



BORGWARD

Drivers' Club

JOURNAL No.4

DECEMBER 1983





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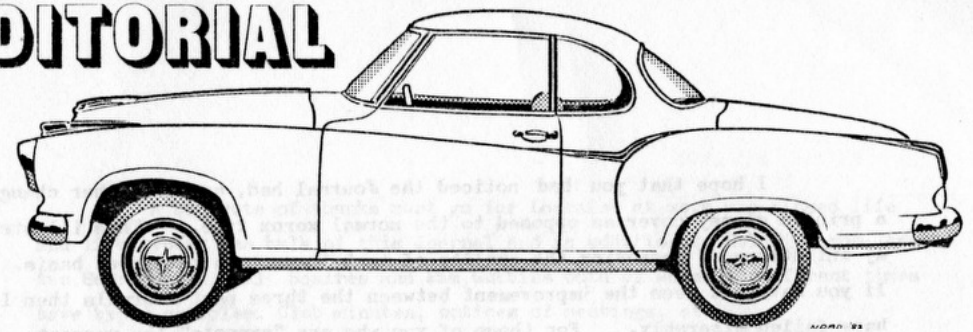
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EDITORIAL



It is now time to introduce the fourth Journal which may result in many of you saying "about time!"

Well, please allow me to defend my honour by announcing that the reason for the erratic publication (dare I say the word?) of this magazine is due entirely to the quantity of club members written articles. I do not advertise a particular date for the completion of the articles because the Journal's issue is too infrequent to warrant this.

I view the supply of "club" written articles as an ongoing situation throughout the year. When I have received a sufficient number of articles, I then start compiling the "Journal."

You might wonder as to the reason for the Journal's infrequency of issue? Well, contrary to popular belief it is not due to my laziness, but simply to one of finance. The number of paid up members of the "Borgward Drivers Club" is very low, especially when compared to the support enjoyed by other car clubs and so too is the subscription fee. All in all this does rather limit the budget allotted for the Journal.

Given this constriction I am faced with either producing an infrequent magazine or a frequent "Rag"!!!

Frequency of issue is also directly related to "club written" articles. Obviously, when faced with a low supply of particular articles I could pad out the Journal with reprints of past and present literature, but this would fool no-one and say very little about the club's activities which is really what the Journal is all about. Very quickly the supply of rare literature would dry up eventually choking the magazine. 1983 has provided me with enough information for about one and a half Journals which is what Number 4 is: a bumper issue.

So it is up to you all now to send me all your articles, however small, for 1984.

I hope that you had noticed the Journal had, amongst other changes, a printed glossy cover as opposed to the normal xerox type. This illustrates my intentions of improving the quality of each issue on a permanent basis. If you have not seen the improvement between the three past Journals then I have failed miserably. For those of you who are "experts" the current issue has a type set "committee" page as opposed to the previous ones that used a normal typewriter. It is my ambition eventually, and I emphasise that last word, to have the whole Journal typeset and litho-printed like those of the very big clubs, but I fear that we will never have the money for such extravagance.

I must now make a plea for typists, because I have had a virtually insurmountable typing problem with issue number 4 which I intend not to go through again in the future.

Anyone with a decent typewriter, who is willing (for a fee, of course, to take on the task of typing the whole magazine, will they contact me?!)

I must thank Bill Blydenstein for his superb article entitled "Two Into One Won't Go" which has since been printed in "Classic and Sportscar" magazine.

I intend to let the dust settle just a little, but for those of you who haven't seen it, I will include it in Journal Number 5, taken I might add straight from Bill's original draft and not from the printed text of "Classic and Sportscar." I am sure that you will all agree to my thanking Bill on behalf of you all for a much needed article not only for our Club magazine, but for the nationwide publication at a time when it is needed most.

Thanks are in order as well for Maureen Dickson who typeset the committee pages in the different typefaces and layouts completely free of charge.

A big vote of thanks must go for Lorraine at work who risked life and limb typing the bulk of this Journal and in addition to Bob Richmond-Jones two Secretaries, Val Squires and Pam Gubbins both of whom at different times have typed articles, Club minutes, notices of meetings, etc.

For all of you who have supplied me with material for this issue, thank you very much indeed and I hope that you are joined by others in Journal Number 5.

My last comments are about the tensile strength in metric bolts as this is a subject which is vitally important to those of you who are restoring your Borgwards, possibly using replacement nuts and bolts.

The following list was supplied to me by Sam Williamson and explains the markings on high tensile bolts.

Most of the bolts on a Borgward are marked 8G which as far as I know has the British Standard equivalent of 8.8. It is obvious that all bolts that are being replaced by new ones should be replaced by an equivalent bolt that yields at the same level. Those of you who have held various front suspension components together with mild steel bolts may not be around long enough to rectify this mistake!

As a general rule nuts usually yield at a grade lower than the bolt so that when overstressed the bolt or stud is not ruined as well. Good luck with your magnifying glasses.

Nick Driscoll
Lavender Cottage,
Hookstone Green,
West End,
Woking, Surrey.

Chobham 8809.

BOLTS AND NUTS

Metric BSS 3692

Bolts Steel quality denoted by two figures:-

1st equal to $\frac{1}{10}$ min. tensile strength say 8 for 80Kg(f)/mm²

2nd equal to $\frac{1}{10}$ ratio $\frac{\text{Stress at Yield}}{\text{MTS}} = \frac{1}{10} \times \frac{64}{80} \times 100 = 8$

Designation of a bolt with a minimum tensile of 80Kg(f)/mm² and a 0.2% proof stress at yield of 64Kg(f)/mm² is 8.8.

Bolt Grade Designation	Tensile ² Kg(f)/mm		Yield		Stress at proof 0.2%	
	Tons/Sq in		Tons/Sq in		Tons/Sq in	
4.6	40	25.4	24	15.24	-	
4.8	40	25.4	32	20.32	-	
5.6	50	31.75	30	19	-	
5.8	50	31.75	40	25.4	-	
6.6	60	38.1	36	22.9	-	
6.8	60	38.1	48	30.5	-	
8.8	80	50.8	-	-	64	40.64
10.9	100	63.5	-	-	90	57.15
12.9	12.0	76.2	-	-	108	68.58
14.9	140	88.9	-	-	126	80.0

NB 1Kg(f)/mm² = 9.8MN/M²
= 0.635 tons(f)/sq in

Nuts - $\frac{1}{10}$ MTS

Nuts Grade	4	5	6	8	12	14
Bolts	4.6	5.6	6.6	8	10.9	14.9
	4.8	5.8	6.8		12.9	

8.8 = 0.635 x 80 = 50.800 tons(f)/sq in minimum Tensile Strength
= 0.635 x 64 = 40.64 tons(f)/sq in

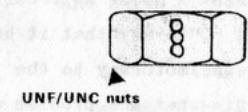
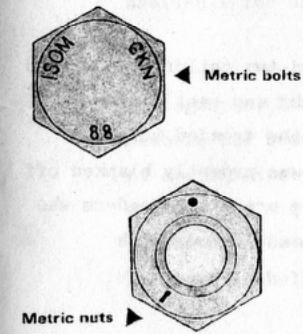
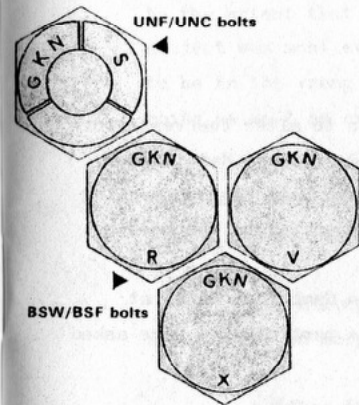


Table 1 UNC and UNF (normally referred to by A/F dimension of the bolt head)

Width across flats, in.	Nominal diameter, in.	Threads per inch		Tightening torque lbs/ft						Drill size			
		UNC	UNF	A&B	S	V	A&B	S	V	UNC	Clearance	UNF	Clearance
7/16	1/4	20	28	4	8	12	4	11	14	13/64	17/64	7/32	17/64
1/2	5/16	18	24	7	20	25	8	22	28	1/4	21/64	17/64	21/64
9/16	3/8	16	24	13	35	45	14	40	50	5/16	25/64	21/64	25/64
5/8	7/16	14	20	21	55	73	22	62	81	23/64	29/64	3/8	29/64
3/4	1/2	13	20	35	85	111	39	96	125	27/64	17/32	7/16	17/32
13/16	9/16	12	18	46	123	160	51	137	180	15/32	37/64	1/2	37/64
15/16	5/8	11	18	64	170	212	72	192	238	17/32	21/23	35/64	21/32
1 1/8	3/4	10	16	113	300	393	126	335	435	21/32	25/32	43/64	25/32
1 5/16	7/8	9	14	182	485	632	200	535	695	49/64	59/64	25/32	59/64
1 1/2	1	8	12	274	730	950	297	795	1000	7/8	13/64	28/32	13/64

Table 2 BSW (Whitworth) and BSF (referred to by the nominal diameter of bolt shank)

Nominal diameter, in.	Width across flats, in.	Threads per inch		Tightening torque lbs. ft						Drill Size			
		BSW	BSF	A&B	R	V	A&B	R	V	BSW	Clearance	BSF	Clearance
1/4	0.445	20	26	4	8	12	4	9	14	13/64	17/64	7/32	17/64
5/16	0.525	18	22	7	17	25	8	18	25	1/4	21/64	17/64	21/64
3/8	0.600	16	20	13	30	45	14	32	49	5/16	25/64	21/64	25/64
7/16	0.710	14	18	21	47	72	22	51	78	23/64	29/64	3/8	29/64
1/2	0.820	12	16	31	70	107	34	77	118	27/64	17/32	7/16	17/32
9/16	0.920	12	16	46	105	160	50	112	173	15/32	37/64	1/2	37/64
5/8	1.010	11	14	63	145	210	68	155	224	17/32	21/32	35/64	21/32
3/4	1.200	10	12	113	255	390	118	268	410	21/32	25/32	43/64	25/32
7/8	1.300	9	11	182	410	628	191	432	660	49/64	59/64	25/32	59/64
1	1.480	8	10	272	620	945	288	650	995	7/8	1 3/64	29/32	1 3/64

Table 3 Metric (dimensions are to ISO metric standard and BS 3692-1967). The table is for ISO metric coarse threads: fine thread will only be used for special applications.

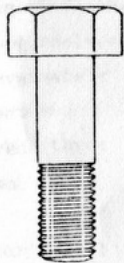
Nominal size mm	Width across flats, mm	Pitch mm	Tightening torque 8.8 grade steel Kg.m	Drill size	
				Tapping	Clearance
M6	10.0	1.00	1.23	7/32	17/64
M8	13.0	1.25	3.00	17/64	11/32
M10	17.0	1.50	5.95	11/32	27/64
M12	19.0	1.75	10.35	13/32	1/2
M14	22.0	2.00	16.5	31/64	37/64
M16	24.0	2.00	25.7	9/16	21/32
M18	27.0	2.50		5/8	49/64
M20	30.0	2.50	50.2	23/32	13/16
M22	32.0	2.50	68.3	25/32	57/64
M24	36.0	3.00	86.6	55/64	31/32

Table 4 British Association BA (mainly used on electrical equipment)

Size	Width across flats, in.	Threads per inch	Drill sizes, in.
4	0.248	38.5	1/8 5/32
2	0.324	31.4	5/32 13/64
1	0.365	28.2	11/64 7/32
0	0.413	25.4	13/64 1/4

Table 5 Hardened self-tapping screws

Size number	Pilot drill size, in.	
	Sheet steel	Aluminium and plastic
6	1/8	9/64
8	9/64	5/32
10	5/32	3/16
12	11/64	13/64



A.G.M. - 1982

As the result of the committee's decision to alter the venue for this meeting, arrangements were made by our Events Secretary, Matt Carter, and Editor, Nick Driscoll, to hire the Chobham Village Hall for the meeting itself and to find a good pub nearby for a bit of lunch before the meeting.

The culmination of the above was that the Cambridge Hotel at Camberley was chosen as a good meeting point and the participants were asked to meet there at 11.45 a.m.

In contrast to previous years, the 28th November, 1982 dawned frostily and bright and turned out to be one of the few meetings that our Club has ever had in the dry.

On the evening before myself and my wife and two children journeyed up to Fred Hovell's house at Padworth to spend the night and most of the journey was fog bound and so cold that "NRJ" suffered the dreaded icing up syndrome making progress rather tedious (the radiator was promptly blanked off the next day and this overcame the problem but if there are other readers who have suffered the same problem ring Nick Reid who had made a mod which completely overcomes this problem).

Anyway, back to the meeting, unfortunately I was late getting to the Cambridge Hotel because just before setting off from Fred's house we received a call from Bob Dicker who was driving "the Secretarial 60" to say that it had let him down and it was necessary to try and get onto the motorway to the Fleet Service Station where the vehicle was to ascertain what the problem was - Could we find it, could we ! In the end in desperation we journeyed to the Cambridge Hotel and told the gathering what the trouble was and typical of Borgward Drivers Club members, everybody rallied round and in the end Norman Barber (in his magnificent VW Polo) Nick Reid and Wendy his girlfriend and yours truly hared off to the Fleet Service Station to find a rather grubby looking Bob Dicker and his long suffering and extremely, by then, chilly wife Sheila, awaiting our arrival. To cut a long story short it was

GOODWOOD 1983

found that the rotor arm had broken and somehow caused the ignition to slip to the extent that it was at least 30° out. The Reid expertise on this subject was most evident as he took one look at the distributor, declared it to be in the wrong position, promptly retimed it and the Secretarial 60 was going as well as ever - alls well that ends well.

Once more back at the Cambridge Hotel, to join the others who by this time were enjoying a restaurant lunch and the rest of us had to make do with a pie and alcoholic beverage.

Ten Borgwards turned up with members and their guests. It was nice to see so many of "our cars" parked out in the car park and in the street.

After the lunch we convoyed to the village hall which was about a 15 minute drive and everything was already laid out for our enjoyment and a vote of thanks must go to Nick, Matt and George Sinclair (whose spares were available for us to purchase) for the work they did in setting this up.

For three quarters of an hour or so we look around at the photographs, David Stride's models, George's spares and other spares that other members had brought and generally was able to enjoy talking amongst ourselves. At approximately 3.30 the A.G.M. proper got under way and last approximately an hour and a quarter during which a lot of useful ground was covered and please note we now have a new Chairman, Rob Miller of Richmond who has three Borgward Isabella saloons, one of which was Nick Reid's TS saloon.

Tea was served during the A.G.M. and our thanks go to Joan Hovell and Edith Fisher for dealing with this for us.

After the A.G.M. business was concluded we were able to see some films and John Ellis' video of the Castle Coombe event which were all most enjoyable. The films themselves range from the December, 1981 "blizzard meeting" where Messrs. Reid, Driscoll, Stride and Chadwick decided to go rallying and ended up with frozen carburettors; to the Arnhem trip which was photographed by myself and Matt Carter and also included the 1981 A.G.M. at the Halfway Garages, Padworth.

By approximately 5.30 many people had departed on their homeward

journey and myself and Bob Dicker in NRJ and the Secretarial 60 did likewise at about 6.15, but before doing so had to lend a hand to Rob Miller whose TS choke mechanism had fallen apart giving him full choke and an excessively rich mixture. This problem was very promptly sorted and the car was running quite sweetly as myself and Bob left (my family and Sheila Dicker having left with David Roast two hours or so previously.)

The run home was uneventful and we arrived home safely at 9.00 p.m. after having had a very enjoyable day (the Secretarial 60 breakdown notwithstanding).

My personal thanks to Norman Barber, Nick Reid for the help they gave in rescuing the Secretarial 60 and indeed everybody involved in the organisation of the meeting.

ROBERT RICHMOND-JONES

GOODWOOD 1983

GOODWOOD 1983 OR HOW NOT TO SPEND A SUNNY
DAY IN JUNE

June, 18th, 1983 and what a lovely one, sun shining and engines roaring, well, all except for the Borgward corner. As I arrived, I instinctively knew what I was looking for; a corner of the field that would be covered in cars with their bonnets up, wheels off and people wandering around scratching their heads. Sure enough, there they were; well, not to be outdone by all this, I began by adjusting my front brakes.

When I arrived, ND plus inimitable coupe, JW and BF in 3083PL had already arrived, as well as Matt Carter in his saloon, complete with a very novel ignition system hot line a la Carter, guaranteed to catch the eye of any roving policeman. RRJ, FH and G Crowder were soon to arrive.

So, bonnets down, wheels on, it was time to do what we had come to do: horrible things to our prides and joy. The management kindly allowed our first outing to be a Borgward only outing with even the humour of a Le Mans start: well, after ND had untangled himself from his seat belt, the first outing proved to be interesting and eventful within one spirited lap; courtesy of a minor carb conversion (a Webber) RRJ was forced to retire as a tappet had worked loose. Both ND and myself continued nose to tail, or tail to nose as ND's brakes failed and he nearly did what I did two years ago by going through the chicane. By the fourth lap I pulled off suffering chronic misfire, followed by ND and Beverley who had been admiring the scenery.

Back to our corner to cure misfire, leaks, tappets and empty stomachs.

This would perhaps be a good time to point out that although the '81 meeting was held in the most appalling conditions, the event was far better attended, apart from a lone Alfa Romeo, the '83 meeting was a Borgward/BMW affair.

Having discovered, to my cost, that my tracking was badly out of alignment (I'd left about 3mm of rubber on the track) my second outing was a

GOODWOOD 1983

far more sedate one, but not so for ND and RRJ both of whom put in some fine lap times.

Well, by now I realised that most of you will have heard the outcome of the third Borgward outing in RRJ's saloon with Bob Dicker driving and myself as a passenger. The first lap was a gentle 'get to know the track', the second a bit quicker and by the third I felt that we were really starting to show what a Borgward with minor tuning was capable of doing, by the fourth, I felt that we were getting as much as we were going to get, though the road manners and cornering were still superb.

