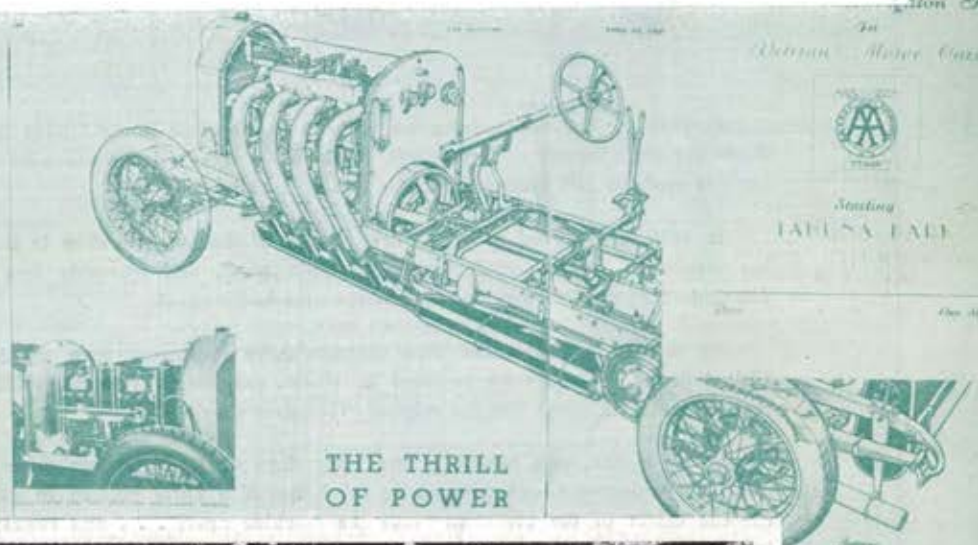
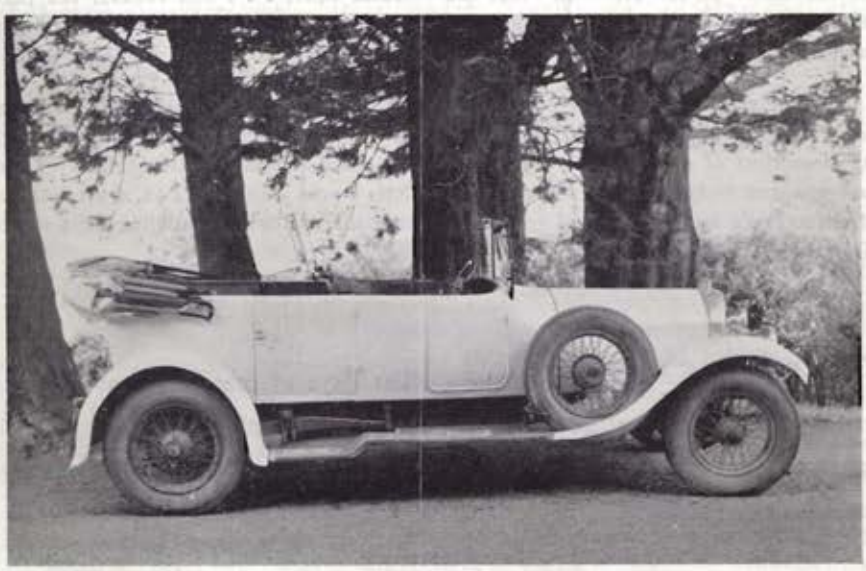
BEADED WHEELS

N.Z. VETERAN AND VINTAGE MOTORING

DECEMBER, 1963





"HORSELESS CARRIAGE"

In 1893 the first successful gasoline powered motorcar in the United States cruised down the main streets of Springfield, Mass., at a speed of five miles an hour! This car was made by two brothers, Charles E. and J. Frank Duryea.

In 1896 Henry Ford drove his first car out of the machine shop in Detroit. Later, his system of machine-made, interchangeable parts, and assembly line production, put motorcars within the price range of the man-in-the-street.

By the beginning of the 20th century, 8,000 motorcars were registered in the United States. These were powered by steam, gasoline or electricity, and even then they did not look much like the original "Horseless Carriage."

Some of the laws passed in the early days of the motorcar make us chuckle today. For instance, one community ruled that if a horse refused to pass a motorcar the driver of the car must "take the machine apart . . . and conceal the parts in the grass." In some places motorcars were banned entirely, and angry farmers guarded their livestock with shotguns against these "contraptions of the devil."

It is easy to see that early motorists were indeed brave pioneers, often running risks that would be hard to imagine today, for they also had to contend with the discomfort of rough roads, open driving seats and temperamental engines. Times have changed and those first motoring enthusiasts would be the first to appreciate the advances made both in car and tyre design since the exciting, stimulating days of the "Horseless Carriage."

FIRESTONE Tyres since the earliest days of motoring, have set the standard of reliability, economy and safety. Today's motorist, like his father and grandfather before him, looks to Firestone for EXTRA mileage and EXTRA reliability.

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. IX, No. 36 DECEMBER, 1963

Beaded Wheels is Published Quarterly by the

VINTAGE CAR CLUB OF N.Z. INC.

20 HACKTHORNE ROAD
CHRISTCHURCH, 2, NEW ZEALAND

Yearly Subscription 10/- post free.

Individual copies 2/6 each.

Editor: Mrs M. J. ANDERSON.

Assistant Editor: R. PORTER.
Andersons Line, Carterton

Copy must be typed on one side of paper and sent to the Editor, 20 Hackthorne Road, Christchurch.

COPY MARCH ISSUE CLOSES FEBRUARY 15th, 1964

IN THIS ISSUE

COVER

The 40/50 Napier "experienced" in this issue.

(By courtesy P. Sanders)

"BEADED WHEELS" DIRECTORY TO THE VINTAGE CAR CLUB'S OFFICERS

National Executive: President, A. A. Anderson, Christchurch; Club Captain, L. G. Witte, Teddington; Vice-Club Captain and "Beaded Wheels" Editor, Mollie Anderson, Christchurch; Committee, L. B. Southward (Wellington), R. Porter (Carterton), H. B. Foster (Christchurch), N. C. Adams (Auckland).

All correspondence to Club Secretary, E. A. Bailey, P.O. Box 2546, Christchurch.

Northland Branch: Chairman, P. V. McCready; Secretary, F. C. Walker, 2 Purdy Street, Kaikohe.

Auckland Branch: Chairman, H. Robinson; Secretary, H. D. Kidd, P.O. Box 3382, Auckland.

Bay of Plenty Branch: Chairman, L. Coupe; Secretary, A. and D. Cameron, 97 Churchill Road, Tauranga.

Hawkes Bay Branch: Chairman, T. B. Lawrie; Secretary, L. J. D. Priest, 305a Collinge Road, Hastings.

Wellington Branch: Chairman, R. Ivin; Secretary, J. Elworthy, 6 Pempsey Street, Silverstream.

Wanganui Branch: Chairman, B. A. Tasker; Secretary, J. B. Kirkwood, 12 Godwin Crescent, Wanganui.

Manawatu Branch: Chairman, H. C. B. Wycherley; Secretary, Miss C. S. Townshend, 300 Ruahine Street, Palmerston North.

Taranaki Branch: Chairman, K. Kircher; Secretary, C. Kirkby, P.O. Box 486, New Plymouth.

Marlborough Branch: Chairman: L. Gifford; Secretary, J. D. Finnie, 114 Muller Road, Blenheim.

Canterbury Branch: Chairman, E. J. S. Walker; Secretary, J. S. P. Palmer, 10 Torquay Place, Bryndwr, Christchurch.

South Canterbury Branch: Chairman, J. Sullivan; Secretary, T. M. Wilson, P.O. Box 2010, Washdyke.

North Otago Branch: Chairman, W. G. Spite; Secretary, J. T. O'Brien, 18C R.D., Oamaru.

Otago Branch: Chairman, R. E. N. Oakley; Secretary, S. M. Thomas, 83 Koremata Street, Burnside, Dunedin.

Southland Branch: Chairman, E. R. Eunson; Secretary, J. W. Barnes, 206 Bluff Road, Invercargill.

The Veteran and Vintage Car Club (Waikato Inc.): Secretary, L. Death, P.O. Box 924, Hamilton.

COMING EVENTS

Dunedin Brighton Run, January, 1964:

This event promises to be one to remember, being the Tenth Brighton. The Committee is turning on a Special. —Otago Branch.

Burma Trial, January 20th, 1964:

Wanganui Branch.

Mid Island Rally, 29th February, 1964:

Open Veteran and Vintage.—South Canterbury Branch.

South Island Rally, Easter weekend, March 27th, 28th, 29th, 1964:

Open Veteran and Vintage to be held at Motueka, west of Nelson city.—Canterbury Branch.

ROAD TEST

40/50 NAPIER

By B. R. Mooney

Between 1919 and 1926 about fifty Napier 40/50 h.p. chassis were produced, some of these being "Colonial" chassis with heavier frames and some minor differences in engine layout. In December, 1921, one of the Colonial chassis was delivered to the Cunard motor-body builders to be fitted with a saloon body to the order of Miss Cargill, of Dunedin. The car arrived in New Zealand in 1922 and was in use, by the Cargill family, until some time in 1935 or 1936. It was disposed of as part of the Cargill estate and was bought by Partell's Garage. The saloon body was cut off, only the portion forward of the back of the front seat remaining, and a truck deck with a crane was mounted. During its life as a breakdown wagon the original log book and instruction book were lost and the machine itself received considerable maltreatment until finally the crown-wheel and pinion collapsed from overwork. The Napier then lay gathering dust until, in 1949, when Partell's was sold up and all the stock and plant to be auctioned, Andrew Anderson learned of its existence. He, with Rob Shand, rushed to Dunedin, bought the car, tore the breakdown crane off—and sold it back to the erstwhile owners—and railed the machine to Christchurch.

The broken differential has now been replaced with a 23/60 Vauxhall unit, the engine overhauled, and a touring body made up, based on the 1919 Show Model, the dimensions being taken from the drawings in "The Autocar" of that year. Some detail work still remains to be done. The paintwork is rough and the tyres in poor condition and back seat passengers would welcome the addition of an apron to the rear screen. No doubt the owner will continue the good work. (He will.—Ed.)

It was recently my privilege to drive this impressive machine for a goodly number of miles over roads varying from wet, bumpy tar-seal to firmly-packed gravel, in weather conditions from perfect to utterly rotten, and with a degree of confidence—and, I hope competence—which showed a steady improvement. The engine is an aluminium-alloy six-cylinder of monobloc construction with steel liners pressed in. Bore and stroke are 4 in. and 5 in. respectively giving a swept volume of a little over six litres (6177 c.c.). Two valves per cylinder are set vertically in the head and operated by "swinging tappets" (i.e. rockers) from a single overhead camshaft which is driven from a vertical shaft on the near-side front of the engine. Also driven from this vertical shaft are the generator and magneto, the water-pump and, from the generator, the distributor for the second (coil) bank of spark plugs. The carburettor is an updraught S.U. of impressive proportions and incorporates a starting carburettor. An eccentric on the camshaft actuates an air-pump which pressurises the petrol tank—there are better systems for maintaining a supply of fuel. Seven massive plain bearings support the crankshaft but the obvious potential of the engine is defeated by the restricted manifolding. At about 2000 r.p.m., the maker's recommend maximum—about 55 m.p.h.—there is a bad vibration period. The ordinary 40/50 h.p. chassis had the compression ratio of No. 6 cylinder lowered to overcome this, but the Colonial cars were not so modified. However, it is possible to go through the vibration period without any trouble, and recent evidence indicates that the engine is capable of pulling nearly 3000 r.p.m. with the car in top gear. Power is transmitted to the gearbox through a single dry-plate clutch which is delightfully smooth in operation.

The drill for starting from cold is as follows:—

1. Check handbrake ..... On
2. Check gear-lever ..... Neutral
3. Check ignition control ..... ¾ retarded
4. Check starting-carburettor throttle .. Open
5. Check starting-carburettor mixture Full rich
6. Check main carburettor mixture .. Full rich
7. Check petrol-tank pressure ..... Zero

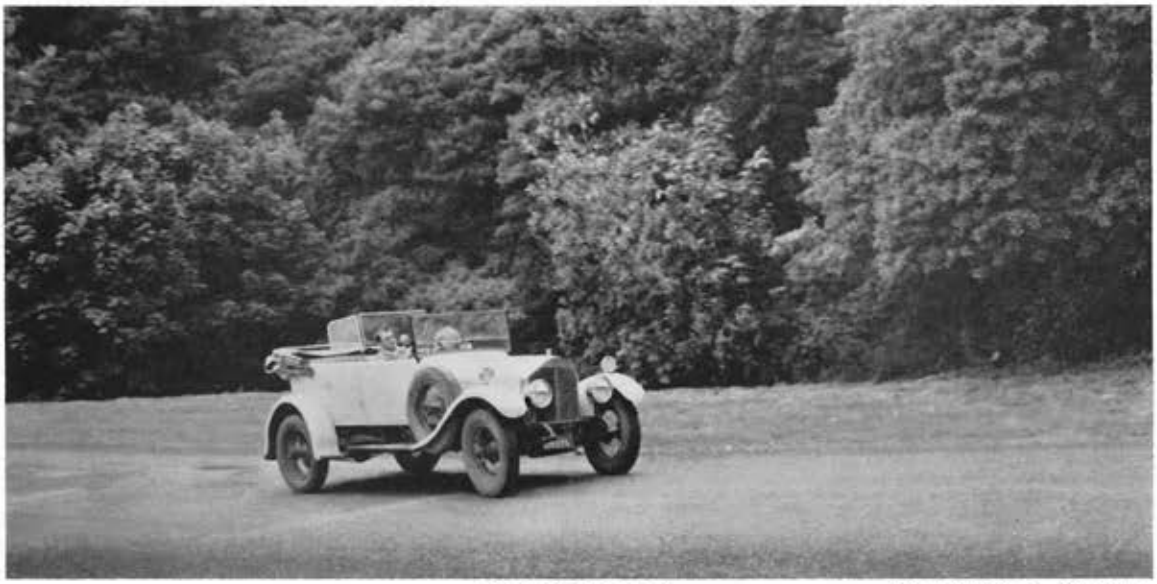
7a. Grasp hand-pump, give about a dozen strokes.

