

# Motor Vehicle Enthusiasts Club



No 44

July 2010

# 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 [propellers@bigpond.com](mailto:propellers@bigpond.com)



## Wildlife !

“**Land for Wildlife**” is what it says on the gate. Get a bit further in and you start to see some of it. Lots of people have called GT Falcons wild but David Hirst is the first bloke I have seen put a sign up about it. You see David has a lot more than one of these beasties.

The passion all started way back when the cars were new. He was a mechanic for a Ford dealer in Sydney and although he was working on these vehicles, as with a lot of us, the price put them out of reach. He had a dream, but as time progressed, he put his money into his family. Come the other end of his working life the dream was still there and a plan developed to own a bunch of 1960's and 70's muscle cars. The plan included getting a couple of tired ex-

*Closest is the XR,,XY,,XW` Falcons and 69 Mustang*

amples and bringing them back to pristine condition. The result is quite startling. On his remote bush block, David has five of these beauties smiling at you from under their shelters, plus a ZH Fairlane and another XT Falcon undergoing reincarnation as a GT.

It all really started on the way up the Stuart Highway returning from Melbourne when he dropped into Coober Pedy, the opal mining town in outback SA. David was having a bo peep over a few fences to see what might be laying around. He found a place that had some bits laying around from the desired era of 1967-1971. He went in to have a chat with the owner. The place was called “Shed Mechanical” and the feller welcomed David and showed him around. There were gearboxes, engines, wheels, panels, in fact there was everything you might want to spice up



*Lovely blue XW Falcon started life as a cop pursuit car. Keeps company with Fairlane destined to be a Variety Club bash vehicle.*

one of these Fords. David headed off up the track and as most of us do, pulled in to downtown Marla for petrol. While he was there a black XY Falcon drove in. It was pretty sad (*really* sad) and it wasn't registered but it was the right model. He approached the woman driving it and asked if she was interested in selling it. Actually she was! But she would have to ask her man who was in the bar and was a bit charged. \$2000 he demanded! You gotta be joking thought David. He explained the car was a pile of junk and seeing it wasn't even registered and he was a cop, he should give them a ticket and slap a defect on it! "Oh don't do that" exclaimed the lady who explained that it was quite normal to drive a car unregistered in that neck of the woods. The lady was a bit relieved when David admitted he wasn't really a police officer and the deal was done for \$500. Then it was back to Darwin then back to Marla with the car trailer to pick up the Falcon. Then back to Coober Pedy for a 9 inch diff and a gear-box and some of those other goodies he had seen before. When he pulled into Coober Pedy with the car on the trailer, someone came straight up to him and offered \$1000 for it. A good omen thought David! He built the car into a lovely silver XY GT replica but although it was, and still is, lovely, he wanted something that hadn't

had such a hard life. This Falcon found a new owner who was happy to pay \$20000 for it and is still cruising the streets of Darwin.

The rest of them have not been allowed to escape.

Ebay turned up a V8 XW Falcon 500 which was alleged to have been a police car and had been in storage for 17 years and was an unmolested example of the model. David bought it and had it shipped over but upon sighting it was less than enthusiastic. It seems the car was purchased by an elderly gent at a government sale as an ex cop car.

When he died his family painted it with oil and stored it for 17 years then sold it to the chap David bought it from. The

chap cleaned it up a bit but never used it, instead putting it on EBAY for auction. Although the initial impression by David was not all that flash, after a good scrub and ripping out all the cop stuff, it turned out to be a beauty. Only 40000 miles on the clock, the interior is just like new. The glovebox had the original owners manual plus all the service history. The colour scheme was white then. It is a lovely mettalic blue these days. And the engine is chock full of high performance goodies. When it starts the exhaust note is straight from heaven. It gives you goose bumps, its that good!

