

ISETTA

GAZETTE

SUMMER 2011 ...



The Isetta Owners Club of Great Britain Ltd.

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Editors Bit



Here we are, half way through the year and not many rallies under our belt so far. I have checked my diary and can see quite a few coming up though.

You will see from the front cover we have taken 'Bessie' to the 1960's weekend at the Severn Valley Railway where we were accorded pride of place in the station and given free tickets to the 'Upbeat Beatles' concert and half price tickets on the steam railway. It's always nice to be given special consideration for our efforts in maintaining a classic vehicle

and as you all know, micro cars usually get more attention than other marques. 'Bessie' certainly attracted a lot of attention even during the concert.

It's a pity I wasn't able to stay the whole weekend but I had to go the the Berkeley Owners Club AGM on the Sunday where I received first prize for my Berkeley T60 which I have been featuring in our gazette.

Check out the Forthcoming Events page, particularly the National Microcar Rally where the organisers are trying to break an attendance record for a microcar event. Bring along your car, lets see what we can do.

Ian Parris

Chairmans Chat

Well I think things are settling down as far as the club is concerned. I have taken on the additional role of Membership Secretary and a steady stream of renewals and new members continue to arrive on my doormat.

You may remember that I asked what members wanted from the club a couple of Gazettes ago and I give below the scores on the doors. Out of around 300 members 13 surveys were returned. By one point the most popular thing that the club provides was the Gazette so well done Ian and keep up the good work! In a close second place were spares, so Alan you are an essential part of the team. The full list of results is in the table below, the lower the score the more popular the item.

Gazette	Spares	Technical Help	Rallies	Website	Social events
24	25	42	54	55	67

If anyone has any other ideas for services that the club should offer please contact me at the address in the front cover and I will bring this to the attention of the committee for discussion, consideration and, hopefully, implementation. Finally, have I relocated my Isetta into my garage at home and started repair/restoration. Well I did clear a space in the garage for the car and loaded up my van albeit last November. Now the brakes are seized on the bubble and my recovery truck was stolen but I'll get there I promise, meanwhile keep bubbling.

Jeff Todd.

This true life Isetta adventure by Klaus Borgmann originally appeared in The Isetta Journal or Roller & Kleinwagen. Someone sent me an unidentified copy and a few months later I had the pleasure of meeting Klaus at the Story meet in '86. Since then I've been trying to translate his story into English. Isetta owner, John Kozak, recently volunteered his mother, Ann Kozakiewicz (a retired VW translator from Troy, MI) to make a voice translation of the article. I played it back, did some rewriting, and here's the story of two Isettas that made an epic 8000km journey round trip from Berlin to Cairo in late fall of 1985. I hope you enjoy it as much as we have.....john jensen

Berlin to Cairo in an Isetta

by Klaus Borgmann

It all started when the German Isetta Clubs of Hamburg, Cologne, Berlin and Munich got together with friends and admirers to discuss petrol and consider attending the annual microcar rally in Burford, England. To many it did not seem reasonable to undertake such a long trip in their own Isettats, because, as we know, many prefer to load them onto a trailer and unload them only if weather permits.

There was one infamous Berliner who spouted off something like, "These are all merely coffee trips. We should organise a real trip to Africa or some place equally challenging." At first everyone laughed at the thought of it, but soon a few of the Isetta hardcore began to show serious interest.

Our plans for an Africa trip became more and more concrete during the next six months. The more it became evident in planning the travel route that precision was not to be achieved, the more people began to drop out. Soon I was alone with the preparations. My black and red "standard" Isetta was made desert-ready, the carburettor and electric system tested and tuned very accurately, the tires were all replaced. For years I've had a very good supply of replacement parts, acquired little-by-little from the store rooms of well-known parts dealers.

Klaus Hoffmann, a fellow Isetta owner who had heard about my spare parts treasure trove, was in the process of outfitting an "export" Isetta. He had the understandable ambition to restore his car with new parts exclusively. Gradually, he succeeded, and now he wanted to accompany me to Africa in his completed jewel of an Isetta! Fully prepared to go it alone at this point, I considered Klaus's request. I must admit he knew plenty about the Isetta. And with two Isettats there would be twice as much room to carry spare parts. Plus, travelling together is safer and more interesting than travelling alone.

