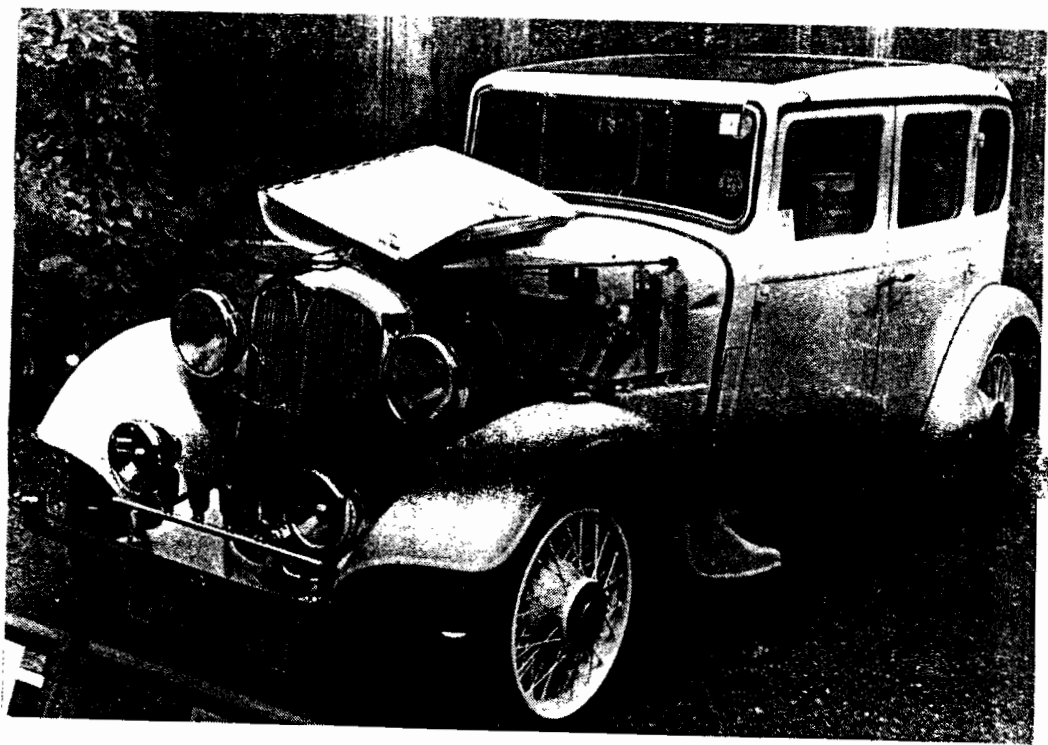




PANTS & BARKS

FEBRUARY 1966



Journal of the HANTS & BERKS ROVER OWNERS

OFFICERS OF THE CLUB

| | | |
|---------------|--------------------|-----------------|
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DATE OF NEXT MEETING

Wed. 10th February Hinds Head Aldermaston 7.30 pm

FUTURE EVENTS

| | |
|---------------|----------------------------------|
| 21st Feb. | R.T.V.Trial, Langrish |
| 27/28 Feb. | Green roading weekend |
| 18/21st March | Erwood camping. Contact R Pattie |
| 10th April | Treasure Hunt (details later) |
| 1/2 May | Essex Motor Show |

PUB MEETINGS AT HINDS HEAD, ALDERMASTON

For those members who have not attended these meetings because the idea of meeting in a pub does not appeal, it must be mentioned that we hold the meetings normally in the snooker room and, very occasionally, in the upstairs room. We have exclusive use of the room on the second Wednesday evening meeting, so that you can bring books, magazines, photos etc. in safety.

CHAIRMAN'S COMMENTS

WHAT'S A 'CLASSIC'?

Many times I have had this argument with people about this subject, so I am not going to give my views on this but put forward a few suggestions as to its for and against, and let you make your own minds up. It would be nice to hear your views on this after reading what I have to say.

To define a classic may be easy to the average person, but when they have thought about it for a while its not so easy. If you follow one make then perhaps it is easy to say that everything up to a certain date is of classic status. Take our own cars from Rover, for example. My personal view is the P6 is a classic in its own right, but I've had discussion with some P4 owners who say that the last classic Rover was the P5. I've even heard owners of P5 saying their cars are superior to the V8. If its come down to this, where does this leave us?

I think most people will agree that a classic is after '45 but do we set a limit on age as a closing date? If we look at the Leyland conglomerate, I think the period up to the mid '70s with the demise of the Triumph Stag and cars of that ilk before the Metro and so called computer design seems appropriate. Although I have been laughed at for it, I regard the TR7 as quite interesting, but only in V8 and convertible form or as today's Yuppies would say, cabriolate.