On the same truck came a lovely 1969 Mustang coupe. That came form EBAY too. (You gotta be



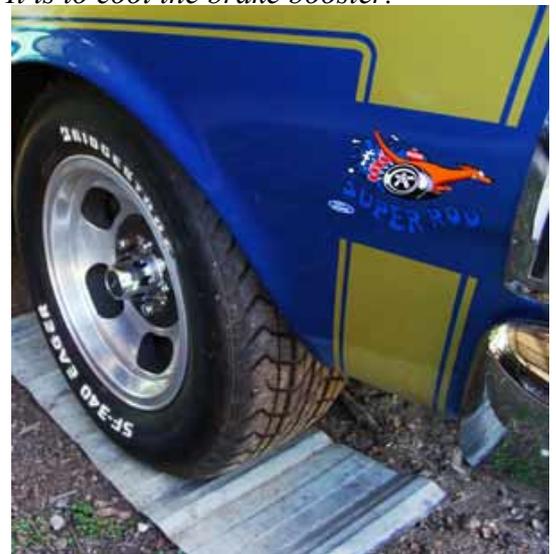
*The rear view. This is the angle most drivers get to see as the Falcon fades into the distance. These cars wear a bit of dust when at home. David runs his property entirely on rainwater so unnecessary washes are rare.*

careful logging on to EBAY!) An elderly gent named Joe Koury owned it. Joe was well known in hotrod circles in Sydney. His firm was Krazy Rods. It seems Joe was known also as a wild driver and they had taken his licence away hence he was selling his Mustang. A telephone enquiry showed it didn't have it's original engine, this is why the price was a bit lower than might be expected. It has a Cleveland 351 instead of a Windsor 351. Horrors!! David bought it. It's a beauty too and he has had to do nothing apart from drive it. Life's tough!



*Under the bonnet of the XW. This model GT has a bonnet scoop on one side. It is to cool the brake booster.*

And the latest purchase is a V8 XT wagon, bought as a donor car. The car looks like a typical neglected car that's been left the weather for years. It has too. But the first thing I noticed is it has an unmarked GT grill! David noticed it sitting out in the grass on a rural block and approached the owner to see if he might sell it. The bloke wasn't interested saying he was keeping it for his grandson. Months later David approached him again. Same story. After a bit, David suggested the bloke move the car under cover or it wouldn't survive till his 8 year old grandson reached the age he could drive it. More months later David dropped in to point out the feller still hadn't done anything about preserving it and he ought to sell it to him. On the spot the owner rang his son to ask him what he reckoned about the situation with the car and his grandson. It seems the son was on the grog and severely charged at the time. With the phone held a couple of feet away he let it be known with a stream of abuse that he could not care less what became of the old Falcon. So David is the new owner. He has no intention of restoring this car but with a new fuel pump the engine ran so sweet he pulled it out and with nothing more than a wash and a coat of paint, it is now gracing the engine compartment of his latest project, the XT GT Falcon replica.



*Maybe the Super Roo Skippy on the fender is the Wildlife referred to on the sign.*

*Every tyre of every vehicle sits on a sheet of tin. We have severely undernourished termites in the Top End of the Territory. They are voracious and gain extra condition from car tyres.*

*The latest project, an XT GT Falcon will be zircon green, one of the original colours available. Other desirable bits like the steering wheel are available as reproductions. The car that donated the engine also had a mint condition GT grille!*



**Chickasha or bust** by Andrew Webb  
Andrew Webb is a member of the Model T Ford Club in NSW and drives a genuine period T Ford Speedster

Richard Day and I have travelled to the USA four times together and the following article is an account of our latest two week trip in March this year.

Our plan for this trip was to attend the pre war swap meet in Chickasha, Oklahoma and to do as much as possible before and after. Looking at the map I realised that Route 66 ran from LA to Oklahoma City, just 40 miles North of Chickasha (the complete route is Chicago) so we decided to travel to Chickasha via old Route 66.

