

Motor Vehicle Enthusiasts Club

No 121

OCT 2017

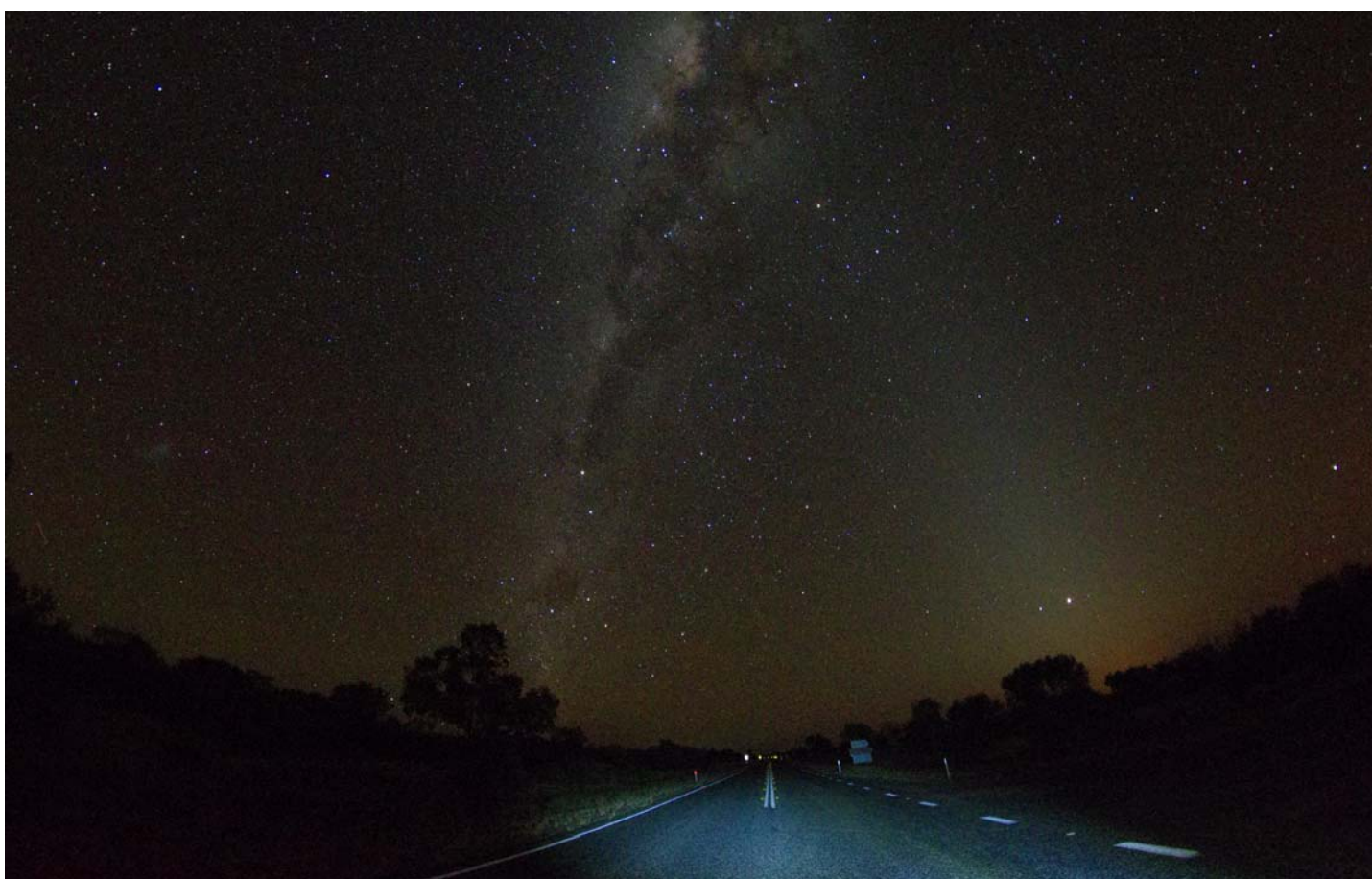
TRANSMISSION



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 longtelescope@gmail.com

Cruisin South Australia (an old car enthusiast paradise)



It's a long drive, and although it's all downhill (on the way down anyway) it can get a bit boring at times. But if, at odd times you care to take your eyes off the road and look around a bit there are always neat sights to see.

I remember reading someplace that South Australia claimed to have a greater percentage of their population to be "old motoring enthusiasts" than anyplace else in OZ. I also remember thinking at the time that "self praise is no recommendation," but after travelling down to be part of the National Veteran Rally in Clare which is about a couple of hours north of Adelaide, I find that there are so many car events happening that it's a bit frustrating as you can't be at them all at the same time. Maybe it's true.

