

# Motor Vehicle Enthusiasts Club



No 99

Aug 2015

# 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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In Katherine call 89710605 .  
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## MURRAY BRIDGE



Just for a change of convention we are having something other than an old car on the front page. It's just as cool though. This bridge in SA was the first one ever to cross the Murray River anywhere. Built in 1879 the horse and bullock traffic had to share it with trains. I guess the fact they built it strong enough to handle steam locomotives makes it strong enough to handle modern day trucks. Either way it's a magnificent riveted steel structure and still going strong. And I discovered they bought a "kit" bridge out from England in 1878. The catch was at that stage they hadn't actually figured out where to put it and when they did they found the kit was just for the bridge itself. There were no approaches or pylons to hold it up off the water. So it sat around at Port Adelaide for 7 years

till they sorted it all out.

They built a new bridge for the trains back in the 1920's so you don't have to stress these days when crossing. The rail bridge is in the far right of the pic. It's still going strong too.

But this magazine is about cars, so where's the connection? Well it's just that old cars used to, and still do, go over it. And I discovered there are a lot of those old cars still around the Murray Bridge district. As I drove along one street my guide pointed out what was hiding behind each shed door. It seemed everyone in that street was an enthusiast. But I was only in town for one day, and what a day!

The start of that day starts in a couple of pages but for now some local stuff.....

# SHOW TIME!



Some of the older cars that took part in the Royal Darwin Show Grand Parade. A whole bunch of old cars did a lap of the arena before lining up. There were enough for 2 ranks right across the oval parked side by side. The pollies had a good time too. 2 cars, both Model A Fords took the Mayor, the Chief Minister and the Minister for Transport around first for the official opening of the show. Other members of parliament had rides in the other cars.



*Francis Kurrupuwu, MLA for Arafura tries the 1915 Ford for size.*



# Darwin to the Doo

Always comes up with a good mix of beautifully restored stuff rubbing shoulders with other vehicles looking more like their true age. This year there was the added attraction of a mob of hotrods. Mix it in with a swap meet and you get a well laid back rural social event with live music playing in the background by the Darwin City Brass Band.



*Above: I guess this ute looked too new for a rodder. The bonnet paint had been carefully rubbed down to give it that aged look. And through to bare metal in places for some controlled rusting. Same treatment on the signwriting on the doors.*

*Right: Most of the time when you see the number 8 prominent, it is referring to the number of cylinders under the bonnet. Not in this case. It's a Morris Eight with a tiny 4 cylinder engine.*





And there were quite a few very flash cars here all obviously with overheating or engine problems as they had their bonnets left open.

Right: Rocker cover racing. It seems to be the latest craze. You stick wheels on an old rocker cover and roll it down a slope. I wonder if it has occurred to anyone, modern cars don't have rockers under that cover.



Only red cars allowed in this corner. A bit of exotics with a Ferrari. Still had his bonnet up though. All these unreliable cars!





*Personalised plates are in fashion at Humpty Doo!*



*To my eyes one rod stood out amongst the crowd even though it was hiding demurely behind another more ostentatious example. It stood out to me because it is what I reckon is a traditional rod where you build it all yourself, and from whatever you can get your hands on. Peter Morgan bought it from a sheetmetal worker bloke in Qld who had got it to the stage where the front end was attached but no rear end or mechanicals. Peter put a rear end on it and trucked it back to the Territory. Its pretty close to rego now. He has kept it low tech on purpose so he can fix it himself whenever and wherever needed. The stock 202 Holden engine will probably last a lifetime no probs.*



*How about this early split window VW Kombi! I got the impression the faded rusty appearance might have been masking some performance mods. The engine bay had been lengthened about 4" and check out the tacho and gauges hanging from the roof. Something you wouldn't expect on a standard Kombi.*



**John Courtney** lives in a street in Murray Bridge that could be called something along the lines of “Collectors Boulevard”. This was the street described on page 1 where it seemed being a collector might have been a condition of living around here.

