

TRANSPORT PROBLEMS

After 21,000 miles of 'lead footed' monitoring, my T.R.2 engine began to make ominous noises. Even to one so mechanically clue-less as myself, it was obvious that all was not well. A closer and deeper inspection than my normal wheel counting and refuelling seemed necessary.

With the tender regard and reluctance common to all who part with a loved one into the surgeons hands, I handed the mobile bomb to Ron Little. Ron is a mechanic of the highest order and a born pessimist. After lifting, listening, prodding and revving, he gave his verdict The prospect of being car-less for several weeks whilst the engine was rebuilt didn't look particularly inviting. However, it had to be accepted and so I set about renewing acquaintanceship with the Eastern Counties Bus Co.

For several reasons both fortune and fortunate, I have had little need to make use of their service since School days. It was with some consternation that I discovered it cost 4d to visit my place of business, as like sun to return home, and much more important - the last bus left the City at 10.45 p.m. This interference with my financial and feminine affairs could not be tolerated, something must be done ... The Bicycle section of our Organisation were delighted to lend me a machine, full of confidence, dynamo, toolkit and basket, I set forth unsteadily on my way home. Pedalling merrily I was swept along in the mad throng that constitutes Bridge street at 'rush hour'.

Weaving gaily, and at times uncontrollably in and out of cars both parked and moving, I fought my way to Castle Hill. Pulling out to pass a stationary 'bus I heard a loud crash behind. Halting abruptly I was informed by another cyclist - I might almost say 'fellow cyclist' that my rear lamp had fallen off and rolled under the bus. The bus had attempted to move, rear lamp was in way bus carried on, no rear lamp left, Pedley pedals on. Deeply distressed by this incident I continued up Castle Hill. Lacking a gear box began to worry me more than lacking a rear lamp. The Hill got steeper, but finally after fantastic efforts I reached the summit. On level ground I pedalled much harder and was soon clear of the crowd and bowling along at quite a rate.

Mr. J. Huntridge, who is a consistent competitor (and winner) in our road events, has had his entry accepted for the Monte, driving an Austin. We shall follow his progress with interest, and wish him the best of luck.

One committee member has already taken steps to defeat the petrol famine. Apparently he drives with one hand on the wheel, and the other manipulating the tap of a Calor gas cylinder.

Club members have been kindly invited to the Annual Dinner of the Centaur Motor-Cycle Club at the Dorothy on January 3rd. With the approach of the season of goodwill we will erase from our minds memory of a certain passage in their club magazine which referred to us as 'would be racers' and we heartily reciprocate with the wish that we shall see some of their members at our own 'do' on January 11th.

Note We all regret to learn from the Press that the 'Monte' is off for this year - better luck next year Mr. J.H.

Fifty bob special continued.

and although I shall have to write the thing myself, it will serve the help fill yet another month's issue. don't miss this article - it will contain some heavy technical stuff.

Meanwhile such is the twisted mentality of we motor maniacs, my comparatively new Standard 10 whose acquisition cost me so much blood and sweat and many a hungry look from my youngsters, stands out in the weather, whilst the miserable heap lords it snug & dry inside the garage.