

TEE-ONE TOPICS

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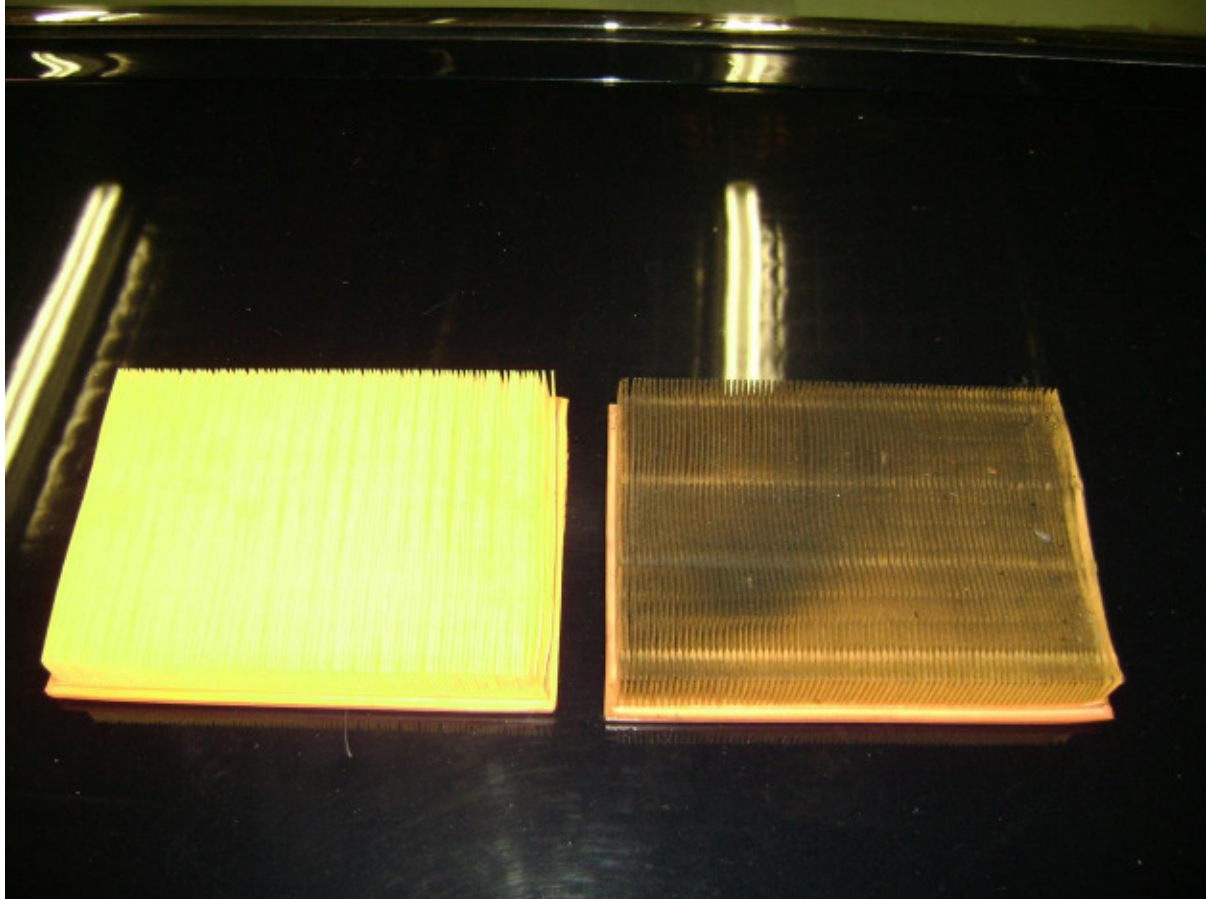
NEVERNEVERLAND REVISITED

In several places I have written of my aversion to learning new tricks. I can be curious but I have always wanted to master the old tricks before facing the challenge of the new. When I had thoroughly blooded myself on my dear old Silver Dawn SDB94 all those years ago I swore on a stack of spare parts manuals that I would avoid any later models. The late Eric Goudie drove in with his S2 sans brakes and one of our leading ophthalmologists suggested that his mother-in-law's low mileage Cloud 1 with a seized engine would be the ideal release for me to get out of the Mark VI rut as he seemed to refer to it!



