



Spit and Polish

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

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Hon. Editor and Editorial Address—
Dr. GEOFFREY LEHMANN,
66 Pacific Highway,
St. Leonards. Phone: 43-6363

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EDITORIAL

I am hoping that 1966 will be a mighty year for the pen, and that members will be keen contributors to SPIT AND POLISH.

For the most part the rule will apply that material must be received two weeks before the meeting date, in other words, during the second week of the month. A certain amount of time is necessary, if copy is received late it is sometimes difficult to manage.

I will be grateful if you can keep this in mind. I would also appreciate it if "Wanted" and "For Sale" ads. are fully written out as clearly as possible.

- EDITOR

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MEETING NOTICE

The January meeting will be held on THURSDAY, 27TH, at 8 p.m. at the Amoco Training Centre, Willoughby Road, Crows Nest.

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OUR PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Owing to some strange wog that put me out of circulation for the past two months, I was not fit enough to say a few words in the Xmas issue of SPIT AND POLISH. Firstly I would like to thank all those Club members who so kindly enquired after me and those that sent "get well" messages.

I look forward to seeing you all at our next Club meeting. Well, we have left 1965 behind and I am sure that all those that participated in the Club outings and activities have thoroughly enjoyed themselves. 1966 has plenty to offer besides our own calendar events. Victoria are putting on a most interesting Alpine Rally over the Anzac weekend April 23rd, 24th and 25th, starting at Wangaratta and covering some of the best scenery of Victoria's southern Alps. It is to be run on similar lines to the New Zealand National Rally, let us see some N.S.W. cars support this event. It is also proposed to arrange transport for cars and crews per the "ORONSAY" sailing Sydney, Sunday 13th November, 1966, arriving Adelaide Wednesday, 16th to participate in the S.A. Barossa Valley Rally on 19th and 20th of November, then return by road in convoy.

We also have the Easter rally to Canberra, the V.C.C.A. branch there excels in hospitality; you will have a very enjoyable time. Let us see our Club well represented.

In conclusion let us support our own events committee who work very hard to try and put on events of interest to all. Now, what about turning up in force? We have been missing a lot of cars and faces recently - get the cobwebs out of those exhaust pipes!

Wishing you all a prosperous 1966, with safe and pleasant veteran motoring.

- GEORGE W. GREEN

1966 AND ALL THAT

This being the beginning of another year - or at least somewhere near the beginning - one is supposed to say something original and stimulating. I doubt if any of this is original or stimulating. As our business is Veteran Cars - their recovery, preservation and restoration - I will confine my remarks to this topic.

Most of you would be aware by this that the Veteran Car has very limited opportunities of reproduction - some would even deny that they have any ability this way at all. However considerable research, which so far has not been recorded in respectable literature, shows that unduly rigid ideas in this sphere sometimes fail to provide the answer as to why a heap of junk that was once the grave of say three Veteran Cars, may ultimately see four or even five restored vehicles developing. It is sometimes suspect that chromosomes may be contributed by the G.M.-H. or V.W. factors. (There is no doubt that the temperature must be rigidly controlled according to the seasons.) Moisture content is more variable - and indeed the type of moisture has shown considerable complexity, moisture detected is usually of a complex organic variety, but again there seems to be a close conformity with readily available liquids easily purchased in most suburbs.

Lastly, whilst still on the subject of the reproduction of Veteran Cars, no evidence has been found to suggest that any form of artificial control should be used. It seems that everyone interested in Veteran Cars should be prepared to expect the occasional expansion. This is nothing like that other bother we have with the population explosion.

Accommodation then is our next consideration. How can we make enough room for this gradual increase? Over the last few years a lot of work has been done in this field, and almost in every case several approaches must be made simultaneously. It has already been inferred that it is no use giving your Veteran Cars the "Pill" - the thing to do is to take the things yourself (or better still, give them to your wife.) This way you can stop unexpected happenings that could seriously embarrass the accommodation situation.

Now, if you already have say a 3-bedroom house with one garage, one thing you can do is get double doors fitted to one bedroom. You then have 2 garages and 2 bedrooms - a much more balanced numerical relationship. (If any of you doubt the mathematics and physics involved in this deduction, I would like to refer you to the next series of Lectures by Prof. Sumner-Miller - he always tells you "Why is it so?"). An advantage of this approach is that it can usually be repeated several times.

