

Motor Vehicle Enthusiasts Club



No 92

Dec 2014

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

Merry Christmas



Romee is Santa's delivery manager and has come straight from the north pole to check out who's been naughty or nice. As you can see the motorized sleigh is a bit overloaded with pressies, and not much room for more, so if you want her to call at your place Christmas eve you had better be nice.....



The first thing that happens at CAMS event is you get scrutineered. The only problem was I didn't have a fire extinguisher on board. Not a problem but if my car burns its my tough luck. Then its FUN on the track!!

Brand new 1915 Ford. Gas headlights work on gas. You cant see the twin carbs and extractors but they're there.

I have just returned from an event that included some of the most serious fun you could have with an old car. It was called the Centenary of Speed, a celebration of 100 years of motor racing in WA and was open to all pre WW2 vehicles.

My story starts a couple of years ago when I contacted a mate in Perth to see if he could find me a generator for my model T. He reported back that all the model T stuff around had been snaffled up to build racers for the Lake Perkolilli event. My ears pricked up. What's Perkolilli? I enquired.

You see, many years ago I bought a model T as a project and discovered afterwards that it came with a trailer load of other stuff, most of another car. Even though most of the bits were worn out or rusty, there was a chassis (so bent it resembled a banana) and an idea spawned to one day build a speedster. A standard model T with a sporty style body, and over the years I have gradually collected bits to put it together one day sometime in the future. When I heard about the Perkolilli event, I decided on the spot that my pipe dream speedster was to become a hottie. The thought of racing with a bunch of model T's and other stuff sounded like lots of fun.

The first job was to straighten the chassis. After unbolting all the bits attached to it I chained it down to the car hoist and with a 12 ton hydraulic jack between where it was chained down (chains about 15 inches apart) I straightened it. It was a slow job bending a bit then moving the chains and the jack along the chassis rails. It took a couple of days but in the end it was quite straight. Then I needed an engine block as the ones I had were a

bit sad, the main *Here's a new role for your leaf blower: A tool to cool down a Dodge racer in a hurry.* problem being the



Back in the old days model T's outnumbered all the other cars. Nothings changed! Notice the cracks in the claypans surface. They make a rumbling sound as you tear over them.



water jackets being totally clogged. I found a better one locally that was a bit unusual with an engine number dating it as 1916. Anyhow I gave it to a machine shop to get the necessary work done but instead of getting it back all ready to bolt together, the block had been damaged beyond repair. The problem now was where to find a serviceable block. A trip to SA got me a 1922 block that would be cleaned up with a rebore to 40 thou and a light cut on the valve seats. I built myself a jig to pour and line bore the main bearing journals.

Then I came across the news that there was to be a national veteran rally to coincide with the Perkollili event. The vet rally to be held in Kalgoorlie. I couldn't miss out on that but the speedster had to be a veteran, that is 1918 or earlier. The radiator and guards were veteran but the engine was certainly not. I had to put that right. My half-rebuilt engine went on the shelf and I went searching for a veteran engine.

Mate in Perth back to work again and in no time had found me a 1915 block but not quite in pristine condition. In October 2013 I was in South Australia for a model T rally and when I got home in November I figured I had 9 months to build the car. I reckoned I had accumulated just about all the parts I needed and the time available would be sufficient. The first spanner in the works happened on the way home from the rally. I blew up the engine in the car I was towing the model T with. We had to use the model T to get ourselves back to Alice Springs and arrange something to tow the dead car home. That wasted a couple of weeks. And when we finally got home we found the house full of termites and the bore pump blown up. Then there was going to Melbourne to buy a replacement car and driving it home. Those hiccups delayed getting stuck into the car till the new year. And somewhere in there the biggest telecommunications company disconnected my phone and couldn't figure how to get it back on again for 6 weeks. One big problem from that was the new bloke that was doing the machining on my block couldn't contact me. He needed to let me know what oversize pistons to order. More delays waiting for the pistons to arrive so he can bore it to suit. Things were looking grim. Never mind, I was never short of something to do, there was a transmission to build. And every so often I would come across some obscure part that I had missed. Something not available in Australia. If I could make it I would, otherwise I would have to wait till it arrived from USA. At least the diff was ok, I had done that up previously. Eventually I got the block back all lovely and I could begin my big challenge of trying out the jig I had made and re-babbiting the main bearings. That