This well known Sydney car was doused some little time ago with a fairly strong mix of caustic soda which seems to be not particularly beneficial for the paint work. These cars cleave the highway air at considerable speed and with the subtlety of a battering ram which brings a special form of finishers' acne otherwise known as stone chips so while the thing was in pieces why not fix the lot. The usual obstacle is blending new paint colour with old but this is the challenge the modern day painter must meet! In these situations it is highly desirable that you remove whatever bits have to be got out of the way rather than leaving it to the apprentice whose job is to remove and replace.

A very early Shadow arrived also sans brakes which propelled me into the wonderful world of hydraulics, stained hands, damaged paintwork and headlong conflict with owner and dealer alike who assured me that only a full apprenticeship at Crewe followed by ten years hard practical work on these cars could possibly qualify me to even open the bonnet. Shadow II's and Camargues popped in and one Sunday one of the country's wealthiest and probably most influential men arrived in my drive, slightly discombobulated over his Spur performing the miss one fire one miss one routine in the engine compartment. That turned out to be a loose earth wire. But for one who had avowed never to progress beyond the Mark VI, I was starting to wonder about the meaning of 'never'.

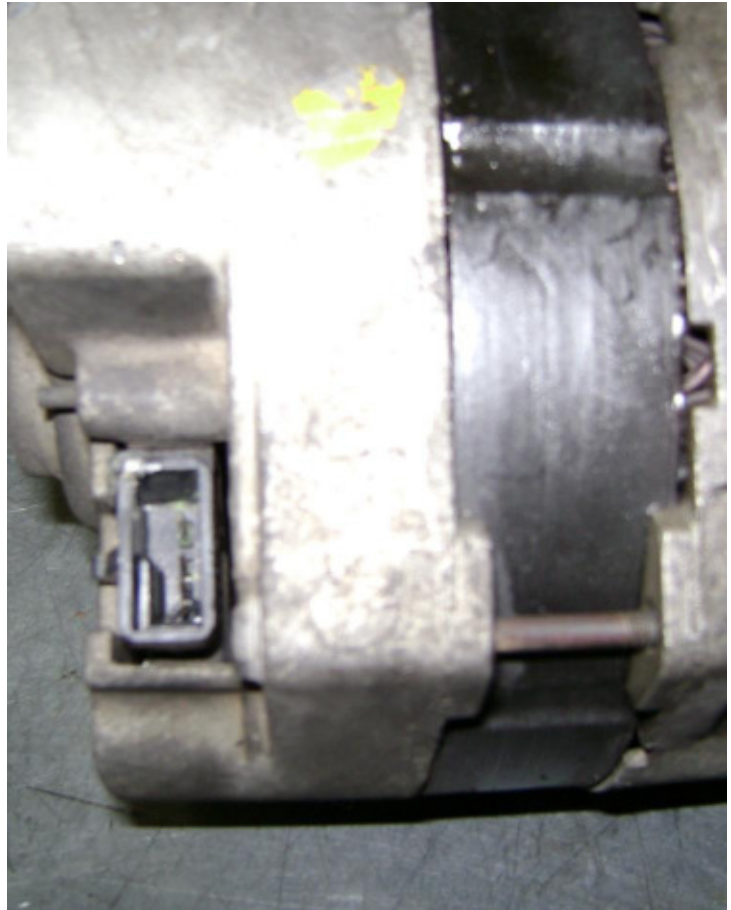


Fuel injection brought the adoption of the flat air filter and emancipation from struggling the old cylindrical units in under the mudguard. Half a dozen or so clips and the top comes off, the filter lifts out and a new one can be popped in. The above item came out of a car professionally maintained from birth. What is the problem? Once again monitor as far as practical what is being done to your car.

