



# The EDWARDIAN

## June 2015



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### MEETINGS HELD EVERY 3<sup>rd</sup> WEDNESDAY OF THE MONTH AT 7.30PM.

The Club meets in the meeting room of Shannons Insurance at Unit 20/2 Yallourn St, Fyshwick. The building can be accessed from either Yallourn St, or the Canberra Ave Service Rd. (access between Bristol Paints and Classic car Wash – next to United Petrol) Meetings are usually followed by a talk on some interesting theme, a film or other entertainment and then by supper. Visitors are always welcome at our meetings. Membership fees are \$50 per year.

The Veteran and Vintage Car Club of Australia ACT (Inc) was formed in 1963. Its Objectives are;-

- ❖ To sponsor and encourage the preservation, restoration and use of Veteran and Vintage vehicles
- ❖ To engage in rallies, exhibitions and other events suitable for Veteran and Vintage vehicles
- ❖ To encourage the retention of Veteran and Vintage vehicles in Australia
- ❖ To collect and disseminate technical and historical information as shall be of interest to the members
- ❖ To offer the services of the Club, its members and vehicles to such charitable organisations as may be decided upon from time to time
- ❖ To engage in such other activities associated or allied with all or any of these Objectives which are intended to promote a better and wider knowledge and understanding of Veteran and Vintage vehicles among club members and the public generally





## Editorial



As many would know, I love stirring the T Ford boys whenever I get a chance. I mean, the T Ford gives so much material to poke fun at one just can't help one's self. But just to show what a sensitive chap I am, this edition of the newsletter features an olive branch to those lovers of 'minimalist American motoring'. I start on this page with the photo below. Recently I had cause to travel to the Yorke Peninsular, SA, in the gathering of Talbot parts. This part of Aust. is fairly flat and is largely under cultivation of various types of grains (wheat and barley). Most farms here are measured in 1000's of acres. On one such farm I snapped the following languishing out on the scrap heap. I reckon this should sate some local Ford appetites. Given the amount of parts you can buy brand new for T's the two below would well and truly be propositions for someone keen enough.



On the drive back from SA I managed to fit in the Naracoorte Swap meet. This is a reasonable size event held over two days, and I guess would have around 200+ sites. I've never been to a SA swap so looked forward to seeing a new range of old car stuff. Sadly I was to be disappointed. Just like every swap over this way, this one proved to be, as my travelling companion called it, "a giant garage sale". Car parts were thin on the ground. Still,

I can say I've been, but definitely wouldn't recommend anyone traveling any distance to attend it.

Oh yes, back to my 'T' Olive branch. I must thank Bill Atkinson for this one. On page 8 I feature a rather charming article written in 1936 entitled "Farewell My Lovely", lamenting the passing of the old T model. It's probably done the rounds before, but if so, I've never seen it and hope you enjoy it too.

With my absences recently from club events I would like to say thanks to those who've provided photos of our runs for the newsletter, but would like to say a particular thanks to Carol Nowak for unceasingly providing a pictorial record of many many club events over the last 12 months. Carol can always be relied upon to send me some high quality photos...(and blow my inbox apart in the course of it!).

Till next time

Rick

## General Club Stuff

We are very sorry to report that member Graham Bennedick has passed away. Graham joined our club in 1989 and maintained his membership even though he and Nancy moved up Toowoomba way a

number of years ago. Graham's vehicle ownership included a 1902 Oldsmobile, 1913 and 1927 T Fords and a 1916 Buick. His Ts were advertised for sale in our newsletter a few months ago. Graham's name lives on in our club in the form of the Graham Bennedick trophy, which is awarded to the person who has driven their veteran car the longest distance throughout the year. Our condolences to Nancy and family

Another sad passing has been that of Terry Lloyd. Terry joined the club back in 1976 and owned Daimlers of '09, '10 & '11, 1904 Oldsmobile, 1930 Ford roadster, 1924 Essex, 1920 Hupmobile and a 1910 Renault. Terry and wife Bette left the club when they moved to the Gold Coast twelve or so years ago. Our sincere condolences to Bette and family.

On a much happier note – retirement is obviously suiting our Curtin member John Prentice. I received the following email from him a couple of weeks ago showing just how tough life is for him at the moment...

"Here we are in Italy after a couple of weeks in the UK, and it is wonderful to be getting your emails about Club events. In the UK we joined 92 cars ranging from 1897 to 1914 in the Creepy Crawly Rally at Wyboston near Cambridge. Lynne rode in a 1903 Cadillac and I in a 1903 L'Elegante (de Dion powered). A most enjoyable weekend and some rare cars. We have lots of photos. The Creepy Crawly Rally is similar to our 1 and 2 cylinder rallies.

At Malvern, on the Welsh border, after a tour of the Morgan factory, we rode in a very original 1914 Darracq tourer to a pub for dinner. Wonderful. We also visited a chap at Berwick near Brighton and purchased bits missing from the wheel locking rings on the Hispano. Very pleased.

We are currently on the train going past Carrara where the marble has been quarried for millenia. Michelangelo got his there. How he transported the piece to carve his huge David I don't know. A 15th century Italian low-loader I imagine.

Lynne has a week of cycling ahead with a group, based at a rented villa near Sinalunga. I am told I have to entertain 5 wives during the day. Struth!

Trust you are all well.

With regards, John P"

Thanks John. Yes, we are well...but not as well as you by the look of it! Oh..and some details for the next newsletter please (perhaps with photos) on how you managed to entertain the five wives!