And there were plenty of bikes. They were really giving it to these early models too. The earliest was a 1912 Triumph and a 1912 Victory board track racer. Mobs of 1920's stuff.



Some cars were genuine racers survived from the old days, others were reproductions of particular cars and some were just built to look of the era.



There were some hard luck stories. The owner of this beaut 1919 Chev racer built it especially for the event but due to a crook back wasn't able to drive it.



aspect of the job turned out to be no where near as difficult as I had imagined. The only problem I had was the brand new counterbalanced crank I imported from NZ was 1/8" shorter in the rear main bearing journal than the original and by the time I had cut the thrust surface to get the necessary clearance there was precious little thickness of babbitt left. All was well though and I was able to assemble the motor but I left the cylinder head off at this stage. I balanced all the reciprocating bits using an el cheapo set of electronic scales off ebay. Because the whole transmission is whizzing around on the end of a T crankshaft it seemed a good idea to balance it too, so every bit of it got the treatment.

It was an eye opener to see how little trouble they had gone to when it was new. Some of the drums in there were 1/8" thick on one side and 5/16" on the other. Lots of turning on the lathe and lots of drilling holes and filing got them all so you could put the drums on a flat piece of glass and they wouldn't roll anywhere. I bolted the transmission to the back of the crank and to keep the dust out I attached the oil pan, timing cover and the top of the transmission. With it all sealed up I could now bolt the head on and the power plant would be complete. Way back at the start of the job I had had a quick look at the threads in the block for the head bolts and they looked ok. But when I tried one of the head bolts it seemed a bit sloppy. A bit closer look and I came to the conclusion someone a long time ago had tapped them all out to 1/2" Whitworth instead of the standard 7/16 UNC. Bummer! I decide to make studs with 1/2 Whit at the bottom then 7/16 dia along the shaft with 7/16 UNC thread at the top. Finding high tensile Whitworth bolts was quite a challenge but I managed to get some (priced as gold too) and with great trouble I turned them in the lathe. But when I screwed them all into the block the studs were sticking out at all sorts of angles that stopped me from lining the bolt holes in the head over them. AAAAAAAH!!

Using an old head as a guide I drilled out the bolt holes. (in the milling machine to keep them straight) to the size for a 1/2" helicoil, but left one hole at each end as standard (they were to be used to hold the head in place on the block while work in progress and lined up with 2 of the 1/2 holes that were not all that far off being straight) Then with 1/2" helicoils loctited in put 7/16" helicoils in the 1/2 ones and made studs with unf at the bottom and unc at the top. And it worked like a charm. There were certainly other dramas, but with a bit of ingenuity they were all overcome. I decided I should have put a new timing gear on but that would have meant waiting for it to arrive. I didn't have any time left and the timing gear still sounds bloody terrible.

That original pipe dream had SU carbies on it. I even had the carbs, still do, but I reckoned they were a bit modern. From time to time stuff would come up on Ebay for a carby that someone reckoned was high performance and old but they fetched a high price and I was dubious about their claims to extra power. I



Above. The bike on the right is a 1938 Nimbus. An inline 4 cyl with shaft drive. Sounded just like any modern 4 cyl bike. You name it, its been made before. Its just unbelievably great to be with these blokes and with their machines getting used and dirty. So much better than seeing polished up things stagnating in sheds or museums.

Below. Joe Zapper on the Norton looks bored. He just wants to ride.