Together we agreed upon the travel route. This route was not only adhered to, but was extended to include a few excursions. We compiled a packing list, plus an exact list of whom was to transport which spare parts. Next we had all the essential paperwork translated into Arabic. Aside from personal items such as summer and winter clothing (since we did not intend to return before Christmas), we had to pack water and fuel canisters, supplies of food and a large supply of drugs and first-aid equipment, yet save room for the driver of each Isetta. During the 60's and 70's I raced cars for seven years, so I know all about good competition seats. I can assure you that I have never sat in a seat that was so well packed on both sides as my Isetta.

On October 14th I started out from Berlin in the direction of Gmunden on the Traunsea to pick up Klaus Hoffmann. We drove to Venice in two stages, to be transported by an ocean ferry to Alexandria. Our ship departed Venice on October 29th. Experienced Africa travellers joined us. Their vehicles were easily recognisable, all-wheel-drive giant jeeps, Land and Range Rovers, multi-axle high-wheel trucks with sand-storm protection, up to ten spare tires, shovels and axes, plus numerous canisters for water and fuel. When the drivers of these desert boats asked us about our destination, and we answered, "we are going there also", we could note some concern in their facial expressions. However, the expressions changed when we met them time and again, later on.

At sea, some of the truck drivers suffered the normal response to a rough sea voyage. Thank heavens I did not, as I enjoy being shaken around. Would I otherwise be an Isetta driver? After a beautiful sea voyage we arrived in Alexandria on November second. After endless custom and passport formalities, we had to insure our cars again and replace the German license plates with Egyptian plates.

After leaving the harbour area it became clear that not regular road traffic, but "road chaos" could make us new arrivals in Africa a bit crazy. Deafening horn concerts emanated from the closely woven mass of dented cars. Carts pulled by horses and human beings seemed to surround us, but, surprisingly, we moved slowly forward.

Now I know exactly why the Isetta is called a "pot-hole detector". What the front axle misses in the middle, the rear axle is guaranteed to locate. One cannot describe these as pot-holes. These are pot-craters that one cannot avoid, wedged in by other vehicles at left and right, front and rear. No wonder there are hardly any cars without dents on all sides. I'm thinking of our TUV inspectors, they would have some fun in Egypt! Headlights after dark.... for what? People can see each other under an occasional streetlight, some of which actually work. Plus, one's horn can be heard, and if that doesn't work, Allah will come to the rescue.

We had to drive through Alexandria to report to the tourist office. There we were at an advantage with our Isettias over all the other cars. The officials all loved the Isettias, so small they seemed like helpless little kittens. Everybody was helpful and wanted to know everything about us, whether the Isettias were toys for the children of a rich sheik, what one costs, fuel consumption, etc. Nobody could believe that our cars were already thirty years old, because they had not one dent, and everything was still there, lights, bumpers, etc. From now on our problem is not going to be the sandy and stony desert, but just getting through the friendly and curious crowds. Everywhere we went we heard "welcome, welcome" and experienced lots of handshaking. Upon our arrival at the Amoura Palace Hotel, in the tourist section of Alexandria, we and our cars became instant royalty.

The hotel manager had the potted palms pushed to one side, asking us to park the Isettias to the left and right of the entrance stairway. When, as a consequence, masses of people pushed in around the cars, guards were provided to look after our little ones, even overnight. Then, offers to buy the cars began coming in. During our stay in Africa we could have sold our Isettias a number of times, but we did not want to. They offered us more than enough, but, we still needed our Isettias. Never-the-less, we took down the names and addresses of those interested, "just in case" something might cause us to reconsider later on.

That evening there was an Egyptian wedding in our hotel to which we were cordially invited. The next morning we were pleasantly surprised to find our Isettias freshly washed and ready to continue the journey.

Once again, it was necessary to drive back through Alexandria in order to reach the desert route to Cairo. This was the first time that I had seen a desert. The road reaches the horizon in a straight line, exactly as one sees it in movies, nothing but sand and sun, sometimes the skeleton of a camel alongside the road, and now and then a simple petrol station. However, when we wanted to fill up, there was no petrol. That wasn't critical, because each of us had two five-litre canisters in reserve that would take us to Giza. From far away I could now recognize the tops of the pyramids. What a tremendous impression! Like crazy I began to photograph our Isettias with pyramids, and then with camels, sphinxes and Arabian horses, etc.

