

# Motor Vehicle Enthusiasts Club

No 138

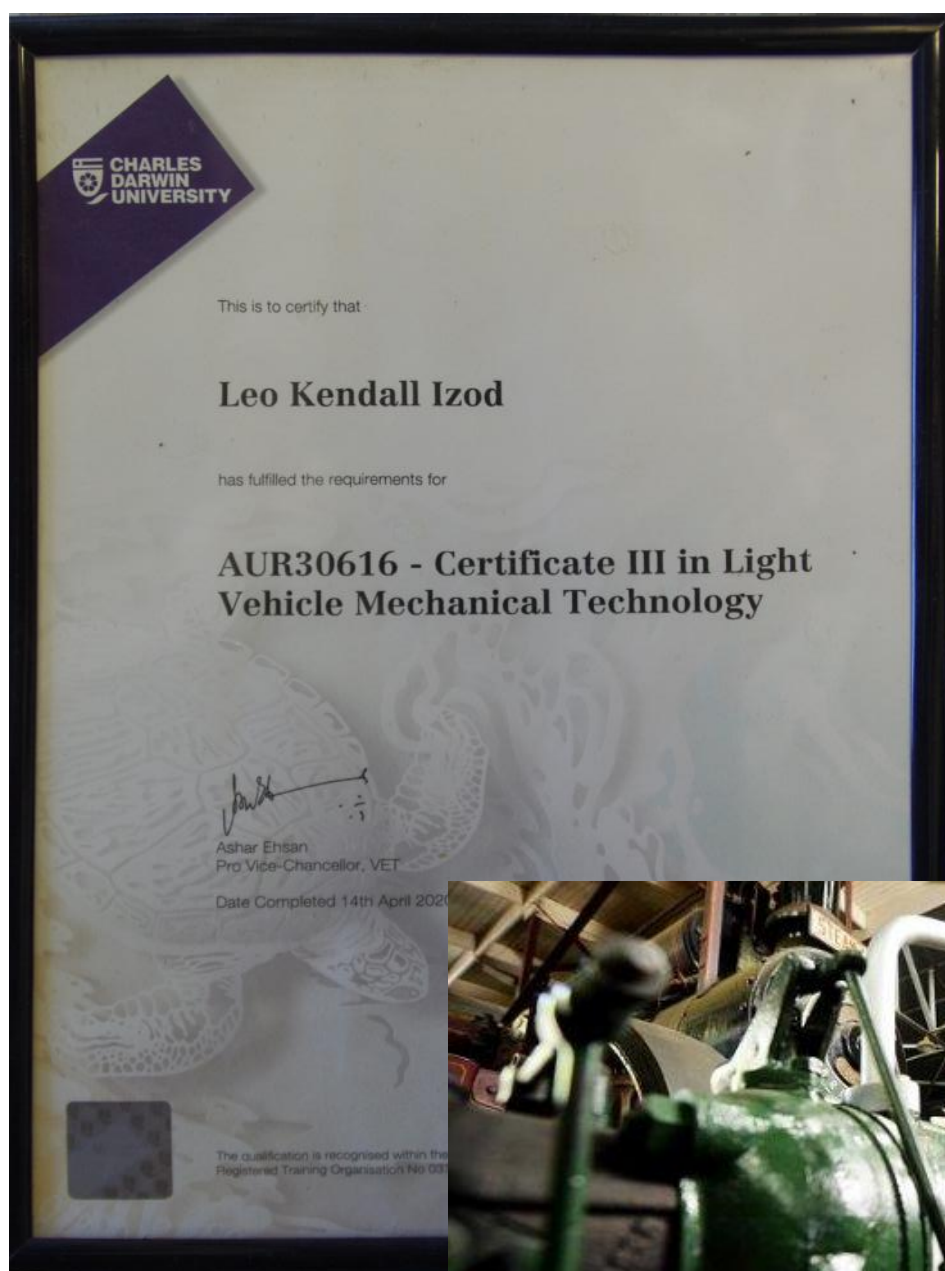
AUG 2020

# 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](mailto:longtelescope@gmail.com)



**Leo Izod**  
**fixer of anything**  
**interesting &**  
**Motor mechanic**



## The Leo Izod collection

Leo started collecting engines way back before Cyclone Tracy back in 1974. There was only one of em back then and he doesn't even remember what type it was. It blew away in the cyclone. He does remember a couple of really heavy air conditioners sitting under the house on the concrete and being amazed that such heavy objects could move themselves down to the back fence. That ended the collection for the time being. But in 1975 a mate that was working on a bore down Humpty Doo way called Leo to tell him there was an old engine down here and was he interested in it? He was. The engine was a 2hp Lister D and he still has it. It was great, and once fixed would start with just a flick of the fly-wheel. The sight of such a beaut thing impressed people and Leo found people offering him more engines and the collection got under way. He then started to take them to shows at Katherine, Adelaide River, Darwin and Freds Pass. Interest was such that he would always get someone offer him another item that was sitting around their block. That's where most of the stuff came from back then. And the collection grew. Some of the stuff was beyond fixing but you could use bits off one to fix another and he would never refuse something that was offered. His idea was that you could dump something just as easy as the other person, but if you didn't accept it, the next time they wouldn't bother offering that something to you. Anyway, it works, of all the engines in his collection Leo has never had to pay for one. But he has travelled looking for them. He would travel all over the Territory visiting stations and asking if he could check out their station dump. He would go prepared though, with photos of other engines that he had done up, to reassure the owners they were saving the life of some old bit of machinery. There was the odd place that preferred to hold on to their old stuff. One station towards the WA border down Alice Springs way had a roundabout in front of the homestead and that roundabout was full of old mining machinery and the like. The lady of the property was a collector and was on her husband's case to bring in more stuff that was laying about the bush. Generally though Leo was welcome to sort through the dump. The dump on these remote properties was a bit like a parts or hardware store, especially bolts, as you can't duck down the hardware store to buy a couple of bolts, when the nearest is a million miles away. So the engines on these dumps in faraway places have mostly been pulled to bits for their bolts and you have to hunt round to get all the pieces together. Leo's family at one stage had Killarney Station, but they got it from scratch, it had not been settled before and there was nothing there but bush, and especially no dump. Leo would have to drive to the neighbouring station, some distance away, just to bludge a bolt or a bit of bore casing to make a different sized pulley to change the gearing between a motor and a pump.

During all this time Leo's own collection was getting so large it was overcrowding his house at Night-cliff. The Dept Works 2 1/2 mile workshops had been closed down and was empty, so Leo approached the feller in charge of it all and got permission to house part of his collection in one of the big sheds there. A bit later the Museum got their hands on another shed (there were a lot of sheds in the place, it was gigantic) and installed Leo in there to restore mechanical stuff.

