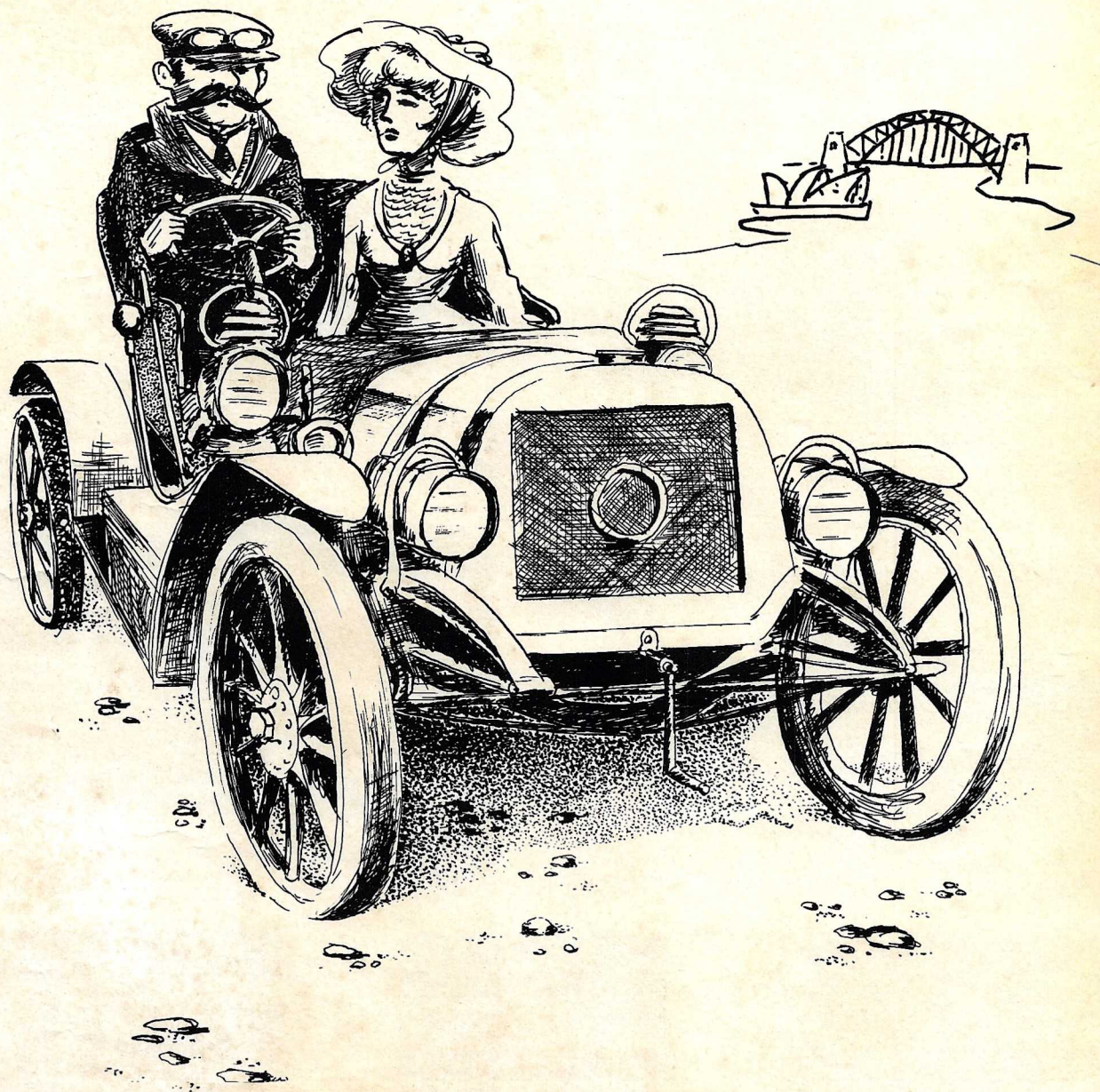


NEWSLETTER OF THE VETERAN CAR CLUB OF AUSTRALIA (N.S.W.)
Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney for transmission by post as a periodical—Category B.

SPIT AND POLISH



APRIL, 1972

VOL. XIII, No. 10

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SPIT AND POLISH

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

Registered at the G.P.O. Sydney for transmission by post as a periodical — Category "A"

Patron:

His Excellency the Governor of New South Wales,
SIR RODEN CUTLER, V.C., K.C.M.G., C.B.E.

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COPY REQUIRED BY FIRST THURSDAY OF MONTH

The next General Meeting of the Club will be held on THURSDAY, 27TH APRIL, 1972, at Five Dock Community Hall, Great North Road, Five Dock, at 8.0 p.m.

EDITORIALAlbany

First thought is a town on the S.W. corner of Western Australia, and which many of us eastern staters will pronounce incorrectly. The AL is pronounced as in "Albion", not as in "Alldays and Onions". But this is only in passing.

Our second thought is that where the word is used as a name for a "new car", well then, we question whether or not it is indeed an abbreviation of the thought "ALL BOLONY".

Many times have we seen at the entrance to various shops, some weird and in some cases ugly, devices, such as a steam engine (allegedly), a sports type motor car, and absurd-looking goose, or even an emu (heaven forbid such a title for such a grotesque representation of one of nature's offspring - and an indigenous Aussie as well!) Each of these devices is programmed to go into a cake-walk type of semi-reciprocation upon the receipt of a coin. We understand that the movement just described is supposed to tickle the junior customers pink, though we must say that we have never seen a child looking as if it really enjoyed the sensation - but that is presupposing that the required "sensation" is there!

The proposed Albany motor vehicle, we imagine, will be just that! It matters little what engine it is proposed to put into the chassis. So long as it has a modern taint to it, it cannot ever attain the same "atmosphere", that pleasurable vibration, the intricacies and idiosyncrasies of handling, the complete annihilation of that old, old thought: "Nothing can go wrong this time", the lovely aroma of oily old timber and paint, and the old leather. That attention given during driving, to the timing of the spark, the ease with which they move off, and their happy "cog swapping". It is impossible to catch that atmosphere and 'instil' it into a 'new', would-be 'old' vehicle.

Anyway, will the enthusiasm for the 'ersatz' vintage vehicle be at least as strong as the enthusiasm held by owners of genuine vintage (or veteran) vehicles? Will it still be the hard core which will keep them going, or will they take hold of the community as have elevated hemlines and wigs. They will at least have about them an aura of show and bull, like many of our up and coming "business executives" - an artificiality that everyone with any acumen can see through.

* * * * *

REPORT OF MARCH MEETING

The President was in the chair and welcomed two visitors: Ross Maguire and Alan Tester. He also welcomed back Hilda and Len Sheen. Len said that though travelling is a commendable pastime, he was "glad to be home".

Jan Coulcher's resignation from Social Secretarial and Minute Secretarial positions was announced, and was accepted with regret. The President, addressing his remarks to Jan, thanked her, on behalf of members, for her devotion to these two causes for so long. The meeting expressed their approbation of his remarks by a round of acclamation.

Peter Kable, for Events, said that the Blue Mountains Run had netted about \$100 to the Club. In passing, it was revealed that an amount of \$1720 had been paid to the Carrington Hotel for accommodation. Bob Newman expressed his view that the course traversed this year was a good one, and he would want to run the same one again. Apparently the meeting shared his view, as his words of praise were followed by unsolicited acclamation from the members. At this stage Peter Kable received the applause of the assembled company for his successful handling of the weekend arrangements. He announced that a thought is being given to the officials who gave their time and assistance to help keep the Blue Mountains Run moving successfully. An "Officials Day" is to be organised, on which they will be given a run in Veteran Cars. (It will be appreciated that most marshalls are not drawn from amongst veteran car owning members). Peter referred to the date 14 May, shown on the Club calendar, namely a "Snails' Day", an event designed for the owners of the small type of car, those who find a run as far as the Blue Mountains rather too much to expect of their vehicles, or at least impracticable to carry through.

The Registration Officer, David Berthon, reported that two applications for registration are in hand, both from the country, being Bruce Tudgey (Currabubula) - Berliet, and Reg. McDonald (Inverell) - 1914 Humber.

The Building. Finalisation is dependent upon a few acts, including the signature of George Roberts, currently in the land of the Kiwis. Open discussion took place on inexpensive acquisition (purchase as a desperate last minute eventuality, if necessary!) of various materials and services. Some valuable offers were made from various parts of the hall. Ian Steer gave the impression that he has been most disturbed at the possibility of vandalism and/or theft once the building is in service. He added that there is another bogey on the prowl, i.e. the possibility of bits and pieces not covered or held in position, being 'lifted'. He stated that he had experienced trouble of this nature in connection with the Boy Scout movement. (It would seem that he has taken a leaf from the Scouts' code, and has carried out their well known edict: "Be Prepared". Ed.) He pointed out that some firms give the local youngsters a party at Christmas "to keep them on the straight and narrow". Adding to this thought from the chair, it was suggested that they (the local youngsters) be given a drive in some of the veterans at some appropriate stage.

