



Spit and Polish

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

Hon. Editor and Editorial Address—

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EDITORIAL

Welcome back to Len and Jean Masser - REVS. & BACKFIRES make this a bumper issue. The Club has definitely missed the patriarchal influence of Len.

Non-financial members are again reminded that this is their last issue of SPIT AND POLISH. Unless they have paid their dues by November 30th their names will be removed from the mailing list and register.

- GEOFFREY LEHMANN

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"NORTH EAST NONSENSE"

"Come to our Floral Festival, let your hair down, live it up and enjoy yourself" - so went the invitation offered by the Lismore Vintage Car Club.

Since I am easy to convince there are piles of "brass sidelights" at the end of the rainbow, I, and my unfaithful steed - Ye Olde Bucket of Bolts - along with a 1923 Morris of doubtful parentage, accepted this invitation.

This unfaithful business that I relate to Studebaker is far from groundless, because since shifting to Grafton she has continuously suffered from asthma. One particular occasion when showing her heels to a pride of Vintage beasts, during her first Grafton Club outing, she gulped too much "country life" ozone, and then started to rumble in the belly - then the rumble changed to a rattle around her big end. If you could only have shared my embarrassment - that car really did make a fool of me in front of all those not-so-modern vehicles.

Of course, after a little play around with her delicate parts (a three day marathon session), and a final boot in the tail for good luck - Ye Olde Bucket of Bolts rattled louder than ever. This performance she repeated two more times until I finally sensed that she was not getting her full dosage of Castor Oil in the correct places. It took a minor rebuild of the oil pump to alleviate her pains.

During her sickness I consulted Dr. Geoff. L., who diagnosed a psychiatric depression, involving fluid on the pistons, and prescribed some 20 tablets to be administered to the fuel tank at the rate of one per day. Studebaker revolted and said "If that is the trash that is causing his Austin to throw her couplings, then I will suffer with my asthma and like it."

It is with this as background that I headed for Lismore on a cool, but clear Saturday morning, accompanied by my Morris friend. We headed down the Pacific Highway, through Maclean, and onto the Harwood Ferry to cross the Clarence River. Once off the ferry, Studebaker filled her lungs with good clean salt air - this being her first breath of salt air for four or five months. She instantly took the bit between her gear teeth (that shut up ONE rattle), and from then on she purred like a kitten.

Poor Morris suffered badly and developed a limp, to her driver's dismay, as her spare wheel had come unstuck and "gone bush" some miles back. Without further mishap, however, we made Casino to rendezvous with more vintage types from Brisbane before driving to Lismore.

The Floral Festival consisted of a Parade similar to a miniature "Waratah" Parade, but with one notable exception - the large crowd did not utter one cheer.

As I drove with dignity through this sober mass, I was amazed when out of the crowd sprang a ruffian type who, calling my name at the top of his voice, jumped on the running board, bending the starboard springs. Do you know, that Wal Barker bloke wanted to ride on the roof to add a little colour to the parade!

After a "heavy" night, there was a gymkhana arranged for the Sunday morning, made up of four events. It is with pride that I announce that Studebaker (with the aid of the clutch stick in the slow race) ran second against a field of eighteen vintage cars. That old bag of bones can certainly bend in a bending race.

It was 11.00 a.m. before we bravely set sail for home some 100 miles away. With Wal. Barker trailing behind, the miles soon slipped away and by 2.45 p.m. we were home.

The Week-end was a good one - weather fine, car covered 220 miles and ran like a sewing machine stitching heavy canvas. This and the opportunity to windbag with fellow veteranarians all added up to an enjoyable time.

- BOB BAXTER.

P.S. Have you been to Charles Purdue's house in Lismore? Undoubtedly therein is contained the largest pile of "goodies" I have ever gazed upon; he's a nice bloke too.

P.P.S. Can't you visualise Len Masser mounted on a Montague Sunbeam - with Michael Sedgwick running alongside for the whole 50 miles to Brighton?

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THE RHODODENDRON FESTIVAL, BLACKHEATH

- From Ken Moss

We left Ryde at 8.30 p.m. on Saturday 7th. The weather was perfect and there was not too much traffic. At St. Marys we met Bill and Rita East - and at Lapstone there was Jack Garwood and "Father" Frost. As Albie's 20 m.p.h. proved too slow, Bill East and myself hurried on; the Caddie was plagued with overheating.

