

TEE-ONE TOPICS

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BUZZING DASHBOARDS AND OSCARS

I often wonder about the peace our forebears enjoyed before they had the telephone inflicted on them. We have sensor phones in our house. We tend to eat late but seldom at any predictable hour yet the moment we sit down to a meal, the phone rings, actually it makes a noise. I could not describe it but a noise it makes. We have actually tested this sensor system by not only setting the table but by rattling the cutlery. This does not work. Neither does



Garrath Will (the good looking one on the left) and I having just returned from an aborted trip to Government House. This explains the somewhat pained expression on my face. Incredibly by the end of this momentous day, between us, we had not only been thwarted by the otherwise very nice 1990 Turbo to my left whose alternator decided not to, but were committed to no less than three other failed generating devices on our hallowed cars! We eventually arrived at the wrought iron gates in my trusty Spur!

Jumping up and down on the stools, but sitting firmly on those stools and taking a mouthful of food – the phone will ‘ring’. Very very clever and we don’t have to pay any extra. There is a variation in the garage where I have installed another sensor phone. That one detects not

only the moment when I have finally managed to entwine my body around the subframe of the car, but waits until balancing a 2BA nut on the end of a well greased finger, I have almost got the latter to thread on to a carefully concealed bolt – and then it rings!!!!

‘Good evening Mr Coburn and how are you this evening?’

Let me expand your vocabulary. The phrase used by the caller is described in grammatical terms as phatic, meaning the use of words to convey absolute no meaning. So many people do it. I regularly go to a bolt and nut shop, get in the queue and observe. Customers front up to the counter and their first words are ‘how are you?????’ My mate who makes many phone calls always starts by saying ‘how are you’. It is such a waste of breath.



This wonderful old car seen resting outside our carport after I had lavished extensive restorative care on it some years ago, may explain the connection Garrath and I have with the more illustrious members of our Country.

If you want a diversion wait until you get one of these enquiries and reply factually. I received one last night. The caller identified himself as ‘Charlie’ and asked how I was this night. (To save confusion it turned out he was going to reduce my telephone bills by 40% - a category of call I have come to sense even before the phone rings!). “Charlie” I said, “I am glad you asked. I have this problem with feet, they are so painful, can you suggest a remedy” Total silence. “Mr Coburn my name is Charlie and I want to reduce your phone bills by 40%” “But Charlie you asked how I was and I want to tell you, particularly about my feet” “Charlie, Charlie” - dial tone!

Only last night I tried this approach at Government House where His Excellency and his wife kindly supped Garrath Will and me (among others) at a very nice reception. Our Commander in Chief is very happy that Garrath managed to cure the Hydramatic incontinence of the Vice Regal Phantom VI and in fact told him so! Sometime later a lady I know quite well came up and asked me how I was. I fixed her with a beady stare and made as if to lower my trousers, explaining all the while that I had this rash on my inner thigh for which she might like to suggest a cure. Fortunately she is aware of my madness and made some very inappropriate remarks and changed the subject.

And so it was that early one morning a familiar voice called from Sydney. No phatic practitioner was this caller. 'My dear chap, I have a buzzing dashboard'. Well full marks for an original opening. Seems that this car, an early Shadow, the property of a friend with a notably foreign name, had a buzz behind the dashboard that could not be ignored. The caller, well known for frequent startling observations, recollections and emphatic advice then competed with me as to the cause or source of the noise. There was much banter, punctuated by small recitals of the noise relayed via the receiver until I eventually confessed I had no idea. We then went through the fuse pulling routine whereby you stop the problem but preferably do not incapacitate or destroy the car. But had my caller mentioned that the car was originally a German delivery I would have been able to tell him that the buzzer was to remind the driver when he opened the door that the key was still in the ignition lock. Perhaps had he asked 'How are you' I might have solved the problem!



As if I had not had enough excitement, The Editor of the illustrious Praeclarvm, David Neely and his lovely wife Linda arrived in Canberra to witness the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the ACT Branch. And at the dinner to celebrate the occasion held at the home of our new President Chris O'Rourke, I was presented with another prize for thirty plus years of strange practices with Rolls-Royce cars!

