

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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Ghosting up the Canning Stock Route



I can't be certain where the idea started, but when it was first mentioned to travel the Canning Stock Route with the 1923 Rolls Royce Silver Ghost, it sounded like a good challenge. The idea came from Rick Brown the owner of the Rolls, that a Ghost had been up the Canning back in the nineteen thirties. He had got that info from a website promoting travelling the stock route by 4wd vehicle. It also promotes the journey as one of the toughest challenges to your modern 4x4. A bit of research found that particular Ghost still survives. It belonged to a Robert Falconer, a pastoralist who was involved with cattle properties at both ends of the Canning and he would drive the Rolls up as far as well 10 to inspect his cattle that had been driven down from Billiluna Station at the northern end of the route. So now another easier goal was to go further up the track than any Ghost had been before. Well 11 would see that happen. Nearer the start Rick also mentioned his dream of doing the whole trip unaided. Now that one might be more of a challenge. Since I had installed a winch on the back of my Nissan Patrol especially to attach to the front of the Rolls I thought the unaided bit might be extra challenging. Rick had delivered the Rolls to the shipping com-



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1: Rick and Dawn ready to roll in Perth. 2: Ghosts attract Ghosts, Kevin Cochrane brought the Rolls from the Brockwell collection to see us off along the way. 3: 1915 & 1923 Ghosts from the Falconer family. 4: The 1915 back in it's working days with a gas producer. 5: David Falconer, grandson of Robert Falconer, and Rick, deep in Rolls Royce matters.



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pany in New York to be sent to Perth but due to too much snow it wasn't able to be loaded on time and missed the boat. That led to it missing the boat which was the first of a chain of events leading to it sitting on a wharf in Singapore with no ship to take it to Perth. Meantime, the multinational team arrive, consisting of Rick and Dawn from USA, the driver and navigator, Craig from NZ, a professional fishing guide with a goal to catch the first trout in the Great Sandy Desert, Ted and Pauline the pilots of the Toyota ute that was to carry the excess fuel and Shirley and myself to record the trip and push where necessary. We all arrived in Perth about a week before the starting date of April the 1st. Maybe April Fools Day was a bad choice as the car rental place in Perth where we were to pick up a Toyota Landcruiser tray-top for our fuel tanker, had managed to forget about the booking I had made and confirmed just before I left Darwin. Never mind. They still were able to produce a vehicle for us and the shipping agent advised the Rolls had left Singapore and would arrive late Sunday at Fremantle. The big question was how deep in the bowels of the ship was it loaded and how soon could they get it out and then there was the matter of customs and quarantine. Rick had obviously done a good job preparing it before he left home as it breezed through quarantine with no mention of a steam clean. They found just one small leaf and a berry on it. Rick drove it out of the warehouse and the trip was on for sure! The idea of the Toyota was to get all the stuff that was of substantial weight off the Rolls. Apart from fuel that also included water and spare tyres. Light stuff like camping gear was fine. We had a 200 litre drum of diesel for the two 4wd's, plus another drum and some jerry cans of petrol for the Ghost. For the humans we carried seven 20 litre water containers filled from bottled water. Then there was food. It's quite a task to figure a shopping list to keep 7 souls fed for an indeterminate number of days out in the desert. We could

1: The Perenjori pub enough to make a young blokes heart flutter. 2: The sign says it all. 3: Well no 1. 4: That's the best road to expect for 1800 kms. 5: A couple of potholes. 6: The ladies dish up a gourmet lunch.



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take up to a month to do the trip. If you like to eat steak that's 210 steaks at one a day. And you have to keep it frozen. And be able to get out one meals worth at a time. 210 in one blob would be pretty useless. We found a friendly butcher who packed the meals into individual cryovac parcels, then put the whole lot into a large Engel freezer with a few bottles of water on top. The water bottles would freeze and could be put in a big esky with the salad and veggies to keep them cool. Then they could be refrozen over and over. The meat we catered for the whole trip but the veggies we counted on replenishing at the aboriginal community store at Kunawarritji at roughly halfway.

There was one insurmountable problem though. Beer! Its heavy stuff and there was no way we could carry enough to keep the throats lubricated every night for the whole distance. We were definitely to become teetotalers. The big 12v freezer was a bit of a concern with regards to running the Toyota battery flat so we wired in a high tech Engel battery box that would have a deep cycle battery keeping the freezer frozen during the nights. It turned out to be a pain in the arse.

