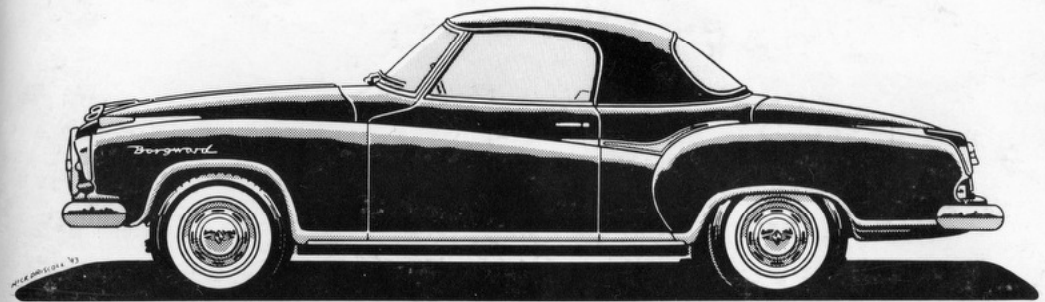




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BORGWARD DRIVERS' CLUB



JOURNAL N° 8



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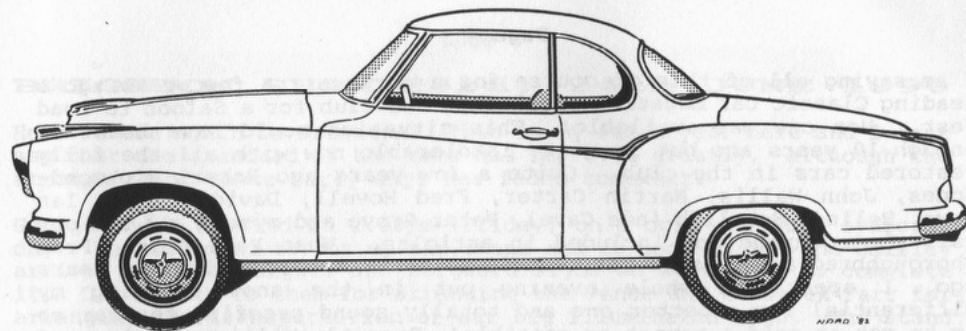
N.B. Views and opinions expressed in the Journal are those of the signatories and do not necessarily reflect those of the Club and the Publishers.

Cover: 1957 Borgward Isabella Coupé Cabriolet with steel hardtop
(Karl Deutsch)

12 YEARS OF THE BORGWARD DRIVERS' CLUB

CONTENTS

| | |
|--|-----|
| Committee Members 1992 | 1 |
| Contents | 2 |
| Editorial | 3 |
| Brighton Show 1990 | 5 |
| Luchow Germany 1991 | 6 |
| A Killer at Red Square | 9 |
| First Borgward National Meeting, Kettering 1991 | 36 |
| Separating the Indicators and Brake Lights | 41 |
| Yeovil Festival of Transport 1991 | 43 |
| "A Quart in a Pint Pot" in time | 45 |
| A.G.M. Ripley 1992 | 57 |
| Cranleigh Show 1992 | 61 |
| "Our Cars" | 62 |
| Brooklands MG Picnic Meetings 1991/1992 | 65 |
| The New Car - part 2 | 66 |
| Yeovil Festival of Transport 1992 | 68 |
| "Colors Galore" | 69 |
| Second Borgward National Meeting, Kettering 1992 | 71 |
| Bremen 1991: "Alive Again with Borgwards" | 74 |
| Isabella T.S. Saloon Road Test | 81 |
| 6 to 12 Volt Conversion | 83 |
| Dynamo Conversion | 90 |
| Club Regalia | 91 |
| Events for 1993 | 92 |
| Letters | 94 |
| "Spares and Repairs" | 98 |
| Assistant Editorial | 99 |
| PS | 100 |



EDITORIAL

Hello, to all Borgward Drivers' Club members and a Big "Welcome" to those of you who have recently joined.

I hope you liked the last Journal, no 7, as it was very much a celebratory issue. 10 years of any club has got to be a milestone in its history. With your support we should make it to its 15th year, but we have all got to pull together and attend as many meetings as possible. At the moment times are hard and the recession has bit very deeply, but most activities that people do on Sundays, theme parks, pubs, etc., do cost a lot of money whereas going to a club meeting is usually free. The only outlay for this is petrol which you'd have to pay for wherever you went. If the recession has caused your Borgward to come off the road because of the cost of tax and insurance, then maybe you should use it as your "everyday" car and dump your modern one. I did eighteen years ago, and have never looked back. The cars are very reliable, have good petrol consumption, drive like a modern car and the mechanical parts are very cheap and totally available. What other make of car is there that you can collect a part on a Sunday afternoon?

Is it really only Peter Grove, and myself who seem to use our Borgwards every day? Leaving the car rotting in a garage doesn't really help the club as much as you'd think. It is true that it is at least safe, and hasn't been scrapped. But, these cars were meant to be driven! I find that at least ten times the amount of people come up to me asking about the car, "is it for sale?" or "from where can they get one?", when I'm driving around than when ever it is at a show! I've had dozens of notes left on my windscreen, when it has been parked, always offering to buy my car, but people never seem interested in one that has no M.O.T. or needs a bit of restoring. The moral of the story is, get them on the road and we will all benefit, quite apart from the extra enthusiasm that you will suddenly develop. No one can keep up their enthusiasm for long, with 1½ tons of steel that rarely sees the light of day.

I am saying all of this of course for a purpose. A few weeks ago a leading Classic Car magazine approached the Club for a Saloon to road test. Not one was available! This situation would have been bad enough 10 years ago but is quite intolerable now with all the fully restored cars in the club. Quite a few years ago Robert Richmond-Jones, John Wallis, Martin Carter, Fred Hovell, David Stride, Ian Cave, Belinda Gottlieb (née Cave), Peter Grove and myself all had our cars photographed and included in articles. When Paul Clark, From Thoroughbred and Classic Car, wanted to drive my Coupé about 10 years ago, I spent the whole evening out in the snow changing my differential for a better one and totally sound proofing the car so as to get as good a report as possible! Recently William Moseley and Derek Farr have had their Saloons tested, but, where was the enthusiasm this time around!

Luckily, for the club, Ken Clark volunteered his Coupé which is a beautiful looking car, but it is not a Saloon! Apparently the magazine was so desperate for a Borgward that they were quite happy to have a Coupé, even though they were road testing it against Saloons! If there were more cars on the road, in everyday use, this problem would never have arisen. I don't think that all the cars used in this way turn into wrecks, although having said this I wouldn't use Ken's metallic concours Coupé in this manner, that would be a sin. But, how many concours cars do we have in the club?, and how many really nice looking cars are sitting idle?

Nick Driscoll

BRIGHTON SHOW 23rd, 24th JUNE 1990

Here we are again in Brighton! This is my fifth year here and I must say that the standard of the cars has improved greatly, although the atmosphere of those early days has faded somewhat.

George and I arrived at 2.00pm (Friday) on a cold and dull overcast day. We proceeded to set up the stand and as soon as Rob and Shirley arrived with the lights and Borgward signs we were able to complete it. Our thanks to them for arranging the venue and to Derek Farr for arranging the transportation of our big illuminated sign. The stand looked quite smart even though there was only one BIG SIX AND ONE WHITE COMBI. Note well the Combi belonged to GEORGE SINCLAIR and was a real credit to him, it looked very nice but then he had spent over two hours "T" cutting and polishing it. Well done George! It would have been nice to have had a Coupé on display and a lot of interest was shown in that particular model.

SATURDAY was a very quiet day indeed and the attendance to the show in general was poor in comparison to past years.

SUNDAY was a lot busier, we spoke to three potential members. All three owned COUPÉS and one had recently been brought from AMERICA in very good condition. We also heard about a HANSA 2400 which apparently was seen in Ilford Essex in 1980 and a Lloyd which is in a lock up garage in London and has been for the past 10 to 15 years.

It did cross my mind that perhaps it would be a good idea to prepare some printed "handouts" with CARS FOR SALE, which we could take to shows. This might generate new owners and in turn new MEMBERS for the club. Perhaps one of our current members with a flair for this sort of thing might volunteer to do the job?

We were absolutely delighted to see NIGEL ASHDOWN at the show as he was the only member to attend. I do hope to see many more members at future events!

PETER GROVE.

THE AGM AT LUCHOW, GERMANY 1991

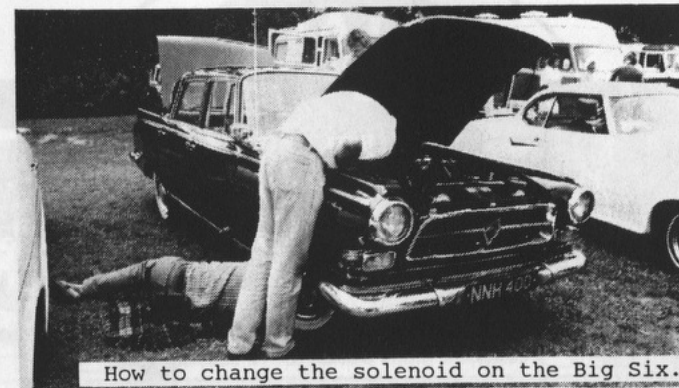
This year the main annual German Borgward meeting was held at Luchow, a small town near the old East German border 405 miles from our arrival on the Continent, this year being Hook of Holland. Only 3 Borgwards from the UK attended the meeting - Gordon Hobb's L.H.D. Coupé, Peter Grove's Big 6, and my Combi. The weather for the whole trip was ideal, each day being warm and sunny. Luchow and the surrounding countryside, including some of old East Germany was rural and very picturesque. The opinion of everyone I spoke to was that this was one of the most enjoyable meetings in recent years, being very comparable to Traben Trarbach where both the location, weather, and friendliness of the crowd made it a very good Borgward meeting. The organizers had expected 120 vehicles to attend but approximately 160 vehicles, mainly Borgward Isabellas attended, including 4 cars from old East Germany. This must create a difficult situation for the organizers when catering for these meetings, which somehow they always overcome. This year the entrance fee was 70DM per vehicle for non-German club members. Each car receives a gift, luncheon vouchers at midday for occupants of car, hire of hall, etc. However for paid-up German club members the entrance was free. This being the case, it was cheaper for the UK and other non-German club members to become a German club member for 60DM. The prizes were donated by S.K.F. bearings who have a factory within the locality of Luchow, who also helped with sponsorship.

For those who are now members of the German club, please note that their membership year runs from February to February. This means that in order to receive the "Rhombus" and any other information on a regular basis, at the time it is issued, one needs to pay the membership fee before February of each year. If members pay and join the club in September of each year, which is the usual time for the annual meeting, they will receive all magazines and information back-dated to February. This means that you will have received information perhaps after events have taken place earlier in the year, rather than at the correct time of the year if you had paid your membership in February. UK Club members also please take note!

I would like to thank Gordon Hobb and his son David for their willingness and enthusiasm in organizing and booking the ferry and Hotel accommodation for this year's trip. I would also like to thank Ewald Kause from Hamburg who, with the help of people from the Danish club, and others, located and handed to me in Luchow various very difficult to obtain spare parts for some of our club members with hansa, Goliath and Lloyd cars. I will hand these parts over to the various owners and let us hope that we shall see these vehicles on the road and attending events in the near future.

Next year's German meeting is provisionally proposed to be held in Southern Germany, near Manheim where I hope we will see a greater representation of Borgwards from the UK in attendance.

GEORGE SINCLAIR



How to change the solenoid on the Big Six.



The 3 UK Borgwards.



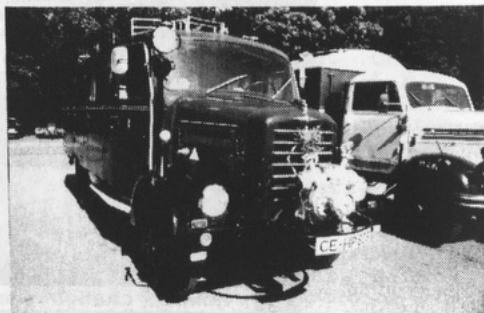
Our accommodation was quite superb!



The motley crew minus Steve and Edwina Hibberd.



No comment is necessary.



A KILLER AT RED SQUARE

OR

WHERE TO GET PETROL AT 10p A GALLON

By Martin Carter

Some said we were mad! Some said we would never make it! Some said "You're going where, in a what?" Most said "you're not going to Yugoslavia are you". But after nearly a year of preparation on Saturday 13 July 1991 we finally left Aldershot for the Amsterdam Moscow rally.

Driving to the ferry is, for me, one of the most agonising times. I'm listening for every knock every whine, my eyes hardly left the gauges, is the oil pressure ok, water? Did I tighten down the Big End bolts? What's that rattle?! However, except for slight indicator problems, we eventually got to Harwich with time to spare. A great weight seemed to leave my mind.

A 4 week camping rally does have its drawbacks, with food, clothing, cameras, tent, tools and spares there was so much weight in the car the back wheels seemed to be at a very funny angle. We certainly got the looks from the modern car drivers, a few even plucked up courage to ask what it was? "A what?"

As planned we met a Ford Consul and by 10.30am we boarded. The boat was packed with kids going to a gymnastic competition in Amsterdam. In every corner of the boat there were kids, every seat, every deck, every bit of space. What a way to start! In desperation the guys in the Consul resorted to booking a cabin, but we eventually found a seat in the Captain's Corner bar.

The ferry docked at Hook of Holland at 7.00pm local time, unfortunately we were the last car off the boat and it was almost 8.00pm before clearing customs. Finding Amsterdam was easy, finding the campsite proved more difficult, particularly as I had forgotten to bring the directions. Luckily we saw some Citroën Tractions and they directed us to the site.

The first car we saw upon entering the campsite was the Goliath, then an A35 and then, "A Slug"! (An Austin A40 Somerset). In fact there were around 300 participants from some 30 different countries, from as far afield as South Africa and North America. There was a Polish team in their 1928 Tatra and 1934 DKW IHLE sports convertible, a Dutch/Belgium team in their 1935 Singers, and the French were well represented with a fleet of Citroën Traction Avants.

The British had brought a 1924 Vauxhall 14/40 Tourer, a Triumph TR3A, a 1959 Porsche 356A, a 1960 Peugeot 404 Berline, Ford Popular 103E, Ford Consul MK1 and a MG YA. And of course a Borgward Isabella Saloon.

Introducing ourselves at the organization bus, a 1960 Guy, we were given various items including a route book, IN DUTCH!. We then put up our tent, in the dark, and went and had a chat with the Goliath team. Fortunately Karl-Heinz spoke very good English, which helped as my German is not too good.

Sunday saw a bit of a nothing day as most of the cars, infact all except the British, drove off to Amsterdam. We could not read the Dutch instructions so we did nothing. In the evening a barbecue was provided, but the servers kept a watchful eye to make sure we only had one cake each.

First day of the rally proper started well. We got up at 7.00 am to get the tent down and pack the car.

The "Mad Professor" - Will de Hek, organiser of the rally gave us a speech, in Dutch, and then we followed the convoy out of the campsite. We figured that if we followed a Dutch car he is bound to know where he is going, don't you believe it.

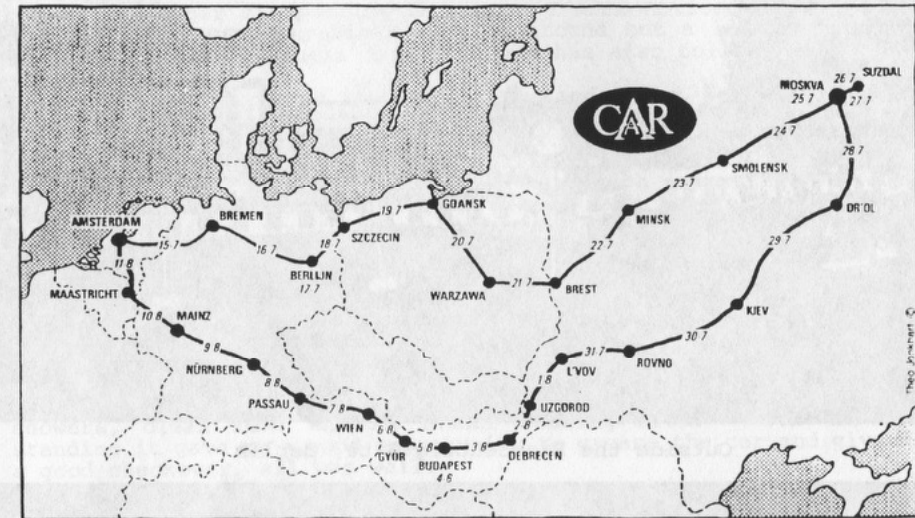
Food and drink had been laid on for us just before the German border, but all the cars trying to park in a small car park caused panic and confusion with the locals.

We drove straight through the German border, there wasn't even any one around to check our passports.

We had decided to visit the motor museum at Ibbenburen, we were especially interested as a Borgward was in the brochure, and the Goliath had been displayed there some months previously. We must have come off the autobahn one junction early; at any rate we got lost. Then we saw some French Citroëns, and assuming they knew where they were going followed them, and promptly got even more lost. When we eventually found the place they had no Borgward.

Back on the autobahn the window wipers started to play up, they wouldn't stop! In desperation I tried to stop them by putting my hand out of the window and grabbing the blade, it fell off. I finally fixed them by disconnecting the self park facility.

That night we had problems finding the campsite, again we got lost following Citroëns. When we eventually arrived, the campsite turned out to be a field with long grass, no showers and cold water! In fact the next 2 nights, near Berlin, were of a similar standard, but the Germans seemed to accept this as normal.



Map of Route



Parked in Celle West Germany



Outside the Brandenburg Gate, Berlin



Crossing into Poland from Germany

The roads in the old East Germany have improved somewhat from the year before but their signposting had not. I also noticed there doesn't seem to be as many "trabies" running around but a lot more western cars, unfortunately their driving style has also followed suit.

Poland was as I expected it, cold, dark, and dirty. Everywhere seemed run down and overgrown. I was pleasantly surprised at the roads and politeness of Polish drivers. The roads were very wide, with a sort of breakdown lane along the edge (well they do drive Skodas), making it possible for four cars to be abreast of each other. If you wanted to you could maintain a very fast speed, many Polish drivers would pull over to allow you to pass, indicators were used frequently, both to overtake and to pull in again. Petrol was only about £1.00 a gallon.

The exchange rate for the Polish Zloty was 18,000 to the pound. If you changed £120 you could be a millionaire! When we went shopping we didn't know if we were looking at prices or phone numbers.

The first campsite in Poland was very pleasant, with log cabins, hot showers, clean loos and an indoor cooking area. With the hard standing it gave me a good opportunity to grease the car and give him a good checkover, all was well.

Rain the following day put the dampers on, and made Poland look even more grey. Even worse, the car was leaking badly, and every thing inside got soaked! The next campsite saw us emptying out the car to dry the carpets. This was not such a nice site, but we did at least have hot showers, when they weren't shut with blocked drains. Warsaw brought us a better day, with hot sunshine, but an even worse campsite, still this was the last night under canvas for some time.

Tomorrow Russia.

In the morning the notice board told us (in Dutch and German) that we would drive in convoy at 9.00 into the centre of Warsaw and park outside the Victoria Hotel, where there would be brunch. Trying to drive in convoy through a city centre, even on a Sunday, is not easy, in fact it proved to be impossible. One has to concentrate so as not to lose the car in front, let alone the cars behind so we soon got split up and had to make our own way.

Eventually all the cars were on display at the city's main square, where we attracted a lot of attention. After brunch we lined up in convoy round the square, by now lots of Poles had turned out to wish us well. We set off around the city, but soon got lost again, some Dutch guys were having problems reading their road book, so we helped out with our French translation.

Finally we found the correct road towards the Russian border. After a short while we came across a long queue of cars, waiting to get across the border. As per instructions we drove past them all on the wrong side of the road, which seemed to go on for ever. We later found out that the cars at the front of the queue had been there for more than 4 days, with no toilets, or facilities of any kind, only a few trees!

Eventually we reached the Poland-USSR Border. It was a little embarrassing to see local cars pushed out of the way to let us

through, but they seemed to except it as normal. We drove straight though "No Mans" land and the bays on the Russian side were cleared both ways. All we had to do was fill out a currency declaration form and open the boot. Within about half an hour all the 100 cars and support vehicles were through. The power of the Dollar.