John’s latest addition to the family is a 1976 XB V8 Fairmont Falcon. He had to head over to Melbourne but he was after something in top condition. This one has done only 129000 Km and was close to the end of that model run. Just to sit in it makes you feel good as it still has the same smell as when new. Buying this car was a bit of a nostalgia trip for John as he bought an XA Fairmont brand new when he was a young bloke. The number plate on the XB sports the same number as that XA he used to own. The Fairmont is the car of choice for cruising any distance as it has just impeccable manners. Moving to the shed further down the yard the first thing that caught my eye was a 1929 Dodge. This is an imported Bud bodied example with no timber in it. It is an advanced stage of restoration and the bodywork is all straight and painted and shiny. The engine is all smicko but the trimming is yet to be done and there are a few smaller bits waiting. When it is finished it will be one of those new, just out of the showroom examples. But John didn't actually buy it to restore. He was going to build a hotrod but changed his mind after getting it home. The big surprise was that happened way back in 1972, even before he was married. So you can see he isn't rushing this job and there has been the odd car in his life meantime. Since I was there John has sent me his autobiography where cars are concerned, written about 2007 and it is an interesting read so I will just fill you in on some of the other good stuff in the shed. Some of it you will connect with his story.

*Willys Knight. From a farm in the district. Rescued as scrap. Note stationery engine flywheels. There are engines stashed between stuff allover the place.*



*Top: John with the smicko Fairmont. Above: The 1929 Dodge and at left is the fancy embossing on the door handles and window winders. Below: Two '36 Desotos one of em goes. The harder you look in this shed the more good stuff you find. It just makes you feel good!*



# The Dodge

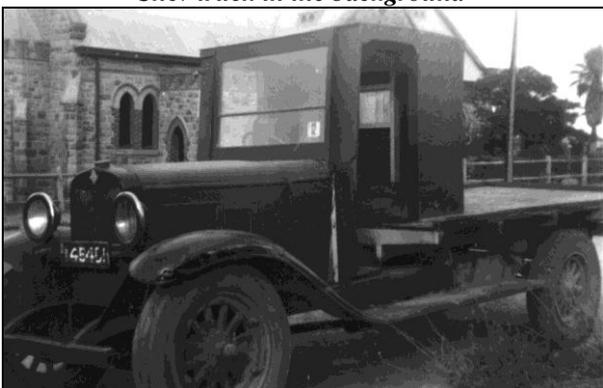
By John Courtney

This is not a **restoration** story. My 1965 Dodge Phoenix is original, not restored. Rather it is the story of how and why I bought it. It may also give some understanding to **MY** impression of the cars in use in Murray Bridge and the used car market in the late 1960s and early 1970s. In many respects it is similar to the logic used to determine your football team, etc. In other words, logic does not necessarily come into it. Its sort of the way you were “brought up”. That means that I don’t really care if you agree with me or not!! **If you don’t, you are obviously wrong.**

My father was not very mechanically minded. When I was very young, we did not have a car. Dad had an early **Chev truck**, then I think a Morris or Bedford truck, but in reality these probably belonged to Granpa’s “**Courtney’s Cool Drinks**” company. The Chev truck is believed to be the one that Mal Fountain has recently restored. Dad attempted to teach Mum to drive in this truck, but on the first lap around the block, coming down the hill in Florence Street, past the Catholic School, the steering wheel came of in Mum,s hands! That was the end of Mum’s driving lessons for many, many years.



*Getting ready for the Christmas Pageant. Note the old Chev truck in the background*



*The old Chev cool drink delivery truck. Previously owned by Hugie Kuchel, now back on the road at the hands of Mal Fountain*

These trucks had long gone before my time. Dad inherited Granpa Courtney’s **1948 Vauxhall** when “Johnno”, as I used to call him, died in 1962. To me, it wasn’t a very inspiring car and it was traded in on a brand new **1964 Vauxhall Victor**, with no wireless or heater as standard equipment. I remember helping dad fit an after market heater. I don’t remember many problems with this car, but it was not very inspiring either. Performance and brakes were fairly unnoticeable, which was probably a good thing, in hindsight, as it is the car in which I learned to drive. After I got my licence, I used to drive the Vauxhall around a bit, but was so worried about what would happen if I pranged it, that I was reluctant to use it too much, even though Dad seemed unconcerned. The closest I came to trouble in that car was getting it hopelessly bogged and having to make up all sorts of excuses as to its whereabouts until I could extricate it, with the help of a mate,s father, then clean it up, all of which took some time.