A couple of days late on the 3rd we headed out of Perth on the Great Northern Hwy. Spirits were high when we found local enthusiast Kevin Cochrane with the Silver Ghost from the collection of the late Maurice Brockwell, on the roadside as a farewell. It was a lovely day for cruising through the country but at one stage that afternoon things looked a bit grim and there were fire extinguishers in hand as the bonnet was lifted with smoke wafting from below. It turned out to be not a problem though. The Rolls was parked on a fairly steep camber and oil from the exposed tappets had dripped onto the hot cast iron exhaust collector below. Parking the car on a more level surface fixed that problem but the reason it was parked there was the magneto had gone on strike. The car runs dual ignition with a distributor and the Maggie running twin spark plugs in each cylinder. But Rick turns the dizzy off once the car is running so that if the magneto has problems it becomes immediately obvious. In this instance it paid off as a small leaf spring associated with the points had broken and because the car ground to a halt it saved the magneto insides getting ground up with the broken spring. Rick had a replacement spring and away we went. The first planned stop was to meet David Falconer and his 1915 Ghost. The very car that had been partway up the Canning. It was great to see the 1915 Ghost parked near Ricks 1923. But David had a 1923 Ghost as well. This one had been owned from new by the owner of the Swan brewery in Perth. The kids were chauffeur driven to school each day and since David's father went to the same school and it was on the way, he went to school in it too. Sometime later David's grandfather was able to buy it. It's a hottie too. Runs twin carbs that look like early Strombergs.

The Falconers are still associated with agriculture and their property was interesting but we had a date starting at Wiluna so we had to keep going. We ended up that first night in an old country pub at a little town called Perenjori. The pub was certainly far from new but to



1; This well chopped completely out of solid rock. 2; Craig hauls water from one of the restored wells. It was occupied by hundreds of frogs. 3; A natural waterhole was designated well 2a. 4; But it wasn't all sandhills. This rocky hill gave a magnificent view.

brighten it up the publican had it staffed completely with sweet young ladies from anywhere but Australia. To name a few they were from USA, Thailand, Scotland and especially Ireland and I am sure there were others. The next night was in downtown Meekatharra and then we were actually to hit the dirt as we headed east to Wiluna, the start of the Canning stock route. Meekatharra was the last place we would get beer. A couple of cartons was all we could fit on. It has been over 20 years since I was in Wiluna. It certainly has flashed up over the years. It has some concrete gutters these days. A bunch of severely tanned locals ran out of petrol just as they crossed the curb and all jumped out to push the wreck the last 20 metres to the petrol bowser. Some things don't change. While we were filling our tanks to the absolute brim, the weather suddenly took a turn for the worse. The sky turned inky black and gale force winds started blowing sand and dust and beer cans. It looked like the rain was going to *pour* down. The Rolls has open sides so one local suggested we head down to the shire office where there was a carport. Someone else gave Rick a flyer for a property with clean rooms where you could have a break from camping. We hadn't even pitched one tent at that stage. Ricks wife Dawn was feeling ripped off. She wanted to try out the tent. Never mind, this particular night you probably didn't want to be out in the elements. As it turned out it hardly rained at all but the lightning in the distance made you feel good that you had a roof over you. One of the building contractors that was staying at the same

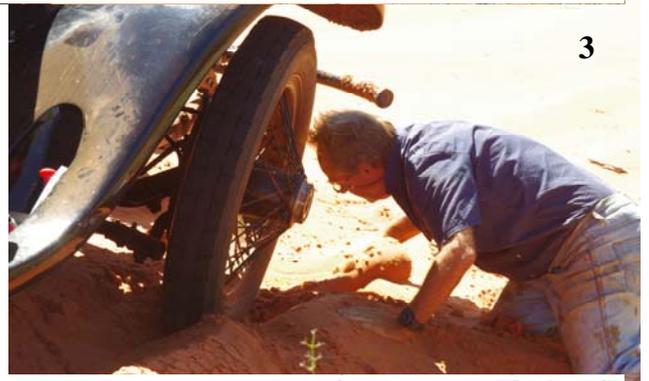
1: Some wells were way past it. 2: More heavy going in the sand. 3: Ted gets down in the sand. 4: Deep ruts in hard dirt. 5: Its rare to see an old Landrover abandoned. 6: Nice smooth track goes on forever.



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accommodation remarked that he was surprised that someone driving a Rolls Royce wasn't staying at the Wiluna Pub. Where we were was sort of clean but not exactly salubrious. We enquired, should we have stayed at the pub? The gent went on to explain: he stayed there once. Definitely a memorable experience he said. After searching the pub to find someone to serve him, he was told to find a habitable room himself. Not an easy task as most had broken doors and none had working lights. When he found one he reckoned was habitable, the publican reached behind the counter, picked up a bundle of bedding and threw it at him. The sheets may have not been washed. Then there was the night in a room with a busted door lock and a good supply of feral people prowling. Quite an experience the builder said. We made the right decision to stay elsewhere. And the next morning we were off! As we headed out of town there were big signs to remind us we were heading up the Canning and it was only a few km to well 1 which had water but looked much like you might expect a 100 year old well to look.