Some of the more primitive type have used excavation under their houses to answer the accommodation problem. This, of course, has limitations, you could easily end up burying yourself, your house or your Veteran Cars. It is obvious that interference with foundations could lead to exposure of certain weaknesses in the house, and you may soon have a very irate wife who has to be given urgent priority.

Another approach seems to have some promise, according to the most recent T.V. documentaries, it is possible to get some chemical that when administered to human beings, makes them reduce to the size of mice. This could be quite useful - and the stuff is harmless to Veteran Cars. At this stage production is limited and the substance is not likely to be available to members in 1966 so they will have to resort to the more ordinary methods mentioned earlier in this article.

Finally, I would like to wish you all the best. If you seek diligently to find any information appropriate to the defined limits of the subject, I would be grateful if you would let me know.

"The Editor,
Spit and Polish.

Dear Sir:

Are you able to advise me whether or not there exists a psychologist who is able to determine just what causes some minds to lean towards old vehicles, and what corrective action can be taken in such cases? The Club is in a reasonably sound position, and I feel could easily support a full-time psychologist. In order to assist towards this end, I am prepared to dispose of my many trophies, and, with the proceeds, to purchase on the Club's behalf the couch which the proposed dignitary would require. The value of the aforesaid trophies may be gauged by a glance at the nature of the awards, namely - Outright Last Arrival at Katoomba (this excludes 'No Arrival'), Dirtiest Hands, Greatest Number of Stops per Mile, Greatest Number of Dismantling of Parts Necessary for Mobility, Greatest Number of Controls Missed by Effluxion of Time, and, of course, Most Untidy Vehicle (in which I take no pride!)

However, after some years under the spell of the Veteran Movement, and following on many observations of behaviour, I am convinced that many of the vehicles themselves are caught under a spell, which, seen in its best light, is conducive to mental collapse of some members. Take my vehicle, for instance.

I appeared at Alexandria on a Sunday for Registration Inspection, and en route home I was aware of an untoward rattle at the near rear corner. A shock absorber was suspected, and proved to be the culprit. However, five evenings and a Saturday were spent, under trying conditions and with implements of unsatisfactory mechanical 'make do', in disassembling, working on, and reassembling the said offending absorber (a pair of coil springs encased in two tubes) until finally the status quo was achieved. So on the Sunday morning - to a photo finish - work was started at 0500 hours to prepare for the much desired Revive Tour. And here is my point about the psychic ability of these apparently guileless terrors! No. 2 Compound wouldn't melt in their combustion chambers!! Some excessive leaking was spied at the lower hose connection where it joins the radiator. The space which was allotted in the design of the vehicle, and the type of water pump fitted, combined with the apparent bulk of my hands, make it about as easy to fix a water leak as to raise an umbrella in the engine compartment. However, following upon the consumption of a much needed $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours of time, and the exceeding of a few tankfuls of impatience, a satisfactory stage was reached. Then the drive out, (always a challenge, and more or less of an obstacle race) onto the lawn for the usual SPIT AND POLISH session. Eventually, at 1300 hours, with my lunch aboard, I set out for the spot marked X, which was somewhere round the region of Brighton le Sands. Down the street, across the railway line, onto the main concourse of a service station (no plugs!), where spirit was obtained.

A distance of approx. 220 yards had now been covered. Started up, no trouble at all! Ejector seat hydraulics working perfectly!! Off the concourse, right wheel, pass the hotel on the left beam, just past their drive-in bottle department, and a sudden, noiseless engine death! What now? Magneto loose on its base? Collector carbon broken? Breaker points collapsed? No!! Not as easy as that! The breaker arm spring had snapped in two places! Here was a nice set-up! Improvisation was the only thing. I made a decision that a spring serving a similar purpose in a battery and coil system might be adaptable. Rolled the Besa back till she was outside the hotel, and walked up the hill to home and my personal collection of odd pieces and things, found what I wanted, took a small vyce and odd small screws etc., hacksaw, files, returned to the car, worked on adapting a spring by controlled brute force, and at 1430 hours had driven back home again! So, at 1500 hours I was sitting at home - having my lunch! So much for the Brighton Run - as far as I was concerned!! Can any psychologist explain to me how the 'minds' of these vehicles work? That spring had been in use for as long as I have had the vehicle, and over the years, must have seen many odd parts of the view between Centennial Park and Katoomba (during break-down sessions) yet it picks on this time to carry out its own form of subdivision. But, as I see it, far better to have broken where it did, than halfway across the Harbour Bridge or in the middle of George Street.

