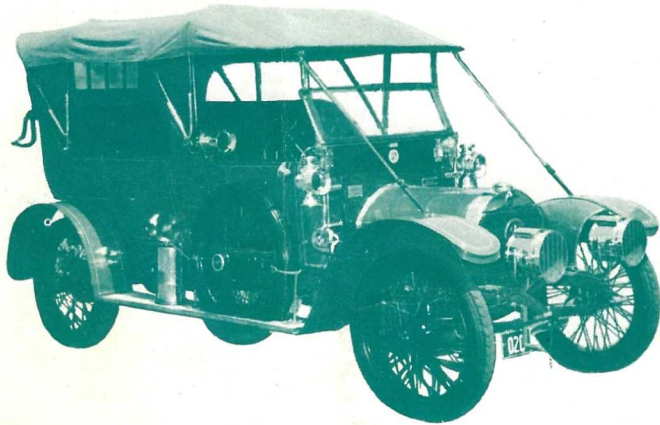
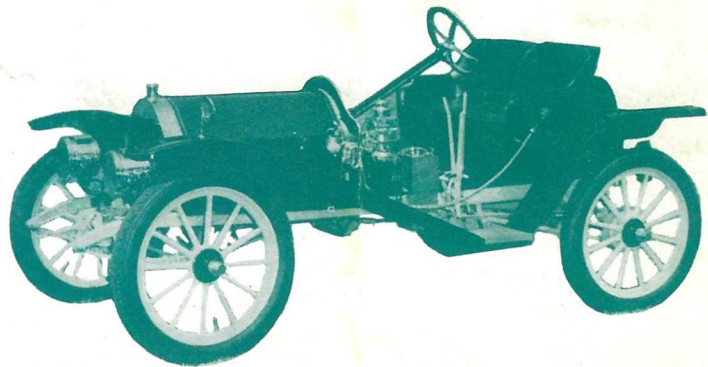


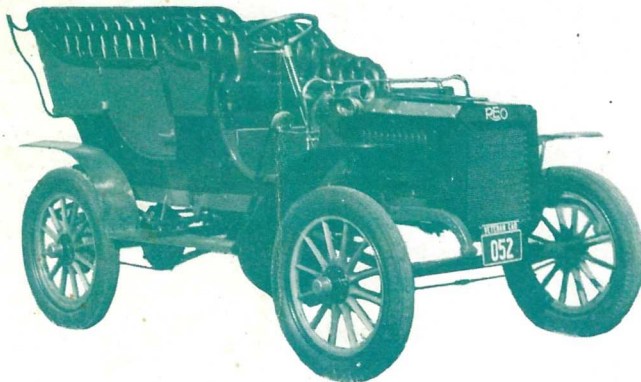
SPLIT AND POLISH



1910
ARMSTRONG WHITWORTH



1909 HUPMOBILE



1906 REO



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

Patron:

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

Hon. Editor and Editorial Address—

J. B. SIMPSON,
13 Garland Avenue,
Epping. 2121. Phone: 869-1350.

Vol. XI No. 6

Price 12 Cents

December, 1969

E D I T O R I A L

What went wrong with our premises project?

In the early days we were very grateful for the sponsorship of an oil company. That company, by its initial willingness, and by the spontaneous help of its staff, from the highest to the lowest, must surely rank as one of the greatest pieces of assistance that we have received, and for the benefit of the newer members, we must in fairness to this sponsor, name it as the Golden Fleece Petroleum Co. (H.C. Sleigh Ltd.) Apart from their material assistance at rallies, we enjoyed the use of their own premises in York Street, City, for our meetings. Since those days we have moved round a bit -

Amoco Training Centre, Naremburn
Memorial Hall, Concord
Yaralla Sea Scouts Hall, Rhodes
Aero Club, Bankstown
R.U. Club, Drummoyne
Community Hall, Five Dock
? ? ?

In the early days the Club even started a Building Fund, but the acquisition of our own premises seemed to work further and further into the background as time went on, and due to relatively prohibitive costs, the idea was forcibly shelved. Out of sight, it could be said, but not out of mind.

What went wrong with this last project? Membership of our committee in the R.U. Club must surely have provided quite a lot of additional income for the R.U. Club. Must members, most of whom are married men, be expected to buy a hot meal away from home, without even going home to change (presumably) and see their young family off to bed? If this was to have been practised by a select few, those with some spare shekels and few marital responsibilities, then they would have been putting in an additional amount to keep a meeting place available instead of all members being charged approximately evenly.