The lower section of the route is pretty unstartling. Just a rough bush track and an old well every so often, but no sand dunes. On the second day out we came across a dry riverbed with a steep entry followed by a little windy bit and a very steep and rocky exit, the first real test. The Rolls drove straight through no worries but both 4wd's had to have a second go. Rick was a bit happy. Later in the day the track was covered in water and looked more like a river, so for a kilometer or so we had to take to the bush. Those first couple of nights there was always black clouds on the horizon and mobs of lightning so we camped accordingly.

5 years ago Rick drove this vehicle across the Simpson Desert. During that trip it received the odd tow and sometimes during the tow the front wheels would dig into the sand in such a way as to put themselves on full lock and there would be nothing the driver could do to stop it. The main worry in this instance was breaking something on the Rolls, so as an alternative way to extricate it I installed an electric winch on the back of the Nissan. The theory was because things happened more slowly, the steering could be controlled.

The first instance of getting stuck was due to falling into a deep erosion gully, and using the winch to pull it out worked like a charm. Once we started getting into the sandy country tyre pressures were reduced a bit more and several ridges were cleared, but eventually the sand won

1: Tearing up and over the dunes in the Rolls was an exhilarating experience. 2: There was no shortage of camels. 3: Sometimes the spinifex would completely cover the track. 4: Spinifex seeds played havoc with the radiator. 5: And the track goes on...



and out came the sand ladders. The car was reversed onto one pair under the back wheels while another pair was placed in front of the back wheels and another at the front wheels. After they had been driven over, repeat the procedure again and again to the top and try and hit the next dune with a bit more speed and in the appropriate gear. Lightning fast gear changes halfway up a dune is not an option in a 1923 Ghost. Experimenting with tyre pressures was interesting too. From the usual 50 psi where the car would bog in level sand to 25 psi would make a remarkable difference but still the larger and steeper dunes would stop it. Some dunes just seemed to have sand that was more difficult. By lowering the pressure even more down to 20 made it virtually unstoppable. It could even stop on a slope and start again but the catch was spinning the rims in the tyres running the risk of ripping the valve stems out. When the valve stems were noticed to be crooked the wheel had to be jacked up, tyre deflated, move the tyre on the rim and pump it up again. A tedious job, so a pressure was found that could handle most dunes but didn't spin the tyres that often. The pressure was something like 25psi and release the valve for 8 seconds. The tyres looked pretty flat but there was only one puncture on the Rolls, that being a stick through the tread. My Nissan got 3, all sticks through the sidewall. The Toyota had only one flat but that was a totally torn sidewall with wrecked tyre probably from a rock. So once that optimum pressure was found, it was a blast just following the flying lady standing at the front of that enormously long bonnet. Rick was the driver and the rest of us took turns in the passenger seat. It was a hoot tearing up those sandhills. Sometimes by the time we reached the crest we were only just moving but as soon as you went over the top it picked up the speed needed to wind around the sand and hit the second ridge. A lot of the dunes had more than one ridge with a tricky windy bit in between and it wasn't a good idea to stop. In these windy bits it was momentum that got you through. But now and then it didn't make it. In preparation for these times the Nissan, with the winch on the back, would go ahead. This had 2 advantages, one was we had the winch in the right place for pulling, the second was to flatten out the camel tracks. The camel tracks made it es-

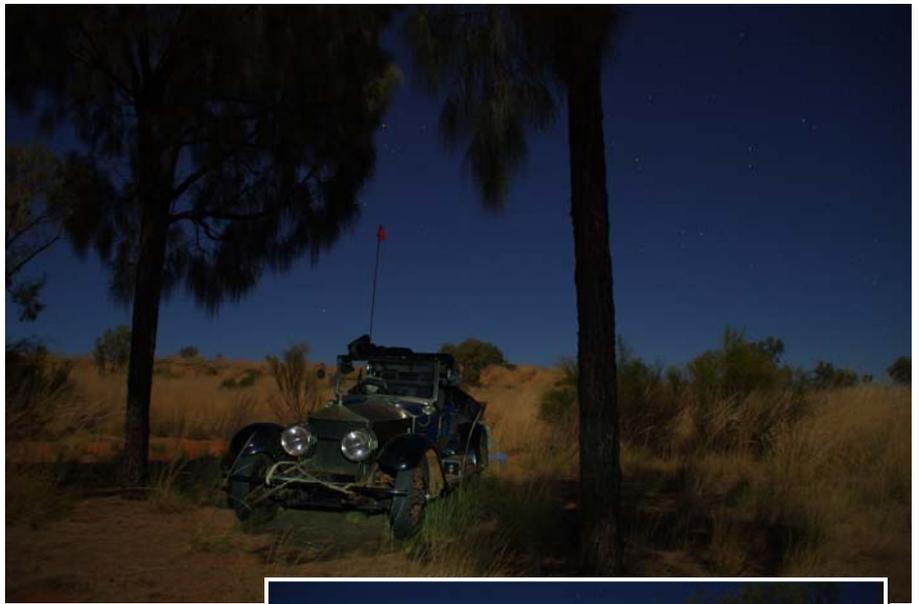


1: Every so often we would have to winch the Rolls up. 2: View from cairn placed by Canning over 100 years ago. 3: One of the original troughs still in place. 4: Grass was lush in places. 5: Even deserts have water, Durba Springs was extra lush.