Er, pardon me! Must consult the Club Calendar!! Don't want my appointments with the psychologist to clash with club events.

Yours,

JIM SIMPSON.

36 Hillview Road, Eastwood.

28. 12. 1965."

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BRONK'S MOTOR MUSEUM - AND SOUVENIR SHOP - at 17 Military Rd., Watsons Bay, 37/0396

A new Motor Museum was opened recently by Ben Bronk and is situated at Watson's Bay, Sydney. The Museum has on display about 20 Veteran, Vintage and classic vehicles.

The rather impressive building was built in 1905 for the Vaucluse Town Hall and later became a picture theatre, and although in rather a sad state of repair when purchased by Ben, soon showed promise, and after gallons and gallons of paint and much repair work, a dream was realized.

The exhibits include some on loan from other enthusiasts, and are 1908 De Dion, 1909 International Buggy, 1905 single-cylinder Jackson and a 1930 8-cylinder Packard. There are also two vintage fire engines, some motor bikes and a 1869 Boneshaker. There is also a collection of radiators displayed on the stairs and in the main hall, whilst a huge cylindrical Phonograph and a Victorian Music Box provide background music.

The foyer has a souvenir shop for tourists and also a large selection of car models of old timers and yesteryear.

The Museum being in quite a prominent position and near the famous (or rather infamous!) Gap, attracts quite a few visitors both interstate and overseas, and as it opens daily Ben should combine business with the greatest of pleasure -- the restoration of motor vehicles.

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CHRISTMAS DINNER

Well, our Christmas Dinner is over once again. By the lovely words our Ken gave me I think it was a great success.

I would like to thank you all for making it easy for me to make arrangements for the night by your response for tickets and sending your cheques along. We didn't make a great amount but at least we came out on top.

Thanks to our M.C. and Father Christmas for keeping the ball rolling. I do hope you will help me again with our next event - our Ball in April and make my Social Secretary job easy for me and at the same time keep our social life going.

Lucky Door Prizes - ladies - Mrs. Leah Foy
men's - Mr. Jack Dance

Biggest number of tickets sold - Ross Marshall

130 members and friends attended.

Wishing one and all a very Happy New Year.

Hilda Sheen,
Social Secretary.

DATES TO REMEMBER 1966

FEBRUARY 20TH

Sunday. Concourse Judging with Ladies' Day and Children's Day.

MARCH 19TH & 20TH

Blue Mountains Rally

APRIL 8TH, 9TH, 10TH
& 11TH

Canberra Rally

HANDICAP POINTS SCORE

A. Foy	40
J. Vanstone	0
K. Lober	50
A. Rose Bray	50
J. Jeffery	30
F. Nisson	10
M. & L. Yabsley	40

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REVIVE TOUR DECEMBER 12TH, 1965

Starting point under Harbour Bridge south side. 22 cars and crews arrived at the start and were sent on their merry way by Len Sheen to first control point at South Head, manned by Barry Centwell, who gave them the next control at Bondi Beach, which was manned by Peter Kable, and then sent on their way to Brighton Control, manned by John Naylor. The last control was at Oatley Park where they were met by Jan Sykes with Arthur Garthon at the parking and lunch stop.

Total distance on Tour 32 miles.

The Outright Winner of the Bugatti Whisky Decanter, donated by Alex Mildren Pty. Ltd., Jaguar and Daimler Agents of Pacific Highway, Pymble, was Jack Dance in the Talbot with Alec McLeod and Reg Jones a tie for second, each received a Christmas Cake Pack.

