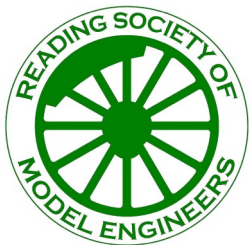


Reading Society of Model
Engineers
www.prospectpark
railway.co.uk

Charity Number 1163244

The Prospectus

September 2020



President

Les Dawson

0118 969 4654

Trustees Chair

John Billard

01189 340381

07834 998971

Secretary

Peter Harrison

07920 833546

Editor

John Billard

john@jegbillard

.plus.com

Free to members



Mark Kirton looks pleased at the resumption of club running on 8 August with his Feldbahn 0-6-0. See report on page 4.

Photo Peter Harrison

**CLUB RUNNING RESUMES
ADDITIVE MANUFACTURING
THE FIFTEEN GUINEA SPECIAL
A LIFETIME INTEREST CONTINUED
DOWN IN THE WOODS
TAKING TO THE BOTTLE**

A VIEW FROM THE CHAIR

John Billard

We had a successful first club run under Covid rules on 8 August and we are planning to repeat this on 12 September. Look at last month's issue of PROSPECTUS if you wish to take part. Peter Harrison is the contact.

We are still awaiting a decision on the Southern Fed Rally; we have suggested September next year. The LittleLec competition may be later. The 2020 Santa Specials will not take place sadly; lets hope he visits us in 2021! We are hoping for early progress now on the club house rewiring. Another thing for us to think about is a safety inspection of the many trees that are part of our lease. While this is not mandatory for the care of all of us on site we think this is well worth doing.

Now the Wednesday Warriors have been re-established we are anxious to continue with a work programme. At the moment we are concentrating on paintwork—nothing arduous! For major jobs we think the best way forward is to have paid help and this is underway. As a social occasion it must be all very pleasurable—but there is plenty else to do—it is a Work Day after all!

With very best wishes to all our members and their families. Stay well.

An Update from Gramp's Shed

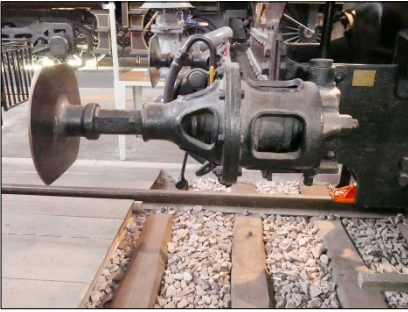
by John Spokes

(Or, Additive Manufacturing, Ed)

I cannot recollect why, other than that the ticket was free to anyone who registered, but in September 2018 I went to the TCT Exhibition at the NEC. TCT is the leading exhibition for Additive Manufacturing (AM) in this country and the punishment of course for getting this free ticket is that one is inundated with emails for 3 months prior to the exhibition and for the 3 months after. The upside is that one is automatically registered for the next year. This ensures the emails keep coming whether you attend or not!

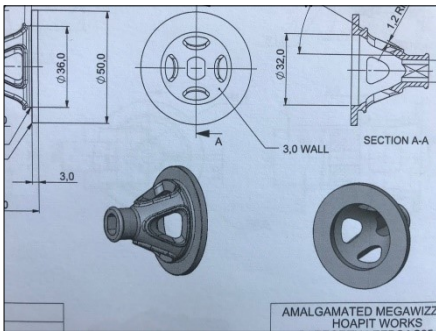
In fact, my visit last September (2019) had a real purpose, other than a general interest in what is a rapidly evolving technology. Additive Manufacturing is the fancy name for 3D Printing and although FDM (Fused Deposition Modelling) - 3D printing using some form of plastic filament - is relatively familiar to the model engineering fraternity, the technique has expanded into SLS (Selective Laser Sintering) and EBM (Electron Beam Melting) which are focussed on producing items from stainless steel, other more exotic alloys and even tungsten. Examples are monolithic burners for gas turbines, i.e. no welds, and turbine blades, complete with cooling ducts and where the material composition along the blade varies by changing the metal powder used during the 3D printing process. NASA is producing a complete rocket motor thrust cone using Additive Manufacturing.

