

Motor Vehicle Enthusiasts Club



No 112

Oct 2016

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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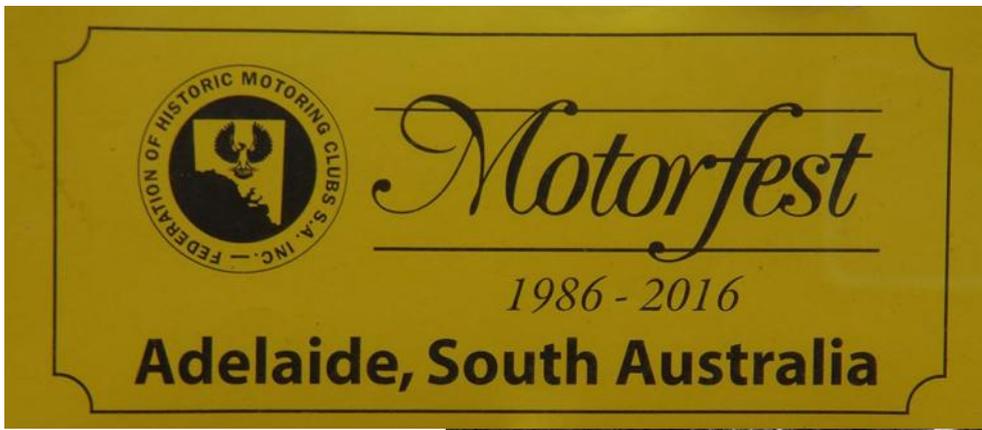


Good enough to die for.

Undertaker Mr D Matthews Esq with his 1940 Chevrolet Ridemaster Deluxe hearse at the start of this years Bay to Birdwood run. Mr Matthews has owned the Chevrolet for close to eternity and is an old acquaintance of the late Trevor Feehan. If only he had known Trevor had been in the need of such a General Motors vehicle.

BAY TO BIRDWOOD

The Bay to Birdwood Run is one day a year in Adelaide that belongs to old cars. You don't have to be embarrassed about going slower than the rest of the traffic. And everyone is happy.



Some of the cars we would be spending the day with. There was more modern stuff too. A Mustang, a T Bird and a Monaro just to mention a few.

Motorfest runs over 2 weeks with the Bay to Birdwood, the big event, right in the middle. We chose 3 other events as well. Our first day of Motorfest was called "Historic Ramblings". When we woke and looked out of the window the weather looked bleak. A check on the weather forecast showed a 50% chance of rain. For an optimist that meant a 50% chance that it *wouldn't* rain. Driving a Ford T with no roof, no body and only an excuse for a windscreen, and the prediction of a high temp of 13 degrees made us a bit apprehensive.



It was only about 8 km from the van park we were in to the start but we started to get a bit of light rain. I made a comment that this was the rain they predicted and we would have no more rain for the day. This turned out to be quite true but driving a car with no protection at all made those 13 degrees feel a lot colder, especially for a couple of bodies accustomed to 33 degrees. Give me warmth anyday!

So we arrived at Motorfest headquarters at this suburb called Glandore where there was a dozen or so classic cars. Someone commented that it would take us a bit longer than everyone else to get to where we were going. We were given a route sheet and a showbag full of stuff, and there was a quick briefing and everyone headed out to their vehicles. By the time we had figured out where to stash the showbag in a car with no backseat or boot, everyone else had shot through. No worries, we have a beautiful route sheet but as soon as we opened it we realised we had a problem. The person that wrote it had assumed we were rally drivers and it was written with symbols that were a bit strange to me or Shirley. It also assumed you had a resettable trip meter. Heck, we didn't have a tripmeter, odometer or even a speedo or a map!

I knew some of the roads mentioned so we decided to head off and figure it out when we ran out of familiar roads. But as soon as we got out onto the road we could

Highercombe's resident blacksmith demonstrates fire welding a hand made chain link.