'You are not coming to the dinner' the caller gasped! 'Nah' I replied, pleading poverty, exhaustion, obesity and general ill humour. Some little time later that phone rang again, this time a lady, whose directions I have learnt not to ignore, quietly advised me that I was going to attend the 2007 New South Wales Presentation Dinner in Sydney. The thought of a 300

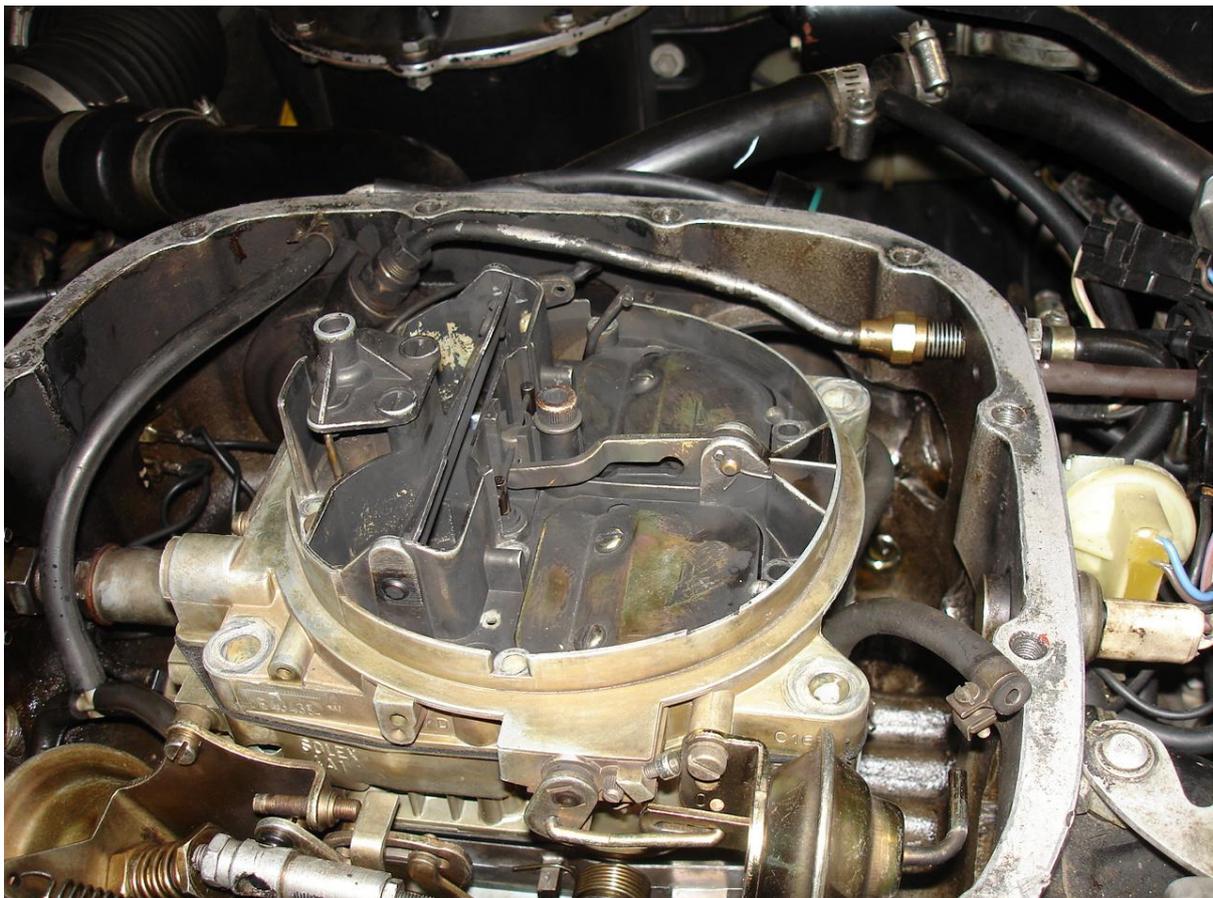
kilometre drive, black tie and negotiating Sydney traffic did nothing for my appetite, but attend we did.

I joined the NSW Branch of the Club in 1973, I think. I have only ever attended one monthly gathering when I happened to be on site; otherwise my meetings with the membership are quite unpredictable. Even so I always feel very comfortable and welcome with this group of disparate owners. Greetings, hugs and the occasional snog over, we sat down at what was clearly the head table and there staring at me was the menu clearly printed with the advice that the dinner was in my honour! It turned out that the subterfuge used to ensure that I attended, unaware of the honour, would have made a good plot for a Le Caré novel!

It was a wonderful surprise, crowned by presenting me with the George Sevenoaks Medal – a gesture I consider as a signal honour.

