

SPITE & POLISH

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VETERAN CAR CLUB OF AUSTRALIA (N.S.W.)

134 QUEENS ROAD, FIVE DOCK, 2046

OFFICE BEARERS 1973-74

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CLUB MEETING DATES 1973-74

1973

AUGUST Thursday 23rd

SEPTEMBER ,, 27th

OCTOBER ,, 25th

NOVEMBER ,, 22nd

1974

JANUARY Thursday 24th

FEBRUARY Thursday 28th

MARCH ,, 28th

APRIL ,, 25th

MAY ,, 23rd

JUNE ,, 27th

JULY ,, 25th

SPLIT & POLISH



PATRON:

His Excellency,
The Governor of NSW
Sir Roden Cutler,
VC, KCMG, KCVO, CBE.

NEWSLETTER OF THE VETERAN CAR CLUB OF AUSTRALIA. (N.S.W.)

Vol. XV, No. 9

APRIL 1974

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The April General Meeting will be held at 8 p.m. on THURSDAY,
25TH APRIL, 1974 at the V.C.C.A. (N.S.W.) Clubrooms, 134
Queens Road, Five Dock.
.....

COPY REQUIRED BY FIRST THURSDAY OF MONTH.

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO:

SPLIT AND POLISH, 134 QUEENS RD, FIVE DOCK. 2046.



OPINION

The Katoomba Rally is over for another year - reflecting back over the past years we find that this single event is the club's piece de resistance, drawing a field of over 50 cars and motor cycles. Everything possible must be done to preserve this rally as the showcase event of the Veteran Car Club. Every T.V. channel covered the Run both on Saturday and Sunday night news, seen by at least 1 million people (official T.V. poll). Here we have a golden opportunity to promote veteran motoring to the public and officialdom - in other words, Mr. Events Director and P.R. Officer, let's go the whole hog. Period costumes and all the fanfare we can muster. (How about some letters on the subject? Ed.)

Our Social Secretary's Family Night at the clubrooms - what a fantastic idea and judging by the kids' reactions, a howling success. I'm sure our Social Secretary would appreciate some constructive criticism. Firstly, late Saturday afternoon would be better for the Under 8's of which there are many - with plenty of games until dusk, then high tea followed by colour films till 8.30. By then the little ones are more than ready for bed and the older kids can carry on until the parents call halt. Well done, Glad. We are looking forward to the next social event.

E.L.

Minutes of the meeting of the Veteran Car Club of Australia (N.S.W.) held at the Clubrooms, 134 Queens Road, Five Dock on Thursday, March 28th, 1974, commencing at 8.10 p.m.

Chairman. L.K. Sheen.

Present: 60 members and 10 visitors.

Apologies: V. Jacobs, D. Steer, W. Spraggon, C. Burke, A. Garthon, T. Bent, B. Garth, B. Thew, I. Steer, K. Quarmby.

A one-minute silence was observed in remembrance of Jack Jeffrey.

Minutes. Minutes of the meeting held on Thursday February 28th as published were received on the motion of J. Heath, seconded E. Lang.

Minutes, 28/3/74 Continued:

Correspondence.

Letter from T Ford Club of Australia inviting attendance of interested persons.
List of new office-bearers of the Illawarra Vintage Car Club.
Letter advising of a clearing sale of vintage material at West Wyalong.
Rotary Club of St. Leonards requesting cars for a Fete on April 6th.
Letter from Australian Council of Historic Vehicle Clubs.
Invitation from Buick Car Club for cars, particularly G.M. cars to participate in a Rally at the Model Club, Luddenham.

Moved F. Ehlert, seconded J. Lewis, the correspondence be received.

Investigation.

P.S. Smith, T. Ford truck had not as yet been accepted.
G. Harris, 1915 Rolls Royce accepted.
Dating Certificates were presented to F. Rossiter, 1917 Studebaker, F. Ehlert, 1911 T Ford.

New Members.

Michael L. Jones, 21 Eddystone Rd., Bexley. Associate.
John Vawser, 57 Hancott Street, Ryde. Associate.
George Harris, 17 Taunton Street, Pymble. 1915 Rolls Royce.

Moved D. Berthon, seconded A. Blevins, the above be admitted to membership.

Events.

A vote of thanks to George and Glad King, Len and Hilda Sheen, Alan and Leah Foy and Len Baxter.
Burwood Centenary Procession, Saturday March 30th, some cars will attend.
Liverpool Procession also on March 30th, J. Heath will represent the Club. Some discussion on travelling to the Adelaide Rally.
Police Permits are necessary to travel through Victoria.
Tom McManamny will be contacted.
Canberra Easter Invitation Tour is on.
There will be a club run on May 26th.
St. Leonards Rotary Club Fete April 6th, cars will attend.
Entry Forms available for the Wagga Rally, June 15, 16 and 17th.