Should it come to a stark business of investing some of our hard-

(Editorial continued over page...

NEXT MEETING. The next General Meeting of the Club will be held in the Community Hall, Great North Road, Five Dock. Turn off Parramatta Road at A.W.A., and look for the hall after the fourth street on your right. (Some may pin point it, using the Police Station as reference point!) Don't forget that the day will be THURSDAY, the date 22ND JANUARY, while time still stands at 8 p.m.

won earnings in their enterprise, surely the decision whether to invest or not, must be left to our financial advisers. If the R.U. Club were so adamant about such investment, was it in order to see their club go ahead, or were they in financial straits, and saw us as being able to be talked into a position which their own bankers were unwilling to fill?

There could be some searching questions, of course, but post mortems are unsatisfactory things, anyway. Suffice it to say that we are cast out into the street again. Perhaps we could invest in our own Big Top, set it up in parks in varying suburbs, run the veterans round the sawdust ring, charge for admission, and thus make our meetings a financial success. Obviously, when the general public (our dotting customers) had left, we could then hold our meeting. That's all our financial committee needs - a bit of imagination, some go ahead thinking! Why! it seems the editorial department can run rings round the finance department!

We have been advised that the unidentified fellow ranging round the Commonwealth allegedly endeavouring to make a snide dollar or two from trusting and unsuspecting veteran car owners, has been hauled up by officialdom. It seems that he was allegedly attempting to carry out his "service" on a member in a country town. This member engaged him in conversation, was aware of his identity, and directed him to another address in the town. When he had left the first fellow's premises, this fellow rang the Police, and advised them of the address to which he had despatched him. The Police made their way there, and after some questioning, the alleged miscreant was taken into custody, and out of circulation! We feel that some trusting members have received a good lesson, and a couple of them a mild shock!

REPORT OF THE NOVEMBER MEETING

The President was in the Chair.

His first words were a welcome to Jack Dance, who had just returned from an extensive tour abroad.

A welcome was extended to John McManus, a visitor.

A bit of shuffling had taken place with regard to our worthy treasurer. He was unable to give his report to the meeting, as he was out of the state at the time, and had delegated his authority to the Librarian, who found himself unfit for the task, as he was making a hard-fought fight with influenza, and had had to absent himself from the meeting in order to ensure a full day's work for the next day! However, the President stepped easily into the breach, and read the Treasurer's Report to the meeting. The most important aspect of such report was that the Club had \$794 to its credit in current account.

Then the President dropped a bombshell! This was to be our last meeting at this address! Following protracted talks on the subject of cost (and some other matters!) it was found that notwithstanding conferences and

attempted mutual acceptance of arrangements from both sides, we and the R.U. Club have been unable to see eye to eye and they have withdrawn their permission for our use of their premises for our meetings. At this moment, the next meeting is to be held at the Five Dock Community Hall, on THURSDAY, 22nd January next. For those who may be generally interested, commercially or professionally interested, or (may we say?) personally interested, the President advised that the location is opposite the Police Station. For ourselves, we state emphatically now, that the position of a Police Station has no bearing whatever on our capacity to determine the location of the hall! (Not that hall, anyway!!)

Speaking for the Events Committee, John Corby mentioned the Invitation Event to be held at Pratten Park on Sunday, 18th January, of which further details will appear in a circular. Thanks were given to Bill Dudley for having represented the Club at the South Bankstown Fete. He reminded members of the Children's Christmas Party set down for Saturday, 13th December, of which, by now, all relevant members will have had due notice. The trophy for the Navigators' Rally was presented to the winner, Gregory Chapman, who spoke briefly and to the point into the microphone.

Peter Adams, of the Newcastle contingent, brought with him to the meeting the Toronto Rally Trophy, which was presented, of course, to Peter Kable, who still, after all these weeks, wears the same look of surprise discernable on his features when he was first told of his good fortune - er, sorry! - good management! It seems he will be able now to entertain a few others including Sally, when on whole day runs, as he was presented with a picnic lunch set.

The Investigation Committee, through George Roberts, reported that work had been done on the 1917 T Ford of Geoffrey Warwick Smith of Dubbo.

Two new members are on strength - D.T. Hurt and Kevin Lacey, the latter of 22 Berryman Street, North Ryde.

The Registrar, Allan Foy) reported that 40 cars were examined on Inspection Day. As things go, everything you can think of increases in cost, and we were advised that the cost per vehicle next year would be \$8.