We arrived in LA on Thursday 11 March and hired a car (which in our case was a bright yellow Jeep Wrangler 4WD, which you will read comes in handy later in our trip!). We visited "The Tin Shed" in Santa Fe Springs in LA, a small Model T workshop in Southern LA. The owner, Larry Blair has three employees and works full time on the mechanics of T Fords. Great place to visit if you are ever in the area. That night we stayed with Jack Smith and his wife Audrey in

Orange County in LA. Jack has several T Fords including the makings of a 13 Town car.

The next day we went out with Jack for a couple of hours and visited his friend with a collection of Dusenburgs. He also completes high end restorations on various cars. From here it was on the road to start our Route 66 journey. Our first stop was Victorville, California. This is where the old section still exists and the start of our journey. We stopped in Victorville in a very nice old style café for lunch. We passed though many old and abandoned towns such as Bagdad, Essex and Newberry Springs and stayed overnight in Needles. The countryside in this area of California is beautiful.

On our third day we travelled into Arizona and up to Oatman, a very nice old gold mining town that at one point in time was Route 66. Oatman is one of those towns that only exists due to tourism and looks like it is stuck in 1900s. The donkeys that walk the streets have right of way over traffic. We then headed up to Sitgreaves Pass, a very twisty part of the old road. The view along this section was by far the best with many hills and valleys. If there is somewhere you should go in your lifetime this would be it. From here it was onto the towns of Kingman, Hackberry, Peach springs, Seligman and Williams. Williams was the last section of Route 66 to be bypassed in the 1980s. As we passed along we noticed snow on the side of the road so took a few photos thinking this would be the only snow we were to see. We stayed at Flagstaff with below freezing temperatures overnight.



*Near Oatman just before Sitgreaves Pass*

We used some great maps which gave us turn by turn directions and choices of which route to take, being Model T people where possible we would take the oldest route including some dirt sections. Some of these sections closed in the 1930s. Today we headed for Santa Fe, about 100 miles north of the straight line route of 66 and which was a former route in the early days. From Flagstaff the road mainly follows the new I40 road and we chose to drive on a couple of small sections of dirt road. What we did not realise is that rain over the past few days had caused these roads to

become very soft and muddy in spots. We came out the other end about 100kg heavier with mud and Richard then understood why we hired a 4WD (it should be noted that Richard was driving at this point). We travelled into New Mexico and arrived at Albuquerque around 3pm and headed north for Santa Fe. About ¾ of the way to Santa Fe it started to rain, then snow. Before long we were travelling slowly along with the roads covered in snow and road signs completely covered in snow. It got so heavy the window wipers starting to jam up with ice. We were unsure where we were so we turned on the GPS to help find us a motel but before long the GPS, driver and passenger were all lost. We finally found a gas station and Richard ran in for directions, Richard returned laughing as we had 6 inches of snow around us and a gentleman in the store was buying ice, anyway we were only 2 miles away and found a motel to stay the night.

The next morning we woke to a beautiful sunny morning with snow everywhere. We headed south east towards Santa Rosa and then east again for our overnight stay in Amarillo, Texas (home of the 72oz steak - if you can eat it in less than one hour it is free). Along the way we reached a small town called Vega (the halfway point of Route 66 - LA to Chicago) and ate at a café called Mid Point Café, before arriving at our overnight stop.



*Mid point Café and halfway*

Chickasha here we come! Today we left Texas and arrived in Oklahoma. We arrived a day and a half early, but that was okay as the swap has an unofficial start day of the day before anyway. Chickasha is a typical town, small in size and about 40 miles south of Oklahoma City. The swap meet is in the local fair grounds, two large heated buildings and the grounds, about 750 swap sites. We booked into the motel and had a couple of hours free to clean the car – we almost needed a chisel to get the mud off.

