

Motor Vehicle Enthusiasts Club



No 103

Dec 2015

TRANSMISSION

If you find you need more information about this club or just can't wait to join ring Peet Menzies on 0417855222.

GPO Box 911 Darwin 0801
In Katherine call 89710605 .
Newsletter enquiries to Ted

Merry Christmas



Bronte is Santa's logistics manager for Christmas 2015. It's proving quite a task for her to get so many presents on board even though this years sleigh is the extra large model. She may have to invoke the naughty and nice rule to make sure all those that are deserving get their pressies on time. You had better be good!



National Veteran Rally

For the uninitiated, Veteran cars are those made in 1918 or earlier. This year's national veteran rally was at Goulburn in NSW. Shirley and I decided life was getting a bit dull and should attend but after seeing the vets drive up from Adelaide last year we decided to be pussies and trailer our model T down there. There was a thought that rocks flinging up might damage the headlights and radiator so we took a padded blanket to tie over the front but there was so much interest in the old car on the trailer that I reckoned it a shame to cover it up, after all this old thing made people happy! It took its chances, got a bit wet and dusty and muddy but still lots of people waved, and looked, and honked, and wherever we stopped they took photos. Actually we didn't necessarily have to stop.

There were occasions where a car would go blasting past and pull up a kilometre up the road, and have the occupants jump out with cameras.

We did get a bit lost and ended up going through Adelaide and following the Murray River over to Albury. A longer route but we found there are lots of car events in the south at this time of year.

As we got within a couple of hundred Kms of Goulburn we would start to see the odd old car on a trailer, but by the time we reached the outskirts of the city they seemed to be everywhere. Flash trailers, old trailers, mysterious enclosed trailers, trucks. But when the covers came off

they all sported some kind of veteran car. There was a sign-on day and what they called a shakedown run, but it did get a lot of the cars together in one place and it was quite a sight. Quite a sound too.

There were quite a few two cylinder cars and the odd single as well. But the first proper run on the following day was unreal. The night before sported some of the rottenest weather, it was freezing cold, blowing a gale which destroyed the odd caravan awning, complete with lightning and a power failure. When we looked out



A typical sight at the start of each day. Old cars mostly in new condition. There was quite a variety of makes but there was always a Ford in sight.



Getting dressed to the era of your vehicle was popular.



the window in the morning, the thought of driving a car with no protection, not even a proper windscreen, didn't exactly boost our enthusiasm. And being nice and sunny when we left Darwin it hadn't even occurred to us to take raincoats. Never mind, we had a small polytarp to use as a lap rug if it poured. So we headed off to the marshalling area where they have a drivers briefing before you head off, wondering how many wouldn't turn up because of the weather. Well I kid you not. Veteran car drivers are the toughest lot. No doubt you have met owners of



1904 De Dion Bouton. They call this body type a "rear entry tonneau" Beautiful!!

real flash street machine type cars that wouldn't dare take em out if there was a chance of rain. This veteran mob have some flash cars amongst em, and these cars can take a lot more work to keep em gleaming because the shiny bits are brass and aluminium, metals that don't naturally stay shiny. And a large percentage of them don't have any protection from the elements at all, not even a windscreen. Some sport a soft roof but not many have enclosed sides. But the rollout for that first days was 100%, over 100 veteran cars. Letting the weather put a damper on this event is not considered an option, and most of the crowd dress in clothes to match the year of their vehicle, It is a sight that can't help make you feel good. And to actually be part of it is even better.



Above: I met an elderly Gent in nearby Yass. His father was the original Ford dealer. Father used to flatten used kerosene drums for signs around the district. On them he would invite people to count the various makes of cars on the road. Then he would say count the Fords. But you can't count them, he would say. There are too many to count. The photo says a lot of them have survived..

And with a brief explanation of what the day is all about everyone wanders back to their cars, and some can push a button and be off, but there are plenty that whirl a crankhandle. Then there are the sounds. Its one of those things in life that are a bit hard to describe. You really have to experience it, but some vehicles putt putt, others chug chug, vroom, there are grinds and whirrs and some cars just glide effortlessly away.

In amongst all this when you get going the cold air in your face makes you realise you have completely forgotten about the cold weather. There is heaps more exciting stuff happening than the weather. And anyway by the time we stopped for morning tea, the sun started to peek from behind the grey clouds.