My first memories of Granpa Nitschke’s cars were of a **1926 Chev Tourer** that had been converted into a ute by the removal of the back seat, back doors welded up, and the rear cut out to form a tailgate. Thus it was in reality more of a proper ute in concept, rather than the buckboards that were common at that time. I often used to ride in the back, with my dog, and thought that was something real special. He then graduated on to a series of **Austin A40s**, both utes and sedans. By this time, I was starting to take quite an interest in cars and used to help “Pup” (Granpa Nitschke) when working on the A40s, which was frequently. It was about this time that I developed a strong dislike for pommy rubbish. Everything seemed difficult and awkward to work on, especially the electrics (Why do poms drink warm beer? Because Lucas make their fridges!). By then, a good mate, John Parkyn, was about to get his licence, and started to get involved with **Ford Prefects and Anglias**. More Pommy rubbish.

John’s father, Clarrie, was a dyed in the wool Ford fan, and a mechanic as well. He had a **single spinner Ford ute**, with a canopy, when I first met him, then later, a barge model (1960) **Fairlane**. The Fairlane

was the first car in which I was passenger that exceeded 100 Mph. I was of course very impressed. John & I went to school together, and we spent a lot of time together at weekends as well. Clarrie was always working on mechanical things that were of interest to me, as well as having an interest in boats and all things outdoors, which were my interests as well. I soon became a firm Ford fan myself but anything less than a V8 was rubbish.

Looking back on that era, there are a number of issues that must be pointed out. Because of the inferiority, in those times, of oils, metal technology and quality, engines really did not last long by today's standards. Never mind the "**good old days**". Most cars were pretty ordinary, both bodywise and mechanically, although big understressed engines usually lasted OK. Any small engine car seemed to forever require rings/bearings/valves. Yes, there were exceptions, of course, but they were usually "exotics or flash imported cars" and I did not see much of them in Murray Bridge. The only really exotic car that I remember was a **drop head Jaguar** owned by the family doctor, who really by then lived in Adelaide anyway. The only other "exotics" that I remember were of American origin, **Buick, Desoto Firesweep**, etc. These were not that far removed, mechanically, from what we were used to, but because of the larger engines and impressive bodywork, were exotic to me. Therefore there were four classes of car in my eyes, **Fords, Dodges, Holden rubbish and Pommy rubbish**. It is only relatively recently that I have come to realise that there were other cars of worth, but as I said, I rarely saw them in Murray Bridge, certainly not long enough to gauge their performance or reliability. Even Mum's uncle's **MG Magnette** was close enough to be labelled pommy rubbish, even though I never rode in it or knew of its reliability. "Pup" borrowed a **Sunbeam Talbot** once, to take us on holidays to Victor Harbor. I remember being quite impressed with it (compared to his A40), but at the end of the day, could still be labelled as pommy rubbish. Another reason for these views is the standard of maintenance ALL vehicles received. While there were some excellent mechanics around, there were also some pretty poor ones, by that I mean that

they were quite able to adequately maintain a big lumbering American derived vehicle, but anything else was a bit challenging, or more to the point, they didn't want to know.

Anyway, as I said, I got my licence in the Vauxhall Victor, and by 1970, had a job. **This of course meant that I wanted a car!** In reality, of course, I had wanted one for years, had dreamed about it constantly, read all the books and magazines and knew exactly what I wanted. **An overhead valve Ford Customline**. This is where the Dodge connection comes in. The father of a lad I had gone to school with had a **1965 Dodge Phoenix**, and to say I was mightily impressed would be an understatement, especially the stories he told me or the performance of this car (one surely wouldn't lie to a teenage car enthusiast, would one?). But in 1970, the price of a 1965 Dodge Phoenix was around \$2800. Even a 1963 Phoenix, which really appealed to me, was around \$2500. Absolutely out of the question for me. But a Customline, being a few years earlier, could be had for around \$300 to \$400. Parents of another mate from school had a Chrysler Royal. Dark green, with green tinted glass, it was a pretty impressive car, but Chrysler Royals really didn't appeal to me. Chev were still six cylinder till after 1959, so apart from being a GM product, a V8 Chev was, like the Phoenix, too dear. So a Customline it was.