Using this as a basis, perhaps I could shoot my own theory down by taking a look at exotica such as Ferrari. Each time they bring out a new model it gains instant acclaim and is set for the record books and that's as it comes out of the showroom!

Then there's such diverse little cars such as the Morris Minor. Granted they are very popular but are they really such a fantastic car as is made out? Everyone goes on about MGBs, and in their day they were quite a good product, but would you call this a classic when something like the TR5 and 6 can outrun this agricultural sporting machine? So is it down to sheer numbers?

It needn't stop there. What of four wheel drive? The ever faithful Series 1 Land Rover has quite a strong following and I for one have seen several that are in worthy Show condition and as this was the start of the off-road revolution and the first of a long line, so perhaps they deserve true classic status.

I have also had arguments that the Range Rover should be looked on favourably in this respect. But I have been shot down for this view because its still in production. But, surely the earlier ones are classics in their right, because of the concept of the vehicle and it was the first to offer real car comfort with a superior off-road performance, which today has yet to be surpassed by another manufacturer. So how do you define a 'classic'?

Perhaps the best summary is to put it this way. If a car is in demand, whether its a right bag of nails or not it will gain classic status no matter what make, model or age. When interest is shown the prices start to climb which attracts another sort of punter. By this stage, whatever the car, those famous faults that gained so much publicity when new are now forgotten and when remembered, referred to as "all part of the car's appeal".

And so it goes on. It can almost be said for certain that exotica such as Aston etc will hit that status almost overnight. Or is it down to personal taste and it should be remembered that a certain amount can be swayed by the publicity machine.

Just to set you thinkingPete.

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13. I pulled away from the side of the road, glanced at my Mother-in-Law and headed over the embankment.
14. The guy was all over the road, I had to swerve several times before I hit him.
15. I thought my window was down, but I found it was up when I put my head through it.
16. To avoid hitting the bumper of the car in front I struck the pedestrian.

CHRISTMAS DINNER

Each year we have our annual Bash as its become affectionately known among the dedicated few of us, and perhaps this one was the most enjoyable or should that be "amusing" yet. But firstly before I waffle too much, a very warm Thank You to all of those who attended and made it such a pleasurable event.

As to the evening, Yours Truly arrived in his usual amount of panic, hot wheeled and sticky due to running behind time again. I was met with the usual greeting that seems to befit the Chairman of the Club. All I did was walk through the door to the Restaurant to be greeted by the usual cheers and hail of missiles, crackers and so on. At this point I thought to myself "This is going to be one of those evenings" and I was right.

As time wore on everything became a blur with streamers being fired off in all directions, and a fair few hanging from the decorations.

The only way to sum up the proceedings in a nutshell is "A bunch of people who were determined to have fun and enjoy themselves" and this they certainly did.

Also at the dinner we presented the Club's Member of the Year Award to Gary Hodgson and Red Leader Shield to Roy Micheal. Also traditionally we present the "Wally of the Year" Award which posed a problem as Alan Tew was acting as my driver in a safari two days later! But Alan took it all in good part. Anyway, due to demand we shall allow for more seating next year, so watch this space!

THE ANGLIAN SAFARI

At the December Club meet someone asked me (and I can't remember who,) if I was keen on motor racing. "Yes" comes the puzzled reply. "Good, make sure you have a crash helmet by the 20th". It wasn't until I was taken to one side later and had it gently explained to me that I had just volunteered myself to co-drive with Alan Tew in the Anglian Rover Club's Safari. Apparently, he was double driving with Hugh Glossop. God Help Me. Those guys are lunatics. So religiously as per instruction, I bought a crash helmet, so I guess by this point I was committed. (Or should have been! Kathy)

6.40 on the Sunday morning saw a convoy set off from Hugh's with Alan and myself, Julian and wife and Hughie somewhere between the white lines. Somewhere between Junctions 9 and 10 on the M1, Alan and I had breakfast of Black Swan and Tizer, but not necessarily in that order.

Arriving at the site while Julian and Hugh went through scrutineering, (kick the tyres to see if the wheels are there) Colin Gross who I presume was Clerk of the Course grabbed me to help set out the course. Well, if you can't beat them, cheat.

Eventually racing started with Hugh and Alan going out together (not literally because they are both married, but not to each other!) to get used to the course.

So there I was waiting patiently for the intrepid two out on the course, getting ready for a couple of photographs. Then they appeared and disappeared just as quickly. Going well I thought as I rushed down to the waterhole ready for their return. Eventually they chugged through on what sounded like five and a bit cylinders. They disappeared into what looked like some great chasm. In the distance they looked stationary, but when they came nearer it became clear something was seriously wrong as they came to a halt and both got out to see what was round the back. So trudging over, it became apparent that both fuel pumps had packed in. So... a long trudge back to the pits to get Alan's Rangy to pull the Racer back.