Toby Bent advised the meeting of the formation of quite a few additional clubs, all in the same line as ourselves, and mentioned the Morgan Car Club, South Coast Car Club, Chevrolet Car Club and, in process of formation, the Historic Fire Engine Club.

Under General Business we listened to a discussion initiated by Ken Moss, on the failure to continue use of the Drummoyne Rugby Union Club.

A discussion on the purchase of one T model, including three other T's in the name of Melburn R. Pope, took place.

George Roberts announced that as there were 21 applicants for Flood's Book of Motoring, but only 14 were received, this necessitated a ballot. The ballot was conducted on the spot, the lucky names being drawn from the hat by Jan Sykes. This resulted in a rush of 14 smiling faces, and left 7 no-so-smiling (probably smirking). This chore finished, George

Roberts announced that he had attended a function at "Harrington", the property of Sir Warwick Fairfax.

Vic Jacobs gave a run down on the procedure for the Blind Children's Outing, set down for Sunday, 30th November.

Alex McLeod had a few questions to put in the matter of the issuing of Dating Certificates, and as to why there should be such a delay. George Roberts answered that there have been difficulties along the line, not the least being his attention to Mrs. Roberts owing to her protracted illness, and the obvious curtailment of even some of his business activities. Alex. McLeod then announced that he is still interested in seeing implemented the improved set up for election of office-bearers, as it affects the separate committees.

As must be known to all new members by now, there will be no meeting of the Club in December, therefore no chance to wish members, personally, the Compliments of the Season. We do it here and now, and feel sure that the younger members and their wives must have the Christmas spirit brought very much to their notice, and for their enjoyment, by the presence of the still younger generation with all their spontaneous enthusiasm for the season, while we wish "the Oldies" all the joy they can receive from seeing the youngest generation enjoying themselves to the full, while they toast one another and have bright and happy recollections of the days when they themselves were in those categories. Yes! Peace on earth is far greater than most other desirable things!

* * * * *

LOOKING BACK

We are very pleased to be able to announce the return of the interesting writings of Jack Chenery under this - his own - heading. His address was previously Orange, from which area he moved, and had a period of travelling for a while. Apparently he has got himself domiciled now at Blackheath, but whether he has settled down or only landed for a push off, we are unable to say. We are, we must say, very pleased to be including his contributed articles in SPIT AND POLISH again, and we feel very grateful to him for his trouble and interest in supplying the article.

LOOKING BACK

"Dead Yesterday, Unborn To-morrow,
Why fret about them if your Ford runs sweet?"

As one gains a considerable span of years to look back over, it is strange how sometimes an almost forgotten, trifling incident of childhood will swim to the surface.

Thus, I believe, the above quotation was the first automobile advertisement I ever saw -- or at least, took special note of.

The immortal words came into view, upon an isolated roadside hoarding, as I pedalled along on a lonely 70-mile pushbike ride, at age 12

or 13. And in the unlikely event that some current-model teenager should read these words, it may be necessary to explain that such a ride, for a kid, solo, was not very remarkable, in those days. There seemed little danger from traffic, or molestation; the roads were rough, but empty. We were not accustomed to being transported here, there and everywhere in the family car - for most people there was no family car. And, naturally, the art of hitchhiking -- riding at the expense of others - had not arrived. What a boon was the now-despised pushbike! It was like the seven-league boots of the fable, setting free the common man (and boy) from the fetters of his environment. And, potentially, the fastest vehicle ever devised, no-one has ever yet demonstrated its maximum speed!

However, to get back to that long-ago journey. Being not yet acquainted with the wisdom of Omar, the words seemed puzzling, and I still recall as I pedalled along, trying to "think of something" -- animal, vegetable or mineral, sort of -- which could somehow be dead yesterday and still unborn. Years later, arrived at manhood, and the owner of my first "T" model, ruined with the usual abuse before I got it, the incident came back to mind -- with a cynical twist. For now, the day when my Ford did happen to "run sweet" was so rare and unexpected that it was easy to forget all past regrets and future fears in the joys of the moment.

Today, the recollection comes back once more, and I am struck with the thought that although the motor car itself has not changed much, basically, automobile advertising has developed from the moderately factual clear into the fantastic -- and I mean literally fantastic.