The hotel at Brest was a bit basic, but a vast improvement on camping. We had a pleasant room with hot water, a shower and a bath with a plug.

In the morning our promised packed lunch did not arrive, nor did our petrol tanker. A sign of things to come!

Getting petrol in Russia proved to be very time consuming and sometimes impossible. We had been told to buy "Petrol Coupons" at around £2.00 a gallon, which would allow us to get 95 octane, (this is not available to the locals), and jump the queue. Most of the cars arrived at the first petrol station at about the same time. Picture the scene, A long queue of locals from both directions, another long queue of our cars trying to get to the 95 octane pump, people wandering around trying to suss out the system, needless to say confusion reigned.

The whole place came to a standstill, it got worse when we discovered that there was no 95 octane! (in fact there was not any 95 octane in the whole of the country, we had been ripped off) It wasn't long before the Police arrived and much to our amazement they moved the locals out of the way and moved us to the other pumps, 93 octane.

The Russian system for getting petrol must be unique. First you join a queue. Then when it's your turn you drive to the pump, put the nozzle in the filler neck, then go over to the cashier and pay for a set amount of petrol, then go back to your car, turn on a lever, squeeze the trigger and the petrol comes out, then pass the nozzle to the next car and you're away. A bit like buying paraffin here.

This may not sound too bad, but, how do you ask for 20 litres please if you can't speak Russian? Some did not take coupons, some would not take cash, some would not serve us at all! If you buy too much petrol you have to waste it, or give it to the next person. If you buy too little then you have to stop later and go through the whole process again. Mind you when we paid cash it cost under 1 rouble a litre, with the exchange rate of 50 rubles to the pound, 10p a gallon! Killer seemed to actually run very well on the Russian Petrol.

One story I must tell you:- The South African with a MGA joined a queue for petrol, after about 1 hour he just got the nozzle in when they closed for lunch! So he waited, along with others, then when they reopened, 1 hour later, they refused to serve him. He did get a bit wound up.



A 10 liter petrol coupon



Two Polish soldiers standing by "Killer" in Warsaw.



Outside the Hotel Intourist, Brest

At first the roads weren't too bad, mostly wide single carriage way, with a reasonable surface. However there was one hazard that no one managed to avoid, the Police.

I was following a couple of Citroëns when we came across some roadworks. We did notice a Policeman waving his baton about but ignored him and carried on. Then we saw him in the passenger seat of a Russian car, which he must have stopped, driving down a newly tarmaced stretch of road. The car pulled over some way ahead of us and he got out. This time he made sure we all stopped. He took the driver of the first car's passport and driving licence, but was not interested in ours. We could not understand what he wanted, so I got out my phrase book in the hope that this may help. It did, he opened the book and turned directly to the exact page and pointed to 50 Roubles. We got the feeling he had done this before, and later found out that he had stopped most of the westerners as they passed by. With the average wage in Russia around 400 Roubles a month he must have been one very rich policeman.

We drove into Minsk, which was very busy with buses, trolley buses and dirty great smelly lorries. We found the hotel easily, only to be told that we had been moved on to another hotel, miles out of town on the road we had just come in on. This happened nearly every night in Russia, with the group being split between different hotels on some occasions.

When we eventually found the next hotel, it was very busy and some people were sent back to the first hotel in the town, because they had ran out of rooms.

The hotels, on the whole, were acceptable, in fact, better than we thought they were going to be, until we tried to use the public toilets. We didn't need to ask where they were, we could smell them. Most hotels seemed to have 2 bars, a locals' or Roubles bar, and a currency bar. In the locals' bar we could buy, if they had any, Russian beer at around 3 roubles a bottle, and champagne at not much more and, of course, Vodka by the gallon. However they tended to close very early and we had to go to the currency bar where prices were about 50 times higher, and only "Hard Currency" is taken. Despite this, we spent many a happy evening with the Goliath team.

The rooms were quite comfortable and all had ensuite bath or shower and toilet. Mind you, if more than one bath were to be filled up at the same time, the water just stopped running altogether.

The following day we drove on to Smolensk and again encountered the Police. We were stopped twice, the first time we just showed our passes, a trick we were told after the first incident. The second time the policeman looked at the car, smiled, then said something like "Amsterdam Moscow" and waved us on. By now we had started an unofficial contest to see who could be stopped the most and fined the least. I don't know who won, but some had impressive scores.

As we drove along, we would come across a road side hut marked "Tea", which we thought meant "Tea". Anyway there were quite a few of these along the road and as we approached, the speed limit dropped to 20KM/H and there were always police around. Any one caught speeding was

stopped, no messing. We never did find any Tea and we still don't know what these huts were to this day, but we were beginning to think that half the population were employed as policemen. As we neared the outskirts of Smolensk we saw some confusing signs, but a policeman, in one of those huts, actually directed us to the Hotel. We found it without getting lost, Hooray!! But, we were moved on to another hotel in the town. We had actually arrived at the first hotel in good time, unfortunately by the time we were lead to the other hotel, in convoy, it was getting late.

As we drove through the town we saw that Smolensk was really beautiful, with some lovely architecture. Luckily we were still early enough to have a look around the town. At that time of day there were not many queues, except for ice cream! We bought 2 lovely egg cups with bears on for about £1 each.

After the evening "meal" we went for a walk around the town. Just as I was saying that young people liked to practise their English and often invited foreigners back to their flats, we were accosted by a group of drunk kids, who had heard us talking English. Most of them spoke fairly good English and told us they were drunk on Vodka because they had just taken their exams for Higher School. One said he lived in a flat with his parents and sister. His mother was well paid earning 500 rubles a month, (£10), but his father, a school teacher did not earn as much. He also said how much freer Russia has become. Not long ago had they been found talking to foreigners they would have been questioned by the police.

One of the kids did not appear to be so well off as the others, and tried to sell us a watch. We talked to them for ages and eventually swapped addresses. After finally getting rid of them we ended up in the Hotel bar again, but we could only get vodka, no beer, no juice, no water. We were so thirsty we had to go out to the car to get our own water.

While sitting in the bar, a drunken Dutch bloke (he looked drunk even when he was sober) came over and showed us things he had bought from a black marketeer. He kept producing things from his pockets, saying how much he had paid. We thought he had paid a lot for them but he was fairly happy, and thought he'd got some bargains.

We went to bed knowing that tomorrow was Moscow!

Boy did it Rain! When it rains in Russia it rains, no half measures. Everything and every one got soaked, the car leaked worse than ever, and to top it all the windscreen wiper motor nearly fell off, and I had to go out in the rain to fix it. In fact it rained all the way to Moscow, with the spray from those dirty Russian lorries becoming quite horrendous.

Once again we were stopped by the police, but this time I was actually speeding. We understood the policemen's sign language, and we were fined 5 rubles, about 2 pence.

We found the hotel, on the outskirts of Moscow, really easily. By now we had started to understand the Russian alphabet. As we drove into the car park we were met by Karl- Heinz shouting, "Ve made Moscov Martin, I drove fast all ze way and ve vere ze first to arrive, our Goliath made it. And your Borgvard". He seemed over the moon.

There were also some Russians with nice old cars to meet us, but it was still raining hard so we didn't hang around too long. We were lucky enough to get a good room with a television, telephone and hot water, but no bath plug.

The next morning it was still raining, as we drove in a very ragged convoy through Moscow to Gorky Park. We parked all the cars by a lake which looked as though it was about to burst its banks. It was still raining.



Parked in Gorky Park in the Rain

After a short time we wandered off, but had no idea where we were or how to get back into Moscow centre. We did find some really nice ice cream, the Russians can get some things right!

We eventually went into the Metro (underground) and with the aid of the phrase book we managed to find out which station we were at and how to get to the shops. However we still managed to get lost on the train.

We found a hotel where we could make international calls, but it cost \$17 (£10) for 3 minutes, so we decided against that idea. Then we went into the GUM, the main shopping arcade, but there was nothing of interest inside and there were long queues outside some of the units, but we couldn't see what they were queuing for. We looked in a photo shop but they only had Russian film and a few lenses for sale.

Moscow was a dirty, grey, rundown, cold, and very wet place. Every one seemed unhappy and never smiled. However some of the buildings were very interesting and it was fairly enjoyable walking around. Eventually we decided to make our way back to the car, luckily we found the right Metro. Back at the car it was still raining hard. I then found "Killer's" wipers had decided to pack up, I couldn't find anything obviously wrong so I switched some wires around to get them to work again!

Later in the afternoon we set off, back to the hotel, following a Citroën DS, another mistake. After a while we thought they had gone the wrong way, so I forced my way across 8 lanes of traffic and did a U-turn, but we were still on the wrong road, utterly and completely lost. Thankfully the rain was lessening, and after asking the way a few times, we ended up back on the ring road and had to go around about a quarter of it before we saw the hotel.

After our meal we all met in the locals' bar, but they wanted to close and we soon got kicked out. So we went to another part of the building where there was another bar in a couple of converted hotel rooms. Here they also sold snacks and as we were still hungry we had some nice cheese pasty things.

Also in the bar there were some Georgians in fine voice, singing their traditional songs. We lowered the tone by trying to sing "Here we go" and soon started to drink the Georgian wine. The best evening so far, even though we felt worse for wear in the morning.

The next morning we all went on an excellent sightseeing tour of Moscow. The Intourist (Note: We spelt Intourist, Intourist, because they are so influenced by the Dollar.) guide was very interesting. We were taken to Red Square (in Russian red means beautiful so Red Square is really Beautiful Square, which indeed it is), St Basil's Cathedral, the Olympic games stadium, McDonalds and many other interesting sights. We were also taken to a very expensive gift shop, although the guide said it was cheap.

The guide told us how life was changing in the USSR. There is now a greater choice of jobs, abolishing compulsory job situations for graduates - formerly they were placed for a period of 2 years in a job chosen for them by the Government. He also told us how the education system is changing, and people are not now informing on others unlike before when you never knew who to trust. He went on to say how he argued a lot with his father over the changes, his father not agreeing with them.

We were taken back to the hotel for "lunch", and we were free in the afternoon, so I and many of the others spent our time working on the cars. Virginia spent the time by dutifully writing to lots of people - mainly one liners to say we had arrived. When she showed her face she did her share and fixed the windscreen wipers and the heater blower which had been dismantled the day before to bodge the wipers.

I also decided to wash "Killer", first time for ages, because we were being photographed for some Russian paper. I have never seen so much dirt come off a car.

Some awards were given out after the evening meal, once again in Dutch, so we don't know who won what. By the time this was over it was too late to go into town, so we spent the evening in the currency bar with the Goliath lot. Although Ulah, wife of Karl Heinz, could not follow Virginia's accent very well, her English was improving and the conversation was mainly in English with a smattering of German. It was a good night, when I got back I crashed out as soon as my head hit the pillow.

The crew from "Cookie", a 1924 Vauxhall, had an invitation back to a Russian's flat which they gratefully accepted, apparently the evening was spent with some heavy drinking followed by crashing out in the living room! However they had to be up early the next day for a photo session at Red Square (which they somehow made). But, they couldn't find the right road back to the hotel, so they asked a policeman who promptly stopped a local and ordered him to lead them back.

In the morning there was a tour of the Kremlin, however we missed the coach and decided to drive in. We parked on Red Square and surprisingly found the group in the grounds of the Kremlin. Unfortunately the tour only included a couple of Cathedrals, and although they had nice icons it was rather disappointing not to see more. We could have seen the armoury, but that was another Intourist rip off.

At lunch time we decided to forego the lunch provided, I think most people did, and look for a Pizza Hut. We walked around for ages but could not find the one near Red Square, so we drove to the one near the hotel. There was obviously a long queue for the local one, so we went in the currency section and paid \$17, it was worth every cent. It was just like being in a Pizza Hut at home.

We finally drove back to Red Square in the evening and just walked around, the lighting was lovely. The black marketeers were still outside the toy shop, whenever we went past they were there. Moscow seemed more pleasant when it wasn't raining.

Next morning, leaving before the others, we followed the Goliath to Red Square, via the scenic route. Photographs were taken of the 2 cars outside St Basil's.

The others arrived and eventually we were sorted out and the group pictures were taken. "Cookie" was filmed for British TV, although we do not know if it made the air. I managed to get some Russian soldiers to pose by "Killer."

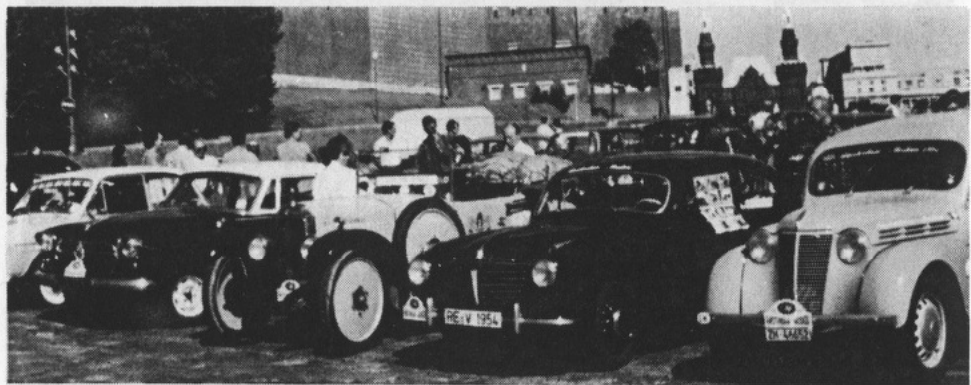
GOODBYE MOSCOW!



"Killer" at Red Square, St.Basils Cathedral in the background.



"The two cars" outside St. Basils



Some of the other cars, including "Cookie" .

"Kliff" at Red Square, St. Basil's Cathedral in the background.

We left Red Square at about 10.30am, and were nearly the last car to leave. It was a long slow drive and there were pot holes and chickens everywhere. The road would change from reasonable three lane carriage ways to single lane gravel tracks. No wonder they recommend that you don't drive at night.

The countryside is so green it is inconceivable to think that they have shortages of food, but it is all down to their distribution system. (Or lack of it). I am sure some where in Russia there is a wobbly wheel factory, all they're lorries seem to have them.

It was all a bit of an anti climax now! All we were doing was driving, and things seemed to get worse. The roads got worse, it got harder to get petrol, and the hotels weren't as good. By now we were all getting fed up with Russia.

At one point we came across a herd of cows walking down the road, one came over to say Hello or what ever it is in Russian, and we were soon surrounded by them. I can't imagine what cows are for, we did not see a drop of milk in the whole of Russia, or any sign of a steak.

It was getting more and more difficult to find petrol, so upon seeing a sign "Petrol 2KM" we followed it. We drove down a sort of stone road with sand on either side, and as usual there were potholes and lumps. Using sign language we asked some "peasants", who were sitting on a bench, if we were going the right way for "Benzin". "Yes" they nodded so we carried on. We then came to a very pleasant village by a lake, it had a petrol station, but it had been closed for many years.

We caused quite a stir amongst the locals and with the aid of our phrase book we managed to ask directions to the next nearest petrol station. A man with a sort of Land Rover helped us and wrote down the name of a town and 20KM and pointed the way we were to drive.

The petrol station, when we got there was full of our group. People had been queuing for one and a half hours. We were told by others that we were in the coupon only queue and that we could only have 20 litres. There was much talk about going round twice or joining the other line. However, I handed over 30 coupons and although the woman grumbled she let me have it all. None of the others did so well. I also managed to buy some oil and although it was steaming hot when I got it, (I thought it was chip pan oil) I was still happy, because I was getting very low. I had used over 15 litres!

Shortly after refuelling, the car started weaving about. (What was in that petrol?!) Thinking it was the road surface which had no top coat we ignored it, until we heard a ghastly noise from the back and had

hilarious and tried to give advice through the cab window. In one of his manoeuvres the coach nearly hit the Porsche which had been following us to the hotel. (He had been too late to park in the stadium).

L'vov was a lovely city with lots of nice looking shops, beautiful architecture and some happy looking people. At dusk we sat in the park where people were grouped together singing, with others playing chess and draughts on the benches. It was a lovely atmosphere, a complete contrast to the last week. Could this really be the same country?

The next day, our 20th, started well. We were taken by coach, without incident, back into the city for breakfast at the Dnestr. For some reason breakfast was excellent, someone must have made a mistake, it was a buffet and we could eat as much as we liked. So we did. This set us up for the day.

We then had the problem of getting back to the cars. There was only one coach which filled up fast, so rather than wait for it to return we decided to go in the back of the breakdown wagon. We got a lot of smiles and waves as we travelled through the city centre, everyone seemed in good spirits.

When we got back to the car we drove back into the centre, ignoring the police convoy which should have lead us out of the city, and after getting lost we eventually found the spot where we had been the evening before. We parked the car and walked to the shops. There was a market selling some beautiful hand made items, at very reasonable prices, and having bought a lot of things and filled our pockets we decided to go back to the car to pick up a carrier bag.

As soon as we got back I thought something was wrong. The lock was at an odd angle, it had been forced, and the door was not locked. I went cold! I pulled open the door. Was anything missing! Yes, camera bags, Passports, visas all gone. Also one of our suitcases had gone. Luckily we had most of our money on us so we hadn't lost that, but our travellers cheques had gone.. I didn't know what to do! Suddenly we were all alone in a strange country, strange language and unfriendly people. Virginia was becoming rather hysterical. My god what a mess!

I collected my thoughts together and went to find some help from the Intouri\$t hotel we had just past, leaving Virginia by the car. In the hotel no one seemed to speak English, until I eventually found someone who spoke a little. It was awful trying to explain what had happened, I wanted to shout, "please understand!" Finally she said she had rung the police so I went back to car to get Virginia.

Virginia by now was very upset so I took her back to the Hotel and then went back to the car, I didn't want to leave it for too long. After what seemed like hours, but probably was only about half an hour, I went back to the hotel. Everything was taking so long, 3 hours later there was still no police. Eventually Virginia decided she wanted some fresh air and walked back to the car to make sure it was alright. A man came up to her and said it was parked in a no parking zone, SO!. She shrugged him off and crossed the road, keeping an eye on him. He then called over 2 policemen to the car, so she went back. With the help of someone who spoke a little English, they told her to move the car nearer the hotel. She made one policeman go with her so she didn't get lost. She then made the policeman go into the hotel with her, and the other man turned out to be a police inspector who had by now found an English translator.

While all this was going on I had tried phoning the British Embassy in Moscow, but the phones were terrible, and seemed to be continually engaged, or just did not work.

With the aid of the interpreter we explained what had happened and what we thought was missing. The police must have been with us for about 4 hours, writing everything out 2 or 3 times, valuing things etc. During much of this interview I was downstairs still trying to get hold of the Embassy. After more than 6 hours I got through. All this seemed quite normal to the hotel staff.

The Embassy told me that I would have to Fly back to Moscow, to get replacement passports and visas, there is no other way. As it turned out the hotel could sell us tickets using my Access Card. One problem out of the way. They could, however, only sell me a one way ticket. I would have to get the return ticket in Moscow.

The police insisted that we parked the car back at the hotel Dnestr, were it would be safe. The door could not now be locked so I was happy with this arrangement, even though it meant a long walk back.

My next concern was to try and get in contact with the rest of the group, who by now should be at the next overnight stop, Uzhgorod on the Hungarian border. Thankfully we had not lost our route book, in fact this became invaluable in the next few days. Even though it was written in Dutch it told us where the rally was and the phone numbers. Without it I don't think we would ever of found them again. After several hours on the phone I managed to get through to Will de Hek and explained the situation to him. We were also concerned about getting back across the border, I didn't fancy the idea of waiting for 4 days to cross. He promised that he would leave word with Intouri\$t. We were now one day behind.

Do you ever get the feeling that the odds are stacking up against you. To get a passport we needed photographs, and of course there was no where in L'vov to get any, so that meant that Virginia would have to come to Moscow with me to get it done there. But, we only had one ticket and the office was now closed. We would have to get one at the Airport.

We spent that night in the Intouri\$t hotel, Cockroach hotel would have been a better name for it. The room was awful, it only had a sink which was hanging off the wall and no toilet. This was true Russia, I imagined it must have been similar in England in the 20s and 30s. Still we were so tired it didn't really matter much, and it only cost 60 rubles. (£1.10).