As well as a good assortment of anything old they had a good lot of early motorbikes.



see an FC Holden in the distance. He was sure to be one of us, so we set out to catch up and use him as a guide to our morning tea stop at Tea Tree Gully on the other side of the city. We were driving a Ford only 40 odd years older than the old Holden, so it was easy to catch him up. And during the quite long drive, due to the vagaries of traffic, we ended up passing him and a whole heap of the old cars and ended up out on our own again and not too sure which roads to take (did you ever notice the lack of street signs when you really need them) as reading the route sheet in a 60Kph wind was a little difficult. Then once again some friendly traffic lights placed a '68 Thunderbird in front of us and we could once again travel stress free. Our stopover was a heritage village called Highercombe, which was one of the earliest settlements in South Australia. Full of interesting old stuff plus a morning tea that you would kill for. But as it was nowhere near the maximum of 12degs yet, the main thing we needed was a hot drink. We had an hour or so to check the place out and then off to our lunch stop at a place called "Dead mans pass" Once out of the drive of the historic village we were presented with the arch enemy of old cars, a long very steep hill. I needn't have worried, we cruised up in top gear. And right at the top we turned off onto a road aptly named "Range Rd". It followed the crest of a steep ridge and was one of those really memorable drives as it twisted and turned with magnificent views all round. The only catch was that being the highest point for a million miles also meant it was the coldest place you could be. And getting lost wasn't a problem because these blokes from the Gawler car club had made big signs wherever you had to make a turn and they also had them manned to make sure you didn't miss them. And so we arrived at Dead mans pass reserve. A really neat spot but it was lucky we weren't there a week earlier. They had had massive storms and heavy rain and you could see where the water level had been by the debris in the trees. We would have had severely wet feet. We were now on the outskirts of the town of Gawler and this was our lunch stop. Some lunch stop! They have this trailer that unfolds into a mobile kitchen with massive hotplate, benches and a roof. And the tucker they dished up was unreal. Not your usual snags and a bit of bread. And there was desert too, not to mention those hot drinks! There seemed to be more old cars every time we stopped. it turns out most of the people would not be bothered driving the long distance to the start and just jump in as the event passed near where they lived so by lunch there were probably 30 odd old cars. But the day wasn't over yet. This time we pulled over and waited for someone to pass us so we could follow to the next stop. It was to a home in suburban Gawler,



All in one suburban yard. One smicko Mk4 Jaguar. One smicko Mk5 Jag plus others. Jaguar's predecessor, an SS, undergoing restoration. The wooden body framework under construction. There is more...

the owner of which I never actually met, nor caught their name, but they did have a collection of beautiful vehicles, not to mention wooden boats. They would blow a whistle when it was time to leave each venue so we headed outside but here I severely slipped up. There was a lovely example of a Graham Paige and the owner was nearby and listening to a very interesting story to hear I looked up to find just about all the cars had left. It looked like we were going to have to rely on the route sheet. That meant pulling over and having a read every time we turned a corner, you just couldn't read with it flapping in the



wind. After a couple of turns, I was pleased to see an old Chrysler cruise past. I didn't need any encouragement to hop on his tail, but after he led us onto a motorway and heading seemingly forever away from Adelaide I was starting to have thoughts that maybe he was just going home and we really were lost. And just when I was about to sink into the depths of hypothermia, we turned off into a sleepy little spot called Sheoak Log. They had a community hall and this bloody gigantic



Some more of our unknown host's yard. A magnificently restored Reo. An MG and a Morgan. A pair of Mustangs. A Blaxland 2 stroke marine engine powers a lovingly restored clinker hulled timber boat.

When you see the finish on the laminated timber kayak below you can tell this person is really into timber.



shed. Maybe gigantic isn't the proper adjective, this shed was bigger than that, but it was full of old machinery. Stationary engines, steam engines and pumps, gigantic stationary engines, tractors, old cars. It was a pretty neat collection and everything here works. They would start most of the stuff up, the steam driven ones were running on compressed air. By now it was mid arvo and here was the toughest part of the day, getting back to our van park. A sign said Adelaide 55Km and we had another 15 to go after that, and after the unreal narrow winding roads we had been cruising, sitting on the highway pushing into a freezing cold gale was not all that much fun. And as we neared the big smoke we joined the rush hour traffic, but one thing that often broke the monotony was the honk of a horn. You would look around to see what was up to see smiling faces and hands madly waving. It surprised me a bit to find most of the time it is ladies that are most interested in the car. And when we got back to our temporary home there was the last stressful decision to make... hot tea or cold beer. I think I will have both.

