

NEWSLETTER

CHAIRMAN'S CHAT



I spoke too soon! what happened to our weather? We did however have good weather for our last two events.

Many thanks to David and Carrie Whiteley for organising this year's mystery-run. The weather was kind to us, which added to the pleasure of driving over great roads and through beautiful countryside. Tom turned up without his MG! see his scribbles for the inside line.

Thanks also to Tom for organising the club's day out at the Chippenham Lions Cherished Vehicle Show. A number of interesting cars turned up, not least a group of 2CV based three wheeler cars - or should that be tricyles?

It's the MG Live event at Silverstone this weekend - 15 and 16 June. Speaking of which, we were travelling back from our daughter's last Friday morning. We got as far as their local pub, and noticed two early MGs in the car park with their owners. It became apparent that they were Dutch and had come over for the MG Live event. They were spending a few days travelling around looking for suitable roads to use their cars. The cars were K3 Magnettes - replicas but

built using original engines and transmissions, the bodies were exact copies of the originals.

They looked absolutely the bee's knees!! One in red and the other green. They wanted to know where the Prescott Hill climb could be found. We pointed them in the right direction, including other places to visit. The group included the two owners and one passenger. They were dressed in motorcycle clothing to protect themselves against the elements, including head gear and goggles. That's the way to go motoring.

I've included a short description of the model at the end of this piece with pics that Anne took whilst I chatted to them.

Anne has written a moving piece, as a follow up to the talk we had in March on WW1 Wiltshire soldiers - see page 3.

I've put together an idea for our annual picnic - see page 8. Tony Neale has arranged for us to meet for the trip down to the "Classics at the Castle" event, see the events list on page 12. He will need numbers as he is producing directions for the route.

For your diary in the coming month

June

24th - Club Night - BBQ
- 7:30 Start.

July

7th - Summer Picnic
21st - Classics at the Castle
22nd - Club Night

For details see page 12.

I've had a few more details from Terry Gazzard on the Marque in the Park event, see page 10.

Vic Wright will be taking on the mantle of Chairman for the next three months, so I will formally hand over the gavel on our next club night which is the BBQ.

See you then.

Paul

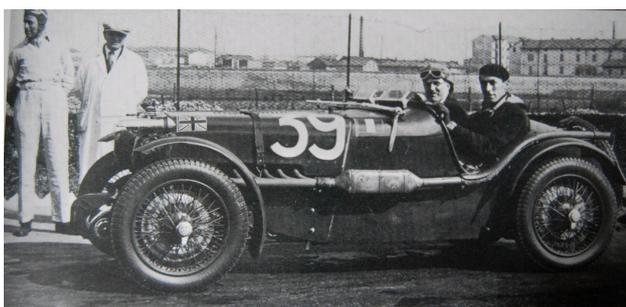
THE K3 MG MAGNETTE

It was in the winter of 1932 that two K3 prototypes took shape in the racing department at the Abingdon factory, both utilising supercharged 1100cc engines on specially made chassis upon which were mounted modified C type racing bodies. One of the cars was entered in the Monte Carlo Rally and it proved to be the fastest car on the Mont des Mules hillclimb section, breaking the class record easily. The other car, accompanied by Reg Jackson and a team of drivers, went to Italy to make an entry in the Mille Miglia.



This was a gruelling 1000 mile race on public roads which had always been dominated by home teams such as Maserati. The prototype was thrashed around sections of the Mille

Miglia course on a reconnaissance mission prior to the event; this was intended to show up any weaknesses in the car and this it did. The pre-selector gearbox had to be revised because the gearing was too low and it also consumed too much oil. Road wheels and hubs were redesigned as were the brake drums which failed under the arduous two month testing. Back in Abingdon, three team cars were prepared and they were shipped to Genoa in early March 1933, ready to tackle the Mille Miglia, driven by



Earl Howe and Hugh Hamilton, George Eyston and Count Lurani, with the third car manned by Henry Birkin and Bernard Rubin. Birkin's K3 had to retire with a broken valve, but the remaining two K3s proceeded to break all existing class records, finishing first and second in their class and also collecting the team prize. This marvellous victory at an event that was renowned for being the toughest in the racing world set the stage for countless other successes at race venues all over the world. In its class, the K3 remained at the top for the best part of two years, becoming one of the most successful racing cars of all time.