But of course there was one snag. Dad. He was concerned about a young, inexperienced driver like myself having a "big V8". So he found a nice **Mk 1 Zephyr** for me. \$85 it cost, but I hated it. It was at least a Ford, was in fairly good condition all round, and went quite well, **BUT IT WAS NOT A CUSTOMLINE!** It would occasionally foul a plug, but otherwise performance in a straight line was impressive for a standard car. I remember seeing 80 MPH on the speedo topping Buderick's Hill after coming off the bridge, being chased by a mate in a warmed **Mk 2 Zodiac**. He didn't catch me, but I didn't lose him either. While I would not vouch for the accuracy of the speedo, it was still a pretty good effort, I thought. But the Mk 1 had one modification that eventually was my undoing (**with my inexperience having no small part as well!**). It had previously been used to tow a caravan and had beefed up rear springs. This

combined with the soft front end produced two alarming characteristics. The first was the ability to become bogged at the drop of a hat. Aided by the very low first gear, I perfected the vehicle bogging process that I had begun in Dad's Vauxhall, culminating in hopelessly bogging the Zephyr in the **driveway** of our Mannum Road home. The second characteristic was often pronounced oversteer. This resulted in an upside down Zephyr on Maurice Road, out past where the Gaol now stands. The Zephyr taught me many valuable lessons, the greatest being the value of seat belts, but also that I could not drive nearly as well as I thought I could. It was then about to teach me panel beating!

The Zephyr eventually looked respectable again, thanks to some assistance from a panel beating mate of my grandfathers and a lot of work on my part, as money was pretty tight. What money I did have, I was certainly reluctant to spend on the bloody Zephyr. It also changed colour from black to grey and white. The colour scheme was dependant on what paints had been dumped by a crash repair shop. I got all the tins that I could find in a rubbish dump with a bit of paint left in them and mixed any that looked remotely similar together. This gave me a fair amount of sort of mid grey, but not enough to paint the whole car, which was needed because I managed to damage every panel in the rollover. Mixing the contents of most of the other tins produced a sort of creamy white, enough for the roof. Thus the Zephyr became grey with a white roof. Quite presentable, but I was more determined than ever to get a Customline.

By now Dad had pretty well given up on trying to keep me out of a V8. Perhaps he thought I had learned my lesson, if so he was quite right! I found just what I wanted in Victor Harbor. A **1957 Ford Customline**, white and red (that always faded to pink within a couple of weeks of a polish) with a black flash down the side. It had extremely tidy grey interior, hardly any rust, and was very good mechanically. It cost me \$300.

Dad had driven me over to Victor to pick up the Customline and followed me home. As soon as we arrived home of course he wanted a drive. So of we went, Dad driving with Mum in the passenger seat, me and my grandparents in the back.

Unfortunately, I don't think Dad had driven an automatic car before. At the first intersection 100 yds. down the road, he attempted to change gear as if in a manual. This resulted in him actually selecting reverse, thus bringing the Customline to a screaming halt with all occupants plastered against the front windscreen. It probably looked pretty comical, but not to the occupants, who were all yelling and screaming in unison. Dad eventually got underway again, to continue for some time without incident. In fact he had nearly returned home after quite some distance, but as he approached the Mannum Road railway crossing, a train arrived. Dad hit the brakes, but unfortunately was not used to power brakes. The Customline had excellent brakes (although, being drums, faded badly if used more than once!), so this had the effect of locking all wheels, and a similar performance to that described previously resulted. **Dad never drove the car again!**



*My Customline, taken about 1971. If you look carefully, you may notice that I had fitted 1960 Dodge Phoenix Tail lights*