7b. Check petrol-tank pressure ..... Still zero

7c. Climb out, go around to back of car and close valve on petrol-tank. Return to driver's seat and repeat performance with pump.

7d. Check petrol-tank pressure ..... 1½ lb.

8. Check coil ..... On
9. Check magneto ..... On
10. Press down on starter button—the starter engages.
11. Press down further—the engine turns over two or three times, fires and runs.



Cornering at speed. (By courtesy P. Sanders)

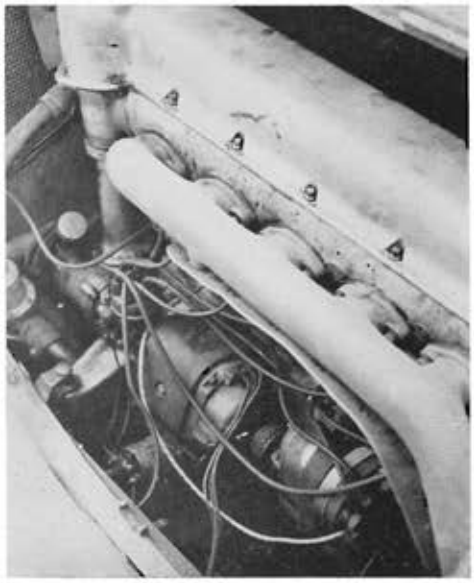
12. Cut starting carburettor controls and the car is ready to roll.

The gearbox ratios are: 1st, 3.33; 2nd, 1.82; 3rd, 1.33; 4th, 1.0. With ratios as close as these three upper ones the gearbox should be a source of joy and delight to the vintage driver who likes to show-off his ability by swapping cogs at the least provocation—and quite often for no apparent reason at all—as he goes along the road. And it is. Only one feature detracts from this enjoyment to any marked degree: the relative positions of the accelerator and foot-brake make it impossible to heel-and-toe and, since the brakes, though smooth, are not as effective as they could be, some interesting situations can occur if the driver is not familiar with both the car and the road. I am informed that to sit in the back seat—being yourself a Napier driver—while the car is proceeding down a steep gravel road, with a right-angled bend looming in the middle distance, and to observe the driver change from third to fourth gear (this was from sheer exuberance) is a little nerve-wracking. Luckily the two downward changes followed sufficiently quickly to allow the sufferer to regain his composure before the other passengers could notice the blanched face and tightly-clenched hands.

Two other points about the gearbox deserve mention. Firstly, the gear-lever is centrally mounted, which is—and I quote Mr Clutton—"a very unusual feature on such a car."

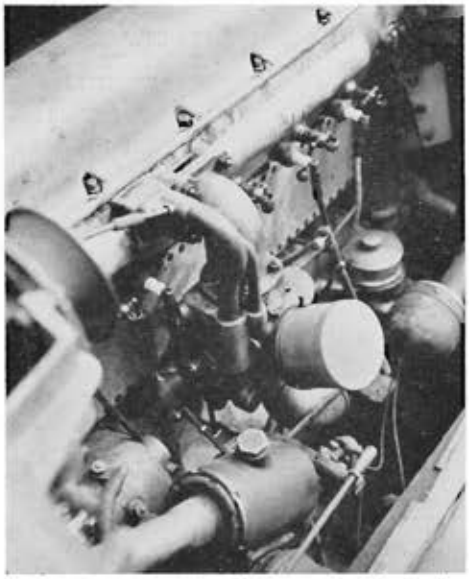
Secondly, the positions of the gears are back-to-front with first; to the left and back and fourth to the right and forward. Attempts to change up from second to first or down from fourth to first invariably produce strange noises from the gearbox and scorn and derision from the onlookers.

Brakes are carried on the rear axle and on the cardan shaft. Originally the foot-pedal operated the cardan shaft brake but the system has been modified so that it is now worked by the handbrake lever. Aspiring drivers are always carefully warned that under no circumstances are they to apply the handbrake unless the car is completely at rest, as it constitutes the quickest known method of removing teeth from the pinion. (The theory has been advanced that, at reasonable speeds, this brake would have no deleterious effects. It may be so but I don't know of anybody's ever having tried it.) The rear axle brakes are internal-expanding type in open drums and, to quote from the maker's manual, " . . . are of large diameter and ample wearing surface, and are very ing-wheel is small and very thick-rimmed and powerful." The last part of this statement may have been true when the brakes were actuated by the handbrake lever, with its greater mechanical advantage, but must now be regarded as a terminological inexactitude and a misrepresentation of the true state of affairs. That they do have some effect is undeniable but it would be unwise in the extreme to expect them to function as efficiently as do good vintage or even some modern brakes. They had best be classed as Edwardian and treated as such.



(By courtesy P. Sanders)

Exhaust side of engine, showing off-set worm drive to camshaft and auxiliaries and dual coil and magneto ignition.



(By courtesy P. Sanders)

"Silent Sucker"—surely the largest S.U. ever devised, which looks after the mixture.

The worm and sector steering is very positive and, at low speeds, heavy. Probably because the car was originally designed as a town carriage, to be driven by a chauffeur—and who cares about the chauffeur?—the steer- is set quite high, necessitating a wristy action which becomes very tiring when driving about the city. (A taller and stronger-wristed driver might not find this fault so noticeable.) At cruising speeds the steering lightens up and the position of the wheel is then much less irksome. On smooth wet tar-seal the handling qualities can only be described as "dicey." The body is not heavy enough to keep the rather massive back-axle in its place and a frightening tendency to swap ends—I have never seen it do this but imagine that it would be a spectacle awesome in its majesty—at the smallest deviation from a straight line is the result. On gravel roads the back end still breaks away early but, of course, much more slowly, and the slide is easily corrected. Motoring **con brio** in these circumstances is good sport.

EARLY MOTOR BIKES

Ron Osgood Continues His Motor-cycling Experiences in Marlborough.

About 1914 Mr C. J. Bateman, a motorcycle engineer, arrived from England with his tools and equipment, and started up in Blenheim in a shop where Marlborough motors now are. He bored the cylinder of the first Indian to arrive here. The cylinder was hard steel, and it was a long time before the tool marks disappeared. After this he rigged up a grinding machine for honing. In those days it was not uncommon for piston rings to be nearly half an inch wide, gudgeon pins were also very narrow.

A year or two later Mr Bill Viggars and his boys arrived and they also started up in business. He brought out with him a Vindec special this was a twin cylinder with Roc gears and automatic inlet valves it had a wicker side car. It was from him that I was told the merits of benzol motor spirit distilled from coal tar. Up till this time there was only one brand of petrol, "Pratt's Deoderised" Benzine. It was always and still is called benzine by old timers.

Towards the end of 1914 a new fuel came on the market, "Plume" motor spirit, followed by "Shell," "Kalif" and later on by "Big Tree." The Shell was very volatile as were most of the others, it had a smell like coal tar. At this time the price was 2/6 per gallon. It came out in four gallon tins, two to the case. Benzine engines were used a lot for industry then, and you would see empty tins piled up all over the place till they were a menace. These

tins were made of heavy gauge plate and heavily tinned; they made splendid buckets. As time went on they were made of lighter gauge material and used to leak a lot.

I worked the first petrol pump here in Parker's garage; it was a "Bowser." It was filled from the street. The filler pipe had a bend in it and we had to guess when it was full. The funnel held two 4-gallon tins. These were pierced with an old axle shaft, sometimes when the tank was almost full, then the surplus would run down the gutter into town, and one of us would be put on guard to warn the public not to smoke or strike matches till it evaporated!!

At this time I had a craze for motor bikes (1914). There was a N.S.U. for sale—the chap wanted £3 for it. When I called with my mate to have a look at it, it would not start, so after several adjustments and a lot of peddling we got it going. It had a tank the shape of a pig trough, no mudguards, a pair of racing handlebars off a push bike and a bike seat. We were given a trial but we had to pedal it to keep the engine going and always finished by pushing it home. The owner complained about the trouble we put him to, but as I was only getting 5/- a week and had to pay board and keep myself out of this, I could not afford to take it. Later I bought the Humber mentioned in my previous article. This cost me a ¼-plate camera, push bike, and every cent I possessed.

From 1914 to 1917 there was not much to write about. The war was on and there were not many imports coming into the country. From 1917 to 1919 I was in the forces. When on leave I borrowed Bill Viggars "Motosocoche" for a day or two. Just as I was taking it back I lifted the compression rounding a corner and the cylinder and piston flew to pieces. I had to make this good.

In France I was a dispatch runner; we used push bikes, walked, rode horses, jumped lorries and cars, and on rare occasions rode motor bikes. I met my Uncle, Stan Osgood, who at the time was a sergeant of military police in Etaples. He told me he was joining the new Motor Cycle Corps that was being formed and promised to get me in. As I had already applied for service in the tank and flying corps with no luck, I did not have much faith in getting in, and indeed heard no more. Although I can write a lot about army cars, lorries and tanks, there is very little about motor bikes. The only makes I saw were Triumph and Douglas in the British army. The Yanks were to the fore with the Harley and Indian. The Triumphs had the new Sturmy Archer gearbox with chain cum belt drive, while the Douglas still retained their old drive with the two-speed gearbox minus clutch.

On returning home I had a Peugeot straight drive, and I had a good run from this; it was one of the few bikes that gave no trouble, although it was about a 1902 model. I sold this bike and built up a Brown, which had a Panhard engine. About this time benzine went up in price to over 5/- per gallon and was more like kerosene than petrol. With weak magnetos most bikes were very hard to start on frosty mornings. For some reason the popular brands went off the market and all we could get was Gold Crown Gasoline. Riders in our street would be seen running up and down trying to get their bikes to start; they would be surprised when I would give the old Brown a push and off she would go first pop. They did not know, however, that while I was having breakfast I had a blowlamp on the foot board heating up the cylinder!!

I mentioned in my previous article where Nairn's imported a T.T. "Hobart," which was used for racing and was eventually smashed

(By courtesy R. Osgood)

The Moser on top of the Taylor Pass, 1919.

up in a crash. Later Doll Beatson got hold of this engine, an o.h.v. "Fritz Moser," and built it into a "F.N." frame. The piston was broken, also the exhaust valve cage and control. A new valve cage, which was similar to the old Buick six was made from the hub of a plough wheel, the con rod was made from a solid bar of silver steel and was cut to shape with hacksaw and files. When the bike was finished Doll left with a full tank and a spare bottle of benzine in his pocket and set sail for Nelson, doing the trip without getting off and pushing. A wonderful feat in those days, with no bridges and gears, and plenty of steep pinches and hair-pin bends.

I got this machine shortly after this. To ride it after the crocks I had previously owned was exhilarating. The acceleration was terrific. I came a few croppers with wheel spin on the gravel roads and I had to be very slick getting on, otherwise she would jump out of my hands and leave me, as it did two or three times. Unfortunately this bike got smashed up. I was turning a corner to see the first aeroplane arrive here when a farmer crashed into me with an Oakland car, running over the bike and me. I crawled out from under the rear axle of the car without a scratch, but the bike was badly smashed up with the webs in the flywheels broken. Later on Bill Roberts put the cylinder on another crankcase and won some races on the Waterlea racecourse.

My next bike was a 2¾ h.p. "F.N." This machine was brought back from London by one of our officers. It was a nice little machine and much improved from the early models. It had a kick starter and other improvements. The earlier 4-cylinder "F.N." had a very small engine; it would be hardly 3 h.p. The cylinders and crankcase were cast in one unit, also the bearings as with all F.N.'s were cast iron with the usual two-speed gearbox and shaft drive. While talking about these bikes, I saw a 4-cylinder in Wellington about 1924; it was about 8 h.p. and the crankcase was aluminium with T type cylinders. It had a coach built sidecar. I still think it was one of the best machines I had ever seen and wonder if any of our readers know of it. Most 4-cylinder models had one fault in common, this was overheating of No. 3 cylinder on long runs.

Our heroes in the early days of racing were Percy Coleman and Len Mangham. Local races were held at Waterlea. Personalities such as Phil Ornstein, Arthur Orchard, Frank Donoldson, Noel Webby, Alan Woodman and others were the pioneers here. Woodie with only one leg could almost put his Harley and sidecar through the eye of a needle. Special machines were built for racing—a three-valve "Excuse Me" ridden by Noel Webby and a four-valve single ridden by Woodie put up some great performances. A lot of time and money was spent in getting special cylinder heads cast, some with good results. Modern machines may be faster but the thrills are not the same that we used to get in the old days. All the men mentioned have now passed on. There were many makes here by that time—opposed twin Harley and Indian, also Indian two-stroke, Rudge Multi, Zenith Gradua, Monopole, Overseas, Royal Ruby, Sun and many others. Special suits or overalls were worn for motorcycling—leggings like thigh gumboots minus the boot were very popular. They were made from rubberised cloth and were essential as most machines were very oily not to mention dust.

