

Motor Vehicle Enthusiasts Club

No 135

FEB 2020



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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Newsletter enquiries to Ted
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Full house *Ford*





Peter and Sally Kable's 1913 Frontenac Ford

Peter and Sally with the Fronty at Forbes rally in 2018. Those rally stickers go back to the early seventies.

Back in the 1960's, remember the Beatles, Rolling Stones,

Elvis, whoops I am getting carried away here. Yep back in the sixties there was the odd person that cottoned on to the idea of fixing up a model T Ford. The general idea was to bring a wreck back to life as a normal sort of car, a sedan or a tourer. It never occurred to anyone at the time that back in the day some cars were speedsters. This is the story of maybe the first model T that was restored to its former glory as what it was back in its glory days, a speedster.

Peter Kable's mate was working in a spare parts store back then, when a young feller there mentioned that his dad had the remains of a model T and he wanted to sell it. Peter had a model T at the time, so when he heard about it he went to have a look. It wasn't a normal model T but had been lowered front and back and had the remains of a motor and transmission in it, but all very unusual looking. It had been found by a bloke near Picton in NSW. It had been modified and raced by a gent before the war but he had not returned from the war and the car had been left out in the open and had pretty well completely fallen to pieces. Someone scooped up all the bits with good intentions but those remains had passed through several hands over the years until here it was being offered to Peter. But he was only a kid at the time with no spare money, and he already owned a T, so he informed a friend, Victor Jacobs, who was a member of the veteran car club and also a

Not only does this car have a full house motor but full house instrumentation too. It is the only car of this era I have ever seen with a rev counter.



About the only thing in the engine bay that Ford made is the block. Overhead valve head has a gigantic carby by model T standards. Whopping big magneto up front and the oil filler cut straight into the side of the block. Neat!

model T enthusiast and he took up the challenge and bought the remains. Victor intended to restore it back to its glory as a racing car. Remember this is all happening back in the 60's, hardly anyone, and maybe no one around at the time has ever seen a speedster. Victor did his homework and sourced a book from America on how to build such a beauty, and collected the necessary bits and built the car you see here. Once he finished it he drove it just about everywhere. He drove it clear across Australia from the west coast to the east coast back when it was a dirt road across the Nullarbor. He drove it in rallies as far as New Zealand and he drove it till he died. The car then passed on to his son in his estate, the trouble was that the son had a wife

and kids and they wouldn't all fit in the speedster. He had also inherited a tourer which was the vehicle more suited to family life and the speedster gathered dust. Eventually the son moved house and with a shortage of garage space he decided to sell the Fronty Ford and he put it up for auction. A bloke saw the ad in the paper and bought it over the phone, but didn't quite realise exactly what he was buying. He thought he was buying a touring car and only realised his mistake when he picked it up. Never mind, he persevered for a year but was actually scared to drive it (for you non model T owners, driving a model T is quite different from a normal car. The controls are different and can be confusing until you get used to them) After 12 months of terror he put it up for sale again and this time Peter bought it. That was 10 years ago and now Peter has his hands on it he is keen to keep it just as when Victor Jacobs owned it. Being an old mate of Victor's, Peter had driven it plenty of times before and wasn't even a bit scared of it. The rally stickers that adorn the cowl and bonnet are all from Victor's time, from the early seventies and eighties. The only thing that has been changed is the previous owner had some straightening done on one of the front guards by a panel shop. The tricky suspension is all original from before the war, the one thing that was changed was the radiator. It originally had a Livingstone radiator which is a sleek pointy in the middle affair, but it must have been a bit past it as Victor had found the sporty looking affair that graces the front at Coolangatta on the gold coast. The nifty looking top tank is actually German Silver and is off a 1913 Benz car. It was probably just lying around sometime when someone wanted a top tank for their T, back in the day.

And a final note: This car appeared in one of those Weet Bix card books where you used to get a card in every pack of Weet Bix you bought. And Yep, of course Peter and Sally have a copy!



The other side of the donk. Its not just OHV, it's crossflow too! On a normal model T you expect to see a tiny little carby here.



