Darlington Dipsticks
of Western Australia Inc.
Reg. No. A1020879F

PO Box 176
Darlington
Western Australia
6070
Phone: (08) 9252 1050

Eleventh Edition
Nov/Dec 2022

The Dipsticks' Rag

Magazine of the Darlington Dipsticks of Western Australia Inc.

(Registration No: A1020879F)

Eleventh Edition, November 2022

Management Committee:		
President:	Ben Smeeton	smeetos@hotmail.com
Vice President:	David Pole 0402 593 888	davidpole@aussiebb.com.au
Secretary:	Bindy Datson 0418 959 932	bindy@actis.com.au
Treasurer:	Peter Moore	pmoore49@westnet.com.au
Editor/Publisher:	Bindy Datson 0418 959 932	bindy@actis.com.au
Officers:		
Membership:		
Events/Runs:	Phil Vile	philvile@iinet.net.au
	David Pole 0402 593 888	davidpole@aussiebb.com.au
	Richard Palmer	richard@johnvalves.com.au
Librarian:	Bob Simpson	bobsimpson57@icloud.com
Concessional:	Peter Moore (Co-ordinator)	pmoore49@westnet.com.au
	Mike Stoney 0410 082 646	mikesjag238@gmail.com
	Alasdair Smith 0449 629 921	awgs23@hotmail.com
Registration:		
Webmaster:	Ben Smeeton	smeetos@hotmail.com
Bank Details:	Contact the Treasurer.	

The Darlington Dipsticks meet on the first Thursday of each month.

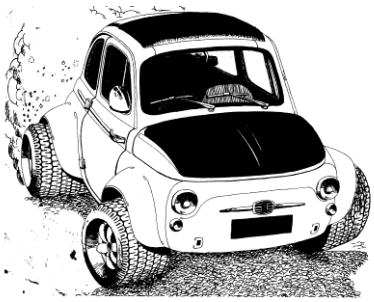
Articles within this magazine, except if marked copyright ©, may be reproduced but acknowledgment to The Dipsticks' Rag would be appreciated.

Editor's Comment:

Check out the website at: www.darlingtondipsticks.com

The website is still basic but does have a link for those on Concessional Licensing to advise administration of a proposed private run. In the future the website will host administration details, vehicle registers, calendars and information, with varying privacy layers. There will be capability for members to upload photos and information for sharing with others. Our Dipsticks Rag will be uploaded for your entertainment also 😊

As always, thanks to those contributors who have put pen to paper for our enjoyment 😊



Contents

Clive Ball: Blodwen, my first Austin Seven 4

John and Marie: What is this car? 9

Mike Stoney: Dad's First Car 11

Marie and John: It seemed like a good idea – and it was. Part 3 13

Bindy Datson: Darlington Arts Festival 2022 18

Bindy: Red Dust Revival 2022 – Lake Perkolilli 20

- Ellie Mae Dodge at Perkolilli 21
- Perkolilli Polly at Perkolilli 22
- Emblems 24
- Racing 26

Bindy Datson: Code 404 Concessional Licensing Terms and Conditions 28

Tradespeople Listing 29

Clive Ball: Blodwen, my first Austin Seven

<u>Characters</u>: Adrian, Tony, Colin and yours truly, all fellow student-apprentices in Welwyn Garden City (just north of London) in the early 1960s. Bear in mind that in those days, the pittance a first-year apprentice received barely covered the cost of his board and lodging.

When I turned 17, Grandad gave me a 1920 Model T Ford which he'd had in a shed for 30-odd years. After some self-taught fettling, advice from Thomas the Garage, and a coat of paint, I drove it up from west Wales (about 250 miles) and used it for a few months as daily transport, much to the disgust of my landlady, who asked me to park it at the end of the road – what *would* the neighbours think of her with that old thing outside?

<u>The Model T with me on a run with a friend</u>

Thus, I came to meet, and pal up with Adrian, who was running a 1930 Austin 7 Saloon he'd named "Josephine". He commuted daily from his home in nearby Broxbourne, and I was very impressed by his little car, which used much less petrol than my Model T, was relatively waterproof, and a lot easier to start. Adrian, Tony and I used to pile into Josephine and drive to the town centre at lunch times; I generally sat in the back and Tony established the left turn hand signal protocol with Adrian – "You twiddle, and I'll stick."

Josephine was painted bright blue and black and equipped with a push bike's bulb hooter to warn unwary pedestrians. Most of the interior trim had long since disappeared, apart from a piece of brown leathercloth which served as a roof lining, and which used to detach itself from its tacks and flap if the windows were opened. The C-clip in the gearbox had broken, so the main shaft used to run out and cause the fabric coupling's nuts to make wonderful sounds as they argued with the handbrake lever. After a while, Adrian put some copper coins of the realm in the cardan housing which cured the symptoms if not the problem.