It was coming out of the chicane for the fifth time that grief struck, be it pot hole or too much opposite lock I know not, all that I remember is pushing myself as hard as I could back into a seat I was sure had pulled from the floor and watching the windscreen burst into fragments. By the time we stopped rolling over, the car was a write-off, however, even at this sorry moment the Borgward's qualities shine through, despite rolling over at a speed of between 45/55 mph the vehicle took the full force on the roof and the structure held, to the point where after pulling of wings off tyres, it was actually driven off the track. Both Bob and myself were shaken but luckily uninjured.

A sad end to a good day, ND and my own last outings were very quiet affairs.

Well, despite all this, I hope we have not put anyone off the idea of joining us on the track at the next test day, they really are very good fun and a fine opportunity to discover both your car's and your own limits.

THOSE PRESENT

NICK REID

E. Hovell	Combi 1960	222 CBM
N. Driscoll	Coupe 1957 *	OKY 999
N. Reid	Coupe 1960 *	YXU 11
(B. Florence	Coupe 1960 *	3083 PL
(J. Wallis		
R.R. Jones	Saloon 1960 *	2004 MW
M. Carter	Saloon 1960	KLR 959D
G. Crowder	Combi 1959	5341 K
(J. Ellis		
(S. Nessling	Stagg? !!!!!	HBV 85J
B. Dicker	Saloon *	2004 MW
C. Burghard	Coupe *	3083 PL
R. Miller	T.S. Saloon *	385 DLA

* Those on track

GOODWOOD 1983

A Footnote!... by the Editor

For those of you who don't know, Goodwood's motor race circuit was one of Britain's first airfield courses laid out around the perimeter track of the old Westhampnett fighter base of World War 2.

The Duke of Richmond!! and Gordon's Goodwood estate provided the ground for the circuit which is situated close to Chichester. In 1952 an artificial Chicane was constructed just before the pits bringing the lap length to 2.4 miles. No doubt, having read Nick Reid's article on the particular Saturday in question you may have realised that this 'Chicane' was responsible for quite a lot of aggravation.

After the shock of the Le Mans start I put in a fairly leisurely opening lap untangling my safety belt and generally trying desperately to get the feel of the track having once nearly written off a Coupe at Woodcote corner 2 years earlier.

Robert retired early on and it was left to Nick, Beverly and I to wreak havoc on our engines. Nick and I paraded round the track for a couple of laps with my car looking as though it was on tow when Lavant straight loomed up in front, giving me my chance to get past. Neck and neck we continued with Woodcote corner getting nearer and nearer, both of us knowing that someone would have to give way. Luckily Nick did, otherwise there would have been disaster! Having approached Woodcote literally standing on the brake pedal and screaming through into third gear there was the prospect of tackling the infamous Chicane. Within yards of the Chicane at about 70mph my brakes had had quite enough and my 26 year old Coupe just simply refused to slow down. The pedal was simply unable to provide any braking effect whatsoever as the linings had totally faded out. I found out later, that the front shoes were coated with a layer of steel in the middle which I can only assume had melted off the drum.

Fared with the prospect of negotiating the Chicane at a somewhat ridiculous speed, I opted for a route, a-la-Reid, thro' a gap in the tyres, which just happened to be narrower than the width of my car, being nonetheless the lesser of the two evils. Having violently assaulted my gear box OKY's speed was reduced to a level which resulted only in a coating of rubber appearing on one of my front wings. Had I attempted the Chicane I might have been the only owner of a cabriolet Coupe in England.

When we pulled into the car park Nick accused me of trying to cheat! I could think of better ways. Robert was readjusting a loose tappet which had caused his retirement, Nick opened his bonnet and started checking his compression and I having been convinced that my front drums were glowing thus decided to leave the brakes to their own devices, repairing a minor water leak in the thermostat housing with a new gasket comprising of post card. Only Beverly seemed to escape any mechanical problems though John did mention the fact that she quite regularly lifted one of her rear wheels whilst cornering!

On the second outing the lap times rose steadily and no problems occurred whatsoever.

GOODWOOD 1983

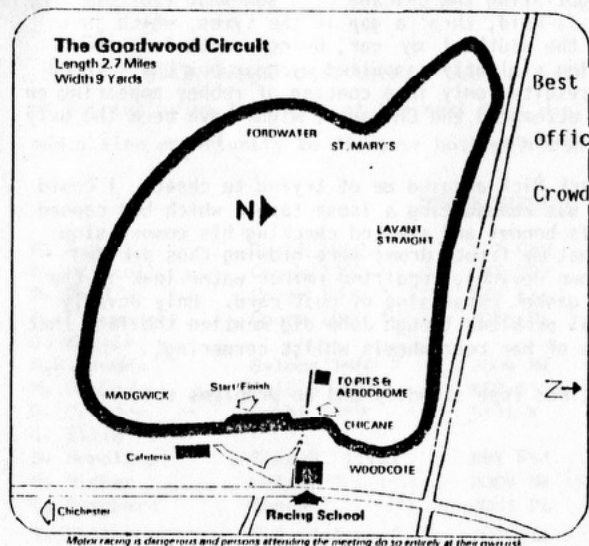
Later on that day Rob Miller took his TS Saloon round in a dice with Beverly's Coupe and from what I could see was enjoying himself immensely, judging from the smile on his face. I hope we shall see more of both Beverly and him on the track in the future. Clive Burghard borrowed Beverly's Coupe unbeknown to virtually all of use except of course to Beverly and used Goodwood's circuit to remember what it was like to drive a Borgward!! Hopefully this has instilled in to Clive the requisite incentive to prepare his Coupe for both the road and track.

It was at about this point in the proceedings when the 'disaster' occurred, befalling Bob Dicker, Nick Reid and Robert's saloon 2004 MW. In RRJ's hands and courtesy of Messrs Weber Ltd, this saloon, which it has to be said was a 60, simply tore around the track making progress that was phenomenal, Robert managed to knock off 3 seconds from his TS lap time of two years previous. In Bob Dicker's hands it literally flew! Bob hurled the protesting saloon round faster and faster until crash I won't attempt to reiterate what Nick had already said, but it was a sad end to a very fine car.

Nick and I had a last outing mainly to get over the shock of the incident, but despite the problems I think at the end of the day everyone had enjoyed themselves and I would recommend it to anyone. I was pleased that my car had survived both physically and mechanically and that despite having awful brakes I too had bettered my previous lap time of two years previous by a good 4sec.

My memories of the day that will remain with me for many years to come is the smell and sound! of changing from 4th to 3rd and vice versa at well over 80mph. What a marvellous engine the old Isabella had, and how beautifully constructed it was to average 73mph around the track reaching speeds, on the short lavant straight, of about 94mph which I can tell you is a frightening sight to see when Woodcote Corner is approaching rapidly. all this with a 1.5 litre road car of at least 23 years of age and in my case 26, with thousands of miles behind it. What a shame it is such a rarely featured marque in both past and present motoring literature.

Nick Driscoll



Best Lap times recorded by the official time keepers Messrs. Crowder and Hovell:-

Beverly Florance	2.52
Rob Miller	2.43
Nick Reid	2.20
Robert Richmond-Jones	2.17
Nick Driscoll	2.14
Bob Dicker	2.14



Nick Reid was voted the most aptly dressed for the day

Matt Carter and Virginia Pocock risked life and limb for a photo

Note; Beverly entering the infamous chicane

PHOTO BY MATT CARTER



PHOTO BY KAREN WILLIAMSON

PHOTO BY KAREN WILLIAMSON



The Le Mans start!!

PHOTO BY MATT CARTER



RRJ gets off to an excellent start on the first lap

PHOTO BY KAREN WILLIAMSON



Beverly Florance accelerates hard out of the chicane



Nose to tail and vice - versa

PHOTO BY VIRGINIA POCOCCO



Nick Reid hurtles towards Madgwick

PHOTO BY VIRGINIA POCOCCO



'pedal floored the Editor surges past the pits

PHOTO BY KAREN WILLIAMSON

PHOTO BY MATT CARTER



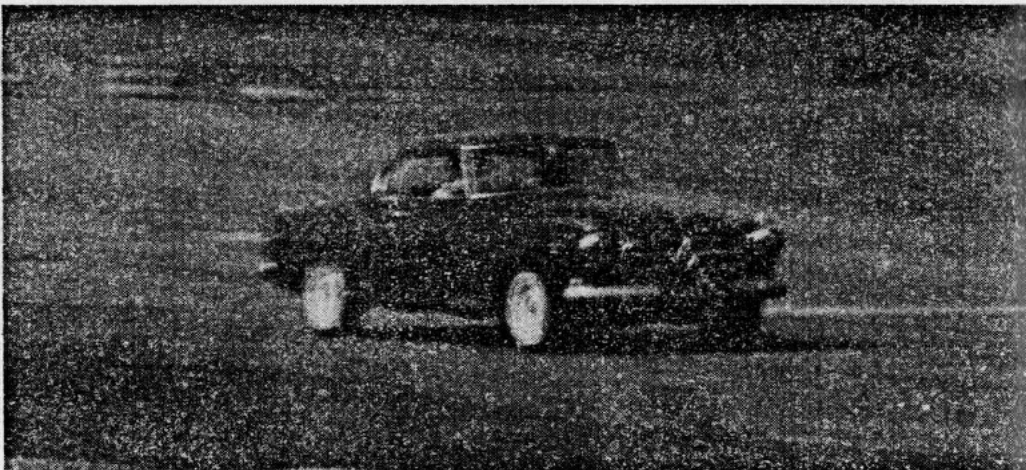
Rob Miller gets the feel of Goodwood's smooth surface

PHOTO BY MATT CARTER



"Bob Dicker simply flew!!!!"

PHOTO BY VIRGINIA POCOCCO



Clive Burghard at the wheel of a Coupe once again

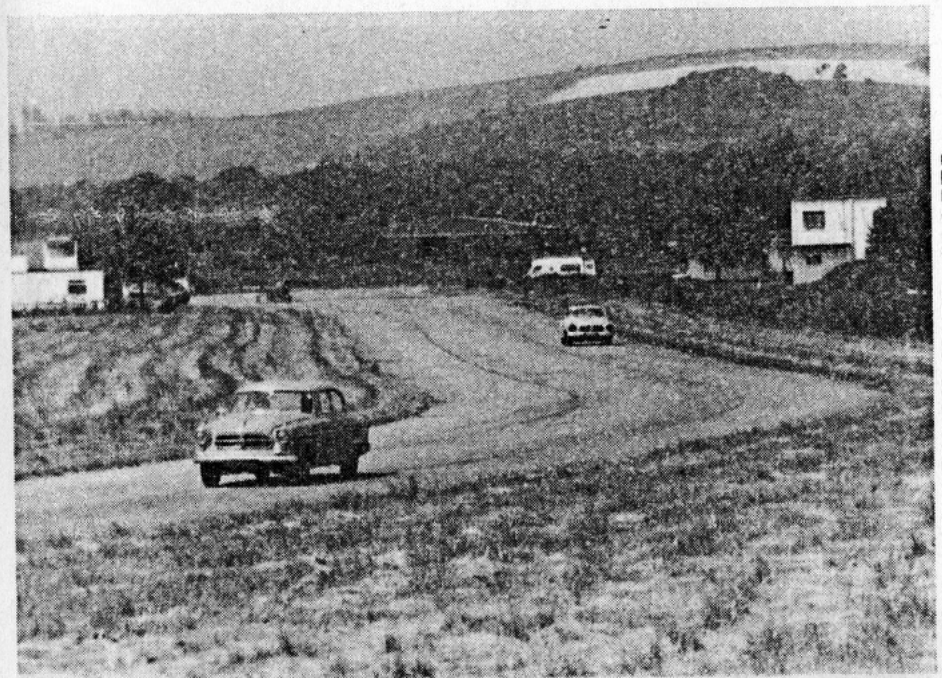


PHOTO BY MATT CARTER

Rob Miller and Nick attacking Madgwick



PHOTO BY TIM HINTON

Swing axles can be tamed, ask the Editor Nick Driscoll

PHOTO BY MATT CARTER

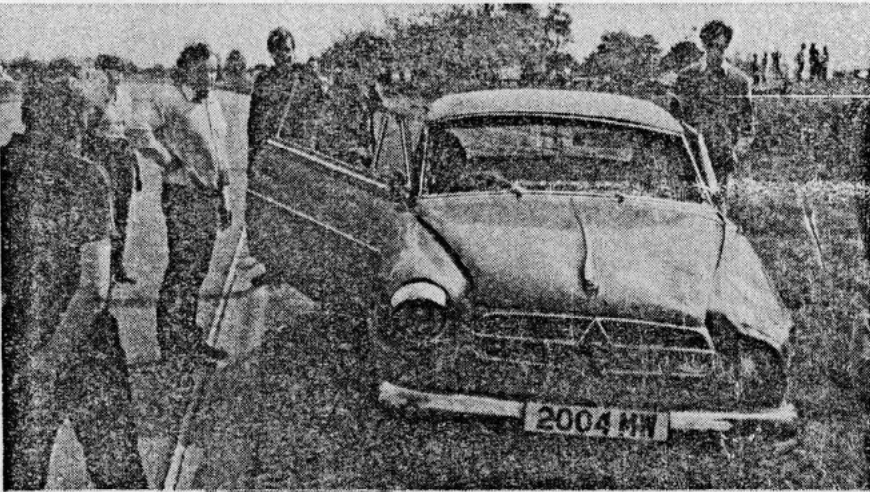


PHOTO BY MATT CARTER



PHOTO BY MATT CARTER



After the Incident.....

ODE TO THE 60(0)

**HALF A LEAGUE , HALF A LEAGUE,
HALF A LEAGUE ,ONWARD,
ALL IN THE NAME OF FUN,
THE BORGWARD BRIGADE,
WITH TAILS ABLAZE,ALL IN THE
NAME OF FUN?**

**though never dismayed
THE BORGWARD BRIGADE,
HAD THE FEELING THAT,
FEELING THAT SOMEONE HAD BLUNDERED
AS OVER AGAIN OVER AGAIN
ROLLING AND THUNDEREDOVER AGAIN
ROLLED THE 60(0)**

**WHEN CAN ITS GLORY FADE,
THAT VEHICLE,
SEBALDSBRUK MADE,EVEN ON
ITS ROOF WITH WHEELS QUITE
ALOOF,BUT ALL IN THE NAME OF FUN!**

**WELL I NEED AN ENGINE,A WING,
AND A BOOT.
AND NOW THAT ITS RACE IS RUN,
TELL ME DEAR ROBERT,
WOULD IT BE TOO MUCH TO ASK,BUT,
I WONDER IF YOU HAVE A SPARE ONE?**

NICK REID

AN ISABELLA IN FRANCE

One winters morning, early in December 1964, we made our first continental trip in our 1957 Borgward TS PBL779. Joan and I and two friends, who thank goodness had been many times before and knew all the ropes.

We drove down to Lydd in Kent and remember Motorways were very few and far between then. At the Ferryfield Airport the car was driven on to a Bristol Freighter aircraft. I think there were four other cars on board, we were installed in the passenger compartment and with much noise and vibration we took off. I am not very good at judging heights but the channel seemed very close the whole flight, about 500ft I think. This lasted about 40 minutes and then we were down at Le Touquet Airport, the cars were unloaded and we went to the Airport Restaurant where I was introduced to my very first French Omelette, a joy that will remain with me always.

We set forth south on the N1 to Abbeville and Beauvais, the weather was cold and snow was falling. I remember the Route National 1 was not as good as it is now.

We stayed the night at a small hotel somewhere between Beauvais and Paris. Left the car on the village square, next morning after breakfast we found we had a flat tyre on the rear, this was changed and the tyre repaired, and we were off again.

Any small sections of the Paris Peripherique were in use then, but thanks to our passengers knowledge we were soon out on the A5 south of Paris through the Forest of Fontainebleau then the HQ of NAT Forces in Europe on to Sens, then the N6 to Auxerre and Saulieu and to a full stop. On the other side of the town an articulated lorry had jack knifed on the icy road and held up the traffic bothways, there followed a very slow progress indeed. I remember in the square at Saulieu there is a very large bronze statue of a bull, and we saw that bull from every angle until we were fed up with it.

Then on to Chalon, Macon and Lyons and again there was no bypass around Lyons as now, only the 1.1 mile tunnel under the town to the east bank of the Soame.

By now the weather was getting warmer so the very efficient TS heater was given a bit of a rest.

On the N7 past the oil refineries south of Lyons along beside the Rhone to Vienne and then the A7, the new autoroute to Valence, and on to the end of the A7, about 60 miles of autoroute which the TS ate up in no time to where I joined the N7 again north of Montelemar famous for the excellent Nougat they make and which you can buy anywhere you stop.

Then to Orange, Sinas and Cannot, to Aix en Provence. It was now early evening and dinner was indicated as we wanted to press on to Toulon that night. We had an excellent meal in Aux and thus fortified we set forth on the last 50 miles.

Leaving the N7 on to the N96, the road to Le Canet, we were looking for a petrol station and the gauge was getting very low. The going on this road is very slow and hilly, Le Canet is 550ft above sea level, La Pomme 1.050ft. Night had closed in and still no petrol station, the gauge was well down now and we were slowing down as we went through various villages hoping to find a station open.

Off the N96 on to the N8, a very winding and undulating road, Le Camp-du-Castellet 1300ft down to 550ft to Le Beausset, and up again to 1350ft to St Anne d'Evenos. By this time we were coasting as much as possible and expecting PBL to run out everytime we climbed the next hill, the gauge having been on zero for miles, or so it seemed, and we quite expected to spend the night in the car. Then as we passed through the Gorges d'Ollioulis we was the lights of Toulon, and at 1.30am we coasted into a filling station near the harbour.

