

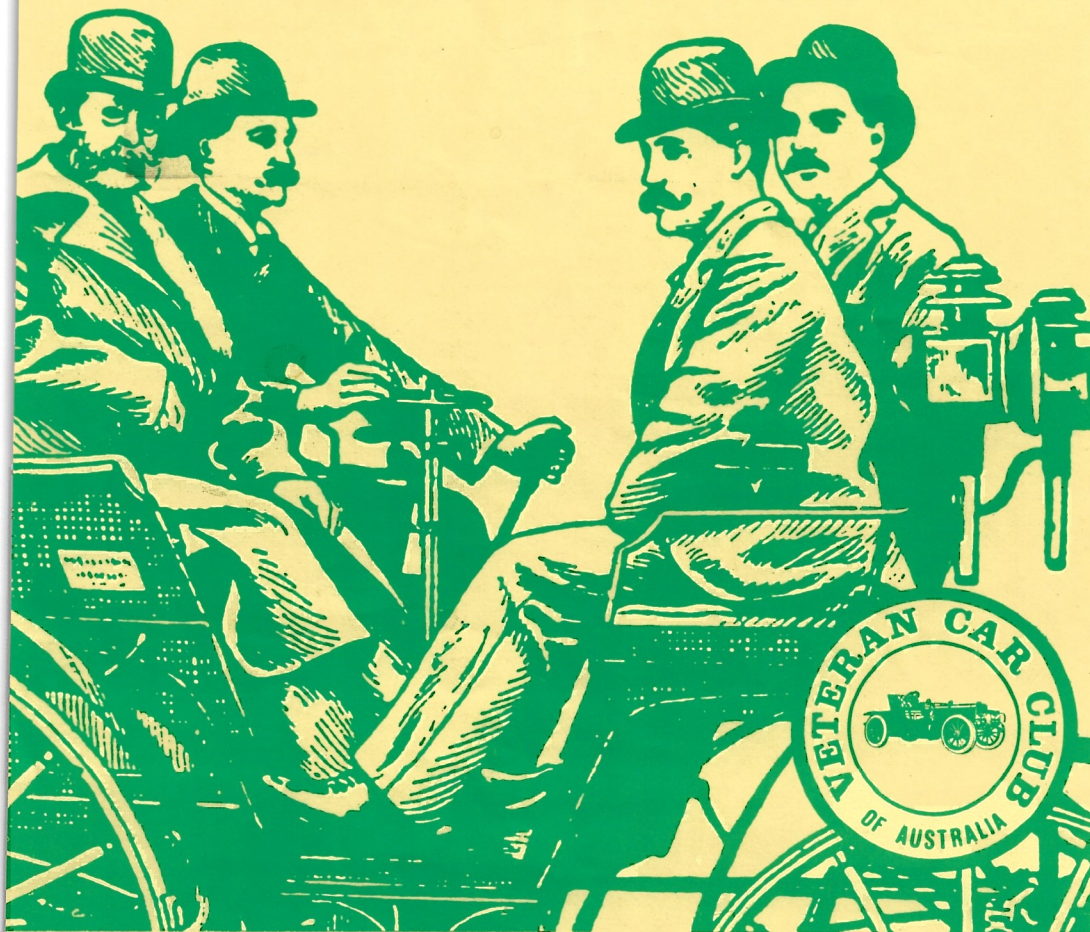
NEWSLETTER OF THE VETERAN CAR CLUB OF AUSTRALIA (N.S.W.)

SPIT AND POLISH

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June, 1982 Vol. XXIII No. 11



PATRON:

His Excellency,
The Governor of N.S.W.,
Air Marshal

Sir James Anthony Rowland,
KBE, DFC, AFC, K.St.J.



Spit & Polish

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Volume X111 No. 11

June 1982

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editorial Comment	Page 2
President's Message	3
A Message from your Secretary	5
Brief But Important	5
History Corner	7
1982 May Tour - From the Navigator's Seat	10
1982 May Tour - From the Driver's Seat	14
Letter to the Editor	18
REVS AND BACKFIRES	19
M - I - N - D - S - T - R - E - T - C - H - E - R	21
Two-Day Spectacular COLLECTOR CAR & AUTOMOBILIA AUCTION	22
1981-82 Trophy Winners	23
Advertisements	23
LAMSON ENGINEERING - No. 1 in small parts storage	24

Other Veteran Car Clubs have permission to copy.