But the real action happened when you came to the steep hills. And there were plenty of them. (I read somewhere they call this place the southern highlands) The one and two cylinder cars slowed quite considerably, and you could hear them chugg chugging slowly upward. But it didn't stop

The magnificent example in the foreground is a 1909 Talbot but there is a Ford away towards the right of the photo.



them. They would just pull over a bit and keep on chugging. It was a magic sound. The smell of oil burning just topped it off. And the rotten weather just couldn't cope with such a positive bunch. It gave up and the sun shone for the rest of the day.

But I have to admit by the middle of the week, when you got up and could see nothing but fog, and it was cold and miserable, it took a bit of willpower to climb on the car and head out into the mist. Once you got moving you realised just how cold it was. Your nose takes the brunt. When we got to the marshalling point the numbers were significantly down, but there were still a heck of a lot of old cars. And it wasn't actually raining, the drops were from trees raining heavy dew. So we headed out. Today's jaunt was 130 odd Kms over a mountain range. Naturally crossing a range means going up in altitude which means a drop in temperature. It was freezing! Shirley was supposed to be navigating but her goggles kept frosting up, plus she was freezing to death despite being wrapped in the blue polytarp. And then one cylinder decided to go on strike. I think it was due to it not being able to reach a proper operating temperature. It still ran faster than a lot of the other vehicles even pulling up hills. It just sounded silly and shook a bit at low revs. Someone once told me a good Ford only needed 3 cylinders. I had spare plugs but I didn't want to stop here. It was just too cold. Luckily the lunch stop was down the other side of the range where it wasn't as cold. With a new plug and it running on 4 again and the drizzle cleared, driving back a bit quick along these winding and hilly roads was an absolute hoot. Speedsters were invented for roads like these.

But it does test what you are made of when you wake in the morning and see nothing but fog through driving rain. This day was just very short trips around town to interesting historical places. I felt a bit shamed when we rolled up in our truck at a fantastic railway museum and found heaps of old cars already there, especially since it had stopped raining by now. Same deal for an old pumping station where they had a ginormous beam steam engine all fired up and running for us. But this days events finished at 4pm to give us time to get changed into our best period clothing and put the cars and ourselves on show in the middle of town at 6pm. At 8pm there was to be a gaslight parade where you cruise up and down the main street with the gas headlights burning and the locals come to check it all out. By 6pm it was choc a block with cars on display and mobs of locals totally enjoying the scene, but by 6.45 rain had literally put a damper on it all. We adjourned to a local club across the park for tea and a couple of drinks in the hope that the rain would stop in time. Things were looking grim by 7.30 as it was getting harder and it seemed quite a few cars were leav-



1910 Armstrong Whitworth , 1909 Maxwell (below)



Early on the first days run I couldn't help noticing large puddles of oil at traffic lights.



One of the cars had broken a pressure oil line. A plumber on his way to his first job saw the plight and whipped his oxy set out and brazed the pipe right there next to the intersection. How good is that!

1907 De Dion Bouton. This car was so shiny you needed sunnies to look at it.





The 1908 Reo model B keeps the model T in its place while pulling up a steep pinch. The De Dion Bouton (below) got caught in a bit of a traffic jam and had to stop. To get going again it had to reverse back to the bottom. It then hauled past in the photo without a problem. This car at 1904 was a tie as the oldest car in the rally. Also from 1904 was a model A Ford (Ford reused that letter in 1928)



ing. I decided at 7.50 to go back to the car and light the lights as I had decided I was going in the parade, rain or no rain, and if cars had left, they had all come back again and had their lights burning. What a sight! I had a heck of a job getting our lights lit in the rain with wet matches and the wind blowing them out but they were going just in time to head out into the parade. What a turnout. Absolutely fantastic! The rain stopped just as we pulled into the main street, and the wet roads reflected the lights which made it look all the better. And there were hundreds of spectators lining the street and they were ecstatic. They were smiling and clapping, and you could see the looks of amazement on the kids faces, not to mention the adults. It was just great. My headlights went out, but after re-lighting them they went out again but I still had sidelights burning, and headlights were an optional extra in 1915, and the crowd were still cheering, so what the heck. I continued without headlights. The Police on duty didn't seem to care.