And on more happy news – Back in the Feb. newsletter you will recall a write up on Mick Beltrame's very original Humber and the comment that it was undergoing re-commissioning, after a lengthy slumber, for an upcoming wedding for daughter Emma. Well reports indicate the day went without a hitch. The car ran faultlessly all day around town and up and down the hills at the Arboretum where the marriage took place. But Mick is a man to get his priorities right, even on a big day like this. He advised me he got lots of great shots of the car and stated "Pity the Bride and Groom are in the way of most of them!" Love ya work Mick! You are a true enthusiast!



## Mugga-Mugga. - Sunday 12<sup>th</sup> April 2015

It was open day at Mugga-Mugga Cottage run by the ACT National Trust. We started the day with a coffee at Gryphons Café at the Griffith shops at 9-15am and headed off to Mugga-Mugga at 9-55am. We parked on a grassed area and everyone who came to the cottage had to walk past our cars. The Hogan family, Rob, Ray and Nick & Carol wore period clothing.

One of the highlights of the day was that Rob was interviewed and photographed with the Renault by the ABC.

We had 4 veterans and 6 vintage cars. Vets – Wal & Jane – T, Rob – Renault, Gerard & Marie – T, Nick & Carol – Overland. Vin. – Chris, Simone & Children – Chev., Ray – Essex, Peter & Alex – Bean, Wayne & Sylvia – A, Mick – Humber (first Club run) and Laurie & Jeanie – T. Modern Kath & Bruce from Goulburn and Ian & Ida.

The Armstrong Siddeley Club and the Queanbeyan Southern Tablelands Car Club were also there. I think most of us got home before the rain.

Nick



Above - Club cars at Mugga Mugga

Left – The classy Sturgess Bean



Above - An Impressive gathering of members looking fantastic in period dress.

Left - Laurie Smith's T Model





Above - Ray Dawson looking very dapper.



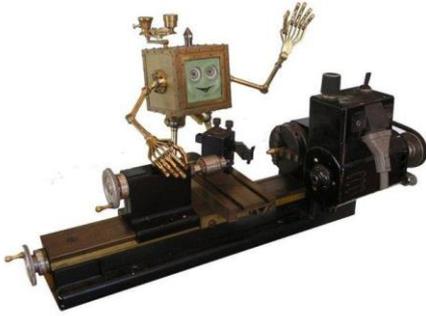
Right - Mick giving the Humber an airing. He reckons it's done more miles in the past couple of months than it did between 1960 and now!



What a fabulous effort! The Hogans' looking outstanding and every bit the part of the 20's family.

+++++





## Technical Page

### ***SatNav as a Speedometer***

A couple of members have hit on the idea of using a SatNav system for calibrating speedometers. This seems like a reasonable idea, after all, GPS positioning is very accurate, so the speedometer readout from the unit must also be very accurate.

Sorry to be a spoilsport, but there are a couple of snags which need to be considered. The speedo readout on a satnav works by knowing the change in location as a function of time. Move a tenth of a mile in half a minute equates to moving one mile in five minutes, or 12MPH. So, at first sight, using a satnav to show your speed seems a very good idea.

But it isn't quite that straight forward. Satnavs don't measure speed; they calculate it from the change of position in a given time. Same thing, you'd think, but the snag is in the way the satnav identifies position. Unless you are using an aircraft grade satnav with an altimeter input, they assume the earth is flat and identify the position as latitude / longitude. Perfectly adequate for finding your way around the roads or down the street.

Where it goes a bit sticky is when you try to use this information to calculate speed when the earth isn't flat. The satnav calculates distance as the difference between latitude / longitude positions, and divides by time to get indicated speed. This is perfectly ok on a straight, flat road, but goes awry when there are significant curves or worse still, inclines. What this means is the secondary school trigonometry comes back to haunt you, with old man Pythagoras and all that jazz. On a really bendy road, the satnav will straighten out the corners and thus calculate the distance as a bit shorter than the route you have actually travelled. Not a big deal on most roads, but this error really builds up on a track or circuit.

More significantly, the flat earth society really screws up speed measurements. When you go downhill, (or uphill), you travel between latitude / longitude positions but you also change altitude. The car will have travelled FURTHER than the simple GPS will calculate. If you drive a half mile down a one in ten (1:10) hill, you have actually travelled ten percent further than the satnav will measure. So, if you use the satnav to determine speed, you are travelling 10% FASTER than indicated. The bigger the incline, the bigger the error. If you know the slope as a percentage, (all those new road signs will help) then you need to up the satnav reading by that amount. On a 1:6 hill, you travel 16% faster. For example, if you try storming down a 1:5 hill with your engine screaming and your satnav reading 50mph, you are actually going 20% faster, or 60MPH. Maybe the difference between a speeding ticket or not!

Incidentally, for the cycle speedo fraternity: these don't suffer from this effect in a straight line. But if you are cornering, then when you turn towards the side with the speedo pickoff, it will read slow and when you turn away, it will read fast. The tighter the turn, the worse the error. The only cure for this is to put the pickoff on the propshaft which turns at the average speed of the two rear wheels irrespective of corners.

This article, written by Geoff Hardman, originally appeared in CA7C Seven Focus in May 2008 p26.