About this time, I bought a **1956 Mk II Zephyr** to flog around paddocks. It cost me \$20, but had no gearbox. I bought another gearbox from the Victor Harbor wreckers for \$5. When I got it home I discovered that it was out of a MkI, so had the wrong spigot shaft. The bloke at the wreckers said "No problem, I'll give you the correct shaft". When I arrive, he grabbed a 10lb. Sledge hammer and smashed hell out of a MkII box, until the shaft just fell out through the broken castings. He picked it up off the ground and handed it to me. I could not believe my eyes. I assume the gearbox was already stuffed, it certainly was then! With the gearbox fixed, the fun began. Bruce Cronin had an **FE Holden** and we both used to spend Saturday afternoons screaming around a bit of a track

at his father's place on Rocky Gully Road, actually in the bottom of Rocky Gully Creek, in a sort of quarry where sand has been dug out. We were often joined by various other lads in all sorts of vehicles. I remember a **750 Renault**. Despite having the doors removed to lighten it, it was still gutless, but boy it handled. Sometimes some of the lads would have a bit of a flog in their good cars, but Bruce and I felt much happier in our old bombs – **it did not matter what happened to them!!** Although we really could not get up much speed, they “fell over” frequently, fortunately with no damage to the occupants. Think about this for a minute. Both of these cars were about 15 years old (about as old as a 1991 Commodore or Falcon would be now) yet they were so rusty that they could not be put on the road. The doors of the Zephyr had little left of them and Bruce had eventually to stop driving the Holden because the bench seat had fallen so far through the floor that he could no longer see over the dashboard. They don't make them like they used to. **And thank God for that!**

The Customline proved to be everything that I had thought it would be. It was reliable, comfortable, safe, fast and looked good. It broke an axle shortly after I got it, but I always put that down to Dad's previously mentioned gear shifting trick. I fitted a set of Aunger Mags with Goodyear Polyglass tyres and it handled very well. However, after about 18 months, I had accumulated a bit of cash and started thinking about buying a **NEW** car. It had to be a Ford of course and a V8. In November 1972 I took delivery of brand new **XA Fairmont, GS pack, 351 four speed**. I fitted it with the Aunger Mags from the Customline, which still had the Polyglass tyres on them. These tyres that had performed so well on the Customline proved to be terrible on the Fairmont. I replaced them with Goodyear radials (Polyglass were bias belted) and the improvement was dramatic. I also replaced the shock absorbers with sports Monroe units and received another dramatic improvement in handling (on bitumen anyway. It was always a handfull on dirt!). The Fairmont was a great car, performed really well and was reasonably economical. I wished that I had bought an automatic though, as the twin plate clutch was heavy and severe and the gearbox

a bit ordinary. I could never do a really smooth change. But I could live with that, the performance was great.



*The XA Fairmont, not long after I bought it. Still has the Polyglass tyres at this stage*

But I had, for some time, developed a liking for older cars. I would dearly have liked to keep the Customline, but just could not afford to. I had thoughts of building a hot rod and was always on the lookout for suitable old cars. Just before I got the Fairmont, I managed to purchase a **1929 DA Dodge** from Parilla and towed it home behind the Customline. The DA changed my ideas entirely. Being a Budd (imported) bodied car, rather than a Richards (local) bodied car, it was fitted out much better than anything I had seen before, with very ornate door handles and lovely cloth seats. I immediately decided that this car was too impressive to turn into a rod, and resolved to restore it instead. Of course I still have not got it on the road, but I **AM** working on it. Shortly after, I bought a **1936 De Soto**, also to restore, and that is not on the road either. It is interesting to note that when I bought it, the De Soto was not as old as my 1965 Dodge Phoenix is now, which is **NOT** restored either but **IS** on the road!

Thus I had solidified in my mind what was a good car and what was not. It is interesting to note that I did eventually commit heresy and bought a new **Holden Commodore in 1979**. It handled beautifully, was very quiet and comfortable, but had poor fuel consumption, poor reliability and a rusty roof. I traded it in with only about 60,000 Km on the clock. It had proven that I had been right all along. Holdens were rubbish.