The orange bike is a Perkolilli special replica track racer built around a relatively modern Spewzuki engine.



ended up making a manifold for twin Holleys. Holley model NH that is, two of the original model T carbs. And Perkollili being like a giant speedway I decided I might live longer if I had a foot operated throttle instead of the steering column operated lever. Same deal with shockers. I adapted some friction units, and at 9pm on the evening before we left I came in from the shed and announced to Shirley that the car was finished and we could leave in the morn. I have to admit being a wimp here as we didn't drive it the 4661 Km to Kalgoorlie plus the extra 40 out to the lake, we towed it on a trailer. The only trouble we had during the trip was the bucket seats becoming genuine buckets of water in the rain. It never occurred to me when making the seats that they should have a hole in the bottom to let the water out when it rains, so every time it started to rain a blue tarp would quickly appear.

I did have one drive of the car before I left home. With a GPS in my pocket I stomped on the accelerator (no time for running in) and on its first run the gps showed a max of 107Kph. That's over 60mph so I was happy, I was sure there would be more power with a bit of tuning. The only problem was the wheels shaking like crazy. I didn't have time to take it into Darwin but I assumed it would be simple to get a wheel balance in Kalgoorlie. I remember a poster on the wall where I used to work, "assume nothing!" The bloke at the tyre joint in Kalgoorlie flatly refused to have anything to do with my car. I asked if he would sell me a bunch of weights so I could do a static balance. He told me to nick off!

I figured motorbikes have wheels with spokes that need balancing so I tried a motorbike shop. What a change in attitude! The response from the owner of Goldfield Bikeworks was the exact opposite. Although he couldn't fit my wheels on his balance machine he was pleased to give me, gratis, quite a large amount of stick on weights so I could do the static balance. Then later one of the local veteran car blokes overheard my conversation regarding my balance problems and volunteered the use of his on car wheel balance machine. With the balance problems sorted I took the T for a spin out of town on the open road. I didn't have the gps to reveal how fast I went but I was a law breaker for sure. I headed back to town and was ready for the track at Lake Perkollili 40 Kms out.

After trailering the car out to the lake, The scrutineer came to check over the car while the willy willies

When Joe Zapper came in after doing laps on mate's 1930 JAP special I asked him how the rigid suspension handled the rough section at the end of the straight. "Just crank on the throttle and as the front wheel begins to lift you don't feel the bumps anymore" "unbelievable!" He was having a seriously good time now. Matter of fact when anyone came in after being out on the track on a car or a bike they had a whopping big smile tattooed on their face.



Murray Rudler 666 brought 5 bikes and a Triumph outfit. He owns the JAP that Joe was having fun on.



dumped red dust over everything. This was a CAMS event so there was a certain amount of red tape but this was one fantastic place to be. There were old school racers all parked up and motorbikes too. All old cars leak oil and the red dirt here sticks to the oil and gives this beaut look, especially on the bikes with their exposed valve gear that sprays oil all over. And there is no class distinction here either. Just a bunch of blokes and ladies out to have fun blasting around this enormous natural terrain track. It was Thursday when we arrived. There was 2 days of practice and Fri our times would be recorded for the formal events on Sat and Sun. I was a bit nervous when I went out for my first try but it didn't take long to realise that by holding it flat out you could have some serious fun. The track was 4.5 Km per lap and felt like one big oval with a bit across the back cut off for one straight section. There were two slight corners, one entering and one leaving the straight. The track was not exactly smooth, as the claypan surface is all cracks. It makes a rumbling sound as you travel over it, but you can drive it as being billiard table flat. But at the corners it was a bit rough, probably from braking I would imagine. I just didn't have the courage to hold it flat through those bumpy corners. But each time I went out I am certain I was going faster than the time before and I was backing off less for those

corners. It was so rough I could feel my arse parting company from the seat and one time the engine died completely. As I was coasting to a stop I realized my foot had slipped off the accelerator. Then the engine lost power and I limped back on maybe 2 cylinders.