Magazine.

Particularly looking for letters from members for publication.

Social Secretary.

A Family Night will be held in the Hall on April 5th - hoping for a good roll-up.

Registrar.

Club numbers will be included in the next copy of the Roster of Members.

Minutes, 28/3/74 Continued:

Clubrooms.

Thanks to L. Sheen and F. Ehlert for installation of fans donated by F. Nissen. There will be a working party in the near future and a sink heater has been ordered.

Librarian.

Books are still being numbered prior to loaning.

General Business.

Moved by L. Sykes, seconded J. McGowan, that Honorary Life Membership be conferred on Jack Garwood. R. Baxter felt that a hasty decision should not be made. On being put to the vote the motion was carried.

Moved R. Baxter, seconded J. Dance, that the monthly meeting be held as usual on Anzac Day. The Hardman family had lost a zircon ring on the Blue Mountains Tour.

The President requested the return of all outstanding trophies.

A. Frost spoke on the Buick Car Club Rally. All cars were welcome but only G.M. cars would be judged; trophies were displayed.

W. McCarthy announced he had badges, decals etc. available at the Clubrooms.

As there was no more business the meeting closed at 9.15 p.m.

* * * * *

S O C I A L

Despite petrol problems, our Family Night was held on Friday 5th, with 36 adults and 26 children present. The films were very entertaining and enjoyed by all ages alike; my thanks to Len Sheen whose suggestion it was to hold this evening, to Allan Foy our projectionist, and Hilda Sheen for her help in preparing supper.

We invited the children to sing or tell jokes and after some persuasion a few came forward and told jokes; prizes were awarded.

There is an invitation for a day at Luddenham where our children's day was held, on Sunday 28th April. George's train is in perfect working order and waiting to give all the children plenty of rides.

Presentation Night will be held in our Club Hall on Saturday, 11th May. Entertainment and supper will be provided; please let me know numbers for catering.

Hope that "foundation member" Ron Grant's wife and George Campbell are recovering from their recent illness, and hope Betty Bent is feeling better after her stay in hospital.

GLAD KING

BLUE MOUNTAINS TOUR - MARCH 23-24 1974

Wet. Wet. Wet. Through all that water not one word of discontent, just happy smiling faces. Even those who had the misfortune to break down, through broken crankshafts, or dropped valve heads, or fouled up magnetos, or blown tyres, or whatever, just happy smiling faces, which is perhaps just as well, because from where we stood we were definitely in the hot seat.

Bad luck about that rain, it required cutting out the before morning tea section which, in our opinion, was the more attractive section. We decided on another route and Eric Lang tried to set up a control at the Castle Hill Showground. More trouble - Castle Hill Show Time. Most inconsiderate of that mob. Another detour. So contest started at Windsor morning tea control. The further up the Mountains we went, the harder it rained. From lunch (which again was first class) it just set in to a steady downpour and the usual pea soup Mountain Mist, which kept on all night and began to clear at breakfast time, so by 9.45 a.m. it was clear enough for the Sunday Morning start of the return journey down the Mountain.

A very interesting part of the return journey was the visit to the Norman Lindsay Galleries. The expectant look of all going into the Galleries was replaced by beaming smiles and in some cases wistfulness on some of the fellows and the horrified of their wives and girl friends as they led or dragged their erring partners back to their cars, was really something else.

Then on to another well set up lunch at Penrith Paceway, then on to a welcoming crowd at Merrylands Swimming Centre where another eventful Blue Mountains Tour came to an end.

Oh well, always another year; maybe the next will be fine, but then, will we enjoy it the same?

Your Events Committee.

Now it is all over for another year. I must thank those kind people who gave up so much of their time to help in the organising of this tour, namely Len and Hilda Sheen, Allan and Leah Foy, who between them supplied all of the printed matter necessary for the Tour. George and Glad King and Len Baxter for their very welcomed help, also my own wife Nellie for putting up with me. George Sevenoaks, our inimitable Starter who always has a ready smile and a cheery word no matter how much it is raining, also Colin Burke who was Clerk of the Course on this occasion and all those who acted as officials and did such a splendid job under so trying conditions.

My sincere thanks,

John Burke,

Chairman, Events Committee.

Owing to the shortage of fuel, only 5 cars were able to attend Burwood Centenary Celebrations, thanks to those members who were able to keep our flag flying. Because of lack of fuel, Joe Heath could not fulfil his

intention to represent the Club at Liverpool Procession. Anyway, thanks for trying, Joe.

Vaucluse Lions Club Outing. As suggested by Alec McLeod and seconded by Arthur Garthon that we invite the Vaucluse Lions Club for an outing in our Veteran Cars. This date has been set for Sunday May 26th. At April meeting I will require to know how many seats are available so the Lions Club may be notified. Venue will be announced at April meeting.

