

ISETTA **GAZETTE**

AUTUMN EDITION...2012



NATIONAL MICROCAR RALLY SPECIAL 2012

MAGAZINE OF THE ISETTA OWNERS CLUB OF GREAT BRITAIN

The Isetta Owners Club of Great Britain Ltd.

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Editors Bit

Well, the 2012 rally season is coming to an end for most of us. It hasn't been a great year with the weather causing many cancellations but I must say the 2012 Nationals were blessed with the best September weather ever. I have written a short report of the rally and included some pictures, I hope I haven't got any names wrong in the captions, if so let me know.

You will see at the bottom of this page the AGM is booked for 28th October, please come and join us and give us your views on what you want from your club.

Again I will make an appeal for articles. The last gazette I only had enough to fill 12 pages, this time I have managed to fill the normal 16 but only just. I have plenty of blank pages for the Winter Edition so come on tell your stories here.

Ian Parris

Chairmans Chat

It's that time of year again and the AGM will be on Sunday 28 October at Beedles Lake Golf Club as usual. The official notice is elsewhere in this Gazette.

It's been another traumatic year for the club in common with, I suspect, most other classic car clubs. We still need a manager for new spares and the committee strive to come up with ideas for things the membership expect us to provide. In order to meet those expectations please let any of the committee know what you want and we will do our utmost to provide it. Indeed why not come along to the AGM, why not come onto the committee and give us some new blood and put your ideas on the table first hand. Rest assured you won't be lumbered organising whatever on your own just because it was your idea, the committee will help but we need to know what people want to make it successful and all worthwhile. See you there!

Before you ask, still no progress on my car but winter nights are looming, this could be the year.

Jeff Todd

This month's front cover shows Mike Arnold's Isetta at
The 2012 National Microcar Rally
Held at Great Yarmouth

ISETTA OWNERS CLUB AGM

Will be held at Beedles Lake Golf Club, 170 Broome Lane, East Goscote,
Leicester. LE7 3WQ on Sunday 28th October at 2:30pm.

The 31 Year Restoration – Part 1.

“Bubblecar wanted, any make, up to £100.” I wanted a Heinkel really, as they were the ones that I remembered buzzing around from my childhood. But given that the advert was in the Isetta Gazette (or whatever it was called in 1980), it isn’t surprising that the one call I had was from somebody with an Isetta to get rid of. He was a farmer in the Cotswolds, and he persuaded me to blow my budget by investing no less than £200 on clearing from his barn, not only a shabby but running Isetta, XYL 795, but also a spares car, XHR 183. And from that moment onwards Isettias became a part of my life, delivering pleasure and pain in fairly equal measure for more than three decades.

I’m not going to regale you with the detail of what was to become the 31-year restoration, as that would be a sure-fire cure for insomnia, but I shall pick out some of the highlights and lowlights to share with you over the next two or three Gazettes.

I couldn’t use the Isetta straight away as I had only just turned fifteen when I bought it. So it was about three years later by the time I got it on the road, by which time I had already got through about a dozen mopeds and motorbikes (six FS1Es included, for those who are interested). I didn’t do much to it during those three years, mainly just covering its tatty red paintwork with marginally better hand-painted black and white gloss.

But once it was on the road, for about six months the Isetta and I accompanied one another in such pleasures as mobile chip fights, off-road races with my friend’s Bond Bug, car hide-and-seek games around Gloucester Cattle Market, regular roadside conversations with members of her majesty’s constabulary, and even a drive to the National Microcar Rally, at Sudeley Castle.



Come the winter of that year though (1983, I think), I had invested a further £190 in another strange old car, 1967 Bond Equipe, and I decided to take the Isetta off the road for a bit to do a few repairs. “It’ll only be there for a couple of weeks”, I told my mum and dad as I parked it up in their garden. That “couple of weeks” was to turn out to be the most wildly inaccurate time estimate in the history of mankind.

More of that next time though, as at this point I shall break off from the 1980s and come right up to this year. In the Spring Gazette you may have read of my Isetta’s long and often frustrating quest for TV stardom (written, by the way, in the early hours of one Sunday morning, after watching *Match of the Day* and *The Football League Show*, whilst



simultaneously clearing the lager fridge of its contents. I hope that wasn't too obvious.) Well, if you did, and you are also still reading this, then you will no doubt be delighted to know that the little blue show-off has found fame at last! If you are around three years of age and in the process of learning to count up to ten, then you will find the BBC TV show *Numtums* to be a great help, and its catchy little songs hugely entertaining. If you are a little older and for some reason find yourself being subjected to the same show, then you will probably find the same catchy songs hugely irritating. BUT you may also catch the occasional blink-and-you-miss-it appearance of said Isetta, as well as my other old car (yes, strange old cars do tend to be something of a feature of my life), a yellow Morgan.