With the end of summer approaching, I took the Model T back to Wales, as I had nowhere to garage it through the winter. I also changed lodgings and moved in with Bill and Rose Baillie, sharing a room with Colin who came from Swansea. After cycling to work for a few weeks I decided to get another car and having liked Josephine, looked out for an Austin 7. Colin, with an eye to cheap weekend runs to Wales, said he'd go halves with me.

The *Exchange and Mart* was a good publication to find second-hand cars. Sure enough, there was one in Hornsey, in north London:

FOR SALE: 1932 Austin Seven Saloon, good runner, suit beatniks or clergy, £10.

Colin and I went down by train after work. It was dark and raining when we arrived. The merchandise was parked under a streetlamp and glistened tantalizingly in the dim glow. The vendor took us for a test run. The fact that he had to push it to start didn't put us off, neither did the howl from the rear axle. He pocketed our £10 gleefully and we set off home up the A1. On the way, we decided to give the car a Welsh name and called her Blodwen.

Next morning, in the cold light of day, Blodwen didn't look quite so good. The tyres were almost bald, each wheel had broken or missing spokes, and the front spring was broken. The red and black paintwork, which had sparkled under the streetlamp, was a generous crust of household paint apparently applied with a broom, and tufts of grass sprouted from the roof gutters and between the running boards and body. Colin took one look, gulped, and demanded (and got!) his £5 share back.

Luckily, there was a wrecker's yard not far away, run by Arthur Bennett, a Steptoe-like character with cloth cap, greasy scarf, stubbly chin and home-rolled fag permanently glued to his lip. "Arfur Bennett, known the world over," he announced importantly, then seeing my disbelieving look, corrected himself, "Well, *nearly* all the world!" I haggled and got a replacement front spring and four wheels for two quid, which solved my immediate needs and emptied my savings account.

Blodwen's first major outing was to follow the veteran cars from London to Brighton in November 1960. Colin came with me. The run down was uneventful, but the fan belt broke just as we set off home; they were obsolete even then, but a helpful garage man cut a band from an old inner tube, which did the job. In south London the generator gave up; even driving on parking lights didn't get us very far with the dodgy battery. There was nothing for it but to ring Adrian who brought a spare generator in his dad's car. On our way again, the axle moan suddenly got louder and nastier and we just made it to Welwyn Garden City, with Colin now totally convinced that he'd been wise to back out of the deal.

A 1932 Austin 7 Saloon similar to Blodwen, but in rather better condition!

A few weeks went by. I was flat broke and couldn't fix the car. Then Mum sent me a couple of quid for Christmas. Whoopee: off I went to Arthur Bennett and bought a complete rear axle. Unfortunately, it was off a short chassis car and Blodwen's was wider. Not to worry! Bill Baillie kindly let me use his garage which was situated in a complex of 50, about half a mile away. It was New Year's Eve. I set to work to use the best bits of both axles to make a good one. The day wore on; evening came, and Colin and Tony called round to tempt me to come out and celebrate the New Year. No, I was going to get the car mobile. The hours went by; the concrete floor was freezing. Stiff and cramped, I did up the last few bolts around 1 am as my dim torch finally died. Now to try it! I wound the crank, got in and selected reverse. Bang! I hit the wall in front. A horrible sick feeling – I engaged first gear and reversed out of the garage, changing gear as I went. Three reverse gears and one forward! Round the complex and back into the garage. I switched off the engine and laughed like a maniac.

With the axle finally sorted and a new battery, it was time to try a weekend run home to Wales. Colin and I set off after work at 6 pm and reached Swansea six hours later with no problems. I had a further 40 miles to go; as I approached our village a hole blew through the muffler and livened things up a bit. ("We heard you arriving last night", said Mrs Davies, Opposite, with a meaningful look.) A piece cut from an old tin can and a couple of large hose clips fixed the muffler and there were no dramas on the way back, except that Colin's parents wanted to pay his train fare to make sure he arrived!

Blodwen was reasonably reliable now, with problems few and far between. I made small improvements as I could afford them, including fitting a pair of Wipac headlamp units into the Austin shells – these gave a much better light, and dipped properly.

I joined a local drama group, who were staging Dylan Thomas's *Under Milk Wood*, and played the Reverend Eli Jenkins. The show ran for a week. Just before the first night, I got a letter from my great-aunt in Wandsworth, south of London, asking if I could come and stay. Uncle was very ill, and she would appreciate having someone there, in case he needed the doctor in the night. I was happy to oblige, but it meant long days: up early, a drive across London to work, the evening's performance, then the drive back across London again. Blodwen behaved herself all the week and saved her trump card for the last night.