Historical Tour of Parramatta. Invitation to A.C.M.C. and Chevrolet Club, Sunday, June 16th. Point Score Outing for V.C.C.A. members.

All trophies not returned as yet. Must be returned by April Meeting. This is the deadline.

EVENTS COMMITTEE

* * * * *

HOBBY OR OBSESSION?

About 23 years ago I had an interest in old cars. I know this and I can prove the fact because my Chalmers Scrap Book has a picture of an old car that I drew for my grandmother when I was six. Whether I fell on my head from the large plum tree in our yard at Brunkerville or if living with a '29 Essex super six roadster until 1956, I just don't know, but the interest still lies there. Now after literally thousands of miles around the world looking for loot I begin to ask myself: Is it all worth it?

Five years frustration restoring the raceabout - a year digging out under the house for a workshop to restore the second Chalmers - the hundreds of gallons of petrol spent on chasing up parts. If I had worked overtime or worked a second job during all these hours spent on cars, I would have been able to buy the best-looking, fastest and biggest machine ever made! And would I have enjoyed it any more than the raceabout? No! Denise and I just couldn't think of anything nicer than roaring along, wet to the skin, eyes stinging from the rain and trying to pull the beast to a halt with wet brakes when an emergency arises.

The aborigines with their rain dances have nothing on me. Why, when I want to water the front lawn I push the Chalmers out of the door and pretend to start it. The darkest of dark clouds gather, the air is deathly still and by the time you have cranked ten times you just can't see three feet ahead for the rain, so you promptly return the car to the garage before the lawn is washed clear away.

Anyhow, I bought the Chalmers in 1964 through an ad. in the Herald and paid £150 for it. I was told by 1001 people that I paid too much for it but by today's standards I think it was a fair price. The car originally came from Walgett and was used for many years and then turned into the usual - a ute. The son of the original owner was waiting at the finish of one of the Katoomba rallies with his children to see "Grandfather's car", but I think they were disappointed when they saw it in raceabout form.

The engine is a little under four litre with a two bearing crankshaft; three inch diameter overhead inlet valves and two and a half inch side valve. It originally had an Eiseman Magneto and Kingston Carby and was fitted with an air start mechanism but these parts have never come to light.

The clutch is multi disc, with forty plates and the clutch pedal also incorporates the brake. Its quite strange after driving a conventional car.

The universals are ordinary spicer type and a word of warning - don't tighten the grease covers up too much to stop them leaking. That little pressed metal cover seizes up and stops the joint from working, so the square in the flange starts to wear with the movement of the vehicle and this means many hours building the shafts up to the right size again.

The diff. is a square cut tooth variety of $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 driving onto 23" wheels so the old machine ambles along quite well.

I also found out that much more consideration must be taken when driving an old car - keep a long distance behind the car in front is the main rule. I nearly ran into the back of a caravan which propped in front of me on a Newcastle Rally. I avoided a direct hit by passing it sideways with the brakes locked on. I thought my brother-in-law had been thrown out but he was crouched down on the running board ready to make a quick exit to the scrub.

If you see a small grubby boy on the side of the road with his hand behind his back, move over to the right side of the road because he is liable to hurl something soft or rotten at you - oranges seem a specialty. Also beware of people who pass suddenly and then start yelling "What make of car is she?" - they always run you into the gutter or off the road; so it is very advisable to have the name of your car painted on the back or a brass sign engraved (By J. Godfrey or J. Pickup, of course!) so that the public know what it is.

Yes, I could go on here for several more pages but I may turn some young enthusiast off a little so I guess I will just keep my obsession chugging on.

MIKE BENDEICH

* * * * *

"ACROSS SYDNEY IN A BALLOON

(From: "The Motor in Australia",
1st July, 1910.)

He was seated on the edge of his merry-go-round.

It seems a merry life, this merry-go-round business. The proprietor spots a vacant piece of ground, and in a few days a lease is arrived at. Next day horses and carriages of wood, and other paraphernalia are dumped on the site, and night is made hideous with the rancorous noises

of barrel organ and the puffing engine. The smiling faces of the happy youngsters as they sit on the wooden steeds, make, however, excellent excuse for other inconveniences.

That is safer than riding aeroplanes," said the 'Motor' man to Professor Holloway, pointing to the wooden gee-gees.

"I guess so, now," he replied, "but wait until they are as safe as those hot-air bags - but that won't be in my time - no."

"Tell us about your 'hot-air bags', Holloway, for many readers of 'The Motor' would be glad to get a few wrinkles of what has been an interesting, though out-of-date, side show."

"Oh well, I guess I was first to go up with one in Australia. It was, God bless my life, many years back, at Ashfield Park. The big bag was no different then than it is today. In fact the same bag has been used since the start, a couple of hundred years ago, I believe.

