

Motor Vehicle Enthusiasts Club

No 148

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TRANSMISSION

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

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Newsletter enquiries to Ted longtelescope@gmail.com



Dave on his DT175 Yamaha at the old QANTAS hangar.. Those panniers are modified 20L plastic jerry cans. Very tested very tough.

Dave Armour (as you read this have a very strong Scottish accent in your mind)

While stopped to boil the billy at a parking bay south of Adelaide River last year I spied a bloke on an older bike who had also stopped to boil his billy. The bike was a 1979 DT175 Yamaha and a short conversation made me realise there was a lot more to this bloke and his bike than I could get in a parking bay conversation. I met him at the QANTAS hangar a week or so later and what a story. Most of what I write about is bikes or cars but this time it is about the rider on the bike.

Dave grew up in Scotland and had an aunt and an uncle that lived in Australia and one Christmas they sent over some picture books of Australia and that settled it for Dave. Even as a very young feller he decided he wanted to go to Australia. Come 16 years old that plan was upgraded to riding a motorbike to Australia. That took a couple more years. He was 21 when he finally made it, but to get experience touring he rode all over Europe and beyond. The experience started with a 1979 Triumph 750 but he decided that was not the ideal bike as it wasn't reliable, but the many break-downs gave him plenty of experience in fixing things in less than ideal conditions. The next bike was a new 3 cylinder 750 Yamaha. Dave decided this was the ideal bike for travelling, good to ride and reliable, but it was not to be. It got stolen.

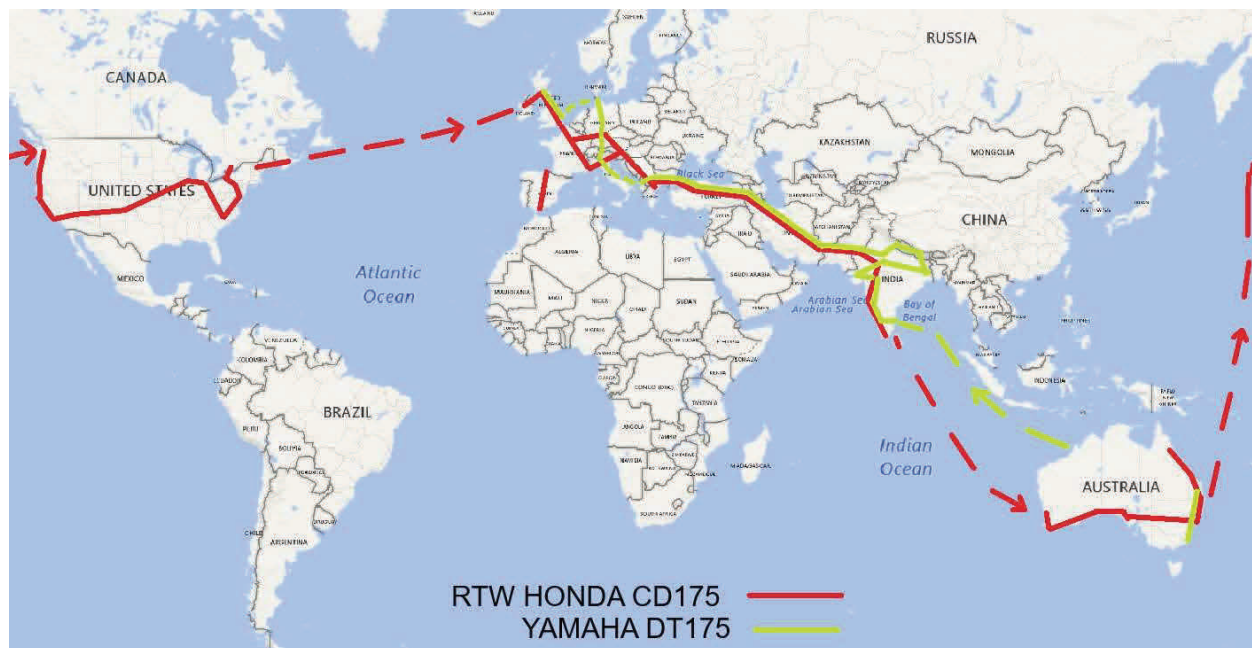
And he was in Egypt when the Kuwait war started and had to abandon his bike (an MZ250) and get out of the country quick. And a long time later he received a bill for \$3000 because he had omitted to take his bike out of the country when he left and they were charging him for the value of the bike. Luckily his bike was right where he had abandoned it and someone had sent him a photo of how it looked. (Not too good) When he sent the photo the authorities agreed that it wasn't a \$3000 bike and agreed to forget the whole thing for \$300.

So for a bike to ride around the world he came up with a couple of important properties:

Reliability. It had to be reliable.

Disposability. It had to be not worth a lot of money so you could dump it or lose it, plus if you were riding just a cheap little bike the people in the poorer countries could associate with you. You weren't one of the rich people on their big flash BMW and they would be much more friendly and helpful.

So in 1982 at 21 years old Dave said goodbye to Mum, he was going to Australia. The mount was a 1970 CD 175 twin cylinder Honda.