Bill Maunsell referred to the lack of publicity given to the Blue Mountains Run. Numerous service stations that he called on knew nothing whatever of the Run. He suggested that prior to the day of the Run, sheets or cards be supplied to service stations to hang on their walls to appraise people of our imminent appearance on the public roads. He considered that the Blue Mountains Run is one occasion upon which our public image can be pushed a bit, and without prior notice, a lot of good publicity is lost.

Jim Eisenhower gave a fairly lengthy, and certainly an entertaining and amusing account of some of the facets of rallying in New Zealand. The public was interested and helpful, and the police most co-operative. He (Jim) had some trouble now and again being off course, and in consequence losing time, but even when proceeding along a street without headlamps shining was given the greatest help by police. He learnt a little of the deft trading, or exchanging, propensities of Vic. Jacobs, and some difficulty he experience in the matter of the frying medium to be used when preparing a specific meal. Jim described particularly, Vic's religious torment over (and his subsequent exorcising of) a particularly tasty type of meat!

End.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

I would like to refer to our 'Big Project' - own own premises. The last of the formalities have now been completed, and by the time this issue appears, the premises will be ours. However, with ownership comes responsibilities, and I wonder how many members have thought just how much of a stake each and every member has in the Club. Our assets are now in a tangible form rather than figures in a bank account, so that now we can see what we have and can see when improvements are made. This Club has a unique opportunity in this State to demonstrate what can be achieved by a concerted community effort.

What are we going to call it? We haven't exactly been inundated with suggestions (yet!) but bearing in mind our expected major source of income will be from hiring the premises to other bodies with similar interests to our own, we should look for a name which will appeal to all sections of the movement.

Looking back a little now to the Katoomba Rally - what a memorable event this was! All the spirit of the earliest rallies was recaptured, and I am sure I speak for all members when I say congratulations to all those responsible for this event.

ALLAN FOY,
President.

* * * * *

S O C I A L

As we go to press we learn of the passing of Albie Frost's mother. A sad time in the life of all of us, as those who have experienced it fully realise. The sympathy of members is extended to Albie in this short paragraph.

In the same vein we report that we have read of the death of the Patron of Tasmania's V.C.C.A. - Mr. Gordon Fysh. He kindled the sparks of enthusiasm for old vehicles way back in 1949, which lead eventually to the formation of the V.C.C.A. (Tas.) seven years later.

A few of our members met him at the Blue Mountains Run of many years ago, the year in which our then sponsors flew some cars interstate to the Run. Our personal impression of him then was of a kindly citizen, and a very enthusiastic V. & V. participant.

#####

Congratulations to Barry Garth and Judy Alt who were married on Thursday, 13th April.

* * * * *

WANTED ALL STATES: Unrestored true veteran (1904 or earlier) or enough parts to warrant consideration to undertake restoring.

BILL MAUNSELL,
'Phone: 32/2379 (home)
660/6044 (bus.)

E V E N T S

APRIL 22ND - PRESENTATION NIGHT.

CHANGE OF DATE: SNAIL'S DAY - 21ST MAY. This will be a ghymkana day with a difference. One, two and Open classes. Clean that spark plug and come out for a great day.

OFFICIALS' DAY. A run to Wilberforce and the Australiana Village will be held on APRIL 30TH.

* * * * *

THE CROSSLEY

While 1904 saw the first Crossley motor car, that was not the first year of the Crossley engines.

Crossley Bros. Ltd., Gorton, Manchester, were the first people in Britain to make 4-stroke internal combustion engines using the Otto cycle. Like other manufacturers, both then and now, they set to building another maker's product under licence. In the Crossley Bros. case it was the Daimler engine.

The first Crossley car was a chain-driven 22 h.p. cylinder. This was followed by a 28 h.p. and a 40 h.p., all three cars being built to standard designs, but with foreign leanings.

The designer, formerly with Daimler, was J.C. Critchley. In 1906 shaft drive displaced the chain, and in 1909 some were fitted with Allen-Liversedge front wheel brakes.

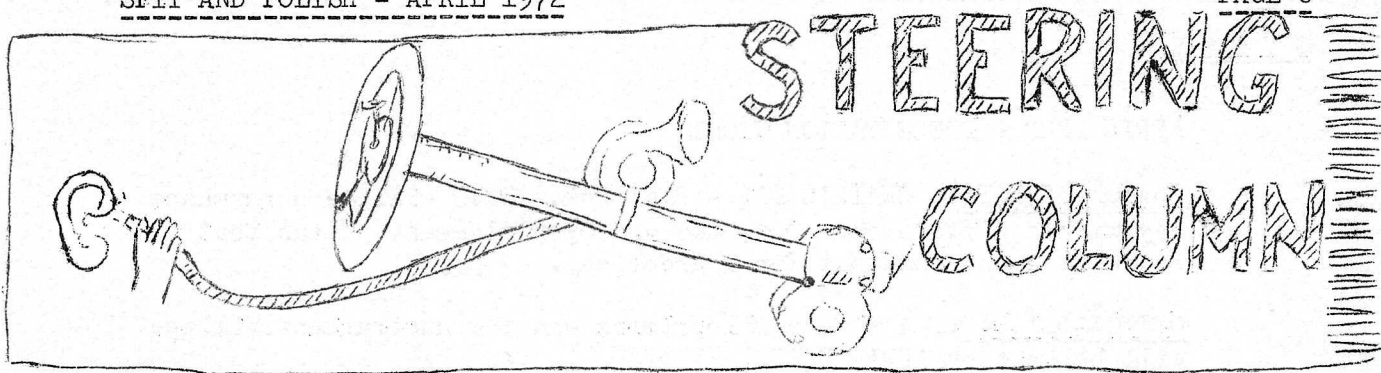
Somehow, for no apparent reason, the Crossleys had very little public appeal until about 1911. At this stage the 4-litre 20 h.p. came onto the market. This was a well constructed and serviceable car, which became very popular. This one was designed by F.W. Reeves, and with various modifications, it held its own for 14 years.

Actually, World War I gave Crossley a great shot in the arm, for the 20/25 h.p. was rated very high as a pukka staff car for the Royal Flying Corps - and they would have to have the best, of course. It also gave yeoman service as an ambulance, and as a light truck (or as they called them in those days - a 'lorry'). Apparently its fame spread, and after W.W.I. it was very popular with the Royal Family, i.e. the 25/30 h.p. version.

So well did the 15 h.p. perform, that the makers offered a special sporting variant - the Shelsley Sports. This, of course, glorified a specific competitive venue, by name 'Shelsley Wash', which was a competitive "testing ground" for many a make.

The firm used an almost Maltese cross in dark green enamel as a motif.

* * * * *



Faith is certainly a powerful thing, the Ladies' Committee of St. Thomas', Mulgoa (morning tea stop, Katoomba Run) wanted to set up their tables on the verandah of the rectory. As it looked like rain would wash them out. "No," said the Rector. "We have prayed that it will stay fine while the V.C.C.A. have their tea and scones and we must show that we have faith."

Not only did it not rain, but the sun came out. Makes one feel very humble.

#####

Quote of the year: (Uttered by the owner/driver of Veteran Car 024)

"Restorations should be done at home, not by the roadside." Unquote.

#####

The saga begins. The Big Chief of the C.H.C. tribe hired a red hot brass polisher to rub up his Talbot, so that its gleaming brasswork would make it a "dazzling" example of what a veteran should look like, but alas, eight hours and 12 bucks later the Big Chief said "How!! did you get such a shine."

"Steelwool" was the answer. "Ugh!" cried our Chief, as he scalped the red hot brass polisher.

So now picture our Chief, sans head dress, together with squaw, at 2 a.m. the night before the Katoomba Run, brasso in one hand, red hot brass polisher scalp in other, trying to remove all these fine scratches.

So be warned! Don't mention red hot brass polishers to our Chief unless you have General Custer and the 7th Cavalry behind you.

P.S. For the uninformed, C.H.C. stands for Castle Hill Clique.

#####

Jan and Rolly Coulcher are getting very forgetful not only did they lose reverse gear in the Star, but also their luggage, left on the doorstep of their motel in Canberra. Those rough roads in N.Z. must have shook a few screws loose.

#####

"MAD" MEL POPE, blasting up Lonsdale St., Canberra, in the "Fronty". Vic Jacobs' eyes popped out so far as to touch his glasses lens and his jaw dropped open as it took "Mad Mel" three blocks, four telephone poles and two driveways plus one letterbox to pull up. Phew!

#####

Still steering.....