We were staying on a yacht 'SATYR' in the yacht basin of Toulon and by the time we had unpacked and made up our bunks we all fell into a deep sleep, to awake next morning to blue skies.

We set forth to explore the town, collected food from the market, including fresh fish direct from the fishing boats moored along the quay. These were fitted with large gas lamps in the stern to attract the fish during the nights fishing.

A good meal, wine and an early night and we were awakened at 7am by a detachment of the French Navy hoisting their colours at the Naval Barracks at the end of the Quay.

The next journey Isabella had was a trip to Mount Jaron about 9k/s out of Toulon with a steep winding climb of about 6k/s to about 1800ft to the Beaumont Tower which houses the National Memorial to the Provence Landings in 1944. Inside there are separate rooms for troops of the nations involved in the liberation of South East France, also a magnificent view of Toulon, the harbour and roadsteads, across the Mediterranean to the islands, and the back drop of the mountains, behind the road down to Toulon is by a series of hairpin bends

PBL's next trip was along the coast to pay a visit to Menton, about 160K/S and about 7k/s from the Italian border, to see some friends on a yacht in Menton Old Harbour, the new Harbour was not built then, and then on to Ventimiglia in Italy to do some shopping and back via the Grande Corniche in places 1800ft up with a beautiful view of Monte Carlo with the Prince of Monaco Palace, the town and harbour lit up just like a fairyland.

One night we were awakened about 1.30am by people yelling on the quay and the boat rocking about like crazy. The Mistral wind that comes down the Rhone valley had struck the harbour and boats were being pushed on to the quay. Awnings blown away and split, we slipped on trousers and jumpers over our pyjamas, threw ropes over the awning to keep it from blowing away, winched in the bowlines to keep her off the quay, but still it blew, then we started the engines and kept her in ahead gear to keep the stern well away from the quay. Thank goodness by morning the mistral had dropped, as this wind can sometimes go on for days.

All too soon our holiday was over and having packed up the boat we boarded PBL for the return journey. Everything went like clockwork as expected from an Isabella. The weather has improved although still cold in Northern France. On our return we went through Paris from south to north to see as many of the sights as possible, on to Calais and Dover. So ended the first of several trips we made to the South of France in old PBL. The thing we learned from this trip was the excellent food and wine obtainable from the small villages throughout France.

'SATYR' was moved to Menton in 1966, and there we spent many happy holidays, visiting many interesting villages and towns in the area. I wonder what has happened to PBL 779, she was a great car and had covered 175,000 miles before I parted with her for 222 CBM. But I am sure her memories are as happy as mine.

PBL 779 Thank You

FRED HOVELL

BREMEN - 1982

For those of you who remember our Arnhem trip perhaps recall me mentioning that it was rumoured that the German Club would be having a meeting at Bremen in northern Germany (which as most of you must know is where our cars were made).

The details of the trip were a very long time in coming and it was as a result of my telephone call to Stephan Veil that I was able to get the details in anything like decent time to be able to make arrangements and once more with the help of John Plank Travel (for whom we have to thank Malcolm who did such a marvellous job in sorting it all out) the trip was duly arranged and this year we had with us, Fred Hovell and his wife, Joan and their two friends as passengers and now full members) Harold and Edith Fisher in Fred's Combi, myself and Rob Miller in my TS (which you will be pleased to hear got over its little ailment as a result of the trip to Holland last year and which has been chronicled elsewhere) Beverley Florence and her boyfriend John Wallis and new acquired Coupe, Nick Driscoll and Matt Carter in his famous Coupe OKY 999 which incidentally having spent most of the year in a peculiar red primer colour arrived at Dover looking pristine in Ivory.

The journey as far as I was concerned started from Poole and I was greeted with thick fog until I got onto the top and near the motorway and thereafter the weather was extremely hot. This run was the first really long run that the car had done since it had been put back together, but nevertheless it was running well and I was pleased with the result. I arrived at Richmond to pick up Rob Miller and had no sooner arrived than the road was swarming with policemen there having been a bank robbery nearby, fortunately nobody noticed Rob Miller's green 1958 TS which was sitting quietly in the street without a sniff of a tax disc anywhere near it. After a light meal and a bit of a pause he and I set off for Dover via Maidstone where as I did last year we met up with Fred Hovell and his party at his daughter's house, Rob and I having had a meal at the Compass Pub just up the road. It gave me time also to fix a loose exhaust mounting which appeared to have developed a rattle somewhere.

At approximately 8.30 we drove in convoy to Dover, this time not in fog and arriving in plenty of time for the ferry. Whilst enjoying a quiet cup of coffee Beverley and Nick arrived in their Coupes and the party was then ready to set sail.

This year we went from Dover to Zeebrugge which was a 4½ hour crossing which was infinitely better in that we were all able to catch an hour or two's sleep before the drive across Belgium because the journey we were to undertake was to Neuwied which was about 250 miles from Zeebrugge.

The crossing was uneventful as it was flat calm, but on disembarking at the other end it was clear that there was plenty of fog around and what surprised us all was the number of vehicles on the road at 5.00 in the morning which only goes to show that the Europeans obviously start work very much earlier than we do in the UK.

Most of our journey through Belgium was on dual carriageway roads and we had one interesting incident when Fred Hovell took a wrong turn and to redress the imbalance took a right turn up what was, in fact, a slip road onto the very road we shouldn't have gone on and that was all very well, but I as 'tailend Charlie' had to go like a bat out of hell to get across two carriageways and narrowly miss a juggernaut who appeared from nowhere (as they always seem to do!) The party were most amused.

Breakfast was spent at a motel which had an aura of opulence about it to the extent that Nick Driscoll and his party decided to cook their own breakfast which nearly ended up cooking the cars as well as he forgot to vent his primas (which it is understood is a 1914-18 model) and there was nearly an exciting conflagration. However, breakfast was duly partaken and everybody thus refreshed we set off on the second leg of the journey towards Neuwied.

Belgium was a rather flat and uninteresting country, certainly to drive through, however, the change was apparent as soon as we got into Germany where there were trees right close to the dual carriageways (autobahn) and also the speed of the traffic was greatly increased and it was nothing to see quite small engined cars go batting past making our convoy look as though

it was standing still. The sun had risen high enough to enable cine photography to be indulged in and there are some nice shots of the convoy being overtaken and overtaking the cameramen.

German driving on the whole is very good, if very fast, and for my part I was never in the least bit concerned about people pulling out without looking or indeed holding up other traffic.

We arrived in Neuwied about 2.00 and we were very impressed with this little town and although we got hopelessly lost (my map reading never has been the best in the world) we were befriended by a German chappie in a Volkswagen Beetle who spoke good English, realised that we had come to the Borgward Museum and kindly lead us to our hotel; The Park Hotel which was a comfortable little place overlooking at park and within five minutes walk of the Borgward Museum.

We all had a wash and brush up and went around to the Museum and waited for David Stride to arrive with his girlfriend Suzanne (he was supposed to meet us at 3.00 and eventually turned up at 5.30). No matter, we had a very interesting afternoon looking at the vast numbers of Borgward vehicles in the Museum ranging from the little Lloyd mini cars to big Borgward trucks together with three vehicles which took my fancy, one was the Lloyd Arabella Estate car of which there were very few made, a Lloyd LP400 Cabriolet and a Hansa 2400 Sports (the vehicle with the sloping back and all four doors hinged at the rear. It even had its own record player!)

My day was fulfilled by being allowed to drive a Hansa 1800 diesel saloon which was in everyday use and belonged to the owners of the Museum Herr Schramm and Nick Driscoll and Matt Carter came with me and we had a run around the lanes - a magnificent vehicle not very fast but exceedingly comfortable and once on the move difficult to tell from a petrol model. It was interesting that I had, in fact, only asked if the vehicle was roadworthy instead of merely saying "yes" was handed the keys!

The afternoon passed all too quickly and by which time many of us were tired so after a early meal and a quiet drink in the hotel bar (for some of us that is!) we all went to bed awaking next morning fully refreshed

and ready for the drive up to Bremen.

The day once more dawned foggy and it wasn't until having driven up the typical winding German roads until we came out of the fog into the sunlight that we began to feel the warmth of the day. Incidentally on the way down to Neuwied we drove along the Rhine which is a huge river boasting large barges weighing many many tons and we crossed the river on a very modern looking ferry which cost us about 50 pence per car which was a most interesting experience.

On looking at the architecture in a typical German town it is interesting to note that the pitches of the roofs are far greater than at home and there are many areas in most of the small towns which are pedestrianised the pavements being of cobblestones and it is not unusual to see numbers of German youngsters sitting and talking to each other and generally enjoying the atmosphere.

Well, back to the drive to Bremen. We once more joined the autobahn and it must have seemed rather odd to the average German driver to see one Borgward let alone four (David Stride incidentally having made his own way to Bremen via another route so he was not in convoy) and we enjoyed quite a lot of attention from passing motorists ambling along as we were doing 50-60 miles per hour which is a useful cruising speed for covering distance and one which is not too exhausting for either driver or car. We were passed by a 1960 Porsche 356B Cabriolet in glorious yellow and it is a long time since I personally have ever seen one stationary let alone being driven at quite a fast speed on a motorway. Fred Hovell has always had a soft spot for these old Porschs and has been heard saying that it was the only car he would rather have had than his Borgward!

Once more the journey was relatively uneventful and we stopped for lunch which was a picnic lunch in a service station car park and we were eating our lunch it was fun to watch all the Germans crowding around the cars because obviously they had not seen a Borgward of any description for quite some time.

On our way out from this car park I saw a Hansa 2400 pullman in

black and white and I recognised it as belonging to Herr the Proprietor of the Museum and I was so taken aback by seeing this on the road I nearly hit a lorry, whilst looking at it. Thank goodness I missed it and Herr Schramm joined the convoy for a short time before peeling off to take a different route to Bremen.

There were considerable numbers of Army vehicles coming in the opposite direction and at first I was puzzled as to why and then I remembered that there had been a Nato exercise in Denmark and I assumed that the vehicle I saw had been involved in this exercise and were on the way back to their appropriate units. Some of these vehicles were enormous, far bigger than we see at home.

We stopped for tea and had the usual number of interested German onlookers and it was after tea that I experienced some apparent fuel starvation and I pulled up on the hard shoulder, whipped out the main jet of my carburettor (it should be noted that everybody else stood at a discreet distance because of the little problem I had on the way back from Holland last year and flatly refused to come anywhere near the car) the fuel leaked out of the carburettor as to be expected and I found that there was no blockage in this jet, put it back started the engine and the car ran perfectly from then onwards - I can only assume that a little bit of water had got in there which caused the problem.

I took over the lead as we got into the outskirts of Bremen and this took us through to our hotel, the Hotel Mul'eam Halstadte which was a very palatial affair on the northern outskirts of Bremen, but within close proximity of the university and the campsite in which Beverley, John, David, Suzanne, Nick and Matt were staying, the rest of us living it up in the hotel.

After and wash and brush up and a most enjoyable meal, we were joined by the camping contingent which included George Sinclair who had driven from Barking in his ubiquitous Bedford van. The Borgward Drivers Club seemed to fill the little residents bar and we drank German beer until the early hours of the morning and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

Next morning, the Saturday, we were up reasonably early and convoyed down to the factory where we had to sign on, collect our regalia and then we were allowed into the factory and parked up to enjoy the festivities.

THE USK WEEKEND

What a brilliant weekend, splendidly organised by David Stride without whose hard work and enthusiasm the event would have been a non-starter.

There were 11 cars in all, three Combis, three saloons and the remainder being Coupes.

John Houghton and Toby Stride vied for the furthest distance to travel award, John from Fromby and Toby from York.

The event started on the Friday evening for Nick Driscoll, Matt Carter, Beverley Florence and her fiance John, by a convoy drive from Westend Woking to David Stride's father's farm where they camped in an aroma of silage, horse flies and a downhill slope which had everybody sleeping very familiar!

For the rest of us the meeting started at the Greyhound at Llantrisant at 12.00. p.m. onwards and I arrived with my wife and the two children at 12.30. I was a little alarmed to see a line of Borgwards as I drove up the dual carriageway and without having any immediate means of access to them. However, soon all the participants arrived and we fed hungrily in glorious sunshine.

At 3.00 p.m. we all then convoyed to Raglan Castle which was a most interesting relic and a popular tourist attraction as it must have been for the locals to see a line of eleven Borgwards motoring splendidly along in the July sunshine. When parked, we had a number of enquiries from passersby who confessed to having never seen a Borgward before. Not long after our arrival at the Castle, nine beautiful Rolls Royces appeared, their owners being members of the Rolls Royce Silver Ghost Club and indeed it was wonderful to see the genuine Rolls Royce Silver Ghost which must have been worth approximately £45,000. (to think of it my father actually turned down one of these cars for the sum of £25. in the early twenties!) - one wag even suggested that the sum total value of our Borgwards would not even buy a hubcap for one of the Rolls!

the name by actually finishing, the two Rennsports unfortunately crashing, and put out of the race - the Isabella covering some 1500 miles without any major problems at all.

In the afternoon our having enjoyed a sumptuous buffet lunch courtesy of the German Red Cross (their soup was absolutely delicious) we were allowed around the factory which although not in operation, gave us some insight as to how the Mercedes Benz T series estates are put together and I tried to imagine what it would have been like in the days of the production of the Borgward.

Towards the end of the afternoon we drove back to the hotel/camp site and pause for breath in readiness for the visit to the Ratzkeller which was situated beneath what is known as the Ratzplatz which is the County Council building right slap in the middle of Bremen city. Bremen is one of the nicest cities I have ever been to, the architecture is quite stunning and as you stand in the square you can see the Ratzplatz itself which reminded me of a very large church organ because some of the extremities of the building appear to be on stilts, the decor is to say the least, ornate and must take some keeping in good order, behind and across the square there was the Botcherstasse which is a pedestrianised precinct leading to shops on both sides. The square had the usual conglomeration of youngsters sitting cross legged and playing guitars and chatting, one chap appeared with a barrel organ which added some atmosphere to the place. On the right of the Ratzplatz there was a two towered church and clock called the "Dorr".

The symbol of Bremen is a statue, one on top of another of the ass, dog, cat and cockrel, the significance of which unfortunately escapes me, but I am sure David Stride who can speak good German will be able to explain. There is also in the street around the corner some very lifelike iron pigs (three in number) being herded and the rumps of these pigs are somewhat shiny having been sat on many many times by the local inhabitants and their children.

The evening festivities started at approximately 7.30 in the Ratzkeller itself and in contrast to the heat of the day this establishment was nice and cool and struck me by the number of arches intermingled one with the other. The buffet was excellent, boasting German sausage, hot pork and

salad together with a free glass of wine. There was dancing for those who could and wanted to accompanied by the usual German "oompah oompah" band. We were also able to buy postcard souvenirs and I was interested to see a copy of the Borgward magazine called Autoservice Number 6 and I mentioned this in broken English to the chappie serving behind the counter and he said "Ah, Borgward good, ja?"

At about midnight Fred Hovell and the gang took a taxi back to the hotel whilst Rob Miller and I had a walk around the town and it was quite fun to see the odd Borgward scuttling off home with its occupants and indeed I was able to visualise what it must have been like when the cars were in current production and there must have been a very common sight indeed. The behaviour in the city at that time of night was quiet and ruly and I felt quit secure in contrast to how I might have felt walking around some of our towns. I began to feel thirsty and after a lengthy fight with a Coca Cola machine which had an excessive appetite for deutschmarks Rob and I enjoyed a Coca Cola each prior to catching a tram (yes, folkes a tram!) back to the terminus which left us with a half mile walk back to the hotel.

Next morning again the weather was kind to us and we drove down to the factory to prepare for the cavalcade and I should mention that there were 263 Borgward vehicles all with the exception of a very early Lloyd three wheeler circa 1930's vintage, were making headway under their own steam. We convoyed in line astern and the Germans were very impressed to see so many right hand drive examples of Borgwards and many were cheering and clapping and saying words to the effect "welcome here the British" - we felt like royalty. We arrived at the car park after about three quarters of an hour and the general concensus of opinion about this was we could easily have spread ourselves more over the car park which was an enormous affair rather than being huddled together in one corner. The chappie who owned the Borgward B1500 truck with the hydraulic hoist was giving elevated rides to those who wished for a modest sum and was able to enjoy a bit of high flying with my cine camera which gave a very good panoramic view of the gathering.

By about 2.00 people were beginning to filter away bearing in mind that most of them had to get back to work on the Monday morning and we ourselves took out leave of the gathering and drove across country to Ede where for those of you who read the chronicle of the Arnhem trip, will remember that we stayed

at the Hotel De Passberg. For some reason this journey seemed extremely tedious and we did not, in fact, arrive at the Hotel until 9.00 p.m. We barely had time to sign in before dashing off to find some food before the town went to sleep and we enjoyed a Chinese meal and were catered for by a very patient Chinese lass who fortunately could speak some English although not a lot.

I personally was glad to fall into bed that night after having had to mend the lavatory system which had some funny ideas of not turning itself off and I did so by immobilising it completely.

Monday morning dawned not so bright and indeed during the course of the morning we had our first shower of rain - it had to some time during the holiday because it always does when the Borgward Drivers Club has a meeting! - but this did not deter us from having an interesting day around Arnhem and Fred, myself and Nick Driscoll took ourselves off to the museum on the outskirts of Arnhem and this was most interesting to see how the story was put together relating to the fiasco surrounding the Arnhem battle and it was interesting to note that I had seen the film "The Bridge Too Far" a few days before coming on holiday and so I was better able to piece together the story. The wealth of detail is enormous and a great deal of trouble had obviously been taken to make the museum worth a visit.

Towards the late afternoon we all met up and Beverley and John presented a very nice pen to Fred Hovell with the engraving "Borgward President" on its flank and indeed I was given a present in the form of a splendid picture of a pig because it became generally known that I collect both pictures of and china pigs as a hobby.