When he started travelling it was with a mate but he pulled out at Morocco, but Dave decided to travel on by himself. He decided later it was for the better as he could go where and when he wanted and being by himself he would meet a lot more people. In Iran he was riding along the road when a car cut him off and ran up the gutter and 2 blokes with guns jumped out of the car to interrogate him, but the locals all crowded round and got between the gun totin fellers to protect him. (This was in the days when Ayatollah Khomeini was running the show) The bad guys just checked his passport and shot through, but the experience left Dave with the impression that Joe average is a good guy. There may be a few bad guys out there but mostly the worlds is full of friends, good people.

There was a sign "welcome to Baluchistan". When he went back there in 2001 it was riddled with bullet holes. The road was a track through the sand marked with oil drums, and with rocks and holes to ease the monotony. He crashed along here and buckled his wheel but took it off and had it straightened by a blacksmith.

The bike used petrol at 100 mpg and buying fuel wasn't a problem, most of it was black market and came out of oil drums, generally the fuel vendors found you. With red hair and fair complexion you were a bit of news and something worth investigating. One example was coming into Colombo in Sri Lanka when he got a flat tyre, which was nothing unusual. So he pulled the wheel off and the tube out and people came to check him out and the crowd grew and grew so big as to block the main arterial road into the city and the riot police had been called. He had just finished the job when the police arrived dispersing the crowd with big sticks. They were aghast when they found Dave in the middle of it all.

In India travelling late in the day he came to a checkpoint which was at the site of an old British fortress of an earlier time. Being late in the day he asked the soldiers if there was anywhere around he could put up his tent for the night. No worries, and they set him up for the night in a gaol cell.

Another night in Pakistan under similar circumstances they accommodated him with a bed in the army barracks.

Another time he was cruising along and came upon a broken down truck blocking the road. No probs, Dave just rode around it, but just as he did an old bloke who was sitting in the grass at the side of the road stood up and stepped straight out in front of him and Dave hit him and crashed. The old bloke sustained a compound fracture of the leg. As usual crowds appeared from nowhere, but not to help the old bloke, but to check out the freak show, Dave

with red hair, white skin and blue eyes. Eventually a local appeared with a ute with which they were able to get him back to his own village. But there was no hospital and Dave was at a loss what to do, but the locals had seen that he had done nothing wrong and suggested he might as well keep on his way. It turned out the old bloke was blind. 2 days later he was at the border of Pakistan/ India and was worried they might give him a hard time (want money) with regards to the accident. But he got through the Pakistan checkpoint no probs and feeling relieved he then presented to the India side of things. But they were happy for Dave to come into their country but he had to have special documents for his motorbike. A Carnet. Dave didn't have one, nor had he heard of such a thing. He asked the question "where do I get one" "Oh you go to the automobile association in Bombay". And they impounded his bike. Bombay was 1200 km away so off he went first in a cart pulled by a donkey, then busses and steam trains and presented himself to the Automobile association in downtown Bombay. "Oh no sir you have to get that in England" they advised. Luckily he had contacts in Bombay and was able to get the Carnet organised in England and sent to him in Bombay, and then back to the border to regain possession of his bike.

Eventually he travelled through India and Sri Lanka and decide to ship his bike to Australia, so at the docks in Sri Lanka he fronted a shipping agent and explained he wanted to ship a motorbike to Australia. Oh yes, the bloke would say, "I know someone who could help you with that" and off



A better road, sometimes it was just oil drums in the sand marking the way.



Typical Afganistan scenery

Dave would go to the next shipping office to be told " I know someone who could help you with that". This went on several times, but eventually the someone actually said they themselves could arrange it. There was a set price for a motorbike \$500 US dollars. Remember this is 1982. That was a serious bit of money. Dave went away to think it over for the night. Next day he went back to the same agent and told him he had a box of machinery parts to send to Australia measuring 0.7 cubic metres.. No worries sir, \$230, so Dave pulled his bike to bits and put it in a box to pick up at Fremantle.

When he arrived at the box in Fremantle it was upside down with oil dripping and battery acid all over. It had to be passed by quarantine so still dismantled he arrived at the quarantine office wondering how the reception would be. He explained what was in the box and what he was up to. No worries they said. Come in and have a cup of tea. And they allowed him to put it all back together in their shed. The next problem was the carnet. He had given it to the shipping company (bad move) and they had lost it. So he rang up the road traffic authority to explain his predicament. The feller there pointed out he could just register it in WA, but it would have to go over the pits for an inspection. So Dave duly rolled up at the inspection shed and while he was waiting he watched them going over an immaculate MGB that was on a hoist. They were pulling back rubber grommets looking for oil leaks and such. Giving it the fine toothed comb treatment. He looked at his own bike. It had been halfway round the world and was pretty battered, leaking oil, looked sad. He didn't like his chances of it getting passed. The inspector walked over to him clipboard in hand and asked him "is this your bike", uh huh, "you've ridden it through all these countries", uh huh, "and now you want to ride it across Australia "uh huh "well I'm not going to stop you!" the inspector said, and Dave headed out across the Nullarbor. In 1982 the Nullarbor had only just been sealed and people still considered it to be a horror stretch to drive, but Dave reckoned it was the easiest part of his trip! He made it across to the east coast via Broken Hill, Sydney and up as far as Cairns. He visited his aunt and uncle and rels, then back to Sydney where he cleaned up the bike, dismantled it and put it in a box to ship back to Scotland. A bus ride to Perth then a flight back to UK and he was home roughly 10 months from when he left.