Turbos to my ultra conservative brain are the flamboyant rendition of certain drivers' automotive lusts. So they will pass a 747 on takeoff but where would you use that power? Two months ago I had not even ridden in a Turbo Bentley. Six weeks ago I had 3 in my driveway! I want one. It has revived my flagging spirits (no pun) offered a new challenge in Rolls-Royceria and provided a new driving experience. Thank God the Factory quit in 2003 without appreciably altering the old SZ carcass. On the other hand the new Bentleys and Rolls-Royces are fascinating in their specification! It looks as though another dose of nevernever prophylaxis is indicated.



THE SEEDS OF EXTINCTION

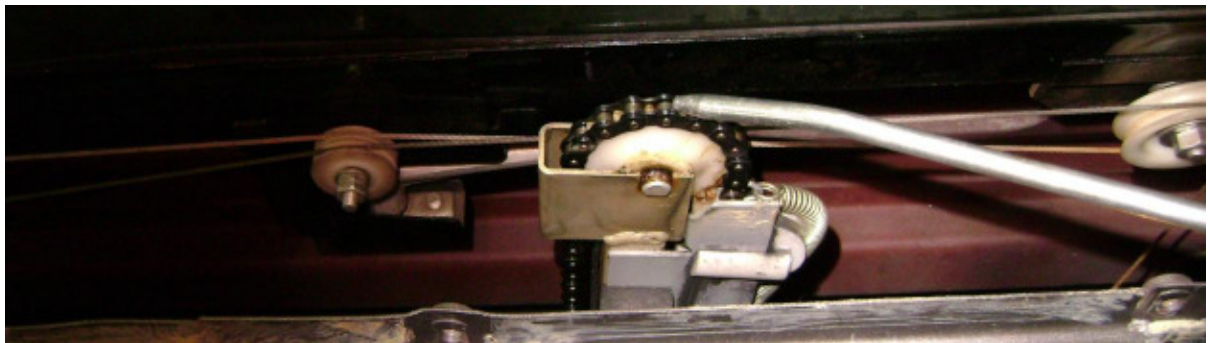


Nothing really remarkable here. Just a Delco Remy alternator off a 1990 car that failed to alternate fortunately while on a domestic journey. Battery light came on and the battery meter started an inexorable slide to the wrong side! Best we go home and get another one said my driver. The cause turned out to be a broken wire on a brush. Having got it off however, spinning the big wheel produced an interesting grind preferably not heard in these mechanisms. The bearings had had their day it seemed. So off to the sparking genius' and it came back like new with a \$230 bill. Fitting it back on the engine will be subject of another rant, but when it came to plug the plug the latter was quite loose. Recourse to the last professional service and there was mention of the loose plug, it seems it was broken.

There is/was a little plastic thingoh on the plug/that clipped under another thingoh in the rectangular hole seen at the rear on the unit in the picture. No problem, we will get a new one. Wrong. They are not a spare. What hopefully is available is a new loom with plug. Well so far the best brains in the Southern hemisphere have been unable to identify which among the 200 odd looms in the car it is and even we did, is it available, does it cost less than the car is worth, and as it is associated with the battery is it possible that the loom trails uninterrupted from the alternator to the trunk? Salvation loomed from my favourite sparky man – he thought, God help us the same plug was/is used on the Daiwoo but then a

cautionary note that perhaps the plug could not be opened and re-terminated - we'll see. If anyone has a better idea please let me know.

I doubt whether this is the first or last of this problem but I wonder whether the rot we have seen in household appliances whereby parts are either so expensive or there is so much involved in fitting them compared with the cost of a complete unit that the answer is to discard and replace the whole thing. The likelihood of a 'bakelite' plug breaking or being embrittled by heat and distorting is about as expectable as a thermostat failing. Incorporating a plug in a loom may be good practice in production and assembly but it is not much help for a repairer!



