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N. Car

Chairman's Piece

Well here we go for another year.

Again John has prompted me to write something, I always struggle because I can never work out when the Newsmag will hit the streets, so what do I write about. But as it's the start of the year I can make a reasonable stab at it.

The first weekend in April sees us at the Restoration Show at the NEC, with a selection of Ginetta's on show. It is a smaller version of the November show, but with a "dirtier nail" feel. It's worth a visit if only to get you in the right frame of mind for the rest of the year. There will be a ticket offer somewhere in the Newsmag to get you into the show. Early May bank holiday means Stoneleigh, well this year it's the last weekend in April, love it or hate it, it still attracts a lot of GOC members, and with the G15 turning 50 years old, we have asked for extra space on the off chance we get a lot of G15 out for a birthday drive. David is organising the usual trophies to be awarded at the show, and if I remember the last Committee meeting correctly, a special G15 trophy. The first weekend in June, we are "up North" at Tatton park, an event you need to tell Hamish if you want to attend.

So why you ask, is he filling this page with event dates? Well, I want to encourage you to get the Ginetta out and attend some or all of these events. David and the local area organisers, like Hamish, put in a lot of time into organising these events, so show your support and turn out. If there is an event local to you, why not contact your local area organiser and see if a few local members would like to go and wave the Ginetta flag.

The AGM will be along soon, more news on that once we get things organised. But while you wait with baited breath, why not have a think about taking up a position on the



Committee, all you need to do is contact Tony with your nomination(see the back of your address lable) and get voted in at the AGM.

Editorial

My first car was a mini traveller with real wood fitted externally to the body (circa 1961) have you seen one on the road? I haven't yet you still see the odd Minor traveller which would appear to be its "big brother!"

My second car was an Audi 100 so named because the engine produced 100 bhp from 1800 cc's, hard to believe a modern

1 litre engines can produce a similar output or in some cases way in excess of this figure. We are privileged to have lived through a time of rapid advancement - the efficiencies in fuel economy are amazing as some of these engines easily producing 60 mpg.

In this Newsmag the final part of Alison's "mini-series" appears, I hope you have enjoyed reading through and found it both enjoyable and informative? A personal, hearty thank you from me to Alison for all her time and efforts much appreciated.

In the last NM I asked if anyone had any thoughts on the 60th. So far I can honestly say apart from the web vote we have had a zero response-does this mean apathy rules or are you all waying up your options with a view to rushing in with your thoughts and suggestions??

For many years I used a motorcycle initially as my only form of transport (12 months of the year scary in the thick snow) and more summer use after passing my car test. The reason why I mention this is because of a strange sight I watched last week, a black motorcycle combination with 2 riders passed me by I then realised the side car was a hearse complete with coffin ensconced within this is one of the strangest and disconcerting things I have seen, then again "once a biker always a biker sprang to mind!"

Last week I drove along a motorway in Berkshire, I have to say I came across a little old lady driving her old "P" reg Fiesta @ 30 mph in the overtaking lane. She seemed totally oblivious to the white BMW tailgating her who was repeatedly flashing his headlights behind her, after about a mile and a half she pulled over and a stream of cars flashed past. I passed her myself and looked over and her gaze didn't deviate from the straight ahead once! Scary....!

In the next NM watch out for a piece from "Mr Mouldy"

GOC AGM Sunday May 21st

British Motor Museum (Gaydon)

GOC AGM Sunday May 21st 2017 British Motor Museum (Gaydon).

The GOC is returning to Gaydon for our AGM for a second consecutive year. Last year we were favoured by some good weather and a fine turn out of Members and their cars.

Club Members attending the AGM are eligible for free entry to the Museum and New Collection, with guided tours available on request.

We will have a dedicated display area so come along in your Ginetta and help us put on a really good show.

Tea and coffee will be available before the meeting. This will give you the opportunity to meet the Committee Members and read the minutes from last year's AGM. The Agenda and Committee Officers' Reports will be there for you to look at.

Please bring your membership card with you to allow admission to the Meeting.

Meeting commences 11.00 am

Meeting duration approximately two hours or less.

There is currently a vacancy on the Committee for a Regalia Co-ordinator. Volunteers for this position please fill in the Nomination form on the back of the address sheet in this magazine and form an orderly queue.

British Motor Museum Address 11, Banbury Road, Warwick, CV 35 0BJ



After the Ginetta – the Metro

Alison Davis

I was very interested to read Trevor Pyman's Jottings in the previous edition of Newsmag. I hadn't seen that photo of Chris's G15 before. The wheels indicate that the pic was taken just after he carried out a major restoration on it. I remember that he competed in a Goodwood sprint in it with success. When I last heard from him he had acquired a G15 from Belgium and was painstakingly restoring it for him and his son John to drive. I'm not sure whether it has been out yet but it'll most likely be a head-turner. Roger's last words to Chris were 'please, no shiny chequer plate on the floor!'