Consider, for instance, the introductory advertisement for the "T" Ford, which appeared in the U.S. press in 1908. The set-up was headed with a stark picture of the model, and the modern eye notes immediately -- no cheesecake! Henry, simple son of the soil, did not know that pictured glimpses of the female form divine help to sell anything, from a needle to an anchor. He also didn't know that words are cheap, need have no meaning, and can easily be manipulated to promote sales. Thus, his new model was not an "excitement machine" with a new and "fiery" engine. There were no "tigers in the tank" and no "tiger claws on the road". No "hydra-glides" or "torque-o-matics" -- not even a super, duper, special.

No sly hints of prestige were coupled with suggestions of stepping up, down or sideways. You had to step high to clamber aboard this vehicle, anyway. No "mustangs" were inbuilt, but brief mention was made of the use of vanadium steel, an innovation at the time, and something of real value. Henry paid his customers the compliment of addressing them as though they were as hard-headed as he himself was, and wanted facts only. This was a simple, light, durable, effective machine. Quality was not to be sacrificed, despite the astonishingly low price, but was in fact made possible by this very lightness and simplicity, and by the fact that it would be mass-produced - everyone could afford it!

Here in Australia, the Tarrant people apparently saw the writing on the wall, and decided to abandon their own product in favour of the Ford franchise. Their introductory advertisement in the local press was another example of commonsense and no ballyhoo. It featured as a main theme a comparison between the performance and economy of the heavy, expensive car then

thought necessary for "Colonial" conditions, and the newly arrived, cheap, light "T" model. Lizzie would carry as much load, as far and as fast and probably further than its biggest rival, and at much lower cost. Factual comparisons of petrol and tyre mileages were given. And in this connection, it is interesting to note that if petrol mileages had improved as much over the last 60 years as have tyre mileages, the family Falcon ("trim, taut and terrific") would be returning a gratifying 100 odd miles per gallon, to-day.

One recalls that irritating habit of early Clincher tyres -- failure of the bead or wall while the tread was hardly marked. It used to be common to see walls laced up with rawhide in the Bush, while in more sophisticated London, certain rubber firms would help you out for a modest fee. Send them two tyres, one with a good tread but a fractured bead, the other with a sound bead but wornout tread, and they would build you one good tyre out of two no-hopers.

Apart from making a little money for himself, one of Mr. Ford's often expressed ideals, in advertising, was that everyone should be able to afford a motor car: a far-off pipe dream in those days. Mr. Everyman's car would make his workaday coming and going so much quicker and easier, and in his leisure hours how wonderful to take his family to drink in the sights and sounds and fresh air of the countryside. The Old Master would surely turn in his grave if he could see how thoroughly this ideal has now been achieved. The daily traffic jams and parking headaches, and the week-ends spent staring at bumper bars and drinking in carbon monoxide.

Fortunately, for those lucky few who have discovered the secret, the Golden Age of motoring can still be recaptured, in several distinctly different ways. Recaptured only fleetingly, it is true, but most delightfully.

- JACK CHENERY

* * * * *

It is a great pity that some examples of the ideas cooked up by various people back in the early days are not available for us to try out.

The St. John's Car, for instance, was advertised in 1903 in the following way:

"S.H. St. John and Son, 620 Main Street, Canon City, Colorado, have built a car. This firm desires to interest capital in order to be able to enter actively upon the market with their vehicle, the features of which are covered by broad patents. One of these features is the loose fly-wheel. In starting the engine, the fly-wheel only is revolved, and as the braking effect of compression in the cylinder is thus avoided, a lady can start the engine with ease and from the seat. After the fly-wheel is started, a lever throws in a clutch, which actuates the piston and sparking apparatus, and the engine is started. Two flywheels running in opposite directions are used, and this construction makes it possible to reverse in a fraction of a second...."

Following along these lines, it is also a great pity that some of those of the veteran era generation are not with us at some moments. They would, on some

occasions, wonder "how the trick was worked". At Service City, while surrounded by our old vehicles, some of us watched car races showing on the screen of a diminutive T.V., running on 12v. !!

* * * * *

DARYL CAWTHORN has requested that we noise it forth that he has lost part of his DECAUVILLE and would be grateful for advice from anyone who has had parts offered to them which could conceivably be from such a make.

* * * * *

THE BLIND CHILDREN'S OUTING

For the Vaucluse Lions Club - per Vic. Jacobs, of course - Club members provided 33 vehicles to give approx. 80 blind children a day out, we hoped a 'different' day out, on Sunday 30 November. Mobil Service Station, Pennant Hills Rd., Pennant Hills, kindly donated petrol, and the Lions' Club, of course, donated and worked on the barbeque lunch. (As this was not a rally - an event - we have not listed the vehicles and owners, though obviously we have a complete record.)