Next morning we got up at 6.30 so we could get a taxi to the airport. The airport was very busy, people had obviously spent many days there trying to get a flight. Without much difficulty we managed to find a very helpful Intouri\$t lady, who, when she realised our problem, proceeded to get Virginia a ticket and both of us on the plane very quickly, even before the pilot! We got the impression that we had pushed two other people off the plane. Again the power of the Dollar.

We expected a short flight but it took 2½ hours. Moscow airport was also very busy and a long way out of town. There did not seem to be any form of public transport into the city so we had to take a taxi. We found the Embassy without any trouble. We were back at Red Square!

They wouldn't let us through the gates because we didn't have passports, I couldn't believe it, "that's why we're hear!". Eventually they let us in and we were on friendly soil.

Inside it was so nice to hear an English voice, we filled out some forms and had our photograph taken. Isn't it a small world. The visa consul, to whom we spoke lived in Aldershot, when not in Moscow. We then had a 2 hour wait so we decided to try and get something to eat, the first time since yesterday breakfast.

We went for a meal at the hotel by Red Square, for \$5 we had a 4 course meal and as much Pepsi as we could drink, luxury but it was hard work to eat so much. As we walked back past Red Square

The key card

| | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------|--|
| <i>Hotel</i> | | |
| DNESTR | | |
| Zimmer Chambre Room Комн. № | | |
| | 572 | |
| Имя | _____ | |
| Страна | _____ | |
| от _____ до _____ | _____ | |
| наш адрес: | _____ | |
| Льов, Матейко ул. 6 | _____ | |
| Львов, ул. Матейко, 6 | _____ | |

I saw the drips of oil I had left there only three days ago.

From there on things started to go down hill again. It was now about 4pm, the embassy had told us that there is a flight back to L'vov at 5.30pm, and that we could book it from the hotel where we had eaten. That sounded fine but we could not find the booking office, so we decided to take a taxi back to the airport.

At the airport we could not find the right people to get us tickets. Intouri\$t said go to the booking office, the booking office pointed to somewhere else, we were sent upstairs and downstairs, one area to another. No one seemed to speak English, how uncivilised.

Virginia eventually tracked down the airport manageress, who looked at some paperwork and indicated she was to go back at 5pm, which we did, only to have her get up and walk away. I went to find someone at Intouri\$t who spoke English while Virginia stayed. It had now past 5.30 and we were getting desperate. Some time later the manageress came back with a scrap of paper - 6.30 flight to L'vov, Virginia went back to the ticket office and got the tickets. We must have jumped over goodness knows how many people's heads to get these tickets, other foreigners as well as Russians - AGAIN MONEY TALKS.

We got onto the runway and we were standing under the plane when they started questioning our tickets, making signals as if one of us should stay behind, every bit of this operation was becoming a struggle, but finally they let us onto the plane.

From Hotel Dnestr (Dniester).

Шановні гості готелю
«Дністер»!

Дирекція щиро вітає Вас і
доводить до Вашого відома,
що: наша адреса:

290000, м. Львів,
вул. Матейка, 6

Нагадуємо що в готелі
встановлений розрахунковий
час — 12 година.

В готелі цілодобово пра-
цює служба прийому і
обслуговування, де можна
одержати інформацію з
усіх питань, які Вас цікав-
лять

Телефони: 70 70 37,
70 70 38.

Завжди раді приділити
Вам увагу і будемо влячні
за пропозиції щодо покращення обслуговування.

Dear Hotel „DNIESTER”
guestes!

The Hotel management is
glad to welcome you and
tell you about us.

Our adress: 290000, Lvov,
Mateiko str. 6

Telephone 70 70 37,
70 70 38

Check-out-time — at noon.
Our reception service will
be glad to help you with
any questions.

Round the clock phone:
70 70 37, 70 70 38, 70 70 73.

We are always glad to
take care of you and will
be grateful for any sugges-
tions!

It was a shorter flight back, only 1½ hours, must be downhill. When we got back we decided to book into the Hotel Dnestr and drive the following day. As much as I wanted to get away, I could not face driving at night.

Got a taxi to the hotel, "Killer" was still intact. They didn't want to book us into the hotel as we had no visas, and they need the numbers. We got a room eventually after saying that we had stayed in the Sputnik, two nights previously. This hotel cost \$60 a night, still it was worth it.

The taxis were refusing to drive between Intouri\$t hotels, so we had to walk to the Hotel Intouri\$t for our bags. It poured on the way back and we must have looked like drowned rats when we got back to the hotel.

We managed to get a reasonable meal in the restaurant just as they were closing. We were now 2 days behind.

We got up at 5.30 and were away by 6. We drove non-stop to the border, don't ask me how but we did not go wrong once all the way. Just as well because there was no petrol between L'vov and the border, either empty or shut. We must have been running on fumes, but I knew "Killer" would not let us down.

At the border we came across the 4 day queue. Will de Hek had been good to his word and we were waved through all the formalities, until the very last bit - **NO VISA NO WAY THROUGH -. We could see Hungary, please let us go!** We were told to wait on one side. Conferences between the Intouri\$t aide and the border guards. I was taken with the Intouri\$t aide to a room to make a call. They were waiting for someone with higher authority, and making noises about driving back to Uzgorod to make another police report. **NO PETROL, NO WAY!**, Virginia was virtually in tears. We even thought about making a run for it.

After three quarters of an hour someone came over and asked if we had any Dollars? No only a few Deutsche Marks, he went away again. He came back after about 10 minutes and asked the make of the car, I wrote it down for him, he went away again. Once more he returned, only this time with our passports and a scrap of paper - **WE WERE THROUGH, OUT OF RUSSIA. I have never been so glad to get out of a country in all my life!**

The Hungarian border guard looked very carefully through our passports, another guard came over, he was very interested in the car and wanted to look under the bonnet. When we realised he was only interested in the car I pointed to the fuel gauge, which showed empty, the guard pointed down the road and said "100 meters"

We were in such a hurry to get away from the border that we forgot to change our money. So we had to go back, and change £15, about all we had left. This was not enough for the petrol so I had to give the attendant the difference in Deutsche Marks, he seemed happy enough. But what a shock to the system, petrol £2.00 a gallon after being 10 pence.

We had a short drive to Debrecen, it was a much easier drive than we had expected, the route book and French translation both saying it was very hard and mountainous.

After about half an hour we passed the first group of our cars -**WHAT A RELIEF**, we soon passed the ANWB breakdown vehicle and that was even better, (we later found out that they were changing the engine on the Citroën B2 on the side of the road!).

We found the campsite very easily, following the road signs and getting directions from people at pubs on the way. Crowds of people came over to greet us, glad we had made it back and made such good time, they were not expecting us until the following day. Everybody wanted to know what had happened and how we had coped.

What a day, we had driven the best part of 500 miles non-stop.

The following day we drove into Budapest which looked really nice, but we were both too exhausted to enjoy it. We returned to the campsite and fell asleep.

Later I decided to look at "Killer", he had done us proud getting us out of Russia. He seemed lopsided and we found that one shock absorber rubber had disintegrated. Not too much of a problem.

Hungary was very much a surprise, it was just like any other "Western" country. I had imagined it would be very much like Poland, but it wasn't. We had to drive through a town called Tara on the way for our official photograph. We caused absolute havoc in the town, driving the wrong way down one way streets and blocking the town. The police eventually moved us on.

We found a car boot sale/market, I bought a petrol stove, Russian brand new, for 400 Forints about £3.00. This cheered me up a bit.

We found the next campsite and drove into the town of Gyor. It was a nice place with lots of boutique type shops, which had quite expensive goods in them. I tried to find a Star Trek book in Hungarian, but couldn't find one. Virginia bought a bum bag, she needed to keep the passports somewhere safe!

The next day we headed for Austria and Vienna all going through the border together. In Austria we met with the Austrian Old Car Club and Will de Hek kept trying to keep us in convoy. It was alright on the motorway, but we all got lost as soon as we came off and met traffic lights.

We went round Vienna at least twice and wasted a good hour. The saying now goes; "in the centre of Vienna there is a three lane one way system, and we have seen Vienna from each lane".

When we eventually found the right place we bought an absolutely delicious, very expensive ice cream. We were given free coke though.

Since that trip Karl Heinz has been reported to have delivered to the Baltic States. He reports "The rally is an interesting adventure but very expensive. We didn't want to miss it."



Killer ready to have his picture taken in Tata



Killer in Vienna

By now the weather had improved tremendously and it was very, very hot. It must of been on the hottest day that "Killer" finally let me down. It was on the drive to Nürnberg, Germany that the car just stopped. On investigation I discovered that the distributor was not turning when I turned over the engine. Strange! Then it dawned on me, the timing wheel! To confirm this I removed the rocker cover side panels and the rockers also weren't turning.

As luck would have it, I did have a spare one with me, I think at the back of my mind I thought this might happen. However it was in the back of the service van, which could be several hours behind me. I contemplated the idea of changing it at the side of the road, but, it was so hot that I couldn't pick up any tools I had left in the sun. Also there was the chance that the van would not pass me. After a short time Karl- Heinz came along in his Goliath and stopped. When he told me that we were spending that night in a fire station, with a work shop, I decided to have the car taken there.

After a short time the flat bed car transporter came along and we pushed Killer on. It only just fitted after removing all the petrol cans and spare wheels. It was about 100 miles to the fire station and I got a chance of driving the transporter. Talk about "Rolls Canardly," with the weight of Killer on its back it could hardly move, but down hills it ran away with itself, and I was permanently fighting the steering wheel to keep in a straight line. Still eventually we arrived in one piece, or should I say several as I had already stripped some of the engine down.

I couldn't have wished for a better spot to fix the car, we pushed it over the pit and I pulled the old timing gear off and fitted the new one in place. All in the comfort of a well equipped workshop. Of course I had the problem of lining up the correct number of teeth on the new wheel, but with the help of Karl-Heinz I think I got it right. After several hours I started the engine. It Ran! And boy, was it quiet, sitting in the car I could hardly hear it. Killer was back!

Well not much happened after that, except that we did see Killer on Television in Germany. We also spent one night in Maastricht, but couldn't see what all the fuss was about.

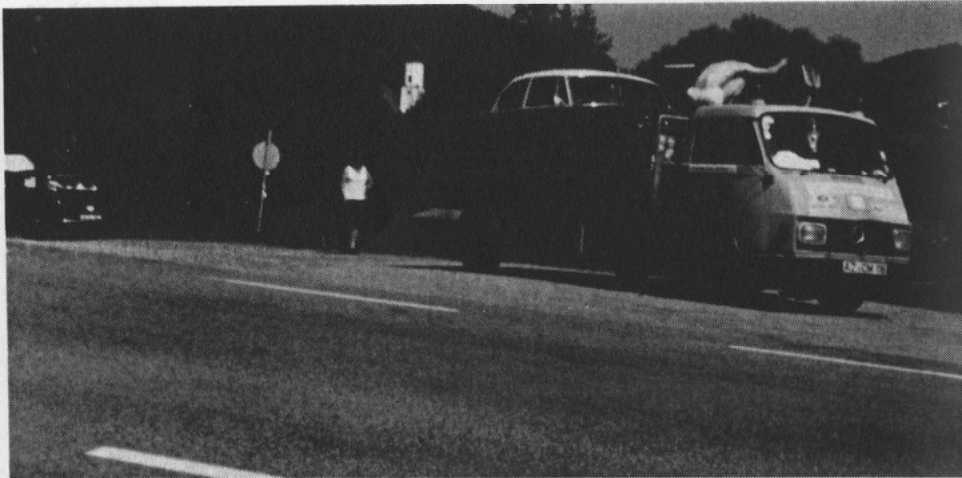
Arrived back in Amsterdam on Sunday 11th August, and the following day we caught the ferry home. Almost 5000 miles door to door. Of the 100 cars that left Amsterdam 98 returned, one broke a back axle on the last stretch to Moscow and went back by train. The other broke down in Germany took his car home and then continued on a motorbike.

Except for our unfortunate incident, we both enjoyed the trip. It was an experience that cannot be repeated. As you will know 2 weeks after we left Russia the tanks rolled in and the old USSR no longer exists. This rally fulfilled one of my ambitions, to drive a classic car to Moscow. We also made a lot of friends some of whom we have seen since.

Since that trip Karl-Heinz has returned with his Goliath to the Baltic States. He reports "The Rally was an interesting adventure but very expensive. We didn't want to miss it."



Parked beside the river Danube, Austria



Being loaded on the flat bed after the breakdown.

A little bit about the Club that organised the Rally.

CAAR Club of Ancient Automobiles and Rallies.

Founded in 1989, CAAR was the first internationally structured all-make Ancient Automobile Club. As a non-profit making organisation, already present in at least 8 countries and on 3 continents, through its European and North-American founder members, the club is devoted to encouraging the collector car hobby and, in particular, the social life of members, individual owners or enthusiasts.

The Club offers international services and advice designed to help members successfully pursue their hobby, and organises meetings, rallies and other specific events as bases for convivial exchange. It also aims to defend the collector car heritage and causes in every possible way.

The club spirit of conviviality aims at creating and strengthening the ties and friendship between collector car owners from all countries, so that, through exchange and mutual aid, they can share their passion with others in the best possible conditions. In this way, CAAR is therefore complementary to other clubs, national or regional, mono-make or mono-model and is most willing to create with them ties of friendship.

CAAR has a fully experienced staff, which ensures sound management of the different events included in its annual programme, and guarantees all commitments made to members and to organisations or sponsor companies, who wish to be associated with any of its events or services.

The Amsterdam Moscow rally really gave me the bug for long distance touring rallies and I have now taken on the presidency of CAAR GB.

Future rallies include: Route 66: the big run across the legendary Route 66. Classic SLS: a non-stop 30hr endurance rally between Holland and Luxembourg and a camping rally in Poland.

If anyone would like further details of the club or rallies please phone or write to me.

Martin Carter
29, Elston Road,
Aldershot
Hants
GU12 4HX

Tel 0252 312416

**1st BORGWARD NATIONAL MEETING 1991
AUGUST 17th 18th KETTERING NORTHANTS.**

What a splendid weekend this was, both as to number of people who turned up and, above all, the weather that we all enjoyed.

Without doubt but for Derek Farr and his Wife Pat this event could not have been a success. I know Derek took a great deal of trouble to arrange the event so that our Club could be part of the Kettering Car Club event which was held in the town on the Sunday.

For my part I arranged to stay with Fred Hovell at his house in Padworth on the Friday evening because he came in the Combi to the event. On Saturday morning we left "Oakend" at 9.30 am and trundled up to Kettering, arriving at 12.15 pm. We met Gordon and David Hobb, Rob Miller and Derek Farr. Nick Drisoll and Fiona arrived twenty minutes or so later and thereafter Kelvin Jones and his Father arrived in the car that is everybody's favourite - a Trabant - yes a real live and kicking Trabant Estate car. These are amazing little vehicles as their body is made from a form of plastic which is supposed to be biodegradable.

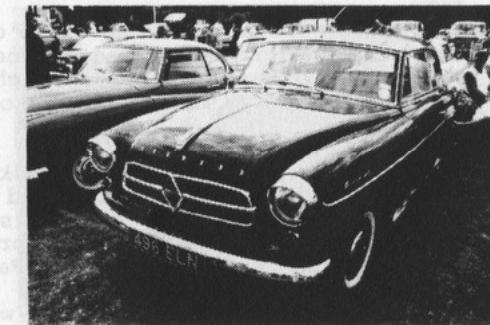
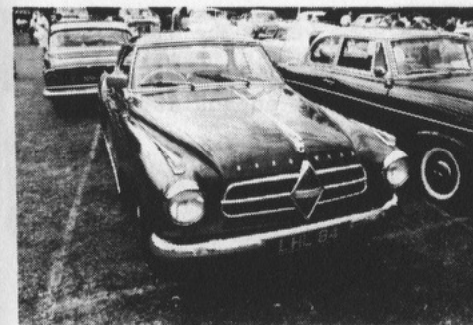
After we had lunch we all went in convoy to what must be one of the finest small motor museums in the Country. It is in the middle of nowhere and unless you realise that it is there you would never find it. Derek Farr even had difficulty because he contrived at one point to lead us all up a driveway which belonged to a private house, nothing to do with the Museum. You can imagine what it was like for the poor owner of the house to look out and find 4 Borgwards and a Trabant sitting on his lawn!

A hasty retreat was beaten in reverse, we caused a minor traffic jam, but soon were on our way.

The Museum was at Saddington and was known as the Cooke Collection. Mr Cooke is an engineer and his mainstay is the Bull Nose and Flat Nose Morris Oxford/Cowley from Edwardian time through to the demise of the model in the late 1920's early 30's. He has a collection of several of these vehicles and involves himself in the restoration of them and has a large number of barns and outhouses in which he stores spares. His own collection is excellent and of great variety.

In addition to the Morris collection he had 3 Bugattis, Rolls Royce 20. 2 Rolls Royce 20/25s, 2 pre-war BMW 319s'. He is also the proud owner of a Rolls Royce Silver Ghost.

He also had a fine collection of motorcycles including an early BMW R/60 with a Steib sidecar. There is a very rare Austin 7 "milkfloat". This vehicle was in effect a four seater tourer but the back opened to allow a milkchurn to be put in it and the milk was delivered from the back of the vehicle on a daily basis round the village. When it was not being used for this purpose it could be converted and used as a family car.



Mr Cooke gave us a lot of time and explained the history behind his exhibits and showed us round his workshops. The cost was £1.50 per person which included tea and biscuits and was a really excellent way to spend two or three hours on a Saturday afternoon.

We then went to Kettering and booked in at our respective Hotels. Fred and I stayed at the Hawthorns Hotel which was a splendid place. Most of the furniture was Victorian and there was a splendid collection of jugs, pictures and items of times gone by. Mr and Mrs McQuade made us both feel at home. Mr McQuade being an avid VW Beetle enthusiast.

We all sojourned to the Piper Public House where we enjoyed some excellent pub grub and "Borgward Drivers' club" conversation.

We had all driven a long way and an early night was called for and we left before the pub closed.

Sunday morning dawned with a cloudless sky and after an excellent English breakfast the Combi was cleaned in readiness for the show. Derek had already given me directions and as it happens we got behind an Austin 7 that led us to the show.

Kettering was given "seaside town" status for the day which meant that the shops could open although personally I was too busy enjoying the site of the classic vehicles at the show to bother. The "Borgward Drivers' Club" was excellently represented by 13 vehicles in the form of 2 Big 6, 2 Combi's, 5 Coupés 3 Saloons (standard Saloon and 2 TS's). It is a long time since I have seen so many Club members with their cars at one event and I hope that this wonderful turn out will encourage Club members to attend other events.

There were many other interesting vehicles at the show, both old and new some in class A1 condition, like the 911 Porsche which actually came second in its class at the Porsche Car Club GB event at Malvern. (But this car arrived at Kettering on a trailer!!). At the other end of the scale there was an 1938 Hillman Minx Saloon which had been purchased new by its owners Father and had been in regular use all its life (and this would include war time use).

Other Clubs included the Rover P6 club with some very nice V8 Rovers. The American contingent had a fine variety of vehicles ranging from the Flash Thunderbird to a straight 8 pre war Packard (Howard Jacks who is a keen Club member but also an American car enthusiast was in his element).

The show progressed and we were asked to produce 6 vehicles as a cross section of the Isabella range and we had the opportunity of driving them round the arena and each to speak about our respective cars. I took the opportunity of publicly proclaiming on behalf of self and the club my thanks to Derek and Pat Farr for their efforts.

Later on in the afternoon there was a "prize giving" and I am very pleased to say that the Club won the best stand award and also to be personally awarded the best Borgward vehicle on the club stand, The judge in this case being Fred Hovell who as many of you know together



with the late Cmdr Allison ran Halfway Garages at Padworth which was a Borgward dealer.

The prize giving in respect of the other clubs carried on and the event began to wind down at just after 5.00pm. Fred and I left 5.30pm after what can only be described as an excellent weekend.

I returned Fred safe and sound to "Oakend" at about 7.30pm and thereafter motored on to Poole to arrive home approximately 9.45pm.

I do hope that we can have another event like this and perhaps time it so that some of the other European Borgward clubs can become involved.