The next morning we woke to a temperature of minus 2. We headed to the fair grounds to watch the line up of people and large loads of goodies to sell. At midday it got to about zero degrees and a large line up of swappers started to appear for the 4pm opening of the gates. Lots

of trading occurred and Richard and I got some great bargains. I have never seen such a large amount of T Ford gear ever. Not rubbish, all good gear and heaps of veteran era stuff. If you wanted a 1913 diff you would have had the choice of about 20, many early blocks from 13 to 16. Not much common stuff like vintage diffs and chassis's etc. I saw at least a dozen square chassis's including a 1912. Just truck loads of T Ford stuff and all good, keeping in mind the swap meet had not yet started. That night we met up with Jim and Doris Miller (Model T owners that were in Darwin during the T centennial tour) for dinner along with their



*The view in the morning at Santa Fe*



*The line up of cars*

Bruce McCalley in attendance. By afternoon the swap meet was in full swing, all vendors in place and some vendors selling out very fast and others still with a full load. I found a 1926 Fordor body complete with no rust or wood rot \$4000 ono. I think you could have got it for \$3000.

Day two of the swap meet and our final day in Chickasha. This is the bargain day as most sellers are gone by mid-day including us. Well we now had the Jeep full with 2 engine blocks, a few accessory gearboxes and many



*Inside of one of the heated sheds*

family. Jim drove down from his home in Michigan to say hello and to see the swap meet.

Day one of the swap meet and some good early bargains. Most sites are Model T sites only, and many specialist vendors e.g. horns or coils only. Also the Model T parts supplier vendors with all their stock. The morning was spent viewing all the sites and the annual MTFCA pizza at midday with

other items. LA here we come - rain, hail or shine. Our plan was to get back to LA as fast as we could as today was Friday and we fly home on Monday night. We left by 11am and had heard on the radio about a cold front heading toward us. We had been on the road for many hours and had driven through various time zones so we had made up a couple of hours.

We were in New Mexico by 3pm and at about 4pm it started to snow lightly,

another 30 minutes down the road and we came to a complete stop on the interstate. By this time the snow was getting heavy and we could not understand why we were stopped. We asked a truckie next to us and he said there was a wreck up ahead. So we just thought they would clear it and we would be on our way. Thirty minutes had elapsed and we had only moved 200 metres another thirty and another 200 metres etc. At one point in time (and it was now dark) we did not move for four hours and the snow was really falling now.

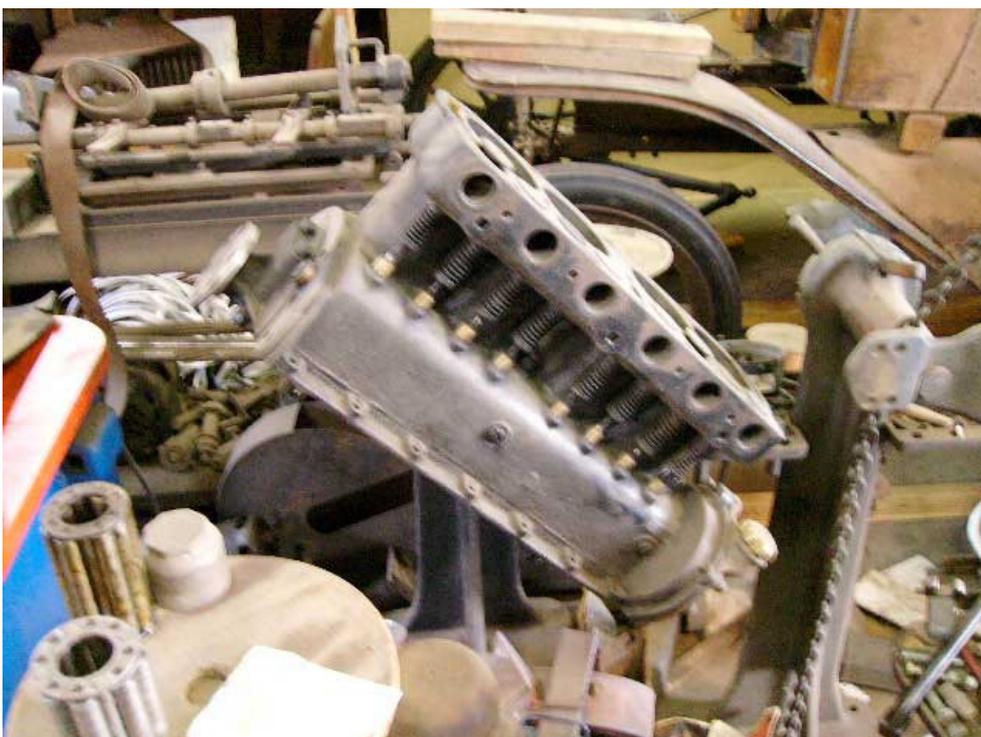
Luckily we had a full tank of fuel but unfortunately no food or water. At this point Richard recalled watching a programme about freezing to death in a car and how to avoid it. We started by turning the car off and only starting it every thirty minutes or so for about five minutes just to keep warm. As the depth of the snow on the bonnet was now about four inches panic started to set in for me but Richard fell asleep. Finally we began to move and the carnage on the road ahead was hard to believe. Trucks and cars were all over the road, on their side or roof. Many trucks were stuck on the road with no traction. It was like this for the next 200 miles and made for a very slow drive until finally, at 2am, found somewhere to stay. After being caught in a snow storm I realise we should never underestimate the power of mother nature.