I took with me to TCT some photographs of a NORD Railway buffer stock assembly to speak with people and see what could be achieved using AM. *The photo at the top of the next page* I took with me and shows the front and

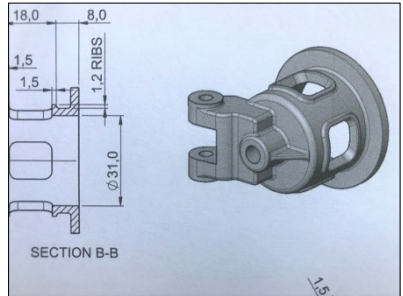


rear parts of the buffer stock assembly, between which is sandwiched the buffer beam. The assembly contains a large double-coned helical spring which absorbs the shock load. Apart from fabrication, probably the only other means of producing these items is via Lost Wax Casting or CNC machining. The challenge is the raised sections around the apertures.

My original plan was to assess the feasibility and cost of producing the items in some sort of polymeric material, possibly containing glass or carbon fibre as a reinforcement. A number of companies showed interest in this, but one organisation, The Manufacturing Technology Centre (MTC) in Coventry, considered that this would be a good exercise for them to produce the parts in sintered stainless steel (316L) and write-up the work as a Case Study, an elaborate means of advertising their capabilities to potential clients. To my surprise they offered to carry out this service to their account.

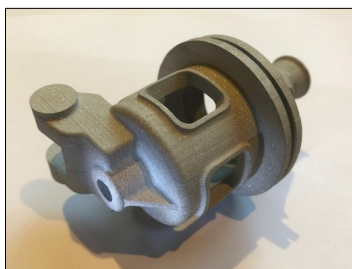


My input to this was to provide 3D CAD (STEP) files for the front and rear parts and I was assisted in this by a colleague of Steve Harland (ex-RSME) at the Leeds SMEE. I produced the 2D drawings and Steve's friend Nigel Bennett prepared the STEP files



using Fusion 360. I was going to try this myself, but I was told the learning curve was steep. It is not, it is perpendicular! *Photos above and right* show part of some extracts from the 3D model.

The actual 3D production was hindered somewhat by COVID. MTC, as with many organisations, shut down on-site operations and restarted only recently. The SLS printers are set-up to run over a weekend, not just with my parts but others too. The engineer doing the work was a little dissatisfied with the result as there was some slight distortion of the thin flange section. Just too picky in my opinion! The product showing the two parts aligned as they will be is shown in Photos 4 and 5 (*see over*). I think you will agree; far too picky.



CLUB RUNNING AT LAST!

Peter Harrison reports

Our first club running since lockdown was arranged for Saturday 8th August; this was the first opportunity since the Covid19 regulations were relaxed that club running could take place.

As there were only three members running, we decided that they could all run together all day if they wanted. The first to arrive was David who duly loaded his loco onto the tracks and off he went with his wife, Lily. Mark Kirton arrived with his battery powered loco based on an 0-6-0 Feldbahn HF130C, a 750mm narrow-gauge built for the German war effort from 1937 and throughout the war with a further two made in the 50s. Mark built this loco on his narrowboat using just angle grinder, jig saw and files. Karl soon turned up and unloaded his Bantom Cock onto the 3 1/2" steaming bay. As no one else was due to arrive I unloaded my B1 onto the raised track steaming bay and set about raising steam.

David and Mark set about enjoying the track before I was in steam and after making the obligatory checks, safety valves all working and water feed systems in check, I placed myself onto the tracks and for the first time since March enjoyed the fruits of our hobby by going around the track on a wonderfully warm Saturday morning.

After a short while Karl was in steam and was also enjoying the clubs facilities, however after a while Karl managed to remove his regulator handle for the regulator putting paid to his first steaming in ages.

Throughout the day we had a few visitors, Mike Sinclair, Graham Steven and Stuart Higgins, all socially distancing themselves of course. As the day rolled on the temperature rose to the point where we were all a little wary and at 3pm decided that we had enough fun for one day and so proceedings were brought to an end.

Although there were only four locos on the track the day went quickly and we all left site having had a great day's running, albeit that my injectors failed to work due to dodgy clack valves but at least the fixed lubricator functioned as hoped.

Many thanks to those members that did run and those that came for a socially distant chat and I look forward to arranging the next club run sometime in September.

IT57 – The Fifteen Guinea Special - At Ribbleshead Viaduct

11 August 1968

by Alec Bray

Mike Jones, in his article “A Lifetime Interest In Railways Part 3” in the RSME “Prospectus” for August 2020, wrote: "...In 1968 I travelled on the last steam hauled train owned by British Railways the infamous fifteen guinea special..." I must have watched him go by!