### Farewell, My Lovely!

By E. B. White,

16 May 1936



I see by the new Sears Roebuck catalogue that it is still possible to buy an axle for a 1909 Model T Ford, but I am not deceived. The great days have faded, the end is in sight. Only one page in the current catalogue is devoted to parts and accessories for the Model T; yet everyone remembers springtimes when the Ford gadget section was larger than men's clothing, almost as large as household furnishings. The last Model T was built in 1927, and the car is fading from what scholars call the American scene—which is an understatement, because to a few million people who grew up with it, the old Ford practically *was* the American scene.

It was the miracle God had wrought. And it was patently the sort of thing that could only happen once. Mechanically uncanny, it was like nothing that had ever come to the world before. Flourishing industries rose and fell with it. As a vehicle, it was hard-working, commonplace, heroic; and it often seemed to transmit those qualities to the persons who rode in it. My own generation identifies it with Youth, with its gaudy, irretrievable excitements; before it fades into the mist, I would like to pay it the tribute of the sigh that is not a sob, and set down random entries in a shape somewhat less cumbersome than a Sears Roebuck catalogue.

The Model T was distinguished from all other makes of cars by the fact that its transmission was of a type known as planetary—which was half metaphysics, half sheer friction. Engineers accepted the word "planetary" in its epicyclic sense, but I was always conscious that it also meant "wandering," "erratic." Because of the peculiar nature of this planetary element, there was always, in Model T, a certain dull rapport between engine and wheels, and even when the car was in a state known as neutral, it trembled with a deep imperative and tended to inch forward. There was never a moment when the bands were not faintly egging the machine on. In this respect it was like a horse, rolling the bit on its tongue, and country people brought to it the same technique they used with draft animals.

Its most remarkable quality was its rate of acceleration. In its palmy days the Model T could take off faster than anything on the road. The reason was simple. To get under way, you simply hooked the third finger of the right hand around a lever on the steering column, pulled down hard, and shoved your left foot forcibly against the low-speed pedal. These were simple, positive motions; the car responded by lunging forward with a roar. After a few seconds of this turmoil, you took your toe off the pedal, eased up a mite on the throttle, and the car, possessed of only two forward speeds, catapulted directly into high with a series of ugly jerks and was off on its glorious errand. The abruptness of this departure was never equalled in other cars of the period. The human leg was (and still is) incapable of letting in a clutch with anything like the forthright abandon that used to send Model T on its way. Letting in a clutch is a negative, hesitant motion, depending on delicate nervous control; pushing down the Ford pedal was a simple, country motion—an expansive act, which came as natural as kicking an old door to make it budge.

The driver of the old Model T was a man enthroned. The car, with top up, stood seven feet high. The driver sat on top of the gas tank, brooding it with his own body. When he wanted gasoline, he alighted, along with everything else in the front seat; the seat was pulled off, the metal cap unscrewed, and a wooden stick thrust down to sound the liquid in the well. There were always a couple of these sounding sticks kicking around in the ratty sub-cushion regions of a flivver. Refuelling was more of a social function then, because the driver had to unbend, whether he wanted to or not. Directly in front of the driver was the windshield—high, uncompromisingly erect. Nobody

talked about air resistance, and the four cylinders pushed the car through the atmosphere with a simple disregard of physical law.

There was this about a Model T: the purchaser never regarded his purchase as a complete, finished product. When you bought a Ford, you figured you had a start—a vibrant, spirited framework to which could be screwed an almost limitless assortment of decorative and functional hardware. Driving away from the agency, hugging the new wheel between your knees, you were already full of creative worry. A Ford was born naked as a baby, and a flourishing industry grew up out of correcting its rare deficiencies and combatting its fascinating diseases. Those were the great days of lily-painting. I have been looking at some old Sears Roebuck catalogues, and they bring everything back so clear.

First you bought a Ruby Safety Reflector for the rear, so that your posterior would glow in another car's brilliance. Then you invested thirty-nine cents in some radiator Moto Wings, a popular ornament which gave the Pegasus touch to the machine and did something godlike to the owner. For nine cents you bought a fan-belt guide to keep the belt from slipping off the pulley.

You bought a radiator compound to stop leaks. This was as much a part of everybody's equipment as aspirin tablets are of a medicine cabinet. You bought special oil to prevent chattering, a clamp-on dash light, a patching outfit, a tool box which you bolted to the running board, a sun visor, a steering-column brace to keep the column rigid, and a set of emergency containers for gas, oil, and water—three thin, disc-like cans which reposed in a case on the running board during long, important journeys—red for gas, gray for water, green for oil. It was only a beginning. After the car was about a year old, steps were taken to check the alarming disintegration. (Model T was full of tumors, but they were benign.) A set of anti-rattlers (98c) was a popular panacea. You hooked them on to the gas and spark rods, to the brake pull rod, and to the steering-rod connections. Hood silencers, of black rubber, were applied to the fluttering hood. Shock-absorbers and snubbers gave "complete relaxation." Some people bought rubber pedal pads, to fit over the standard metal pedals. (I didn't like these, I remember.) Persons of a suspicious or pugnacious turn of mind bought a rear-view mirror; but most Model T owners weren't worried by what was coming from behind because they would soon enough see it out in front. They rode in a state of cheerful catalepsy. Quite a large mutinous clique among Ford owners went over to a foot accelerator (you could buy one and screw it to the floor board), but there was a certain madness in these



people, because the Model T, just as she stood, had a choice of three foot pedals to push, and there were plenty of moments when both feet were occupied in the routine performance of duty and when the only way to speed up the engine was with the hand throttle.