WAS THE GREAT RACE FIXED? After stating that all T's were to be stock standard, the "Bentmobile" shot to the lead, only then did the others realise that Toby had a Ruckstell two speed diff under him. Hmm!!!

#

Strange Col. Parker should bring up the number of children in the club. An independent survey shows that the excess of fresh air veteran car owners received was the major contributing factors to the children explosion. An interesting sidelight was the fact that all children were born 270 days after major rallies.

#

Any head or side light looking for a mate should attend Frank Illich's Auction Sale on May 22, 23. Anyone who has a mate can get themselves a car as well.

PITMAN

#

THE 1915 FORD

By Eric Lang

The year 1915 brought a newly-styled Model T Ford, seeking to present a more nearly enclosed car the dashboard was reduced in size and surrounded by a sheet metal cowl which faired smoothly into the body sides.

By locating the windscreen at the top rear of the cowl, the illusion of further enclosure was clearly preserved. Rear mudguards were curved apparently to modernise the appearance still further, and bonnet was louvered to provide better engine cooling.

Some wag once said: "There are now more 1915 Fords around than Ford ever produced." He may be right! This statement was prompted by the ever-increasing number of "1915" Fords which have been assembled using bodies and parts from later models.

In general style, the 1915 body was used with minor changes until the 1923 model year and even 1925 models had a similar appearance.

Yet, with all this pre-dating, the 1915 Ford is unique, differing from those that followed. This was the last year for the aluminium bonnet, e.g. introduced this year were louvres in the bonnet; the new style tail and sidelights (with brass trim this year only) the standard rear axle housings which continued with minor changes until the end of the Model T. This was the first year for electric headlights, powered by a new magneto and a new coil, the hand klaxon horn, with brass bell, was standard equipment this year.

The radiator is still brass and typical of earlier car gives us a "boxey" look. Wheels are still wooden felloe and tyre sizes 30 x 3½ hub caps are brass.

(Continued on Page 8....

The 1915 Ford, Continued:

The front mudguard is similar in design to the 1914 style, except that there are only three rivets holding the mounting clamp.

The rears are now curved and are similar in appearance to ones used until 1926 except that they had no crowns (introduced in 1916). Very early 1915 cars were supplied with gas lamps (old 1914 stock) then electric lights were mounted on the same forked posts used with the gas lamps. About April, forked posts (or gimbals) were discontinued and the familiar flanged post used.

Sidelights were round and symmetrical in order that they might be used on either side of the car. They were mounted by a threaded bolt which secured them to a cast bracket on the windscreen support. The tail light was similar except for a red rear lens and a small clear one for the side to illuminate the number plate.

Upholstery in imported Canadian bodied cars (not Aust. built) had folded and pleated seat backs, while the cushions were folded and pleated in a diamond pattern.

The steering wheel is 15" o.d. The spider is cast steel. The quadrant is now of pressed steel, the spark and throttle levers now have flattened ends that were to remain as standard for all Model T Fords to come.

The coil box is now designed with a sloping t.p. opening which allows more clearance for removing the coils. Switch is on the front of the box.

The familiar lettered pedals have now been discontinued and the unique ribbed ones used this model year only.

The aluminium transmission cover is still used but small reinforcing webs have been added at the bolt holes to prevent the corners breaking off, a common fault when the covers were installed.

The forward end of the drive shaft is now the one-piece design which was used hereafter. The intake manifold is cast iron - at least two carburetors were used.

The all brass Holley (with a 1914 patent date) and the Kingston all brass with a single flapper valve.

Springs, both front and rear, are still taper-leaved, the shackles are of a slenderised "Mae West" design. The "A" bar is still above the axle. The tie-rod adjustment remains on the near side of the car.

The differential housings are cast and are the final design used in Model T production.

The axle housings and brake backing plates were altered in later years, principally in the addition of strengthening ribs.

(Continued on Page 9.....)

The 1915 Ford, continued:

The pinion bearing is of the enclosed-bolt design as was used in earlier models.

The muffler has cast ends incorporating integral mounting brackets and a straight, round tailpipe.

Floor boards are of three pieces with metal plates around the brake and pedal cutouts.

The crank handle has again been simplified; now has a straight-sided steel sleeve.

NEXT ISSUE: '16, '17, '18 Model T's.

* * * * *

VETERAN CAR CONSERVATION ACTION (N.S.W.) (A contribution from a knowledgeable member, towards high efficiency magneto and plug maintenance.)

Spark plugs gaps generally should be .025" maximum. The reason for this is not entirely because the magneto may not readily fire a larger gap when cranking. Magnetos usually have a safety gap to protect the coil and high tension parts in the event of a lead falling off a spark plug or similar open circuit being caused while the engine is running. If the spark plug gap is wide, the spark may jump the safety gap in preference under higher cylinder compression pressures which occur at low speed with the right foot pressed hard down. (Sorry - Reg. Jones would be twisting the lever on the column. Probably only gently, the way that Clementine strides out!) No apology to T Fords, since the subject is magneto ignition.

Very small gaps at the spark plugs usually don't facilitate starting (assuming a normal healthy magneto) and also cause unsteady idling. In this case the small spark does not readily ignite the charge, which usually is not very well dispersed at starting and idling.

* * * * *

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS RUN

We endeavour, in these editorial writings, to give a picture of happenings as we saw them, mainly to provide what we hope will be interesting reading for those who attended, informative reading for those who did not, and in addition, to provide some chuckles for those with a macabre outlook which gives them pleasure to hear of the misfortunes of others.

In order to put this report into correct perspective it becomes necessary to open it with the editorial misfortunes.

We blasted off our own launching pad in correct time. (Even the words 'Alarm Clock' are still considered by the management to be dirty words. Two five-letter words!) Due to some malfunctioning in the command module, we failed to make first base. The sad story is as follows:

When in Chester Street, and about 100 yards from Hume Highway, we were treated to a sudden clattering and thumping, followed, of course, by immobility, and a silence which seemed to bear down on us. Very often with children silence is golden, with veteran vehicles it can be tragic! Inspection showed that a retaining ring on the water pump end of the magneto/water pump drive shaft had cut adrift, and the drive shaft had made a manful effort at winding itself out of its housing (it is driven by a skew gear from the driving gears) and in so doing, had forced the pump back towards the bonnet. The remedy entailed fixing the ring back into place with a couple of nuts (supplied voluntarily by an interested youthful onlooker) and leaving the pump out of the picture altogether, thus doing the two days' run on thermo syphon! Of course the magneto had to be retimed. Piece of cake! Yes? Not a 'piece of cake' but a complete 'meadow cake'! Marvellous the way that we veteran fellows always feel that we know our way round. Went through the hand start drill, and received a good jolt upwards, showing that the timing was well and truly too advanced. Endeavoured to force the water pump out of position sufficiently to turn the shaft, and thus engage the skew gear correctly, but had no luck, therefore had to release four bolts of a Simpson patent non-slip adjustable drive attachment. Did this, and achieved the desired action under the bonnet. So off we went again!

Got to the end of the street, which was Hume Highway. Had to wait for dozens of vehicles on our right, but there's always a bright spot - we could see what we assumed correctly to be Peter's T Model, still on the Twin Willows area!

Good! We would just make it. But would you believe it? By the time that we had waited for all those vehicles on our right, Peter had pulled out! Then the rain started - heavy rain! We drove along the highway as fast as was mechanically prudent, and trafficably safe - but no! That wretched T Model was gaining on us. Then we reached red traffic lights. When under way again, we saw Peter make a right turn. (We point out here that as we had not seen Peter & Co. we had no screed, and were, in consequence, 'flying blind'.) At least that indication gave us some hope. The road that he turned into wavered a bit, so that he was lost to our view. We eventually flagged down a family in a passing Holden and asked would they tell "that single seater T Model Ford" that there was a car trying to catch up to him. Eventually our

(Continued on Page 11....)

attention was attracted to a utility approaching from the opposite direction, with a couple of fellows waving from it and calling out. It carried the words "Marshall's Motors." Here was a bit of luck! The utility had returned from some distance ahead in order to relieve John Beale from a control. After a few hurried words John removed the V.C.C.A. flag from the pole at the roadside, and joined us.

Now, at last, we had a screed to run by. John was of great assistance on the navigating end, particularly when our 'passenger' had to hold an umbrella over herself. With the type of windscreen fitted to The Besa, a lot of rain passes over the heads of those in the front seat, while the rear seat passenger (poor old John!) does not do so well. But he did not fare so badly, anyway. However, he did say at one stage that windscreen wipers for his glasses would have been an advantage.

Chasing this road through, we found Peter talking to Carl Bliim, with the F.W.D. -- and some baggage, so we heard later. And then some of those famous last words were uttered. You know them: "You go ahead, I'll be all right!" Poor Carl! And his first big run.