As far as we could judge separately, the children seemed to enjoy the day, and certainly the weather gods did their utmost. Typical east coast Christmas weather.

Following a drive which took us from Wahroonga to Pymble, de Burgh's Bridge, Epping Highway, Epping, Carlingford, Hornsby, Mt. Colah, Bobbin Head (which we drove through) we reached Lady Davidson's Home, where we stopped awhile, allowing Santa Claus to issue sweets to the passengers.

Santa Claus himself made his presence felt at "The Paddock" of St. Edmund's School by issuing presents to the children. It was appropriate, incidentally, that he should travel across the ground by Star!

A part of the entertainment aspect was a duo of piano accordionists, who entertained with some bright side issues amongst the audience, and for the oldies, some tunes from the '20's - and put over very much after the style of the '20's, too!

We are sure that not only did we help the children by taking them out, but we became more grateful for our own sight, which, until we associate with these people, we take very much for granted.

"I used to complain of tight shoes till I saw a man with no feet."

* * * * *

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Some practices and habits with the early cars seem to us nowadays to be incredible, and in some cases dashed nearly impossible. An excerpt from a book by one Sir Kenneth Murchison, "The Dawn of Motoring", shows the attitude in those days towards the then method of control of the steering:

"The steering was controlled by a small tiller - wheels were a later idea and considered cumbersome, new-fangled and ugly when they were first introduced. The petrol tank was underneath the driving seat, which had to be turned over on its hinges before the tank could be got at for filling; it held about three and a half gallons and had an open mouthpiece about an inch in diameter without any kind of cap, cover or nozzle to it at all. Corks had, in consequence, always to be carried in the driver's pocket, and several of them, because they were always being lost, mislaid or left behind. I always carried three old champagne bottle corks for use when the car was not running, because the overlapping circumference at the top of such corks kept out all possibility of any air getting into the tank. When the car was running, ordinary claret bottle corks had to be substituted....."

(Hands up, all those who have ever visualised a tank without a seal of some sort. It seems difficult to imagine what was the reasoning (if any) for leaving a tank open to evaporation, to say nothing of the splashing caused by the surging of the petrol over the rough roads. Ed.)

All of us are aware of the premature death of Hon. C.S. Rolls, but is it realised that this took place in 1910, in his thirty third year? However, we are able to enjoy some of the vicissitudes of motoring in those days, as he had been writing his memoirs for quite a time before his death. Some of these read rather humourously, when we consider the general attitude towards the first car that he took to England (from France).

".....It was a Peugeot carriage of $3\frac{3}{4}$ h.p. This was considered a very powerful and dangerous machine (Don't laugh too hard, this is serious! Ed.) the most powerful one previously made being $3\frac{1}{4}$ h.p. It was rather a top-heavy vehicle, hung on three springs, and it used to sway terribly when going downhill; it had a V-type Daimler engine behind. The four-mile-an-hour regulation, of course, made motoring almost impossible in Britain. I managed, however, to get a kind of permission from the Chief Constables of Hertfordshire and Cambridgeshire, who kindly said that they would instruct their men to look the other way when I came along." (We would suggest that Rolls' father (Lord Llangattock) was probably a large landholder in those counties. Ed.)

Rolls' first journey from London to Cambridge was done at night, and the first part was covered according to law, which meant that the vehicle was preceded by one of them carrying a red lantern. The monotony of this mode of travel was relieved at 2 o'clock a.m., when they met a policeman.

"Evening," said the 'Bobby'.

"Evening," answered Rolls.

"One of these 'ere 'orseless carriages?" asked the Bobby.

"Yes," said Rolls.

"Don't see many of them 'ere things about 'ere, but I should like to have a ride on one, they does seem to me so huncanny," said the Bobby.

"Jump up," said Rolls, which he did, and when there, said: "Now you can just let 'er go as 'ow you please down this 'ere hill", holding himself on with one hand and his helmet with the other, "for there ain't no one on the beat for another mile and a 'alf."

When out of the 'built up' area, the car was not going well, and much time was lost in stopping for water, which was often difficult to find; often they had to invade private gardens and draw water at wells.