On my way home after the play's last performance on the Saturday, I toiled up a hill on the A1 just before joining the North Circular Road, when the engine made a horrible clatter and died. It didn't take long to confirm that the crankshaft had broken. I managed to push the car over the brow of the hill and freewheel down the other side, through the traffic lights which luckily stayed green, turned right on to the North Circular and coasted into a lay-by, where I left Blodwen looking forlorn. It was late and public transport had stopped running. I suddenly realized I still had my stage makeup on – I looked like Dracula! (As the play had a large cast and backstage facilities were very cramped, I'd been cleaning off my makeup when I got back to Aunty's.) Hastily wiping off what I could with an oily rag, I tried to hitch a lift; eventually someone stopped and took me most of the way. I arrived very late, glad that tomorrow was Sunday!

In the morning a neighbour of Aunty's kindly towed Blodwen to her house and introduced me to a friend who just happened to have an Austin 7 engine in his shed. It was mine for nothing – he could use the space, he said! By the evening Blodwen was mobile again and I drove to work on Monday morning as if nothing had happened. On Wednesday I came home to find that Uncle had died; after the funeral other relatives took care of Aunty, and I returned to Welwyn Garden City.

I got a bit more ambitious for Blodwen. The old engine block and pistons were still usable, so I opened out the inlet ports, relieved the block, flattened the tappets and fitted a high-compression head, side-draught manifold and carburettor (all for ten bob from Arfur). She had noticeably more power now and went faster, but as all the brakes were oily, stopping became an issue and more than once I had to run on to the verge to avoid something that had stopped suddenly in front of me.

Back to Arfur's again. "This any good to yer?" he asked, waving a Bowdenex front brake conversion at me, "Two quid!" "One!" "OK, one it is". With new felt seals in the hubs, and relined brakes, things were much better. Then I saw a brand-new SU carburettor for sale in an accessory shop for £1. It was for a side-valve Morris Minor and bolted straight on in place of the Zenith, which was badly worn. Blodwen now ran and stopped quite respectably, and I planned another trip to Wales with Colin.

All went well until we ran into a heavy rainstorm on appropriately named Stormy Down, near Port Talbot. I pulled over and stopped as I couldn't see a thing. When things had calmed a bit, Blodwen flatly refused to start. We had petrol, sparks, but no go. I was about to tear my hair out after half an hour without success when I happened to put my finger in the carburettor's air intake and found the damper piston jammed shut. It hadn't occurred to me to oil the new carby! Blodwen behaved herself for the rest of the trip.

1961 wore on and the summer came. "How about a 2-car Austin 7 run down to Wales?" suggested Adrian brightly one day. Great idea: next weekend, we decided. Tony and Colin were in on it too. Off we set, enjoying daylight until after 10 pm, Blodwen and Josephine on their best behaviour. We dropped Colin and Tony off in Swansea, continued on to Mum's, and had a great weekend.

On the return trip things started going badly wrong. Realising that Adrian wasn't following me I turned back to look for him and found him looking very glum. A sump bolt had fallen out and he'd lost all the oil. We found a bolt to fit and scraped up enough oil between us to half-fill the sump, but the big ends were knocking ominously. We filled up with oil at the next garage with little improvement. Collecting Colin and

Tony, we decided to press on regardless, but it was very slow progress and soon Josephine sounded her death rattle. Adrian produced a tow rope and we trundled along for some distance until Blodwen's clutch began to slip as we went up a hill…..

We stopped to confer. Clearly, we'd never get back to Hertfordshire like this. The only sensible course was to abandon Josephine. There was a garage a little way ahead and we headed there. The owner gave us permission to put Josephine on some waste land nearby.
We transferred Adrian and Tony into Blodwen, together with their luggage, Josephine's radiator, battery and sundry other bits and pieces which Adrian insisted on salvaging. (He eventually sold the rest of the car to a local enthusiast.)

Off we set again, rather more slowly than before, with the rear wheel arches rubbing on the tyres on bumps and bends. The hours crept by. Around 1am we reached the outskirts of St Albans, where the generator expired. As I poked about under the bonnet, a police car drew up. Having satisfied himself that we were not stealing the car, the Law decided to make helpful remarks. It was the weekend before MOT annual tests were going to be introduced for cars aged ten years and older, and this was a good topic for conversation. "Off the road next Tuesday, then?" said the Law, more of a statement than a question. "Bullshit!" came a muffled response from the depths of the back seat. The Law looked puzzled and shone his torch into the car where Adrian and Tony were barely visible under the pile of luggage and car parts. "Gawd Awlmighty, Bert, there's two MORE of' em in 'ere," he gasped to his mate." "Well, we'd better be going," I said, bidding the cops goodnight and driving off.

When we were far enough away I drove on parking lights wherever possible to save the battery. I dropped Colin and Tony off in Welwyn Garden City and took Adrian home to Broxbourne. He urged me to keep his battery in case mine ran out – a good move, as it did! I finally reached my lodgings about 4.30 am – it was hardly worth going to bed. Boy, was I tired the next day!