So we went our way, and much to our pleasure, just made it for morning tea at the church of St. Thomas. We understood that the Ladies' Committee was about to toss away the dregs of tea leaves, and their hand was held just in time. We were a little amused, rather than offended, by the implied suggestion that men (apparently) seem less able to restrain their desire for bodily comfort, as arrangements were available to them within a few hops, steps and jumps (if you understand what we mean!) while the girls had perforce to wait while they were driven an appreciable distance ('appreciable' in those circumstances) before being able to put themselves once again into such a state of physical comfort that they could continue the run in happiness.

Poor Sally seemed to be making the most of a rug by wrapping herself up like an Egyptian mummy. Those T Models must let in the cold air.

Considering that we were driving veteran vehicles, it was most appropriate that we should have negotiated a considerable number of miles of gravel. Far more interesting to have to pick one's way a little instead of running over miles of unbroken, black, uninteresting bitumen. One can be lulled to inattentiveness by miles of monotonous sameness.

Then, of course, there were more miles of lovely open country to be covered till we drove off Mulgoa Road onto Great Western Highway.

The Old Bathurst Road was an innovation and a challenge. We understood that about a dozen vehicles requested assistance on that steep unrelenting climb. The vehicles of a few members are absolutely not meant for such a gruelling test, and their failure to cope is not surprising. We heard that one T Model was unable to cope. The Albion did it in reverse, which is a direct reminder to us oldies of the early days of Kurrajong Heights. Nearly every vehicle had to climb the last 100 or so yards in reverse gear. Also, in those days, one always took up a camera, if possible, and carried from then on, pictorial evidence of having reached the top. It could be of interest to

(Continued on Page 12.....)

some and surprise to others, to learn that the Editorial vehicle made the climb solo, notwithstanding an earlier impromptu, enforced switch to full thermo syphon system. We stopped once with a bit of overheating caused by loss of the precious fluid. But we had a half gallon of it with us, and this dropped the temperature sufficiently.

After that we settled down to some more 'bitumen bashing' and such a hungry mob are we (as has been stated in earlier writings) that in no time we were pulling in at Springwood for more gastronomic fuel. We were greeted by a fellow member - Jack Butcher. Did any of you see how the poor fellow is wasting away? Pathetic case. If he still had the R.C.H. he would have made it look like a Mini. And the gearbox would probably have needed strengthening, as it was unable to carry him in those days. We have a mental picture of Cleveland Street near Crown Street (was that it?) We were about the last arrivals for lunch, but still had time to partake of it. Near us was Roy Farrell, struggling with a sticking valve. These little things are sent to try us, and anyway, they are an answer to the dull thought that "nothing ever happens round these parts."

We kept moving well till past Springwood, when some mountain gremlins raided the carburettor. At one halt some assistance was proffered by Lionel Jones' wife, who pulled in in front of us and offered to relieve our poor old mate from holding an umbrella over herself and the balance of the front seat. A hurried conference amongst ourselves, and we decided to complete the course, considering that only a few miles remained. Once again, though the last vehicle to make its way under The Carrington, we had made it in plenty of time for dinner.

This event pointed out forcibly the fact that the average veteran family is not dismayed by relatively late meals for young offspring. In the days of many of us, one would never have had a child up so late. It just was not done, as it was considered that they needed plenty of sleep and rest.

We found on Sunday morning that, as was obvious, we had parked in a most inconvenient place. It was necessary to move The Besa, and a couple of other vehicles, in order to loosen the jam-packed condition that existed. But what was the main motive? Who was the disturber of the peace at such an hour on a Sunday morning? None other than Mossie, who "had to meet a Yank." Say! Why could the durned Yank not have come to Mossie, and have seen all our cars? No! Perhaps not! He would probably have finished up trying to buy a few.

Who says T Models are not easy to start? Did you notice that Toby's got straight off the mark as if it was being fed on Castrol?

What a 'brilliant' idea with the 1901 Olds! Very easy to identify at a great distance, that yellow, and it can't be denied that both passenger and driver kept dry, and all that with no screen or hood.

Good to see Young Pam Roberts out and about again as if nothing had happened. We are personally very much against a terrific lot of what is called Progress, but we do bow the knee to medical progress.

Terrible thing when one cannot organise some things! As far as we were able to judge, Ross's toast rack always seemed to arrive with nothing between the ribs.

On Sunday afternoon we were followed for many miles across what was to us 'unknown' country, by George and Bea Adams' Studebaker. Wonderful how fast some of the 1918 jobs are! They actually caught up to us when we were giving our thermo syphon system a boost.

We always considered that Michael and Denise were 'together' on these runs, but now, after that Saturday afternoon they are 'inseparable'. Michael gave a hand with The Besa on Sunday morning and discovered that as a newly created husband, he lacks that 'strong, right arm'. A very essential quality to acquire, as most husbands of long standing will agree. He learnt that the Besa has more compression than he has been accustomed to.

Sat next to, or we suppose, at the back of Paula and Col Bryson during the eating sessions. Good to see some of the earlier faces, but would like to see them more often. And by the way - hope the Raceabout's metal does not start crystalising through lack of use!

Noticed that for this event George Burton had gone Yankee. More used to seeing him in the Pommie job.

Those T Models! Peter and Eric left the Paceway ahead of us and we had them in our vision for quite a time, but all too soon they were lost to sight. As we were virtually the last in for lunch (we took only an hour and a half from The Carrington) we were likewise about the last away, so that we had no others to pass us. We understand that the Adams found themselves behind us due to a wrong steer.

We were without our domestic passenger all Sunday. Did it in fine style! Nothing less than a Kimberley, thank you. And thank you, too, Leah!

We have not had a rundown on how George Green fared during the wet stretches. Certainly well out on his own, and we imagine that Simon would have 'roughed' it with him. George would seem to have got to the old commercial traveller's set up, namely, living in a suitcase. Just think of it - London to Brighton, New Zealand and now the Blue Mountains. Half your luck, George!

Jack Godfrey had 'liaison personnel' to keep touch with the Petersens during meal sessions at The Carrington. We have the impression that with such an impish face and bright outlook, it is going to be difficult when the time comes, to make that grub think seriously.

We felt that Jo would have been at a loose end, as we could see no One-Armed Bandits round on Saturday night.

At one stage on Saturday night we shared a vacuum with Max Chapman. The two of us sat respectfully silent while our respective wives bandied Europe and London about! Good thing these girls have unambitious husbands.

During the warming up process under The Carrington on Sunday morning, Laurie Sykes gave us the impression of 'throwing the Star open for inspection', with a couple of prospects looking on, but no, we were wrong.

Not very often that two Talbots travel round together. It is not very often, either, that Ron and Neville do not travel together to a monthly meeting. Good to see!

(Continued on Page 14....)

The odd little things that differing routes open up for any of us are fairly varied. We heard that the Parkers were able to take home the Napier to Kurrajong, and complete the course with the family car.

Saw Melba and Alan Rowe for a few minutes in the lounge. It seems that Melba has been doing battle with some medical gremlins. Apparently she has not lost face, but instead, has lost some weight. (Should help the Buick a little, though we doubt it, as they are powerful motors.)

Making a photographic record kept Bill Hardman moving. We learnt later on Sunday that the repeated photo flashes that we were aware of under The Carrington were not of Bill's making.

Saw not more than a fleeting glimpse of the President, and that was at the hotel. He was on a vehicle which was given a good start, while we were dragging at the tail end of the field. It is disappointing to be put on the outer by such a mishap, but at least we did complete the course.

Saw Jack Dance disporting himself round the place on Saturday night, calm and collected, just as if he had completed a Saturday afternoon suburban jaunt following afternoon tea.

And the old Revs. and Backfires was in jovial mood in the company of three others.

* * * * *

MY IMPRESSION OF THE 1972 NEW ZEALAND, 13TH INTERNATIONAL VETERAN & VINTAGE CAR RALLY
- G.W. GREEN

This event attracted some 700 odd cars starting from various points throughout the north and south islands of New Zealand. I elected to start from Christchurch from what was described as Route 091, Sporting. I entered two cars, a 1914 Prince Henry Vauxhall driven by George Roberts and a 1914 Alfonso XIII. Hispano Suiza.

