

Country Motor *Australia*



Issue 21

free
Magazine produced
for Pre-1960
motor enthusiasts

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Lap of NSW in a 1937 Riley Lynx

Back copies of Country Motor are available upon request

Country Motor is a E-magazine created for and by country motor enthusiasts who have passion for ancient motor vehicles, engines, in fact any motor that is curious and old

Please forward all editorial enquiries and contributions to David Vaughan

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Contents

Lap of NSW in a 1937 Riley Lynx	3
2019 VSCC Wimmera Wander	5
British Day Queanbeyan	7
1925 Willys Knight	8
Lincoln Collection	12
Out to Lunch in an Alvis	13
GN Special	14
Perkolilli Participants	15
Post-War Entrepreneur	16
Bits & Pieces	17
Photo Gallery of Cars in the 1960s	19

Editor's Entries

Welcome to the twenty first edition of Country Motor

Twenty First Issue

Having reached the 21st issue I thought I should do 21 pages, however the number of pages are multiples of four so that anyone printing it off with a suitable printer can make a magazine of it.

I am very excited by the number of stories readers have sent in. All are interesting and there are more in the pipeline. Please keep them coming. I have also borrowed, with permission, a few stories from other club magazines and newsletters.

The main stories include a great tour around the state of NSW by Riley enthusiasts Noel McIntosh and Rob Everett.

With the current devastating bush fires I doubt the trip could have been achieved in recent weeks. If any readers have been affected by the fire storms and if there is anything we can do as members of the old car

community to assist you please let us know. Our thoughts are with you. As in the case of past bush fires not only destroy buildings (many historic), many classic cars have probably been also lost for ever. I remember after the Macedon Ranges bush fires a friend Gordon Cooper lost his car collection. He showed me his veteran Buick which he had just finished restoring, it had been reduced to a molten pile of scrap metal.

Graeme Burnham helped organise a VSCC rally in the North of the Victoria and suggested we include the story. A second story by John Turner on his experiences with Willys Knight cars follows Andrew McLintock's British Day rally report.

Other contributions have been made by myself, Bill Sheehan, Peter Donald, Archie Marshall's continuing saga, Michael Worthington-Williams and Ian Irwin. Thankyou.

Happy Motoring. *David*

THE LAP OF NSW ADVENTURE IN A 1937 RILEY LYNX.

Noel McIntosh and Rob Everett



In 2018 I bought a Riley Lynx to do more long distance motoring adventures. The 1937 car had a tough life in Ireland for its first 50 years before coming to Australia in 1983. The body and seats were well restored in Queensland and I did a complete mechanical overhaul and rewiring. A new used block, bought in the UK, arrived in Feb 2019 and was rebuilt in a hurry for the Riley National 10 weeks later. It went well for 2000 miles but on our return journey the engine stopped in Wagga with a hole in the piston. The second engine rebuild, this time with standard compression, was started in July. I had to get another crankshaft, as the first one was badly ground in Queanbeyan. The 2nd engine was re-machined by In Tune Performance (Hurstville) and finished in mid-August and run-in before the Lap started.

It has taken a year of hard work to get it in reliable condition. The Vintage Sports Car Club is celebrating its 75th Anniversary in 2019. Rob Everett and I decided to celebrate in style by driving a lap of NSW in the Lynx. We have form. In 2004 we drove my 1913 Vauxhall around the perimeter of Australia in a 6 week, 15,000km adventure to celebrate the 60th Anniversary.

We left Sydney early in the morning on 12th September 2019 with the car loaded with all tools and spares we might need. The day before the car had a fault, as it had every week for the past 6 months, with an *intermittent* starter button. It was a relief to see Aussie Rock, Narooma, knowing we were underway without any problems. The spring blossoms heralded a new life for the car and us so we slept well.

We called into Eden before the long haul up the mountain road which was used by bullock wagons to supply Cathcart, an inland distribution point. It was so narrow

that oncoming wagons could not pass and one was pushed over the edge.
Eden museum on 2nd day



The start of motoring adventure 1937 Riley under the 1932 Sydney Harbour Bridge The map displayed on the bonnet raised many comments



Snow up to Cabramurra

Cooma, always interesting as the HQ of the Snowy Mountain Scheme, was a cold night stop. The local hire-shop expert told us the road was semi closed and we would need snow chains to go to Adaminaby. The old man said our narrow tyres were good in snow so don't fit chains. He gave us a pair to show the police. There was snow up to Cabramurra, the second highest town in NSW, then followed the long ups and downs to the weathered basin of Australia's interior.

We joined the VSCCA 75th Anniversary festivities in Wagga for two nights. We did a re-torque of the engine head and a detailed check of the car. So far so very good.



Early on Monday morning we headed for Albury to meet the Mighty Murray River and start our Westward journey

Lake Boga had 1000 people repairing Catalina flying boats during WWII



along the river. We trespassed into Victoria to see Swan Hill historic sites and then onto Mildura.

Malcolm Bennett, descendent of a 1909 farmer and a Riley Kestrel and steam engine enthusiast, gave us a great tour of the 1880s Mildura/Meribeen town and irrigation area. His mates have restored one of the 4 Chaffey-era large steam pumps, which fed the 1880's irrigation schemes. Four huge boilers for each were fed tons of wood by 4 men.

Lucky us! He also gave the car an oil change and grease.

Now we turned north to Wentworth where the Darling joins the Murray.

We got a feeling of the romantic and dramatic history of the River Boat era of the late 1800's as we travelled along the major rivers, Murray and Darling. A few of the 200 paddle steamers, which worked the 4000 miles of the rivers, are preserved or stranded. Rob has a whistle from one now high and dry, 10 miles from the river.

There is a fascinating history of inland transport using barges towed by steam paddlers. Some of Australia's biggest ports were on these rivers. Now the Darling is a disaster with precious little water which is green and mostly stagnant. Locals say the high

water demands of massive cotton farms and water theft has devastated the whole area.

Broken Hill was made special by Beth Garland, Riley owner and vintage car club editor. She helped publicise the use of pre-war by arranging an interview



Silver City Highway Line of Lode Miner's Memorial, Broken Hill, Local hero Dr Fred Hollows emotive grave at Bourke



on ABC Breakfast radio and 2 front-page stories in the local paper which also publicised the Fred Hollows Foundation.

It is an engineering city, which displays its history very well. Interesting social and labour history in a town founded by 7 farm workers who formed the famous BHP.

The BH Veteran & Vintage Club has its own 1910 building in the centre of the city.

It rained after a dust storm on our travels to the Western Frontier towns of Wilcannia, Cobar, Bourke and Brewarrina. We passed the 1,500 mile mark on this section and the car was getting stronger by the day

We wanted to raise funds for the exceptional Fred Hollows Foundation as it has a strong regional presence where its services are desperately needed. Fred did the groundbreaking eye health research in Aboriginal communities, put in motion a legacy to end avoidable blindness and restored the sight of 1000s of people.

We made an emotional visit to Prof Fred Hollows' grave in the Bourke historic cemetery. Rocks surrounding a massive polished stone form the shape of

an eye with various texts on stones and plaques praising his sight restoring missions in poor communities. We raised \$8,000, which is enough to restore the sight of 300 people or for training.