To conclude I would like to make mention of such men as Billy Roberts, who shifted to Christchurch from here, who made up several bikes; also Dolly Beatson and George Baldich who worked mostly together. Very few people know that George made up a bike about 1916. He made the engine also, the cylinder and flywheels were cast at the foundry. He cast the crankcase himself in aluminium; it had a three-speed rear wheel taken from a small Humber which was scrapped through the gudgeon coming out and scoring the cylinder like a large keyway, which was also a weakness in early engines.

In 1922 I changed over from bikes to cars. The first car I owned was a 8 h.p. single cylinder Rover, 1904 vintage. I only wish I had that car to-day. But that's another story.

HORACE ROBINSON

It is with deep regret that we have to record the sudden death of Auckland Branch Chairman, Horace Robinson. A founder member of Auckland, Horace was an active member not only for his Branch, but for the Club as a whole, contributing on many occasions to "Beaded Wheels" and assisting members wherever possibly. His presence will be sadly missed.

THE WEIGEL CAR

S. Gibbons

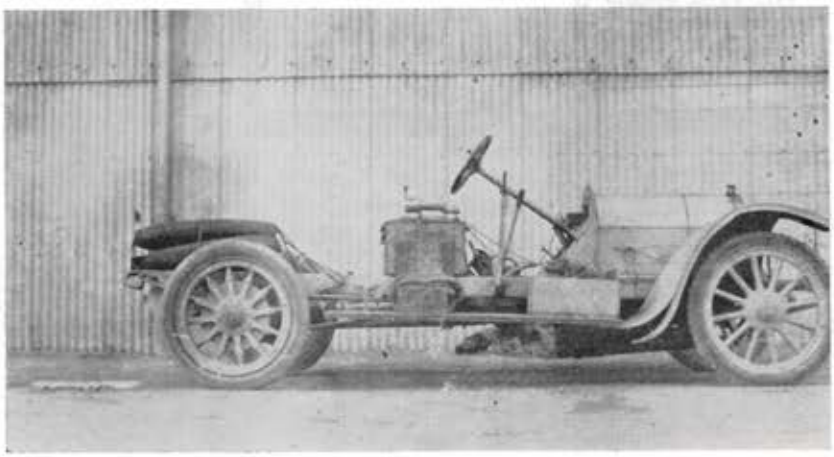
I much enjoyed Rex Porter's article in the September issue of "Beaded Wheels" with the excellent photograph of Mercedes, Singer, Traction Engine and Weigel (in the background). I wish the last had been more in evidence as I have a particular interest in Weigel's as I used to own one.

In 1918 whilst in the R.A.F. I had a buckingham cyclecar (see "Motor Sport," February, 1962, pages 94 and 114), but having tired of its limited performance I felt the urge for a big engine again, having been used to big engines before the war, and started scanning the secondhand advertisements in the "Autocar and Motor." There were plenty of interesting cars offering—Mercedes, Fiat, Itala, etc.—but all beyond my scope financially, till one day I spotted a 40 h.p. Weigel chassis offered by a North London garage. I forget just what the price asked was but I figured they would probably accept a bit less, so at the first opportunity I paid them a visit, liked the look of the chassis, and offered them £60, with the proviso that they produced some compression on No. 2 cylinder (it then had none as the inlet valve appeared not to be closing), and supplied some sort of seat for me to sit on to drive home to Hadleigh, in Suffolk, where I was stationed.

I duly collected her next day and set sail for home, stopping in North Finchley to purchase a tyre and tube (secondhand!) from a friend who had a garage there, as the tyres fitted looked only fair and there was no spare.

I can't remember the details of that run but I know it wasn't very successful. She ran like a hairy dog and I needed that tyre and tube, having no lamps and running out of daylight I failed to reach home that night. Fortunately I was not on duty that night—we were a night flying anti-Zep squadron, and I was on deck early next morning.

After a few days' spare time work, however, I was well pleased with my purchase. The first job was to get the engine running decently. I soon found that although all valves now closed properly one hardly opened at all, having about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. clearance between tappet (non adjustable) and valve stem, which even in those days was hardly the thing. What had happened was that the mechanic, sic. had removed the valve and without noticing that it was not the correct one for that port (inlet and exhaust valve stems were not the same length) turned or ground the requisite amount off the stem to get clearance. This meant that the cylinder that this valve really belonged to had a short valve which hardly opened at all! Casting about for some simple way of getting over this difficulty, I found that a used revolver cartridge case, .32 or .38 I forget, which neatly fitted over the valve stem, and by flattening the inside of the cap with hammer and punch I got approximately the correct clearance. (I never did know what the correct clearance was.) It is surprising how long this device lasted before a fresh cartridge case was required! and we covered some thousands of miles without any trouble from this modification. In fact, with very little trouble at all until the final reckoning some two years later when a tooth broke in the rear axle pinion.



Car as purchased and driven home (note mechanical horn on side of packing case seat).

(By courtesy S. Gibbons)

Showing revamped mudguards, as near as a copy of those worn by 38/90 Prince Henry Mercedes of 1912, as I could make them, the 38/90 Merc. being then my ideal of what a car should be!

(By courtesy S. Gibbons)

But that is anticipating. The next job was the provision of suitable coachwork (don't laugh); this was comparatively simple. I had always looked upon a car as being the chassis, and the body an unfortunate necessity, and therefore to be kept to an absolute minimum. Our squadron at that time was partially equipped with Avro 504 biplanes modified for night fighting by the removal of everything not strictly necessary in a single seater. There were, therefore, plenty of spare front seats knocking about. These in conjunction with some odd lengths of timber 3 in. x 2 in., for side rails, and 12 in. x ¾ in. for floor boards, and a few screws and nails, and our bodywork was complete except for the revamping of the front mudguards and a coat of grey priming over all. The mudguards were reshaped by the simple expedient of hammering them out on a block of wood to as near as I could get to the lines of those fitted to the 38/90 Prince Henry Mercedes (my ideal at that time).

The Weigel was lots of fun to drive, good four-speed gearbox, good multi disc clutch, steering, brakes, etc., all up to contemporary standards, top speed about 60 m.p.h., consumption 15 m.p.g. This last item of course would have been a difficult hurdle with rationing pretty tight, except for the fact that at that time I had a detached Flight away from Squadron Headquarters and with the connivance of my Flight Sergeant and a little wangling I was never short of fuel (aviation!), in fact at one time I had a nice little nest egg of some 40 gallons not on charge, only one day unfortunately whilst I was away from the station the Squadron Equipment Officer chose to visit us and among other things chose to inspect the petrol store, and my little nest egg was taken on charge!

Weigel cars were built in London 1907-10 by Weigel Motors Ltd., of which the prime mover was D. M. (Danny) Weigel, a well known motoring character at that time. They turned out two four-cylinder models, a 25 h.p. and a 40 h.p., 110 m.m. x 120 m.m. and 130 m.m. x 140 m.m. respectively, and a six with the same bore and stroke as the 40, all with cylinders cast in pairs. T heads and low tension ignition wags. (My car had been converted to high tension before I got it.) I wonder which model the car referred to in Rex Porter's article was—a six or a four?

These cars were a dead copy of the Itala and most of the parts were interchangeable, but the Itala material was much superior to that of the Weigel.

In 1907 two 8-cylinder racing cars were built for the French Grand Prix. These consisted of two 40 h.p. engines in tandem (so you can imagine the length of the bonnet!) mounted in a special short chassis frame, and drove through a multi plate clutch and two-speed gearbox to a live axle. They were driven by Harrison and Laxen and were not a success, neither finishing.

For the 1908 G.P. three specially designed four cylinder cars were built, having overhead valves and three-speed gearboxes; they were rather fine looking cars, but once again they

did no good, none finishing. Laxen crashed but I can't remember if it was during the race or in practice.

But to return to my own car. Looking through my old car diaries the most frequent entries seem to consist of pouring in petrol and replacing and repairing tyres. With the considerable power available trying for financial reasons to run on cheap secondhand tyres was not altogether a success. When I was finally demobbed in June, 1919, petrol rationing was still in force and running a big engine was not so attractive and something smaller was indicated. Prices of secondhand cars were booming and I was convinced I could get £200 and turned down offers of £175 and £180, but I was too greedy, for in 1920 prices went down with a bang, and to crown all as mentioned earlier the rear axle failed, and I think finally Douglas Hawkes allowed me £20-£30 off a new G.P. Morgan three-wheeler, but that is another story.

I never regretted buying the Weigel and we had a lot of fun with her.

The mention of difficult starting in Rex Porter's article, also 60 h.p., makes me think that the car mentioned was a six-cylinder? My car, a four-cylinder, was never difficult to start with the enertia of the big fan flywheel and the half compression leaver out she was fairly easy to swing. Maybe the H.T. mag. was a help, too, but the six would be a different matter. The lubrication system was the same as mentioned in the article—little buckets on an endless chain like a miniature bucket dredge! all enclosed in a nice brass tank with glass top mounted on the dash.

I'm afraid all this hardly adds up to modern restoration and may shock some of the Pur Sang enthusiasts. But then restoration was not our aim—all we wanted was some reasonably exciting motoring, which we got!!

REMINISCENCES

(Extracts from a recent letter written by Arthur Roydhouse to the Manager of a Carterton motor firm for whom he worked about 1906, condensed and re-written by Rex Porter).

I look back on my short time with the firm with a great deal of pleasure. I know now that I was of very little use to business. It was a difficult time, but your father never lost faith in the future of the motor car. I was a sort of salesman, and wandered about trying to interest bods in a car. Many were interested but there was no money about. One of those depressions I suppose. This must have been before 1907, I think. The boss was prepared to let people he knew have a car on any terms. Sort of 2/6 down and 5/- a week for the rest of your life. I took one excitable Irishman out for a demonstration one day and finally got him into the driver's seat. He was thrilled and to show he was progressing, he excitedly showed me how, if you want to go THAT way, you simply pulled THAT side of the wheel down, which he would do and charge at the nearest fence on THAT side. He was most skeptical about the fact that, when in low gear, the engine went faster and the car went SLOWER. As he said, it did not make sense! Another prospect drove me into a fence one day, yelling "Whoa, Whoa, WHOA YOU BITCH." We snapped off three totara posts before coming to rest.

I had quite a bag of good prospects, but could not make a sale. I used to paddle off in the shop car, and, at the end of the week would report the "prospects" to the Boss, trying to indicate the degree of heat in each case, and would be able to report that I had sold a wire-strainer or a bicycle tube, or some such. I would say that I was just wasting the firm's time and money, but the Boss would say, "Keep on going, I'm sure things will come right, and I am not worrying. Cars will sell, and we will sell them."

How correct he was, too, but I heard of a job driving John Luke round for his election campaign, took it, and ended my brief attempt at being a car salesman.

Looking back to those days there are many incidents which interest me still. I remember the Locomobile steamer I was sent to bring down from a rival garage some ten miles distant. The foreman there was a bit snooty about the car being taken away from them and kept me hanging around for a couple of hours. I offered to help get it mobile but was told he would do all or none. Relenting finally, he raised steam and told me to clear out with it. Hell! I had never ever even been in sight of one before! But, with the honour of the old firm at stake, I got in the driver's seat, gingerly pulled a handy looking lever, and fortu-

nately the 'Mobile waddled out on to the road, puffing steam most impressively.

I drove round by the old football grounds and climbed down to have a look at the outfit. I was all stirred up inside, and this was understandable, for on future examination I found 32 taps and stopcocks, any one of which if turned on—or off—at the wrong time might have put me into orbit years before my time. Anyway, I arrived back at the shop safely, I believe much to the astonishment of the Boss and the rest of the staff.

It had a beautifully built engine and ran as sweetly as a watch. It had twin double-acting cylinders, automatic water feed, and automatic air pressure for the benzine fire. I say automatic, but frequently these gadgets failed, and one had to take over manually. This was provided for by the designers, and there were manual standbys for the automatic systems. Heat was supplied by a big primus type benzine fire under the vertical boiler — straight under the driver's seat it was, too. Excess steam pressure would operate a valve to shut off the benzine supply but leave a pilot flame going. As pressure dropped, on would go the main benzine supply again. (Benzine about 9d. a gallon then.) Fair enough, but one would be bowling along at a terrific 15 m.p.h., pressure would mount and finally shut off the main burner, wind would blow out the pilot flame, steam pressure would fall, on would go the fuel supply and raw benzine would pour over the burners and accumulate in the basin affair which was supposed to shelter the pilot flame. Some would vapourise, of course, and then when you attempted to re-light it with a match, there would be a bang and a roar like a jet warming up, and very quickly both car and driver would be good and hot. They were good times, and luckily for me, the Boss appeared to enjoy these incidents.

Another time I had gone courting in the steamer out to a farm about five miles away. A strategic joy-ride was part of my scheme so the bus was polished up to the nines, but I ran out of benzine on the way, managed to scrouge some kerosene and tried that, but it wouldn't vapourise properly and we had a quite spectacular and very sooty flare-up. By the time the fire died down I was soot and burns left, right and centre. Just then the Vicar and his family came jiejogging along in their buggy (which at that moment I thought a very sensible and reliable mode of transport), and as he passed he called out, "Good afternoon, enjoying yourselves I see." Anyway, we were towed back home by a little one-cylinder Rover which performed all right on the flat but up the hill it boiled like Pohutu and had to be cooled down with sundry jugs of water.