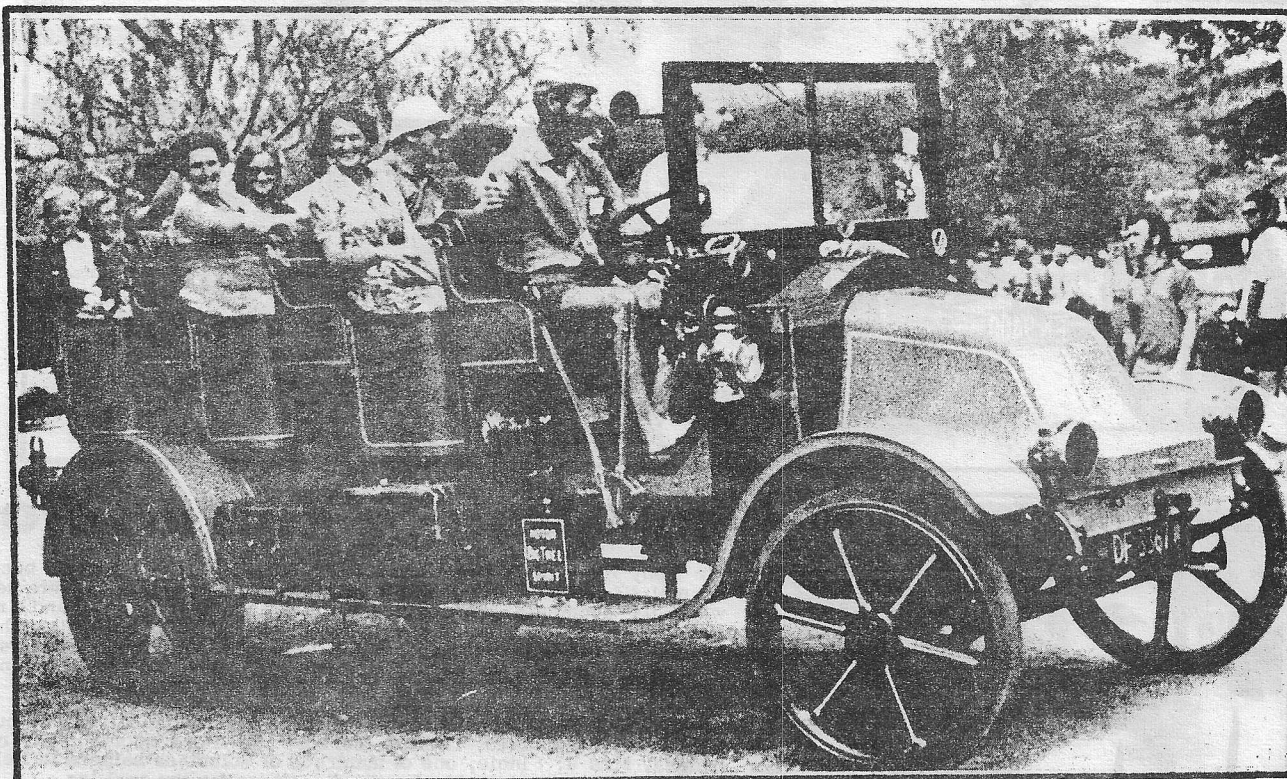
We arrived at Christchurch airport on 12th February at about 11.30 p.m., and were well received by club members of the N.Z. V.S.C.C. The let-down was that one had to cart your baggage to a bus which, after some delays, landed us at our motel about 1 a.m. As the event was due to start on Wednesday, 16th February, we had plenty of time to collect our cars. These had been placed in a shed eight miles out of town and, as far as I know, no cars suffered any damage, but they were covered in a specially selected N.Z. dust. After taking delivery and washing the car, I found that someone had helped themselves to a grease gun I had placed in the boot with sundry tools.

On Tuesday evening, we were all invited as guests of the Christchurch Branch of the New Zealand V.S.C.C., to attend a cocktail party at a magnificent old home set in beautiful grounds that is being preserved by the local council. A very enjoyable evening was had by all. As most of the visitors drove their cars to the site, it was a surprise to me to see the gate post still standing the following morning.

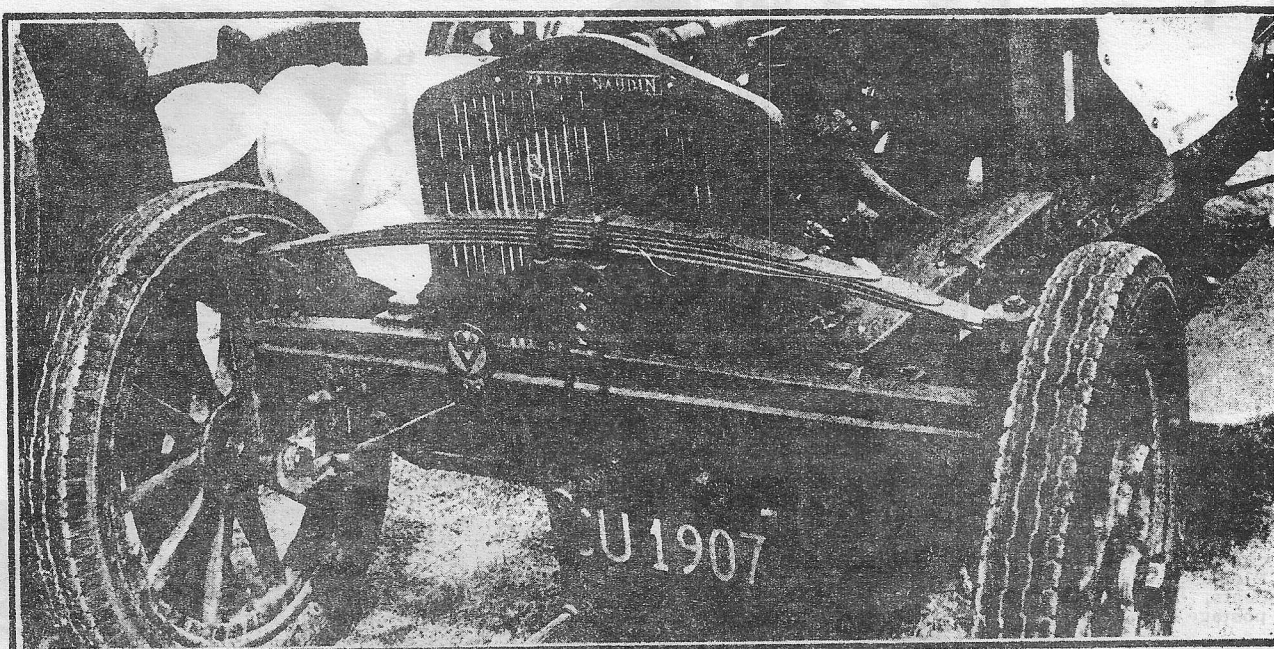
The start of the event coincided with the Christchurch Motor Show so we were requested to put our cars on display. This proved a good means of keeping one's car under cover for a few days.

(Continued on Page 15.....)

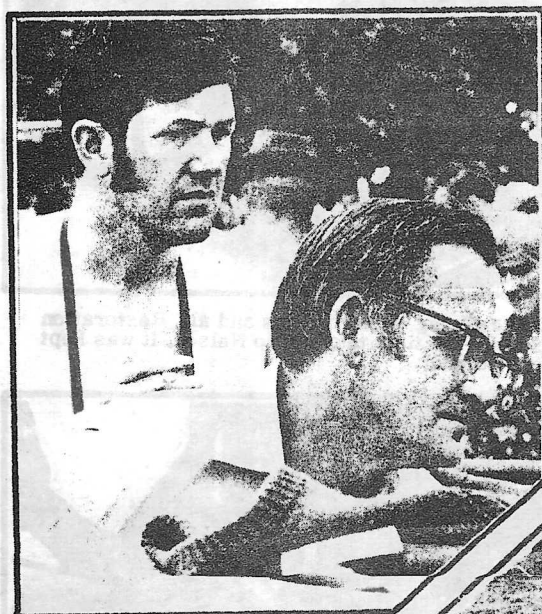
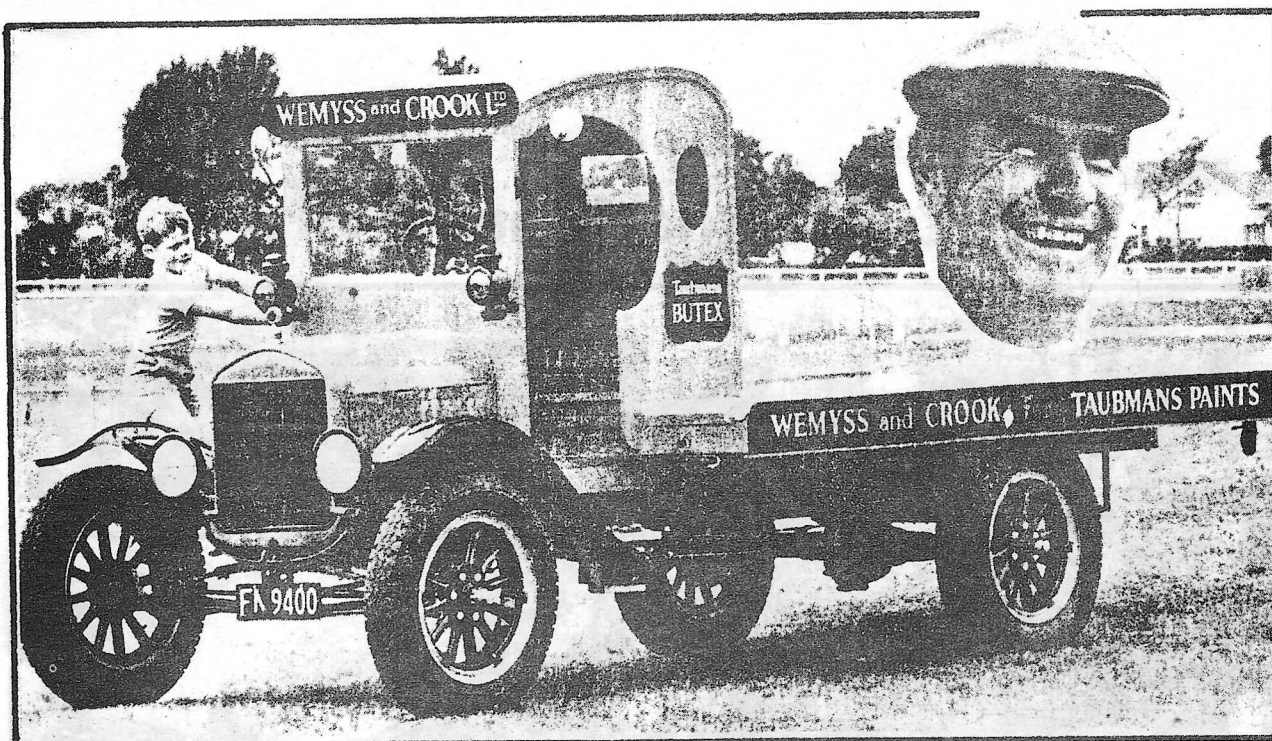
N.Z. International Rally



