

Motor Vehicle Enthusiasts Club

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TRANSMISSION



The voice of the Motor Vehicle Enthusiasts Club

If you find you need more information about this club or just cant wait to join ring Peet Menzies on 0417 855222
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In Katherine call 89710605
Newsletter enquiries to Ted propellers@bigpond.com or 89886049

Katherine

Ever had a weekend with nothing to do? Let me know what it's like! With a Norton, Jaguar, Packard, Dodge, boat, shed, house, and wife needing attention plus two MVEC events on the same weekend I de-

ecided the most stressless way to deal with it all would be to get out of town and head for Katherine and the Flying Fox Festival Car Show. (They have renamed the Flying Fox Festival the Katherine





diately and a banquet would be a better description. Then in the middle of it we have cups of tea presented at our table! The service is pretty good at Katherine!

There was a procession to Sandy & Pete Balfour's place to familiarise everyone where the evening part of the festivities would be. We dropped our caravan there too, then proceeded to the council grounds for the Show &

We hadn't got to the car show at this stage. This was the lunch stop! Things were lookin' good!

festival. It will always be Flying Fox to me)

Somehow I got the idea the Holden club was leaving Wishart at 8am so with us leaving at 9 am I reckoned we would have a quiet trip. We chose our 1963 XL Futura Falcon for the trip and hitched our caravan complete with canoe. We would cruise about 50mph and reckoned all the other classic cars would be in front of us.

Wrong! It seems they left at 9am. Same time as us but at Berry Springs we were closer to Katherine and we got the jump on them. It was a good move. Naturally all those GT Falcons and Monaros had to pass us. It was really exhilarating to hear and see those performance cars give it to it to get past. We stopped at Hayes Ck for some petrol. The hoonmobiles stopped too then they passed us again going up the Hayes Ck jump up. It was even better. V8's always sound better doing some work!

At Katherine we headed for the spot they had arranged for a barbie lunch. This Katherine bunch are so well organised there was even a map on the flyer with all the relevant spots marked. We got there without getting lost even once. The place was hard to miss really, there were dozens of cool cars parked out front. There were even more inside with people washing and polishing them. The tucker was not quite ready yet but we were told we could get a cup of tea inside. When we fronted up to the bar and found the urn hadn't boiled yet, we were showered with apologies and told our cuppas would be delivered to us. The food was ready almost imme-



186 powered FJ all the way from Vic

Shine. It was a lovely setting with lush green lawns and shady river gums. There was a catch though. The gumtrees were flowering and there was an innumerable number of beautiful lorikeets screeching and fly-

ing about while they lunched on those lovely flowers. The catch was the shower of shit after their sweet little bodies had processed those flowers. There was more than one car owner constantly chamoising off those light green splotches off the paintwork. Worse still Jo and Pancho had the roof down on their Triumph Stag and Bill Harding with the sunroof open on the Mk V Jag. Some say its good preservative for the leather!

After the car show we headed back to Balfour's roomy residence to set up camp on their rural property's vast lawn and to have a few pre dinner drinks. Dinner was in the front room of Sandy and Pete's residence. It is difficult to describe their place. For a petrolhead it is the perfect paradise. There is a house with all the normal stuff, bedrooms, kitchen, lounge etc, then you step through portal into paradise. You are in a massive shed with enough room for most of your toys and there is a really NICE (that's what the numberplate says) Torana parked on a partly raised hoist over one side. It was converted into a large dining hall for the evening. Tables and chairs for all, good food and plenty of it was followed by a petrolhead movie on a big screen. There was even hot popcorn delivered to your table during the movie. Katherine sure knows how to put on a good show!

And did we come straight home? Not on your life. We went canoeing up the Katherine river. And Shirley didn't see the 3 metre croc near the high level bridge until we were coming back. Lucky eh! Nah. He was only a fat freshie!



We sprung Geoff Smith trying to bribe the judge. That's his new Corvette with the bonnet up. He got wet spark plugs washing it



Eddy Furlan's cool Beetle. I love the sound!



Fords were well represented. Gee they sound good!

Now this is Utopia for sure! At Sandy and Pete Balfour's place you don't even have to go outside to be in the shed. Maybe it's the loungeroom or the showroom. See the NICE Torana parked on the hoist. It doesn't need work.