It is surprising to think that in those early days there was not universal use of radiators, and they were unable to run more than about ten miles on one supply of water, because the pump would not run above a certain temperature. To test whether or not the pump was working, it was necessary to put a hand under a pipe in a box aft, and as it was usually boiling hot, the average passenger tired of being burned, and got into a habit of saying "yes" whenever he was asked if the water was circulating. This eventful run to Cambridge, after many troubles, ended at 9.30 a.m.; this made a total time of 11¾ hours, or an average speed of 4½ m.p.h.

Rolls' first smash was in November 1896. He was en route from Cambridge to London for the Brighton Run, when the off front stub axle snapped and the car went over on its side 'with a tremendous crash'. It had a big canopy and was top heavy, but no one was injured.

The run which Rolls considered was the most eventful was in an 8 h.p. 4-cylinder Panhard, from Paris to Le Havre, in mid winter with three others. This took them the best part of three days. On the first day out they had an extraordinary number of water joints go, for no apparent reason. They reached Rouen to attend to odd matters with the car, and eventually reached the road in a heavy snowstorm. More troubles, and in the darkness lost their way. Then they suffered a flat tyre. Soon after leaving Bolbec the car suddenly slowed, and went into a terrific skid. A much-cherished macintosh belonging to one of the passengers had caught in the chain, and was, of course, torn to shreds. The next 'diversion' was the car suddenly slowing up and stopping. Lifting the bonnet showed the whole of the top of the engine to be glowing red. Owing to faulty circulation and the extreme cold, the water had frozen solid, and the engine had seized. The water pump was found to be jammed with ice inside. At this stage the clock showed 10 p.m., with heavy snow and 20° of frost.

Some of the 'not so old days' also, have their interesting anecdotes. There is the atmosphere which existed round the Bugatti, for instance. A Swedish authority on these cars once stated: "It must be entered on Ettore's debit account that he did not trouble to make his cars run noiselessly. A Bugatti is full of queer sounds and noisy signs of life which give the uninitiated the impression of being a forewarning of heavy

repair bills, whilst to the Bugatti' lover's ear they sound like wonderful music in which no part may be missing in the orchestra."

A further lurid description of the 'Bug' is found in a story in the American magazine 'Cosmopolitan', by Ken W. Purdy, entitled "The Trouble with Men". One of the characters in the story gives this description of a type 43 Bug. She said:

"A type 43 Bugatti is an automobile. It has no top and no windshield. It makes a noise like a sawmill and rides like a hay wagon. And it goes so fast you have to wear two scarves over your head; one to hold your hair down and the other to keep your scalp on.....

"Once they'd cleared the city limits there was no more conversation, and perhaps that was just as well. It was impossible, anyway. Sally K's best girlish bellow wouldn't have carried six inches. She just sat quietly and tried not to be scared as the light of her life blasted everything on the road. She knew there was a speedometer somewhere in the maze of dials on the dash, but she carefully avoided looking for it; she felt with some justice that the reading might take the curl out of her hair. Tommy let in about nine pounds of boost, and the Bugatti leaped like a startled goat."

* * * * *

MISSING MEMBERS BUREAU

Calling Geoff. Sim!

It is many years since we have seen the Renault, in fact, most of our newer members have never seen her! Apparently she still carries the plate 038.

Don't forget, Geoff., that she has a rare distinction - that of one family ownership for 55 years. Not a thing to be snuffed at!

We hope that you will be able to absent yourself from the daily grind for one day, at least, to join us at the commencement, or en route, or at the lunch stop, of some event held on a Sunday.

See what you can do, Geoff! In this club of old vehicles, the appearance of some of the older faces (don't take it too much to heart!) is just as interesting! Has the forehead receded very much further? Can you still have a good laugh at things? Do you recall having assisted in fitting a wooden plug, tied with wire, to the Besa's intake manifold near "The Garage" at Katoomba? What year was that? Drop us a line at the editorial address, Geoff! Should be interesting!!

* * * * *

"IN SEARCH OF A VETERAN"

- by Barry Simpson

During September and October this year I had the opportunity to travel some 2000 odd miles in the Western Region of this State and I took

advantage of this by deciding to "search for a veteran".

To my dismay, I found this search almost fruitless - the veterans are few and far between - and what is left is not worthwhile restoring.

My search started in the Dubbo district and I quickly found the local "Western Districts Car Club" had snapped up all the bits and pieces and are putting together some very nice units - a 1912 KRETT and a lot of T's included. A lot of Vintage units are still available in the district but the Veteran is rapidly disappearing.