IT57, otherwise known as the 'Fifteen Guinea Special', was the last time-tabled main-line passenger train to be hauled by a British Railways steam locomotive on the British Railways network, on 11 August 1968, before the start of a total, nationwide, ban on steam locomotives running on British Railways standard gauge network that began the following day. (well, actually, “Oliver Cromwell” ran light engine to Norwich, then to Diss, the next day). The 'Fifteen Guinea Special' started from Liverpool Lime Street and was hauled to Manchester Victoria by LMS Class 5 locomotive 45110. From there to Carlisle the train was hauled by Britannia Class 70013 “Oliver Cromwell” – the last steam locomotive to be overhauled by BR – and from Carlisle, two LMS Stanier Class 5 locomotives, 44781 and 44871, double-headed the train back to Manchester Victoria. 45110 then worked the last leg of the journey back to Liverpool Lime Street.

I had recently left the BBC (where I had been a Technical Operator) and was waiting to go to College in the September. My Dad had advised me to take a break and do something completely different for a couple of months between working for the BBC and going to College, so I was working in a menswear shop in Reading – “...don't worry, it will ride up with wear...”, “...of course, he'll grow into it...”

I had many friends at the BBC, but meeting them was always difficult. We worked irregular hours and irregular days, so sometimes we could go for up to six months at a time without meeting up with a friend at the workplace. However, one of my friends, Stuart Nottingham, had invited me up to his parent's home at Brighouse for the weekend of the Special (and, no longer scheduled for weekend working, I could go!). Stuart had arranged with one of his hometown friends to go to see the Special from the lineside. Of the journey to Brighouse (by rail), all I remember is waiting on the barren wastes of the island platform at Mirfield station for what seemed like hours to catch the connection to Brighouse.

The next day dawned clear and bright, and off we set with high expectations. Stuart's friend had managed to buy a Huddersfield double-decker bus in order to preserve it – an early example of bus preservation – and which was garaged in the Huddersfield area. We clambered on board – a whole group of us – to journey to a suitable vantage point to watch the Special pass. We had to get fuel on the way, so pulled into a service station. To

find out how much fuel we had on board, the owner-driver had a dip-stick – actually, a broom handle – which he inserted into the tank via the fuel filler pipe. So, fully fuelled up, we drove to our destination: Ribbleshead.

When we arrived at this spectacular location, we parked the bus and sought to choose our spot for photography. In this photo by David Rostance (which I came across many, many years later) you can see our bus parked up near to Ribbleshead Station (this is the only known picture of the bus at Ribbleshead). So where to go to watch the train? Most of the guys on the bus opted to go to Ribbleshead Station for their view.

I have always enjoyed watching steam locomotives working as part of the landscape, and, of course, Ribbleshead Viaduct is spectacular in its own right and set in a spectacular part of the countryside, so I set out to get the best view of the train crossing the viaduct. Also – as the train was going across the viaduct, I thought I would be able to get more than one picture of the Special: if I had been at Ribbleshead Station I would have had one shot at a picture and that would have been it! So out into the countryside it was. The spot had to be chosen with some care, as my camera had a simple lens (approx 50mm focal length) – no Zoom lens in those days: not too far way so the locomotive was too small, not too close otherwise the whole view could not be seen. And then wait...

The train is coming, the train is coming! All across the valley you could actually feel the surge of excitement as “Oliver Cromwell” raced towards the viaduct. There it is! Click, wind on. Click, wind on. Click, wind on. Click, wind on...



What a sight! The last official British Railways steam-hauled train crossing Ribbleshead Viaduct and vanishing into the distance...

The excitement over, we made our way back to the bus. Where to next? To the Keighley and Worth Valley railway, of course. A preservation society (including rail enthusiasts and local people) had been formed in 1962 and they had bought the line from BR: the line had reopened on 29 June 1968 as a preserved railway, so really it was just about a month and a half old when we visited!

And so, back to Huddersfield. As the bus was a Huddersfield bus, and had a Huddersfield fleet number, the owner-driver put “Huddersfield” on the front destination roller blind and its fleet number as the route number on the route indication blinds. Night was falling as we drove through Bradford, and at the bus tops we passed, so many people stuck their hands out to request the bus to stop. Didn’t they think it odd that there was a Huddersfield-liveried bus in Bradford and with a fictitious route indicator?