So we only wimped out on one day, and that was only part of the day. The final day looked a bit clearer at the start and didn't seem so cold. Maybe the good vibes were still with us from the night before, so we decided to leave our leather jackets behind. Luckily I did take my greatcoat. As we headed out it was sunny but crisp and we were in high spirits but I reckon we hadn't made 5 km before it started raining. I hoped it was only a passing shower, but I was wrong, it just got harder. I could get the poly tarp over Shirley but I couldn't get it over me while I was driving. I did find that even though I got dripping wet I would dry off

pretty quick once the shower was over. So all the way it was wet, dry, wet, dry and the great coat kept the top half of me from freezing. My only real problem was when it was really cold and I got caught up with slow moving traffic my no1 sparkplug would die. Not foul up, but just dead. I had to replace it twice on that day. But being last to leave our lunch venue and a big gap between us and the mob we had a clear run back to our accommodation, and with the road loaded with tight turns and hills and the odd short straight it didn't matter that it was a bit chilly. Just a great way to spend your time. (did I mention that when hooning, our car guzzles juice and we ran out of petrol 3



A typical scene in any small country town during the rally.

kms from home? But no worries we had a spare couple of litres in the toolbox)

And Goulburn isn't all that far from Bathurst, and Mt Panorama, that Mecca for petrolheads in Australia. After a couple of laps in the truck towing the model T in the trailer, it didn't seem quite right, after all the T was built to be a racer. I pulled into pit lane to unload it only to find they had barricaded it off. The hounds! Not to be discouraged I parked right in the entrance anyway, and unloaded. At about the same time a bunch of fellers on postie bikes arrived, at least one with an L plate displayed, but I soon figured out this was no riding school. They got faster and faster each lap and tried the track in both directions. There were quite a lot of different cars just trying out the track. And runners too (real runners on foot). This is one popular spot. After pulling up in poll position for a photo we were off, but although Shirley came for a ride she wasn't at all confident in my ability. "I am really scared" she yelled as we headed off up the mountain. Going up wasn't really very scary, I can remember years ago in a car magazine reading a road test of something (probably a GTHO Falcon), they reckoned it was geared especially for this hill. My model T is geared for a very long and flat track and it definitely does not suit this hill, a standard model T would have been quicker, but once over the top it was all a bit different. Skyline would be a bit daunting at race speed even though there are big concrete barriers to stop you seeing over the edge these days, but the part that really surprised me was the steepness of the downhill through the esses. Shirley did not sound the slightest bit confident in the model T's brakes or my ability to get us down in one piece. And Conrod straight isn't straight any more. They have put a kink in it to slow you down. Nevertheless after a quick burst of speed Shirley was on my case to slow down

1911 Brush. Do these people look cold?



(she would point out the 60 signs all the way down from the top). You could do this all day but a couple of laps satisfied me and we put the T back on the trailer, and moved on to the next great coincidence. The Australian motorbike Long Track Nationals were on this very day at the Bathurst showgrounds. Naturally we went to watch and it was great, but after a while a down-pour turned the track into something resembling soup and they had to stop. After a quick trip into Sydney (temporary insanity) it was the long haul home. On the multi lane highways the monotony would always be punctuated with the beep beeps and honk honks of cars and trucks passing us showing their appreciation of what was on the trailer.



With everyone rugged up so well it would be a perfect place for terrorists to blend in, but lose all the outer clothes and we would have the fine 1915 threads on underneath.



These vehicles all have roofs. Pussies!



Here we are at Bathurst in pole position and about to head into the s bends. Shirley stopped screaming long enough to snap the photo, then started again. Does this car have brakes? I started to doubt myself.

The whole Veteran Rally is a hoot, but to me, anyway, the really special bit is the gaslight parade. The cars are on display, owners are encouraged to dress to the period and as you can see, some go to great pains to look great. And who could have guessed that rain could make it even better.



Spectators just love to take photos and kids always find old cars fascinating. Everyone is a winner here.



Polish up your car and you may find it will attract a high class lady or (at right) the dandy gent has attracted two ladies.





I believe the photos tell the story, but it is difficult to light these lamps when your matches are wet. Also notable is in 1905 a Cadillac bore no chrome.