A SIMPLE BIT OF PROPHYLAXIS

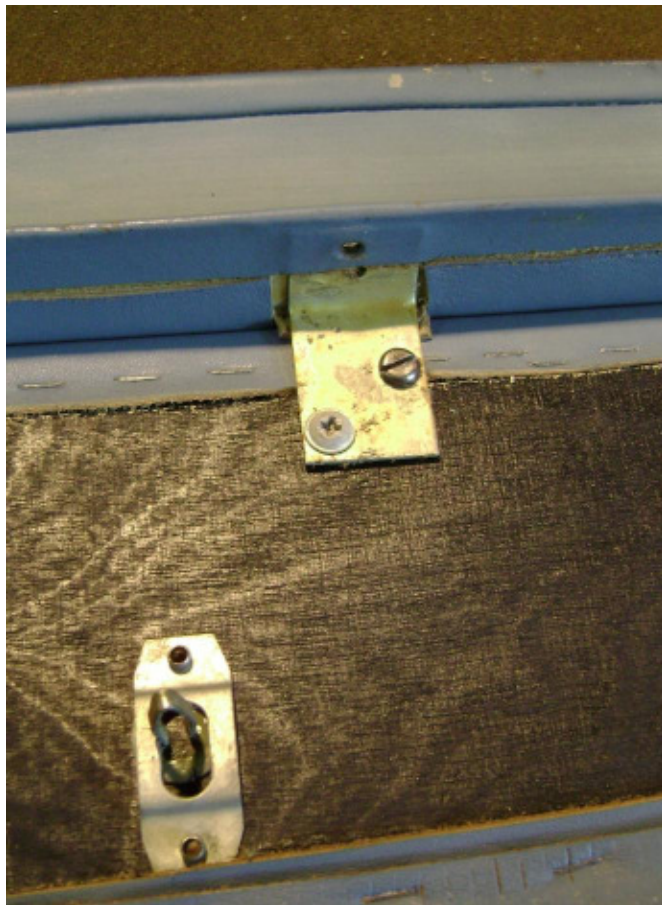
This simple bit of bike chain is responsible for getting your window glasses up and down, in this case a fairly early SZ. As with all chains they consist of a lot of little axles and links all of which require lubricating. The initial build of a chain includes a small amount of lubricant which does not last long. That this little chain does not seize up early in the piece is amazing but then it does of course in seldom used (rear) glasses. When the chain seizes it will not go round the drive cog nor the jockey cog seen in the picture and you have a frozen glass.

It should not be necessary to bare the top cog to get some oil in which involves removing the waist rails but it is necessary to remove the door linings to get at the chain. Once a year should keep the system happy.



QUÉ?





Half way through the last century, well before television, there was a popular radio program that among other intellectual brain teasers used to broadcast a noise described as the Secret Sound and listeners had to write in and describe the source.

Examples of the latter included such gems as 'scraping a day old beard with one's finger nails', 'a particular bird pecking seed from a feeder' and so on, the first correct answer won quite a respectable prize. Those were the good old days! So I offer the foregoing picture for identification, without I assure you the promise of a prize. The picture is one of two mounts employed on the inside of the front

Perhaps this will give a better perspective. Repairing in this area is fraught with errors for the unwary. The plywood is nothing special and while it handles very short large gauge screws and staples, if the former has been wrenched out, there

is a need for careful repair so that the finished job does not show up to the average observer. In this case one of the supporting screws has been lost and replaced with a different one. The replacement however was a few thousands of an inch fatter in the thread and certainly no longer. Note also the method of holding the panel clips to the board. The retainer is pop riveted to the latter whereas previously the retainer was belted into the wood and frequently pulled out. The clips themselves, lose their spring, break, distort and fall out. If you are given to removing these panels usually to correct electric window faults, always have some spare clips on hand they are readily available.

door panel of a Spirit. The bit covered by the coloured leather is actually the base of that little cubby shelf built into the door lining that you manage to drop all sorts of goodies including chewing gum, the odd button and sundry bits of the car that are found scattered over the floor from time to time. Unfortunately front seat passengers despite being supplied with a very well mounted arm rest in the middle of the door which clearly

(I would have thought) doubles as a handle to pull the assembly shut, manage to grasp our little cubby hole and pull. The result is as in the picture. The screws in this case have all but pulled clear of the plywood backing. Another few tugs and the whole assembly could have torn the whole trim away!