Jack Dance had the Horse (Rosebray) and the Rowe family in the Talbot - quite a fair effort. Jack and Bill Hordman's trip was brightened up by a swarm of bees. The Oakland flyer caught us at Katoomba.

Vic Jacobs, always on the ball, arrived the day before and had a game of golf. He was really well organised when everyone arrived at lunch time.

Terry Cook had his work cut out keeping the fuel up to the Alpine R.K. - I think air leaks were the trouble in that department.

The air at Blackheath was quite crisp and pleasant. The Festival was terrific - and the welcome was enthusiastic as usual. Again A. Bricknell, the bus proprietor, garaged the majority of the cars for free. We lead a quiet night - some went for walks; others just yarned and went to bed.

Sunday was again perfect; we left about 10 a.m. From Springwood we went to the Hawkesbury Lookout - a wonderful sight. After lunch in Richmond Park we made our way home. The Cadillac was still overheating in one cylinder.

Most important - and nearly forgotten - the old reliable Bob Newman and his wife and daughter were there. There was also Roy Thomas who was guest in the East's car.

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OCTOBER MONTHLY MEETING.

This meeting was held as usual on October 22nd. The normal reports were received. It was noted that the Treasurer had made some extensive payouts, leaving a rather restricted credit balance.

The Events Committee reported on the Waratah Festival and the Newcastle Rally, and on the Marrickville Hospital Fete. An appeal was made for the Ryde Psychiatric Centre Fete, and details were considered for the Blackheath Rhododendron Festival. Attention was drawn to the Brighton Rally and the Annual Inspection Day to be held at Fullers Bridge.

The Investigation and Dating Committee reported having inspected a 1918 Ford of J. Godfrey. They also remarked that one Dating From had been returned out of the six returned at the last meeting.

The Social Committee appealed for support for the Christmas Dinner and asked that money be paid before November 30th.

The President commented on the slow running race at the Newcastle Rally, saying that in his opinion it was not in the best interest of Veteran motoring to have an event which was detrimental to the cars.

Mr. L. Jones asked what the present position was regarding the C.V.V.T.M.C. and the membership of C.A.M.S. Mr. Green replied that a delegation from the C.V.V.T.M.C. had waited on the President of C.A.M.S. and intimated to him that all member clubs of the C.V.V.T.M.C. with the exception of the Vintage Sports Car Club and the Riley Car Club were not prepared to pay the 5/- per capita fee but were prepared to pay £10. 10. 0 per year membership fee and no more, and if this was not acceptable by C.A.M.S. that no further action would be taken by the Council.

As there was no more business, the meeting closed at 9.00 p.m., whereupon Mr. Green introduced Mr. Redfern who gave a talk on motor body building.

THE CONSTITUTION.

Members' attention is drawn to the following Clause of the Constitution:

Sale of Veteran and Edwardian Vehicles:

- a) Any member of the Club who is desirous of offering his vehicle for sale shall first offer the same to Club members. An announcement by the member concerned in the Club Circular shall be deemed to be an offer to the Club members.
- b) Any Club member knowing that any other Club member is negotiating for the purchase of a particular Veteran or Edwardian vehicle, shall not make any offer for the purchase of the same vehicle, until the negotiations of the first member are complete.

NEW MEMBERS:

Full Members - J. Godfrey, 30 Ryedale Road, Denistone.
L.J. Dove, 187 Prince Street, Grafton.
T. Mitchell, 51 Hallam Avenue, Lane Cove.

Associate Members - Charles C. Styles, Biddulph Street, Eraring, Via Dora Creek.
Cyril C. Styles, Biddulph Street, Eraring, Via Dora Creek.

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BLACKHEATH TOUR & RHODODENDRON FESTIVAL, 7/11/64

Attended by the cars and drivers listed below -

V. Jacobs	Ford	1912
R. Newman	Talbot	1914
W. East	Studebaker	1915
J. Dance	Talbot	1908
W. Hordman	Daimler	1909
T. Cook	R.R.	1911
K. Moss	Cadillac	1912
R. Jones	Oakland	1912
A. Frost	Humber	1910

There is no change in Handicap Points this month.