*The next Monthly General Meeting of the V.C.C.A. (NSW)
will be held in the Clubrooms at 8.00 p.m. on THURSDAY,
24TH JUNE, 1982.*

Editorial Comment

For someone who talks so much, I find it particularly hard to put pen to paper to make reasonable comments about the club each month, so will now give you all a bit of relief and write nothing more this month.

See you at the elections.

- JAN C.

CROCK SHOP

Hopefully, at the time of going to press, all those who have been in the 'Crock Shop' are well on the way to recovery.

There has been quite a list: Diane Newman, Jeanette Bendeich, Ken Moss, Frank Nissen, Bea Adams, Ray Thomas, Max Burke and Keith Carden.

COPY REQUIRED BY FIRST THURSDAY OF MONTH

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President's Message

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING V.C.C.A.

The venue and date of the 24th Annual General Meeting of the V.C.C.A. 1982-83, was Hobart, Tasmania and 12th June 1982, respectively.

All states, and the A.C.T., were represented by their respective delegates, two from each state with the exception of Queensland, while reporting to this meeting were the presiding Secretary/Treasurer V.C.C.A. (Len Sheen), the Executive Director for the Australian 1988 Bicentennial International (World) Rally (Ian Irwin), Chairman National Technical Committee (George Roberts). The Secretary/Treasurer (Len Sheen) and the Chairman N.T.C. (George Roberts) were both reappointed for a further three year term and one year term respectively.

I cannot stress too highly the importance of the V.C.C.A. Federal body, of the work in which it is engaged in maintaining our hobby and image on both a national and international basis and its function in strengthening the ties that exist nationally through the V.C.C.A. Our organisation is unique in Australia, being the only multi-make vehicle club to have reached this status, while as a member of the international body F.I.V.A. (Federation Internationale des Voitures Anciennes), it is the representative for this body in Australia.

We were represented by our Honorary Secretary, Bill Maunsell and myself as your President. Bill, as usual, had his facts concisely tabulated, was very vocal and contributed much to the standards of co-operation and efficiency expected of N.S.W. delegates over the years. Under a separate hat my function, while assisting Bill, was to report as the Chairman N.T.C. on the rather considerable correspondence and analysis of developments that have occurred within F.I.V.A. over the past 12 months and the effects of these developments on the 1988 Australian International Rally.

Both functions will be the subjects of separate reports which cannot be contained within this message and will be included in the A.G.M. minutes.

Our hosts, the V.C.C.A. (Tasmania), through their Executive Secretary, Brian Cullen, arranged our accommodation and conference venue with the Four Seasons Motor Inns and through his influence obtained a substantial reduction in costs for the former, the hotel management providing the conference room gratis.

Tasmanian members met our flights at Hobart Airport for transportation to the city and arranged a get-together at one of their homes for pre-conference talks on the Friday evening, while on Sunday morning, having in mind our various departure schedules, escorted us, mainly in vintage cars, to nearby Richmond (declared an historic town) for lunch, a visit to the local (The World of Wheels) motor museum and to the airport.

Brian Cullen, Tasmania, in his capacity of Vice-President V.C.C.A., very ably chaired the meeting in the absence of the 1981-82 President, Henry Anderson (Queensland), who, due to a change in his employment schedule, was unable to attend and tendered his apologies.

The elected President and Vice-President, respectively, for 1982-83, are Brian Cullen (Tasmania) and Duncan Scott (South Australia).

N.S.W. is the host club for 1983 Federal A.G.M. which is scheduled for Saturday, August 6th, 1983.

Hopefully by this date, our new clubhouse will have taken shape, to become the venue for this meeting and I know our members will welcome and show visiting delegates the warm hospitality of this, the Premier State.

- GEORGE A. ROBERTS

Note: In 1985 - when it becomes N.S.W. turn to hold the National Rally - N.S.W. will commemorate the centenary of the automobile (May 1885-December 1886).

- G.A.R.

* * * * *

A MESSAGE FROM YOUR SECRETARY

As I am not standing for Secretary at the oncoming elections, I take this opportunity to thank the members for allowing me the privilege of being Club Secretary for the past three years and to fellow committee members for putting up with me over this period. I know I am not the easiest guy to get along with. I would not have been able to do the job without the assistance of "Judy" - in fact she did all the work.