One horrible affair comes back to mind. I had become pretty slick at "firing-up" and getting under way with the Locomobile, and

The locomobile was towed home by a little one-cylinder Rover. Mr Roydhouse is sitting at the steamer tiller and the small boy holds a jug of water for the over-heated Rover.

the Boss challenged me to equal a certain time. While he and his striker were busy heating a steel tyre in the forge ready for the exciting job of shrinking it on to a wooden dray wheel, I got the Loco beautifully polished for a demonstration to one of my prospects, and set all the valves and gadgets ready for the word "go." Of course I turned the benzine on full flow BEFORE I had allowed the vaporiser tube to hot-up properly and I had the beautiful machine enveloped in a mass of flames. The Boss and his helper just grabbed the tins of dirty, rusty, water they had standing round ready to pour over their dray tyre to shrink it when in place on the wheel, and sloshed them all over the poor Loco. What a mess! Fifty years later, the old Boss still used to refer to my "record attempt" and it lost nothing in the re-telling. Eventually, the steamer was built into a waggon with a coke-fired boiler and a four foot funnel, and was used carting wheat from the Railway to the local flour mill. It would run all day on a kero-tin of coke and some chips.

They were good times. Pay was a secondary consideration and overtime was unheard of. I would often go back after tea with other members of the staff and try and finish some job or other, or to work on something that had caught our fancy. Often the Boss would be in the blacksmith shop smelting some brew. He was an artist and could forge a piece of metal into some part which would have taken months to get out from England.

One gem of a car I remember was the Crestmobile with a double tubular chassis, one hung inside the other with coil springs at each corner. It had a single cylinder air-cooled engine sitting in a cradle on the front axle. Fuel tank was in the body so the fuel had to be fed via rubber tubing. Lubrication was elementary. When the driver thought it necessary, he stopped, got out a tin of oil and a syringe like a bike pump with a bit of copper tube on the end, unscrewed a plug on the crankcase, and administered several "shots" of oil. One day, driving it through one of the numerous small fords, I ran into deepish water and she stopped with a bang. The carburettor air-intake had taken in a gulp of water and the piston head was busted. The Boss melted up some kind of alloy, made a casting, and threaded it into the skirt of the smashed piston, and away she went again. The engine was started by standing up on the floor and giving an almighty heave up with a big leather strap coming through a slot. The strap was coiled round a pulley on the end of the crankshaft, and a return spring would re-wind it. Usually nothing would happen, sometimes it would start, and sometimes it would backfire and you would be pulled violently down to crack your head on the dashboard! We tried to alter this by bringing the strap out the front. It was a bit less painful, but the bus had to be "anchored" in some way. The transmission was all by chains and there were two clutches for the two speeds. Very simple, specially reverse which was achieved by getting out and pushing.

Another one I remember was a Model "T" Ford which I drove from Wellington to the Wairarapa for a demonstration. It was the first car I had driven that had the guards joined to the body. The Hutt Road was a series of potholes full of water and it was great to see the spray just peel away on either side of me instead over me. I had gone to the City by train over the old Rimutaka Incline. What an ordeal that was, seen now in retrospect, with the choking smoke from the Fell centre-rail engines in the three tunnels. I stayed the night with the motor Manager of the Rouse and Hurrel Coachbuilding Co., of Courtenay Place, Wellington. He and I each drove a car up next day, but his firm still looked with scorn on motor cars at that time.

At one time in Wellington, I had a drive in a Ford six-cylinder. When I have mentioned this car, my hearers have often been quite unbelieving that there ever was such a car, but recently I was told by a Vintage Car Club member that it would have been a Model "X." (That would be an interesting find.—Ed.) I seem to remember it being a mass of wires. I wonder if it had dual ignition?

By the way, the tyre tubes on the Locomobile were unusual. A long straight length, about 10 feet, with tapering ends which overlapped in the tyre. If overlapped too much there was a horrible bump each revolution, and if not enough, there was a nasty depression in the cover. (I have used one of these tubes on a motorcycle rear wheel. Very handy, one could replace it without having to remove the wheel.—R.P.)

They were happy days.

QUIZ

The car pictured in September issue was a Pathfinder, belonging to Australian enthusiast, Mr Bugg.

THE HEAVY METAL — Part 7

1926-27-28, Stutz Rampant

By W. Capper-Starr

In spite of the fact that, in 1926, more than 4000 people, in between seven and eight hundred cars, made the trip to Muriwai for the sixth annual beach races, the beginning of the end was in sight. Muriwai, with all its attractions as a natural racing venue, was a very long way from the city. The roads, although improving year by year, were never first class; and the bottleneck of traffic that was always a potential threat to good organisation was sufficient to deter quite a number of people.

As well, there was talk of a race track nearer the centre of town, and when George Henning put forward definite proposals to go ahead with Henning's Speedway at Mangere, no doubt thousands of the sport's patrons heaved great sighs of relief.

The pull of the beach racing was still considerable, and showed little sign of giving way, but in the background there was the growing possibility of an equally enjoyable day out much nearer home.

As well, there was a hint of things to come in the races themselves that year. For five years, five different cars had taken the honours in the main race for the New Zealand Motor Cup. In 1926 yet another car, this time a Stutz driven by Mr R. B. Wilson, took the trophy, followed it up in 1927 with a second win, and completed the hat-trick in 1928. By doing so, Bob Wilson won the trophy outright, in accordance with the rules of the race that had been laid down some years earlier. That same cup, a handsome example of the silversmith's art, is still very much in circulation. It is competed for yearly by a different breed and generation of racing drivers as the major trophy in New Zealand's motoring event of the year—the New Zealand Grand Prix. It is, in effect, a direct link with the beginnings of motor racing in New Zealand, and as such, its present designation is worthy of it.

In 1926, "the first year of the Stutz," it seemed that Wilson was up against some pretty fierce competition. Ranged against him were the two Sunbeams of C. W. F. Hamilton (one driven by M. G. Wills), Irving's Bugatti that had performed so creditably on the beach in earlier races, A. W. Haydon's Ford, A. R. E. Messenger's Special, an important piece of machinery, G. R. Stuart's Hudson, and the Mercer of Howard Nattrass.

From a rolling start, the Ford was first away, followed by Hamilton in the Sunbeam four, Wilson's Stutz, Wills in the Sunbeam eight, and the Mercer. The Bugatti and the Hudson were early withdrawals, and not long after them the very quick Ford drew into the enclosure, together with Nattrass's Mercer. The field was decimated well and truly, and the race was a near-procession of Sunbeam, Stutz and Sunbeam. Next time round the Stutz had the lead, but Wills' Sunbeam was almost on his exhaust pipe with Hamilton within easy striking distance. But they couldn't catch Wilson, and on the following lap he showed up a good half a mile in front of Wills, who led the previous year's winner by another half-mile. The Stutz crossed the line victorious, and returned a time of 35 minutes 37 seconds—two full minutes faster than the previous year's.

If 1926 had been something of a procession toward the close of the big race, 1927 must also be blamed for providing a similar follow-my-leader event. In all, seven cars lined up under the starter in that year, and as well as the Stutz there were Hope Bartlett's Sunbeam, C. F. Armstrong's Bentley, D. F. Bauchop's Thomas Special, R. D. Wraight's Chrysler, Hamilton's Sunbeam, and Dick Messenger's Special. With a line-up like this, spectators could be forgiven for expecting an exciting race, but when the cars rushed across the line the Bentley was already firing on only three

(By courtesy W. Capper-Starr)

Left: The N.Z. Light Car Cup.
Right: The Ladies' Trophy.

cylinders, and both it and the Thomas Special withdrew, before completion of the first ten mile lap, with mechanical troubles. (We query the appearance of the 1914 Sunbeam in 1927, could it perhaps have been the Wills 1922 I.O.M.—Ed.)

Less than two minutes after getting away, the remainder of the field was out of sight down the beach, and when they came in sight again it was the Sunbeams of Bartlett and Hamilton that led the field, with the Stutz not 50 yards behind them. The Messenger Special was half a mile back, with the same distance separating it from the Wraight Chrysler. Times recorded for those first ten miles showed that the three lead cars were a mere two seconds apart at 7 min. 10 sec., 7 min. 12 sec., and 7 min. 14 secs. It was still, virtually, anybody's race.

Next time past the Hamilton Sunbeam was leading the Stutz by less than a dozen yards, with Bartlett 20 yards behind them. Messenger's Special was out of it, and while the cars were out of sight on the next lap the Chrysler, together with Hamilton in the Sunbeam, followed the Special off the beach. Two were left, the Sunbeam of Bartlett and Wilson's Stutz, with only four seconds between them at the end of lap three. Southward they swept down the beach and into the turn, then north again and out of sight, with the Sunbeam holding on, for a time, to the tail of the Stutz. Lap four settled the argument, and when the cars came into sight again the Sunbeam sounded irregular. Gradually Wilson drew away, and as he flashed over the line, a clear winner by more than a mile, the crowd nearly outbid the cars as noisemakers. R. B. Wilson became that year the only man to have won the New Zealand Motor Cup twice in succession.

It will have been noticed from all this that Mr Hamilton's Sunbeam and the Wilson Stutz were enjoying something of a tussle for the lead honours—in spite of the decimation of the field in 1926 and 1927. Both cars were well-prepared, and both were being most capably driven, and as such they were very well matched. And, in 1928, Muriwai Beach, crowded with no fewer than 3000 spectators saw them once again "fighting it out" for the Motor Cup.

This was a year of few thrills on Muriwai, but the changing of the race layout to incorporate eleven turns—giving six laps of 8½ miles each, made it more enjoyable from a spectator point of view. While speed was still the essence of the thing on the straights, skill and adeptness in the turns was required from the drivers.

As well as the two now-regular contestants, there was Nattrass in the Mercer, Keith Cutten's Miller Special, A. East in a Bugatti, the Thomas Special which pulled out after the first lap, when the order was Stutz, Miller Special (both neck and neck), Bugatti, and the Sunbeam four leading the eight. By lap two the Miller was having trouble, being passed by Hamilton's Sunbeam and the Nattrass Mercer, and by the next lap it was still a round behind when passed by the Stutz.

Lap four found the Stutz and Hamilton's Sunbeam again out in front, Wilson's car being 26 seconds ahead of the English machine, and running like a hare. Howard Nattrass lagged three miles behind in his Mercer, and the little Bugatti was well down the beach. So it was Wilson and Hamilton again, with the latter gaining a little as the race progressed until, by lap five, he had closed the gap to 17 seconds. But the Sunbeam couldn't make up the ground entirely, and although both cars increased speed over the last lap, the Stutz held its lead to finish a half mile in front, with the Mercer three miles away in third place.

As far as the New Zealand Motor Cup is concerned, that wrapped up the Muriwai racing. Wilson had pulled off the hat trick with a very fast motorcar, and although he was the only man to have won the cup three times in succession, at least Bill Hamilton had the right to claim that he was almost the only one to have had the Stutz really extended.

Nor was it entirely speed that made the two cars so even. Ability, too, comes into it, as was made plain when the two cars lined up for a crack at the Australasian Five Mile Beach Record. The Stutz returned an average speed of 108.4 miles an hour, which made it a very much faster car than the Sunbeam, which returned an average of 95.1. One can't help but wonder, in the face of this information, what the result might have been had the cars and their drivers been interchanged . . . (Again we query the figures quoted. In 1925 the 1914 Sunbeam held the record with 100.27 m.p.h. We would welcome additional information on this 1928 record.—Ed.)

These three years were not, of course, without the interest of the supporting races, and these events, for the more common touring cars that could have been put on the circuit by

any driver who so wished, were just as keenly watched as were the three races for the New Zealand Motor Cup.

Perhaps second to the big event in importance was the race for the Light Car Cup, and over the years of Muriwai Beach motor racing it provided some close tussles and some surprisingly fast cars—for their size—among the winners. Perhaps this was just another hint of things to come, since it is still the smaller cars that are winning races today, and while it is true to say that we, as motorists of today, owe a lot to the motor racing of our own generation, so do the motor racers of today owe much to their forerunners of thirty and forty years earlier.

Who, for instance, could deny that Bugatti was indeed a pioneer in the building of small, exceedingly small, racing and sports cars? Just how successful a pioneer he was can be judged to some extent by the results of the Light Car Cup race of 1927, when three Bugattis, driven respectively by Hope Bartlett, A. Irving and A. Roycroft (father of Ron, and a very knowledgeable man on the subject of motoring even today) came across the line first, second and third.

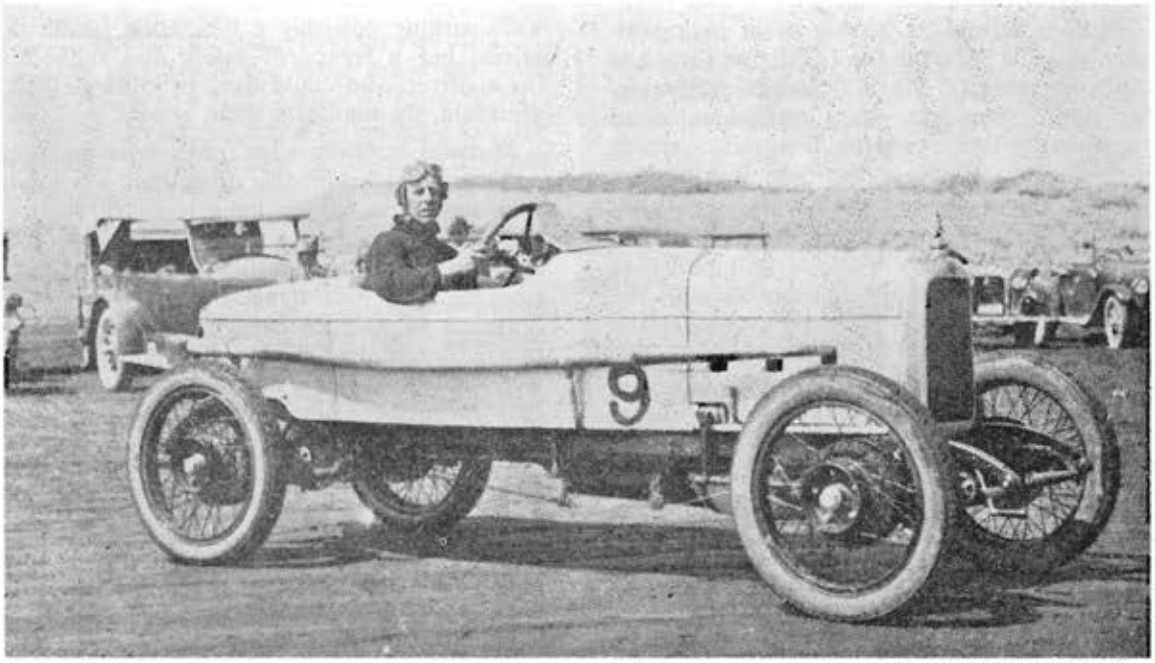
Again, in 1928, the name of Bugatti was one to be reckoned with on the sands of Muriwai. Only two started in the light car race this year, but even against the Thomas Special, no mean mover across the beach, Bugatti was victorious, with A. East the winning driver.