Gangsters Rool!

I had to have a chat with Joe Kennedy just because he was by far the best dressed feller at the Katherine car show. When I asked him if he had a car here he pointed to the 1935 Nash. To my eyes the Nash was the car show!

Joe hasn't owned it very long. Matter of fact he was looking for a 35 Buick. Why? Because he liked them. That's a pretty good reason. Anyhow after searching for a long time to no avail, the Nash came on the market on the Gold Coast. Joe took a plane ride over to check it out, bought it and had it trucked back home to Katherine. It took the long way. Truck to Brisbane, another truck to Adelaide then the train to Katherine. Then two Buicks came on the market. Ah well! But fair dinkum, the Nash is a beautiful car. It has been restored with impeccable taste and certainly did not suffer during it's long journey. The interior is particularly impressive. There are patterns stitched in the door trims and roller blinds in the rear windows. There were also optional extras relating to the vocation of the owner. That is why he was dressed so flash! There were hessian bags the banks use to fill with money, filled with money, and they littered the front seat. There were large rolls of money too laying around! Not to mention the odd pistol and Tommy gun. This was a fair dinkum Gangster car and Joe was the Gangster. No wonder he was dressed so flash!!

And the ladies wouldn't leave him alone . Joe loved it. Was it the money, the car, the clobber or just a loveable bloke?



The Nash won the best American car award. I reckon it was THE best car!

Playing with classic cars is a girl thing too!

Kryisia bought her HR Holden Station wagon 11 yrs ago in 1998. She is it's 3rd owner since new. It's not her first classic Holden though. She previously had a hottie she bought off her brother and this is her third one. She took it to the Bay To Birdwood in Adelaide and by taking a bunch of delegates with her she was right near the front of the 1500 car parade. A new-comer to Katherine a month ago this is her first chance to show off her car here.



Kryisia has no problems taking her HR off the bitumen. Welbourne Hill Station in Northern SA was no task. When they built the HR in 1966 it was expected to go to these places. Holdens were advertised "built for Australian conditions"



Kryisia is also well versed in the ancient and mysterious art of Belly dancing. Keep watching!

Just another 50 years please!

When I rang to see if he would be interested in having his cars in this magazine Noel Neil replied that he has gotten rid of most of them. No worries I replied we will photograph what's left. As you can see in the photos there is still a couple left. There was 13 at one stage. Noel tells me he has applied to JC for an extra 50 years to finish all the projects he has on the go. For as long as anyone can remember Noel has been running his business, Neil Engineering, and apart from the normal engineering stuff, he has been the only place in Katherine to take your trailer or caravan with a broken axle or spring, to get it fixed. (there are lots of caravans passing through Katherine. Most of them have crook wheel bearings or springs) Noel seems to reckon it might be a neat idea to retire so he built a beaut new house and shed straight across the road from the old one and guess what? There is no one else in town that does that sort of work and its pretty easy to find him straight across the road. So Noel doesn't seem to have retired. Maybe its just as well as there isn't really enough room there for the extensive collection in his new place. Never mind. Noel has a plan! Meanwhile enjoy his collection. I did!



Noels 1979 LTD Ford is as lovely as you can get. He bought it off an old school mate



It's not all fancy cars either. This is a 1956 W6 Fowler crane. The first Aussie built one. When it fell off the back of a truck it had a seized gearbox. It was full of water. OK now. Real handy tool.



Noel's everyday work-horse. 1962 Fordson Powermajor . Fork was added in 1970's



Yep. Noel's got a couple of cars left!



Chrysler Royal brings back lustful memories. This one is an early one, with 239 CID. Build no 633. Noel's uncle bought it new with the dough from a good wool clip, then only used it for a year or so, then bought another car. This one went on blocks in the shed. It's only done 38000 miles. Has it's original upholstery. Noel's Aunt gave it to him 10 yrs ago. From Central Vic.



*Imperial Super Diesel
2 Stroke
No 9 on thr register
45 HP@ 450RPM
Fell off a truck. Used to live
on a sawmill out by the
gorge.*



*Noel calls it a read engine.
Why? Check out the name
plate.*



Noel had a Consul when he and Kath were first married so he had to have one for the memories sake. Reckons he can't do now what he did then!