On Tuesday morning, I got a letter from Mum telling me that Dad's cousin had left me £350 in her will. I decided to forgo the MOT test for Blodwen and advertised her for sale 'as is' for £10 in the *Exchange and Mart*. Much to my surprise she sold immediately to a local farmer for his teenage son to drive around the fields. Soon afterwards, I bought a brand new Mini van – in those days there was no purchase tax on vans in the UK, which made them considerably cheaper than the equivalent car. The trade-off was that you couldn't legally exceed 40 miles per hour. Of course, I never did – but it's amazing how quickly Colin and I used to get down to Wales……

John and Marie: What is this car?

This car was featured in a past issue and Club members were asked to guess the make. The following is some blurb on the 1951 Marauder.

1951 MARAUDER

Based on thé early Rover P4 '75', the Marauder was a bold venture intended as a quality sports tourer. It was conceived by three Rover employees, George Mackie, Spen King and Peter Wilks (who was the nephew of Rover's managing director). Their connections helped to secure a supply of chassis, engines and other parts from Rover. The bodywork was made by Richard Mead, in whose factory at Dorridge, Birmingham, the Marauder Company set up shop.

The car was launched to the press in August 1950 and a Marauder was displayed at the Geneva Motor Show in the following spring. The success they hoped for was not forthcoming as the Marauder turned out to be rather expensive. Just fifteen cars (including the prototype) were made before production ceased in 1952.

The car on display was sold to a flight lieutenant R Swain in 1951. He kept the vehicle until 1974 when he sold it to George Mackie, one of the car's original designers. Mackie completely restored the car before selling it on in 1985.

Mike Stoney: Dad's First Car

Once upon a time, in a land far, far away, lived a bank teller, his wife and three children. They lived in a small fishing / farming town called Stonehaven, 15 miles south of Aberdeen in the northeast of Scotland.

My father was this man.

Dad had been taught to drive trucks in the army, like most soldiers in the war. However, his experience of driving cars after the war was very limited. Quite how he got his license is a bit of a mystery to me, but I suspect it was once round the block with one of the local police in the passenger seat, and if he did not hit anything then he passed!

Having obtained his license, he would then hire a car for the family holiday. One poor car that dad selected was a Hillman Husky, an estate version of the Hillman Minx. Things did not go well as the car suffered a failed (burnt out) clutch whist trying to get the car off a ferry. So here he was stuck with wife and two kids in a remote area of the Scottish Highlands…. I recall me doing a lot of fishing off the ferry pier….

His next victim was a Riley 1.5, this car proved too powerful as he spun the back wheels every time he tried to take off. He found it frightening.

This was post war Britain, money was very scarce and food rationing was just coming to an end. I was around 10 when dad decided he was going to buy a car for the family. It had to be large enough to transport 4 adults on holiday trips etc. My sister was the eldest and had just got married, so there was no seat in the car for her. She had also moved from Stonehaven to Oxford, so the car had to be able to make this long journey on 1960's roads which were appalling, narrow, badly maintained and choked with cars and trucks. Dad finally decided that a second hand 1957 Ford Consul Mk2 would fit the bill as it was no rocket ship and was well built to take a bit of abuse - and so it came to pass that OSA229 arrived at our front door. It was black with lots of chrome and cut quite a dash on our council estate roads. Yes, we lived in one of the many brand-new council estates that sprang up all over the countryside in post war Britain (think state housing commission). (Photo to compare, not Dad's car)

For those of you unfamiliar with the Mk2 Ford Consul the engine was a 4-cylinder overhead valve of 1702cc driving through a 3 speed gearbox with no synchromesh on first gear. OSA229 was an early model Mk2, latterly known as the High line, this was superseded by the later Mk2 referred to as the Low line (surprise). Mechanically they were very similar. One of the Ford quirks of the time was vacuum wipers. The wipers were powered by vacuum off the engine inlet manifold. The result being when you accelerated,

the wipers would all but stop, and when you lifted off the accelerator the wipers would then speed up and thrash about madly!

As previously said, the Consul had no performance ambitions. Tied with a three-speed gearbox the engine struggled. Acceleration was a word not used in context, particularly when attempting to pass a truck going uphill in the rain! (Note that in the early 1960's most trucks and buses could barely manage 35/ 40MPH flat out on the level and hills would reduce this to around 15 to 20mph) The Consul was much happier bumbling along on dual carriageways and on short sections of the new-fangled motorways. 60/65 MPH was a comfortable cruising speed for Ozzy (as it was then known). (The maximum speed of the Consul was around 78mph)

Meantime, Jaguars were flying past at double that speed (125MPH) such were the speed differentials on the roads between trucks, family cars, Jaguars and the like in those early motorway times.