Gadget bred gadget. Owners not only bought ready-made gadgets, they invented gadgets to meet special needs. I myself drove my car directly from the agency to the blacksmith's, and had the smith affix two enormous iron brackets to the port running board to support an army trunk.

People who owned closed models built along different lines: they bought ball grip handles for opening doors, window anti-rattlers, and de-luxe flower vases of the cut-glass anti-splash type. People with delicate sensibilities garnished their car with a device called the Donna Lee Automobile Disseminator—a porous vase guaranteed, according to Sears, to fill the car with a "faint clean odor of lavender." The gap between open cars and closed cars was not as great then as it is now: for \$11.95, Sears Roebuck converted your touring car into a sedan and you went forth renewed. One agreeable quality of the old Fords was that they had no bumpers, and their fenders softened and wilted with the years and permitted driver to squeeze in and out of tight places.

Tyres were 30 x 3 1/2, cost about twelve dollars, and punctured readily. Everybody carried a Jiffy patching set, with a nutmeg grater to roughen the tube before the goo was spread on. Everybody was capable of putting on a patch, expected to have to, and did have to.

During my association with Model T's, self-starters were not a prevalent accessory. They were expensive and under suspicion. Your car came equipped with a serviceable crank, and the first thing you learned was how to get Results. It was a special trick, and until you learned it (usually from another Ford owner, but sometimes by a period of appalling experimentation) you might as well have been winding up an awning. The trick was to leave the ignition switch off, proceed to the animal's head, pull the choke (which was a little wire protruding through the radiator), and give the crank two or three nonchalant upward lifts. Then, whistling as though thinking about something else, you would saunter back to the driver's cabin, turn the ignition on, return to the crank, and this time, catching it on the down stroke, give it a quick spin with plenty of That. If this procedure was followed, the engine almost always responded—first with a few scattered explosions, then with a tumultuous gunfire, which you checked by racing around to the driver's seat and retarding the throttle. Often, if the emergency brake hadn't been pulled all the way back, the car advanced on you the instant the first explosion occurred and you would hold it back by leaning your weight against it. I can still feel my old Ford nuzzling me at the curb, as though looking for an apple in my pocket.



In zero weather, ordinary cranking became an impossibility, except for giants. The oil thickened, and it became necessary to jack up the rear wheels, which, for some planetary reason, eased the throw.

The lore and legend that governed the Ford were boundless. Owners had their own theories about everything; they discussed mutual problems in that wise, infinitely resourceful way old women discuss rheumatism. Exact knowledge was pretty scarce, and often proved less effective than superstition. Dropping a camphor ball into the gas tank was a popular expedient; it seemed to have a tonic effect on both man and machine. There wasn't much to base exact knowledge on. The Ford driver flew blind. He didn't know the temperature of his engine, the speed of his car, the amount of his fuel or the pressure of his oil (the old Ford lubricated itself by what was amiably described as the "splash system"). A speedometer cost money and was an extra, like a windshield-wiper. The dashboard of the early models was bare save for an ignition key; later models, grown effete, boasted an ammeter which pulsated alarmingly with the throbbing of the car. Under the dash was a box of coils, with vibrators which you adjusted, or thought you adjusted. Whatever the driver learned of his motor, he learned not through instruments but through sudden developments. I remember that the timer was one of the vital organs about which there was ample doctrine. When everything else had been checked, you "had a look" at the timer. It was an extravagantly odd little device, simple in construction, mysterious in function. It contained a roller, held by a spring, and there were four contact points on the inside of the case against which, many people believed, the roller rolled. I have had a timer apart on a sick Ford many times, but I never really knew what I was up to—I was just showing off before God. There were almost as many schools of thought as there were timers. Some people, when things went wrong, just clenched their teeth and gave the timer a smart crack with a wrench. Other people opened it up and blew on it. There was a school that held that the timer needed large amounts of oil; they fixed it by frequent baptism. And there was a school that was positive it was meant to run dry as a bone; these people were continually taking it off and wiping it. I remember once spitting into a timer; not in anger, but in a spirit of research. You see, the Model T driver moved in the realm of metaphysics. He believed his car could be hexed.



One reason the Ford anatomy was never reduced to an exact science was that, having "fixed" it, the owner couldn't honestly claim that the treatment had brought about the cure. There were too many authenticated cases of Fords

fixing themselves—restored naturally to health after a short rest. Farmers soon discovered this, and it fitted nicely with their draft-horse philosophy: “Let ‘er cool off and she’ll snap into it again.”



A Ford owner had Number One Bearing constantly in mind. This bearing, being at the front end of the motor, was the one that always burned out, because the oil didn’t reach it when the car was climbing hills. (That’s what I was always told, anyway.) The oil used to recede and leave Number One dry as a clam flat; you had to watch that bearing like a hawk. It was like a weak heart—you could hear it start knocking, and that was when you stopped and let her cool off. Try as you would to keep the oil supply right, in the end Number One always went out. “Number One Bearing burned out on me and I had to have her replaced,” you would say, wisely; and your companions always had a lot to tell about how to protect and pamper Number One to keep her alive.

Sprinkled not too liberally among the millions of amateur witch doctors who drove Fords and applied their own abominable cures were the heaven-sent mechanics who could really make the car talk. These professionals turned up in undreamed-of spots. One time, on the banks of the Columbia River in Washington, I heard the rear end go out of my Model T when I was trying to whip it up a steep incline onto the deck of a ferry. Something snapped; the car slid backward into the mud. It seemed to me like the end of the trail. But the captain of the ferry, observing the withered remnant, spoke up.