We headed into the rising sun and up to Goondiwindi, oh my gaud, in Queensland. It is a lovely town with mown grass on the centre road islands and traffic circles. A complete change from the recently experienced red dust. A quick night stay and we were back in NSW, unscathed, and meandering our way to fire-ravished Tenterfield. Ten days before we had crossed the Great Dividing Range in snow, descending to the flat belly of NSW all the way out to the dry Broken Hill then looped back to go over the Northern Great Divide in the semi tropics.

We followed the next river, Tweed, up to the Heads, our most northerly destination. What a shock seeing a white beach and 20-story skyscrapers after the quiet, dry towns a week earlier. Had a cup of tea on the busy foreshore then fled south through the lush sugar plantations to Byron Bay.

It was equally frenetic but we had to get a picture of the lighthouse on the



The Great Dividing Range Northern NSW

most Eastly point of NSW. We spent the night in Maclean on the Clarence River. This quaint town's resident artist has painted 200 power poles each with a Scottish tartan. Here met a VSCC UK senior member who was amazed to see 3,000-mile-adventurers having a quiet lunch.

We took the coast road into and out of Port Macquarie before the night stop with Rob's family in Red Head for some special curry.

Friday, 27th September, was a sad day as it was our last day. We extended it as much as possible by weaving our way along the coast road to Foster and Blueys Beach. The inevitable end of our dream happened as we stopped at the busy intersection in Chatswood with a million people crossing at the lights.

We are back after a brilliant adventure in a pre-war open car.



The sea again at Tweed Heads

We have some great pictures and wonderful memories

The adventurers, Noel McIntosh (78) and Rob Everett (78), drove the 15,000km 60th VSCCA Anniversary Around Australia Rally in 6 weeks in a veteran 1913 Vauxhall. It was shown in



Byron Bay lighthouse,



Is this the same Australia we had seen a week before. Why did we return?

TV segments in Sydney CH9 Today Show, Ch9's Morning Show in Darwin, Perth etc. as well as featuring in many newspapers and magazines.

Noel is an experienced long distance adventurer.

Noel has driven his 1913 Vauxhall across Europe, Russia, Japan, USA, UK, South Africa; did the 1988 Darwin to Adelaide bicentennial rally and the 2004 around Australia trip. He also drove his 1933 Rolls-Royce 5,500 km around Japan.

Noel & Rob

2019 VSCC Wimmerera Wander

**A report on a VSCC (Vic) event
written by Robert Sands**

"I am not going in the Alvis"... went the discussion, so a counter offer of "Well what about the Bristol?" "It has-n't got air conditioning and is too noisy". I could see where this was going so went for the trump card, "possibly the T'bird?" "Well, OK." The first buoy finally navigated, so I had better get the land yacht up and running after a long period in dry dock.

Not that we required air conditioning as the W-W team had organised the weather a little better, but not much, as those in open cars suffered at times with rain, hail, and cold winds interspersed with brief periods of beautiful spring sunshine.

Leaving verdant and leafy Learmonth beside the Lake after an early morning pick-me-up from the organisers' friendly coffee cart, it was the roads less well travelled that were chosen. Wonderful I thought as we cruised along in very good company. We weren't the only items of black iron on the run. The Waller's Auburn Speedster vied with us to be the winner of the Captain Bling title. I think in the end it might have been a draw, but if it came to the number of exterior lights I think we might just nudge ahead.

The route took us in a north west direction through Lexton, Elmhurst and Glenorchy, following the route taken in

the trip, the real state of play.

Lunch at the Rupanyup Hall was one of those lovely occasions when the CWA turned on a magnificent spread, from party pies and sausage rolls through curried egg sandwiches et al to cream cakes and biscuits, all washed down with tea from those huge two handled pots and served with such pleasant grace and humour.

After lunch and a chat with some locals in that wonderful main street we headed off again to find our first painted silo also in Rupanyup (see www.siloarttrail.com), which set the standard for the rest of the run. Some preferred the local history museum but all were soon back on the road to nearby Murtoa to visit the unique Stick Shed. For those who haven't visited, words are not enough to describe the scale, enormity, atmosphere and simplicity of this marvellous structure. (see murtoastickshed.com.au). One of 29 and now the last one standing, they were



Bugatti Type 44 of John Shellard & Mark Alsop's Talbot 105

A short drive brought us to Warracknabeal and an interesting but comfortable enough motel made from an old service station. Dinner in the pub was busy while some who booked late had to stay in Horsham 20 minutes away. Unfortunately Bill and Olivia Griffiths in the Talbot left us here to limp to Castle-maine with head gasket problems.

The next day saw us to three more installations at Brim, Beulah and Lascelles before lunch at Sea Lake.

After lunch some of us went north on the Calder Highway to look at the pink Lake Tyrrell (didn't look all that pink to me but...) before we headed east towards Swan Hill for the night. The drive across through Ultima was very pleasant with little or no traffic and a



*Graeme Burnham's Vauxhall 14/40
T/T piloted by Louis Santin*



Mark Alsops & Bill Griffith's Talbots 105s

the 1860s by Celia Burnham's (nee Scott) forbears as they drove a herd of sheep from Scottsburn north to greener pastures. That is of course another story.

If we weren't as well informed we could be right in thinking that all was well in the country as it was green and lush. Gradually as we drove further north we could see the land beginning to dry out and remain that way for the rest of

built in a hurry during WW2 to stockpile a glut of wheat that couldn't be shipped to Europe due to the shipping blockade.

Back on the road we passed through Minyip noting Ian Waller's childhood home and arrived at the next art installation at Sheep Hills just off the Stawell-Warracknabeal Road. These installations are all different with appeals to different people.

beautiful little road with broad horizons and fields of grain.

Dinner for some that night was at the Murray Station Golf Club, across the river in NSW. After a noisy and hilarious bus ride, we discovered... yes, you guessed it, pokies by the thousand, so we had an average meal which luckily came very quickly and left on the next bus back and an early night for some.



Line up at the Warracknabeal start



Dale Anderson's recently acquired Alvis 12/50

The next day was one of sight seeing around Swan Hill and I went to the lake Boga Flying Boat Museum which was very interesting before we took a paddle steamer ride up the Murray dodging ducks, ducklings birds and

brown snakes.

Thursday saw us leave from the Pioneer Village and head south east along the Murray Valley Highway accompanied by many semi trailers, nomads with caravans and howling winds which made for an unpleasant drive to just before Kerang where we turned off towards Boort.

A visit to the Spanner Man on a farm near Gredgwin left many of us bewildered at what floats peoples' boats and we all were a little dismayed at the loss of so many useful spanners of all types even if they were turned into interesting sculptures.

The wind didn't let up and our organisers (or wranglers) were able to use the local Water Ski Club's tea rooms to have our lunch while it rained and blew outside. Quick thinking, well done. After lunch we all set sail for home with people scattering in many different directions. We would all like to thank our members Graeme and Celia Burnham and Ian and Gini Waller for a most enjoyable and relaxing run through the Wimmera with good driving, great art and interesting history to accompany us all. Very entertaining and great fun (and 'sotto voce' from the co captains seat, no questions!).