From Dubbo I travelled West - Narromine, Trangie, Dandaloo, Tottenham and thence on to Warren. In Warren I "heard" about a Veteran T - but this turned out to be about a 22 Model and the owner wanted to "keep" it and "maybe" he would sell it one day - so I left my name and address and continued the search.

On to Nyngan, Hermidale, Coolabah, Byrock - still nothing. Then Brewarrina - the locals stated there would be "hundreds" of old cars in the district - but couldn't just remember where they were. Brewarrina produced a nice "1929 Chev. 6 Sedan" - in running order and easily restorable. At Collierina, some 36 miles from Brewarrina, I came across two 1926 Chryslers - one a utility in fairly good condition and the other a Tourer in very bad condition. Incidentally, these two units are for sale cheap if anyone is interested. I also found a T at Collierina, but couldn't find out if it was a veteran or vintage - the owner being absent at the time. At Weilmoringle I discovered another Model T - Brass radiator and all - but "not for sale" at any price.

Goodbye Brewarrina, then on to Goodooga and then Lightning Ridge where I found about half a dozen Vintage models - all being collected by a miner who had ideas of restoration - some day. Walgett, Coonamble, Gulargambone and Gilgandra produced only a few Vintage models - nothing elaborate and NO veterans.

From Gilgandra I travelled to Tooraweenah, Coonabarabran, Binnaway, New Mollyan, Mendooran and back to Dubbo. This area I found produced next to nothing. Every town told the same story - "sorry, you are about ten years too late".

Although my trip was most enjoyable - it turned out to be rather frustrating - I had visions of coming across a Veteran every ten or so miles "way out west".

If any member is thinking about making a trip out that way, make sure you have lined up a car in advance, because they are mighty scarce and its a long way between "waterholes".

- Barry Simpson

* * * * *

every day. The sales lady showed me a pair she was wearing and suggested various ways of putting them on. If they are too long, they may wrinkle down, as they are worn that way these days. The sales lady had worn hers for two years and only washed them once. If they are hard to slip on, sprinkle a little powder into them, or blow down them and they will slip on easily. If you have the misfortune to wet them, they are guaranteed not to shrink.

Yours lovingly,

Albert'

* * * * *

When the motor car was in its infancy, obviously it created much curiosity wherever it was halted. One owner was driven to desperation by questions, and made a placard, which he placed at, or on the car whenever the occasion demanded it. It must have been a fairly big placard, or had small lettering on it, for these are the answers which he gave to the questions he expected would be asked:

It is an auto car
 Some people call it a motor car
 The motor is of four horsepower
 It will run 60 miles on one charge of oil
 No, it can't explode, there is no boiler
 It can travel at 14 m.p.h.
 Ten to twelve m.p.h. is its average pace
 It can be started in two minutes
 There are eight ways of stopping it, so it can't run away
 It has to be steered with one hand
 The speed is mainly controlled by the foot
 It can be stopped in ten feet when travelling at full speed
 It carries 4 gals. of oil and 16 gals. of water
 The water is to keep the engine cool
 It costs less than $\frac{3}{4}$ d. a mile to run
 The car can carry five people
 It can get up any ordinary hill
 It was built by the Daimler Motor Coy. in Coventry and costs
 £370.
 We have come from John O'Groats Hotel
 We are going to Land's End
 We are not record breaking but are touring for pleasure.

* * * * *

No wonder Reg Jones is always smiling! It has been learnt on very good authority that he was for years in the Kookaburra Club. We feel that this could be a big laugh - but no! A very serious thing. Little wonder he is such a bright fellow!

* * * * *

" S P O K E S I N T H E W H E E L "

NEWCASTLE BRANCH

December, 1969.

EDITORIAL

Third Annual Combined Christmas Party

This combined party is arranged for members and families of the following clubs:

Veteran Car Club of Australia (Newcastle Branch)
Newcastle District Vintage Car Club
Newcastle Veteran and Vintage Motor Cycle Club

Organised largely by the Motor Cycle Club, the amount of work which these members carry out ensures a successful night and deserves your support.

This year they have decided to omit trophy presentations by any club as it was felt that any one club's presentations were not of sufficient interest to the others.

I believe that with careful planning by these three bodies, many increasingly successful combined functions and outings would result and bring them closer together with benefits for all members. It is indeed a pity to see this goal retarded by the prejudice and passive resistance by the usual few stirrers in each club.