Neal Bircher.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

October 21st Annual National Restoration Show at Stoneleigh Park Warwickshire.

38th International Micro Car Rally Review meeting will be held on Sunday 4th November 2012 in Pinxton Village Hall, Kirkstead Road, Pinxton Derbyshire NG16 6NA at 1.00 pm to discuss this year's rally and plan for next year's rally. Tea/coffee and biscuits will be available. Everyone is welcome to attend – further details contact Ray & Jenny on 01773 782688 or 07712 654777. Centre will be open at 12.30pm.

Directions: Leave M1 at J28 heading towards Pinxton/South Normanton on B6019. After approx. ¼ mile take the first road on the left "Pinxton Lane" and then at the traffic lights turn right "Victoria Road". Take the second road on the right "Church Street West" (Chip Shop on the corner) and then the next left. The Village Hall is on the left hand side (approx. 1 mile from J28 of M1. There is adequate off road parking at the side of the hall.

November 16th-18th The Footman James Classic Motor Show, incorporating The Classic Motorbike Show at the NEC Birmingham.

For details see full page advertisement inside.

The Club is pleased to welcome:-

Sherry Wiggins	New Zealand	Bryan Wilson	Brockenhurst
Paul Mallen	Cannock	Gary Downes	Leominster
Edward Grygiel	Bedfordshire	Nidrel Walsh	Cornwall
J L Manning	Halesowen	Simone Cunningham	Dorset
Richard Willis	West Horsley	Murell Taylor	Hayling Island
Straith Ewart	Aberdeenshire	David Lodge	Dorset
Christopher Langham	Oxfordshire	Gordon Charleton	Northumberland

New Members since the last Gazette.

Isetta World News

Isetta World continues to reach out to Isetta Owners and enthusiasts World-wide and provide a forum to ask questions, solve problems, and sometimes, tell an interesting story. Recently, just such a tale was told by Bob Nogueira, of Dallas, Texas. He wrote –



“I’ve posted several questions to the group and received some great advice so I figure it’s about time I introduce myself and my Isetta. I’m Bob Nogueira, I am now retired and live in Dallas Texas, The story of my Isetta is a bit more complex and follows:

Back in the early 1980’s, a friend of mine was a doctor in the military based in the UK. While there he bought several unique cars with the intention of shipping them home to Texas. One of the cars was an old Brighton Isetta three-wheeler which he bought from a neighbour. The body was heavily rusted but his brother had found an Isetta body here in Texas which was in fairly good shape. What my friend learned, rather late, was the military would only pay to ship one car home.

He overcame this problem by disassembling the car, carefully bagging and labelling everything and making detailed drawings as to how everything went together. All these parts were boxed up and labelled “Medical Books”. The only thing too big for a box was the stripped chassis, which received a fresh coat of paint and was listed on the shipping manifest as “Italian Modern Art Sculpture”.



Once in Texas everything sat packed for several years as he established his medical practice until another friend, whose work required he move to a small rural town in Arkansas, bought the Isetta from him to take as a project while in the small town. As it happened, he never found the time while in Arkansas to assemble the car and left it in a friend’s barn. Several more years pass. I help him with the restoration of another car and when he offers to pay me I told him rather than payment, sell me the Arkansas Isetta. He then offers me the Isetta free of charge and gave me the title and directions to the barn in Arkansas.

Trailer in tow, I head for Arkansas to pick up the Isetta. In the late eighties there was very little written about Isettias, and parts supplies were unknown outside of some basics from BMW motorcycles dealers, oh and no internet for information. This really didn’t concern me much as I knew the Doctor was a rather compulsive organizer and documenter. I figured with his labelled bags and drawings I could reassemble the Isetta.

After a eight hour drive I arrived at the Arkansas farm. The resident advised me that there were no cars in the barn and the person I was looking for had moved several years ago, She did give me directions to where she thought he was now living. Off I go and feeling blessed I locate him. He tells me that “yes” he has “That Strange Car and the boxes of parts, but I never expected anyone to ever come and get them. If you want them you can have them. They’re under the tree in the back field”.