CONSTRUCTION OF BALLOON

"It is made of light calico, 'Japari.' This is cut into strips about 50 ft. in length, sharp at each end, and being sewn together makes the big balloon. When it is intended to go up, the big bag is suspended from ropes between two uprights. About 10 ft. from the mouth of the bag, a trench is made, and is covered with galvanised iron, ending in an iron funnel that sticks up into the bag. At the other end of the trench a fire is made, and a mixture of gasolene and kerosene is thrown on this, until the big envelope is filled with hot air.

"A funny thing in connection with this filling is that a man has always to be inside the prevent sparks getting on to the cloth. You know a spark would soon develop into a fire, and if that were to take place up in the air - well, the audience would hear something drop.

"When the balloon is properly filled, the poles are dropped, but it is held down by guy ropes. The parachute is tied at the end of the guy ropes, and there is a little cutting knife at the top that communicates with the trapeze at the bottom of the parachute by means of a light cord. When jerked, the cord works the knife, the rope is severed, and down you come. As soon as everything is ready I sit on the trapeze, sing out 'let go!' and up she goes.

"That is the time when you sometimes get excitement, because if the wind is any way lively, it is as likely as not to buff you against the side of a house or a building, but once you are 30 ft. above the ground you are right, and it is like sitting on a feather bed. It is a funny sensation at first because instead of rising you appear to be sitting just where you are, and the whole of the scenery below appears to drop away from you just like as if the bottom was quickly falling out of the earth.

"No sensation can compare with it. As you are going up, you look down and see the white staring faces peering up at you, and sinking seemingly into a deep hole as if they were going to - well, you know, and

you were ascending in glory to Heaven. It's a great sensation all right, but it's a bit uncanny at first. Just underneath you seems to be sinking down, whilst all around the horizon appears to be coming up. So it looks like as if the weight of the people below you were pressing the whole earth in, so that when you rise still further you appear to be suspended over a big bowl.

"Of course a hot-air balloon with its rider seldom rises more than 1,000 or 2,000 feet, but even at that height the scene below is wonderful. The whole scenery appears to be moving underneath you. You have got into a wind, but you don't feel it, because you are moving with it. The whole show beneath you gets a move on. The horses and carts down below, if they are going with you, appear to be standing still, while, if going in the opposite direction, they appear to be racing at break -neck speed.

THE VIEW OF THE CITY

"I will never forget the sensation of crossing Sydney, and I think I am the only parachutist that has done so in a hot-air balloon. The Redfern Railway Station looked like a box with a tremendous number of wires running from it, with little toy trams running along those wires. I always remember Redfern Station, because I had occasion to drop there at one time, and as I came down in the middle of the line, the engine driver had all he could do to pull his mount ere I was run down. You see, we were fellows in the same game. Both had hot-air machines.

"George-street, viewed from a balloon, is a wonderful sight. The trams, the horses, the carts, and the people rushing hither and thither, reminded me very much of the activity of an ants' nest, after you have poked it about with a stick.

Looking towards the harbour, is also very pretty, and I often wish I understood photography, so that I could take a camera up with me, and snap hundreds of pictures down below. It would pay some of the big newspapers to get a balloon and photograph Australian cities from a height. Such a variety of pictures would give them a very big 'scoop' I think they call it.

"Warships also look peculiar from a height."

"Do you think they could wingyou," asked our representative.

"You bet," answered Holloway, "when that sort of business is going on, I'd rather be on earth. It's all bosh about this military balloon business with hot-air stuff. The balloon doesn't stay up for more than five or ten minutes before it cools quickly. The man who talks about many hot-air balloons for military purposes wants his bumps read.

"My longest trip across the city, I might say, was when I dropped at the other side of the Glebe."

"Is there any danger in coming down," Holloway was asked.

"No," Holloway replied, decisively. "It's all bosh about danger. There is not a drop worth talking about when you cut away. You sit in the

trapeze until the balloon begins to cool; then it starts to come down. You feel the ropes begin to shiver, and the parachute begins to open out. As soon as it is open wide enough, you pull the cord, and the rope is cut. Immediately the balloon jumps up about 100 feet, whereas you just sail quietly down.

"Of course, the people below imagine that you have dropped that 100 ft. whereas it is the balloon rising when freed of your weight. It is a good optical illusion, and I here give it away for the first time.

"Another funny thing is the way noises affect you. You can hear a dog's bark, at a height greater than a man's voice will carry. As you are going up, the cheers of the people soon die away, and you only see their mouths moving and their waving hats. Yet an engine whistle, or a gun shot, is very clear to you.