OSA229 did numerous trips and generally served us well. Mechanically it just ran and ran. However harsh Scottish winters with salt and grit on the roads was eating at the underside of the car at a prodigious rate. Dad became a dab hand at applying fiberglass and filler whilst parked in the street…we had no garage or carport, so the car sat outside in all weather, slowly dissolving.

By 1968, we had moved twice due to Dad's promotion in the bank and with changed family circumstances, poor old Ozzy was at last traded in on a new Ford Escort 1300 XL in metallic green. The new Escort was not well liked and that in turn led to another Escort, this time a 1300GT…. That's a whole different story.

Marie and John: It seemed like a good idea – and it was. Part 3

Woodward Avenue was much quieter on Sunday morning as we made our way to the Detroit CBD and the Detroit-Windsor Tunnel for the 1-mile journey under the Detroit River into Canada. Before leaving Oz we had purchased a Carnet de Passage (CdP) that would allow us, legally, to take the car into Canada and we presented the document to the Canadian border officials. After scratching heads and much discussion, they decided that they didn't need to complete the paperwork (and who are we to doubt their knowledge of the legislation?) and handed it back to us with our passports duly stamped.

The decision to cross into Canada at this point was twofold. The journey to our next destination would be much shorter and it would give us the opportunity to see Niagara Falls from the Canadian side where the views of the Falls are reportedly (and we can now confirm) much better than from the U.S. (the Canadian lady at the Falls tourist office counter was a footy fan and Eagles supporter!)

Fortunately, we arrived at the Falls early and managed to get our photos before the hordes of selfie stick toting tourists filled every available vantage point. We then had to make it back into the U.S. and from our vantage point we could see that the popular "Rainbow Bridge" crossing was jammed with traffic, so we headed north to the Queenston-Lewiston Bridge, which was a little quieter, but not much. The young lady U.S. border official didn't know what to make of the CdP and passed us on to a higher authority who was also a little bemused by it. Eventually this officer decided that he needed to fill out the CdP (even though it has no legal application in the U.S.!) and, duly signed and stamped, he handed it back to us and we were on our way.

Our next rod-related event was a week or so away in New Hampshire and we arranged to catch up with friend Jim who lives in upper New York State. Over a couple of days, we managed to fill in all the gaps of our respective lives and travels since we had last seen him some 5 years earlier. Carrying on our north-eastern journey we took another short cut from Plattsburg, New York State to Grand Isle, Vermont on the Lake Champlain Ferry and, 131 miles later, we were in Colebrook, New Hampshire.

Another of Marie's discoveries, Colebrook and the neighbouring town of Canaan in Vermont are joint hosts of the annual Moose Festival. The title was intriguing enough but some of the attractions – maple syrup tasting, the moose calling contest and cow plop bingo also tickled our fancy. Best of all, the Festival had a car show and we entered Wyvonne in it. This mega event (not) begins on a Friday evening with a parade of cars through Colebrook with the main show and activities on Saturday held in Canaan.

As usual the novelty value of the “Vaarkshawl” and its Australian registration plate piqued the interest of the crowds and the officials resulting in a video interview by a journalist from the Colebrook Chronicle, a front-page story in “The News and Sentinel” and we carried home the second-place trophy in the Street Rod division (another 30 seconds of fame).

An early start next morning with a longish drive from northwest New Hampshire to southeast Maine and the top of Cadillac Mountain in the Acadia National Park to take in the panoramic views of the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Maine. Apart from tyre issues Wyvonne had successfully carried us 5,834 miles (9,336 kms) from the Pacific Ocean at Tacoma, Washington State to the Atlantic in 45 days with an average fuel consumption of 27.7 miles per U.S. gallon (11.1 litres per 100km).

The next stage of our adventure was to be a visit to the Canadian Atlantic Provinces to take in two more shows. We drove from Eastport, Maine to the U.S./Canadian border at St. Stephen where we had more fun and games trying to get the Carnet de Passage signed off by U.S. Customs and then signed on again by Canada but eventually they obliged and we headed off into the Province of New Brunswick.

St John is the largest city in New Brunswick and has quite a history to it, so we decided to spend some time there. We had parked Wyvonne on a side street near King’s Square and as we were getting into her to move on a man called out “you’ve made my boy’s day!”. He explained that the boy and his mother were having a competition to see who could spot a vehicle number plate from outside of Canada and the U.S., the object being to spot the one most distant from St John. Mum had seen one from Germany and had told her son he wouldn’t ever be able to beat that – guess what, she was wrong, and Dad had taken a photo to prove it.

Our next rod show attendance was on Prince Edward Island and on the way there we took on tourist personas visiting the Bay of Fundy (famous for its high tides) and at low tide walked on the “beach” that a few hours later, at high tide, would be under 40 feet of water. Our journey tracked north, and we crossed the 8 mile long Confederation Bridge that connects Prince Edward Island to the Canadian mainland. Ex-tropical storm Erin saw to it that we had an exciting and damp crossing with torrential rain and high winds buffeting the car. Mid-20th century convertibles are not watertight and the winds were threatening to tear the roof off.