It was time to pack away a good evening meal and we did so in the same cafe as last year and Nick Driscoll was very disappointed to find that they didn't offer on the menu his favourite - a "Pizza Inferno." a must for all people who have got to stay up all night without dropping off to sleep.

After supper we took leave of Arnhem on the trek back to Zeebrugge in time to catch the 4.00 ferry back to Dover. This journey was reasonably uneventful except at one point when I saw Nick Driscoll's car weaving all over

the road and I was concerned that he might have dropped off to sleep, but apparently, as he told me later, whilst Matt steered he was hanging out of the window trying to reassemble his windscreen wiper arm and couldn't be bothered to stop.

We duly arrived at the docks and boarded the ferry without incident enjoying a few hours sleep before disembarkation at the other end.

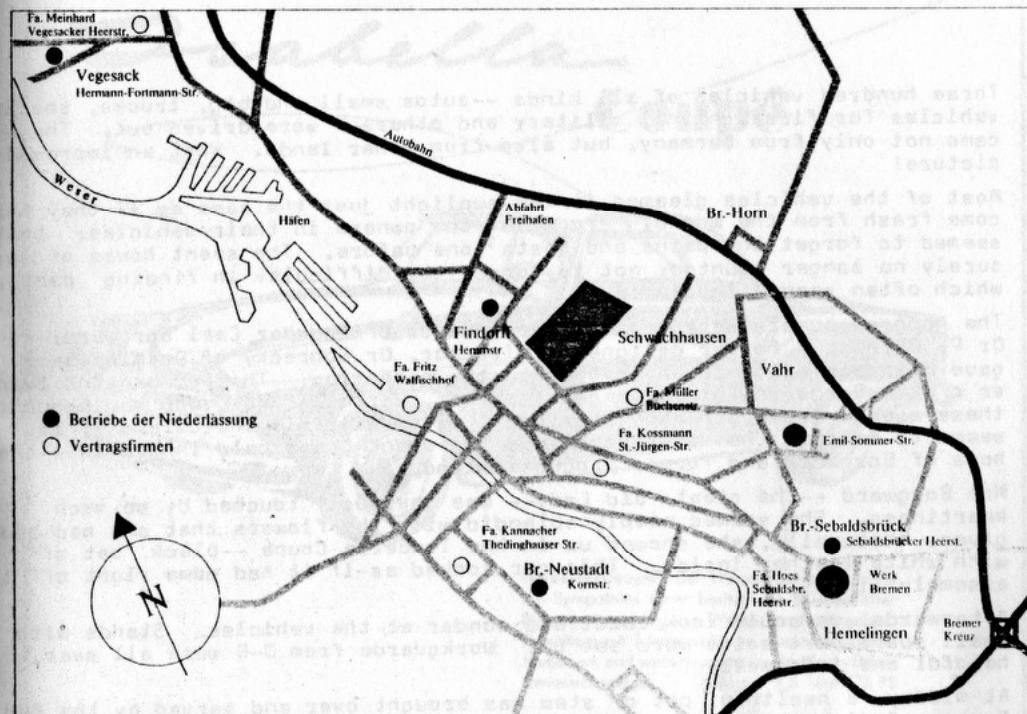
Clearing customs was quite an exciting procedure in that the customs officers were far more interested in our cars and where we had been than the contraband that we might (but did not) have had on board. We were waved through without problem and as last year, we stopped on the same roundabout and said our good byes, each going off in different directions to our respective homes. I am pleased to say that this year my car passed the fatal spot where it broke down last year without incident and although this year it tipped it down with rain and was very windy, I was able to safely deposit Rob Miller back to Richmond and after a cup of tea and a bit of a pause drove home to Poole and within 40 miles of home the rain stopped and brilliant sunshine ensued which dried the car off nicely before putting it away.

I would like to thank Fred Hovell for oncemore providing us with an excellent itinerary and for his first class navigation, to David Stride for having liaised with the German Club, the German Club itself for having had us as their guests and to all the participants for being such good company.

It is rumoured that the meeting will be in Essen in 1983 and I hope, therefore, that we will see more UK Club members involved.

ROBERT RICHMOND-JONES

BREMEN



(translated from the German Newsletter, Der Rhombus)

Where else but Bremen could such a spectacle have been held? To be sure, there are antiques and older cars than seen here, but there was more going on here. A memory was called forth -- a memory of a great Automobile Make, which, in its time, led both in engineering and in style. The Isabella stands even to-day a living memory. Noteworthy, too, are the small cars from Lloyd and Goliath. It is freely acknowledged even to-day that Borgward was often ahead of his time.

Those of Bremen will not forget that their shortsighted Senat broke its word of financial help. So, came the end of a great Automotive Make. Carl Borgward had become the offering to party politics.

So, it was not astonishing to find already days before that no rooms were to be had in Bremen. Only after some twenty telephone calls could a room be found. When one asked whether there were many events going on in Bremen, the answer came: "No, only the Borgward-meeting".

Daimler-Benz AG invited everybody to the former Borgward production hall, where it is now building its Combi of the T-series. At the time when D-B took the building over from BW, it also took about seven hundred workers over. Of these workers, those who have not retired still work for Daimler-Benz.

The D-B factory grounds were not to be recognized, for the company shields were everywhere covered with banners of Lloyd, Goliath and Borgward. The invitation of so many enthusiasts was, in deed, a unique and friendly gesture that only a company as Daimler-Benz could make.

Three hundred vehicles of all kinds --autos small and big, trucks, special vehicles for firefighting, military and others-- were driven out. They came not only from Germany, but also from other lands. What an impressive picture!

Most of the vehicles gleamed in the sunlight just the same as if they had come fresh from the Works. Proud sat the owners in their vehicles; they seemed to forget the pains and costs gone before. The spent hours of work surely no longer counted; not to forget the difficulty in finding parts, which often seemed insoluble.

The honored guests were Mrs Borgward, widow of founder Carl Borgward; son, Dr P. Borgward, former designer. Director, Dr Schreck, of Daimler-Benz gave a speech welcoming everybody to the gathering. The founder and leader of the Borgward-Interessengemeinschaft, Hartmut Loges, who had brought these events about, thanked everybody. Even with all the ceremony, it seems to me that the main impact was the event being held in Bremen --the home of Borgward and former productionland.

Mrs Borgward --the great, old Lady-- was obviously touched by so much heartiness. She seemed simply splendid with the flowers that she had been given. Naturally, she showed up in her Isabella Coupé --black, set off with white leather inside. This car looked as if it had come right off the assembly line.

Afterwards, we could look about and wonder at the vehicles. Stands with small spare-part sales were set up. Workguards from D-B were all over, helpful and informative.

At midday, a healthful pot of stew was brought over and served by the Red Cross. Sadly, there was not enough, because many more guests came than had been named beforehand. But all were satisfied in the end.

Subsequently, we undertook some sightseeing under the lead of a very willing former Borgward boss. As we gathered at night under the domed cathedral, it seemed that all Bremen was standing once again. All day long, the weather had played along with us, showing its best side. So it was for evening: As if the weather did not want to ruin the wonderful day at all.

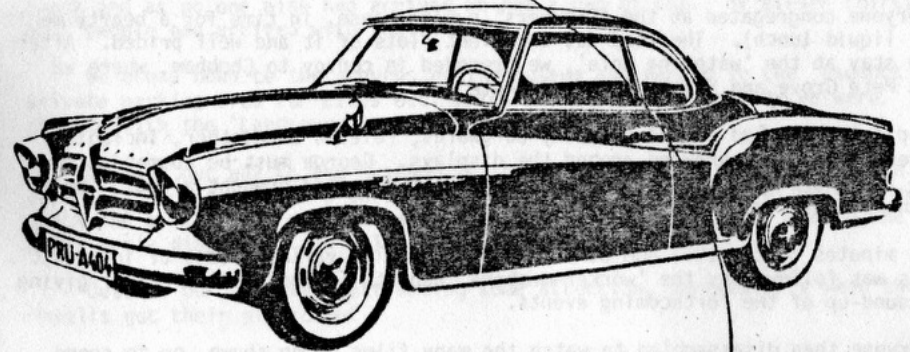
Daimler-Benz was host again towards seven in the evening in the Ratskeller with cold buffet and wine. The Ratskeller was wholly overcrowded: Nobody had simply reckoned upon so many guests. Two directors of D-B kept u company --a lovely evening with interesting talk.

Sunday, the day after, everybody gathered at the D-B-Works for the drive through town to the City Hall. Once again, all Bremen seemed to be standing. Young and Old the same. All wanted to have a share in the spectacle and miss nothing. The writer had the opportunity to chat before the City Hall with an elder Gentleman, who praised the event. Vehicles made their way through the waiting crowds before the City Hall with great difficulty.

Mrs Borgward two directors of D-B and honored guests were at a Senat reception, each seated by a glass of champagne. The representative of the Senat thanked everybody for the wonderful day, as did Mr Loges. This event can never be duplicated and will live long in the memory of those involved. Especially those of Bremen will look back upon this day with memories of a great Automobile Make that was once theirs. The unique gesture of Daimler-Benz caps it all off.

FROM GEORGE SINCLAIR

Isabella Coupé



Isabella-Coupé Der Wagen, der schon heute die Sympathien derer besitzt, die in sportlicher Eleganz ihrem eigenen Wesen Ausdruck geben. Zweisitzig mit 2 Interims-Sitzen - Fensterrahmen in Nußbaum und weiterer erlesener Komfort - Scheibenwaschanlage. TS-Motor 1,5 Liter / 75 PS

75 PS

Auf **BORGWARD** ist Verlass

BORGWARD

FROM DAVID STRIDE

1983 AGM 17.4.83

The 1983 AGM was held in April, a new time so that people could hear the agenda for the forthcoming year. It took place in Chobham Village Hall, the successful venue for last year.

Everyone congregated at the 'Chequers' public house, in time for a hearty meal (or liquid lunch). The food was excellent, lots of it and well priced. After our stay at the 'watering hole', we preceded in convoy to Chobham, where we met Pete Grove and Keith Whiting in Pete's Coupe.

People then looked around the many Borgwards, (eleven altogether, including three Combis) and browsed around the displays. George must be commended on the large and varied number of spares and parts he had brought along. 'RRJ' then assembled us all to open the meeting.

The minutes of the 1982 AGM were read out and also various items of interest. This was followed by the 'worker-members' reports including Matt Carter giving a round-up of the forthcoming events.

Everyone then disassembled to watch the many films being shown, or to spend money at George's stall. Finally people began to make their way home after a most enjoyable day.

The turnout this year, was good, considering it was so close to last years AGM.

One anticipates by the number of parts George supplied, that the number of Borgward cars next year will be even greater than this.

Beverly Florance

The following cars and owners were present:-

T. Hovell	- 1960 Combi
G. Crowder	- 1959 Combi
W. Spears	- 1959 Combi
N. Driscoll	- 1957 Coupe
B. Florance	- 1959 Coupe
J. Wallis	- 1960 Coupe
D. Stride	- 1960 Coupe
P. Gove	- 1959 Coupe
B. Ashdown	- 1957 Coup
R. Miller	- 1960 TS Saloon
Duke of Richmond	- 1960 TS Saloon
G. Sinclair	- Bedford van!!

SYON PARK

Sunday 24th July

John, Beverly and myself arrived, as arranged in the car park, at ten o'clock and as no one else had arrived we had a cup of tea. By eleven thirty most people had arrived with their cars.

We drove down to the grounds of the Museum and parked in the 'paddock', a private parking area for clubs etc. which on this particular day we were sharing with the 'Landrover Service 1 Club'.

We made our way to the Museum and inside we saw some fine old British cars including some modern ones as well. There was also a Royal Horse drawn coach and a life size model of an old garage called 'Carters'. Around the walls was a display of old oil lamps and carburettors.

Outside our cars were attracting some attention, particularly when the Hovells got their picnic out.

After lunch we looked around Syon House yet although it was very grand, I felt it was rather disappointing, as few rooms were open to the public.

We then went to the garden centre, and on to the Art Gallery, where there were some very nice paintings for sale (if you could afford them). There was also a Butterfly House and although I did not go in myself, I was told it was very good.

At tea time, when everyone has finished looking at everything, we met on the patio of the Cafe for a chat before departing.

On the whole, it was a good day, if rather expensive, as everything had to be paid for separately.

Those present with cars were:-

John Wallis and Beverly Florance	1960 Coupe 3083 PL
Fred and Joan Hovell plus friends	1960 Combi 222 CBM
George Crowder and wife	1959 Combi 5341 K
W.H. Skears	1959 Combi UNV 955
Rob Miller and family	1960 T.S. 385 DLA
Robert Richmond-Jones and family	1960 T.S. 785 NPJ
Matt Carter and Virginia Pocock	1960 Saloon KLR 959D
Pete Grove and George Sinclair	

MATT CARTER

Body BORGWARD "Isabella"

Eventually existing leakages after body repairs of our type "Isabella" must be rectified as follows:

Water entrance into trunk compartment

1. Check if the rubber profile for the sealing of the trunk compartment is completely and firmly glued on (fig. 1).
Rectification: Glue on rubber profile anew.
2. The sheet metal-U-profile for the support of this rubber seal shows towards the wing side porous holes or cracks (see arrow fig. 1).
Rectification: Smear suspected leaky spots with sealing compound.
3. Water entrance on the roof guttering on the roof by cracking of the burning-off seam (fig. 2). The outlet above the rear left hand side window is especially critical. Smallest porous apertures or cracks in this area can be the cause of water entrance. The water collects then upon the reinforcement plate in the rear upper trunk compartment and flows over from there into the trunk compartment (fig. 3).
Rectification: Remove ornamental batten and weld the suspected leaking spots.
Weld autogenous and use the smallest welding burner for sheet metal welding.
Cover up the surrounding areas against heat extension by using asbestos plates or pulp soaked in water.
4. Water collects as under position 3 on the rear reinforcement plate in the trunk compartment. Water can enter under the rear parapet batten due to a missing sealing rubber on the holding screws. By removal of the cover plate which is located above the reinforcement plate (with mounted foam rubber) (fig. 3 arrow) the leaky spot can be traced by spraying a water jet on the parapet batten. At the same time observe with the aid of a flashlight where the water enters.
Rectification: Leaky spots are coated from the inside with sealing compound, using a long brush and in case the sealing rubber under the parapet batten is missing, this must be fitted.
5. Water enters into trunk compartment at the cable duct for the brake light (fig. 5).
Rectification: In case that the cable is too tight it must be extended. Seal rubber spout with plastic ribbon or sealing compound.

Water entrance into interior

6. The reasons mentioned under position 3 and 4 for the water entrance into the trunk compartment can also cause a soaking of the roof lining between rear window and rear side window. Furthermore, care must be taken that the rubber profile frame rests properly against body and window. Seal leaky spots with window cement (fig. 6).
7. The cause of a water entrance under the sill batten or the joining carpet can be traced in many cases to a door rubber on the front door pillar which is not properly glued on. Check door rubber.
Rectification: Glue on door rubber or replace if necessary. Drain holes in the doors must be kept open.
8. Water entrance on front wall.
To find the suspected leaky spot in the case of doubt it is recommended to remove the carpet with the felt underneath and to find the suspected leaking spots in the interior by water spraying from the engine compartment. Check especially the lead-in of the
 - a) heater cable
 - b) pedal bracket (fig. 7)
 - c) heating duct (fig. 7 and 8)
 - d) bulkhead plate (spray under wings)
 - e) brackets for accelerator pedal
 - f) flange of the guide tube for hand-brake (fig. 7)
 - g) bearing bracket for bonnet (fig. 8)
Rectification: All above mentioned leakages can be rectified by application of sealing compound!
9. Water entrance on bearing plate for steering on front wall (protecting box) (fig. 9).
Rectification: Remove plate for gearshift in front of covering box and smear plate as well as screws with sealing compound. This water entrance is frequently caused by water dripping from the main harness on to the bearing plate. To prevent this leakage the main harness should sag.
10. The floor plate which rises by steps under the rear seats is spotwelded with a vertical standing sheet metal traverse over the total width of the car. In case that water enters here, the floor mats before the rear seats are wet (fig. 10).

Rectification: The upper joint of both plates below the rear seat is covered with a plastic ribbon. Inside the car the connection of the vertical plate to floor plate is also covered full width with sealing compound. From the bottom side the plate connection in full width must be sealed with sealing compound (also underneath the wings as well as in the corners and at the flange between bearing plate for triangular strut with the cross member). Observe also position 11!

11. Carpet in front of rear seats is wet. Water can enter between the box for the car jack in the sill bracket and connection to cross member (rear) (fig. 11).