“What’s got her?” he asked.

“I guess it’s the rear end,” I replied, listlessly. The captain leaned over the rail and stared. Then I saw that there was a hunger in his eyes that set him off from other men.

“Tell you what,” he said, carelessly, trying to cover up his eagerness, “let’s pull the son of a bitch up onto the boat, and I’ll help you fix her while we’re going back and forth on the river.”

We did just this. All that day I plied between the towns of Pasco and Kennewick, while the skipper (who had once worked in a Ford garage) directed the amazing work of resetting the bones of my car.

Springtime in the heyday of the Model T was a delirious season. Owning a car was still a major excitement, roads were still wonderful and bad. The Fords were obviously conceived in madness: any car which was capable of going from forward into reverse without any perceptible mechanical hiatus was bound to be a mighty challenging thing to the human imagination. Boys used to veer them off the highway into a level pasture and run wild with them, as though they were cutting up with a girl. Most everybody used the reverse pedal quite as much as the regular foot brake—it distributed the wear over the bands and wore them all down evenly. That was the big trick, to wear all the bands down evenly, so that the final chattering would be total and the whole unit scream for renewal.

The days were golden, the nights were dim and strange. I still recall with trembling those loud, nocturnal crises when you drew up to a signpost and raced the engine so the lights would be bright enough to read destinations by. I have never been really planetary since. I suppose it’s time to say goodbye. Farewell, my lovely! ♦



## Motor Skills & National Motoring Heritage Day - Sunday 17<sup>th</sup> May 2015

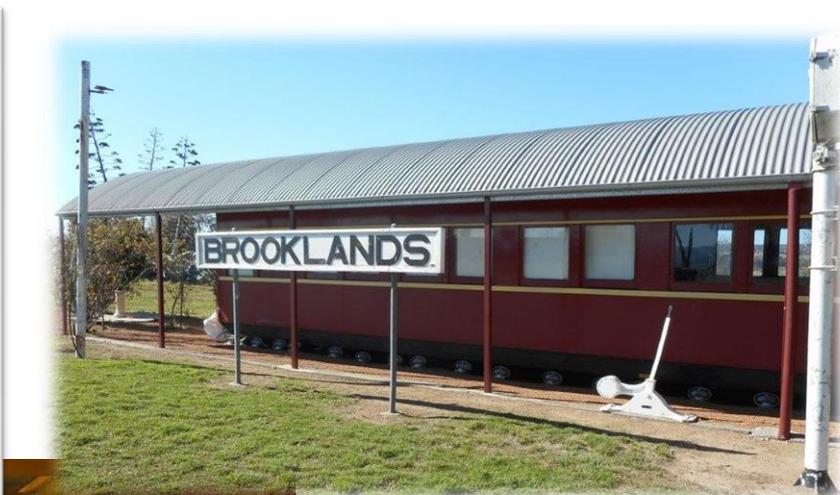
There were two parts to this day. I chose to start the event with a coffee at the Pork Barrel Café opposite Old Parliament House so that we were very visible for the Heritage Motoring requirement. We enjoyed a fairly long coffee before heading off to Brooklands via Kings Avenue Bridge, Anzac Parade and Limestone Avenue. I should mention now that the weather was perfect – cool sunny and windless.

We arrived at Kingsley and Cynthia's not long before lunch so motor skills were left until after lunch. It would be hard to find a nicer place than Brooklands and like on so many previous occasions the lunch was a lot of fun. After lunch we were put through our paces in the old cars with the usual amount of ribbing from the competition. We all left by mid-afternoon however I think Kingsley would have liked it if we had stayed longer.

Quite a few people are involved making Motor Skills work and I would like to thank Kingsley and Cynthia for once again allowing us to use their property, providing the BBQ plus the apple Cider and more. Thanks to Geoff who arranged the skills and quite a few people who assisted including Greg, Don, Wayne Smith and probably several others who I have forgotten to mention. The skills section was lots of fun especially the "spanner" throwing contest. I was hoping that a few more members could attend as it is one of Clubs major events.

Attending coffee: Mick & daughter Emma in the Humber, Wayne & Silvia in the Model A, Chris, Simone & children in John Cadona's Chev, John Cadona, Geoff & Lynne, Don, Wayne & Sandra in the Austin Healey and Nick & Carol in the Model T.

Attending at Brooklands: Trevor & Joyce in the Overland, John Cadona and his friend Gavin, Barry in the Volvo, Wayne & Silvia in the Model A, Chris, Simone and children in the Chev, Greg & Mary, Don, Beverley, Graham, Anesha & Ambar, Nick & Carol in the Model T and Kingsley & Cynthia plus the Model T truck, Renault, Triumph Herald and the Cadillac.



Above left – Who put this @^\*#@ hood on top of the boot!

Above - No home should be without its own siding and carriage.

Left – A perfect place for a yarn on the Brooklands platform.



Even 'The Saint' attended



Above - Some classic Yankee black iron - The Young Ford and Cadona Chevy.



Left - The sporty Southwell Renault and the T hack.



Above - from left, Trevor, Barry 'The Saint' Roberts and Joyce Couch. John Cadona is in the background.



Left - From page 4 - Yes, now you see it don't you! Next we'll see Greg sitting permanently in the lotus position on top of a mountain!