HOW TO COME DOWN

"But to continue about coming down. There is no danger if you keep your wits about you. It is a bit risky alighting in a city with houses and other buildings all about you. The higher you go up the bigger the swing on the trapeze when you alight. That is to say, as you are coming down the air enclosed in the parachute trying to get out makes the parachute tilt from side to side, so when one strikes the ground he is swinging at a good bat.

"The best thing to do is to twist yourself so that you will strike the ground with your feet in the middle of the swing, throw yourself forward, and the trapeze swings over your head, and out of the way. The danger, however, in dropping in town is that there may be a building in the way when you are in the middle of your swing - then something happens. (But a tram may easily be in the way when you are crossing the street). Then something else happens - a fractured leg or a fractured neck.

"I have been very fortunate in my trips (and I guess I've made more than anybody else), for I have not once had a limb broken. I am also, I believe, the only Australian parachutist who has won a gold medal. It happened this way. I had been out of the game for 15 or 20 years, and I had my merry-go-round at a show. I won't mention where, but there was a collection of hot-air balloons there, and the people thought they should be up in the air instead of anchored to the ground.

"I could see it was a pity to see so many of the people disappointed, so to show that there was no danger in it, I offered to go up. I must have put on seven stone since I last appeared as "Professor" Holloway - you see we are all 'professors' or 'captains', or something or other. The people, however, were so pleased with what they considered my pluck, that they presented me with this gold medal.

"It is wonderful how the public used to once look upon this parachute business as wonderful, and particularly the night ascents. The latter business is very funny. You go up with a display of fireworks, and it all looks very nice, but you don't use a parachute; you simply sit there till the balloon comes down.

"You descend gently, and in descending the bottom of the balloon goes upwards forming a big parachute, that lets you down like stepping off a tram car. I am surprised that more people don't go in for it, for the pleasure of going up and coming down.

"You will see that there is nothing in this hot-air business, but if anybody wants it done, and gives me the turn-out, I'll take 'a drop' with them."

* * * * *

KATOOMBA AND ALL THAT!

Rain, lightning, thunder and George Sevenoaks could not dampen the enthusiasm of our hardy Katoomba hill climbers for 1974.

What a start - shades of Wollongong circa 1961, but still they pressed on through floods and furious downpours, those intrepid veteranarians - Gerry Stelling must have had the Channel 9 feeling with Val riding "shotgun" in her plastic bag full of water; Lionel Jones (geese you're brave mister!) in open Hupmobile, Big Brave Leonard Masser in the customary situ of Dorothy Green - enthroned on the rear seat of Rolls - brushing off drops of whisky that tended to dampen his safari jacket.

Of course the Rally was not without incident caused by several last-minute dropouts and a hurried change of route to avoid a freshly graded three-mile section of gravel between Castle Hill and Windsor. Bill McCarthy had bad luck with the Vinot et Deningarde locking up the gearbox while surfing to the start - John Wards bent the crankshaft of the T F ord, and that beautiful little Humber from Canberra had the misfortune of being "chopped off" the road by an overtaking motorist and breaking the left hand front spring in a rut. Jim Lewis dropped a valve into the Buick's works and Jim Simpson had his usual stop on the way with a cantankerous magneto.

Once away from the start the early cars broke through the rain barrier a mile or so after Castle Hill and enjoyed a welcome morning tea stop arranged by the ladies of St. Mathews Church of England at Windsor.

Fine weather prevailed (for the early cars) through Richmond and Castlereagh until near Penrith then --- the sky fell down and repeated the dose at the Springwood lunchstop.

Good cool misty motoring followed with ample water injection aiding carburettion to help cushion the usual knocking of veteran. Katoomba offered the usual views of mist and cloud tops before we entered the portals of the Carrington Hotel to have a pre-dinner stingah of ale.

Katoomba and all that! (Continued)

"Dinner at the Carrington" was at its elegant best with cloisonne and Royal Doulton vases, silverware on display, leadlight windows and a multitude of table silver to one's left and right.

For the early diners the menu offered a reasonable selection of fair but I believe the food situation deteriorated as the evening progressed.

Morning dawned slightly damp and away we went down the hill to Naughty Norman Lindsay's beautiful home at Springwood whence was observed apparitions of the feminine form in many poses and settings. Without wishing to sound arty or lowbrow, the visit was well worth the diversion because the paintings on display were excellent.

A further downhill glide to lunch at the Penrith Paceway organised by the local scouting group. All agreed that lunch was of the usual high standard.

The expressway was successfully negotiated at speed with Official cunningly concealed to catch one and all for speeding. Over various back roads to the finish at Merrylands and after a short natter homeward bound to clean up a very dirty car ready for the next outing.

MISS A KATOOMBA RALLY - NEVER !!!