Just a very small bit of the collection at Sheoak Log. They ran the big traction engine on compressed air.



Our next event was two days off so we had a day to thaw out and spend all day hoping it wouldn't rain. Friday was basically a veteran show off day with a short drive right through the centre of the city . Being Veteran show we got dressed up in our period clothes. So to prevent dying from Hypothermia we layered up underneath our dressy clothes. Just because we couldn't easily shed clothes it came out sunny and we were frying. Never mind, I can handle heat. And it didn't last....



And there was lots more than veteran cars on this run. Left: How long since you saw a street scrambler, and below is the prettiest BSA ever seen





And then there was the main event. The Bay to Birdwood Run.

Adelaide's weather is very changeable, but at least it wasn't raining when we got up. It was bloody freezing though and we were pretty well rugged up when we headed out to the start. With it so cold, on previous days it had taken a Km or so for the front cylinder to join the team but today after several Km we were still running on 3, I decided to pull into a side street and stick in a new plug. It would be a bit of a shame job, I thought to roll up at such a well attended event with it sounding like a chaff cutter. So we made our entrance smoothly and even before we had stopped the cameras were coming out. "please don't take your gear off yet" came the requests for us to stay put in the car till they had photographed us with the car. Then came a group of high school girls. One was working on a project and would we consent to being interviewed and photographed? Would I? I wouldn't have bothered coming if I minded! Eventually I had to sneak away to check out the other cars. There was, with no exaggeration, over a thousand of them. It's quite a show, and this year's numbers were down a bit. But the enthusiasm was certainly still there. This event, I was informed, was previously for cars built up to about 1956 but this year it had been extended to 1960. They were sorted into a few groups, with the concours off first, then the veterans, then the rest. I didn't really want to be off as early as the veterans as I thought being later, in the main bulk would be more fun and that perhaps the bulk of

At the start we kept getting asked to stay put, for photos. And the Ridemaster had a coffin if we froze to death.



There were some last minute adjustments and some just wanted to show off under the bonnet.



the spectators might not be out yet. The official that guided us in said he was not sure where we, driving a veteran, were supposed to start so I was able to park in amongst the general masses. As it turned out, I was right, as one of the concours entrants remarked about the lack of spectators, and also about the rain, something that had stopped by the time we came through. And to me, the greatest part of this event is the spectators. They lined the whole 70 km of the route. In the city suburbs they were absolutely everywhere. Some would toast you with champagne as you passed. Others would salute you. There were so many bright smiling faces and waves you just couldn't help feeling good. And the excitement of the little kids faces when they see you coming. I had to give them all a honk with the old squeeze bulb horn. My right hand was getting a bit sad by the end from all the honking.

Once we got out of the metro area and into the hills the police had blocked off the road several Kms further on so the windy mountain road became a 2 lane one way road. That meant you were invited to overtake slower vehicles labouring up the steep hills. What a blast! To pull out and safely overtake on a blind bend is an unusually exhilarating feeling. There were still mobs of spectators in every conceivable nook where they could park off the road. It was more of a picnic atmosphere up here. They could be perched on deck chairs on the back of utes or trucks or even sitting by themselves in the middle of a paddock. But they were still all smiling and waving. And as we passed through several small towns on the way, the spectators once again lined the streets shoulder to shoulder.

For the entire route you could see that a lot of enthusiasts vehicles were not necessarily participating in this parade as there were just as many parked along the route with their owners among the spectators. And eventually we arrived at Birdwood, and were guided to park at the entrance to the featured marques section. The featured marque this year was Packard. The park we were given was right next to a magnificent '53 Packard Clipper in absolutely smicko condition. I have a '53 Packard in my shed, but because of it's condition I could not claim it to be similar to this. Maybe this park was given to me to create a spark and do something with my Packard.

But soon as we stopped we had the same problem as at the start. Everybody was asking us to stay in the car with our gear on so they could get a snap. And the standard question no matter where we were during this trip, when they saw the NT rego plate was "did you drive it all the way here". So tempting to string them along. (No, I trailed it)

A sea of old cars, over 1000 of em.



