend. He was lucky, as his mother let him use it to go to work (and pay for the petrol). I was still biking to work. One evening as I left work at the local Morris, Wolseley, MG & Riley Distributors (even before it became BMC) I met John as he came out of the office where he worked. His mothers Morris was parked in the street (free on-street parking then!) which was fortunately on quite a steep hill. John got in the car, let off the handbrake and rolled down the hill to start her up. After about 50 yards in old money (no metric then, for those less than forty that's 45.72 metres) there was a bit of a bang and the nearside track rod end parted company with the steering rod. As I was only a few yards behind him I stopped for the laugh. We diagnosed the problem and I got on my bike, back to the garage, borrowed some tools and a jack (not easy to carry on a push bike). I raided the stores for a track rod end and went back to the car. I don't think I ever paid for that track rod end. We wheeled the car to the bottom of the hill into a station car park and set about making running repairs. Soon it was getting dark so we were lying under the car using a torch when a pair of shiny size twelve boots and two cycle wheels appeared at the side of the car. "Ello, 'ello, 'ello, wot's going on hear then"



Tony Alden, self-confessed car criminal with an unidentified gang member

John "Repairing this car"  
 Plod "Why"  
 John "Broken steering joint"  
 Plod "Funny place to be mending a car?"  
 John "No choice can't drive it" various other questions followed and then the plod said  
 Plod "Is it your car?"  
 John "No its my mothers"  
 Plod "Is it really, What is the registration number?"

At this point john was getting irritated so he crawled out from under the car shone the torch on the number plate and read it out, "DPG 659".

The plod was not amused, "Very funny, I think you had better come with me while we verify your little story". I crawled out from under the car and the plod HANDCUFFED both of us to the handlebars of his police issue Raleigh bike. There was no thought for the tools, etc. lying under the car. He took us to the local nick, which fortunately was only a few hundred yards back up the hill. A junior plod was despatched to Johns house on

a bike (no home telephones) to verify our parentage, etc. In the mean time we were detained at Her Majesty's pleasure by the boys in blue and given the opportunity to test the bunk out in a cell.

Having left work at 5.30 PM I would usually have got home about 6.00pm, at which time Mummy would have cooked my dinner. It was now about 10.0pm and as I rode along the road to home I passed my father on his way to ring the hospital. I was greeted with, "Where the B\*\*\*\*y Hell have you been". He had apparently already rung the police who said they knew nothing about us! Dad was not amused and my mother, who never did like John, suggested that I should have nothing more to do with him or I might finish up in prison one day. I thought I had.

Fifteen years later a similar thing happened, but that's another story.

### MARTIN RANDAL'S CRESTA

You may remember that Martin's Vauxhall Cresta PA was damaged when his garage was inundated during the January floods. The picture on the right shows the depth reached by the water. Apart from the front wheel bearings, the only damage was to the interior, but it meant that the carpets and underfelt had to be replaced, and more seriously, that the seats had to be re-upholstered. Fortunately Martins insurance company, Royal Sun Alliance, were very helpful and agreed to the repairs straight



away. Finding a reliable upholsterer was more of a challenge, with quotations ranging from £900 to £6,500. Martin finally entrusted the work to Frank Rouse of Cheltenham who completed the job in a week at a cost of £2,500 +VAT. Martin is very pleased with the result, left, and we think you will agree with him.

An amusing footnote to this incident is that the seats yielded no less than £45 in change spilled out of pockets over the years



### CONTACT:

If you have any stories, photos or information you think ought to be included in the next Newsletter, or would like to comment on anything in this edition, please contact me, Alistair Kennedy, as follows:

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If you're going to send me text or photos, could I please have them electronically, to my email address or on a CD. If you cannot do this don't worry, just send me the text and/or prints and I'll take care of it. All photos will be returned.