You may wonder why one of the cars is painted red and not green. The red is actually the original Italian racing red - not the red seen on today's Ferraris running in F1. As described above the Mille Miglia is raced on open roads and any car not in Italian red was targeted by the passionate Italian peasant folk who lined the course. The K3 in red looked very much like the period Milanese firm's Alfa Romeos and were not targeted!! **ED**

FAMILY HEROES NOT FORGOTTEN

You will recall that for the March 2013 club night we were given a talk by Richard Broadhead. His talk, about Missing Great War Soldiers, was most interesting. I know that some of you are researching your own Family Tree; I also have this interest and took advantage of talking to Richard about two of my Great Uncles that fought in France during the conflict.

I had already carried out some research on my uncles but wanted to find out more of their story. Richard has been extremely helpful and I thought some of you may like to read an account of his and my own findings.

Ernest McNamara was born in 1885 in Manchester and his brother Arthur, was born in 1889, again in Manchester. The sons of Harriet and Richard McNamara. Their sister Florence, would grow up to become my Grandmother.

I know from the 1911 census that the family was living at 4 Nelson Terrace Old Trafford Manchester, that Richard was a Railway Clerk, as was Ernest. Arthur was an unemployed Clerk at this time. Little did they know what was waiting for them just a few years ahead...

Ernest McNamara



Sometime in 1915 Ernest volunteered for the army and joined the 18th Manchesters. In April 1915 he was sent to Grantham and then to Larkhill, Salisbury Plain for final training. He arrived in France on 18th November 1915 and after initial trench training, took turn manning the front line.

The 2nd Wiltshire's War Diary for 1st July 1916 records:

Z DAY. The assault by the army in conjunction with the French on our right. 21st Brigade attacking with the 19th Manchester Regt and 18th Kings Liverpool Regt in front, 2nd Yorkshires in support and 2nd Wiltshire's in reserve, three companies supplying organised carrying parties and one company ('D') advancing to old British front line and halting to be ready in case of need. Our Brigade takes the whole of its objective ie. GLATZ REDOUBT and our 'D' company advances to old British front line vacated by attacking troops, during which 2/LT J McWHANNEL is wounded fatally. The 90th Brigade then passes through us and takes MONTAUBAN. 'A', 'B' & 'C' companies work hard through the rest of the day and night carrying water, rations and material to the forward troops under shell fire. (Ernest was with 90th Brigade)

Ernest was killed in action northwest of Maricourt at the Somme on Saturday 1st July 1916 along with 38 other men from the 18th Manchesters - probably by shell fire as they advanced to Montauban. I am not sure how long it took for my Great Grandparents to receive this news, but it must have been an extremely sad time for the family. Ernest was 31 and unmarried. He is remembered at the Thiepval Memorial.

But that was not the end of tearful days for Harriet and Richard.

Arthur McNamara



We know that Arthur joined the Royal Field Artillery, but he was later transferred to the 9th (Service) Battalion of the West Yorkshire Regiment. As he was a Lancastrian, I am not sure what he would have thought about being in a Yorkshire Regiment, but he would have had no choice. I understand from Richard that there was a shortage of men which is why he was probably seconded.