Robert

Above: Kate Davies, Celia Burnham, Sue Alsop with the Mackay Alvis

Me? Get in there?.... Christine Sands. Ian Waller's Auburn



The handsome thirsty of the McNaughtons



Entrant	Navigator	Car
Graeme Burnham	Celia	Ford A
Ian Waller	Gini	Auburn
Angus Law	Roger	Aston Martin
John Shellard	Zhao	Bugatti Type 44
Peter Mackay	Kate	Alvis SE
Brian Canny	John	Sunbeam
Robert Rush	Sue	Ford A
Tim Gilfillan	Liz	M.G.A
Mark Burns	Sue	Alvis 12/50
Rob Sands	Christine	Land Yacht (Thunderbird)
Damien O'Doherty	Ruth	Vauxhall 30/98
Alan Wttenhall	Roz	M.G. L Type
Conor Ryan	Kath	Daimler SP 250
Bob King	Richard	AC/ACE
Max Foster	Karen	Delage DMN
Mark Alsop	Sue	Talbot 105
Ian Head	Robyne	Lotus
Louis Santin		Vauxhall 14/40 TT
Berny O'Shannessy	Leo	Railton
Ian McNaughton	Libby	Vauxhall 30/98
Andrew Green	Robyn	Alfa 1600
Gerald Swinerton	Anne	Delage DIC
David Rehtch	Leonie	Delage DISS
Bill Griffiths	Olivia	Talbot 105
Dale Anderson	Judy	Alvis 12/50

British Day Queanbeyan

Andrew McLintock

Queanbeyan, next door to Canberra is becoming the preferred location for car shows in the capital recently. The latest being the Terribly British Day held at the start of December. The location was ideal, as was the weather, at least at the start of the day. The number, variety and the standard of the cars was the highlight. Alvis to Triumph. I didn't see a Wolseley but there may have been one.

I tend not to take my cars along to car shows, but my 9 year old daughter Ella pointed out that if no one took their car then there wouldn't be anything to look at. So Ruby, our 1969 Silver Shadow got a run. Above: Samantha, Ella and Alec.

The majority of cars were from the 1950's, right up to some modern Jaguars and Astons. Speaking of Jaguars, there was no shortage of varieties or numbers. Early and late XK's, including E-types, MKII's, XJ's and a diverse range of everything in-between.

Also, a great showing of MG's, Triumph's (including bikes), Mini's, Morris's, essentially all the cars you'd expect and want to see. I am coming to terms with the fact that I'm old, but these are cars that I grew up with. They may not have been as numerous as Fords and Holden's but they were about. It was interesting to pick up on other people's observations and how unfamiliar even the more common cars were to them. Which I guess

demonstrates the value of events like these.

There were so many interesting cars, too many to pick a favourite but... the Jensen 541R did stand out. So did the CV8 parked next to it. There were a number of big Healey's that would have looked good in my drive as well.

There were also the cars that I've admired and mentioned before, a lovely Alvis and Bristol 501. There was another Bristol that I'd never seen before, based on a Google search it was a 410 or 411. A very unique and I imagine rare car in Australia.

I couldn't help but notice a MKIII Ford Zodiac, which was almost identical to one my Grandfather had. He was a career soldier and had been posted to the UK in the 60's, from what I understand he bought the car back with him. It was originally black but my earliest memory was of a white car that looked like it may have been painted with a brush and house paint. It was christened the White Knight and was finally replaced with a XE Falcon in the 90's. He couldn't bring himself to sell the Knight (or no one wanted it), sadly it spent its final years on the South Coast slowly rusting away. By the time I could appreciate it for what it was, it was too late.

Andrew

Left: Jensen 541R, Bristol, Ford Zodiac, 1949 MGTC & MG Coupe



1925 Willys Knight

John Turner



In the previous article, I related the story of how I became interested in sleeve valve engined cars and the subsequent acquisition of a 1929 Willys Knight Model 56 sedan. Although the car was very complete and not too difficult a proposition to restore, circumstances changed and we decided to sell it rather than trying to transport it to the Sunshine Coast, Queensland, or store it in Melbourne and retrieve it at a later date.

While not actively searching for another old car those first few years after our move – a partially completed house and no garage – all the members of the local club I joined knew where my interests lay, and I always found time to go to any swap meets that were being held within a reasonable distance. That's how I found myself at the Gympie Swap in 1986, while Sue stayed home looking after the three girls. I bumped into a fellow club member, who asked if had I seen the Willys Knight for sale? What? Where? Who? How much? I soon found the vendor, sitting in the back of his Gemini hatchback with a blackboard next to him with the necessary details on it, and after chatting to him for a while, arranged to visit the following weekend at his home in Ipswich, west of Brisbane.

How often do you find a nearly 60 year old vehicle (now nearly 95) in a completely original condition looking like it was capable of being put back on the road without a great deal of work? Most, even if they are fairly complete, need extensive work on the bodywork and

mechanicals, are missing this, that and the other, and involve a fairly lengthy restoration before they can go anywhere near a road again.

This car, a 1925 Willys Knight Model 65 tourer, was just magic. The original owner of it was upstairs, unfortunately aged and in very poor health, so his son didn't want him to know that they were selling the car. Therefore we never had the opportunity to talk to him about it and it's history, something which I would have loved to do. Originally owned by him and his brother(s?), he bought out sole ownership for himself in 1929, and the car continued in his care somewhere in the hinterland of the Gold Coast until it was finally de-registered after 1959 – the last rego sticker is still on the windscreen. A day permit was obtained in 1972 to drive the Willys to Ipswich when the owner moved in with his son. Other than being told it was driven to Sydney and back at least once, we don't know much about it's history, or how many times it's rocked around the clock.

An elderly neighbour around the corner from us happily agreed to store the car in his shed for a month or two until we got a garage erected – goodbye veggie garden. I think he spent a fair bit of time in the shed looking at the car until we removed it. With an underground power feed from the side of our block over to the house, I warned the driver digging out for the floor of the garage at the rear to watch out for the conduit. Too late. No sparks, but an urgent call to the sparky.

The odometer wasn't functioning when I first got her back on the road and the state of the upholstery and roof is only what can be expected after 60 years, regardless of how many miles it has covered. After repairing the speedo cable, it broke again almost immediately. The problem was caused by the trip recorder, which was then disabled by a piece of matchstick, if I remember correctly after over 30 years. This is because, if left to record trip mileage, it jams and causes the speedo cable to break – so I have been happy to do without that part of the speedo. The problem is caused by the deterioration of the pot-metal in the body of the speedo.

The roof, which I presume was replaced sometime between WW2 and 1959, maybe earlier, was made of canvas, with four pull-down roller blinds fitted to the roof frame. They were handy, in that you could easily pull them down or release upwards whilst on the move, but when you needed to get in or out they had to be up – not good if it happened to be raining hard, which it does a bit of at times in SE Queensland. The days of this canvas roof were numbered though. Travelling on the highway, we could hear ominous ripping sounds whenever a large truck swept past us, until one day we looked up at the sun. A club member, an upholsterer by trade, offered to replace it for me, even though he'd only ever



done furniture before. He did a great job, redoing the pieces along each side of the roof about three times until he was satisfied with them, also replacing the rear squab which was beyond repair. The rest is still original, though naturally in a rather sad condition. We also have on a shelf the original side curtains, and the boot for covering the hood when it was down. What's missing are the two hood bow support cradles for when the hood is lowered. I bought a couple at the Toowoomba swap one year, but realised when I got home that I needed a pair that sit completely above the



Original side curtain for driver's door

mounting pin, unlike those I had bought. The hood bows are locked in place anyway from when the roller blinds were installed, so I haven't bothered to chase that item up.