At left is a homemade repair kit for repairs to the plywood backing board. Often when you go to fit a screw back into the wood there is little wood there to bite! The solution is usually to fill it with good wood glue and force a match into the damaged hole. Spread the match wood as best you can then insert the screw into the match's centre. Tighten judiciously!



TWO INTO ONE WON'T GO

I share this little experience with you in the hope that you will not be tempted to doubt your sanity. The belts clearly branded Rolls-Royce (which date them clearly back into the old Factory age,) in this case drive the new fangled miniature power steering pump used from about 1986 to make room for turbos etc.

Above this pump sits the gap that accommodates the mounting projection of the alternator, in turn secured by a very stout 3/4" AF bolt. The forward part of this mount, seen partly obscuring one of the belts is relatively flexible when the alternator is removed. When it comes time to replace the alternator great difficulty follows to get it to fit between the two mounts.

Eventually you work out that the forward mount has sprung closer to the rear one. The solution is to drive a wedge between the forward mount about where the arrow is and the adjacent casting, to spring the thing forward. You can then slide the alternator in without difficulty. The contributing difficulty here is that you can see what is happening under the alternator.

These units incidentally are pure Delco Remy even to the brand named on them. They are also very powerful pumping out some 130 amps when they get really angry!





LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP

For those of us who apparently get a post menopausal yearning to own a Bentley Turbo or variation thereof, can I suggest a little investigation into servicing costs. Of course if you are one of the growing band of do-it-yourselfers this exercise will be one of academic interest only. But fact it is that to do the same job on a standard car as compared with a 'turbo'd car the latter is invariably much more expensive.

The reason it seems is almost all labour. The above picture, splattered with mud for realism, is a good example. It looks familiar but then part of it is hidden. It is one of the so-called caster rods on the front suspension upper arm with its large rubber bushes hidden away in a shaped metal box. The box is one of the measures the factory had to resort to to stop such components being frizzled by the incredible amount of heat generated by these engines. And there are a number of these protectors.

So you need a wheel alignment? Well step one is to remove these covers so that the wheel man can get at the adjustments. Where I toil an alignment costs about \$60. Recently I saw the bill from a professional who has to pay rent wages super etc etc, the bill to get the covers off and on, to facilitate the alignment was \$380!! Having seen what was involved I am sympathetic. You can certainly do it yourself if you wish, it is not rocket science. Other areas on the car generate these sort of manhour expenditures by virtue of space limitations. We all know the propensity of the old Factory designers for ensuring that any facilitation afforded by favourable placement of juxtaposed units was severely discouraged! Well you ain't seen nothing yet until you get to get at things on a Turbo. But that's the fun of it.

Valium and similar pharmaceuticals are still on the list and usually sympathetically prescribed. And there is a tip there, try and find a medical practitioner who owns one of these cars. You will have their undivided attention. Better still if you are persuaded to do some work on his car for a fee try and work up a contra debt. I did this for years with one owner/medico but sadly he was a gynaecologist! But I have this new fellow who is a cardiologist!.....



“DADDY I THINK I DROPPED MY SPACEMAN DOWN HERE”

While the child is being x-rayed in the Outpatients Department at the nearest Hospital you ponder bleakly the fate of the Spaceman but of more relevance the fate of the rear seat upholstery. You jammed your hand down one side of the armrest, felt no spaceman but in pulling your hand out something jammed then clicked and you are now confronted with the sight below. The car is a 1985 Spirit and as far as I can gather all this series used much the same setup.



Actually this armrest assembly looks pretty good. It is all there and not broken. If you bring the floppy cover down from the upper left in the picture, then hold that brass tag seen in the middle, up, working purely by the Braille method you will find that the tag slides into a slot

in the underside of the floppy cover down near the bottom of the thing. Having got it in and shaken things about to make sure, ease your fingers out and the cover will slide down to the arm rest. Next your fingers – all there? Try sliding the armrest back into the squab (the thing you lean against) and all should work as normal. Do NOT force it.