Going back to 1926 again, we find that Buddy Farrell's Alvis—by no means a big car, but already one that was showing the development of the streamlined bodywork that took the place of the "sheer weight and horsepower" monsters of only a few years before—winning the Light Car Cup from A. Irving's Bugatti, with an Austin Seven in third place after yet another Bugatti, in the hands of A. Roycroft, had fallen by the wayside. Things to come? Yes, they could be seen clearly with the hindsight of today. Who hasn't heard at some stage of a young up-and-coming racing driver of today having cut his teeth on an Austin Seven? Who hasn't heard of even a Bugatti falling by the wayside?

And, going back to the subject of what we owe to the drivers of yesteryear, how many people didn't have a parent or uncle, brother or cousin who drove an Essex, a Chev four, a Buick, a Model T or a Rugby? These, too, had their place on the sand at Muriwai. In the hands of people like a Mrs H. Hayes, who took first place in a ladies' event in 1926 at the wheel of a Rugby, cars like these were earning not only a reputation for themselves, but a legacy of safety and reliability for a driver who could have been Mrs Hayes' grandson, the man next door, you or me . . .

Muriwai certainly wasn't unique or anything noble and high-sounding like that, but in its very similarity with racing circuits throughout the world, it shared something valuable that made it more than just a stretch of beach. Courage and perseverance are almost melodramatic words these days, but in those hectic-happy days of the twenties, when a man's deeds were the yardstick by which he was measured, they formed the intangibles that gave motor racing its thrill. And as the site chosen for the exhibition of these qualities in the pioneers of New Zealand's motor racing, Muriwai Beach can justly lay claim to a place alongside Rheims, Indianapolis, Watkins Glen, Brands Hatch and many another motor racing circuit where history, however small, was made.

Camera



(By courtesy B. Farrell)

The 12/50 Alvis of F. G. Farrell, winner of the Light Car Cup—Muriwai, 1926. (See Heavy Metal.)

RACES

(By courtesy B. Goodman)

Bill Piddington astride 1913 A.J.S. at Pukaki during Mt. Cook Rally, 1963.

Review

(By courtesy "Herald")

The famous 1915 Indianapolis Stutz, outright winner of the N.Z. Motor Cup, following its victories 1926-27-28. The car is in its final form with tail replacing bolster tank with Bob Wilson at the wheel.

RALLIES

(By courtesy B. Goodman)

Alec Taylor's Chrysler 77 at The Hermitage during the Mt. Cook Rally.

VINTAGE & VETERAN MOTORCYCLE NOTES

By Geoff Hockley

Spare a quid, Sir? The sign read "ADDINGTON SALVAGE CO. We Buy All Types of Scrap Metal." And judging by the mountains of junk strewn around the quarter-acre or so of yard, sellers hadn't been lacking. We picked our way along the narrow tracks between the piles of scrap, hurrying past one twenty-foot-high heap on top of which an ancient car chassis balanced precariously, rocking in the breeze. A crane lifted a rusted boiler from off a truck and deposited it on another pile, while a bulldozer cleared a track through the sea of debris littering the floor of the yard, sweeping all before it to form the nucleus of yet another heap. "Do you mind if we have a look around?" we inquired of the overalled individual who emerged from a dog-kennel-sized office in a corner of the yard. "And by the way, do you ever turn up any old motorbikes on your metal-buying tours?" "Motorbikes?" he replied contemptuously. "They're about two pence a dozen—well, not quite, of course, but we never pay more than ten bob each for them—the small amount of useful metal in the average one hardly makes it worth while. There's a row of 'em along the fence behind that big pile—you can have your pick of 'em for a quid each, less the tyres if there are any." We strolled across in the direction he indicated, and there, sure enough, were seven or eight woe-begone-looking mounts of ancient vintage, some standing precariously on wobbly rear stands, some thrown against the wire-netting fence, and others lying on their sides in the mud. Two King Dicks of about 1912 vintage stood forlornly propping each other up, looking in imminent danger of falling on top of a still more ancient Triumph which lay in a pool of water, while a Singer, minus its front wheel, lay against the fence. A twin James, minus both cylinders and with its crankcase full of water, stood drunkenly beside a derelict which examination identified as an Arno, while standing aloof, like a broken-down aristocrat determined to preserve his dignity to the last, stood a strikingly well-preserved Rover with hardly a blemish on its red-and-silver tank. With what may have been a last gesture of respect for the old warrior, someone had covered it with a sheet of rusty corrupated iron. We prowled around this graveyard of once proud models now awaiting the breaker's hammer, thinking that they deserved a less ignominous fate after their years of faithful service, and then, glancing at our watch and finding that time had flown, we departed, thanking the proprietor for his invitation to call again any time we felt inclined.

Sins of Omission. No, readers, the above isn't a flight of fancy or a pipe dream, but a true and accurate description of the scene at 64 Harman Street, Addington, Christchurch, where ancient motorcycles of all makes were to be picked up for the princely sum of a pound apiece (note that **"were"**) and the ground was so littered with bits and pieces that you were quite likely to trip over an engine or gearbox in the course of your wanderings. But don't bother to rush off to the above address in the hope that some traces of these relics still remain, because the complete establishment has long since folded up and no trace of its existence remains. You see, the period we've been referring to was 1941 or thereabouts, when the country was being combed from end to end in search of scrap for the war effort and junkyards were bulging at the seams with scrap metal and old machinery of every description (including old motorcycles). "But," we hear you ask, "do you mean to say that you didn't take the opportunity of picking up even one of those bikes for a mere song?" Alas, 'twas even so (though at a later date, as you shall hear, we atoned to a certain extent for these sins of omission). But at the time when we could have carted away the whole collection for next to nothing, circumstances were somewhat unfavourable—for one thing, we were being boarded, clothed, and fed by H.M. Government, a state of affairs which looked as though it might continue indefinitely (no, no, we don't mean to infer that we were residing at Mt. Eden or Paparoa—we should have made it clear that it was the N.Z. Army to which we are referring) and opportunities for doing restoration jobs seemed limited, to say the least. Then, again, at this time, storage presented somewhat of a problem. So, not without a pang at the thought of the old Rover, in particular, being fed into the maw of the war machine, we rather reluctantly let the opportunity slide, resolving to pay the place another visit when time permitted.

Bargain Basement. Due to various circumstances, it was nearing the end of the war when the chance presented itself to visit Harman Street again. The scene was somewhat changed—gone were the monumental piles of scrap, and the establishment, though still functioning, was lacking the feverish activity noticeable on our previous visit, and sad to relate, not a bike was to be seen at first glance. But we caught a glimpse of faded red enamel amongst a motley collection of junk, and with the yard owner's permission, we excitedly set about unearthing two really rare specimens of the Redskin tribe. One was revealed as a 1913 big twin, with single gear and clutch, plus (of all things) a coaster brake in the rear wheel, and the other a 1915 5 h.p. "little twin" three-speed model. Prices seemed to have slumped somewhat, for we purchased both for 15/-, and bore them home in triumph on a borrowed truck. Now, dear readers, we'd dearly love to be able to announce that after an interval of twenty years we are about to unveil these two models restored to their pristine glory, but alas! it ain't so. Establishing a business after the war seemed to leave no time for pottering around with the old redskins, which in any case were in a sad state of decay through years of exposure to the elements, and by the time we were able to indulge in a little leisure, and had been severely bitten by the V. & V. motorcycle bug, the old bikes had almost disentegrated beyond recall—but not quite. The "5 h.p." model was passed on to a member of the family who, we must confess, possesses the very essential traits of patience and perseverance to a much larger degree than the writer. A recent inspection of the restoration project indicates that there is every chance of this unique model making its debut at next February's motorcycle rally, at which it should attract plenty of attention. Incidentally, thanks are due to Ivan Happer and Ray Shearman for contributing sundry bits and pieces, without which the project would have had little chance of being completed.

What's Cooking in the V. & V. Motorcycle World. No apologies for reminding you at this early date of the 1964 V. & V. Motorcycle Rally, scheduled for February 29. (Incidentally, some well-known northern enthusiasts have already booked their passages on the "Aramoana"). At this stage, of course, nothing definite in the way of a programme has been arranged, but we hear that Norm King will be organising the entire function—nuff said! We hope to arrange a large display of V. & V. motorcycle photos at the evening "do" . . . . Some very interesting restoration projects are well under way. In addition to Maurie Hockley's 1915 Hedstrom Indian mentioned above, Masterton's Glennie Bull has his 1916 Reading-Standard coming along very nicely, as evidenced by a photo received recently. Hope it makes an appearance here in February, as this is another "only specimen in captivity" model. (We acquired the R-S on the West Coast some years ago, but somehow we "died" on the restoration of it and Glennie acquired it from us. When we see it after a typical Bull do-over, we'll be grinding our teeth at not having kept it) . . . . Rumour has it that George Holstein is readily going to town on his 1920 A.J.S. twin. No greater contrast could possibly be imagined than the present state of the "Ajay" and the condition in which it was ridden around Christchurch for nearly 40 years by the original owner, who, we think we are safe in saying, never cleaned it during that entire period. Wonder if he'd recognise George's "Black Beauty" now? . . . . An interesting veteran which is really undergoing the "treatment" is the ex-Ray Shearman Alldays Matchless. This is now owned by Brian Brown. At a N. & N. evening some months ago, Brian brought along the front wheel of the old Alldays just to show the boys that he really was getting cracking on the job—new bearings, new plated rim and spokes, new tyre and tube, hub plated—in fact, if the rest of the bike is done to this standard, Brian will be supplying the spectators with smoked glasses . . . Timaru's father-and-son team, Stan and Alan Brehaut (you'll remember Alan as the owner of a really superb Douglas) are making steady progress with the restoration of their 1924 Henderson

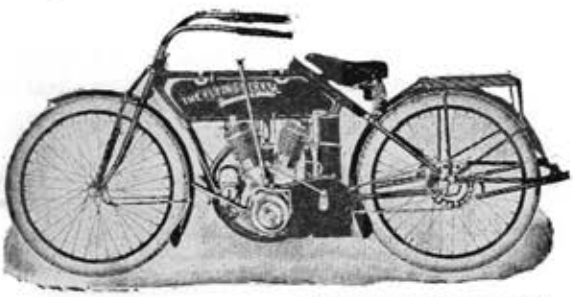
(By courtesy G. Hockley)

Rejuvenated Redskin on the warpath by 1964?

De Luxe, which should be a really imposing addition to the vintage ranks when completed. The senior partner in the team is no stranger to Hendersons, having owned a brand new specimen back in 1925. . . . A recent interesting discovery, while on the topic of four-cylinder machinery, was a 1928 Indian Ace, located in a dismantled condition at Lake Wanaka. Although not under cover the machine was in an excellent state of preservation, but—here's the snag—it has a broken crankshaft, an item which might be somewhat hard to come by . . . . Ever seen a Moto-Reve engine? We recently gazed in fascination at one of these tiny V-twin Swiss-built power units, a discovery of Jack Wilkins. This diminutive engine is beautifully made and an unusual feature is that the big-ends are unbushed, the steel rods running direct on the steel crankpin. The only item missing on Jack's specimen is the magneto—can anyone be of help? . . . Eleven quid was the price paid recently for a 1929 350 Douglas in original condition, the vendor, so we are told, being the original owner. We're never around when these sort of things happen!

The First Self-Commencer. What was the first motorcycle to fit a self-starter as standard equipment, and in what year? We were asked this question recently, and we think we are correct in nominating the 1913 Flying Merkel for this doubtful distinction (we say "doubtful," because in the case of the F.M. the gadget wasn't a success and cost the makers a lot of money). But it was the earliest step in the direction of eliminating the tiresome chore of pedalling or pushing to start, and the idea itself was a good one. The gimmick fitted to the F.M. was a proprietary article manufactured by the Ever-Ready Starter Co., and consisted of a very strong spring attached to the front sprocket shaft, which spun the engine starter. We have never seen a s.s. Merkel, but a picture gives the impression that the gadget was quite neat and compact, being contained in a circular nickel-plated case. But sad to say, there were so many bugs in the device that irate owners dubbed it the Never-Ready, and subsequently the Ever-Ready Co. found itself facing a heavy damages claim from the Merkel Co., which had dropped a hefty packet in trying to remedy customers' complaints. The 1914 Merkels appeared minus starters and relied on the conventional pedals to coax the machines into life. (Incidentally, 1914 saw another make listing a self-starting model—Indian "Hendee Special," which employed a 6-v. starter-generator system with two batteries.) One at least of these models was to be seen in Christchurch early in 1914, and it started effortlessly at the touch of a button, to the wonderment of all and sundry. But electrical equipment, particularly batteries, was far from perfect in those days, and the electric-starting Indian was beset by troubles which caused the makers to drop the "Special" from their 1915 range.