And then.... well life was a bit boring back home. He didn't quite last a year and with new engineering qualification and an Australian visa he was off again. The Honda was still in the box and there it stayed under his house neglected for 30 years until he retired in 2013. A planned retirement

project was to restore the bike he had come to Australia on all those years ago. It was already 10 years old when he left Scotland and they lay salt on the roads over there in winter which accelerates rust and corrosion so it was pretty sad by the time the restoration started. Even the swinging arm had rusted through. But considering the miles it had done and where they had been done, the most surprising thing about the bike was the motor. The cruddy appearance of the cases came up ok with a soda blast but the internals were in surprisingly good condition. He pulled the motor-



And the newspaper reckoned Dave's trip was worth writing about too.



The Honda after its restoration

pletely down but there was nothing wrong with the bottom end at all. The crankshaft went back in without being touched. It got a new barrel and pistons because it was cheaper to buy an aftermarket set than have the original barrel bored and oversize pistons.

The plan in 1982 had been to ride it round the world, so once the bike was restored he shipped it to USA, rode up the west coast, down route 66, up the east coast, New York, Washington, Canada, Toronto, then flew it

across to UK and back to Scotland and completed its round the world 120000 Km trip in 2016. And with the trip complete at last he left the bike there with his brother who was a bike enthusiast.

But that isn't the whole story. Back in 2002 to celebrate the 20th anniversary of his big ride in 1982 he decided to ride back to Scotland in the reverse direction. This time the bike was a 1979 175 Yamaha that he had bought as a non runner from a motorbike wrecker in the early 1990's as a fixer upper to ride to uni where he had been a student at the time. He stripped the bike, put it into a crate and had it shipped by air to Chennai in India, reassembled it at the airport then rode it the long way round India, then Nepal, Pakistan, Baluchistan, Afghanistan, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Austria, Germany, England and finally back to Scotland. Then crated it again back to Australia.

And also take into account that in his 20's Dave started suffering from rheumatoid arthritis and they had him on mobs of drugs to treat it. But the drugs were eating away the rest of his body and they advised him he would be dead by 30. So he weaned himself off the drugs and learned to get along without them. The result is he is still very much alive but seriously handicapped with the range of movements his limbs are capable of. His hands are kind of scrunched up like claws. In Iran he was all set up to pass a car out in the middle of the desert when the car all of a sudden chucked a U turn right in front of him with fairly predictable results. The bike and Dave were a bit scratched and bent but still serviceable, but the blokes in the car were most concerned about the state of Dave's hands. They thought his hands were totally trashed but Dave had trouble (no speaker English) explaining that his hands were like that before the prang.



The DT is in that box ready to be shipped back to OZ.

And where does he sleep on these trips? Well sometimes there are hotels and sometimes there is the tent.

By 2019 he was at it again. Once more he pulled the Yamaha to bits to fit in a box and shipped it to England. Then he rode it to Scotland, his preferred starting point. This time the trip was through France Italy Greece Egypt Sudan Ethiopia, Kenya, Uganda, Rwanda, Tanzania, Malawi Namibia, S Africa, then dismantle and back in the box again and ship to Australia. When he travels to these sorts of place these days he still generates a bit of interest



but nowhere near as much as back in the 1980's and he acknowledges that the unreliability of the old Pommie bikes regularly breaking down and the experience in getting them going again is what gave him the confidence to head out into out of the way places. The differences he found was the Jap bikes may have been small but they were reliable, apart from punctures which were common.

Here a few quotes from his diary:

Fueling Up

I was stopped at a petrol station in order to fuel up. A car was at the bowser and I pulled in behind him. The car had its fuel tank at the back middle and the owner was in the process of fueling up. He looked at me and beckoned me over with the bike and indicated to remove my fuel cap. He then removed the fuel nozzle from his car and filled my bike, then continued to fuel his car. "A gift from Iran" he shouted and wished me a good journey. Could off filled up my Jerry can but I did not have the hide to ask.

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This accident mentioned is the one where the car did a u turn in front of him.

6/7/2001 Friday

Moved towards Tabriz, had accident with car, 40 ks from Tabriz, Limped into Hotel Gold ____, Very Sore and two Panadine 40, did approx 300ks

7/7/2001 Saturday

Did not get up till 2.00pm Hobbled about Town and got sunglasses (Broken Visor), Nice shopping Malls. Old building in center of town Quite amazing. Stayed 2nd night at Hotel Gold ____,

When I arrived at the Hotel the staff were alarmed at this bandage clad westerner looking very much the worse for ware. After assuring them I was all right and did not need a doctor I crashed out in bed in a much softer landing. I woke from a long induced sleep and wondered what shape I was in, slowly I moved and established I was still mobile and could walk with a good hobble. As the accident had broken my helmet visor I was on a mission to get some sunglasses in order to ride the bike, bugs in the eyes are not funny. Near the center of town I found what I wanted a local seller with a cloth set out on the pavement displaying sunglasses. I picked up a pair but the young vender looked worried and suddenly grabbed the four corners of his display cloth complete with merchandise and bolted down the street. I hobbled after him with the pair of sunglasses raised shouting "come back I haven't paid for them". I immediately laughed at this situation and wondered why I had the ability to create havoc where ever I go. He eventually came back to me after hiding and I gather it was as he had no license and the secret police saw him, no doubt watching me. A deal was made and I was roadworthy again.

