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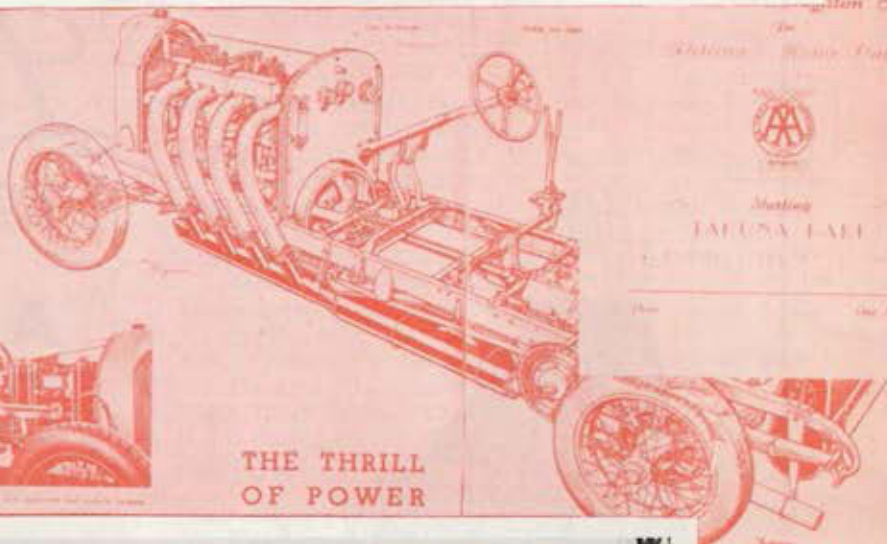
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3rd, 1956

54

BEADED WHEELS

N.Z. VETERAN AND VINTAGE MOTORING

JUNE, 1968



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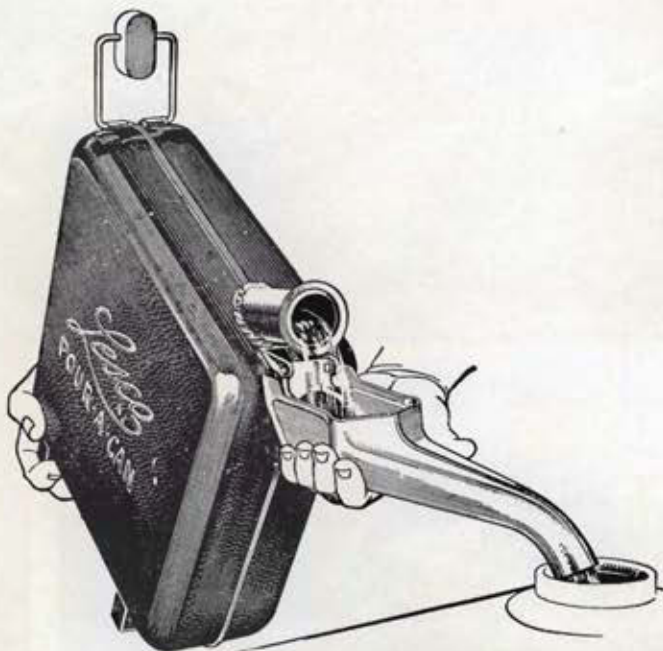
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L O W E R H U T T

Beaded Wheels is the voice of the Vintage Car Movement in New Zealand and of the Clubs whose efforts are fostering and ever widening the interest in this movement and form rallying points for that ever increasing band of enthusiasts. The fascination of age itself or revulsion from the flashy mediocrity of our present day is drawing an increasing number of motorists back to the individuality, solid worth, and functional elegance that was demanded by a more discriminating generation and it is to these that we dedicate —

BEADED WHEELS

VOL. XII, No. 54

JUNE, 1968

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COVER PHOTO —

Commercial Type—Oamaru's J. Boaden gets under way in his 1925 Ford T One-Tonner.
(Photo: Kingham's Studios)

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The Great Days of the Grass

by GEOFF HOCKLEY



(PART 3)

SOUTHERNERS GO NORTH — TERRIFIC COLEMAN-MANGHAM DUELS NAPIER'S BIG EASTER MEETING — DANNEVIRKE'S DAY OF DISASTER RECORD CROWDS AT CHRISTCHURCH

THE 1917 racing season, after getting away to a flying start with successful meetings at Ashhurst, Manawatu, Woodville and the second big Christchurch speed carnival, carried on with well-patronised meetings at Marton, Napier, Bulls, Dannevirke and other established fixtures in the Northern race circuit. Two Christchurch riders, Ernie Hinds and Alan Woodman, tried their luck at Marton and got an enthusiastic reception from the crowd, though neither showed a profit for their trip. Hinds had a spill, escaping unscathed but damaging the forks of his Indian beyond immediate repair. The track was dry and bumpy and Alan Woodman found the rough going not to his liking. The big starts which he was asked to concede in the handicap races also give him little chance of finishing in the money. But the one-legged phenomenon received a terrific ovation when in a special attempt on the lap record he was clocked at 55 $\frac{3}{5}$ sec. on his 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ h.p. side-valve B.S.A. — the fastest time for a mile recorded by an under-600 c.c. machine on the grass. Jim Dawber had a field day with his newly-acquired 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ h.p. Indian single four-valve, winning the day's big event, the 15-mile Rangitikei Cup, in splendid style, and lapping such formidable opponents as Woodman and Mangham in the process. Jim added another scalp to his belt by collecting the 10-mile heavyweight handicap, and also two second places in the course of the day. Stan Osgood on his screaming Douglas also finished the day with a considerably increased

bank account, and Rube Jones, as usual somewhere in the picture, won the middleweight handicap on his 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ Matchless. Unluckiest rider of the day was Percy Coleman, whose Indian eight-valve suffered a variety of troubles. He abandoned a special attempt on the 15-mile record (held by himself) and officials arranged another attempt for him on the Sunday morning, but again his mount proved temperamental and failed to go the distance.

Big fields, good racing and almost faultless organization made the annual two-day Easter meeting at Napier a pronounced success. Coleman managed to shed his jinx and won the big race on each day, and Jim Dawber added to Indian laurels with two first and several second places. Mason and Osgood on their Douglases both had wins. Jim Karton was in fine form and took three first places. Visitors from Christchurch were Ernie Hinds and Fred Haworth. Ernie failed to finish in the money but Fred crossed the line a winner in both sidecar events on his 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ B.S.A. outfit.

Len Mangham's increasing ability in handling the big machines led the N.Z. journal "Wheeling" to prophesy that he would in the near future prove a worthy rival to the formidable Coleman, who was up to this period unapproachable as a rider of the 1000 c.c. or "7-9 h.p." twins, which needed riders of the very highest ability to utilise their performance on the mile grass ovals. "Mangham's cool and measured judgement provides a very effective foil to Coleman's reckless dash", commented



FORMIDABLE COMBINATION.—Percy Coleman and Indian 8-valve, 1918. Note rigid forks and small section high-pressure tyres. Engine featured four vertical overhead valves per cylinder plus auxiliary exhaust ports. Top speed approximately 100 m.p.h.

“Wheeling” in a short summing-up of the season’s most prominent riders, “and in our opinion he will provide the champion with some doughty opposition in the future”.

“Wheeling’s” prophecy was proved correct when at the annual race meeting at Bulls on May 9, some hair-raising duels between the rivals were witnessed during the running of the 10-mile N.Z. Class Championship, on a track dangerously greasy from recent rain. The large crowd had expected to witness some hair-raising riding and it received it in extra good measure. Coleman and Mangham engaged in a terrific battle from the drop of the starter’s flag, leaving the rest of the field far in the rear, and dangerous slides on the slippery corners continually brought the crowd in the grandstand to its feet. Mangham passed Coleman in the first lap and a terrific duel ensued. Coleman made desperate efforts to pass his Harley rival, but lost considerable ground when his Indian skidded almost from rails to rails across the track in a hair-raising slide, but he held his mount upright by a superhuman

effort and renewed the chase. With two laps to go, Mangham was still in the lead with Coleman’s front wheel alongside Mangham’s rear. Coleman’s chance came when his rival “lost the groove” and went slightly wide on the corner going out of the front straight, and in a flash he cut in on the inside and gained a precarious lead, while at that very instant, Mangham’s chain broke and ended one of the most exciting duels ever seen on the track. How it would have ended was anybody’s guess. Although the whole of the day’s programme was excellent, and good racing was seen in all events, the crowd could hardly wait for the last race of the day to witness another Coleman-Mangham clash. This was the 10-lap open handicap, in which, needless to say, the two rivals were on the scratch mark. The neck-and-neck battling which ensued simply mowed down the rest of the field until with eight laps gone only Steve Whitehead, from off the 30 second mark, remained ahead of the battling duo, neither of whom would yield an inch. But this time it was Coleman’s turn

to strike trouble, for after eight laps of wheel-to-wheel duelling, his throttle control came adrift and for him the race was over. Mangham went after Whitehead like a hurricane, but Steve was riding a splendid race and Mangham just failed to catch him. It was a splendid ending to a day of thrills and close finishes. Whitehead's win was his second success in the day's sport, while Stan Osgood rode consistently to win the Lightweight Handicap in addition to gaining several second and third places.

Dannevirke had cause to remember its race meeting of Labour Day, 1917. The day was fine, the track fast, the fields large, the handicapping excellent, and the cash customers rolled up in goodly numbers — in fact, everything seemed set for a splendid day's sport, the only cloud on the horizon being one which, viewed from the racecourse, seemed to be hovering over nearby Dannevirke and assuming ever-larger proportions. However, the programme was run off to schedule until the spectators realised that the entire town seemed to be going up in smoke, and the majority of the crowd made a hurried exodus from the course to assist in fighting the flames, so the meeting was abandoned after five events had been run. However, some fine races were witnessed up to the time that the meeting was called off. Jim Dawber had another field day. After winning the two longest events of the day — the 15-lap North Island Handicap and the 10-lap Dannevirke Handicap — on his speedy four-valve single Indian, he changed over to a Douglas for the N.Z. Lightweight Championships, which he won after a tussle with Bernie Shearsby, also Douglas-mounted. Bernie actually passed Jim at one stage — no mean feat in competition with a rider of Dawber's ability — but the latter regained the lead and held it to the finish with Shearsby pushing him hard. Another Douglas rider, McLean, finished in third spot, making it a 1-2-3 walk-over for the little flat twins. Percy Coleman put in some terrific riding from the scratch mark to win the 8-lap A.C.U. Handicap, and Jim Dawber was the only man he failed to catch up in the 15-lap race. Both these events were marred by spills. Len Mangham who started in the 8-lap race on a Henderson, took a rather nasty toss which resulted in a severe shaking and a broken arm. In the 15-lap event Hartley riding a Harley-Davidson clipped the rails in the back straight and took a severe

fall which necessitated him being rushed to Dannevirke Hospital, which, fortunately, was not in the path of the flames which by this time were consuming a large area of the town. A third competitor who made violent contact with the track surface, fortunately without serious injury, was Jack Sweeney, who earlier in the day had won the Novice Handicap in fine style. Jack was a consistent performer on the grass for many years after making his debut on that memorable day when Dannevirke went up in flames to the tune of a quarter of a million sterling in damage.

The 1918 season opened at Ashhurst on New Year's Day to a morning of gale-force winds and heavy showers, but the weather moderated before noon and it was decided to carry on with the programme, in view of the large crowd present. "Motorcycle racing is popular in the Manawatu", said the motoring journal "Wheeling" in its report of the event. "The whole countryside turned out and the paddock was crowded with cars and motorcycle". Five events were run, two going to the consistent Jim Dawber. Percy Coleman and Steve Whitehead each had wins and the big race of the day went to a newcomer, T. C. Reichel, who made the most of his 160-second handicap and staved off his pursuers to win by a couple of furlongs with Percy Coleman in hot pursuit. Reichel rode a Rudge.

The increasing popularity of the sport was evident when a meeting was staged at Levin on Anniversary Day, January 22, and attendances at the horse races at Foxton and Trentham on the same day suffered in consequence. This was the first time that motorcycle racing had been witnessed at Levin and the promoters were more than satisfied with the day's venture, the only criticism heard being of the rough and bumpy course and that all too frequent delay in getting the events run off. "Wheeling" delivered a blast at competitors who "tinker and tamper with their mounts between events" and reminded officials that country people had to leave for home about four o'clock so it was up to organizers to see that events were run to time. A surprise was the winning of the 10-lap N.Z. 500 c.c. Championship by A. Boag on a Norton, the favourite Jim Dawber stopping with an oiled-up plug. Steve Whitehead and his Indian took a couple of firsts, Roy Crawley on a Harley won the big 15-lap open handicap, and Rube Jones and his



STANDING ROOM ONLY. — Part of the record crowd which jammed grandstands and enclosures at the 1918 Christchurch speed carnival.

Matchless, off the 150-seconds mark, won the 10-lap open handicap hotly pursued by backmarker Len Mangham on a Harley. Alex Anderson, just returned from the war and present as a spectator, was persuaded to have a ride in the post-entry 5-lap handicap for standard touring machines and came home a winner on a Triumph.