Meet Maxine the Maxwell

Syd Norman reckons he has restored enough cars and when he received a cash payout from Shannons insurance due to a fire in another vehicle, he decided to find something that he could just use without any work. The thoughts were of a Brush, Maxwell or a Reo but the Brush and the Reo only came out as LHD so he decided on a Maxwell. He found this 1910 model that had been rebuilt 18 months ago in New Hampshire, USA. Most of it is what came out of the factory when it was new. The guards are all original, but there is a small amount of reskinning at the rear. It was first owned in Ohio. as the numberplate shows. (with a bit of modification)

After scrutinizing photos and discussions with the owner overseas he bought it and 4 months later it rolled up. And it was as good he hoped. He cleaned out the fuel tank, pumped up the tyres and drove it. He realized it didn't come with a roof or windscreen, but it did come with the original windscreen frame and steam bent hood bows. It also came with detailed photos of the original hood plus the original plaque off the



hood. There were no probs fitting a windscreen to the fame nor getting a hood made to the exact original specs. It even has that original plaque attached. And it goes great! The only funny bit about it is the 2 litre 2 cylinder horizontally opposed engine doesn't have the two pistons heading out in opposite directions to cancel each others momentum. The both go left and then they both go right. The effect at idle is the whole car wiggles. Once it gets going it smooths right out. And Syd has a whole shed full of more treasures at home, but that is a story for the future.



1914 Standard Rhyl was discovered by some blokes fishing that got caught in a storm and took refuge in a farm shed. They found the Standard lying derelict and since they were stuck for a while, for something to do they had a few beers and a play and got it started. Once the storm ended they approached the farmer to see if he would sell it. He was agreeable but would not part with the wheels. So a set of wheels had to be found elsewhere.

That was back in the early 1950's and by 1957 it was on the road again, and there are rally badges all over the dash, the earliest being a Golden Fleece rally dated 1961.

There are so many rally badges now that the interior is full and there is a danger that sooner or later there won't be any room left on the outside either.





Don't be fooled by those innocent looking snakes. They can get ya!

1913 Overland.

Back in 1975 someone in a car club put up for sale a pile of bits claiming to belong to an Overland. Les Johnson took up the challenge. Then 8 years of hard work got him what you see here. And all the yellow

bits except the wheels he manufactured himself. And he drove it in the vet rally that ended up in Darwin last year. And it has twin Boa Constrictors. You would be pushin to beat that!



Everything on this car has been refurbished, not replaced. All that had to be replaced was the broken axle and the pistons.

The bit sticking down is a spraggstuka. It stops you rolling back on a hill



1911 Stoeper 131 (pronounced "sterver")

John Stanley found his 1st Stoeper car in country Vic in a horse stable in 1966. It was a 1923 model. Weeks later he received a letter from West Germany asking for details and photos of it and to post that info to an address in West Germany to be smuggled into East Germany under the wall. John complied and was then supplied with a list of everyone in Australia that owned a model of this make. Since 1967 John has found only one vehicle they didn't know about. He contacted all those people and one of them, in Sydney, owned this very 1911 model. It was complete but unrestored and had a broken rear axle. Soon after that meeting the gent died and the Stoeper passed to his brother via his estate, and there it sat in his shed for many years. John had contacted the brother on odd occasions and at Christmas to encourage him to get involved in Stoeper activities but nothing ever became

of it. In 2006 the executor of the brothers estate contacted John because of these communications and offered the car to him for purchase. The diff was by now dismantled but still complete, wrapped up in newspaper dated 1961. And John became a proud owner of another Stoeper. Back in 1966 when he bought the first one, the farmer he bought it off told him of another one that had left the district only a couple of weeks ago. He found the person that had bought it was in Adelaide, so John wrote to him. He never received a reply till 1983 when the writer apologized for the slow reply but the car is now on the Gold Coast, all in bits, do you want it? John took a trailer to the gold Coast and that vehicle is fully restored. It is a 1922 6 cyl model.. John owns 5 of these cars, when you consider there is approx 50 surviving worldwide, that's not a bad effort.



1911 Albion.

This is one of those cars that passed through several hands before it became something that worked. The story begins sometime in the 1980's where a bloke got his hands on a heap of parts but didn't progress. The next owner in 1999 actually assembled the parts but in such a manner that when Rod Holmes got his hands on it in 2010, he had to completely strip it down again and do it all properly. But Rod points out that by assembling it at all the previous owner had got the project well underway as it could be then seen what was missing. It took 2 years to get it where it is now. There is a lot of brass work all over this car, all the work of Rod's cousin.

