

Motor Vehicle Enthusiasts Club

No 122

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TRANSMISSION



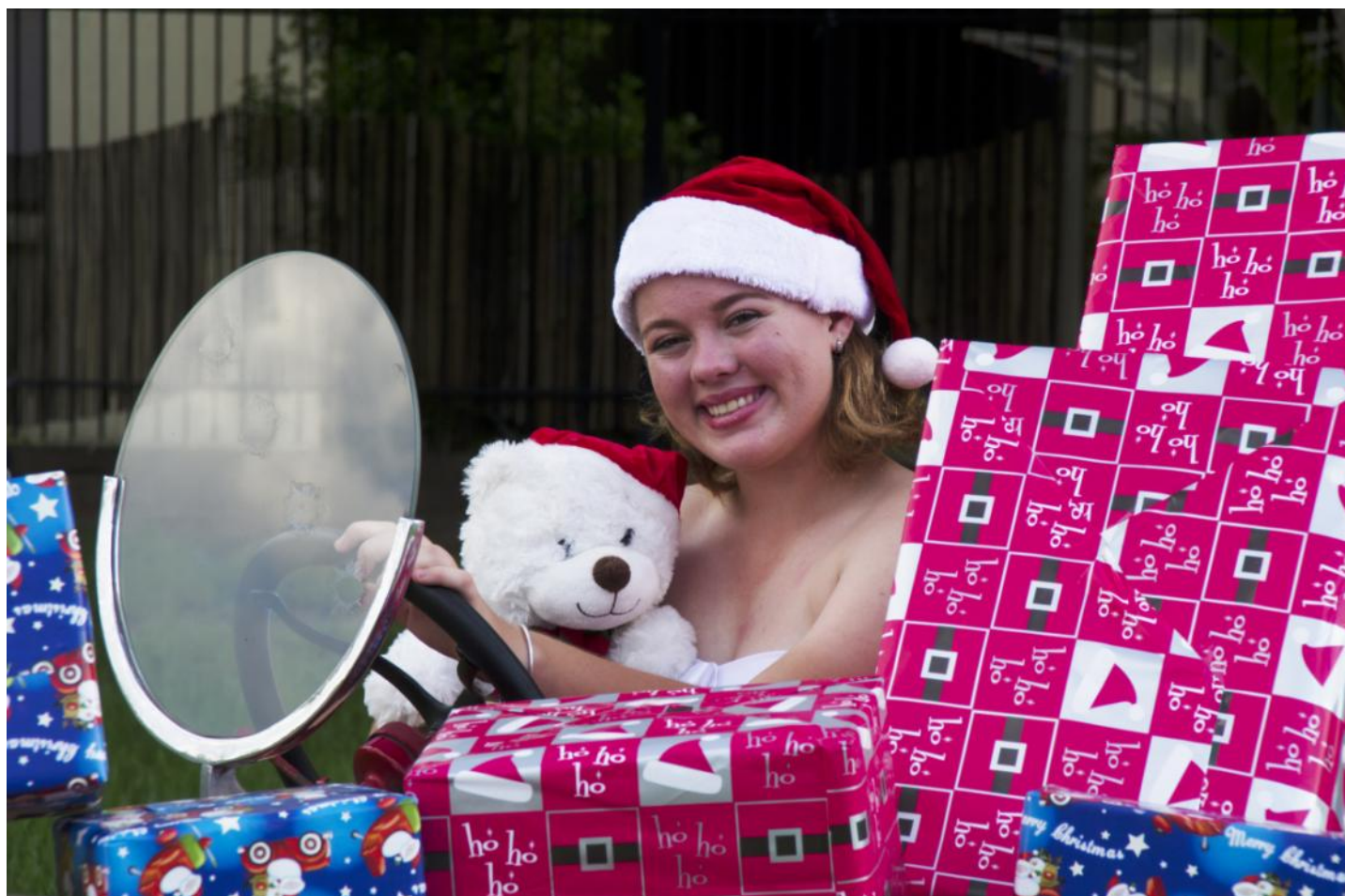
If you find you need more information about this club or just can't wait to join ring Peet Menzies on 0417855222.

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Merry Christmas



Its Christmas time again and just to brighten your day, Santa's helper this year is Alli. She has her work cut out for her and as you can see the sleigh is so full of those beaut pressies there is hardly enough room for her. She is loaded up so much in fact that maybe this year she will consult the naughty and nice list just to create some space.

You had better be nice!