The always keenly awaited Red Cross Motor Carnival at Christchurch was not, unfortunately, "third time lucky", torrential rain on the Friday and Saturday making the track a quagmire and forcing a postponement, to the consternation of the many Northern competitors, who viewed with dismay the prospect of extra expense involved in another week's stay-over. But the organizers took the set-back in their stride. All visitors' expenses were paid, outings and entertainments arranged, and when the succeeding Saturday dawned a perfect day, every one of the original bumper crop of entries was present. The 1918 Sockburn race meeting was perhaps the greatest motorcycle track event which has ever been seen in New Zealand — the attendance figures, anyway, have never been exceeded at any similar event, to our belief. Canterbury, the home of trotting, never lacked for followers of the light harness sport, and the Canterbury Park Trotting Club had staged many largely-attended meetings at Sockburn during previous years. But at the 1918 motorcycle speed carnival all previous attendance records went by the boards. So dense were the crowds on the lawns and in the enclosures and grandstands that there was hardly room to move around. Competitors and spectators alike agreed that organization was beyond criticism. Friction between riders and officials was pleasantly absent, yet

not a minute was wasted in getting the events off to time, while the handicapper, Mr W. Minson of Christchurch, was congratulated on his work. The track, also, was in perfect order, and some thrilling racing was witnessed. Percy Coleman's Christchurch hoodoo went into temporary retirement and his Indian eight-valve never skipped a beat as he tore around to win the 15-lap Australasian Heavyweight Championship from the only other starters, Crawley and Mangham, in the fast time of 13 mins. 53 sec. Frenzied cheers rent the castor-oil permeated atmosphere when the idol of Christchurch racing fans, one-legged Alan Woodman, defeated Dawber, Karton, and Rube Jones to win the S.I. Middleweight Championship, after a ding-dong battle with Dawber until the latter fractured the fuel pipe of his Indian in the sixth lap. Woodham also won the Lightweight Handicap from scratch, and a second place in the 8-lap open event put him among the big money-winners of the day. The welkin rang again when Christchurch's Fred Haworth defeated the formidable combination of Dawber and his Douglas in the S.I. Lightweight Championship. Fred's potent homebrew mount, programmed as a "Scrapheap", was largely Triumph, but it derived a lot of extra ponies from an overhead valve cylinder head fabricated by the knowledgeable veteran. The 10-lap Heavyweight Handicap, expected to produce some fireworks, was somewhat of an anti-climax, and produced the day's only accident when Steve Whitehead fell going out of the front straight and Ernie Hinds was unable to avoid him, the result being a rush trip to hospital for Steve with a broken leg. Ernie received a severe shaking. The only finishers were Crawley and Mangham, in that order. The scratch man, Percy Coleman, suffered something novel in the way of trouble when starting in this race. He and his pusher-off were heaving manfully to get the somewhat recalcitrant eight-valve going, and when his mount finally coughed into life he made a flying leap into the saddle — a move which coincided with a last frenzied heave by his exhausted pusher-off which resulted in the unfortunate p-o slipping and putting his arm into the machine's rear wheel. Finding that his mount seemed somewhat lacking in get-away, Coleman discovered that its sulkiness was caused in part by the effort of dragging eleven stones of panic-stricken p-o behind him,

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WOLSELEY Bottom left: A 1902 model—one of the earliest Wolseleys made. Powered by a 9 h.p. watercooled horizontal twin cylinder engine driving through a chain, this has a single hand-brake operating on the rear wheels only, although a spike can be lowered to the ground to combat accidental reversal.

Top right: The Wolseley 18/85 Automatic. With fingertip gear selection on the fascia, Hydroelastic suspension and front drive, an interesting comparison with the early model.

M.G. Bottom centre: 'Old No. 1'. The Bullnose Morris, which became the first M.G. and began an immortal name. It was taken from the factory production line to the Morris Garage, tuned and rebodied by Cecil Kimber. With it, he won a gold medal in the 1925 London-Land's End Trial. This led to further sporting participation, other versions were made, and M.G. became a car in its own right.

Top left: From the same sporting stable—an M.G.C.

RILEY Bottom right: The very first Riley car made in four wheeler form. The year: 1907. The designer: Victor Riley. Driven by a 60 Vee Twin engine of one litre capacity. It was used competitively by Victor Riley during 1907, winning nine out of ten hill climbs entered.

Top centre: The Riley Elf. The performance of this small modern car of similar capacity underlines the fantastic advance in automobile engineering over sixty years.

the said p-o being firmly attached by his coat sleeve to the rear sprocket. Fortunately, the only damage sustained was to the p-o's dignity — and to his coat, one sleeve of which was approximately 18in. longer than the other when it was finally untangled. A N.I. v. S.I. teams relay race, with three riders a side, was won by South (the Southerners kept their end up in excellent style right throughout the day) and popular private owner Cecil Bonnington won an 8-lap open in fine style. Disappoint-

ment was expressed at the popular "Ladies Bracelet" being missing from the programme, but the speed shown by the girl competitors the previous year had caused the organizers to consider the unfavourable publicity which might ensue as the result of a serious accident to a lady rider, so the event was reluctantly abandoned. And thus ended the third Christchurch Carnival, which reached a new "high" in grass track racing annals.

(to be continued)

THE 1968 NATIONAL RALLY

(by DANNY MORAN)

National Rallies, by their very nature, live long in the memories of those lucky enough to attend them, but the 1968 National Rally held at Timaru over Easter week-end will probably never be forgotten. Firstly, because of its size; 203 entries were received, and although 19 of them had to be subsequently withdrawn, local members, who were not competing, used their club vehicles for transport, so that there were over 200 old vehicles out and about. Thus it was the greatest collection of veteran and vintage machinery ever seen in New Zealand, apart from the 1965 International Rally. And then there was the disastrous storm that swept the country just prior to the Rally, and which caused nearly all the withdrawals — some had ferry bookings upset, some had to return to work to repair storm damage, while others had such diverse problems as pig houses overturned by the wind, and flood waters rising near grain silos.

Mention should perhaps be made of the effort put up by Wellington member, Mike Curry to get to the Rally. With his ferry bookings upset by the 'Wahine' disaster, Mike put his 1926 Alvis 12/50, plus his navigator and himself, aboard a Bristol Freighter, and flew to Blenheim, where they arrived about 1 p.m. on Good Friday. They then set out to motor over 300 odd miles to Timaru in hazardous conditions, arriving in Timaru about 10 p.m.

Timaru escaped the main fury of the storm, but none the less, about two inches of rain had fallen by Good Friday morning, with more still drifting down, and with the seagulls in

possession of the arena at the Showgrounds, it became necessary to find a new venue for the Public Display on Saturday afternoon. We were fortunate to obtain the use of the new Doncaster industrial sub-division near Washdyke, less than two miles from our headquarters at the Showgrounds. Since the wide, sealed streets of the sub-division are not yet public roads, we were able to use them for the events, while the spectators stood on the footpaths. Naturally, the programme had to be curtailed somewhat under these conditions, but we were at least able to get some 3000 paying customers onto the ground, and to show them the vehicles in motion. It is somewhat ironic, that despite the surfeit of rain, which disrupted our plans, not a drop fell between 8 a.m. and midday on Saturday, which was the vital period for our \$1000 insurance, so that we missed out on it. However, the generous sponsorship of the Shell Company, who are the marketers of Shell quality fuels and lubricants, plus the somewhat reduced gate-takings at the Display, has enabled us to meet our commitments as regards petrol vouchers for competitors, and half the freight for the North Island entrants.

Saturday dawned overcast but fine, and the competitors set off from 9 a.m. onwards on the Time Trial, which ranged from 20 miles of mainly flat roads for one and two cylinder veterans, to 51 miles of interesting rolling country for the vintage types. Some returned from the run reporting that they had actually seen the sun, which augured well for the rest of the weekend.

The Public Display got under way after lunch with the arrival of the Timaru Mayor, Mr D. R. Dowell, and the local Member of Parliament, Sir Basil Arthur, in Kelvin Love's 1904 Argyle, escorted on motorcycles by those terrible twins, Brehaut and Cross. The main

feature of the Display was a Parade of Fashions Down the Years, from 1902 to 1938, with attractive models dressed in costumes appropriate to the vehicle they were riding in. In the Wiggle-wobble, Alan Storer clipped one of the marker drums, which somehow became lodged under the running board of his 1912 Cadillac, and he gave a fine display of how to proceed rapidly on three wheels and an oil drum. However, a band of marshals soon had the car lifted high enough to retrieve the drum, and the husky Cadillac proceeded on its way, apparently none the worse for this rather noisy incident. On the more serious side was the Branch Teams Event, which was won by the Canterbury team, which consisted of B. Moir (1913 Ford T), R. C. Chenery (1930 Ford A), and G. Paterson (1922 Douglas Motorcycle).

Saturday night was occupied with a very successful cabaret-type evening, which filled the large Caroline Bay Hall to capacity, and was enjoyed by all.

Sunday proved to be fine and sunny for the 20-mile Picnic Run to a secluded spot on private property near the banks of the Pareora River, and the day was taken up with the usual noggling and nattering associated with an informal run, and with inspections of the large array of vehicles drawn up. Several people were seen taking down details of cars, no doubt to assist in the restoration of similar cars. As the sun began to sink towards the hills, everyone moved back towards Timaru, and prepared for the Cocktail Hour, which preceded the Final Dinner and Presentation of Trophies in the Bay Hall. At the Dinner, amid an atmosphere of gaiety and the sound of laughter, talk, and popping corks, the prizes were awarded as follows:

Class 1, Veteran Cars with less than four cylinders: Time Trial, D. W. Jordan, 1910 Humber; Concours, R. Lindsay, 1909 Renault AX.

Class 2, Veteran Cars with four or more cylinders: Time Trial, E. J. S. Walker, 1914 Rover; Concours, L. B. Southward, 1912 Buick.

Class 3, Veteran Motorcycles: Time Trial, H. J. Wilkinson, 1916 Bradbury; Concours, R. O. Clark, 1911 King Dick.

Class 4, Vintage Motorcycles: Time Trial, M. C. Allan, 1924 B.S.A.; Concours, G. Paterson, 1922 Douglas.

Class 5, Vintage Cars, Time Trial: R. J. McLaughlan, 1930 Chevrolet; Concours, R. C.

Chenery, 1930 Ford A.

Class 6, Post Vintage Cars: Time Trial, G. Collins, 1935 Talbot; Concours, G. E. Vogtherr, 1938 M.G. VA.

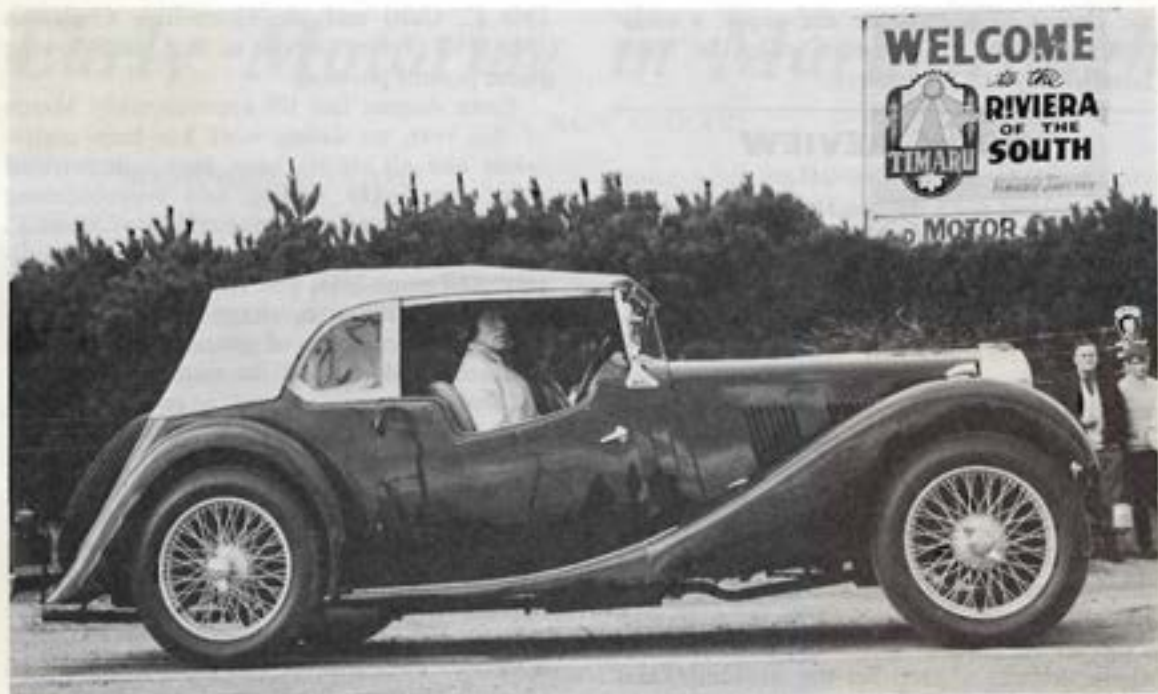
Montagu Trophy for Best Overall Motorcycle: A. J. Wills, 1925 Harley-Davidson.

Branch Teams Event: Canterbury Branch.

Monday proved to be another fine sunny day, as competitors packed up and left for home, while local members set to and began clearing up all the debris of a memorable weekend. With so many entries of such a high standard, it is difficult to make any comments about individual vehicles, but among the vintage cars, the two that appeared to create most envy among the general public were Emerson's 1929 Chrysler Imperial, from Invercargill, and Lake's superb 1930 Hispano Suiza convertible sedan, from Hamilton. We were pleased to number among the entries three commercial vehicles, which strangely enough were all members of the Model T family. From Rangiora came B. Moir's 1913 delivery van, an example of the type that helped to change butchers, bakers, and candle-stick makers from horse-drawn transport to motor delivery, and from Ashburton came R. Crum's 1923 light delivery. Somewhat heavier was the 1925 1-ton truck that J. Boaden brought from Oamaru. This was originally owned by Andrew Lees Ltd., in Dunedin, from 1925 until 1930, and this firm, which is still in existence today donated the paint and signwriting necessary to bring the T back to its original condition.

