

Motor Vehicle Enthusiasts Club

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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.

GPO Box 911 Darwin 0801

In Katherine call 89710605 .

Newsletter enquiries to Ted longtelescope@gmail.com

DUST!



Imagine this... bloody hot 36 degrees. Millions of flies trying to land in your eyes and dust so thick that at times you can see literally nothing but dust. Sounds like hell? Actually it was more like heaven.

The dust was not so bad if you could get close to the car in front of you, but no passing! That's yours truly trying not to pass Maurie McGregor. 1914 and 1915 T Fords Photo from The Weekend Australian Photographer Dale Neill



RED DUST REVIVAL

This was the Lake Perkolilli Red Dust Revival. Absolute heaven for old car buffs and it certainly lived up to its name. Lake Perkolilli hides out in the bush about 40km out of Kalgoorlie. Nearly all of the Kalgoorlie locals that I talked to had never heard of it, only the car club types knew what it was about. A hundred odd years ago they held motor races on the lake, which, incidentally doesn't normally have any water in it. It is just a big dusty claypan, but starting in 1914 motor racing was very big here with a large spectator crowd too. Enough to warrant building a large grandstand.

One report stated "Lake Perkolilli was known throughout the nineteen twenty's and the nineteen thirty's as one of the best natural race track surfaces in the world, over its life thousands of motor racing enthusiasts raced around the two mile circuit that was a combination of teracotta, clay and salt. A Grand Prix version of the circuit was also used by adding in two chicanes with sandbags."

But by the end of the nineteen thirties it was all forgotten until it was revived at the "Lake Perkolilli Centenary of Speed" event in 2014. Unfortunately that event was washed out by a one in a hundred year storm. The normally dry claypan actually became a lake and it was quite a job to get all the vehicles out through the mud. But those that did have a go (and yours truly was one of them) showed that there was a heap of fun to be had here recreating history and I guess a lot of pleading to the main driving force of the event, Graeme Cocks, had him once again getting the Perkolilli races happening again five years later. This time it was called the "Red Dust Revival" and word had obviously gotten out that this was something to be part of as there were over sixty car entries and a heap of motorbikes. All of these vehicles being pre WW2.

I had put together my 1915 Ford speedster especially for the 2014 event, so when I heard Perkolilli was on again I reckoned this is the place where I should be, but it is quite a drive from Darwin to Kalgoorlie, so to get the maximum amount of fun for the drive we also became part of the rally the car club at Kalgoorlie had organised to be a run up to the event. That rally was really neat because it wasn't for



The rally at Kalgoorlie was not for any particular type of cars. Just a bunch of motoring enthusiasts having a good time. Naturally there was a car show involved.

Below: One of the outings involved playing two up at the famous two up school in the bush out of town a bit. Shirl was a bit cold in our open car so handed me all her dough to win enough to buy the Chrysler which had a heater.



Sadly, I backed the wrong side of the pennies and we continued motoring in the breeze.



any particular type of old cars. In WA your car is considered old enough for concessional rego at 25 years. Maybe the roads are terrible and they wear out 5 years quicker than the Territory. Could also be the Sandgroppers have more money and can afford a new car more often. Anyhow the rules are if your car is 25 years old you can be part of the old car scene so the range of cars partaking in the runs was very wide. From single and twin cylinder veterans, Pommie and Europeans, Yank tanks and Aussie cars to a Landrover Defender that looked to me like a current model but was actually more than 25 years old but towing a 1950's caravan. There was a beaut XP Falcon panel van that I noticed driving in with a numberplate "WOUNDED". I wondered why. Later, when I was checking it out I wandered round the far side. In the panel van side was a group of bullet holes. Large calibre ones too. 303 or 308 maybe but whoever put them there was a good shot as it was a tight group! I was told that the owner found the car abandoned someplace with no mechanicals and had set out to do it up. He had done a magnificent job but opted to keep the grouping and so the numberplate was quite fitting. Sorry folks, didn't have the camera with me at the time. The rally was the normal stuff you do on rallies, drive old cars to touristy places and check out each other's cars and extract info about how to get round problems or how to make bits fit that weren't meant to fit, but we also went to a place right in the middle of Kalgoorlie where a bloke makes all sorts of stuff out of the natural hardwood timbers that grow in the area. Some of the stuff is just chopping boards you might use in your kitchen, but made with such a fine finish and so hard than you would probably never mark it with anything in your kitchen or in your shed either. Some of the other things he makes are also beautiful works of art. But the really great thing is his workshop and how he goes about his work. In a mining town like Kalgoorlie, the whole place floats on industrial safety bullshit. Half the cars there are utes done up to mining specs with high vis fluoro stripes down the side and extra lights on the roof. Just about every bloke wears high viz clothes and their hard hats and ear muffs aren't far away. But here right in amongst them is this bloke making beautiful stuff out of great big chunks of bush timber and he carves up all this stuff with his beaut machinery in his shorts and Japanese safety boots just like I would at home. A breath of fresh air in a sea of bullshit for sure.

During this rally there was a car show morning and a reporter for the Kalgoorlie newspaper who was there told me he had been out to Perkollilli and there were already people camped there for the event a week in advance. Practice was to start next Thursday but this was the previous Saturday. We had intended to arrive on Wednesday to get settled with a camp



It must have been a memorable occasion. Some bastard pinched the sign before the weekend was over.



