

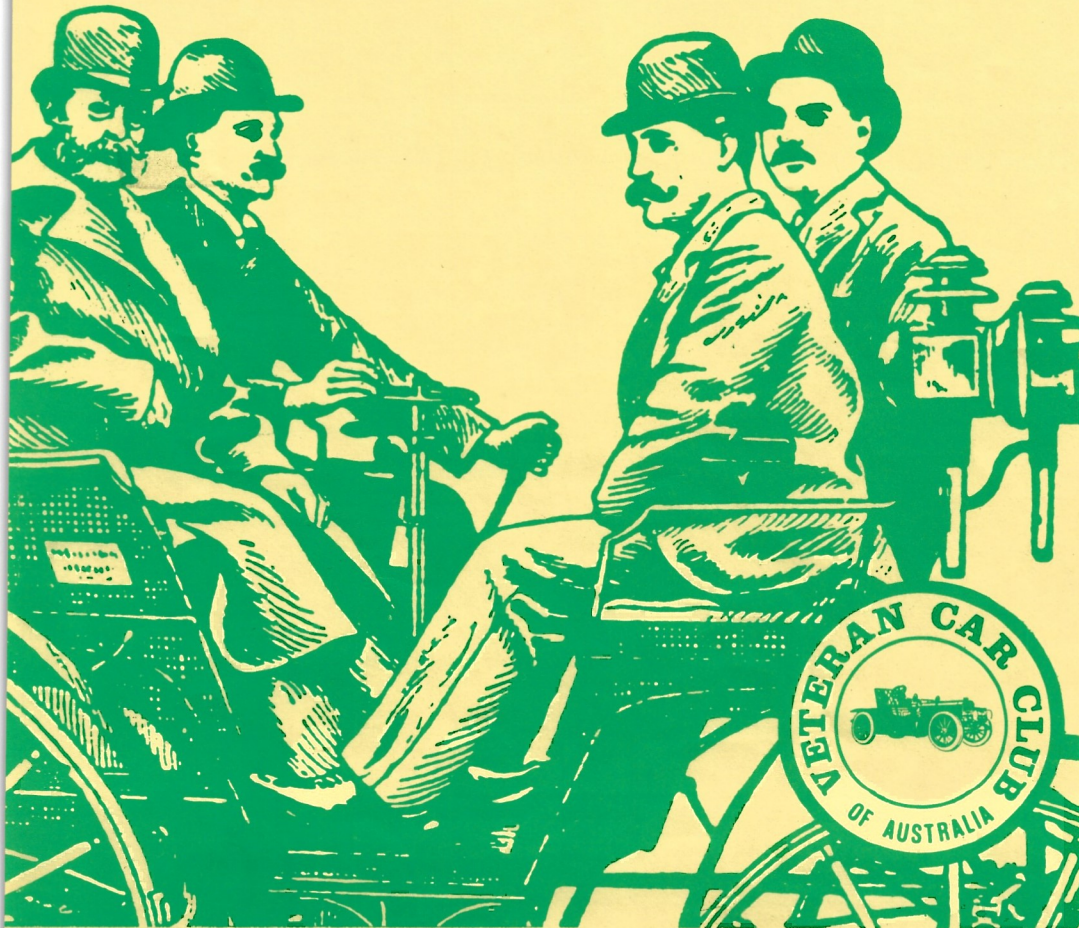
NEWSLETTER OF THE VETERAN CAR CLUB OF AUSTRALIA (N.S.W.)

SPIT AND POLISH

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March, 1982 Vol. XXIII No. 8



PATRON:
His Excellency,
The Governor of N.S.W.,
Air Marshal
Sir James Anthony Rowland,
KBE, DFC, AFC, K.St.J.



Spit & Polish

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

Volume XXIII No. 8

March 1982

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Other Veteran Car Clubs have permission to copy.

The next Monthly General Meeting of the V.C.C.A. (NSW) will be held in the Clubrooms at 8.00 p.m. on THURSDAY, 25TH MARCH, 1982.

Editorial Comment

Over the years, you hear a lot of accolades given to committee and general members for successful running of the club and outings. I would like to take this opportunity to say thanks to the 'other half' of the club.

