

Motor Vehicle Enthusiasts Club

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TRANSMISSION



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

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*Merry
Christmas*

Red Dust Revival 2022

Perkolilli isn't everyone's idea of motoring utopia. But to me that kind of sums it up. And as for the name "Red Dust Revival" it really lived up to its name. Would you believe, it was a bit dusty!

The venue is exactly the same as it was back in its heyday in the 1920's and I mean exactly the same. It hasn't been graded or resurfaced or changed at all. It is just a clay pan, and nature has used water and gravity to lay down a beautiful grippy flat surface. When you compare photos from the old days and now, the only difference is that now there is grass growing in the places where the cars don't regularly drive. And the cars that come to the event are the same as

back in the days too. There is no modern stuff here. Same with the bikes too. But I think the greatest thing about the event is the people that come here. Not just the drivers either, the supporters and the spectators too. Everyone has the same vibes, nobody is better than anyone else, nor is any car or bike better than any other. It's just about getting out there and going for it to the best of your, or your car or bikes ability. There are no prizes. It was explained at the start that if your vehicle was still running at the end of the week and you could still drive it onto your trailer you were indeed a winner, and that summed it up pretty good. We rolled into the lake after spending the previous night in Kalgoorlie where we got some good rain and an excellent display of lightning. After the Centenary of Speed event in 2014 where it got torrential rains and the lake became a real lake, I was a bit concerned it might get washed out again. But I needn't have worried as they only received a light shower and no probs at all. But our model T decided it didn't want to come off the trailer. The problem was a simple front carby flooding but it proved a curse to fix and by the time I had it running properly I had used 4 of my 5 spare spark plugs. Most car parts shops don't stock these plugs so things were looking a bit grim. Never mind I had the car scrutineered and had a couple of laps on the track. It went well but I felt the arse was breaking away a bit too easily on the corners. I also got reminded what it was like when you get passed and when you catch someone up and pass them. In both instances you can't see anything at all. But you dare not slow down or brake, because you risk having someone run up your arse. It's not too bad when



Lake Perkolilli. The faint line around the outside is the track. Its grippy, smooth and dusty. The track is a lot more obvious at ground level.



This pic sort of shows what its all about.

Pic: Facebook

you are on a straight section, but when you are coming in to a corner, or are already in a corner things can get interesting. Anyhow checking my tyre pressures with a couple of different tyre gauges made me decide my tyres needed a bit more pressure and from then on getting round those corners was just great. The back would come out very predicably and you could keep the

power on. Just great! And the next day we did time

trials. You did 2 laps at your best speed and that would set your handicap for the rest of the days of the event. The format from then on was to have 2 lap events with six cars on the grid at a time. The slowest car off first and the fastest last with the handicap worked out so they would all end up at the finish line at the same time. And there was no passing allowed. If you caught up to the car in front of you, the idea was to pull up next door but slightly back. The catch was when you did your timing run you were in clean air, you could see where you

were going. When you are trying to catch someone you have to eat his dust until you are very close, then you break into sunshine and relief. There is always wind blowing and on some parts of the track it will be blowing across. Here things are not too bad, you can get through the blind bit pretty quick, but when running into the wind the dust is continuous and it takes a lot of courage to hold that throttle down, especially when you know there is a corner coming up, and naturally there is a car in there somewhere, the one you are trying to catch. There were times when I noticed, in my peripheral vision, grass next to me. Whoops! I am on the edge of the track, get back in a bit. Another time the



Here you can see what the driver is facing .

Pic: Facebook



Brand new! Richard Brisbane-Coen was inspired by a TV show featuring the 2014 event held right here. He decided he had to do something like this at least once in his life. So he started collecting bits from wherever he could find them. He started with a 1915 model T chassis and bought a complete engine in running condition from a friend. It turned out the friend didn't know it was going in a racer and hadn't revealed the engine still had its original cast iron pistons in there. Never mind, it performed well. Originally Richard had wooden wheels but wasn't keen on the idea so he found a set of model A wheels and had adaptor plates made. And all the running boards, guards, seats, bonnet and fuel tank he made himself. The whole job took about 18 months. And then there is the lovely paint job you see here. I grabbed the photo when he was just heading out onto the dust for the first time. Rest assured those white wheels didn't stay white for long. I meant to get a "before and after" shot but I can't find the after one. Maybe the red dust camouflaged it too much!

