

RED ROSE RAMBLINGS

OCT/NOVEMBER 2016



Apologies for text only last news letter. I made a few mistakes with the formatting of the text and photographs and poor Roger was left to sort out my mess and turn it into the document you received.

Even so, hope you enjoyed it. This edition however

will put that right, photos galore. By the way all the photographs taken by Tim at our Fest are available on the Register web site.

After the Antrobus Fest came the Tatton Park, "Passion for Power" Classic Motor Show. All I can say was that the format of

the show was pretty much the same as previous years - Trade stands and the Passion for Power Dream Cars Pavilion. A large undercover display area with high-performance, competition and super cars. It is reckoned by the organizers that around 2,000 classic cars were on show and 80+ 'First Class' Car Club displays.

Saturday was rain on and off but our gazebo proved a winner as we sat around and enjoyed some good banter. Especially those reminiscing about their trips to Spa. I'll not repeat what was said in

order to protect the innocent. So much so I may well consider the Spa trip next year! A real boy's break. Sunday weather-wise was a much better day. We were all welcomed on arrival by Tony Shearin who had camped overnight.

Fourteen of our cars appeared on both days, Sunday saw three of them winning prizes, well done Bernard, Mike and Laurie.

The next event was the Oulton Park Gold Cup, one of my favourites. Anyone who has not been to

this three day event really should give it try. Spread across the Bank Race days are Sunday and Monday, Saturday being reserved for qualifying. We had a good turn out of cars especially on Monday when according to Bob 37 cars were parked up on our plot.

It was good to see Keith Hazel there on Saturday with his immaculate 1954 TR2 and Monday with his Lotus 51B.

Below left is Keith burning up the miles in the Formulae Ford Ford 1600 race.



The Lotus 18/21 Grand Prix car which attracted a lot of attention on the track and in the Paddock



Autumn Leaves Run

On the most beautiful sunny, clear autumn morning (?) Red Rose members met at the Charnock Richard service area on the M6. Because of road works at our normal exit it was decided to go north to junction 33 to meet up with more cars and their owners at 'The Crofters Hotel Garstang'. From there two convoys set off on the run in the Trough of Bowland. We travelled through the pretty village of Scorton. It was full of cars and cyclists. This would be a recurring theme throughout the run. All

cyclists seemed dressed for the 'Tour de France'

We continued towards Marshaw and passed stunning scenery in both wide and narrow steep valleys past farms woods and streams. I didn't count the number of cattle grids we traversed. However I do remember a particular large horned sheep with an obvious death wish, heading for my car door. Fortunately we moved off in the nick of time.

We arrived for lunch at Dunsop Bridge. Strangely group 2 arrived here before

group 1. Some of us picnicked and other bought lunch at the café. A visit to the Chocolate Shop was a sweet experience.

As we set off again it dawned on me that I hadn't noticed any Autumn leaves. Brown bracken a plenty but it wasn't until near 'Paxtons Honda Agricultural' business that I saw the most beautiful bright red Virginia Creeper on the side of a house. We had to turn for home before the end of the run the others carried on back to 'The Crofters' for a meal. Thanks to Bob we had

a lovely day. It was good to see so many old friends and meet new ones too. By the time we arrived home we had covered 200 miles. Unbelievable!

Thanks to John and Anne Thorp for their account of the run.

The MGB.

I make no apologies for publishing this next article. An extract from a BBC Top Gear publication entitled "CRAP CARS" written by Richard Porter.

For reasons that no one else can quite remember, the MGB is the darling of the classic car scene. Which is odd as its quite spectacularly rubbish.

For one thing it's a something that loosely based on the chassis of the Austin Cambridge, a 1950s saloon and they used technology so old fashioned it gets several mentions in the Bible.

Secondly the MG wasn't the only thing to be built around the Cambridge chassis. It was also used as the basis for the Leyland Sherpa. Which is a van.

So driving an MGB is essentially admitting that you have wasted your money on a leakier, noisier, less comfortable and far less handy version of

something that plumbers used to drive.

In fact there are only two things worse than driving an MGB : having to spend time with MGB owners in the back room of some country pub as they brag about how they spent 27 years re-chroming their bumpers or stripping down the entire gearbox using only their teeth; or having your face pushed into a lawn mower. Actually the lawn mower option suddenly sounds quite nice.

Interesting, the book also sets about one of our TRs. This article will

never be published by me. In fact there maybe a ceremonial burning of the book in the A.A. car park.

At this point I was hoping to bring you a account of my first visit to to the Goodwood Festival. I had earlier on in the year when the tickets became available decided to plump just for the Saturday, what a mistake that was. Having clothed myself in an acceptable uniform, an extremely bright, loud jacket, trilby and cravat I travelled by bus direct to one of the on course

car parks. On arrival it started to rain and never stopped all day and it was heavy too.

I bumped into John Sykes with his scootery thing and wearing a mods type Parka jacket beautifully trimmed with a fur collar.

He smuggled me into the grandstand area with one of his impressive array of badges and wrist bands.

We watched a couple of races snuggled under my brollie until John decide that it was time to kick start the scooter and ride off on

a lap of get your feet wet. After a couple of hours I was just about fed up. Jumped on a bus and headed back to Chichester. This bedraggled enthusiast landed in the first pub I came to. The final nail in the Goodwood sodden coffin was the flattest pint of beer imaginable. One thing I hate about one of



the southern customs.

If anyone attended Goodwood on either of the dry days perhaps a few words from you for publication

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