More About Merkels. We noticed that a member of an Australian vintage car club owns a Flying Merkel. Few are still in existence, and we doubt if the most intensive combing of this country would produce a trace of one (though Andy Thomson tells us that there definitely was one in his district some years ago, which has defied all his efforts to trace). A few were imported by the once well-known motorcycle firm of Scott in Dunedin, and some time ago a Dunedin old-timer conducted an intensive search for a surviving specimen. Six months of spare-time fossicking brought to light the rusted remainder of a Merkel frame!



(By courtesy G. Hockley)

1913 S.S. Merkel. For 1914, back to pedals.

There were a few Merkels in the Nelson district, but all traces of them seem to have vanished also. Well, we hope Andy is still keeping his nose to the ground up in the wilds of Kairanga, because the discovery of a complete specimen of a F.M. would be an occasion indeed. The Merkel, incidentally, has another claim to fame in that it must have been one of the very earliest users of the swing-arm type of spring frame. Note the large tubular housing under the saddle in which the spring was located, a design similar in principle to the modern Vincent system. The large tubular oil tank formed part of the frame. The standard Merkel finish was a bright yellow which earned these machines the nickname of "Yellow Jacket."

EASTER

IS THE TIME

AUCKLAND

IS THE PLACE

for

Auckland V. & V. Car Club's 1964 North Is. Easter Rally

In return for your entry fee you will participate in, and enjoy . . .

. . . the gymkhana, the timed run, the picnic, the concours, the dinner/social/dance and general bunfight.

MAIN VENUE — WESTERN SPRINGS STADIUM

Refreshments will be available.

For full particulars, contact: J. C. LEWIS,
324 RICHARDSON ROAD,
MT. ROSKILL, AUCKLAND.

Entries close February 20, 1964. Late entries close February 29, 1964.

An Apology. Somewhere around is a person whose opinion of us is probably lower than a cellar—the chap who kindly sent us a nice headlamp (acetylene type) complete with red and green "part and starboard" lenses, nicely packed in a cardboard carton, which also contained a note from the generous donor. Just where the note disappeared to, we haven't yet fathomed, but we suspect it was accidentally thrown out with the carton, and its loss is the reason why we haven't been able to drop a note of thanks to the donor, not having his name and address. We hope that if he reads that he'll accept our assurance that we're really not as bad-mannered as he probably thinks we are!

STAMPS

In this age of progress, when even space flight is no longer anything like a novelty, its too easy to forget that not much more than a century has passed since the movement of anyone was restricted to the speed of the horse.

In the late 1830s, railways were beginning to spread through the length and breadth of Britain, and soon afterwards were introduced into other countries, thus bringing about a great social, as well as industrial, revolution. In this latter respect, the Duke of Wellington, for one, was strongly opposed to railways on the grounds that they would encourage the lower classes to move about. Democracy, then as now, was largely just an unworkable ideal.

Before the 19th century was out, the second great transport revolution had arrived. Few could ever hope to own their own railway line but with the arrival of the internal combustion engine, private road transport had become at last a practical possibility.

As we all know, some of the earliest experimenters in this work had their factories in Germany and, in 1885, Karl Benz was driving a motorised tricycle through the streets of Munich at the then breathtaking speed of 15 m.p.h., while Gottlieb Daimler, a former apprentice to a gunmaker, built his first car the following year. The companies formed by these truly great pioneers of road transport were combined into one huge organisation in 1926.

To commemorate the passage of 75 years of motorised transport, the West German Government issued in 1961 two stamps that bore the signatures of both Daimler and Benz, together with illustrations of their early vehicles. The one shown here depicts one of Gottlieb Daimler's earliest vehicles, and although the stamp carries his signature centred above the tiller, it is lost in a black and white reproduction.

Two earlier stamps, issued in 1936 to publicise the Berlin Motor Show and the 50th anniversary of the motorcar, showed portraits of the two men. And, in 1961, another stamp celebrating the 125th anniversary of Germany's first railway was issued, so that these two aspects of the history of transport as we know it have come together in—of all places—the pages of a stamp album.

(By courtesy H. Easterbrook-Smith)

Pioneers re-united. Mike Poynton and Hotchkiss around the top bend at the Paekakariki Hill Climb in 1951. Mike and Hotchkiss will be seen next at the Haast. We reserve this space for any other Pioneer members and cars who are contemplating the Haast.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Madam,

In the last issue of *Beaded Wheels* you made note of the extension of the Club to include "individual examples of Post Vintage Thoroughbreds." While on the surface this appears to be a very good idea, I feel that the move has not been mooted as thoroughly as it should have been.

I, with a few others, have the feeling that the Club is not all that it might be. This new class, with its radically different criterion of eligibility, seems to provide excuse for a re-organisation of the whole movement.

Few would argue with the setup of the Veteran section; even bare historical grounds are excuse enough for their preservation. The Vintage classification, however, leaves much to be desired. The plain fact of the matter is that many cars in the Club just do not merit the title "Vintage". The method of classification, based strictly on age, is liable to let some people imagine that any car made after 1931 is, for some mystical reason, inferior. Whereas in actual fact most of the Post-Vintage cars are a good deal more honest in design and workmanship than their Vintage forbears.

Why not therefore make this time the opportunity to separate the wheat from the chaff of the Vintage period and have one class say from 1919-1939 to include the (for want of a better term) thoroughbred vehicles; while the more mundane machinery remains as a class by itself within the present Vintage period.

This solution would align the Thoroughbred cars with their peers of the Vintage period, while the more "cooking" vehicles would still have a place in the movement, if only to correct the impression that everything produced before 1931 is of exceptional merit. I admit that this move is unlikely to be made, if only because the majority of members would dislike having their cars relegated to their proper station.

Leaving this subject, there still remains the problem of the "Thoroughbreds". At present the position of these cars is rather chaotic, notwithstanding the good intentions of those who voted to admit them. Surely some guidance should have been given to those who wish to bring such cars into the Club. Obviously a car of good name is not enough, but what bias will be revealed by the people who inspect the cars? Will they want a beautiful piece of restoration, or will they welcome the man who maintains his car with the main aim of driving it? As a corollary of the fore-going, will the club go the "Concours Vintage" way and demand adherence to original specifications, or will they allow the owners of these "Improved Vintage" cars to modify their cars as is evidently the case in the U.K.?

Another factor which needs to be considered is that of the judges themselves. Do they really have the qualifications necessary to appreciate a good car? Personally I doubt it. The average delegate to the A.G.M., wedded as he is to an inferior vehicle and mistaken ideals, has no yardstick by which to judge a delicious piece of machinery.

Finally, now is the time for a good name to be chosen for these cars. P.V.T. as used in the U.K. is unsatisfactory, if only because it has connotations foreign to the intentions of this Club. Here it is not the intention to specify makes and models, nor I hope to regard the class as a poor relation. "Classic" on the other hand also fails to fill the bill, bringing up as it does visions of meaty Automobilia Americana, which, good though they may be, are not the whole story.

New names for things always cause controversy (vide Decimal Coinage), but I would like to suggest that the name "Courser" would be apt. Anyone for an argument? I am, yours, etc., GEO. T. TOFIELD.

[It is apparent that the writer has not fully acquainted himself with the organisation of the Club, or has he learnt of the recently discussed system of acceptance of P.V.T. cars. It is even more apparent that Mr Tofield is being pretentious, assuming, as he is, the responsibility of relegating men and machines into a filing system in order to satisfy his insatiable desire for an undefined ideal. We understand he has owned ? cars for ? years and been a member of this Club for ? years.

We can therefore hope, that in truth, he is:

"Over men's heads walking aloft
With tender feet treading so soft".—Ed.]

Madam,

I am sorry that my facetious remark about the press should prove such a thorn in the cushion of Mr Capper-Starr's editorial chair. As readers and contributors with a common interest—the love of old cars and Vintage motoring—I feel we should accept the material published

in this journal in the spirit in which it is intended.

Sure, generalisations are poor, and I consider it a generalisation to say all journalism is based on certain ethics and a large amount of integrity. Propaganda is fed to us by some knights of the pen which is neither ethical nor sound. It was Oscar Wilde who wrote "In old days men had the rack—now they have the press."

My comment about the press in the notes on the 2nd N.Z. Bentley Alpine Rally are not original. Oddly enough I find they can be attributed to one Nicholas Bentley (1907). Yours, etc.—B. W. Bickerton.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE GORDON BENNETT RACES, by Lord Montague of Bealieu; published by Cassell. 36/- (U.K. price).

For those with an interest in the early history of Motor Racing there have been few books published that are not mere re-hashings of Gerald Roses' great "Record of Motor Racing" with suitable dashes of colour from Charles Jarrott; and, to be truthful your reviewer was rather expecting the same old treatment from the latest addition to the works sponsored by Lord Monatgue. In fact nothing could be further from the truth and the results of Michael Sedgwick's researches is a very complete record of that famous series of International Motor Races for the Gordon Bennett International Cup.

Not only are there the fullest details of the Politics, the Personnel and the Cars but also details of all the National Eliminating Contests and the cars that were eliminated in these as well as their more successful and famous contemporaries.

There are some wonderful new photographs which are most interesting. Though the style is rather "journalesse," probably by virtue of the many direct quotations from the contemporary technical press, it is most readable and a well told story. There is also a long chapter covering the Gordon Bennett cups for both balloons and aeroplanes and even power boats.

There is an excellent index and series of appendices giving tabulated results of all races and abbreviated specifications of all cars that have been built for the Gordon Bennett.

This book is thoroughly recommended.

THE ROLLS ROYCE OWNER. Published monthly from The Lawn, St. Leonards on Sea, Sussex.

The first issue of this very specialist magazine has come to us recently and carries much really interesting vintage material. An article on the preparation of the R.R. armoured cars for the film of "Lawrence of Arabia" was most interesting as is an all too short account of the special luxury touring coachwork for Silver Ghosts developed by Lionel Rapson. There is admittedly not much text for one's money in this first issue, but we wish the venture well and can commend it to the R.R. "faithful."

HAWKES BAY NOTES A.J.S.

Labour weekend and our Annual Rally and Gymkhana were away to a flying start with beautiful weather and the arrival of our outside entries, travelling in some very nice vintage machinery. These included an Austin 16/6, an Ansaldo and a Studebaker Tourer arriving to sample "the Bay's" hospitality.

Unfortunately no concours d'Elegance was held, though it would have posed a problem in the vintage section with so many well restored cars. The timed trials ended at Eskdale Park this year and the entrants in their various sections for veteran, vintage and modern vehicles were full of praise for the individual organisers.

The November Noggin and Natter was held in Hastings, where a selection of the Firestone films: "Years of Yesterday" were shown to a very appreciative audience.

Sunday, 24th November, and we were off on a Scavenger Trial which finished at Les Lemmon's home in Puketitiri. Les has 5000 sq. ft. of shed and store room on his property and certainly has a collection of cars and parts to whet any enthusiast's appetitite.

Restorations are still proceeding well with Ron Duley's 1913 Ford T nearly completed and Charlie Black's 1913 Overland coming along well. It's certainly very heartening to see these veterans approaching road worthiness.

Harry Dodson and his 1925 Chrysler Tourer have now taken up residence in Wellington and we wish them every success there.

In concluding we would like to wish our kindred clubs a very merry Christmas and the best of vintage motoring in the New Year.

SOUTH CANTERBURY NOTES

by Brian A. Goodman

Well, since our last report this branch has been most active. Five members attended the National A.G.M., we have had a picnic run to Tekapo which saw a lot of moderns and four vintage machines but a good time was had by all on the ice, we have attended both the Geraldine Gala Day and the Otaio Gymkhana, plus several processions, and to round everything off we had our annual Mt. Cook Rally last weekend. A record entry this year, 24 cars and 3 motorcycles. The weather was great and only two cars never made the Hermitage. The route took us over the Pareora Gorge and into the back-blocks behind Fairlie. The Hanging Rock and Cattle Valley areas were well covered and some very dusty cars arrived at Fairlie for lunch. A leisurely(?) run up to Pukaki followed. After dinner a very enjoyable dance was held in the Pukaki School. Sunday all cars arrived at the Hermitage in plenty of time for lunch after battling through a gusty dusty nor'-wester. After a superb lunch we returned to the Pukaki Inn for the dinner and prize-giving.

Results:

John Rutherford Trophy (Veteran).—John McLachlan, 1912 Cadillac Fire Tender.

J. Craig Trophy (Best Vintage).—Allan Holland, 1924 Oakland.

Brian Goodman Trophy (Best motorcycle performance).—Alan Brehaut. 1915 Triumph motorcycle.

John Dowling Cup (Best Veteran overall).—Alan Storer, 1912 Albion.

Les Laycock Cup (Vintage Time Trial).—Dan Moran, 1920 Morris.

Well, the 8th Mt. Cook Rally is over, and all we can say is roll on the 9th!

RALLY AFTERTHOUGHTS

The most impressive sight was Allan Averis and Malcolm Field on the 1909 Overland raceabout. To see this "THUD AND BLUNDER" machine appearing out of the dust behind you really looked like the Paris-Madrid type of thing that you see in books.

Allan and Mrs Baker from Christchurch must hold the record for Mt. Cook rallies. Out of eight runs they have been on seven and made it every time. The Humber must know its way up there blindfolded by now.

That it was a pity Bob Beardsley ran a bearing at Pukaki in the "23" Ansaldo between Tekapo and Pukaki. However, it gave me the pleasure of Norm King's company on the rest of the run. What price Ansaldos Norm?

Jim Sullivan, Bill Piddington and Terry Wilson really turned on a first class rally and a big word of thanks must go out to them.