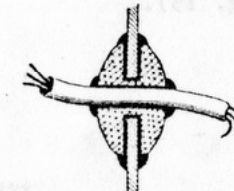
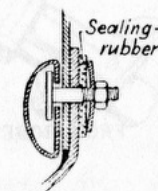
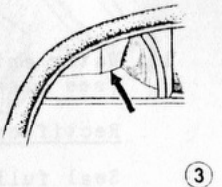
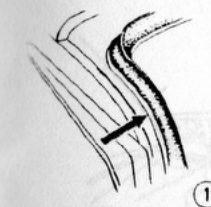
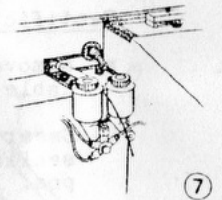
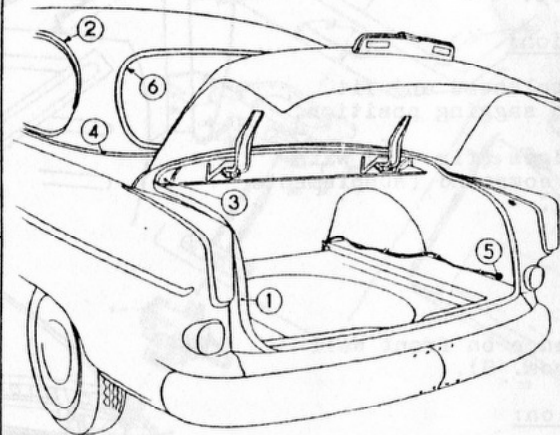
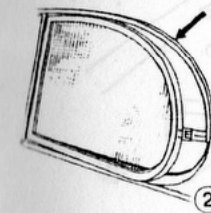
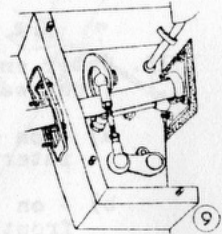
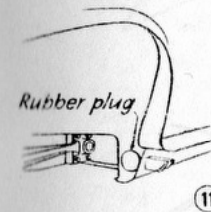
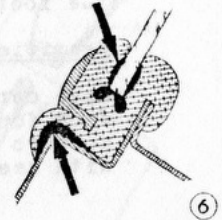
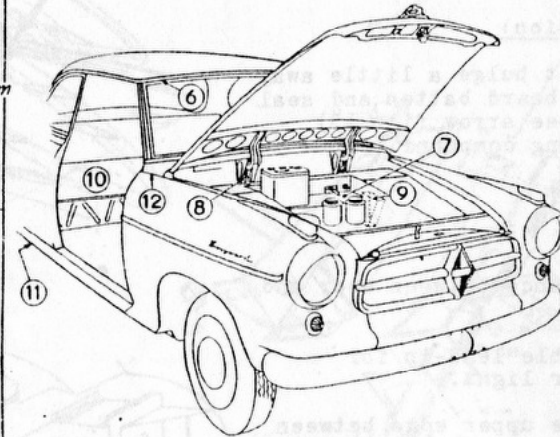
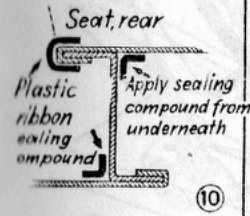
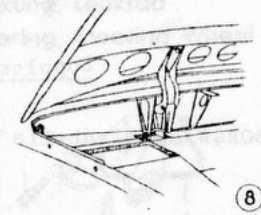
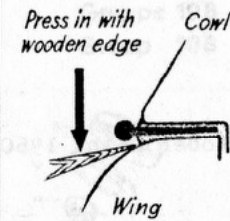
Rectification: For this purpose remove rubber plugs from wheel house and apply sealing compound to edges of box for car jack with a long brush.

12. In extreme cases check rubber seal of front wing between door and bonnet which can be pervious to water.

Rectification: Press in plastic ribbon between rubber seal and wind respectively cowl with a wooden edge (fig. 12).

Carl F.W. Borgward G.m.b.H.
Service Dept. - Technical Service

Bremen, Germany, October 25th, 1960



- (1) Remove indicator stalk.
- (2) Remove steering wheel centre boss etc. to gain access to large nut.
- (3) Loosen large nut but replace a few turns to protect thread (see drawing).
- (4) Place bolts through holes from reverse side of steering wheel via indicator stalk hole along with washers.
- (5) Fit bar opposite to bow.
- (6) Place with washers and nuts, and then tighten evenly though it is quite hard work.

① Metal Bar (right bow)

② Steering Wheel

③ Steering Console

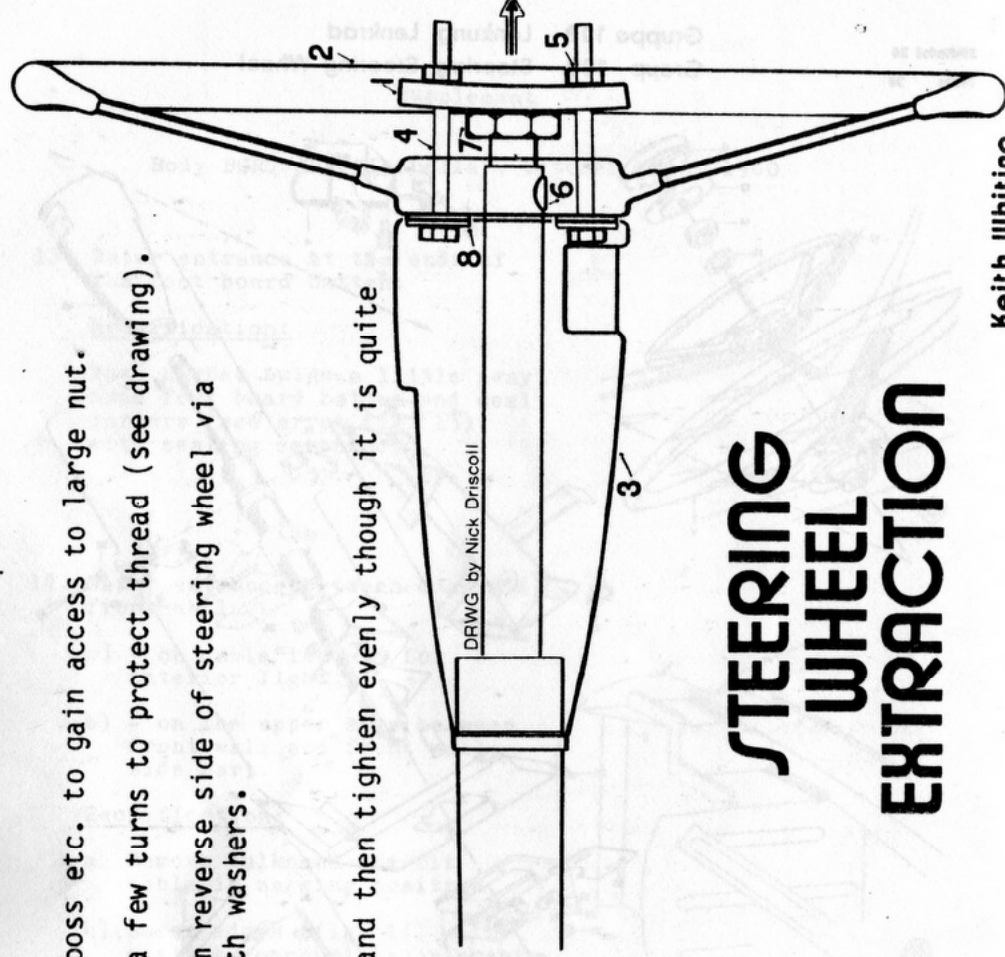
④ Bolts

⑤ Nuts

⑥ Woodruff Key

⑦ Steering Wheel Nut

⑧ Washer



STEERING WHEEL EXTRACTION

Keith Whiting

The morning was spent walking around looking at the cars and it was great fun meeting some of the people we had met at Arnhem the year before and it should be noted that there were many more cars here this year than there were at Arnhem last including a surprising number of cabriolets both in saloon and coupe form. There was a four door Isabella saloon, the only one known to exist which belonged to a lady who lives in Switzerland, there were only two Combis, Freds and one which had been driven all the way from Sweden and there was a pre-war Hansa 1700 cabriolet in very nice order, numerous Isabellas, both standard sedan and TS models, and a very late model the dashboard and interior of which differed considerably from the models as we know them and to my way of thinking looked a little bit cheap as compared with their predecessors.

The commercial vehicle side of things was well represented, the factory owned three wheeler Goliath truck powered by a twin cylinder two stroke engine and this was a remarkable looking device and one of Borgwards first efforts to get into the car industry, in fact, there is a story going about that these vehicles were originally manufactured with no reverse gears shortly afterwards, the Germans passed a law that all vehicles had to have a reverse gear which meant that the 500 or so that had been made had to be whistled back into the factory for the mod to be made so that they too could go backwards. Other commercial vehicles included two four wheel drive Borgward ambulances, a multitude of Borgward B2000A four wheel drive personnel carriers (which I understand can be bought quite cheaply at the equivalent of ex War Department auctions). There were numerous little Lloyd saloons and one or two Combis and at least two Lloyd LT600's. The Goliath/Hansa range was also out in force with the little 1100 boxer engined saloons and the pretty little Lloyd Arabella saloons.

There was also an opportunity to buy from the auto jumbles stalls where quite a number of new parts were available for those who needed them - one chap was very pleased to be able to get a new set of cam gears because his stripped on the way up the autobahn from his native town in Germany and he ended up being towed in by another Borgward enthusiast - he couldn't have broken down under more favourable circumstances!

The morning festivities also offered a film show of the Borgward Rennsport Sports Racing Cars performance in the Carrerra Pan Americana Mexico which was a race run across Mexico finishing in Mexico City. The other participants in this race included a standard Borgward Isabella 60 which, in fact, upheld

We then left the Castle David Stride intending us to journey by a more scenic route, but unfortunately we got lost and ended up on the dual carriageway to Abergavenny. It was rather difficult at the roundabout at the other end to find the correct way and we kept going round and round and round much to the amusement of some pedal cycle race organisers who must have wondered what was one to see three Borgwards coming round the roundabout three abreast until eventually somebody plucked up the courage to turn left. After a while, however, we sorted ourselves out and were soon back in Usk enjoying a cup of tea.

Twenty of us (including my two small children) sat down to dinner at the Three Salmons Hotel who very kindly provided us with a room to ourselves and the service and attitude of the hotel staff was excellent. The atmosphere of the club members was very relaxed, informal and good hearted. The meal consisted of mushroom soup, lamb, roast potatoes and assorted veg. and the desert was sherry trifle. Fred Hovell, our President, proposed a vote of thanks to David Stride which was approved unanimously.

I showed my Arnheim, Bremen and 1982 Borgward Drivers Club film, including the Castle Coombe and AGM meetings and it was very nostalgic when I saw the Secretarial 60 now regrettably written off as a result of a monumental roll at the Goodwood Racing Circuit in June - see the report elsewhere.

My mother and father also came to the meeting (my father having owned a 1958 Isabella Combi) and they both said how much they enjoyed the evening and the general mood of jollity and camaraderie which after all is what a club is all about.

Next day (Sunday) dawned bright and sunny and I was up early to pack the car and clean the flies off the screen which in itself was quite a job, others took a gentle walk around the town and after a sumptuous breakfast I went with David Stride to his farm to look at his 1957 saloon which although in most respects was past praying for, the lack of tin worm in the bodily structure was quite amazing - I am contemplating marrying up a new shell to the remnants of the Secretarial 60.

At 10.00 or so the "troupe" were called to order prior to the

treasure hunt which was to take up all around the little lanes and villages of the Usk area. I was rather surprised to meet Toby Stride coming rapidly around the bend in the opposite direction on the little road to Tredunnoch and it would have been somewhat embarrassing if we had collided.

Rob Miller managed to find all the clues (eleven of them), but the general average was around about four or five. At one clue stop two BMW motor cycles with policemen on them came whistling around a bend and saw three Borgwards parked on the side of the road and stopped, turned around and came back again to ask what they were and saying that they had seen three others and how many more were scuttling around the countryside. They were surprised to find that there were ten in all and indeed they were most interested to know something about the cars. I was able to talk 'bikes' with them riding a civilianised version of their R80 RT Police bike. My wife and I had great difficulty finding clue number 4 at Tredunnoch and we were all for giving up when we came upon Nick Driscoll who had just found clue number 5 and he was surprised that we had managed to find clue 5 without any assistance from the organisers! Thus with confidence restored we plodded on until it was time to leave off for lunch where we drove to Wolvesnewton to the Folk Museum where we were served with a super salad lunch (and more beer!) and a line up of ten cars. After the meal we had a look around the Folk Museum and it was a pity that we had only a limited time in which to enjoy this because for my part I am sure that there would have been much more to absorb than time would allow. The prize giving then took place and to name but a few, John Houghton one the Best Coupe Award, the Best Saloon Cup was won by (fix, fix - me!) the Best Combi, Fred Hovell, the wreck of the day (Martin "box of bits" Carter) with his saloon.

By 3.30 p.m. those with the long drive ahead of them started to slide away and I myself left at 4.00 in convoy with my parents in their Hyundai Pony (a what?) arriving back at Poole at 6.30, a round trip of some 300 miles.

Almost enjoyable week-end, but we were sorry not to see those people for whom it was really intended, namely those living in the close proximity and in the north country. However, this is an event which must be repeated.

ODE TO A BORGWARD

A lovely car the Borgward is,
It's lines are sleek and trim,
Whenever we pay homage,
It's never from within.

'It motors oh so beautifully'.
My husband says with pride,
I nod and listen attentively.,
But never get a ride.

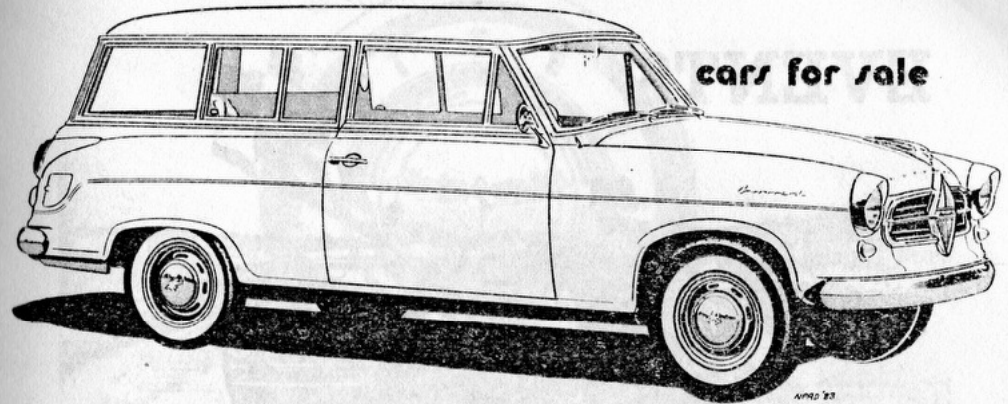
'It's in need of attention'.
I think that makes us a pair,
'A Borgward meet is coming soon',
Someone is in despair.

'If only I could get it right,
George has the spares I know,
It wouldn't take so very long.
For me to get it to go'.

We travel to the meetings,
Sometimes it is quite far,
We spot the Borgwards in a row and join them,
In our VOLVO car:

CHRIS GROVE (A lady in waiting).

cars for sale



AS ABOVE

1957 Combi (partially restored) TS engine and saloon rear suspension believed to drive well - needs finishing, space required urgently - £30 - if no takers could possibly scrapped - contact Nick Driscoll for details on 09905 8809

1959 T.S. Saloon, stored for many years. Inverness 0463 231910

1959 Combi much registration work done £500 P. Bird c/o 01-986-1844

1959 T.S. Saloon D. Lloyd 0533-56000 (business)

1957/8 Black T.S. Saloon- Mrs Potter, £150 Tele: 01-226-8273

Spares from 1957/8 Combi including engine, suspension parts, rear door and many others - Mr. Thrush, Ferndown Dorset Tele. 0202 897394

1958/9 T.S. Saloon, reg. no. SUH 158 - Mr. Jenkinson
Tele: High Ercall 770449

Coupe reg. 1963 Mr. Micklethwaite - offers - Tele. Rotherham (0709) 874444

Coupe partially restored, - Bernard Hindmarsh
Tele. c/o (0202) 683621

1960 Coupe, yellow with red interior - £160 Richard Bulless 74, Marten Drive, Netherton, Huddersfield, West Yorkshire.
Tele. (office) 0422 70101 Tele. (evenings) 0484 663577

1958 Isabella T.S. garaged for two years. Offers invited.
Stephen Alleyne, 64 Wear Bay Rd., Folkestone, Kent.
Tele. Folkestone 0303 41135

New and secondhand spares are always available from
George Sinclair, of course. Teie. 01 591 1778

Now that Winter is upon us, it is time, is it not, to start restoring your cars?!!!!

EVENTS



Original photo courtesy of Bill Blydenstein

Martin Carter
47 Highland Road
Aldershot
Hants
GU12 4RS

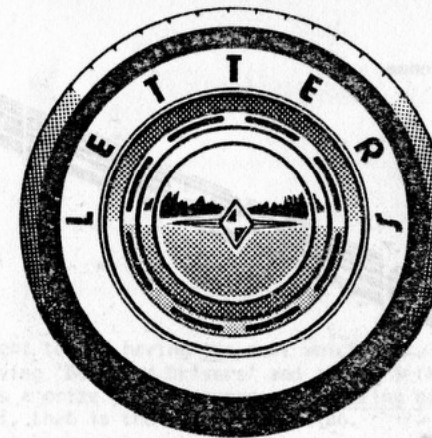
Dear Members,

I would like to thank everyone who has helped with or attended a meeting over the last season.

My particular thanks must go to Nick Driscoll and John Wallis for helping to arrange the 'Annual General Meeting' and of course to Joan Hovell and Kathy Atkinson for their help with the refreshments. I would also like to thank Robert Richmond-Jones for his support and help, not forgetting David Stride for this excellent meeting at Usk.

I hope that next year I can provide an interesting and varied programme and look forward to meeting more of you in the future.

Matt Carter.
Events Secretary



Dear Nick

re: "The Accident"

I understand that Nick Reed will be writing a report on the day that we had at Goodwood and of his experiences of turning over at between 50 and 60 m.p.h. in an Isabella.

As you know we were fortunate enough to find a trailer hire firm who was prepared to hire us a trailer and in consequence trail the vehicle back to Poole.

On investigation the damage was as follows:-

- 1) the offside front lower wishbone was bent as was the stub axle
- 2) the sill immediately behind the offside front wheel was bent upwards (I think this caused the twist in the whole frame on impact)
- 3) the offside half shaft was bent and the flange which mounted the differential to the beam had fractured
- 4) the nearside rear radius arm had a peculiar kink in it but otherwise this particular area remained relatively unscathed
- 5) the nearside front axle assembly escaped entirely
- 6) the engine had ripped away from its rubber sub frame mountings and was sitting at a peculiar angle

The condition of the body work will be obvious from the many photographs that were taken after the accident and it only remains for me to say what a blessing it was that neither Bob Dicker nor Nick Reed were hurt and in fact were able to walk away from the wreckage and to commend the car for its immense strength, because after all, there are not many cars that could have withstood that sort of accident damage and still be capable of self-propulsion.