Downunder London to Brighton

London to Brighton is probably the longest running and most well know old car event anywhere. But apart from being held in England, it is also limited to vehicles from 1904 or earlier. That whittles down the possible entrants by big mobs. So most of us just dream about what it might be like to be part of such a hoot. But a bunch in South Australia has come up with a much more reachable solution. They have a Brighton down there and they have a London Rd close to the city centre, so the Vintage Sports Car Club of SA have put together the “Down Under London to Brighton Run” and it is open to any veteran car (1918 or earlier) and this was the 30th anniversary. Normally it is held a few weeks later but since the National Veteran Rally was being held nearby they changed the date in the hope that some of the interstate cars might like to be part of it. It sounded like a blast and I reckon our car qualified as a vintage sports car so we signed up.

When we rolled up in Adelaide’s parklands on a sleepy Sunday morning, the first thing we were handed was a glossy booklet with colour photos of all the cars attending. This was a well organised event. We were early enough to





check out some of the really neat machinery there before the formalities started. You see the London to Brighton rally started way back in 1896 to celebrate the government of the time abolishing the law that required we motorists to have a person walk along in front waving a red flag. It also raised the speed limit from 4 mph to 14. The Down under event started with a young bloke, dressed as he would have been in 1896, walking in to the park holding a red flag with a Brush motor car quietly chugging along behind. They stopped in front of where the officials were waiting dressed in all their finery and the pseudo Mayor of London (a local pollicie), dressed in Mayoral robes and medals and stuff, gave a short speech about the future of these new fangled horseless machines. He really got into the spirit of the event. The red flag was then ceremoniously ripped in half and discarded. We weren't actually in London Rd at this stage so we had a short drive there to the start and the mayor was then able to officially flag us off on our mammoth journey to distant Brighton about 20 kms away. We didn't take the most direct way, but a much more laid back route along minor roads. There were plenty of interested bystanders, apart from plenty of family groups sitting on their front fence there were a couple of blokes working on a roof 4 stories up that were fairly enthusiastic at the spectacle down below. But we had to be a bit conscientious and keep another vehicle in sight so we could follow them. Although we had been given a route sheet showing us where to go it meant nothing to us as we weren't familiar with the streets or the suburbs. It was easier to follow someone who knew where they were going, or we hoped they knew where they were going. We very underhandedly had smuggled a gps along in the toolbox, but that was to be used as a last resort, only when death was imminent. We had prepared for such an emergency by making an adaptor to convert a cigar lighter socket to croc clips as our car didn't have a



The police were there to make sure we didnt speed.



cigar lighter socket. Not even as an optional extra!

And even though the day had started as very chilly and threatening clouds, by the time we reached the reserve adjacent to the beach at Brighton, the sun had chased away all those clouds and it was a full on ripper day. By the time all the cars arrived the reserve was filled to capacity. It seems the Brighton public may not have been quite as full of old car enthusiasts as the London end as, as soon as we stopped, a kind person placed a large sheet of cardboard under our engine. It



seems healthy oil leaks are not appreciated on the grass here. It seems Brighton has been gobbled up in one of those amalgamations of councils some years back. So once again they had to have a pseudo mayor of Brighton. The mayor this time was the real mayor of Holdfast Bay, the council that had absorbed Brighton and who knows how many other councils. This time it was a lady mayor but she didn't quite get into the spirit. Very polite and good but she obviously wasn't right into old cars.

Did I mention we had a London bun and a good hot cup of tea? What else would you do at the end of such a challenging and long drive? And when we left the reserve we were handed a commemorative medallion. The day was still young and the weather was perfect so we reckoned it would be a shame to park up a car without a roof on such a day. We went sightseeing and ended up at some beaut gardens. It seems they get married on Sundays down there and our problem was driving past more than one wedding. They all had incredibly streeeeetched limos but driving past in the old car seemed to take the attention from the limos and the brides. Whoops!



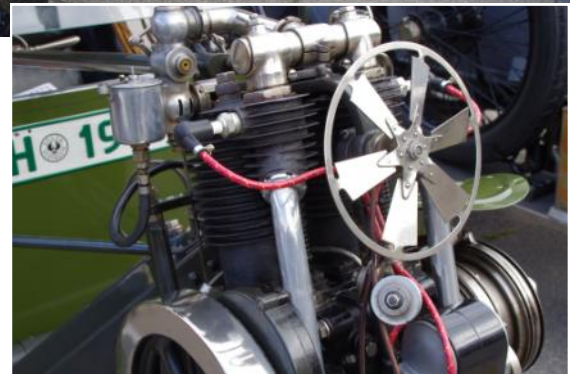
The Ford Quadricycle was built as a faithful replica totally by hand by a local gent who has since moved to that big shed in the sky. Mate makes sure that it gets plenty of public exposure. That's yours truly in the passenger seat, a neat way to spend your birthday! For the uninitiated, this was Henry Ford's first attempt at building cars. And it goes really well!

There were a lot of really neat cars there but a couple were really out of the ordinary and need a brief mention.