Jumping quite a few years, work had been progressing quite well on the DA, but ground to a halt when I was transferred to Adelaide for work. I decided that I needed an old car to drive until I could get started on the DA again. I bought the **1929 Essex**. It was an

old restoration, but was quite presentable and reliable. After about 5 years of ownership, I realised that it really could do with a bit of work. However, I decided that if I put the time in on the DA that the Essex really required, I would be far better off. So I reluctantly sold it.

This meant, however, that I again needed an old car to drive, while working on the DA. Another Customline would have been great, but there was nothing available that I could afford. I started looking around for a Dodge Phoenix. Funny, isn't it. Years ago I could not afford a Dodge Phoenix, so bought a Customline. Now it was the other way around! I started looking for a Dodge Phoenix in earnest. Just like years before, my preference was for a 1963 but I could not find one that was any good. Then a mate, Gil Purdie, informed me that his old **1965 Phoenix**, that he had sold about 20 months before, was on the market again. I knew the history of this car, and decided that it would fit the bill admirably. After inspection, and a short drive, I concluded that it was little changed from Gil's period of ownership, that is, it still went very well, and was quite presentable considering its 40 years of use. A successful purchase was negotiated. I now owned the car that had been so beyond my reach all those years ago.

I had hoped that I would now be able to drive on in reliable bliss, particularly on the longer club runs. That hope was shattered at the first corner after I took delivery! The first time I touched the brakes, I discovered that there were none!! They had been fine a week before, but the previous owner had informed me that the master cylinder had seized up immediately after my test drive. He had been unable to put the car away until he had backed off the brakes. He had replaced the master cylinder with a new one, but I assumed that it had not been bled properly. I discovered that if I pumped up the brakes, I could at least get some braking, so decided that with sufficient caution, I would make it through Adelaide OK. It was all a bit worrying though. The Phoenix is a very big car and seemed more so because I was unfamiliar with the car. It was not helped by being automatic, with little retardation when one backed off the throttle. The whole situation was made worse by having little in the way of tools with me, as

the car was supplied with lots of spares that took up most of the room in the boot and the back seat. As well, my wife Vicki had to return home to Murray Bridge by a different route, so was unable to provide any backup.

Never the less, I cautiously continued on and had almost got to Glen Osmond, when the car just stopped. I remembered that Gil had had a similar problem some time ago that had been very difficult to find, but had been eventually traced to a faulty ballast resistor. Unfortunately I had insufficient tools to really prove what was going on, so had to call the RAA. The RAA repairman was unable to prove too much either, so after considerable delay (2 hours), the Phoenix was loaded onto a tilt tray ("Jeeze mate, its big, I hope its gonna fit") to be taken to an auto electrician to fix the "crook coil", which I was pretty sure I did not have anyway. Unloading from the tilt tray at the auto electricians caused further deterioration of the brakes. I did not know it at the time, but the main problem with the brakes was not that they needed bleeding, but that they had been excessively "backed off" when the master cylinder seized. When I braked hard reversing off the tilt tray, the automatic adjusters attempted to do just that, but instead the whole mechanism fell to bits. The brakes lost even more effectiveness, but now produced horrible graunching noises when the brakes were applied. At least I now had an audible warning not to use the brakes any more than I had to!!

Fortunately, the Auto Electrician was very familiar with 318 Chrysler V8s, took one look at the Malory twin point distributor (when he finally got around to looking at my "job", that is) and said "the coil will be OK, the problem will be with that mongrel distributor". It was. He had considerable experience with drag racing and speedway and had learnt to hate Malory twin point distributors. So have I. I was soon on my way, but needed to go through Christies Beach to sort out the registration. I wondered if I would get there before they shut, but I did, so the registration was soon sorted out with the assistance of Ron Turner from the Chrysler Restorers Club. So on to Murray Bridge I graunched, through Clarendon, Strathalbyn, etc. Lots of hills, try not to brake!. It was dark well before I got home (gee, I wonder if the lights work?), but fortunately I made it

without further problems. I was mentally bugged though. It had taken me all day to pick up the Phoenix from Adelaide!!