As we got nearer to the big smoke we would see the odd old car gleaming in the sun, then an old Citroen 2CV, then round a bend a whole bunch of Citroens. A bit later a bunch of shiny old Holdens. Then it came home to me, it was Sunday. In Europe, and just a few weeks ago in America, on our travels, we see people get out their old cars and driving them, especially on a Sunday. It makes you feel good. This particular Sunday though, our old car was sitting on our trailer faithfully following behind having followed us all the way from Darwin. It was a lovely sunny day. Not a cloud in the sky. Perfect day for cruisin in anything that had a few years under its belt. We finally arrived at our caravan park, took the model T off and a quick wash and rub up the brass and a test (show off) drive to check all was still running well. It was the end of a beautiful day and half of Adelaide's population was at the beach, we got so many waves and hoots of appreciation. The car was running well. We parked it up ready for our first event in Adelaide's Motorfest on Monday morning.

In the morning we could look out from the window where the sun was rising and see lovely blue skies, the catch was if you looked out the other window the sky was a bit grey. By the time we had breakfast and climbed aboard it was all a bit grey. It was a bit chilly too. Never mind we are tough Territorians. Shirley is so tough she advised me to skip putting a T shirt on under my shirt. "you will swelter" she tells me. It takes a lot of courage to disregard the advice of your lady, but I wore the extra layer of clothing anyway.

We were in Adelaide for Motorfest, a 2 week long festival of motoring. They have a combined clubroom for the event so although it runs every day for 2 weeks and every day is run by a different club, the start point is always the same. We arrived with plenty of time to spare so we could check out a bit of what everyone else was driving. The good thing about these events is it is open to everybody so there is a real variety of cars. Of the couple of dozen vehicles in the run, I don't believe there were 2 similar. There *were* 2 Fords. A 1963

Our next run at Motorfest was just a short run through the suburbs and the weather was impeccable. It even dragged out a couple of older cars. It was so good we went for a blast up some curvy roads in the hills afterwards.



It was too wet to take many photos on our first Motorfest day, besides I was shivering too much to hold the camera still. Ragtop Falcon had the sense to put his roof up. The sign on the woody Morris says "Termite Express" You wouldn't dare tempt fate in the top end!





Falcon convertible and our model T speedster. There were also 2 Chryslers, a 62 Dodge Phoenix and a 1965 Plymouth Barracuda. Not really what you would call very similar cars. Just lots of neat old cars, big and small. One I have to mention was Simon Templar's (alias the Saint) Volvo sports car.

We were handed a showbag with all sorts of stuff including chocky bars to eat when you got lost. Also included was a route sheet to tell you where to go. I should point out at this point that the event we entered was entitled "some flour mills in the Adelaide hills." It was a drive around some beautiful curvy roads in the Adelaide hills, checking out some historic flour mills that were tied up with the early days of the colony of South Australia. The first line of the route instructions stated in bold "FOLLOW THE CAR IN FRONT." Can you imagine keeping up with Simon Templar in his Volvo sports car when you are driving a model T? Especially on a freeway! In anticipation of such a situation we chucked the GPS in the toolbox. Plus some alligator clips to connect it to the battery (no cigar lighter in this car) but we hadn't figured that GPS manufacturers expect users of their product to have a roof over them and consequently don't make them waterproof.

The first stop was at the clubhouse of the Adelaide Hills Motor Restorers Club at Mt Barker, a half hour drive out of the suburbs and along the freeway towards Melbourne. Pretty simple, it noted what exit number to leave the freeway but it is pretty difficult to read a sheet of paper blasting along the freeway with no windscreen. Once we got off the freeway and could stop it wasn't all that difficult to navigate the last bit to the clubhouse and morning tea and they had heaters all round the walls. Heaven! So far no rain but it was chilly for sure. I was pleased I had disregarded the advice regarding the warm clothes.

The morning tea the club supplied was more like a banquet but while we were there it started to rain lightly, so when we left we donned raincoats. Within a couple of hundred metres the light rain converted to heavy and our route sheet printing began to run (inkjet printing) and another 100 metres converted it

That seriously lovely Galaxie was completely plastered with splattered grasshoppers after driving through 3 swarms on its way over from Victoria. Then, on the freeway through the Adelaide Hills he got caught in the same intense storm that we were traversing in our open car. The torrential rain washed all the bugs off and he arrived in Adelaide sparkling clean.