BOB BAXTER

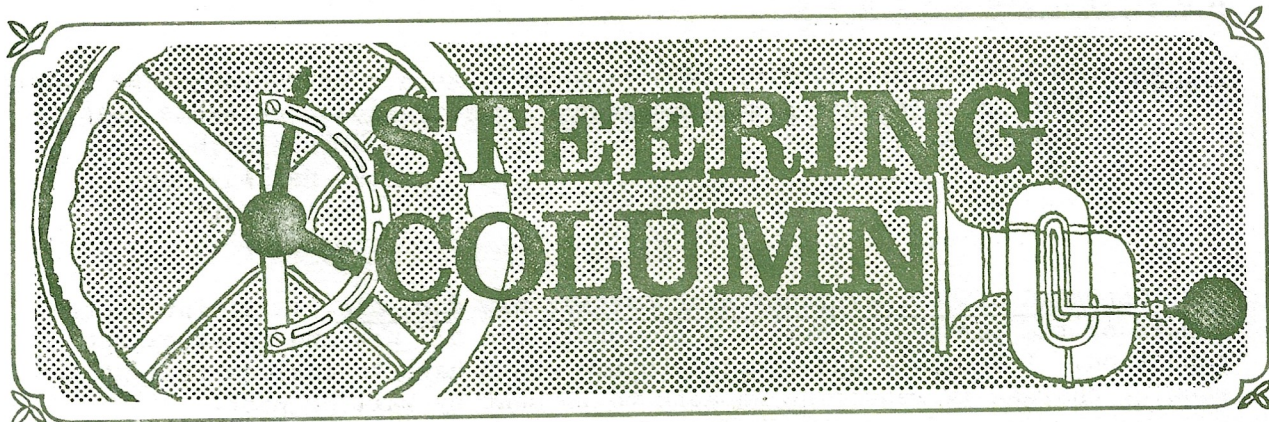
* * * * *

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

FOR SALE. 1914 Oakland model 36 unrestored. Vehicle is partly dismantled and comes with the following spares: chassis, differential, front guards, scuttle and some engine parts.

Lights, radiator and bonnet are missing. \$380

IAN BEST,
15 Park Road,
Cowan, 2252
449.6922 (Bus.)
610.1627 (Home)



We would like to make a report on Bill 'NAG' Dudley. Alas there is nought to report.

#####

Whatever happened to Tom Wilson and his nice 1913 Wolseley? What's up Tom - been too wet and muddy lately ??

#####

Spotted Neil Martin's Lizzie sporting a couple of nappies draped over its cowl on the recent Katoomba Rally. Either its not house-trained or something! Sprung a leak.

#####

Whilst on the Katoomba Run - Geo. and Dorothy Green were crammed into the cockpit of a small blue Hiss - seems the Hiss has only one door and that's on the passenger side. Well, as the Hiss is a bit reluctant to start, George was passing the crank handle out to any poor sap who would like the privilege of cranking a veteran Hiss. Cunning, what !!

#####

Good to see Ken Robinson, Chev. Car Club's Events Director, helping out on our Katoomba Rally. Ken was helping "Rabbi" Lang redirect the cars at Castle Hill. Well done Ken !!

#####

We believe Olive Jones has taken up golf - the "Doc" has been handing out lessons on the correct swing. Seems the "Doc" is a swinger from way back. Hm, Hm.

#####

Gerry Stelling plus Val and the International buggy are appearing in "Get That Channel 9 feeling" the catchy snippet used as station identification. You beaut, Gerry, that's the Veteran Car Movement feeling !!

ADVERTISEMENT S

WANTED - to accommodate growing family, plus luggage - seven-passenger tourer. MUST be veteran - preferred going. Have vehicles suitable swap or cash deal.

- NEIL MARTIN,
45 Railway Road,
Guildford.
632.5047

THE FOLLOWING LIST OF CYLINDER HEAD GASKETS are for sale - to interested owners of the particular cars. The gaskets are all new and in excellent condition. Interstate and country buyers would have to include freight and packing charges if requiring gaskets to be sent by rail or post.