Then a new problem arose. The 2 1/2 mile workshops were to be converted into a residential housing estate. Leo's collection was quite a significant piece of the Territory's history, and it was soon going to lose its home. The govt minister that looked after the NT Museum and Art Galleries at the time was also a member of MVEC. He still is for that matter, but the museum

*Izod Motors on the corner of Knuckey and Cavenagh Sts. Did you ever notice the old concrete foundations next to the road as you come into Adelaide river? They were the footings for this shed before they moved it.*





owned another historic building that was empty, the old QANTAS hangar. So it was arranged to fill the hangar with Leo's collection as well as the historic vehicles owned by MVEC members. That's why the hangar is like it is.

Recently Leo happened to be accompanying someone at the apprentices board. It seems that a mechanic who had about 30 years experience had no formal qualifications and they were seeing if they could go about getting him some. During the visit Leo was jokingly asked how long ago he had finished his apprenticeship, to which he replied he had never been an apprentice. The apprentice board people asked him what experience he had.....

Leo's Dad had Izod Motors in Knuckey St, and in 1950 Leo started work there as a mechanic. All was well till 1961 when the big credit squeeze came about. (I think they call it a recession these days) business was very poor so Leo joined NTA (Northern Territory Administration) as a mechanic. He wanted to drive buses but the condition was he had to be a mechanic for 6 months first. When he did get to drive the buses it turned out to be quite lucrative as it became fairly regular to ask Leo to drive for 2 shifts because someone didn't front that arvo. He was making in 1 day what he made for a whole week before.

NTA had a fleet of 40 Land Rovers in Alice Springs that were being maintained by the Dept of Works. The maintenance bill was enormous as it turned out the Works Dept were billing all the parts used on their own vehicles, to the NTA's. So they gave Leo the job of vehicle inspector down there. From then on he would instruct the Works Dept exactly what work they were to do on the NTA's fleet. He saved them a fortune. He did that for 18 months before heading to Areyonga to be mechanic for a year, then to Beswick for another 5 years. By now Leo had a growing family and it was time to head for Darwin for high schooling. He approached the education dept who gave him a job teaching motor mechanics at Kormilda College. He stayed there for 18 years until the govt sold the place. He was offered a job with the new owners, but seeing he had been with the govt since 1961 he reckoned he would stay with them. But during his time there, Cyclone Tracy blew away all the buildings at Kormilda, and Leo found himself a pseudo teacher at Darwin High as most of the teachers had shot through and there was still a handful of kids that needed teaching something. So Leo told them to go home and ask their mum what she needed. A spice rack was a common request. so he found out the finer points of teaching high school kids the ins and outs of making things out of whatever they could lay their hands on. And from there it was to Gunn Point prison farm, but not as an inmate. And that lasted until he could return to Kormilda after they had rebuilt it.