Another change of spark plugs to a colder range had it running well again and that about finished Thursday. We left the car at the lake overnight and headed back to our accommodation in Kalgoorlie. Most of the racers camped at the lake. Caravans and motorhomes ruled. Friday was much the same as Thursday. Bikes went out for 30 mins then cars then bikes again. The T was going good, you could hold it flat and it would wind out, but backing off just that tiniest amount for the corners and it would run rough and backfire and fart for a bit, then clear up and away she would go again. I couldn't figure it out until someone suggested my carbs might be freezing up. Holding it flat out for a long time had the main jets

Kalgoorlie Motor Works. Set up by enthusiast Mick Rust as a service to everyone there. He had a whole workshop complete with everything you would have at a service station at the disposal of everybody. A model T developed a knock which was left a bit to long resulting in the babbit metal squished out of the conrod. With Mick's oxy set and a roll of resin cored solder and a bit of scraping it was running sweet again. That's Mick supervising in the pic.



freeze then it would starve for fuel until the icicle would break off and away she would go again. Up until then I had some heat wrapping on the exhausts as I was worried the carbs might get too hot sandwiched between the exhausts. I ripped the wrapping off and had time for just one more go before the day was over. The last laps were timed to determine our starting positions for the formal events over Sat and Sunday. Let me assure you, this was seriously good fun. The motorbike fellers weren't missing out on the fun either. When a bunch of em came in after their laps I asked one old bloke how he handled the bumpy stretch at the end of the straight with the rigid suspension at the rear and girder forks at the front. He was on a borrowed bike with a JAP speedway engine. "No worries" he exclaimed" you just dial the power on and as the front wheel leaves the track you don't feel the bumps anymore" He was having a ball. Another bloke with his lady as passenger on a Triumph outfit held it pegged a bit too long. As they crossed the finish line and but-toned off it locked up. It didn't ruin their day, they still had more bikes. And the dust willie willies continued. One of them demolished a fair proportion of



Brett Weary drove his 32 Ford rod into Perkollili. He then went to great pains to strip all the guards off it and make it look as a salt lake racer and do one cruisy demo lap. He did this in memory of his grandfather who was at Perkolilli in its heyday.



Here's a great example of a neat car getting used. This 15 litre Napier started life in 1903-4 when it was built to keep the Gordon Bennett cup in England. Later they took it to Bonneville in USA where it ran 105.4 MPH making it the first Pommie car to break 100. After being used to set various endurance records the car itself was scrapped but the engine ended up in Victoria in a speedboat where it set a bunch of water speed records in the early 1920's. Once again the boat was scrapped but the engine survived in a warehouse until it was discovered by the Chamberlain bros of Chamberlain Tractors fame. At retirement in the early 1970's they were able to get a copy of the original cars blueprints from an English museum and they built a totally original replica and put the engine in it. They then took the car back to England to use in nostalgia type events which caused them an unexpected problem of too many suitors wanting to buy



it off them. Around 1990 the brothers had died and the Napier ended up in a Shannons Auction where WA car enthusiast Peter Briggs became the new owner. That was 20 odd years ago and Peter told me this was the first time he had taken it out and really tried to blow out the cobwebs (he has 150 cars, There isn't time to drive them all, all of the time). It has 2 gears. (it seems the instructions were to have an engine that only needed one gear, but the 2 gears were a compromise) The slowest you can get it out of 1st is 40MPH but can hold off till 70 if you please. Peter added a bit of modern innovation for the event, an electric starter, but it didn't last a day and it was back to the crank.

The rev counter shows 800 RPM at about 50-60 MPH

the shade shelters around the pits. One thing was clear, you had to be at drivers briefing Sat morn 8.30 to be able to compete. I set my alarm nice and early so I had plenty of time to get out there with no stress.

Saturday morning I was awake well before the alarm went off but the view out the window wasn't exactly that orange ball poking its nose over the horizon you see in all the outback tourist propaganda. It was dreary grey and raining. By the time we had had breakfast at least the rain had stopped. We headed out to the lake.