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The shipping agent taking the bike from Greece to Alexandria requested a list of what was in Daves Panniers. This is what he carried in the way of spares. Note he carried a conrod kit. It turns out it is no big deal to get a big end pressed in at one of these remote places.

Piston, rings, small end bearing, big end bearing, con rod, gasket set, crank seal left, crank seal right, main shaft lay bearing, drive shaft lay bearing, 2 plugs, ignition coil, stator plate, CDU unit, front fork seals 2 off, back tire tube, lever (brake or clutch), wheel bearings front, wheel bearings back, 428 spring link, Head-

light bulb, stop/tail bulb, drive shaft (output), 6th Gear pinion cog, 6th gear drive cog, carb kit and jets (140, 130, 120), cable nipples, tape electrical, tape general, electric wire, solder, super glue, araldite, silicon, puncture repair kit, cable ties (variety), variety of nuts bolts and screws, chain lube, wd40, tube never-seize, special rotor remover, spanners 8,10,12,13,14,17,19, sockets 8,10,12,13,14,17,19, 22, 25, 6mm socket with adaptor, socket handle, socket shaft, long nose pliers, pump pliers, vise grips, shifter small, shifter 8", flat file half round, round file, selection needle files, small drill bit, tire irons 2 off, multi meter, flat screw driver medium, flat screw driver small, large cross point, medium cross point, small cross point, Inflator pump, Tire gauge and electric pump.

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Another display of good people. I had taken the wrong road (no signage) and ended up on a desert track running low on petrol I stopped, luckily a military Land rover came along and with the usual sign language explained my problem. "Follow us" was translated and carried out till we reached an pipeline pump station with a building attached. I was relieved of my passport and led into a small room and signaled to sit on the floor. The area in front of me was then covered with a cloth, I wondered if they were going to decapitate me. I caught a glimpse at a tall military radio in the other room as they left me and heard talking. My execution orders had been reprieved and it was an array of food that landed on the cloth as we all sat down to eat. Latter my bike was filled with petrol from the Land rover and they told me to follow them back to the town where they bought me bread and put me on the correct road. Wonderful Iranian people.

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Quetta

I managed out to my first stop to find a bank and get some money changed. The bank was on a dirt road and not open yet so further up the road there was a chai shop with chairs and tables both inside and outside. I sat just in the doorway and ordered a Chai and biscuits. The biscuits reminded me of British digestive biscuits but tasted completely differently with a strong spice and herb flavor. A couple of middle aged men, dressed in traditional outfits, sat outside and also had chai and biscuits. I could view them clearly and also look out down the earth road towards the bank. Two obstacles appeared on the sides of the road, one a very poor specimen of mingy dog and the other was a naked man who was even more ferule than the dog and swaggering around in a deluded state. As the dog approached, one of the men sitting outside in front of me, throw a piece of biscuit towards the dog. At this action the ferrule human scurried across the dirt on all fours to retrieve the feed from the dog. At this point one of the men got up and chassed the poor vagabond away in order for the dog to receive its feed. This was Baluchistan and this is as wild as anywhere in the planet.

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The roads of course were rough and signage was non existing, especially in English, so getting the wrong road was very easily done. I passed very high walled mud brick compounds and cemeteries like boot hill in a western with about half the graves small child size graves. No women were ever seen in the villages only young girls and if a women was seen she would be in a burka. Sometimes in the country areas there were tribal women dressed in very colorful attire tending the goat herds. At the end of the day I found myself in Muslumbagh which in those days was one of the main Afghanistan refugee camps housing many thousands of people. Naturally when I turned up in town and removed my helmet there was the usual

crowd surrounding me. I started asking for a hotel and in typical fashion within 10 minutes the English speaking Town Clark introduced himself as my savor. Syed Ghulam Mohammad Shah was his name and I gather, after inspecting his government office with its desk and chair with pens and pencils, that he was someone with some say and responsibility in the refugee camp. Later I was taken to an single self standing earth brick room with two rope beds where I could sleep for the night, it even had an electric light bulb, and he told me that he had something to do and would be back latter. I was left sitting on the bed and decided to write my diary. After some time the door opened and in came several bearded warriors complete with rifles, bullets and no English. I smiled but they didn't. I could sense that something was not right by the tones of their raised voices and the fact that they had grabbed my arm and were taking me outside. I was in the centre of a commotion and I did not have any idea what was going on but it was not good. The party outside my safety dwelling was hostile. My savor came back and emerged through the crowd to view my face of bewilderment, serious communications took place with my host looking quite stern and my passport being produced. Although it was night and very dark the sun shown when everybody was smiling and laughing. What a relief and what was all that about?. I was taken back inside the room by my confident. "Oh Mr David that was big trouble" and then went on to tell me a "hilarious" story that word had got around the camp that there was a Russian deserter being held. It was me, and these tribal leaders had decided that as the Russians had shot at them they were going to shoot the Russian deserter. I was going out to a firing squad!