First stop was a private collection, and it was some collection. The cop was there to keep an eye on the gull winged Mercedes SLS AMG. That's one seriously expensive motor car. And there is a red (they are always red) Ferrari parked right behind it.



to paper mache. Now we were in trouble as we hadn't a clue where to go. But I could see the Barracuda standing out amongst the cars ahead and decided if I stuck to it like glue I would be guided around the mills. I did manage to stay on the track but by the time we reached the pub for the lunch stop we had changed our pace car for a Jag and we were pretty frozen. With no windscreen wipers on my glasses and plenty of road grime I wasn't seeing the sights all that well and there was always that sinister feeling where water makes its way through your waterproofs and you can feel your pants getting wetter and colder. Motor bike riders know the feeling well. The other big problem was the brakes with linings on the outside of the drums stop having any braking effect at all when they are wet. During our stay for lunch in the pub it stopped raining. We still donned our raincoats for the trip back with the idea that they would keep the wind off the wet clothes and keep us a bit warmer. Believe me, it doesn't work like that, the wind still dried our clothes and we arrived back totally dry and totally frozen. But it was a ripper day. Prepared us for the Veteran rally a week later when we do this for a whole week. And did I wear it for ignoring the advice about the clothing? Not a mention over the whole day. All I could hear from the navigators seat were comments about how freezing she was and pleas of no hooning around the winding roads because her hands were too cold to hold on.

Day 5 of the Motorfest turned on some weather more suited to driving a vehicle without any protection. I'm sure they made the drive this day very short so we wouldn't get used to the nice weather. A surprise at the start was a request to park our model T on the stage at the lunch stop and for me to give a short blurb about the car. It seems we were building a reputation after our performance during Monday's blizzard. Our car didn't quit, nor did we. Only a few Kms of city driving had us at our morning tea stop which was in a large industrial shed which had a beaut E type Jag parked outside. When you walked in the door you couldn't help saying wow! as it was chock full of good stuff. The first thing block-



There was a mezzanine floor too. Lots of models up there and a place to look down on the real cars. That's a real 1939 Jaguar SS 100.



You can only fit so many cars in a shed, so by collecting models, you can get in many hundreds of em!

ing your way was a new Ferrari which was right in the doorway and with blokes gas-bagging around it there was a real bottleneck and then there were people trying to squeeze through



with cups of tea and cakes and stuff. I thought the Ferrari was in a fairly precarious spot. But this was one wacko shed. There were a whole bunch of European sports cars old and new and all round the walls were posters from motoring events worldwide. This day's event was called Classic Cars and Fine Art, so apart from the automotive stuff there was a collection of neat photos and stuff that other club members had on display. And all round were glass display cabinets full of models and other interesting stuff.

The hosting club for this event was the Sporting Car Club of SA and we were to have lunch at their clubrooms. The easiest way to get there was to follow someone else but my sharp navigator pointed out the other cars were being a bit like sheep and blindly following the car in front even though it was clearly turning in the opposite direction to the instructions. The leader was probably going to the deli to buy an iced coffee. We were a bit sharper than that and were a bit chuffed to arrive at the clubhouse without a hitch. Since our car was going to be displayed on the stage we had to back it down a steep and narrow driveway as we had been warned there was no room to turn around in the yard. We kept on backing right into their conference room and onto the stage.

The word *clubhouse* really does fit their property. The property is a seriously upmarket historic house right next to the inner city part of Adelaide. It still has all the trimmings of an opulent society from yesteryear with stained glass windows, wood panelling, chandeliers and even a library with floor to ceiling bookshelves all completely stocked with motoring books. The previous occupier, back in the early 80's was a silver service restaurant. There is even a large vault in the basement. And our lunch was up to the standard of the building. I checked the cutlery and sure enough they had "EPNS" on the back of the handles. Genuine silver here. And every place at every table setting there was a model car in a plastic display case to take home as a keepsake. The

These are all models. The models aren't restricted to cars either. Here is an apparent working model of the Rocket early steam locomotive.



Every collection has a bowser or two. Been a while since I saw a Golden Fleece.



"Cars and Fine Art" was the theme, so the members had gathered a collection of their own neat photos and stuff.



gent that owned the collection we had visited, was a distributor of model cars and had donated one for every person there. The only catch putting the car on display was they wanted me to get on the stage and give a talk about it.