Most of the way to Perkollili was bitumen, then a gravel road, then a couple of Km of track. When we fell off the bitumen the gravel was definitely a bit sloppy but the worry was there were vehicles we recognized had been camped at the lake travelling in the opposite direction. When we made it to the dirt track section there were vehicles coming out slipping and sliding all over the place, some of them with car trailers in tow. We pushed on through the mud and into the Lake where a great disaster had taken place. "A typhoon" was one description I was given. It was 8am and where there were dust storms the days before there were now sheets of water and mud. I was told at 7am the lake was such that you couldn't tell if it was 2 inches or 2 feet deep. The bottom line was the event was over. A real shame that something that had been planned for 3 years was the victim of once in a blue moon weather. Never mind, the problem at hand was getting all the cars and stuff out of there. Being a chivalrous type I suggested Shirley stay in the 4wd while I pack up the gear and attach the trailer. Every step I took I got an inch taller, the mud was that sticky I came up with the idea Shirley would tow the trailer out without the T on it. I would drive the T out through the slush, that way there would be less weight on the trailer and the Nissan would have more chance of getting through. Or would it be more fun for me to drive the T out through the mud? A win win situation



Above is yours truly hooning round the track Fri arvo. Holding it flat out for lap after lap and with those 2 monstrous Holley carbies I managed an amazing 2.5 Km / litre of premium.

Below is the same place Sat morn, after the water level had dropped.



if there was ever one!

The organizers of this event were certainly on the ball. In the short time it took us to get back to Kalgoorlie they had arranged with CAMS to continue the event on the trotting track in Kalgoorlie. The trotting track event wasn't quite the event as Perkollili but it gave the spectators something to see and it certainly was fun. The skill was really seeing how fast you could go without hanging the arse out wildly. You see we were on strict orders of no wheelspins and no passing. The no passing bit was rescinded after a bit and you could have that rear end out a bit and hopefully no would notice. The sad part here was the bikes all packed up and left. I suppose you can't really ride a bike round a speedway without being crossed up. While we were returning from the mud at Perkollili the eran cars were arriving and setting up in a big shed at the trotting venue. These cars are seriously pampered and even though they are spotless the owners were still polishing the brass. I decided it would give a bit of contrast to have a seriously dirty veteran car amongst them, so I parked the T, still dripping and caked with mud right amongst them. It raised a few eyebrows but was taken in good nature. That evening at a restaurant we were dining with a bunch from the veteran rally and someone asked which car we were driving. Before I could answer someone else called out "the muddy one" and so our reputation was set for the week. I thought it would be cool to leave the mud on for a couple of days, just to give the spectators something to talk about. Shirley had other ideas. She had gone to great pains to arrange 1915 period dress (long skirts) for the week and she was darned if she was getting into a dirty car with those fine threads on. So I capitulated and we headed off to the carwash. When we emerged the sky was charcoal black and billowing so we used every one of those extra horsepower to get back to the shed with the shiny cars quickly (remember we have no roof, Shirley doesn't even get a windscreen). It did pay off that we hurried as the skies really did open. We even experienced hail. And since I was stuck inside I dried the paintwork and polished the brass, just like the others.

I must note at this closing stage after 2 days of tearing up the trotting track that we never actually had a race. The term is "spirited demonstration." Right from the start it was clear in the rules there was to be no passing. The whole Centenary of Speed was organised so the cars would be started at intervals with the slowest away first. The timing was so that they would all arrive at the finish line about the same time. The closest you could get to racing without actually racing. And CAMS were happy with the arrangement, as they were to transfer it to the trotting track. Next issue is all about the vet rally that followed....

Then we lined up to hoon round the speedway (trotting track) It seems nearly all vintage racing cars are red. I was asked to lead them out and cruise at about 60% race speed.. There was no racing here.