I finished my last piece with a Championship at Donington



and a meeting with a PR man. My successes with the G15 had attracted the attention of Melitta Coffee who were keen to improve the visibility of their products. We negotiated a deal where I would campaign a Richard Longman prepared car in the Metro Challenge. Roger and



Chris would run the car in the race series with Richard looking after engine development and maintenance. There would be a second identical exhibition car that would do the rounds with me on public appearances. The budget was, on the face of it, generous but was a fixed sum and had all breakdowns and crashes built into it

The Metro Challenge was one of several one-make series at the time, along with the Fiesta and Renault 5 challenges. This one was particularly high spec with "A" series race engines and Dunlop slick tyres included in the series regulations. All this was strictly regulated by Austin Rover and its appointed scrutineer and a high level of support was provided at the races including a Dunlop tyre truck and fitters. My fellow competitors had already completed the previous year's series and most were seasoned competitors in Mini racing from which the Metro was derived. So we were very much the inexperienced newcomers. We had no experience of a front engine car running on hydrolastic suspension so we would all have to learn very quickly. I'm sure our inexperienced antics caused amusement amongst the other competitors.

At our first race at Silverstone we qualified well on the third row of the grid and our sponsors who were there in force got quite excited with the race approaching. I got off to a good start and then drifting round Woodcote for the first time was confronted by the race leader spinning right in front of me. Our coming together and ensuing damage resulted in the race being stopped while my car was recovered from the track. The sponsor thought that was terrific – all the attention and newspaper headlines the following day 'Coffee car grinds to a halt!!' But we had a bent car to take home. After just one lap of the first race.



But the boys sorted things out and we had a reasonably successful and enjoyable season finishing seventh out of twenty four in the championship. I think I made a good impression on most of my fellow competitors. The front runners were OK but some of the 'macho' midfielders gave me a bit of a bashing. After I finished one race with a dented car I heard two of them laughing, 'Yes, I got her on the left, you got her on the right and as we went down the straight her car got thinner and thinner'. Nice! It continued like this all season.

Roger and Chris reshelled the car for the next season and apart from the two Longman engines the car was 'ours'. That season we competed at Nurburgring and Spa, two memorable races. Spa made a big impression on me especially as much of the time I was airborne. It didn't help when during qualifying the boys sent me out with the bonnet pins undone. It wasn't much fun when at the highest part of the circuit I was already in the air and I lost all vision as the bonnet smacked up into the windscreen. Coming back from the Nurburgring race the motorhome's alternator packed up and we lost all the lights on the M4. At two in the morning Roger drove it along the unlit section from Maidenhead to Reading with me shining a torch on the white line to see where we were going. Also in that season we were one of the support races at the Silverstone British Grand Prix on what must have been the hottest day of the year.

After two seasons the PR budget was giving the parent company some concern so sadly the plug was pulled. But the people at the British end wanted me to carry on so they gave me the race and promotion cars and even surreptitiously found a few thousand from petty cash! So out went the motorhome and we towed to the races behind the family Capri – a 'tower of strength'. Also after two intense seasons Chris told me he needed time for his family commitments and house extension that was getting behind. So Roger, by his own admission not quite possessing Chris's skills, became my race engineer and general helper. Chris helped us get the car ready for its forthcoming season though and off we sent to Silverstone.

I put the car on the front row and on a damp track scored my first win. And then a couple of weeks later at a very wet Brands Hatch I won again. This really put the cat amongst the pigeons and the muttering was such that I was warned that if I won again the car would be impounded for a check against the regulations. So that when I won again at Silverstone in the dry it was all too much. The engine was sealed and went off to Longmans for a strip down and examination by the series scrutineer.

We were faced with an anxious wait over Easter that year. With our engine prepared by a third party we had no idea what was in it, yet if it was found to be illegal I'd be the one who got all the flak. But all was well and the report was that some aspects were well within tolerance. Autosport carried the memorable headline 'Davis Found Legal!' And the others went away muttering 'Well, it must be something else'.

So how did we get to these winning ways? Well, it certainly helps to qualify on the front row, especially when the race is wet or damp. But after two seasons we had finally got the hang of making this strange car competitive. For the fourth race we had a new engine ready to



slot in and it was right to get Chris out of his self-imposed retirement to enjoy our successful run, only for a rare retirement to happen. Richard Longman had certainly built us a great engine but with an old rocker shaft that let go on lap 8, fortunately without any further engine damage.