I am pleased to note that 2 new members were signed up at the show.

Here's to the 1992 National Borgward Drivers' Club Event.

Robert Richmond-Jones



SEPARATING THE INDICATORS AND BRAKE LIGHTS

About a year ago I finally got fed up with people hooting at me whenever I wanted to turn off a main road. The day came when the police stopped me and pointed out that my left-hand brake light was out. I told them that this was impossible, but they couldn't see this. "Your light bulb could have blown in the middle of your journey". I told them that as the brake light bulb flashes for the indicator then I would see from the instrument panel if I had a problem.....Blank looks! "Austin Healey 3000's and early Morris Minors had the same system" I explained.

"Never seen one" was the reply, come to think of it policemen are getting younger these days! Joking aside I explained that the only reason they thought my brake light was out was because they had flagged me down and I was indicating left to pull over to the kerb. They had actually decided to stop me because it was 3.00am and felt that as I was driving well over the speed limit I must have stolen the car!. "You realise sir, that if your car had been stolen it would be on a boat to the continent before you got out of bed" How very thoughtful.

The final straw came when I got stopped again, when indicating left, and had to explain the whole thing once more! Something had to be done.

When Peter Grove and I were in the Luchow International meeting we were playing around with George's Combi rear lights just trying to solve this problem. Peter suggested that we could introduce a twin filament bulb and solder some wires to it, which are then connected to a terminal block. This would work, but it's messy and every time your bulb failed you would have to get out a soldering iron. I felt that not everyone in the club would be prepared to put up with this performance, there had to be a better way.

Back in Journal No3, Norman Williams wrote an article on converting the reversing lights to indicators. But if you don't want yellow revering lights you would have to wire in separate ones which is ugly, pointless and not very original. Not everyone would want to have amber indicators. The main problem is having one bulb serving two functions.

One day when I was cleaning the contacts on the rear lights of my Coupé it suddenly came to me; a really simple way of solving the problem. Something Borgward should have done.

The following text concerns all Coupés, Combis and Saloons from August 1958 onwards. The earlier cars had amber brake lights!, so this is something that warrants another article, especially the early Saloons.

- 1 Remove the boomerang lens and look at the lamp housing which is made of die cast mazak.
- 2 Take the wire from the taillamp socket and connect it to the parking light socket.

- 3 Take the wire from the parking light socket and connect it to the tail lamp socket.
- 4 Disconnect front parking lights and insulate the wires. These are on top of the wing and only apply to the Coupé and T.S. Saloon.
- 5 Undo the bonnet and find the brake light switch. This is screwed in to the brake master cylinder and has two wires coming out of it.
- 6 One of these two wires is live. With the ignition on touch the wire to the soldered terminal of a bulb and connect a wire from the bulb's brass bayonet to the earth, or use a meter. If the bulb lights up you have the live wire.
- 7 Leaving the live wire connected to the brake switch, connect a wire from the other side of the switch, having first disconnected and insulated the original wire, to the feed side of the parking light fuse. Disconnect the parking light feed wires at the fuse box (ie., the ones at the rear). Connect a bridging wire to the other parking light fuse so that both are able to come on! On Combis and Saloons you will have to run a separate wire to the rear light holders as they have no parking lights connected, but the rear sockets are there although not used.
- 8 Remove the 2 watt parking light bulb, if fitted, from the socket and buy a 5 watt side light bulb with the small bayonet, and bigger glass envelope. These are not common but they do exist.
- 9 Remove the 5 watt side light bulb and replace with a 21 watt bulb.

You now have separate indicators and brake lights. A further improvement is to remove the red section of the lens, (nearest to the clear reversing light area), very carefully with cellulose thinners. This is quite time consuming and don't get it on the top part. Mask off the other areas with a fairly low tack airbrush masking film or drafting tape. (The red could come off). Using an air brush or modellers spray gun spray at least half a bottle of Spectra Headlamp Yellow on the area allowing it to dry between coats. This takes an enormous number of coats but it does eventually build up to orange. A full bottle would obviously make the orange denser. Don't try to use a brush because the "Headlamp Yellow" is cellulose based and you will just keep pulling all previous coats off each time you put a new coat on, resulting in a mess.

If you don't want this palaver send them to me and I will do the pair for £40.00 (£20.00 each) with my "Hansa!", airbrush, just perfect for the job.

Nick Driscoll

YEOVIL FESTIVAL OF TRANSPORT 1991

How time flies, it only seemed minutes ago when I was arranging the 1990 event at Barwick Park in Yeovil.

The event this year took place on 10th and 11th August at the same venue.

Because of the Club's national weekend at Kettering due to take place on 17th and 18th August, Yeovil was not well attended as most "regulars" were "saving themselves up" for the big weekend.

This did not however prevent Yeovil being a great success from our point of view because although there were only 2 cars in the form of my Combi and Ian Cave's Big Six, much interest was shown in both cars, particularly the Big Six. Ian is to be congratulated in making the effort to come in the Big Six with his caravan, particularly in view of the fact that only three or four days before, the car was not even fitted with a towbar. Ian says that the car tows beautifully and having air suspension which is self levelling, the right height is always constant (like a Citroën BX).

The event started for me on the Friday evening as I left work early and went straight to Barwick Park in order to set up the stand with Ian so that it would be a rush on the Saturday morning. I found the Big Six and the caravan but no Ian. I also found the plot (number 14), again no Ian so I killed some time by having a look round and some fish and chips.

I even put an announcement out over the "tannoy", still no Ian, I was getting somewhat concerned by this time (8.00pm) and all of a sudden a bicycle appeared with Ian on it. Apparently he had cycled down to Yeovil on his folding bicycle!

The setting up of the stand was foiled by the fact that we had no fence post around which to wrap the bunting and so it was more enjoyable to go down to the nearest pub and have a couple of pints.

Further indulgence in Ian's caravan in the form of some Becks Beer (brewed in Bremen - of course!) took place and I left at 10.00pm and had a very clear run back to Poole (in my Skoda Rapide!).

Saturday was very hot. I left home at approximately 8.15am and got to Barwick Park just after 9.00 at which time Ian was up and with the use of some fence posts that I had at home we set up the stand. Having only 2 cars there was plenty of room. I was surprised by the number of people who actually came on to the stand who had had some involvement with a Combi either owning one themselves, or knowing of one (one poor unfortunate took his Girlfriend to the pub in his Father's Combi on a lovely Summer's evening and was horrified when an oak tree branch fell on it doing £300.00 worth of damage - imagine passing that one off to your prospective Father-in-law!).

Ian's Big Six also came under close scrutiny of many interested parties particularly when the air suspension system was explained to them.

There was a superb air display by a chap in an aircraft of Russian origin who tried to break the aircraft by way of some extraordinary stunts. We then had an excellent demonstration of ballooning. The Club sections were very well represented by the Morgan Club, TVR, the Fiat Owners club and many many more.

There was a fine display of tractor pulling, the military enthusiasts presented a very good cross section of military vehicles ranging from the Jeep to the very large powerful Scammell recovery vehicles. The fire engine enthusiasts also had a vast array of machines. Even the local fire brigade came and joined the group although they had to "hare" off from time to time because they were on call. The most interesting fire engine that I saw there was a Model T Ford converted for fire service use.

Motorcycles were well represented right through the years of motorcycling and it was marvellous to see so many British bikes, names of many long since forgotten like Levis, Douglas and many more.

The Auto jumble had its usual number of stands.

Saturday came and went and we were faced with Sunday. This was something of a let down because of the weather which, from lunchtime onwards except for a couple of hours in the afternoon, turned into a continuous downpour which prevented the Helicopter rides, and ballooning (although the air display just got in before the clouds became to low).

Fred Hovell with George and Vera Crowder came to the stand, we also had a visit from Eddy Boyes of Liverpool who has been a member pretty well since the Club was founded in 1980, Gordon Hobbs, his wife and son David had also come on the Saturday as they were on Holiday in the area without the Coupé thus the Club was well represented by people if not cars.

The show packed up at about 4.30pm because of the weather and when I arrived home in Poole my wife said that the weather had been perfect all day - it just goes to show how different weather conditions can be over a distance of a few miles - it took me about an hour and a half to clean my car as the result of the mud at the show.

Matters were even worse for Ian because the camp site had originally housed a number of cows, whose visiting cards were very prevalent to the extent that it was impossible to drive round them, the trouble is that if one does not deal with the problem as quickly as possible the end result on one's car sets like concrete.

Overall than a good show although some of the exhibits in the single entrants classic car arena were not as good or interesting as in previous years. I look forward to being able to arrange the event in 1992

RRJ.

"A QUART IN A PINT POT" IN TIME

or "Tempus Fugit" with a Borgward

Back in the summer I made a decision to get my wife's 1957 T.S. Saloon on the road. VOV 321 was bought off Rob Miller for £50.00 several years ago and was missing the engine, gearbox, propshaft and needed 2 half floors and the inner sills repairing. For some unknown reason this car had spent a large proportion of its life standing rotting. Before Rob bought it, I believe it was standing around in a farm. Rob put VOV in storage in a lockup garage and removed the engine, gearbox and propshaft for his 1960 T.S. We then bought it and left it completely gutted in a lean-to for several more years! The car was then towed to Lawrence Mill's house who is a friend of mine, living in Kingsclere. Lawrence doesn't own a car but he did have a piece of concrete outside his house which had been the foundations for a previous garage no longer in existence. He very kindly allowed me to use his electricity and stay there whilst I was working on the car during the day, and doing freelance studio photography in his living room during the evening and half the night! Luckily for me his neighbours were very understanding and actually quite interested in the project.

Because this is the car that is going to become a Karl Deutsch replica Cabriolet I decided that as I had to replace the floors why not add Coupé sill stiffeners, which is something that Deutsch couldn't do as it must improve the general rigidity of the car. I decided that the incentive required to get this car on the road was to drive it to the International Borgward meeting in Speyer.

Basically VOV seemed relatively sound so I thought 3 months of weekends ie. 26 days, was quite sufficient to rebuild the back end, front end, brakes, engine, body and floor but this really was a gross underestimation as axle beams and petrol tank straps etc hadn't even entered my head, so some time in June I got started. The biggest problem was of course that I'd forgotten about social engagements, Yeovil and Kettering and the fact that Fiona and I were getting married at the end of July! By the beginning of August I started realising that I was running out of time, as I hadn't finished the welding and started to panic.

I took some time off work but having the massive photographic job really involved a lot of hours so things really began to hot up. A lot of the inner panels behind the wings were worst than I'd thought and the offside bulkhead was quite bad. Rust had also taken its toll around the door pillars and the scuttle in front of the windscreen. I had well underestimated the hours involved in making new jacking points and safety belt mounts. Simple jobs such as welding up the gearchange assembly mounting which had fractured, (all early Saloons fracture here), and making a new gear linkage mount out of steel as the aluminium one had snapped, seemed to take forever. I designed and constructed a tubular steel rod linkage to replace the gear change cable, (which wasn't there anyway). Then I found severe rust in the offside radius arm bearing and chassis and things began to get desperate. My trusty Coupé OKY was still getting me about but the MOT was up 2 days before Germany and it needed welding!

The weather was up and down and so was the plastic sheet that I'd rigged up above my Head! Weld spatter would burn holes in the sheeting and I would be showered in water, like the rose of a watering can. "Mole" grips and bricks would fly everywhere when the wind got up and I spent more time dodging the ever increasing avalanche and wrapping up all electrical cables in polythene bags than doing any work.

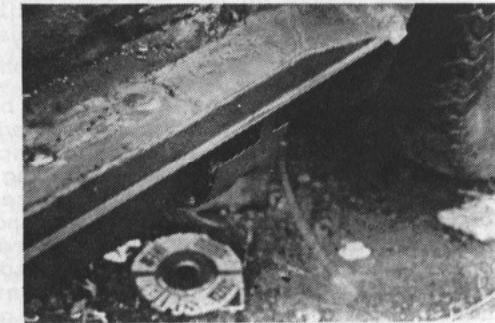
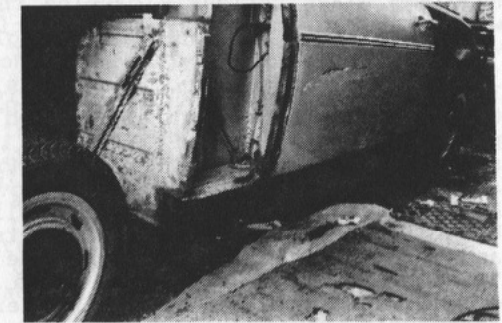
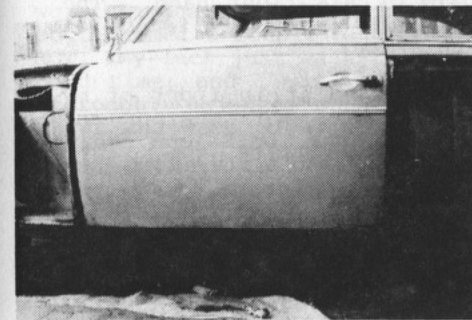
On August 21st I decided to cut my losses and have it towed to my parents' house. One sill had only been tacked in but other than that it was nearly all welded. I had 2 weekends left! Deciding to do this about turn was one thing but carrying it out was far more involved than even I had thought. Fiona organised a tow truck and as luck would have it the weather was beautiful! The nicest day so far. Lovely sun, blue sky, an ideal day to clear up all the debris (rust). The tow truck arrived and the driver, who happened to be the same man who'd towed it there in the first place, found it rather amusing that I was going to Germany in two weekends, and VOV was just a shell with no mechanics. As my parents house was 35 miles away it seemed logical that I follow the tow truck in my Coupé. Well of course this was the next thing to turn into a fiasco. For some unknown reason OKY refused to start. In 18 years of ownership this had never happened! Maybe it was trying to tell me some thing. We tried bumping it down a hill and then spent the next hour struggling to push it back up. I jumped in the tow truck with the knowledge that I had to come back a couple of hours later, sought out that problem and negotiate another 70 miles of Summer traffic. The weather seemed to improve or was it my mind beginning to deteriorate.

We finally arrived at my parent's house and unloaded the wreck. One thing I haven't mentioned to far is that my parents had a vested interest in this project, they were both coming with me to Speyer! They had visited me a couple of times when I was in Kingsclere but the recent lack of progress had even surprised them. My mother volunteered to take me back to my car but like a fool ignoring the fact that everything else I had been doing that day had gone totally wrong, I decided to go back in Fiona's then mode of transport..... a very rough Austin Maxi.

A new set of points and OKY's engine burst into life. My luck must be changing I thought, so I told Fiona to go on ahead whilst I packed up my tools and cleared up. After setting off I eventually overtook Fiona on the motorway, who seemed to be going slower and slower, signalling her to pull into the services half a mile ahead. As I turned off the motorway I looked in my mirror and realised that I had half a mile's worth of exercise to face. When I finally reached her on the hard shoulder, she told me there had been a big bang and something had dropped off. It certainly had, one of the conrods had come through the block! The rest of the day was spent lying in the grass sunbathing and waiting for the AA to come as though I had all the time in the world. The police had however arrived fairly promptly and were rather impressed by what she'd done to the car. Words like "terminal" and "finished" just rolled off their tongues. The next comment was very strange, they took her aside and said "is this man bothering you?" not realising that I was actually her husband and not an escaped maniac about to pounce. Basically the number of people in the Maxi, as stated to the AA, did not equate to the number of people standing in the breakdown lane!



Ready to do battle with inclement weather.



Coupé sill stiffener complete with jacking point.



My parents looking happy having finally made it!



Peter Grove and Steve Hibberd desperately try to get a shine on VOV.

Driving VOV with no sound proofing at all was reminiscent of a circular saw slicing through plywood, but it was running and I made it home quite comfortably, although time was running short. In the pouring rain my father and I fitted the seats and interior whilst my mother frantically cleaned all of it. We slung in spares, tools and clothes and off we went into the wide grey yonder, without a care in the world and feeling fully confident! Well..... to those of you who think I'd had teething problems, you're wrong. To those of you who think I'd had no problems, you are also wrong! Within 2 miles of leaving home I had a major breakdown, (not me the car you comedians!) The strange thing about it was that everything I'd just rebuilt or replaced was fine, and the fault lay between the engine and gearbox that had come out of my Coupé. These two items had clocked up 16,000 miles a year and hadn't shewn any signs of trouble. Every time I pressed the clutch pedal there was a loud bang, the gears would scrunch, yet the clutch would slip violently! This was something I had never come across in my life. I somehow managed to get it to go into 3rd gear and bite, so we dragged ourselves back with our tails between our legs. We all felt so utterly disappointed and after an hour this turned, for me, into anger. Hundreds of pounds down the drain and all the preparation for months I simply couldn't give up now!

John Wallis had been booked to go to Speyer with Ken Clark in his Coupé but, Ken had decided that the driving distance was too great and had cancelled. I gave John a ring just to tell him of my misfortune as he had been involved with this epic project, when he asked "What are you going to do?" I told him that I was going to pull the engine out and get the next ferry that left 12 hours later. I had rung Peter Grove to sort out some of the details and my sister had rung P. & O. to find out the shipping times. John volunteered to help me, which was extremely kind of him under the circumstances, so I had my dinner got changed into new and dry filthy clothes. The rain felt once more that it should get involved so I rigged up some plastic over the gantry and we carried on undeterred. Eventually the fault raised its ugly head. The clutch plate, which was only half worn, had become very badly scored due to one of the rivets working loose causing the whole assembly to start to disintegrate. All I had spare was a plate that was absolutely covered in oil and well on the limit, so in it went and so did the engine. At about 2.30am we started the car and John finally left. Thanks to him I now felt confident that I was actually going to make it. I had spoken to Gordon Hobb at the ferry earlier that evening and he had arranged to leave the tickets for me to collect 12 hours later. Peter had also left a temperature gauge for me as well. I finished bolting on the grill and bumper, re-adjusted the wiper motor etc and packed up eventually getting to bed at 4.30am!

At 5.30am I got up after a refreshing 1 hours sleep, had some breakfast and repacked the car. I had installed my brand new and untested Coupé radiator in an attempt to stop the overheating and so we set off at about 6.00am for the continent not having road tested the car even round the block! After a couple of hours I topped up the radiator in the middle of the motorway and apart from the fact that the speedometer cable had snapped and we were suffering a deafening cacophony that seemed to exude from every pore of the car's structure,

we motored on relentlessly to Felixstowe. We did find that every time I opened the driver's window, which was usually preceded by a "hunt the window winder" routine, my Mother, who was in the back, was encircled by a whirlwind of dust, rust and mouse droppings emanating from behind the inner panels near the rear wings as most of the upholstery for that area had not quite got there yet. Eventually we arrived and I went in to collect the tickets looking more like a meths drinker than someone about to go on a holiday. The girl on the counter thought that the whole performance was tremendous fun and couldn't stop giggling as she handed me my temperature gauge! My parents sat down for a coffee, (or was it a brandy!), and I decided to lay upside down under the dashboard with my feet in the air and play with the temperature gauge! Soon it was time to board the ferry which involved all sorts of arguing in the car. The clutch judder was horrendous making VOV almost undrivable and we had one window winder and one door handle between us. My door panel wasn't screwed on at all and trying to hand out the passports and tickets proved to be almost as difficult as climbing mount Everest. At one point I opened the door and my panel fell off in the road with all the British tourists in their new cars, staring in utter disbelief. My parents got me a cabin but I was unable to sleep because of a screaming baby next door and as I hadn't checked the gearbox oil, this kept turning over in my mind. I had a shave (it had been about 3 weeks) and we arrived in Zeebrugge.

The mighty Borgward engine thundered into action and off we went with an awful lot of ground to make up, 12 hours to be precise. After about 15 minutes I did check the gearbox oil and it was fine, but the differential was another story. The oil drain plug was finger tight and only had about two threads to go! Luckily the diff oil was only slightly low, so I gave it a top up, but what could of happened doesn't bear thinking about! I'd put another diff. in the car and had tightened up the filler plug, but never touched the drain plug which had obviously been finger tight causing it to slowly undo itself. After this slight misdemeanour and some fun in the rain with my wiper motor, VOV behaved brilliantly cruising effortlessly at about 80 to 85mph, (difficult to tell with no speedo but I was used to the engine note in my Coupé and I was definitely caning the car in stretches), all across Belgium and Germany .