I noted the ladies room was of bricks. I suppose the blokes headed for the bush.



A lineup of replicas of the early days and of one Lagonda that actually raced here in its heyday.



ready for Thursday, but when our caravan park in Kalgoorlie suddenly looked deserted on Tuesday morning, we decided it might be a good idea to head out to the lake like the rest of them lest we have to camp a mile away from the pits.

So like the rest of them we headed out to the lake. Driving on the bitumen your mind wanders a bit. I remembered on the teaser published for this event there was a page that showed the excitement generated when the 60 mph barrier was broken. I decided that my goal was to do 60 miles an hour on the track. Since I was here five years ago the bitumen has been extended and there is only a couple of Km of good dirt road before you turn off onto a dirt track for the last Km of so into the lake. As I turned onto the track I noticed a ute close behind. I also noticed the narrow track had been recently graded into a 2 lane wide road. The car behind disappeared in the dust. Most of the way in I noticed the ute had dropped a loooooong way back. The dust was pretty thick. With the crowd expected it was gonna get a lot thicker.

100 years ago they were racing cars on this very same claypan Lake Perkolilli. The revival was a re-enactment of those heydays of racing but because of the problems of modern red tape and the fun police, one rule converted this event from a race meeting to a spirited demonstration, and it was great, especially for the spectators. That rule was that there was to be no overtaking. It was made clear that if you got caught overtaking you would be removed from the event. There were times when you may have accidentally overtaken someone because you couldn't see them in the dust, but rules is rules.

Tuesday

This is a pretty friendly sort of place, and the sort of people that are involved in this sort of thing are pretty friendly too, so nothing happens too quick. We got the Model T off the trailer and set up our camp and I figured that this might be the only chance to have a quick squirt around the course without being under the watchful eyes of the officials as they hadn't arrived yet. But before I headed out there I removed my precious acetylene generator and headlights. While I was ripping these bits off a couple of other fellers took off in some seriously high powered cars. They were doing it with the wind blowing their hair but I had my sweetheart back at the camp and I figured if she saw me out there hooning round the track without a helmet it might degenerate into a miserable week. So my first lap was with helmet on and the car didn't miss a beat. But there was one bit out there where I buttoned off on the throttle. Hopefully I can get that bit sorted with a couple more practice laps and be able to keep it pegged the whole way round.



After 5 PM every day, CAMS ceased to own the track and you could go and hoon till 9am next day.

If you ran short of water you could fill up here.



Vintage planes too!





Wednesday

More and more cars rolled up. really neat stuff. Everyone here is on the same level. Lots of dust, lots of smiles. Registered for the event got my temporary CAMS licence and passed scrutineering (phew) Had a couple of goes at the track. I had an app running on my phone to record my highest speed. At the end of my laps it showed max speed of zero. Operator error using the phone....

Thursday

Come 9am and the track became under the rules of CAMS and we had to go out in groups of six. Recorded 93 kph. This was the first time I could compare performance with other cars. I was pleasantly surprised to be able to pass another car. It was a battle to see where you were going in the dust though. On my second run of the day I was away first and no one came near to catching me Whoopee! And my phone recorded a max speed of 100KPH. That converts to 62 MPH. To say I was fairly happy would be an understatement. But I still was not game to hold it pegged the whole way round.

Friday

The whole day was very windy with bloody big willy willies cruising through the parked cars. They would pick up the dust and totally obliterate the view. Everyone was starting to look a bit feral by now. As the shadows lengthened some dark clouds appeared overhead. I could see a rainbow in the distance and it occurred to me you have to have rain to get a rainbow. But the Kalgoorlie Dust Devils were taking to the sky in their mo-

Above: Some pics to give an idea of the dust.



And it wasn't just cars and motor-bikes.

There were races on push bikes, even very early ones like this example. And I couldn't help running the track on foot .



torised hang gliders and were tearing up the sky. They didn't seem worried. But when it got cooler all of a sudden they got back to earth fairly smartly. And once 5pm came all the rules were lifted and you could blast around the track and take friends for a spin and leave your helmet at home.

But an hour after dark the winds picked up I started to feel small drops of rain which after a few minutes converted to large drops of rain. Some of these gusts were really picking up the dust and once the rain mixed in with it and all being lit up with floodlights to make it look spectacular you couldn't help feeling a bit apprehensive since the event had been flooded out last time it was held.

Did I mention I was skiting to everyone and showing my gps screen of 100 kph. Mate Graham tells me he had to do better n that and headed out to break it but blew a head gasket. But by the end of the day and with a new head gasket fitted he was very pleased to show me 110kph on his gps screen. I went home and cried. (just jokin)

Saturday and Sunday the main event.

Sat morning was the first day of the formal events. It started well as I had conned Muzz, the spokesman of the Kalgoorlie Dust Devils (the Ultralight club that operates off Lake Perkolilli) into taking me for a spin at daybreak. We were the first ones in the air and apart from beating up the only hill for miles around and skimming other dry lakes and terrorizing the odd skippy, we did laps of the Perko racetrack from a vantage point just above the dust. From the air the track had a totally different perspective.