There is one more bit to be aware of, a real handmade bit that keeps the cover of the ‘armrest mechanism’ in a respectable position and avoids the occupants seeing what really goes on behind all that immaculate hide. And here it is.



With it's scrap of West of England full worsted cloth off it is simply a piece of spring steel with a soft pine crosshead screwed to it. The uncovered end is screwed to the lower back of the armrest, bent back so the cover can pass over it, the brass tongue inserted and hopefully all is well. If the brass tongue is not properly inserted, this piece of steel can jam and forced closure of the armrest can result in it breaking. Best, if this happens, get another at a wrecker. Finding a piece of spring steel that shape thickness and dimension is really haystack stuff.

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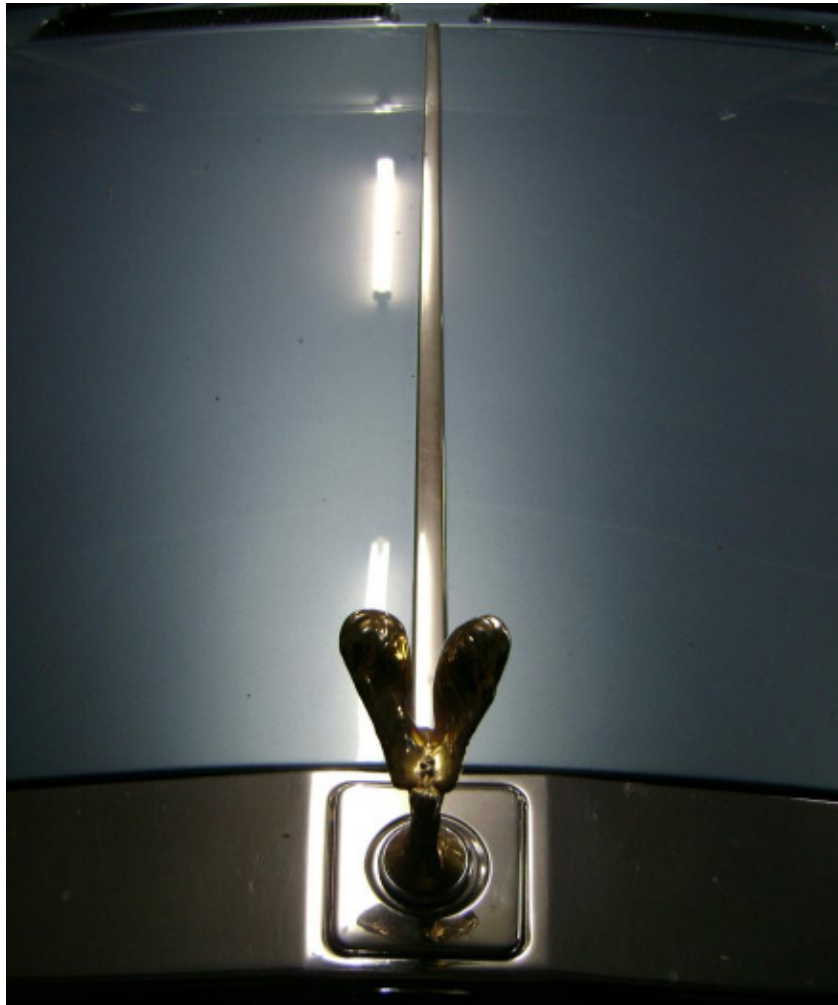
CARE AND PATIENCE

When you finally resolve to change the brake hoses on your Shadow you will lie under the back of the car and contemplate the above scene here albeit partially dismantled. The nice brass junction block is but one of two. One carries brake fluid to one half of the calipers



from the little legendary master cylinder at the back of the rattrap or if you have a later car (about 1973 on) from the number 2 high pressure system and the other looks after the number one system supply. To hold this junction block is a special 7/16" A/F bolt that screws into one of two saddle pieces screwed as shown here into the floor plan. The bolt here has obviously not been refitted. To unscrew the flexible hose, which will be very tight if it is archeological in nature it is

impossible for the mounting saddle to withstand the torque. Do not try. Remove the retaining bolt, secure the junction block with a spanner, unscrew the two nipped pipes and disconnect the hose from the other end. If the other end of the hose gives difficulty cut it and deal with that end separately. The second picture shows a much safer way to disconnect. Don't forget the copper washer at the junction.