We tend to forget that when a member takes any part in club activities, their 'other half' is usually dragged in too. Can you imagine the male members organising their supper at meetings?

On the committee, there are those who type the minutes, act as unpaid secretaries and booking clerks. The editor's job is not one which can really be done by him or her alone; help is needed in organising covers, envelopes and postage etc.

Even on outings, it is usually the 'other half' who organises lunches and kids, navigates and generally helps the member to enjoy his day out.

Therefore, I would like to say thank you to the 'other half' for their work in making our club as successful as it is.

- JAN C.

COPY REQUIRED BY FIRST THURSDAY OF MONTH

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO:

SPIT AND POLISH, 134 QUEENS ROAD, FIVE DOCK. NSW. 2046

President's Message

FIRST NATIONAL 1 & 2 CYLINDER RALLY 1982

The starting point for the First National 1 and 2 Cylinder Rally was reminiscent of the London-Brighton Run and the venue, Albury Botanical Gardens, its avenue of elm trees and picturesque setting, coupled with a line of chugging, panting and gear-grinding 1 and 2 cylinder vehicles, which moved out into a volume of heavy traffic at a busy intersection, provided that parallel.

The vehicles themselves, from a 1900 De Dion Bouton or 1900 Gardner-Serpollet Steam Car to numerous Renaults and such names as New-Hudson, Reo, Carlton, Rambler, B & B Jap, Brush, Orient, Vauxhall, Albion, Swift, Reading-Standard, Clement-Bayard, Perry, Darracq, Valveless, Rover, Little-Midland, Phonomobile, Oldsmobile, Panhard Et Levassor, Bradbury, Midget Alldays, Little Star, International, A.C., Motosackhe, Humberette, Triumph, Wolseley, Rudge, Sizaire Et Naudin and - not least - Napoleon, emissions of blue smoke, noisy horns, sulky bells, their happy owners and passengers, assisted by patient modern motorists, gave to the scene an atmosphere of the tranquillity of yesteryear. Only the shying horses and equally irate drivers of buggies, sulkies, gigs and four-in-hands, were missing.

Albury-Wodonga became the hub for the week-long rally with day runs to such tourist centres as Hume Weir and Yackandandah, to the Colonial Cellar Feast at "Fairfield", Ruthenglen and a tour of historical Jindera, while a photographic session in Scots School, followed by a civic reception at Albury Civic Centre, gave entrants on Day 1, Sunday 6th March, a taste of what was to follow.

Eminently pronounced was the desire of owners to rally these vehicles in a division in which they can compete one with another, but in no way discriminatory to their larger and more versatile veteran competitors.

Geographically, Albury is as central an area as our vast continent provides to stage such a rally and its choice for its relatively flat terrain must have encouraged entrants, for they came from as far afield as Perth, W.A. and Brisbane, Q'ld, with contingents from Victoria, South Australia and New South Wales. One entrant, Robert Howie, drove his 1907 Clement Bayard from Glenelg in S.A. to the event in an elapsed time of 4 days.

Our Rally Director, Max Roberts, and his willing band of officials, must be congratulated for their sterling effort, for the foresight that permitted the event and the organisation that brought it to a successful conclusion.

It has often been quoted that a woman's secret to a man's heart is the meals she provides for him. Our caterers must have recognised the truth of this quotation and acted upon it, for each meal, from a boxed lunch to the final Presentation Dinner, brought out more than favourable comments of the quality and quantity of the cuisine.

Trophies in the various categories were won by, and presented to:

Winner - Competition Section:

GEORGE GILLTRAP 1900 De Dion Bouton

Winner - Sub-Event:

STAN RUMBLE 1905 Reo

Concours Winner - Motor Cycle:

ROB WOOLLEY 1915 Rudge

Concours Winner - Car:

WILL TROLLOPE 1912 Renault

Hard Luck Trophy:

JOHN SIMMONS 1902 Napoleon

Outright Winner - Motor Cycle:

ROB WOOLLEY 1915 Rudge

Outright Winner - Car:

DOUG PARTINGTON 1904 Rambler

Wodonga Civic Centre was the venue for the Presentation Dinner and farewells, Friday, 12th March. Three of our cars and one motor cycle were included in the setting and together with entrants, their families and friends, a good band and excellent food, provided a finale that will be long remembered and was a credit to our club.