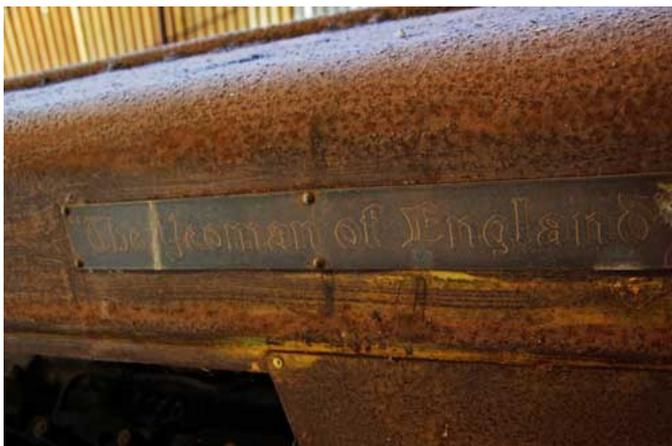
The MG was bought new by Noels aunt in 1949. Many years later he asked to buy it. She said no way! When she got too old to drive (over 90) she gave it to him in the early 1970's. He re-painted it and reconned the engine. It took him a week to get it out, a month to get it back in. Check out the windout windsceen. Aircon you can rely on!



Noel checked out an investment property in Charters Towers. There was a beaut Model A in the yard. He agreed to buy the place insisting the contents of the yard were included in the contract. When there was no mention of it in the contract presented he protested and the deal fell through. Much later he had a mate that was visiting Charters Towers have a bo peep over the fence. The car was still there. He arranged for his mate to buy it for him and Noel still has the vehicle 30 yrs later and has driven it to every venue in Australia where they have Model A rallies!



***The Yeoman of England** is what it says on the bonnet. These tractors were made to compete with Fordson . Trouble is they were twice the price!. This one was bought by New Campfield Station near VRD in 1955. Railed from Sydney to Mt Isa then driven 1200 km to the station at 4 to 6 MPH. Beaut V4 Diesel. Its one of those jobs Noel needs the 50 yrs for!*



So you reckon your car is pretty powerful!

One Top Fuel Dragster 500 cubic inch Hemi engine makes more horsepower than the first 4 rows at the Daytona 500.

Under full throttle, a Top Fuel Dragster engine consumes 1.5 gallons of nitro methane per second; a fully loaded 747 consumes jet fuel at the same rate with 25% less energy being produced.

A stock Dodge 426 Hemi V8 engine cannot produce enough power to drive the dragster's supercharger.

With 3000 CFM of air being rammed in by the supercharger on overdrive, the fuel mixture is compressed into a near-solid form before ignition. Cylinders run on the verge of hydraulic lock at full throttle.

At the stoichiometric 1.7:1 air/fuel mixture for nitro methane the flame front temperature measures 7050 degrees F.

Nitro methane burns yellow. The spectacular white flame seen above the stacks at night is raw burning hydrogen, dissociated from atmospheric water vapor by the searing exhaust gases.

Dual magnetos supply 44 amps to each spark plug. This is the output of an arc welder in each cylinder.

Spark plug electrodes are totally consumed during a pass. After half way, the engine is dieseling from compression plus the glow of exhaust valves at 1400 degrees F. The engine can only be shut down after cutting the fuel flow.

If spark momentarily fails early in the run, unburned nitro builds up in the affected cylinder and then explodes with sufficient force to blow cylinder heads off the block in pieces or split the block in half.

In order to exceed 300 mph in 4.5 seconds, dragsters must accelerate at an average of over 4G's. In order to reach 200 mph well before half-track, the launch acceleration approaches 8G's.

Dragsters reach over 300 mph before you have completed reading this sentence.

Top Fuel engines turn approximately 540 revolutions from light to light.

Including the burnout the engine must only survive 900 revolutions under load.

The red line is actually quite high at 9500 rpm.

The Bottom Line; Assuming all the equipment is paid off, the crew worked for free, and for once NOTHING BLOWS UP, each run costs an estimated \$1,000.00 per second. The current Top Fuel dragster elapsed time record is 4.441 seconds for the quarter mile. The top speed record is 333.00 mph as measured over the last 66' of the run.