Ian was unable to attend the meeting. Rob advised that the Dating Committee was progressing with the dating of Angelo's Veteran Fiat. In several years' time the Club will talk about the issue of 100 year badges for Vintage vehicles

## **GENERAL BUSINESS:**

1 – A general discussion was held about the Council of ACT Motor Club's proposal for affiliation with the Australian Confederation of Motor Clubs (ACMC) and the effect it might have on our Club. Current membership of the ACMC includes Council of Motor Clubs, NSW & ACT 4WD Associations, Aus. Street Machine Federation, Aus. National Street Machine Federation, Aus. Street Rod Federation and Drag-Ens Hot Rods. It was the feeling within the meeting that the proposed affiliation would not be beneficial to our Club, and in fact detrimental to our current concessional registration arrangement, and that we shouldn't support the change. Rob proposed that the ACT Council of Motor Club's be advised at the next Council meeting of our decision. This proposal was seconded by Carol. Chris will attend the next Council meeting. The paperwork for the initial proposal can be seen by contacting the Secretary.

2 – Several weeks ago the Council of ACT Motor Club's issued a paper to resolve the issue of payment of late Club fees and fees payable to the Council. If members do not pay fees by 30<sup>th</sup> June the Club will be required to notify the Council and the vehicle will be deemed unregistered. Our Club supports the tightening up of registration requirements and supports the Council proposal. It was suggested that Club members be issued with an individual invoice for fees before the due date but no proposal was put to the meeting. Further discussions to be held at the next meeting.

3 – The meeting was informed that Ken Quarmby, father of former Club member Evan had passed away. It was agreed that a sympathy card be sent to the Quarmby family.

4 – John Cadona also mentioned that his Uncle Jack had recently passed away. Several members had met Jack at recent Club events.

## **MEETING ACTIVITY:**

For the May meeting Ray Gulson will talk to us about his motor racing life and his car businesses.

**Meeting Closed: 8-05pm.**

## **MINUTES OF MEETING VETERAN AND VINTAGE CAR CLUB OF AUSTRALIA (ACT) 20 May 2015**

**Meeting Opened:** 7.34pm

**Attendance:** 21 members, five apologies, one guest.

## **SECRETARY'S REPORT**

### **Minutes of Last Meeting:**

- Accepted - Moved: Peter Sturgess, Seconded: Rob Wooley.

### **Correspondence In**

- Thank you card from the late Enid Wheeler's family.
- Flyer\Entry Form for the 39<sup>th</sup> National Chevrolet Festival in Mudgee (25-28 Sept. 2015).
- Phone call from Evan Quarmby thanking the Club for their sympathy on the death of his father, Ken.
- Letter from Scott McAlister, President of the National Trust ACT, thanking Club members for taking part in the Mugga-Mugga open day.
- Minutes from Council of Heritage Motor Clubs – Special General Meeting 3 April 2015. The purpose was to change the constitution, 1- split existing Secretary/Treasurer into two separate positions, 2 – delete the word "honorary" from the office of Secretary and 3 – delete the office of "CMC Liaison Officer". Plus CHMC AGM Minutes.
- Receipt for trailer registration.
- Receipt for 2015 CHMC fee.
- Fuji Xerox Statement received. Nothing to pay.
- Australian Taxation Office (ATO) – request for past year tax returns.
- Council of ACT Motor Clubs – Annual Affiliation Return.
- Various magazines.

### **Correspondence Out:**

- Affiliation fees to Council of Heritage Motor Club.
- Receipt for membership fees to Laurie Smith.
- Sympathy card to Evan Quarmby on the passing of his father Ken.

Secretary's report accepted - Moved: John Cadona, Seconded: Gerard Frawley.

## TREASURER'S REPORT

### Account Balances

- Reported and entered in record.

### Accounts for Payment

- Council of ACT Motor Clubs – affiliation fees - \$60.00.

### Other Matters

- John reported that the matter of tax returns had been resolved. The ATO has formally advised that as a non-profit organization the Club does not have to lodge returns.
- Given the current state of Club finances, John indicated that there is no reason to increase club membership fees for the coming financial year. Moved, John Cadona, Seconded Wal Hick, that ordinary membership fees remain at \$50.00 per annum. Motion passed unanimously.

Treasurer's Report accepted – Moved John Cadona, Seconded Carol Nowak.

## EDITOR'S REPORT

Nil.

## EVENTS REPORT

- Nick reported on the recent Motor Skills day and the upcoming June run. He also indicated that a booking has been made at the Harmony German Club for the 23 August presentation lunch. Details will be provided in the next newsletter.
- Moved Nick Nowak, Seconded Don Doering, that the Club provide up to \$250.00 for lunch at the June run to Womboyne. Motion passed unanimously.

## LIBRARIANS' REPORT

Nil.

## DATING COMMITTEE REPORT

- Ian reported that the Committee is progressing with the dating of Angelo's Fiat.

## REGISTRARS' REPORT

- The ACT Council of Motor Clubs has advised that individual clubs should show due diligence in ensuring that their members who have concessional registered vehicles remain financial.

## MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY'S REPORT

- Carol will chase up vehicle details for the Council's membership return and remind members that fees will need to be paid by 30 June 2015.

## RALLY REPORT

- Nick reported that the rally runs have now been laid out, each 80-120km per day. There is some accommodation still available in Goulburn but powered camp site are running low. Arrangements for a tilt tray recovery vehicle have been made.

## GENERAL BUSINESS

1. Bob requested information from the meeting on the wheels currently fitted to his 1910 BSA.
2. Chris told the meeting that a number of committee positions will become vacant at the next AGM. He encouraged consideration of nomination from those present.
3. Chris also reported on the recent Bush Council rally in Orange.