The first was the **1910 Phanomobile**. Mebbe not a car, but a 3 wheeled vehicle with the engine mounted on the forks out front with the engine, and a 2 speed epicyclic transmission hanging off the side. It had been used on an orchard in Vic back in the 1930's when it broke down and was discarded and used for parts. The engine ended up chucked under a fruit tree and the rest was used as a trailer chassis. In the 1950's the bits were rounded up again and in the 60's were sold as a basket case that was never intended to run again. The gent that bought it had other ideas and went to great pains to not only get it going, but to bring it up to the standard you see here. Unfortunately he did not live a long time after he finished it. He did use it long enough however to have one mishap. After a days outing he was pulling into his driveway when the pin through the steering headstem decided to break.

And so it came into the hands of the current owner, John Hancock, who reckons that although it's a pretty neat vehicle, it's a bit of a handful to drive. He drove it 80 Kms once. Never again, he says.

The appendage protruding from the left hand side of the engine is the 2 speed epicyclic transmission. The fan belt is reminiscent of a treadle sewing machine except the path for the belt is tortuous. The tiller steering also has the controls for throttle, spark advance and gear changing. So your other hand doesn't get bored you have to pump the fuel tank pressure regularly while you are travelling. The company also built a 4 cylinder version. They also built conventional cars.





The other one that caught my eye was this **1911 International**. Totally original and unrestored. It has had a good scrub and clean up but that's about it. It was delivered new to two brothers in Ceduna where it was used regularly for about 15 years and then parked it up in the shed. The current owner, Paul Clark, explained that his grandfather knew these fellers and they were adamant that the vehicle was not for sale, however many years later Paul's uncle did convince the brothers to sell him the vehicle. That was 50 years ago and the intention is the International will stay in the family and be handed down through the generations. Paul's daughter Stephanie at 16 yrs and on L plates was sharing the driving on the day.



Above: You don't have to jack up one of these to work on it. Paul is adjusting the fan belt. The engine is 2 cylinder horizontally opposed air cooled with 2 fans. 5" bore 5" stroke 15Hp. Wooden chassis. The back seat comes out with 4 wing nuts to convert to a ute.



Left: Arriving at Brighton with several generations of family on board.

Bruce Hamilton

Remember 1964? The Beatles played in Australia, it was a good year. About this time a scrap metal dealer started his business in country Victoria right behind Bruce Hamilton's place. About 3 weeks later he rolled up home at the end of the day with his truck piled high with scrap, but on top, laying on it's side was a motor bike. It looked like it might be worth saving. Bruce approached the scrappie and asked about it.

"What bike, that piece of junk? Not now I have to get to the pub!" was about all he would say about it. It was 6 o'clock closing in those days and he needed a couple at the end of each day. So the next day he unloaded it and left it leaning against the shed, but before Bruce got home that day the two filler caps from the tank had gone walkabout. Bruce reckons a bunch of kids from down the road had souvenired them. He never did recover them. On the lucky side there was one more cap that stayed put. That one was a bit special as it had a measuring cup built into it. A lot more difficult to replace.

The bike had come from a town nearby where the locals could remember an older gent regularly riding the bike to the pub and getting severely charged. It must have been an easy bike to ride as he often rode it home in a fairly charged state. Sometimes he would walk home and return to his bike the following day.

There was a bit of haggling about the price. Bruce only had £3 but the scrappie insisted on £6. Bruce ended up borrowing £3 from his mother in law. The bike turned out to be a 1934 Indian Chief. He started to pull it to bits and to fix it up, getting as far as sleeving the front barrel, but Bruce got a bit sidetracked building up a new farm. Kids started to arrive in the young family too. The project got shelved for the time being. Just until he caught up with things a bit. It got moved round the shed a few times to make way for other more urgent jobs that actually generated an income.

Then about 40 years after he gained possession of it, Bruce's son (the one that had interrupted the restoration by being born) Stuart had grown up and had become a motorcycle mechanic at a motorcycle shop nearby. He



Bruce and Stuart with the Indian



The two caps on the right hand side of the tank went walkabout early in the story. The one on the left is for a measure of petrol to pour into the cylinder in sub zero weather. It is meant to dissolve the oil which has frozen and glued the rings up and the piston to the bore. Once they are unstuck it will start. Indian riders are pretty tough!



asked his dad if he could fix up the old Indian. From then on it became a joint effort and after about another 5 years it was running and looking pristine again. It didn't run for long though. When Stuart was riding it, the front barrel, the one that had been sleeved broke off leaving the base still attached to the crankcase with the rest floating around in the breeze. It seems this model had a bad habit of losing the base flange. So much so that the original barrels are totally unsourceable. 1947 barrels are obtainable so they have machined these down to make them look right, and 6 years later they are still performing with no problems at all.