dust was blowing across the track and I could see I was gaining on the car in front of me when he turned the bend and was now heading into the wind and the dust was staying on the track. I hammered round that same bend and I thought I was still doing pretty well when I noticed it was pretty bumpy all of a sudden. Next thing the dust started thinning off a bit and I realised I was off the outside of the track in the grass. Never mind still keep the foot down and bump back on the track and back on the job of catching the next car. Sometimes the first car out would slow a bit on the last half lap and allow the other cars to catch up and the pack would come over the finish line in a pack. It made quite a scene for the spectators at the finish. And it wasn't just the dust from the cars either. Willy willies were constantly cruising across the lake picking up dust as they went. Once I was hammering past the grandstand just as a really large willy willy was going past at the same time. I could see absolutely nothing! When the dust started to clear I could see the spectator fence in front of me so I steered back into the cloud a bit. Next thing I am seeing the grass on the inside of the track. Never mind, the willy willy has passed by now and so off I go as if nothing has happened. Actually the track was closed for the rest of that day soon after that run as the boss lady had nearly gotten run over 4 times that day. But as the days went by, from time to time you would see a car with a bunch of grass bundled up over the front, a sure sign they had been off the track, lost in the dust.

And between the car events there were bike events. The sound of those big singles was just as sweet as can be. The bikes were under a different set of rules though. They were allowed to pass. The dust put up by a bike wasn't as bad as a car but the riders told me there were times when it was a bit difficult.

Hammering around the track as fast as you could go was great fun, but there was a lot more to this event than that. It was said we were recreating history and the spectators were loving it. You see, back in the days this was a "run what you brung" event, and there was a lot of that here. Bombs that had been abandoned on a farm paddock were dragged into



You shouldn't be surprised to see the Rolls Royce flying lady out in the dust.



And you could tell when a car has been off the track.



Working in the dust is the norm.

the shed and revived. Some were just got running, some engines pulled down and done up, and some got an engine change. Others were built from scratch using whatever bits could be scrounged and some were built with great care to look good and perform as well. And there was the odd racer that had been bought already built and tuned ready to race. But whatever the budget, there was no class distinction here. Everyone was out for the same fun and everyone was eating dust and when they came in after their laps there was always a bunch of white teeth grinning out of a severely red face. And everyone was helping everyone. Blokes looking forlorn with rattly big ends would be cheered up with a whole team of volunteers to pull a motor down and having it running again in no time. I was just about run out of spark plugs when my neighbour in the pits offered to get me some on a rush trip into Kalgoorlie. I didn't think he would be successful, but he wouldn't give up. He went to 4 parts suppliers before he found someone with the correct type. Then I found my camping spot next door neighbour looking unimpressed with his sidevalve BSA motorbike. He had spent all day trying to get it started and had resigned himself to the fact he wasn't going to be riding it. But with a bit of different thinking we had it running in half an hour. Everyone helped everyone.

And another pretty typical thing was that a large proportion of these cars was finished and first run only a day or two before they were brought here. Some had their first drive right here and one had it's first engine start right here in the pits. That is sure cutting it fine, but that's just the way it is here.

And the dust gets into everything and it doesn't matter. It is all just fun. And the spectators loved it too. Back in the old days they camped here but there was a couple of aspects that definitely were not like the old days. This time there were hot showers. Civilised ones too. Blocks of them and a bloody big tanker to collect the used water. And civilised dunnies too. Food and drink vendors and a bar. One night they were promoting fish and chips, the fish being freshly caught in Lake Perkolilli. I tried it. I have to admit it was some of the best fish I have eaten, anywhere! There were even helicopter rides and they did a roaring trade too. The event was run this time by Variety, the children's charity, and was run as a fundraiser. Hopefully they made a satisfactory profit and will do it again in the future. (A month later I spoke to one of the Variety bosses and he assured me they had made the required dollars. They will be running the event again) But most of all, the fun was being there.....



Rattly big ends are no reason to give up



Fashion for blokes was dirty overalls, for ladies it was different.





Tony Thompson brought his 1916 model T speedster all the way from Tassie to Brisbane. Then he drove it to Broome in the Brisbane to Broome rally. Somewhere along the way he had transmission probs so he used a convenient bush tree as a hoist and pulled the rear end to do some repairs. After finishing at Broome he brought it down to Perko where it didn't miss a beat.