10 miles from Speyer I was getting very very tired and my mother had to keep poking me in the back to keep me awake, but we finally got there. I realised that luck was definitely working in my favour, for once, when I found that we'd actually come in to the correct part of the city about two blocks from the hotel by accident! The signs to Speyer had been East, West, North and South so it is a pretty big place and Gordon's map although excellent was very large scale, like the London "A to Z" so coming in "Cold" with precious little sleep could have been a nightmare. By 3.30am I was asleep in bed ready to wake at 8.00am to have breakfast and go to the International meeting. In the morning we got a tremendous reception from the Club and the hotel had been excellent in giving me my own room, so as not to wake up anyone one and not charging me any extra for it!



The British contingent minus George's Combi.



George doing his bit for "the balance of trade deficit".



Kelvin rescuing George's burst.



The French meal.



France. Near the Schlumpf Museum.

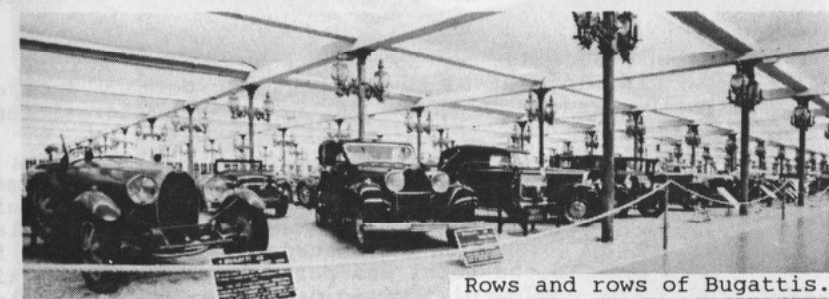
The Speyer meeting was held at the Technik Museum on the 5/6th Sept 1992 and throughout the day there was an aerobatic display of a wide range of aeroplanes finishing with a Mustang, Messerschmidt Me109 and a Spitfire. I'd never seen a Mustang in full flight and therefore found myself captivated by this very powerful and beautiful looking fighter. The Me109 seemed a very logical sight to see over Germany but upon hearing the sound of a Merlin engine I could see the Spitfire coming towards us in a dive that looked deliberately closer than the other planes. I immediately looked at all the Germans, certainly the older ones, who just seemed to stop dead in their tracks, in silence. I quite honestly half expected to hear the sound of Browning 303 machine guns as it hit the bottom of its dive and it all felt just a little bit bizarre in Germany!

After about 2 hours into the show my parents had seen everything so they went to Ian and Sheelagh Cave's caravan for coffee. At this point I must thank Ian and Sheelagh for taking my parents back to Kaiserslautern for the rest of the day, as my father had been stationed there on an army base during the 'seventies. At about 7 o'clock the club sat down to a meal in the Stadthalle (Townhall) where we won all sorts of trophies. I think Gordon won the distance award or was it Pete Grove, I cannot remember who, as we had gone through the same thing in Luchow the year before. If I am wrong please phone me, and I will print a correction next issue! I was feeling very very vague and did get very drunk. My parents had gone back to their room, at a sensible hour to get some rest, but I felt that I'd gone through hell to get there and I wasn't going to miss a thing!

The next morning I woke to find my hands had seized up completely and when I got out of the bed, I fell to the floor as my left hip joint had come out in sympathy. I will not bore you with any great detail about the trip as you've probably fallen asleep by now anyway, but Michael (the German who came to our 1992 AGM in a Trabant), and half of the Borgward Drivers' Club brigade went on an epic trip across Germany to see his collection of cars numbering 30 or 40 odd and including a Big Six and a Saloon amongst other Borgward products. The rest of us drove off to France stopping for the night at a Hotel. The others arrived at the hotel very late that evening with George having been photographed by the German police for speeding in his Combi!

The next day was spent at the Schlumpf museum in Mulhouse which has the greatest collection of Bugattis in the world. After this it was a convoy across France to the next Hotel which gave us a very amusing meal. The meal wasn't very amusing but the staff in charge were. The manageress put on a one person cabaret, which was very amusing, just to take our minds off the meal!

The next day was a straight dash for the ferry, and not far from the port at a rest stop disaster struck. So far we'd all been lucky as there had only been two incidents. Doug Philipson's Coupé had sprung a leak from his oil filter. This was luckily spotted by Kelvin Jones as oil was spattering all over John Patel's windscreen, as they were following, and George's heater hose had sprung a leak, with Kelvin coming to the rescue here as well. Kelvin missed Peter Grove's little incident however as he was with John Patel's party and had gone off



Rows and rows of Bugattis.



Bound for home.

touring France in the T.S. Saloon. Gordon Hobb pulled out of the rest stop, followed by Doug Philipson in the two Coupés. I then filled the middle and after about half a mile looked in my rear view mirror and lo and behold no Big Six and no Combi. I flashed the two Coupés but to no avail so I pulled over to the side of the motorway and waited. We waited for about 40 minutes all on our own wondering if they'd gone another way, when they eventually came into view. We all finally caught up the other two who had also pulled over a few miles further on. Pete's car immediately stalled as he came to a halt and because it now had a dead battery required George's Combi to tow start it. In the middle of all this circus, on the side of the motorway, the French police arrived. We somehow got away with this and after another repeat performance managed to reach Calais.

Apparently Peter's cousin, Mark had been driving and on leaving the petrol station hadn't realised that the spring return had gone on Peter's ignition switch and had therefore left it in the on position. This caused a short which melted one of the terminals off the battery and completely destroyed it internally!

At this point George had to tow start the car yet again much to the consternation of some British tourists in their new cars. Not the same ones that I'd had I might add. We finally made it to Dover and after 3 more tow starts from George's Combi, Pete borrowed Gordon's spare 12 volt battery, which he keeps in a tool box in his boot to run his cassette deck. Steve Hibberd left the comfort of Pete's Big Six or George's Combi (he was in both) to slum it in the old Saloon and VOV got us all back faultlessly.

A successful end to yet another Borgward International meeting which like all the rest was tremendous fun and I'm definitely going back next year. My hip had got better but my hands actually worsened throughout the whole trip. I even found it impossible to brush my teeth properly and in fact had problems for several months afterwards. The Doctor told me that I'd seriously abused my hands straining all the muscles, and ligaments etc., but I had won my bets and got the car running, but I'll never do it again, never ever. Well..... until the next time!

We had left Ian and Sheelagh in Speyer on a touring holiday in Germany, Nigel in his Lloyd at Michael's house in Germany and John Patel's party touring France. I'm sure there's enough material there for an article.

I must thank John Wallis without whose help I would never have made it, Steve Hibberd and Fiona for their help also, my parents for going through the ordeal and actually really enjoying it, Ian and Sheelagh Cave for looking after my parents on the Saturday, Gordon and Pete for sorting out my problems at the hotel and port, Lawrence for loaning me his house, Tim Hinton and his girlfriend Carole for collecting some urgent parts from George one evening, (Carole was the one that lost the bet over the meal!), George for supplying me parts at breakneck speed, Pete for his temperature gauge and Gordon Hobb for doing an excellent job of arranging the trip. Phew!

Roll on Essen.

Nick Driscoll

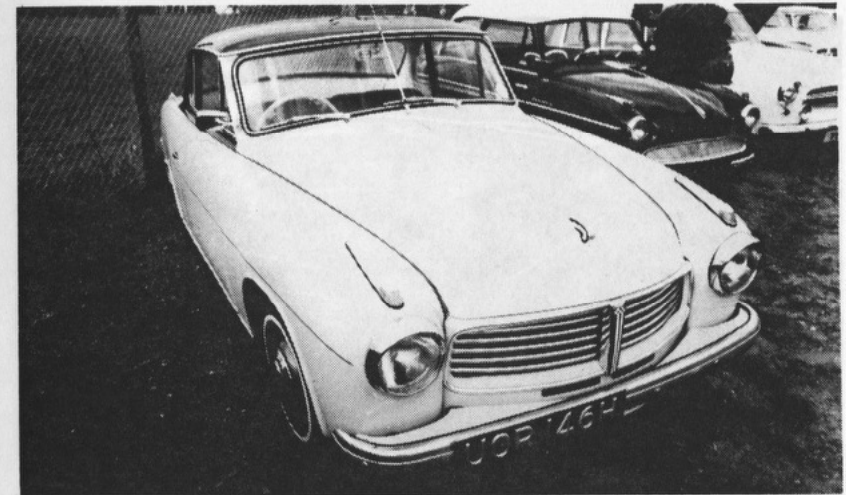
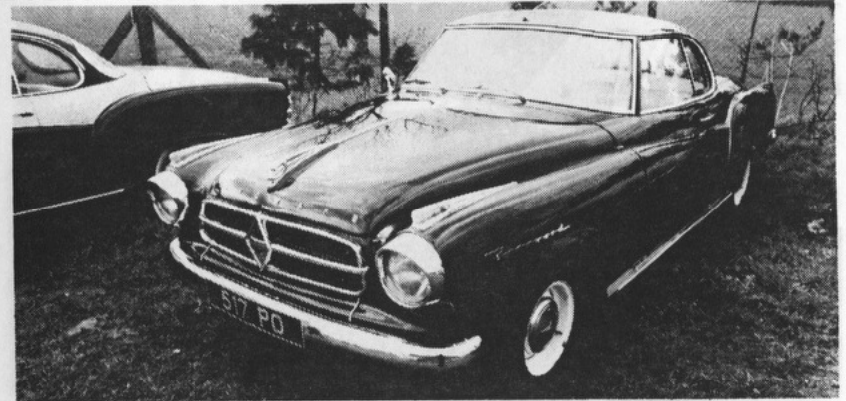
A.G.M. RIPLEY 1992



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CRANLEIGH SHOW SPRING 1992



Ian Cave collecting his winning trophy.



Our Cars

This a short summary of the cars owned by the "Borgward Drivers' Club" committee members.

IAN CAVE (Secretary)

Ian has a 1960 Big Six. It is dark blue (it was grey but has recently had a face lift) with an ivory roof and the interior grey.

Ian says his Big Six is "still intact" and "does come out now and then". Apart from working hard producing the Club Newsletter, he has had a tow bar fitted which he was able to try out at Yeovil 1991 to tow his caravan. Due mainly to the air suspension, he considered it very successful.

The car had had a bit of a problem with clutch judder, which was mainly just "bedding itself in better". This seems to have sorted itself out now.

Ian has recently purchased the late John Houghton's car, which is a 1960 Ivory Coupé with a Tan interior and fitted with a Hobbs automatic gearbox, probably the only one in the country.

ROBERT RICHMOND-JONES (Chairman)

Robert owns a 1960 Cliff Grey Combi with a red and white interior.

It went back on the road in August 1990 and went to the Bremen meet that same month. Shortly thereafter he visited Fred and Joan Hovel and took Joan for a ride, this being their old car. Sadly 4 weeks later Robert was driving the car to Joan's funeral, as part of the cortège.

He did not do much to the car over the winter months bar a good service.

Since then he has had a wooden replica (obtained from Denmark) made of the window surround of the rear door, to replace the bakelite which tends to break. This was sprayed in a Ford fawn brown colour which was, to quote Robert "an absolute ringer for the original".

In 1991 it went to a number of events both in Bournemouth and in Poole. Club events included the AGM, Kettering weekend in 1991 and the Yeovil festival of transport in 1992.

It also went "in company with a Porsche 356" to a meeting run by the Jaguar Enthusiasts' Club at Bobbington. It did very well as a non Porche entrant in one of the Porsche Car Club's own meet.

Robert has started working on the original engine (the one that was in "Old Nail", a Saloon that was written off at Goodwood Race track). "One day" he says, he will get it properly built and restored.

"The Combi is still running strong", Robert says. "It is using a bit of oil but looking as good as ever and going as well as ever".

DEREK FARR (Events secretary)

Derek has a 1959 TS Saloon, green with an ivory roof and tan interior. He is under the impression that he has done very little with it in the past year.

In fact, apart from a service, he has driven it to quite a few shows including - The Malverin Cotter's Brook and the Hollerwell Steam fair, the East English Showground, the Popular Classic Road show, and others. At the South Wales Classic Car show he received the long distance award for the 4th year running. He also organized two Kettering Shows (no small feat).

He has also had an article written about his car in the Classic Car Weekly paper.

PETER GROVE (Treasurer)

Peter has 3 running cars, a 1960 Big Six Rolls Royce Regal metallic red, grey interior, a 1957 Combi, red with a white roof and a 1959 Coupé, Royal Blue with a black leather interior.

The Big Six has had a lot of work done to it recently including new chrome bumpers and grill and an original door replaced. His little boy had been playing in the car when Peter had to answer the phone. He managed to release the handbrake and the car rolled back bending one of the doors!

The Combi has been completely restored, mostly by Mark of Motor Friends. It now has new carpets and had a complete respray back to its original colours. It has a new pair of front wings and a reconditioned engine. Peter now uses it every day for business.

Unfortunately the Combi now has Mercedes seats. "They fit in and they look like they've always been there, although they do make it awkward to get in the back". (They do not move forwards).

Peter's Coupé has also been restored and is now metallic dark blue, similar to the original colour. It has been converted to 12 volts and had a servo fitted. Its first proper trip was to the 1992 Kettering show.

This Coupé had been sitting dormant for 10 years in a garage. Half of it was removed by the council and dumped when the couple owning it divorced. Luckily George had the parts.

GEORGE SINCLAIR (Spares Secretary)

George has, among others, a 1960 white Combi with a red and white interior.

He took his car to the 1991 German meet in Luchow on the NE German Border, and also to the 1992 German meet in Speyer.

He feels he has finally cured the water leak which he has had in his car for over 18 months. This is on the left hand passenger's side.

He decided it was a combination of 3 faults:-

- 1 Water coming in between the wings and body.
- 2 Water around the 3 long bolts that go through the trim underneath the windscreen. (Water can travel along these and drip

inside.)

3 Water along the windscreen rubber.

The cure

- 1 To release the bolts holding the wing of the car and prize it away about half an inch and insert mastic or sealant between the car body and the wing at the door end.
- 2 To seal the 3 long bolts mentioned above.
- 3 When putting in a new windscreen, or new rubber, to put mastic or sealant between the body and rubber and glass and rubber.

ROB MILLER (President)

Rob has a dark green 1957 Isabella TS Saloon with a light green roof and red interior. The car is off the road at the moment, because of a problem with the insurance and is awaiting a full respray. Rob's car is fitted with three period items: A blue external sunvisor, rear window "Venetian blind", decorative original square number plate.

MARTIN CARTER (Assistant Journal Editor)

Martin owns just one Borgward, a 1960 red and cream Saloon. He bought the car about 10 years ago as a "£25 box of bits". Over the years he has built up the car, with the help of many people, and about 6 years ago got the car through an M.O.T. and started to use it on a regular bases.

In fact the car has probably, particularly in the last 4 years, covered more miles abroad than in this country. In 1989 the car spent 2 weeks in Southern Ireland with Nick Driscoll's Coupé and in 1990, also with OKY, he took the car to East and West Germany and on to Prague, Czechoslovakia. The following year was the major trip to Russia and since then the car has been back to France for a weekend. He had booked to drive across the 'States in 1993, along route 66, but the cost of shipping put a stop on that.

Unfortunately "Killer" at present, is looking very sad, just sitting in the front garden waiting its turn to be taxed and insured before it can again hit the streets.

NICK DRISCOLL (Journal Editor)

Nick has a 1957 Ivory Coupé, with a red and cream interior. He uses it everyday and clocks up about 16,000 miles per year. It has recently come off the road because OKY's engine was borrowed to go in my (his wife) 1957 TS Saloon. Nick spent most of the summer welding in a new floor and getting the mechanics going before setting off for the 1992 German meeting in Speyer.

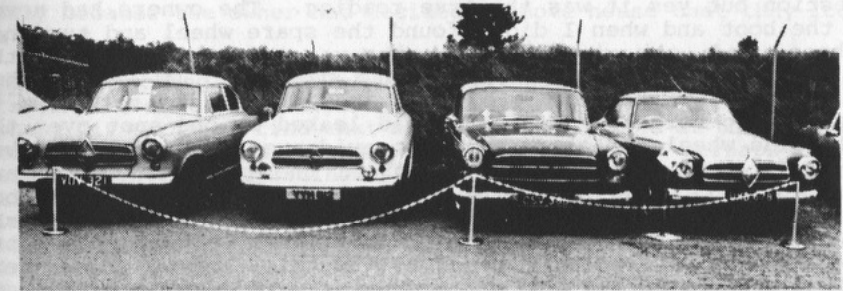
Nick and I bought a total wreck of a Combi in 1991 which he spent most of the summer welding up. This car was beyond economic repair but as it was a 1956 model, with the round dials, and the oldest in the country, we felt it had to be saved. Both the Saloon and Combi were originally metallic blue but had changed to jade green at some point in their lifetime. The Combi had not run since 1964 but John Wallis and Nick got the engine to start with the first turn of the key, out in the snow!

Compiled by Fiona Driscoll.

1991 BROOKLANDS MG PICNIC MEETING OCTOBER 13th



1992 MEETING OCTOBER 11th



THE NEW CAR - PART 2

(part 1 appeared in Journal No. 6)

I had spoken to David Stride many times during 1988 and promised to join the club should a suitable vehicle come along. I had heard of one here and there, sought his advice and acted accordingly. It was approaching the year end and I had decided to join in the new year anyway as an enthusiast.

On 9th November the telephone rang, a lady was asking was I still interested in buying a Borgward. As I lived not far from Sandhurst (her home) my name had been given to her as a possibility. It transpired it was a Coupé; had been left standing for about fourteen years; had a seized engine and was standing on fairly flattish tyres. I made arrangements to go and see the car the following day, contacted David but it was an unknown quantity as far as club records went.

On sight I felt that I had entered some form of time warp. The car was covered with the dust of fourteen years; three of the four tyres were flat and the front bumper was propped up in the corner of the garage. On opening the door the interior was like new, red with grey carpeting. The speedo reading showed 7925 - I could hardly dare ask the question but yes it was the true reading. The owners had never opened the boot and when I did I found the spare wheel and tyre had never been used; the wheel brace had never been removed from the holder and the carpeting was like new and spotless. It was finished in two tone light and dark grey in a way that I did not seem to remember seeing before. The garage had leaked in one spot over the rear off-side wheel and there was some evidence of surface rust but otherwise it seemed untouched. I agreed the price requested and arranged to pick it up on the following Sunday. Having some good friends in the motor trade, I borrowed a Landrover and hired a car transporter and together with two of my sons we went and collected her. After some air in the tyres, she moved fairly easily and in next to no time we were safely back home, once again the owner of a (new) Borgward.

The engine took four months to unseize with gentle persuasion, the brake system had to be overhauled; new tyres bought and half a dozen other things either overhauled, or replaced, to work properly but she passed the mot test in June. A fair amount of rechroming was necessary and I was quite surprised at the cost of having this done. The exhaust system was not too bad and lasted during the summer but one part of the piping has required replacing since then. The paintwork was cut back and polished and didn't look too bad but it really needs a respray when funds permit. One item that I have been unable to repair is the 6V car clock, so if anyone knows..... or is going to Germany can keep a look out for.....please let me know.

History It would seem that during the early part of 1960, Mrs Amelia Leigh Peters, aged about 60, had gone to the BMC garage, Mays of Ascot, and asked them to order a Borgward Coupé for her in graphite grey. This they did, probably through the London agents, and it is reputed that this car came over from Germany as deck cargo on a coal boat arriving sometime in late June/ early July. It was registered at Reading by Mays for Mrs Peters on the 27th July, No. VRX 290, 6

months road tax being paid - the sum of £6.11.3d (a full year being £12.10.0.). It remained in her possession for the next fourteen years although she rarely drove it herself. She did not get on too well with the high accelerator pedal, in fact Mays had a thick piece of wood cut for her which was placed under the carpet on the drivers side to make the position more to her liking. She decided fairly quickly that all over graphite grey was too drab for such a shape and had the bonnet, roof and bootlid resprayed light grey, which went well with the graphite.

The car only covered 7,925 miles over the next 14 years, in fact many times she asked the salesman at Mays to use it for her to give it a run and he used to take it over to Reading to tax other new cars. Eventually she returned it to Mays for sale. By this time she was probably about 74 years old and in view of her age, she must have been a remarkable sight on the few occasions that she was seen to drive it.