Not knowing what condition things were in when I first got the car, it was prudent that it should be carefully examined and checked before we attempted to drive it again. All taper roller bearings were replaced, the only bearing that I had trouble sourcing was the thrust bearing, which was unavailable. I eventually got a bearing of the correct ID, fitted with the aid of a sleeve to reduce the OD in the flywheel. This car has also got taper roller bearings fitted top and bottom of the king pins, and these were in poor shape. Unlike all other bearings which are continuously rotating, these sit in more or less one position for lengthy periods of time as you drive down the road and therefore all the wear occurs in one small area. No doubt the makers made a feature of this when selling the cars, but in hindsight it would have been far better long term with bushes, like most other vehicles. Large ball bearings support the outer end of the half shafts and on these I compromised. Can't remember the price, but

identical replacements would have cost me a mint - no doubt the same price today would be regarded as cheap. I installed a cheaper version with fewer balls in them. With the low mileages I was likely to be doing the next few years I couldn't see a problem. The originals are wrapped up on the shelf, and are probably OK to reuse if cleaned.

The cylinder block was removed and taken to be tanked and flushed out of any deposits in the water passages. Being a sleeve valve engine, looking at the block all you can see are the four cylinder bores with rectangular openings near the top on opposite sides, where the inlet and exhaust enter and leave. No passages for push rods, no valve chambers etc. When I went to collect the block, the man in charge was completely flummoxed by what he was looking at - he just couldn't work out how the engine would work. Is it a two stroke? he wanted to know. I explained it all, but don't think he was any the wiser.

The crankcase, rods and pistons, timing chain etc were left undisturbed, but thoroughly cleaned of all gunk. Not wanting to get stuck on the road one day with a leaking Welch plug, I bought new brass ones and set about replacing them all while the block was on the bench and things were easy to reach. Wouldn't you know it? They were in such good condition I could have left them be. Except there was a hole through each which I made digging them out. Anyway, it was a good time to try and dislodge any remaining gunk in the cooling passages. The radiator came off too and went to visit the radiator man next door to a good friend and mechanic, Kerry Cox, who used his V8 HQ Monaro and tandem trailer to bring the car home from Ipswich. It had a fairly tall diff in it. After struggling a bit on the first move off from rest, he didn't dare pull up on upward slopes at lights on the trip home.

Reinstalling the block when sleeve valves are involved takes a bit of care. The two sleeves for each cylinder need to be in place first, as the

connecting rods that drive each sleeve via the eccentric shaft (like a smaller version of a crankshaft) are held in place by two screws which are screwed in from the top, and therefore inaccessible once the block is in place. This is because, in the early days of sleeve valves, mechanics who were not versed in the do's and don'ts of the engine, often used to tighten the bolts and nuts up so tight from underneath to take up any wear, that the eccentric shaft would get twisted in half. Hence they switched to putting screw fasteners in from the top.

To install the block, the sleeves have to be standing upright in a straight line, achieved using one piece of suitably sized timber on one side between the block mounting studs and sleeves, and on the other side another piece of timber which is then tightened by wedges driven in between it and the studs. Without this, the sleeves and pistons will just flop about everywhere. Once ready, care has to be taken to ensure the block is lowered evenly and straight - get one end down before the other or tilted over at an angle, risks twisting or breaking something. Usually, the block goes down OK after a few attempts - then you realise you forgot to put a gasket in between crankcase and block, a problem easily solved by the expedient of raising the block slightly, putting a bead of suitable gasket goo around the flange and then two or three circles of the wife's knitting wool. Drop the block back down and tighten the nuts before she comes in and asks questions.

Story of a Sleepless Knight

The engine in 1925 models is fitted with a Lanchester harmonic damper to combat vibration inherent with 4 cylinder engines back then, consisting of a pair of solid gear wheels about 75mm long in a casing. (below)



The two gears have three holes bored through their length on one side, which effectively puts them out of balance. Meshed together, they are driven by a large gear on the crankshaft next to the centre main bearing, and timed so that as the two centre pistons rise the heavy side of the two gears rotate to the bottom. The Chrysler Centura in the '70s had a similar idea fitted in the form of balance shaft in the engine.

At the top, the four individual cylinder heads are covered by cooling water, kept in by an aluminium cover, sealed around its perimeter with a length of 'O' ring material, and four large 'O' rings around the tubes where the spark plugs live, held in place by large hex nuts. When first reinstalled, there is a tendency for water to leak out around the spark plug tubes, but over enthusiastic tightening of the four large nuts can result in the water cover splitting down the centre if not careful as there is no support underneath. My water cover wasn't cracked, but it had suffered a bit of electrolysis over the years, which had been welded up on the underside. Patience is the cure for any leaks - a few cycles of the engine warming up and cooling down usually sees the leaks stop after a few days. A friend with a 1924 Willys Knight Model 64 very generously donated a spare new water cover that he had had made for his car. We had to cut off the water outlet to the radiator and weld it back on turned round 180 degrees, as on the 64 it faced forward rather than upwards as on the 65.

The fabric universals at the gear-box end of the tail-shaft were in a sad state. Advice was given to make new ones out of power transmission belting, not conveyor belt. Someone I knew worked in the right place in Brisbane and I soon had me a length of suitable belt to make new discs from. Careful measurement, marking out and cutting with the aid of a press and suitably sized tube off-cuts sharpened on one end did the job and I replaced the three front discs. The rear ones looked OK, so I placed the spare ones I'd made in the tool box, finally installing them about 12 years ago when I realised that that was where the increasing vibration at anything over 30 mph was coming from.

The drive from the rear of the timing chain case to the generator, and on to the distributor, was originally made by a thick disk consisting of several layers of thin leather or something like it, riveted together with thin metal plates each side, with gear teeth cut around the circumference to engage with the internal teeth on the aluminium housing on the

front of the generator. One old white kitchen chopping board yielded a suitable replacement complete with knife cuts on it, care of the milling machine of an engineer friend in



the car club, Lloyd, with a spare one to put in the tool box.

New tyres were the biggest hold-up in getting her back on the road initially, there just wasn't anything available in the correct size when I first enquired. Alan at Antique Tyres in Melbourne came up with some 5.00 x 20 and sent them up, but they started showing signs of excessive wear very quickly, the rubber seemed to be too soft a compound. I am indebted to Alan, for when I told him, he said he now had some of the preferred size of 5.50 x 20 in stock, and said "send them back" and replaced them. Not many businesses would do that and I am still very grateful to him. Prior to all this, once I had the car mobile, I was enjoying road testing around the side streets near my home on the original tyres in the as yet unregistered vehicle, until an almighty bang pulled me up short one day when a tube looked out through a side wall. Currently, she is riding on some Denman 6.00 x 20, which look more suited to the size and weight (nearly two ton) of the car.

Oil surge in the sump is a design fault and a problem with the 65. The oil pump is located at the rear in the left corner, and any hard left turns or steep descents can see the oil pressure fall away to zero if not careful. I have tried various forms of baffles in the sump to try and block this from happening, but to no avail. The oil pump feeds into a long oil gallery tube which delivers oil to main bearings number 1 and 2, and from those the crank shaft is drilled to feed con rods 1 to 3. The rear main bearing and number 4 con rod are fed by a separate take off on the oil pump casing, which is higher than that of the main gallery. Consequently, any time oil pressure is lost, the rear end is the last to get oil pressure back again and I reckon that that's why number 4 rod decided it had had enough as we neared Gympie one weekend on the way up to Hervey Bay for an annual event.