Lots of contrast here from the totally restored Alfa above to the totally untouched Jensen below. Both magnificent examples.



Immaculate Edsel over from WA was staying in the same caravan park as us at Brighton right on the sea shore. Later, on the very day we left they had massive storms that saw waves breaking onto the sites we had occupied.



And at Birdwood, absolutely everyone is a vehicle enthusiast. Very few are interested in only one make, people are here to see the amazing variety of vehicles that have been built. The Bay to Birdwood run actually finishes in the National Motor Museums grounds in Birdwood. and most of the participants park here to show off their stuff and to check out everyone else's stuff. And "stuff" that gets shown off can be a caravan of the vintage of what's towing it, promotional and sales material from the vehicles heyday, picnic equipment (which gets used on the day), and just unreal stuff that is always in some way associated with the vehicle with which it is displayed.

Out of the museum grounds is the main street of Birdwood, where every parking spot is taken by an old car or motorbike, and patrons dressed in clothes from the early 1900's to the 1950's sit outside bakeries sipping cups of tea and the pub sipping beers watching a continuous parade of magnificent vehicles strut their stuff.

But even though there were sunny bits in the day and it didn't rain for us, it definitely wasn't hot and when your car has no body and not much wind-screen you have to keep in mind that you are gonna freeze if you are late leaving. Come 3 pm we decided to make tracks for our accommodation 80 odd Km away. As we were pulling out onto the road and



Another vehicle from WA. The Jowett Jupiter has its radiator behind the engine. The fan is driven from a shaft out the back of the water pump.



And we are off. Exciting stuff! Why they started our row off before the one next door I have no idea.

I was giving some herbs to get up to speed, I thought I heard a loud crunch emanate from somewhere under our car. It was still running well and no knocks, so I didn't worry and enjoyed the Adelaide Hills roads. They are the bees knees for an old school sports car or motor bike. Even on the trip home there were plenty of people that wanted to wave. And we got home before we froze. Just a ripper day.

The spectators were there before we even got off the park where it started. These happy folks are on the median strip of Anzac Hwy, normally choked with boring modern cars.





And along the way there were car enthusiasts with their cars



Modern car (above) managed to get in the procession but soon gave up and pulled out as he was getting nowhere fast.



Above: The Alvis in front of us looked very shiny but blew so much exhaust smoke it was making us both feel crook. We pulled out and overtook it.



And its great when you have right of way wherever you go. This is one day in South Australia when old cars rule for sure!





There was a few breakdowns but old cars are generally easy to get going again. It's probably more embarrassing than annoying. And then we were out of the city and climbing windy hills and with the road closed at the other end you were welcome to overtake, even on double lines. It's a kind of eerie feeling though.



Below: When we arrived at Birdwood they directed us to park next to this immaculate Packard Clipper.



Some came prepared for a holiday

The concours entrants were always dressed according to their vehicle



An information sheet on this old Chev windscreen reads.....

My life story: I was built in 1926, so this year is my 90th birthday year! I am a Chevrolet Charabanc, built by General Motors and I was sold by Mann's Motors, Adelaide...

I am affectionately known as the Old Truck to my family; Darren, Tracy, Blake and Sheridan Piltz, I live at Murray Bridge as I have for the last 26 years. My first home was with the Lauterbach family at Woodside and while living with them I carried passengers and fruit, vegetables, milk and cream to Adelaide and returned to Woodside. I was a part of this