And so all the foregoing is by way of saying thanks for your support and encouragement. Had I received an Oscar for my efforts I would have been equally embarrassed as seems to occur with all those winners, but it is my luck to have these pages to record my pleasure!

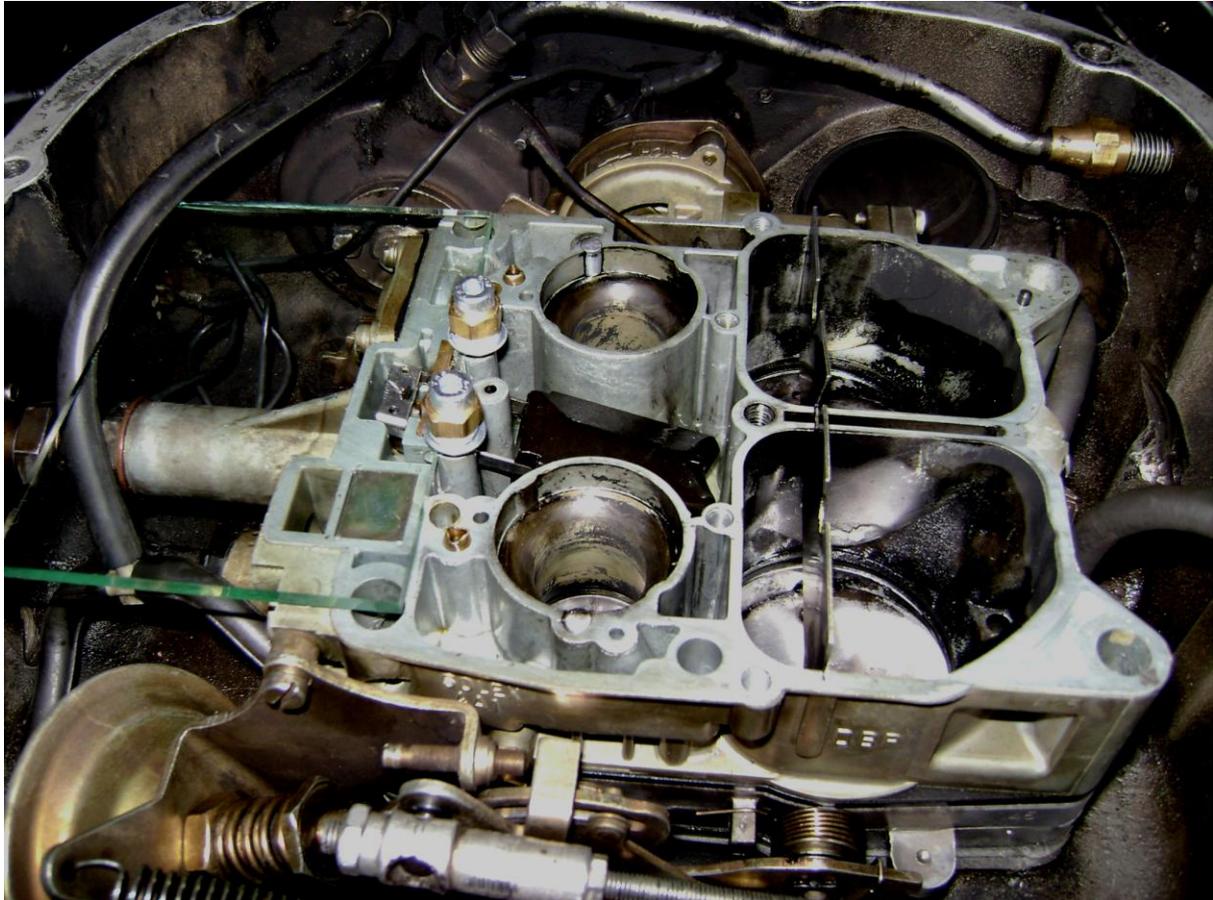
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WHAT ON EARTH!!!!!!

I show you this as an act of mercy. For the uninformed it is a Solex carburettor model 4A1 used initially on Corniches but when the Factory decided to have a crack at turbo charging

they put it a box attached a myriad of sensors, servos, starters and stoppers, taps, dampers, regulators, interlocks, over rides, extra filters and drains. Which of course made the whole thing pure Rolls-Royce. What would Henry say I wonder? Apparently in the hands of people who know what they are doing, an untouched sample can be made to work wonders. Many an owner in the early days required a neck brace, such was the performance.