- GEORGE A. ROBERTS

* * * * *

BUILDING FUND RAFFLE

PLEASE BRING TO NEXT MEETING -
THURSDAY 25TH MARCH - ALL RAFFLE
TICKET BUTTS AND MONEY AND HAND
TO BARRY THEW.

RAFFLE TO BE DRAWN ON 2ND APRIL.

* * * * *

MOTORIST to policeman: "Really, constable, I don't think I was exceeding the speed limit. I was just trying to keep a safe distance ahead of the other cars."

Bits & Pieces

It seems that appendix are the 'in' thing for young and old at the moment. Jim Redman and Danielle Wards both appear reluctant to let their's go.

Heard also that Peter and Robyn Wards are expecting the patter of two (or is it four or six or more) little feet in October. Not sure what the odds are.

FROM THE KATOOMBA GRAPEVINE

Quite a few members were challenged by the security fellows through the night. Proved they were doing their job.

How do some cars travel over dirt roads and remain spotless (or did the Wolseley have a full detail job before the lunch stop?).

Whose glasses fell in the soup - or was it the gravy? Was it the same fellow who swore there was a railway running through his room?

What's brown and black and stops goannas? Ask Judy Thew.

It was good to see Ed and Mary Yabsley and family after so many years' absence from Katoomba. Apparently the De Dion felt so good stretching its legs, it didn't want to stop.

Len Masser, sighted at the lunch stop, doesn't seem to have changed much over the years either.

Jim Simpson won all points for enthusiasm. He drove the B.S.A. to Sydney on Friday, 'Katoomba'd' on Saturday and Sunday, returned to Bathurst Monday. No one is quite sure how he made it up Mt. Victoria. Haven't heard yet if he has arrived home.

A shame Max Pratt couldn't attend through ill health. Hope you're feeling better now Max.

It was quite surprising how many entrants obtained their bonus points by going on the scenic railway and/or the skyway.

Our publisher didn't have much time to help on the lunch control - apparently she was too busy gossiping and showing off grandkids.

Nathan Trollope looked comfy in car seat in the Renault, but what happens in about 2-3 years, Bill?

George Sevenoaks is competing with the Jones's for dance floor honours it seems. (Those who didn't dance could still enjoy the top-class band.)

How many flat tyres were there on the run? Favourite spot seemed to be outside the Museum.

Hups make funny noises when only on 2½ cylinders. Also (according to Peter) wouldn't pull the skin off a rice pudding. There ended the Thew boys' 'luxury' ride.

Max and Sandy Roberts have to learn to look behind the door before saying there are no facilities in their rooms.

If your knees tremble
Kneel on them,
If your veteran trembles
Drive it - it's going.

(Anon.)

ANOTHER KATOOMBA COMMENT ...

A psychologist could probably have deduced all sorts of interesting character traits from the way entrants in the Katoomba Rally approached the timekeepers. There were the casual types who held out the wrong sheet, the keen ones who had the stop watches running and were inclined

to dispute the radio time signals, and there was even the entrant who had to snatch the documents from the baby to have a time recorded amongst the baby's "drawing" and minor throw-ups.

Not all veteran car enthusiasts have cars. When Ed Yabsley limped into Summerhayes Park with the thingummy hanging off his brake and a cry went up for a welder, one Bob Wells stepped forward from the crowd and was happy to figure in the veteran car business by taking the part home down the road a piece and getting some welding on it, pronto!

And of course it was great to see veteran veteran car man Len Masser putting an expert bib in when Ed needed the support.

Just a tip - the future enthusiasts, the kids, at every stop were only interested in "Are there any more motor bikes coming in, Mister?"

CLARENCE THE CLOCKER

* * * * *

BLUE MOUNTAINS TOUR '82

The Events Committee wish to thank officials and helpers Len and Jean Baxter, Peter Buckingham, Roley and Jan Coulcher, Len and Gwen Dunn and family, Barry and Judy Garth, Warren and Anne Irish and family, Mel Pope, Noelene Thomson and George Sevenoaks and Don Steer for the baggage wagon.