pecially rough which made it difficult for the Rolls to get the necessary momentum. So with us in front in the Nissan, when we came to a dune we considered difficult, we would stop just over the top to await the Ghost. If it got stuck, then we were in a perfect position to winch it up. If we waited further on half-way down the other side or at the bottom, we found it very difficult to back back up to the top again. The problem was Rick would come screaming up the dune and find us parked on top. I would be watching out for him and as soon as they came into sight, if they looked like they would make it I would gun it down the other side. But it was a bit scary for Rick to keep his foot down when there was another vehicle blocking the way. If he buttoned off at this stage he would be stuck for sure. So Dawn would key the mike on the two way radio at the start of the incline and give a running commentary. Above the roar of that massive 7.5 litre engine and the whine of the gears, if it looked like they were going to make it Dawn would call "go Ted go!!" and we would get out of the way quick. Every so often the voice wasn't so excited and Dawn would call "stuck" and we would play out the winch rope. With this technique we made good progress but every so often we would come across a nasty spot. A bend halfway up or at the top would make winching difficult.

Somewhere it became obvious that the Rolls had used more fuel than anticipated and we weren't going to make it to the fuelling stop halfway up. This wasn't a big problem and it had been planned at the start that if we were to run short, to amalgamate the diesel in the 4wds to one of them and for it to go ahead and bring back more fuel. But the Rolls was going to run out a good 100 km short. Still not a problem, but we came across a mineral exploration drilling camp on the track and he generously gave us about 80 litres of petrol in various jerry cans. Unfortunately one of the cans that went into the tank was diesel, not petrol and that made the

1&2: Night time out in the desert is totally beautiful. 3: Someone went to great pains to tow this trailer just to snap off the stub axle. A note on it states they are coming back, but when? 4: No matter where you are, someone will pull out a camera and point it at the Rolls. 5: Lake Disappointment is vast.



mix in the tank 25-30% diesel. The first result was a white smokescreen everytime the power was applied. The second problem was it ran like a dog. Just when the power was needed going up a dune it would cough and fart and die. And to make matters worse, ever since we got onto the rough track, the fuel filter had been getting blocked. It was a disposable filter but with only one spare we ran out in 1 day. From then on it was a routine stop once or twice a day to remove the disposable filter and clean it as best we could and replace it. With the greater workload the electric winch broke the cable a couple of times so to make it a bit easier we would run the sand ladders while it was being winched. That helped but the winch was getting seriously hot. It was worrying when it was also getting slower. Rick was helping the tow by slipping the clutch but it developed a nasty knock and smelled seriously hot. Things were looking pretty grim one night when we camped right on the track where the Rolls had expired and refused to start again. To make matters worse it appeared that the alternator had fried on the Nissan as it was charging a little, but nowhere near as much as it ought to. That meant no more winch. And just to make me feel better at the end of the day I spiked another tyre. And Ricks tent blew away, rolling across the spinifex. It went through the campfire too, but luckily it hadn't been lit yet. Enthusiasm was a bit low.

But a new day fixes anything. Luckily we had a new coil and an adjustment of the points and timing and the Rolls was away. A plug in the side of my tyre and the old Nissan was mobile too. And as the day wore on the battery voltage came up. The winch had depleted both batteries so much the alternator had not been able to keep up. It turned out the alternator didn't have a problem, just one fried battery. Eventually the diesel contaminated petrol was consumed and we were able to fill up with straight petrol. And then the Rolls was running as it should. With the winch discounted we reverted to the venerable snatch strap and rope and actually it made life a lot better. Once a routine was established, when the Rolls got stuck, attach the Toyota and with the snatch we could have it mobile again in a few minutes, most times. On those odd occasions where there was a turn on the steep bit, we would hook the Toyota to the Rolls via a snatch and hook the Nissan on the front of the Toyota via the winch rope and with the Nissan already on the downside of the dune it all



1: A bunch of camels supervise our progress. 2: The effects of Diesel/petrol mix. Low power and plenty of smoke. 3: Birdlife was abundant in certain spots. 4: One effect of diesel in the petrol, lots of winching.

worked remarkably well.