Somehow Hughie borrowed a pump from somewhere so all was back in action again. During all this Julian came in after his first lap to have a bent shock absorber and sheared mounting, broken plug on Number 2 cylinder and no washers. With all this repaired, I was persuaded to go out with him on the next lap, so, strapped in, out we went. Going round it started to become apparent that somebody was of a devious mind who set the course out. About a third of the way round things weren't going at all well with gears jumping out in all directions so yours truly held the drive in while Julian wrestled with the steering. This worked well until we descended a steep slope, hit the bottom which found me with no gearstick to hold onto. With mobile repairs on the move we approached the lake next. The shortest point is a straight line which is quite true, but when I could see a bow wave in front, instant thought was to get to the bank as near as possible and keep the water level down. Having achieved this, all seemed well until we had got about two thirds of the way round and everything went dead electrically. It wasn't till we wandered round the back that we found the battery parting company. So with a modification as such we battled on until the last couple of hundred yards or so when we had no washers at all and no vision out. I still think that guy's got radar somewhere.

As we got back Hughie pulled in behind us with similar problems, only on the inside this time, so while Alan wasn't looking his prop rod from the tailgate and windscreen scraper got pressed into service.

Our they went again and came back after another lap with success this time. So having done the preliminaries on the racer, it was time for me to ride passenger with Alan. "God Help Me", I thought being strapped in and given final instructions about our new washing device.

As we sat on the start line I thought "Its no time to back out now", as we suddenly launched like a space shuttle, about warp factor two as Kirk would say.

Now, at this point I must admit to having my reservations about going out in this vehicle, but no offence meant to Julian when I say that its nice to travel in comfort on coil springs. O.K. so I'm getting soft.

Anyway, after being sat there with my little box of tricks to control wipers, washers, horn and the pole for inside I must have been enjoying it, because when we got back to the pits all I had on was a big grin (really? Kathy) with Alan explaining all was well because of the whooping and hollering going on. In other words, I was a confirmed nutter like the rest of them.

Last lap was down to Alan and myself again, and this time we certainly meant business.

On the back straight before dropping down a sheer 20 foot cliff we were hitting speeds in the mid 80s, which was great until you have to slow down. Each time we went down that straight we kept cutting it fine at the end to drop over the cliff. Each time we came round we seemed to be going further along the edge. In other words, literally over the edge.

The only major obstacle left was the lake which was no trouble until we got to the far side and the beast died. So there we sat for a couple of minutes waiting for the engine to dry off and we were away again. Over the drop and up to the far end of the course. By now we were trying desperately to make time as we literally started to gain our pilots licences at one point! Having got through that section we came onto the back straight, gave it everything we could and hung on. By now speed was of the essence and concentration needs to be razor sharp, but we forgot about an 8' drop which suddenly seemed to loom up on us from nowhere. Well! we gave the famous Rover war cry of "Oh, S...t" as we left terra firma at a 45° angle and sailed to an immaculate landing, slightly off course but non-the-less upright (made a change). By now encouragement was being shouted at the driver as we bore down to a tight right-hander. We shot round this with muck and bullets being thrown in all directions and made for the last small section of watery mud. By now all that was on our minds after such a high speed run was "keep going", and this we did. We hit the water, lost sight of everything, (including the dash) and discovered we were down to five cylinders, then three, then none.

So, out comes the WD, lift bonnet, spray, and we managed to get some life back into the engine, although only on six cylinders. And so we limped the last couple of hundred yards back the best we could but certainly didn't disgrace ourselves

Having finished our stint for the day we waited for Julian to come in from his last lap. After a while he was spotted with in the last hundred yards with a dead vehicle. Eventually the marshalls towed him back to the pits. Result : no fuel. Does this make him a potential contender for the "Wally" award for next year?

And so to the end of an eventful day, which I myself found most entertaining. Julian got second in his class, and as for the Terrible Two, Hughie informs me that laps 4 and 5 were the fastest.

All I can say at the end of all this is my grateful thanks to Alan and Hugh for allowing me to play with them, and if they need someone to ride shotgun again, you know where I am.

As to Mr Scott. He never materialised due to mechanical problems. His excuse, not mine. I personally think its because of the number 9 came at the last trial!!

And me? Oh, I admit it. I'm a lunatic too.

The recent storm has left most of the Southern counties devastated. We decided to go to have a look. Gary Hodgeson did most of the organising and ten vehicles turned up at Petersfield station on Sunday, 1st November. Gary was in his usual Srs.1 LWB (Now repaired after having managed to break a half-shaft in his driveway two days before!) There were me, Richard Stewart and guest Mick Maskelyne in Rang Rovers. Richard (son of Mick), Tim Moore, Roy Wordingham, James Wallis and James Blumlein were in Landies and Malcolm Whitbread (as in beer his words!) in a Ninety. We split into two groups Gary leading one and I led the other. As we had suspected, virtually all the lanes we visited were blocked by fallen trees but most of us had saws so we started to saw! Gary had a chain-saw with him. (Property of James Blumlein) Definitely the gear to have.