We arrived back in LA on Sunday and stayed with Jack again. We dropped our large items to Long Beach to be shipped home and visited Glen Chaffin and Dave at Glens shops and left for Sydney that night.

We saw a lot in two weeks and travelled 3300 miles, but we did miss our families.

If you enjoy swap meets then Chickasha is a must to do!

*Something we found on the side of the road*



### **Ben Munneke is crook**

Long time MVEC member and longer time petrolhead, Ben Munneke, recently packed up his gear and moved to Queensland to take it easy and retire. The trouble being he couldn't take the pace over there and recently had a heart attack.

A bit serious but it's not all bad news as Ben's lady Marie assures us that Ben is well on the way to recovery. He has spent a bit of time in hospital mind you. A crook heart can be a bad thing and they were considering a compact Ford V8 as a replacement but decided on a recondition job of his present powerplant. Marie tells us it was in pretty poor condition and to get the necessary spares they had to source them from other parts of Ben.

He is back at home now and mending fast!

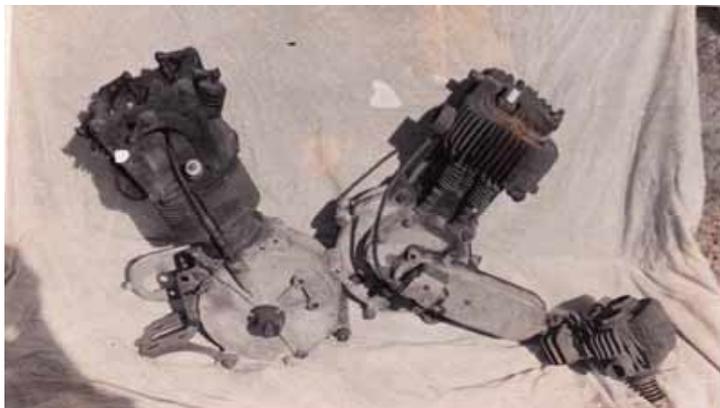
Ben, mate, from everyone at MVEC, we wish you a quick recovery and many many miles of trouble free driving!

And if you have forgotten what Ben looks like there is a story on him in Transmission no 16 Dec 2007.

The next instalment of Colin De La Rue's collection.

### 1924–1927 AJS 350cc (2¾ hp.)

This is a collection of pieces rather than a motorcycle, indeed it has been classified as 'junk' by some unsympathetic souls. However, the goal is to rebuild these pieces, for example the engines below, into something approximating to the illustration at the end of the article.



1924 B3

1927 H?

The pieces on hand include:

B3 "Big Port" engine – largely complete. (The "high compression sprint model")

(The Big Port raced by CRD bore the engine No. 47082

1924 Overhead valve engine - largely complete

1925 Side valve engine – partial only.

1926 Side valve engine – largely complete. No. H80634

The engine numbers are not always available, as at this period AJS engine numbers were stamped on a riveted-on brass plate on the drive side of the crankcase. These plates are missing from some engines.