And the madness continued. A few days after my father passed away we were making a hurried late start to the next race and on the way up a coach pulled out in front of us. Roger clipped it as he tried to overtake it, leaving our race car on its side in the middle of the road, pretty much destroyed. Fortunately the engine was OK and we hurriedly built the exhibition car into a racer. The rest of the season continued without further trauma and quite successfully but it was time to call it a day. Roger and I had just bought a house to develop into a grand(ish) design and our days would be occupied with this project.

During the season I was given a drive as a member of the three car Alfa Romeo GTV team in the Silverstone TT race, a six hour touring car endurance race. And I suppose I achieved a sort of immortality when Scalextric brought out a model of my Metro, No 33, in its Melitta livery. In years to come collectors will perhaps say 'who's she?'

I think I made a good impression; I achieved real success as opposed to a lot of attentionseeking women drivers with not a lot to show in the way of results. And in those years we met a lot of interesting people, many of whom are good friends. I hope the Editor will allow the Metro's intrusion into the Newsmag; I wouldn't have had the opportunity to race it without my earlier Ginetta success. And one final thought: if you Google 'Alison Davis G15' you get a lot of hits. Google 'Alison Davis Metro' nothing comes up.



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Just a Sec

Anyone with an interest in classic cars will have considered the matter of originality and many have strong views on the subject. For most Makes and Models, cars adhering to the manufacturers build specification without deviation or modification, are the ones most highly valued and sought after by 'collectors'. Cars with a known racing history or an association with a famous, or infamous, previous owner can command a premium price but provenance is everything. An old racing saloon or sports car can be a seriously bad choice because so many difficult to replace items such as interior trim, bumpers or anything that can be dispensed with to save weight will have duly been dispensed with. Brian Angliss, who later bought the AC Cars Ltd. Company, made his first million re-manufacturing AC Cobra windscreens and over-riders for American owners whose cars had been raced by previous owners and the parts left in some mid-western race shop or maybe in the paddock after the first race.

A potential purchaser of a classic car would be wise to make themselves familiar with its original specification and not rely upon the seller's descriptions or assurances. As far as racing is concerned, historic categories are usually closely controlled to limit technology and componentry to what was available at the time and what may have been homologated by the manufacturer in period. Because cars and racing cars in particular, wear out or get damaged and have to be repaired, it is inevitable that new parts have to be fitted at times and the older the cars get, the more parts will have been replaced hereby introducing the principle of Paddy's Axe. In recent years, organisers of some Historic race series have recognised this and no longer insist that cars must have been built at the appropriate time but only that they are to the correct specification.

My introduction to classic cars came at a time before the term had been coined. There were veteran cars, vintage cars, post-vintage thoroughbreds, and others that were just old cars. Concerns about originality had hardly been thought about and it was fair game to do one's own thing to keep a car running or 'improve' on its original spec. With it being the 1960's, the ultimate sports car for the aspiring driver was the AC Cobra. How times have changed! Anyway, I was not in a position to afford anything so grand but did get part of the way there by buying an AC Ace, which looked almost identical to a Cobra but was powered by a straight six 2-litre engine first designed in 1919 rather than the Hi-Po Mustang engine. I was not alone in deciding the 2-litre engine was inadequate and, whilst I settled for a 2.5 litre Triumph engine, others fitted Jaguar XK sixes, Daimler 2.5 V8, Rover 3.5 V8 s and in the States V8's of larger capacity. When I subsequently acquired an AC Aceca fitted with a Daimler 2.5 litre V8, rather than being ostracised by the AC Owners Club as would probably happen now, I was invited to become Registrar for Ace and Aceca Specials, a post with hardly any stigma attached which I was happy to accept. To put things in perspective, at the time I bought my Ace in 1968, prices ranged from under £200 to £900 so my £350 purchase was quite middle of the

road. Within that range, Bristol engined Aces were more expensive and one of the thirty-six Zephyr engined versions the most expensive. That some of these cars now change hands for approaching a quarter of a million pounds is neither here nor there. I'm not bitter.