We would also like to thank the following organisations on behalf of the members:

Classic Car Care Products
Reckitt and Colman
Hawker Pacific
Genie Hand Cleaners
Shell Australia
Sterling Pharmaceuticals

Thanks to God for the fine weather again.

Plaques will be presented at the next meeting and/or Presentation Night.

Due to a lot of members being in Albury, we don't have our usual rundown on Katoomba, but it appears to have been a great weekend, thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended.

- Ed.

Revs and Backfires

By Len Masser

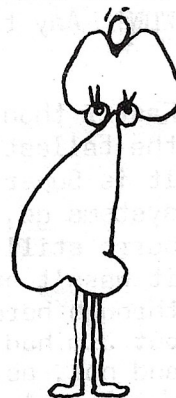
Greetings to all yuse odd bods whom I haven't launched an arrow at or stabbed in the back for the last 14, maybe 15 years! Is it really that long ago? Yep! And the days, the weeks and the years have skidded by like greased lightning. Some laughs, some tears, the pleasure of having friends, and the trauma of the dopes of the world who, in my opinion, are directly responsible and accountable for plague, pestilence, warfare, racial strife, alienation, venereal disease, the high price of wheat and the election of Neville Wran. I reiterate, greetings!

###

N O S T A L G I A C O R N E R

Went to the lunchtime stop of the Mountain Rally and was overwhelmed by the reception by so many people. Didn't know I was such a nice guy, at least that's how they made me feel. This year I hope they let me present the Len Masser Trophy to the winner - that would really warm the cockles of my old heart.

###



NOSETALGIA

REVS & BACKFIRES (CONT'D)

The Yabsleys were there for the first time in many years and after watching them I was close to ringing up Holmes a'Court in the West and try and buy the De Dion back, but the pocket is too thin for that sort of caper. The Yabsleys ding dong was going like a bird and as usual, me favourite sheila, Mary, had everything organised but she can't weld and that's about the only thing she can't do. My heart bled for Eddy having to wear his deerstalker with the flaps down and crouched over the wheel in his inimitable manner he looked like the Hunchback of the Motordrome, but I didn't think the original Hunchback was a kerbside philosopher like "Our Ed".

#

Mossie, the irrepressible Mossie. The ultimate in extroverts. Couldn't you kick his face in when he comes out with a yarn that even the Pope would throw a back'un at? He embarrasses me but I love 'im, and did he have a beef about the dirt section of the run back!! Confided in me that they may as well put the bleddy cars in a bleddy demolition derby at bleddy Parramatta Speedway. I conned a beer off him and a sandwich off those two charming, unassuming girls, Joan Moss and Leah Foy, who take all the hassle and bustle with a quiet smile, and to me they are WOW! Any time, girls, any time.

#

Faster than the speeding locomotive, leaping higher than the tallest building, is it a bird? is it a 'plane? no! it is Super Jim! and as he speeded into the control, all systems go, all maps and moustachios and the Bathurst burrs still clinging to him, the crowd went frantic. Well, it wasn't exactly like that but maybe I saw Jim Simpson through hero worship eyes. You won't believe it folks, but Jim had a spot of trouble with the throttle linkage and not, as malicious gossip would have it, with the maggie. A yoeman job, old boy, I hope I am like you when I grow up.

#

When a voice behind me said "g'day Len" I turned around and looked in amazement at Will Trollope Snr. (or so I thought). I was gazing at the replica of Willie when Jean and I, during the Depression, took him in to live with us and it took seconds to span half a century and to realise it was Willie Jnr. whom I was greeted by. I was delighted to see he was driving the Renault which I procured for Will when he was bitten by the veteran bug. Undoubtedly one of nature's gentlemen.

#

Was hoping to see Der Fuehrer and his grand children Susan and Simon, but apparently the Green menage hasn't woken up to the fact that an infernal confusion engine has a definite sequence, as in mouth-organ-written-music, i.e. suck, push, blow, bang and a forward movement in shoes. Incidentally George, the thing with the five wires is not, repeat not, the differential. Sorry I missed the Green mob.