Ever wonder why Indians have the throttle on the left handlebar? It is explained it was because the police forces were their best customer, and because police were rotten shots with their revolvers when shooting left handed, by putting the throttle on the left, the right hand was free to use their sidearm and blow away the baddies while riding their bike at speed.

More Indians.

Scott Howarth paid a visit one day, to the fantastic museum of Technology assembled by the (now late) Kev Rohrlach. Apart from all the other neat stuff on display were a couple of Indian motor-bikes. Scott reckoned he wouldn't mind owning one. That thought fermented in his mind and he decided sooner or later he would end up owning one. Not a shiny example as Kev Rohrlach's but he found a basket case in several boxes at Port Pirie, but at least it was red like it ought to be, and after the usual multitudinous hours in the shed over 5 years it was once again a bright shining example of a 1919 1000cc Powerplus Indian in original showroom trim. But the rot had really set in Scott's mind.

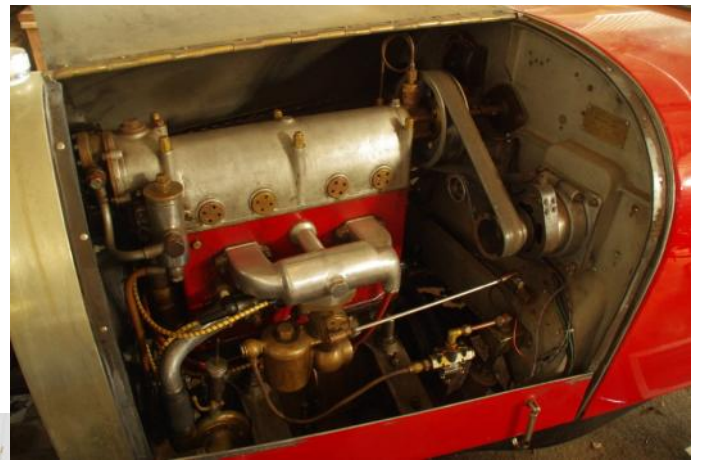


With one bike finished he went searching for another with the intention of making this one just a bit different from the original. (not making it original also saves a lot of dollars) This one came from a bloke in Melbourne that had quite a collection of Indian stuff and had built 2 of em. What he sold was his leftovers so naturally there was quite a bit missing. He did get a frame and engine, forks and wheels, and was able to get a reproduction tank, guards and oil tank from a feller that makes them in Germany. The engine was complete, but basically everything in it that wears Scott has replaced. Engine parts are relatively easy to come by on these bikes as a 600cc military model shares a lot of items and they are not particularly expensive. A strong following has specialist and enthusiast manufacturers making otherwise unobtainable bits. For example a complete clutch was built in Melbourne from scratch.

But this shed contains European stuff as well. Pulling back a tarp revealed a 1925 Bugatti Brescia 1.5 litre touring car. Scott's father Noel bought it in 1979 and is still around to enjoy the car but has donated it to his family with Scott nominated as it's custodian. 4 valves per cylinder may sound like something you find in a modern engine but this 1925 model has them. It also has roller main bearings on the crank. The design was from 1913 but was shelved due to WW1 and not developed till the 1920's. But this is a high tech engine and that does mean high maintenance. Take it for a 40km drive and you will probably spend a week fixing it. When people have asked Noel for advice what model vintage Bugatti to buy he tells them to go buy something modern instead.



Black Indian is same model but built to be a bit different.



1925 Bugatti runs nice but is temperamental.

Not the vehicle for someone that doesn't like working on their car.

The things you find in unassuming sheds.....



Tour De Cebu

By your on the spot reporter Dave Kelso

As mentioned previously this event is organised by the Performance and Classic Enthusiasts of Cebu (PACE) and the Manila Sports Car Club (MSSC). Arrived Cebu late morning on the Tuesday—waiting in queue for taxi and I get ushered to front—senior citz get priority (I like this place even better). Plenty of promos in the local news. Drivers from near and far including Singapore, Japan, Spain and USA. Total of 45 vehicles participated.



L—husband and wife team from USA
their business—restores Porches'
R—From Singapore, has competed in
events since 1998— some in China
Another Porsche 914 on loan to a Span-
ish motoring journo (not at display)



Prior to departure for Bohol Island on the RO RO cars were on public display at the Montebello Villa Hotel on Thursday evening prior to drivers briefing. Believe me, all these vehicles were restored to a very high level.



JUST A SELECTION OF VEHICLES
AT THE MONTEBELLO



Some inclement weather on both Friday and Saturday put a dampener on things but the show went on—some driver/ navigator crews got wetter than others.(read Caterham and Lister Jaguar)

High winds and rough seas caused the cancellation of all ferries on Saturday evening. Sunday return was in doubt . Sunday dawned fine but windy therefore the timings for return were variable (read 'do not know'). So I went to the Pub.to watch F1.