Anyway, back to the theme of originality. I recently wrote in Newsmag 154 about my obsession for fitting wider wheels to cars I have owned. Few enthusiastic but impecunious drivers, which probably cover the majority of Ginetta Owners, can afford the car of their dreams; hence have a desire to improve the car they can afford. Improvements may comprise as little as fitting alloy wheels and adjustable dampers or as much as a full on body kit, big V8 with twin turbochargers, Recaros, the list goes on. When these cars subsequently reach a position of being potential classics, the alterations done to them will make a considerable difference to their saleability. Few people have the same opinions about what constitutes an improvement and there is always the issue of what exactly has been done and how. With an original car it is generally possible to determine its build specification from Manufacturer's information but even that can be fraught with difficulty as design changes may have been introduced along the way. With a modified car you have little or no chance of finding out what has been done. It relies entirely on you to work it out for yourself. This is the main reason why modified cars are never, what never? Well hardly ever, worth as much as an original and sometimes impossible to sell at all and end up being sold off as parts. The underlying message is, if you are going to modify a car do it because that is what you want but don't expect to get your money back when the time comes to sell.

Do I practice what I preach? Of course I do. My preference is to buy something totally unfashionable and therefore pretty much worthless anyway, and try to make the proverbial silk purse. A case in point is my 1978 Ford Mustang Cobra mark II. Not quite as machismo-free as the third series Mustang but close. My car at least has the merit of a V8 not the Pinto or Cologne V6 most Mustang mark IIs were saddled with (pun intended). Even the 302 cu in (5-litre) V8 was only rated at 128 bhp or possibly 145 bhp depending on who you believe, so had the ability to make the right noises but not much else. My car, needless to say, does not have its original engine. Before my acquisition, it had been fitted with a 351 cu in (5.7 L) engine. Still a 'small block' in Yank terms but stroked to give the extra half litre or 49 cu in as we are mixing units with such disregard.

My G26 is another prime example of a candidate for modification, having no discernible market value. With kit cars, of course, originality is more difficult to define but the G26 with so much Cortina content is easier than most. The conversion from Pinto power to Rover T-series turbo has been done solely for my own satisfaction and pleasure, and working well it is. If I can keep using the car and turn up at the occasional show, get a few shots of it in magazines, maybe others may save more G26's from ignominious ends, as is currently happening. The car is scheduled to be on the Club Stand at The Restoration Show in March so it remains to be seen whether that helps or hinders the cause. But such is my commitment in this respect that I have agreed to take G26 off his hands to make sure it gets the care and attention it deserves.

room for improvement in terms of its presentation to the world. Eye-catching, even shocking in its visual and aural assault to the senses, in my happy state of retirement, I hope to be able to put a few things right.

An exception to my earlier stated rule that one man's 'improvements' seldom meet the approval of others was my Triumph Stag which I referred to in my diatribe on wide wheels and lowered ride heights. My perception of what a Stag should be exactly agreed with those of my colleague who bought it from me to the extent that he has kept it with its Rover V8 and other less obvious tweaks unchanged for the last twenty-five years. As he has no intention of selling the car, the market value is of no relevance.

And to demonstrate that advancing age does not confer greater wisdom, my latest silk purse came free eight years ago and has since racked up hundreds of pounds in garage rental, thousands of pounds in exotic hardware and will still be worth next to nothing when finished. On the plus side, this 1958 Standard 8 is how I imagine a Group A racer of 1975 might have looked if Standard Triumph had not lost the plot and brought out the Herald and Dolomite models.

Ginetta Owners' Club Events 2017

- March/April: 31 2nd. Restoration & Classic Car Show, NEC, Birmingham*
- April: 23rd. Bicester Heritage Sunday Scramble – Drive it Day, Bicester Heritage, Oxon
- April/May: 30 1st. National Kit Car Motor Show, Stoneleigh – GOC National Meeting*
- June: 3 4th. Classic Car Spectacular, Tatton Park, Knutsford, Cheshire*
- 24 25th. Flywheel Festival at Bicester Heritage, Bicester, Oxon www.flywheel festival.com
- July: 22 23rd. Classic Nostalgia, Shelsley Walsh. Contact Midland Automobile Club
- 28 29 30th. Silverstone Rocking and Racing Classic, Silverstone Circuit, Northants

(note date change).

August: 19 – 20th. Tatton Park "Passion for Power" Classic Motor Show, Tatton Park, Knutsford, Cheshire*

- **27 28th.** Motorsport at the Palace Crystal Palace, London
- 27 28th. HSCC Oulton Park Gold Cup 50th anniversary, Oulton Park, Cheshire www. oultonpark.co.uk*
- September: 8 10th. Goodwood Revival Meeting
- 23 24th. Sywell Piston & Props, Sywell Aerodrome, Northants*
- November: 10 11 12th. Classic Motor Show NEC, Birmingham* G15 50th anniversary display

Events marked * GOC are participating Club. Discounted tickets may be available. Other Ginetta related events can be found at: www.hillclimbandsprint.co.uk www.scottish-sprinting.co.uk www.ginetta.com www.britishgt.com Always check first before travelling

Jottings from the Registrar

I've mentioned in recent years the Ginetta G15's that Terence Tracey in South Africa has discovered and managed to purchase. Two cars in fact, one a 1973 and the other a very early 1969 model, both have been out in that far land since the seventies completely off the club radar. Well Terence who seems the have laser eyes where Ginetta's are concerned has discovered two more.