<u>QUANTITY</u>	<u>PART NO.</u>	<u>CAR</u>	<u>YEAR MODEL</u>
4	1A101	Jaguar 2½ litre	1937-51
3	866	Buick Master	1924-27
5	949	Buick Master	1929-30
1	223	Studebaker 8-cyl. President	1933-42
4	V968	Oldsmobile 8-cyl.	1937-40
1	262	International HD 6-cyl.	1937-41
1	P218	International HD 6-cyl.	1933-37
3	P1862	Morris 21 h.p.	?
1	V905	Studebaker 8-cyl.	1934
3	1A218	Hudson 6-cyl.	1948-50
3	1158	Reo 6 cyl. (also suits Continental & Durant)	1929-30
4	56	Chevrolet 6-cyl.	1933
1	V190	Studebaker 6 cyl. (suits Packard)	1918-26
2	P1597	Morris 6-cyl.	1934-36
1	102	Buick 8-cyl.	1937-40
3	P1326	Buick 8/60	1931-35
1	V763	Reo Speed Waggon 6-cyl.	1927-28
1	P961	Hudson Ferropplane 8-cyl.	1936
1	1156	Whippet 6-cyl.	1929-30
1	1316	Rugby-Durant 6-cyl.	1926-27
1	P1918	Morris 6-cyl. 25 h.p.	1938-40
2	1A368	Series III	1951
1	P432	Morris Commercial 6-cyl.	1924
1	P697	Essex 6-cyl.	1926-29
1	P623	Nash Advanced 6-cyl.	1924-27
1	1A388	Oakland 6-cyl.	1950-54
1	1A501	Oldsmobile 6-cyl.	?
3	?	? 4-cyl.	?
2	1936	Riley Shim Steel Gaskets	?
1	1873	Oldsmobile 8-cyl.	1935-36
1	1222	Reo Silver Crown 6-cyl.	1935-40
2	1A490	Nash 6-cyl.	1931-32
		Morris 21/6 Wolseley 6/80	1946-50

(Continued on Page 15.....)

<u>QUANTITY</u>	<u>PART NO.</u>	<u>CAR</u>	<u>YEAR MODEL</u>
1	1A424	Willys 4-cyl.	1951-60
1		Wolseley 4/50	1946-50
1	1A528	Willys 6-cyl.	1955
1	1A211	Sunbeam 4-cyl.	1948-50
1	V189	White Truck 4-cyl.	? Vintage
1	1597	? 6-cyl. small	
7	P89	Standard 10 h.p. 4-cyl.	1937
2	1A96	Morris Commercial 4-cyl.	1946-53
2	P316	Buick 4-cyl.	1922-24
2	1A248	Singer 4-cyl.	1949-54
1	1A106	Singer 4-cyl.	1938-55
1	889	Triumph 4-cyl.	1928-34
1	1A532	M.G. 4-cyl. 1250 cc.	
		TC-TD-TF	
6	1A494	M.G. 4-cyl. Wolseley 4	
1	1A199	? 4-cyl.	
2	P588	Fiat	?
2		? 4-cyl. S.V.	
1	P1400	Fiat 4-cyl. SV. 508	1933-37
1	P1767	Wolseley 9 Wasp 4-cyl. O.H.C.	1934-36
1	1950	Wolseley 10 Series II S.V.	1936-37
1	1940	Wolseley 12/48 Series II & III, S.V.	1936-38
1	1161	Morris 4 8 h.p. S.V.	1931-34
1	1361	Morris 4 10 h.p. S.V.	1933-37
3	P136	Singer 10 h.p. O.H.C.	1937-47
1	1428	Singer 8.93 h.p.	1933-35

There are also some unidentifiable gaskets which could be useful if a tracing of your gasket is sent to me.

Price \$2.00 each, plus
packing and postage.

Price \$2.00 each, +
packing & postage

ARTHUR GARTHON,
43 Gloucester Road,
Hurstville. 2220
57.2740

ALL PROCEEDS TO THE VETERAN CAR CLUB OF AUSTRALIA
(N.S.W.)

WANTED. Four (or two will help) door catches and handles to suit my
Hickory (or is it Pinus Radiata) and Black Iron 1913 Studebaker.
Two inside opening lever type and two bale handle type required.

R. BAXTER,
65 Formosa Street,
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REVS. AND BACKFIRES

By Len Masser

Rain, Rain, go away, come again another day - or so the old nursery rhyme goes - but that Mountain Rally! Yuk! Pluvius, the old S.O.B., sure gave us, or should I say them, the works, man, the nitty gritty bloody works, and then some. "Tiny" John Thompson offered me a drive of the De Dion detachable tonneau but I became attached to Regina the Randy Rolls with George ("Snozzle") Roberts doing his thing at the end of the stirring stick.

* * * * *

Little did I know when I gracefully offered myself as a passenger, that included in the package deal were George's wife, Pam, and five (5) repeat, five little boys. Talk about a can of worms! What with Coke, lollies, hot chips (which, incidentally, immediately fogged up all the windows and screen) soon turned my mood of gay abandon into the screaming heebie jeebies. All went well until after the lunch stop and five little boys, filled with Coke, all wanted, at the same moment in time, to do the things that little boys have to do. George screamed to a stop at the nearest loo and out piled five little boys with five little fists clenched and then tragedy struck! The smallest one didn't make it. Tears and laughter, but at least he was warm.