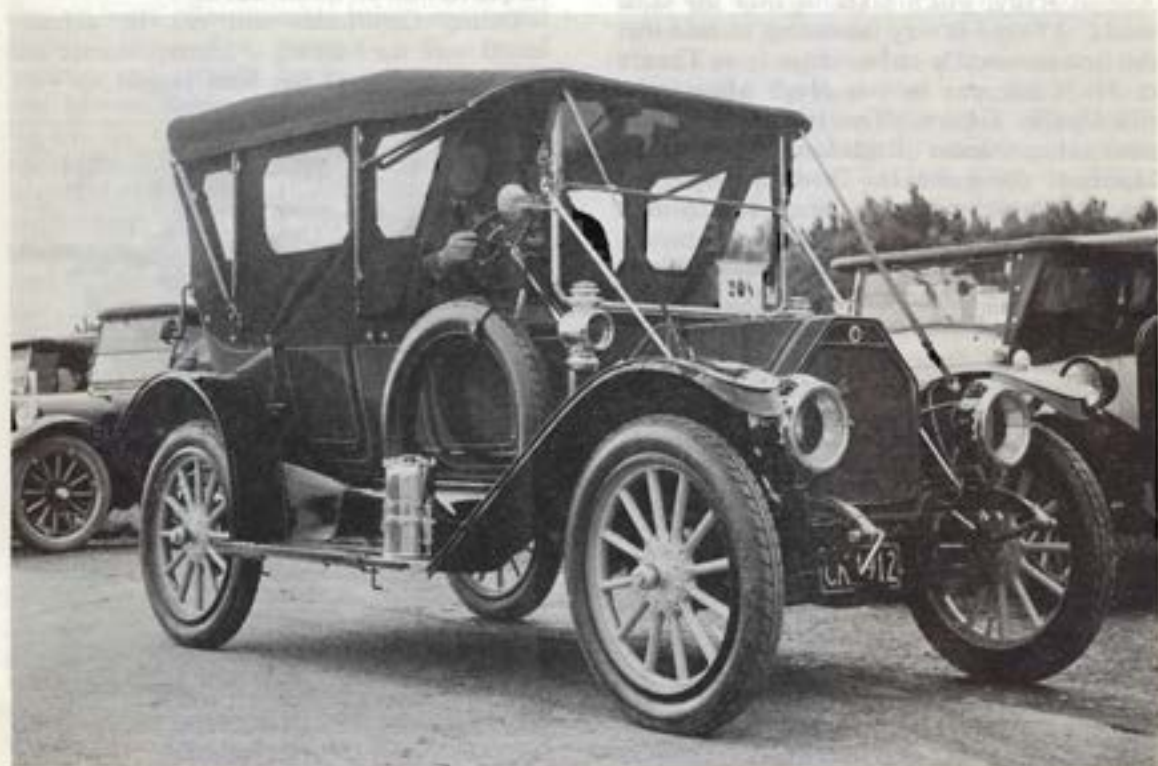
One of the most outstanding vehicles at the Rally however, must have been Gordon Vogtherr's 1938 1½-litre M.G. from Hastings. We've all heard of the washday product that "makes whites whiter than white, coloureds brighter than bright". Well, Mr Vogtherr, with this restoration has succeeded in making the M.G. "newer than new". To those of us who have regarded P.V.V.'s with something akin to suspicion, and thought of them as the poor relation of our veteran and vintage cars, this immaculate example was a real revelation. If it was an f.a.q. sample of a P.V.V., it won't hurt us to see a few more around.

The 1968 National Rally has come and gone; the memory of the work and toil that went into the preparations for it has been erased by the many happy memories of the Rally itself. Now, we of the South Canterbury Branch look forward to Easter 1969 — and



Gordon Vogther's superb 1938 M.G. Post Vintage Concours Winner.

(Photo: Kingham's Studios)



Another Concours Winner, Len Southward's 1912 Buick sets off on the Time Trial.

(Photo: Kingham's Studios)

the chance to partake in, and enjoy, a major rally organised by someone else; the South Island Rally at Christchurch.

BOOK REVIEW

by B. A. GOODMAN

I have just read Evelyn Hosken's 2nd book called "Turn back the Clock", published by A. H. Reed.

This is a follow-up to her earlier book, "Life on a £5 note", and is in my opinion a worthy successor.

The theme of the book is early South Canterbury, taken mainly from the spoken memories of the descendants of this area's pioneers. Of special interest to members of the V.C.C. will be chapters five and six, which deal mainly with early travel in South Canterbury and the Mackenzie Country. This covers 20 pages and chapter five deals almost exclusively with the 1965 International Rally seen by the author as it passed the gates of Irishman's Creek Station where she was a guest for the weekend. Her writings on the Mackenzie Country in the early days are most interesting in relation to our own Annual Rally, which takes us over the same roads. I found it very interesting to read that the first motorcycle to be ridden from Timaru to Mt. Cook was by one Hugh Mayo, who still lives in Timaru. This trip was only one week after Messrs Rutheford, Wigley and Marchant drove the De Dion's through and has over the years been overshadowed by their trip.

The book contains many excellent plates including 1910 Overland and 1910 Darracq (the former a brand new machine leaving on its first run).

Although as a book for V.C.C. members, some may say that it is limited to 20 pages, however, I feel that being a semi-historical body as we are you cannot help but be fascinated by the stories of South Canterbury history which fill the rest of the book.

At a price of \$2.95 it is excellent value and I would recommend that it be added to your libraries.

REGISTER AND DATING ANNOUNCEMENT

We are glad to advise that the re-organisation of the Club's Register and Dating Function is now well advanced and the Club Registrar

(Mr E. Galt) and the Committee Chairman (Mr H. B. Foster) advise us that the following is the present position.

From August last till approximately March of this year, no dating work has been undertaken and all efforts have been concentrated upon completely refileing and cross-indexing existing information and backlog of undated vehicles. This mammoth task is nearly complete and some 3000 new files have been opened together with cross-referenced indexes covering many thousands of entries. Dating was resumed in March and the results have amply justified the work involved in re-organisation, since in only two meetings the Committee has given Accepted Official Dating to vehicle register numbers 27, 172, 199, 222, 138, 246, 568, 569, 584, 652, 696, 733, 821, 822, 863, 901, 957, 1061, 1241, 1300, 1328, 1344 — 22 vehicles in all and a greater total than the best previous average for a whole year's work.

Some 120 forms have been reviewed and returned to members for further information of which 27 have so far replied. — Thank you.

Please note that photographs are **Definitely Required** with all forms sent in.

Dating Certificates will not be actually issued until the backlog of correspondence and actual Dating work has been caught up with.



"FOREIGN INVASION.—Postscript. Work on the Russ Taylor 8-cyl. 2-litre Bugatti on the beach — 1929".
(Photo: Gavin Bain)



"FOREIGN INVASION.—Postscript. Old No. 7 Stutz being manhandled on the Frisco docks prior to loading for New Zealand, 1923".
(Photo: Ron Roycroft)

Early Motoring in Marlborough

— By RON OSGOOD

REMINISCENCES 1915

THESE were the days of old men mostly bald headed, long beards, walking sticks, smoking clay pipes and spitting on the ground, sitting on the rotunda at the carriers' stand, where there were several horse vehicles several inches deep in horse manure. The cabs were here also. One of the cabs was a Hansom owned by Charlie Berry, who had contempt for motors, especially us young chaps with motor bikes. He was a race-horse owner and used these in his Hansom cab and I must confess that he could almost hold his own with the taxis then for speed about the town. He could crack the whip like a shotgun, and I nearly had the whip round by shoulders when trying to pass him on the motor bike.

I had left school and was in my second year at the trade as an apprentice. On April fool's day we were often caught; being sent round various shops for pigeon's milk, round squares, and straight hooks, etc. The boss sent Mousie Robinson round to the Engineering Co. for some "green oil". They gave him an intermediate gear from a traction-engine that had some teeth stripped. Mousey got a carrier from the stand, and after about two hours with block and tackle, etc., it was delivered to the yard. When the boss had to pay the cartage, there was a hell of a row, as the joke misfired! The gear laid in the yard for several years.

Our local vet Dr. Jellyman, bought a Humberette and his old single cylinder 8 h.p. Oldsmobile was taken to McCallum's stables in Nelson Street and left outside the door. Us boys used to visit it often and wondered if it would ever run again after the experts gave it up including Steam engineers, blacksmiths, amateurs, etc. After a long period it was still there, with flat tyres, the upholstery almost shot, covered with cobwebs and rust. The late Percy Simmonds who was an apprentice at Parker's garage, asked Mr Parker if he would give him the old car for his 17th birthday. So us boys got on the job pumping up the tyres and towing it with the horse and trap to Percy's

house a few chains up the road. Then we started working on it using kerosine for freeing up the rusted parts. The lubricator which was nickel plated had about eight sight drip feeds; it was over the crankcase. The chain was covered with axle grease and plough oil for the rest. The most expensive item was a new Hellekens 4½ volt dry battery, this cost me 17/6. At this time Percy was getting 17/6 per week I was getting 12/- we had to pay half of this for board and keep ourselves and on the balance I could more easily pay £100 a gallon for benzine today than 2/6 then. After several attempts to get it going we towed it with the horse who nearly bolted when it went off with a bang and started. The nearest car in the club I can compare it with is Bill Miller's R.E.O., but this model was older having grass hopper springs (quarter elliptic) where the R.E.O. has full. There was a piece of timber fluted to make the springs look full length in one piece. After work we would take her out for a run. There was a long lever like a horse mower, this was pushed forward like a model T Ford. There were seven or eight of us riding on it and then after revving up when the lever was pushed forward we would fall off. I cannot recollect ever driving it home; it was mostly pushed or towed with the horse and trap. After this Percy said, "If you blokes want rides you will have to help me run her". Then we would bring along all sorts of stuff in bottles, benzine, methylated spirits, kerosine, distillate, etc. (Then you could buy "distillate", which was a mixture of kerosine and benzine. Engines would not start on it but would keep going once you got them running. It was used a lot in marine engines at the time and was a lot cheaper). I remember you could hardly hear the exhaust only a clanking knock. I am afraid my music lessons were sadly neglected over this old car. After a while the novelty wore off and once more it lay derelict. Then the late Frank Vercoe came home on leave from Trentham. Frank had worked for Bill Birch before going into camp and got her running much better than us. Being in the army, he had more money than us and could afford to buy benzine.



"Mr Robert Bell's Wolseley Car at the Kaikoura A. & P. Show, circa 1915. Mr H. J. S. Mitchell at the wheel".

(Photo: R. Osgood)

As she was much faster in reverse than low gear, Frank drove her all over the place backwards. Then she was wrecked. The radiator and some gear was used on a tractor made from mower wheels by Charlie Burroughs and Jacob Kennington. The chassis was used up to a few years ago. Mr Ern Philpotts had the wheels shod with iron tyres and a 16-inch pulley was used in place of the flywheel. The outfit was made into a self-propelled sawbench powered by a Lister engine, and used to travel all over the country sawing firewood. Years later dad bought the engine off Bill Gosling with some joinery machinery and in about 1939 I took the piston out to fit in a Standard marine engine and found that the camshaft bushes were worn through to the casting from lack of oil and the valves were hardly lifting. The engine finished up in a load of scrap iron at Anderson's foundry. So ended Marlborough's second motor car.

After the above experience I bought my first motor bike. This was mentioned in B.W. several years ago, but for the benefit of new readers I will relate briefly. The previous

owner struck a match one night to see how much benzine was in the tank and the inevitable happened. The tank and cables were burnt but otherwise not much damage was done. The owner, being a plumber, made a new tank from galvanized iron, it was the same shape as a coffin and was painted black. This was the first bike here to have a gear-box, the back axle revolved in the frame on ball races, and it was started by a crank-handle turning the axle. The gears were known as Roc, the oil tank was under the right footboard, and oil was pumped by pushing a knob down with the foot. The gears were operated by pushing one pedal down for low then pushing another pedal for top, for free engine another small pedal was pushed down putting it in neutral. I had a fair bit of trouble with this bike but learned a lot by experience. By the time I was 16 I could time valves, and magnetos, blindfolded.

Mr Bert Tasker ran a millinery shop opposite where Nairn's later started their motor bike shop in Charles Street. At the time he had a beautiful Triumph motor bike and a varnished

wicker side-car on same. It was the flashest outfit here and was far ahead of anything else at the time. My late brother was not very mechanically minded, but had his eye on this bike. At the time he was earning good money as chauffeur for the public works (30/- per week driving a brass radiator model T Ford). It was not long before he saved enough money to buy it. It was just three-year-old when he bought it for £20 without the side-car. This bike is still in the family but in dilapidated condition. It is minus the Sturmev Archer 3-speed wheel.

As for cars few of these were coming out with self starters. The Cadillac and Maxwell cars were about the first. These had Gray and Davis systems and I have one of these dynamotors still here. As to trucks there were very few up till now. The Marlborough Brewery had a Thornycroft with side chains and solid tyres. J. Benning had an International also on solids. Cook's Studebaker van as mentioned in the last issue of B.W. was driven by Roy Ewart, now Blenheim's oldest taxi driver. But the following year was to bring some new trucks to Blenheim, also taxis with new model cars. At this time all weddings etc. were by horse vehicles. Our fire engine weighed about 4 tons and was pulled by 4 horses. On one occasion one of the carriers pulled it to a fire at the Boga factory at St. Andrew's with one horse behind his cart. On return to the stand the horse dropped dead. Old George scratched his head and said, "That's funny, he's never done that before". White horses were used for weddings, and black horses for funerals, etc., and you could hire drags pulled by four horses for picnics, etc.