When you hold a position on committee you really get to know your club and its members, you know the talkers, the stirrers and the doers, but all of them really nice guys and my advice to the younger members in the Club (and the older ones for that matter) is - get on the committees, help out at functions, volunteer your services at rallies and outings - take it from me you will get a lot more fun and enjoyment out of your Club than you will do if you just sit back and leave it to the other guy. If you take an honest look around you, you too will realise that our club is a bit short on doers. Think about it and have a go.

Thanks fellas, it has been an eye-opener and I have enjoyed it.

- BILL MAUNSELL

Brief but Important

This time I'm writing from my hospital bed, or rather, standing beside, as I don't sit down so well once again. I'm rather pleased I don't have the trouble with the rear end on the Hup. Oh well, hope to be ready for Crangan Bay.

Due to connections of John Gorton, fathers and sons of the branch recently had an overnight camp at Clarencetown. The dorm. was a large shed and many strange noises were heard in the night (due to ingredients or wild life I didn't hear).

Six veterans set off from various parts to meet at Martinsville for a picnic. Seems Bob Newman has to take out 2 cars if he wants to have a drive. Surprise of the day: Marr family was first there. Won't be long before they are off to England for a trip.

A couple of weekends ago the Marrs and the Burkes had a camping weekend in the Pokolbin Mountains - had a great time, despite Max Jnr. coming off his motor bike and dislocating a finger and cracking a bone in a foot. On the way home John and I on motor bikes noticed two veterans approaching from the direction of Lindemans. We stopped at corner near "Belview" but they passed like ships in the night, in spite of our waving and shouting. Their identity didn't escape us - none other than Max and Jean Chapman and Alby Frost following, on way home from country tour. George Adams is next year's organiser, I hear. Dianne Newman provided an unexpected sub-event during the run - had to have appendix removed. All O.K. and Dianne back like new again.

Had a look over progress on the Moffat's Stude. Almost time to unite body with chassis - may see it on the Morpeth Tour.

Nice to hear from Jim Simpson, now a candidate for the old slogan "The Best in the West by Test" keeping himself and B.S.A. on active service. Seems Jim was recently in company of natives of the Terrigal District. Conversation brought back memories of October Newcastle Tours. Remember our final fling in the old guest house? We will miss you on the Morpeth run this year Jim, as Bathurst is a good long step away I guess. Hoping to see BEESA and Uncle Jim at the wheel again some day.

Regards,

- MAX BURKE (SNR.)

History Corner

IN THE BEGINNING (PART FOUR)

HISTORY CORNER for May 1982 traced the activities of a small group within the Vintage Sports Car Club in the early 1950's, which led to the VSCC finally approving a watered-down version of a "Brighton Rally" for owners of veteran vehicles, the rally being scheduled for Sunday, 4th April 1954.

The VSSC's March Circular for 1954 reads as follows:

"Veteran/Edwardian Rally. A Rally for vehicles built before 1914 will be held on the 4th April. The Event will take the form of a run from Brown's Wharf, Woolloomooloo to Dolls Point. Starting time is 10 a.m. and the entrance fee is 5/- per car. Special notices have been posted to owners of suitable cars who have registered them with the Club - extra copies are available on application to the Secretary."

This rally was the first event of its kind in New South Wales and was billed by the press as a Veteran and Edwardian Car Rally, an open event run under the auspices of the Vintage Sports Car Club of Australia.

Sixteen entrants congregated at Brown's Wharf by the appointed time and so did a great crowd of enthusiastic onlookers intrigued by the spectacle, for the first time in Sydney, of ancient motor cars actually on the road and operating as they converged on the starting point. The popular appeal was totally unanticipated, taking both the entrants and the club officials by surprise. Similarly, at the finish - the situation became chaotic due to the public's enthusiasm and interest. All entrants finished the course of approximately eleven miles, some being trailered from the start (including Ron Grant's early De Dion).

No prizes were awarded for speed, since this

was limited to an average of 12 mph., checked by controls. Lober & Coy won the award for the oldest vehicle, a 1901 "Merry Oldsmobile", a single cylinder, single chain drive, tiller steered model driven by D. Venters. Ray Hope, who journeyed in from Blacktown in a 1913 Sunbeam, won the prize for travelling the longest distance to the start; the award for the most original vehicle went to J.A. Perdriau in a 1913 Benz and the 1908 of George Campbell (since deceased) carried off the best restored vehicle award.