Several other owners of 65s and earlier models with the similar engine that I have talked to, have all said that the number 4 con rods in their cars have gone in a similar way, or that number 4 rod has clearly been re-metalled in the past, while the other three were not. Lloyd came to the rescue again, pouring and machining new bearings for all four con rods, also the 8 sleeve operating rods - the main bearings are still

original, as is the crankshaft. Number 4 rod failed again not that long afterwards, this time the culprit was diagnosed as excess wear in the oil pump which Lloyd rebuilt for me. Probably should have looked at it before, but it's easy to be wise after the event.

Being an American car from 1925, it was running with a 6 volt battery. After the first one packed it in, I found an 8 volt battery, the price of a new 6 volt battery being pretty steep. Finally, I went the full hog with a 12 volt battery, being much cheaper to replace, changing light bulbs where necessary. The starter motor works fine, turning the motor over as if it was designed for 12 volts, but the klaxon horn was another matter, sounding like it was going to



1991 The Turner family midway through Tumut Rally

take off. A large resistor hidden under the cowl, wired into its circuit calmed it down. The last battery lasted from 1999 right through to 2013, no doubt because it was maintained by a Ctec charger most of that time when in the shed.

One advantage of buying the car and getting it on the road in around 12 months or so, was that we were able to hit the road with our three girls, instead of me working in the shed for several years to get a vehicle back on the road. Many enjoyable weekends were had with the car while they were still young, joined a bit later by our son. He likes fiddling around with cars, can't imagine where he got that from.

Once registered, the first trip was down off Buderim - which ever direction you go, it's all down hill - and a visit to see Kerry and family near the bottom of the hill. Applying the (two wheel) brakes to turn off, we sailed merrily past the end of his road, still doing about 25 mph. *No way* was she going to stop. One learns very quickly how to drive and try to anticipate everything. A year or two later I helped another club member, Norm Bartlet, shift four tandem trailer loads of his spare Willys Knight cars, engines, gearboxes etc from

Toowoomba to Caboolture. I think Norm was keen on Willys vehicles. Amongst all the bits, there was a chassis of a 65, but manufactured later in the year than ours was, and it possessed factory installed 4 wheel brakes. I was given the braked front axle and the necessary brake pedal to work it from this car as a thank you for helping move everything. One day after I had installed everything, Sue drove our son Ross to kindergarten for show and tell. I said to her that night "It's better with the four wheel brakes isn't it?" She just gave me this look and said "Is it?" Can still picture her trying to uproot the steering wheel while she struggled to apply enough pressure to the brake pedal.

Just an aside - Norm bore an uncanny resemblance to a picture in one of my books of Francis Birtles, who rode a push bike over many thousands of miles through Australia, and later drove a Bean many thousands of miles through the inland areas of Australia. His story can be found on line at <http://feralsportscarclub.net/FrancisBirtles.html>. The resemblance was such that you'd think it was a photo of Norm in the book. I mentioned this fact to Norm one day, and he just smiled back at me. Francis Birtles was, in fact, his uncle!

When I first got the car, Lloyd came and had a look at the engine while I had it apart, as he wasn't familiar with sleeve valves, and being an engineer, the concept intrigued him. He left, tut-tutting that it wasn't very good engineering practice, especially after I told him how the sleeves were dealt with to correct any distortions, by holding them in one hand and tapping high spots with a soft hammer. After working on my engine, he got one to restore himself, a 1925 Model 20A sedan, complete with a heater in the rear passenger compartment worked by the exhaust, sourced from the collection of our friend Norm.

In 1991 the Australian chapter of WOKR (Willys Overland Knight Registry) organised the first Australian national rally for Willys Overland vehicles at Tumut, southern NSW. Together with friends from Gladstone in a newly restored Falcon Knight, and another couple from our local club in a Whippet, we spent a week driving down



2005 in Tasmania, tulips near Forth 4 miles from home

to Tumut, the only problems we encountered being a hairline crack in the top tank of the radiator which stopped it from sucking back water from an overflow tank I had mounted, and a generator that could never make up it's mind whether or not to charge. Despite several attempts by auto electricians to sort it over the years, it continued to please itself until I took it to the doctors in Devonport after a move to Tasmania, and converted it from three brush to two brush with a regulator. Not original, but it has never been a problem since. After a week in Tumut, the trip home via Canberra took another week, covering over 2,500 miles in all for the three weeks. Lots of memories from that trip. With ten passengers in her one evening, we called in to visit friends at Maitland on the trip home. As they climbed out in the dark, one by one, our friends were dumbfounded. "Where the heck are they coming from - are they climbing in from the other side?"

The engine, with unknown thousands of miles under it's belt, is a bit worn you might say, though it still propels her well enough. Never the less, the compression isn't as good as it once was, and what with around 90lb (41 kg) of flywheel spinning around, when the ignition is turned off the engine comes spins to a stop in it's own good time.

Now, if the drive has been long and the exhaust system is pretty hot, you can guess the consequence. During one of the 5 Kern Corporation sponsored rallies held in SE Queensland in the late '80s we finished up in Brisbane. We had a passenger to drop off to catch a train, so I pulled up to let them out in the city, turning the engine off without giving it a thought. Four or five seconds later the hot exhaust ignited the un-burnt mixture in the muffler with a resounding BA-BOOM which ricocheted around the city streets. Pedestrians were

scattered everywhere! The correct way is: pull up, hand brake on hard, engage first gear, turn off ignition and simultaneously carefully release the clutch.

Currently, the car is in the garage where it has been for the last four or five years while I play with a 1950 MG Y, and previously a 1938 Austin Ten. I may put her back on the road again one day, though I am still considering whether to keep her or sell her, being part of the



June 2017 the Willys Knight at home

family almost. Hopefully, it will never be restored by any future owner, as there is just something special about an original vehicle when you look at all the dings and patina derived from lasting nearly 100 years which you just don't get from any restored vehicles, no matter how beautifully restored they are.

John

More on the Willys Knight

Willys Knight was the only American car of consequence to use Knight sleeve valve engines. The company founded in 1914 and survived until 1932. The Model 66 had a 60bhp, 3.9 litre engine sold for \$1,845 (US) 1928 was a record year for Willys selling 55,000 cars. The last sleeve valve Model 66E (87bhp) was made in 1932.

Year: 1926. Maker's H.P.: 25. R.A.C. Rating: 25-35 h.p. Number of Cylinders: 6. Bore and Stroke: 3 $\frac{3}{8}$ " x 4 $\frac{3}{8}$ ". Engine Capacity: 3.9 litres. Valves: sleeve. Wheelbase: 10' 6". Forward Speeds: 3. Final Drive Ratio: 5.11 to 1. Tyres: 30 x 5.77. Illustration: 1928, 25 h.p.



Lincoln Collection

Our local car club, the North Central Vintage Car Club, recently had run a to see a Lincoln Collection near Pomonal and Halls Gap. Jim Leithhead was our host to his grand property and impressive collection of Lincolns.

We left St Amaud and motored to Stawell for morning tea at McDonalds. Then a drive towards Halls Gap and along a dust road. The paddocks either side were parched until we drove into a property that was like an oasis in the middle of a desert. Jim has developed park-like grounds that even a shire council would be jealous! Huge dams provide water to extensive lush lawns which would need a council gang to maintain.

'Happy Days' style diner was a great meeting place to order a malted milk. The museum is epic and it is evident Jim has worked exceedingly hard to create a unique motor house to display his favourite marque.

I have to make a confession the recently acquired camera I was using some how, probably when taken out my pocket, got misadjusted and only a few photos came out. How annoying can that be! Thus only the beautiful 1931 Model K V8 40hp Lincoln is shown and photos at above right. However Ross Pritchard, the NCVCC newsletter editor, passed on a few more photos of the Lincolns.