#

Two other relatives of the above family turned up and I got an enthusiastic peck from daughter Sandy, who really looked beaut but in a 'T' Ford!?! Tsk, task. With all the buckets of bolts lying around that hacienda I thought at least an 8-litre Bugatti or sumpun, but lo, what did I see, nothing but a Model 'T'. By the way, Max, still making those buckles for bras? Hope there are no big hang-ups with that production.

#

What was the story of the Vic Jacobs hurried entry to the control line? There he was, all hoots, howls and hisses as tho' Arafat was on his tail. Probably the hardest worker for charity I know, he doesn't work on cranking his Ford - he, wait for it - has got a self-starter installed! Wouldn't do for the Duke, sir, not really pukka.

Be seein' yu!

- LEN MASSER

#

Events

18TH APRIL 1982 - CONCOURS DAY - PARRAMATTA PARK 10.30 A.M.

Enter gate cnr. Pitt and Macquarie Streets, follow the road until you find us.

9TH-17TH MAY 1982 - AUTUMN TOUR - DETAILS LATER

29TH MAY 1982 - PRESENTATION NIGHT

Approx. \$12.00 per head. (To be confirmed next month.)
Denistone Bowling Club, Chatham Road, Denistone.
Ring Peter or Robyn Wards, 871-3871.

REMINDER: PLEASE BRING ALL PERPETUAL TROPHIES
BACK TO THE CLUB - NEXT MEETING,
THURSDAY 25TH MARCH.

* * * * *

Brief but Important

It's nice to have something to boast about so I'm going to say again the day outing to Dharug Park was one of the best runs for veterans that we have had so far.

JOHN GORTON did the organisation and UNCLE NEV picked the best spot in the area after some months of argument because some said too far, too hot, too many hills, March flies and sundries too numerous to mention, but still we had a reasonable roll-up, despite a late start while we waited for PETER to bring the rego and my number plate as I was mounted on Carbine Jap for its first outing as No. 252 in the colours of the VCCA.

As we arrived at the spot our Sydney friends were met at

the road in where GORTO advised us not to offer any tips or gratuities to the RANGER as he had fixed it for all of us.

After lunch the more energetic took bush walks while the rest of us stood by to push the Ford of CAPT. RAYO who had done a simpson and arrived a little before home-time. As it is not easy to start a Ford by pushing it on one's own, and as RAY'S will start only by push, it's some wonder how he got there, but that's not all, as on the way home a yobbo trail bike rider decided to take a tow by hanging on to the side of the Ford. When a stop sign was reached this dero collapsed, bike on top of him and could not get up - DEAD DRUNK! Lucky Ray had parted company with him some distance back as he had difficulty standing unaided. Makes one appreciate why third party insurance is so expensive.

As for the rest, we all arrived home without incident, Nev. and John G. had a talk to the ranger and now Nev. has a National Park Rule Book for next time.

GEORGE wishes to advise that Peter has completed the Hudson engine and gear box - a good quick job - took about as long as its going to take him to get paid.

SUE MC LENNON down from Lismore with her children enjoyed the VCCA outing so much she is now seeking a suitable veteran tourer.

Work and Rest ... Rest and Work - that's the theme of our next outing to Crangan Bay Camp. We hope to tidy up the area a little for the administrator on March 6th and 7th.

20th March is our run to Bonnells Bay Point. Be at the picnic reserve by 11.00 a.m.

Regards to all,

- BELT DRIVE BURKE

* * * * *

History Corner

IN THE BEGINNING (PART ONE)

It appears ironical that the highly industrialised Eastern States of Australia should have been so tardy in undertaking, on a systematic basis, the collection and preservation of that ubiquitous offspring of industrialisation, the automobile, particularly the earliest examples. Yet, such was the case. Throughout Australia, although individuals in all walks of life, and to a much lesser extent commercial undertakings, had kept vehicles of all ages and descriptions locked up in barns, sheds and even - in one case - in the roof trusses of a city building (Scruttons, Sussex Street, Sydney), the best that can be said was the the vehicles were protected from the elements and pilfering.