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Got away early to some wonderful landscape and winding mountain roads covered in some places with thick sticky mud as I slowly climbed past large trucks which were sliding sideways with no traction. A very long day saw me at the border checkpoint of the Punjab and Baluchistan where the guard offered me a bed for the night. This was at the old British strong hold of Fort Munro over 6,000 ft above sea level. I had the unknown fortune to be accommodated at a historical jail house built by the British and my room was the first cell on the left. The jail itself looked like a western cowboy stone jailhouse as in a movie set and the cell cages matched that image perfectly but this was the real thing. I was fed and watered and the doors were left open. I slept on the Rope bed in the cell. I believe this old jailhouse now has a world heritage order on it.

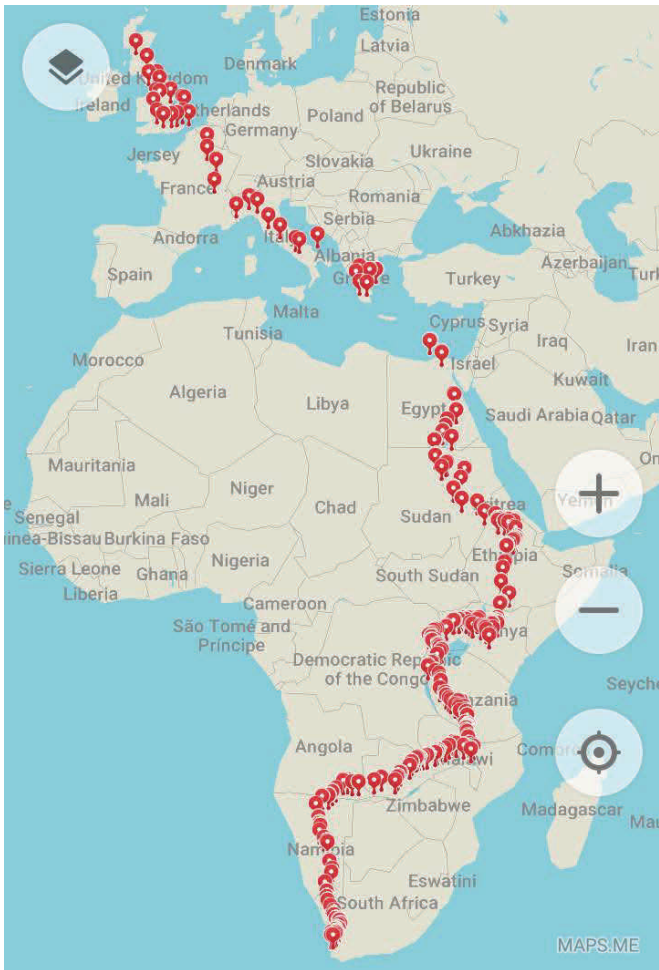
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Wednesday 6th March 2019

Went to the shops again but was stalked in the supermarket by a couple of doggy characters. Made an attempt to pick pocket me at cash till, which I realised later, when they pushed past me I had hands over pockets automatic which foiled them. Found them following me outside the shopping center and asked why they were following me; said they were going for a taxi. Checked again and no one behind me. Nearer the camp I became uneasy, could have been the car pulling in ahead, turned around and there was the bigger character behind me, he made a halfhearted attempt to grab my pocket but my Basil Faulty fighting pose scared him off as well as some choice Scottish expletives. Took a photo as he got into the waiting car and sped off nearly colliding with a passing car. Doesn't seem safe here. Everywhere is security and razor wire with electric fences.

This is Africa That's the photo he took of the would be robber getting to his accomplices car.

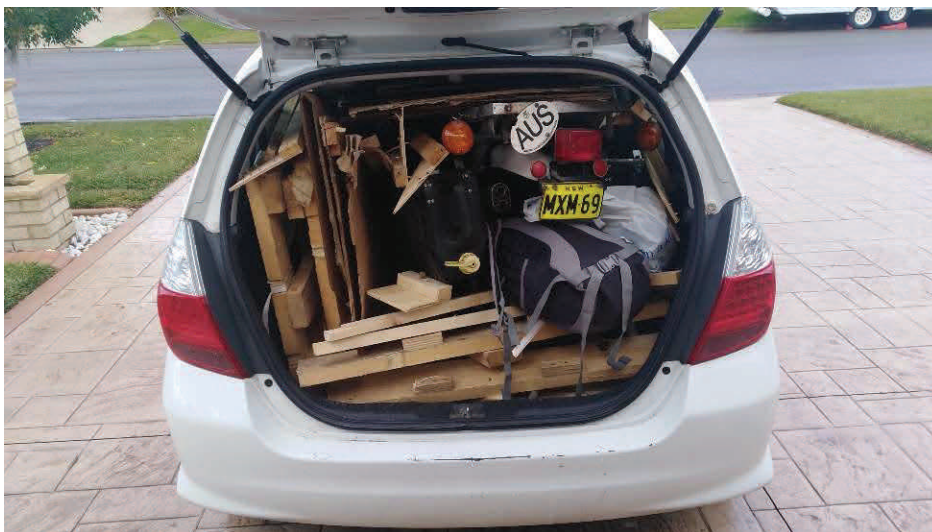




When you bring a vehicle into Australia these days it has to be clean. Dave strips the bike somewhat to get it right before he arrives.