From there he joined the museum where he had the pleasure of restoring some of the vehicles you see in the old QANTAS hangar. The 1918 AEC was a major restoration job Leo was involved in but you won't see his name on any of the signage associated with it. The museum owns this vehicle and since he was a paid employee just doing what he was paid to do, they decided he doesn't get a mention.



*A much younger Leo and Tom with the newly restored AEC*

*Below is the same truck before the fix up job. Gives you an idea of the sort of job Leo can tackle.*



The govt rules at the time forbade anyone to still work for them past the age of 65, so with that birthday imminent he quit. But did he give up being a mechanic? Not likely, he just doesn't get paid for it anymore. Leo has been coming to work at the old hangar more regularly than most people go to work. Apart from greeting tourists and other visitors he still fixes old engines and builds the odd car from bits. Not to mention rescuing damsels in distress that have been stuck from their batteries dying at some inopportune moment. And after all those years of collecting he has amassed such a collect of odd bolts and other obscure parts that he has saved the day for many local restorers.

.....So the heavies at the uni looked at each other and decided he'd have no trouble.... and .... 70 years from when he started, to the year, they gave him the formal qualification you see on page one.

## The collection

Leo's collection is pretty extensive but its interesting that it has all been donated to him, he has never actually paid for an engine.

And some of these engines have an interesting story to go with them. Here is but a small sample...

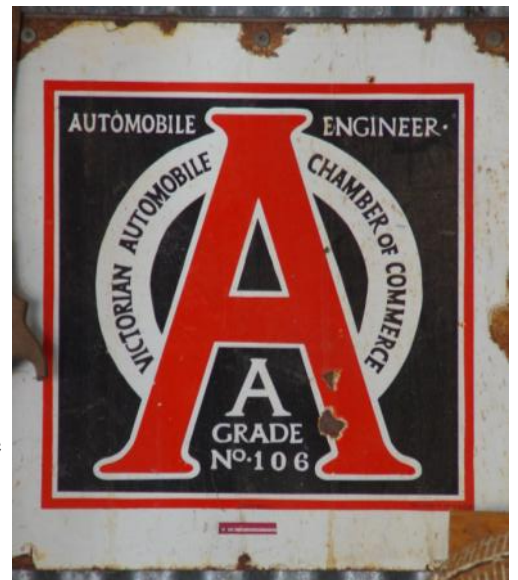
### Ronaldson & Tippet 10HP Austral engine.

Some years back an old bloke and his son approached Leo to tell that they had an engine that belonged to the blokes grandfather back in the 1930's. It was on a hill out from Pine Creek. They drew a mud map of its location. They had seen Leo's Blackstone engine running and explained their engine was 6 times bigger than it. So Leo and a mate went out to look for it. They couldn't find it. The map didn't match the surroundings. Next time they took a motor bike and headed a bit further out onto some escarpment country and came across a tiny spring fed waterfall. That was shown on the mudmap and from there they found the remains of a very faint track and a few hundred yards further was the engine sitting unmolested since the 1930's. It turned out the bloke that owned it had left after the war and hadn't come back till his son was posted here with TAA. He wrote a letter to say he had transferred ownership of the engine to Leo. The next problem was how to get it out of there. This was one seriously heavy engine. The old gent had been cutting timber when the engine had broken down. Previously it had been used to build the cape Don lighthouse, so it's history was certainly tied up with the Territory. Leo did the research and documented the work it had done with developing the NT and with photos of what he was capable of restoring set out to find someone with the necessary equipment to extract it. It was after all extremely rugged country and had grown back to basically virgin bush. He tried the RAAF and other places, but with no luck.

Then he tried the army. A particular Major had a good look at Leo's file and the photos, called an understudy and as he handed the file over to him said "get it off the hill for him"

So they went back to have a better look around and off in the opposite direction they had done before they found a path where the largest of the boulders (did I mention there were boulders everywhere) had been moved to one side. Obviously the route the engine had come in with the assistance of a 1927 Chev truck and perhaps a bunch of blackfellows. After a couple of weeks the army were set to go. They brought a

*The grandson of the original owner, and the gent that gave the engine to Leo. The owners of the station that it sat on tried to claim the engine as theirs. Leo's grandson, a lawyer, wrote them a letter explaining that the original owner never abandoned the engine, he always intended to come back and retrieve it. Then the station owners left him alone.*



*Leo's Dad had a certificate too. They made them a bit more substantial back in those days. It was an enamelled sign complete with his serial number enamelled into it. You can see it just past the entrance to the hangar.*





wrecker and a big trailer but had to leave the trailer a bit short of the site due to a rather steep river crossing. There were no front wheels on the engine so they lifted the front with the wrecker and towed it down the hill on its back wheels that had been stationary for 60 years. They camped there and Leo jacked it up and removed and greased the wheels. Next morn they towed it the ten miles to the trailer which was the other side of the Douglas river. During the rough ride down the boulder strewn hill the piston loosened itself enough to leave a mark 1/8" long in the bore. Once they got it back to Leos spot in the 2 1/2 mile workshop it took another 2 months to get it unseized.