Fortunately, the day of the 6th Annual Brackley Street Machine and Hot Rod Show dawned bright and sunny and we motored to the Brackley Beach Drive-In where the show was being held. There were quite a few local cars and many more had crossed the bridge or ferried from the mainland but once again we were the true outsiders. However, we weren’t the only Vauxhall there as we spotted one other, albeit a later (early 60s) model. No big awards at this show but Wyvonne did make the top 25.

Another discovery that surprised us was that not only is the drive-in flourishing in its 60th year it's also expanding with an additional screen/facility being built on adjacent land. The existing theatre has double bills on screening nights featuring up to date releases with themed gatherings for holidays (e.g. "Trunk or Treat" for Hallowe'en). They even have parking spaces for large RVs!

Rather than making the return journey to the mainland by way of the bridge we took the ferry to Nova Scotia and visited the capital Halifax before making tracks to Sherbrooke Village to attend the "25th Annual Sherbrooke Show and Shine". Unfortunately, Dorian was also heading that way – Hurricane Dorian that is. It was forecast to hit the eastern shore of Nova Scotia within the next couple of days and we got word that the show had been postponed. We started checking the local weather forecast and realised that if we didn't move quickly, we would be directly in Dorian's path. So started a 300 mile dash westward into New Brunswick to avoid the worst of the storm.

We took shelter at a country "Air BnB" property and our hosts, Doug and Ines moved their new tractor out of the barn so that Wyvonne could be stored out of the weather. We hunkered down for a couple of days while strong winds and heavy rain lashed the area but apart from a few broken branches there was no real damage. However, 300 miles to the east it was a very different story with uprooted trees, downed power lines and flash floods.

The country roads in Canada (certainly in the area we were in) are not the best and after crashing through a badly potholed section Wyvonne's tailpipe decided to part company from the muffler. The break occurred right at the muffler outlet necessitating a 78-mile trip to the nearest large town, Fredericton, for a new one. The border crossing back into the U.S. was pretty painless. The Canadian Customs staff were up to speed on the sign off requirements of the Carnet de Passage and unlike the previous border crossings we didn't have to give them any advice on completion of the form. Their U.S. counterpart quickly dispensed with the formalities, and we were soon on the road in Maine. Our three weeks in the Canadian Maritimes/Atlantic Provinces had been very good and we had enjoyed warm hospitality wherever we travelled. We'll be back.

Burlington, Vermont was the location for our next "big weekend", the NSRA Northeast Street Rod Nationals. A slightly smaller event than the "national" Nationals with 1200 entrants rather than 12,000 but still plenty to see and do (including yet another wash and brush up for Wyvonne). We walked up and down the rows of cars on display and, in a fit of madness, spent up big at the NSRA merchandise stand - you can never have too many event T shirts!

We caught up with bearded Bob Balkow from Connecticut who was a co-roadtourian on the trip from Lincoln to the Nationals at Louisville. He told us that Mario, from Quebec, another co-roadtourian was also attending this event and we had all been invited to a barbecue at a property on the shores of Lake Champlain about an hour from Burlington. We felt a bit awkward as we didn't really know anyone other than Bob, but the hosts, Charles and Patricia made us feel very welcome and we were introduced to Dave and Kathy plus John, Mario's travelling companion. We had an excellent evening listening to Dave's stories of car repossessions from recalcitrant debtors across the U.S. (amongst other businesses Dave owns a car dealership).

Ken and Ellie Butler, a couple we had met at the Moose Festival, told us that they were taking their car to Burlington, so we kept an eye out for their maroon 1933 Chevrolet roadster and eventually spotted it in a quiet corner. They were busily writing up notes about the car as it had won an award and was to be featured in an edition of the NSRA "Streetscene" magazine. Ken has turned the Chevy in a Ford thing on its head by fitting the roadster body to a shortened '40 Ford chassis and using a flathead powerplant.

We had nominated for the "Long Distance" award but, unlike our previous award in this category at the Nationals in Louisville, the rules called for the car to have been driven to the event, rather than trailered or shipped there, from a point within the United States. As we had started out in Tacoma, Washington State we thought we might be in with a chance but again we didn't know whether there were any entrants from further afield. It wasn't until 5 o'clock on Saturday evening that we were summoned to the NSRA officials booth where we were informed that we had travelled the furthest distance (2,959 miles/4,762 kms) and needed to be in the award winners circle at 9.00 am the next morning.