The 6th Bn Yorkshire Regiment War Diary for 27th August 1917 records:

On the 26th "A" and "B" Companies were attached to and in close support of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment and took over a line of trenches on the north bank of the Lekkerboter Beek. Next day, the 27th, at 1.55 p.m., Second-Lieutenant F.E.A. Postill and No.1 Platoon of "A" Company attacked the White House, the 115th Brigade being on the left and the Duke of Wellington's Regiment on the right. The platoon came almost at once under very heavy machine-gun fire: the officer was hit, and only Sergeant Cleary and six men managed to reach the objective. Two sections of the same company were sent up to reinforce, but all, except two men, failed to arrive, and what was then left of the original party, finding itself in danger of being cut off, withdrew to Pheasant Trench at 8 p.m. At 3 in the afternoon "B" Company of the Battalion had been called upon to send up one platoon to reinforce the line, when Second-Lieutenant G.W. Howarth went forward with No. 6 Platoon, but coming under heavy machine-gun fire this party suffered several casualties, including the officer. Captain J.L. Derrick then went up to try and lead the party by a safer way, when he was killed. In all, this day cost the Battalion 1 officer and 8 men killed, 2 officers and 44 other ranks wounded, and 2 men missing.'

I have Arthur's original Birth Certificate and written on this is "6th Bn - wounded and missing 27th Aug. 1917." One of my Great Grandparents must have written this. How must they have been feeling? Yet another son probably won't come home from the War.

Richard Broadhead thinks it is more than likely that Arthur was one of the 2 men missing, as recorded in the diary notes.

Arthur never did return home. He died at Passcendale, aged 28, unmarried. He is remembered at Tyne Cot Memorial.

A Cousin, Arthur Cawthra, who had joined the Bradford Pals, arrived in France in 1916. He took part in the Battle of the Somme, and was killed on 9th November with 8 other men from the 16th West Yorks, west of the village of Serre to the north of Beaumont Hamel Somme.

So much for THE GREAT WAR. So many families must have gone through the same traumatic times that my Great Grandparents went through. They must have felt as I do, there was nothing great about the war and so many young lives were lost. But we need to honour these men for their brave unselfish acts and never forget what they did for all of us.

As Richard said to us, they all had lives and enjoyment of life as we all do. This is often forgotten and no-one had any idea that the war would be responsible for so much carnage and death, on all sides. Doubtless, most families would have been affected in some way during this conflict, and yet just a few years later it was to happen all over again.

For my Great Grandparents, they had outlived two of their sons, for my Great Grandmother she was also to have the death of her husband, Richard, in 1919, to add to her sadness. Perhaps Richard found the loss they had sustained just too much to bear. At least my Great Grandmother was with her husband when he died and he died at home, something that could not be said for their sons, or Arthur Cawthra. I have photographs of these men, which I treasure. With Richard Broadhead's help I have been able to better understand the final hours of my great uncles and cousin.

Paul and I hope to go to France next year for the Centenary Commemorations and to visit both the Memorials of my two great uncles; and for cousin Arthur, I believe we shall be the first of the family to do this. It will be nice to pay our respects not only to my relatives but to all those that died in that terrible war.

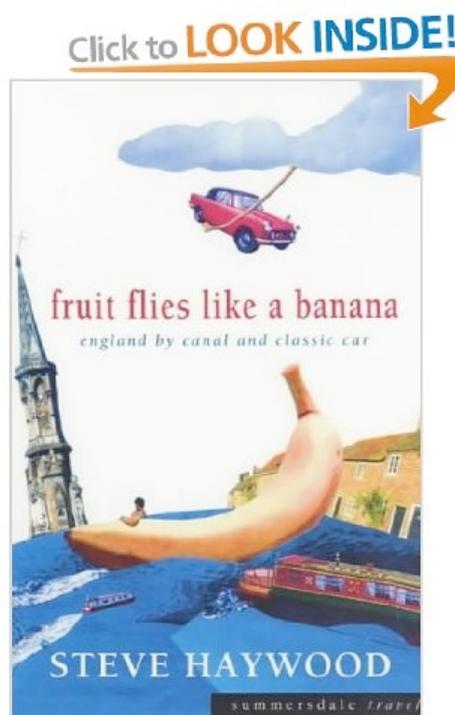
Anne Warn

Fruit Flies Like a Banana: England by Canal and Classic Car

"Following on from the Editor's excellent write up of our recent trip to Llangollen, I thought those that walked across the aqueduct might enjoy this story from a book I'm reading."