So back to Huddersfield to park the bus: the end of a very enthralling day!

My camera at that time was an Ilford Sportsman “Vario” model – the cheapest of a range of four cameras made by (or branded as) Ilford. The exposure “metering” was very simple: printed on the carton of the 35mm film cassette was a straightforward chart: Sunny, Cloudy Bright, Cloudy Dull and Dull. Look at the sky, look at the chart, and set the exposure accordingly – if possible! Not all the “settings” recommended on the carton could be achieved: you made the best guess. Hopefully the exposure latitude of the film stock allowed for some variation.

Back in the day, the best film around was Ektachrome – a reversal process transparency film - and as soon as you got the slides back you put them into protective mounts with thin glass plates either side of the film and sealed these so that no dirt could get in. Hmm. Scanning in these old photos, the frisson of excitement at reliving the glory days when the photo was taken was swamped by the realisation that the film was wrongly exposed, out of

focus and badly framed (however could it be out of focus? - the lens focus had been set to infinity!) - and by the thought of having to spend a lot of time digitally removing the general detritus that covered the image - black dots, hairs, dust, scratches and goodness knows what! Ah well the photos here have been cleaned up reasonably well, but they are certainly not perfect: black dot removal, black dot by black dot ...



A LIFETIME INTEREST IN RAILWAYS Part 4

by Mike Jones

When steam was phased out in France we started to see steam in the Iberian Peninsula firstly in Spain at Miranda de Ebro where we saw 4-8-4F and 2-8-2F classes. But much more interesting in Oporto Portugal where steam was operating on both the Narrow and Broad Gauges. The Broad Gauge line was very scenic along the vineyards of The Douro Valley but there were very few trains. Of much more interest was the Narrow Gauge line this operated the intensive suburban services using magnificent Henschel built Mallet and Tank engines. I spent many happy hours photographing their operations in the wonderful Trindade station with its profusion of Geranium flowers.



*Narrow gauge Mallet,
Oporto*

With steam ending in Western Europe we were having lunch on New Year's day 1975 when Audrey said where are we going this year? I said it will probably have to be Costa Brava as the only real steam left was in China

India and South Africa thinking these destinations were out of the question. To my amazement she said let us go to South Africa to see steam and the wild life in The Kruger National Park (thirty five years later when she died I



was sorting out her things I found her school book when she was seven years old in it she had written “one day I will visit The Kruger Park”!). It was expected to be a once in a lifetime trip but it became a destination at least twice

*GMAM Garratt Garden Route
South Africa*

yearly ever since and became the start of my other passion wildlife photography.

In the past forty five years I have travelled on almost all lines in South Africa and Zimbabwe with steam over thirty different classes of locomotives including twelve Garrett classes.

Audrey was very supportive of my railway photography she would stand with me in the middle of Great Karoo Desert in forty degrees watching the magnificent North British Class 25 condensers and non condensers hauling the heavy freight trains between Cape Town and Johannesburg. We would also stand at the summit of The Outeniqua Pass watching the



USA steam Duluth Ore



Manchester built Beyer Garrats struggle with heavy freight trains. It took ninety minutes to negotiate the 1 in 40 pass from sea level to the High Veldt with the train in sight most of the time. Photographing wildlife I have been to South Africa Botswana Namibia Zim-

babwe Kenya and Tanzania.

I was very fortunate in my career in engineering I worked for the same company for over forty years an American multinational company manufacturing printing machinery. I retired as Managing Director of European Operations. In this role I had to make frequent visit to the USA I had a wonderful boss. Whenever I needed to meet him he always asked if there were any steam events on at the time he would then try to ensure they coincided. The high-

light of these visits was to the Sacramento Steam Exhibition. I then filmed the Union Pacific twenty coach train hauled by Northern class 844 and Challenger 4-6-6-4 on its six day journey through Nevada and the Rocky Mountains back to Cheyenne Wyoming. My boss organised all the hotels. Amongst many other events I filmed the Norfolk And Western streamlined Class No 611 on a high speed run from Atlanta to Chattanooga returning with their huge articulated locomotive 2-6-6-2 No1211. Who said American companies are not good employers!