1926 2¾ hp. frames – Nos. G83550, G56190.

Both frames are badly pitted and may only serve for static display. A period Lucas magneto, an incomplete Binks two-jet carburettor & two beaded-edge wheels are among the debris.

Well!... my father had an abiding passion for the 1924 AJS B3 "Big Port" which he had raced on the dirt-track in 1924-25. He long cherished the dream of finding and restoring one. When I noticed this particular B3 engine advertised in a Melbourne paper in about 1964, Dad had me buy it for him for £25. He was very disappointed with its condition when I got it home – I had thought it good that the engine was at least complete.

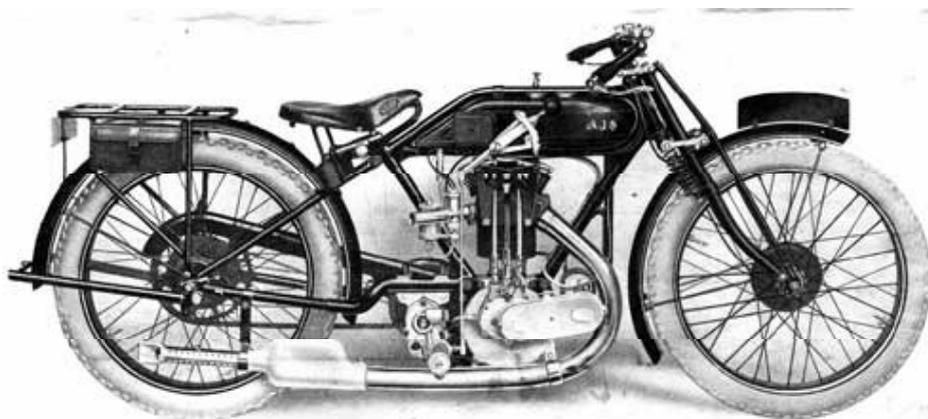
He continued to search for parts suitable to construct a "Big

Port" (or at least a reasonable facsimile thereof) and gathered up any 1920's 2¾ AJS pieces he could find. These various 2¾ hp engines, frames, wheels, etc. were part of this project. As he also had an owner's manual, various tools and small parts (even a brand-new tulip inlet valve) and a number of period illustrations of the B3 machine, the idea is not too far-fetched.

The other engine pieces came from various deals that Dad made with like-minded friends around western Victoria. The two frames and various wheels he picked up in rubbish tips somewhere in the Otway Ranges. The main 'lump' missing is a gearbox. It is not really a bike, as such, but Dad's heterogeneous conglomeration of inconsequential desiderata. I would rather like to build it up somewhat as he intended as a gesture of filial affection, but it is very low on my priority list.

The B3 'Big Port' was something of a legend in its day, some of the history of the marque is covered in Gregor Grant's "AJS. The History of a Great Motorcycle". Since 1914, AJS had developed a formidable international competition record, and the B3 was a production sports machine offered in 1924 to capitalise on this. It in turn, had great sporting success in both professional and amateur events, particularly the burgeoning Australian sport of dirt-track racing. Nevertheless, with the state of technology in the 1920's it had a number of the weaknesses of its period, (the grotesquely big exhaust port being one of them).

The sports AJS's of the 20's were generally quite powerful and particularly light machines. They had large overhead valves, light flywheels, and a thin-wall frame, even having nut and bolt heads reduced in thickness.



### The A.J.S. 2¾ h.p. Overhead Valve, T.T. Model B3.

Fitted with All-Chain Drive, Three-Speed Gear, Hand-Controlled Clutch, Quick Detachable Rear Wheel, Internal Expanding Front and Rear Brakes.

The general Specification of this Model as regards equipment is the same as Model B1 other than the Engine, which is fitted with Overhead Valves, Close Ratio Gear Box, giving 5.52, 6.78, and 10.3 to 1, with a 21 Tooth Sprocket, Racing Type Mudguards and Chain Cases, and Kick-Starter. Speed approximately 70 m.p.h.