And back on the ground the spectators began to arrive in droves. On the track we were now forbidden to overtake. We were started on handicap in groups of six or seven. Being fastest of our group I was started last. That put me in the dust cloud of six cars. It was a bit of a challenge but I was able to catch the next car after one lap and had to be content with cruizin alongside. Then we caught up with a couple more cars to lead us up the finish line. On our second event they increased the handicap biggest mobs. Great! I thought. I will be able to get a bit of speed up catching up. The problem was the first car out was about to lap us while we were still on the start line so they started the last three cars together. This turned out to be pretty good because by sticking close together we were above



Perko from the air. The tracks in the middle are for aircraft.



Mick Rust set up Kalgoorlie Motor Works as a free service to anyone that needed a few more tools than he had on him. Mick had welding equipment and grinders and stuff and a compressor and all run from a 240v genset. Lots of us used his services. People assumed he had a similar business in Kalgoorlie but no, this was just his good idea. And it was Mick's persistence that conned Graeme Cocks into having the event.

KALGOORLIE MOTOR WORKS	
AUTO REPAIR PRICE LIST	
Ping, Click, Ping	\$25
Click, Whine, Click	\$47
Clunk, Ping, Whine	\$53
Thud, Clunk, Whine	\$68
Clang, Clunk, Thud	\$81
Whine, Ping, Clang	\$99
Screech, Bang, Die	\$400
ALL OF THE ABOVE	
\$2,000	



Would you believe I picked up a 3 inch piece of steel out there on the track. Another customer for Kal Motor Works



I achieved my goal. 100 km equals about 62 mph.

each other's dust . You only ate bad dust when you were further back. We headed round the track like a bunch of fighter planes in formation but with dust instead of smoke trailing behind.

On my last event for the weekend as I sat on the start line, I was watching the first car, the slowest car. He was not far off finishing his first lap, about to lap me when I got the green flag to start. This being the last event I really wanted to catch the car in front of me. Like I have said it takes more courage than I have, to hold that speed when you can see nothing but dust. At the start finish line the wind was conveniently blowing the dust away from the spectators and also gave me a glimpse of where the other cars were, still a long way ahead but I was gaining maybe a little bit, a bit of encouragement to try a bit harder (remember this is the last lap of the last event) so back into the dust on the horror straight , managed to find the corner and get round it with the engine still singin. From here on its just a gentle curve, and you can really get some speed happening and sometimes the wind will blow the dust in a convenient direction and you can see where you are going for a moment. I was hoping to get a glimpse of where this other feller might be when all of a sudden there was a clearing in the dust and there right in front of me, were three cars side by side right across the track and going somewhat slower than me. Hanging out the anchors doesn't have much of an effect with these old cars that only brake with the back wheels, so it was a case of head for the saltbush. Then all four of us headed for the finish line as a close knit group. I was told afterwards that it looked pretty neat when we all appeared out of the dust close together.

But the fun part of this event wasn't just hooning round the track. That may have been the best part, but this was one of those events that was neat just to be there, and a good portion of Kalgoorlie came out to watch, especially on Saturday. I heard an estimate of 10000 mentioned. There were a lot of people. Most of the time the wind blew the dust from the racetrack away from the spectators but the same wind picked up a lot of dust from the camping and parking area. This turned into giant willy willys that were so dense with dust and hats and the occasional gazebo that they blotted out the landscape. And there was this general air of friendliness everywhere. From the flashiest high dollar car to the lowliest rustiest slowest one there was a feeling of everyone was in this together and everyone was helping everyone and everyone was a mate of everyone. And to top it off there were no prizes. No fastest, no best this or best that. No favourites, no speakers blaring out bad music and commentators ravings, just have a good time and put on a good show.

Really, it's the best event I have been to.



Kevin Boardman does not have the luxury of an electric start.



They may be dusty but they still get tucked in at night.



You eat a bit of dust driving out there. Doug Todd had been driving his very fast sidevalve Ford powered Ballot.





Meet Katherine Talbot. One of the very few people with clean clothes. She and hubby Dan normally take their 1909 model T to veteran rallies where the norm is to dress in the period of your car. So to maybe encourage others to dress up a bit she braved the dust and even by the end of the day she still looked fairly clean, just not spotless.



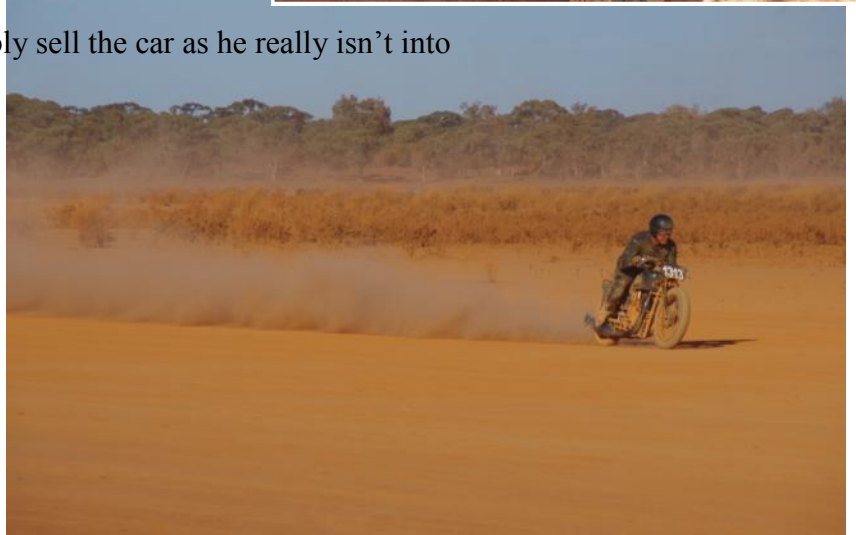
And something else out of the ordinary. White flowers in the dust. How? They were bulbs in my toolbox. They were just so happy they decided to bloom right there. Really!