At the conclusion of this most successful event the veteran car enthusiasts in the VSCC were ecstatic; spectators and entrants alike were surprised at the efficient performance of the ancient vehicles and their equally ancient tyres; and the enthusiasm and interest of the onlookers did not escape the notice of people, not connected with the Vintage Sports Car Club, who could see the promotional advantages ahead.

The VSCC in its April Circular for 1954 had the following to say:

"The Veteran/Edwardian Rally held on Sunday April 4th was very well supported and due to good publicity was followed with interest by the press and the general public. Sixteen entries started and completed the course without incident and I think the Judges had the hardest job of all to decide some of the award winners."

Then followed the results set out in an earlier paragraph.

It is interesting to note that the first Brighton Rally, under the auspices of the VSCC, occurred on 4th April, 1954 and the Veteran and Edwardian Car Owners' Club of Australia had its inaugural meeting on 30th of the same month. (See HISTORY CORNER for October 1981). Unfortunately the Minute Book of the newly-formed club contains minutes only for the inaugural meeting, the next meeting being recorded as being held on 12th July, 1954. At this latter meeting the following entry appears:

"Mr. Bill Daly and J. Myers (sic) informed the meeting of

all known facts in connection with the B.E.F. and Genevieve Rally and after discussion it was decided to organise the proposed rally. (Moved by F. Klein and seconded by R. Grant). The Secretary was instructed to contact the Secretary of the Vintage Club (VSCC) and inform him of the Veteran and Edwardian Car Owners' Club of Australia's intention of organising the Genevieve Rally. (Moved by R. Grant and seconded by F. Klein)."

This was an important step in the history of our club as it was the first sign of the fledgling organisation commencing to spread its wings. Later, in the same vein, the minutes of the meeting held on 5th August, 1954 show the new club drawing up rules for dress whilst on parade, and taking measures to secure crowd control.

On Sunday, 4th September, 1954, the Veteran and Edwardian Car Owners' Club of Australia held it's first Veteran Rally - another milestone in the club's development - the Genevieve Veteran Car Rally - to give publicity to British Empire Film's production of "Genevieve".

This was a clean break from any control or administration by the VSCC. Starting point for this rally was opposite the State Theatre in Market Street, Sydney, thence to Bondi Esplanade and return to the State Theatre.

(To be continued).

See you at the next meeting.

- THE HISTORIAN.

1982 MAY TOUR - FROM THE NAVIGATOR'S SEATSunday

After the usual grumbles about taking too much luggage with us, we cranked up and moved off in the direction of the "Map of Australia", which is not there any more. We wound up almost on the expressway. After backing a short distance, we met the others, who arrived shortly afterwards. Soon everyone moved off at a leisurely pace up the old Pacific Highway to morning tea and comfort stop at the Oak Bar. Following the highway once more to Wyong, we turned off, leaving the heavy traffic behind to follow the Hue Hue Road to Cooranbong for lunch. After resuming our run we chugged up the gap into Brunkerville where Michael turned off and did some reminiscing at the place where he lived when he first attended school. We soon arrived at Cessnock and found the motel without much trouble. Thus the first enjoyable day of the Autumn Tour was over.

Monday

Morning dawned on a bright and happy group, eager to get started on our second day. After a briefing by the Rally Director regarding the route, all carefully followed those directions, that is, all but the Rally Director, who found himself on the way to Tamworth, before deciding that he was going the wrong way. We thought the Adams were the only ones who did that kind of thing. Patterson for morning tea; Mike Bendeich was a little late after stopping at Rutherford Aerodrome to find out how to put a 'plane together. B.B.Q. lunch beside the river at Dungog, then on to Gloucester. On arriving at the motel - HORRORS! Only twin beds! Never mind, not much sleep that night, but one benefit was that George's snoring didn't seem so loud.

Tuesday

Dawned sunny and clear - a wonderful opportunity for a brisk walk around town and watch the sun rise on "the buckets" - the mountains to the west of Gloucester. (No one was seen taking the walk). Although the motel suffered some shortcoming, a good breakfast was had by all, in the dining room. It was then discovered that only the "mans" - Chapmans and Newmans - enjoyed the privilege (?)

of double beds - shades of chauvinism perhaps. Off to Copeland and old mining area. Those who took the high road missed it all. Back through town and on to Krambach for lunch. "K" isn't very big, but if a clean "look" competition were held, "K" would win a prize. While soaking up the sun after lunch, elderly local asked our destination. When told, he offered the information that Wingham was a nice big town, he'd been there two or three times. And so on to Wingham over good roads (no traffic), a pleasantly hilly country to our comfortable motel.