At about this time we made four trips to Eastern Europe to see preserved steam in action firstly to film an East German Plandamfs where all trains in the Erfert area where steam hauled for a week we also visited two Narrow Gauge lines near Liepzig. We then followed this going to Poland to see the Woltzyn Potsnan line in its first year operating using Museum steam locomotives. I had the privilege of doing this journey on the footplate sitting in the driver's seat working the regulator and reverser under his guidance! He spoke no English all communication was by sign language but it was great fun. Our next trip was to The Czech Republic the railway was magnificently maintained and operated by Skoda blue painted high speed locomotives. Our final expedition was to The Ukraine to see steam operations in The Carpathian Mountains. The scenery and weather was stunning. The area is often referred to as Little Switzerland and is popular for its winter sports.

In nineteen eighty nine a group of six of us went on a trip to India this was very different to my previous journeys we started by going to the Railway Museum in Delhi. Here I bought a Class YP brass number plate for Two Pounds! All the exhibits were static but when the curator discovered we were steam enthusiasts he said if we came back the following day he would



Indian metre gauge

have an engine in steam. We arrived the next day expecting to see one of Indian Railways large Express Locomotives in steam but there was no sign of any activity. Then a smiling curator appeared and took us behind his office where there was a thirty foot long 5" gauge track laid on the path with a Maid of Kent in steam painted in Indian Railways livery. He spent the next two hours running up and down the track putting the engine in forward and reverse gear.

The following day we had our first journey on Indian Railways to the Punjab to see the Pacifics in action. What a fantastic sight to see these hauling heavy passenger trains out of the station under the British style semaphore signal gantries. We spent the next two days filming activities around the station and shed. Our overnight journey after this was to Fizapur to see

some metre gauge steam this was not a pleasant journey although we had booked sleepers it was over booked so one of us had to sleep in the corridor. We were advised to be very careful because thieves were very active on this route. The member of our party who drew the short straw thought his camera bag would be safe if he slept on it however when he woke in the morning he found that his bag was full of lumps of wood. When we got out at Fizapur we saw a typical Indian station with many families living on the platform. Some were cooking their breakfasts over open fires while others were doing their washing. The station was the only place in the town that had clean water. We spent the day filming the YP class arriving and departing with overloaded trains all the carriage roofs were covered with passengers.



Indian Railways derailment

The following day we took a bus to the local sugar mill that had its own railway system bringing sugar cane from the fields. They had eight ancient engines all Ex Indian Railways the newest was built in 1895 the oldest in 1878 at the time it was the oldest working locomotive in the world. They were all fired using sugar cane after the sugar was extracted. We spent two days filming and riding on the foot plates. The mill itself was

very interesting it was powered by two huge steam engines that were built in Scotland in the eighteen nineties. These boilers were also fired by sugar cane in vast quantities.

Our final journey was to New Jalpaiguri for The Darjeeling Railway this involved changing trains. While we were waiting for our connection there was what seemed to be an explosion after the dust cleared it became apparent that there had been a major derailment. A freight train had been passing through the station when the points were changed at the crossover before the train had cleared the point resulting in 200 yards of track being torn up. This resulted in us being delayed there for two days while the track was repaired. There were no Hotels so we had to sleep in the waiting room on wooden benches with monkeys chattering on the roof all night! At least we were under cover not like the locals who lived on the open platform.

When we arrived at New Jalpaiguri the morning train was ready to leave for Darjeeling hauled by a class B Saddle Tank built by Sharp Stewart & Co in 1889. We took a few quick photos before departure. We ran through the town with its many level crossings and shanty shops. The train left the town and started passing picturesque tea plantations with local women picking the leaves.

After leaving Siliguri the line starts its climb into the foothills of the Hima-

layas running parallel with road crossing it on numerous occasions with no controls. The road traffic is supposed to give the train priority but in reality it is a free for-all with heavy trucks continually sounding their horns as they cross dangerously in front of the train. There is a series of reverses after the initial climb so we started to climb vertically up the mountain to get a photo of the train as it arrived at the top. At the third reverse we waited twenty minutes but the train did not appear. Something had obviously gone wrong! We retraced our footsteps and found that as the train was being propelled up the reverse the carriage had gone up and the engine down the reverse derailling the entire train. The driver said this was a common occurrence at this reverse and it would take about two hours to fetch the re-railing crew. He pointed to a narrow path up the hillside, we climbed up and came across a small shack, when we looked inside, we saw an old lady stirring a large pot of curry.