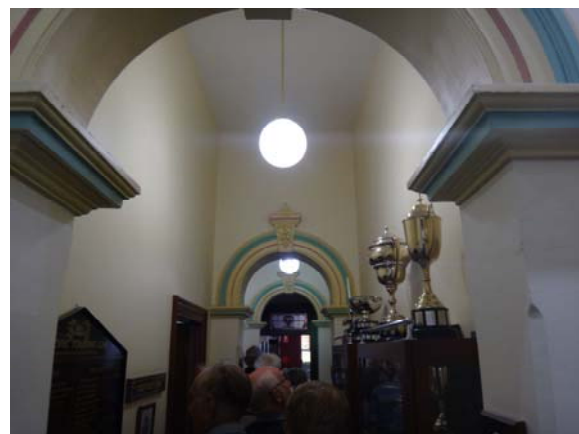


The Sporting Car Clubs conference room was unreal. Beaut starched tablecloths and silver cutlery. And every place came with a model car to keep. Getting up in front of the crowd was scary enough but they made me come back to give me an engraved glass as another keepsake.

I am devoting a page or so of photos of their clubrooms because they are something really special.

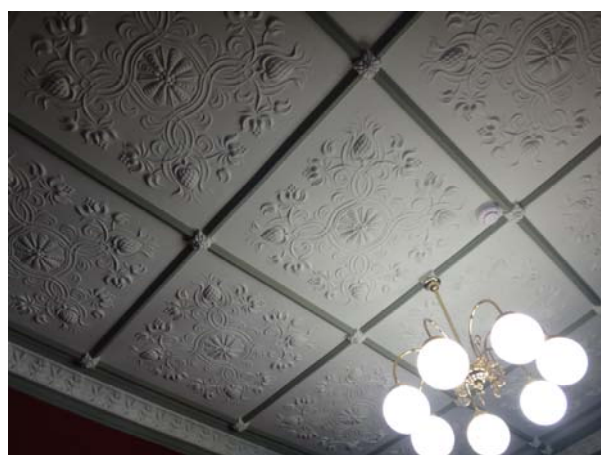
Left: The entrance is impressive with the driveway circuit in front.

Below: The hallway with arches.



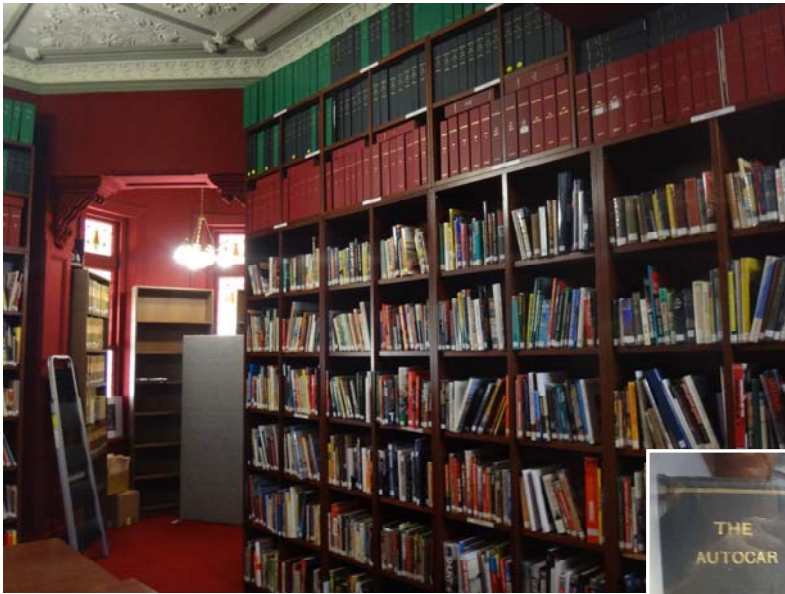
Left: A serious vault in the basement.

Below: Ornate ceilings throughout.





Ornate ceiling motifs, chandeliers and stained glass windows are standard fare throughout the premises.



This is just one wall of the library. Floor to ceiling books, all to do with motoring. They have reputedly the only complete collection in the world of "The Autocar" magazine. The first volume is 1895.



Every room is furnished in period furniture.



While all this was going on during the week there was also a national rally of "R" and "S" series Valiants and they were having a public display on Saturday as a grand finale. You don't see a lot of these cars around these days so it was quite a sight to see over 50 of them lined up. There were absolutely no examples of survivor cars here. They had all been restored or modified into street machines. What might have chased the unrestored examples away was a system where every entrant was running around with a clipboard and a booklet that listed every car in the event with a chart where they were expected to give everyone else's car points. This was pretty serious stuff as I saw fellers kneeling down and sighting along the sides for imperfections, and looking critically in engine bays. It might make one owner happy to win a little cup, but it might upset the other 49.



Nit picking other owners cars was a pain for some.

An EFI 225 slant 6. Enough to give you nightmares!