STYLE, ANGST, OR CHOICE ?

Some weeks ago a highly esteemed member of the Club turned up in his rather magnificent Turbo RL. I piled in donned the seat belt and sat back. Ye Gods – no centre trim on the bonnet Seems twas optional and I must say I rather liked it with the Bentley grill, seemingly the bonnet which went on and on and no fal de lals in the middle to distract the eye!

The trim strip to the left is on my Spur and I think it will stay as eveneven the gold mascot is starting to be accepted!!!

But quite separately a friend arrived in his '67 Spirit grieving over the bonnet. Seems he has had it repainted as it had apparently had an overspray some few years back and the gentlemen sprayers decided not to remove the centre trim strip. After all that is what masking tape is all about! Wrong! The resulting hidden bare edge of the paint in the alternating heat and cold of the place decided to dry out and commence curling away from the strip.

The owner I should add can see a paint fault blindfolded at 30 paces!! So at great expense the thing was removed, stripped to bare metal and repainted. Magnificent! But gadzooks what do we see here? About a month later the paint around this much discussed strip commenced to bulge in odd places. Not in the carbuncle class but definitely bulges. With an intuition I am sure did not exist up to that minute I matched up the bulges various to the bolts on the underside of the bonnet and lo they matched.

Seems the good painters not familiar with strips down the centre of bonnets and doubtless wanting to get the whole contraption out of their yard, had quickly assembled the strip and tightened it down with the original NYLOCK nuts and washers. What was the answer. Well I refer you to the first page of this issue and we note a similar exercise was carried out here albeit a little more extensive. I was also using the same painters. Since I was stripping the second car and not them they were very curious. (They had been visiting the owner of the first car in intensive care for some days!)



The second bonnet sans pads and strip. This is always a good time to either clean the pads or replace them.



So it was with my very best know-all stance that I was able to tell them that the second strip was held down by the same NYLOK nuts and washer but effectively they were a smidge tighter than finger tight! You live and learn!



AND NOW THE SECRET OF THE STRIP

In the good old days when we used to print out these pages and mail them to you we could always seal up a couple of pages for these less delicate matters. You may remember the discussion in the Womens' Weekly who, careful to not offend some people (I never did find out who they were) would have writings and PICTURES!!! of bare breasts of women with



instructions on how to locate a seminal growth. I often wonder whether those that chose to not open these filthy sex displays assuming they were women, died of breast cancer! But back to the strip. Have you realised you drivers of SY and SZ cars that but for the foresight of a designer at Crewe, you may have been the victim of a fairly painful impalement. NOT the one good old Vlad practised unless you happened to be spreadeagled over the back of the front seat at the moment of impact! No just a simple pier`cing through the upper quarters.

I refer you the picture. You will have worked out that it is the underside of the bonnet strip! Note the cutaway portion. This is where special headed bolts are inserted and slid along the channel to match the holes in the bonnet since the ends of the strip as you know are closed.

So what is the secret? Apparently this little slot is placed at a strategic point so that in the event of a really decent smack in the teeth for the old lady, apart from having the engine stuffed under the floor as it is designed to do in the event of a big one and of course the bonnet being folded up like an original bit of origami, the strip poised like a horizontal Damoclesian sword (I really destroyed that metaphore) instead of driving through the viscera of a selected front seat selected passenger, would instantly bend at this cut out point and be hurled whirling into the attendant spectators selectively decapitating the odd one. But that is not our worry. The gap in the strip goes to the rear of the bonnet by the way.

Now tell me if that is not the most important bit of information yet to grace these pages!!!



A NEW YEAR!

Apart from all the other events we have witnessed this past few months I am reminded that new year brings the Federal Rally to our front door. In turn those intrepid organisers gather a group for an overlander. If you are fortunate to have secured a place please think hard about maintenance. It is a long way to walk if you break down.