Putting all of this into perspective:

You are driving the average \$140,000 Lingenfelter twin-turbo Corvette Z06. More than a mile up the road, a Top Fuel dragster is staged and ready to launch down a measured quarter-mile as you pass. You have the advantage of a flying start. You run the Vette up through the gears and blast across the starting line and past the dragster at an honest 200 mph. The "tree" goes green for both of you at that moment. The dragster launches and starts after you. You keep your foot down, but you hear a brutal whine that sears your eardrums, and within three seconds, the dragster catches you and beats you to the finish line, a quarter-mile from where you just passed him. From a standing start, the dragster spotted you at 200 mph and not only caught you but nearly blasted you off the road when he passed you within a mere 1320 feet.



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for wedding 19 June 2010

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Deadline.. The end of the month

Off the clock

By Rebecca Dudley
News-Tribune Editor/Publisher



My ex-husband had this annoying habit of bringing greasy old carburetors and things into the house to work on. So, last week, when my friend called to tell me this story, my first response was, "Where did this guy live?"

Now reassured that I was never related to him by marriage, this really is too hilarious not to share.

The way my friend told it, this guy pushed his motorcycle from the patio into his living room, where he began to clean the engine with some rags and a bowl of gasoline. When he finished, he sat on the motorcycle and decided to start it to make sure everything was still OK. Unfortunately, the bike started in gear, and crashed through the glass patio door with him still clinging to the handlebars.

His wife had been working in the kitchen. She came running at the noise, and found him crumpled on the patio, badly cut from the shards of broken glass. She called 911, and the paramedics transported the guy to the emergency room.

So far, the story is humorous — in a "that is what you get for being a big enough lout to bring your motorcycle into the house" kind of way.



But here is where I really split a gut.

Later that afternoon, after many stitches had pulled her husband back together, the wife brought him home and put him to bed. She cleaned up the mess in the living room, and dumped the bowl of gasoline in the toilet.

Shortly thereafter, her husband woke up, lit a cigarette, and went into the bathroom. He sat down and tossed the cigarette into the toilet, which promptly exploded because the wife had not flushed the gasoline away. The explosion blew the man through the bathroom door.

The wife heard the explosion and her husband's screams. She ran into the hall and found him lying on the floor with his trousers blown away and burns on his buttocks. The wife again ran to the phone and called for an ambulance.

The same two paramedics were dispatched to the scene. They loaded the husband on the stretcher and began carrying him to the street. One of them asked the wife how the injury had occurred. When she told them, they began laughing so hard that they dropped the stretcher, and broke the guy's collarbone.

Talk about instant karma.



The motor vehicle Enthusiasts Club
Extends its thanks to
**Shannons
Insurance**
For its continued support for the club

WOTS ON THIS YEAR

Sept	27	From 5.30pm – Sunset dinner at Dripstone Cliffs, Bring everything – chairs, drinks and food
October	14	7.00pm – pre meeting BBQ - \$1 sausage sand / Chicken satays 7.30pm – MVEC Members meeting at Hangar
	18	9am to midday - QANTAS Hangar Working Bee
	21- 23	World Solar / Global Green Challenge - Scrutineering - provide BBQ lunch for participants at Showgrounds
	25	Run to Wishart Siding to view World Solar / Global Green Challenge contestants 8am departure from Berrimah – Bring everything
	31	5.30pm AGM at Les & Marilyn Wilson’s residence, Mcmillans Rd, Knuckey Lagoon followed by dinner
Nov	28	XMAS Dinner at Cazalys

If undeliverable return to;
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On a Nationwide flight to Sydney, a plane passes through a severe storm. The turbulence is awful, and things go from bad to worse when one wing is struck by lightning. One woman in particular loses it. Screaming, she stands up in the front of the plane. 'I'm too young to die,' she wails. Then she yells, 'Well, if I'm going to die, I want my last minutes on earth to be memorable! Is there anyone on this plane who can make me feel like a WOMAN?' For a moment there is silence. Everyone has forgotten their own peril. They all stare, riveted, at the desperate woman in the front of the plane. Then a farmer from Brisbane stands up in the rear of the plane. He is handsome, tall, well built, with dark brown hair and hazel eyes. He starts to walk slowly up the aisle, unbuttoning his shirt. One button at a time. No one moves. He removes his shirt. Tanned muscles ripple across his chest. She gasps. He whispers. 'Iron this...then get me a beer.'