I chose to drive out rather than trailer it.

Check out the clearance on Bretts guards. He did well to make it out. Then it really rained. Hail too!



With all these really shiny veteran cars rolling up I just couldn't resist parking our less than clean example in amongst them.





2/3 race speed they said, so off I went. Next thing I am playing tail end Charlie held up by all these slow cars. Ah well you see I've never done anything like this before. That's my excuse anyway. We weren't allowed to pass, that would be racing. Its all exceptionally good fun!



There were a couple of informal segments where we could abandon helmets and stuff and take passengers for a squirt around the track.



The driver of the Ford V8 is Graeme Cocks, the main organiser of the event and without whose tireless effort the event would never have happened



Here is a genuine racer from back in Perkolilli's hey day. Tom Benson was after some bits for a '36 Chev restoration and found a wreck with some of those bits sinking in a paddock somewhere, so after removing those bits he dumped the rest of the wreck in a creek. Sometime later he needed some more stuff so after dragging the wreck out and removing the required stuff the rest was once again unceremoniously dumped back in the creek. And much later still he realized the remains were from the first racecar of a notable racer by the name of Aubrey Badger, a Holden dealer of Northam in WA. It had

been through the odd bushfire so the woodframed body had not fared all that well. Nevertheless a new one was built using the same techniques as the original, being chicken wire over a wood frame with cotton wadding covering. To race as a sportscar it had to have mudguards hence the flimsy little fellers you see in the pics. The struts are mostly string and they flap when motoring fast. It runs a standard 207ci truck motor with a blue flame head and was clocked at 100 MPH at Lobethal in Sth Aust in 2008.

You can see the video on you tube

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mQZqAVvfsJk&list=PL0BC30FE8FF4DB604>



Dickie seats of a sort.

Cool cars attract cool cars

Tony Mortenson cruised in to check out the Perkolilli event driving his JZR (stands for John Ziemba Restorations) replica 1929 Super Sport Morgan.

A Kalgoorlie local he bought the vehicle as a going concern from NZ but the power-plant at that stage was a CX500 Honda.

After a bit more power he changed that to an Evo Harley but machined the flywheel down 1 inch to make it a bit more spontaneous. The running gear is from all sorts of stuff. A Cortina 5 speed gearbox, split braking system off a Mini, Honda CX500 rear end and drive shaft with a Citroen hub.

A steering wheel and column off a Triumph 2000, rear vision mirror from an EH Holden, Land rover tail lights and Knock off wheels from an MGA on the front. And it was a tight fit to squeeze a Mercedes starter in there.

Tony took me for a spin in it and it really hoots. Its great to be sitting down at the level of the front wheels and to be able to see them going round and going up and down too as the suspension does its job. There's no arty farty stuff on this car, the wind is in your face and it felt to me like it would just follow those front wheels wherever you pointed them. There is no body roll, it just goes. And the exhaust note is quite sweet. It sounds more like a pommie twin, maybe because of the longer pipes and having one of them exiting on either side. And it seems the local rego people figured since it has only 3 wheels it must be a motorbike with a sidecar and consequently that is what it officially is. That would make you have to wear a helmet whenever you drove/ rode it. Luckily there are still some people with common sense out there because no one has ever chatted him about it, and we didn't wear helmets.

No useless gimmicky junk here. Just like any old car, you only get stuff you actually need/.



Above: The windscreen is about as effective as a T racer. Below: Passing cars is never a problem.



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



WOTS ON THIS YEAR

As far as this club is concerned, not a lot. If you have been nice you can hope that Romee might drop a heap of goodies down your chimney. You certainly wouldn't expect her to come down and get all sooty!