Meeting Closed: 8.02pm.

## MEETING ACTIVITY

The Club's guest, Ray Gulson, provided the meeting with an entertaining talk on his career in motor sport and as a motor dealer in Canberra. Ian thanked Ray on behalf of the meeting.

## The Club Calendar

June 17	Club meeting
June 21	Club Run - to FBS then Bywong
July 15	Club meeting
July 19	Club Run – to be decided
Aug 19	Club meeting followed by AGM
Aug 23	Club Run - Cub Presentation Day

## RETREADS

'Re-tyred' members of many ACT Car Clubs meet informally for a light lunch at the Southern Cross Club Woden, at noon on the 1st Friday of each month. The group is known as "The Retreads". Outings in their old cars are often arranged. The V&VCCA (ACT) recognises these outings as legitimate events for any of its members who wish to participate

## EVENTS DETAILS

### Sunday 21<sup>st</sup> June 2015 – Club Run

This Club run will start at John Cadona's Fyshwick Builder's Supplies (corner of Canberra Ave. & Whyalla St. Fyshwick) at 10am. We will have a look at John's great selection of timbers suitable for car restoration and many other uses. John will be able to answer any questions about the different timbers. We will also have morning tea at John's so could you please bring along your own thermos, cups, coffee etc.

After John's (around 11am) we will head off to Trevor and Joyce Couch's lovely property at Bywong for a "Hot Dog" lunch followed by Apple Strudel. The Club will be paying for lunch which will consist of rolls, frankfurts, tomato sauce or mustard and the strudel for dessert. Carol and I will be buying the ingredients however I have to have a pretty good idea how many members will be there. If you intend coming along for the lunch would you please contact me immediately. If you would like to bring along a non-member it will cost \$5 per guest.

I intend that we drive to Bywong via Queanbeyan, Sutton Road, Norton Road, Macs Reef Road and finally into Harriot Road. This keeps us off the highway. I'll hand out detailed directions at morning tea (Fyshwick Builder's Supplies).

Lots of nice walks on the property and if you think a walk might be nice bring along suitable shoes.

Call me on 6282 4090 if you can come along.

Unfortunately the French/English "Battle of Waterloo" is being run on the same day at Rond Terrace. These things cannot be helped

### Sunday 19<sup>th</sup> July 2015 – Club Run

I haven't finalised anything for July yet. You will hear from me shortly.

### Sunday 23<sup>rd</sup> August 2015 – PRESENTATION DAY

Definitely one of the Club's most important yearly events. This year we are holding our Presentation Lunch, from Noon, at the Harmonie German Club in Jerrabomberra Avenue Narrabundah. Our Club will have the restaurant to ourselves. It will be a buffet and there will be roast pork and veal, beef stroganoff & rice, Greek salad & coleslaw plus bread & butter. Strudel for dessert. The cost will be \$30 per head and drinks are purchased from the bar. Carol and I have visited several places and I think it would be difficult to better this offer.

There is quite a lot of parking within Club grounds so that you can happily bring along your old car. In fact I asked for a further discount as we would have several cars on display but this proposal was rejected.

# The Edwardian - June 2015

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To keep the price at \$30 per head (kids less but I've still got to sort out how much?) we will require a minimum of 40 people **so please put this event in your calendar now**. Club Trophies will be presented on the day.

Cheers Nick

## The National Calendar

November 1- 6, 2015	National Veteran Rally, Goulburn – see entry form this edition
April 10-15, 2016	National 1&2 Cylinder Rally – Traralgon, Vic.

And some upcoming events from the Council.....

## Calendar of Events – 2015

Name of Event	Date	Location	Contact person
Battle of Waterloo	21 June 2015	Rond Terrace	Barry McAdie 0415 907 614
Shannons Sydney Classic	16 August 2015	Sydney Motorsport Park Eastern Creek	
ACT Holden Day	20 September 2015	West Lawns King Edward Terrace	Colin 0474 456 164
Girder Fork Rally - Cooma	17 – 18 October 15	Cooma	Ross Johnson 02 6452 2510
Charity 2 Crookwell Charity Cruise – GT Falcon Club	25 October 2015	Dickson College to Crookwell	
Marques in the Park	8 November 2015	John Knight Memorial Park	Nick Arnott
Terribly British Day	6 December 2015	Patrick White Lawns	Paul Sutton 0401 756 445



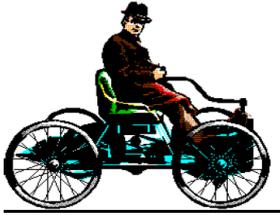
## For Sale/Wanted (con't on page 20)

**1927 Austin heavy 12/4 Tourer**, has been stored under cover and on props since 1965. Original, never restored, probably with original paint. Wants to be in touch with members who are interested or maybe own this model re selling. Contact Jack Palmer, 02 6248 0295 Mobile 0419 401759.

**1912 CROSSLEY** Engine No. 1670, build date April 2-12 Chassis No. 1680. Photos of the car are on the Crossley Motors Manchester web site, click on picture gallery then section 1, pre WW1.