At that point, Klaus and I drove on to Cairo in my standard Isetta to establish a plan for seeing all the local points of historical interest. For the next few days we preferred to leave our cars at the hotel in favour of cabs and a mini-bus, because as I mentioned earlier, we simply could not drive the Isettias and survive the enthusiasm they created.

When walking through Cairo I noticed buildings which exclusively serve car maintenance and repair enterprises. They are linked together in rows: exhaust system repairs, painting, window glass replacement, vulcanising and electrical shops. The latter seem only to deal with ignition systems, for in all of Egypt I have not seen one single domestic car with its lighting system intact. Aside from that there are many accessory shops with all kinds of gadgets, the likes of which I have never yet seen in Europe.

Road traffic is also interesting. For instance, in Egypt there are no passenger cars equipped with diesel engines. Only trucks, trains and jets are allowed to use diesel fuel, tourist vehicles are exempted. The cost of one litre of diesel fuel is less than 5 cents. In contrast, one litre of petrol costs 30 cents. One litre of oil is about two dollars, a litre of drinking water is nearly a dollar, and we cannot do without this water, if only to brush our teeth.

During the next few days we drove our Isettas and visited the stepped pyramids of Pharaoh Djoser in Sakkara, the graves of the sacred cows, the Ramses statues in Memphis and other pyramids. Our mini-BMW's continue to perform perfectly. Of course we had to clean the fine desert sand from the air filter and give the little engine fresh oil more often, in order to fully develop its 12 hp from the 250cc engine. Our Isettas continued to run well, even here under the hot desert sun.

After we got to know Cairo and its surrounding areas, we headed on to Aswan. Two Days in Luxor were just enough to see the city, the Luxor Temple, the temple of Karnak, the East Bank of the Nile, the Valley of the Kings, the graves of Tutankhamen, Ramses and Amenophis. A local guide and driver, whom we hired for 20 marks, explained everything in great detail. He took us to the giant Memnon's Colossus and the tomb of Ramses III.

In Aswan, the old and new dams are of great interest to us. At one time these were highly applauded. However, today they pose a variety of problems for the Egyptians. The sludge from the Nile, so desperately needed in the Nile Valley and delta regions collects more and more in the gigantic water reservoirs called Nasser Seas. A remedy appears not to be in sight, an important matter since the hydroelectric power from these dams supplies all of Egypt's electrical energy.

I had heard and read much about the great temple of Ramses II in Abu Simbel. Who does not know that today this temple would have been submerged in water if they had not completely disassembled it and reassembled it with its surrounding rock formation at a higher elevation. If this accomplishment can be seen as sensational, you can barely imagine how this temple was built originally. So it did not bother us to look behind the scenes of this building miracle and realise that once again, concrete shaped into a gigantic hall and covered with stones became the framework for the new temple.

We should not fail to mention that we made the last part of the trip in "Inch Allah Airlines", otherwise known as Egypt Air. An explanation of the "Inch Allah Airline" would take a chapter in itself. Experienced desert drivers advised us against using our Isettas on the next leg of our trip. We agreed it would be safer and healthier not to push this game to the extreme.

We would have faced hundreds of kilometres of desert driving without any gas stations, garages or accommodation, to say nothing of the lack of water supplies en route. Although the Nile and the sea are never far away, one is not permitted to swim there, much less to take a drink. Even without Nile water, we suffered more than enough from terrible stomach and intestinal cramps.

Returning to Alexandria by air, we travelled on four wheels once again. Our Isettas rode perfectly through the desert, although in Cairo, my car sustained several scratches. One of the big rattling buses apparently lost its brakes, and it did not take much for the passengers in the bus to nearly attack the driver. In any case, their verbal assaults were enough punishment. How could anyone want to roll over such a cute little car? I was saved by quickly shifting gears, stepping on the gas and doing some nimble manoeuvring. In as much

as my damage was minor and the bus was ready for the junk pile, as are most of the local buses, everything was resolved peacefully, joyfully and with Egyptian pastry.