LOCAL GOSSIP

Jim Sullivan has bought Don Oddie's 4½-litre Bentley.

Jim has also run the timing gears on his 14/40 Vauxhall.

Ian Barnes and his 1911 King Dick motorcycle made easy work of the Mt. Cook run. The old girl never missed a beat.

Rodney Don has been having his share of troubles with the '28 Singer. Stick to it, Rodney, you must win in the end.

That's all for now folks—see you in March.

B.O.P. NOTES

A lot has happened since our last notes, firstly, our 5th Anniversary Run to Katikati hot springs which attracted cars from Auckland and Hamilton as well as our own.

Our sincere apologies to the long distance drivers for the lack of sunshine that day, it was pouring down all day. In spite of the rain there were about 25 cars and although nothing could be organised outside, our president with a few helpers saved the day by organising musical chairs and lolly-scrambles for the kids as well as for adults inside a hall and in spite of everything quite some fun was had by all.

In October an enjoyable run was organised, finishing up at Ray Hamilton's farm, a lovely spot, where a very good gymkhana was held. This time the weather was perfect and although, in numbers, it was not a record day, it certainly was one of the most enjoyable days in the club's history.

The Hunua Hundred was entered by three cars from our branch, who motored about 450 miles each without trouble in one weekend which is quite an achievement especially for Max Avery's 1915 Overland.

Quentin Lawrence in Model T came second in his class so he did not go all the way for nothing. Good on you Quentin and Ken.

Highlight of our latest events was certainly the cavalcade of transport, organised by our branch as part (or was it climax?) of the city celebrations in Tauranga.

Summing up, the cavalcade can be described as a complete, interesting, colourful as well as an educational picture of transport from the early Maori canoe via packhorse, horse drawn

vehicles, veteran and vintage cars, army vehicles picturing the war period and finishing with post war thoroughbreds and finally the latest '63 models.

For this occasion an exception was made by our branch as to the rules regarding period dress and it certainly helped to make the picture complete, accurate and colourful.

After a five-mile run, the cavalcade finished in front of the town hall where all the vehicles were on display and thousands of people took the opportunity to inspect what must have been the most complete range of vehicles ever displayed in New Zealand.

Credit must go mainly to Mr and Mrs Cameron, combined secretaries of our branch, through whose energy and determination this event became the success which it undoubtedly was.

Our next big event will be our annual Auckland-Tauranga run on 1st and 2nd of February.

This is the right time of the year to enjoy a well organised rally in sunny Tauranga and, as we are very central, we hope to see some new faces and of course cars from other branches as well as the usual big numbers from Auckland.

Well, that's it, see you then, on the 1st and 2nd of February in Tauranga.

WAIKATO NOTES

The spring quarter of 1963 has seen, for the Waikato Club, continued progress and activities, with two highlights—Mr A. A. Anderson's recent visit and the 6th Annual Rally held at Tokoroa on November 9th and 10th.

A general meeting was held at the Historical Society rooms, Hamilton, on October 14th, when details of the Tokoroa Rally were discussed, and the classes of vehicles to be provided for, accommodation and social programme etc. The meeting concluded with an interesting selection of slides of American classic cars shown by Mr Bruce Holmes.

During October also, we were the hosts for a weekend of Andy Anderson, the president of Vintage Car Club of New Zealand, who was in the district on business. We were able to show how the Waikato Club functions, and introduce him to a number of our members here in the city, and inspect their vehicles.

On the Sunday of Labour weekend, some of our members took part in the Auckland Club's "Hunua 100)) and Mrs Joan Brown, driving Club Captain Ernie Brown's 1924 Standard "Leamington", made best performance by a lady driver.

The 2nd November saw some of our vehicles climbing across the Kaimai range to reach Tauranga for the Cavalcade of Motoring, to which we had been invited by the Bay of Plenty Vintage Car Club, in connection with the Tauranga City Celebrations. A fine, hot day, a steady walking-pace cavalcade, and fortunately nobody wore out clutches.

The following weekend the sixth Annual Waikato Rally was held. After a week of wet, gusty weather, Saturday dawned fine and a steady flow of veteran, vintage, past-vintage-thoroughbred cars and vintage motorcycles converged on Tirau, the starting place for this year's Rally.

The Hamilton-Pukekohe Rally will be held, as last time, on the Friday before the Grand Prix at Pukekohe, that is Friday, January 10th, 1964, and leaves Knox Street, Hamilton, at 9 a.m. approximately. Entry forms should be out during early December, and the closing date for entries is Friday, December 20th. There is no entry fee.

If the reader requires an Entry Form, please contact P.O. Box 924, Hamilton, urgently. Programme consists of a timed trial to Pukekohe from Hamilton, with free fuel on arrival at Pukekohe, to all cars which take part in the parade through the town in the afternoon. The Kerridge-Odeon Trophy will be presented at the Pukekohe Town Hall during the afternoon, to the driver returning the best performance during the morning Rally. There will also be an allowance of 5/- per car for tea on arrival, and possibly one or two other attractions.

For those wishing to stay there for the Grand Prix on the following day, the Franklin A. & P. Society grounds will be available for camping as for last time. This ground is within walking distance of the Pukekohe Grand Prix circuit.

Will secretaries of other Clubs note that the telephone number of the Honorary Secretary, Waikato Club, has been changed and is now: 83-768, Hamilton.

WANGANUI NOTES

by Humberette

The clubroom in Wanganui is receiving some attention. Much needed repairs on the two ends of the building have been completed and an extra thickness of malthoid laid on the roof. The spares shed has been re-roofed and both buildings are to be repainted—Branch members

willing and weather permitting.

Under the energetic supervision of Club Captain Ken Wright, spares have at last been purged, catalogued and re-stored. For the first time in years it is now possible to set both feet securely on the floor without fear of falling over a many-studded engine block.

The library too is being reorganised and a proper system of lending facilities will soon be available.

Actual motoring facilities are comparatively quiet at present. The Vintage Burma Run in January is proposed to be held over the original course once more, road conditions and facilities generally being much improved over previous years.

Among recent acquisitions is a 1918 Oldsmobile now in the safe hands of Ivan Kendall. It had for years lain in a shed less than 2 miles from the Wanganui Post Office. Apart from being reduced to a truck behind the front seat, this vehicle is in excellent nick, a rare model (engine consists of 2 banks of 3 cylinders each in line with the inlet manifold running above the exhaust instead of the usual vice versa arrangement of those days) and will be a welcome addition to the Wanganui fleet.

Turakina member Jack Clouston received local prominence recently when he landed a sextant of antique origin to add to his copious collection of museum pieces. Perhaps sextants are easier to restore than motor cars.

On 27 October last, four of our members with veteran vehicles accepted an invitation from the conference of N.Z. Movie Clubs to appear in Palmerston North as subjects for movie film camera fans. "Never was so much film expended in so short a time on so few". We are assured that the cars will be on screens everywhere from North Cape to the Bluff.

The following week-end saw a small contingent from Wanganui participating in Wellington's annual November run from Lower Hutt to Barton's Bush at Upper Hutt. The Capital turned on shirt-sleeves driving weather. A very successful trial followed by a dinner, film evening and prize giving was admirably organised by the Wellington rally committee. A novel experience for competitors was to see themselves on Channel 1 a few hours after the TV cameras had filmed them.

Mr Percy Coleman of motor cycle fame has donated a very handsome trophy to be competed for by vintage and veteran motor cycles. This should provide a big boost to the 2 wheeler brigade and while there are at present a few motor cycles under restoration in this area, we could certainly accommodate a few more enthusiasts in this particular field.

Talking of enthusiasts, mention must be made of Taihape member George Gibbs who attends meetings and rallies more often than some local members, travelling 70 miles each way over winding hilly roads. His effort and the regular attendance of our Marton contingent from 25 miles away remind those resident in Wanganui how fortunate they are in having clubrooms situated so nicely in the centre of the city.

One cannot help but wince at the Waikato newsletter heading which proclaims—"Secretary—L. Death, President—R. I. Peace". Mortifying!

WANTED TO BUY

Back numbers of "Beaded Wheels" in good condition. 2/- per copy. Please contact the Secretary, P.O. Box 2546, Christchurch.

FOR SALE

The following back numbers are now available at 3/- per copy.

December	**1957**	—	**1 copy**
March	**1958**	—	**1 copy**
December	**1958**	—	**9 copies**
March	**1959**	—	**1 copy**
June	**1959**	—	**1 copy**
September	**1959**	—	**30 copies**
December	**1959**	—	**23 copies**
March	**1960**	—	**12 copies**
June	**1960**	—	**16 copies**
September	**1960**	—	**2 copies**
December	**1960**	—	**2 copies**
June	**1961**	—	**14 copies**
December	**1961**	—	**5 copies**
June	**1962**	—	**8 copies**
September	**1962**	—	**8 copies**
December	**1962**	—	**32 copies**
March	**1963**	—	**36 copies**

To ensure immediate delivery of YOUR magazine please inform this office of any address changes. Club members PLEASE NOTE that as well as informing their Branch Secretary, they must also inform this office.

SOUTHLAND NOTES

by B. J. Barnes

The Annual Riverton Commemorative Rally will be held on Saturday, 22nd February, 1964. Separate routes are provided for Veteran and Vintage vehicles for the run out. Lunch, tests and judging of the concours are held at Riverton and a social evening and prize giving is held in Invercargill in the evening. Entry forms will be available from Branch Secretaries . Any

northern competitors can be assured of a warm welcome, and an enjoyable weekend.

Note: the run was originally planned for Saturday, 15th February, but it has had to be changed to the 22nd. The date in the national calendar is now incorrect.

The Haast Pass rally is arousing a considerable amount of enthusiasm in Southland, and the number of cars bought lately, and those on which work has restarted is amazing.

President Ray Eunson, has sold his Austin 7 to Neville Lindsay, and has obtained a 1925 Maxwell which he is proceeding to rejuvenate. Neighbour, Merv Coutts, has bought a 1928 Hupmobile 6 tourer in very good condition, complete to the vintage radio which still works. A 20/60 Vauxhall saloon, formerly the property of ex-member Pat Mulvey, has been bought I understand, by Messrs Casey and Kenyon. Colin Robertson has bought a 1928 Chev 4 tourer with a mileage of around the 40,000 mark. Russel Lindsay is working on his 1925 English bodied Dodge—the motor has been reconditioned, and work has started on the body. However, he recently purchased a 1924 Dodge from Timaru. It is a genuine one owner car, mileage 33,000, the hood has never been down, for the head brackets are still under the seat in their original wrappings, along with all the original tools. The back seat appears to have never been sat in, and the original paintwork is in quite good order, except for where the owner used to place his hand when cranking. Why he bothered to crank it is not known, for a starter is fitted and I believe it works effectively enough.

As well as these new acquisitions, Russell McIvor is working away on the 1913 Sunbeam and is making good progress. Prior to their departure for England a few years ago, Russell and brother Dave completely reconditioned the engine including the cutting of new skew gears.

Barrie Bain is making quiet progress on his rare Chalmer-Hoyer bodied 1924 Austin 12/4 Cabriolet. Haast is his goal, also.

New member, Bill McAnelly, has a 1926 Ford Beauty roadster which will soon be finished. Bill has put a lot of time into the restoration of the bodywork which was suffering somewhat from the ravages of rust.

Robbie Grant and son live a fairly isolated existence up in Balfour but are steadily working away on their vintage (Circa 1923) O.H.C. Delaunay-Belleville cabriolet. The once elegant Mann-Egerton body has been chopped into a truck, and truck wheels have replaced the original centre lock wooden wheels. However, it is an extremely worthwhile restoration project,

and it would make an excellent car for the Haast—how about it, Robbie?

Among the motorcycle brigade, Bluff enthusiast, Jim Cosgrove, is working on a vintage Harley-Davidson and he has about 5 more to restore when he has finished. Keith Prentice, who also hails from Bluff, has examples of Indian Scout, Prince, and Chief which are being restored. American bikes are poorly represented in Southland at the moment and when these two gents get their machines finished, it will help balance things.

Jim Lawry is making his usual faultless job on his 4 cyl. F.N. motorcycle which is progressing nicely. The Belsize has been temporarily put aside while the F.N. is being restored.

With a meticulous restoration of a 1924 Studebaker nearing completion by Walter McQuarrie, 1911 Silver Ghost well on the way at the hands of Ken MacMillan, Neil McMillan's 1927 Packard sedan coming on well, a 1924 Peugeot being worked on in fits and starts by your scribe (may be finished for Riverton), Ray Lindsay's 1911 Renault twin progressihg nicely, a Ford Beauty being restored by Larry Lindsay, and Warren Jordan fitting the original gearbox to his 1910 Humber, we should have some new cars on the road in Southland, shortly.

Rumour has it that other members are hunting for good vintage cars for the Haast, and some are contemplating restoration of machines already owned. This Haast Pass rally is going to be the best thing that has happened to the V.C.C. in this country for many a year.

TARANAKI NOTES by Ian Howell

The September meeting saw a record attendance of members, who were entertained with colour slides taken at the Easter Rally by members of the local Camera Club. Our thanks to this organisation for the excellent photography and also for their willingness to have prints made for the local members.

With an average attendance the October meeting rolled on its way with a film evening by courtesy of Firestone Tyres Ltd. Two of the films were based on the manufacture and testing of the tyres, with shots taken from most of the American Race Strips (The Brick Yard, etc.). The third film was centred around a Gliddon Tour and had shots of some magnificent cars, as well as the ubiquitous Model T's (which were present in every colour except black!).

One item of more than passing interest should be the Christmas party on December 14th. With a good attendance and the usual "Wine, Dine and Dance" style of proceedings there should be enjoyment for all.