In the states, for about \$60 more than a Valiant you could buy a Dodge Lancer. Had a different front and they claimed a couple of extra HP. They produced station wagon models too.



For the next event we had taken the wrong car. The Bay to Birdwood this year is the Classic, for vehicles after about 1956 to 1981, so we went to the start as spectators. It's quite a sight. They stopped accepting entries at 1750, so I didn't have to bother counting and I knew I was looking at 1750 cars. I would guess they had set that limit as the gigantic lawned reserve they park them on at the start was near enough to full. And rest assured being surrounded by that many neat cars makes you feel good for sure. The atmosphere is vibrant and you keep coming across examples that take you back to some event in your life that you had forgotten about. I came across a Simca Aronde. You don't see one of those very often these days. That fired me up as a Simca (some car this Simca) was my first ever car. (poor little car, I rolled it).

There are one or more of just about everything here. Lots of Holdens, Falcons and Valiants naturally but in amongst them are the Beetles, Hillmans, Austins and Fiats, Lincolns and Cadillacs, and Roll Royce and every other brand you can think of. A good proportion of the people dress to the era of their car and the mannerisms match the dress too. In or out of the cars, you can't help getting caught up in the euphoria of the event.

And when it was time to start all those vehicles the one at the head of the cavalcade was none other than the Gogomobile that everyone has seen in the Shannons ads. And to get them on their way was Glen Dix, a gentleman that has been seen waving the chequered flag at Grand Prixes and such races for years. He puts so much effort into waving that flag it is poetry in motion to watch. He didn't flag off all 1750 cars, with the enthusiasm he puts into each wave it would be a superhuman task for a young feller, let alone an aging gentleman. Maybe a hundred or two hundred cars got the treatment, but then the flag was put away. This was Glen Dix's last performance he has let it be known he has now retired.



1750 classic cars on one playing field is quite a sight

And a last minute touch up with a duster is all in the spirit of the day.



Simca Aronde had my heart beating fast. My first car!



Naturally Elvis was there, and alive!



Glen Dix waved off countless cars after the Gogomobile. The way he would flourish it all over was quite an artform.





RAA was there in case they stopped



*Totally unmolested
EJ Premier even had
holes showing
through the carpet.*



*Bedford motorhome still had Gough Whitlam sticker on
it. We were pretty dumb once.*



*It is such a popular event even the bride had
to take a detour on her way to the church.*



*Shaun the sheep adorns the grill of the
farmers Landrover
Once the cars left the sports ground there
were spectators lining the road for 70Kms.*

And so that same day it was time to head a bit north to Clare, the venue for this year's National Veteran rally. As we got closer we could tell we were on the right track as there was the odd real old car on a trailer and the odd one being driven there. And pulling into the caravan park was the same deal. Seriously old cars poking out from under tarps and others out gleaming in the sun. Once we got parked up we met the lady in the site next to ours. She was another old car enthusiast but their veteran was parked elsewhere this day. She showed us this beaut poster that displayed all 400 odd cars that took place in an event she organised around her home town of Kadina in SA. In amongst all these images I spied a car similar to one I had come across many years ago. It was a Chrysler Royal ute, a Wayfarer. Blue. I had come across one of these cars along the Coorong maybe 10 years ago, purely by chance. We were boiling the billy in a parking bay when this car had also stopped for a break. The lady told me that someone had written a story about the car. I told her I wrote the story. She matter of factly told me I was Ted Mumme. She reckons I had a bit of an astonished look on my face when she told me that. It turned out we were parked next to the same feller that I had met all those years ago. (you will read about what else is in their shed in a future issue) When hubby arrived back a bit later he remembered our meeting and was just as surprised. You will read more about the contents of their shed in a later issue.

It seems veteran car rallies, most of the time, get held in freezing cold places. Someone told me it's so the old cars won't overheat. The first one I attended was at Kalgoorlie where it was nice and warm and I didn't see any cars boiling. I think they have it in cold places just so the drivers of these old clunkers can show off just how tough they are. This years, at Clare, was at another seriously cold place. The day before it started was a lovely sunny day. The day it did start was bleak and miserable and cold, but at least it wasn't raining.

That first day is always really neat, when you first see all the cars and bikes congregate together at the same place. And because it is held in a totally different place every year it is always a different lot of vehicles. Plus there are the diehards that will follow the rallies to wherever they might be, but often they will bring a different vehicle each time. After a quick briefing each morning, to hear all these different machines fire up is quite a treat. And they don't all sound the same either as engine types vary from one cylinder right up to eight (yep they did have V8's back then). It's all like music and it just makes you feel good to be amongst it



The Mayor of Clare got right into the atmosphere of the event and flagged us off on the first day.



all. The word gets around the locals too, it wasn't unusual to find the odd group wanting to see the old cars drive past.