The first is a G21 tucked away in Johannesburg, at first I thought this might be a missing car that had also been out there for years but when full details came through it turned out to a be a car that had come up for auction he in the UK about four or five years ago. Following the auction it disappeared but now it turns up in the southern hemisphere, the last time I saw it was at Stoneleigh in the hands of long time Ginetta fan Dick Ellingham. Hot on the heels of this discovery, Terence informed me that a G4 is also not in South Africa. This car is I think a recent import but as yet I have not had any details of where it came from or of the car itself, I don't instantly recognise it but it looks rather special.

Terence doesn't let the grass grow under his feet and has already found the time to strip and completely rebuild the first G15 he found while at the same time writing a book on his epic drive across Africa and Europe to Coventry in 2013 in celebration of the 50th anniversary of the Imp, the book entitled No Way Back is now published and available in the UK. The G15 was entered for its first race very recently with no time to shake it down beforehand, Terence takes up the story.







"I have been extremely busy at my businesses and times are super tough here in South Africa at the minute. Result, not time to test my G15 or to even sit in it!!! The first time I sat in it was mid-January. A week before the race I took the car to the race track to TEST it. I did all of 2 laps and no more! The clutch was dragging, the starting motor jammed, the engine as running hot and I was a frantic bundle of nerves for my little car. Also the car would only barely idle with the accelerator fully opened and tapping off, it simply died. Only occasionally would it roar or in fact SCREAM into life.

The engine was built by a fine race engine builder and was once raced in one of my Imps. A friend of mine did a splendid job in it but a trackside accident had me rebuild the car and wonderful engine due to a Ford Anglia driver ignoring the DOUBLE waved yellows and two laps after my friend had come to rest in the kitty litter. The Ford ploughed into the rear end wrecking the car and breaking the imp engine.

So with precious little or more precisely almost no testing done I decided to throw caution to the wind and attend the race meeting which is our only International Race event of the year here

in South Africa, David Piper himself was also in attendance but did not race his fine green P4 Ferrari this time. The diminutive G15 drew many many compliments as it stood in its pit patiently waiting for its turn trackside. Finally for driver and car the moment arrived. I kitted up, strapped myself in and fired up the engine (now with better jetting and NGK 9 es plugs.) Engine sounded sweet. But NO NO NO, why can't I get gears????

The damn clutch was again playing up. Killed the engine, pumped vigorously the clutch and restarted with my foot firmly on the foot brake as well in case the clutch was still not properly releasing. So far so.... Not so good but at least I was rolling. Past the main pits with all the international drivers and celebrities. Still rolling and safely into my allocated start box in pre-

race paddock. Having missed qualifying on the previous day I was lucky to have been allowed to start at the grid rear end as I had omitted to fill out the required docs to advise that although not present at qualifying I would still be racing.

Worried about the seeming overheating, I decided to cut the engine while waiting for the green flag. Soon enough I was entering the wonderful Zwartkops track at the tail end of almost 40 cars. Gears extremely difficult to engage or disengage. Double and triple clutching helps only a tiny amount but I was determined to persevere.

Persevere I did. Persevered for about 4 laps. I had a few occasions where the car performed quite well but I still battled to get it to rev smoothly. I believe with my fuel pick up facing forward of fuel tank I ended up with fuel starvation on acceleration. So to overcome this challenge I applied acceleration only in smooth and gentle doses. Not ideal when trying to overtake the 40 cars that started ahead of you!

> Now the temp gauge rose all the way to the temp gauge extremity, a toasty 110 degrees Celsius Hmmm, what to do???? I decided to place my tail between my legs and sulk back to the Pits. At turn 5 I cut engine power to allow myself enough momentum to return to the pits. Surprised of course to find that the engine remained turning even though the power was cut and clutch fully depressed. Of course, with the clutch still dragging the forward momentum was the cause. With a firm yank back on the gear leaver I managed to encourage the box back to neutral.

Safely rolled back into the pit area, I exited the hot G15 cab expecting to be greeted with a hot and bubbling puddle of water under the engine. Surprised, happy surprised admittedly, I found the Imp mill as dry as the Sahara that I drove through with my JoLon Imp in 2013. Oil pressure seemed to have behaved while on track and with my fears allayed in respect of the engine temperature I became hopeful that I could possibly participate in heat two later in the day.