On the way home we stopped at the



All the earthworks has to reflect on the fact that Jim is a director of Grampians Excavations and earth moving equipment hire. Regardless one can only assume that Jim is also a perfectionist.

On arrival he arranged all the club cars into a courtyard that was surrounded by sheds. He gave a brief talk on the collection of 39 Lincolns of all ages then \$10 entry was collected. One would expect the money to contribute to the upkeep of the collection, however approximately \$700 collected was destined to go to charity. I think everyone was impressed and we certainly got superb value for the small entry fee.

As can be seen above the sheds look like a group of factory units until you venture inside. All the walls and ceilings were lined, floor coverings and displays of models, catalogues, huge pictures, memorabilia on all things relating to Lincolns. It must have taken years to accumulate such a huge collection. Did I mention it was air-conditioned and a



huge Pickers Market in Stawell. Prices are full retail but the rusty Dodge 4 of the Grampians Vintage Vehicle Club was worth the visit. Needless to say by then I realised the camera's mode dial was not on the correct setting.

David

Lincoln Model L tourer, 1956 Lincoln Premiere, 1971 Lincoln Continental, Dodge 4 ute and a 1972 Lincoln Continental Town Car



Out to Lunch in an Alvis



The monthly Harcourt lunch of the Petrol Sniffer's group was at the Goldfield Track Cafe in Harcourt.

Being an opportunity to fraternise with fellow enthusiasts I decided it would be a good run from Wedderburn in the Alvis.

On this occasion it was a Christmas buffet that Donna and her staff arranged thus an increase in costs which included a nice sweet.

About 35 guys turned up to enjoy the meal and have a good ol' chin wag. Several arrived in classic cars these included two delightful MGTCs,

a TR4A, Spitfire and an Alfa Romeo. A MGTC is for sale belonging to Bob Lewis, enquiries contact John Lawton on (03) 5470 6164.



Not content with talking to those chaps I visited restorer Steve Barnett's metal work workshop at Harcourt North where there is always an interesting collection of cars being rebuilt.

A few cars that are slowly coming together include a 1937 Jenson with a Nash eight cylinder engine, 1936 Wanderer and 1934 Nash sedan as seen in the photo right below.

A few other projects include his DKW motorcycle, a GN Special with a Morris engine that was acquired from the late Earl Davy-Milne's estate and a Austin 7 special that was previously owned and campaigned by Max Foster. The racer will feature a very unusual body which will be revealed when it is finished.

Just as I was leaving the workshop a 1927 Morris Cowley

tourer pulled up.

For years I have heard of Peter Donald's name but our paths had never passed. He is currently secretary of the VSCC. He had driven all the way from Melbourne to discuss his GN Special with Steve.



GN Special

Peter Donald



1938

It was wonderful to meet you at last. For decades our paths have been almost crossing without our making each other's acquaintance until finally we did so in the best way possible: stopping to converse when passing in old cars.

The 1922 GN Vitesse was an original Australian import and first registered in Melbourne in May 1923. By the late 1930s it was with a teenage Maurie Monk who subsequently went on to be a driving force behind the founding of CAMS.

In the summer of 1938, in the backyard behind the family home in Kew Maurie replaced the GN V-twin engine with an engine from a Bullnose Morris to create a hill climb special. In England this had been done previously by none

develop it and to use it with much success, especially in historic sprints and hill climbs, making it one of the VSCC(A)'s early cars.

In my ownership the car is now having a rebuild with a view to its return to historic motor sport remaining largely in the same form it has been in since before World War II, with the chain-driven GN chassis being powered by the Bullnose Morris engine.

Of the engine, it has been in a process of ongoing development over

the years and it now includes an updated lubrication system with external oil pump, pressure-fed big end bearings, twin Amal carburettors, Ricardo head and external water pump.

Minimalist accommodation for humans is being built by Steve Barnett in keeping with the "adding lightness" principle.

Attached are a few photographs which have come from Ted Hider-Smith's family and also from Maurie's widow, Margaret Monk via her grandson, Daniel Clarke, who works at



Maurie Monk Mitcham Hillclimb 1939

Up The Creek Workshop in Castlemaine.

Peter



Ted on the start line at Fishermans Bend Qtr Mile Sprints c1961



Rob Roy Hillclimb 2013

More on the GN

(A little from the *Vintage Motor Car Pocket Book*) H R Godfrey & A Frazer -Nash started making cycle-cars in 1910 and by the war achieved considerable success, working with the most rustic sort of equipment.

Edwardian GNs had belt drive, post-war they devised a form of chain

drive transmission using a single-plate clutch and shaft ending in a bevel box under the driver's seat and dog-clutches.

It was one of the best touring cycle-cars and sprint cars of its day. In 1919 a touring model ran from London to Edinburgh without stopping the engine and averaged 20mph and 60mpg. (no freeways in those days)



Year: 1919. Maker's H.P. and R.A.C. Rating: 8.7 h.p. Number of Cylinders: 2. Bore and Stroke: 84 x 98 mm. Engine Capacity: 1.1 litre. Valves: side or overhead. Wheelbase: 8' 6". Forward Speeds: 3. Final Drive Ratio: to choice. Tyres: 650 x 65. Illustration: 8.7 h.p.



As a footnote to Graeme Cox's article and photos on Perkolilli - I was fortunate to attend with my mate Hugh Fryer who lives in Perth.

Bill Sheehan

Perkolilli Participants



A few weeks before the event he got the idea of creating a replica of a stripped '29 Austin Seven to re-enact Neil Baird's Chummy which competed there at Perkolilli in 1931. When I arrived in Perth a few days before the event he was just putting the 'finishing' touches to it.



It had some surface rust on the body but we only washed it. He had borrowed the motor from one of his road-going Chummies but there was nothing done to aid performance (apart from the lighter weight).

Being a builder, he quickly extended his work trailer to also transport his road going Seven sports special for his partner Nicole Lothe to race as well.

Kalgoorlie is over 4 hours drive from

organisers. It was Neil Baird's son who was featured in the Red Dust photo last issue and he was wrapt to have a few laps in the Seven. Hugh then gave heaps of people (including me) a chance to try out the Chummy around the 2.6mile circuit. Most enjoyable. As said, our English visitor with

the unfortunate hole (almost as big as one's head) in his Lagonda engine, had a ball in it. Meantime Hugh suggested Nicole get a few laps in to acquaint herself with the circuit. She then went out and did 30 laps! The Chummy surprised everyone with it's speed (according to the tach about 70mph) in the loose surface, with visibility nil due to the dust. There were two willy-willies during the week-end. This prompted one competitor (with two cars) to have an ego-trip article about

himself in a Perth suburban newspaper, where apart from other misfacts, he claimed that the Austin "Bathtub" was fitted with a V8 engine and bricks in the back to hold it down! Ridiculous.

All in all both Austins did over 100 laps of the long circuit with no stoppages. The crowds, particularly on the Saturday, were huge and there were caravans set up around the surrounding bush. The enthusiasm of all prompts the

Perth and the circuit was a further half hour. We arrived a few days early as Hugh wanted to help set up things for the

possibility of another meeting in a couple of years or so - and several Ford & Chev specials have been already started in anticipation!

The circuit :- (it's not in the middle of nowhere, I reckon it's on the far edge of nowhere!). It first ran meetings from 1905, but cars didn't compete in numbers until the early 30s.