The garage then sold the car to a very young housewife and I believe that it was for insurance reasons that the car was never used. Time went by, a smaller car, probably because of insurance costs was bought and used and the Coupé put further inside the garage. The front bumper was taken off reputedly to allow a Morris Minor in behind. It was only because the owner had decided to move house that they looked for a buyer.

Finale On checking through the original Log book, I found that Mrs Peters had lived at Sunninghill. On impulse I looked through the telephone directory to find that she was still listed at that address. I thought that it would be nice to talk to her and perhaps receive answers to questions regarding original choice, option, etc., but alas the line was no longer connected. My wife and I took a run out there to find that she no longer lived there. We were about to give up when another door opened and we were advised that she now lived in a nursing home "somewhere near a large roundabout on the Bracknell Road". We spent the next half an hour getting to know the roundabouts on the Bracknell Road and in the end we found the nursing home. It was getting near to dusk and teatime and we decided that it was not the best time of day to intrude, although I did make a note of the telephone number. I rang the following day and was told she was quite a bright lady; had use of all her faculties and she would probably enjoy chatting about the car and the past. Unfortunately, she had just been moved to the Princess Margaret Hospital at Windsor. All this happened in the days just before Christmas and I decided once again that I would do nothing until the new year before contacting her. I telephoned the hospital on 4th January 1989 to make an appointment to see her only to be told that she had died on 2nd January. Although I had never met the lady, I obviously felt sad and I been so near when I first bought the car. It would have been nice to have found the reason why at the age of 60 she had bought a Borgward Coupé....Wisdom with age I feel.

I must record my thanks to David for help with Swansea and keeping the number and John Wallis for helping with some initial problems.

Richard McLoughlin

YEOVIL 1992



COLORS GALORE

When Henry Ford completed the first run of assembly-line Ford vehicles, he is alleged to have responded to a question regarding the availability of colors by saying that a purchaser could buy the car painted in any color he wanted.... "as long as he wanted black." In the years since that time, makes and models of cars have been available in a wide spectrum of colors, with additional and custom colors available from auto body and paint shops.

Since I have owned my Borgward TS Sedan, I have been amazed at the engineering advances which were built into such a vintage vehicle. Recently, while looking through the "Borgward Spare Parts Catalogue", I discovered that Carl Borgward was not just a fine engineer and car builder, but that he offered his product in a full range of stylish colors.

Listed as the various colors available for fender beading (welting) were 30 total colors for the sedans (limosine, TS, TS Deluxe) and combi, 17 of which were available for the coupe. The colors consisted of black, white, ivory, 5 greens, 5 blues, 6 greys, maroon, 3 browns, and 5 reds. Metallic colors were also available in green, blue, grey, red and "Nylon."

The color that each vehicle was painted was shown on a metallic label which was glued to the right inner fender just forward of the metal vehicle type plate. This label describes the type of lacquer paint, the color, paint factory, and care instructions printed in German. If the label is still on your vehicle, you will be able to tell the original color of your vehicle, despite any subsequent repaints.

The chart shows the names and availabilities of the various colors.

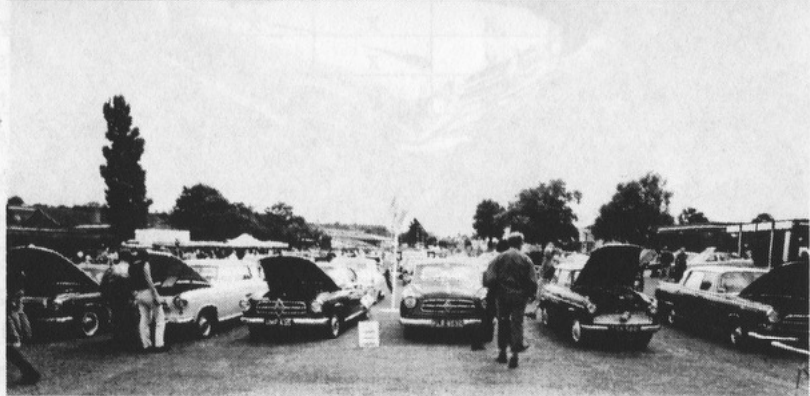
Reprinted courtesy of Borgward Owners' Club USA

| COLOR | Limosine | TS | De Luxe | Coupé | Combi |
|-----------------------|----------|----|---------|-------|-------|
| Domino Black | X | X | X | X | X |
| Dover White | X | X | X | X | X |
| Ivory | X | X | X | X | X |
| Jamaica Yellow | X | X | X | X | X |
| Jade Green | X | X | X | X | X |
| Soft Green | X | X | X | | X |
| Reseda green Metallic | X | X | X | X | X |
| Shannon Green | X | X | X | X | X |
| Tundra green | X | X | X | | X |
| Aero Blue | X | X | X | | X |
| Aero Blue '59 | X | X | X | X | X |
| Aero Blue Metallic | X | X | X | X | X |
| Iceland Blue | X | X | X | X | X |
| Turquoise | X | X | X | | X |
| Lead Grey | X | X | X | | X |
| Lead grey Metallic | X | X | X | | X |
| Graphite Grey | X | X | X | X | X |
| Madeira Grey | X | X | X | | X |
| Fish silver Grey | X | X | X | X | X |
| Cliff Grey | X | X | X | X | X |
| Nylon Metallic | X | X | X | | X |
| Derby Maroon | X | X | X | X | X |
| Havana Brown | X | X | X | | X |
| Fashion Brown | X | X | X | | X |
| Coffee Brown | X | X | X | | X |
| Cherry Red | X | X | X | | X |
| Coral Red | X | X | X | X | X |
| Copper Red | X | X | X | X | X |
| Copper Red Metallic | X | X | X | | X |
| Flamingo Red | X | X | X | X | X |

2nd BORGWARD NATIONAL MEETING 1992
AUGUST 15th 16th KETTERING NORTHANTS.



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AUGUST 15th 16th KETTERING NORTHANTS.



BREMEN 1990: ALIVE AGAIN WITH BORGWARDS
Thirty years later.

By Dick Livant

Reprinted courtesy of Borgward Owners' Club USA.

In the north of Germany lies the city of Bremen --as all Borgward-, Goliath- and Lloyd owners are so aware of. This is some 350 miles north of Frankfurt. The importance of this short geography lesson stems from the 1990 Borgward-, Lloyd- and Goliath gathering in town.

Interestingly, you may note, this is no translation of a German text stolen from the German Newsletter. This was witnessed firsthand.

From the ill-gotten earnings from parts' sales in California, I had money to cast my fate to the Winds and fly to Frankfurt on Pakistan Airlines, which, in all truth, was not

too fearsome at all (no unscheduled landings!). My friend, who may not want to be mentioned, John and I drove along the autobahn from Frankfurt and strove not to run faster than 100 miles an hour in a rented Volkswagen Golf. Surprise traffic jams can be nettlesome, especially at highway speed, at any hour of the day. The autobahn builders, be rest-assured, have corrected the fault with friendly road-signs in the right spots marked "Stau" [stopped-up].

We drove into Bremen in the evening and made our way straight to Stadthalle, or Cityhall, following the clearly marked



signs. The sporadic rain, which we enjoyed throughout, dampened the cars and the onlookers, but did not damp the mood of enthusiasm; this, the first day of the gathering, Friday the 31st of August, 1990.

Many onlookers were milling about, gawking at the shiny Borgwards, Lloyds, Goliaths, and trucks of all kinds parked on the bricked courtyard before Stadthalle. Still at seven in the evening it was busy. Inside the Hall, we met Hartmut Loges, head of the Borgward-Interessengemeinschaft. He and I had been writing to each other for well-nigh fifteen years. But how does one recognize one from his handwriting?? There were some people whom I could not meet, as I have never seen them. Once we recognized each other, we hardly had time to say "hello", so busy was he.

On top of the Cityhall, above the door, was draped a banner bearing the words "Welterfolg Isabella" --World-success, Isabella.

Some of those from South Africa were there, Rodney Van Niekerk and Thuys Bodda. However, the one whom I write to regularly and whom I have known the longest, Falko Nowack, could not make the trip --and I had some brake-hoses for him!

S. Brey had given much information to help with the workshop book. He gave me the name of somebody to help me find addresses of Germany companies. This person invited us to stay at his house whilst we were in Bremen [softening the hotel costs of \$150 daily]

That meant finding the street. This was going to be interesting: Nobody had even heard of the street. We wound up being led to the door in the dark, rainy night by somebody from the city. We then met the Unruhs. And then had a late-night snack. Fritz had worked by Borgward as a buyer from 1938 to 1964, so his house is right by the Sebaldbrücke Works, where Mercedes-Benz now build cars. In deed, some fifty houses in the neighbourhood were built for Borgward workers. He had many interesting pictures and tales from the old Works, including a Borgward book from 1938, which I am borrowing to take pictures of.

The main day of the gathering was Saturday the 1st of September; the gloomy skies promised rain and delivered it, but without enthusiasm.

At eleven in the morning, the brick courtyard was already crammed. Onlookers from the City gazed at sights not seen in thirty years --some remembered when the cars were being built, some had been owners, others were too young to recall and were not sure why the company was gone.

As far as the eye could see in the fog: Borgwards! Never had I seen so many. No dealer in the United States ever had so many. All the BW's were mingled with "ordinary" autos, making it a bit hard to pick one's way through.

Inside the Cityhall were more Borgwards: An Isabella T. S. with interesting orange paint, one the first Lloyds --those of plastic drawn over wooden framing--, a racing Borgward

of 1953 from Sweden, an older Hansa 1500, a Goliath and more.

Outside, there was much of anything imaginable: Besides the usual Isabellas, Goliath 1100's and Lloyds, there were some convertible Isabellas -- one of about 1956--, Hansa 1500's and 1800 (one from England), some two-cylinder Goliaths and more fabric-clad Lloyds before people had money to pay for sheet-metal.

The trucks were the ones that we do not see at all here. Firstly, the Goli three-wheelers, built till 1961. Some diesel trucks drove in and parked, and the crowd-stopping BW fire-trucks with pumps.

On the brick yard, on tables scattered here and there, from trunks of cars were all kinds of parts' sales. You may well believe that here would be the new, the special, and the shiny things that so many dream droolingly to have, at least yearn to see. Surprisingly, there was a dearth of such new spares --mostly stacks of old ones, some not so pretty.

Clicking cameras of all kinds could be heard and seen everywhere. Guests wandered among the cars, not missing the half dozen food-stands offering different foods, such as schnitzel, beer, soft-drinks and more.

The parts' dealer from Great Britain, George Sinclair, had his Combi stuffed with smuggled-in spares from home and was doing a brisk business. Luckily, a Mr Reid from England had made it to Benicia and so recognized me there,

otherwise I should never have found George. Speaking of Combis, there were four, may be five, of which two were from the U. K. Sadly, the useful Combi is not the collector's choice. They looked so good, but I did not bother to crawl underneath to see whether any had floors in them. One Combi even sported T. S. mouldings and lights.

Another interesting Isabella had a Fiat engine in it, fit with a hacksaw.

My endless dilemma of finding people in a crowd of well over a thousand was steadily gnawing at my wit: each of whom, likewise, was surely seeking somebody else. I found Fleming Pedersen of the Danish Club; easy, because he was selling spares.

There were so many cars, colours, kinds to see in the unsure drizzle. Many cars showed the work of a caring hand. The paints and shiny chrome-work sparkled in the gloom of the day. One of the cars, in sharp contrast, had come in on a trailer and was hidden under a canvas. The for-sale sign underneath was all that was not rusty. The trailer surely attested to the workings of the mechanics.

A few of the cars caught the eyes of the throngs: The black Isabella 1500 convertible of 1957, the red Lloyd convertible with a few added chrome bits on the fore fenders, a Goliath 1100 with sparkingly good paint-work, a few Lloyd Arabellas, a blue 1960 Isabella T. S., the red Goli three-wheeler on a trailer. The BW firetrucks always seem to draw a crowd. There

was also the Swedish Borgward Hansa racer, which had been inside the Cityhall. An oddity was the hood of a Lloyd 600 bearing all the names of the lands whither the car had driven years ago. The car itself is now represented by the hood alone, it seems.

As you all know, the old Borgward Works at Sebaldrucke are now housing Mercedes-Benz. On the grounds by the street, a monument was built by the Borgward-Interessengemeinschaft at the cost of DM10,000 which is to come from the members as a special fee.

At four o'clock, Saturday afternoon, the unshrouding of this monument was to be held. An hour later, things were only beginning. As John and I drove up, we could see umbrellas sprouting above the heads of the crowd in the waxing rain. The steady flow of cars of the Borgward-group must have brought back long-forgotten sights of thirty years ago. Once again was the very real danger of being run down by a speeding Lloyd.

As speeches began, the rain slackened. Hartmut Loges of the BW-Club spoke, then somebody from Mercedes-Benz and then Klaus-Meyer, the oldest Borgward worker. They gave some background to the history of the old Company, naming some of the firsts: 1953, Europe's first automatic, the Hansamat (before the English one), the first streamlined, or modern, styled car after the war, and more. The Mercedes speaker (unnamed, since M-B did not bother to answer my letter of two months ago) said that the new owners of the BW Building were keeping

the BW memory alive through their workmanship. All the while, folk were struggling to get a good sight over the heads and umbrellas. Some were holding cameras aloft, the lucky ones were standing on a handy ladder. One of these lucky ones was Siegfried Brey, who ought to send a video tape. Being mostly lazy, I waited for the onlookers to thin out, in the belief that the monument would still be standing afterwards. As you can see from the photo, there is a brick wall about four feet broad and seven feet tall with a bronze slab showing a stylized Carl Borgward standing before the Buildings and cars. This, for the curious, was reproduced by an artist from an old sales' folder.

That night, after supper at an Italian restaurant, we went back to the Cityhall, to the room laid out with long tables. At one end of the room was a stage, before it played a band. John and I settled down by George Sinclair and the English group, the only ones recognizable in the room. We had much to talk about with spares, but some how we never got too far. George was called away, then I was hailed by Patrick Mollard of Belgium. Those of you with keen minds and keener memories recall that he had been at the Benicia get-together in 1988. He, too, had a keen memory -- he remembered Curt Hoffman and said "hello".

When the guests began to thin out slightly, I was asked to join a line at the stage for club leaders. I was not sure what it was; nobody told me and I knew nobody. Pictures were taken and we each got a

CAR BORGWARD'S 100th Birthday

big trophy marked "100 Jahre Carl F. W. Borgward Bremen 1990". At this point, people seemed bleary-eyed or soused; we had to be back at the house at a reasonable hour so as not to impose too much upon the Unruhs.

Sunday offered the same weather --a promise at first of sunshine, yielding sprinkles. This was the day of the Borgward-Club's City drive from the old BW Works in Sebaldrücke to Bremen's City-hall. As we were late rising that morning from jet-lag and even later from looking at all the Unruh's books and such from the last war, well, we missed the whole bloody thing. Fritz Unruh offered many articles clipped from Bremen dailies about the Borgward collaboration. He told a little of his BW days, including the gift for twenty-five years by Borgward from 1938 till 1964, when the last of the business went to Mexico.

Since we did miss the City drive, the account is stolen from the English newsletter. If you say nothing, neither shall I; they will be none the wiser!

"Sunday was fine and sunny to begin with, which made the trip from the factory into Bremen itself a very enjoyable affair and it was amazing to see the number of people lining the streets and obviously enjoying what they say. The German Police were in abundance directing the traffic. In fact Bremen traffic was at a grinding halt as the 400 or so vehicles paraded to the Stadthalle. The Germans were particularly amused to see so

many English right-hand-drive examples. As we drew near the Stadthalle the throng of people got thicker and the accessway got narrower and I did wonder whether or not I would ever get through. Eventually we parked in the same places as we had the day before and once more the car was left to be admired by those who wanted to look at it, and there was another chance for more car talk. The meeting finished at approximately 1:00 p.m. after which the German Club left to have its annual general meeting."

Fritz Unruh and we spent the afternoon in the old city walking about in the streets --shut to traffic (where my friend and I had driven the night before. Since we had not run anybody down then, nobody was the wiser). It was a pleasant afternoon of shooting pictures of olden buildings and statues, topped off by a stop at a cafeteria-style restaurant, with quite a variety of foods.

Once done, we drove back to the Stadthalle, but did not think to look for George Sinclair, still at his corner selling parts. After supper, we drove to his hotel, where the English Borgwards were parked. George had stepped out for a hamburger and staggered back only two hours later. He and I still had much in the way of spares to talk about. I had snuck a valiseful of spares through German Customs at great risk for him. So, I was glad to be free of it.

We had promised the Unruhs to be back at the house by 10:30 or 11:00; as if naughty teen-

agers, we were only leaving the hotel at midnight. The adventure of getting back had not even begun. Somewhere we had missed a turn, winding up on the other side of the river, then trapped on the Autobahn --but only for a mile or so. Nonetheless, finding the point where we had missed the way was not easy at night. A few drunken Germans could not help find the way either. We soon found a few stopped Taxi-Cabs. For only twenty DM we were led to the Unruhs' door. And I could never have found those streets (the directions going did not work for the drive back.). We got back only three hours late, with fears of being locked out for the night with the household asleep.

Monday was upon us; it was now all a memory --except the on-going rain. We had breakfast and looked through the memories in the Unruh home for the last time. After a few last photos, we said our thanks and good-byes and sped off south to Frankfurt.

More traffic-jams greeted us along the thoroughfare. At times when traffic was at a standstill, some pulled their cars over, scampered into the hedgerows between road and fields for certain impatient needs. On the radio, I heard something about a twelve-mile jam-up, which we were just leaving. The roadmap seemed to offer side roads leading south and getting us out of yet another back-up.

Side roads are more picturesque than the main roads, but gasoline was still about four dollars the gallon. We stopped at a small town right

before the Autobahn to Frankfurt, in hopes of finding a restaurant and even taking some pictures --but gloomy, damp skies were still aloft. We strolled about the town, called Marburg, up hills, through some of the shops. The church in the heart of town seemed the good lookout over the countryside. We noticed people walking along the roof, presumably on a walkway. Inside the building, at what seemed a ticket window, or wicket, sat an elderly woman. I asked her about going up to the roof, but she said that that was not possible. I noted that there were already people walking about; she slammed the window shut in my face and turned her back. Does that mean "no, Sir?"

We reached Frankfurt, but the hotel where we had stayed was full. We drove to Wiesbaden, a few miles away, only to find the hotel of the same name full also. Life often has that uncanny way of passing one by, turning and laughing. John had bought room vouchers to be used a hotel chain called "Minotel". The list by city was mislaid. Nobody anywhere had ever heard of this chain. The free number to the U. S. was of little help. Since we were staying by the Unruhs, it wound up a minor problem. There was but one hotel with rooms. When we reached it, we saw the bulletin board with all kinds of fliers of this group.

We had to park the car on the street, the garage was full. We saw older Mercedes-Benzes, some under wraps. One of the cars under wraps seemed a wee bit finny for a Mercedes. We

were a bit road-weary to think clearly. We pulled a corner of the wrapper up. At first it seemed an English car. But the taillight lens looked familiar. Goliath!

The next day, we loaded the car, still parked at the side of the road, now with its radio antenna snapped off from the high winds, I guess, at night. I asked the innkeeper about the Goliath. But she seemed perplexed. She offered to walk with me to the car, which we did. She made an answer something to the effect of "Oh, the old Borgward." It was, in deed, a red Goliath Tiger, or Coupe. If, sometime, you overnight in Wiesbaden, you may be sleeping over a red Goliath. So, try not to snore too loudly.

Sadly, the trip was about over, cut short by the unbelievably high prices stemming from the no-good dollar. And the no-good weather! For John, a short wait for the plane to rise into the skies. Well, not so short as the fog was thick. For me, it meant spending a day at the Frankfurt landing field. At Pakistan Air, they do not throw a plane into the friendly skies every day. Tuesday was one of those days. Furthermore, an on-the-spot ticket costs only about \$1200. It meant time to write this; it meant time to write some postcards; it meant boredom.

Wednesday broke with sunshine!