I would also like to thank Motor Club Management for an excellent day out - it is rumoured there is going to be another Test Day in September.

Yours truly
R.R.D.
R.R.D. Richmond-Jones

Mr R R D Richmond-Jones
22 Warburton Road
Canford Heath
Poole
Dorset

BLYDENSTEIN LIMITED

Station Works
Shepreth
Royston Herts
SG8 6PZ
Tel. 0763 60051
Telex 817857
(CAMEXP)
Bly Racing

31 January 1983

Dear Robert,

Skipping through Borgward Drivers Club journal no 3 reminded me that I have had lying around for some time now a possible article sketched around some impossible happenings with my Borgward Isabella TS in 1961.

I wonder whether you could be so good as to pass the enclosed material to Nicholas Driscoll. My apologies for sending it via you but the Borgward magazine does not contain any addresses. I hope you don't mind.

I enclose herewith a copy of this letter which you might send on to him together with the material as soon as convenient. Please realise that I may offer this material at a later date to one of the classic car magazines - I hope this will not prevent publication in the Club magazine if the material is considered of sufficient interest.

New subject. Fritz Juttner, the mechanic who used to look after the Stirling Moss Cooper Borgward in the late '50's, would like very much to hear from any one who happens to know of an original or similar Cooper chassis/transmission. He is very interested in restoring the Cooper Borgward - I presume he probably has one or two engines looking for a car!

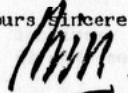
I remember meeting Fritz Juttner some 24 years ago. He came with me to Brands Hatch one day to drive my Borgward Isabella TS and help set it up for its next race. I also drove against him in the 1960 Grand Prix de Spa for saloon cars - he too was in the Borgward Isabella TS, a semi-official factory entry.

Herr Juttner is now head of the competitions department at the Bosch petrol injection factory:

Robert Bosch Schwiebeldingen
Tel no: 01049 711 8118245

Perhaps you could publish the request in the next issue of the Borgward Drivers Club journal.

Yours sincerely,


Bill Blydenstein
Director

The Frozen 'North'

Dear Anon,

You ought to try having two cars which evoke derision in non-Borgward-driving 'Borgward Drivers' and others I think we should launch a campaign (perhaps a prize) to encourage the driving of Borgwards in any state. After all, that is the name of the club.

Keep those valves rattling!

Yours

'Zinc Oxide'
(actually it's Bondaprimer)

Dear Nick Reid,

Take comfort in the knowledge that I too have suffered from the very malaise which you so eloquently described in the last journal. I replaced the offending pipe with a length of 8mm copper central heating pipe and soldered the original connectors to it. This is readily available, cheap, and doesn't rust.

Incidentally this pipe split only two weeks after the tank had taken to emptying itself onto the works car park. This problem was solved by vigorous use of a wire brush and a whole bottle of Petro-Patch - after the tank had been emptied and removed from the car. Anyone else ever tried to replace a half-full petrol tank Don't. After half-an-hour of lying on my back, supporting the tank with my knees, while squeezing the ends of the strap together and holding the bolt with one hand and trying to get the nut on the end of the bl..... ****!: I was ready to scrap the damn thing. On reflection, why didn't I?

When it's going, I know why.

Actually Toby's Combi 'Flem' (not phlegm please Mr Editor) stopped dead on the M1 in very similar fashion to Nick Reid's. This time however it took me half-an-hour to discover that nothing worked because the fibre camshaft drive wheel had broken. We got a tow back to our sister's house in Leeds from the AA and but that's another story.

Finally, congratulations on another superbly produced magazine.

Yours truly

David Stride



R.R.D. Richmond-Jones
22 Warburton Road
Canford Heath

Poole, Dorset/England

Ihre Zeichen / Nachricht vom
23. 10. 1981

Unsere Abteilung / Bearbeiter
K9/VAK3 MSD Jüttner
K9/TEX-L6

Telefon (Durchwahl)
811- 8245

Postfach 300240, 7000 Stuttgart 30
17. November 1981

Sehr geehrter Herr Richmond-Jones,

Über Ihren Brief vom 23. Oktober 1981 war ich ebenso überrascht wie erfreut. Werden doch durch Ihre Anfragen alte Erinnerungen an eine sehr schöne Zeit wieder wach.

In der Tat finde ich zur Zeit nur unzureichend Zeit und Möglichkeit, Ihre Fragen bezüglich Borgward und Cooper-Borgward speziell gebührend zu beantworten. Immerhin sind inzwischen fast 23 Jahre vergangen und einige Fakten in Vergessenheit geraten.

Der Einfachheit halber schreibe ich meine Sammlung an Erinnerungen auch in deutsch. Es findet sich sicher jemand, der Ihnen dieses Werk gut übersetzt.

Bill Blydenstein ist meines Erachtens einer der prädestiniertesten Borgward-Kenner auf der Insel. Ich selbst habe noch eine schriftliche Anleitung zur Leistungssteigerung von Borgward-Motoren aus dem Jahre 1958 und fuhr außerdem noch Fahrzeuge, deren Motoren nach Bill's Vorstellungen modifiziert waren. Grüße an den alten Haudegen bei Gelegenheit.

Zum 1,5-l-Rennmotor kann ich nur sagen: Er ist noch heute ein technischer Leckerbissen und für Fachleute der jüngeren Generation fast unglaublich, daß so etwas Ende 1954 gebaut worden ist. 4-Ventil-Zylinderkopf, Direkteinspritzung Doppelzündung, Trockensumpfschmierung - letzteres allerdings erst seit 1956 - sind Merkmale modernster Motorenbaukunst. Nicht zu vergessen eine Fülle kleiner Details, die heute noch empfehlenswert wären. Die Leistung lag bei ca. 155 PS bei 7 500 U/min und einer Verdichtung von 1 : 10,5.

Ich selbst besitze einen der 3 gebauten Sportwagen, mit dem ich gelegentlich noch an Rennen für historische Fahrzeuge teilnehme. Den Motor habe ich in mühsamer Kleinarbeit von Grund neu aufgebaut. Diese Arbeit zählte zu einer der angenehmsten, die ich in den letzten Jahren verbracht habe. Eine Schnittzeichnung des Motors ist in meinem Besitz. Ich betrachte sie ab und zu wie ein wertvolles Gemälde oder wie eine schöne Frau.

Mit dem Arus-Rennen 1958 war die aktive Teilnahme des Hauses Borgward mit Sportwagen beendet. Fahrer waren damals Hans Hermann, Jean Bonnier und zeitweise ich selbst. Mitte 1958 bereits wurden Kontakte zur BRP - British Racing Partnerchip - bezüglich der Verwendung dieses Motors in F2-Cooper-Fahrzeugen geknüpft. Alfred E. Moss - der Vater von Stirling - und Kenneth A. Gregory waren die Geschäftsführer des Unternehmens. Fahrer für BRP waren zu Beginn 1959 Ivor Buib und Georg Wicken. Später wurde Chris Bristow als Ersatz für Georg Wicken ins Team geholt. Chris Bristow war damals 21 Jahre alt und unwahrscheinlich talentiert. Nach einer gemeinsamen Zeit in Südafrika um den Jahreswechsel 1959/1960 verunglückte Chris im Frühjahr 1960 leider tödlich in Spa-Francorchamps.

Die Rennen in East London und Cape-Town Ende 1959 und Anfang 1960 waren die letzten des Cooper-Borgward. Moss lag in East London weit in Führung, er fiel durch Bruch einer Einspritzleitung zurück und wurde kurz vor Schluß des Rennens von Paul Frere überholt. In Cape-Town fuhr und gewann Chris Bristow nach einem spektakulären Überschlag mit einem Alfa-Tourenwagen vor dem Formel 2. Im gleichen Rennen fuhr ich den Borgward-Spezial-Tourenwagen, mit dem ich 1957 in Spa-Francorchamps ein Tourenwagenrennen gewinnen konnte. Das Fahrzeug wurde nach diesem Rennen unserem Importeur in Cape-Town, Herrn J. Wohlmann, verkauft.

Moss gewann 1959 die inoffizielle Formel-2-Europameisterschaft. Die Erfolge der BRP blieben im Vergleich dazu eher bescheiden. Das war wohl auch der Grund, daß die Verbindung Cooper - Borgward nicht weitergeführt wurde. Die Motoren gingen nach Bremen zurück. Sicher die Ursache dafür, daß der Nachwelt kein Cooper-Borgward komplett erhalten geblieben ist. Ich war vor wenigen Wochen in Donington im Automuseum und habe dort diese Lücke schmerzlich empfunden.

Ich hoffe nun, daß ich in ungefähr die Informationen geben konnte, die Sie wünschten.

Im Vertrauen auf Ihre Korrektheit lege ich einige Bilder mit Moss und Bristow aus Südafrika, von Testfahrten in Zandvoort mit dem Cooper-Borgward (der Fahrer bin ich) und Fotos des restaurierten Borgward bei. Außerdem einen Sonderdruck von 1958 über Rennsportwagen aus Bremen. Diese Dokumente sind einmalig und mir sehr wertvoll. Bitte senden Sie mir alle bald unverseht zurück. Gegen die Veröffentlichung meiner Informationen über die Cooper-Borgward-Zeit habe ich nichts einzuwenden.

Mit freundlichen Grüßen

Fritz Juttner, c/o Robert Bosch GM6H

R.R.D. Richmond-Jones
22 Warburton Road,
Canford Heath,
Poole,
DORSET.
ENGLAND

17th November 1981

Dear Mr Richmond-Jones,

I was as surprised as I was delighted by your letter of the 23rd October. Old memories of a most enjoyable time were reawakened by your enquiries.

In fact at the moment I am only able to find inadequate time and opportunity to fully answer your questions regarding Borgward and especially Cooper-Borgward. All the same almost 23 years have passed and some facts have slipped by memory.

For simplicity's sake I will write my collection of memories in German. I am sure you can find someone who will translate it for you.

In my opinion Bill Blydenstein is one of the most pre-eminent Borgward experts on the island. I still have written instructions for increasing the power output of Borgward engines from the year 1958, and moreover drove other vehicles whose engines had been modified following Bill's suggestions. Give my greetings to the old son of a gun if you get the chance.

With regard to the 1,5L racing engine I can only say this, today it is still a technical beauty, and for experts of the younger generation it is almost unbelievable that such a thing was built at the end of 1954. Four valves per cylinder, direct fuel injection, dual ignition, dry sump lubrication (the latter, it is true, only from 1956) are all characteristics of the most modern engine design. Not forgetting an abundance of small details which would still be commendable today. Power output lay at around 155 PS (bhp DIN) at 7500 rpm and a compression ratio of 10,5:1.

I myself own one of the 3 sports-racers built [Borgward RS1500] with which I occasionally take part in races for historic vehicles. With painstaking trouble I have completely rebuilt the engine from the ground up. This task must be one of the most pleasant jobs I have undertaken in the past few years. A cutaway drawing of the engine is in my possession. I gaze at it like a valuable painting or a beautiful woman.

With the AVUS race of 1958 the active participation of the house of Borgward sports car racing came to an end. Drivers at the time were Hans Herrmann, Jean Bonnier, and from time to time, myself. By the middle of 1958 contacts with BRP (British Racing Partnership) had already been finalised, regarding the use of this engine in Formula 2 Cooper vehicles. Alfred E. Moss - the father of Stirling - and Kenneth A. Gregory were the managers of the undertaking. At the beginning of 1959 the drivers for BRP were Ivor Bueb and George Wicken. Later Chris Bristow was brought into the team as a replacement for George Wicken.

At the time Chris Bristow was 21 years old and unbelievably talented. After a time together in South Africa at the turn of the year 1959/60 Chris unfortunately perished in an accident at Spa-Francorchamps in the spring of 1960.

The races in East London and Cape Town at the end of 1959 and beginning of 1960 were the last of the Cooper-Borgward. At East London Moss was well in the lead, but fell back due to the rupture of an injection pipe, and shortly before the end of the race he was overtaken by Paul Frere. In Cape Town Chris Bristow drove and won after a spectacular somersault with an Alfa touring car before the Formula 2. In the same race I drove the Borgward-Special-Touring Car, with which I was able to win the touring car race in Spa-Francorchamps in 1957. After this race the vehicle was sold to our importer in Cape Town, Mr J. Wohlmann.

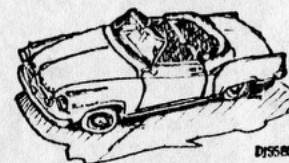
In 1959 Moss won the unofficial Formula 2 European Championship. In comparison to this the successes of BRP remained rather modest. This was indeed also the reason that the connection between Cooper and Borgward was not carried on. The engines went back to Bremen. This is surely the reason that not one Cooper-Borgward has remained complete for posterity. A few weeks ago I was in Donnington at the Auto Museum and perceived this deficiency rather painfully.

I hope I have now just about given you the information which you wanted.

Trusting in your rectitude I have enclosed some pictures of Moss and Bristow in South Africa, some of test drives in Zandvoort with the Cooper-Borgward (I am the driver) and some photos of the restored Borgward RS. Apart from these I enclose a reprint from 1958 about 'Racing Sports Cars from Bremen'. These documents are unique and are very valuable to me. Please send them back to me soon, undamaged. I have no objections to the publication of my information about the Cooper-Borgward time.