Now, back on the road in the desert, I remembered that only a few days before, this road was closed to all traffic due to sand-storms. Those cars caught in the storm without any protective tarpaulin to cover them required complete new sets of window-glass, due to the etching, and painters would be required to recover the now bare sheet metal. We were lucky. We chugged along under a clear blue sky, the monotony alleviated by an occasional dead camel at the side of the road, sometimes a donkey, or wrecked cars and eroded irrigation systems, which evidently failed to produce anything green.

When the side of the road slowly became greener, we knew we would soon reach Alexandria. We considered for a moment whether or not to drive on to El Allemein. For reasons of safety, we decided it would be better to return to the Palace Hotel, and as we soon learned, it was the right decision.

On November 21st we started out for El Allemein. During the 40's, my father, somewhat unsuccessfully, spent part of his military service there. I wanted to send my mother some mail from this area, in remembrance of what she had enjoyed some years earlier. If El Allemain appears on the map to be a real city, in reality it is practically nothing. There were only a few huts and a tiny bazaar.

An open wooden mail box reminded me of a warning not to put any cards or letters in such a casual mailbox, since postage stamps are in great demand. Each is worth the approximate equivalent of six loaves of bread. Almost all of my cards did reach their destinations, however, and most still with un cancelled stamps.

In El Allemain we visited the war museum with memorials honouring soldiers of many nations. The memorials for the 42,000 German soldiers who died there made a great impression on me as a pacifist. Failing to find sleeping accommodation, we had to begin our return trip that same afternoon, and on the return we had to step on it. Wherever possible we drove 80kph and faster, but we were usually happy to maintain 50kph.

The poor condition of the roadway was not the most dangerous part, but rather which rules to follow. The rule in Egypt is that the stronger and noisier vehicle has the right of way. In the desert the best rule is to get out of the way of trucks, and we were well-equipped with loud horns. Klaus installed an old brass Bosch truck horn, and I added an old mechanical bull horn from Italy in addition to my regular horn. This bellowing bull horn has given rise to both fright and laughter on our journey.

We arrived back in Alexandria late, but in one piece. The following morning we were on the road again early, intent upon fulfilling the last item on our Egyptian agenda. At one time the German television reported that year after year the Mediterranean eats away a considerable amount of shore from the delta coastline, and this we wanted to see for ourselves. We headed east, first to Abu Kir, a picturesque port and fishing village, then on to the Nile delta.

We passed by succulent green sugar cane fields, palm trees and forever waving enthusiastic people. My arms hurt at times. We continued in the direction of Raschid-Rosette. Along the east side of the Nile we drove on a narrow, rarely used asphalt road to the north. There we noticed some small houses and the previous luxurious vegetation changing to white fields of cotton. The sea is still far ahead of us. A hydrant stands in the water, totally unusable as the roadway ends, washed away by the sea. In the distance a row of telegraph poles disappearing into the sea indicates the direction of the former road. Houses, broken up by surging waves stand far away in the water. Fresh water still runs out of a broken water pipe with no one in sight in any direction.

Missing now is the sludge build-up from the River Nile which was once used by local factories to make tiles. Most of those factories are now closed due to a lack of raw materials. With a large treasure of pictures, we began the route homeward via El Iskanderia. In Maamura we celebrated a little. Since our Isettats were unaffected by the heat, sand and

bad roads, they would also survive the remainder of our trip home. It occurred to me that I had planned to participate in the International Monte Carlo Rally for BMW veterans to be held Sept 13-20th as a preliminary test for an Africa trip.

Today, November 25th, is a major Mohamedan holiday, celebrating Mohamed's birth. This is like our Easter holiday, but without the Easter Bunny. Candies in colourful boxes are sold by the tons, people giving these boxes to one another. I received one also. Later, on the boat, I tried one of the candies. The contents failed to encourage us to consider a change of religion.

Our boat departure was scheduled for November 26th. We stopped in a parking lot to photograph the Alexandria memorial with our Isettas. Passing motorists gawked at our cars instead of watching the driver in front of them, causing four major collisions. The sheet metal damage was significant, but other than that, nothing much happened. Although we had a clear conscience, we were somewhat uncomfortable and quickly went on our way.

Arriving at the harbour area, we were pleased to leave Africa unscathed. Our boat was scheduled to arrive in Venice on November 30th, at about 7:00am. Without incurring major problems at Italian customs, we proceeded along the Auto Strada in the direction of Villach. However, I found something to be wrong with my Isetta. Although she was running like a weasel, the rear end was definitely sagging. All of a sudden the view through the rear view mirror is lowered. In Villach we found that the right side spring bracket was cracked, proving not to be a serious problem.