Between heats I checked the brake fluid in case this was causing my bad clutch effort and all seemed fine. Nought to do but relax until heat two and enjoy some spectacular racing of the other classes on track.

I was determined to complete heat two. I planned to ignore the temp gauge reasoning that the temp showing well ahead of boiling was due to the gauge reading incorrectly. I would rather keep a beady eye on the oil pressure gauge.

Being a tad more confident of my equipment at the start of heat 2 and having learned how to urge the engine to higher revs I even challenged for a few corners feeling jolly cock a hoop as I actually passed a fine looking Porsche with rather wide wheel flairs. My happiness soon faded to severe disappointment followed by serious concentration as I found that my overheating, difficulty in applying serious acceleration was now added to with yet another show stopper.... My Ginetta now suffered a complete lack of brakes. Clearly in no mood to get up close and personal in proper cut and thrust dicing with other fine and irreplaceable vehicles I allowed myself to regain my well-earned position at the back of the pack to enjoy a lonely drive around the delightful Zwartkops track.

It was a rather interesting few laps. I allowed myself a little bravery through turn 3 and 4 but that's where the courage ended. I was delighted that the car builder Bruce Pidwell had decided to retain the hand brake which did come in handy whilst offering at least a little bit of retardation coming into the hairpin and at the table top set of turns. Of course my lap times were better tracked by calendar as opposed to stopwatch.

My performance on track threatened not in the least any of the prizewinning podium steps but I felt quite happy that I had managed to arrive at the furiously waved chequered flag after eight challenging rounds of the race track.

My happiness was instantly converted to shocked disappointment! The low oil pressure siren screamed at me which had my heart sink to below low. Had I just overdone it and ruined my fine race mill?

Nothing for it but to have the car towed back and trailered home for a full examination. An examination I was not expecting to enjoy.

Hours later I fired up the engine to park it in my garage and guess what? Oil pressure was just fine! So why the siren then???? The siren wire was loose on its connection and had come undone. Easy fix! Reconnect the errant cable to the oil pressure switch. The clutch problem? Yeah, this needed an engine pull. In no time the engine and box were split and seeing the thrust bearing loosely dangling, spring-less on the spigot shaft I realised why I battled with gear selection.

An upgrade of the water temp gauge and a sorted thrust bearing along with a re-configuration of the fuel supply will have my G15 right as rain for the next race in March. "

So it seems we have gone from not knowing of any Ginetta's in South Africa to a thriving scene in only a few years, I wonder what next will come from our friends down there?

Events Report

For 2017 we have continued in the same vein as previous years with events. The GOC will be a participating club at the Practical Classics Restoration Show, The National Kit and Classic Car Show, the Silverstone Classic, Oulton Park Gold Cup, Sywell Piston & Props and the two Tatton events. Other events can be added if there is enough interest from members.

At the Practical Classics Restoration Show at the NEC you will find the GOC in Hall 11. On display will be Roy Burrell's G15 restoration project, Duncan Campbell's recently re-bodied G21 V8 and a Rover T16 powered G26. Members discounted tickets are available.

I am pleased to say that Natalie Hutchinson has once again secured us a large pitch at the National Kit and Classic car Show Stoneleigh over the May Day bank holiday weekend. Our national event will be at this Show on Sunday 30 April. In celebration of the G15 50th anniversary the front row of our site will be reserved for G15's. If you have a G15 please try and attend, let's make this the biggest turn out of G15's seen together for many years. Apart from our usual concours awards we will have a special award for the favourite G15 in attendance as voted for by GOC members. We have commissioned a limited number of G15 50th anniversary dashboard plaques. There will only be 100 of these plaques made so they are



something special. They will be available to purchase on the day. Drivers of Ginetta's get free admission to the Show and there is no restriction on traffic movements. You can arrive and leave at a time that suits you.

An application has been made for us to be a participating car club at the Classic Motor Show at the NEC in November. It will be late springtime before I know if our application is successful. I know that the organisers do appreciate the effort we make to put on a good display. Our main theme for 2017 will be the G15 50th anniversary. We already have two G15's confirmed. I think we should try and display three. I do not think we will have a problem finding another good example. It is possible that we may have a G34 on display. An extremely rare Ginetta model that a lot of members may have only ever seen a photograph of.

There has been a comment on the GOC website about a parade lap at the Silverstone Classic to celebrate the G15 50th. The problem here is that we would need some G15's to be there. If you are planning to attend this event in a G15 let me know as soon as possible so that I can make enquires about a parade lap. Discount tickets are available up to the end of March.