And that whacko front suspension and lowering setup is exactly as the soldier left it. The spring is moved forward from under the chassis to a bracket that puts it in front of the front cross member. The effect is to lower the car and lengthen the wheel-base.



The same nifty spring setup at the rear. Also the brakes have been modified with large diameter drums and external contracting bands. They are also self energising, a bit like power assisted brakes. But there are no brakes at all on the front wheels. You need to be ready to steer around trouble.



On the racetrack where it belongs. Well, actually its a racetrack for horses and we were all taking kids from Bedgerabong NSW primary school for a spin. They loved it. So did some of the teachers.

Bedford Beagle



Now here's a vehicle you may have never come across before. To my inexperienced eyes it was a Vauxhall Viva, but no I was corrected by the owners, whose names I have lost due to that common occurrence these days, of a mobile phone not functioning quite like you hoped it would. Also lost are most of the details of the task of getting it up to speed. My humble apologies to these two enthusiasts. But the vehicle is a 1969 Bedford HA Beagle Roma Mk 2. Quite a title really, but as a Bedford it is a commercial version of the Vauxhall Viva. HA is the model, but the Beagle name denotes an estate car, or in Australian that translates to a station wagon. But there were no factory built wagons, they were modified by an outside firm. Of these already modified a small number were further modified to become a camper, they were known as a Roma, but still sold as a new Bedford Beagle Roma car in that modified form. Of that small number, a smaller number of them made their way to Australia. This particular example sat around in a shed from 1981 until discovered very recently. The greatest challenge then was to convince the registration authorities in Qld that it was sold new in that form and did not need engineering approval as a modified vehicle.

We came across Beryl the Beagle in the caravan park in Kalgoorlie where it had just completed a Bedford rally from Kununurra to Kalgoorlie. When the fixing up job was getting close to completion, wife mentioned to hubby that there was a rally of 3000km that they could take the completed camper on. Hubby was keen until he found that there was a 3000 km drive from Qld just to get to the start at Kununurra. Then there was the drive home....

Never mind, Beryl was going fine 6 or 7000 km into the trip with another 3 or 4000 before home. And they had gone to great pains to restore the vehicle to close as possible to original.



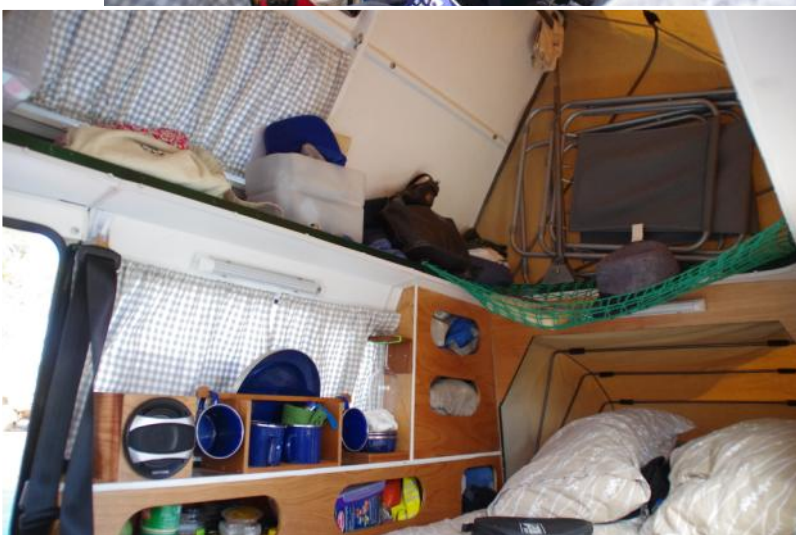
Kununurra to Kalgoorlie the long way.



The front is pretty typical Pommie car of the era



When sleeping in the back the front seats are folded forward. There are curtains all round the windows including the windscreen.



The back as it is when extended. Every bit of space is utilised. In the distance you can see where the tailgate is lowered.



This is a genuine Dormobile. More typical of the make was converted Bedfords of a larger variety.



Above: An alternative to quarter vents, they have made a recess in the window glass of the front doors.