I drove through door-high grass towards the tree until I found the Isetta. The body had been placed on the ground in a low spot that collected water. At first I thought there was no floor

but then realized the floor was covered in an inch of mud. The boxes of parts had been thrown about the car with most in the car but critters had used the boxes as nests and torn open most of the bags of parts. Rust was everywhere! My first thought was to just leave but then I figured that there might be a few things that would be of value to someone so I loaded everything I could find onto the trailer and headed home.

Once home I inventoried everything and boxed it all up to wait for the day I found someone restoring a Isetta and needing parts.

Ten years pass. My daughter about to turn 16 wants a old VW as her first car. We bought a beat up VW and started the restoration. One of the first jobs was to replace the rusted floor. I thought I might be able to fabricate the floor panel but was not sure. Then it hit me - the Isetta floor was totally rusted out, so why not do a practice run of making and fitting one to the Isetta first. So out came the Isetta into the light of day again.

The replacement floor turned out great, so as I did the body work on the VW I would treat the Isetta to the same. With a nicely finished body I pulled out the chassis and bought a sand blasting cabinet (and lots and lots of blasting media). Piece by piece was blasted and fitted, but in the back of my mind stood the thought that at some point I was going to come upon something that could not be saved. By this time Isetta parts were more readily available but I would need to see what the total cost would be before investing the first dollar (Isettas were still selling fairly cheap at the time) . So the clean up went on with old worn parts asked to do the job until a full picture of the cars needs could be done.

Surprisingly I was missing very few parts; the only major part missing was the Shift Rod Assembly (# 141) which I was able to make from parts found at the local hardware store. I disassembled the engine, replacing the main bearings and cleaning the thrower ring. I also invested in new doughnuts. With the engine installed the old Isetta was again mobile and running.

For the summer of 2000 she circled the neighbourhood thrilling the neighbourhood kids as well as me. But at last the rattle of a very worn rod bearing, leaking brake cylinders and very sloppy steering required the return to the garage to await the time and money to make everything right. Four kids in college at the same time and rebuilding and Isetta do not match well. And so the Isetta returned to doing what it has spent two thirds of its life doing, waiting to be made a running car again.

And now 2012, the kids all married and doing well, grand kids visiting, and my wife and I retired, the Isetta's time has come.

Again she was pulled out of storage, the body plucked off and the engine pulled and taken up to Kansas for a proper rebuild. While the engine was gone I rebuilt the steering system, brakes and straightened out the wiring. Last week the engine went back in and this past week she again circled the neighbourhood, bringing smiles to the children again.

Yes we still have a few things to finish like an interior, new coil, a bit of chrome plating and touching up those paint scratches on the side made when the kids stored their bicycles against her sleeping body, but now she is again mobile and the question is not whether she will ever again be a car, but only how good a car she will be.

Thank you for taking the time to listen to an old fool's story.

Bob.

Isetta World is produced and maintained on behalf of The I O C

<http://autos.groups.yahoo.com/group/IsettaWorld>



A HOLIDAY MEETING by Ian Parris

Holidaying in a motor home requires some form of transport to be taken along rather than 'upping sticks' of the motor home every time you want to go somewhere so 'Bessie' is dragged along as my transport. As you all know, an Isetta can cause quite a talking point when out and about, none more so than on a campsite.

Many times campers will stop by to look, talk and reminisce about the time they or their friends or family had one and all have a story to tell. Well, this time a chap named Alan Ambridge was persuaded to put pen to paper (or in this case fingers to keyboard) and this is his story:-

Dear Ian it was a great surprise and pleasure to meet you and your Isetta at the caravan club site at Chedder last July. It brought back fond memories of 4169 HX (my yellow peril) that I purchased second hand in early 1962 with 4500 miles on the clock and part exchanged in 1964 having added about 20000 miles.

As a former motorcyclist the sheer luxury of sitting inside in the dry was a revelation not to mention my then girlfriend (now wife) was over the moon. During the summer of 62 we made several trips to the coast from Hayes Middlesex and also even ventured up to the lake-district. Unfortunately the weather in that area lived up its reputation and was rather wet and windy the highlight was overtaking a couple of coaches going up Shapfell amid loud cheers from the passengers. We only stayed for a couple of days and then made our way down to the West Country in search of better weather to dry out.

At that time the motorway construction was well under way and apart from getting lost between the construction of one section to another and spent some 45 minutes driving around Knutsford several times following re-arranged diversions (yes the were around then) with many other motorists we final got back onto the motorway. It was a long drive at a steady 50 MPH down to Devon as you can imagine and finally arrived in Totnes where we stayed for the rest of the week. This was a great confidence booster as we had no problems with the car and covered over 900 miles in a week.