The GOC committee are still discussing the Ginetta 60th anniversary in 2018. We now have a short list of suitable venues and an announcement will be made in the near future to give you plenty of time to prepare and get some of those rebuilds completed! You will find a full list of 2017 events that might be of interest in this Newsmag.







Secretary's Sidelines

Is it old age creeping up, or is it that we are becoming boring, because I have just got off the phone to Geoff , (that well known Renault driver!) We spent the first few minutes on the phone, not heralding the virtues of Ginetta ownership, but how green, or in my case, how brown the grass was in the garden. (Percy Thrower would have been proud of us) sounds ominous doesn't it, talking about grass, green, and, what was it, oh yes, on the other side. Perhaps I'll wake up tomorrow, and wish I too had one of those French cars!!!

But then again, perhaps I'll stay loyal. What other Club could have such a diverse group of nutters as us?

I'm reminiscing here about a stay over at Bill abode, where he was showing me his latest ideas for the betterment of his G27. (I personally don't want to see it get any better!) But Bill is Bill, and has a brain that is so far off the wall, that he seems to find solutions to problems that I didn't know I had, until I saw the answer?

One such improvement that he was very proud of was in his braking department, where he was complaining that he didn't have enough pressure in his hydraulics. The answer lay in a bicycle tyre valve secured in the top of his master cylinder cap, thus allowing him to pressurise the system with no more than a bicycle pump. I was honoured to have a private viewing of this phenomenon, where I was entrusted with the important task of testing the brake pedal pressure, with an accurate scientific instrument specifically designed for the job. Yes you've guessed it, my left foot!

From this point you will have to forgive me about the accuracy of what happened, because I find it very difficult to concentrate, when I can't see through tears of laughter. But, if you can picture the scene, there I was, half in the G27, (Bills car is set up for someone slightly shorter than me) scientifically measuring the pressure of the brake pedal, while Bill was leaning over the engine bay, frantically pumping for all he was worth on this Bicycle pump. Can you picture it yet? Well, perhaps you had to be there!

Anyway, after what seemed an age, but in reality was probably only a few seconds, Bill was getting a real sweat on, and working himself up into an absolute frenzy. All of a sudden the operation climaxed with an almighty bang, and the master cylinder cap launching itself into orbit, with Bill hanging on desperately to his bicycle pump, which was still attached to the cap. It took us both a few minutes to regain our senses and stop laughing, before we could wipe the surrounding paintwork clean of brake fluid. Thankfully, no damage was caused, except for the slight dent to Bills head, where the cap had hit it under extreme pressure. The morale of the story, No Pain, No Gain!!!



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Erratum The view from the other side:

I know as much as the next man Never to trust a smiling cat, but when the said 'cat' is so affable, cool and genuine; ones guard is down. (With benefit of hind sight this was a man whose advice to a friend on the braking point of Loton Park's straight was to get to the 3 yard marker and then count to 25.)

The clutch had taken to need a couple of pumps on the pedal to get it to work. I had diagnosed a possible broken return spring inside the hidden slave cylinder. Not wishing to do a nasty awkward job unless really needed I devised the above devious plan to test out the theory, a bike valve on the top of the master cap with about 1 psi in it. It worked so well, a sharp responsive pedal, no back lash, and no clutch drag. So I resigned myself to the dreary job of fixing the awkward spring but put the job off till later.

The next weekend race went without trouble as did the next few then I realised I had completely forgotten to let off the pressure that's why it was working so well. As it had worked fine for a month, I just left it there and never bothered to fix the root cause. Everybody assume it was a primitive hydro-mechanical attempt at launch control. So I let Steve into my confidence that it was actually a sticking plaster to fix a problem.

He asked for a demonstration. I fell for it. He pushed the clutch, nice and stiff I then let off the bike valve pressure and it then took two pumps to release the clutch. At this point things were going well. Steve then innocently wanted to feel it with pressure again. I searched around and found an old bike pump, connected it up and gave it a gentle 2" pump (all that was needed, tiny volume, only 1 psi). However Steve said; "That did nothing, when was I actually going to put some pressure in?"

Dutifully I pumped two strokes quickly knowing that old pumps sometimes lose their sealing (old leather seals)

Still Steve said "come on nothing's happening".

To cut a long story short this process was repeated for a while. Till I noticed it was getting very hard to push the pump almost as if it was up against 70psi.

But I thought that could not be..., because Steve would have felt a change on the pedal long ago.

Little did I know but it had gone rigid at the very first 2" pump, and Steve was doing all he could to resist the rock hard force on the pedal and the suppressed grin of winding me up; Something had to give, could Steve keep a straight face?

Could the splash cover take 70psi? Would I eventually realise not to trust a smiling cat?