Events Committee -

L. Sheen
R. Farrell
K. Moss

DATES TO REMEMBER

Brighton Tour	Sunday	November 22nd
Inspection Day	Sunday	November 29th - BRING PICNIC LUNCH
Christmas Dinner	Saturday	December 12th - Get your name in early to Miss Helen Hordman
South Coast Tour	January 30th, 31st; February 1st	- Wollongong Canyon Leigh Sydney.

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The following seven cars and drivers attended the Ryde Psychiatric Hospital Fete on Saturday, 31st October. Although it was very wet early on the Saturday morning, we thought we would have to call it off - later the sun shone and it turned out an enjoyable afternoon, well attended by the public and our cars created a lot of attention.

W. Spraggon	Renault	1908
W. Dudley	N.A.G.	1910
L. Sheen	Humber	1912
G. Daley	F.N.	1908
P. McKeown	Austin	1908
J. Cooper	Renault	1909
J. Naylor	Austro	
	Daimler	1912

AVAILABLE: Attractive brochure on the Australian National Rally is now ready and will be at the next meeting. Those unable to be present at the meeting can procure one by writing to the Hon. Secretary, Jack Dance, 17 High Street, Epping, who will be happy to mail one to you.

FOR SALE: Five 19" Austin wire wheels - 10/- each. Jack Dance, 17 High Street, Epping, 86/1432.

FOR SALE: 1911 Bedelia Cycle Car - well-known - what offers ??

ALSO: 1908 Darracq

- Jim Turner,
51 Lawry St., Cardiff, N.S.W.
Home - 54/1866
Business - B-22-11

FOR SALE: Ford T King pins and bushes, also coils.

Bradley Bros.,
Wentworth Ave., City.

FOR SALE: Right and left stub axles. Write:

Mrs. V. Nicholson,
16 Fleming St.,
Kingsgrove.

WOOD-BENDING FOR HOODS:

Standard pieces available at:

Albert Chandler Pty. Ltd.,
5-7 Derby St.,
Marrickville. 56/5881.

Special wood-bending at:

James Munroe,
Eggerton & Bore St.,
Lidcombe. 648/1273.

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REVS. AND BACKFIRES

By Len Masser

Back in circulation again and broke to the wide. While we were getting away from it all, it was getting away from us, so I started looking for some. As you know, dental bills are the last on the list to be paid, so I decided to look up one of our well-heeled clients whose account had been outstanding for a long time. Did he get mad! Screamed and abused me and even gnashed my teeth at me. Ar well!

Saw some beautiful cars overseas, both in and out of museums, and I would say that the standard of restoration in Australia is as good, if not better, than most. Another thing that hit me forcibly was the camaraderie amongst the addicts. Its definitely on the outer in England. At a rally in Sussex I'd say that 90% of the participants didn't know one another, and what's more, they made no attempt to get together. Maybe it was the weather, I dunno, but at least in N.S.W. most of the drongo's know the other galahs.

Hate to drive a veteran over the cobblestones on some of the French roads. Even my choppers would be dislodged.

So he's done it again! Good news that the Frost's are expecting a little centre-forward to the team. Seems wrong to me that Poppa always gets the clap on the back. How about all the pain and heartaches and dirty nappies that Mum gets? Please accept my personal pat on the back Shirley, you're doing a fine job. Who's next?

Jack Dance? Or maybe Kenry Moss. Nope! Not him. He's got his sights on 12 o'clock high for the trip to the Ewnited States next year so he can't do that there 'ere. Incidentally, Dick Doyle, our Yank member, has sent him an atlas of 112 pages, but doesn't mention the altitude of Piker Peak, but I don't think that would stop the Caddie, unless of course No. 3 pot cooks up again as it did coming back from

Blackheath last Sunday. If you want a hot meal at a rally always remember Mossie's Mobile Mess-wagon. Fries and stews ad lib.