With friendly greetings

Fritz Juttner



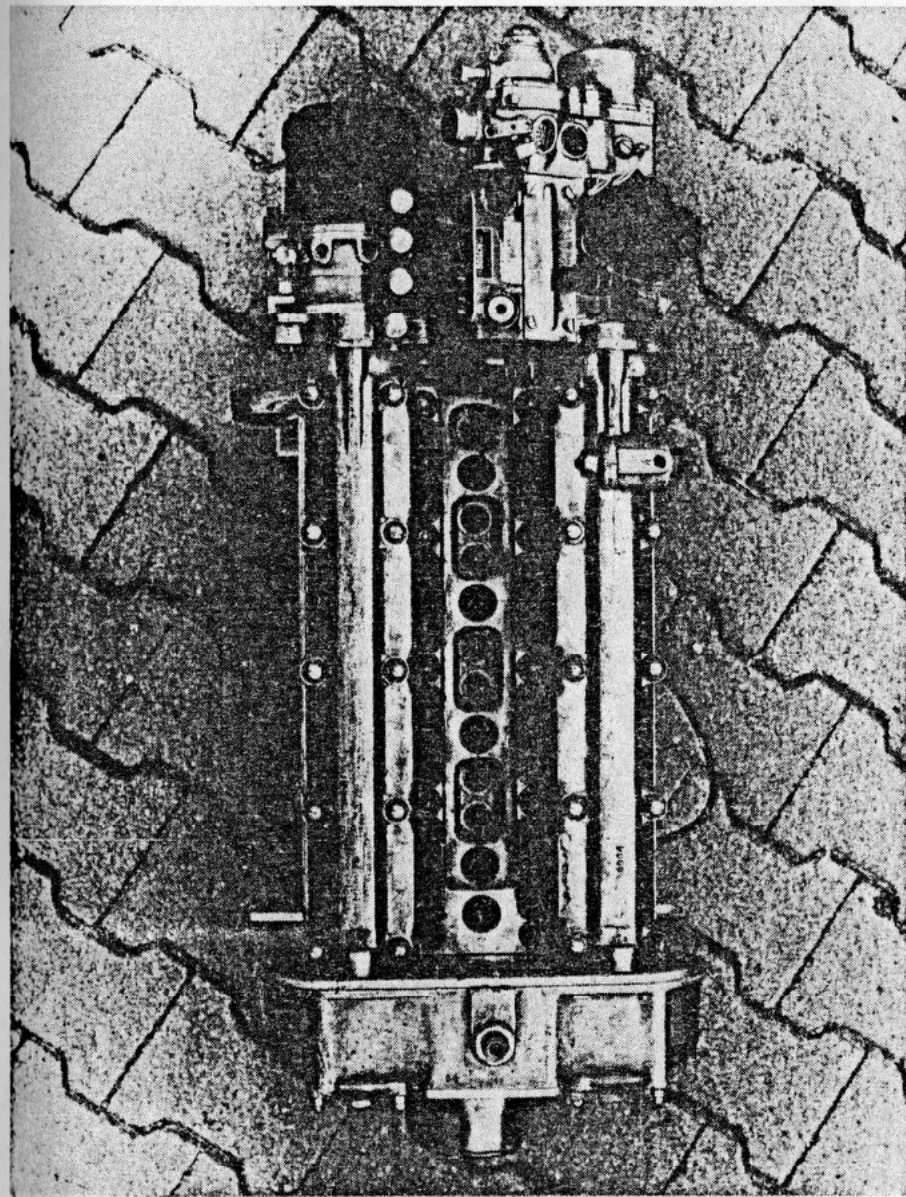
TRANSLATED BY DAVID STRIDE

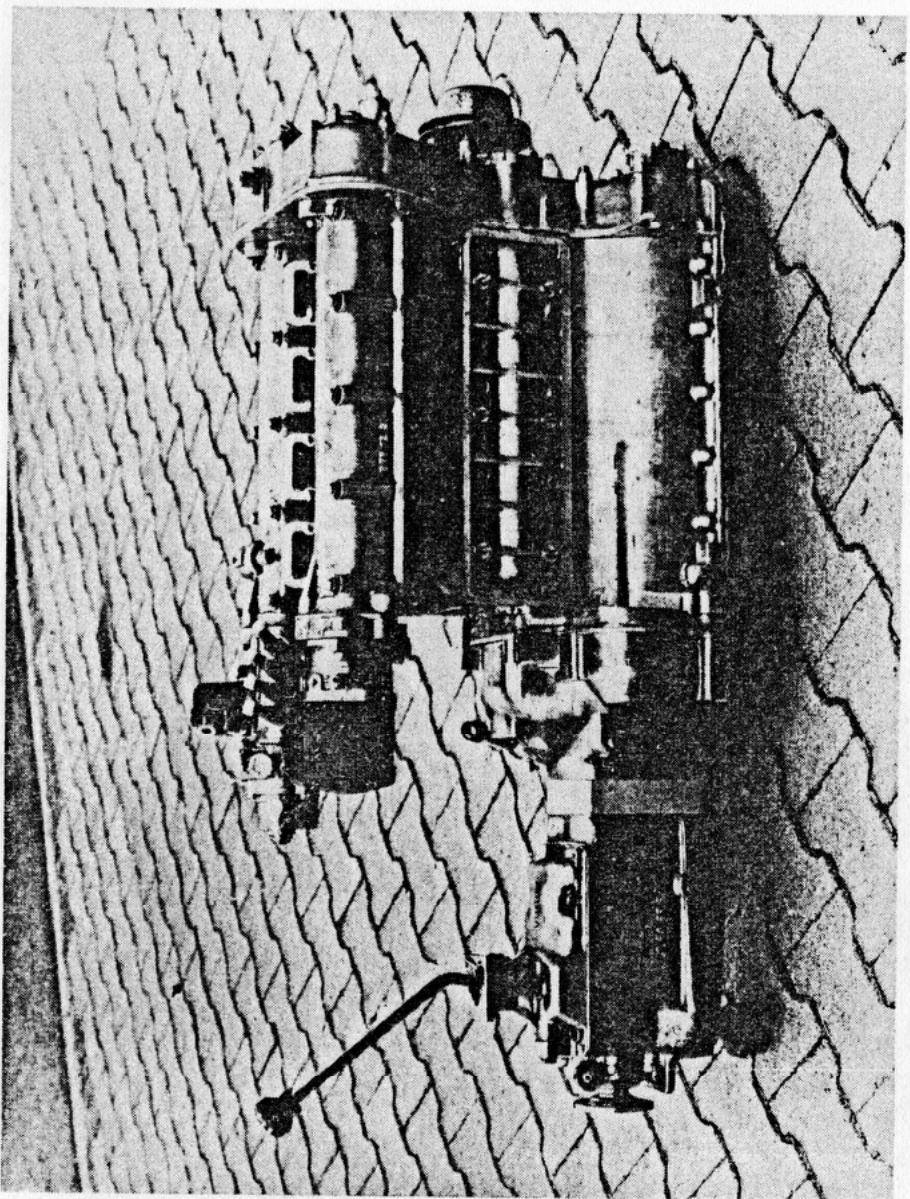
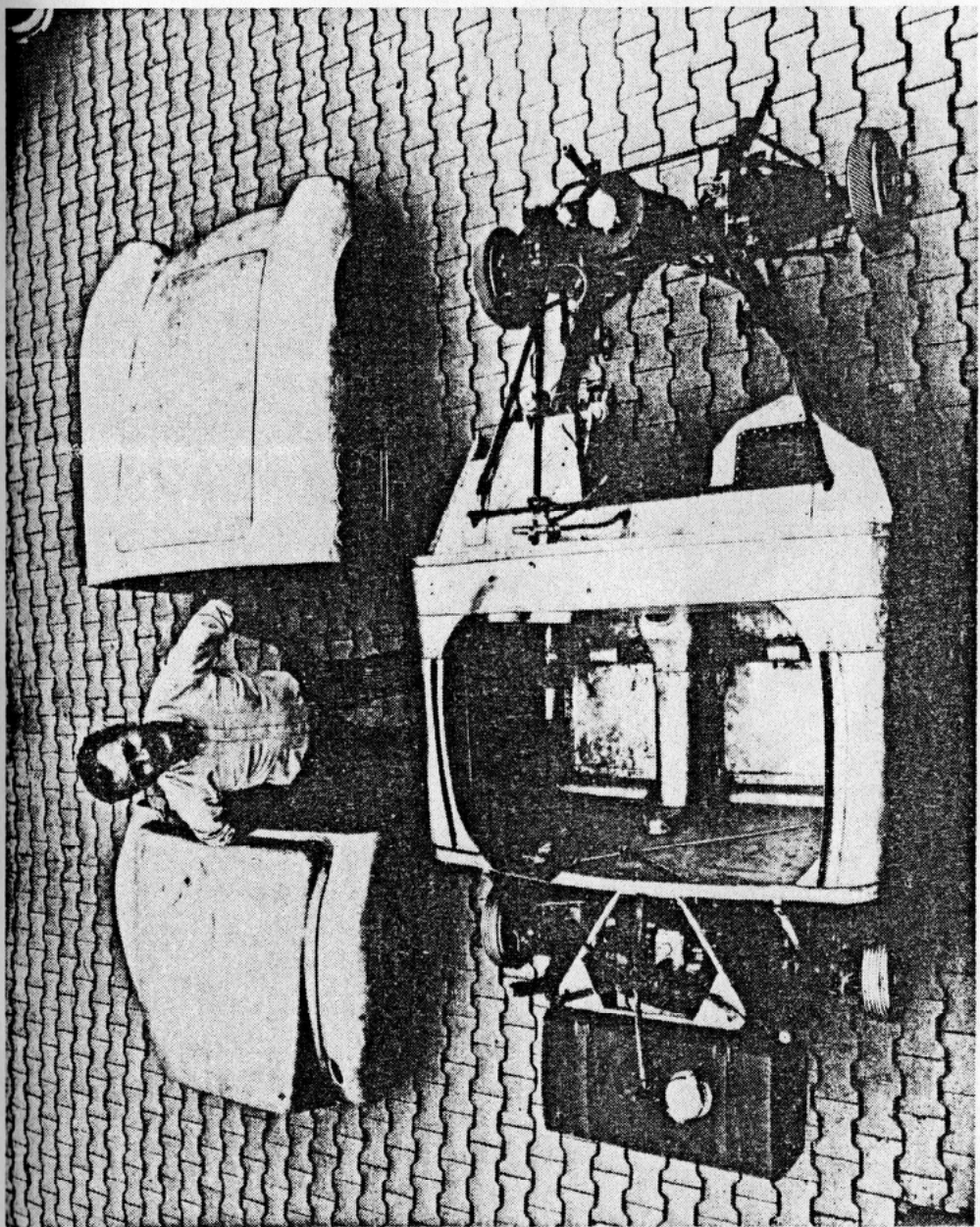


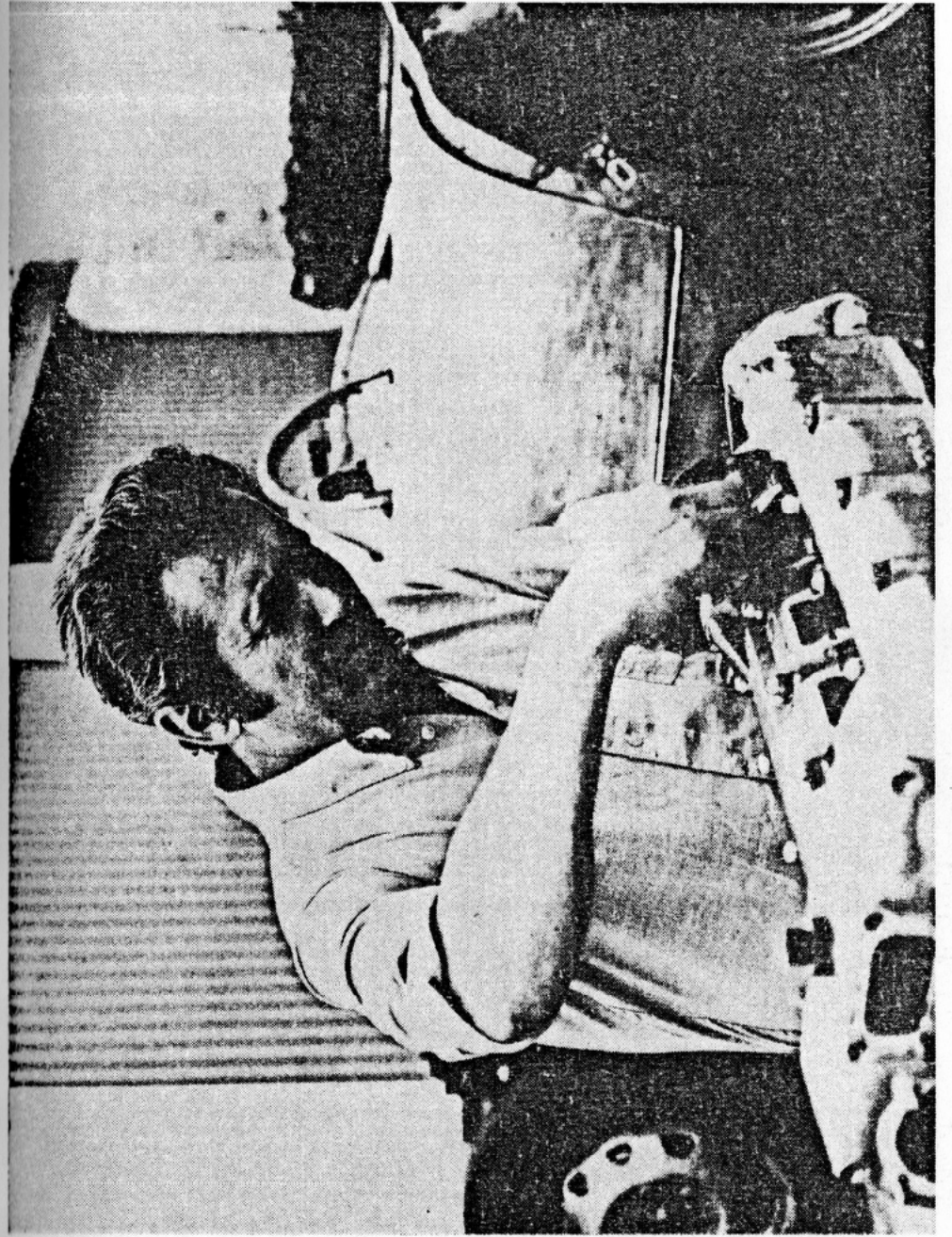
6TH SOUTH AFRICAN GRAND PRIX -
EAST LONDON, 1ST JANUARY, 1960.

Chris Bristow (left); Fritz Juttner (Borgward factory mechanic)
and Stirling Moss (right) discuss the circuit after a practice
run.

BF/75







For the third year running we have had a run abroad and this time to Essen, the famous industrial city which was the target of the Dambusters during World War II and where the well known Krupp Armaments factory is situated.

The town is very modern now and no evidence of its wartime annihilation seems to exist.

The venue for our meeting was at the Baldensee Regatta House - a most picturesque lake where the activities range from fishing to canoe racing and indeed even the use of small radio controlled boats was in evidence.

The run to Essen followed the usual pattern, i.e. for my part a start from Poole to Dover, this year picking up Archie Wilson from Liss and Nigel Ashdown from the James King pub at Peas Pottage. The journey was uneventful except that I forgot to put my radiator cap back on the radiator when I checked the car that morning necessitating me drawing on my spares box only to find the said cap some 700 miles later wedged in the grill - hows that for Borgward suspension!

After a pleasant lunch we journeyed through to Maidstone hoping to see Fred Hovell's daughter and son in law who it teanspired were away, our ending up having a walk through the apple orchards getting a breath of air before the crossing.

The crossing to Zeebrugge was accomplished in 5 hours and a very smooth and pleasant journey, our having met up with David Stride and Rob Miller who arrived at Dover a short time after us in David's white coupe.

Once in Zeebrugge it was decided to press on to Antwerp using the motor way route and thereafter to take secondary roads down into Germany. It was quite foggy to begin with and after a while I had to stop as I started to fall asleep at the wheel so David did the honours with his tea making paraphernalia which was enjoyed by all.

The weather was generally overcast and cool which made for a more pleasant journey which took us through Knocke, Gent onto Antwerp (at this joint David Stride's Coupe decided to shed a windscreen wiper but as luck would have it he was able to retrace his steps and find it) and we pressed on to a place called Turnhouse which was absolutely horrid and on our way saw 4 London buses parked up - Nigel Ashdown said they always seem to turn up when you did not want them!

Once into Germany the style of driving changed completely to a more regulated and regimented demonstration (the Belgium drivers are appalling no wonder, as apparently until recently, Belgium drivers were not subject to any form of driving test).

We stopped for breakfast and had a sleep except for Archie Wilson and Rob Miller who went on a short walk and nearly got charged at by a bull which had previously been eyeing up the maroon bodywork of 785 NFJ.

Thereafter we pressed on arriving at Essen at 3.40 p.m. and booked into our hotel, the only notable occurrence during the latter part of the journey was the sighting of a 1953 Mercedes Benz 220 Cabriolet which was being driven by an equally gorgeous looking young woman who unfortunately was totally oblivious of the fact that she was being followed by two vehicles of a similar era.

Once installed in the hotel Archie, Nigel and myself went on a food hunt and ended up in a very pleasant little restaurant and thereafter visiting the camp site where David and Rob had pitched their tent ending up in a beer kellar which was live with younger generation who had never seen a Borgward before and instead of me parking with my usual aplomb I cobbled it up completely and when I did, in fact, succeed in parking everybody clapped.

I could imagine the Statement of the day being "ah ze mad Englisher mid funny olt German wagen mit ze steering puler on ze vrongensiden!"

The next day (Saturday we all trundled off to the Regatta House signed in, parked up and made ready for the "10th Borgward Interessengemeinschaft Teffren." There were already numerous Borgward vehicles on display including a very early 2,400 Hansa Sport (Nigel Ashdown used to have one of these in years gone past, the owner believing it to be the only one running - you can

imagine his surprise when half an hour later two more arrived, one of which was driven from Sweden. Isabellas were there in large numbers including a very nice Cliff Grey Combi identical to Fred Hovell's car (for one moment I thought he had sprung a surprise on us and come to the meeting by another route). Lloyd/Borgward Arabellas were also well represented as were the, B2000 A 9 seater 4 x 4 ex German Army Staff cars (Kubelwagens) plus a very large B555 4 x 4 Wireless truck converted into a sumptuous motor caravan. The other vehicles included the Big Sixes, numerous Hansa/Goliath saloons and a Combi.

As is usual at these events, much Borgward talk ensued and it was good to be able to have a thorough look at other peoples vehicles and to see the loving care and attention that must have gone into the restoration of them. Our lunch consisted of a pre packed offering which one handed over a voucher in addition to which there was plenty of beer available.

At 2.00 p.m. we all convoyed to the Gruga Stadium where the driving tests which were open to all Borgward Interessengemeinschaft members took place. Everybody had a go and some very fast times were put up by some of the most unlikely looking vehicles. I hitched a ride in one of the Kubelwagens and considering their bulk and weight, they are remarkably nimble machines. The Isabellas were, of course, at a great advantage having such an excellent turning circle and this was evidenced by the fact that David Stride was second overall in the driving test for which he won a prize.

After the driving test we retired to our camp sites/hotel accommodation in readiness for what we hoped was going to be a sumptuous evening meal which in the event turned out to be a bitter disappointment consisting of two sausages and a roll.

This contrasts markedly with the very fine spread that we had at Bremen, admittedly sponsored by Mercedes Benz and the excellent buffet that we had at the Papendal at Arnhem in 1981. The above notwithstanding the atmosphere was very congenial and as the beer flowed the language barrier diminished to the extent that I found myself having quite a sensible conversation with a variety of people and indeed most were very interested to see photographs of the late lamented Secretarial 60, its demise being

chronicled elsewhere. The prizegiving took place during the middle of the evening and I was surprised to find that I had won a prize for being the Englishman who had travelled the greatest distance from the UK to the event resulting in my giving a vote of thanks in English which was ably translated into German by Helmut Loges, President of the German Club.

As the evening drew to a close I was able to stand at a vantage point overlooking the Baldensee from the Regatta House and to cast an eye on the vehicles parked at the foreground all sizes and shapes - what a pity that the late Carl Borgward is not alive to see it as I am sure he would have been very proud, perhaps he was with us in spirit!

At the close of the evening, discretion being the better part of valour, caused us to go home by taxi, NPJ having been left in the capable hands of one of the German members who happened to have a very large Alsatian dog.

Sunday meant a return to the Regatta House and more Borgward talk and at the auto jumble I was able to acquire some original Borgward carpet for my good friend Bob Dicker who is restoring Isabella 60. The morning was uneventful, but nevertheless enjoyable and at about mid-day people started to drift away on their homeward journey.

By mid afternoon the car park was looking a little bare and left to our own devices, we returned to the hotel and had a little snooze while David Stride and Rob Miller shot off to Dusseldorf to acquire a complete Arabella horizontally opposed 4 cylinder engine which being so compact, enabled David to put it in his Coupe boot in such a way that the boot actually closed.

Nigel, myself and Archie went out for another meal and the other two joined us for a drink later on in the evening which was a pleasant finish to what had been very enjoyable week-end.

Monday morning dawned bright and sunny. David Stride and Rob Miller set forth to Bremen where David wanted some further spares for his Arabella and meanwhile the rest of us, including incidentally, George Sinclair who had driven over in his van on his usual spares pilgrimage, drove off to

Neuweid for a look around the Borgward museum owned and run by Herr Schramm. We were in some doubt as to whether or not we would be able to visit this museum in view of the shocking floods which had afflicted Koblenz which is only a few kilometers up the road from Neuweid, happily, Neuweid missed this disaster and the museum was found to be as intact as it had been in 1982. Many of the vehicles that were there I had seen before, but Herr Schramm appears to have acquired a number of early Goliaths, but the vehicle which was particularly interesting was an Isabella TS saloon which was manufactured out of parts by a firm in Frankfurt in 1966. It was basically the 1962 specification, but the seats were from a 132 GT Volvo and the mounting bracketry had been modified to fit. I sat in this vehicle and the seats were truly very comfortable and one sat far higher than one usually comes to expect in an Isabella. I was told that some of these 1966 models were, in fact, fitted with B18 Volvo engines.