Rob from Bunbury has got right into the spirit of Perkollilli. When he first heard about the event he remarked to a mate that he wouldn't mind entering. It sounded like a bit of fun. Next thing mate is ringing him to let him know there was a potential racer for sale in their local rag. The car was a 1927 Chev tourer. When he followed up the ad he found he knew the feller selling it, and the feller knew Rob was a hotrodder. He asked of Rod what plans he might have for the Chev, as the previous prospective buyer was a young bloke who intended to convert it into a ratrod. That buyer was shown the door. So to get his hands on this vehicle he had to promise that he would restore it, not rod it. The body was pretty sad so being a man of his word Rod set out to make the old bus a bit more presentable. It changed from a tourer to a roadster in the process, far from tissy but very functional for racing out here in the bush. Mechanically the car was very sound with the only mod being a different carby. Apart from that it was just a tune up. It also sported a modern radiator.



But once the event is over he will probably sell the car as he really isn't into restoring cars. He is a hotrodder.

Steve Turner lookin and soundin great on his 1936 Velo MSS





Kevin Coote, also from Bunbury but with a very different car. A 1947 Bentley Mk6 and bloody Beautiful. This car lived in a museum in Albany for many years until it was sold to an old friend of Kevin's. Friend had promised that if he ever sold it, he would sell it to Kevin so when mate passed away it ended up in Kevins hands. Kevin says he will be racing it in memory of his mate.

Would you believe... I caught Kevin polishing his car after he had been out doing laps. I am pleased to report he gave this idea up pretty quick.



Murray Guerin's 1948 Scott Flying Squirrel . 600cc water cooled 2 stroke.
Mate had it in his shed at Norseman but could never get it started so it held up the wall for 10 years. Murray bought it off mate and took it back to Kalgoorlie and got it going, but a 5 minute ride saw it seized up. The excitement of it all saw it once again holding up the shed wall until word of the Perkollilli event surfaced. Although it is too modern he asked if it could be entered and because of its heritage the entry was accepted, so the Scott received a rebuild. Rebored and with new pistons from UK it was looking good until just one week before the big event it seized again. It turned out to be running far too lean so with some bigger jets and the needle raised a notch and a hone for the bores it made it to Perkollilli. Unfortunately gremlin after gremlin plagued the bike. Annoying things like a petrol tank breather not breathing caused frustrating results. To take it out on a practice lap pulling 80 Mph and then to have it struggle to finish a 2 lap race later on was a bit disappointing, but it was still neat to see such a machine in amongst them all.

Kevin Boardman is a Panel Beater who maintains a fleet for a private collector. After building a 1916 model T roadster for the boss, there were a lot of bits left over. They became the basis for his 1914 speedster and its pretty neat. The engine is basically stock with standard compression, standard crank and rods but with a few mods. It runs a 280 lift cam with an 1 1/4" aftermarket carb. He has removed a substantial portion of the flywheel for a bit more acceleration and as anyone familiar with the internals of an early Ford motor will know, that removes the means of distributing oil throughout the engine and transmission. Others bolt on power sapping paddles to the flywheel to spray that oil around but Kevin has a much more novel approach to the problem. He has attached the oil pump from a 1915 Studebaker to the outside of the engine. This is a piston pump and it is driven from the front camshaft lobe through a hole in the side of the block. This is not a pressure feed but pumps mobs of oil to squirters aimed directly at the big ends and mains. The leftover oil heads into a sight-glass on the dashboard and then to the transmission and especially the rear bearing.



The nifty Studebaker oil pump bolted on the side of the block

To keep up with the pump there needs to be a bit more oil so there is basically a sump beneath the sump as the original had to be retained as there are recesses that contain oil and which the big ends dip into on each revolution. The sump extension brings the oil capacity to a whopping 9 litres. A Chev 490 front axle by way of its construction effectively lowered the front, and the wooden wheels were finished just 2 weeks before the event. But however good the mechanicals are, they are overshadowed by the bodywork. Kevin has made every bit of it, and from scratch. And wherever there is timber involved he has sheathed it in aluminium, and the finish is second to none. And the closer you look the better it gets. And when he informed his twin brother, Rex, that he was going to Perkollilli, Rex informed him he was going too. But Rex rides bikes...



The sight glass lets you know there is oil happening down below. The electronic tacho is for show. They haven't invented them yet.





Rex Boardman has owned this 1937 Silver Star BSA since the tender age of thirteen. Now aged 63 that makes 50 years of ownership. Back in 1987 he rebuilt it for racing on bitumen and used it for some time until it broke a timing shaft during an event at Philip Island. Due to time constraints caused by Perkolilli coming up he remove the engine from another bike, a 1954 B31 and fitted it to the Silver Star. He didn't modify the frame at all so it could be put back to standard later. The B31 engine received a bottom end overhauled to racing specs but retained the standard BSA conrod. It also runs no 5 Gold Star cams, huge valves, lightened flywheels and a racing magneto. There is a monstrous homemade GP carb running methanol and it runs 15:1 compression. It uses fuel so fast that it needs 2 fuel lines to keep it happy. It's a pretty neat bike. (The understatement of the month)



Specially made and drilled hubs to get the brakes up to the standard of the performance.