Those of you who know the law will be aware that you should not set out especially to remove specific obstructions. Well, firstly we did not have any SPECIFIC obstructions in mind and secondly, Gary had been in contact with the Council who had given the go-ahead to clear what we could and report back on what we couldn't. Obviously, the clearing of little used rights of way is going to be well down on the council's list of priorities for a while, years probably. In the circumstances I feel we are entitled to equip ourselves suitably; we are going to find blocked lanes regularly in the foreseeable future.

Between us, we put in a lot of hard work clearing numerous trees but in my group's case not actually opening up many lanes as we came upon trees far too large to cut up. Gary's group was more successful, having the chain-saw available.

In the afternoon, Richard Maskelyne broke half-shaft on his Landy, so he and his parent

went home. I contacted Gary on the radio and we met for a chat. I told him about the Sussex Border Path that my group had three-quarters cleared in the morning and he went to finish it off, clearing

ROAD TRIM VEHICLE TRIAL

at HAM LANE LEISURE CENTRE on 21 st FEB. 88

The event is open to all fully paid up members of the H.B.R.O. Membership cards will be inspected when entrants sign-on at the event.

Entry will be limited to 20 drivers, so return your entry forms and fees to the Secretary of the Meeting as soon as possible to be sure of a place.

All entries should be made on the OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM and be accompanied by the entry fee.

Entry Fee £7.50

Scrutineering from 9am. Competition starts 10am.

Secretary of Meeting.

tel. 07357 2884

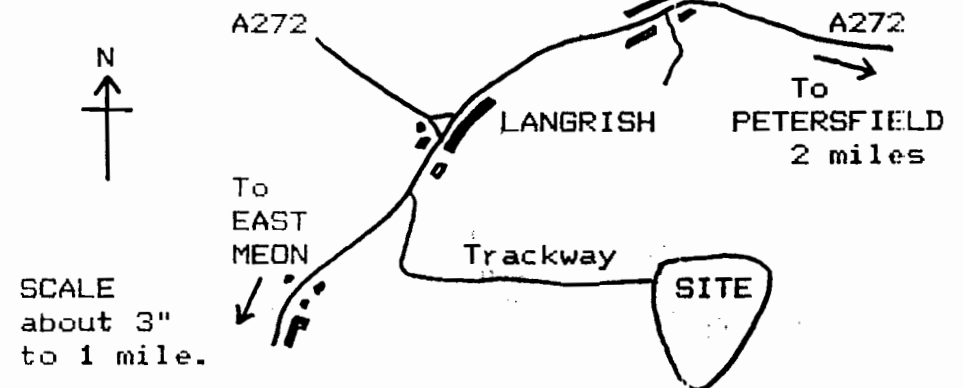
ROGER PATTIE
FIRHILL COTTAGE EAST
WHITCHURCH
Nr PANGBOURNE
OXON

Clerk of the Course.

RICHARD STEWART.

Scrutineer.

IAN TRISTAM



SCALE
about 3"
to 1 mile.

Map Reference of Entrance.

OS Map sht. 197
704 235

FIRE EXTINGUISHERS

1.5kg BCF fire extinguishers are available from Rog Pattie (Pangbourne 2884). These are of exceptionally high quality (they fit them in passenger aircraft!) and are supplied with mounting bracket; and, if the unthinkable happens, can be recharged.

Current price is **£18.50** brought to trials and pub meets. (Recharge is **£7.00** currently), not the cheapest but the best.

FOR SALE

Rover V8 Pre-SD1 10.25 cr. Worn rings and camshaft with Range-Rover timing cover **£25**.

WANTED

Distributor for Range-Rover Lucas No.41325 or 41487.

Rob Unsworth 0703 260501

For Sale

Off road 4 wheel drive magazine. From issue 1 (or more correctly Vol.2 number 4) 42 issues in all. (Current price of back issues **£1.50** each) in excellent condition.

£20 the lot. Rog Pattie Pangbourne 2884

Shed Clearout

2 Goodyear all service (bar tread) tyres 750 x 16 fair **£12**
1 Pirelli Cinturato ISS SR12 tyre. Good **£5**
1 Cigar lighter unit complete (non-illuminated). Turn your Landie into a "poser" vehicle - unused **£1.50**
2 Unused rear fog lamps - surface mounting no cable or switch **£2.50** Rog.Pattie Pangbourne 2884
4 Goodyear Xtra Grip 6.50 x 16 1 good, 3 fair **£25**