PRICE £ 72

Extra for Electric Lighting Set £

Note.—The above Model can also be supplied without Kick-Starter and rear carrier, and with special high compression piston for sprint work (Model No. B4).

(We reserve the right to modify or deviate from the Specification without notice.)

Would you believe it?

Not one advert this month. I have to fill the page up with something so here is a bit of trivia.....

### Free Ads

Got some stuff to sell, swap or giveaway. Maybe you are after something or some advice or knowledge? Here is your chance to tap into a network of like minded enthusiasts.

To have your free ad here email Ted [propellors@bigpond.com](mailto:propellors@bigpond.com)  
Deadline first Sat in the month

### Rural Australian Technology

LOG ON: Adding wood to make the barbie hotter.  
LOG OFF: Not adding any more wood to the barbie.  
MONITOR: Keeping an eye on the barbie.  
DOWNLOAD: Getting the firewood off the Ute.  
HARD DRIVE: Making the trip back home without any cold tinnies.  
KEYBOARD: Where you hang the Ute keys.  
WINDOWS: What you shut when the weather's cold.  
SCREEN: What you shut in the mozzie season.  
BYTE: What mozzies do.  
MEGABYTE: What Townsville mozzies do.  
CHIP: A bar snack.  
MICROCHIP: What's left in the bag after you've eaten the chips.  
MODEM: What you did to the lawns.  
LAPTOP: Where the cat sleeps.  
SOFTWARE: Plastic knives & forks you get at Red Rooster.  
HARDWARE: Stainless steel knives & forks - from K-Mart.  
MOUSE: The small rodent that eats the grain in the shed.  
MAINFRAME: What holds the shed up.  
WEB: What spiders make.  
WEBSITE: Usually in the shed or under the verandah.  
SEARCH ENGINE: What you do when the Ute won't go.  
CURSOR: What you say when the Ute won't go.  
YAHOO: What you say when the Ute does go.  
UPGRADE: A steep hill.  
SERVER: The person at the pub who brings out the counter lunch.  
MAIL SERVER: The bloke at the pub who brings out the counter lunch.  
USER: The neighbour who keeps borrowing things.  
NETWORK: What you do when you need to repair the fishing net.  
INTERNET: Where you want the fish to go.  
NETSCAPE: What the fish do when they discover the hole in the net.  
ONLINE: Where you hang the washing.  
OFFLINE: Where the washing ends up when the pegs aren't strong enough.

**The Motor Vehicle Enthusiasts Club  
extends it's thanks to**

**Shannons Insurance  
For it's continued support  
for the club**



## WOTS ON THIS YEAR

July 18 **Classic Holden Car Club vs MVEC Cricket Match @** Batchelor.

Always good fun. Come and have a bat!

Leaving Berrimah Caltex 8am. Wishart 8.30am.

Holden Club are doing the food catering so no need to bring tucker. Rest assured the Holden Club eat well.

Aug 11 Monthly meeting

The monthly meeting is always on the 2nd Wed of the month.

On the following Sun there is always a working bee at the hangar.

If undeliverable return to  
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### **A day at the races....**

A group of 3rd, 4th and 5th graders, accompanied by two female teachers, went on a field trip to the local race track (Randwick) to learn about thoroughbred horses .

When it was time to take the children to the bathroom it was decided that the girls would go with one teacher and the boys would go with the other.

The teacher assigned to the boys was waiting outside the men's room when one of the boys came out and told her that none of them could reach the urinal.

Having no choice, she went inside, helped the boys with their pants, and began hoisting the little boys up one by one, holding on to their 'privates' to direct the flow away from their clothes.

As she lifted one, she couldn't help but notice that he was unusually well endowed.

Trying not to show that she was staring the teacher said, 'You must be in the 5th grade.'

'No, ma'am', he replied. 'I'm riding Silver Arrow in the seventh race. But I appreciate your help.'