The engine had been bought new by the Australian govt in 1915 to build the Cape Don Lighthouse. Its not certain what particular job it did but it may have been crushing rock as the lighthouse is of concrete. Exactly how it got from Cape Don to where it was cutting timber is not clear, but once it was unseized it became obvious the crankshaft was bent as one of the flywheels was lightly scraping the chassis every revolution. It is assumed that it had been lifted incorrectly by a crane with a single chain looped through the two flywheels. The engine weighs near 3 tons and if it had been lifted that way the force pulling the flywheels together would account for the damage. Leo attempted to straighten it enough to stop the flywheel rubbing. He put a jack under the far end of the crank, outboard of the massive flywheel, and relied on the great weight of the engine to hold itself down. But instead of the crank straightening, it snapped clean off, flywheel and all. He has since obtained another crankshaft for it but has never fitted it due to the problem of a press big enough to get the other flywheel off, and so these days the big engine sports only one flywheel.

They went back to the site later with a metal detector and found, amongst other things, all the bits of the vaporizer that had shattered and stopped the engine all those years ago. Somebody from the southern states was able to provide a replacement vaporizer, but it is much smaller than the original and the engine has only ever run for around 30 secs at a time.

*The engine as it is today, note the single flywheel.*



*The track that had been cleared of boulders, and the army's wrecker at the scene.*



*A small task for the army's equipment.*



Manufactured by  
**Ronaldson Bros & Tippet**  
**'Austral' Engineering Works**  
**Ballarat Victoria**

---

Runs on lighting kerosene		This engine was donated by Henry Williams' son, Frank, who as a boy helped his father run the engine and saw-mill.  The Vaporizer broke late in 1934. As a result the engine was left on the range until September 1993 when it was retrieved by Leo Izod with the generous help of the Army's 7th Logistic Company under Major Peter Shelley. The driver of the Mack recovery vehicle was Cpl Mark Weldon and his off-sider was Pte Brett Dannott.
Tested on 10.3.1915 by Stan Beckman		
HP 10	RPM 200	
8 1/2" Bore	14" stroke	
794.75 CU.IN		
12.89 ltr		

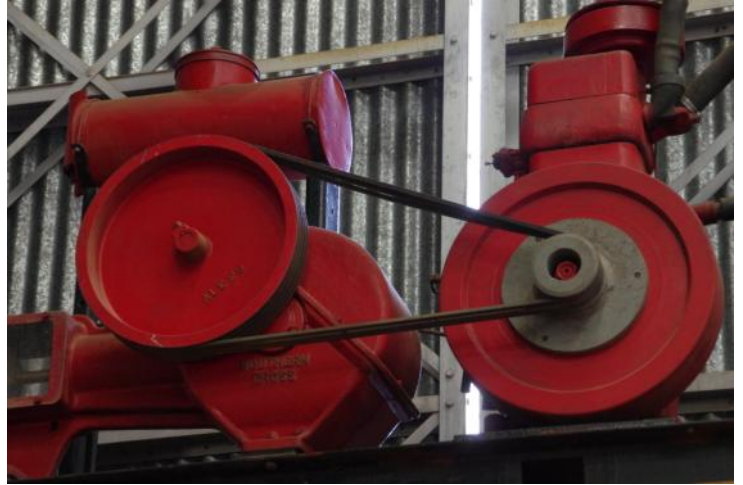
---

Sold to Lighthouse Services on 15.3.1915  
 Sold to Darwin Town Council late 1917  
 Sold to Albert Woods on 29.3.1928  
 Sold to Henry Williams during 1932





**Leo with the oldest engine in the collection. A 2 1/2 HP Crossley.** It was manufactured in England in 1899 and arrived in OZ in January 1900. It went underwater during the 1998 Katherine flood. Unfortunately no one at the time realised the cylinder had filled with water and it damaged the bore. Leo gave it a severe hone and although not good, it has fair compression and runs ok.



**Southern Cross** (one of em) Pic Above  
From Oolloo Station

The boss was going crook at one of the stockmen for not putting some cattle in a particular yard. The stockman replied "no water in yard boss". Boss could hear the pump engine running in the distance so was adamant there was water, but the stockman would still reply "no water in yard boss". So boss went over to the billabong to find the engine running but laying on its side next to its bearers and not attached to the pump. This is that engine.