My friend Klaus took his leave to return to his second homeland of Gmunden, and the garage in Villach took only 30 minutes to repair the damage. This type of Isetta is much loved by everyone and often preferred. The little one was jacked up and the broken spot carefully acetylene welded. When I tried to pay, the boss said it had been an honour, and he only charged me five marks for gas.

I thanked him profusely, treated everyone to a round in the beer garden and drove off in my, once again, horizontal Isetta. Now at last I was freely able to return to Berlin, but the car was performing so well I decided to go visit some good friends. Now, for a change, I found myself driving in snow at minus 10° Celsius via Kitzbuhel and the Thurn pass to Innsbruck. The following day I drove back to Rosenheim in order to turn in my Carnet which had been stamped by German customs, and turn it in to ADAC.

Two days later I received an invitation to come to Vienna, after first visiting Klaus in Gmunden. Later, after leaving Vienna in all its pre-Christmas revelling, I applied for a visa to Hungary and was soon on my way to Budapest. This city should also be seen. After Budapest I was ready to go home. Two days before Christmas, I arrived safely back in Berlin. My Isetta, with an average fuel consumption of 4.92 litres/hundred km's has carried me without complaint a total distance of nearly 8000kms, packed to the roof. I had seen, experienced and photographed so much in Egypt. During this trip I had come to know the country and it's people and have made many friends.

There were two important things I missed seeing in Egypt. Along the entire Nile River, I saw not one hippopotamus, only a horse standing in the water. And on Crocodile Island, not one crocodile!

*You can thank Klaus for sharing his Isetta adventure by sending a card to:
Klaus Borgmann, Grimbartsteig 39, 100 Berlin 27, Germany.*

Should you run into him at an Isetta meet in Germany or England, ask to see his photos of Egypt! Isettas photograph especially well with pyramids in the background.

Monte Carlo ... or Bust!

By Terry Parkin

Part Three

Significantly, during our walking lap I had noticed that a variety of maintenance vehicles were actually on the Grand Prix circuit, and had realised that no-one – no Police, no Marshalls – no-one was actually controlling who went on the track... Really, what's a bloke to do in face of such temptation ?



“Risk it” was the only possible answer. So... we returned to the underground carpark and fired up our Isetta to “put in a Quick Qualifying Lap”, as they say on telly.

And... when the pit lane mechanic (car park attendant) raised his lollipop (car park barrier) we zipped out from our pole position, dodged the traffic cones, and sneaked through a gap in the Armco. Incredibly our Isetta was now racing on a 3-wheeled lap of

the Monaco Grand Prix Circuit and I was thrilled to be able to get a once-in-a-lifetime photo of our Isetta at the entrance to the infamous tunnel.

We were not able to do a complete lap as part of the circuit was one side of a square, which on non-race days was actually a One-Way No-Entry and another part was closed for filming scenes for the “Iron Man 2” movie but I waited until the film crews were packing up and started another lap... determined to make it a full non-stop lap.



On many corners I added Isetta rubber to the F1 rubber on the rumble strips on the apex of the bends, and howled (in Isetta terms) straight through the section where the filming had been only minutes earlier.

Arriving at the short “No Entry” section I thought “It's got to be done” and faithfully following the circuit layout we headed up the wrong way. One taxi driver had a bit of a shock (and gave us some valuable advice in French) as we swerved by, but we shot through and continued! And a

few seconds later – our Isetta had completed a full non-stop lap of the Monaco Grand Prix circuit. Incredabubble!

Modesty forbade me from attending the podium celebrations and hoisting aloft the champagne and the trophy for the Cheekiest ever 3-wheel lap so we parked up our GP Isetta, and spent the rest of the day sight-seeing on foot.



Later, leaving Monaco, I decided to shun the Autoroute over the Alpes Maritime and take the coast road to hopefully make life easier for our Isetta. It didn't. The coast road wound and twisted relentlessly up and down, each steep uphill section followed immediately by hard braking on the downhill side. It was tough going for our Isetta. Now I knew why the Monte Carlo Rally, held in the depths of winter, was such a stiff test of men and machine in the 50's and 60's. Via Nice we returned to Cannes.