There are very few known examples of vehicles of historic interest being restored and lovingly preserved until the early fifties. This indifference in the industrialised States is highlighted by the early attempts in a largely agrarian state - South Australia - where the Sporting Car Club of South Australia Incorporated with its Veteran Car Section was inaugurated in February 1934. It is a great credit, indeed, to the South Australian enthusiasts that they commenced so early, particularly as the first Veteran Car Club in the world was only formed in Great Britain in November, 1930.

During the 1920's and the 1930's numerous car clubs sprang up and withered away; some, such as the Light Car Club of New South Wales and the Amateur Drivers Club, had relatively long lives. The emphasis in such clubs was active participation in events such as rallies and hill-climbs, the sheer performance of the vehicle being the main criterion. The result was the mechanical preservation of cars such as the Vauxhall range, particularly the 30/98 types, the full range of Bugatties, the full range of the immortal Bentleys, various series of the Lancias and various models of the Alvises, Sunbeams and Rileys. Many other makes were, of course, individually

preserved such as huge Delages and Isotta Fraschinies.

Due, possibly, to a not-particularly-bright sporting performance, Rolls Royces had not become collectors' items and quite excellent specimens could be purchased before World War II for the proverbial song. These vintage cars were not restored in the majority of cases - they were driven hard and competed with what the diehard enthusiasts referred to as "modern tinware" (even in the 1930's!). A similar outlook, namely drive them hard, was also manifest in the "one make" clubs.

With the demise of the Light Car Club of New South Wales and the Amateur Drivers Club, the principal sporting car club (as distinct from out-and-out racing) was The Vintage Sports Car Club of Australia (founding in 1944 - later becoming a limited company). Here again, certainly until some years after the end of World War II, little was done to restore and preserve the Club members' vehicles. Roadability and driveability yes; restoration of body, wings, upholstery etc. being only evident in a minority of cases.

Those whose memories go back to hill-climbs at venues such as Leura, Oxford Falls, Broughton Pass, Cut Hill, Razorback, Waterfall, Foley's Hill, Hawkesbury and Silverdale will recall the herculean feats performed by the vintage machinery - the scream of motors, the spinning of huge wire wheels shod with narrow section tyres taking the drive from cone clutches, the crescendo whine of crash boxes with straight cut cogs, the magnificent cog swapping (not always!), the dicing with temperamental brakes, stiff springs and whippy chassis and the air "enriched" (as someone once said) with the smell of Castrol R and some way-out mixtures!

Magnificent in the old tradition, yes;
conducive to careful preservation - well, not quite!

See you at the next meeting.

- THE HISTORIAN

* * * * *

M - I - N - D - S - T - R - E - T - C - H - E - RSolution to No. 6TRICKY TICK-TOCKS

1. The minute hand passes the hour hand only 10 times between 12 noon and 12 midnight. If you don't believe it, try moving the hands of your watch to convince yourself.
2. If a clock takes 5 seconds to strike 6, there is a one-second interval between strikes. Therefore it will take 11 seconds to strike 12.
3. Uncle Jack slept for 40 minutes.

* * * * *

No. 7THE FLYING FLY

Two cyclists, George and Bill, live 30 kilometres apart on a straight country road. They arranged to meet one day and both left home at precisely the same time and rode towards one another at a constant speed of 15 kilometres per hour each.

A fly was resting on George's bicycle wheel and as the wheel started to turn, the fly took off and flew towards Bill at a constant speed of 40 kilometres per hour. When it reached Bill, the fly turned around and flew back to George and kept flying back and forth until the two friends met. As the bicycles came to rest, the fly made the mistake of landing on one of the wheels and was crushed beneath it.

How far did the fly fly?

* * * * *

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

My wife and I would like to express our appreciation for the very nice and well-organised weekend we spent at Katoomba.

Whilst the Schacht did not co-operate all week-end we were grateful to those who organised the rally and took the extra trouble to allow both ourselves and Phil Morrow to attend in our vehicles.