Some U Tube video is available on James Deakin site ref youtube.com/watch?v=v4ZDqIhQyS8

Another interesting vehicle on display was this electric push (or not push) bicycle. Not competing but on promotion.



Features: As the rider pedals driving the rear wheel the motor/recovery unit charges the battery pack a la hybrid vehicles. Then when the rider decides no further energy required a multi position switch on the bars activates the battery drive in a number of speeds subject to charge remaining.

AND ON WE GO!! Developed in the USA there are 4 different models available.

See vintageelectricbikes.com



1913 Siddeley Deasey

Andrew McDougall's grandfather, Gordon Fysh, was just 14 years old when he saw the new 1913 18 HP Siddeley Deasey arrive in a crate and be unpacked at his family's next door neighbour's near Launceston in Tasmania. The car had no body behind the scuttle. The body was then built by a body building firm in Launceston. He then saw the car driven by a chauffeur from 1913 until 1933 when it was replaced by a Humber. The car was then parked up in a stable. Grandfather approached the owner with the intention to buy it but the gent would not sell it. Eventually the gent died and in 1946 Grandfather was able to purchase the car from the estate. Grandfather and Andrews's father then went to the stable and armed with a battery, some fuel and a tyre pump and drove the car home. Because of petrol rationing at the time due to the war, you were only allowed to own one car, so this car was registered in his daughter's, Andrew's mother's, name. That way they could get ration tickets to put fuel in it.

Around the mid nineteen fifties it received a coat of paint and some tyres. The tyres currently on the front were fitted in 1960 and are still going strong. And Andrew reports that it has only ever stopped running twice in its life. The magneto insulation broke down in the 1950's sometime and was rebuilt, and the other time was more recently at the end of a Tasmanian rally when it dropped back to 3 cylinders. It was still able to be driven home so it didn't really qualify for a getting

Andrew and Mum, Judy McDougall, with the Siddeley Deasey. Don't think it leaks excessive oil. The blue tarps were compulsory for all the old cars in the high school car park.



stuck event. After pulling the head off they found the crown had fallen off one of the cast iron pistons. On pulling it out it became evident the piston had cracked sometime in the distant past, way before Grandfather owned the vehicle. To stop the crack spreading they had drilled a hole through each end of the crack and plugged the holes with bronze but eventually the whole top came off. When Grandfather bought the car it came with a box of assorted stuff and spares, in which was a piston. The piston measured up the same as the original and so the car was running again within a day or so. Apart from a set of rings that is all that has been done to this car. Unreal.



As soon as Andrew was old enough to sit up he was a passenger in this car. He drove it quite a bit as a lad before he was old enough to hold a drivers licence and the day he turned 17, Grandfather gave it to him. He has now owned it for 50 years.

And why was grandfather so interested in this car all those years ago? He was an active car person from a young age. He got his first Douglas motorbike at 13. You could get a licence to ride at 14 so he sent his 14 year old brother in to pick up the bike so he could ride it while he was still 13, but what had really started him off was the next door neighbour, the one that owned the Siddeley Deasey. When Grandfather was just 6 years old, his neighbour had a curved dash Oldsmobile. Actually he had two of them and would change numberplates to suit which one he was using at the time. One day he asked grandfather to come for a drive with him. On the rural roads of the time there was not a great deal of traffic and neighbour invited the young bloke to steer the Olds back home. Which he did. As a six year old it made quite an impression and the reason he wanted to own the Siddeley Deasey was to remember the old gent that started his interest in cars. One other incentive was that his parents had also owned 2 Siddeley Deaseys, both from new.

Grandfather went on to be one of the founding members of the Veteran Car Club in Tassie and Andrew's mum is the club's patron. She was the passenger in the car when I spoke to Andrew in Tassie last year.



Learning to drive- according to the memories of Ron Thorp.

These words are stolen with kind permission from the Veteran Car Club of Queensland

For a young person, learning to drive is one of the most anticipated experiences that is looked forward to during their formative years. These days it is a strictly regulated learning experience with at least 120 hours under supervision covering a variety of driving conditions such as unsealed roads, night driving and a variety of traffic conditions.