Sahnestück mit Chrom-Rhombus

Chromschnauze mit Rhombus: Ein Sahnestück ist dieses Borgward-Isabella-Coupé, das in den 50er und 60er Jahren ein Traumwagen war. Bei Treffen wie an diesem Wochenende auf der Bürgerweide in Bremen können Oldtimer-Fans und Sammler ganz seltene Exemplare bewundern. Anlaß ist der 100. Geburtstag des Bremer Automobilbauers Carl F. Borgward. Aus England, Skandinavien, Österreich und aus Holland rollten die Sammler mit ihren gepflegten Karossen an die Weser. Siehe Bericht Seite 3. Foto: Jochen Stoss



A Spacious 1 1/2-litre Family Saloon, Luxuriously Equipped. Which Will Reach Nearly 100 m.p.h., and is Capable of Over 70 m.p.h., in Third Gear, with Outstanding Economy of Fuel

A ROOMY AND COMFORTABLE 1 1/2 LITRE. The Borgward Isabella TS possesses many refinements, weight just over a ton and has a very high performance for its engine size. The seats can be made into a double-bed, petrol consumption is low, and the appearance imposing.

THE REMARKABLE BORGWARD ISABELLA TS

The Borgward Hansa Isabella TS is a truly deceptive car. Outwardly it is a large, very spacious 5/6-seater (or seven-seater in an emergency) saloon of unquestionably handsome appearance. Enter it, and you find it very fully equipped, only radio of the normal amenities being an extra, and finished in that high-quality for which German cars are famous. Drive it and you would imagine that a 2 or 2 1/2 litre engine is propelling you.

In sober fact the Isabella TS, which is the high-performance version of the normal Isabella 60 tested by MOTOR SPORT last October, has an engine with four cylinders of 75 by 84.5 mm., giving a capacity of 1,493 c.c., in a chassis which has independent front suspension by coil-springs and wishbones and independent swing-axle rear suspension, also employing coil-springs. The price, let us state here and now, is the modest one of £1,376 11s. 8d., inclusive of purchase tax and import duty.

The compression-ratio is 8.2 to 1 instead of 6.8 to 1 on the normal engine, which increases the b.h.p. by fifteen, to 75 b.h.p. at 4,700 r.p.m. The same single d.d. Solex 32PAJTA carburettor is used, and Bosch ignition equipment is retained. This engine is a handsome unit, the carburettor with its big air-cleaner being set right on top of the valve casing, the covers of which are therefore filled on the sides of the casing. Cooling is by pump and fan. Rather higher indirect ratios are used in the gearbox (i.e., 3.86, 2.15 and 1.36 to 1, instead of 4.18, 2.32 and 1.47 to 1 on the standard Isabella) but the same 5.90 by 13 tyres are used on both models.

The handsome two-door saloon body is identical, so that the spacious luggage boot (its lid-lock released by a lever inside the car, thus rendering it thief-proof with the car doors locked) and the smart curved body sides and windows falling away from the roof, as well as the curved screen and back window, are retained. The only differences are that the TS has a chromium-plated rear lamp and "blinker" covers, one pair of front direction-indicators being atop the wings, there are twin sun visors

within, a convenient hornring for operating the excellent horn, and a few additional chromium embellishments without.

This is an outstandingly roomy and comfortable car, its interior arrangements and fittings providing a sense of quality and well-being. The doors possess useful pockets, supplemented on the car tested by spring-loaded map-racks on each side of the scullie. The separate front seats are spacious, substantial, wide and comfortable, and nicely upholstered in piped leather. They have squabs adjustable by lifting a tiny lever by the seat cushion — this adjustment goes from the very upright until the seat backs are fully folded flush with the rear-seat cushion to form a double-bed. The fascia is nicely laid out, with white pull-out knobs for the lights and minor controls, the steering-wheel hub possesses a lamps-flasher for night signalling, and the wheel itself is small and set sensibly low. There are two scuffie ventilators, each with its own operating handle. The pendant pedals are not uncomfortable and the steering-column gear-lever is convenient to the left hand, the "flashers" control stalk to the right hand. The "flashers" self-cancel.

I do not like steering-column gear-levers, but that of the Borgward functions firmly and usually precisely, the reserve position being properly guarded, but it is sometimes difficult to select a gear when at rest. The clutch action is pleasantly light.

When the self-supporting alligator bonnet is opened the engine is rendered amply accessible, likewise the Bosch coil, Exide battery, fuseboxes, oil and water fillers, etc., but the dipstick is very close to the three-branch exhaust manifold.

Armrests in the doors are formed to function as door "pulls," and each door has a triangulated (not pivoted, however) ventilator window operated by a handle separate from that which works the main panels (2 1/2 turns and 5 turns, up to down, respectively). The handles, especially of the main windows, are awkwardly placed.

Very good ventilation is possible by opening slightly the rear windows, which are hinged for this purpose. The interior lamp is operated by the doors and equipment includes heater, demisters, convenient ash-trays, lidded cubbyhole (rather shallow, however), cigar-lighter, portable inspection lamp, rear-seat armrests, push-button door handles, and good-quality, curved-blade, self-parking screen wipers (wired with the ignition circuit). The instruments are nicely set out, with gold figures on black dials, with a separate clock matching the 105-m.p.h. Vdo speedometer and the combined water thermometer (which reads to 195 deg. F.) fuel gauge dial. Discreet little windows show lights for full headlamp beam, low dynamo charge and lack of oil pressure. The speedometer is calibrated every 15 m.p.h. and has a total but no trip-reading odometer. The diamond-pleats in the upholstery on the doors are pleasant and the front-seat squabs fold for access to the wide back seat, although not possessing the additional swivel-at-an-angle action of those on the normal Isabella which we tried last year. Beneath the doors there is a useful panel of protective metal. The inbuilt headlamps are 7-in. Hella, with foot dimmer. The passenger's door locks with a separate key and the fuel filler is beneath a hinged panel in the off-side back wing. The fully-swivelling anti-dazzle central rear-view mirror is supplemented by a Sparta mirror on the off side of the scuffle. The spare wheel lives under the floor of the boot, so that it does not spoil the luggage, but it is necessary to remove the luggage to give access to the wheel.

This Borgward Isabella TS is, then, a spacious saloon which belies its modest engine size both when at rest and in action, and makes many so-called sports saloons of identical engine but smaller interior dimensions look sluggish.

On the road 80 m.p.h. is obtainable along any convenient straight, but naturally it takes an appreciable distance in which to work up higher speeds, the claimed maximum being a remarkable 98 m.p.h. That the little o.h.v. engine is willing will be evident when we remark that although when Jan Metcalfe handed us the TS for test it had run only just over 1,100 miles (indeed, we were asked to add Redex to the B.P. petrol), the next day we obtained indicated maxima in the indirect gears of 28, 51 and 76 m.p.h. In fact, 60 m.p.h. is merely idling and is the normal speed at which top is selected from third. In spite of its excellent acceleration and astonishingly high speed the Borgward Isabella TS is a docile as a Yank. You can idle along without snatch, open up free from "pinking," from a crawl in the 3,9-to-1 top gear. Some engine noise is evident at a decent cruising speed or when the car is extended in the indirect gears, accompanied by a just-audible exhaust crackle on the overrun, music whereby the enthusiast knows he is at the wheel of a TS and not the 60!

The car has a supple, comfortable ride, yet it corners well and exhibits only modest oversteer, with not a trace of the vicious roll-oversteer common to some flexibly-suspended saloons with rigid rear axles. The steering, not particularly light and a shade spongy, requires just over three turns lock-to-lock (the turning circle is however notably small). There is some column vibration, no transmission of road shock, and mild castor return-action. The "Americanised" ride would seem to spell instability at speed, yet the faster the Isabella is cornered the more confidence the driver gains. Roll is not excessive and the wheels remain on the road, as Reg. Parnell demonstrated so ably during the saloon-car race at the Daily Express Silverstone Meeting, to which we took the Isabella TS, and where Reg. in his similar roomy saloon held off the works M.G. Magnette.

The brakes are deceptive, being very powerful providing the pedal is firmly and fully depressed. The action seems rather sensitive until this is realised, giving rise to the impression that the brakes are not unduly powerful. They emitted a squeak on initial application and if any

criticism is due it is that the action could be more consistent over the full travel of the pedal, but probably the linings hadn't bedded in. In an emergency stop, however, all was transformed and the car could be stopped very effectively. The hand-brake lever is under the fascia and twists to release the ratchet. On right-hand-drive cars it is set rather far over the left, but it is not unduly inconvenient to operate and holds effectively. The small tyres protest only when "rally cornering" is indulged in and then only slightly, and, without possessing harsh sports-car-type handling, the Borgward TS is a pleasure to drive fast, the ride proving unexpectedly flat for such a softly-sprung vehicle. Visibility is good, and both front wings (the near-side one by reason of its raised side-cum-"flasher" lamp) are visible to a driver of average height. Incidentally, additional conical "flasher" lamps are fitted below the head-lamps.

To this Jekyll-and-Hyde character of being a roomy boulevard saloon (and a very "eyeable" and comfortably-appointed one) one moment, and an accelerative, very fast, responsive sports saloon the next, can be added to the Isabella's credit an economical consumption of petrol. A consumption, driving hard, of 27½ m.p.g. was obtained from this vehicle, which looks as if it would do well to return 20 m.p.g. This economy cannot be said to justify the use of a 1½-litre engine, for the flexibility and astonishing performance available from it make justification unnecessary. But such economy, and the fuel range which accompanies it, are well worth having. In a total of 745 miles a quart of Esso Extra was added to the sump, no water to the radiator. The engine showed no temperament apart from sometimes being a little reluctant to start instantly when hot. The petrol tank, by the way, is located below the off-side back wing.

The Borgward Isabella TS is, then, a remarkable and unique motor car, priced modestly at £916 15s., which inflates to the aforesaid figure in this country.

The Isabella 60 costs £1,210 11s. 5d. with purchase tax, and the Borgward Hansa range includes a very commodious station wagon, a drophead coupé and the 100-b.h.p. 100-m.p.h. Pullman 2400, a 2½ litre all-independently-sprung saloon priced, with purchase tax, at £2,115 0s. 2d., or at £2,253 7s. 6d. with Hansomatic automatic fluid transmission.

These Borgward products are gaining many friends in England and can be inspected at the premises of Metcalfe and Mundy in Old Brompton Road. — W. B.

THE BORGWARD HANSA ISABELLA TS SALOON

Engine: Four cylinders, 75 by 84.5 mm. (1,493 c.c.). Pushrod overhead valves; 8.2 to 1 compression-ratio; 75 b.h.p. at 4,700 r.p.m.

Gear ratios: First, 15.0 to 1; second, 8.4 to 1; third, 4.7 to 1; top, 3.9 to 1.

Tyres: 5.90 by 13 Michelin, on bolt-on steel disc wheels.

Weight: 20 cwt. 2 qtr. 14 lb. (without occupants but ready for the road, with approximately 2½ gallons of petrol.)

Steering ratio: Just over three turns, lock-to-lock.

Fuel capacity: 8.8 gallons. Range approximately 242 miles.

Wheelbase: 8 ft. 5⅞ in.

Track: Front, 4 ft. 4⅞ in.; rear, 4 ft. 5⅞ in.

Dimensions: 14 ft. 5 in. by 5 ft. 7⅞ in. by 4 ft. 9⅞ in. (high).

Price: £916 15s. (£1,376 11s. 8d., inclusive of purchase tax and import duty).

Concessionaires: Metcalfe & Mundy Ltd., 280, Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.

Converting Borgward 6 volt systems to 12

At last here is the article on converting 6 volt Borgwards to 12 volts. George Sinclair, Peter Grove, John Wallis and Myself have between us found out all the necessary requirements to make this article possible. George has an addendum on dynamos and regulators to be found at the end of this article. John Wallis and I converted my Coupé to 12 volts in 1976 and over the past 17 years I have improved it as much as possible. Peter converted his Coupé even before this, and I vividly remember seeing his car in Adrian Williams garage with an enormous rotary generator fitted! Martin Carter converted his Saloon a few years ago and John Wallis converted both his Coupés, PO being done back in the late seventies.

A year ago Peter converted his Combi to 12 volts so he and I decided to put pen to paper and construct an article.

The first question to ask is Why? Here are my reasons:-

With a 6 volt system the original headlight bulbs were only 35 watts! Of course the logical step in improving the lights is to fit 55 watt, or even 60/65 watt halogen 6 volt bulbs, and this is a great improvement. There are 2 disadvantages to this however. Firstly there is no relay on a Borgward therefore you are doubling the current across the switch contacts creating heat and therefore losing efficiency. (Heat = I² X R, Amps squared multiplied by the resistance in ohms, if I remember my physics correctly). A 12 volt 65 watt bulb would draw less current than the original 6 volt 35 watt bulb, less heat greater efficiency and far less burning at the switch contacts.

Secondly, the early cars had a mere 130 watt dynamo, imagine two headlight bulbs of 65 watts each and you have nothing left for instruments, indicators, coil etc. let alone big current drawers such as wiper and blower motors. The later cars had an improved output, about 50% more I believe, but you would still be running close to the wind.

The suspense of listening to the starter motor sounding, for all its worth, as though you had a flat battery proved too much for me to bear! 12 volts definitely improves the starting ability as it turns over considerably faster, which is a great asset if you have just run out of petrol and need to pump it all the way along the length of the car.

Fitting modern cassette decks and radios. Finding 6 to 12 volt power packs are rare although I believe John Wallis has one. Gordon Hobb gets over this problem by carrying a small 12 volt car battery in his boot in a plastic tool box. This proved very useful to Peter Grove on returning from Speyer!

Buying 6 volt bulbs etc. The sheer aggravation of having to go to a dealer to replace your indicator bulb, which has just blown, at 2am on a Sunday morning when the filling station you are at is positively bursting with 12 volt ones.

If ever your battery goes flat see how long it would take you to find an MGB or pre 1965 VW Beetle to give you a jump.

The sheer cost of 6 volt batteries.

Peter sums up the conversion in a simple concise way:-

"This is quite a simple operation and should take only about 3 to 4 hours work for those people who are good at electrics. Borgwards were designed for 6 volt electrics and due to this low Voltage, twice the current (amps) is used to obtain the required power. Therefore the wiring has to be thicker than 12 volt cars. This is in fact a bonus when converting to 12 volts, as thicker wiring has a lower resistance and becomes more efficient."

Right, so now you find that you can see the advantages but are worried about originality. Well, it's like anything there is a right way and a wrong way to do it. The right way is to use the same maker's parts i.e. Bosch and SWF but in a 12 volt version, or convert the original part to 12 volt internally. Done this way the only give away is the number of cells in the battery. Throwing on a Lucas alternator works well enough but just doesn't look right somehow.

Now, your next question could be "Is it reversible?" The answer is yes, and very easily and quickly. There are no major upheavals concerned, ie replacing the wiring loom or switches or the drilling of holes.

"Isn't it expensive?"

No, not really. Most of the parts can be obtained from breaker's yards. The biggest outlay has to be the dynamo.

"Can any one do it and does it take a long time?"

If you can adjust your fan belt the answer is yes you can do it, as for time.....an afternoon at most!

Contrary to popular belief several electrical items do not need changing:-

STARTER MOTOR

When I converted my car to 12 volts back in 1976 I fitted a 12 volt "1970 BMW 2500 automatic" Bosch starter motor. The front section was slightly smaller but the bolt holes lined up perfectly and it worked very well. Just for fun I tried it on a 6 volt battery and low and behold, it turned over at the same speed as the Borgward 6 volt one. How strange I thought. I then ran the 6 volt motor on 12 volts and once again, low and behold it ran at the same speed as the 12 volt one. Both motors although of different voltages behaved identically. I mentioned this to Adrian Williams, the parts supplier at the time, and he rang Bosch. Now what he said I take with a pinch of salt because he had a very strange sense of humour, and was always coming out with ridiculous comments. Make of it what you will but he said that the field and armature windings to all intents and purposes are the same! John Walls had a 1960 Blue Coupé (628 SP if any one out there remembers it) with seized brakes and we cranked this car around the garden for ages with the 6 volt starter motor on 12 volts and it barely got warm.

Peter Grove uses his Combi 6 volt starter on 12 volts every weekday for business and starts it at least 20 times a day with no problems.

I have personally put 100,000 miles on one starter before the solenoid went and I really don't know how many miles it had covered before that.

The BMW starter motor, by the way, wore out quite quickly with all the bearings and shaft wearing through the casing. It is obviously considerably newer and not as well made as the original, and as you can see didn't last as long as the 6 volt starter on 12 volts!

You can draw your own conclusions from this but if you really are a purist, purchase a Big Six one, contacting your bank manager first!, or a modern equivalent such as one fitted to a 1970 BMW 2500. By way of interest, Peter Grove has a 6 volt solenoid on his 12 volt Big Six starter motor since his original packed up in Luckow in 1991.

THE HORN

The horn is another item that really does not need changing as it is for intermittent use. Once again a trip around the breaker's yard and a VW Beetle would probably find a 12 volt one if you really have to be a purist.

HEATER BLOWER MOTORS

If you have a Coupé or T.S. and/or have 2 blower motors fitted you don't need to change these. Just re-wire them in series, which is described by Peter, "Like christmas tree lights" Basically this means that the wire coming from the fuse box to one blower then also feeds the other blower, the second wire being the return (earth), like batteries in a torch. This works very well as they are self regulating, if one slows down it draws more current away from the other which slows that one down and speeds up the first. I haven't tried a single blower motor but wiring a coil ballast resistor or a 3 to 5 ohm 10 watt resistor would probably work.

THE FUEL GAUGE

The fuel gauge on the Saloon and Combi from September 1957 seems perfectly happy on 12 volts! Martin Carter's gauge has been on 12 volts for years, my old Saloon was, Fiona's Saloon is perfectly happy and Peter's Combi the same. If you don't like this you can fit a regulator but this is a problem, with the design of the gauge and how it connects electrically to the housing. You would have to work out a way of soldering it inside the gauge or into the wiring within the housing. More on the regulator later. I have not yet got around to converting Saloon and Combi fuel gauges built before September 1957, but the best thing is to treat these like the Coupé which will be discussed later in this article.

CLOCK

The clock is a very similar situation on the Saloon and Combi. Peter and I have both experienced no problem for some time with it on 12 volts. But as with the gauge I don't like it. Peter reckons that a 1 ohm wire resistor in series will work well, protecting the clock.

As I said earlier none of the wiring or switches need to be changed as they are "beefier" than a 12 volt equivalent.

Now..... parts to be changed.

BATTERY

Change the battery to one that is at least 42 amps with the terminals in the same place. Preferably heavy duty.

FUSES

As Peter states, change all fuses to half their original value.

COIL

Replace the coil with a Bosch Hochleistungszündspule (High-performance ignition coil). Apart from being blue this looks identical to the original. It must be a NON ballast type so the best thing is to stick to the one which is made in Spain! The numbers on the box are as follows:

0 221 10 2 **082** - 850 = (0 221 119 027)

Another number on the box which is written in minute type black on red so there is therefore unimportant but I will give it to you anyway is:
(984 525 (01.85))

BULBS

Replace all the bulbs with 12 volt equivalents, not forgetting the dashboard lights. You can replace the 15 watt brake/indicator bulbs with the more currently available 21 watt type. This is a great improvement. Sorry about the appalling pun!

FLASHER UNIT

Replace the flasher unit with an identical 12 volt type. My Coupé has a LUCAS one, as fitted to Morris Minors etc., but hasn't got the same number of wires and you may have problems wiring this in. Any queries on this subject please ring Peter Grove or John Wallis.

FUEL GAUGE on Coupé.

A 5.5/6v regulator has to be soldered internally to the gauge. It will not work on 12 volts unconverted and a resistor wired in series will NOT work. John Wallis is the expert on this as he did my gauge and you need an electrical shop (HiFi/Television) to obtain the regulator. If in doubt ring John or I, but John is the expert. I will have to take off my gauge and look inside, which I was going to do for this article but ran out of time.

WASHERS

If you have a Lucas 6 volt washer motor fitted, usually to TS Saloons, this will not like being run on 12 volts at all, I have tried!. Try a trip around an autojumble for a (Jaguar) 12 volt equivalent, or remove it and put a modern replacement or as Peter states try a 3 to 5 ohm 10 watt resistor in series from the fuse box.