All this brass stuff had to be cast then machined. And there is a lot of it.



That's not detergent Rod is pouring in the engine. That's petrol to prime it. There is a starter motor with a friction drive on the fly-wheel to make it all a bit easy. The 3 litre 2 cylinder engine sounds totally magic when it is pulling hard.



Up Front is Rod driving with his brother seated next to him. They call them the Albion brothers as brother has had an Albion truck since 1948 and encouraged Rod to get the car. The truck being a male and the car being female they are hoping to generate some little Albions.



This 1913 Overland was restored in the early 1990's but was used so much that by 2002 it was basically worn out and it changed hands. The current owner has rebuilt it, the only real problem he had was getting the babbitt mains done. It was a 9 month wait to get them done. This vehicle is quite lively and cruises at 75 kph. The Boa constrictor horn is finished in nickel, which to me is a bit unusual, I have only ever seen them in brass. They tell me they bring \$7000 to \$8000 at auction.



1908 Renault AX

John Fryirs interest in veteran cars goes back to when he was a 6 year old. He still has the programme for a veteran rally held around Wollongong in NSW that he attended as a spectator in the 1950's. But one of these shiny restored cars was what made John excited. It was one that had survived and still had its original paint. Move forward time a couple of years ago where he had been mentioning his desire to own a Renault. Club members were assuring him he had buckleys chance of finding one. Then one day at the hardware store he crossed the path of a member that mentioned someone was going to sell his Renault. John for-

John still has the veteran car rally program from his childhood.

got all about the hardware, headed home and found out who was selling and rang him. The owner of the Renault wondered how John had found out as he was only thinking about selling at that stage.

The car had been the gents father's car, and the dad has always wanted it to not be restored. No major work had ever been done to it. Not bad for 107 years. And how does it go? Great, It blows a little smoke and you can smell it when it is pulling up a hill, but I reckon it all adds to the atmosphere. Great!



1916 BSA. Bought new in Sydney and used until 1920's when the owner bought a new BSA V twin. The old bike was put under the verandah, smothered in old sump oil and covered in a tarp until the gent died in 1972. A nephew inherited it but being an Indian enthusiast wasn't interested in it and passed it on to another bloke in Paramatta. This owner (who at 82 still rides his fixed wheel Norton through Sydney) decided he needed a bike with a clutch and gearbox so just stored it until 2 years ago when he sold it to Joe Young. Joe replaced the tyres and cable inners, flushed the engine and gearbox and swapped the Maggie for a refurbished one. It started on the 2nd kick and he has done about 200kms on it. It cruises at 70 kmh and does stop when needed.

It still sports its original paint and decals. The whole bike is preserved with gun oil.

1915 Ford T

Another of the vehicles that have managed to survive without being molested by the restoration teams. Once again a previous owner was keen to make sure this car continued to survive in its original trim. In 1950 it was pulled out of a farm 40kms from Hobart. This car is unusual in it's body was built new by a Hobart firm, Cramp Bros. They also built bodies for Overland and Swift, and they have a style that sets them apart from their mainland cousins. So much so that some persons were under the false impression that the body was not original. The same firm is still functioning but as a crash repairer. Scott Carter first saw this car about 1981 but it was not for sale. About 7 years ago the wife of Frank, the then owner remarked to Scott that hubby was crook and they may sell some of their cars. Scott let it be known he would be interested in the T model and 3 months later he received a call offering the car to him for purchase. Frank had owned the car since 1950 and would not let the car go to anyone who might restore it. The engine was in bits when Scott got his hands on it and he has just done repairs as necessary to have it running reliably. Once it became established that this was one rare and un-restored model, Scott was offered a clean swap for one of the fancy and shiny restored veteran T's. Naturally he declined.



And the story goes that when Henry Ford visited Australia and saw the likes of this car he hit the roof. He wanted all Fords built the same, not one design for America, one for SA one for Vic, Tas etc, and that led to the Ford plant being built in Vic, so he could have them built all the same.

1896 Ford Quadracycle replica

Tom Bryant was after a project to keep him busy in retirement. The catch was, he built it first then retired 3 months later.