Scott's were bakers and confectionery manufacturers and you would always see one of their Alldays and Onion vans at picnics where catering was done. These vans were supplied by Wintringham and Mitchell, who started in Arthur Street opposite the town hall, and later shifted to a new garage in Queen Street. Mr Ivan Wintringham was the engineer and Mr Bert Mitchell the salesman, selling the first Alldays and Onion to Mr Fred Redwood at Spring Creek. Mr Redwood's father imported the first traction engine or rather steam plough to this district in 1864. At this time, Mr Red-



"Some of the Cars at the Catholic Church for Mr E. H. BEST'S wedding". (Photo: R. Orgood)

wood was the consulting engineer for Marlborough as well as being owner of Redwood's flour mill at Spring Creek. This was the first place to have electric light in Marlborough, originally generated by water wheel, but later, when the new mill was built in Blenheim, the dynamo was driven from the big suction gas engine.

Mr Mitchell was in the motor trade all his life. The partnership was later dissolved and he started on his own in High Street. He served two terms of mayor in the town, and passed away only recently. Mr Wintringham went into partnership with Mr Len Coker, passing on several years ago, but Mr Coker is still going strong (retired). There was also Birch's garage. They did not sell cars, but repaired them and I will have more to say about this in the next issue of B.W..

Another man connected with the motor trade in the early days, was Mr E. H. Best; at a later stage he went into business in High Street and Newman Bros. now occupy the garage he used to run. When Ern was married most of the car owners attended the wedding, it was one of the high spots of Blenheim at the time. Across the road was Parker's garage, agents for the Colonial Motor Co. who were distributors for Ford cars who incidentally, they gave Mr Parker a magnificent present on his marriage. Mr Parker was a member of the Borough Council for many years and served terms of Mayor also.

THE EXPLOITS OF
Sheerluck Ohms
VINTAGE INVESTIGATOR



narrated by
John H. Clotson M.D.



The Problem of the Petrol-Tank Purloiners

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The many friends of Mr Sheerluck Ohms, who from time to time have kindly enquired as to his welfare, will be pleased to know that the world-famous criminologist is enjoying the best of health, but has of latter years retired to a large extent from his profession as a consulting detective in order to devote as much of his leisure as possible to his hobby of collecting veteran and vintage motor vehicles, of which, as my readers are aware, he possesses one of the most remarkable collections in the world. In spite of appeals for his services from Scotland Yard, the F.B.I., the Surete and other law-enforcement agencies throughout the world, Mr Ohms has declined to handle any further investigations, the only exceptions being those cases possessing connections with veteran or vintage motor vehicles. Surprisingly, these have not been so few, as might be imagined, and I have obtained his permission to chronicle some of these episodes for the readers of "BEADED WHEELS".

My friend Sheerluck Ohms was in a far from amiable mood. Never renowned for the sweetness of his disposition, his temper upon the particular morning to which I refer was not improved by finding in his mail a courteous but firm refusal from a well-known vintage motorcycle enthusiast in reply to Ohms' offer of \$1000 for his "Peashooter" Harley. "Confound the fellow!" he muttered, tossing the letter into the fire and reaching for the Indian toolbox which he used as a receptacle for his poisonously strong pipe tobacco. "I thought that might

have tempted him. Do you realise, Clotson, that for nearly a fortnight I have not added one solitary vehicle to my collection? I must confess that I feel thoroughly frustrated. To tell you the truth, I would almost welcome another problem, however elementary, even though it is only a short time since we tied up all the loose ends of those last few trifling cases submitted to us. A little mental activity would at least serve to take my mind off the shocking shortage of vintage machinery".

In actual fact, the cases to which my friend referred so casually had provided full scope for his remarkable talents, especially in the running to earth of the master-mind behind the sinister secret organisation known only by the cryptic designation of HSOB* — an affair which Ohms had brought to a successful conclusion after James Bond, the celebrated British secret agent, had confessed himself utterly baffled. I may relate the full circumstances of this sensational affair in these pages at some future date.

Ohms was pacing irritably up and down the confines of our sitting-room, emitting clouds of evil-smelling blue smoke from his reeking pipe, when our landlady, Mrs Essex, announced a visitor in the person of Inspector Snodgrass of the local C.I.B., who had formed the habit of dropping in upon us whenever he got out of his depth when handling official investigations (which was a normal state of affairs) and obtaining a few hints from my friend as to their solution.

*Help Stamp Out Bentleys.

"Well, Snodgrass", remarked Ohms, motioning our visitor to a chair and presenting him with a cigar, "do I deduce from that furrowed brow that something is worrying you? If you have any trifling problem in which I may be of assistance to you, I shall be glad to have details, for I must confess that I would welcome a little mental exercise at the present time".

Our caller stared gloomily into the fire and puffed meditatively at his cigar. "I am worried", he replied disconsolately. "I shall have come to you sooner, Mr Ohms. I am making no progress with this affair of Lady Cholomondely-Whifflebotham's diamond necklace, which as you may recall was snatched from her neck while she was officially opening the Little Puddlecombe Floral Festival, and now there's this infernal epidemic of car conversions, which seem utterly without rhyme or reason. I can't make head or tail of them".

"Car conversions!" snorted Ohms disgustfully. "Really, Snodgrass, I am disappointed in you! Surely you can bring me something more worthy of my talents than such petty roguery! As to the theft of Lady What's-her-name's necklace, I am afraid that the scent is somewhat cold by this time, even for two such old hounds as Clotson and myself. You may recall that we were present when the incident occurred, and I offered my services, only to be informed that the miscreant had been apprehended. However, I gather that by some means he had disposed of the necklace during the chase. No, Snodgrass I am afraid that I am unable to help you. And what, may I ask, induced you to imagine that I would be interested in the activities of the car-converting fraternity, distressing though they may be to the owners of the vehicles concerned?"

"Because, Mr Ohms, the cases present an unusual pattern", replied the Inspector. "Firstly, the vehicles concerned are all old crocks —"

"Really, Snodgrass", interjected Ohms severely, "I have the strongest objection to that stupid term. I presume you mean that the vehicles concerned were either veteran or vintage cars. That being so, the occurrences would appear to possess a certain measure of interest. Kindly let me have the details".

Our visitor produced a notebook and consulted it. "In the last few weeks there have been no fewer than eleven cases of interference with cars of the old—sorry, of the veteran type.

In some cases the cars were removed from the owners' garages and removed to secluded spots, and in others the intruders have worked on the cars without even troubling to remove them. Last night —"

"One moment, Snodgrass", interrupted Ohms. "By 'worked on', do you mean that they were stripped of fittings or accessories?"

"In each case, Mr Ohms, the only item removed was the petrol tank!"

"What!" ejaculated Ohms.

"Yes, Mr Ohms, I think you will agree that the affair presents some unusual features. In each case, the tank was removed from the car, emptied of petrol, and simply left lying beside the vehicle".

"It seems a most purposeless proceeding", I remarked.

"Oh, no, Clotson", my friend replied. "Far from purposeless, I assure you, though the object eludes me at present, I must confess. Now, Snodgrass, do I understand that another of these episodes occurred last night?"

"Yes, Mr Ohms, and the intruder narrowly escaped being apprehended. Mr Alex Shadnutt, the well-known antique car collector, hearing a noise in his garage in the small hours of the morning, surprised the miscreant in the act of removing the petrol tank from a —" he consulted his notebook — "a 1910 Hupmobile car. Unfortunately the person escaped".

Ohms pondered for some time, while Snodgrass and I sat in silence.

"Well, Snodgrass", he remarked at length. "It seems to me that you need a little unofficial help. We cannot have V.C.C. members subjected to such annoyances. I shall be pleased to look into the affair, and I have no doubt that I shall arrive at a satisfactory solution. Indeed, the problem would appear to be somewhat elementary. Therefore, my dear fellow, I suggest that you return at, say, eight o'clock this evening — it is possible that you may have to endure our company for a few hours — and I will see if I can present you with an answer to this little puzzle of the petrol-tank purloiners, and perhaps something else as well".

"Thank you, Mr Ohms, I shall be most grateful", the Inspector replied. "Between ourselves, I am being subjected to considerable criticism from my superiors regarding these cases, and I will heartily welcome your assistance".

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"Well, Clotson, what do you make of it all?" remarked Ohms, when the door had closed behind our visitor.

"It seems to me a most baffling business", I replied. "By the way, Ohms, have you forgotten that tonight is the Annual General Meeting? Surely you do not propose to miss it?"

"I am afraid, Clotson, that much as it distresses me to be absent from the A.G.M., it is a case of dire necessity if we are to save Snodgrass from the wrath of his superiors. As a matter of fact, the fact that the A.G.M. is being held tonight is exactly the reason why we shall be staying at home. No, no, my dear fellow — explanations later. Now, get your hat and coat, and we will visit the scene of this latest outrage. I wish to do a little checking to confirm a theory of mine".

A few minutes later I found myself hurtling along the highway seated beside Ohms in that awe-inspiring vehicle which in one of his lighter moments he had christened the Ohms-mobile. This amazing piece of machinery is too well-known to both the modern and vintage car fraternity to warrant a detailed description here, but for the benefit of the few uninitiated I may state that it is basically a Model A roadster to which Ohms had succeeded in fitting a war-surplus Allison aircraft engine, resulting in a performance which almost baffles description. James Bond, the famed M.I.5 operative, while on a visit to this country last year, was given a demonstration of the Ohms-mobile's performance by its owner and had to be granted three months recuperative leave by the department as a result. I may reveal some hitherto unknown details of this awesome hybrid at some future date.

Arriving at the Shadnutt residence, we found the well-known veteran car enthusiast ruefully contemplating his 1910 Hupmobile, the petrol tank of which was lying on the garage floor.

"I noticed a light in the garage", he explained, "and peering through the window I saw this fellow lift off the tank, drain out what little fuel remained in it, and shake it violently several times. Finally, with a disgruntled expression, he threw it down upon the floor. Unfortunately he happened to glance up and catch sight of me, and was gone in a flash. Now, Mr Ohms, I gather that I am the eleventh veteran car owner to be favoured with this

person's attentions. Have you any explanation for these senseless acts of vandalism?"

"I hope to shortly be in a position to be able to reveal exactly what is behind these occurrences", my friend replied, "and even now I can state that you and other V.C.C. members need have no worries in the future. Now, Clotson, we may have a busy evening in front of us, so I suggest that we return to our rooms, do full justice to one of Mrs Essex's excellent dinners, and await the arrival of Inspector Snodgrass, after which we shall see if we cannot throw some light upon these happenings".

"I must confess that I am completely in the dark", I remarked.

"Well, Clotson, I am afraid that for some time this evening you may literally find yourself in that state", replied my friend, with a chuckle. "No, no, my dear fellow — I will explain later, when, I trust, we shall have succeeded in solving what will probably be filed in our records as the Problem of the Petrol-Tank Purloiner".

Punctually at eight Mrs Essex ushered in Inspector Snodgrass. The C.I.B. man was looking even more harrassed than when he had called upon us in the morning, and his gloomy expression was not lost upon Ohms. "Now, my dear Snodgrass, I think I can promise you a pleasant surprise before the night is out. Have you brought handcuffs? Good! If my deductions are correct, they will be required. Now, let me give you and Clotson a brief outline of my plan of campaign. I merely wish you both to accompany me to the museum, where we shall conceal ourselves strategically and await results. Although I do not anticipate any happenings for perhaps another two or three hours, we shall nevertheless take no chances, so let us proceed to the scene of our vigil".

The celebrated Ohms Automotive Museum, most famous institution of its kind in the Southern Hemisphere, of course needs no description to "BEADED WHEELS" readers. Thousands of members of the general public, in addition to dedicated vintage and veteran car enthusiasts of this country and from the world over, visit this remarkable display in the course of a year to inspect what is probably the most comprehensive display of period cars and motorcycles ever assembled under one roof — the fruits of years of searching by Ohms and his agents throughout the world, and which is being continually added to. Many of the

exhibits are literally beyond price — as for instance, the sole surviving example of the fabulous Igotta-Bastardi Straight Eighteen, only five of which were manufactured before Signor Bastardi cut his throat in a fit of frustration when he was compelled to articulate the chassis of his 1925 Le Mans entry to avoid backing to negotiate the corners. An equally rare exhibit among the Museum's two hundred or more motorcycles is the legendary overhead-camshaft Excelsior racing machine discovered in the basement of a Chicago warehouse as the result of a death-bed confession of a one-time employee of the Excelsior factory who had smuggled the machine out in 1919 in defiance of a managerial edict to break up all the factory racing machines.