In the fifties it was quite different. It was basically a matter of having a go with a licenced driver beside you until you were confident enough to go for a licence test. Unfortunately for me, at age 14 years and 10 months, I was two years short of the age requirement to obtain a learner's permit. Having just left school after completing my Intermediate Certificate and entering the workforce as an apprentice motor mechanic I was hankering to buy a motor car. Perusing the local paper I spied a 1930 Triumph roadster for sale at a local car sales yard. An inspection and a short run convinced me that it was a "must have" so I parted with most of my savings and my father drove it home to where we lived at 85 Corrimal St, Wollongong. Our house, on a normal sized residential block, had a narrow driveway down the side leading to a single car garage. Gardens and other structures prevented vehicular access to the rest of the property. Consequently my first driving experiences were confined to said driveway which prevented turning but ensured that distance travelled in a forward direction was the same as the distance travelled in reverse gear. It was not long before the numerous clutch starts resulted in a broken axle. So began the first of many repairs to my pride and joy.

Meanwhile, at my place of employment at Dwyers Garage I was introduced to a variety of vehicles which required moving within the workshop from time to time. Always eager to gain some driving experience I was quick to jump into the driving seat to enhance my skills. In due course this was extended to moving cars out into the street and the occasional blat around the block. As time progressed I was given jobs to do on my own, after which a road test was required. This enhanced my driving experience somewhat and it became the norm, in spite of the fact that I was well short of the minimum driving licence age.

One day, when road testing a new FJ Holden, I noticed a motor cycle policeman following me. Being careful to make correct hand signals and to keep within the speed limit was not enough to prevent being pulled over by the young constable. His reason for stopping me was that I looked a bit young so the licence question was soon raised. Of course I had to admit that I did not as yet have one. "You work at Dwyers don't you" he asked. "Drive back there and I will follow you" he instructed. On arrival he spoke to my foreman and so my road testing was curtailed for a few weeks until the incident was forgotten and my driving experiences resumed. Meanwhile the Triumph Super 7 was getting plenty of use. Some of my mates had obtained their driving licence so this enabled me to enter some events, such as gymkhanas, treasure hunts and car trials, run by the Wollongong Sporting Car Club with a licensed driver who invariably spent most of the time in the passenger seat.

One day I was driving the Super 7 in a spirited manner up Kembla Street in Wollongong. Approaching the intersection at the top of the hill I noticed a lady in uniform standing in the middle of the road. The Salvation Army Church was situated on one side of the intersection so I assumed that she was one of the uniformed ladies from the church. As my mate and I flashed through the intersection a loud female voice was heard to say "Pull over driver". My mate who was a little more attuned to recent events advised me that the lady we had just passed was one of those recently appointed women police. We dutifully pulled over and the uniformed lady was soon on the scene asking why I had driven through an intersection where she was directing traffic. My excuse must have amused her when I admitted that I thought that she was from the Salvation Army. Inevitably the licence question was raised and the admission that I did not have one yet was met with a surprising response. "You had better go and get one"

As I drove off I just wished that I was old enough to do as she suggested.

In due course I acquired a couple of other Triumph Super Sevens. One of these was in the form of a cute little ute which became known as the Triumph "Loadstar" due to the variety of items which it was subjected to carrying. One Saturday evening a mate and I decided to attend a Church dance at Thirroul and to make the journey in the Loadstar. The evening all went to plan until it came time to leave the dance and re-

turn home. Switching on the headlights caused a brilliant flash resulting in two blown headlight bulbs. What to do? Here we were ten miles from home with no lights and no licence. The solution was to drive home by back streets as to return by the main road would undoubtedly attract unwanted attention. Following this action plan was simple until the back streets became devoid of street lights. We were somewhere in the back blocks of Woonona literally feeling our way along the road. It was a very dark night. Suddenly I was lying on my side with my mate on top of me and I was getting rather wet. After exiting through the passenger side door with some difficulty it was discovered that we had missed the side of a low level bridge and toppled into the creek. Fortunately the water was not very deep. Somehow we got home that night and early the next morning a rescue mission was mounted to recover the Loadstar. The rescue party set out in Danny Luke's 1929 Chevrolet with tow ropes and chains. As the stricken vehicle was being extracted from its watery resting place who should arrive but Sergeant Holland. Questions were sure to be asked. Danny was the only one in the party to hold a licence and he did owe me a favour as I had lent him a car to go for his licence test in. Quick thinking and a word in Danny's ear and he was the nominated driver in the unfortunate accident. However Danny did not have his licence with him so he was in double trouble. He was instructed to present himself and his licence to the Police Station later that day. The recovery mission continued without further ado and Danny duly attended the Police Station with his licence. No further action was taken.

The day finally arrived. Having reached the age of 16 years and 10 months I was able to obtain a driving permit. Fronting the counter at the local Motor Registry where I was already well known I asked for a permit. "What sort of a permit" was the reply. "A permit to learn to drive" was my answer.

A look of astonishment appeared on the face of the attendant.

"Haven't you been bringing cars down here for the last year".