- JOHN MC MASTER
(M'ship No. 744)

Dear Editor/Secretary,

Bit remiss of me but I just realised I haven't advised my new address in Kingswood Country.

I am now resident at:

24 Gladys Street,
Kingswood. N.S.W. 2750
'Phone: (047) 31.2881

- LEN MASSER

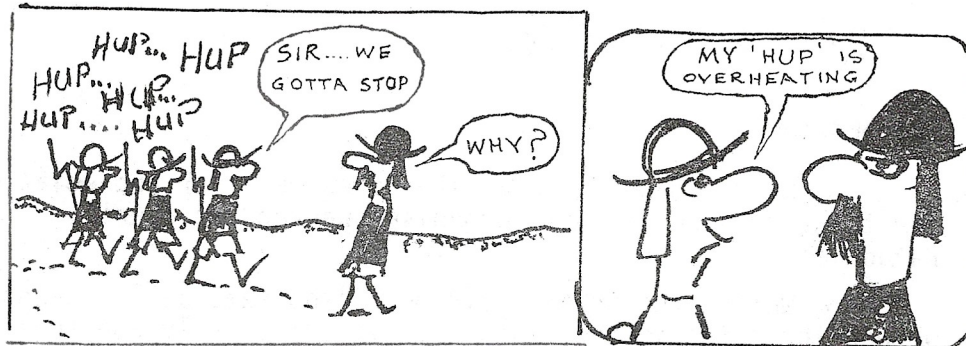
Dear Editor,

I would like to thank those responsible for making the Blue Mountains Run such an enjoyable event, and more particularly the persons who attended to the necessary paperwork to enable my Hup to attend on A.C.M.C. plates.

It is hoped that at some not-too-distant date this invitation will be extended again, as I enjoyed immensely the opportunity to catch up with numerous long-standing friends and acquaintances.

Once again a tremendous weekend, and thanks,

- PHIL MORROW



LOIS COOK'S RECIPE:

MERINGUE WITH CHOCOLATE & LYCHEES

Beat stiff 4 egg whites with a pinch of salt and half a teaspoon of cream of tartar. Gradually beat in 1 cup of sugar until the mixture is very glossy. Line oiled baking sheets with well oiled foil, and measure out three circles approximately 8" (20 cm) in diameter. The oiling is most important. Spread the mixture over the foil circles on well oiled trays and bake in 225°F (105°C) oven for approx. 1 hour or until the meringue is pale but crisp. Remove and peel away the foil and place the rounds of meringue on cake racks to dry. They can be kept for a few days in an air-tight tin if required.

Have ready prepared the following 3 fillings: 6 oz. (170g) plain dark chocolate melted in a double boiler and beaten with 3 tablespoons of water; 1 pint (600 mls) of thickened cream stiffly beaten; and 1 can of well-drained chopped lychees, retaining some whole ones for top of the cake.

Place a meringue layer on a serving plate, cover first with a thin coating of dribbled melted chocolate, then a $\frac{1}{2}$ " (1 cm) layer of beaten cream, and lastly some chopped lychees. Cover with a second meringue sheet, and repeat the three steps of the filling. Repeat again until you have completed the 3 layers. Refrigerate the whole cake for at least 2 hours to fuse before serving.

INSURANCE ALIBIS

(Actual attempts by policyholders to describe how and why their accidents occurred.)

THIS MONTH'S ALIBI: The other car collided with mine without giving warning of its intentions.

* * * * *

Advertisement

FOR SALE Pair of rims for Deitz Majestic Headlamps.

- PETER JENSEN
44.1642 (Home)
683.1788 (Bus.)

* * * * *

YESTERDAYS The Roaring Twenties saw
Australian car buyers having a
choice of nearly 100 imported and
a few locally made cars.

Many, including Oakland, Rugby, Bean and
Hupmobile, have vanished from the market.

From "The Sun", June 11, 1981

* * * * *

THERE WAS A YOUNG FELLOW CALLED BRAY,
WHO WITH WORDS HAD A BIT OF A SAY,
ONE DAY IN A FIT, HE SAID BUGGER IT!
THERE MUST BE AN EASIER WAY!

ANON.

* * * * *

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