With the Phoenix safely back in my workshop, the first job was to fix the brakes. I soon discovered the extent of the damage on removing the rear brake drums. There were a few mangled bits, but not too bad all considered. The brake drum had been scored, but came up OK after a skim on a brake lathe. The rear brakes had already had stainless steel sleeves fitted, so with a few new bits (adjusters and brackets) it all went together satisfactorily. I put stainless sleeves in the front brakes as well, so I figured that should take care of all the brakes for the foreseeable future.

I tidied up a few other bits and pieces, like arm rests on the doors. Nothing too serious though, it was basically a pretty good. However, I was not really happy with the engine. I was still not convinced that the RAA bloke had got to the bottom of the distributor problem, and had a bit of a clean up in that area, but could not find anything really conclusive. The engine had a fair flat spot as well, mainly due to the carburettor, I felt. However it had recently been reconditioned, so should have been spot on. I started to suspect that although Gil believed he had fixed the problem with the engine cutting out, by replacing the ballast resistor, there may still be problems that the bloke I bought the care from had been unable to fix. Soon after, this problem appeared again, and I again had to call out the RAA. We got it going, but I was not convinced that we had really identified the problem. I started to carry more and more bits and pieces so that when the engine stopped, I could conclusively prove where the problem lay. By then I had also replaced the fuel pump and coil, although I was pretty sure that they were not the problem. I was determined to methodically prove what the problem was. This was not helped by the problem magically appearing and disappearing at the most inopportune times. Sometimes it would go for months without a hiccup. I had eventually proven that there was no problem with the fuel or ignition up to the distributor. I then discovered that the real problem was the points in the

distributor. First one then the other would go open circuit. This meant that there was still spark, but at the wrong time. Having proven conclusively to myself that the points were the problem, and feeling that it was due to poor construction and materials in the distributor, I was determined to get an original distributor, even though my RAA "friend" in Adelaide had said the way to go was a later model 318 electronic setup. I eventually found one in reasonable condition, although I had to do some work on the auto advance to get rid of some wear. Happy that it was now OK, I fitted it, set the timing and am pleased that it has given no further trouble. It also ran and idled much smoother. Although I may have lost a bit of "top end" performance, that is something that I have not and am not likely to notice.

I still had a bit of a flat spot, though and was convinced that it was a carbi problem, even though, as I said, it had recently been reconditioned. The accelerator pump seemed to be delivering too much fuel. It worked opposite to others that I had worked on, in that, under acceleration, it delivered a "pump stroke" of fuel under the control of a spring, rather than controlled directly by a linkage. I could not see how I could improve this, despite consulting a number of "tune-up manuals". In 2004 I attended the Broken Hill swap meet, where I bought a genuine Dodge Phoenix workshop manual. This went into great detail on the setting up of the accelerator pump. I immediately realised that a small clip was missing from the "reconditioned" carbi!. This was quickly constructed from a piece of wire, not quite original, but good enough "for the time being". I was then able to set up the carbi as described in the manual and it made a world of difference. I now had a car that went and stopped as it should.

Although I have done a few other minor things to tidy the Phoenix up, as well as replacing the battery and putting a new core in the radiator, it has really required little to be done to it since then. I could tidy up a few more things, but then I would really be "restoring" and that was not my intention. It remains a fast, reliable, comfortable classic that reminds me of my formative years and the cars that were special to me then. What more could I ask?



*My 1965 Dodge Phoenix, 2007*

# Katherine Show n Shine

**Car & Bike show**  
**Multi club event, everyone welcome**



**Saturday 22nd August**

**Meet United Coolalinga 8am for a 830 start**

An easy cruise to Katherine for the Annual Katherine show n shine  
Car Show, Our hosts MVEC  
Katherine will look after  
lunch & dinner at a nominal cost.  
Free camping (or book @ Knotts crossing resort)



**Contact**

**Wilko Van Syl 0401117977**

**info@classicholdencarclubnt.com**

**Itinerary**

830 leave for Katherine  
12-2 lunch @ MVEC clubrooms (Museum) Gorge rd  
2-6 Car show in conjunction with Teddy Bears Picnic  
6 till stumps Dinner & entertainment  
Sunday Breckky & return to Darwin at your liesure

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Ph 0419 822 497

**Love is in the air**

Laine and Matt are getting married in the botanical gardens on Sunday 31st July next year. It just happens to be Laine's parents 40th wedding anniversary. She is hoping for something shiny to transport her and her dad from the Casino to the gardens. If you fancy having a lovely bride grace your vehicle please contact Laine at [laine\\_natalie@hotmail.com](mailto:laine_natalie@hotmail.com) or 0402 542 782.