The Rolls was still a certainty to run out of juice on our last day to Kunawarritji, the halfway point, so the Toyota headed off early to get some petrol, and when the Rolls finally ran out, instead of sitting around frying and being bored, we towed it until the Toyota returned. Then a few km from Kunawarritji we turned onto a magnificent wide, graded road. And for 2 nights we slept in their beautiful motel rooms with a roof. And would you believe it. I couldn't sleep. There weren't millions of stars above me. There's more to the twinkle twinkle little star lullaby than meets the eye. While we were there we stocked up on everything as well as giving the Rolls a service and a checkover on the hoist.

Up till this point we had been travelling over tracks with no tyre marks on them. We were the first vehicles through for the year.

All the way we would have the 2 way radio on calling regularly to see if anyone might be coming up the other side of the dunes. For over 2 weeks there had been silence to our calls. The only thing we would ever receive was Dawn calling "go Ted go!" Then a couple of days after our mid track rest at the Aboriginal settlement the radio crackled into life with someone excitedly calling about the model T on the track. A few minutes later we came across a group of 3 cars checking out the Rolls. It seems that to non old car people, the generic name for any old car is a model T. This group was heading down the track from north to south, the opposite way to us. They told us of tall grass that clogs your radiator and sticks that hang over the track and try to impale you or your tyres. As we headed north we decided they were in for a shock as there was a lot more grass and a lot more severe attack bush to the south where we had come from, especially where bushfires had hardened the sticks to make them more lethal. They also advised of a Landcruiser wagon we would come across that was parked under some trees, unlocked and with the keys in the ignition. It also had a note on the dash advising anyone to help themselves to anything they liked. It also asked the finder to post a letter to the owner's daughter. This letter was dated from early Dec, 4 months earlier. The writer had obviously decided to end his life in such a way that he would not be disturbed for a long time, as no one travels here in the middle of summer. When we arrived at the place the others had described, the Landcruiser wasn't there. We found it off the track a few kms further on, with no keys and no suicide note. A half a day later we came across an abandoned Toyota troopie. This one had POLICE emblazoned on the sides. Strange goings on!

Although we always intended to camp about 5pm with

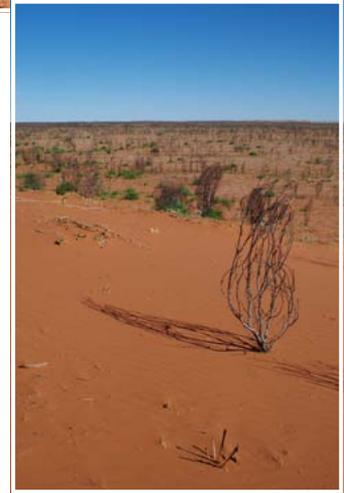


1: The only other travelers we met on the track. They referred to the Rolls as a model T. 2: With no beer Craig resorted to sniffing petrol. 3: There were several old graves along the track, all were the result of blackfeller spears. 4: In places the track has formed into a 2 lane highway, an attempt to escape the corrugations.

plenty of daylight left to set up, sometimes we would get stuck at an inconvenient spot and then there would be times when you could go for hours without finding a clearing in the spinifex big enough to camp. This particular night we got caught. The sun was setting and the best we could come up with was a T junction in the track. All the propaganda recommends you don't travel at night so we reckoned we were pretty safe to put one tent on each branch of the track and light a campfire right in the middle of the intersection. But an hour or two after dark what should come bobbing across the horizon but headlights. Darn!! To make matters worse I had cameras set up on tripods taking pics of the stars, so when the headlights got close I was waving a torch and flashing a flashlight so my cameras wouldn't get run over. And when the offending car pulls up next to me I couldn't help notice in the torchlight the great big sign on the side of the car. It said POLICE. But they weren't shitty at these morons that would camp in the middle of the track. They were on their way to try and find the body associated with the suicide note. They had already been to the site and attempted to get the car going by towing it but with no success, and the cop car was theirs too. It had computer problems and they had brought spares to try and fix it.

The further we went north from there the easier the track. There was the occasional tough dune but at the halfway stop at Kunawarritji we had been able to get another snatch strap plus 20 metres of rope that would have been suitable to tow a battleship. With these extras we could space the two 4wd's well apart and linked together we could haul the Rolls easily, but we only had a couple of occasions left to use them. The fuel filter kept on blocking daily as long as we were on dirt roads, but getting stuck became a thing of the past as we got close to the metropolis of Billiluna with its carpet of empty cans, bottles and general rubbish. We just filled up with fuel and with a quick look about to see our tax dollars at work we drove onto the road to Halls Creek, a beautiful, wide, graded road. But after what we had been used to, cripes it was boring !