**Southern Cross.** This is one of the engines Leo found in bits on Brunette downs station via Camooweal. He found out more recently it is the 4th oldest one in Australia. Serial no 128. From 1927.



**McDonald** semi diesel, used a injection system called 'Bronz' The butchers shop in Pine Ck had one of these engines and it was the worst mongrel of a thing to start. As a matter of fact the only person that could start the bloody thing was the guard on the train and the train only went through once a week. Consequently they only had sausages in Pine Creek once a week.



**The twin cylinder Lister** came from the Grove hill pub. It had a broken crank. Leo was visiting Alexandria Downs and there was one of these engines sitting around waiting to go to the dump. When they arrived the manager greeted them and informed them there was happy hour at 1pm. Leo didn't drink and wasn't bothered but his mate did and kept checking his watch and made sure they got back in time, only to find they were too late. "Where you been" the manager asked "Oh, sorry bout that" he straight away said. It turned out they may have been in the Territory, but as they do most of their business with Mt Isa, they adopt Qld time. Mate was not impressed. Anyhow when he heard the story of Leo's need for a Lister crank, the manager told the mechanic to pull it out for Leo. The problem was the mechanic could only get one fly-wheel off which still left one attached. No probs, just a bit heavy. The mechanic went to put it in the managers aeroplane. 'Like bloody hell you will "the manager objected. It was a bit heavy for a little plane. They ended up getting it back to Darwin on a roadtrain carting cement to a mine operating on the station. It took a couple of years to get here but it eventually did and the Lister runs sweet again. It seems the single cylinder version of these engine were bullet proof and will run forever, but the twin cylinder were notorious for breaking cranks. They had a centre crankshaft bearing that would come loose allowing the crank to flex.



This engine was made specially for the PMG Dept by the rail yards in Victoria. The old Overland Telegraph route followed the railway line between Adelaide river and Pine Creek, several miles from the road, so back in the days before bull-shit, they had 2 of their own section carts built to service the telegraph line via the railway line, and being PMG techs they had enough sense to be able to get off the track before the real train came along. All this without any casualties, a risk assessment or a mobile phone. This engine powered the section cart. It is a large 2 stroke. To reverse you started the motor up backwards.

Another section cart motor, this one is from a "Fairmont" from Qld Railways. Same deal, big 2 stroke. Start it backwards to go backwards.



**New Way engine** was given to Leo by a bloke that had found it in the bush near where Vestey's meatworks had been. But it was unlikely to have been from the Vestey's plant as the engine was of American manufacture and Vestey's was very British. But the engine goes right!



**Sausage machine** is from the 10 mile abattoirs. It holds 200lbs of sausage meat. There is a piston in there and you connect 200PSI of water pressure to that connector at the rear and your sausages come out the valve near the top.



**Southern Cross 4HP.** Two more examples of engines similar to the one from Ooloo. The difference being one is hopper cooled, one has a radiator and the other is connected to a cooling tank. Leo describes these as the Rolls Royce of engines. They just keep going.





**Rain gauge with pen recorder for remote location.** Despite the resemblance of a Dalek, this device is pretty nifty and shows how innovation could save the day before people became reliant on microprocessors to run their lives. A funnel up top catches the rain and guides it into the black billy looking container. A float therein is attached to the arm that comes across to the pen which records a line on the graph which is slowly rotating via a clockwork motor. The really nifty bit is that when the billy gets full of rain it overbalances, empties itself outside, then resets itself to start gathering rain again.



**Hamworthy engine** from Poole England in 1910. This engine did come from Vesteys. Leo wrote to them about his engine as the firm was still going, not making engines but still making pumps at that stage. But they were very interested in the livery of Leo's engine. After all they were meant to be lime green! How dare he paint it red.

I had a look on the net and their history section made interesting [reading https://www.hamworthy-heating.com/About-us/Get-to-know-us/Our-history](https://www.hamworthy-heating.com/About-us/Get-to-know-us/Our-history)

These days their main product is boilers.





This portable engine is ex military. You can see the fold out handles on each end to make it easy to carry. It appears to never have been used as there is no carbon in the exhaust.



And here is the engine that started it all! The 2 HP lister D. A great little engine that starts easy and runs sweet.