Here the top has been removed in order to see what the float and needle assembly were doing. As I think with most English carburetors the cover actually holds the float mechanism in place and this was no exception. The float which is a composite solid material can be seen between the two primary venturi. The needle valve and seat are to the left in the square recess. The pivot for the float nestles in a recess between the two and is held down by the cover. My solution was to anchor a small piece of glass over the needle which allowed one to view the fuel flow.

But then the cannibals got at them. Among other atrocities some screwed that baby down good and firm which immediately warped the whole assembly beyond recovery. The screw



down points can be seen at the four corners where the large holes are. Normally these are filled by studs emerging from the intake manifold but some genius here thought bolts would be preferable. The prescribed torque setting by the way is 10 inch pounds which you would exert on your finger trying to remove a tight engagement ring. These instruments were used on Mercedes cars, which provides some store of used bits, but forget replacement carburetors as all of them are now surely warped anyway.



In overall design they are similar to the big Holleys used by so many American cars. They have two barrels which can be choked as can be seen in the picture and two secondary barrels when you want to increase your carbon footprint! Fuel is supplied from a high pressure pump the output being controlled by a diaphragm operated needle valve seen below that responds to the pressure of air being pumped into the 'box'. The fuel pressure at idling is about 6 psi way over the usual figure for float carburetors.

That's as far as I have got with this voyage of exploration which hopefully will go not much further since the problem to resolve is how to stop the thing partially filling the box with liquid fuel!



TYRES AND TURBOS

I suppose it is par for course when you keep a fairly rare car for a long period and you then have either difficulty getting the correct tyres or they start to cost almost as much as the car is worth. Bentley Turbos have one readily available tyre that meets the requirements of the manufacturers of the cars and that is the Avon at AUD1000 per sample.

After the initial shock owners start looking around and find samples of that Russian tyre Neerinuf. This brand actually looks OK and certainly runs OK but sometimes there are a few drawbacks. The polished bits in the picture were done by a Neerinuf tyre which because of its excess diameter, did the polishing bit on full left lock. The two pipes of course are only of minor importance, carrying as they do the entire oil supply for the engine to and from the oil cooler on the right.

One last detail, curious to identify the tyre I found carefully moulded on the wall I was looking at "THIS SIDE IN". The problem was that I was OUT as was the tyre. Both sides were on inside out. The reason? Well looking at the inner side revealed the motivation. There was this hideous enamelled advertising brand name moulded on the tyre. No doubt the installers were aware that the owner would not appreciate this artwork and solved it simply. In reversing the tyres however they completely negated the serious road holding abilities of the tyre which would explain why the owner sometimes had 180 degree panoramas of the road sides without even moving the wheel!



One possible solution is a tyre, as yet not brought into this country that is made in Finland. The brand is Nokian. Nokian tyres are well known to earth moving contractors in Australia but unknown in the passenger car field. Owners in Europe are apparently very happy with the tyre the company make for our Turbo so enquiries are being made to see if it is practical to import some.

The name seems familiar? It is not generally known that Nokian decided some time ago to get into the mobile phone business!!!!

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PLACES NOT TO LEAN

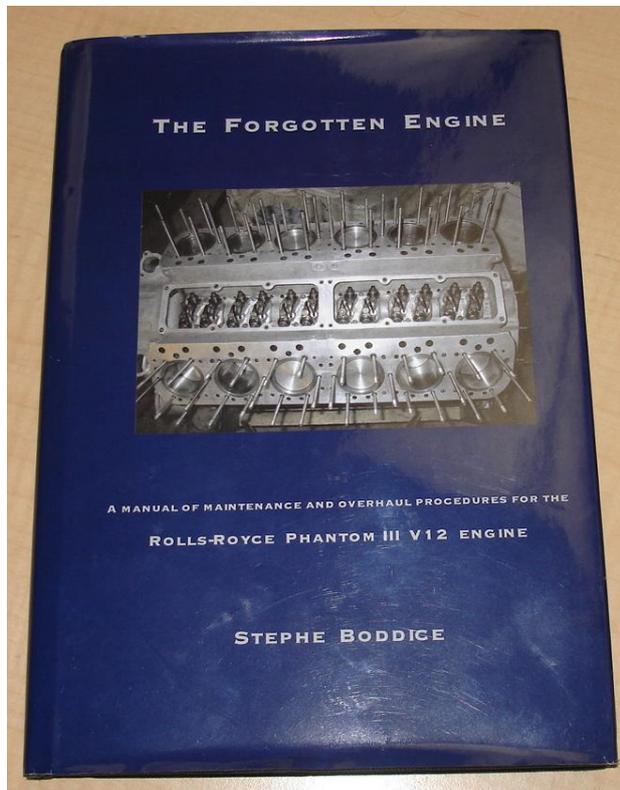
Owners of earlier SZ cars might find this little mess of bits to be found in a 1990 (in this case) Turbo. The good old ubiquitous oil filler is still there, now without direction as to when to change the stuff and immediately in front of the cap is the reservoir for the power steering pump. The latter was displaced by the turbo fans on the other side of the engine. The small box like contraption is the physical ABS switching contraption to apply and release brakes