Cold it may have been but one morning we woke to the rattle of rain on the roof. What should we do? Armed with the memory of Tasmania only a year ago and knowing we have survived even colder temperatures complete with mobs of rain we merely donned a raincoat over all our keep warm gear. It felt and looked like the Michelin man and off we went to the start. Every other morning, when we arrived there were always biggest mobs of other veteran cars, but this morning we were the second one there. We wondered if maybe the South Australian mob weren't as resilient as the bunch at the other states rallies. But we needn't have worried. It had stopped raining by then and they all started rolling up as usual. During the week we had leisurely drives to several homesteads that had been built during the very early days of the colony of South Australia. A couple were full-on mansions and although these vehicles seemed to suit their surroundings in these old places, they would not even have reached the status of concept vehicles when these magnificent homes were built.

And during our week of touring the countryside we entertained a couple of old folks homes, a couple of primary schools and one high school where we parked on their oval and were served a morning tea fit for royalty. And while we were there some of us took the students for a spin round the oval. It took great willpower to avoid inducing a bit of rear wheelspin cruising around the oval with marked lanes. And girls don't seem to like going for a ride without their mates so I ended up with them stacked three high sitting on each other's lap in the single passenger seat.

All this is great fun, but to me, and others I spoke to, the highlight of the week is the gas-light parade. This is where everyone lights their acetylene and kerosene lamps and we do a couple of laps of the main street at night. Biggest mobs of locals come out to watch the sight and those that have seen it from the footpath have told me it is just the greatest spectacle they have seen. The sides of the road are lined with members from absolutely every age group and the feedback between the cars and the public is just fantastic. Sadly It is getting to the point these days that most of the cars don't have their acetylene lights burning, they have these little





Right: Gaslight parade Clare



Below: Could be a scene on a large sheep station in the early 1900's



Balaklava High School. The students enjoyed it as much as we did. They were keen to take a ride.

Would you believe it gets coooold down there!



Of the Old Cadillac, I heard one of the girls state quite firmly "I want one"



things that haven't been invented yet, called LEDs mounted in the headlights where the burner lives. Probably this is because carbide has been extremely, even close to impossible to buy these days. I can even shamefacedly admit to not having acetylene burring in my own lights. No one has ever picked it, but I have always run my gas lights from a can of butane sneakily concealed under the seat. The flame from butane is not as brilliant as that from acetylene and I must admit that the drive home from the parade was a bit slow as our caravan park was a couple of Kms out of town and out of reach of street lights, but you could see at least a couple of metres in front of the car. And the lights are plenty bright enough for other cars to see me.

I am only admitting to this underhanded way of operating my headlights due to finding a firm in Adelaide that sells carbide. I am now the proud owner of a bucket of the stuff and in future the lights will be running, as they were designed to, on acetylene generated from carbide. The firm is Ace Chemicals. I will put a note in the advert page with their contact details. And they will ship it, no probs.

That wasn't the end of our South Australia experience. Apart from all the normal stuff you do on hols there was the Down under London to Brighton run, but you will hear about that next time. And on the way home we crossed paths with every car in the solar car challenge. Unfortunately quite a lot were on trailers by the time they got very far into SA.



Veteran drivers are normally a tough lot, but this morning I thought mebbe they had met their match, with the carpark normally full by now. I needn't have worried, it just took them a few minutes to put on extra clothing.



And with a wet road you can sure tell when a veteran car has passed!



The solar car crews were as interested in our car as much as we were theirs. This one was from Turkey

We lined up all the model T's for a photo. 27 out of 139 entrants were Fords. Not all were in the shoot.



1946 Vauxhall sedan.

100% complete

An earlier restoration . Needs some tidy up

6 cylinder , 14HP J Model

\$2000 ONO

Contact Maurie 0407771319

Free stuff

Get your free ads in here

Give stuff away, sell stuff, get information, find a lover. Got a story to sell? Whatever you like.

Email Ted at longtelescope@gmail.com

Or phone 89886049

Deadline.... The end of the month.

NT REGO BLUES

Gavin Rolfe owns a Cooper S that was bought new in Darwin back in the days

There is a firm that can make replica old rego stickers for display purposes. They are pretty neat. You can check em out here <http://grafixunlimited.com.au/ford/registration-labels>

The problem is no one has an old NT label that is good enough to copy. If you have one and would be willing to take a photo of it, you would be doing a lot of people a favour, not just Gavin.