But enough of pessimism at this most fellowship time of year. On behalf of your club branch officers may I offer you and yours sincere best wishes for the festive season and the very best and safest of veteran motoring in the new year.

- Don Barker

* * * * *

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR !!

* * * * *

INSPECTION DAY

The Inspection Day held at George Adams' home at Mount Hutton proved to be a successful and enjoyable outing.

The Inspection Committee: Hunter Thomas, Bob Newman and Ray Thomas were hard at work all day conducting a very thorough inspection. Our thanks go to these boys for their efforts.

A total of nine cars were inspected and faults, if any, were noted, some members availed themselves of the "Adams Workshops" to rectify them on the spot.

Cars inspected were:-

1911 Albion	John Riley
1911 FN	Chris Broadbent
1912 Metz	Harry Bird
1913 Metz	Don Moffat
1913 Paige	Peter Adams
1914 Talbot	Bob Newman
1914 Talbot	Bob Newman
1917 Garford	George Adams
1918 Buick	Doug Marr

The day was, as I said earlier, most successful, though it was a pity that a few more cars were not present.

- Peter Adams

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? Whatever happened to the Navigators' Rally?

* * * * *

Remember some time ago the incident of a confidence man working around our members?

He has popped up again, this time in Cootamundra. However, he is in the hands of the local police. Full details as to what led to his arrest are not to hand at the time of writing, but we like to think that our circular was a "stitch in time".

This man's proper name is William Clifford O'Malley, born 28.11.1914 and, according to the police, he has been in this "profession" for many years, hence his polished manner.

The police, in order to put him out of harm's way for as long as possible, are asking as many victims as possible to come forward in order that the maximum number of charges can be laid against him.

Therefore, if you have been a victim, or know someone who has, do the right thing despite your pride and contact your closest police station station referring them to Newcastle or Cootamundra detectives.

* * * * *

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE.

How many cars did you find? The correct answer was 10 vertical and 10 horizontal. Below they are listed:

ACROSS

Humber
Calcott
Dennis
Morris
Riley
Talbot
Napier
Swift
Lagonda
Allard

DOWN

Academy
Bersey
Austin
Daimler
AC
Star
LEA
GWI
Rex
Lifu

* * * * *

MEMBERS HERE AND THERE

An unfortunate mishap on the way to Annual Inspection disappointed Laurie Macey with his Schacht high wheeler. However, temporary repairs at George Adams' allowed the Schacht to be taken back home. Bad luck, Laurie.

* * * * *

Planned body repairs have put Hunter Thomas into hospital along similar lines to an operation a few years ago. We wish him a speedy recovery and a healthy new year of veteran activities.

* * * * *

LEAVES FROM OLD FILES

Car touring and camping in pioneer days was a far cry from today's "homes on wheels" with their refrigeration, gas stoves etc. The following are highlights or particularly unusual items suggested by Dykes Cyclopedia as essential for such journeys. Take special note of the comments (quite serious for then) following some requisites.

"TOURING: Touring Equipment and Pointers.

General

Dress: White collars and cuffs are impossible in camp, and soiled linen looks a thousand times worse than a flannel shirt. The khaki and flannel are much more welcome in a hotel.

Sleep with clothes on, unless the weather is warm, simply remove your shoes, leggings (use only canvas leggings not leather), hat and handkerchief.

In a party of four, let one do the cooking, another gather firewood, another put up the tents, and the fourth go over the car with oil can, turning up all grease cups, adjusting brakes etc.

The Car Kitchen

- 1 Arizona camp grate, 24" by 12".
- 4 forks, with four prongs, 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ " long.
- 1 camper's carbide lamp (Abercrombie and Fitch Co. No. 3A937; be careful to read the instructions).
- 1 Inspirator, for camp fire (2 feet of small rubber hose, one end of which is slipped over one end of a 3" piece of copper tubing and the other end of this tubing is flattened to make a slit about 1/32" opening). This is a wonderfully handy thing for getting a balky fire going.

Car Equipment (in addition to regular tools for car)

- 60 ft. 5/16" flexible steel cable.
- 1 medium size shovel, strapped to running board.
- 8 ft. high tension wire
- 1 medium sized axe. Strap to running board
- 1 small can Le Page's glue, for mending camera etc.
- 150 feet $\frac{1}{4}$ " best Manila rope, for packing etc.
- 2 packages small, cheap towels, for wiping machinery etc., one dozen in each package.
- 1 piece hardwood 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " by 4 ft. by 10".

To be continued.

* * * * *