Back in 1963 a Ford employee in United States embarked on a project to commemorate 100 years since Henry Ford's birthday. He chose to build a replica of the quadracycle, Henry's first car. Sometime later he was selling plans of his project and Tom obtained a set. 4 years of his spare time produced this working replica. Most of the parts have been manufactured by Tom but there are certain parts that conveniently fitted.

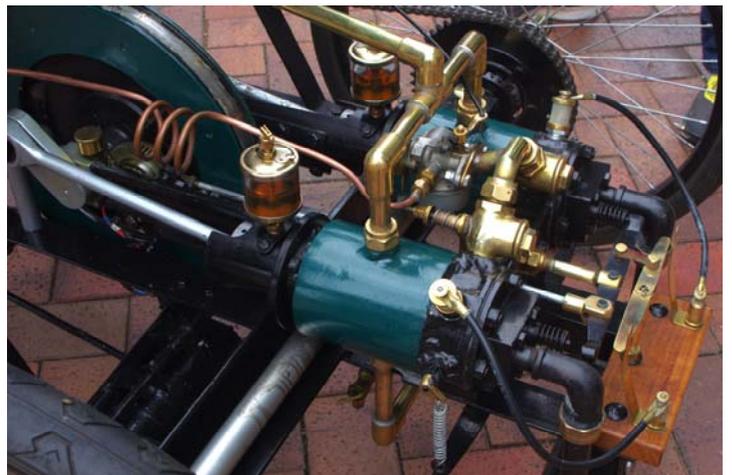
Pistons from a Bedford Van fit 2.5" hydraulic cylinder tubing.

Diff is from model T

The flywheel is 2 model T's bolted together.

Briggs and Stratton valves.

And although Tom has fashioned a starter motor for cold starts he started it up in front of me. With a bounce of the flywheel back on compression it fired up and ticked away perfectly. Gear changes are by tensioning belts but Tom reckons the gearing is so tall that using high gear is out of the question.





Not terrorists. That's Gavin Mutton in his record breaking Studebaker. Incidentally the Overland wasn't far behind at 84 mph.

1916 Studebaker

This story starts a bit earlier with an American, Edward Egar, who made his money setting up Overland car agencies and once it was up and making money, he would sell it and move on to somewhere else and do it all again. But when he came to Melbourne and got the agency running he decided to stay. He had a 1912 M61 rebodied as a racer and sent his son to America to be tutored in the art of dirt racing by Barney Oldfield, the gun of the era. Egar realized that winning on the racetrack was a great way to market cars.

In Brisbane, Studebaker built a similar racing car. It had to have a standard chassis that the public could buy but had a special engine and radiator. They challenged the Overland to a time trial on the beach at the Gold Coast. The Studebaker won at 85 mph. It was geared for 100mph but wheelspin accounted for the difference. They reckoned the Studebaker probably won because of the extra weight over the rear end, as its gearbox is in the rear end, gave it more traction. So they had the car signwritten as you see in the photo and placed it in their showroom for a month.. The car had a ducktail for the time trial. They then removed it and replaced it with 3 spare wheels, put the 3 big lights on the front and set off for a Brisbane to Sydney record . The car then went back in the showroom and if you looked like a potential customer they would take you for a burn in it.

After the war it was successfully used for hillclimbs at Mt Coot-tha in Brisbane but they hit a barrier and bent up one corner. That was it for the car as it was obso-

lete as a racing car by now. It just faded away. Years later another enthusiast while looking for parts for a different vehicle came across a corn harvester that had been made out of an old Studebaker. Stories like that spread like wildfire and an enthusiast and his son came and stripped out the old corn harvester of all its Studebaker bits. They wanted the engine for a later model car. As time progressed the gent died and his car was sold and a couple of parties got their hands on the mountain of parts, of which was a honeycomb radiator. Gavin Mutton, another Studebaker enthusiast did a swap for this radiator and after searching through dealers parts books found that it was a special. It was also 1" thicker than the standard. Research showed there was only one racing Studebaker prewar and Gavin put 2 and 2 together and decided he was onto something. An old motoring journal called "The Steering Wheel" documented it all in great detail and confirmed his thoughts. He was able to buy the rest of that pile of stuff and he found damage to the front axle and shocks which was consistent with the damage received at Mt Coot-tha. He also got the rear axle and gearbox and most of the mechanicals. The suspension was also worn in a way that would have been typical for the way it was raced. He had enough mechanical stuff and there were also high quality photos of the body work and with that he put together this vehicle in its livery just as it was when it was last raced. And Gavin points out "its great to drive!"