What was to be our last event in the U.S. was a few hundred miles south in Manchester, Maryland. The Harvest Festival Collector Car Show was organised by the Chesapeake Chapter of the Antique Automobile Club of America and a diverse range of vehicles were being exhibited from the latest model Chevrolet Corvette back to immaculately restored early 20th century "buggies". Wyvonne received a lot of attention (again) and picked up a "Top 40" award. We were interviewed by the National Director of the A.A.C.A. (who, incidentally, also owns a street rod) and Wyvonne was to be featured in the club's magazine.

On the morning of the show, whilst travelling to Manchester, Wyvonne's brake pedal return spring went ping! and was never to be seen again. Luckily, there were three auto parts stores in close proximity to each other and on the second try we were able to source a suitable replacement which we fitted there and then in the store car park.

During the tour we had debated whether we should ship the car back home from Los Angeles or Baltimore on the eastern seaboard. The decision was made for us when we discovered that, if we shipped from the west coast then Wyvonne would have to be transhipped from one vessel to another in Panama (and would probably have to sit on the docks there for a couple of weeks). From Baltimore she would remain on the same ship until she reached Fremantle so no guesses as to which one we chose. We duly delivered her to the Baltimore port for fumigation and loading onto the Ro-Ro carrier.

Wyvonne's Americas Tour had been a fantastic adventure. Apart from one or two minor issues along the way she performed faultlessly covering 9,275 miles (14,926 kms) in 84 days and we acquired a bucket load of great memories which, thanks to our travelogues and photos, we will be able to recall in our dotage.

Would we do it again? In a heartbeat!

Bindy Datson: Darlington Arts Festival 2022

Another Darlington Arts Festival has come and gone and I would have to say our Club is getting very good at setting up 'camp' for the weekend. By 8.30am the double gazebo was set up with our banner, flag, sofa and other seating ready for a relaxing weekend!

The weather was kind to us during the day with cool breezes in the morning, warming in the afternoon but overnight strong winds came up that damaged some of the Festival tents – the security guys did a sterling job of saving and securing tents and gazebos, including ours – thanks to them 😊 Luckily Dave had decided to load most of our 'stuff' onto his ute rather than leave it at the site, so other than being damp, everything was intact.

We had a good showing of Club cars with lots of variety and Malcolm brought his rickshaw to add extra interest to our display.

Darlington
Dipsticks

Bindy: Red Dust Revival 2022 – Lake Perkolilli

The 2022 Lake Perkolilli Red Dust Revival classic car event was held between the 19th and 25th September at a red clay pan north of Kalgoorlie and near the abandoned historic town of Kanowna.

A few of our members made the trip up to 'Kal' to see the event – Peter Moore volunteered to be a track marshal and was there from beginning to end – others came up from Perth during the week to see later 'racing'. Mark and I travelled up on Friday to see the weekend events.

There was some concern that there might be rain during the week which could turn the site into a red quagmire, but the rain gods held off, and the days were warm and sunny and not too windy.

Most of our Club members were staying in the same hotel in 'Kal' so were able to get together for evening meals.

Saturday began mild, and dust levels were not too bad but as the day warmed and a brisk breeze started up, copious clouds of dust rolled off the track as cars went by, settling over crowd and cars. By the end of the day my hair had turned orange and stiff – reminder to self to bring a scarf to the next Red Dust Revival 😊

Racing at Perkolilli is not really racing – during the week cars (and bikes) had been evaluated as to their speed and similarity and had been put into groups, resulting in trial events with evenly matched vehicles. The best matched cars were able to cross the finish line abreast which made for some impressive photo finishes!

Ellie Mae Dodge at Perkolilli

The 1927 Dodge was a barn find from Max Wellstead's property in Bremer Bay.

Club members began to prepare the car to be a Perkolilli racer with the idea of having a Dipsticks vehicle to cheer on. A lot of work was carried out on the Dodge but as time marched on it was apparent that there were too many issues with the car – the biggest was the lack of a clean dry space to store and work on the vehicle. The engine was problematic with too much wear and tear and too expensive to recondition, even though several other engines were located for parts.

Gus and Ellie Mae Dodge

Eventually it was decided to sell the car to give someone else the chance to give her another life. Gus and another couple of friends bought Ellie Mae and with a nice workshop to store and work on her, she was reincarnated into a Perkolilli racer and entered into the Red Dust Revival 2022. The following are some photos of Ellie Mae at the event.