The next memorable event was the winter of 1962/63. It started snowing on Boxing Day and the following day it was about 6 inches deep (in old money). At first it was not a problem as it was quite soft and quite manageable providing you took your time and went slow, but as the days past the snow kept falling and the temperature went lower and lower. I had a few minor problems getting into the car due to the seal freezing to the body but that was soon resolved lubricating the door seal with Castrol R oil. After about a week we were soon driving on compact snow or ice, which caused all sorts of problems as you can imagine with only one driving wheel. As the weeks went by and the snow kept falling I developed a rather unusual technique for driving on the badly rutted roads by driving with the front wheels following the tracks/ruts left by normal four

wheeled traffic but manoeuvre the rear wheel into the nearside track so that the left front wheel and the rear driving wheel was in the same track. This worked very well although it looked a bit strange, but I was able to get about (with a helpful push now and then) without any real problems.

It must be remembered that at that time most people drove to suit the conditions (slowly) and we had not yet arrived at the situation that we now have where speed limits are seen as a challenge. The weather got colder and colder over several weeks and one morning I woke up to yet another snowfall and it was very cold indeed about -12 centigrade. I went to my trusty yellow peril and got in turned the key and nothing happened, after checking the lights it was clear that the battery was reasonably well considering the conditions so I proceeded to go round the car brushing off the snow. I noticed that a film of ice was on the car under the snow so I looked at the engine cover and again there was a lot of ice. After removing the engine cover the problem was very clear, the snow had blown into the space between the cooling fan and housing and froze solid. The problem was soon resolved by pouring boiling water onto the fan until the ice had melted and then managed to get started. I left the car running to warm up and went inside to warm myself before setting off to work some 5 miles away. When I came out my neighbour was outside and had started his Morris Minor and proceeded to fill the radiator with water. My neighbour had the habit of draining the radiator every night, as he did not trust anti freeze. I got in my trusty steed and my neighbour got in his Morris and as I moved away I could see in my rear view mirror my neighbour had come to a stop after moving only a few feet. I stopped to see if I could offer any assistance and noticed his kerb side front tyre was firmly frozen to the kerb. In short the tyre had parted company with the wheel. So after yet another kettle of hot water to release the tyre from the kerb I helped him fit his spare. And off to work we went. The following morning my neighbour was outside filling his radiator again but this time with antifreeze. Strange but I don't remember how long the ice and snow was about but it was very cold most of the time and it seemed to go on forever I would think about 8 to 10 weeks in all. I was very glad of my heater that I had cursed in the previous summer because I never really was able to turn it off. I found the only practical way to regulated the temperature in the cabin was by opening the windows or roof if it got to hot.

In September 1963 I married my long suffering girlfriend Lynda and we set off in the yellow peril to Germany on honeymoon to stay with my wife's aunt. The journey went quite well and we started out sticking to a steady cruising speed of 50 MPH. We crossed the channel from Dover to Ostend and then on to Brussels. After getting lost for about an hour in the city we finally got on the Autobahn to Archen. All was going well but I was the slowest vehicle on the road and to make matters worse many other bubble cars of all types including ours were passing us at speed so I slowly increase my speed until the speedo needle went round to the stop. The car ran the last part of the journey flat out and without any protest. I have no idea how fast the car went but the needle came to rest on the stop and we were no longer in the truck lane.

Driving on the continent was not a problem as my model was left hand drive and generally driving standards were good but I have to say much faster than we were used to in England. We only had one problem in Germany when buy mistake I went down a short section of tramway in Wuppertal and got stopped by the police. After some time pleading ignorance in English I was told to proceed and then thanked the officer in German, big mistake needless to say I would not have made a good spy but he still let me off when I explained we were on honeymoon and staying with relations, all's well that ends well.

Car problems? I have to say I had very few apart from the fan freezing to the housing in near arctic conditions during the winter of 62/3. I had a puncture on the front after only a few weeks after purchasing the car, that wrecked the tyre and was surprised to find the spare was slightly wider than the front, anyway I put the spare wheel on and went to a tyre company and was advise to fit the same size tyre as the spare to replace the damaged tyre. I took his advice and left the spare on the front and fitted the new tyre on the other side so I had the same size on both front wheels and the rear driving wheel. I kept the wheel I had taken off the front as a spare and some time after I changed the tyre to the same size as the others. In the winter of 62/3 I changed the spare with the rear wheel to get a better grip on the snow. From memory I am fairly sure the new tyres were the same size as those fitted to the then fairly new Mini. Other than running the tyre pressure about 2 to 3 PSI lower than the original front tyres I had no problems at all. At about 14,000 miles I changed the sparking plug, which was a bugger to get out, and from the condition of I don't think it had ever been out.