When she saw us she gave a huge toothless smile motioned that we should sit at her rickety table she then served us large bowls of curry without saying a word. At the end of the meal she charged us ten pence each which included a bottle of Indian Beer! Two hours later when we got back to the train we saw that the crew had arrived to get it back on the track. They arrived with an old lorry piled high with ropes and a selection of old jacks. The driver saw we were back, with a huge smile he asked if we had enjoyed our meal. A spectator explained that this was a regular occurrence and that the old lady



Indian sugar mill the world's oldest engine

was the driver's mother! Could he have derailed the train to drum up business for his mother? By this time a small group of locals had appeared and helped the railwaymen to get the coach back on the track however when they got the engine re-railed and tried to move it locked up solid. The connecting rods had bent so they had to be removed and taken back to the works to have them straightened. By this time it was getting dark so we got a lift on the back of the lorry to our Hotel sitting on top of their oily tools.

The hotel was The Windermere in Darjeeling an old Colonial Hill Station where the Memsahibs used to stay in the hot summer months. The Hotel was a time warp, little changed from the days of the British Empire with a copy of the Times newspaper from the 1890s on the table. I ordered a cup of Darjeeling Tea and sat in one of the plush arm chairs reading the newspaper. A group of Japanese tourists came in and excitedly started to point at me, their

Tour Guide came across and said that I looked like a typical Englishman from the time of the Raj and could they take my photo! The next day we hired a taxi (a 1948 Land Rover) and went back to where the train had derailed to catch a train up to Darjeeling. What a journey with more reverses and road crossings. At the town of Kurseong the train runs up the main street with all the local shopkeepers wares spilling out onto the track The engine driver frantically blows his whistle leading to a mad scramble to clear the track. I saw a few baskets of fruit pushed aside by the cowcatcher much to the amusement of rival shopkeepers.

We got off the train to visit Tindharia Works and was greeted by an old man in a boiler suit and a greasy cap that looked as though it had not been washed for twenty years. He explained that he was the Works Manager and would show us round. We were lead into a very dark workshop filled with many ancient machine tools and about ten B Class engines in various states of repair, The workshop was apparently exactly as it was built in 1890. He said he could repair anything.

DOWN IN THE WOODS THEY SLUMBERED

by David and Lily Scott

Or, the daring rescue of two lathes, a filing machine, a mechanical hacksaw and a fly-press.

We were on our annual holiday down in Plymouth armed as usual with tubes of 5 minute filler and enough emulsion to cover dark blue walls using four coats of it. Then I got a phone call. Typical... The find of a lifetime and we are 200 miles and several rivers away from the action. Never mind they have sat in the workshop for 30 years, another 30 days will not matter.

HOME at last.

We crossed the Thames and ventured towards Stoke Row, eventually finding the wooden bungalow as described. Also the wooden workshop with the leaky roof. (I chatted with Les later via the socially distancing phone. "It always did leak and machines rusty!" was his reply.)

Robert showed me round. And in the corner was the Myford, more oil painting via a palette knife than a photograph. Well in the half light and the dark rust taking any other brightness from the proceedings. Super 7 with a gear-box... Every part seized and orange with a thick layer of rust and remains of chipboard ceiling. The price further reflecting its condition... "SOLD!" said my body without thinking the amount of WD40 it would cost to extract. Then the filing machine caught my eye balanced on a half rotten bench. Now accustomed to the romantic lighting the second lathe on offer came into view. "A Raglan 5!" I recognised from the pair I already have at home. Also seized solid. They are very heavy and this time the bits did not look as if they came off!

Emerging we were introduced to a keen young woodworker who was hav-

ing the bench drill for the price of four coffees. The lack of interest in second hand machinery at the moment is staggering, and in good condition. Add a sprinkling of rust and you have no chance. The Raglan gets added to my basket. Getting it to the checkout would be another matter.

I had a look at the Minor Mill that had a customer, and fell in love with a Denbigh 2 fly press hiding behind in the middle bench. Most are too big for model engineers but this is just fine. Then was offered the automatic hacksaw sitting beside. Eight coffees worth each did seem to be a bargain. We sat in the peaceful surroundings and watched the grass grow higher. Six acres does take some work to manage after you get past a certain age and it was time to let someone younger take it on.