If you can help please contact Gavin [0438653923](tel:0438653923) or gav.rolfe@gmail.com



Previous editions

All previous editions of Transmission are now available at mvec.weebly.com

The Motor Vehicle Enthusiasts Club

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



Carbide for acetylene lamps

After looking for years for a supply of carbide to fuel an acetylene generator I can now report anyone can buy it no problems. And freight can be arranged at a reasonable price so long as you don't need it urgently.

Ace Chemical Co
119A Mooringe Ave,
Camden Park SA 5038
[\(08\) 8376 0844](tel:(08)83760844)

Hyosung

Looking for Hyosung 250 in any condition.

Arthur at 89833588 Darwin



Motor Vehicle Enthusiasts Club Inc.

GPO Box 911 Darwin Northern Territory 0801

Established 1986

President's report for the Motor Vehicle Enthusiast Club Inc. AGM 2016-2017

Time flies, it certainly doesn't seem like 12 months since our last AGM. It has been an eventful year including the totally unexpected passing of club stalwarts Rowan Charrington and Kath Meyering..

To the committee and regular members in both Darwin and Katherine who voluntarily give up their time to keep MVEC running a special thank you, extra helpers are always welcome.

Membership.

As at the end of this financial year on June 30th and including Katherine our membership numbered 817 people up slightly from last year (family members are taken as 2 people and single members as 1)

Club Registration Scheme

This year saw the MVR finally started auditing log books of vehicles on club registration for all clubs in the Club Registration Scheme (CRS). MVEC has had 6 members investigated so far with one member made to pull out of the scheme because he was not considered by the MVR to be using his vehicle in the "spirit" of the CRS

In all MVEC in the NT has 237 vehicles and 99 motorbikes currently registered in the CRS.

Finances and Audit Report

We continue to bank with Bendigo Bank, our financial position is strong, Treasurer Julie will give the details in her report tonight.

Donations to Charities

This past year MVEC continued to give time and generous financial assistance to various charities in line with one of the objects and purposes of our club.

Katherine has been strong in their support of various charities in Katherine and the NT.

Newsletter and Webpage

Ted now puts the Newsletter out every two months instead of monthly all newsletters from 2007 to present day are available on the free website mvec.weebly.com or by email direct from Ted at longtelescope@gmail.com.

The MVEC webpage has had some update thanks to perseverance by Ted.

Facebook

Our MVEC Facebook page is running nicely thanks to Pete Grice and helpers and is well worth a look for anyone into Facebooking.

Hangar activity events.

Another busy year at and from the Hangar including,

- New air compressor and Hoist courtesy of community donations
- Pan brake press and new automatic tyre changer with motor cycle attachments purchased by us
- In February the Darwin Amateur Radio Club set up a worldwide amateur radio communication system to commemorate 75th year since bombing of Darwin
- Hangar visits by students from 6 different schools plus the RAAF cadets at various times over the year
- Events have included Heritage, and birthday celebrations by outsiders as well as our own open days and the National Sunbeam Motorcycle Tour members using the facilities
- Activities and club runs have included the monthly motorbike runs, the monthly chrome bumper cruise, the ANZAC day Parade, Darwin Royal Show Parade, the WW2 Coomalie airstrip annual commemoration run, a magnificent effort by our members in running the Distinguished Gentleman's Ride in Darwin, the annual Darwin to the Doo run and the ever popular Rejex Rally and the annual MVEC V HOLDEN cricket match at Batchelor where we managed to valiantly snatched defeat from victory,
- Support from our members with their club vehicles and motorbikes for various charitable events have included three different events at Government House, an exhibition of early motorbikes for Department of Tourism and Culture and supply of military vehicles for Palmerston council to promote the showing of the film the Sapphires to name a few.

Peet Menzies

President MVEC



Motor Vehicle Enthusiasts Club Inc.

GPO Box 911 Darwin Northern Territory 0801

Established 1986

2017/18 Management Committee members

Committee Position	Name	Contact No	Other
President	Peet Menzies	0417 855 222	
Vice-President	Peter Grice	0459 818 131	
Secretary	Shayne Harris	0418 944 359	Public Officer
Treasurer	Julie Danvers	0407 059 022	
Technical Officer	Leo Izod	0418 851 770	
Committee Position 1	Mike Wright	89424839	
Committee Position 2	Steve Bow	0417 785 665	
Committee Position 3	Neil Williamson	0438 812 282	
Committee Position 4	Warren Kleehamer	0409 801 856	
Committee Position 5	Dave Kelso	0490 246 781	Since June 2017
Committee Position 6	Paul Van Brugen	0447 977 426	FIFO
Committee Position 7	Ron Blanchard	89275638	
Committee Position 8	Steve Hall	0417 831 955	
Committee Position 9	Bob Sharp	0412 844 610	

MVEC's Christmas Dinner



Nightcliff Sports Club. Camphor St, Nightcliff.