Wednesday

And here we go again and here we go again. Destination was the leatherworks, but Peter Kable led all astray - to the Abattoirs! No doubt there was a connection. And at the leatherworks? An inspection, plus lecture, plus goodies to buy, plus TV exposure with veteran star, Robert Baxter, providing an expert commentary. Very good coverage it was too, with the camera crew on board John's T Model. However, it was Peter Wards who featured as a stunt artist on Max's running board, while the Wolseley shuddered and lurched down a tractor track to the Hubert Godfreys' picnic spot. We were made very welcome by Jack's brother and his wife. The road was freshly graded by son Bruce, B.B.Q.s and wood were available, also a hill where the men held some kind of summit meeting - a lovely restful sojourn and then - more histrionics. Roley was blamed for leaving you-know-who's lunch behind. Also, when Beatrice Adams was almost a grease spot from the sun, a particular nameless driver refused to move the Adams' car, muttering 'It's not ethical to drive another bloke's car', so he moved his own so she could sit on his shady running board. Chivalry is not dead after all. Departure brought the climax of the day. The Kables' Ford, low on petrol, had the choice of being towed by Jack Godfrey's Range Rover, or backing up the graded track. One guess as to how it reached the top of the "Big" hill? Many thanks to the Godfrey clan for a memorable day. And the Most Gallant Gentleman Award surely goes to Jan's Roley. The Most Cared-for Orphan Award - Albie Frost. The Most Frequently Lost Car - well, Don Steer has got competition at last.

Thursday

Left Wingham Motel at 9.30 a.m., another beautiful morning. Anne and Bob Baxter graced the rear seat of our Studebaker, providing sparkling conversation during the trip. Passed through Marlee where we noticed a sign, "Population ?". We understand that the locals are working on that project. Arrived at Ellenbrough Falls after some steep climbs. Inspected surroundings, which included a lagoon, a very pretty area. The V.C. club monopolised the shelter for morning tea and lunch, leaving other visitors to fend for themselves. Vacated the Falls at 1.40, travelling down Calling Pass to Girraween Gardens tea house where all and sundry added greatly to their weight by consuming tea, hot scones, jam and cream, which was delicious. A stroll around the garden, which had won the "Herald Gardening Contest" on a number of occasions, added to the pleasure. Unfortunately, Max Chapman found, on returning to the Wolseley, that the main leaf on his left-hand rear spring was broken, but thanks to a T type fencing wire and tyre lever repair, was able to return to the motel. The regional TV station gave us a good coverage with an interview with R.B. and film coverage of all our cars on the 6 p.m. news. A community B.B.Q. in the motel grounds that night was in part well cooked by Graham Newman, ably supervised by Jean Chapman. A good night was had by all.

Friday

After a superb motoring day yesterday, I feel that my effort to put pen to paper is going to make rather dull reading. We encountered one or two misadventures in the last 12 hours. One, the spring on Max's car was repaired by "Blue Eyes Graham", the local blacksmith, and baby Suzanne Bendeich, needing much loving attention after putting an inquisitive finger on a hot gas ring. Off to Taree for morning tea by the river and on to Forster for the night. The only casualty was a T Ford, couldn't hold it's water! Thank goodness someone had some Araldite. Most of the gang visited the Vintage Motor Museum, where we viewed the greatest collection of unrestored black iron this side of the black stump. Only a few veteran gentlemen went fishing. First catch of the day was made by the '15

T Ford driver - a 3" tiddler - and our own "ever popular" (especially after yesterday) director - caught someone's dinner. A dear little redhead braved the icy waters at the motel pool and came off a little worse for wear. We have had perfect weather to date and all on the rally are enjoying their veteran motoring.