* * * * *

Now don't blow your cool, Laurie, but all this time you've been doing a very subtle plug for a well known T.V. series by exhibiting on the back of the Star circa 1914, a thing that last year I called a trunk, but now I see it all. Ah, the machinations of the master mind, or as its commonly known, the Sykes Syndrome. Its an ad. for THE BOX man, that adolescent adult slob story on Channel 10. A little bird told me that despite the critics, you're going to let it stay there. We all have our little idiosyncrasies. You take pride in your innate stubbornness, I in my virginity!

* * * * *

Didja cop the Fuehrer, young George Green, in his regency styled pants, white shoes and a wow of a tie? This was offset by Dorothy looking extremely chic in an exotic full length black gown with white sequined top. You laid 'em in the aisles, Dot.

* * * * *

And there I stood, mouth agape, heart hammering, palms sweating, gazing at the vision splendid! Then the lecherous thought went thru' my mind, this one is for me. But no! I cast out the thought and got down to the pulchra forma, which to you illiterate peasants means beautiful figure. Personally I would have preferred caus belli, but that's got something to do with war and I've got no fight with this chick, believe me! Jet black pants suit, black fox ear muff hug hat, long, black fox coat AND blonde hair. All this in a rotten old 1914 Sunbeam with a husband. S'not fair! Me jealous? Bah! The Girl? Roz Johns.

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REVS. AND BACKFIRES (CONT'D.)

My next interview in this little coterie was Marianne Vawser and was my face red after this lot! She was wearing a smashing three-quarter length kangaroo skin coat and some nit pointed out to me that the price tags hadn't been removed from round the hem at the back. I showed this to our girl in question and she assured me that it was the ends of an undone belt of a tent suit she was wearing. I'll clarify the tent suit bit by revealing she's expecting. Some time in August, so the crystal ball says. And to stop those jaws wagging, she's married. Some bloke called John is the cause of it all.

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The third and last in this group was Fay Harris who, with husband George, slummed it in a herring-gutted 1915 Rolls which was spoilt with an unreal looking hood that was definitely NOT in the R.R. tradition. But there, we all make boo-boos! Meanwhile, back on the farm, was Fay in a super pinspot pants suit and the loveliest antique pendant watch on a gold chain nesting in what I at first thought to be a large cleft in her chin but turned out to be the cleaviest cleavage I'd spotted in years. Not that I'm a bird watcher, but I have my memories.

* * * * *

Paula and Col Bryson in the T Ford as usual. Where's the Empire Col? Paula in a stunning Chinese style dress. Expected her to break out in a Mandarin or Cantonese at any tick of the clock. Col looking like a well-fed stallion. How come the brewer's goitre, Col? Didn't think you liked the brown ale that much!

* * * * *

Me two favorite sheilas were there and two nicer charming girls don't exist. I refer to Joan Moss and Pauline Jones. The two jokers, Ken and Lionel, trailed along basking in reflected glory. And to top it all as I passed their table at dinner, I hear Lionel say (sotto voce, of course), "Anyone for bubbly?" I didn't stop long enough to see whether his whisper was heard, but a slight crackling sound emanated from the direction of his hip pocket. That could have been the dry rot in his wallet. Swords or pistols, Lionel?

* * * * *

Nearly had to go out and have a second shot of heroin when I saw that ageing Romeo, Ray Farrell, kicking the gong around on the dance floor. Never in the history of the club has that boy been known to trip the light fantastic. Drink beer? Yeah man! Other things? Yeah, yeah man! But dance? Not that, daddyoh. There's gotta be a first time I guess.

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Leah and Allan Foy. Nice people. Allan as usual with a rare smile and Leah with such a friendly grin. She gets younger every year. The hard core is made up of people like this. Blimey, I'm getting sentimental thinking about the old days.

The Hispano of Bill Burrows had its little song of sorrows on the way up. Bill thought he was getting a rougher ride than usual and on investigation found one of the spring hangers had busted. On top of that the Maggie sheered a pin in the drive. Altho' the pin is an itzy bitzy thing, its enough to stop the car. And what a bucket of bolts that Alfonso is. Once that overhead cammy starts to revolve it comes in about the same decibels as a jack hammer. S'matter of fact I think its even noisier than George (Der Fuehrer) Green's heap.

* * * * *

Jimmy Simpson in that God-awful B.S.A.! The worst-looking but most charming tank in the club. How Mum puts up with it and him I'll never know. When he takes off its for all the world like a half track personnel carrier with the tracks removed. The only car that has taken twenty years to restore and 99% of that on the side of the road. Looking underneath it on the Sunday morning I'm now convinced that it's got a weak bladder.

* * * * *

Noeline Thompson joined husband "Wee Johnny" and travelled from then on to Katoomba in Ding Dong. She was immaculate before this but stepped out at the finish with trousers ripped and altho' she was still smiling she looked rather tired and wet. Really John, there's not that much room in the old crate.

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All in all, a very successful rally.

ARRIVADERCI.