".....We'd been been for a drink in a pub in the small village of Froncysyllte on the Llangollen Canal near Thomas Telford's famous towering aqueduct, which carries the canal across the valley of the River Dee. It's an extraordinary structure, even by today's standards, yet it's really no more than a narrow iron trough the width of a boat which rests crudely on 19 stone piers. These are more than 100 feet high, though, and they taper towards the top so that the whole edifice looks surprisingly graceful and delicate. It's remarkably resilient as well. It was built in 1805, the year of the Battle of Trafalgar, and it's still carrying thousands of people across the valley each year, for not only is the Llangollen the most heavily cruised canal on the whole system, attracting boats from all over the country, but the aqueduct's also become a tourist attraction in its own right and draws sightseers from all over the world.

Our moorings that night were at Trevor, so we had to walk over the aqueduct to get to the pub. It was getting on a bit when we set out, and late



when we arrived, so we couldn't have been there particularly long - an important point to make, since there's no question that either of us were drunk, or anywhere near drunk, when we left. It was after closing time, though, and with little or no moon that night, dark enough to need the torch we'd brought

with us for the purpose. In fact, we could have done with more than one torch. The towpath then was overgrown and too awkward for two to walk side by side comfortably, so we were compelled to walk in Indian file with me at the front using the torch to glance briefly ahead of me before swinging it behind me in an arc so as to allow Em to see where she was walking too. It was in this way we eventually arrived at the beginning of the aqueduct where a path running up the side of the valley joins the towpath. From this path - and entirely unremarkably, since I suspect it's a common short-cut locally - a young man appeared and began to walk across the aqueduct in front of us. He was - what, maybe 10 or 20 yards ahead? certainly no more. The towpath as it crosses the valley on the aqueduct is actually a good deal less intimidating at this time of night than it is during the day, especially for someone

like me who suffers from vertigo so badly that even climbing to the top of a double-decker bus is a bit of an ordeal.

During the day you've a clear view for miles across the Welsh hills, and there is simply no avoiding the fact that 1) you're very high up; and 2) the only thing that prevents you plummeting the sheer drop to the river and immediate death is a frail-looking waist high fence forged of cast iron. At least at night, when darkness limits your visibility, you've no conception of how high up you are, and the worst you think you risk is tripping up and falling into the canal on the other side. Mind you, on a chilly autumn night, as this was, that's hardly a prospect to be relished, and so we were both walking carefully, still in Indian file, me carrying the torch and Em following closely behind. I'd take two or three paces during which I'd swing the torch forward, allowing me to survey the ground immediately ahead. At the highest point of the arc I'd briefly catch sight of the young man walking in front of us, and then I'd begin swinging the torch back again towards Em, lighting her world and darkening mine for the time it took for me to take another

two or three paces, at which point, once again, I'd swing the torch forward until it once more illuminated the figure walking in front of us. Three paces of light and a glimpse of the man ahead, then three paces of darkness. Three paces of light and a glimpse of the man ahead, then another three paces of darkness. Three paces of light and a glimpse of the man ahead, then - inexplicably - he wasn't there any more! He'd suddenly vanished. Totally disappeared. At this stage we were towards the middle of the aqueduct and both of us immediately froze. I scanned the torch forward now so that it illuminated the whole of the rest of the path ahead. But there was no sign of him, and I could feel my blood beginning to curdle. Em, I remember, was clutching my arm so hard that it hurt. "He's gone" was all I could think to say before grabbing her hand and running, my only aim at this stage to get us both off the aqueduct and back to the safety of the boat as fast as possible. Later that night we compared notes on what we had seen, and we went through the options of what might have happened. For a start it was clear that our recollection of the incident coincided in

every significant respect, for as I'd swung the torch forward, Em had been watching the beam of light too, and she, like me, had been aware of following the figure ahead of us. She'd been conscious of him disappearing at exactly the same moment that I had too. And she knew as I did that, on the surface of it at least, there wasn't any obvious explanation for his disappearance.