Sadly, during a practice lap the con-rod let go and in removing the front of the crankcase, it also spat Rex off and put him in hospital overnight with concussion. He was back the next day a bit sore. The bike is also a bit sore. Apart from the wrecked crankcase I have never seen both wheels break so many spokes.



1925 Bean 14. Joe Cull from Perth didn't enter the races, but came with his Bean to watch the action. He got his hands on it about 8 or 9 years ago. At that stage it was just a pile of parts, it took 18 months to put it all back together. One thing he didn't have to do is paint it as the totally aluminium body is finished in totally naked natural aluminium. That's how they made it back in Lancashire when it was new in 1925 and Joe understands that the aluminium roadster body makes the car totally unique worldwide. It has some tricky features such as dual ignition and a total lack of belts under the bonnet. The fan is gear driven and the water pump is driven straight off the crankshaft. Nephew Jack (passenger seat) was on hols from UK for 3 weeks. He took me for a spin round the track driving my T. Joe later told me that the entire UK now knows about the event.



1928 Ford. Jeff and Greg Connell A whole bunch of fellers came over with a bunch of cars from Echuca. This one was a bit of a sad story I suppose, but the fellers were still having a good time. 16 months ago this was the chassis under a hay trailer residing in a paddock. The bloke they refer to as boss (Jeff I think) was the one that converted into a car. They did a top end overhaul job and installed an alloy head and twin carbs. When they got to Perkolilli the team plan was "take it easy so we can be in the time trial on Friday" Famous last words, as when the green flag dropped the first time Jeff was off at full noise only to come back in with a no more racing this weekend death rattle. Never mind, the team were still having a great time and thought it all a good laugh. And their club brought over a couple of printed laminex signs with the red dust logo printed on them. They asked every driver to sign both signs with a texta marker. At the end of the weekend they put one sign up for auction with the funds to their charity. They were gonna keep the second sign. When the first one sold for \$2000 they decided to sell the second one too. It also went for \$2000. They were a bit chuffed!

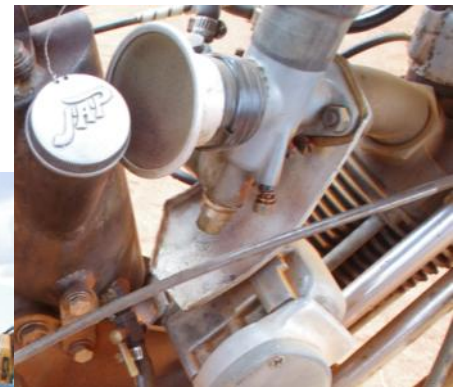


Nigel Makin Triumph Super 7

Nigel had always been interested in Triumphs, his first car being a Herald. He set out to build a replica of the car that won the first ever WA Grand Prix right here at Perkolilli. The car that he found to start the project had spent a good portion of its life in a lake, but the car was only underwater during the winter. The GP car had a factory supercharger but Nigel has skipped that part to make it better for normal street use, but apart from that the car is a close copy of the original. And Nigel built that body completely from scratch.



This bike is a fair dinkum bitsa. The JAP speedway motor was bought 20 years ago. The bloke selling it said to not touch it, its brand new inside. So its never been apart. Slotted into a BSA frame and forks and gearbox, the front wheel is Velocette and the oil tank is handmade. At the 2014 event this bike was said to have lapped half the competition. And the aircleaner is a lot more than it usually gets.



And perhaps the last thing you might expect lining up on the track is a 1935 Rolls Royce. Absolutely smicko inside and out. Totally original and found on Gumtree. Seen here protecting the paint from harmful UV rays by a protective coating of red dust.



A team of terrific T's Not all the T's at the meeting, not by a long shot, but these would appear to be the fastest on the day. I couldn't help showing my gps phone readout of 100 kph to Graeme Lockhart in the black 1926 speedster. In his words "that threw down the gauntlet" he came back with a mere 95. Not good enough he headed out again in the morning and blew a head gasket. Bummer! So he spent half the day fixing it and came back to proudly show his phone displaying 110. He was a happy chappy. Graeme also built the 1914 speedster on the left of the photo now owned by Maurice McGregor. He built it for the 2014 Perko event but has built 2 more cars since then.



This is one day's dust on my aircleaners. They worked, it was spotless on the inside



What can happen when you travel to a drier climate and you have wooden spokes. This cars spokes shrunk in the dry air causing them to come loose. The owner has wrapped dripping wet hand towels to encourage them to swell and tighten.



Left: **There were a few unfortunate things** happen during the few days but I think this one takes the cake. Steve Alexander from UK spent \$8000 getting the asbestos removed from his 1936 Lagonda so it would clear Australian immigration, and then went to the trouble of shipping it over here only to have the crankshaft break into 3 pieces and exit through the side of the block after only one and a half laps. He reckons it to be his \$40000 lap. But he was still smiling and reckons he still had a good time as others gave him laps in their cars.



Check out these links. The second one is the local report on the event.