This Renault truck came from Auckland to Christchurch to start rallying -- hard tyres and all. Restoration was a tremendous job and the owners knew all about hard seats by the time they got to Nelson. It was kept busy giving joy rides from the showgrounds and the move was very popular.



They talk about square motors and independent front suspension being relatively modern. This 1907 Sizaire Naudin has a 120mm bore and stroke and if you look closely you will see the independent springing. It is owned by Mr Bob Turnbull of Christchurch who lost the head from an exhaust valve en route. This car, like most of the early veterans; is a single banger.

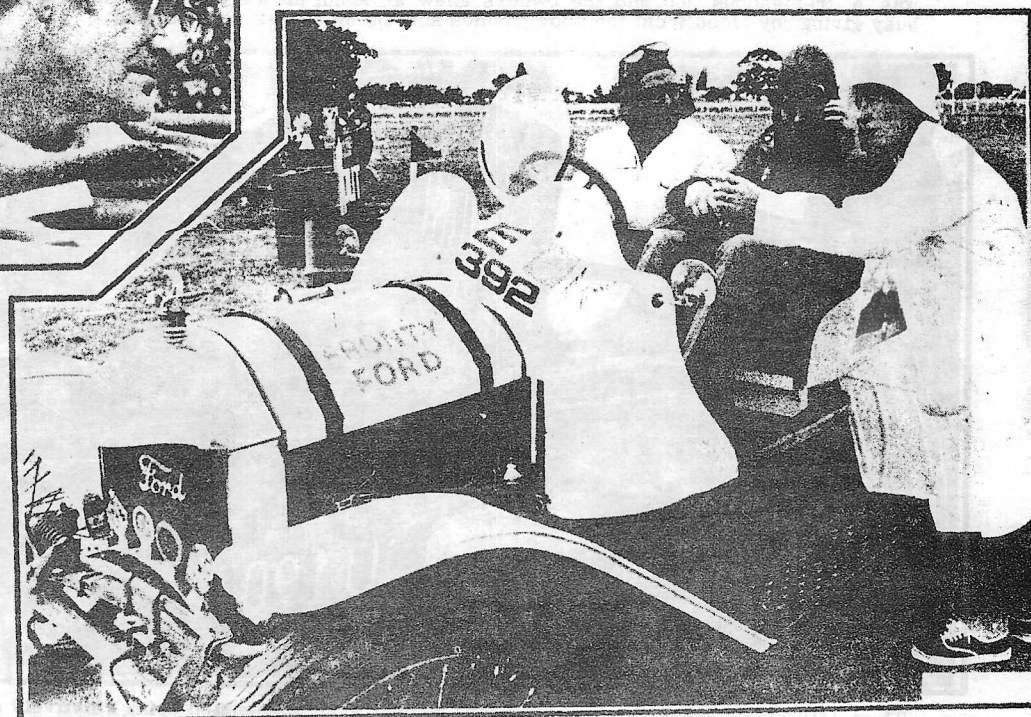


"Hmmmmm".

Immaculate Restoration

Mr Tony Pyne of Blenheim and the Model T truck he brought back to normal life after it had been let go to a state of almost complete decay when its economic life had ended. The firm of Wemyss and Crook Ltd, who originally owned the truck assisted Mr Pyne (inset) with the repainting and the Ford is beautifully finished. It is one more case of vintage car types having far more patience than one could normally expect.

Below: The 1913 Ford Fronty racer of Mr V. Jacobs checks out in Blenheim. Nicknamed "Yellow Terror" the Ford sports many rally badges. Mrs J. Finnie, one of hundreds of volunteer helpers in Nelson and Marlborough, gives Mr Jacobs directions for the next leg.



Reprints from any photos appearing in the Pictorial can be obtained from Marlborough Publications Ltd, Box 86, Blenheim or by calling at Picture Corner, Blenheim. 6 x 4 size 55 cents, 6 x 8 \$1 (includes postage).

New Zealand Rally (G.W. Green) Cont'd.:

Wednesday morning, February 16, dawned fine and warm. On arrival at the start, our first surprise was to learn that there was no baggage wagon; also I found that I was to be the first car away. On looking around, I observed several V.S.C.C.A. members, namely Jack Jeffery, Pip Venables, Jumbo Goddard in his Bentley and Mr. Miller driving Jumbo's 30/98, also Rob Gunnell in his Alvis. Some of the interesting N.Z. cars were a 1913 Maudslay owned by Len Southward and driven by his son, Roy Southward, a Brough Superior, the six litre Hispano saloon of Gavin Bain, several 3 litre, 4½ litre and two 6½ litre Bentleys, a magnificent 30/98 Vauxhall in highly polished aluminium driven by John Southward and a very nice Stutz Black Hawk, a Phantom I Rolls Royce, two Sunbeam tourers and most of the others comprised American A Fords, de Sotos, Dodges, Jewetts, Pages, Nashes, Chryslers and a Flint and sundry others, including Barry Helshams Studebaker.

The starting point was a paddock adjoining the shed housing the Motor Show. At 8 o'clock I was casually informed I had better get going, no flags, no dignitaries to start the event. After finding my way through sundry buildings, ending up in a back street, Dorothy, my wife, who did a good job as navigator, sighted a cop at the end of the street so we headed for him and found we were heading in the right direction.

The first day took us to Mount Cook, some 276 odd miles, quite a pleasant drive with an average speed of 35 m.p.h. This sounds easy. But, N.Z. roads which are pleasantly free of traffic, abound with single lane bridges. They are usually approached by a right angle bend so one has to back off to near zero before proceeding over them. The last thirty miles to Mount Cook is shocking, loose metal, pot holes and narrow with plenty of dust thrown in. Our time of arrival was around 4 p.m., the rest of the field were not all in until about 6.30 p.m.

The following morning, 6 a.m. breakfast, with a 7 a.m. start. This did not make overseas visitors happy; they were anxious to stay a day and have a look at the scenery. Our next overnight stop was Franz Josef, some 318 miles which included 200 miles of what the N.Z. boys call "shale". My description is rough, unsealed, dusty roads. Speeds were still 35 m.p.h. and with something like about 35 single lane bridges. We passed over mountains and through gorges, but managed to maintain the average and lose no points, but I was driving the Hispano at 50-55 all the time. We were first car in again at Franz Josef, and linked up with starters from Timaru who also stayed a night at this point.

We started to learn of casualties - Jumbo Goddard's 30/98 driven by Mr. Miller picked on a rock as big as a house damaging the car and shaking up the crew, one of the 4½ litre Bentleys removed a front mudguard and running board, an Essex and a few A Fords and a Dodge ran big ends. Roy Southward in the Maudslay had tyre trouble and the dust seized a king pin making the car almost impossible to steer. He arrived at 8.30 with acetylene lights burning.

The following day saw the Timaru field away about 8-9.30 a.m. We were due to start at 1 p.m. We had an early lunch and set off for Greymouth, average speed 33 m.p.h., a distance of about 114 miles. We had to put up with a short section of shale and plenty of one lane bridges and then, pleasant motoring. No trouble with the car, but overdid it a little and got caught on a sneaky control a little bit early.

(Continued on Page 16....