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## WOTS ON THIS YEAR

### 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.

**22nd Aug** Katherine show and shine and camp over.

**6th Sept** Fathers day open day. In conjunction with the dept of veterans affairs, they will have a stall running. As well there will be an organised display. If you would like to display a car, bike or other item, please get it to the hangar either Sat or by 9am Sunday.

**27th Sept** Distinguished gentlemen's ride. For "Café Racers, Bobbers, Classics, Flat Trackers, Scramblers and quirky, undefinable two-wheeled machines." See <http://www.gentlemansride.com/>

## Stuff on the net

Folks, this month's eye opener has such a long url that a link that you click on doesn't seem to work. But these pics are worth seeing. It is a slide show presentation of prototypes that you may not have seen. If you have seen them, they are worth seeing again. Just copy and paste this address into your browser.

[http://www.google.com.au/url?sa=t&rct=j&q=&esrc=s&source=web&cd=1&cad=rja&uact=8&ved=0CB0QFjAA&url=http%3A%2F%2Fwww.clubautoretrovosgien.com%2FAutos\\_jamais\\_commercialisees1\\_LC.pps&ei=9CefVZ2uC4O3mAX6jKPICA&usg=AFQjCNGh2wr3cuva-yZN5VMFe2VLcZeuJA&sig2=JpxybwgSzjxe0KppplIurg&bvm=bv.96952980.d.dGY](http://www.google.com.au/url?sa=t&rct=j&q=&esrc=s&source=web&cd=1&cad=rja&uact=8&ved=0CB0QFjAA&url=http%3A%2F%2Fwww.clubautoretrovosgien.com%2FAutos_jamais_commercialisees1_LC.pps&ei=9CefVZ2uC4O3mAX6jKPICA&usg=AFQjCNGh2wr3cuva-yZN5VMFe2VLcZeuJA&sig2=JpxybwgSzjxe0KppplIurg&bvm=bv.96952980.d.dGY)

You may get a message asking what you want to open this file with. Choose power point. The text is then written in French but the photos tell the story.

And if you really want a laugh check out the makeover. It's been here before but it still cracks me up.

[https://www.youtube.com/embed/tiAZ01dkcdc?feature=player\\_embedded](https://www.youtube.com/embed/tiAZ01dkcdc?feature=player_embedded)

## Getting along with your neighbors

Hi Bob,

This is Alan next door. I'm sorry neighbour, but I have a confession to make to you.

I've been riddled with guilt these past few months and have been trying to pluck up the courage to tell you to your face but I am at least now telling in text as I can't live with myself a moment longer without you knowing. The truth is, I have been sharing your wife, day and night when you're not around. In fact, probably more than you, particularly in the mornings after you've left for work. I haven't been getting it at home recently, but that's no excuse I know.

I can no longer live with the guilt and I hope you will accept my sincerest apologies. My wife has known for some time now and I've promised her that it won't happen again.

Regards, Alan.

Bob, feeling anguished and betrayed, immediately went into his bedroom, grabbed his gun, and without a word, shot his wife twice, killing her instantly.

He returned to the lounge where he poured himself a stiff drink and sat down on the sofa.

He took out his phone to respond to the neighbour's text and saw he had another message:-

"Hi Bob,

This is Alan next door again. Sorry about the slight typo on my last text, I expect you worked it out. Anyway, but as I'm sure you noticed, my predictive text changed 'WiFi' To 'Wife'.

Hope you saw the funny side of that.

Regards, Alan..