The following Cars and Crews attended:

S. Hall	Minerva 1913	R. Jones	Oakland 1913
J. Cooper	Renault 1909	D. Cawthorne	Austin 1913
J. Cooper	Renault 1911	L. Diemel	Maxwell 1909
L. Parry	Ford 1915	A. Rowe	Fiat 1910
F. Russell	Hupmobile 1914	D. South	Overland 1912
B. Spraggon	Renault 1908	V. Jacobs	Ford 1912
C. Parker	Martini 1911	J. Godfrey	Ford 1918
D. Pearce	Benz 1911	G. Daley	F.N. 1908
L. Sykes	Humberette 1913	F. Nissen	Humber 1906
A. McLeod	Star 1912	J. Vanstone	Metallurgique
J. Dance	Talbot 1911	B. Hardman	Oakland 1914
A. Garthon	Delahaye 1914	L. Sheen	Humber 1912

Events Committee:

L. Sheen
A. Garthon
J. Naylor

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W A N T E D

- 1 complete, or nearly so, 1912 Ford Model T Engine and Gearbox.
- 1 Radiator for 1913 American "Regal".
- 2 Rear Springs for 1913 American "Regal".

- R.A. PETERSEN, 5 View Street,
Lidsdale.

WANTED ALL STATES

Dash Board, Horn, fitting Austin 1911.

- G. LEHMANN,
66 Pacific Highway, Crows Nest, N.S.W.

COLT cap and ball pistol or accessories to exchange for Talbot parts.

- T. MC MANAMNY,
28A William St., Frankston, Vic.

WIRE WHEELS suitable for FORD T. Will exchange Ford brass radiator if necessary.

- MALCOLM GRANT,
4 Main Street, Mornington, Vic.

CARBURETTOR, water heated intake manifold and O-2 P.S.I. fuel press. gauge to suit 1913 16 h.p. Minerva.

- L. CHAPMAN,
Kongwak, Vic.

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REVS. AND BACKFIRES

By Len Masser

Seems yers and yers since I took pen in hand and let my good thoughts flow out to the proletariat, so first of all let's be very trite and wish you one and all a happy new year, although taking a glance at last year's road toll, it won't be so happy for some people, so whether we drive les antiques or avant garde masses of chrome, let's drive safely. After delivering this little homily I can now settle down to give you the lowdown on what cooks around and about.

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Spent the Christmas hols. at Kempsey with my very good friends the Yabsleys and found that cigar-chomping, gravel-voiced customer in the throes of finishing an enormous swimming pool. Talk about bigger and better pools - the damn thing is larger than my house and to see Edward's cadaverous skull poking up in the centre of the pool offering such quips as "I wonder what the poor are doing today?" is really an experience. I'm afraid his veterans take second place at the moment but he will bloom again at the Mountain Rally in March, I guess.

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Dropped in on Bob Newman on the way north on Christmas Day and you won't believe it when I tell you! There he was, in his best bib and tucker, on his way to church. I promptly had a fit of the vapours, and after feeling his pulse and taking his temperature, I came to the conclusion that he was all right. Of course, I had to have a sticky at his workshop and saw another Talbot on the way up and being done with the usual Newman thoroughness. My earnest hope is that Bob hasn't "got religion" and doesn't forsake his veterans for the back-to-front collar. I dunno, tho', I don't think he's the type.

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We have done quite a few inspections for registration and were thankful to Vic. Jacobs for the use of his place on Botany Road. It had been a washout at Lane Cove but we got in a few at the start of the Brighton Run, but still not as many as we expected. That redoubtable character, Jock McGowen, turned up with his usual smug look, so you will be happy to know that after an intensive search I found a missing split pin. Many vehement protestations on the part of the McGowen person, but I guess this heinous crime has been rectified by now. That great lump of grey iron belonging to Reg. Jones is another one that is hard to fault, but I have got a rough idea that "smilin' Reg" conned me out of a few minor things I pointed out. One 'orrible little red Austin wanted a number of things done, but no matter how we insulted the owner, he came up grinning. That hardy perennial, Jimmy Simpson, was there with the "Beeza" and it had the hood up. Now what good that does in either rain or sunshine I'll never know. Another glad sight was to see the big 6 Renault of Stan Rumble's loom over the horizon. I dunno why, but the combination of Stan and that battle cruiser always reminds me of the Munsters of telly fame.