18th Nov. 6.00 PM for 6.30 start.

Cost	Members and friends	\$25
	Children 16 and under	\$12.50
	Children 10 and under	free

Book seats 89424839 or mveclub@bigpond.com by 14th Nov

Payment must be made by the day before for catering purposes.

- 1. Place your payment in an envelope in the lectern at the Hangar with names of all attendees, or***
- 2. Pay online at Bendigo Bank BSB633000 ACC 142473552 include name, number and XMAS, or***
- 3. Mail to PO box 911 Darwin 0801, include cheque & names **BEFORE** the night***

KRIS KRINGLE

To enter our MVEC Christmas Kris Kringle raffle, ***each person*** wishing to take part is asked to bring a wrapped present up to \$10.00 value to receive a ticket in the draw.

Each person in the draw will receive a prize





Ratatouille

Christmas Menu 2017

Joyeux Noel

Minimum 35 pax—\$42.50 pp

Antipasta of Parma Ham, Salami, Perfumed and Smoked Ham, Roasted and BBQ Vegetables and assorted Olives. With mixed pickled Vegetables and Mushrooms in Goats Cheese Oil.

Ham Crusted Lamb Shanks

Spatcock on Wild Rice

Balsamic and Spice Pork Loin

All with medley of vegetables and Pomme Gratinée

Cake with Chocolate Sauce

Birds Nest Pavlova with Passion Fruit and Berries

Served with bread, butter and Bon Bons on the table.

Ratatouille wishes you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Thank You for your Patronage

- Bernard and Pam

MVEC CHRISTMAS PARTY 2017

Nightcliff Sports Club. Camphor St, Nightcliff.

18th Nov. 6.00 PM for 6.30 start.

Cost Members and friends \$25.00

Children 16 and under \$12.50

Children 10 and under free

For catering purposes

Please leave your name and number of people attending including children plus their age if 16 and under in person or by phone or email to the Hangar by the 14th November

Hangar phone 89424839

Hangar email. Mveclub@bigpond.com

Payment method

1. Place your payment in an envelope in the lectern at the Hangar with names of all attendees, or
2. Pay online at Bendigo Bank BSB633000 ACC 142473552 include name, number and XMAS, or
3. Mail to PO box 911 Darwin 0801, include cheque & names preferably before the night

SANTA'S KRIS KRINGLE

To enter our traditional MVEC Christmas Kris Kringle raffle, *each person* wishing to take part is asked to bring a wrapped present around \$10.00 value to receive a ticket in the draw. Each person in the draw will receive a prize.

Santa will also hand out presents for children 10 and under, if you wish bring a wrapped present with your little darling's name on it

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 about 7pm.
Also there is a working bee at the hangar the following Sunday.

Christmas Dinner 18th Nov

Stuff on the net

Isle of Man stuff

Check out this bike cam video of Horst Saiger doing his first practice lap of the season at Isle of Man. He gives a running commentary as he cruises the course at warp speed but calmly explains how he is taking it easy to check out his bike. He passes and gets passed by Guy Martin a couple of times. About 19 mins long. Riveting stuff!

If you don't get excited you probably have never ridden a bike.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aG79ZV9r8zA>

Model car stuff

This is no ordinary model. It is a replica of a 1932 Deussen at 1/6 scale. But this is not just a replica of what the car looks like, not only do the engine and mechanicals all function as the real thing, the scaling extends to the engine internals as well. And the engine actually can be started up. Naturally the whole job took Louis Chenot, the creator, a weekend and a night or two, but his projects don't stop there. Have a look at the link and see for yourself.

<http://www.craftsmanshipmuseum.com/Chenot.htm>

All of the ten senior members of the Board of Directors were called into the chairman's office one by one until only Bob, the junior member, was left sitting outside.

Finally it was his turn to be summoned. He entered the office to find the chairman and the ten other directors seated around a table. He was invited to join them, which he did. As soon as he was seated, the chairman turned to Bob looking him squarely in the eye, and with a stern voice, asked, "Have you ever had sex with Mrs. Foyt, my secretary?"

"Oh, no sir, positively not!" Bob replied.

"Are you absolutely sure?" asked the chairman.

"Honest, I've never been close enough to even touch her!"

"You'd swear to that?"

"Yes, I swear I've never had sex with Mrs. Foyt anytime, anywhere."

"Good, then you fire her !!!