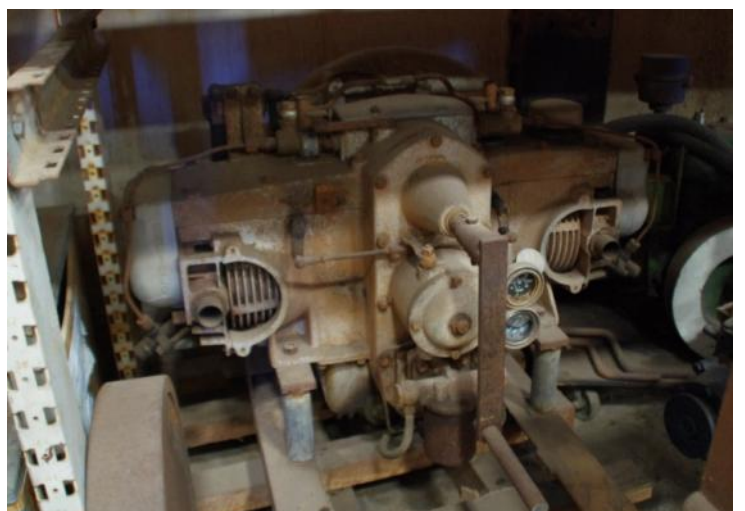


**1 1/2 Hp International** used to keep the lights on at the Grove Hill pub.

**The Billabong** is a nifty little pump that uses the inertia of running water to pump a proportion of that running water up a pipe to wherever you wanted it. Worked well on a running stream or anywhere that the water was running and you didn't need to catch all that water.

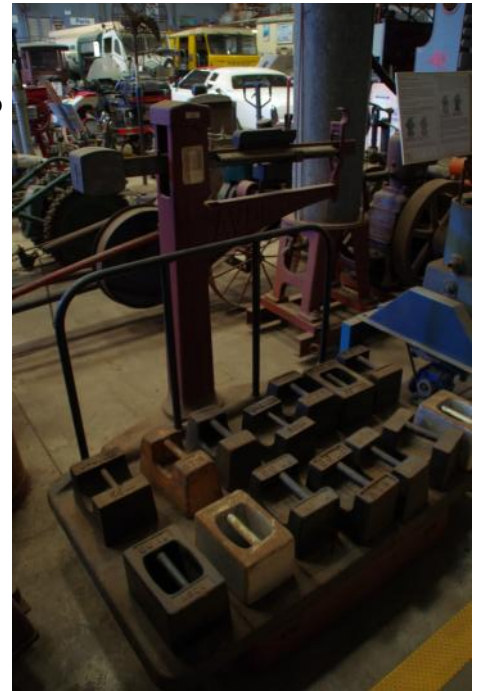


Not every engine here is smothered with affection. This horizontally opposed diesel engine is just too bloody hard to crank and to put a starter motor on it is a hassle because it runs the opposite direction of most engines.





**The magnificent 1/2 ton set of scales** were offered to the museum, which asked after their history, which was unknown. No one knew where they came from. With that the museum declined the offer. So Leo piped up "I'll have em". So he became the owner. A couple of years later they found out they were from Paspaleys. Too late.

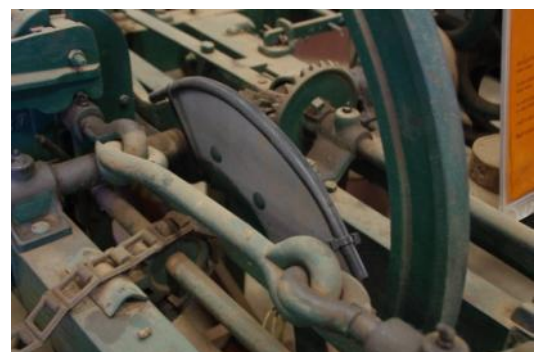


**This Lister is actually brand new.** There was a cool room near Batchelor built entirely of rocks. It was lined on the inside with 1/2" pipe through which the coolant was pumped. The problem was the Southern Cross engine that was running the show stopped. The Lister engine was on hand to swap but they came to the conclusion it was maggie probs with the Southern Cross and it was a lot less trouble to swap the maggie off the Lister that make new engine bearers to fit the different engine. That left one unstarted Lister.

**Jas Smith Chaffcutter and grain crackers.** The firm was still going in Ballarat until quite recently. The grain cracker came from Balgo in remote North WA. The Chaff cutter was bought by the government for the Beatrice hill experimental farm. When it arrived new they parked it in a shed down the back, but when they went to get it out to use it they found the termites had had a feast of all the bits that weren't iron. It never got used and the remains were sold at auction. The bloke that bought it gave it to Leo who found the biggest challenge was finding out how it all was supposed to go together. So it now has new woodwork and the mechanicals have never been used. Guess it really is brand new.



Check out the simple universal joint on this machine.