The huge building, with its acres of floor space divided into dozens of aisles, presented an eerie appearance as we stole silently past the dimly-seen ranks of cars, the darkness being relieved only by the beam of Ohm's flashlight. As we tiptoed past the imposing bulk of a 1910 Silver Ghost I gasped involuntarily and clutched Ohm's arm, for I dimly discerned a menacing figure, with arm uplifted as if to bar our way, in the intersection of the aisle. "Calm yourself, my dear Clotson", whispered Ohms, with a subdued chuckle. "It's only a stuffed traffic inspector — realistic, is it not? I forgot to tell you that I finished mounting him last night. Now, as we may have some time to wait before this affair moves to a climax, I thought that we might as well do so in comfort. Enter, therefore, and possess your souls in patience — and not a sound, please!" The vehicle whose door he held open for us was a 1932 Marmon V-16 once owned by the notorious Sheik Abdul Abulbul of Saudi Arabia and fitted out as a mobile harem. The interior was furnished with barbaric opulence, and I sank down upon one of the luxurious couches which adorned the heavily-carpeted floor of the colossal vehicle. In passing, I may mention that one of Ohm's agents has been able to acquire the Marmon for him as the result of the Sheik decapitating his chauffeur in a fit of rage when the unfortunate driver had failed to avoid a large pothole at a moment when his master was engrossed with his favourite beauty.

"What are you expecting to happen, Ohms?" I whispered in my friend's ear.

"Do you recognise the car across the aisle", he muttered.

"Why, of course. It is the Regal which we drove to the Little Puddlecombe Floral Festival. But what —"

"Not another word, Clotson. I must request you, and you, Snodgrass, to keep awake, and not to make a sound, while we await developments".

Our wait seemed interminable, and I had to force myself to keep awake. The hands of my wrist-watch crept around to eleven, and I had almost nodded off again when I felt Ohms' grip upon my arm. "Listen!" he whispered. "I think our fish has come to the bait! I purposely left one door unlocked to facilitate his entry!"

I became aware of stealthy footsteps near at hand, and suddenly the beam of a flashlight played over the cars near our hiding-place. The intruder stole down the aisle scrutinising each vehicle, and when the torch beam illuminated the outlines of the 1912 Regal roadster I heard him utter an exclamation of satisfaction. He was carrying what appeared to be a five-gallon can and a kit of tools, and I heard the trickle of petrol as he siphoned it from the Regal's tank into his can. The operation completed, he propped up his torch to illuminate the rear of the car, selected some tools, and proceeded to work on the mounting of the cylindrical tank. It must have been almost an hour before he deposited it on the floor. He then picked it up and shook it violently, and at the rattle which resulted he gave a chuckle of satisfaction. Next, he directed the torch beam down the filler orifice and appeared to fish about in the tank with a length of wire, which finally emerged with what appeared to be a string of beads suspended from its end. It was then that I snapped on the Marmon's headlamps and Ohms and Snodgrass sprang like tigers upon the dazzled intruder. There was the click of handcuffs, and our prisoner stood in petrified amazement. Ohms gave a cry of triumph as he pounced upon what I had taken to be a string of beads. As he held it up in the glare of the headlamps, it sparkled and scintillated like liquid fire. "Congratulations, Snodgrass!" he cried. "This is indeed a feather in your cap! Yes, with your usual happy combination of cunning shrewdness, and audacity, you have got him!"

"Got him? Got whom, Mr Ohms?"

(continued page 29)



Mr Arthur Cleave some two years ago accomplished the first run in a motor car between Auckland and Wellington, and, always anxious to put up motoring records, suggested that we should go right away to the Far North and be the first to make a motor run through the country.

"What are the roads like?" he queried, and knowing nothing about the capabilities of a motor car, I merely surmised that they were not any too good for the purpose. I had had a run or two about town on a car, and thought the amusement rather good fun, and when he said he would go North if I would go with him, I submitted, calculating he valued his own safety as much as I did mine. We went. The car was shipped on the s.s. Clansman, and we departed for

Mongonui, having previously sent benzine along the road to different points. We reached Mongonui, and on the way up made inquiries

from returning residents as to the nature of the roads. Of course, we were told of many places where we could not possibly get through. That was just so much caviare to my friend, A.C.

Always placid and without even the semblance of nerves, the element of danger made him more eager to overcome what others said was insurmountable.

Early next morning we were up, and immediately after breakfast the first thing was to interview the cook and get the poker red-

hot. I know nothing about motoring, and cannot give the technical names of the paraphernalia pertaining to the machine, but I

THE FIRST MOTOR TRIP to the FAR NORTH

by G. E. ALDERTON

Reprinted from the "New Zealand Motor and
Cycle Journal", June 15th, 1906.

observed that to start the machine a piece of iron like a poker had to be made nearly red-hot, and this, I was informed, was used to heat the benzine to vapourise it before lighting the ordinary burner. That done, then the oil is turned on and steam is up in no time. This was a steam car we were experimenting with, and its ways, as Mark Twain would say, "are peculiar". Being ready to start, we promised two commercials who were at the hotel and who were going that day to the same place as we were setting out for, to tell Joe Evans at Waipapakauri that we were coming. We got away very early, exhilarated with the thought of what a nice run we should have, the weather being the best and the road all right. Over the hills we went for Peria, Kaitaia, Awanui, and Waipapakauri.

The roads here are very narrow, and only made for one vehicle, the funds of the local bodies not permitting of anything more extravagant. The hills are also very steep, and we were soon going "at top", to my mind very much faster than I thought there was any need for. It did not give a fellow a chance to study the country at all; in fact, it diverted my mind to an entirely different subject — the problem as to whether the Accident Insurance Company had acted wisely in granting me a cover which I had secured before leaving Auckland. On reaching the bottom of the first big hill I ventured to ask A.C. whether he usually drove at that speed.

"No", he replied; "there is something wrong with that confounded brake; she nearly got away with us there. Just have a look at the brake band, will you, and tighten it up". I did this with pleasure, and I tightened it up all right — all the screw would allow. Then we took another hill, and, Jesophat, we went, if anything faster. I don't mind how fast I am travelling on an express train running to Rotorua, but coming down a hill like that "eyes out" in a motor car is somehow quite a different thing. We made another examination of that brake, and in lifting the footboard found under the lever of the brake an inch bolt which jammed and prevented the brake working at all. We removed that bolt. A little further on we found we had rattled all the spokes in the wheels loose. These we tightened up and proceeded. Within a mile the car stopped.

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"By Jove", said A.C., "that's strange", and looking over the side, he said, "Hanged if I don't believe we've scorched the boiler".

"Done what?" I said.

"Scorched the boiler".

"What in the name of thunder is that?"

"Well get off and you'll see".

I got off and he showed me the water running out of the boiler on the road. Of course, I did not know then what was the matter, for I knew absolutely nothing about the machine, beyond that it was called a motor car and supposed to go somehow of its own volition. I remarked:

"Well, we had better get along and fix that up when we've got time".

"But she won't go an inch".

"The deuce".

And then it began to dawn on me that the position, if not really serious, was about as comical as that figured in the grotesque figures of the Dark Town Fire Brigade.

A.C. explained to me just what had happened. The pump which should have automatically kept the boiler supplied with water had failed to act, and the bottom of the boiler had been burnt, causing it to contract, and the copper tubes fitting into it became loose and let the water and steam out.

"And what, then, is to be done? Have we to return for repairs?" I asked.

"No", he said: "if we can get to a blacksmith's shop I think we can fix it. This has happened to me before. Whereabouts are we and where is a blacksmith's shop?"

I could not answer his question. There was not a house in sight, and as I had never been on that road before, knew nothing as to the whereabouts of a smithy, and looking round the country as far as the eye could see, there was nothing there to support a smithy — except the advent of the motor car. Fortunately, we had with us that most useful *vade mecum*, Cleave's Directory, and in that we ascertained that there was a smithy at Peria, some distance ahead. I was then just on the point of going in search of a farmhouse to get a horse, when a Maori came over the hill riding one horse and leading another with trace chains, etc., complete. Had he taken in the situation clearly he might have insisted on heavy salvage before rendering assistance, but he was too scared and curious to turn the position to account. A

motor car had never been there before, and fortunately he had not seen it going or he would have made tracks rather than have hitched his horse on. As it was, it took some considerable diplomacy to get him to tie his horse on to the machine, and I am sure he would have been happier anywhere but there.

We got to the smithy about noon, but he gave us no possible hope of being able to effect repairs — it was quite beyond him, he said — he had no tools. Neither he had. He only did shoeing, and for this he had a forge, some hammers and nails. There was a heavy sledge hammer there, but things had not yet got so serious as to require its use, though it suggested a possible solution. I thought the case was hopeless, as the blacksmith did. But not so A.C. He was not the least put out — just as quiet and confident as if he were soliciting an advertisement from an old customer.

"Now, my good man", he said, "you just make me a couple of tapered punches, and we will tap these tubes out in no time".

This was done. The machine was turned up on end, and the tapping of the tubes began. This operation looked simple enough, but it is a very delicate and difficult piece of work, requiring the skill of a first-class fitter and proper tools. The work took us from twelve o'clock one day to two the next — working all night — to effect the necessary repairs. And nothing but the stolid determination of A.C. would have seen that job through. A dozen times the machine was tried, and every time the boiler leaked; and just as often A.C. turned her up again, and tap, tap, tap went on all through that long night under the light of the forge. Eventually, at about two o'clock the following day, we got going again, and it was a pleasant relief to feel on the move once more — on this record-breaking trip. But we had to go mighty slow and take no liberties, for the boiler would not carry a full head of steam, and as we had to sit just over the top of that boiler, it did not seem altogether discreet to risk too great a pressure, as we were making for Waipapakauri and not for the realms of the moon. The road between Peria and Kaitaia, which we were now on, is very hilly, and was rough on the machine, but coming into Kaitaia we found a beautiful bit of road, as even as a cinder track, sloping down to the river, and in a moment A.C. let her right out, and we went flying down that hill at fully 30



A Scorched Boiler. Expanding the Tubes at Peria.

miles an hour. That machine could go down hill. Coming over a bridge at the bottom of the hill I saw a man on horseback. He got over that bridge and turned into the bush like a flash as if he had seen the devil. (Months after I heard that this was a Maori, and seeing a taniwha flying down the hill, made straight for the bush and plunged right into a swamp.)

Through having to make some calls at Kaitaia and Awanui, we were late in getting through to Waipapakauri, our destination, and after leaving Awanui we had a very bad piece of road to negotiate. The night had closed in and we had to tackle this road in the dark, and we had the bad luck to ram a clay bank, which we mistook for the road. We struck it pretty hard, and snapped one of the main side bars of the under carriage. This we repaired with battens pulled out of a fence. We put the broken joint in splints and roped it. We were getting so used to accidents by this time that it became monotonous unless something happened. We again went ahead — slowly. We kept a sharp look-out for bridges, which in this part of the country usually stand about a foot above the road. We had bumped into one already, but we did the bridge no harm. It showed us, though, that the car was evidently not intended to jump walls. We reached Waipapakauri some time after nine

p.m., and, of course, the two commercials we left at Mongonui the day before were there to greet us; "We told Joe Evans you were coming". But Mr Evans was surprised to see us come in at night; he could not understand how we got over the swamp road in the dark, and when we looked at it ourselves the next day we, too, marvelled how we got over it. The machine itself was a prodigy, we informed Mr Evans. He thought it was; so did we. I think that night we both felt like the village blacksmith: something attempted, something done had earned a night's repose.

Next morning we got the blacksmith to work, and bandaged up the machine as well as possible, and had some of the parts that had shown signs of weakness, strengthened. We started back for Mongonui, taking with us Mr Evans, the king of these parts, as far as Awanui. Approaching the hills on the return, we noticed a heavy shower falling just about where A.C. had said on going, "If this clay hill was wet, it would be a terror for the machine". And that shower just did fall on that clay hill. It was most fortunate for us, because we were getting every kind of possible experience. We ascended part of the hill till we struck a sideline, and here the machine would not grip at all — it skidded and threatened to get over the bank. We roped the wheels, which took about an hour, and found it an excellent exercise for compelling patience. The machine still refused to budge. Then we gathered fern and laid a track right up the hill to get the wheels to grip. This succeeded, but it exhausted a lot of steam power, and the climb was very slow. We had nearly reached the top of the hill when the water ran out. Again we had the satisfaction of knowing that we were adding to our stock of experience. Of course, we did not want any more scorched boilers, and as this was a record-making trip, a little trouble was of no particular moment. There was no water within three-quarters of a mile, and that down a gully about 500 or 600 feet below. The weather was steamy hot — like a vapour bath — and when I saw A.C. lumping two buckets of water up the mountain side, it struck me it would be very good business to get him to put a price on that steam car just then. But I didn't want to own that car. I had no use for that machine — it had no charm for me; in fact, I was beginning to think we had undertaken an impossible tour in

this toy five-horse steam car. It was merely a runabout machine intended for town work. But, excelsior, we had to go on. A horseman fortunately turned up, and he kindly went to the nearest farm and got us a tow horse. We were towed up that hill and getting on the metal road again, we managed to crawl along without further mishap, having to take the steep hill approaching Mongonui at night. We had to pass two teams on the narrow sidelings, which we did without accident, though the horses snorted and reared with fright at the puff, puff of the steamer. The same two ubiquitous commercials were back at the hotel again, and had, of course, told the hotelkeeper that we "were coming", and from what they had told him he expected us in about a week's time.

That was the initial part of this record trip. But the remaining part of the trip had some real incident in it.

The following morning we left Mongonui, our destination being Kawakawa, about 50 miles. The weather was fine, and, full of hope and confidence, we let her go. It was most exhilarating speeding over these Far Northern roads, in a country of great purple mountains clad with magnificent bush, with only here and there a settler's homestead — mere dots on the fringe of civilisation. Gum and timber have been the industries of these parts — breaking-down and destructive processes which fail to add much to the picturesque-ness of the country. There is no tussock here for the sheep as in the South. Ti-tree and fern cover the rolling hills, and the farmer has yet to conquer this country.