I must have looked rather guilty but replied. "Well yes but I am now old enough to get a permit. Could I have one please". The attendant shook his head and handed me the necessary document which I duly completed and left with the all important permit.

The next day I competed in a local car trial, for the first time driving legally with a licensed driver in the left hand seat. Having a suitably qualified passenger was not always possible as my activities involved quite a deal of driving. I did not want to jeopardise the chance of obtaining a full licence so a solution was sought. The solution appeared in the form of a Harley Davidson WLA motor cycle complete with a side box as big as a utility. It even had a reverse gear. A motor cycle learners permit was quickly obtained and I was legally able to travel solo while learning the rudimentary art of mastering this monstrous machine.

Cranking the engine into life with the foot operated crank was a demanding task for a slightly built youth. If the machine was on a slope a clutch start was a better option. Once under way the gear change lever on the side of the fuel tank needed to be moved but when one hand was taken from the wide handlebars a vicious wheel wobble would occur. A situation which led to rapid gear changes to achieve some semblance of control. The exhaust system consisted of a series of loose leaking pipes which created a noise which, for some reason, attracted the attention of the local canines who would scale fences to pursue the offending machine whenever it became within earshot. Fortunately, in the two months ownership of the three wheeled terror I did not attract the attention of the constabulary and was not sorry to pass it on to another unsuspecting owner.

As I approached the critical age of 17 a Car Club friend offered to lend me a car for the driving licence test. I could not have received a better offer as Alan Burrows and his father Les Burrows ran a driving school using Morris Minor 1000 cars fitted with dual controls. Allan took me for a pre test and advised me on the critical points to be observed during the test, in particular to temper my enthusiasm and not to demonstrate any of my more advanced driving skills. On the 17 th January I passed my driving test but was unable to obtain my licence until the eighteenth being the day of my seventeenth birthday. The Motor Registrar manager invited me to call at his home the next day, being Saturday and collect my licence. An extraordinary gesture by a Public Servant.

The big Round Australia Car Trials were attracting a lot of attention. Car clubs were attempting to emulate the thrills of the sport, albeit on a much smaller scale. The Wollongong Sporting Car Club ran charity trials to raise funds for worthy causes. The newly formed Illawarra Vintage Car Club organised an annual Vintage 100 car trial for several years. Now that I had a valid driving licence I was able to obtain a Trial Drivers Licence and of course I was itching to make use of it. At the first opportunity I entered several local car

trials driving my Triumph Super 7 gaining much experience in running repairs as the poor little car was pushed well beyond its limits. One night, running at the rear of the field on an unsealed section at the back of Camden I entered a sharp left hand bend at full speed. In true trial driving fashion I was rounding the bend in a well controlled four wheel drift. Unfortunately there was a deep rut in the road which upset the sideways momentum and the car flipped right over and on to its wheels again, depositing myself and my navigator unceremoniously on to the road along with the remains of the fabric hood.

Apart from the injury to my pride I suffered a dislocated shoulder which was attended to in the Camden Hospital. Fortunately my intrepid navigator escaped unscathed. In due course a rescue mission was mounted using my recently acquired Triumph Super 7 utility which was used to flat tow the crumpled remains back home. Another vehicle which passed through my hands was a 1935 Rover which had acquired a fairly rudimentary sports body at some stage. The six cylinder motor delivered a deal more power than the little Triumph. It had a short sporty four speed gear shift and free wheeling which made it an exciting car to drive. The Wollongong Sporting Car Club was holding one of its regular hill climbs at Huntley Hill near Dapto. What better way to demonstrate my new acquisition and my superior driving skills at my first hill climb. The road to the hill climb was used regularly by trucks going to and from Huntley Colliery. As was the case with such vehicles a liberal amount of oil and distillate had been deposited along the bitumen roadway. It happened that on this particular day there had been a light shower of rain which, I was to discover, made the surface rather slippery. I was to soon realise that my enthusiasm was about to exceed my ability.

Light rain was starting to fall as I turned west towards Huntley Colliery and headed for the steep climb where the hill climb course commenced. Most of the other competitors would already be there and I was keen to arrive in time for a practice run. The sweeping left hand curve ahead afforded a clear vision and no need to reduce speed, so I thought. However the combination of an oily surface and the recent rain caught me by surprise as the rear of the car drifted out requiring a quick correction which soon became an overcorrection sending the car to the left side of the road where the left hand wheels entered a drain along the side of the bitumen. For some reason a telegraph pole had been placed in the drain close to the road and there was no chance of avoiding the inevitable impact. The left hand extension of the chassis known as the dumb iron struck the pole resulting in the car rapidly rotating in reverse, at the same time throwing me out into the drain as it continued on through the nearby fence. When I emerged from the drain and cleared the mud from my eyes I saw my sad looking car with its bent dumb iron and cross-eyed lights looking at me while the wind screen wiper made mournful sweeps backwards and forwards.