when you get into a significant skid. Above the ABS box under the two air conditioning pipes is the alternator. This unit, a standard American fitting fortunately is held on by a large swivel bolt underneath and a shorter one on top the latter including a simple tensioning device! The main control loom simply plugs in to the unit and the battery and earth wires bolt to the carcass at the rear. Undo all these bits and the whole thing comes out past the radiator. No doubt the designers eyed this accessibility with a jaundiced eye and vowed to correct it!

As to leaning, the two air conditioning pipes seen clearly here are unsupported, presumably to minimise sound transmission. But mechanics reaching down the front of the engine to fit belts sometimes lean on the unsupported pipes and bend them to the point where they leak!!



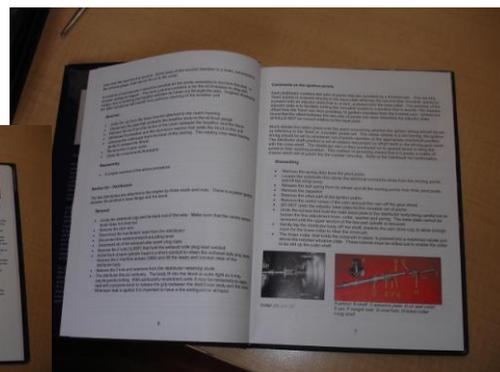
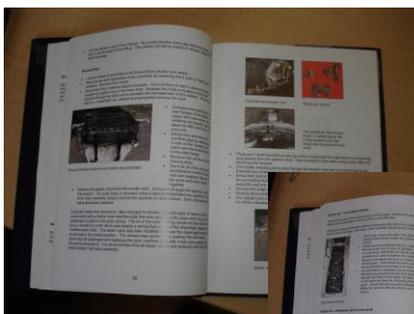
HOW MANY PHANTOM III OWNERS DO NOT HAVE THIS BOOK?



Indeed how many Branch libraries do not have this book? We complain that there is so little technical information on these remarkable cars yet here is an owner who has gone to considerable expense and effort to produce an excellent account of the overhaul of his car's engine and other owners are either not aware of the publication or perhaps it is a job for timorra!!

Best email Stephe Boddice, mail@boddice.co.uk get your credit card out and be prepared to spend some hours getting your hands very dirty – albeit mentally!

If you wish to write, his address is
Stephe Boddice
Churchill Old Farm
CHURCHILL near Kidderminster
Worcestershire DY10 3LZ
United Kingdom



CLEANING THE DRAINS

It is almost funny to hear owners fussing about shutting the windows or in a special case, the sun roof lest water get in the car. Doors opened in the rain invite raindrops on the woodwork and leather, driving a flurry of handkerchiefs to dab up the damp! The one area that does alarm me and I have addressed this before are the carpets. For reasons that surely would elude Solomon, the wool in the carpets is not preshrunk, so a good soaking in a downpour and suddenly you just cannot get those darling little press studs to engage! Open the door of any car older than say 10 years and you will notice the carpet edges well clear of the door trims. Leaving the boot open during a downpour is a sure way to destroy your carpet at that end of the car!



Here is a very early Shadow in very nice order. But what lurks behind that bulkhead?.



OK so you knew all that but what about holes in the body that are designed to let water in? And I refer of course to the intake for the air conditioning. Do you remember that silly little biscuit tin heater under the passenger's seat in the Mk VI? Some passengers presumably froze to death since I notice there is a Service Bulletin advising how to fit another heater under the dash in those cars.

The condition of the floor is a clue. Water flooding from the recirculating vents has been getting under the insulation under the carpet.