Casey Wood was a breath of fresh air in all the dust and grime. Driving another historic racer the 1913 Ashton replica model T, that sweet 22 yr old smile was always clean.



Remember skid kids? They were there too.



And it wasn't only young ladies that kept things clean. Bill Lee kept his 1915 model T racer polished from day one.



Others didn't.



The car is a fairly normal looking Perko-lilli racer, a 1919 Dodge. I happened to be talking to the owner and he was telling me how his son had taken it out a bit fast (140 kph) and then it was Dads turn to have a go. Dad didn't get all that far when there was a bit of a klunk and smoke started coming from out the front so they drove it back to the pits to see what had happened. As you can see there is a bit of a hole where the conrod came out. The piston is still in the top of the bore. Wow thought me, then I looked a bit further towards the front of the engine. A supercharger, it really is a blown engine! And after extensive searching (they didn't want dangerous debris on the track) they never did find the missing conrod. It must have gone some distance out into the grass



Bivo probably isn't your typical Perko-lilli driver. Like lots of others he became hooked when he watched the 2019 event and had to have a go. On his farm at Esperance he already had a couple of old cars that he could race, a 24 Sunbeam and a model T but his wife forbade him to get them dirty. He had to get another car. That is where the similarity to the other drivers ends, as Bivo started shopping for something ready made and right there on page 17 of Just Cars was a likely looking Dodge just 700 odd kms away in Perth. Son just happened to be heading for Perth so he copped the job of checking it out. Next thing son rings up to say he has bought it. It turned out to be part of a collection of a well known Perth business man, Trevor Eastwood who, amongst his collection had 5 open wheeler race cars. He liked to go racing with his whole family. But the family of late had decided Dad was getting too old for this stuff and the car had to go. It had been built by a renowned mechanic on a Whippet chassis that had been boxed as it was too flexible. The engine is 3.9l Dodge 6 cylinder sidevalve with 3 Carter carbs and a fairly lumpy cam. The blokes selling it pointed out he has bought a lotta fun. I got the impression Bivo reckons that the understatement of the year.



Now here's a dinki di Perkolilli racer. A real bitsa. Ian McClelland and mates from their Dirty Devils car club in Adelaide put it together from whatever they had. Starting with a 27 model T chassis, cowl and doors, grille surround and bonnet 25 Dodge, engine 33 Plymouth sidevalve 6, 38 Dodge g/box, 38 Dodge diff, steering 37 Chev, front axle 28 Chev, wheels 32 Chev, shocks 37 Chev, and the front suspension is made by Ian with trailer springs cut in half. The rear tub is a mystery they don't know what it came off. It took 5 months to build starting slowly every Wed night and Sat morning, but as the date got closer to the Red Dust Revival the work changed to every night until one Friday night it was finished. It was put on the trailer Sat morn, off the trailer at Perko on Monday for its first engine start, and it ran. They had a problem with a couple of split tubes but were able to get replacements from the unlikely source of the Harley Davidson Dealer in Kalgoorlie. And then they were doing some good laps.



Note the cut off trailer springs on the front suspension.

And the corner cut off the manifold to fit the steering column. Whatever works!



Grant Mattioli came across the 1927 Dodge at a swap meet 18months ago. It had started life as a roadster before being requisitioned by the army and converted into a buckboard in 1940. It had no mechanicals so he has fitted a 38 Chev engine and transmission. While sanding the body he came across old signage under the paint and a number. Perhaps the vehicle was no 12 of a fleet? Grant says it can be a handful at times but it goes great!



I remember the boys from Moama on the Murray River at the 2019 event. The car they were driving was dragged from a farmers paddock. It had been used as a trailer and the axles were welded to the chassis, but it had been abandoned for a long time. So Jeff Connell and mates obtained it from the old lady owner on the condition it be done up as a red car and she was to get a ride in it. Unfortunately she didn't live long enough to see it completed. The lady's name was Delphine, that's why the car is red and is named the Dell special. On the panel to the rear of the seat, the letters BTA are embossed boldly in the panel. It is a BTA model after the bits it is made from. The front end is Buick, body and cowl is model T and the engine and gearbox is model A. BTA can also stand for "bits stuck anywhere". Their 2019 attempt ended in disaster. The engine was something they found in a shed and as long as it went, that was ok. Problem was one of them got a bit excited and put his foot down and blew it up very early in the event. This time it's the same engine but has had some serious attention. It has a performance head and a couple of flash carbies. And of course, pipes. It looks and sounds great, and the blokes from Moama are still having fun.