"Could he have just run off fast?"

"No way! not in the brief second or two of me swinging the torch. Not even if he'd been an Olympic sprinter." "Well, he couldn't have fallen in the water," she said. "We'd have heard him splashing about." "Or fallen over the edge," I added. "Not with us being so high up. With a drop of that distance, even if he'd been committing suicide he'd have cried out involuntarily..."

We looked at each other blankly. Baring a local practical joke of torturous complexity designed to terrify tourists, there didn't seem to be any satisfactory way in which we could account for what had happened.

Or at least one that wasn't supernatural..."

Jeff Rattle

ANNUAL CLUB PICNIC

DEPART 9:30 FROM **TBA**

ARRIVE AROUND 10:30 **Lytes Cary Manor - National Trust**



Approx 36 Miles from Trowbridge:

Comfort Stop and Tea/coffee - also available to non NT members.

Time for NT members to look around

DEPART 12:00 - 12:30ish



ARRIVE 12:15 - 12:45ish **Tintinhull Gardens - National Trust**

Approx 4 miles from Lytes Cary

PICNIC - in grassed car parking area - also available to non NT members.



For those wanting to take in three National Trust properties in one day, **Montacute House** is just a 5 minute drive away.

ED

THE MOTORHOME QUESTION

You may recall that I sent a Round-Robin a few weeks ago asking for members' experiences of motorhomes. Many thanks to those who responded to my question. The consensus was that this is a fine idea but there was a strong contingent in favour of caravanning instead....

The reason for the query is that we have to leave our home whilst the floors are dug-up to remove oil pollution following an oil leak last November. Our insurers offered us accommodation in a local hotel but the idea of twiddling our thumbs in a hotel room for eight weeks did not appeal.

It is also difficult to find short term accommodation at this time of the year, thus the idea of buying a motorhome, ensuring an ever-present roof over our heads. And here she is:



She doesn't have the style and presence of an MG but, whilst driving back from Norwich, where we bought her, I have found that motor-homers do wave at each other. How embarrassing is that!

I think I also prefer a 1600cc petrol engine to a 2.2 litre diesel but economy was impressive, at 32mpg over 250 miles.

The other thing of course is that she has a bed, cooker, a heater that works and a loo, all things absent in our MG. Hey, ho, you can't have everything.

David Whiteley

MARQUE IN THE PARK - 100 YEARS OF MOTORING IN BATH

A further update for this event on 1st September. Below is the press release promoting the event. The plan is for the Wessex MG Club to be a major show contributor. Don Foster will be presenting the raffle prize; tickets will be on sale during the event. The prize is around 6 laps of the Castle Combe race circuit in an Ariel Atom, driven by an experienced rally driver.

Terry Gazzard

MITP 3 - Press Release Information

For Web and Magazine Submission
Release Date 19-03-2013

Release 2.0 – General Information

September 1st, 2013 – Marque In the Park 3

Celebrating 100 years of cars in Bath!

In 1913, Horstman car manufacture commenced in the historic Georgian city of Bath. To commemorate the centennial, the 2013 Marque In The Park event will include a special display of at least 6 of the remaining 9 known Horstman cars left in the world – and the hunt is on for more!

Organiser Tony Hickman said 'We are on the lookout for any more Horstman cars. We know of 9 in the world, but surely there must be a few more? Hidden in barns, perhaps? We are aiming to get the largest gathering of Horstmans back here where they were made, and then parade them through the city as testimony to the marque.'

This exciting and fun event, based in Alice Park is now in its third year, and will once again be in aid of Help for Heroes.

Tony continued; "Help for Heroes is a tremendous charity that is very close to my heart, and we are delighted to support this fantastic cause. Entry is free to both the public and car owners, and entrants are encouraged to dress for the occasion in appropriate attire – so classic or vintage clothing is the order of the day! Drivers should also bring a collection bucket for public donations."