But how little time there is to speculate on passing events when riding on a steam car. The wind was blowing fresh right ahead, and it interfered considerably with the benzine flame which supplied the fire for the boiler. Several times it blew out altogether, and we were making slow progress.

A.C. said he thought he would try the "pilot". He had never used it before, but he knew it was for use as an auxiliary to provide a constant flame. Not having used it before, he had to guess just how much draught to turn on. It answered admirably. We flew along, and we were discussing the possibility of going right in to Whangarei that night — it was only about 90 miles. The machine was, after all, something much bet-

ter than we had given it credit for. We did not understand how to drive it — that evidently was the trouble. See how she was going now.

"Don't you think it is too warm with this apron over our knees?" asked A.C.

"Yes, and I think the seat is a bit too warm, too", I replied.

"Well, I'll have a look at that pilot", said A.C. — and he did.

The machine was on fire!

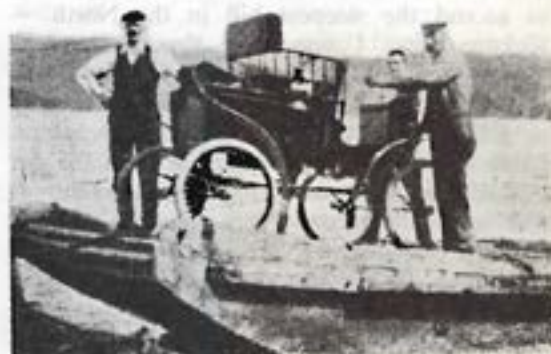
The pilot, which was a sort of a blow-pipe, had sent the flame right through the furnace on to the wooden frame to which was attached the engine. This had become saturated with benzine, and was burning furiously. Fortunately, we had pulled up right alongside a river, and with the canvas bucket we carried, were able to bring water to extinguish the fire. The fire had got a good hold, and but for the fact of water being at hand, we could not have saved the machine.

That little incident over, we decided to proceed. But the machine would not start. We investigated matters, and discovered that the beam carrying the engine was half burnt through, and that, as a consequence, the engine had sunk, and the starting and reversing gear would not work. We experimented for a time, and found that by putting a lever under the engine from the floor of the car and pressing this with the foot, the engine could be humoured to start. That was all right as a makeshift, but it was impossible to go very far, as the machine was now in a very sorry plight. A good jar would cause the engine to tumble out altogether.

We decided to run for Totara North, Whangaroa, where they build ships and oil launches, and undergo repairs. It was only about ten miles away, and for a catamaran drawn by bullocks the road could not be found fault with, but for a steam car with a scorched boiler and a suspended engine, it afforded little attraction. However, it was "Totara North or bust now", and we got under way again, A.C. driving, and I had to keep my foot on the lever adjusting the engine. Between times we further discussed the merits of a steam car. It would have made an interesting "record" for a phonograph. The track we had to go over was very narrow, and in places between Saies and Totara North, it seemed impossible that the car could take such steep and stony grades.

We reached Totara North at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon. The whole place was shut up — it was the half-holiday — and all the men were away fishing. This was very exasperating after our herculean efforts to reach the place, the more so because we knew that the proprietor, Mr Lane, would on no account allow his men to work into Sunday morning if the work was not done by midnight. We, however, had to get out of that place that night somehow. Mr Lane was very courteous, and promised as soon as the engineers returned they would repair the machine. They did not return till after six o'clock, and when they examined the car they found that the engine would have to be taken right out and fitted to a new iron frame to take the place of the wooden one burnt.

That meant an all-night job, and Mr Lane would not hear of the men working into Sunday morning. A.C.'s diplomacy was equal to the occasion. He suggested that the men should work till midnight, so that there should be as little to do as possible on Monday morning. That was agreed to, and most people, myself included, returned to rest at an early hour. The machine was repaired and punted over the harbour just after daybreak, and though I told A.C. I thought I heard the men working all night, he merely remarked, "Rats!"



Taking the Car across the River on the Punt from Totara North to Whangaroa.

We had breakfast at Whangaroa, took a photo of the hotel, and started for Ohaeawai, where we would lunch. Going round the beach track from Whangaroa to Kaeo, we pass under miles of beautiful pohutukawa trees, which at Christmas-time are one blaze of flower. There is nothing finer than this sight in the colony. We also had an opportunity of viewing the



We reach Whangaroa

peerless scenery of the Whangaroa Harbour — by many considered unequalled in New Zealand. Of its class, it is not excelled, but we have in New Zealand such a variety of scenery that it would be idle to class any particular kind as the best.

We have just come along on the level and passed through the pretty little village of Kaeo, at the head of an alluvial flat, and have now to ascend the steepest hill in the North — Kukuparaire. I remember that hill. A.C. thought it would be impossible for the car to carry both of us, and suggested that if I were to get out and push, it would greatly assist. I did so with pleasure. I pushed, and the car pushed and sent me flying into a ditch. It was very sudden, and for a time I was quite dazed. The machine struck a boulder in the road, and the jar had set loose the reversing gear, causing the car to suddenly start down hill. It knocked me over, the wheels went over my legs, and I found myself in a ditch. A.C., realising the position quickly, backed the machine into the bank and saved her. A horse pulled that machine up the Kukuparaire. I started to walk for Auckland.

I had gone some miles before the machine overtook me, and it was long after dinner-time now, though we ought to have been at Ohaeawai for dinner. We were not more than half-way yet. We made fairly good progress over the Kirikiri plains, but for puncturing a tyre,

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and reached the Waitangi River just at dusk. Here the fine bridge had been swept away just previously by kauri logs getting adrift, and we had to take the river. It was a question whether there was not too much water, but here we were, and go at it we must. We went at it, got over, carried away the driving chain, and dropped one of the links in the river. That was the first time on the whole trip that A.C. used any cuss words. He is a thorough motorist. He is never the least disturbed, no matter what happens. If his machine were smashed into smithereens and half the bones in his body broken, he would still say he had had a most enjoyable run. That would be quite "correct" as a motorist; it is bad form to admit or proclaim any mishap. Some people think motorists can tell bigger fairies than the followers of Isaac Walton; but it is not so; they are merely "not understood".

We had the good luck to find the lost link, but it was badly bent, and we had no tools with which to mend it. We found a large iron spike on the bridge, and with this we beat the link, and after about two hours we got it fitted into the chain. It was now dark, we had nothing to eat since breakfast, and were looking forward to a good time when we reached the hotel, which was only two miles away. We had yet to negotiate a very nasty hill covered with large, loose cobbled stones. It was too much for the machine, and another tyre was punctured. This was roped up. We made for the hotel, but now our water ran out, and we had to carry it from a house. We finally reached the hotel after nine o'clock on Sunday night, fairly well fatigued, and the very correct landlord positively refused to serve us with anything but tea.

Next day we left Ohaeawai for Kawa Kawa. The road between these two points — about 17 miles — passes through volcanic land. The road is level and metalled with scoria, making it an ideal motor road. We could not, however, take advantage of it for a run, as two of the tyres were in a very sorry condition. At Pakaraka we were making some repairs to the machine when a Maori girl rode up and was greatly interested in the car.

"Where you go to-night?" she inquired.

"Auckland", we replied (the town was 200 miles off), and with a startled "Eh", she pulled her reins and made tracks. She may have

doubted our veracity, or taken fright at our imaginary monster, which was just about fit to crawl into Kawa Kawa. We reached this place some time after dark, and were glad to find a pair of new tyres waiting there for us. These were affixed next morning, and we started for Whangarei. This run of about 38 miles was over a rather fairly rough road — one piece, which is corduroyed with slabs, causes a kind of speechlessness. You are afraid to speak for fear of biting your tongue and swallowing your false teeth. It must be, however, splendid exercise for the liver — if the cure is not worse than the disease.

We were making very slow progress at this time — the car seemed to want a complete overhaul — every bolt and joint were loose and rattling, and the engine was not working at all smoothly. Nearing Hukerenui we noticed a couple of "cockies" driving along in a waggonette, going about five or six miles an hour, and I could not resist the temptation of wagering A.C. twenty thousand to two that he could not overtake them.

"That's a wager", he said, and let her out. We both anxiously awaited developments.

"Any danger of this boiler we are sitting on playing any capers if you take liberties with it?" I asked.

"No", he said; "I don't think so."

"But I suppose, like other boilers, it can burst under certain conditions?"

"Yes, I think I have heard that the tubes have been blown out".

"That's bad — if those tubes move upward we should be impaled".

It was quite a coincidence that just as we were talking about the boiler, A.C., looking at the steam gauge, let the machine right out.

"Hold tight", he said, and we shot over the road, jumping huge holes, and it went as I never thought the machine could go.

"Do you see that steam gauge?" he said. "It is up to 300".

I realised the situation, and I thought of those 60 odd steam tubes just under our seat preparing to ascend like so many rockets. I knew enough of the car by this time to know that the safety valve was set to blow off the steam at 220lbs., and for some reason the "blow-off" had failed to work, and the pressure had gone to 300lbs. — a nice sort of bomb to sit on. We kept our eyes on that steam

gauge as we raced along, and slowly we saw the hand recede. A.C. had acted with great promptitude. Had he stopped the machine even for a moment, the boiler might have played up. That was one danger, and we had to sit tight and let her go eyes out.

At Hukerenui it was mail day, and there was quite a crowd of people to see us come in. We entered in great form, driving fully 30 miles an hour. "Hurrah! Hurrah!" the villagers cried, and threw up their hats, thinking the exhibition run was being made for their benefit, but A.C. jumped off as quick as lightning and whipped the fire out, the steam then showing over 200lbs.

On examination, it was found that the safety valve was out of gear, and could not be repaired. We decided under the circumstances to push on at once and take advantage of the daylight, as it would be impossible to watch the steam gauge under the lamp-light. We pushed forward, having only about 15 miles to do to reach Whangarei, and two hours of daylight to do it in. But our luck was out. We came to a piece of newly metalled road; there was not more than two chains of it, and pop went the new tyre. We took it off, and found it punctured badly in two places. We stayed there about two hours trying to repair it, but failed, and then roped the wheel and went on.

At Hikurangi, two miles further on, we were assured there was an expert bike man who could mend anything. We engaged him, and three times we got the inner tube patched up, and every time it was submitted to pressure it burst again.

We were with the expert till four o'clock next morning, and finally we had to rope the wheel again and make for Whangarei. We got into the township in time for breakfast, having only broken one of the stays of the under carriage after leaving Hikurangi.

From Whangarei, the machine — or all that remained of it — was shipped back to Auckland, and thus ended a most enjoyable run, full of interest and practical experience. We spent three whole nights on the road, and discovered that steam cars were only intended to be used on city roads. A practical engineer should drive it, and another should accompany it with a machine shop, and it should be owned by a millionaire.

BRANCH NOTES

HAWKE'S BAY NOTES

by Gordon Vogtherr

For those who have been able to, the first half of this year has been a busy period with a procession of Rallies to attend.

For some time we had been asked by the Gisborne section of our Branch to go there and give them a boost. Bill Sinclair took on the job of organiser, and eventually a fine selection of 22 cars and six motorcycles lined up for the public. The surprising thing about this weekend was that never before have we seen such a display of cars in our Branch, and we had to go 160 miles to see it.

On 24th February we received an invitation to attend the Scandinavia Day Celebrations at Norsewood. A timed run was arranged by Ron Duley, starting from Waipukurau, taking a devious route towards the Ranges before heading for Norsewood, but some of us nearly ended up out at the Coast. Such is life. At the Celebrations there was a wonderful display of folk dancing, wood chopping, tug 'o war, Scandi wagons, and static displays, altogether making an enjoyable day.

In March we had a choice of runs, one to the newly formed Taupo Branch and the other to Porangahau at the invitation of the Jubilee School Committee. About seven cars went to Porangahau and one off up the road to Taupo, where we managed to uphold the Branch's name by winning the Gymkhana and the overall points trophy.

Five members were entered for the National Rally at Timaru, and surprisingly, after the 'Wahine' disaster, all turned up at Timaru. Most of us were on the Maori on the first crossing out of Wellington after the disaster and it was almost unbelievable that only some twenty-four hours beforehand the 'Wahine' was afloat as a fine ship. The crossing was excellent although I must admit that I did not sleep too well, thinking of what might lie ahead of us as we headed south after the storm.

Later in April Rex Scarrott organised a Barbecue Run which turned out to be quite a success considering the poor weather we had right up till that night. Ten cars took part, starting from the Marine Parade in Napier and eventually finishing at Undercliff, Te Mata by the Tukituki rivers. Here we were sheltered from the wind and even managed to cook our steaks and snarlars successfully.

With our Annual General Meeting over and Rex Scarrott as Chairman, Don Sloon, Club Captain, we can look forward to another successful year.

Next event is the End of Registration run, which will finish at the Cabaret Cabana, and all entrants have been warned that they will not be allowed to enter unless in Fancy dress. If it is anything like last year's show it will be a swinger, Fred Flintstone and all.

Bill Sinclair has gone all gay, and now put up quite a mileage in the Model T even with the

knocks. Alf Lambess has recently purchased John Turnbull's Austin Swallow, quite a rare car these days.

The Kelly's have struck a little, or shall I say a big trouble lately, with their Sheerline and now have the Nippy for sale. Let's hope that it stays in our Branch.

Tom Caldwell had a good trip down south in his car, covering quite a large mileage without much bother. Tom is a regular attender of all our runs, and it is good to see him enjoying himself.