Saturday

After an early sort-out of sick children, we left Forster. About two miles out of town a lock-up of brakes on the Merc. and caravan --- was it a broken down car, or a dog? No, it was a flying Wolseley lunch box. Not much could be salvaged as the contents were mostly "squash". (Jean and Max did retrieve their meat.) After travelling along Lakes Way we found a dusty spot for morning tea, where Alec McLeod and new wife Peggy stopped to say hello. All kids, big and small, were popping Poppas, but were outdone by the big kid in the Chalmers popping a Castrol Water Conditioner Container under the wheel. We then climbed Buladelah Mountain, where Mokes can be seen to cross double yellow lines. Had a pleasant lunch in a deserted churchyard in Booral, where a few cars from the Buick Car Club stopped to have a natter. Diane Newman was met at Karuah by sister Wendy, who took her home for diagnosis on severe stomach pains. The fishermen adjourned to the river where Bob Baxter appeared to be the expert casting his line out into the middle of the river with a 3 lb brick as a sinker. Mike caught the only fish, but sent it back to it's Mummy. Dinner at Karuah RSL, where a mixture of Chinese and Australian meals were consumed, including battered fish that contained no fish - this was followed by coffee at the Bendeichs'. Another good day's motoring.

Sunday

We left Karuah on another glorious morning, with our ranks depleted by the departure of the Newmans, Coulchers and Peter Wards'. Down the highway for morning tea stop at Seaham Weir, then on to lunch stop at one of the wineries near Cessnock. Further depleted by the departure of Neville Preston and the Adams'. We decided to follow the Rally Director who "appeared" to know where he was going - to the

Hungerford Hill Winery. Lots of things to look at in the Antique and Gift Shop, Plant and Woodwork Shop and Jam Shop, but the highlight as far as the children were concerned was the very large Adventure Playground which kept them occupied for most of the afternoon. Arriving at the motel, we heard that our illustrious leader had almost come to grief attempting to travel on three wheels. Immediately, all the men rallied round to help. (As with most disasters, you have to beat the volunteers off with a stick.) Dinner was very quiet at the Cessnock RSL where food was very good and very cheap.

* * * * *

Summing up, I'm sure everyone will agree that we all had a wonderful time and a big thanks should go to the organisers for a great rally.

J.S. BALDARS

Editor's Note: *As all will gather, there is always plenty of time allowed on these rallies for eating, so all will be on a diet until next year.*

* * * * *

MAY TOUR 1982 - FROM THE DRIVER'S SEAT

With perfect weather and a well-organised tour it's hard to write a story without making all those who stayed home feel envious. It certainly is the way to enjoy your vehicle and our countryside with that sense of adventure with the nagging thought that at any time something just might happen to that back tyre, big end or your next motel might not have a room for you.

A veteran car was built to go anywhere, so its in the restorer's lap as to how the car runs. Following are incidents of car and driver on the rally:

- * Michael Bendeich settled on a heavy oil for his Chalmers and experienced hard-to-crank motor. He may have stuck to a 3-minute shower, but made up for it with 26 electric

jugs full of hot water for the radiator.

- * Now, being clever and putting a pressure-tested new T-Ford radiator for the trip didn't help Kables much (should have been tested for vibration as it sprang three leaks by the end of the first day, requiring a cement-up).
- * Motel accommodation was excellent, though one night at Gloucester had everyone drawing straws to see who was going to see "Fawlty Towers" on the Bendeich's T.V. as it was the only room with one. Could that be why Frank Nissen was "Missen".
- * Not too sure if a trip in the X.P.T. is as fast as stated. We passed one four times north of Dungog. Hope the passengers did arrive - last seen it was far behind as we sped off towards Gloucester.
- * Although the tour was just on 500 miles, the model T's did miles more (on the jacks at the motels each morning).
- * Ever noticed how the motel you stay at and repair your veteran in the parking lot is the one with the whiter-than-white towels?
- * With such beautiful weather it's just about a pleasure to see someone broken down so you can stop and enjoy it.
- * What do you think of a Rally Director who dreams up such a day's run into the mountains that he thinks it best to leave his own veteran parked at the motel? Must say, though, that his luck was with him - we were in so remote an area and the roads were so rough that they hadn't heard of a telephone, which was just as well as it stopped everyone from ringing the motel manager back in Wingham to tell him to start our night-time barbecue with the Calthorpe's hood bows.
- * Surely Max Chapman should have plate number 007, not 117. The Wolseley is definitely a James Bond machine - not only does he carry everything for an emergency hidden in and around the body, he also has that air starter for sneaky getaways and the wooden box and the

SHELL tin on the running board which he jettisons when other members get too close behind. Ask Peter Wards and Fred Rossiter.