Spent a pleasant evening bending the elbow with Michael Sedgwick (curator of the Montagu collection) at the pub in Beaulieu. Couldn't come at the English beer, flat and warm, so I imbibed the precious dew of Scotland. Talk about happy daze. Took no notice of the sign that read "Please do not stand while the room is in motion" and found my way up to my room by sense of touch, whilst Mike seemed as tho' he'd been bitten by the tsetse fly or sumpun. He's definitely a character of the first water and the most knowledgeable bloke on cars, both ancient and modern, I have ever met, and a bon vivant to boot.

Finally dated my two De Dions from a leading authority on the marque in England. Seems my restored one is an A.L. 1906 Model and the unrestored heap is an R Model 1903 and one of only three in existence. Was awful pleased at having a rare one and that the argument on the A.L. is now settled. As a Dating Committee member I was in an invidious position, but the above is correct, swelp me! Any man can make a mistake, but none but a fool will persist in it. (Cicero.) You can now put your six shooters back in the holsters, boys.

In Madrid I had speech with Senor Franco, our Spanish member and President of the Vet. Car Club of Spain. He's not the dictator as I thought, but merely a very earnest cove with a flair for antiques, both in cars and other things. If you know "Orse" Rose-Bray, you know Franco. Both nutty but nice blokes.

Must have been a long, tough winter dept.

The only thing I can call it is a population explosion. What with the Jones, the Nutts, the Dudleys, the Newmans and the McGowans we have no need to worry about an invasion by the chows. There's nearly enough in the V.C.C.A. to make a regiment now, so easy does it, boys, we might run out of uniforms. It would appear on closer study that veteran cars do not hold these chaps' complete interest and it is with great pride that I point this fact out to the confirmed bachelors we have in our midst.

How come we've got a Jones on the Committee? We suffered one for years and now that he's ousted we're loaded with another commoner, to wit, Reg of that ilk. Why can't we get a Vere de Vere, or a Choldomley. Jones! What a name! Pah!

Got a couple of smoke signals from the "Boosh" as the Poms call it. Campbell Jaquet (rhymes with wacko) a peasant sheep-herder in the Moree district, who is the proud owner of a brace of Overlands and a duo of Napiers, has now added a 300 S.L. Mercedes to the stable. What happens if he follows the same line of approach as he does with his stud sheep. Maybe we'll see a Mercland or an Overcedes. Well, its a thought. Ouch!

The next puff comes from Quirindi where him phella Bob Sullings has a bottler of a Buick circa 1912. Heard tell that this car is really something. As I've always said, these blokes are out there like shags on a rock and to work up an enthusiasm with very few mentally addicted vetramaniacs around really deserves the well-known leather medal. Congratulations and salutations Bob - keep up the supply of Bandaids and above all, keep the flag flying in your neck of the woods. God Save the Queen!

Note that the original old ear basher, little Willie Spraggon, has been doing the good deed and earning a quid or so for the Club at the same time. Whipped up the horses or reindeer or what-have-you and carted Father Xmas to Farmer's city and Gordon branches in Spraggon's Wagon. Unheralded and unsung, these sort of codgers, queer as they may be, keep the public image good and

and help the Club no end. Topping! William, old boy! From me to you, Thanks!

So Ross Marshall thinks his Brush is such a hot number he sets it on fire at the Newcastle Rally. Now has an extinguisher strapped on for future warm-up periods. Once again I am moved to verse -

"You all know young Marshall
His first name is Ross
When you ask him "What's cookin' ?
He gets awfully cross.
When the Brush starts a-smokin'
He's now fairly sure
That the foam gas equipment
Is a positive cure."

That suppurating thorn in my side, Bob Baxter, now at Grafton Tech., is really getting somewhere with his Calthorpe according to a message stick I've received. Watch out Roberts, my chum, or the "one only" laurels will fall on those broad shoulders, ears permitting. I'll bet the lugs of the local proletariat are reeling under the impact of the Baxter tongue. Greetings, Bob!

Jack Jeffrey's monster, the Locomobile, will soon be polluting the atmosphere again with its 3-inch exhaust. As you know, one of the little up and downers broke, and it now has a new set of rods, courtesy of the House of Jones, the bestest engine rat-tail filers in the world.

These boys are all up in the air. George Burton and Lionel Jones have now got their flying tickets and I got the drum that the Yabsley person at Kempsey is about to have a crack at it.

Me? I'll stay on terra cotta thanks.