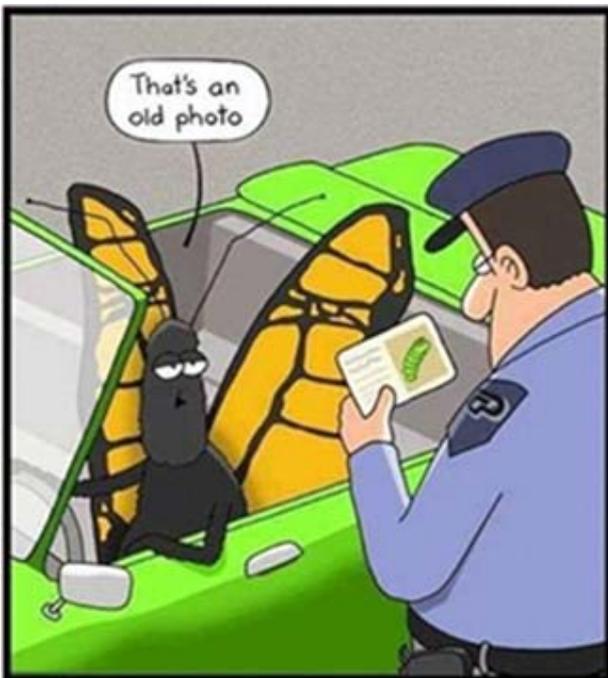
Lets hope you had a good year and used your older vehicle regularly, if you didn't, make a point of getting out more often in 2015. See you there!

January is my month off so there is no Transmission until Feb. You can email submissions for stuff you want in that issue.

Stop press!! There will be a monthly general meeting on the second Wed of January (14th)

Dont forget the **Australia Day ute run on the 26th Jan**. Any ute is welcome as are any kind of old car. Its always a great turnout.

Merry Christmas and a happy new year!



Christmas in Scotland

A man in Scotland calls his son in London the day before Christmas Eve and says, "I hate to ruin your day but I have to tell you that your mother and I are divorcing; forty-five years of misery is enough."

'Dad, what are you talking about?' the son screams.

"We can't stand the sight of each other any longer" the father says. "We're sick of each other and I'm sick of talking about this, so you call your sister in Leeds and tell her."

Frantically, the son calls his sister, who explodes on the phone. "Like hell they're getting divorced!" she shouts, "I'll take care of this!"

She calls Scotland immediately, and screams at her father "You are NOT getting divorced. Don't do a single thing until I get there. I'm calling my brother back, and we'll both be there tomorrow. Until then, don't do a thing, DO YOU HEAR ME?" and hangs up.

The old man hangs up his phone and turns to his wife. 'Sorted! They're coming for Christmas - and they're paying their own way.'

images of



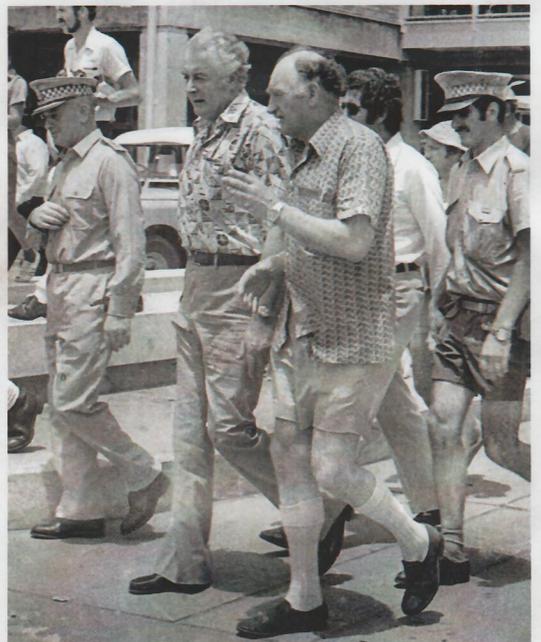
**BAZ Ledwidge and
BEAT Erismann**

~PARAP~

**OLD QANTAS
HANGER**

22 MacDonald St

**24th Dec 2014 to
23rd Jan 2015**



OPENING CEREMONY 24th DEC 2014

5:30 ~7:30pm