Those Bentleys were often photographed by the Factory on Rallies in snow draped locales but have you noticed that the drivers and passenger were always wearing overcoats while driving. Hmmm. It took umpteen chassis before the heater feeds on the Clouds were enlarged to provide a bit more heat and even then there was no danger of heat exhaustion on a cold day. By comparison, the only new car



All the pretty bits stripped away and we start to see the damage caused by blocked drains. I suspect this was an English delivery which means the poor thing had to cope with salt water as well. The drain pipe can be seen under the speedo cable which is the rod like thing going through the large hole at the right.

I have ever owned was a Fiat 1100 – a 1959 model. It had a large heater on the inside bulkhead above the gearbox. The appointments were a little Spartan in that rubber matting

was used on the front floor. If you turned the heater on flat out the rubber floor covering would actually stink! Is Italy colder than England perhaps??? Do you remember an ad with a lady clad in a one piece swim suit sitting on the back seat of a new Shadow? The car clearly was covered in frost and the plaudits for the heating system flowed in abundance. Well I have realised how this was done. The lady I believe was dead!



Another source of water is the condensate from the air conditioner evaporator. When the ice that forms on the fins melts it should run out the small pipe seen in the middle of the picture at left. This is the source of that embarrassing trickle that everyone puts up with when the car is parked on a hot day! If this tube blocks the water banks up and once more you have a flooding problem.

So where does the water go that runs into that gaping maw in front of the windscreen. It goes into a plenum, a large box like structure immediately below the intake grille which has very ample drain tubes that dribble the water onto the ground behind the engine.



Unfortunately owners frequently cannot be bothered to keep the foam filter under the air intake grille intact, twigs bugs leaves etc get in and the drains block.

A new drain tube has been made up and fitted. One of the recirculating flaps can be seen at the left of the picture. Yet to be replaced is the baffle to the left of the drain point to prevent water overflowing into the next chamber.



The plenum actually extends to almost the outside limits of the engine compartment with only a small divider provided to stop the water sloshing right across in the event of a drain blockage. If the water does get across this, the first you know of it is usually water on the feet from the re-circulating outlets. You can see these if you get down on your belly and look up under the dash. They are at either end of the ducting.

To stop engine fumes getting back into the plenum the end of these tubes has a very simple soft rubber seal on their ends which lets water out and prevents fumes getting in.



This mat out of a '90 Turbo has believe it or not been cleaned. By that I mean most of the perished almost liquefied rubber that was originally the heel mat for the car – had well and truly perished.

First step is scraping off as much as you can then remove all the old stitching that held the original mat in place. Then get a new carpet cleaner put out by Preen and that should get rid of almost all the stain. Have your friendly upholsterer stitch on a vinyl mat and all should be well.

AGEING SEAT BELTS

Here is yet another item that is well beyond the use by date. The belts as all owners know retract on a spring loaded reel under the floor of the car. That spring is starting to lose its tension, you are losing your patience and you may drive off with a foot or so of belt hanging out of the door! The seat belts will eventually have to be replaced including the retraction unit but for the moment you may get away with this treatment. Simply pull the belt right out and liberally spray both sides with silicon spray. It seems to do the job.





THREE LITTLE BOLTS

Some of us have been dutifully tightening the three little bolts that hold the windscreen wiper motor to the right hand overhead cross-brace on the engine of the SZ cars. They invariably loosen. But there may be a solution

Pondering the intestines of a 1990 Turbo, I instinctively took hold of and shook the wiper motor. A slight movement but that was all. Curious I removed one of the bolts and saw the feature at left. The bolt is notched to tear into the surrounding steel and stay there. So I will be off to find if these bolts are readily available and stock up on a few.



OHMIGAWD!

Well you and I are lying on our back gazing at the parking brake mechanisms on an '85 Spirit. To the left you can see the rear wheel brake rotor and to the right the left hand rear spring. The arm that holds the wheel on, the spring up and the brake mechanism in place, depends in the centre of the picture. 'What's that' I said pointing at the strange three armed cicatrix on the lower part of the arm. 'Probably a bit of tar' you suggest. Not so, a sharp screwdriver went right through the 'tar'.

Somehow there was a leak in this otherwise sealed arm that had allowed water to accumulate at the lowest point and after 22 years it ate right through the steel. Fortunately it was caught in time, cleaned, patched and sealed. These cars are certainly little tricks for surprises are they not??