Take a Viva and make a commercial vehicle out of it and you need heavier tyres. There isn't much room left.



Left: As in the back, space is a premium so the toolbox squeezes in under the bonnet.



And there is no arty farty means of getting the spare in or out.



Back in their heyday I don't think many people realised there was a transverse leaf spring supporting the front end of the many Vivas getting around.



Below: The tailgate becomes the floor when sleeping. The tarp zips right round and seals it all up.





Say Aloha to the 16-year-old girl who travelled around the world in a Model T

With a name like Aloha Wanderwell, you'd expect a life filled with travel and adventure. And make no mistake, the courageous young woman with this curious title had an abundance of both during the 1920s (and beyond). At the age of 16, she answered an advertisement to join an around-the-world expedition in a convoy of Model T Fords, and after being selected to join the group she went on to become the first woman to circumnavigate the globe in an automobile.

If you haven't guessed it already, Aloha Wanderwell—which sounds a lot like Hello, Wanderlust—wasn't her given name. She was born Idris Walsh on October 13, 1906 in Winnipeg, Manitoba, and later took her stepfather's name, Hall.

The precocious teen joined Walter "Cap" Wanderwell's team as a translator, driver, and filmographer in October 1922 after responding to a newspaper inquiry for "Brains, Beauty & Breeches – World Tour Offer For Lucky Young Woman" and proving herself hearty enough and valuable enough to make the grade. The group, which promoted world peace through the newly formed League of Nations and an organization that Cap called Work Around the World Educational Club (WAWEC), was on the road for most of the next seven years.

"The whole world was out there," Aloha wrote in her 1939 memoir *Call to Adventure*. "I, reaching for it. The world reaching for me. Ecstasy—the ravishing thrill."

Of course, there was just one vehicle that seemed up to the task. "For the longest-possible, most-serendipitously hazardous motor-car trek on record, the Flivver, Henry Ford's Model T, was the only vehicle," Aloha wrote. "Lightweight... can be raised by its occupants... good clearance imperative... repairs simple... The Flivver will open the roads of the world."

And oh, how it did for her. Starting the expedition in Nice, France, the Wanderwell caravan drove throughout Europe, travelling through Italy just as Mussolini was coming to power and braving food riots in Germany before continuing to Poland. Young Aloha had become the face of the expedition, which was being filmed at every turn, and she quickly became known throughout the world through numerous newspaper reports, newsreels, and travelogues—much like another American female adventurer of the era, pilot Amelia Earhart, who was nine years older.

As the weather in Europe grew cold in 1923, the WAWEC team became snow-bound in the Carpathian Mountains in December. Aloha—who by this time adopted the Wanderwell surname, even though Cap had a wife at home—abruptly left the group, then rejoined the caravan in Egypt. "I just couldn't brave the outfit any longer," she wrote. "I just had to get home [to France]."

The team trudged on through Sudan and Yemen, inspired to push hard for Calcutta, India, so they could rendezvous with another group of American adventurers. Four military flyers were circling the globe (headed in the opposite direction) as part of a promotional mission called the Air Service USA World Flight.

Once the Wanderwell entourage reached India, in May 1924, the travellers were warned of bubonic plague and urged to avoid



“untouchables whitewashing a ring encircling a dead body on the street”—a sure sign of the disease. Road conditions, if you could call them roads, were so horrible at times that the team often had to ask for help from villagers—and their animals—to get unstuck and back onto the route. They managed to reach Calcutta in time to meet the Air Service USA World Flight team. The two groups happily posed for photos and exchanged stories, one team regaling the others with tales of adventures on the ground and from above.

After leaving India, the WAWEC group drove through China and Russia, then

jumped aboard ship to Japan before sailing to Hawaii and on to the mainland. Upon their arrival in California, the 36-year-old Cap (now divorced) married 18-year-old Aloha on April 7, 1925. Their marriage actually kept Cap out of jail, since the FBI was prepared to arrest him under the Mann Act, which prohibits transporting women and girls across state lines for “immoral purposes.” Onward they went, driving across the U.S. to Detroit, where their trip officially ended in August 1925 and the weary travellers were honoured with a downtown parade that included all eight WAWEC Model Ts.