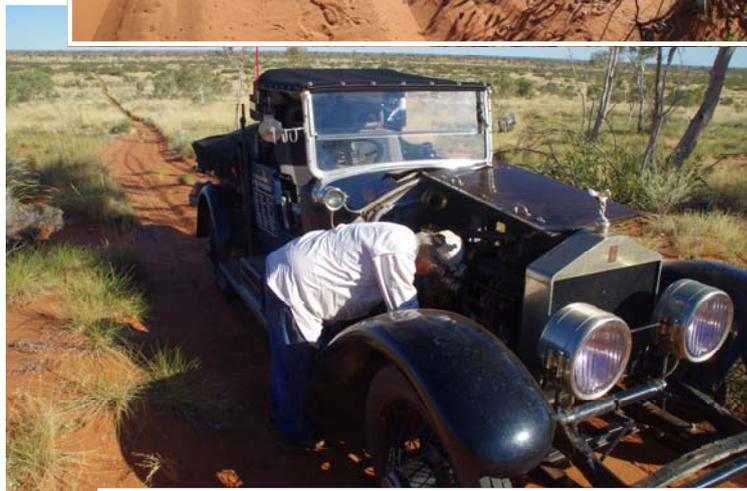
Because we arrived at Halls Creek late in the morning we decided to go on to Turkey Creek to camp for the night and have celebratory beers there. Bad move! Turkey Creek is a dry community. It was Kununurra the next night before we could sink a few beers. Another day and a half saw us in Katherine and while we were pulled up in the supermarket carpark Craig pointed to the front of the Rolls. Instantly we knew what he was pointing at, there at the top of the radiator where the flying lady stands, was nothing. You can imagine the feelings. We had just driven from Victoria River, about 300km, the chance of finding it would be slim. Rick looked a bit grim but walked around the other side of the car and there sitting in the valley between the front



1&2: The whole route is littered with broken car parts. 3: Where bushfires had been the dunes would take on a more traditional "desert" look. 4&5: Dusk or nighttime, lovely. 6: A smiling camel. .

mudguard and the bonnet was the lady. He had heard a clunk when he had driven in and assumed it was the sand flag above the car hitting the shops banner at the car park entrance. Since there was no banner to hit, the noise was the flying lady falling off. The bolt that holds it on goes through the radiator cap from the bottom. That meant the bolt was now sitting on top of the cores inside the radiator, not a good place to leave it. So a quick trip to Repco for a magnetic pickup and after a dip in the top tank we not only found the bolt but a few other missing radiator bits too.

While we were cruising along the bitumen still with the radio on I couldn't help hear the comments from the truck drivers. Several times I heard them enthusiastically telling their mates to watch out for the model T coming their way. And bitumen driving gives you opportunity to think. There is a club for these old vehicles, The Silver Ghost Association, and most of the owners get their vehicles out every so often to polish them or to drive them on a nice quiet rally where they can show them off. They certainly don't chance shaking them to pieces or risk breaking them out back of beyond and some of them don't believe you could get a Ghost across somewhere like the Canning Stock Route. During our preparations in Perth Rick Brown mentioned his hope of getting through unaided. After a bit of thought I am certain that providing one could arrange fuel drops, and if the operators of a Silver Ghost were a couple of younger blokes they could do the trip with no support vehicles, no worries. In our case it was the crew that were too old, not the car. And when Rick gets back home he has been asked to give a talk on what they call his "extreme touring"



1&2&3: Running on straight petrol the Rolls would once again hoot over the dunes but filter blockages were still a daily problem. 4: An occasional rocky hill. 5: Camping under the stars. Great!

1: An unexpected sight, an abandoned Police car, had lots of good stuff you could unbolt too. 2: The Rolls was pretty tough. At some places as soon as Rick would get out a bunch of kids would climb in and attempt to push, pull, yank or remove anything in sight, but always it worked afterwards. 3: Friendly sticks would stick in anywhere including tyres. 4: At Billiluna Rick and Dawn are pretty happy as that's the end of the "track" portion, graded roads for the rest of the way now. 5: At Kununurra a chance meeting with car enthusiasts Bevan and Bernice Spackman, had us dining amongst his collection of old motorbikes. That's Bevan, Bernice, Rick, Dawn, Ted (me) Craig, Shirley, Ted (other Ted), Pauline.



Anyone interested in attending the Triples Rally at Ballina

(Triumph and BSA prior to 1976) mid August and the Triumph Rally at Coffs Harbour the following weekend I have room to take 2 bikes and one other person (maybe 2 other persons depending on amount of other personnel gear) down and back. There will be a cost for fuel attached dependant on response. Will probably be away a month with travelling.

Contact Peter Roe
040889853372
prolecs@hotmail.com

Fancy checking out the Rolls Royce in the Caning trip? Its on display at the Old QANTAS hangar right now.

There seems to be a bit of uncertainty as to what is a model T.

The red car is a model T Ford.

The black car is a Rolls Royce Silver Ghost but as of lately seems to be known as a model T Rolls Royce.