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The Christmas Dinner was a wow! and the effort by Hilda Sheen as Social Sec. in her first big test was a smasher. George Sevenoaks donated cigarettes for all the tables (must have sold a Rolls recently) but was reimbursed by winning a bottle of Scotch with the Lucky Number. That old smoothy, Sep. Hall, showed up, probably looking for briefs from the criminal class, but as there were not too many with records there he didn't do so good. By the end of the night some of the faces were slightly inflamed with the demon drink but by and large it was a terrific night, so be in it next year, customers!

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SICK LIST DEPT.

Our revered Fuhrer, George Green, is now on the mend. He has certainly had a bashing over the last couple of months and was confined to the cot for some time. When George keeps out of the garage he is really sick but he tells me he is just about back to his usual 40%.

Another casualty on the list was George Roberts. He had some sort of a virus which likewise confined him to bed. Talking to him on the 'phone he sounded as though his head was stuffed with cotton wool. I bet that old snoz. of his, at no time a petite little thing, was like a glowing beacon in the night. The Qantas jets are still flying, but you'd better get back soon, George, or the Company will fall flat on its puss.

Larry Leresche is out of hospital and back home but is far from well. All the best, Larry, and we all hope you are up and about soon and your usual argumentative self.

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Had a couple of visitors from Canberra at my place on Saturday. Errol Rumpf and Dick Van Wely rode the trail in the Volkswagen loaded with the bucket seats from a 1911 Hup. I'm getting it upholstered using the seats from Jean's Hup. as a pattern. If the work on the seat is any criterion of the rest of the car, it should be a beaut. I'm most upset as they had lunch and two bottles of Coke but never offered to pay for it. Ar well, I'll get 'em next time. These rich people from the Federal Capital Territory!

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The mountain rally is drawing nigh and I'm flat out trying to get the De Dion ready. Ten years since I restored it and now its having a face lift and you won't know the old girl. I do hope that we have a record number of entries this year, so get cracking you slackers, haul out the Brasso and grease and make this one the bestest ever. When I think of the tremendous amount of work and organisation that goes into a rally of this kind, I think its only fair that you give it your support and also show the public what a club like the V.C.C. can do. We have the cars - so bring them out for a well-deserved airing. Rah rah rah; rah rah rah!

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Vic. Jacobs has issued a challenge. He would like to bet that no car in the Club has as many genuine accessories as he carries on that black beast, to wit, the Model T Ford. Strike me lucky, he's got every musical horn, gong, bell and whatnot that you can think of. All that is necessary now is a didgeridoo and he's got the bleddy lot. Any takers in this field?

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Called on George Williams, that maestro of the yoghurt and carrots and was privileged to get a preview of a very famous car, Dame Nellie Melba's Renault. Joint owners, Jack Garwood and George have decided that nothing but the best will do for the old chariot and oh boy! its got just that. Circa 1909, it has a superb Roi de Belge body, with curves that would put the rear of a chorus girl to shame. Mechanical work comes when the coachwork is finished, but two urgent items are a large Renault carburettor and a Bosch single-cylinder maggie. She's got a distributor so that's the reason for the single cam spark department, so if you knows of these bits, they'll sure go to a good cause. We anxiously await the day when this classic choofs out.

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'Tis rumoured that Bill Dudley, the owner of that smooth little N.A.G. automobile, is to have another little resident at the tribal gunyah. A nappy event to be sure, when this little foal arrives at the N.A.G.'s stable. Let this one cut its teeth on a three-eighth Whitworth spanner, Bill, so we'll be sure of another junior member.

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Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines, George Burton, Ken Moss, Lionel Jones, John Pickup, Bill Spraggon, are going flying this weekend. What a airy lot of goats to be shot into orbit with!

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(While scratching his old grey noodle for the above gems of wisdom, Len Masser was revving up to celebrate his birthday on 20th Jan. A 1907 model, he's a true "Veteran". Best wishes from the Club, Len.

- ED.)