From May 17th to May 24th the Hawke's Bay Branch of the N.Z. Retail Motor Trade Association is holding its 50th Jubilee and the Celebrations begin with a parade of Vintage Cars through Hastings and Napier on Friday night, after which the cars will be on display for a week in the various franchise holder's garages. This should arouse quite a lot of public interest in the Vintage movement throughout Hawke's Bay.

Work is progressing on arranging the Gentle Annie Safari, to be held at Labour Weekend. This is the 10th Anniversary run, and all who attend can be assured of an enjoyable weekend.

This year the Safari will be run in reverse, i.e. We shall start at Palmerston North on Saturday, staying the night at Taihape, continuing through to Hastings on the Sunday, having a "Wing Ding" on the Sunday night, so keep this weekend in mind, and we hope to see many of the friends whom we have met at the various Rallies throughout New Zealand at Labour weekend.

CANTERBURY BRANCH NOTES

by Gavin Bain

With the Southern winter nearly upon us, members on the whole seem to be preparing for several months of restoration rather than motoring.

Some interesting new finds have been made thus confirming our theory that interesting machinery still remains if only one is prepared to get out and look. Alan Wills, the motorcycle friend from Tai Tapu is gathering together parts of a rather interesting Belsize of about 1911 or 1912. A complete body for this car was recently found in exceptional order and when Alan can prise some parts from several other unhelpful persons he will have virtually a complete vehicle. A Tipo Zero Fiat in somewhat incomplete, but nevertheless restorable, condition has been found and parts are required to assist here. From the same source we hear of a Benz roadster that will be most interesting if in fact it does exist. A veteran Riley, or at least most parts of one, has also been found and clues to the whereabouts of yet another of those popular twin cylinder veteran Renaults have been obtained.

We were recently privileged to view the curved dash Oldsmobile restoration of Pat Cutler and this is coming along very well. The body is almost completed and an original side lamp off one of these

cars has recently been obtained. Transmission parts are proving a problem but this will surely be overcome in time. We hear that Bill Miller of Ashburton has recently come across most of an early Steamer, and will probably start on this when his twin cylinder Buick is completed. Ralph Crum also of Ashburton, is reported to be coming along very well with his rebuild of Bill Luxton's old Stutz coupe, while Bill is making excellent progress with the ex Tanc Poole roadster.

A 1935 Thrupp and Maberley bodied Bentley has come to live in Christchurch to keep a lonely 3-litre company and we hear of yet another vintage example of this breed that may soon live in the district. Real Bentley country this Canterbury. If this last mentioned purchase eventuates we will have no less than 11 pre-war models in the area. We can't recall anything else of exceptional interest in the way of vintage discoveries in the area although of course there are numerous late vintage American cars turning up and being restored. And when I say being restored, this is no understatement. Some of these machines are quite superb and must surely be far superior as regards finish than the new car ever was.

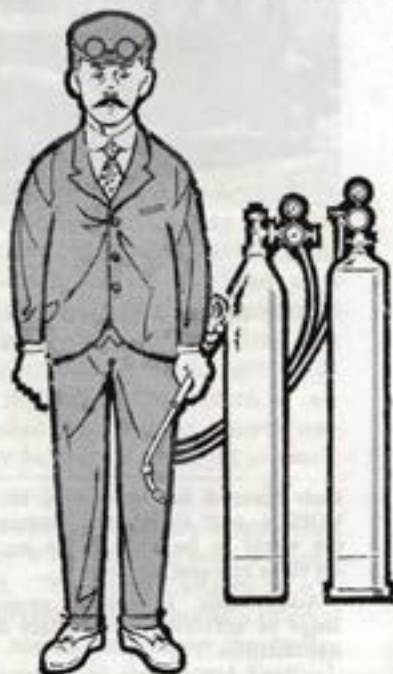
It is pleasing however to see these excellent examples joining our ranks as only a few years ago this type of vehicle was somewhat despised and neglected.

Motorcyclists are growing from strength to strength and next season should see several interesting new machines out. Jim Toohey is well on the way with the little Hobart and a most exciting discovery has been the circa 1936 OHC Norton found by Mike Ludecke. This bike was advertised in the local paper and we wonder how many people like the writer saw the advert, thought it couldn't really be, and are now kicking themselves! !

SOUTH CANTERBURY NOTES

by Daniel George

The last few months have been largely dominated by the National Rally, but we have found time for a few other activities. March 2nd saw a good turn out of some 14 veteran and vintage cars and motorcycles for the final run of the "Fairlie Flyer", on the



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Fairlie branch railway line. A number of cars were used to take passengers in period costumes to catch the train at Timaru. Chairman Jim Sullivan really looked the part of a chauffeur, complete with black peaked cap, dustcoat, and Rolls Royce, so much so that one of his passengers gave him a 2 cent tip, saying, "Have a drink, my man". Many of the veteran and vintage vehicles paced the train all the way to Fairlie. It was great to look out from the train, and see Eric Robins in his 1906 Darracq, Alan Averis in the 1909 Overland, and all the others, bowling along at a smart 35 m.p.h., with Russell Cross thundering along on his 1918 Big X, weaving among the traffic that crowded the road. On the return trip to Timaru, the train passengers in period costume were taken for a stroll around Pleasant Point to help entertain the very large crowd that thronged the town.

Much work is being put in by a sub-committee consisting of Darcy Nicholson, Don Oddie, and Barry Goodman, who are arranging something quite new to this branch, the Levels Speed Day on June 15. Open to all veteran and vintage cars and motorcycles, P.V.V.'s and historic racing cars, it will feature competitive racing at the local Car Club's sealed circuit at the Levels Raceway, and we are looking forward to a very large entry from up Christchurch way, as Canterbury Branch actually supplied the initial impetus that got the day under way.

On May 15, Eric Robins (Darracq), Colin Lyon (Hupmobile), Russell Paul (Ford T), Terry Wilson (Itala), and Jim Sullivan (Bentley) had a rather enviable task to perform. To publicise the Miss New Zealand Contest, they paraded the 12 finalists up and down the main street of Timaru. Many complimentary remarks were heard as they drove by, but whether they were directed at the cars or the passengers, we're not certain; perhaps it depended on the age of the onlooker. If any more duties such as this come our way, we can expect a great upsurge in interest in open cars in the branch — everyone will want to have a suitable tourer. Our branch A.G.M. on May 22 will probably see something of a change in the committee, as several members are anxious to retire after many years service, and in addition, long time committee member Alan Averis left us earlier this month to take up residence in Picton.

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Letters to the Editor

P.O. Box 167,
Tokoroa.
6-5-68.

The Secretary,

Dear Sir,—Enclosed is a photograph of a car which I believe is in Christchurch. Perhaps some of the members have seen it around. I am interested in purchasing this car and any information regarding its condition and whereabouts would be most appreciated. I have been a member of the V.C.C. for the past ten years. I have restored a Harley-Davidson to Concours winning condition and am nearly complete on my Vee Sixteen Cadillac and would like something a bit later for a special interest car. Hoping you can help me.

Yours faithfully,

BARRIE GRANT.



THE LEWIS AUTOMOTIVE LITERATURE COLLECTION

600 Kiama Street,
Anaheim,
California 92802.
March 23, 1968

Dear Sirs,—I am attempting to list all the French VOISIN and FARMAN automobiles surviving in the world to be included in my forthcoming work on these marque histories.

Additionally, a separate project demands knowledge of surviving front wheel drive vehicles of all nationalities.

A catalogue of the museum's exhibits would be an appreciated addition to my library files.

If you would forward my questions, herewith, to members of the Veteran and Vintage Car Club of New Zealand, I would be most grateful.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM J. LEWIS.

The Editor,
"Beaded Wheels".

Dear Madam.—In reply to M. D. Hendry, "Beaded Wheels" Supplement, May, 1968, I feel that this type of correspondence is indeed undesirable in our Club publication.

In the first instance, M. D. Hendry has pulled the original Maxwell Smart trick of getting hold of the messy-end of the stick. To continue to stir it seems futile and a waste of space.

It is regrettable that the author of "A History of the World's Motorcycles" saw fit to utter such scathing words in his comparison of a Coventry Eagle with a Brough Superior, brought about surely by a copy of the Brough bulbous tank design.

So, your correspondent rushes into print in V. & V. and receives what I consider a fair and just reply from Ronald H. Clark and Michael Staines.

Next we find him fishing (with his tin of red herrings) in our own publication and once again Michael Staines replied. I agree wholeheartedly with him when he says that M. D. Hendry is in fact making an unnecessary and incorrect attack on

Brough Superiors. I will add, only some of which were fitted with "Castle" Forks.

In the future, I hope to see our magazine contain more writings in the vein of the preceding correspondent, R. O. Clark, and none at all from those who seek to single out individual makes of vehicle or people and subject them to such bigotry. This is in fact, going completely against the aims and objects for which our Club stands.

So let us have a magazine of truth and encouragement, with less niggling and therefore more time for restoration, etc.

I remain, Yours sincerely,
M. OLSSON.

This magazine is one in which ALL members may air their views (and many of them may be diametrically opposed to those of the Editors).

One of the basic premises of "freedom of the Press" is that any argument shall stand or fall by virtue of the logic of the protagonists and their effect upon the reader; NOT by virtue of the editorial Red pencil.

We do feel, however, that enough is enough on the subject of "Castle" Forks and that correspondence is now closed.
—EDITOR.

(continued from page 18)

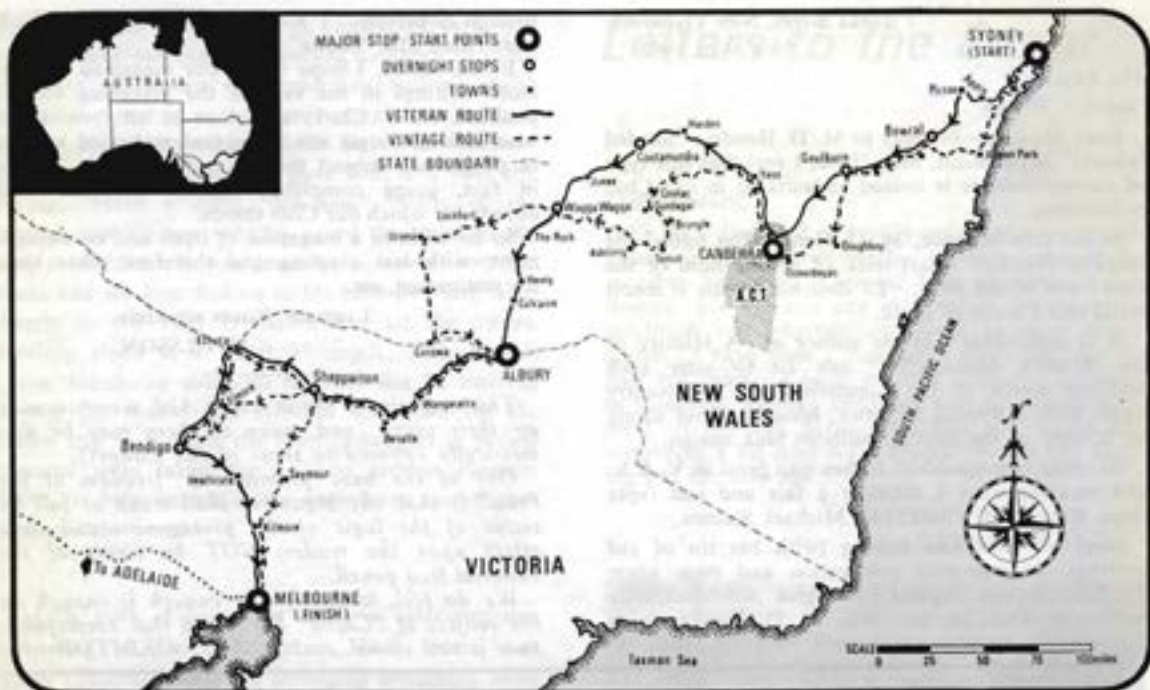
"Why, the man who has been causing you sleepless nights — the man whom you had to release through lack of evidence — the man who snatched Lady Cholomondely-Whifflebotham's necklace at the Little Puddlecombe Floral Festival, and managed to drop it unnoticed in the tank of one of the veteran cars when his pursuers were hard on his heels, hoping to retrieve it when the hue and cry had died down. I think we will find that in his flurry he failed to notice which car he had used as a depository for his loot. Well, Snodgrass, you may take him away. Now, Clotson, I fear that the hour is somewhat late for us to turn up at the A.G.M., so I suggest that we return to our rooms, where I shall be glad to answer any questions you may have over a noggin or two".

"A case not entirely devoid of interest, but nevertheless, somewhat elementary", remarked Ohms as we sat by a roaring fire with a flagon within easy reach. "You see, Clotson, it was obvious that our mysterious marauder's interest centred for some reason only upon the twelve cars which were present at the Floral Festival, and it was equally obvious that he was engaged in a sort of elimination process until he found what he was looking for. It needed no major feat of deduction to assume that he had concealed something in one of the cars which he was desperate to retrieve, nor did it require

much exercising of the imagination to realise that in all probability it was the missing necklace. When he had searched eleven cars without success (he was a trifle unlucky in this respect) it seemed obvious that the twelfth contained what he was after. The twelfth was, of course our Regal".

"And why did you assume that he would make an attempt tonight?" I asked.