In fact all three went at once, just as the realisation dawned on me that I had been done... I looked down to see that the cap was now dome shaped under extreme pressure and was

visibly climbing off its threads as I watched. I jumped backwards my inertia moving in slow motion as happens during these sudden accidents. At which point the cap gave up the struggle and shot upwards at 25g acceleration, only held back by the rubber connector, pump and my arms. Its ballistic flight in a perfect arc was rudely interrupted by my forehead receiving quite a bruise for it pains.

Meanwhile at the same moment Steve could neither hold down the pedal or the straight face and exploded into uncontrollable crying laughter.

I can't remember did I say "Never trust a smiling cat"

You can never do too much for a friend

Long-time Club Member and former GOC Speed Champion Bill is well known for various attributes apart from his undoubted driving talent. He has a vast number of patents to his name proving his immense mental aptitude. However, care in preparation and ability to weld are skills notably lacking from his CV, hence he has come to rely on his good friend John when such activity is required. John is one of the fully paid up members of our Kenilworth Thursday night drinking association and, although not a Ginetta owner, maintains credibility as a worthy petrolhead by indulging in Grasstrack racing. Picture of VW Caddy attached.



Some years ago now, at some stage in the still unfinished saga of Bill's attempts to convert his G27 to four wheel drive, he needed John's assistance in welding bits of the chassis back together and John, who lives twenty-five miles away in Kidderminster, was happy to oblige, provided Bill did the necessary preparation. Welding rusty or oily surfaces never goes well.

On the day in question Bill sends John an e-mail just after lunch.

Subject Prep (homework)

Sir, "The dog ate my homework. I left it on the bus. I fainted!" Note: those familiar with The Blues Brothers film may spot a connection. See footnote 2.

But seriously, it was our twentieth wedding anniversary last night. I actually forgot it was Wednesday because I've had two days off work sick. But I spent some time with Sue working in the field and finishing off a bottle of red. I didn't finish supper till ten so didn't get much done before I flaked out.

Ta Bill.

This is John's reply:

Bill,

I tried to get the welder out of my garage but I forgot to pull out the plug and to disconnect the gas bottle. Ripping the plug out of the wall blew out the electrics and the pumps for the fish pond packed up. All the fish have now died of asphyxia. Also, I pulled over the gas bottle as it was still connected and the valve got knocked off the top. As the bottle still had 190 bar of gas in it, it took off like a rocket and ricocheted around the garage for about thirty seconds. Fortunately it only wrecked the Caddy shell and I only broke a leg and one finger. After Karen had patched me up I put out the fire in the garage which had been caused by sparks getting onto my spare petrol can. I think just a new roof and a good clean up should put it right.

Anyway, I dragged myself and the welder across the pebble drive to the Focus. Due to the imbalance from my broken leg, I slipped trying to get the welder into the load bay. Luckily, it only gouged the bodywork a little bit and smashed off the rear bumper – a couple of tie-wraps and some body filler should soon sort that out. Then I couldn't start the car (as usual) and the battery went flat. I was fortunate the AA man only took three hours to arrive and sort it out.

On the way to work there were only a couple of pile-ups and three lane closures so it only took a couple of hours to get to work instead of the usual fifty minutes. As a result the car park was full so I had to park five miles away. When I got to work I had to walk back again because I had forgotten my pass-card. The First-aider said walking fifteen miles on





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Then I got to work and looked at your e-mail.

Did you say you haven't done any prep because you had a problem ?????

Don't worry, it was no bother bringing the welder over, I can bring it again tomorrow.

John:

Footnote 1

When this little episode resurfaced again and was forwarded to Mr Treasurer who had not known the two protagonists for very long, he anxiously enquired if John had recovered OK. Such misplaced concern!

Footnote 2

Mystery woman (*Carrie Fisher*) 'you miserable slug! You think you can talk your way out of this? You betrayed me. Joliet Jake (*John Belushi*) 'No I didn't. Honest. ... I ran out of gas. I ... I had a flat tyre. I didn't have enough money for the cab fare. My tux didn't come back from the cleaners. An old friend came in from out of town. Someone stole my car. There was an earthquake. A terrible flood. Locusts. It wasn't my fault. I swear to god!

GOC membership

The membership so far this year 2016 > 2017 is 26 and to these members we welcome to the club.

The time is coming to the end of this year's membership so a form has been sent with this mag. I would be very thank full if it could be filled in and returned to me stating how one has paid and vehicles owned at this time as I forward all the information to our Registrar. I need to know when a bank transfer has been made because this is not an automatic notification this may delay membership if I am not notified.

I will be at some of the club events this year so I should see some of you good members around.

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