Upon closer inspection the rear of the open car had passed through the wire fence, under the top wire, which was stretched right across the seat where I had been until being projected out following the impact. It came as some relief to realise that, had I been still in the drivers seat when it went through the fence, I may have been minus my head.

Needless to say that my first hill climb experience had to be postponed but a valuable driving lesson had been learnt along the way. If by now you have the impression at I was rather accident prone then you will not be surprised that my next mishap nearly landed me in a hearse. One fine day I was driving sedately down Crown Street, Wollongong in a 1949 Austin A40 panel van which was one of the vehicles from my car sales yard. In the back of the panel van, just inside the rear doors, was the six cylinder Rover motor which I had removed from the unfortunate car described in the previous accident. Passing the Wollongong Hospital and approaching Coles Funeral Parlour I was suddenly confronted with a hearse making a U turn right across my path. A quick application of the brake pedal was not sufficient to prevent the impact into the side of the hearse. As the Austin came to an abrupt stop the Rover engine kept coming right through the front and knocking the windscreen out on to the road. As I exited the accident site I realised that I had suffered a superficial wound to my left temple and to my left hand caused by the motor as it passed through, bending the steering wheel on the way to its resting place where the windscreen once was. Fortunately the driver of the hearse, who was the senior partner in the business, was not hurt and no other "body" was on board.

The accident site created quite a spectacle with the Austin panel van stuffed right into the side of the hearse and the Rover motor hanging out where the windscreen once was. One passerby was heard to remark "wow look where the motor landed." I can only reflect on my good fortune to have survived these events during my early days of driving.

I must give thanks to the grace of God and a remarkable slice of good luck.

Ron Thorp.

Cape York Peninsular

One of our readers has borrowed a book about Cape York from the hangar . It would be appreciated if it could be returned.

Trailer

Professionally manufactured tandem trailer, fully enclosed. Been used for transporting 1915 Model T Ford Tourer to car rallies. Running gear recently renewed, almost new tyres. Front door, side door, rear loading ramp/door. Electric brakes. \$6,000.

For more information 0419 826258

1969 FAIRLANE

Restored 20 yrs ago still looks good. Metallic maroon colour. 302 Windsor is its original motor and was rebuilt when the car was restored. C4 auto rebuilt recently. Imitation wire wheels. Everything works as it should. No issues. Car is in Nhulunbuy \$10000

Roger 0427549953

Battery crook?

Exide in Tang St Coconut Grove are heaps cheaper than anywhere else in Darwin. Remember to tell em you are from MVEC.

1935 Morris 8 Series 1

2-door saloon

New battery, new brake hoses and fittings, electrics upgraded to electronic voltage regulation and halogen headlights for better night driving. Excellent condition with no rust.

\$10,000

Lou 8988 4217



1976 V12 Jaguar Saloon.

Yellow with black vinyl roof
Was running when parked 2 years ago.
Condition is good needs some work on interior woodwork.
\$3000.00 I need the space.

Phone Les Wilson 0407 610 865

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Email Ted at longtelescope@gmail.com
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Deadline.... The end of the month.

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**



1998 Ducati Monster 750 (the original Monster), 55,500 kms. Excellent condition – tyres and chain and sprockets in good condition with many kms left on them. Have just bought new bike so no use for a second bike.

Rego until 23/6/18.

Second owner only and has had regular/5,000 km servicing (oil, filter etc). Heaps of extras including rain cover, many spares and workshop and genuine factory manuals. Staintune exhausts worth \$2,000. Retro café racers style Rizoma bar-end mirrors and grips worth \$800. Brand new starter motor and starter relay. Perfect commuter and easy-going ride position – easy to put both feet on the ground.

\$5,000 Please ring

Ranid on:

0431 269 360



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.

Stuff on the net

Check out singer Bobby Darin's custom built car from back in the days. Not a modified, but a one off hand built work of art. <http://www.roadandtrack.com/car-culture/news/a29169/bobby-darins-dream-car-was-an-outrageous-vision-of-the-future/>

Citroen Centipede. A Citroen with a real difference.

<https://citroenvie.com/the-ds-centipede-10-wheeled-tire-testing-monster/>

And if you reckon the idea of crash testing is new check out the Chrysler Airflow

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YkzRl-1IMPs>

The importance of spelling

Dear friends,

One spelling mistake in a hurry can make your life hell.

I wrote a romantic message to my wife while I was away on a business trip and I missed an "e".
Now this mistake has caused me to seek police protection to enter my own house.

I wrote, "Hi darling I'm enjoying and experiencing the best time of my life
& I wish you were her

*Wishing you a
Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year*