Terry Gazzard, the Coordinator working with Help for Heroes, added; "H4H is all about 'doing your bit' and this is a wonderful example of people coming together to raise money for a worthwhile cause. The money you raise is needed, it is being used and it is hugely appreciated; the war may be ending, but for these brave wounded the battle will have only just begun, and we won't let them battle alone. We aim to be there to support them for life. I would like to say thank you for this and every other fund raising event that it inspires."

The event starts at 10am, with cars arriving from 9, and ends with the mass procession into the city centre, leaving Alice Park at approximately 3.30pm. The emphasis here is always on fun, and with so much to see, this really is a great family event in Bath.

Tony concluded; 'This year's event will surpass the previous two – there are more cars, more to do and of course this fantastic collection of Horstman's. Make it a date - 1st September, here at Alice Park – and come and support Help for Heroes!'

Alice Park, Gloucester Road, Bath BA1 7BL

MYSTERY CAR

Courtesy of David Whiteley. Anyone with the Knowledge?



THANK YOU

To all those people that attended my birthday bash at The Bell in May (The Mystery Run) and paid for their own food and drinks. On this basis, you are all invited again next year.

Malcolm Taylor

CLUB NEWS

2013 EVENTS LIST				
Date	Event	Club Event	Venue	Contact Details & Start Point/Time
24-Jun	Club Night (BBQ)	Yes	The Bell	Paul Warn 7:30 for 8:00 start
7-Jul	Summer Picnic	Yes	2 National Trust Properties	Paul Warn - START POINT TBA
21-Jul	Classics at the Castle	Yes	Sherborne Castle	Tony Neale - Meet Warminster Granada Services (A36) 0900 for a 0930 departure. A route will be provided.
22-Jul	Club Night	Yes	TBC	Possibly Boules at Broughton Gifford "Bell on the Common". 7:30 Start
19-Aug	Club Night - Visit Marlborough College	Yes	Marlborough College	Peter Hine
25-Aug	Action Day & BBQ	Yes	Tom's Field	11:00 am Tom Strickland's house
1-Sep	Bath Classic Car Show - Supports Help for Heroes	Yes	Alice Park Bath	Terry Gazzard & Paul Warn
8-Sep	Walking Frome Treasure Hunt	Yes	Frome	Arrangement to be announced - Tony and Jenny Neale
Oct ??	Sunday Lunch at a Pub		TBA	
28-Oct	Club Night (Talk - 1970-79 GP Seasons - When Sex was Safe & Motor Racing was Dangerous)	Yes		Paul Warn
7-Nov	Committee Meeting	No	The Bell	Tom Strickland
25-Nov	Club AGM	Yes	The Bell	Formal notification will be included in the Sept & Oct newsletter.
7-Dec	Christmas Party	No	TBC	Peter Hine

SECRETARY'S SCRIBBLES

So unfortunately I was not in an MG at the Mystery Run! The first time ever for me not to have an MG when required! The story starts with those troublesome brakes I was telling you about last time. Well I put new cylinders on the front drums - Yes I have drums on the front! It has two cylinders though on each wheel to give extra oomph. I got them changed fairly easily but then on my test the car was pulling slightly the other way. I had a look and found that one of the unions was leaking under pressure - not good so I tightened it up and then went round the car tightening them all up as a precaution and woops - I ripped the threads out of the casting of a cylinder by over tightening. No messing around with brakes so new cylinder ordered but unfortunately I missed having the car ready for the Mystery run. The cylinders are at the sides of the drum and are joined so you bleed them both from one nipple. Trying to use an easibleed type system is quite difficult for bleeding as the cork gasket on the master cylinder tends to let air out!

I have also had help from another Magnette owner in getting my odometer working. This is a great help especially when it comes to insurance as I have had to pay for unlimited mileage previously. I was given a spare speedo to accomplish this. The magnette speedo as it turns out can be adjusted in situ. I had to pop the front off and drive at 60 and 30mph (using satnav speedo) then with a finger I can adjust it - Simple!

Well all is going well now (touch wood!)

Tom