The Motor Vehicle Enthusiasts Club extends it's thanks to Shannons Insurance For it's continued support for the club



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Deadline...the end of the month

I have an entire collection of Street Machine magazines from 1989 to 2013. All magazines are in excellent condition (in Perth at my mum's) with the last 5 or 6 years unopened (subscription, plastic wrapped). I am selling the collection in its entirety, if anyone's interested in buying the collection, please let me know, \$600 the lot. Yvette 0400 160 994.

The MVEC versus Classic Holden Car Club annual cricket match.

The test match is on again on the 13th July As I understand it MVEC has its name on the perpetual trophy more than the Holden club. If you fancy being part of the winning team come down to Batchelor and chuck a ball or two at a Holden owner, or whack a ball that they threw at you. Or you could just come and watch and have a laugh. Its always a beaut day in lovely surrounds at the Batchelor oval and if you care to arrive at the Coolalinga United servo at about 9am, you could cruise down as part of a convoy of neat cars. And this year the Holden club are organizing the lunch. Past experience shows them to dish up some really good tucker. So come on down, you are bound to have a good time!

The Darwin Show parade is on the 25th July mark that date on your calendar and plan to be there. More details on where to meet in next months newsletter.

Fathers Day open day. 6-7th Sept.

This is the hangars 80th birthday. Leo's 80th year too. We will be having the biggest car show you can ever remember right here. The best chance you will ever get to show off your stuff. Plan now to have something on display.

OLD QANTAS HANGAR 80th Birthday celebration

It's also Leo Izod's 80th

Come along and help us celebrate two of Darwin's most significant and important treasures.

Your big chance to show off your stuff:

- **Cars**
- **Motorbikes**
- **Memorabilia and mechanical curiosities**
- **Stationary engines**

MVEC is a great club. This is a great opportunity to flaunt it to the rest of Darwin. Show how we value the hangar and how valuable custodians we are in promoting its history and role in the NT.

This is as good as an opportunity as we will ever get to show off our club and Leo's industrial antiques collection to the people of Darwin. Be a part of it!

Start planning now to show off at least one of your treasures. Reserve the time now to be part of this special opportunity. The dates are 6th and 7th September

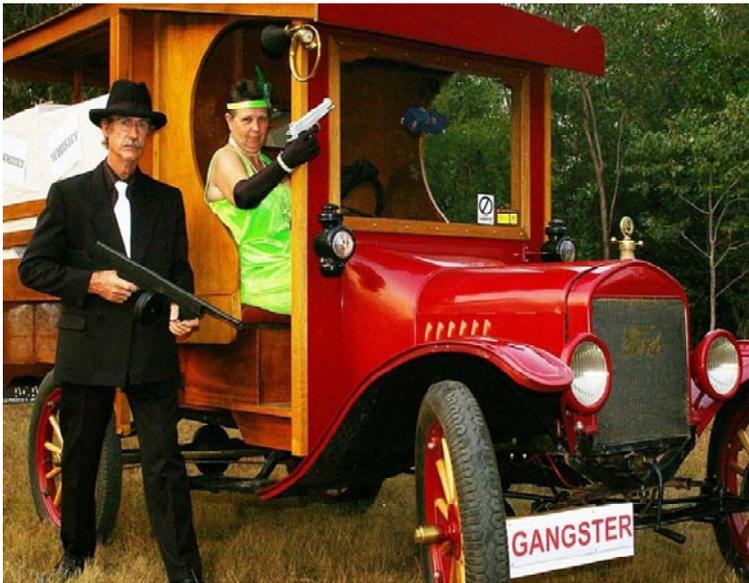
We would love to hear from some volunteers who would be willing to take on a small task to do with organizing the event, both on the day, as roving ambassadors or other jobs, and with various organizational jobs during the lead up.

By spreading the load, this will give all members a chance to actively participate as well as having time to enjoy the atmosphere of the occasion

There will be security provided to take care of the exhibits overnight..

For more information and to express your interest in participating as either a helper or exhibitor: Contact Rowan on 0438 795 834 or rcharrin@bigpond.net.au

DARWIN TO THE 'DOO'



COME TO
TAMINMIN
OR ELSE!

JOIN THE MOTOR VEHICLE ENTHUSIASTS CLUB AS IT LEAVES
THE HISTORIC QANTAS HANGAR ON A RUN TO TAMINMIN
COMMUNITY LIBRARY @ HUMPTY DOO

ON SUNDAY 20 JULY 10am - 1pm

LEAVING QANTAS HANGAR, PARAP AT 9:00 AM FOR THE RUN
ARRIVING AT TAMINMIN LIBRARY AT APPROXIMATELY 10:00AM

Classic and Vintage Car Show in the Library Car Park

Morning tea in the library

Where: Taminmin Community Library

Situated in the grounds of Taminmin College

Challoner Circuit, Humpty Doo

Phone 8988 1200 for further details



WOTS ON THIS YEAR

Heaps. Come along and enjoy!