Map shows the route of the Africa trip.

And at the end Dave went to pick up his bike from the carrier. It was still in the box. When they brought the box out they wanted to know which truck or ute or trailer to put in in. Dave asked them to leave it on the ground. He was going to put it in the back of his Honda Jazz hatchback car. They didn't believe it would fit! Not only did it fit, but the box fit in there too!



WW2 Parachute manufacturer awarded an award to any member of an aircrew that baled out of a damaged aircraft and survived. The crewmember was then a member of the Caterpillar Club and received a gold membership badge. If the crewmember happened to land in the sea, he became a member of the Goldfish Club instead.

Membership is not handed out willy nilly. One bloke baled out of a Lancaster without a parachute and survived uninjured by landing in a snow drift. He was denied membership because he hadn't used a parachute.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Caterpillar_Club

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Goldfish_Club



In my younger years, as part of overhauling a Mercedes 190D, I was faced with frozen brake caliper pistons. The fix was easy enough...a high pressure grease gun to pop the pistons. When I reinstalled the calipers, I could not get the brakes to bleed up to a firm brake pedal. I went as far as replacing the brake master cylinder as part of my diagnostics. I finally threw in the towel and took it to the local Mercedes dealer. After working on the car for two hours, they called an all shop meeting in their conference room because they could not solve the problem either. I was able to watch the meeting through a glass window. After some discussion, one of the mechanics finally pulled out a manual and pointed to a picture.

The meeting ended and the shop manager came to me and said: "Sir, next time you work on brakes...do one wheel at a time. You have the calipers upside down and the bleeder screws are on the bottom." Bleeder screws should be at the top of a caliper in order to bleed the air from the lines

Jim in Ohio

[A car full of Irish nuns is sitting at a traffic light in downtown Dublin, when a bunch of rowdy drunks pull up alongside of them.](#)

"Hey, show us yer tits, ya bloody penguins!" shouts one of the drunks.

Quite shocked, Mother Superior turns to Sister Mary Immaculata and says, "I don't think they know who we are; show them your cross."

Sister Mary Immaculata rolls down her window and shouts, "Piss off, ya fookin' little wankers, before I come over there and rip yer balls off!"

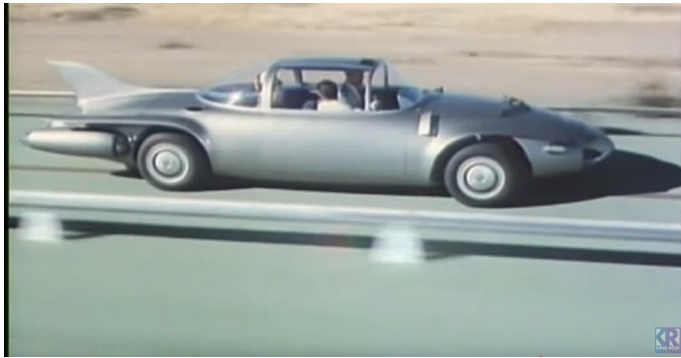
Sister Mary Immaculata then rolls up her window, looks back at Mother Superior, quite innocently, and asks, "Did that sound cross enough..."

Stuff on the net

Remember what it was like motoring in 1976? Well back in 1956 General Motors had a look in their crystal ball and made a short film depicting a family travelling 20 years in the future, in 1976.

Its quite interesting. Luckily they didn't predict cell phones.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Rx6keHpeYak>



The venerable VW bug surely has a place in everyone's heart. Apart from Herbie the love bug I reckon most people have had something in their life made memorable involving a Volkswagen. Well a bloke in America has built a one off scale model but instead of scaling it down, he has scaled it up! Powered by a Dodge V8 . Pretty neat!

<http://videos.usatoday.net/>

Brightcove2/29906170001/2016/07/29906170001_5061733501001_5061717547001.mp4



And by chance did you buy your first car from a used car yard?

This You tube video shows mobs of car yards from all over Australia and the opening scene is of Izod Motors right here in Knuckey St, Darwin.

<https://youtu.be/wYijU7qS9ow>



Old Australia // Used Car Dealers from days Gone By
114,646 views · Apr 26, 2020

1.1K DISLIKE SHARE SAVE ...