family for quite a few years and took many trips up and down the winding and steep Old Adelaide Rd between Woodside and Adelaide. I have a bit of memory loss due to my age so I can't recall where I went after this until I was discovered at Upper Sturt under a tree about 28 years ago whilst Darren and Tracey were driving home after a Christmas dinner. Darren negotiated to purchase me for a fee of \$500 and I became a part of their family and I certainly didn't look as fantastic as I do today. Then Darren and Tracey decided to have a family and I was put in the shed for a few more years which was nice and dry and warm after being out in the cold. In 1996 I had my first major outing in the Bay to Birdwood and I had a great day out with a few dramas and delays along the way. I got a bit tired and decided to have a bit of a rest on the side of the road and we shared a couple of sausages with some kind people who also helped with a blown head. In the 1998 when the mighty Adelaide Crows won the Grand final I was decorated with lots of Crows decorations and had a fun trip without any major dramas, I have also had a few other little hiccups along the next 8 Bay to Birdwood trips. The biggest adventure that I had was in 2005 when the family and I ventured to Alice Springs for the 10th Anniversary of the Transport Hall of Fame, where I caught up with old friends both big and small and made a few new friends along the way that drove much too fast and had a lot of trailers, I joined the Overlander Club by travelling 1/2 the length of Australia. Wow what a long trip, I was very tired after travelling for 20 days at 40kph and I think my family were all pleased to make it as well. I have taken 3 brides and their friends to their special day and have made appearances at quite a few school formals and special town events (Christmas pageants) at Murray Bridge and Taillem Bend over the years and the Inaugural Truck Show at Mannum. Thanks for reading my story and I hope to see you again soon.
Signed ...Chara.



Speaking to Tracy, the owner, I discovered that although the Chev had originally been registered as a Charabanc from new, the registration authorities decided that as that vehicle type was not on their list anymore, they would have to register it as a truck. Of course that would render it illegal to carry passengers in the back. The best they could get was a station wagon, So the Chev is now officially a station wagon. A sympathetic member of the rego dept pleaded with them to never let the rego run out. The result of that could be disastrous.





This year they started a "preservation" category. I understand it to be for vehicles that have not been restored. The Charabank was one of them, this 1928 Austin 7 was another. I considered the shiny blue vehicle next door to be an imposter.

Wheels and tracks was the last event we had booked on during the Motorfest. It was a run to the Military Vehicle Museum at Edinburgh, north of Adelaide. Unusual for us, we headed out with plenty of time to get to the start before they left. After getting stuck in a wrong lane we took a quick trip down a couple of side streets to get back on track. While I was gassing it out of a corner there was an almighty crunch that shook the car enough for Shirley to feel it. What was that? we both exclaimed. We limped slowly along while we looked for somewhere to get off this main road to investigate. Next left hand corner it did it again. It was definitely scary stuff. We got into another side street as soon as we could and had a look underneath half expecting a giant puddle of oil, but nothing. Started the engine up again and all sounded sweet. Very screwy. We headed on to our start rendezvous a bit slower than normal and things seemed to have settled down, but with our delays we arrived just in time for a briefing of what was in store and away we went. We didn't get far before another crunch. This time we decided we were asking for trouble and decided to head back and continue the day in our truck. A short time later the crunch became CRUNCH CRUNCH CRUNCH and I figured this is the end and pulled over. But could still find nothing wrong and the car was still running fine with no engine rattles. I was sure by now something was floating around in there with the flywheel or the transmission, but what? everything was working perfectly. We drove the 10 Km back to our caravan park without a problem and got to the Military museum a bit late with our trusty truck. The premises that this museum occupies used to be the Weapons Research Establish-



Holden owners may be interested that Holdens made the chassis for these guns



The Stuart tank sounded like a stationery engine when it first started up and smoked and coughed and banged, but once it warmed up it really ripped up the turf. They obviously didn't do this every day because they still had grass.

ment. A gent that had worked there back in the 1960's pointed out he had worked in that shed over there. When asked what was going on in this shed he said he had no idea. this place was so hush hush that you didn't ask questions and you certainly weren't able to go poking around to see what other projects were about. These days the place is totally full of military vehicles and hardware mostly from WW2 and Vietnam. But we car enthusiasts got a bit more than the average visitor I believe. They dragged out some of their vehicles and gave us a blast around the paddock in a couple of them. Doing donuts in a tank sure was a new experience for me.



And the fate of the model T and its terrifying transmission noises?