- * Alas, even James Bond has his breakdowns and Max broke the main leaf on the n/s rear spring during our Endurance Mountain Run, which required a quick tyre lever repair and off-loading of Jean (and removal and welding once back in Wingham). It must be said though that Bob Baxter did have the grace to help in its repair - after all, the Calthorpe didn't need any adjustment and the rope around his ankle stopped him from wandering away.
- * One short day's run out of Wingham saw us visit the local tannery for a very interesting tour and lunch out at Jack Godfrey's brother's property. Still think its poor when you're the only one to provide entertainment by running short of petrol when climbing up the side of the cliff leaving our lunch stop, and you don't get a penny for it. Maybe Kodak will give me a few bucks because they will make a fortune from developing and printing of all the photos of the town car being towed by Jack Godfrey in the Range Rover.
- * Wouldn't it make you cry? How many people do you know looking for brassware, and there in nearly every country town at the local museum is a light someone has been looking years for. To top it off, it's usually in a showcase uncleaned for years, and marked 'miner's light' or some such thing.
- * Were there any real breakdowns? Well, none which prevented completion of the trip. Alby Frost kept telling us he had a few electrical troubles, yet we never saw the Caddy do anything that left his hands any other colour than white, to match his hair. Fred Rossiter decided to look at his motor after 7 days and, upon opening the Studebaker's bonnet, found the starter motor just about to drop off. John Wards found the solder in his Ford's radiator short on the tin and lead and had to replenish it at Forster. The Talbot of Nev. Preston had a handbrake return spring that needed its

neck re-rung. But...!!! Bob Baxter feeling guilty about that road (and the fact that no one would give his sausages space on their barbecue) decided to try and enlist sympathy by first of all calling the troops out from the motel at Cessnock because the front hub was loose and finally to top that off, what looked like being a trouble-free run home, chewed out the spline on the driveshaft handbrake drum. Could that gearbox be in sideways???

- * With kids between 18 months and 18 years we had no real disasters until nearly home (watch for a rise in share prices of the confectionery manufacturer) until nearly home when Dianne Newman developed appendix problems and had to be taken back home and to hospital by sister Wendy.
- * Finally only those who attended the trip are allowed to get offended - all other complaints will be ignored.

* * * * *

AUTUMN RALLY CAKE

6 oz. soft butter or marg.	6 fl. oz. milk
1 cup sugar	pinch salt
2 cups s.r. flour	1 cup sultanas
½ cup s.r. wholemeal flour	½ cup mixed fruit (no jelliettes)
2 eggs	½ cup chopped walnuts

Place all ingredients in large bowl and beat well with wooden spoon. (About 80 beats). Cook in moderate oven for about 1 hour.

Ice with soft icing to which a heaped tablespoon of coconut has been added.

- BEA ADAMS

* * * * *

THIS MONTH'S INSURANCE ALIBIS:

A pedestrian hit me and went under my car.

The guy was all over the road. I had to swerve a number of times before I hit him.

Letter to the Editor

The Editor,

Dear Madame,

Your correspondent, Reg Thornton (SPIT AND POLISH May 1982) interests me in that he submits some comments 'with trepidation'. That thought pleases me greatly, as I feel that he has not rushed headlong into a diabtribe without due consideration of the subject matter. Heresy? No! Just an expression of his thoughts.

After many repetitions of the Katoomba Rally (or Blue Mountains Tour) it is with complete intrepidation that I go into print to support the club's traditional run over the same course. Somehow it seems to fit into the category of a pilgrimage to a chosen spot for one's annual holidays, or the Friday night crawl always to the same local for a drink and a chat with one's 'mates'. Could you see all the Royal Pageantry re-routed? Could you imagine the course of the London-to-Brighton Run differing from year to year? Could you visualise Uncle Harry's cart and horse anywhere but in it's usual place at the Fair? I doubt all that. No sir, they are traditional!

Our Editor has given a tabloid answer to your comments in the words "ask the old timers". Really, you have missed a lot of fun by not having been with us in the beginning of the club. Many got through with little or no vehicular worries, quite a number did not. One, at least, of the latter category experiences nostalgic feelings as he passes varying spots, such as: "That was where we sorted out the mag. drive with John So-and-So, and Alf Someone Else helping. You remember - the year it rained!", or, "It was just about here that she failed to get petrol through and we finished with a can on the front seat giving gravity feed." Nostalgia is a wonderful thing which is not drawn upon in strange, new places, but is a wonderful nebulous asset to possess.