Our plan for the rest of our 2-week stay on the Cannes campsite was to alternate days in Cannes, where there was much to see and



explore, and days visiting the other places of note on the Riviera, such as Frejus, St Raphael, St Tropez, Antibes, Cagnes-sur-Mer, Juan-les-Pins, and so on ...



So we engaged "Tourist Mode" and revelled in the sun and the scenery of the resorts along the Mediterranean coastline, rubbing shoulders with the mega-rich.

Our Isetta was now behaving as willingly as it always does and everywhere we went our Isetta was the centre of attraction.

Twice I was asked if I wanted to sell my Isetta. “ Non, Monsieur, Jamais !”, I told them. Once a Maserati pulled alongside and the driver called to us “Nice car”. A Dutch couple said the Isetta was like a Tardis. In Antibes when he learned that we had driven all the way from England a man declared “ Only an Eengleeshman could do zat”. “Superbe”, “Spendide” and “Sensationnelle” were compliments often received and proudly we never tired of hearing them.

Each night we returned to our campsite in the hills North of Cannes and each night we had other campers coming to admire and ask questions about our Isetta. Carol and I had a little betting game over what Nationality would be the first to ask that evening’s questions.



Then Carol had a visitor she didn’t like in our tent. She didn’t know exactly what it was but she saw a “long thin tail” scurrying under the tent flap. She said it was “much bigger than a mouse” so for the next few days she was extra careful when opening things. Then the visitor revealed its face to us. It was just a harmless shy lizard so we had our own pet for the rest of our stay. Everyone say “ Aaaahh.”

After two weeks in Cannes et environs it was time to move on to our next planned camp at Marseilles, about 90 miles West along the Mediterranean coast, but ... Calamity! Our treasured and well-travelled tent had become crinkly and crispy in the intense heat and tore like tissue as we dismantled it. So we phoned ahead to book a Formule One hotel, which we thought was ideal for an F1 Isetta.



The journey to Marseilles had been planned as a relaxing cruise along the scenic Mediterranean coast roads, but as we discovered earlier, the mountains reach right down to the sea so the trip turned out to be a sequence of a picturesque seaside resort, then a stiff uphill climb, then a severe downhill drop, and repeat ad infinitum. Even with its camping trailer in tow, our Isetta bested every testing climb, but on the downhills even cadence braking could not prevent the brakes overheating and by the time we reached Marseilles the brakes had faded

away to almost nothing. Oh Shame ! Now what do we do?

Terry Parkin

(to be continued...)

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

How It All Began Part 3 by Edward Pipon

It seems such a long time since part 2 and I feel that the final hurdle has been a big one. When I last wrote I had put most of the car back together and was waiting for a few small parts to arrive. I had the small matter of re registration this I thought should be straight forward, how wrong I was hence taking so long putting this final article together for the club magazine.

As I live in Jersey and the car was last registered in England the local equivalent of the DVLA would not register the car, so I had no option but to ship the car back to the UK for re registration.

I contacted the club and got the authentication letter, the original number was long gone so it would have to be an age related plate. With letter in hand I booked my Isetta on to Condor ferries and set sail for Weymouth.

I was stopped at customs not to be asked if I had any duty free but to be told " I haven't seen one of these since I was a kid!"

I was met by a company that specialise in re-registration and rally car preparation who are based in Dorchester. I left the car with them and they set about the process of re-registration as I had to return back to Jersey to run my business.



The MOT was carried out with no problems BUT unfortunately the bad weather set in and the VOSA booking could not be met. Dorchester was covered in thick snow so the next available slot was 7 weeks later! By now Christmas had passed and we were in to January. All went well on the big day and the car got its age related plate.

I waited until the paper work arrived in Dorchester before I went to collect the car. With an over night stay in Weymouth it was an early sail back to

the Channel Isles and home.

After sorting out a few final parts it was time to register the car here in Jersey. With all the paper work in order it was a mere formality.

Finally I would like to thank the following people for their considerable help in this project, Mike Hurn (parts) David Tadman (parts) Auto Passion, Dorchester (re-registration).