Aloha’s adventures on the Wanderwell Expedition included camping at the base of the Great Sphinx in Egypt, disguising herself as a man so she could pray at Mecca, befriending Chinese bandits, nearly dying of thirst in the Sudanese desert, and being granted the title of “Honorary Colonel” in Siberia’s Red Army. Your standard-issue travel-abroad activities.

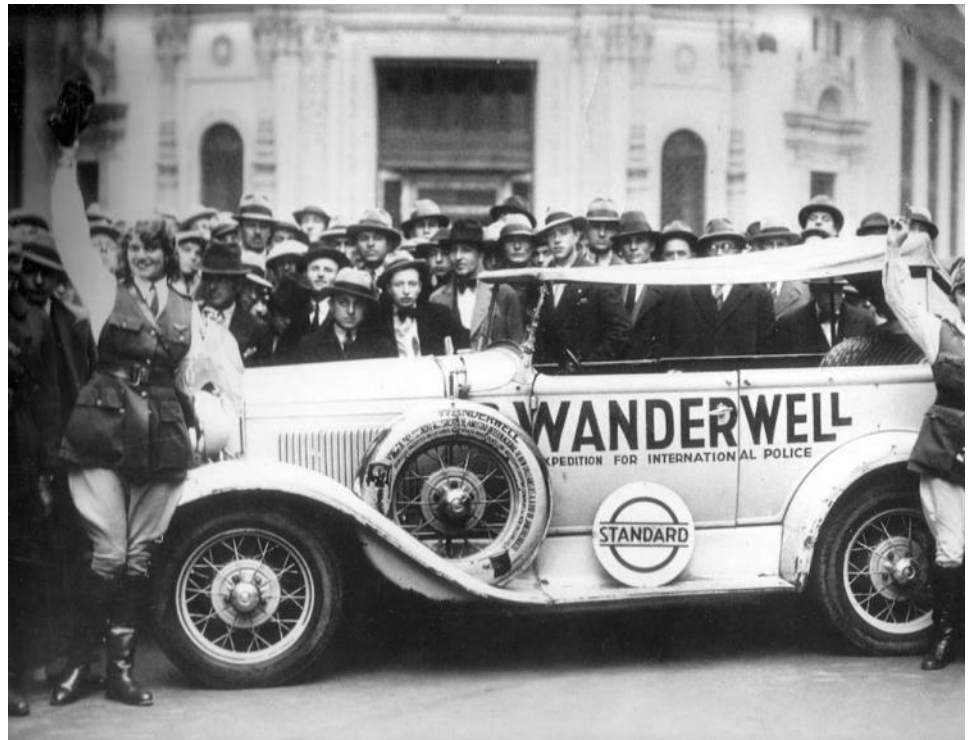
When it was over, she and Cap travelled to Miami, where Aloha gave birth to daughter Valri on December 20, 1925. With the baby in tow, the Wanderwell’s set sail for Cape Town, South Africa, on October 30, 1926, planning to continue their adventures. Two months later, Aloha learned she was pregnant again, and daughter Nile was born on April 29, 1927.

Despite their young and growing family, the Wanderwell’s were intent on continuing their travelogues, namely *With Car and Camera Around the World*, which was released in 1929. So the children were sent to live with their grandmother, and the Model T Fords were off again.

“I would not be detained,” Aloha wrote. “Something compelled this wanderlust.”

She celebrated her 21st birthday on October 13, 1927 in Kenya, and in December of that year she wrote that she was headed back to Paris “to meet Mum and the kids and edit film.”

Aloha Wanderwell’s adventures continued beyond the automobile. After learning to fly, she and Cap made several flights to Brazil in



the early 1930s in search of lost explorer Colonel Percival Harrison Fawcett, who was looking for the Lost City of Z when he went missing. Once they ran out of fuel and were forced to live with the Borobo people for months. They were the first to present photographic proof of the Borobo people's existence, and *The River of Death* (1934) was the couple's only film with sound.