The following morning we were on the job again, 9 a.m. start for Blenheim, 220 odd miles, average speed 33. My wife started to ask if we had come to N.Z. for a holiday or a Redex trial; we were both getting fed up with the dusty roads. This section which skirted the west coast enabled us to see some very fine scenery, but little chance to stop and view it.

The next day was a short run starting at 9 a.m. from Blenheim to Nelson via Picton, about 90 miles. The scenery looking over Picton via the Princess Charlotte Drive is magnificent and is something no one should miss when visiting the south island of N.Z. We arrived at the final control at Nelson just after midday; cars were starting to stream in from all the various other starting points. We had to compete in three sub-events, we were then free to proceed to our accommodation.

I might mention, at this point, that all the midday meals during the event to this point had been excellent. A big contrast to the conditions in the 1965 event.

On leaving the Richmond headquarters which are situated eight miles out of Nelson, we proceeded to our accommodation which was described as a "4 star motel". On visiting it, we found this comprised a small bedroom with one double bed (it had a decided sag in the middle with a lumpy mattress) with an adjoining do-it-yourself kitchen which we had to share with another couple who had an adjoining bedroom, and we had to walk along a long passageway to share conveniences. Dorothy said "we are going back to Sydney". I agreed, having asked for first-class accommodation. We immediately drove back to Richmond headquarters, and I found everybody seemed unhappy with their accommodation. I kicked up a hell of a noise, pointing out in their regulations which specified overseas entrants were to receive priority on a first-come first-served basis. As I was number three entrant in the event, I was not going to put up with the wrong end of the pineapple for accommodation. After everyone simmered down, we ended up with quite reasonable accommodation in the Nelson Hotel. In my opinion, accommodation offered to some of the U.K. and U.S.A. entrants was nothing short of a disgrace. This is the price that the V.S.C.C. of N.Z. has to pay for passing all accommodation over to the professionals who treated all entrants like a mob of sheep, priorities were obviously not considered.

Some entrants were as far as thirty miles out of Nelson, one of these being Bob Pritchett who was F.I.V.A.'s observer for the event, and he had to attend meetings in Nelson; not much thought was applied in his case.

Nelson itself is a pleasant seaside holiday resort, but was not capable of housing satisfactorily the crews and officials of some 700-odd cars. We now had to pass nine days with nothing official organized for at least seven days. The local P.R. officer put on a special South Sea Island Festival night at \$6.00 a head, held in a large camping area. There was some crude entertainment with plenty of apple jack, a white plonk with a kick like a mule. When the gong rang for the food, I have seen animals behave better than the free-for-all that took place; some of the overseas visitors got nothing to eat. It was the dearest six dollar feed I have ever had in my life. Several groups organized one-make car outings to fill in the time, others went on b.b.q. picnics, while others got tired of nothing do do and I would say some one hundred entrants, including New Zealanders and a fair sprinkling of Australians, took off and left the event to go sight-seeing or return home. One American couple left for Hawaii.

(Continued on Page 17.....)

On Saturday and Sunday, 26th and 27th February, the Le Mans event took place. This meant that one had to drive seventy miles to Blenheim over a mountain pass. It was a closed, sealed road, circuit of 7 miles with a 3½ mile straight, event due to start a noon on Saturday, finishing noon Sunday. There were eleven teams, the object being that the team that completed the most laps was the winner. At 1.214 p.m. the starter's flag fell and ten cars and one motor cycle parked at the side of the road so eleven drivers wearing sashes, dashed across the road to get their cars and bikes away in the approved Le Mans start. No crash hats! No seat belts! The course itself was well marked and hay bales were erected at all the difficult corners; marshalls posted around the course were in radio communication with the controller of the event at all times. A very well-organized exercise.

The first batch of cars comprised mostly Bentleys and a 1926, type 35, Bugatti driven by Hamish Moffatt from U.K. They had to cover three laps each; the first to show up on lap one was the Bugatti with a lap speed of 80 m.p.h., followed by a string of Bentleys. Each car was given a minimum lap time, one had to achieve this to save any loss of points on the competitive side of the event. There was no penalty for reducing your lap time, but you helped your team's prospects by doing so.

The team I was in was headed by Hamish Moffatt's 35 Bug; it was first to complete three laps. As I was the second car on, I collected his sash and proceed to the entrance gate and was allowed on when the road was clear. My official time was 10.1 for the circuit which represented 45.3 m.p.h. As I had no intention of overdriving the Hispano, I kept the revs at 1850 which is over 60 m.p.h. My first lap was 9.2, 2nd and 3rd around 8.7. After the first lap I found I could go through the mild esses at full chat.

One spectacle I will always remember was overtaking a 1900 Locomobile steamer. The driver was lying down prone, steam issuing from every point, and he must have been making 35 m.p.h. Fast cars were called on to do three laps, not so fast two laps, and oldies one lap.

George Roberts in the Prince Henry was one of the finishing cars round noon on Sunday, and was in another team who were the ultimate winners. He gave the New Zealand boys a shock, reaching in excess of 70 m.p.h. down the straight. Not bad for a 1914 motor car.

One of the Bentleys blew a piston, several Americans boiled dry and cracked heads and blocks and ran big ends. George Harris of Sydney overdid it in his 1922 Rolls Royce Ghost and scattered hay bales on one of the corners, but suffered no ill effects. Vic Jacobs in the Fronty found he had no brakes at the end and overshot the entrance to the finishing paddock. Pip Venables stretched the con rods in the Crossley as they had never been stretched before. An Austin 7 flipped, was turned back on its wheels and proceeded on. It was a Great pity to see Frank Wetton with his Brescia Bugatti being unable to participate as he had the misfortune to break a crankshaft during the drive to Nelson.

I feel all thoroughly enjoyed this event, but the catering and amenities on the site were very poor.

On Tuesday, 29th, midday, we proceeded to Richmond Showground where the presentations were handed out. N.Z. took all bar two trophies, outright winner going to a South Australian and a beautifully restored H.R.G.,

(Continued on Page 18.....)

but as it was a 1939 vintage, it was not eligible for the F.I.V.A. trophy, so he could only receive a gold plaque. The other was Bayard Sheldon of U.S.A., who attended our 1970 International Rally in a Napier. He drove his 1904 Maxwell in the N.Z. event. As the car was feeling the strain, he drove up in a horse and dray to collect his gong.

On Tuesday evening, the Final Dinner was held in the largest airport hangar at the Nelson Airport. It was a very pleasant evening, with plenty of food and drink. The p.a. system was just about useless, several speakers had their say, but I am afraid I did not hear a word. So ended a memorable rally, marred, in my opinion, by the number of entrants being too great for N.Z. to handle, the lack of opportunity for overseas visitors to sight-see at stop over points and far too long a stay in Nelson which, at best, is only a glorified Woy Woy.

* * * * *

THE 13TH INTERNATIONAL RALLY IN NEW ZEALAND, AS SEEN
THRU' THE MONOCLE OF A FRONTY FORD

- VICTOR JACOBS

Please note that these are some of my jottings along the way of things that happened to our Sydney members as I saw them - unfortunately, I have missed some well-known members who were on different routes but I hope they can contribute to the SPIT AND POLISH independently.

Unfortunately, because of a court case, I could not commence the Rally from Invercargill on the Wednesday, so I had to ask Bill Trollope, Snr., to drive my car from Invercargill to Christchurch. As his son Bill was also on the Rally, he drove their little 2-cylinder Renault. I had typed out a 15 paragraph, itemised list of exactly how to start the car to make it easy for him, but unfortunately, it said to turn the ignition switch to the driver's side instead of the passenger's side. Bill did everything perfectly but no matter what he did, he couldn't start the car until he tracked the problem down and finally got the car going. When I arrived in Christchurch on the Friday, I was so delighted to see the Fronty driving behind the Renault at 12 m.p.h. (the slowest speed the Fronty has ever been driven in its life), I could have shouted with joy. The car arrived in perfect condition. Bill got out of the car, came up, shook my hand and said "Vic, there is the car, its in good condition but I'm sorry, I've lost you 4,000 points." This was the first time I had ever started a Rally 4,000 points behind! Undismayed, I continued for the next three days of the Rally and lost a further 5,000 points, to perhaps be the last of 750 entrants. My main trouble was that there were too many pubs along the way!

My first luncheon spot, which consisted of 12 middies, was a little town called Cheviot, just north of Christchurch. I was supposed to be off at 8.45 a.m., but didn't leave till 1 o'clock, as my navigator and I, with a couple of locals, spent a very pleasant 4 hours flying around the city of Christchurch in a Cessna 172 and driving in a famous N.Z. jet boat. What an experience that was! When we got to Cheviot all the cars had pulled up for lunch and driven on. No food left, so into the pub and the local boys wouldn't let us go. They all said that I'd never get over the big mountain range outside the town in top gear, as no modern car had ever done it and as each middy went down the hatch, bets of cans of beer were taken freely.