Now home and rested the search for space began. None. Oops!

All the time you have lots of space in your new workshop you have built from the summer job from School in the mid 1970s nothing turns up. The moment the garage is stuffed full of workshop extension parts mid 2020 two more lathes turn up with assorted friends and need somewhere to live.

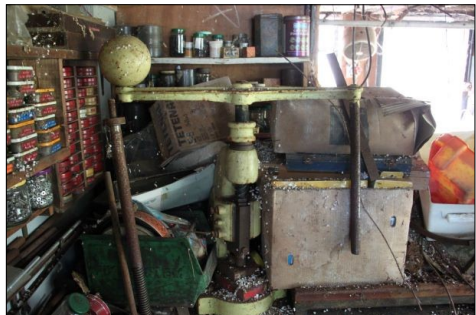
A day later we gather the Myford and assorted bits for both lathes leaving the stand. The filing machine is heavier than expected sits beside. The next day we gather the Raglan, this time being not able to remove parts makes it very heavy as I had thought. The fourth day I use the Myford stand to carry the flypress to the car. Sort of slide on, slide off superbly carried out. Robert adds four small boxes of assorted metal to the stack and we are fully loaded. The stand slides in, JUST!

We go on a grand tour of the estate and a history of cars owned and enjoyed. So wonderful to be able to have them as living memories parked between the trees ready for just one more journey. I lost count of the assortment of sheds and their contents. "I got rid of my bus but never got round to the Austin 7" sighed Robert opening up another shed. Every lawnmower we have ever owned greeted me in another.

We bid goodbye and slowly drove home, so late we got over the Toll bridge for FREE.

It will be sad when the brothers sell and move away after a lifetime there. Their dad was active in the Club as the new site had its railway built many years ago.

We unload in the morning but the fly press has elected to live in the car until accommodation can be found. I have tried passing it off as a can crusher in the kitchen but as Ikea currently do not stock them my cunning plan failed. Could try another colour as bright yellow does attract attention.



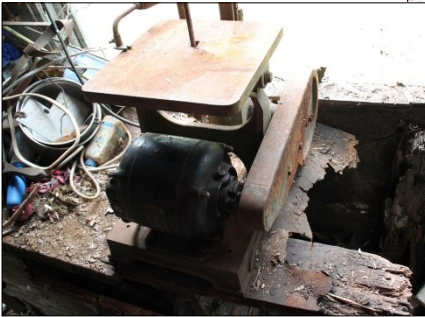


The Raglan 5—no one has three of them!

The Myford as first seen.
Where do you start?



The filing machine balanced on a rotten bench



The extent of rust frightening



The last visit with not much room

It took some bottle.....

the editor writes

A while ago I published John Spokes's photo of the Daimler Beer Bottle as part of his report on his visit to Burton.

This rang a bell with me and I spoke to my old friend Peter Stanier who I knew had a story to tell. At the time up to the 1950s historic commercial vehicles were very much ignored by the preservationists the Veteran Car Club for vehicles pre 1904 and the Vintage Sports Car Club (certain cars only pre December 1931) taking the fore.

This left a big gap and Lord Montagu decided that it should be filled. Accordingly a vintage commercial vehicle rally was to be held at Leyland and Peter was asked if he might drive the Beer Bottle as a form of publicity. However as it was based in North London it had to be driven from there. (No thought of transporters then).

Peter goes on to tell me that they had a successful journey up the old A5 with a co driver. Because it was in effect a single seater in the front the off duty man had nothing more than a straw pallasse in the back. It was decided that before the rally Peter should drive the Bottle around Preston as a publicity gesture. It was at this point that the engine overheated and to cool down

the bonnet sides were removed. It was in this condition that Peter arrived at the rally as a of grand entrance. Peter adds, "Lord Montagu was not amused!"

From this beginning the Historical Commercial Vehicle Club (now Society) was formed in 1958.



DIARY

Sat 12th September Club Running 10 00—13 30
14 00—17 30

See page 2 August issue for running arrangements.

Opinions expressed in PROSPECTUS are the personal views of the contributor and cannot be taken as reflecting the views of the club committee or editor.

The deadline for the October issue is 18 September This is the final date.

Contributions may be submitted in hard or soft copy to the editor.
John Billard Old Station House Twyford Reading RG10 9NA
01189 340381 or 07834 998971