Restoration around Taranaki has been proceeding slowly, mainly as time and money permit.

Rumour has it that the honourable President has been clearing the back yard so as to be able to get at the shed where his Lexington is stored. Apparently Keith is starting on the panel-beating.

A while back an enthusiast from the U.S.A., Merl Farnham, visited Keith and was interested in the Kircher Lexington (Merl has one back home). However, the news that Keith has three Lexingtons was too much for the poor chap and he took off post haste for Japan. (Apparently these sizeable vehicles aren't too easy to hide, and there is a scarcity of them in the U.S.)

On behalf of the Taranaki Branch I would like to wish everybody a Merry Christmas and a happy motoring year to come.

NORTHERN NATTER

With 35 entries, including two veterans and three motor cycles, this year's Hunua Hundred was undoubtedly the best ever staged by the Auckland Club. Organised by Barry Robert (last year's winner) and with no small amount of help from Stan Lambert, the run meandered through Tuakau, across the Great South Road to Maramarua, and then northward to the Lyons farm in the Mangatawhiri Valley. The first cars arriving at the farm were greeted by a delicious smell of spit roasted lamb that had been under watchful eyes from 7.30 in the morning until 12.30 dinnertime. Thanks are due to George Mihaljevich and Ron Jacob (now the proud father of a bonny girl) for this, and the palates of more than a hundred people are probably still savouring the taste of the treat. Mine certainly is.

Good support for this annual affair was given by Tauranga Club, and other competitors came from as far away as Northland, Hamilton and Te Puke. This is the sort of co-operation that makes for good relations throughout the centres, and we welcome it.

Progress to date on the North Island Rally planned for next Easter has been pleasing, and while we haven't been able to get the wholehearted sponsorship we'd hoped for, we have secured the assistance of the Castrol people,

who have undertaken to support us to a great extent. There was an idea floating around for a while about members themselves putting up the necessary funds for initial expenses by putting their entry fees into the kitty long in advance of the actual run. While this has obvious drawbacks, it does solve the problem of meeting bills for things like programme printing and all the hundred and one items that don't seem much on their own but which add up to more than the average club can handle—without diving head first with hands outstretched into the club's own funds. Anyone got any ideas on this?

There's been a lot of activity up here lately in the moving of cars and their restoration. Yours truly has got the body for the Delage; new member John Simpson (only lately arrived from the U.K.) has acquired a Sunbeam and is well into the bowels of it; and George Mihaljevich is doing a really tip-top job on his big Hudson. The (probably seasonal) rash of new members has brought a whole batch of new cars into the club, and there's a group of older members who are getting looks like firemen's helmets in their eyes as they gloat over the possibility of putting their brand on a Dennis fire engine. (It's rumoured that they want to knock their house insurance down.)

Can anyone remember a couple of years back how Auckland member John Rummery was having some trouble getting a new worm and wheel for his 1928 Hadfield Bean? Well he finally got one made, and the car is now in the hands of his father in Hastings undergoing the woodwork treatment. Story is that John isn't allowed to go near it apparently, and dad is having a great time. Looks like a new member in the making.

CANTERBURY NOTES

On the weekend of 12th and 13th October we held our opening run which took some twenty cars over back country roads to Akaroa. It is believed that Bill Luxton got stuck again and had to be pushed out. In the afternoon Norm King arranged some tests after which most of the boys adjourned to their lodgings? whilst some made their way back to town.

Results: Bill Luxton 1st, Ray Edwards (Model A) 2nd.

Labour weekend about ten cars went down to South Canterbury for the Mt. Cook Rally and had a perfect weekend motoring, even if some crews had a little mechanical trouble. Some of the other members went on a run to Rangiora.

Show weekend (November 15th, 16th and 17th) we held our Annual Rally. This year we had about 80 entries and it was good to see the out of town members competing especially the ones from as far afield at Motueka and Invercargill. On Friday night we held a display of the vehicles in the Barracks where they were parked overnight. This year we included a display of six Rolls Royce cars and also auctioned a 1926 Morris Oxford tourer. On Saturday morning the cars left from outside the Museum as usual and went straight to Brighton and then on separate routes around town, finishing up at Queen Elizabeth II Park where lunch was served. In the afternoon a few tests were held and the competitors who wished to had a friendly race around the track. The cars made their own way back to town as no route had been organised. In the evening the trophies were presented by Eric Walker at the dance. On Sunday a picnic was organised but as the weather was poor it was transferred to the clubrooms.

SUMP RUMBLINGS

Dave Bowman was seen motoring behind a Citroen recently with all the frame work for the body done, on his Bentley.

Pat Keating, who drove George Wright's Rolls in the Rally, did not get to the finish. He had a perfect excuse as the rotor in the distributor broke and as it would not be correct to tow a Rolls he spent two hours making up a rotor out of a cork, a nail and a pin. He hollowed out the cork so it would fit over the drive then held the nail on the top with the pin. By the evening he had done 20 miles with it and he was motoring back to Sheffield with a slightly modified one on the Sunday.

Andy Anderson has found the front axle for the T.T. Sunbeam.

Gavin Bain has purchased W. Jordon's three Litre Bentley.

WANTED: For 1924 23/60 Sunbeam long wheelbase model (11 ft. 5½ in.). Rear axle and torque tube assembly; Claudel Hobson carburettor; Autovac unit, and any other spares. John Simpson, 38 Bracken Avenue, Takapuna.

FOR SALE: Humbers! Having too many and too little space I must dispose of a very restorable 12/25 Saloon, Vee Windscreen, 4-door, all complete. Also 1912 11 h.p. chassis, wheels, 2 radiators, 3 engines, gearbox, etc. Offers to H. B. Foster, 52 Kilmarnock Street, Christchurch.

WANTED: Complete rear axle assembly for a 1923 Chevrolet, short spring model. A gearbox or any available parts for a 1924 Triumph 350 c.c. motorcycle. Also 32 in. x 4½ in. S.S. tyres in good order. Write, R. P. Shirreffs, 391 Thames Highway, Oamaru.

WANTED: Information 12/4 Austin 1927-28, short or long stroke models. Handbook to borrow or buy. D. Kay, 135 Idris Road, Christchurch. Dial 896, ask 935-852.

WANTED: For 1910-13 Wolseley Landau Body speaking tube complete; 2 King of Road side lamps; 1 King of Road taillamp, 4-volt Bosch vibrating coil, size dia. 2½ in., overall height 4¼ in. For 1902-03 Wolseley, 1 tail lamp, King of Road type, quantity of brass head-lead and nail insert, 2 good gig lamps, port brass adornments. S. T. Nolan, Hood Street, Hamilton.

FOR SALE: Chrysler 77 1930 Convertible Coupe, excellent condition, spare 4-speed gearbox, diff., etc. Will send colour photo to genuine enquirer and accept collect phone calls, 76-582, Palmerston North, 6-7 p.m. 21 North Street., Palmerston North.

FOR SALE: 1918 T Ford, approx. 500 miles since restoration. 5 new tyres and tubes. Paintwork requires touching up. Enquiries, B. Nicholls, Randolph Downs, Amberley, R.D.2.

FOR SALE: Owing to lack of space and time, I reluctantly offer both my Chrysler 66 and Chrysler Light 6 for sale. The 66 is in running order with good tyres and body, the motor is shot but still mobile. I have virtually a complete car for spares, the spare motor being very good. £35 or offer. The Chrysler 6, in fair order all round, has steel body and wire wheels, £25 or offer. Both cars would restore well for Haast Rally. Further details, Mike Poynton, Box 3102, Wellington.

WANTED to complete restoration job, Indian kick starter, left-hand external type (meshes with ratchet on face of clutch). M. C. Hockley, 155 Hastings Street, Christchurch.

FOR SALE: Four 4.50—5.00 by 21 in. tyres and wheels to suit Austin 12/4. Also 1925 Austin 12/4 mechanical parts. Robt. Thomson, 28 Junction Road, New Plymouth.

TYRES FOR SALE: A number of 24 in. straight sided 34 x 500, in good condition. C. Patchett, Box 136, Blenheim.

FOR SALE: 1925 5-passenger Duplex Phaeton Studebaker. Excellent condition, one owner, spare parts galore, handbook, etc. Price £150. Apply, L. Townshend, 300 Ruahine Street, Palmerston North.

WRECKING: 1923 Overland Model 92 Tourer. Most parts available. Wanted good Smiths Carburettor for Bullnose Morris Cowley. I. Benge, Main Road, Te Marua, Upper Hutt.

FOR SALE: Three brand new and unused Dunlop 880 x 120 Beaded Edge Tyres and tubes. Replies to A. W. Jones, Revans Street, Featherston.

PARTS WANTED for 1910 Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost, Nos. 1334 and 1338: Wheels and hubs, flush-mount fuel guage, Elliot speedometer, cylinder blocks, steering wheel, and Lucas No. 794 self-generating headlamps. Address inquiry to Ralph Dunwoodie, Harrah's Automobile Collection, Box 10, Reno, Nevada.

WANTED: For 1924-25 Chevrolet 4 cyl. "Superior" model, the following parts—Front guards, radiator cowling, bonnet, and front axle assembly. Robt. Thomson, 28 Junction Road, New Plymouth.

WANTED: Crankshaft for Ace, Indian Ace, or Indian 4, 1926 onwards, pressure fed. Also any other parts. M. Broad, 122 Easther Cres., Dunedin.

FOR SALE: Morris Cowley, 1925. New battery, magneto rewound, rubber reasonable. Spare parts included. £50. A. G. Slade, 10 Somerset Street, or Phone 79-734, Hamilton.

FOR SALE: Restored 1923 Rolls Royce 20. New upholstery and hood fitted, also repainted early 1962; 20 m.p.g. and mechanically sound. Price £950 o.n.o. For further details please contact H. Cornelder, jnr., 4 Mission Street, Tauranga, or Phone 1073S.

WANTED for a 1929 or '30 Harley Davidson 750 c.c., 5-6 h.p., Colt 45, a frame and forks, and/or any other bits. Will purchase or swap. Have '28 Austin 7 gearbox, range of new pistons, valves, etc. Bruce Anderson, 305 Remuera Road, Phone 50-324 (Business Hours).

WANTED: 33 x 5 and 700 x 19 Tyres. Must be sound. Apply: J. A. McLachlan, Lakeside, No. 3 R.D., Christchurch.

WANTED: Scintilla Type M4 magneto or parts, any other early Austin 7 parts or handbook. I have a number of handbooks of different makes for swaps. Contact Ross H. Haynes, 20 Kensington Road, Marton.

FOR SALE: 1925 Chrysler ½-ton Truck. Good order. Apply, Belfast Garage Ltd., or Phone 23-875 (Mr England).

IF anyone has among their junk a vintage hubcap bearing the letters "LF," would they please contact Mark Robinson, 8 Chatfield Place, Remuera, Auckland.

FOR SALE: 4 Artillery Wheels complete with tyres and tubes, 600 x 12. Also electrical spares from 1928 Nash, 2 generators, 1 starter, dashboard accessories, back axle, crown wheel and pinion. Offer. K. Oakenfull, 96 Caversham Valley Road, Dunedin.

SELL: Buick Sedan, 1928, under 60,000 miles, no rust or dents, upholstery good, uses no oil, very good tyres, known history, 4 owners, absolutely original and includes handbook. Offer to: Ross Haynes, 20 Kensington Road, Marton.

WANTED any "Scott" parts of any description, especially two-speed parts. Pilgrim oil pumps of any description; also a 1925/30 model, preferably sports side-car. B. R. Bryan, 29 Sackville Street, Fitzroy, New Plymouth.

WANTED: Vintage Sporting M/C. Special interest in genuine dirt or grass track machine of the 1920's. State history if known when replying to D. Rockel, C/o. High School, Mangakino.

HARRY PULFER
P.O. BOX 526 — 91014
LA CRESCENTA, CALIFORNIA

I want and will Buy — Sell — Trade for Script Nameplates, Enamel Emblems, Body, Sill, Dash, Registration, Serial Number Plates. Hub Caps. Model T Parts and Speed Equipment. Model T and A Books, Ads. and Catalogues. Service Bulletins, Owners Manuals, Instruction Books. Old Auto Magazines. Motometers, Mascots, Lalique, Minis.
100,000 Ads., Clippings.

WANTED: Windscreen and weather equipment for 1929/31 Swift 10 Tourer; also 1926/30 Levis 2-stroke M.C. or parts. H. D. Kidd, Box 99, Auckland.

FOR SALE: Rare early model 4-valve Riccardo Triumph. Mobile, in original condition. Engine and gearbox reconditioned. Excellent Haast Pass motorcycle. What offers? R. McIvor, 391 Elles Road Nth., Invercargill.

Whether VETERAN, EDWARDIAN, VINTAGE or MODERN – they all need

The LESCO POUR-A-CAN

Stand It Up or Lay It Flat It Will Not Leak or Smell

Available from Your Garage or Service Station

Manufactured under ALLBOYS Licence by

SOUTHWARD ENGINEERING CO. LTD.

Seaview, Lower Hutt

Every British car manufacturer officially approves

CASTROL 'balanced' SUPERGRADES

Always ask for **CASTROL** 'balanced' SUPERGRADES — *by name*

CASTROLITE - CASTROL XL

Castrol MOTOR OIL

5569

Advertising enquiries to be addressed to the Advertising Manager, 20 Hackthorne Road, Christchurch, S.2. Published by Vintage Car Club of N.Z. Incorporated and printed by A. E. Purse Limited, 233 Manchester Street, Christchurch, New Zealand. Registered at the G.P.O. Wellington, for transmission as a magazine, etc.