The Coupé and very very late Saloons had the beautifully made gear type pump. (like a miniature oil pump made by SWF). I managed to find a 12 volt near identical one off a Volvo 120 series. Instead of the brass end plate it has a nylon one and it uses the body to earth itself rather than a separate wire. It looks absolutely identical and the nylon is actually an improvement but you can remove the nylon parts and fit the brass ones if you really must. Peter reckons that you can use the original one for short bursts unconverted but I don't

like it, as it could easily be left on if there are no visible signs of water pumping out and could burn out.

Peter's idea of wiring a 3 to 5 ohm 10 watt resistor in series from the fuse box should work but John Wallis had a better way of converting them if you feel capable. He used to remove a few windings from the field coil and change the internal wiring so that the field coil and armature (brushes and wiring etc.) were wired in series rather than parallel. This is rather easier to do than it sounds, it just involves unsoldering a few wires and resoldering them. If you are electrically minded, this is obvious when you take the lid off, but I am sure John can give you details if it isn't. Fiona's TS has had this done by John and it works beautifully. The idea is to make the field windings a similar resistance to the armature so that they drop the 12 volts to 6 volts each, but he has said that there really is no great need to remove any of the windings. The armature will be running a little bit higher than 6 volts and for intermittent use this is fine and of course reversible should you want it to be 6 volts again by resoldering the wires back in parallel.

CLOCK on Coupé

The Coupé clock must be converted unless of course it is clockwork as in 1957 Coupés. Peter's idea of fitting a 1 ohm wire with resistor in series should work.

HEADLIGHT FLASHER

I have never bothered to change the TS headlight flasher but if you want to you will have to experiment with flashers, possibly caravan or hazard warning ones, or a flasher/relay arrangement, or drop the repeat flash system and replace the flasher with a 12 volt relay which just turns the headlamps on when the ring is depressed.

WIPER MOTOR

Now comes the pièce de resistance. The wiper motor is made by SWF and is identical on all models of Borgward. The difference between them is the way they are mounted. With the Saloon and Combi you will have to remove the motor completely **Remember to mark the positions of the bolts on the mount, THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT.** If you don't you will be hours moving the wiper motor all over the place till you stop all rods from jamming or fouling etc. This marking applies to the Coupé as well if you have to remove the motor.

Go to your breaker's yard and find a 240 series Volvo estate. Inside the tailgate is an immaculate SWF wiper motor. Try to purchase one with the same number of segments on the commutator as the Borgward one. These are the copper bits on the armature that the brushes rub against. If it has the same number of segments then you can simply do the following:-

- 1 On the Coupé remove the aluminium cap. On the Saloon/Combi remove the motor and then the aluminium cap.
- 2 Remove spring between brushes.
- 3 Unscrew the long bolts that hold the brush assembly to the permanent magnet laminations and swing to one side.
- 4 Hold the armature firmly and pull, allowing it to rotate as it has a geared drive on the end of it.
- 5 Push in the new armature the same way. This must have the same number of segments on the commutator and will have thinner windings than the 6 volt one.
- 6 Reassemble in reverse order and refit cap.

Your wiper motor is now 12 volts and will have the added bonus of rotating faster than the original as the permanent magnets on the 6 volt motor is more efficient than it is on the 12 volt type. This makes up for the less efficient windings of the 6 volt armature. ie. you will be using the high efficiency permanent magnet with the high efficiency 12 volt armature therefore gaining a slight increase in rotational speed. If you don't like this you will have to fit the Volvo permanent magnet assembly or if this is not possible the whole motor which involves modifying the connections by swapping the whole connections assembly and changing the motor's mountings. If you find that the motor has problems self parking (I know Martin Carter had this problem in Germany), this is usually because the contacts (behind the screw connections) need cleaning or replacing and that the extra speed of the wiper motor aggravates this problem. If you can only obtain a wiper motor with a greater number of segments on the commutator you will probably have to replace the whole wiper motor as a whole. I don't know how many of the parts are interchangeable but you would have to change the whole brush assembly because the brushes are smaller, and you may find that the 2 long screws are in a different place for the old magnet etc. It would therefore be easier to change the wiper motor mountings and screw connection assembly and use the Volvo one.

DYNAMO

As I said earlier George has written an addendum to this article which will follow.

Obviously, if you wanted to fit an alternator instead of a dynamo this is quite possible but is quite a lot of work and not very original.

I searched the breaker's yards for Bosch dynamos or early Opels, Volkos etc., but they are now quite rare as most cars in there have alternators. A cheap but unoriginal solution is to find a Lucas dynamo preferably the type fitted to a Triumph Vitesse. Morris Minor ones fit, but have to have the cast spacer hacksawed off. If you use a dynamo off a positive earth car you must repolarise it. Connect the body to the engine or the negative terminal of the battery. Then connect a wire to the positive side and stroke it quickly 3 or 4 times against the field terminal of the dynamo. It should now be repolarised to negative earth so connect it up as normal. The correct (Lucas) voltage regulator can be obtained in any car accessory shop. One word of warning you must obtain a large diameter pulley (the next size up from the type fitted to a Morris Minor) because the crankshaft pulley on a Borgward is very large and at motorway speeds the rear bronze bush can fail if a small pulley is fitted. Of course the adjusting lug is on the wrong side of the dynamo so a much longer bracket must be made or found. This is not an ideal charging system but is cheap and does work well if you don't mind a bit of work to get it right.

The better solution is find a Bosch dynamo or try George's answer. If you want to fit a Bosch dynamo here are two types I have used. 1st one is virtually identical to the original Borgward especially if you fit a Borgward pulley. It has a sealed rear bearing and the only problem is that the adjusting lug is not as close to the engine block as the original, it is actually in the centre. This requires a different bracket or as Martin Carter found, two Borgward brackets bolted together facing each other works beautifully. The number is:

0. 101 206 151 (EG → 14V 25A 25)

The second is identical except for the oilite bronze bush at the back. You may find if the screws line up that you can change the whole rear plate for a Borgward sealed bearing type, but I haven't tried it so you are on your own. The oilite bearing work well enough but you have to keep lubricating it. The number for this is:

0 101 206 079 (EG → 14V 25A 25)

The appropriate voltage regulator for this is a Bosch regulator (now made in Brazil) that looks identical to the original Borgward one. The number is:

30 007 (0 190 350 049 - 740)

I don't know the number for the 1st dynamo mentioned (it's probably the same) because it's bolted to the car and I can't see the number. Ring a Bosch agent and ask for it quoting the dynamo number. You can order the voltage regulator from a Bosch agent such as Beavers, Slyfield Industrial Estate, Guildford, Surrey.

Kelvin Jones fitted a Bosch dynamo with an "Oilite" bearing to Tom McDermott's car that had the bracket in the correct position. I couldn't read the numbers very well as it was covered in oil and fitted to his engine but it was something like :-

0101 206 100 0 101 14v 25A 27?

Any problems with anything to do with the dynamo or in fact anything to do with the conversion, please give Peter or I a ring. We would be more than happy to help. Good luck, and you shouldn't find any problems that haven't been mentioned.

I hope this is comprehensive enough. It's been a long time coming but it is a subject that can never be really finished. Hopefully this article is now at the correct stage to be of use.

One word of warning from Peter, he has pointed out that "If a 6 volt vibrator pack Radio is fitted this will not work and will have to be converted or disconnected"

But why would you want a 6 volt radio in a 12 volt car?

Nick Driscoll
With help from Peter Grove.

DYNAMO CONVERSION

Ref: Changing to 12 volt system.

If people wish to keep an original appearance to their car when converting to a 12 volt system, then a Bosch dynamo & regulator need to be used. The dynamo on a Borgward engine is fitted to the righthand side of the engine, whereas the majority of similar cars of the period had dynamos fitted to the lefthand side. There are few cars in scrapyards these days with suitable 12 volt 25 amp righthand Bosch dynamos. Therefore the Club Spares Secretary (me) has now sourced a company who can recondition an original 6 volt Borgward Bosch dynamo to 12 volt specification, with new field coils, armature, bearings, brushes, springs, etc. Please ring me for a current price.

Bosch 12 volt regulator boxes are more readily available, but a 25 amp box must be used and not a 35 amp box, or damage will occur to the dynamo. The cost of a Bosch regulator box currently varies from £18 to £38, depending whether it was produced in Brazil or West Germany. Other brands of regulator boxes, such as Durite, made in West Germany and similar in appearance to the Bosch box, are currently available for £28.

George Sinclair.

VUNDERBAR

It was a day just dreamed of for so long,
Then One! Then Two! Then Three! Became a throng.
Like homing birds returning to their source,
The triumph of endeavour was 'on course'.
Heads turned in admiration and surprise,
While others could not quite believe their eyes.

From near and far and all around they came,
To gaze upon a legend once again,
And celebrate a real example of;
The restorations brought about by love.
For Isabella, Beautiful Dream-car,
This day-of-days was truly, "VUNDERBAR!"

Belgora

REGALIA

The Club has the following Regalia for sale:

KEY RINGS

Chrome-plated tag, BORGWARD in black. Enamel red and white on metal tag on a good leather fob. £4.75

CLUB TIES

Borgward motif in white on a Navy blue polyester tie. £4.95

B.D. CLUB MUGS

New stock just in £4.95
(Ask your nearest committee member, as we cannot send them in the post).

B.D. CLUB BADGES

For the windscreen, printed on clinging-type plastic to stick on the inside 80p

BORGWARD DRIVERS' CLUB BADGES (METAL TYPES)

Metal badges to mount on a badge bar, enamelled in colour, chromium-plated and diamond shape. These have been received, found to be brilliant and the first batch sold. £15.95

All monies from sales go in to the club funds. Please send order, with payment to:
Ian Cave, Secretary, Borgward Drivers' Club.
Nateley House, Ridgway, Pyrford, Woking, Surrey GU22 8PW
Telephone 0932 342341.

EVENTS



Original photo courtesy of Bill Blydenstein

Events for 1993

| Date | Meeting | Venue |
|-------------|--|------------------------------|
| 1st-3rd May | Top Gear Classic and Sportscar Show NEC Birmingham. Borgward has a stand. | Birmingham |
| 9th May | Local pub-grub meeting Details from George Sinclair. | Chessington (Not the zoo) |
| 14-16 May | 12th Annual meeting of the LLOYD-FREUNDE NORD IG. | Erkenentz-Granterath |
| 29-30 May | Annual meeting of the Svenska Borgward Klubbens. | Visby-Island of Gothland |
| 29-30 May | 9th International Borgward, Goliath, Hansa & Lloyd meeting of the Borgward Club Belgium. | Antwerp Belgium |
| 12-13 June | International Borgward meeting of Borgward Club Wurtzburg-Frankfurt. | Bad-Munster Am Stein |

| | | |
|------------------------|--|-------------------------------|
| 20th June | Treasure Hunt Details from Martin Carter. | Midhurst |
| 9-11 July | 11th International Borgward meeting of the Borgward Club, Austria. | Gmunden an Traunsee |
| 7-8 August | Yeovil Festival of Transport Details Robert Richmond-Jones. | Yeovil |
| 6-8 August | International Borgward, Goliath, Hansa & Lloyd meeting of the Dansk Borgward Club. | Vildsund Strand Moers Denmark |
| 21-22 August | 3rd Annual meeting of the Borgward Drivers' Club GB Details Derek Farr. | Kettering Northants |
| 13-15 August | 4th International Borgward meeting of Borgward IG Schweiz. | Switzerland |
| 3-5 Sep. (Possible) | Annual meeting of the Borgward IG (Germany). | Essen |

Notes:

We have a cordial invitation from the Swedish Club and several others, to join them. From previous experience we can promise anyone wanting to have a go that they will get a warm welcome. Usually someone is at hand who can, and does speak English to us. Other local meetings will be held, further details in the news letters.



23 Canford Drive
Addlestone
Surrey
KT15 2HH

14 June 1991

Dear Nick,

In April 1986, I wrote a short piece about the history of my NEW Borgward which I had bought 27 years before. I never dreamt that I could possibly be able to write about another almost new Borgward but, as you know, this happened a couple of years ago.

Please find attached my latest offering for the next journal.

I had hoped this year to put more of an effort into attending club gatherings, but once again I've got things wrong and instead of enjoying myself in the car, I'm up to my ears in concrete, foundations, brickwork etc. Never mind I thought, at least I'll make the meet in August. I now find that I won't because I'll be away on holiday then due to tied holiday periods of another member of the family. Not to worry, I'm bound to get it right sometime...

Kind regards
Richard McLoughlin

P.S. I was going to include some photocopies of the car in "As found" condition but they did not do the dust justice!!

Patrick Sheridan
Roscath,
Kilbride,
Wicklow,
Ireland

26-03-92

Dear Nick,

The Newsletter I just got says that you or Peter Grove have an idea about converting to 12v from the 6v system. I have 2 Borgwards, a saloon 1959 and a 1958 Coupé. Remembering that petrol gauge, clock, and other sensitive items are 6v I am frightened to convert to 12v. The difficulty I have really is acquiring good 6v batteries, especially as they are expensive. I have a 84 amp hour one in the Saloon, and a 120 amp hour in the Coupé which I had to modify the Bulkhead tray a bit to take it, but with the cars parked for such long periods I am worried about the plates collapsing so next time I'd need a battery I would consider 12v. If you could be good enough you or Nick please send the information I would be so grateful to you. The 120 amp battery is great, loads of oomph to the starter especially as both Borgwards don't like starting when warm for some reason. They start from cold OK. They also don't like the choke much either.

Hoping you will help in this matter.

Practical Classic will soon be publishing an item on the Coupé restoration, perhaps in a couple of months. Believe me both my cars were totally rotten, floors, sills etc., were just non existent.

All the best
Yours sincerely

Patrick Sheridan

Via A Hortis 39,
0077 Rome
Italy
3rd December 91

Dear Matt

There is not a great deal of history attached to our Isabella Combi as it has always been in our family, my father bought it from a dealer in Abergele (I can't remember the name) but the then Borgward dealer for the Wales area, I then lived in Menai Bridge in Anglesey. where there was a twin Burgundy colour one, chauffeur driven, it belonged to a lady who lived on a small island in the Menai Straits. We never used ours a great deal perhaps I have used it more here in Rome.

I have often been stopped here in Rome with offers to buy it, or returning from shopping would find a note on the Windscreen. I must say that I have never seen many out here, we did locate one in a scrap-yard where we more or less stripped it of useful parts although we have never really needed anything of great importance.

It was like a jump into the past seeing all the immaculate Isabellas around at the Kettering meeting which we enjoyed, although we didn't stay long, but long enough to meet some of your members and of course George Sinclair for spares, a very important person.

I hope I will be able to enclose a photo soon but this depends on the re-spray people when they decide to send her home but being friends of my husbands they know there is no hurry, so they seem to shove poor Isabella further into the deepest depths of their workshop.

I must contact George Sinclair soon, As I need a rubber cover for the steering gear change lever (I have no idea what its called) I'm sure he will understand.

With kind regards to you all

Shirley

Keith Melville
"The Avenue-Anahdale",
Carcoar Street,
Blayney 2799
New South Wales,
Australia.

Dear Ian,

I have looked forward thankfully to your reply. I would very much like to join the "Borgward Drivers' Club" and have enclosed my application form for membership together with a cheque for £12. (This was about \$34 Australian)

I have enclosed some photos for your interest. I can also provide various Australian road tests if you haven't already received the same from other Aussies. I would also be interested in any British articles. I did have the number of original registration figures for Lloyd Hartnetts in Australia and I am sure I forwarded a copy to Nigel. Now I've lost my original sheet! Eventually I will get a listing of Goliaths and Borgward too but I have to go to Sydney to do this. (About a 4 hour drive each way). Later I can also provide details regarding the Lloyd Hartnett name and the story of my first Lloyd, a '59 TS which I rallied in the late 60s. It was modified with an LT/LTK wide track front cross member, flared guards and 13" diameter LT/LTK wheels and a sweet little engine running on 9:1 compression. Wheelspin was a problem on forest trails and with the very high revs available mileage dropped to 23 mpg at times. As a consequence many differentials and inner universal joints were destroyed. It was certainly better as a tar road car in its final days, with very controllable flat cornering ability. If only I could find its remains now! I would turn one of my Sedans into a replica.

Do you have a list of members and what they own? Would you believe suddenly I've come across 3 Borgward Coupés for sale as well as a Goliath 700 sedan in the last few weeks. I've also been contemplating purchase of a 1952 Hansa 4-door sedan but the lack of a spare car makes me cautious. Anyway, looking forward to hearing from you.

Regards,

Keith.

Assistant Editorial

First of all to those of you who have turned straight to the back page to find out "who done it", TOUGH! I'm not going to tell you! I'm also not going to give a summary of the whole journal, so you have got to go back and read it all for yourself, and I warn you, I will be asking questions later.

If this is the last thing you read, well done! I hope you have enjoyed reading the journal as much as I have enjoyed typing it. Well that is not strictly true, because I have not enjoyed typing it at all. Spending many hours, getting square eyes in front of a video screen is not a great deal of fun, though the end result is pleasing. I sit here dreading Nick coming round with yet more pages of scribble, "Matt a few more pages of scribble for you to type", he would say, with a smirk on his face.

"Thanks Nick". Of course what I really mean is "Bog off Nick and do it yourself!", but being a good Assistant Editor I spend a few more hours with my trusty word processor getting even squarer eyes.

Then Nick would come back and say "Matt, I have read that and here are a few corrections to do".

"Thanks Nick". Of course what I really mean is "....."

I wouldn't mind if the work had been spread over 2 years, but no! It all had to be done within two weeks of the AGM. So please forgive any (I use the word "any" but I am sure there are not any) spelling or typing errors.

Have you ever heard the expression "10% of the population own 90% of the wealth"? You haven't! Well that was a waste of time then! What I really wanted to say is that 10% of the Borgward Drivers Club has contributed 90% of the contents of this magazine. This is not good enough! A club magazine, or journal as in this case, should contain contributions from members, not just the committee, but where are they?

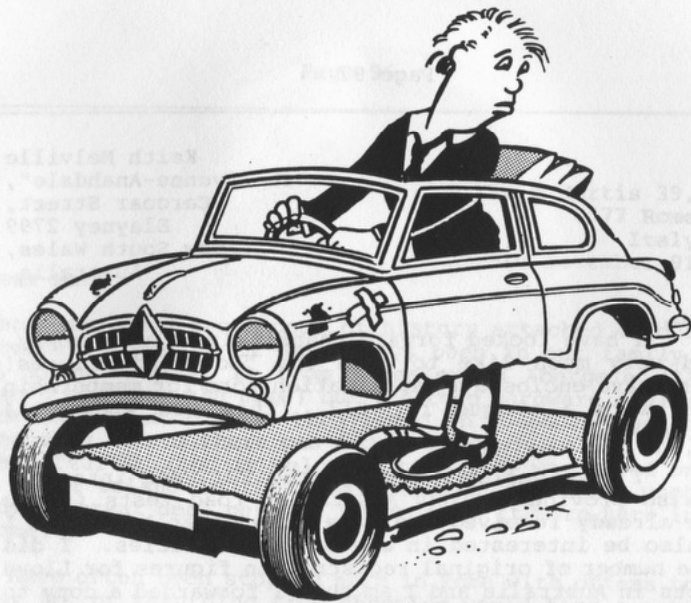
Not in the bin that's for sure, unless of course I could not read your scribble, then the bin is the best place for it. Not in the pending pile or the to be done pile either, but still in your heads. It's no good there, get it out and put pen to paper and send them in to the Editor, (not the pen and paper but the written article or letter) and then I can type them for the next journal. Be warned, the bin is empty and waiting. Even better type it yourself on your own word processor, or typewriter, and send the printed pages to us. If you all did this I would be out of a job, but we would see the journal a lot sooner.

Now for the questions. What was the first word in the Nick's Editorial?

Correct!

What is the last word in the assistant editorial?

Goodbye.



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BORGWARD

Drivers' Club

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Essex
Tel: 081 591 1778



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Resprays Mechanical repairs on **Borgwards**
Contact name Peter Grove Tel. **0708 725377**

Page 92
Austrian Editorial
First of all to those who have
to find out "who do you
not going to give
Do you see "Rolls Royce" ?
If this is the
reading the book at each
this

P.S. Goliath in front of the main entrance of the Riga oldtimer Museum.



Photo and car Karl Heinz Glowsky