



SCARCE Newsletter No 20 August 2013

Since our last missive we have had the Capesthorpe and Hebden Bridge shows, racing at Silverstone and the Saddleworth Transport Revival weekend.

Capesthorpe was poorly supported, SCARCE members living up to their name. To all those who didn't go I have only this to say "you chose wisely, you didn't miss much!" It took place the day after the night before, when we had huge thunderstorms and a horrendous amount of rain. Although the weather on the day was much better the threat of the storms return kept people away in their droves, and I'd guess there were only half the entries compared to normal. The bottom line was that there was only David Clegg and myself upholding the SCARCE flag.

One for the coincidence file. As I arrived another TR6 was just turning in, so we parked up together, along with another 3 TR's. This chap must have been a regular show exhibitor because he put a print-out about his car in the windscreen, along with a framed copy of his heritage certificate. I have a certificate for mine, but it resides in the history file which remains at home. Anyway, when I read his registration date I realised our cars were both registered the same week in August 1972, so I opened my bonnet to see what my commission number was. They were only 14 apart! What are the odds on that? The chances are the other 14 cars no longer exist anyway.

Couple of mobile phone related funnies from these shows.

First one when I arrived at Capesthorpe I stopped just inside the gate and rang Martin Bradbury to see if they had already arrived or what. Conversation went something like this:

"Hi Martin, its Deryck, whereabouts are you?"

"If you come over the bridge you'll see the Shell station on your right and we're just past there."

(I'm looking round and can't see any bridge or Shell station)

"I can't see any of those, are you in front of the hall?"

"What hall?"

"Capesthorpe Hall"

"We're not at Capesthorpe, we're at Silverstone!"

Following weekend at Hebden Bridge I had been attending to a call of nature in one of those Portaloo things and was in the process of washing my hands at the sink and therefore had my back to the assembled throng. I suddenly heard a voice behind me saying "Hello Deryck we've just arrived at Hebden and are wondering whereabouts you are?". I turned round and there was Tony Littlewood ringing me up! "I'm here Tony". Cue laughter from assembled throng!

Had a close call in the Volvo whilst wearing one of my other car club hats. We were surveying a route for an event for next year and were up in the top end of the Dales.

Weather was absolutely atrocious, absolutely p-----g down, water barrelling down the hillsides and across the roads which were totally awash. Anyway we were following a road along a river bottom with the river only about fifty yards to our right when we arrived at a dip in the road where the river had spread right across the roadway. I gently started to enter the water. Attention level mildly concerned. The water depth started to increase to the point where the front bumper of the car was pushing water into waves along the road in front of us. Suddenly the feel of the clutch changed, the pedal was no longer returning to the top of its stroke. Attention level upgraded to extremely concerned. Fortunately the road then started to rise again and we were through it and back onto relatively dry land. I was hoping that there was nothing else like that in front as I certainly didn't want to have to return through that. Of course (you're way in front of me here) around the next bend the road dipped again and was covered in water for the next 200 yds. Again we gently entered the water which just kept increasing in depth. Attention level now upgraded to s-----g myself! We rapidly reached the point beyond which we would not get through, so I had to stop and try and reverse back out, which was not as simple as it sounds when you're looking through the back window at a sea of water, only parts of which were covering the road! Anyway we fortunately made it back onto dry land again where we were able to turn round in a field entrance. We then had to return through the first flood which we managed to do by the skin of our teeth. After driving for about 10 miles the clutch returned to normal. It must have dried out or the bellhousing emptied of water or something. Suffice to say we abandoned our foray and returned home counting our blessings and resolved to back off much earlier in any future encounters with floodwaters.

Hebden Bridge Classic Car Show 3rd/4th August

This year's Hebden Bridge was probably the biggest and best yet, being blessed with good weather both days. The format is that each day has different classes, with Sunday reserved for the older vehicles. I was entered on the Saturday in my 1972 TR6 which was not eligible on the Sunday as the latest date was 1970. Gerry Marsden had his 1937 MG VA entered on the Sunday so a bit of reciprocity saw Gerry coming with me on the Saturday and me going with him on the Sunday.

There is a nice happy feeling about this show which helps everyone to enjoy themselves. Whether it's the beautiful setting of the admittedly compact showground, or maybe the entries which tend to attract more vintage and post-vintage vehicles than some other shows we attend, I don't know, but it's always a "good do".

Scarce were also represented by David Clegg in his Frogeye on the Sunday, and other Scarcities in evidence were Tony Littlewood and Heather on the Saturday, and Alan and Fran Rostherne on the Sunday.

On the way there on the Sunday we had the added bonus of seeing some of the vintage commercial vehicles on the Trans-Pennine Run from Manchester to Harrogate which always takes place on the same Sunday as Hebden Bridge.

Anyway a picture speaks a thousand words – all pictures from the Sunday.



General views of the showground



Gent's Toilets



Gent's Toilets being emptied out!



Cars made in Manchester: A Belsize



A Crossley



And another Belsize!



A couple of nice Rileys



WG Marsden's VA



and WG surveying an Alvis with his initials on it



David Clegg with his Frogeye Midget



1950 Rover 75 Drophead, when did you last see one of these?



Or these? - Genuine factory A35 Pick-up circa 1955/56



I think not!



I wanted to hang this from my keyring



To paraphrase Crocodile Dundee "now that's an engine!"