**1904 Oldsmobile.** Leo was given an ex Bougainvillea parade float that had a vague resemblance to a 1904 Olds. It wasn't really very flash but it prompted a thought to build a replica. A friend had a highly detailed technical drawing of one. The only dimension they knew for sure was the wheelbase of 66". Using a computer programme they were able to get from that, every dimension and detail of the original vehicle, even to the angle of the backrest of the seat. The mechanicals are meant to work, not to replicate the original, but from the outside to look the part. The rear axle looked remarkably like a model T, so it has a model T diff



with the crown wheel removed and replaced by a sprocket as the vehicle is chain driven. The gearbox is from a 24 Chev. It needed a gearbox as Leo wanted to use the car in the Rejex Rally and some of the motorhous sections needed to be run in reverse. The gearbox is just there for the reverse gear. The drive is via flat belt and the clutch is an idler pulley that makes the flat belt loose. The front transverse spring and steering is from a horse cart, and once again looks remarkably like the original. The first engine was an open crank example that Leo had found on the banks of the Daly river. It ran ok but was nowhere near powerful enough, so out it came to be replaced by a Ronaldson & Tippet 3HP. That was better but at the next Rejex rally it ran a lightning 1 1/2 minute standing quarter mile. Still not good enough.

Leo found something interesting at the tip shop. Someone had been fitting a new engine into a push bike but had not finished the job. It looked interesting so he bought it for \$80 and took it back to the hangar to play. A bloke spied it and offered to buy it, to which Leo refused. The gent then offered to swap it for a 2 cylinder diesel engine. Leo snapped that deal up as the diesel engine had a starter motor. So now the Olds is diesel powered and also you don't have to crank it.

While the Olds was still using the single cylinder engine Leo used the vehicle as a wedding car for his granddaughter. The groom was a helicopter mechanic so there were a lot of helicopter pilots amongst the guests. As the Olds, with the bride aboard came nearer all these helicopter people were scanning the sky looking for the chopper arriving. The single cylinder engine mimicked the beat of the chopper rotors.



**1955 Chev** Leo doesn't actually own the Chev anymore. He has recently sold it, but he and his dad competed in it in the original Rejex rally in 1955. It was sold when Izod motors closed up in 1972 to Trevor Feehan, who became one of the early members of MVEC. Later on Leo bought the car off Trevor to drive it in Rejex when they revived it in the 1990's





**1916 Studebaker** A visitor to the hangar spied 2 incomplete engines that Leo had sitting around. He remarked that he would love to own them, so Leo told him to take them with him. The visitor wouldn't hear about taking them for nothing and suggested he swap a 1916 Studebaker for them. It was in Melbourne but a trip with the trailer got it back here and then there was fixing it. And it had an electric start. It wasn't a heavy duty looking device as it runs via a chain to the front of the crankshaft. It is interesting that Studebaker had an electric start 1 year before Rolls Royce.

LEO KC IZOD

18 HAKEA ST

NIGHTCLIFF NT

0810

DATE OF BIRTH

29/01/1934

PH 0418851770

## RESUME FOR LEO IZOD

I WAS BORN IN VICTORIA AND MOVED TO THE NT IN 1946 MY FATHER BECAME THE CHEVROLET DEALER IN DARWIN. I STARTED HELPING MY FATHER IN THE WORKSHOP LEARNING MECHANICS. WHEN I FINISHED SCHOOL I WENT INTO WORKSHOP AS A TRAINEE MECHANIC. AT IZOD MOTORS FROM 1950 TO 1961. I THEN WORKED FOR THE NT GOVERNMENT. [NTA] AS A MECHANIC I WAS TRANSFERRED TO ALICE SPRINGS AND WAS IN CHARGE OF THE WORKSHOP. IN 1963 WAS TRANSFERRED TO AREYONGA WEST OF ALICE FOR 1 YEAR. I WAS THEN TRANSFERRED TO BURUNGA WHERE I RAN THE WORKSHOP FOR 5 YEARS. I STARTED AT KORMILDA COLLEGE IN 1969 AND TAUGHT MECHANICS TILL 1988. IN 1988 I WAS TRANSFERRED TO NT MUSEUM AS A TECHNICAL OFFICER TILL 1999 WHEN I HAD TO RETIRE IN 2000 I STARTED AT THE MOTOR VEHICLE ENTHUSIASTS CLUB LOCATED AT THE OLD QANTAS HANGER AT PARAP WHERE I OPEN AND CLOSE THE HANGER 6 DAYS A WEEK AS A VOLUNTEER. I HAVE BEEN THE TECHNICAL OFFICER TILL THIS DAY

LEO IZOD

*L. Izod*  
2-1-20

The people at the uni had to have a resume for Leo so they drafted him one. My apologies for getting caught in a sprinkler causing the ink to run.