John Lakeland's elderly friend owned this Triumph Dolomite. Over 70 years he had knocked up 650,000 miles and at 90 years old he wanted to sell it to John. John did buy it but he describes the body as "terrible", it didn't get any compliments. He drove it for a while but parked it up.

Then the old gent died. Later he found in the shed of a deceased estate, a 1940's body for the same model. It had been built out of used oil drums and still had the paint from those years. It solved the problem of the horrible body and transformed the car into the style and patina of a period racer. The look was exactly what he was after and the car now gets mobs of compliments.



It sure has patina and you can see the ribs from the drums in places.

This 1929 Chrysler roadster had its rear end chopped off with an axe during WW2 and was turned into a buckboard so it would be eligible for fuel ration tickets. When it changed hands in the 1990's the chopped off bit was found to still be in the shed and the new owner welded it back on. You can still see the weld marks. And it's still going strong. Apart from the sign on the door you can see its farming heritage by the towbar for hauling implements and the exhaust outlet on the manifold pointing forward. There is even a hole in the bonnet for the vertical exhaust pipe when the car is being used as a tractor.



Another car that was a rush job to get it finished in time. Sandra Stephenson had a drive of someone else's car here in 2019 and decided she needed to do it in her own. She found an abandoned chassis that someone had been working on. (note all the holes for lightening) Then came the job of putting all the bits she had rounded up together. The engine is 39 Chev 216cid six. Gbox 37 Chev with 33 Diff. The front end is a bit unusual, with independent I beams of Bellamy design. And the Grille is 1928 Durant. Cutting it fine was an understatement. The paint was still a bit tacky when it went on the trailer and she arrived after the unofficial practice was over.

And this was your credentials for admission to the starting grid. Now one of my more treasured items.





Jordan Bennet's car sits on a model A Chassis with a sidewacker V8 and lots of chrome it's one of those cars that really stand out. And it was finished just in time to take it for a short run up and down the suburban street just to make sure the gearbox worked, then on the trailer for Perko.

There were lots of really cool bikes there. And makes you normally associate with old bikes, Norton, BSA, Ariel, Scott etc. Even a couple of home built ones. But the coolest of them all had to be this one. In the program it was listed as JAP which is a brand from back in the days, but this JAP engine is actually a stationary engine, meant for running a pump or saw or whatever. That's why Steve Turner, the owner, has named it "Da Pump". And how does it go? Bloody great!



Have you ever seen an Amal carby work on its side? But it works, and its easy to get at the idle screw.

Another bike you are not likely to see around is the bike Alan Wells calls "Victory". Hand built from nothing special steel tube, it is a replica of a mates 1912 Cora. They photographed the bike and projected the pic on a wall and measured it all up, made a jig and welded it all together. The motor came out of an unused 250cc Kawasaki ag bike. He made the forks and all. And it surely flies! Just sounds a bit different than the old thumpers out there.



Some old bikes don't have clutches. For a clutch start race you have to push em.



Notice the sign written "the WHISTLER" on the cowl of this car. For some unknown reason when this car was up to speed it emitted a noticeable load whistling noise. You wouldn't believe how many experts there were with whacked out theories why it whistled. And they were all wrong and it still whistles. And there was a signwriter about so he gave the car its name.



Graham Donges had the oldest car there. His 1911 single cylinder 1litre Brush was definitely not fast but with the handicap system running he was always the first off the grid and was able to enjoy clean air the whole way round. No wonder he said he had a ball!



Andrew Dempster's M20 BSA wouldn't start and had resigned himself to being a spectator. But a bit of encouragement and a different approach to the problem had him out on the track and having a ball. And face masks were worn for a different purpose out here.



Michael Rock's father was a Triumph bloke who had sheds full of Triumphs and bits of Triumphs. In amongst it all was a box of BSA stuff. Father thought it might infect his beloved Triumphs so he gave it to Michael. Put all the bits together and this is what he got. A 1936 Empire Star. It doesn't just look good. It's quick too!