I changed the oil every 2,000 miles and it mostly came out much as it went in. As a former motorcyclist I used the revs generously in each gear and without any protest from the engine. The gearbox was crash type but was no problem as I had learnt to drive on a 1929 Austin 7. In fact the Isetta had quite good brakes for a small car and compared to the 1929 Austin seven they were fantastic. Anyone who has ever driven an old Austin 7 knows that the brake pedal was more of decoration than of any practical use. In fact most of the cars on the road during the late 50's and early 60's were pre war models the method of driving was to use the gearbox to slow the car by changing down one or two gears and not following to close to the car in front who may have better brakes (the method which I still employ today). I also came to the conclusion that the reason that doors of most pre war cars were fitted with forward opening doors was that you could put your foot out onto the road to help stopping? I fitted the yellow peril with a radio soon after I purchase it but the engine noise when cruising tended to drown out the radio so I added more sound proofing which was a great success. I must confess at times I did overload the yellow peril from time to time, mostly by carrying two passengers and on one New Years Eve three. Fortunately I was never stopped, as it was usually quite late at night.

BUY AND SELL



Copy of email sent to AlanTown as Follows:-

Dear Sirs,
We have in Montevideo (Uruguay) 26 BMW Isetta 300 and 3 BMW 600 for sale unrestored. If you are interested we can expand the information.
Greetings, Caetano.

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Club offers apply to Sat 17th/Sun 18th November 2012 only.

Club Single ticket offer limited to 2 tickets per member. Club Family ticket admits 2 adults and up to 3 children (5-16yrs) and is limited to one Family Ticket per member. Club single tickets save £5.00 off the Sat/Sun door price. Club Family tickets save up to £39.50! off the Sat/Sun door price compared to buying individually! Offer applies to advance bookings only. Hand in your ticket stub or voucher to your club at the show and your club gets a commission! See website for all information. All bookings are subject to a single transaction fee. Ticket price includes the official showguide to the value of £7.50. All information correct at time of publishing.

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**NMCR Prize Winners
Sunday 9 September 2012**

Messerschmitt

1 st	KR200	YNF256	Maurice Rogers
2 nd	TG500	XLJ285	Malcolm Thomas
3 rd	KR200	XAM753	Richard Brown

Heinkel Trojan

1 st	UAY684		Julian Haycroft
2 nd	DHX62A		Andrew Parnaby
3 rd	AL-98-30		Gerard Vingerhued (NL)
Distance Award		XTL389	Terry Barns 140miles

Isetta

1 st	6911PO		Dave Watson
2 nd	321FRT		Lee Turnham
3 rd	1-MGH505		Andrew Meynckens (BE)
Spirit Award	HEG175		Mike Ayriss

Bug Club

1 st	BRL419K		Terry Horwell
2 nd	SGX469L		Rory Lynas
3 rd	CTV506L		Chas Quartey
Best Modified		CTV506L	Chas Quartey
Used & Abused		NTM914M	Jimmy Lardner
Furthest Travelled		BRL419K	Terry Horwell 520miles

Berkeley

Best 4 Wheeler		WXH369 (foursome)	Russell Hancock
Excelsior Endurance Award		2243HJ (foursome)	Bill Toyer

Metal

1 st	458YUE	Goggomobil 700 Esquire	Mike O'Ballance
2 nd	KFO734	Goggomobil Saloon T300	Tony Gallagher
3 rd	SU-GO-250	Goggomobil Coupe 250	Andreas Engel (DE)

Plastic

1 st	WGA136	Scootacar Mk I	Phil Boyd
2 nd	714ELK	Scootacar Mk II	Martin McKeever
3 rd	UVE654	Scootacar Mk1	Chris Wayman

Bond

1 st	EFV422	Bond Mark A	Dave Miller
2 nd	CFB495C	Bond Mark G Tourer	Milton Stiff
3 rd	8498KP	Bond Mark G Ranger Van	Dave Garrod

Concours De Grot

192BLJ		Bond Mark F Ranger Van	Dave Morgan
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Peoples Choice

458YUE		Goggomobil 700 Esquire	Mike O'Ballance
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Furthest Overseas Travelled

SU-GO250	Goggomobil Coupe 250	Andreas Engel (575KM)	384 Miles
AL-97-94	BMW 700 Cabrio	Remco Ruitter (NL)	125 Miles

Spirit of the National

Colin Burton & Andy Carter

NATIONAL MICROCAR RALLY 2012

Friday morning 11 o'clock and off we go, the convoy is on its way. The smoke trail of the 2 stroke engines can apparently be seen from space.