I figured the caravan park people would take a dim view of me totally pulling it to bits, besides we were right on the beach and all that sand blowing into it didn't thrill me. I took it to another vehicle enthusiast's place in the country where he didn't mind a few drops of oil splashed on the ground. Before I actually started pulling it to bits, the first job was to drain the oil. When I unscrewed the sump plug, something was sitting on top of it and fell in the drain pan. It was a fairly chewed up screw. An unusual screw at that, I recognised it as one of the ones that hold the clutch together. It is supposed to be wired to the adjacent bolt to stop them both from coming loose. Off came the transmission cover to reveal its mate to be unscrewed to the point that it was about to fall out too. And what of the 6" of tie wire that used to tie them together? I found a 2" piece under no 2 big end, and another little bit above the sump plug. But most of it I found as little slivers like gold in a gold prospectors panning dish. I flushed the engine and transmission dozens of times with a bucket of kerosene till no more slivers came out. After I put the sump cover back on and the transmission cover and refilled it with oil, I spied an external oil line I had installed on the engine to get extra lubrication to the front main bearing. Something told me I should pull it off and check it. It was totally blocked. I stuck a magnetic pickup up the pipe and pulled out a big clod of chewed up tie wire. It sure was lucky I checked it.

There is an internal oil line to the front bearing but there is a good chance if this one was blocked, then that one would have been too. That meant disaster to the front bearing and the crankshaft. But with the outside line clear there is no real problem if the inner one is crook.

And the missing screw? It's a special one you can't buy locally and I don't have a lathe with me to knock one up, so with 5 out of 6 I'm sure it can cope. The biggest problem was finding something to wire the surviving screw to so it won't come loose again.

And had the blockage already caused damage? I don't know at this stage, but the next stop is the National Veteran Rally in Tassie in a few weeks. If there is a problem it will surely show up there. This is the first time this car has given me trouble in 2 years of hard driving. I still reckon it's a beauty.

One fairly sad 3/8 screw.



1970 MAZDA 1500

One family owned, Full registration, Driven every day
Laurie Feehan 0417 834 884



1936 Morris 8/40 soft top ute

Engine rebuilt
New paint and upholstery/carpets
New tyres
And a trailer load of spares (guards, doors, gearboxes, motors etc)
On club rego \$10000 ono

1950 Jowett Javelin

Original upholstery/ new carpets
New interior, hood lining
New tyres
New paint
Good condition all round
On club rego \$5000 ono

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Deadline.... The end of the month.

Previous editions

All previous editions of Transmission are now available at mvec.weebly.com

An error in Transmission Sept edition

Our resident expert on military stuff, Jared Archibald has pointed out the item in the photo at the bottom of page 6 is not a gun barrel cover. They are actually the transit plates/covers for various sized air-dropped bombs used by the Allies up here in WW2 and into the 1950s.

They were made of cast iron, or of pressed tin, and used 'wing-head' bolts/thumb screws to hold them onto the base of the bomb. They were used for transport only, and were removed by the armourers when they were readying them for loading into the aircraft bomb bays. The bomb tail fin was then attached in their place. The covers were then discarded.

The photo below shows slightly different but similar covers on bombs stored underground during the war.



AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL

NEA0191

Photo: Australian War Memeorial

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.

Note: There is no monthly meeting on 12 October. AGM is on Sat 22nd.

22 Oct AGM 6.30 PM SHARP. BBQ AFTERWARDS. AT THE HANGAR. Plse attend.

29 Oct Katherine show n shine

26 Nov Christmas function at Nightcliff

Dan was a single guy living at home with his widower father and working in the family business.

When he found out he was going to inherit a fortune when his sickly father died, he decided he needed to find a wife with whom to share his fortune.

One evening, at an investment meeting, he spotted the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Her natural beauty took his breath away.

"I may look like just an ordinary guy," he said to her, "but in just a few years, my father will die and I will inherit \$200 million."

Impressed, the woman asked for his business card and three days later, she became his stepmother.



**FINANCIAL PLANNING
LONG TERM: THE CAR IS CHEAPER**

A man is out on the highway having an evening drive in his sports car. He decides to open her up and the needle jumps to 120 mph. Suddenly he sees a flashing red and blue light behind him. He thinks about out-running the cops, accelerates for a few seconds, then comes to his senses and pulls over. The officer comes over to check his licence. 'I've had a tough shift,' says the officer. 'And this is my last pull over. I don't feel like more paperwork so if you can give me an excuse for your driving that I haven't heard before you can go!' 'Er, last week my wife ran off with a cop,' says the man. 'And when I saw your car I was afraid he was trying to give her back!' 'Have a nice night,' says the officer.