Contact: Eric Cheney, [oldjoe21@hotmail.com](mailto:oldjoe21@hotmail.com)



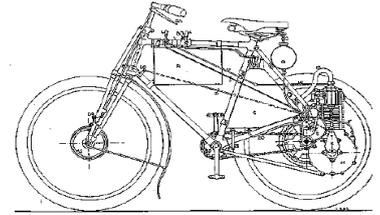


## The VETERAN and VINTAGE CAR CLUB of AUSTRALIA - ACT Inc.

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2015 Shannons National  
All Veteran Tour  
Goulburn  
1 to 6 November 2015

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Tour Director – Rob Woolley  
Ph: 0409 549 485  
robethw@optusnet.com.au

Tour Secretary – Roger Gottlob  
ph: 0418 962 312  
canberrarally2015@gmail.com

### Newsletter No 2

The Organising Committee for the Veteran and Vintage Car Club ACT Inc are happy to report that plans for the 2015 National Veteran Vehicle Tour to be held in Goulburn NSW are progressing extremely well.

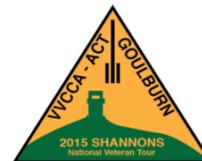
The Mayor of Goulburn Mulwaree Council, Cr. Geoff Kettle, has offered his full support for the Tour and is hosting a Civic Reception for Tour entrants at the Grace Millsom Function Centre in Goulburn on the Sunday evening. Further, Council Officers and the NSW Police have given the Committee their full support in organising the Gas Light Parade in the main street of Goulburn on the Thursday evening. The Parade will be a major attraction to the public and is a fantastic way to showcase early motoring.

The Tour routes and catering are now finalised with most of the runs being on rural roads with very little traffic. Lunch catering at additional cost to entrants on most days of the Tour will be provided by local charity groups in the villages and towns that we will be visiting. The Tour Committee has been very focussed to ensure that benefits of the Tour visiting a community are returned to that community.

During the Tour we will be visiting the towns and villages of Collector, Taralga, Crookwell, Bungonia, Windellama, Gunning and Tarago. The distance travelled each day will be between 80 and 120 kilometres over undulating country roads very well suited to veteran vehicles.

On the Thursday we will spend the day in Goulburn visiting 3 of the local historic attractions:

1. The Goulburn Historic Waterworks built in 1885 which houses the operational 1883 Appleby Bros. of London Beam Engine and a Corliss valve horizontal engine built in 1886 by Hick, Hargrave and Co, Ltd England. They will both be operating during our visit.
2. The Goulburn Rail Heritage Centre which houses a large collection of heritage locomotives, steam and diesel, rolling stock and machinery. The centre has impressive displays which show the transition of locomotives from steam to dieselisation.



All correspondence to Roger Gottlob, Tour Secretary  
GPO Box 2349, CANBERRA, ACT, 2601

3. Riversdale Homestead, a National Trust property, built in 1830 as a wayside inn. Riversdale served as the family home of NSW Surveyor General Edward Twynam and remained in the Twynam family until 1967 when it was bought by the National Trust. The Homestead contains some of the original furniture and carvings plus beautiful gardens.

Later on Thursday afternoon there will be a public display near Belmore Park in the centre of Goulburn before the Gas Light Parade at dusk. The Committee has arranged for the NSW Police to escort vehicles back to their motel or caravan park after the Gas Light Parade.

Please be advised a separate form with costs for lunches to be provided and entry to various attractions will be sent to all entrants in early September.

In excess of 60 entries and have been received for the Tour to date. If you are planning to attend the Tour the Committee would encourage you to enter as soon as you can, but certainly before 30 August as after this date a late fee of \$30 will apply. An entry form is included in this newsletter to assist you in this regard if you haven't already entered.

The Committee's last check of accommodation in Goulburn indicated there is an ample supply of Motel rooms available. If you are having trouble locating a suitable place please contact the Goulburn Visitor Information Centre on 1800 353 646 or via its website <http://www.igoulburn.com/>.

Please be advised Goulburn has two Caravan Parks and sites are limited. Please contact the Goulburn Visitor Information Centre if you need assistance or advice on caravan park bookings.

The Committee is looking forward to seeing you in Goulburn in November.

**Rob Woolley**  
**Tour Chairman**  
**3 June 2015**

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## (con't. from page 18) For Sale/Wanted

**1923 CI 6 Zedel. 4 cyl, 2129 cc side valve.** Project car. Parts of 2 cars, one local. Enough to rebuild 1 car, 90% complete mechanically, with 8 wire wheel with spares of Radiator, engine, differential, chassis and wheels. Have bonnet, bulk head and cast aluminium dash board. I have a folder of information with photos. Local car is one of only 2 imported to the state and they were registered was registered in Perth on July 21<sup>st</sup> 1924 and 2<sup>nd</sup> car 18<sup>th</sup> October 1924. \$ 3,000. Contact: Alex Selley, 9537 3409 or E-mail [alexkaye@iprimus.com.au](mailto:alexkaye@iprimus.com.au). For a photo of a restored car see, [www.classicpark.nl/nederlands/collectie/voorraad/zedel-ci-6/12007](http://www.classicpark.nl/nederlands/collectie/voorraad/zedel-ci-6/12007)

**1925 DI Delage.** Project car. Spare radiator. \$4,500.  
Contact: Alex Selley, 9537 3409 or [alexkaye@iprimus.com.au](mailto:alexkaye@iprimus.com.au)

**For sale:** 1909 IHC Autowagon \$30,000 firm. Work carried out includes new (austenitic steel) valves, new wheels & tyres. For more information and photos contact Geoff Chennells  
08 8278 8465, 0439 572 746 [onelung@chariot.net.au](mailto:onelung@chariot.net.au)



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