Aloha's life was not without tragedy. On December 5, 1932, Cap was shot and killed aboard their yacht in Long Beach, California. William James Guy, a member of the Wanderwell's' 1931 expedition to South America, who had attempted to mutiny on a previous voyage, was tried for the crime but acquitted.

In December 1933, Aloha married Walker Baker, and she continued travelling, writing, and lecturing. Known as "the world's most travelled girl," she died on June 4, 1996 at the age of 89.



It's late fall and the Indians on a remote reservation in South Dakota asked their new chief if the coming winter was going to be cold or mild.

Since he was a chief in a modern society, he had never been taught the old secrets. When he looked at the sky, he couldn't tell what the winter was going to be like.

Nevertheless, to be on the safe side, he told his tribe that the winter was indeed going to be cold and that the members of the village should collect firewood to be prepared.

But, being a practical leader, after several days, he got an idea. He went to the phone booth, called the National Weather Service and asked, 'Is the coming winter going to be cold?'

'It looks like this winter is going to be quite cold,' the meteorologist at the weather service responded.

So the chief went back to his people and told them to collect even more firewood in order to be prepared.

A week later, he called the National Weather Service again. 'Does it still look like it is going to be a very cold winter?'

'Yes,' the man at National Weather Service again replied, 'it's going to be a very cold winter.'

The chief again went back to his people and ordered them to collect every scrap of firewood they could find.

Two weeks later, the chief called the National Weather Service again. 'Are you absolutely sure that the winter is going to be very cold?'

'Absolutely,' the man replied. 'It's looking more and more like it is going to be one of the coldest winters we've ever seen.'

'How can you be so sure?' the chief asked.

The weatherman replied, 'The Indians are collecting loads of firewood'

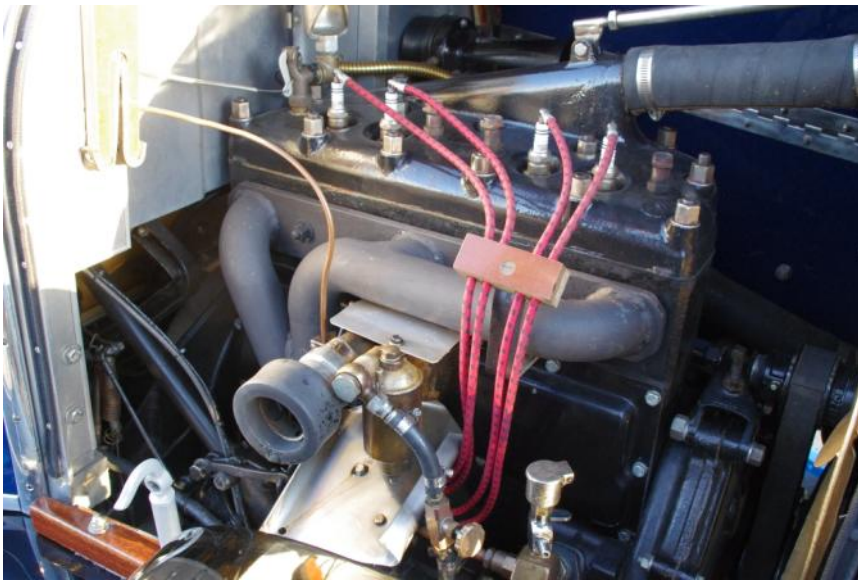


Graham and Kerry Sawyer's 1916 Overland

The story behind this car is not all roses, you see the owners , from Melbourne , were en route driving it to Brisbane. Quite a drive in 1945. They got as far as Armidale in NSW when the diff broke . They left it at a distant relative's place nearby and one assumes they intended to return for it, but there it sat until 1976 when the local postman got his hands on it. He installed it in a beaut shed with a big chain and padlock across the front, but the catch was there was no back wall and the Overland rusted severely. The next owners were from Sydney, a father and son team and got stuck into it. Unfortunately the 23 yr old son was killed in a motorbike accident before they got far in to the project and Dad never touched it again. 1995 it changed hands again,



this time into the hands of Graham and Kerry. Still, it wasn't transformed overnight. It hit the road again in 2014 not in its original form of a tourer, but as a speedster. Overland did make the speedster but in 1915 not 1916 which is the date of this car, but that's pretty close I reckon. And the finish on this car is second to none.