<https://www.abc.net.au/news/2019-09-14/revival-of-outback-claypan-racing-at-lake-perkolilli/11500780>

<https://www.kalminer.com.au/?news/kalgoorlie-miner/forgotten-goldfields-motoring-mecca-reborn-for-perkolilli-pilgrimage-ng-b881314163z>

Rommel's outback adventures part 2 ZOMBIE KOMBIE RESCUE!

Hi fellow MVEC members,

I wrote a small introduction to myself in last month's magazine. For those that may not have read it or missed it my name is Andrew Novak I have been more of a silent member as I live in Melbourne Australia these days and usually travel to Darwin as some say the worst time of the year being the beginning of December and wet season doing a annual lap of Australia by attending a VW car show in Perth for the first weekend of December and then spending around two weeks in the NT before returning to my native Melbourne.....This is my usual end of year travels but in mid-2018 I had to make a quick dash back to Darwin for a recovery mission which would be around a 4000 kilometre round trip in the trusty old VW Transporter.....

Well it really begins from a few years prior where a fellow VW enthusiast being by the name of Ian

Nankervisonce lived and worked around the NT and top of WA working on Aboriginal communities. He is original from Bendigo Victoria which some of you may know because of the yearly car swap meet which is the second largest in Australia with the huge Ballarat swap being the biggest at over 2500 individual selling sitesIf you have never been do it at least once in your life it is a real eye opener !!! Anyway we would regular speak to one another at VW meets and just generally chat when he mentioned something about an old kombi still sitting in the outback!! I recall him telling me about it maybe 15 if not more years ago

Funnily enough it came up again in conversation and he said it was still there! I asked how do you know that?

This is the amazing thing about the interweb (internet) we are at a car show he pulls out his phone and goes to MrGoogle a minute later said here it is and you can see a tiny white dot in the middle of nowhere!! Having recalled the story from year's prior I had thought it was actually somewhere else and not where it was and not that it really mattered?? Having now seen it on the map I couldn't stop thing aboutand not that it was going to be anything special or original or low mileage or whatever just more simply it was sitting out in the middle of nowhere and gave me a reason to go somewhere!!

So what to do next?? The problem I had was is it still there as google maps can be a little out of date or it may not really be the white dot I am looking for? Everything looks like a van from



Routine maintenance before an invasion is advisable! Especially before leaving for D Day!! Lucky only a locating pin on the leaf springs had gone walk about.....



Did I show you this picture? No one missing is there? Shit I think someone got out the window is ajar!

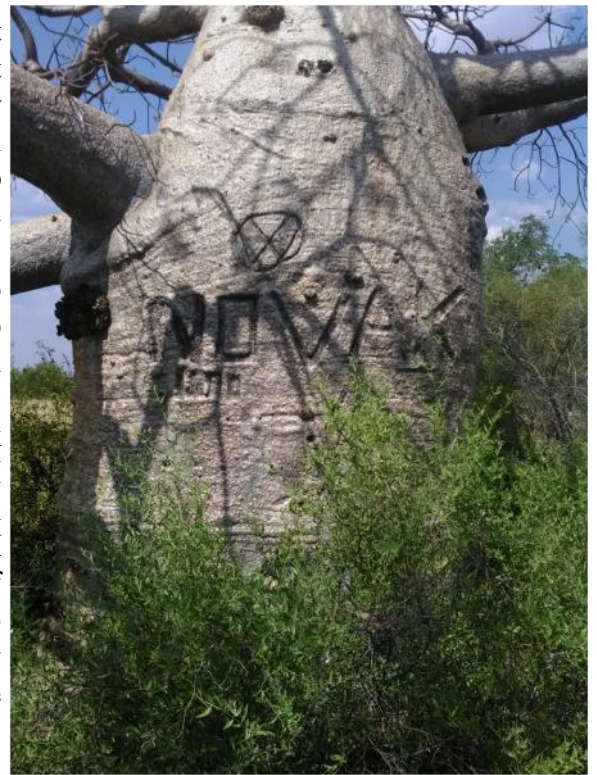
two thousand metres in the air!!!! The nearest town from my dot in the outback is around 175 kilometres away and from Darwin it is around 1600 kilometres away one way I thought about my little problem for a while and thought how can I find out if it still there and if it is the Kombi and not simply some rubbish piled up in the outback resembling a van of sorts?? What to do?? I decide to ring a couple of people in Darwin seeing if someone knew anyone in town. Without much luck I thought who could I pay to go for a drive?? Then we a shot of lightening from above I came up with the idea I would send a tow truck out for a drive which turned out to be a bad idea! After explaining myself to the receptionist she gave me some crazy quote which all I said to was thank you. Then I thought let's see if there was a local taxi company! I pay, they drive, they look, they find, they report back, problem solved!! Here comes Mr Google again, I find a local taxi mob so I give them a call.. I explain to the young lady on the other end of the line I need someone to go for around 400 kilometre round trip to look for something that may or may not be there? I don't know what she thought but tells me she will get her manager to ring me back.

Later in the day sure enough the manager rings me and asks me again what I want someone to do?? I explain I need someone to go for a drive to look for a van that is near a big Boab tree.... with him replying do know how many fucking Boab trees there are out there?? But I was in luck because this particular Boab tree stood out from the rest for good reason. After explaining the finer details of its location and agreeing on a taxi fare he said he would personal go for a drive on the weekend to look for it as it was one of the strangest requests he has had! I thought at this point he could take my fare and not even go and just say it wasn't there? But I had a feeling he was just as curious as I was and would go! I asked if he found it could he please take some photos so I knew what I was up for if I were to try and recover it.