"Ah, that was a long shot upon my part, I must admit. But we were dealing with a pretty shrewd character, and it occurred to me that if by some means he had ascertained that our Annual General Meeting was scheduled for tonight, he would assume that as loyal V.C.C. members we would be attending it, thus leaving the coast clear. It seems that I may have been correct in my conjecture. Well, much as I dislike missing an A.G.M., in this instance it has certainly been worthwhile. Snodgrass has his man and will no doubt be commended by his superiors, and as for ourselves, Clotson, I think that we should have no hesitation in claiming the \$1000 reward which I understand the fair lady has offered for the return of her bauble. We shall, of course, split fifty-fifty, and I think that my share will be used in a fresh attempt to induce this Hockley fellow to dispose of his Harley-Davidson peashooter to me. I shall not rest content until it is occupying its rightful place in the Museum!"
End.



INQUIRIES:—

Mr. G. W. Green, Rally Director,
1970 International Car Rally,
Veteran Car Club of Australia,
Box 1130, G.P.O.,
SYDNEY, N.S.W., AUSTRALIA 2001.

or
Mr. T. C. McManamy, Rally Director,
1970 International Car Rally,
Veteran Car Club of Australia,
28A William Street,
FRANKSTON, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA 3199.

Technical Torque

LETTER FROM A VAUXHALL OWNER

Having just had some bother with the starter of my Vauxhall and not being able to obtain a wiring diagram in Auckland, I had to fossick it out for myself. Thinking that others may have similar difficulty, but with a car in which the wiring is not complete, as mine is, it may be of interest to publish the enclosed very rough diagram. This type of silent engaging starter with two position switch was fairly common on English cars of the early 'twenties.

The adjustment of the relations between the upper spring of the switch and the upper contacts is critical — the contact blades must be set to hold the ring firmly against blades, yet not so close that they will restrict the return. Apart from this, it is all very straight forward.

My trouble turned out to be quite simple, once I had worked out which way the current should be going: grime and corrosion through years of idleness, on the upper contacts of the switch, prevented the

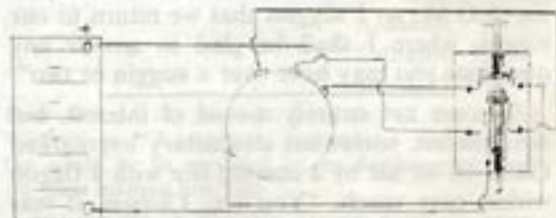
PAGE THIRTY

solenoid effect which draws the gears into mesh — the armature simply spun round without engaging. The cure is obvious.

Best regards,

Yours,

A. R. G. MESSENGER.



P.S.—In operating this type of starter, a distinct pause should be made between the first and second positions of the switch, to give the gears time to engage and the armature to complete its endwise travel. If you go straight through without pausing, you will be rewarded by not only a loud noise, but by knocking the end bearing right off the housing.

**THE 1970 INTERNATIONAL RALLY FOR
VETERAN AND VINTAGE CARS WILL
BE HELD IN AUSTRALIA ORGANISED
BY THE VETERAN CAR CLUB
OF AUSTRALIA**

START: Sydney—New South Wales.

FINISH: Melbourne—Victoria.

STARTING DATE: April 4th, 1970.

DURATION: 2 weeks, concluding April 18th.

DISTANCE: 900 miles approximately.

ELIGIBLE VEHICLES:

Veteran: Any car or motor cycle manufactured before December 31st, 1918.

Vintage: Any car or motor cycle manufactured between January 1st, 1919, and December 31st, 1930. Entries will be limited to 400 cars and 50 motor cycles.

NATURE OF EVENT: Whilst the rally is competitive it is planned as a motoring holiday in early autumn weather with several rest days for sight seeing.

An optional third week has been arranged for those visitors wishing to visit Adelaide following conclusion of the International Rally, distance: 500 miles approximately. You are invited to participate in this and the South Australian "Victor Harbour Rally", a weekend event terminating April 26th.

PARTICULARS OF ENTRY:

Entry forms available September 1st, 1968.

Entry fee per car: SA25.00.

Entry closing date: June 30th, 1969.

ACCOMMODATION:

1—First Class Hotels and Motels.

2—Guest Houses and Hotels.

3—Caravans and Camping.

Priority will be given to overseas visitors as requested. Unaccompanied overseas cars will be cleared through Customs and housed. Insurance, registration and other formalities will be arranged at owner's request.

ROUTE: The route chosen will encompass the cities of Sydney (New South Wales), Canberra (Australian Capital Territory), Albury (N.S.W.) and Melbourne (Victoria). The faster vehicles will travel the route as per map (dotted line) covering approximately 175 miles per day. The slower cars (see map solid line) will be limited to approximately 100 miles per day. Competitors may select either route.

All roads are sealed and will take competitors through a constantly changing scene (the most densely populated area in Australia) ranging from coastal beaches, mountain views, lakes and rivers to the huge Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric Scheme. Sheep and cattle grazing properties, orchards, irrigation systems and historical places of interest including museums, gold mining diggings, early buildings, etc., will be visited.

SERVICE: Service vehicles by courtesy of the National Roads and Motorists' Association (N.R.M.A.), N.S.W., and the Royal Automobile Club of Victoria (R.A.C.V.), Vic., will assist where necessary with maintenance problems.

Baggage vehicles will accompany rally for convenience of competitors.

SPONSORSHIP: Presently subject to negotiation (details in later bulletin).

EXHIBITION: Vehicles will be exhibited in rotation at various points en route.

CLOSING EVENT: A rally dinner has been arranged in Melbourne on Saturday, April 18th, to finalise the event, to announce the winners in the various categories and for the presentation of trophies.

REMINDER: A—to interested parties, the rally will commence 23 months from the issue of this bulletin.

REMINDER: B—Airlines do have reduced fares available which may suit your travel arrangements.

Held under the auspices of the Federation Internationale Des Voitures Anciennes, F.I.V.A., the 10th International Rally will commemorate the 200th anniversary of the landing of Captain Cook on the shores of Botany Bay, on the 28th day of April in the year 1770.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

MEMBER OF VINTAGE CAR CLUB OF N.Z.

INC.: Free for first three lines (approx. 25 words); thereafter 10 cents per line (8 words).

NON-MEMBERS: 50c for first three lines or less; there after 10c per line.

To be accepted all advertisements must be typed and be accompanied by the necessary remittance and must be in the hands of the Editor not later than the 15th day of the month before publication date.

Special display advertisements of cars for sale complete with photos may be inserted at special and very reasonable rates, for details of which service write to the Editor.

WANTED URGENTLY: Head Lights, Tail Light, First Aid Pump and Reel, and also all brass fittings and spare parts for 1916 Dennis Fire Engine. Will swap or sell one Veteran Cadillac headlamp in good order. Contact: Lew Pemberton, 12 Lachlan Street, Temuka. Phone 284 Temuka.

WANTED to complete restoration, rear bumper, radiator cap, ammeter and steering wheel centre controls to suit Humber 16/50 car. Contact: Allan Hawke, Ronald Street, Winchester, South Canterbury. Phone 156D Temuka.

FOR SALE: 1940 Austin 8 Tourer unrestored. Very rare car, in New Zealand. \$40. I. Ludeman, 16 Konini Street, Inglewood.

FOR SALE: 1928 Austin 16/6 Semi restored including sand-blasted chassis etc. Complete with an abundance of spares. Sacrifice at \$204. Owner could be interested in smaller vintage car. K. Diver, 31 Queen Road, Tauranga. Phone 66-027.

FOR SALE AUSTIN VEHICLES AND PARTS: One 1929 16/6 Sedan, one 1927 7 tourer, two 1936 7 Sedans, one 1928 12/4 tourer and one 1928 12/4 Sedan. Price, complete range with some spares as is where is \$200. Offers considered for individual items. W. I. Ingle, 12 Montague Street, Dunedin.

FOR SALE: 1928 Hadfield Bean 14/45 h.p. Restored but needs some finishing touches; this vehicle is the only surviving example of its model in the world. Contact: John Rummery, 102 Mellons Bay Road, Howick, Auckland. Phone 5471K Howick.

FOR SALE: Minerva 1924 type AB 20/24 H.P. The best model of the six cylinder 20's Warrants and needs a full restoration. Body very sad but is mechanically sound. Storage and transport problems force me to sell within four months. Owes me \$70. May be seen at 161 Pages Road, Christchurch. Most of the important parts missing from the car can be supplied.

WANTED: Minerva parts for 32/34 H.P. Model AK but could come from other models. Gearbox, steering gear, scuttle structure, instrument panel, instruments, fan and pedestal assembly, water pump, crankshaft damper/pulley unit, scintilla flashing trafficator parts. Any other parts are of interest. Also any Minerva manuals etc. E. E. Stevens, 70 Massey Street, Kawerau.

WANTED: Front mudguard for 1915 Triumph motorcycle; have other parts to swap. Rae Fairweather, Nosworthy Street, Blenheim.

FOR SALE: 1913 Wolverhampton Star—Sporting Type, 3-seater body. In concour's condition. (Refer Beaded Wheels, March, 1959). Best offer over \$2000. Also 1926 6 Cylinder 18/50 Wolverhampton Star Saloon 50 per cent restored. For full details write: A. S. Atkinson, 4 R.D., Dunedin.

FOR SALE: Austin 12/4 Saloon 1928. Body and engine very sound. Body-frame rebuilt, electrics recently overhauled. Original instruments, leather etc. Many spares. Danies, 49 Ganges Road, Wellington, or 'phone 36-693.

WANTED: 1922 "Ace" Motorcycle rear mudguard and petrol tank. Contact: B. Entwistle, 61 Tucker's Road, Christchurch.

FOR SALE: 1918 Buick 6 Tourer. Restored, original condition, cherry red with black guards. Plenty of spares. I. Mortimer, 35 McLauchlan Street, Blenheim.

FOR SALE: Citroen Tourer 11.4 h.p. 1926. Very good order throughout. 450 dollars o.n.o., also tyres 4.50—18 brand new set of five, 80 dollars o.n.o. Austin 7 motor and gearbox 1929, very good condition together with many other spares, some brand new. Thirty dollars the lot; or sell separately. H. F. Anderson, 46 Aberdeen Road, Takapuna.

FOR SALE: Four 820 x 120 Beaded Edge Tyres and Tubes, done approx. 4,000 miles \$60 the lot. Also one new 440 x 23 Beaded Edge Tyre \$20. D. Kilpatrick, 25 Dillons Point Road, Blenheim.

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WANTED: 1921/2 Indian Scout frame and front forks; 1929 Indian Scout 45 front forks; 1910 Triumph front and back wheels mag and carb. Please reply to: G. H. McEwen, P.O. Box 190, Masterton.

WANTED: White face Smiths clock also horn for 1928 Austin 16/6. B. Carrad, 45 Loughton Street, Taupo.

WANTED: Handbook for Chrysler 72. J. A. Grant, C/- Sista Motels, Queenstown.

WANTED TO BUY: Two good English 26 x 2 1/2 x 2 1/2 beaded edge rims. One brake rim 18ins. across to fit rear wheel 26 x 2 1/2 x 2 1/2. Urgently required to complete 1912 Bradbury WILL pay good cash price for same. Replies to: D. A. Laing, P.O. Box 285, Masterton.

WANTED: For 1904 8 h.p. De Dion, carburettor, waterpump, any rear springs, any brake bands or transmission parts, one 710 x 90 wheel or rim only. For landaulette body, a speaking tube or any parts of same required. Also 815 x 105 wooden wheels or rims only. Bulb horn of plain design for 1929 T.T. Replica Scott, and any parts or information on whereabouts of same for Brescia Bugatti. Anything appreciated, no matter how small. Please contact: Gavin Bain, 89 Merivale Lane, Christchurch, 1.

IF ANY MEMBER is dissatisfied with metal V.C.C. of N.Z. car badges, would they please return them to H.B. branch for replacement or refund. Mrs B. Kelly, Secretary, H.B. branch.

WANTED: Urgently required for Austin Sheerline, 1951 A125. Cylinder head, preferably crack-tested. Kelly, 307 Frederick Street, Hastings. Phone 69-653.

FOR SALE: Historic Racing Cooper Vincent Mk5 in fast running order. Will sell with or without motor. Trailer and spares. Phone 47-320 or 118 Main South Road, Christchurch.

WANTED: Any Information on Dort motor cars. Following parts required; complete front suspension with wheels, also rear wheels (30 x 3 1/2) H/lamps, mudguards, in fact any parts would be appreciated. Earl Preston, 1 R.D., Waikouaiti, Otago.

WANTED: 1910 Model T parts. Head and side lamps, alloy transmission cover, clamshell differential, wooden felloe wheels. Whimp, 15 Hall Street, Hamilton.

WANTED: Daimler History published by Foulis, also any Daimler Manuals or information. Price and details to D. Hague, 6 Kowhai Street, Whakatane.

FOR SALE: 19in x 400 Diamond Tread Car Tyre, new \$7. I. Ludeman, 16 Konini Street, Inglewood.

*Through the years of automobile
history, from veteran and vintage to
the present day.*



Firestone

IS YOUR SYMBOL OF
QUALITY AND SERVICE



MORE NEW ZEALAND MOTORISTS
DRIVE ON FIRESTONE
THAN ON ANY OTHER BRAND

The protector



Overtaking can be dangerous. The longer you are out there, the more chance there is of meeting somebody coming the other way. This is a time when there is no substitute for power. Methyl Benzine power. Ask Denis Hulme, Graham Hill, Bruce

McLaren, John Surtees or Chris Amon. They'll tell you that the power used to win world racing car championships is also the power to protect. The power of Methyl Benzine. Methyl Benzine for safer overtaking. For power when you need it most.

The men who know cars know Supershell best

METHYL BENZINE more than a pint in every gallon of

Supershell