About 6 cars with similar practice times lined up each event and were sent off singly at about 30 second intervals for safety reasons.

The meeting was enhanced by about seven planes landing on the airstrip in the centre (the lake dried up 1600 years ago) and staying parked there.

This included a 1935 Stinson Airliner which carried passengers and landed there from the same year 1935.

The captions to the above could be: double-dinking and the two Sevens after their first wash at home - each took three efforts to get them clean. And you should have seen our Kalgoorlie motel's white towels each night!

Bill

Some statistics: 61 cars turned up with 81 drivers

30 odd bikes

Track is 4.25km that's 2.64miles

Estimated crowd of 5,000 on Saturday, 10,000 overall for the four days.

Sunday was quieter because of the Back to Coolgardie Festival.

Six film crews attended and dozens of photographers. The ABC news story appeared in London because we got an email from a friend of ours in the UK who saw it. Outback Truckers coverage will be worldwide.

Somebody with a lot of spare time on their hands counted 890 camping spots in the bush from drone shots.

Variety Club raised \$15,000 for charity from the "Swinging Arms".

I have now had five people tell me that they are going to build cars for the next event and we haven't even announced that we are doing it again.

Graeme Cox

More on Lake Perkolilli

Several web sites cover the event and don't forget the book 'The Lake Perkolilli Red Dust Revival 2019' details on the web site. The event is planned to be run on the clay-pan circuit in three years time.

The logistics and planning will take that long especially as it is likely the entries and spectators will double by then.

The web site explains what cars are eligible (1914-1939) and how to build a suitable car. All parts have to be made in the period up to 1939.



A Post-War II Entrepreneur

Life Story of Archie Marshall

As always, the most important part of any business development, large or small, is marketing.

My little enterprise in Manchester in the 1950s was certainly no exception to that golden rule. It didn't matter how many trucks and cars were lined up in the yard, all the bills had to be paid every week and always in cash!

Sometimes when times were tough, I used to walk round the yard, notebook in hand, and try to encourage myself, by adding up what it would all be worth if I could only sell it! Virtually all of my sales were made to end-users on a one at a time basis.

Military trucks usually had bodies which were heavy and had fixed metal sides, quite unsuitable for things like coal delivery where the coal was packed in hessian sacks and had to be carried into customers houses on the backs of the driver and his mate. Most users were like that, although farmers could often use trucks with fixed sides for putting out hay and other feed for cattle in the winter.

We used to convert many to hydraulic cranes by utilizing an old tipper ram to lift a simple jib, often telescopic. Army trucks always had a power take-off point on the side of the gearbox, used to drive the tyre pump air compressor. The hydraulic pump was simple to fit once the tyre pump had been removed.

"Queen Mary" trailers were articulated behind mostly short wheelbase Bedford prime movers. The trailers were sixty feet long and slung between the wheels which were 1400X20. These were removed from the prime movers, which were turned into cranes, and the trailers were sold to farmers who simply dragged them across streams to make bridges on their properties. The original use for "Queen Mary's" was to recover crashed aircraft.

Fire trucks were always a favorite of mine because by removing the pumps and other equipment, the original purchase price could be recovered from the sale of scrap brass and the rest of the truck was profit.

I remember well one such truck I had was a forward control Ford V8 which had a bench seat right across behind the cab and a fairly flat area to the back of the truck where the pump and tank had been removed. On top of the drivers cab was a spotlight and large bell.

One day I had an inquiry from a customer in Llandudno, North Wales, for a Willy's Jeep which I had to deliver to Llandudno. I decided to drive the Jeep to the delivery point and had my brother in law follow me down in the Ford fire truck to take me home. When we arrived at the address given we were surprised to find that it was a circus and the customer was in fact, standing on his head on top of a tall pole which was swaying in the wind!

We waited until his act was finished to discuss the deal and accepted his invitation to stay the night in one of the circus caravans. We had a great time chatting up the acrobat girls and drinking beer with the other performers and eventually, after plenty of beer, got down to business over the Jeep sale. The customer was Dutch and a great bargainer and managed to persuade me to take two Shetland Ponies as a trade for the Jeep! The ponies were young unbroken stallions and apparently were causing a distraction to their mothers during performances. They wanted to get rid of them!

As the only vehicle we had to drive back to Manchester was the V8 fire truck, the ponies were haltered and lifted onto the back of the truck where I had to sit with them, hanging on for dear life, all the way back to Manchester!

My brother in law was driving and couldn't resist the temptation to ring the bell whenever we passed through a town, much to the amusement of passers by.

I was cut and bruised all over from the little buggers kicking and biting me all the way from Llandudno to Manchester, what's more, I was out of pocket to the tune of Tommy, wages and the petrol, but when I got home the kids were delighted!

Another time I did a part exchange deal, which didn't turn out too well. It went like this. A customer who lived in a caravan park in Cheshire wanted to buy a Willys Jeep and I had to deliver it to him one evening in October. For company, I got a mate of mine, Ken, to accompany me and off we went to Cheshire. It was only about thirty miles from home. A deal was done whereby I took a BSA 650cc Gold Flash motorbike and sidecar in part exchange for the Jeep.

BSA Golden Flash 650cc



Both Ken and I had previously owned a number of motor bikes but neither of us was current and neither of us had any motor cycle third party insurance, in addition, neither of us had ever driven a bike with a sidecar.

Anyway, we decided to give it a go and I jumped into the sidecar and Ken drove the bike.

Soon I was banging on the hood of the sidecar signaling him to stop. "What's up?" he said, "You're driving all over the road I replied, what's the matter with you?" "Well, if you think you can do better you can jolly well get on the saddle and have a go", he replied. I told him he was nuts, kicked the bike into gear and took off down the road with Ken on the pillion, going thru the gears in a businesslike manner. The road was wet, it was a pitch dark night and shortly I came into a left-hand bend and the bike just kept going straight!

I changed down and opened the throttle, whereupon the bike shot right off the road into a steel wire stay rope, which pulled me off the bike which continued going into a telegraph pole. Ken went up into a Hawthorne bush and I dropped off the wire into a ditch full of freezing cold water.

I lay in the water for ages and seemed to be OK except that my legs had no feeling at all and there was no way I could move myself out of the water.

Ken extricated himself from the Hawthorne bush and tried to help me out but as soon as he moved me the pain was dreadful. The wire had caught me right between my legs when it lifted me off the bike.

After some time a passing car stopped and the driver came to help, he was a plain clothes Police Officer going home from duty and wanted to take me to the nearest hospital which I declined because my wife was at home heavily pregnant and due any time and I wanted to get home to her.

He took me home and they all carried me upstairs to my bedroom. The pain was absolutely excruciating as soon as they held me in a vertical position but in the end I was lying on the bed.

The Police Officer phoned the local doctor who protested loudly at being called out in the middle of the night but the Police Officer insisted that he come which eventually he did. The doctor examined me and gave a prescription to the Police officer who kindly offered to take it up to Manchester all night chemists where he had to wait for ages due to a flu epidemic. He got back to my house well after daylight before driving home. Thank goodness he didn't ask to see my driving license and insurance!

It was several weeks before I could manage to walk, even with crutches, but just as soon as I could I hobbled out to the yard, got someone to kick start the BSA and lift me onto the seat, whereupon I rode the bike about a half a mile. When I got back into the yard and was lifted off, I announced to all present, that's the last time I will ever drive a bloody motor bike! To date I have kept my word!!