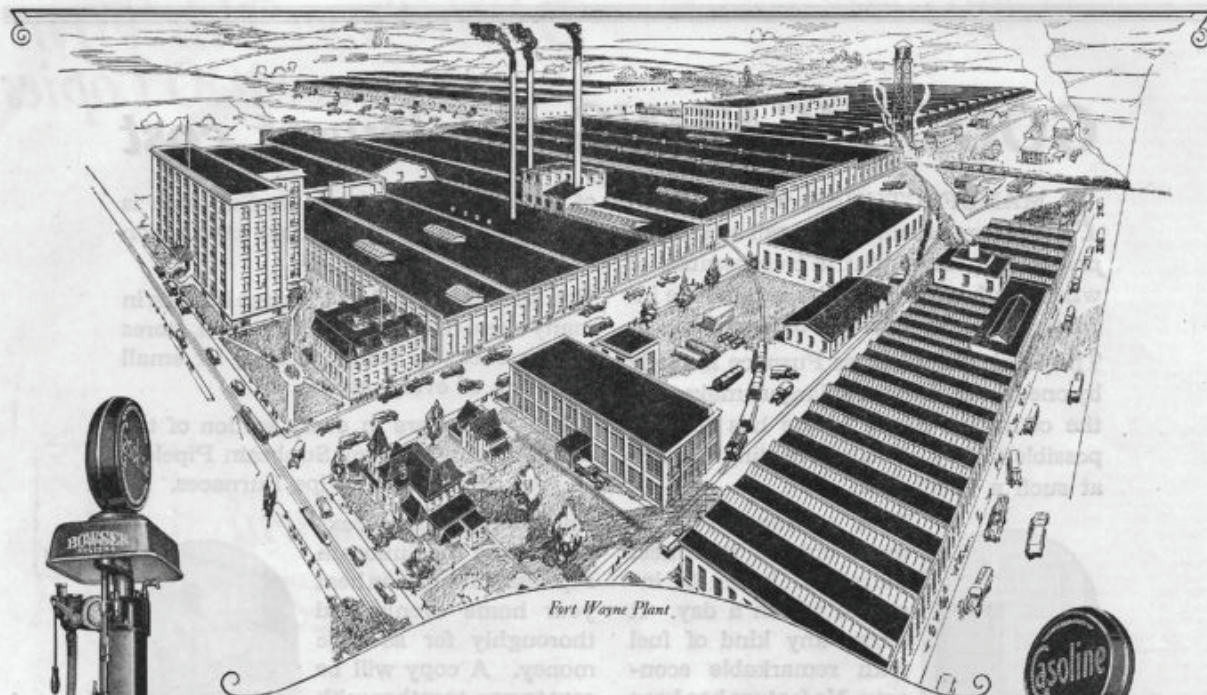
More stuff on the net

Every time you fill up your car or bike with petrol have a thought for the bloke who invented the bowser you are using. His surname was Bowser and how he came up with the idea makes interesting reading. Check it out at <https://www.indianalandmarks.org/2017/05/bowser-building/>

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

April 8, 1922



Fort Wayne Plant

Confidence—Justified!

Since 1885 public faith in Bowser Pumps has kept Bowser in the lead of their industry.* You can depend absolutely on getting full, accurate measure and quick service of gasoline and oil from Bowser Pumps everywhere. Full measure means full mileage, so be sure to look for the Bowser trade-mark and know you are safe in your filling station.

Bowser equipped filling stations and their patrons profit through Bowser Prestige.

Write for full information on the new Bowser Piston-Type Visible Pump.

* Bowser today is the oldest and largest manufacturer of self-measuring pumps.

S. F. BOWSER & COMPANY, Inc.
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Branch Offices: Albany Atlanta Chicago Dallas Denver New York Minneapolis
Philadelphia Pittsburgh St. Louis San Francisco Toronto

Branch Offices, with Service Departments, in Principal Cities Abroad

BOWSER
ESTABLISHED 1885
PISTON-TYPE VISIBLE PUMPS

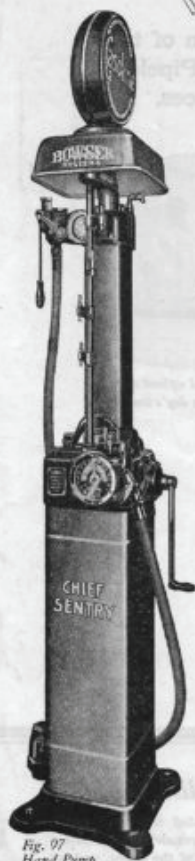


Fig. 97
Hand Pump

Bowser Products

Filling Station Pumps and Tanks for Gasoline.
Portable Tanks for Gasoline and Oil.
Storage and Measuring Outfits for Paint Oils, Kerosene and Lubricating Oils.
Carload Oil Storage Tanks.
Power Pumps.
Dry Cleaners' Underground Naptha Clarifying Systems.
Richardson-Phenix Oil Circulating and Filtering Systems and Force Feed Lubricators.

Ask for Booklets



Fig. 99
Power Pump

R42 FORMS signed

Due to staffing changes at the hangar, there may be times when there is no committee member present to sign your R42 forms for club rego.

So to have a fair chance of having someone available it is suggested you limit your visits for signing these forms to Wednesday or Sat mornings.

Even then it is probably a good idea to ring the hangar beforehand, just to be sure there is someone available.

1985 Subaru Vortex Auto \$650

2007 Hyosung GT 250 carb model \$400

Email - arthurgoldberg1937@gmail.com

Phone - 0417066559

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

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Previous editions

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

1928 Dodge Standard 6 bits

Gearbox \$50

Diff \$50

All engine parts, electrical parts.