In conclusion, may I compliment you on the thermal efficiency of your 'old lady' (not the Chainling) if she completes the course, plus arrival at and departure from the tour area as well, with a 60% efficient radiator.

Yours, etc.

- JIM SIMPSON

* * * * *

Revs and Backfires

Went to the annual Pot Hunters Presentation party at the Denistone Bowling Club last Saterdee night. A disappointing roll-up for sure. I got the drum that, financially, the club will have to fork out quite a few ducats to compensate for the people who promised to go, and then renegued.

#

I strolled in to the entrancing string music of a Palm Court orchestra and methinks there is nothing more genteel and pleasant than that, when Wham! There was Jan Coulcher dressed in (this wouldn't do for the Brits) an Argentinian gaucho outfit consisting of flared, below the knee, rust-coloured pants, mit calf length boots and close-fitting knitted top! Well, all that was missing was a rawhide whip, some rapid foot stamping and a few resounding Ole's. Very chic Jan, very chic.

#

You've got to be some kind of a nut to do things as young Warren Irish does 'em. Has been working on and off for seven years on a restoration of a 1917 Model N Hupmobile and informed me with bated breath that he'd taken a tape of the engine noises when he first stoked her up about 3 years ago. Yep, you guessed it. He plays it back as a lullaby at nightie night time. Why, I'll never know, because with a delectable piece of Nordic charm like Anne around the gunyah with her Danish pastries and other desirable attributes, the sound of a bucket of bolts like the Hup would be the last thing I would think of.

Love that Sandy Roberts and also love that Grey Mink jacket she was sporting. I'm not one to talk dear Sandra, but fur coats and diamond rings don't come out of the wash tub. The off-the-shoulder job looked nice and feminine and happiness beamed out like a galactic missile from both their faces. Praise indeed from Uncle Len.

#

Brian and Kay Inder were there beaming out beer and bonhomie to all and sundry. Kay's "little girl's blue dress" was complemented by those ravishing dimples, gold belt and, to top it all (or rather, bottom it all) was a pair of glitter pantyhose. S'funny thing, but when one says stockings it's O.K. but pantyhose sounds almost lewd. Well dammit I am lewd and what's more, they own a bleddy R.R. Sickenin', that's wot it is.

#

Strike me lucky! Another R.R. owner. Looks like the V.C.C. will become a subsidiary of that ego-conscious R.R. Owners' Club. Bill Maunsell has gone from the sublime to the gorbliymy with the acquisition of a 5 hp De Dion. As a matter of fact a well known member who knows his donks, once stated, the De Dion engine and finish would leave the aforementioned for dead. Ennyow! if you know of anyone with a Ding Dong gearbox hanging on them watch-chain Bill will surrender his virginity for it. It's a wonder that Madeline, who's with Philips in the computer section, can't conjure up one, with a little bit of super-programming, from the big wonder box.

Peace be on thy house,

- LEN MASSER

* * * * *

HINT: For people who live in cold areas - always back your car into the garage on very cold nights. If the car refuses to start next morning it's easier to use jumper leads.

M - I - N - D - S - T - R - E - T - C - H - E - RSolution to No. 9UPS AND DOWNS

As there were exactly equal lengths of uphill and downhill gradients, assume that they are one kilometre each - the total distance is then two kilometres. At 20 kph the uphill section will take three minutes and the downhill section will take one minute at 60 kph.

The total time is four minutes and therefore the average speed for the whole journey of two kilometres is 30 kph (the same principle applies no matter what the total distance was involved).

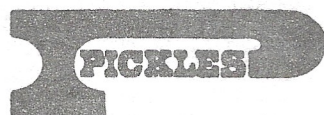
No. 10SIX QUICKIES

1. Some months have 31 days, some have 30. In 1982 how many months have 28 days?
2. If you had only one match and entered a room in which there were a candle, a kerosene lamp and a gas ring, which would you light first?
3. I have in my hand two Australian coins with a total value of 15 cents. One is not a 5 cent piece. What are the two coins?
4. Take two apples from three dozen apples and what do you have?
5. How many animals of each species did Moses take aboard the ark with him?
6. Is it legal in Australia for a man to marry his widow's sister?

* * * * *

Business was a bit slow in real estate and the salesman was showing a property to a prospective buyer. Asked about the climate he said: "Best in the world - illness is unheard of around here."

Just then a funeral procession came into view and respectfully removing his hat the salesman said: "Poor old undertaker - starved to death."



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