Archie

Bits & Pieces

A story about the 1933 Austin Seven box saloon I used to own.

Way back in the sixties when I lived in Kent I was pretty penniless and ran a 1933 Austin Seven saloon as my every-day wheels.

When the time came for us to move house, I couldn't afford a removal firm, and decided to move the whole of my

furniture to the new house in the Austin Seven, over several trips.

Loaded up I was travelling sedately down the A20 to our new address when I was pulled over by a police car.

"Why are you driving so slowly, have you been drinking?" The burly officer towered above the car and looked very intimidating.

"I'm moving house, officer"

"Oh yes? But that doesn't explain why you're driving so slowly"

"Yes it does. If you bend down

and look in here, you'll see that I've got a wheelbarrow, a refrigerator and a gate leg table in here with me and I can't get out of second gear!"

"In that case, sir, you'd better be on your way!"

We used to get away with murder in those days!

My Gran had an ex-WD Great War Albion truck in her grocery business in the twenties and a Lorraine-Dietrich which was also ex-WD.

Michael Worthington-Williams

Copied from *The Edwardian*, magazine of the Veteran and Vintage Car Club of the ACT Inc, December, 2019, with approval

Early in September this year, Lord Ralph Montagu of Beaulieu visited Ian and Ida Irwin, for an overnight stay. During the visit they had a good chat about Ian's car which has a strong connection with the Montagu family as it was commissioned in August 1910, by Lord Montagu's grandfather, Lord John Scott Montagu, Second Baron Montagu of Beaulieu.

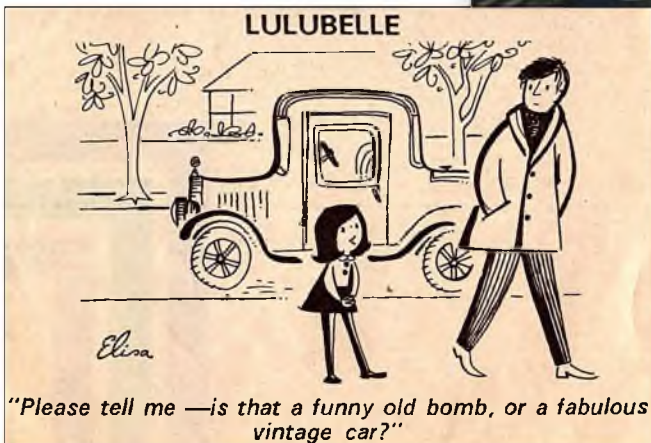
Ian had many conversations with Lord Montagu's father, Lord Edward Montagu over a period of some 25 years as the car was being restored, but sadly, Lord Edward did not live to see the car back on the road.

Here is a photo of Lord Montagu, with his hand on the Spirit of Ecstasy on the radiator of the 1910 Silver Ghost.

This car was closely connected with the history of the mascot. Legend has it that was this car that inspired the

mascot, but unquestionably, it was the first Rolls-Royce to carry the mascot.

Ian is writing a book on the history of the car from new and Lord Ralph Montagu has kindly drafted the Foreword and is assisting with Ian's research.



Jeff Francombe ph: 0408 123 690 of Tasmania is looking for a peddling gear on 1.74 inches to go onto a 24 tip Charter-Lea hub as in photo.

It is for a 1908 Peugeot motorcycle, Jeff thinks the Peugeot is built by Kings Motorcycle in Launceston? Anyone out there who might have a spare peddling gear please contact Jeff.

Veteran Peugeot m/cs below



Bits & Pieces

continued

Le Nivex Fuel Gauge Pump Leather Conditioner

The Le Nivex fuel gauge system is a completely reliable and accurate device for some owners. For others it offers headaches of inaccuracy and inconsistency.

Our (French) Le Zèbre Z-10 is fitted with an early system with a separate tank-top diaphragm sensor. Several cars, e.g. my son Iain's Lancia Lambda, some Isotta Fraschini and many other continentals use varying types, but all work on the same principle, where a dash-mounted hand plunger pump drives a column of air through a diaphragm sensor or metering device to the bottom of the fuel tank. The fuel in the tank resists the escape of this air in direct proportion to the level

(height) of fuel, and this resistance is indicated on a sensitive pressure gauge or barometer on the dashboard.

Le Nivex gauges are individually calibrated for each fuel tank shape and capacity. We've tried several different leather pump washers and lubricants, but failed to see reliable readings on the gauge.

In desperation we bought a new leather washer available to owners of Lancia Lambdas from the Lambda Consortium in UK. This washer is of a thinner leather which is softer and more compliant than the local product.

Is lubricant advisable? Sewing machine oil & Vaseline have been used, but neither had helped our Le Nivex system. A Google search revealed a product: NFS Leather Conditioner and Pump lubricant - they call it Pump Blood.

It's made by Silca in the USA: a cycling company. A small bottle costing AUD\$18 including post to AUS will be

sufficient for our Le Nivex-equipped cars for 20 years or more.

Application: We soaked the leather washer in Pump Blood for a week, assembled it into the pump. With an empty tank it showed zero. When we added 10 litres the gauge showed an extra 2.2 gallons – Bingo! The Le Nivex in Le Zèbre is now as reliable as Iain's Lambda. This stuff appears to be the goods.

Contact details:

Aeromind LLC DBA SILCA
Tel: +1 (800) 905-2157; Email:

iosh@silca.cc

URL: <https://silca.cc/collections/replacement-parts/products/nfs-pump-lube-aka-pump-blood>

Address: 835 N. Capitol Drive, Indianapolis Indiana, USA

Disclaimer: We are not shareholders!

Graeme and Iain Simpson

Hi David, Sorting through some old folders on Fred, thought you might enjoy looking at these photos of a Whippet.

They are of no other interest except to show what was sitting in the middle of one of the local towns back in 2006 when we were out on a club run. It's not there today of course, I believe it is under restoration, but would have to check to be sure. Remarkable, that given the way today's youth doesn't seem to respect anybody's possessions, the car was sitting there in full view about 100 metres off the main street with everything still there intact, and no broken glass etc. **John Turner**



owned by the Keller family and was restored by the late Vic Keller many years ago. Joyce, his widow, is still in the local club. She first learned to drive in the Chev that was originally owned by her parents.

It was in a very bad state when collected by Vic after languishing under a peppercorn tree for many years and the engine had been used on his saw bench. He also had to locate many missing parts to complete the restoration. He

collected so many parts that he was able to build up two Chev tourers. His son Murray brings it out once in a while for rallies. **David**



Comparing the photos the car is similar to 1927 Chevrolet two door coach. The rare model is similar to a local Chevrolet sedan
Country Motor Australia Issue 21

1966 Kalorama



Start at Lansdowne Street, Melbourne my Austin in company with Jim Cooper's Mercedes and Robert Bonnar's Citroen
D Stamp's 1929 Austin 7 Chummy
The 12/4 compared to Roy Wilson's Chummy



Me talking to the owner, B Lockington, of a 1934 MG Ulster Magnett
1928 Fiat Tipo 521c saloon



*The 12/4 in action, the lance and ring event
Interesting rear ends—Sunbeam, Lancia,
Bentley, Vauxhall and Bentley
Alvis 12/50 and Buick Master Six tourer in the
event queue*



*Ray Standerwick's 1926
Crossley tourer
Unusual Alvis front wheel
drive coupe of H Morgan
Type 44 1928 Bugatti
driven by T Plummer*