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Wots on

DARWIN ANZAC DAY MONDAY 25TH APRIL 2022

MVEC will be hosting an Open Day/BBQ after the completion of the Anzac Day parade through the city of Darwin on Monday 25th April 2022. The Old Qantas Hangar will be open from 10am – 2pm with club vehicles & motorcycles on display. All members are invited to display their vehicles/motorcycles at the hangar, so bring along your family & friends to see the hangar & learn some of Darwin's history.

MVEC military vehicles will be taking part in the parade, so come along into the city & cheer all the participants.

22 May Rally to the other end. Note date changed to avoid clash with Holden's event

Continuation of the Rally to the end held last year.

17th July

MVEC vs Classic Holden Car Club annual cricket match.

At the picturesque Batchelor oval. You can throw balls at a Holden owner or just come for a drive and watch. And there will be a barbie fired up there at lunchtime. BBQ ashes being the cuisine of the day. And if you are not into cricket, it's a nice drive.

In loving memory of Bob Archbold

Maureen and the Archbold Family would like to thank members of the MVEC who attended the funeral for Bob, also those in their wonderful classic cars.

Their presence, thoughts and support were appreciated.

Rally to the other END



Note date changed to avoid clash
with Holden's End of Era event.

SUN MAY 22

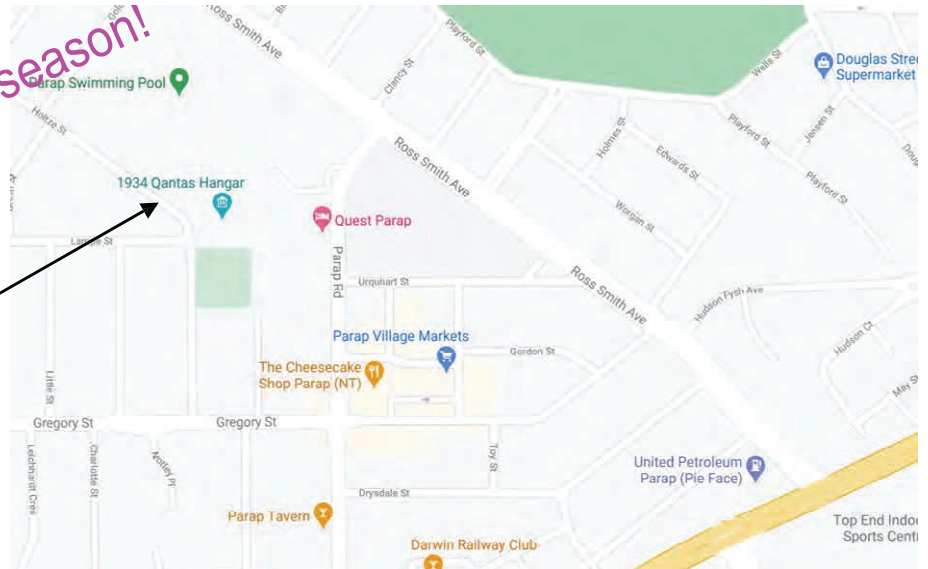
9AM START

**At:
OLD QANTAS HANGAR
22 MACDONALD ST
PARAP**

ENTRY FREE

Bring a pen or pencil!

Dry season!



Where is the end? You will have to come along to find out.

The start is at the old QANTAS hangar

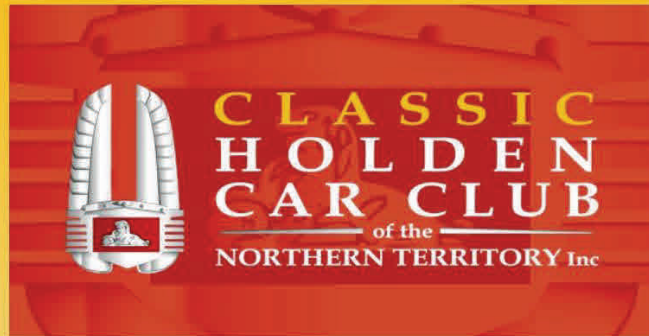
SUN May 22, 9am start.

Absolutely anyone welcome to enter. No entry fee.

No prizes. Just the satisfaction of not getting lost. There will be a winner though. Scoring is rigged to give older cars an advantage. Speed is not an advantage. Skillful driving is.

Event will navigate around greater Darwin area collecting information along the way and will finish up at a park for lunch with the odd driving test on the way.

Bring your own picnic lunch and chairs.



NATIONAL MOTORING HERITAGE DAY

WHEN

**Saturday & Sunday
14th & 15th May 2022
10am Sat—1pm Sun**

WHERE

**The Bark Hut
Arnhem Highway**

ALL CAR CLUBS INVITED

**Meet at Wishart Siding for a leisurely cruise to the
Bark Hut and set up the car display**

**Partake in lunch and admire the car display,
relax, have a swim**

**Overnight stay with Band for entertainment
Sunday morning: JUDGING and TROPHY presentation**

Leisurely cruise back to Darwin



**Just Us
Entertainment**

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