On the 2nd Wed of every month there is a members meeting at the hangar 7.30 pm plus bbq beforehand.
Also there is a working bee at the hangar the following Sunday.

6 July	Bike Run from Caltex Berrimah 3.00 p.m.	5 Oct	Bike Run from Caltex Berrimah 8.30 a.m.
13 July	Cricket Match	18 Oct	MVEC AGM
20 July	Darwin to the Doo	19 Oct	Fannie Bay Breakfast
25 July	Darwin Show Parade	2 Nov	Bike Run from Caltex Berrimah 8.30 a.m.
2 August	Rejex rally starts	29 Nov	Christmas Dinner at Nightcliff Sports Club
3 August	Bike Run from Caltex Berrimah 3.00 p.m.	7 Dec	Bike Run from Caltex Berrimah 8.30 a.m.
4 August	Picnic Day Run to Adelaide River	26 January 2015	Australia day Ute Run
23-24 Aug	Katherine Festival		
23 Aug	Overnighter at Coomalie		
24 Aug	Veteran Car Club arrives at the Hangar		
7 Sep	Bike Run from Caltex Berrimah 8.30 a.m.		
6 - 7 Sep	Fathers Day Open Day 80 th Anniversary of Hangar		

Darwin to the Doo Come for a cruise to Humpty Doo and be part of the rural car show. There are nice shady grounds and you will see some interesting stuff that you may not have seen before. The show is put on by the friends of the Taminmin Library and gets better every year. As they say” be there or else” Check out the attached flyer.

The REJEX Rally is about as much fun as you can have if you are a car enthusiast. It starts at Mindil beach and ends up at Emerald Springs. On the way there are motorkhana routines at various places, many of them on WW2 airstrips. The motorkhanas are a bunch of witches hats placed in a particular way. You are given a diagram to show which order to attack them and once you start off you have a stopwatch to time you. And every course you do is different. It's a bit challenging and it is serious fun too! There will be cars there from 1920's and earlier right up to modern rally cars and family station wagons. Driving them will be from kids to hardened petrol heads, and not forgetting ladies too. This is an event for absolutely everyone interested in cars. It's held on the long weekend of 2nd & 3rd August but the catch is you have to enter by 20th June. The entry form is a bit scary but rest assured if your car is from the era before seatbelts and similar rubbish you won't have a problem, nor is it a problem if you don't have a CAMS licence. The biggest problem is that this rally tends to be addictive and you may have to come back next year which incidentally is the 60th anniversary from when it first happened. And the entry fee includes meals too.



1956-2014 Rejex Classic Rally



2nd & 3rd August 2014 59th Anniversary Application for Entry

Details of Competitor

Name:
Address:
Postal Address:
Phone Fax:

E-mail Address.....

Vehicle Description

Make: Model: Year Engine Yr:

Engine Capacity..... Standard / Modified

Driver's Name: Shirt Size: S, M, L, XL, XXL, other.....

CAMS Licence Number Expiry Date

Navigator's Name: Shirt Size: S, M, L, XL, XXL

Additional Crew:..... Shirt Size: S, M, L, XL, XXL

Additional Crew:..... Shirt Size: S, M, L, XL, XXL

Additional Crew:..... Shirt Size: S, M, L, XL, XXL

Additional Crew:..... Shirt Size: S, M, L, XL, XXL

Additional Crew:..... Shirt Size: S, M, L, XL, XXL

Points of interest about car or crew:

Entry Fee: \$300.00 Inc GST, per car (includes 2 crew members, meals & shirts)		\$.....	300.00
Additional crew members: \$ 150.00 each Inc GST (includes meals & shirt) x \$150.00	\$.....	
Children: \$90.00 each (includes meals & shirt) x \$90.00	\$.....	
Additional T-Shirts: \$35.00 each x \$35.00	\$.....	
Additional Presentation Dinner Tickets: \$30.00 each x \$30.00	\$.....	
	Total	\$.....	

Application forms and payment may be mailed to:

The Rejex Classic Rally
C\ - GPO Box 38455,
Winnellie NT 0821.

Or Phone: Gail Kroonstuiver, Event Secretary/ Treasurer- **0418 898 810**

Cheques made payable to the North Australian Motor Sports Club.

Direct Deposits can be made into the bank account below.

Please put **"Rejex Entry & your name"** in comments field when direct depositing to assist identification of payments.

Account Name : J&G Kroonstuiver
Account Number: 607734860
BSB Number: 085992

Please fax transfer receipt with entry forms to **(08) 89 470 422**

The organizers of the Rejex Classic Rally reserve the right to refuse entry to any application without explanation.

Signature of applicant..... Date.....

ENTRIES CLOSE FRIDAY 20th JUNE 2014– NO LATE ENTRIES WILL BE ACCEPTED