I can't remember the roads of the sixties being this bad, up and down we go like a bucking bronco trying to keep the Schmitt in sight in front and a bond in sight behind.

We finally arrive at Great Yarmouth Potteries with smoke filled lungs. Tony and Martin had agreed parking on the green outside the Potteries to the amusement of the locals. It's a good job we had just been acclimatised to smoke as the pottery is housed in the old smoke houses with the aroma of burnt oak, kippers and bloaters, what a great find, I don't think I would have thought of a visit to this place.

It wasn't very big inside so we were split into two groups for the tour inside. Having been disgorged from the potteries, the convoy headed to the seafront where again private parking had been arranged.

Before we had all parked up we were the main attraction for the holiday makers, people seemed to come out of nowhere and surround the cars asking the usual questions and regaling us with their stories.

On leaving there we gave the holiday makers a further show by driving the length of the seafront on the way back to camp.

Five o'clock came and off we went again, this time to a local chippie, 30 plus cars holding up traffic everywhere, who cares, we were enjoying ourselves. The chippie had been pre-warned but it still took about half an hour to get served, never mind, the grub was worth it.

Tony and Martin came up trumps again, more private parking right on the seafront then make your own way back to the rally field smelling of fish & chips.

Saturday morning came with a warning, 10 o'clock prompt, be there or get left behind. That was the message from Tony Pettingill so we were there 10 minutes early. Not quite prompt but near enough, we were off, these roads may be OK for modern cars but terrible for us micros.

Turn left, turn right etc.etc. finally brought us to Reedham Ferry. Luckily we were near the front of the convoy getting on the second crossing, this gave us plenty of time for tea and biscuits on the other side whilst watching the ferry man coining in the money.

There was a Bentley parked adjacent to the ferry and we were wondering if the ferry man had pre-empted the income from getting six cars at a time across and making his fortune.

I had to pity any of the locals joining the back of the queue for the ferry because they were in for a long wait, probably three quarters of an hour before we all made it across.

We decided to carry on to our destination and were proposing to follow someone else letting them do the map reading but nobody seemed to want to go off first so we went on our own. We hadn't gone but a few yards when I looked in my mirror and realised I was the mug leading a convoy, obviously the others had the same thought as I had but I had given in first. I think the Olympic spirit had taken over 'it's the taking part that counts, not the winning.....' oh well Sue seemed to be doing a good job thanks to the comprehensive guide notes, and we were complimented on our guidance on our arrival at Wroxham Barns.

The weather was certainly in our favour this weekend, wall to wall sunshine and a good destination to boot. For those who wanted to venture further a visit to Horsey Mill was also on the agenda, another 24 miles further on. Sue and I wanted to go to see Roy in Wroxham so off we went leaving others to go their own ways.

Sunday as usual was the show day, cars to be in the ring no later than 10 am. There had been television and radio advertising as well as posters declaring the show open to the public. I don't know how many visitors we had but the place was buzzing all day, everyone seeming to be enjoying the beautiful sunshine.

What a great rally, for me probably the best. Thanks to Tony & Martin and others that pitched in to help.

WELL DONE EVERYONE

Ian Parris



**KNEAL
METCALFE**



GARY SORRELL



**JIM
HACKING**



**NEIL
FOSTER**



**DAVID
NEVE**



TONY PETTINGILL



**GEOFF
DEBROWA**



PATRICK VAN MUL



FIRST PRIZE DAVE WATSON



SECOND PRIZE LEE TURNHAM



THIRD PRIZE ANDREW MEYNCKENS



SPIRIT AWARD MIKE AYRISS





GREAT YARMOUTH SEAFRONT



ON THE RALLY FIELD



LINE UP OF ISTTHAS ON THE RALLY FIELD



BMW 700



WAITING FOR THE REEDHAM FERRY



PIT STOP OVER THE FERRY



WROXHAM BARN



REEDHAM FERRY