1993 Eunos 500

I have a 1993 Eunos 500 that has only 73000k and is in beautiful condition. Not totally without issues but I would like to see it go to someone who would care for it. Its been garaged its entire life and the leather interior is in great shape.

Its been a fun car to have but retirement and downsizing says its time to say goodbye.

I'm here in Darwin for anyone who is interested please contact me.

millerr@inet.net.au

Russell

0419529750

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

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Editors note: While reading someplace I realised that 2 columns on a page make it easy to read when reading a piece of paper, but when on a computer it can be a pain having to scroll up and back on the same page. So the stories will be without columns in future. I trust it may make it more readable.

Blunders ex Rockauto newsletter

About 10 years ago, I backed my 2003 Dodge Grand Caravan out of the garage one night. I flipped on the headlight switch and found that I had no headlights. Being the typical "shade tree mechanic" (actually ASE certified back in the day), I told my wife I would fix it over the weekend.

In preparation for Saturday morning, I ordered a headlight switch knowing that had to be the problem. I did the Saturday morning switch install and flipped them on. Nothing. Unbelievable. I retreated to my computer to find out if a fuse or the dimmer switch could cause this behavior. I did not read about anyone having dimmer issues but lots of references to a "mysterious" TIP Module (the module that controls the majority of the vehicle's electrical signals). Everything I read pointed to that part. Anxious to get the van back on the road, I installed a fresh TIP Module. Install complete...the moment of truth...flip the switch...still no headlights! I wanted to either cry or smash my headlights with a baseball bat. (editor's note: TIP is the acronym for Totally Integrated Power, AKA "Power Supply Module")

I gathered myself, sat on the front step, and pondered my next move now that my humiliation was complete. It dawned on me that I had never just tried replacing the headlight bulbs! I installed new bulbs...and my lights came on as normal.

Did both headlight bulbs fail simultaneously? Probably not. I just never noticed when the first one had failed. I now check all my bulbs when I complete every oil change, and I start my troubleshooting with the easiest thing first.

Dave in Wyoming



Diplomacy is the art of telling
people to go to hell in such a way
that they ask for directions.

— *Winston Churchill* —

AZ QUOTES

Stop press! Darwin to the Doo is on again this year organised totally by MVEC!

Details will be advised as soon as they come to hand.

Stuff on the net

An interesting publicity exercise for the 1934 Chrysler Airflow. They do some pretty neat stuff to demonstrate how tough their cars are, including driving off a cliff.

<https://youtu.be/bFl5pEe-7uo>

A promotional video of Kalgoorlie and the Red Dust Revival. Warning.. Be careful, it might get you fired up and have you there with your car or bike next time.

<https://youtu.be/a0f5kWt7a3E>

A mad bastard on a motorbike (temporary motorcyclist).

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2K-TB1iUtJM>

Sometimes we Seniors don't Understand Directions...

I went to my nearby Amcal Pharmacy, straight to the back, where the Pharmacists' high counter is located.

I took out my little brown bottle, along with a teaspoon, and set them up on the counter.

The Pharmacist came over, smiled, and asked if he could help me.

I said, "Yes! Could you please taste this for me?"

Seeing a senior citizen, the Pharmacist went along.

He took the spoon, put a tiny bit of the liquid on it, put it on his tongue and swilled it around.

Then, with a stomach-churning look on his face, he spat it out on the floor and began coughing.

When he was finally finished, I looked him right in the eye and asked, "Now, does that taste sweet to you?"

The Pharmacist, shaking his head back and forth with a venomous look in his eyes yelled, "HELL NO!!!"

I said, "Oh, thank God! That's a real relief! My doctor told me to have a Pharmacist test my urine for sugar!"

I'm not allowed to go back to that Amcal, but I really don't care, because they aren't very friendly there anymore.