After the visit and a quick snack, we made our way towards the German/Dutch border at which point George Sinclair took his leave of us wanting to make Arnhem before nightfall and left to our devices, Archie, Nigel and myself set about finding a suitable hotel and we ended up at the Stations Hotel Venlo and surprise surprise it transpired that the late father of the owner used to have a Borgward Isabella - the result was we were well in!

Another meal ensued (there were other things to do than eat!) and Nigel Ashdown and myself went and had a look at Venlo and ended up in a beer house the owner of which had a great feeling for the 50/60's pop music which, of course, is very nostalgic and resulted in much beer being consumed and a somewhat inebriated ERJ and Nigel Ashdown at the end of it all.

Next morning (and a slight hangover) we made a swift shopping expedition into Venlo in order to get presents for our families which once accomplished, we set off for the homeward trip to Zeebrugge, basically completing the route in the reverse order and arriving at the port at 6.00 p.m. on the same evening. We were not due to board the ferry until 4.00 the following morning and felt that it was foolhardy to remain and by the payment of a small extra charge, we were on the boat by 7.00 and back in the UK by 10.30 (British Summer Time).

The remainder of the journey was in darkness and I was particularly glad that I had taken the trouble to heed Fred Hovell's articles on the improvement of the performance of 6 volt headlamps because I find that mine are excellent.

The homeward journey took us via Gatewick to drop off Nigel Ashdown and then on to Liss where we arrived at Archie's house at 2.45 a.m. I spent the remainder of the night at Liss being awoken at 10.00 a.m. with a cup of tea and thereafter I enjoyed a leisurely breakfast before the final leg of my journey back to Poole.

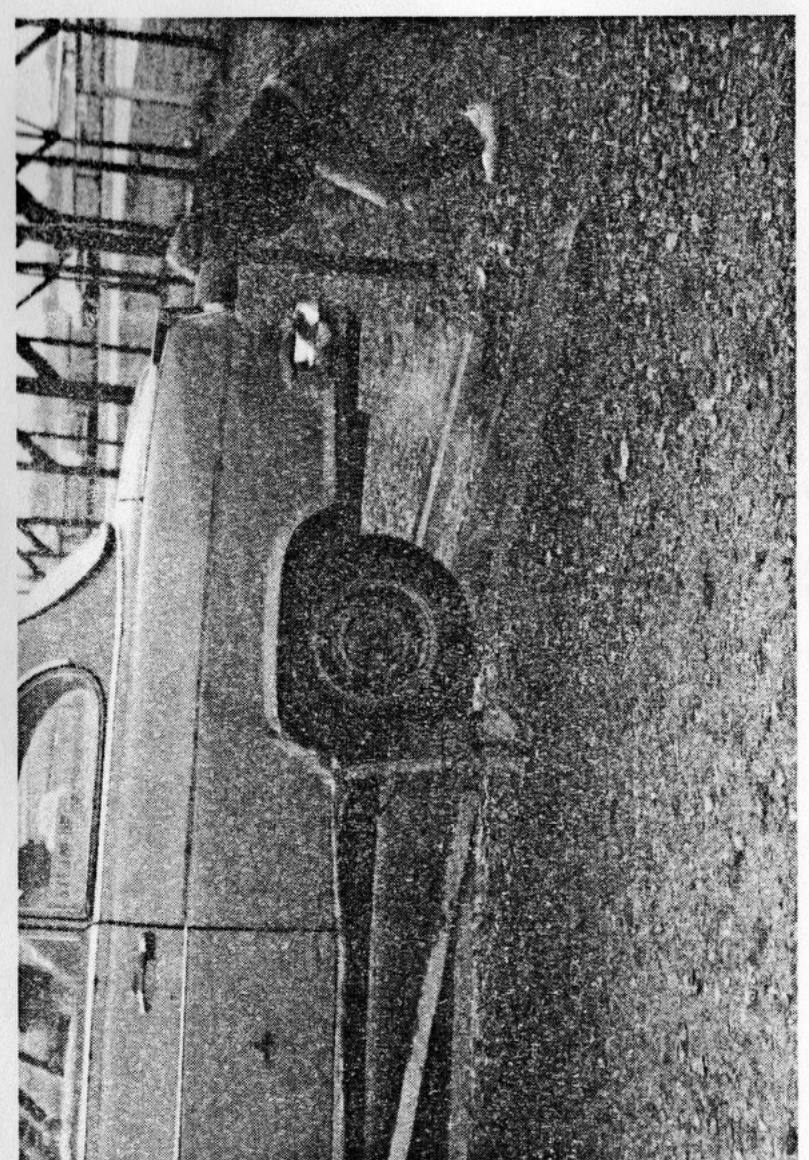
The trip was a most successful one, spoiled by lack of numbers and this was brought about by a change of date and, dare I say it, lack of communication between the German Club and ours, a matter which I hope will be rectified next year.

In conclusion, therefore, a trip enjoyed by us all and without any mechanical nastiness over the 1100 mile journey - in fact, NPJ ran like a clock.

ze mad Englisher!

MEM NO	NAME	YEAR	REG NO	COUNTRY	ADDRESS
856	S. ALLEYNE	1958T	VR449H	KENT	64, WEARSDAY RD, FOLKSTONE (8383-41135)
877	DOB ASHDOWN	1960C	551FF	SURREY	28, FAIRFAX HILL, SALFORDS, REDHILL (82934-5247)
881	H. J. ASHDOWN	#	#	SURREY	2, LEMBERG COTTAGES, REIGATE RD, HOODMOOD
884	D. A. BISHOP	1968C	4110F	AVON	18, UPPER STONE CLOSE, FRAMPTON COTTERELL, NR. BRISTOL (0454-772217)
828	L. AXTON	1959C	1580BP	ESSEX	1885, 204 BOKING RD, THE MARBLE, ROMFORD (8788-66128)
872	R. AYMEAD	#	#	HANTS	31, MUMHAM DRIVE, EAST CAMS, FARMHAM
871	CARL AYRE-SMITH	1958T	#	FEFERESH	5, CHURCH ROW, POLVERBROOK, BUNDEE
862	T. BAKER	1968T	8061KN	ESSEX	43, BELLESEY RD., CLACTON-ON-SEA
882	J. R. BARKETT	#	#	N. YORKS	KENMORE, 70, COLME RD, CROSSHILLS
823	H. J. BARBER	1962T	8061KN	KENT	181, WIDMORE RD, BROMLEY
861	T. BASS	1968T	692PK	BUCKS	23, COATES LANE, HIGH WYCOMBE (0494-28824)
818	M. DE VORNESTEIN	#	#	HERTS	NR BATHING LTD, STATION MNS, SHEPPETH, ROYSTON (8763-68851)
868	L. BEVIES	1968C	#	LANCS	WOODLAND LODGE, VICTORIA RD, HUYTON
855	K. BEISED	19	E	BUCKS	7, PARK MEADOW, FETTERES BISHOPBOROUGH (80444-5252)
853	R. BROWN	1957T	257FEC	SURREY	27, PARK AVE, WEST, STONELEIGH EMELL (81-393-2618)
863	C. BURGHARD	1958C	VXE3	SURREY	14, ST. JOHNS, REDHILL (8737-62366)
847	M. CARTER	1961S	KLR959D	HAMPSHIRE	126, NEWFORD RD, ALDERSHOT (8252-515866)
858	TOM CAVE	#	#	SURREY	NATELEY HSE., RIDGWAY, PYRFORD, WOKING (BYEFLYET-4234)
857	J. CHADWICK	#	#	SURREY	HIGHLAND LODGE, 12, PRIOR RD., CAMBERLEY (8276-26839)
842	M. CHAPMAN	E	#	WILT	43, BERRINGTON PARK, CAINE (8247-813149)
885	J. P. COLLIERAN	1961T	3675MR	MIDDY	12, EASTCOTE AVE, SOUTH HARRING (81-429-8753)
891	J. COLLINGS	#	#	J. D. M.	OLD VICARAGE, SHAFFLETT (8983-78243)
856	DOROTHY CONNOLLY	1958C	#	IRELAND	ERRISBEG ROUNDSTONE CONNEMARA, CO. GALWAY
829	C. COOMES	1968C	536HY	HAMPSHIRE	BROOKFIELD BECHWOOD RD, BARTLEY CADNAM (842127-2517)
839	R. COITON	19	M	LEICS	38, ASHFIELD RD., STONEYGATE (8533-789413)
826	G. CROWDER	1959M	534IK	BERKS	8, SELSDON AVE., WOODLEY, NR. READING (8734-691178)
824	D. DAVENPORT	19	C	BERKS	NEW FARM, FETWORTH SANDY GAINING (58271)
852	G. C. DEWLEY	E	#	SURREY	97, BRANSCOME HILL, RD., COLLEGE TOWN, CAMBERLEY
875	BOB DICKER	1968S	496ELN	DORSET	19, WARBURTON RD., CAMFORD HEATH, POOLE (8282-681366)
853	G. J. DICKSON	#	#	E. IOTHIAN	187, HIGH ST., TRARENT (8825-618285)
873	P. N. DIFFORD	1961S	4044KF	MID. GLAN.	312, TWYN CARNEL, SWANSEA RD., NERTHYR TYDFIL (74873)
886	H. DRISCOLL	1957C	OKY999	SURREY	LAVENDER COTT, HOOKSTONE GREEN, W. END WOKING
882	J. ELLIS	1968T	628CLC	SURREY	28, HAMILTON WAY, WALLINGTON (81-647-4824)
874	H. FISHER	E	#	BERKS	NELLINA, THEALE RD., BURGHFIELD, READING (8329-2714)
878	E. FLORENCE	1959C	517FO	SURREY	35, WILCOT CLOSE, BISLEY, GURU 90E
887	L. FLYNN	1958L	356413D	N. IRELAND	15, EASTCOTE LANE, HAMPTON IN ARDEN, SOLIHULL
834	J. FOSTER	1959C	8804N	LANCS	HOME FARM, HATCH, WIGAN (8742-481858)
888	MURIEL FOSTER	1961C	444JHY	AVON	38, RANNET RD., MEAD VALE, WORLE, WESTON-S-MARE (8934-516215)
816	J. GANES	1959C	8588E	ESSEX	188A, HORNCHURCH RD., HORNCHURCH
889	M. GOLDSBOROUGH	19	I	GLouc.	8, QUATT GOOSE LN, SWINDON VILLAGE, CHELTENHAM (8242-21883)
818	P. GROVE	1959C	WXH966	ESSEX	38, MOWBRAYS RD, COLLIER ROW, ROMFORD (8788-25377)
867	ANTHONY GREENWOOD	E	#	YORKS	97, SCARBOROUGH RD., HALIFAX (8422-51788)
877	BRANHAM HALSEY	19	#	CAMBS	WEST COTTAGES, LANGWOOD HILL, CHATTERTS (83543-3273)
879	M. HARRIS	1957C	WTF818	WILT	HILLTOP COTT., BRIDGEMAN RD., BAILEY CREEK (822472)
837	F. HARRISON	19	T	BUCKS	MARCOIT FARM, MARCOIT LN, CHALFONT ST. GILES (82467-2265)
828	ED HOLMES	1958C	VX8953	LONDON	22, COURTNEILL ST, W. 2, (81-727-4374)
822	F. R. HOWELL	1968M	222CBM	BERKS	OAK END, BATH RD., FADNORTH, NR. READING (8735-212185)
846	B. HINDMARSH	1968C	628VJ	WILTS	54, FROME RD., SOUTHWICK, TROMBRIDGE (A4586)
832	J. HUGHSON	1968C	3787FX	LANCS	1, FRESHFIELD RD., FORMBY, LIVERPOOL (87888-72929)
848	M. HURSES	1961T	244ATH	CARDIFF	RICKYARD COTT., HEIN-Y-PAVIN, ILANDDAFF
817	F. HOLE	#	#	IRE	THE OAK HOUSE, TUREN WIMBORNE, BLANDFORD (8747-811477)
811	MRS. F. JONES	1959C	U08144H	HANTS	118, BROOKFIELD RD, ALDERSHOT (8252-314191)
843	C. LANBRIDGE	19	C	ESSEX	58, EASTERN CRESC., CHELMSFORD
887	G. M. LEEG	1968C	#	ESSEX	HEARDS FARM, SHENFELD (8277-21883)
858	R. MICKLETHWAITE	1963C	#	LANCS	17, HOLYGROVE, WATH ON DENN, ROTHERHAM (8789-874444)
864	BOB MILLER	1968T	385DLA	SURREY	3, DANLER RD., RICHMOND (81-878-4828)
831	G. MCKEE	1957C	#	LONDON	36, HORSLEY DOWN MANSIONS, S. E. 1.
835	B. K. MCGRATH	1959S	57EYF	LANCS	44, STONEY DR, WALLAGEY WIRRAL, MERSEYSIDE
848	A. MILNE	1957C	77588P	WORCS	KINGS SCHOOL, WORCESTER (8985-23816)
883	B. J. MESSLING	1958C	VCR998	SURREY	18, HAMELTON WAY, WALLINGTON (81-647-1497)
821	M. D. NICOL	E	#	JAYSIDE	25, MORRISON ST., KIRKEMuir
854	J. O'BYRNE	NUMEROUS	#	LANCS	14, WESTHOLAND RD., SOUTHPORT (8784-4417)
858	T. O'GORMAN	1968T	YX83	MIDDY	88, ASHFIELD CRES., ASHFORD (8782-51843)
894	A. O'LORY	1968C	788YH	LANCS	8, GLOUCESTER ST., SAINT HELENS
887	D. J. PHELIPSON	#	#	BUCKS	CEDAR BREAKS, FIMMER RD., BERRARDS CROSS (8753-887882)
851	R. RUSHTON	TRUCK	#	DEVON	107, COTTAGE, KELMERE, BRADCLYST, EXETER (83282-381)
868	R. RYANINGHIE	E	#	MIDDY	98, HOBART CLOSE, HAYES (81-841-8834)
841	NICK REID	1957C	UX8678	SUSSEX	8, DODSDAY Gdns, HORSESHAM (8483-68985)
865	LINDA REID	E	#	LONDON	47, KEY HOUSE, ROULING GREEN ST., KENNINGTON, SE 11
849	PETER REILLY	1958T	8N11T	EIRE	J. REILLY & SN. C/O. BALLY BRITTAS FORT LAOISE
881	R. RICHMOND-JONES	1968T	785NPJ	DORSET	22, WARBURTON RD, CAMFORD HEATH, POOLE (8282-683621)
812	C. RIX	1968T	536CR	HANTS	52, LONG DR, ROWNER GUSPORT (FOREHAM-236528)
813	DAVE ROAST	1968C	FR043	DORSET	7, FERND LANE, POOL (8282-672888)
825	S. STANTON	1968C	222CBM	AVON	WANTAGE HSE., HATHINGS LANE, CHIFFING SODRURY (8454-318995)
876	M. A. STINSON	1957M	FR8853	KENT	19, HAYWARDS RD., FATCHAM, BRATHTON (856679)
838	C. SEDDON	1959T	MH7285	YORKS	ELM HILL, BRADFORD RD., BIRKENSHAM, NR. BRADFORD (8274-876669)
814	G. H. SINGLATER	1959C	DJ1987C	ESSEX	3, CONSTON CLOSE, BARKING (81-591-1778)
885	T. J. SIMS	#	#	W. MIDLAND	481, STRETEBROOK RD, SOLIHULL, B91 1LA
827	M. H. SKELMS	1959M	UN0955	BUCKS	18, HIGH ST, PAULERSFURY, TOWCESTER (832733-694)
815	D. STRIDE	1968S	52936D	COVENTRY	81, STANNAY RD., COVENTRY (8083-74828)
846	DAVID H. SYKES	#	#	W. YORKS	28, NEWELL RD, RATHAM, BURTON &
857	BOB STRIDE	1968M	16FLH	N. YORKS	28, SYCAMORE TERRACE, BOOTHAM, YORK (8984-34925)
818	I. THOMPSON	1968C	UJ1456	ESSEX	295, LONDON RD., HADLEIGH, NR. FENFLEET (8782-557889)
866	C. TAPP	1968E	WAF8	ESSEX	2, NEWTON HALL, 61, DUNNING (8371-2112)
883	J. RONALD TISLEY	1968C	M8E111	WORCS	MILLIONS, 173, ALCESTER RD., HOLLYWOOD (8544-823429)
845	R. TUDY	E	#	CORNWALL	2, MARGARET Gdns, CAMEL ROW, MADDERIDGE
888	JOHN WALLIS	1968C	3883PI	SURREY	282, WOODHAM LANE, NEWHAM, WYRBRIDGE (BYEFLYET-84889)
867	C. H. WALLIS	#	#	AUSTRALIA	1, CHURCH CLOSE, FOREST HILL, 5131, VICTORIA
884	G. L. WARRLEN	19	T	W. YORKS	11, ASHINGHEY RD, BROMLEY
817	K. WILLIAMS	1968C	83EVL	ESSEX	298, BORSBROOK RD, DASENHAM
838	A. N. WILLIAMS	1968C	2889TH	TYNAR	158, WILLOW AVE., EDBASTON (821-429-7169)
888	A. M. WILSON	#	#	HANTS	26, GREENFIELD DS, ISSLES (8226)
88, 57, 44					

P.S.



FROM DAVE ROAST

+ 2 new members this month
 E. HILL

LONDON 22 SOUTH END ROW, KENSINGTON (2224)