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

July	2/3 rd	Prestwood	Greatt Missenden
	10 th	Woodcote	nr Reading
	17 th	Middlesex Auto Show	Uxbridge
	31 st	Potten End	Hemel Hempstead
August	3 rd eve	Classics on the Green	Croxley Green, Watford
	6/7 th	Great Bucks Shabbinton	nr Thame
	13/14 th	White Waltham	Maidenhead
	29 th	Blenheim Palace	Woodstock Oxon
Sept	2/3/4 th	Inter-National Microcar Rally, Calne Wilts	
	18 th	Classic on the Green	Croxley Green, Watford
Nov	11/12/13 th	NEC Classic Motor Show	Birmingham

There will a representative of the Isetta Owners Club at all of the above rallies.

National Microcar Rally

1st - 4th September at the Atwell Wilson Motor Museum (site of the Mud Bog Rally) where improvements have been made to the site including drainage and toilets etc.

World Record Attempt at National MicroCar Rally 2011

This years National MicroCar Rally will stage an attempt to break the World Record for the largest number of Microcars attending an event.

The existing record of 185 Micorcars was achieved at the 1986 NMCR which was held at Burford. Twenty Five years on we hope that we can top this figure and set a new record.

In order to do this we need the support of all Isettas owners and warmly welcome all to the Atwell Wilson Motor Museum, Calne, Wiltshire from 1 - 4 September 2011. The Record attempt will happen on the Sunday (4th).

Back in 1986 there was a very good turn out of BMWs with Isettas, 600s and 700s

The following vehicle registrations represent those in attendance:

490 DFK 3799 TJ XUF 483A CDF 263T 5035 RG VXV 85 963 JLC WMR 606
970 LHT AJT 669A 493 DXV 401 OPA PDR 797 8189 WE 843 ELU 1365 CD
YJG 459 215 OHU UVH 440 152 MBM AAX 179A HEG 175 JNP 560C Q251 PDE
637 THT KNH 243 524 NHA RHF 85 354 MHT VYW 156 MCM 697 XXV 222
UFE 388 4589 KH 809 AFH 892 BMJ 555 ARU VDR 154 ODY 73 un – reg

How many of these BMWs above are still around today, still owned by the same owner and most importantly will attend this year's NMCR? Will there be more than 40 Isettas in attendance this year? Will you and your Isetta be in attendance and be part of this unique World Record Attempt?

Full details of the action packed 4 day event can be found on the website:

www.national-micorcar-rally.co.uk

Look forward to seeing you at Calne in September with your Isetta, 600 or 700 Jenny, Grant & Grenville. NMCR Administrators

The Club is pleased to welcome:-

Nick Plowright	Winchester	Keith Halligan	Barrow-in-Furness
C J Brabin	Newquay	Shaun Beaumont	Rotherham
Tim Brooks	Paignton	Robert Fern	Tavistock
Jeff Owens	Swansea	Richard Lee	Southwell
Ray Prior	Thatcham	Nicholas Gobie	Liverpool
Mark Duffield	Willenhall	Roy Hall	Warwick
Robert Wilson	Huntington USA	New members since the last gazette.	

MEMBERS LOCATION WORLDWIDE

I have produced an Internet map showing a flag indicating the location of members worldwide.

If anyone is interested in viewing this map, please let me know and I will give you access to it. Ian Parris.

BUY AND SELL

BMW 700 INNER SILL TO FRONT WHEEL ARCH BOX STIFFENER PANEL

This is professionally made in 18 gauge thickness mild steel, as a copy of the original profile panel. Price £10 plus postage. Tel 07968-048762

BMW 700 Coupe Rear Body Panel

It bolts on behind the rear bumper. Made as a copy from an original panel, in a thicker gauge metal. Price £50 plus postage. Tel 07968-048762.

BMW 700 Saloon and Coupe Sills.

These are new outer sills, copied from factory originals, in a thicker gauge metal. Sold individually or pairs, at £165 each. (Inner sills are also available). Collection or postage cost to be added. Tel. 07968-048762.