Club Registration Rules Update 09/12/2015

All members with vehicles on Club Registration are reminded of the following mandatory requirements to maintain your Club registration.

- A member must be financial to retain club registration, currently the 30th of September each year is when a member is deemed to be unfinancial and MVEC is duty bound to inform the MVR of anyone with current club registration who is unfinancial.
- The Logbook issued by the MVR must be presented with the R42 form for auditing and signing by the authorised signatory who signs the R42 form. The list of authorised signatories is available at the Hangar.
- Country members will need to attach a photo copy of the appropriate Logbook page including the Logbook number when the R42 form is sent to us in Darwin for signing, we will keep a copy in our files and return the signed original with the R42 form.
- Logbooks need to be filled in before starting each trip and carried with you, (MVR reduced the size of the original logbook to make it easier for motorbike riders.)
- In future the R42 will not be signed without the Logbook.

Peet Menzies
President

Toyota Camry 1994 Auto sedan

184,000 km
Needs Head gasket
Has injection pulse
Has spark
Has Fuel pressure and flow
Crankes over
Will need ext door handles
This car is complete and probably too good to wreck
Car is in Darwin 2km from Qantas Hangar
Ring Dingo on 89856665 BH

The new REDUCED PRICE FOR Christmas is 1 x 700ml bottle of Bundaberg Rum and 1 x 1.25 litre bottle of coke (will accept warm product)



1953 Chev Maybe

While out in the bush I happened across this car I believe to be a 1953 Chev. The body is way past it, but it does have an engine albeit with the head missing. It also has the entire transmission intact from the bell housing to the diff. But the most surprising bit is the rear bumper, it is straight as a die. So if you are one of us masochistic enthusiasts that can make use of these bits, contact your editor and I will advise how to find it.



It has a 100e Prefect keeping it company in its afterlife but it has only a diff.

Its all a bit sad.....

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Email Ted at longtelescope@gmail.com
or phone 89886049
Deadline...the end of the month

Back issues

Need to jog your memory about something from a couple of years ago? All the back issues of Transmission are available at mvec.weebly.com

Car key blues?

Having trouble with one of those annoying push button keys on your modern car, or maybe lost one? No need to stress, Top End Locksmiths can fix it for you a heck of a lot cheaper and with a lot less stress than the car dealer can do it for. Leo had this feller actually fix an electronic key on a Kia, rather than just chuck it away and replace it. And the price.... absolutely remarkably cheap!
And they can fix old fashioned type locks too.



The Motor Vehicle Enthusiasts Club

extends it's thanks to
Shannons Insurance
For it's continued support for the club



The President and Committee

*wish all our members
and car enthusiasts everywhere
a Merry Christmas
and a safe and prosperous new year*

WOTS ON THIS YEAR

Come along and enjoy!

On the 2nd Wed of every month there is a members meeting at the hangar 7.30 pm plus bbq beforehand. Also there is a working bee at the hangar the following Sunday.

That's about it for 2015 but please note that due to popular demand there is a break from tradition and there will be a general meeting on the second Wed in Jan. **That is Jan 13th.**

As for the Transmission newsletter, tradition holds. There will be no January edition.

Christmas in Scotland

A man in Scotland calls his son in London the day before Christmas Eve and says, "I hate to ruin your day but I have to tell you that your mother and I are divorcing; forty-five years of misery is enough."

'Dad, what are you talking about?' the son screams.

"We can't stand the sight of each other any longer" the father says. "We're sick of each other and I'm sick of talking about this, so you call your sister in Leeds and tell her."

Frantically, the son calls his sister, who explodes on the phone. "Like hell they're getting divorced!" she shouts, "I'll take care of this!"

She calls Scotland immediately, and screams at her father "You are NOT getting divorced. Don't do a single thing until I get there. I'm calling my brother back, and we'll both be there tomorrow. Until then, don't do a thing, **DO YOU HEAR ME?**" and hangs up.

The old man hangs up his phone and turns to his wife. 'Sorted! They're coming for Christmas - and they're paying their own way.'