*You could get lost in one of these willy willys.
I came out of one heading for the fence.*



The bikes line up

pic:facebook



And there was “auto polo” Crazy fun. Esay to get car-ried away. I was sure we was gonna collide at one spot, was waiting for the crunch, but missed. 4 cars on the field 2 to a team.

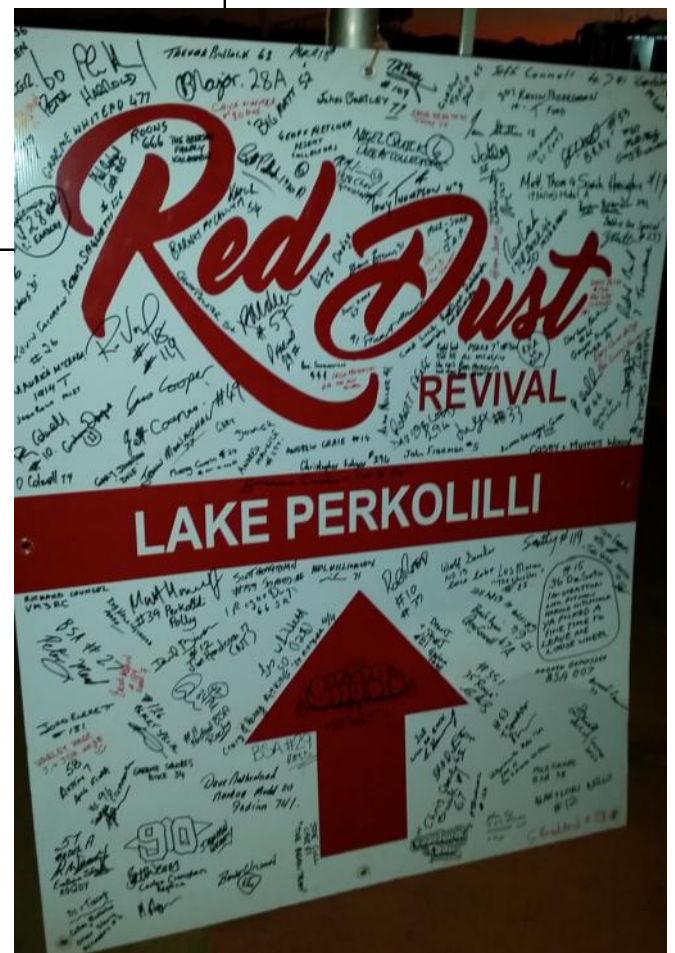
Check out <https://www.facebook.com/pianthong.dempster/videos/2374282466061109/>

Its not a new idea check out https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Auto_polo

ABC news were there. Check out <https://fb.watch/h6iVpHbikB/>

On Australia's national day of mourning, there was a minute's silence at 11am, followed by a minute of engines being revved loudly, something that the late monarch would surely have appreciated given her service as a mechanic during World War II.

<https://fb.watch/h6hDoZ9T5N/>



This is one of the signs along the road to guide spectators to the event. They must have been pretty hot stuff as they had been stolen twice by the second day.

They didn't put this one up (thats why it still exists) but instead had all the drivers and riders signed it and at the end of the event they auctioned it with the proceeds to Variety.

It sold for about \$8000.



The next 2 pages are a collection of pics mostly from facebook that generally gives the vibes of the event.



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I mowed the lawn today, and after doing so

I sat down and had a cold beer.

The day was really quite beautiful, and the drink facilitated some deep thinking.

My wife walked by and asked me what I was doing, and I said, "Nothing."

The reason I said "nothing" instead of saying "just thinking" is because she then would have asked, "About what?"

At that point I would have had to explain that men are deep thinkers about various topics, which would lead to other questions.

Finally I pondered an age old question: Is giving birth more painful than getting kicked in the nuts?

Women always maintain that giving birth is way more painful than a guy getting kicked in the nuts, but how could they know?

Well, after another beer, and some more heavy deductive thinking, I have come up with an answer to that question.

getting kicked in the nuts is more painful than having a baby, and even though I obviously couldn't really know, here is the reason for my conclusion:

A year or so after giving birth, a woman will often say, "It might be nice to have another child."

But you never hear a guy say, "You know, I think I would like another kick in the nuts."

I rest my case.

Time for another beer. Then maybe a nap.