BMW 700 COUPE OUTER SILL EXTENSION PANEL TO REAR WHEEL ARCH

This is professionally made in 18 gauge thickness mild steel (Thicker than original BMW 700 bodywork) and is made to be welded onto the end of the outer sill at the rear of the sill and includes the rear wheel arch up to approximately 75mm above the outer sill height. Price £55 plus postage. Tel. 07968-048762

BMW 700 PARTS FOR SALE

New old stock BMW 700 parts including body panels, glass, chrome trims, engine cylinders and heads, electrical switches and lights, spare parts list, repair and maintenance manuals. Too much to list. Kindly contact John Baldacchino -Malta -(356) 21674918 or email: siventi@hotmail.com

To advertise your items for sale or want adds etc. please email the editor at isetta@ianparris.com

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The Berkeley Story by Ian Parris continues

The car was originally put together with pop rivets but as I had a glut of 6mm nuts, bolts and washers I decided to use these, also if necessary I could easily dismantle parts if required.



As the new 'punt' was made differently from the original I needed to modify the rear tub section to accommodate the differences, this meant cutting away the lower section and forming a new flange to enable the two sections to be fitted together. I did this by attaching an aluminium former and laying up fibreglass to make the flange. To keep the weight down the original car's strength was borderline especially with 2 heavy people on board. Apparently it was not uncommon that the doors would not open due to the body sagging. Thankfully Phil made his 'punts' much stronger and with various fillets in place to allow for this weakness.

As time went on I rebuilt or refurbished most of the other parts, i.e. rear swinging arm, front suspension struts, front hubs, brakes, drive shafts, front wishbones, steering box, petrol tank etc. The chain driven differential is a problem area, it seems incapable of keeping its oil on the inside. Owners have tried all sorts of ideas to keep the oil in, some even substitute grease for oil but this is fatal. The oil needs to migrate along inside a tightly fitting drive shaft up to a rubber 'O' ring seal, grease will not do this which tends to seize the drive shaft. I am hoping that with careful rebuilding I can make mine oil tight but only time will tell.



I redesigned the handbrake system completely as I didn't like the original idea of cables going in and out of the wheel arch, an ideal place to let in water. Surprisingly, the car was designed around water getting to the inside. Moulded into the punt were a number of outlets to allow the water out, well that's one way to do things I suppose! My idea is to stop the water getting in in the first place but then again this is an open topped car I suppose....



My original intention was to prepare the car for painting myself as I discussed the painting of the car with the guy I had been put on to I agreed to let him do the preparation as well. I could foresee that if there was a problem with the finish, he would blame me for the preparation and I would blame him for the painting so off the shell went on a trailer not to be returned for quite a few weeks. I was allowed visitation rights to see how my baby was progressing but things seemed very slow at the time. When it did arrive home it looked beautiful, better than I expected.

Steve my painter appeared slightly embarrassed as we discussed the cost. Apparently it had taken 120 hours of work to prepare and spray but he had used it as a fill in job between commercial jobs and therefore charged me at a half price rate. It was still within my expected budget and the quality of the work was excellent.



With the body back work could proceed by attaching all the parts of the jigsaw. Some parts were still missing though. I had no seat and one hadn't come on to the market all this time so there was no option but to make one. I got a seat drawing from the Berkeley Enthusiasts Club and built one out of electrical trunking to the pattern. Having previously had a seat covered for my Isetta by a Rolls Royce trained upholsterer I had no doubts as to where this seat frame was going. To be original it should be covered in some form of plastic but supple piped grey leather would have to do for now; it can always be ripped out and replaced by cheap plastic at a later stage.....

The wiring loom looked like an old woollen jumper torn apart by a pack of wolves. Being an electrical engineer working with voltages up to 33,000 volts, 12 volts shouldn't 'phase' me. I made up a wiring diagram on the computer that looked to do the job. Originally no fuses were incorporated in the electrical system as the car is made of GRP which is quite flammable I incorporated a bank of 8 fuses to control each of the circuits. I bought 100m each of red and black wire and lots of connectors. I didn't think it worthwhile buying all those pretty colours, they wouldn't be seen anyway, red would be positive, black negative, and I shouldn't need a colour licence for that.

I had a speedometer which appeared to have a stiff drive so I asked a repair company if they would take it in and look at it. As it was an AC instrument they would not even entertain looking at it as the drives were invariably stripped. I had no option but to pull it apart myself.



I carefully dismantled and cleaned the internals and reassembled it and it worked OK.

The windscreen surround had lost most of its chrome plating so this was sent off with a number of other small parts for re-chroming.

Door striker plates were not available so I designed and made my own and had these chrome plated as well.

Look out for further episodes of
'The Berkeley Story'.....