## Space filler

### A thought for the day

A professional is someone who gets paid for his work.  
It doesn't necessarily mean he is good at it.

The question is: What Do Retired People Do All Day? Working people frequently ask retired people what they do to make their days interesting.  
Well, for example, the other day my wife and I went into town and went into a shop. We were only in there for about 5 minutes. When we came out, there was a cop writing out a parking ticket. We went up to him and said, 'Come on man, how about giving a senior citizen a break?'  
He ignored us and continued writing the ticket.  
I called him a Nazi turd.  
He glared at me and started writing another ticket for having worn tyres, so my wife called him a shit-head. He finished the second ticket and put it on the windshield with the first. Then he started writing a third ticket. This went on for about 20 minutes. The more we abused him, the more tickets he wrote.  
Personally, we didn't care. We came into town by bus.  
We try to have a little fun each day now that we're retired.

A group of kindergarteners were trying very hard to become accustomed to the first grade. The biggest hurdle they faced was that the teacher insisted on NO baby talk! 'You need to use 'Big People' words,' she was always reminding them.  
She asked Chris what he had done over the weekend.  
'I went to visit my Nana.' 'No, you went to visit your GRANDMOTHER. Use 'Big People' words!'  
She then asked Mitchell what he had done. 'I took a ride on a choo choo.' She said, 'No, you took a ride on a TRAIN.  
You must remember to use 'Big People' words.'  
She then asked little Alec what he had done.  
'I read a book,' he replied. 'That's WONDERFUL!' the teacher said. 'What book did you read?'  
Alec thought real hard about it, then puffed out his chest with great pride and said, 'Winnie the SHIT.'



### **Yamaha XS750 triple 1977**

plus numerous spare parts. Never registered in N.T.  
Bought approx 10 to 12 years ago from Moe, Victoria.

**Honda Goldwing outfit 1975** with double width side-car. has been passed by MVR and registered under Club rego many years ago.

Both best offer. I am 83 years old and unable to work in my shed anymore, because of a dicky heart.

Phone 8932 1923 or mobile 0458 099 487

Peter Harvey

### **Free stuff**

Get your free ads in here  
Give stuff away, sell stuff, get information, find a lover. Got a story to sell? Whatever you like.

Email Ted at [longtelescope@gmail.com](mailto:longtelescope@gmail.com)

Or phone 89886049

**Deadline.... The end of the month.**

### **Previous editions**

All previous editions of Transmission are now available at [mvec.weebly.com](http://mvec.weebly.com)

### **For Sale or exchange for something interesting (not another motorbike)**

**1980 650 BSA** motorbike

**1980 650 BMW** motorbike

Dick 89327264

### **16 inch tyres wanted**

Some old car tyres to get project moveable in the shed.  
Ted 89886049 [longtelescope@gmail.com](mailto:longtelescope@gmail.com)

### **Rotisserie**

Do you find it difficult working on the underside of the car you are restoring?

Fancy being able to whizz the car upside down to do one job then whiz it back up again in a moment with no stress.

I have a rotisserie capable of holding the heaviest car and is available for exchange for a low value item that I might fancy. This is not an expensive item, I just don't need it anymore.

Ted 89886049 [longtelescope@gmail.com](mailto:longtelescope@gmail.com)

A young lad from outback Queensland goes off to university, but halfway through the semester he has squandered all of his money.

He calls home.

'Dad,' he says, 'you won't believe what modern education is developing...they actually have a program here in Brisbane that will teach our dog Blue how to talk.'

'That's amazing!' his Dad says. 'How do I get Blue in that program?'

'Just send him down here with \$2,000,' the son says, 'I'll get him in the course.'

So his father sends the dog and \$2,000.

About two-thirds through the semester, the money again runs out.

The boy calls home.

'So how's Blue doing, son?' his father wants to know.

'Awesome! Dad, he's talking up a storm... But you just won't believe this. They've had such good results with talking, they've begun to teach the dogs how to read.'

'Read?' exclaims his father. 'No kidding! How do we get Blue in that program?'

'Just send \$4,500. I'll get him in the class.'

The money promptly arrives. But our hero has a problem. At the end of the year, his father will find out the dog can neither talk nor read.

So he shoots the dog. When he arrives home at the end of the year, his father is all excited.

'Where's Blue? I just can't wait to talk with him, and see him read something!'

'Dad,' the boy says, 'I have some grim news. Yesterday morning, just before we left to drive home, Blue was in the living room, kicked back in the recliner, reading the Wall Street Journal. Then he suddenly turned to me and asked, 'So, is your dad still bonking that little redhead barmaid at the pub?''

The father groans and whispers, 'I hope you shot that bastard before he talks to your Mother!'

'I sure did, Dad!'

'That's my boy!'