Wasn't till midweek he called me and said I found it. He went onto say it was where I said and you sure you want this thing there is nothing left of it and he would get his wife to email me the pictures. There is no gold out there anymore ie these old wrecks in the bush so that didn't surprise me!! Upon receiving the email I looked at the pictures to realise it was probably worse than expected due to the fact at some stage it had been pushed further into the bush by a bulldozer! Not that it really deterred me. Now I knew it was still there the second problem was when and how to get it?

Well after thinking about it for a few days my problem was this was late August 2018 and I was going to be in Darwin in December regardless. But in December I was going to have my long term girlfriend Karen with me and I kind

*The Famous Big Boab.
Arriving for D DAY rescue...*



*The Famous VW NOVAK Boab
.Great Northern Highway*



Just another pic of outback FABIO xoxo.....



of promised I wouldn't be doing car stuff! Well the only thing to do is go now! Sure enough back onto the interweb and booking a flight with Qantas the only way to travel (Virgin has improved they supply cups of water free of charge at least now) anyway I would be in Darwin in a weeks' time. This is where operation Barbarossa gets put into play where the high command at MVEC is informed or kindly asked to put member's number 808Rommel in the trailer book for an imminent invasion from the Fourth Reich! (My silly sense of humour)

I think it may have been late September when I arrived I was picked up in the staff car of General Leo ie the ute not complaining and taken back to The Hanger to be interrogated by the old boys. I do think they believe I must be mad but as always give me a great welcome and say surely I have already picked the Top End clean of Volkswagens? I have my good old friend Hubert pick me and take me back to POW camp at Howard Springs so I can get the Old VW Transporter going which had sat idle for almost 10 months or so. The first thing I do to the old work horse is lift the engine lid cover to make sure those bastard rats haven't eaten anything in the engine bay! After that basically put the battery back in and crank her up and as always she fires up unbelievable, not really German engineering (I don't know how we lost the war????? anyway).....

I attend The Hanger to get that one piece of equipment which is priceless (the trailer) which makes the whole trip doable and affordable! This is where I really cannot THANK the club MVEC enough for their understanding and great helpThis is where we hook up the trailer, the boys look at me and the poor Old VW and I think they cannot believe I make it there and back again towing with the old work horse.

Fast forward a couple of days and I am on my way to if you haven't guessed yet Derby WA, or to be precise about 175 kilometres before Derby heading for The Big Boab Tree? On my way people always ask when I fill up with fuel what engine I have in the Transporter (Kombi), especially if had overtaken them at some stage and yes I can overtake cars even road trains. I think it has more to do with the fact they never see a Kombi towing a trailer and for that matter a huge car trailer!! Always an interesting chat and when they notice the Victorian number plates that surprises them even more, I always say



Kombi Rescue code name (Operation Barbarossa) like an African safari hunt.....be quiet it may run off!!!!!!!!!!!!

Erwin Rommel aka Fabio.... having pushed back the enemy capturing his prized Kombi.....



Hey mister! It looks like it was chewed up and spat out (From MADMAX if you remember the line)

I drove the whole way up gives them something to think about the rest of the day! As I approach the large X on the map it is always a little exciting no matter how many times I have been out to pick up something new and this is what I probably find most rewarding.. It is like the hunt and if you're lucky enough you catch something! As even though I have pictures and proof something exists there is nothing like seeing it there in front of you! The funny story how Ian who had told me about the kombi had seen it years earlier is he had stopped at The Big Boab tree for a pee stop, so wandered off a little into the scrub to do the business when in the far distance he could see something between all the trees/scrub. He decided to go for a closer look and there it sat like a naked shell an old 1967 Kombi. So this brings me to be here now and with some excitement I pull up get out and walk due north of The Big Boab tree. Between all the bushes and scrub, where you really cannot see anything walked and thought surely not someone couldn't be mad as me and have been here already?

But there behind almost what you would call a hedge there it sat in all its glory or naked glory as the poor old girl had been raped and pillaged of anything valuable over the years! If only an abandoned car could talk, imagine the story it would tell of how it became to be where it was! Like anything it was brand new once all shiny and someone would have been so proud and excited to driving there new car home in this case the VW Kombi. But here it sat in the middle of the outback just a shell stripped naked.

Now the hard part! It is 40 something degrees I reckon I am sweating like I am running a marathon and all I done is walk over to the VW, but I am from Melbourne anything above 20 is too hot haha I get into the trusty Transporter and with a bulbar I had fitted on my last trip up use it as a bit of a bulldozer to make my way to the Old Kombi. Finally I am here and backup the trailer to rescue the old girl. I suggest you do this early morning or very late afternoon as I'm sweating like I have a water leak. First problem is I need to jack it up and unbelievable it still has a front end with drums and a gearbox with drums, pretty much everything else is gone! I jack it up using my toy jack as I call it, where I then attach the winch cable and start the hard work. It is funny you know, some

Finally some movement forward! Like my rim jack stands the rubbish dumps come in handy.....



No health and safety rules being broken here! Call me an ambulance about to have a heart attack.....