(Continued on Page 19.....)

I arrived at the next town still wondering where the mountain was, as at no stage did I get out of overdrive and after sending the hotel licensee a card notifying him of the result, I got a shock to find 1 dozen cans of beer delivered to my hotel several days later. That was the type of hospitality we received from the New Zealanders right along the way. Incidentally, I'm not boasting, but I drove right through New Zealand from the south to the north island and never changed out of overdrive on one hill. If there are any other bets from the Sydney members I am willing to take on all comers.

Bill Trollope, senior and junior, should get a medal. They drove their little 2-cylinder Renault from Invercargill, which is in the extreme south of the south island, to Auckland, which is practically the north of the north island, and covered over 1,750 miles without one hitch - and did it all at round about 15 to 20 m.p.h. This was a first-class effort.

Whilst I am talking about gold medals, perhaps one should go to Jim and Moira Eisenhauer. They bought the 1913 FN Tourer from Darryl Cawthorn three weeks before the cars were shipped from Sydney, without any previous knowledge of the mechanical condition of the car. They too, travelled 1,750 miles and except for doing a main bearing and having to strip the motor down and work all night to fix it up and for a couple of punctures (can you imagine a bloke being stupid enough not to carry a new tube on such a run) they completed the journey in top condition.

Stan Rumble was lucky enough to be booked in to a little country hotel at Richmond, outside of Nelson. Need I say that he was the undisputed beer drinker of the hotel and took on all locals.

Neill Martin drove "Henrietta", my 1912 T Model Tourer and started from Auckland then worked his way down to Nelson on the south island. I may not have the facts right, but I believe his navigator wife Lyn, got him lost in a big pine tree forest on the north island. We all know that pine forests are one of the biggest industries in N.Z., so you can well imagine how big they are. After driving in and out of trees for half an hour, he found it was impossible to get out because he was completely closed in by barbed wire fences. Undeterred and worrying about the amount of points he was losing, he solved the problem easily. Out came a pair of wire cutters and snip went the fence and out on to the main road - don't really think that is an ethical thing for a visiting Australian to do to a big pine forest in N.Z.

The V.C. and the Croix de Guerre should go to Jan Coulcher - forget her husband Rolly - she rode a motor bike from Invercargill to Auckland also, which was roundabout 1700 odd miles. Some days they had over 100 miles to travel and that certainly takes a lot of hard work. However, she had her moments of relaxation, as I struck her at Nelson where a big barbecue was held which catered for over 1,500 people. The price of entry included free champagne and smorgasbord, which commenced at 7 p.m. We met up at 7.07 and she was already on her fifth glass, and boy she had a glow on her that made a case of tomatoes look sick - she certainly made sure she got her money's worth.

My navigator on the Rally was a chap called Jock Simpson, who is a solicitor from Double Bay. I thought he would be a good navigator, as he was a wartime navigator on the bombers over Berlin. I found him the worst navigator I've ever had in my life! So much so that in the Rally Daily Newspaper I inserted the following advertisement:

"SWAP hopeless male navigator, 40, good looking, friendly

(Cont'd. on Page 20.....)

"wealthy, for a female navigator, 30-35, blonde, brunette, redhead - no need to know directions. Must be single, unattached or married providing husband in Russia, America, England or other faraway country. See Car 392, Fronty Ford, Vic. Jacobs driver. References essential."

I received 127 replies in quick time - not going to tell you what happened.

However, Jock had to go back to his practice in Sydney once the Rally finished, so Jim Eisenhower, Bill Trollope and I conducted our own rally up the north island to Auckland. I thought Jock was a crook navigator, but boy, you should see Jim. The cars drove off the boat at Wellington from the south island and Jim said "Follow me - I'll take you to the motel" which was only 4½ minutes away. 45 minutes later, after a complete Cooks Tour of Wellington, we arrived at the motel, traversing right through the peak hour traffic. My confidence in Jim went right down to zero.

Talking about Jim as a navigator, must tell you the one to top them all off. We pulled up one afternoon at a little pub about 50 miles away from a town called Taihape, which was scheduled to be our overnight stop. After a few drinks Jim set sail for Taihape and I carried on playing pool and drinking with the locals, as I knew I could catch him up very quickly. I had his 14-year old son, Brett, with me. We pushed the Fronty along, knowing that Jim was in front of us and that we would eventually catch him up but as we went over each hill there was no Jim. I knew that his wife, Moira, was also navigating but of course Jim over-rules everybody. As the miles went by, the sun set deeper and deeper, until we arrived in Taihape around 7 o'clock at night in near darkness. I drove up and down the town but no Jim. He was in front of us all the way, so therefore should have been in the town. I asked the locals but nobody had even seen him. Then bumped into Bill Trollope having a ten-course meal at the best hotel in town and he said "No Jim". By a quarter past eight at night I was starting to get worried as we had come through very mountainous country and thought he must have run off the road and taken poor Moira with him. I was not worried about them but was worried because Jim had all the money! It got to the stage when I thought there was only one thing to do and that was go to the police. After telling them of the position the Police Sergeant picked up his radio and started to radio all the towns within 100 mile radius, saying "Calling all stations we have lost a veteran car and two passengers. Has anyone seen a 1913 FN Tourer!!!!!"etc. etc. The first four stations said no, the fifth said they had seen an old red car that looked like a big truck, driving across paddocks trying to find the main road. We then started to track them down and after a few more calls from towns further on, knew that he must be on the road to Taihape. Five minutes later, in drives Jim. You know what he did - he drove up the coast road instead of taking the inland road. That's what I call navigation, and poor Moira got the blame.

In Nelson the meal arrangements were very poor. Just imagine 750 car entrants, which is equivalent to over 2,000 people, in a town which I don't think even one in Australia could take on comfortably. Unknown to us when we made our entries, the organisers had taken over a big hall and obtained some local catering service to supply the meals. This was real army style accommodation with rows and rows of tables with people dishing out the food as you waited in the queue. Some of us had to come 4 or 5 miles for breakfast and dinner at night - it was a shock for everyone. The place quickly

(Continued on Page 21.....)

became known as Stalag 13 and we all became known as Hogan's Heroes. However, the one compensating feature was that it did give us an opportunity of talking to all our friends as there would have been four or five hundred people eating under these conditions.

Another one who should get the D.C.M., D.F.C. and bar would be Pam Roberts. We all know how sick Pam has been over the past few years and when I bumped into George and her at Nelson, she had that bright happiness about her which she engenders with everyone with whom she comes in contact. Even though they did 300 miles in one day, she stood up to it very well and enjoyed the trip immensely.

I questioned someone as to whether they had seen George Green and George Roberts who were travelling in much faster cars than our own veterans and the reply I received was "Every time I saw them they whizzed past at high speed and all I saw was a big cloud of dust as they made for their next control point".

The Bill Trollopes in their little Renault had trouble with their gravity feed in going up some of the hills. Young Bill was pushed out on these mountainous climbs and as the Renault was so light, you'd see him lifting up the back of the car to keep the equilibrium right so that the petrol would get through. I wonder how many miles he walked uphill holding the back of the car.

Saw Don Steer in Nelson on the first night I arrived, running around in a panic because he couldn't find young son Ian. They were on two different routes and Ian was supposed to come in that night. It seems that Ian, away from his father's care, got mixed up with some nice dairy maid viewing the cars that come along the road. The cost, 2,000 points.

Bumped into David Manhart quite a few times, who certainly seemed to be at home in his native New Zealand - he promised to buy me a drink and I'm still waiting for it, so I may have the opportunity of catching up in Australia.

The Fronty Ford got a mention in the Daily Rally paper, as follows: "Car with exposed motor and no bonnet apprehended by police and charged with indecent exposure. Entry 392, the Fronty Ford, with its musical equipment and lack of body could nearly be called indecent."

Well, the above are some of the sidelights from the Rally. Perhaps they had a few organisational problems over there, but all in all everybody had a grand time and I came back to Sydney confident that what I did was right in going to N.Z., as the run was certainly a very happy one. Goodbye now.

* * * * *

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

FOR SALE (OR SWAP):

1910 Cadillac rear end (no hubs)
 " " gearbox & torque tube
 Also front axle, 3/4 chassis & some
 guard parts for patterns
 1 BIC sidelight; 1 H & B sidelight
 37 Dodge Grill & instruments
 2 Whippet wheels & tyres complete
 1 '32 Chrysler rear end

WANTED:

Parts for 1910 model 20 Hupp, mainly
 chassis, front end & engine parts
 Breeze Carburettor
 4 - 875 x 105 wheels & rims suit 1916
 model N Hupp
 1 Gearbox (cast iron) suit 1917 Model
 N Hupp
 Any literature on Hupmobiles

CONTACT: B.T. THEW, 62A Spurway Street, Ermington. 2115