The final push for the Western Front.....



of the cars know they are being saved/rescued and just seem to somehow work themselves onto the trailer! Because once I had the front drums onto the ramps and started winching you would not believe it but they started rotating even though having been half buried since the dreamtime! Well after about fifty breaks between winching I had it on the trailer and ready for the long journey back. Isn't it funny it is going to travel further in the coming days and see more of Australia than most people will ever see in a lifetime! So finally locked and loaded I thought I might as well go to Derby and do what normal people do? And spend a day there like a tourist.

I end up at the wharf it is early evening and the heavens open up the rain is going sideways! Lucky I wasn't still winching the Kombi onto the trailer I would needed a boat instead. Anyway there is a fish and chips shop there so that's what I get with a chocolate/banana milkshake and reflect on the day's events watch the night light show which is something everyone should see once in their life! The thunder and lightning unbelievable. At this point I am absolutely rooted and even though it has signs depicting NO camping or sleeping in cars/vans at wharf (you would be amazed how many signs there are depicting this having collected a few) I climb in the back of the Hilton Kombi exhausted and smelly and just crash to deep sleep!

The next morning I head to the local pool have a shower and go for a swim and contemplate the return journey to Darwin, at which point I fill up with a total of 150 litres fuel of which around 100 is in the jerry cans in the back no danger?? I do a little driving around town and speak to whoever looks interesting and even have people come ask where I found the Old Kombi on the off chance it may lead to a new adventure? A couple of people mention an old character by the name of Herman the German who lived on a camp on a river about 80 kilometres out of town who had old cars there but I have already been there and is a story for next time..... From here I push off for the long lonely journey back stopping at the local tips and anywhere of interest to only blokes as you never know what you may find or see.

Hope you enjoyed my adventure.

Outback VW Andy aka Fabio



It almost jumped on itself! The Kombi knew it was finally going home.....



Even after being shot at, raped and pillaged the kombi still had a smile on its face!! If only it could talk imagine the story it would tell.....



Believe me it usually wouldn't stop me! Next time you see Karen ask her all about that



A man and machine need to know there limitations! Looking back up from the Old Fitzroy River Crossing.....



Finally arriving to Katherine for its world famous GHAN train ride to the far south. Having already travelled and seen more of Australia than most would in the wildest



Next time remind me to bring a forklift for another recovery mission....this being done at Katherine railway yards



Success.....mission accomplished and until next time safe travels!!!!!!!!!!

WANTED VOLKSWAGENS

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Motor Vehicle Enthusiasts Club Inc. AGM

The MVEC AGM will be held on Saturday 26th October 2019 at the Old QANTAS Hangar 22 Macdonald Street Parap, starting at 6.30 PM sharp. BBQ after. All financial members are requested to attend.

Consequently there will be no members meeting on the 9th October, the next members meeting is on Wednesday the 13th of November.

Nomination forms for all positions on the management committee are available at the Hangar.

A man was sitting on the edge of the bed, watching his wife, who was looking at herself in the mirror. Since her birthday was not far off, he asked what she'd like to have for her birthday. 'I'd like to be eight again', she replied, still looking in the mirror. On the morning of her Birthday, he arose early, made her a nice big bowl of Coco Pops, and then took her to Adventure World theme park. What a day! He put her on every ride in the park; the Death Slide, the Wall of Fear, the Screaming Roller Coaster, everything there was. Five hours later they staggered out of the theme park. Her head was reeling and her stomach felt upside down. He then took her to a McDonald's where he ordered her a Happy Meal with extra fries and a chocolate shake. Then it was off to a movie, popcorn, soft drink, and her favourite candy, M&M's. What a fabulous adventure! Finally, she wobbled home with her husband and collapsed into bed exhausted. He leaned over his wife with a big smile and lovingly asked, 'Well Dear, what was it like being eight again?' Her eyes slowly opened and her expression suddenly changed. 'I meant my dress size, you idiot !!!'

Stuff on the net

Did it ever occur to you that someone had to invent those windscreen wipers on your car. The idea came from a lady that didn't actually make any money from her patent. Have a read about it....

<https://www.npr.org/2017/07/25/536835744/alabama-woman-stuck-in-nyc-traffic-in-1902-invented-the-windshield-wiper>

We all know the magnificent sound of a aircraft with a radial engine, but not everyone knows how all those cylinders connect together inside, so someone has made an appropriate wall hanging.....

<https://www.facebook.com/watch/?v=2438911686379241>

A fantastic collection of Jeep photos. As you scroll down make sure you click on the "load 34 more images" button to see the likes of a fully outfitted Jeep.

<https://imgur.com/gallery/QGiTgwx>

A FULLY outfitted Jeep



An attractive blonde from Cork, Ireland arrived at a casino in New Zealand. She seemed a little intoxicated and bet twenty-thousand Dollars on a single roll of the dice.

She said, 'I hope you don't mind, but I feel much luckier when I'm completely nude'.

With that, she stripped from the neck down, rolled the dice and with an Irish brogue yelled, 'Come on, baby, Mama needs new clothes!'

As the dice came to a stop, she jumped up and down and squealed...'YES! YES! I WON, I WON!'

She hugged each of the dealers and then picked up her winnings and her clothes and quickly departed.

The dealers stared at each other dumbfounded. Finally, one of them asked, 'What did she roll?' The other answered, 'I don't know - I thought you were watching.'

MORAL OF THE STORY

Not all Irish are drunks,
Not all blondes are dumb,
but all men....are men.