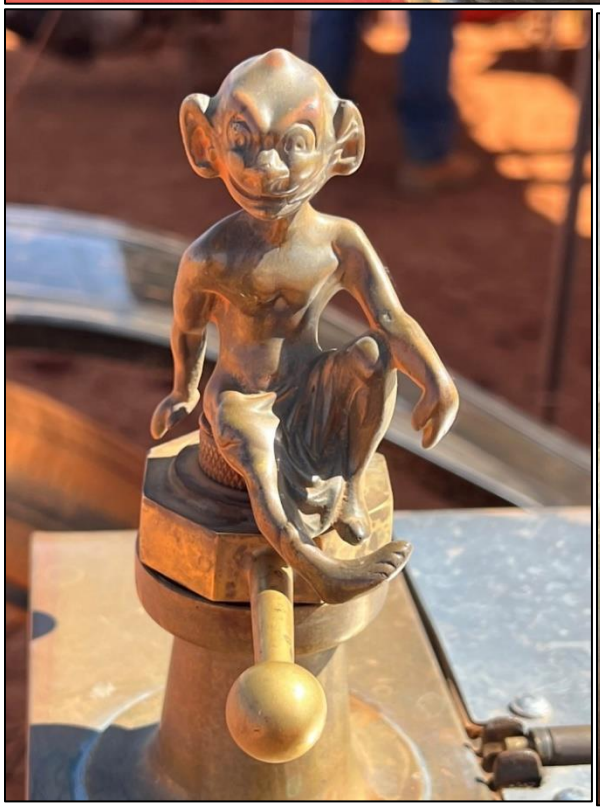
Perkolilli Polly at Perkolilli

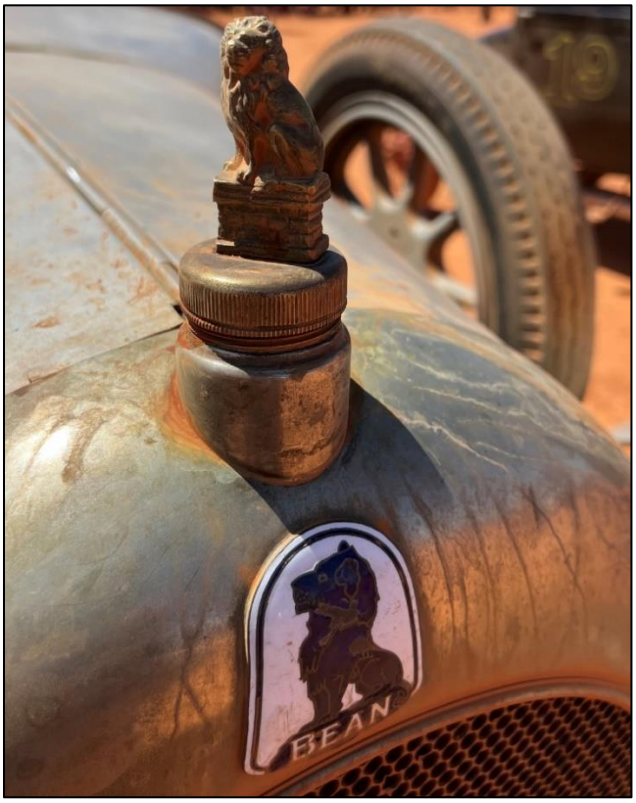
After the Dodge was sold some Club members were still keen to get to Perkolilli with a 'Club' car to cheer on. Raima found a lovely little Austin 8 in very good condition, bought her and she was christened Perkolilli Polly. Peter Moore and Dave Pole helped to iron out some issues with Polly and she was Perkolilli ready. Unfortunately, Raima decided to sell Polly due to health issues, but Polly made it to Perkolilli with her new owners and acquitted herself well 😊

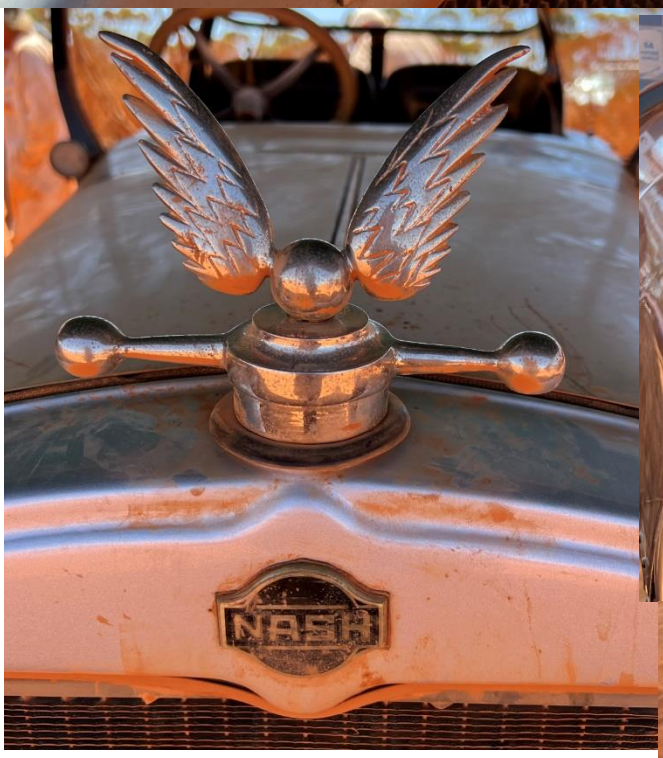
30
39
Probability Polly
AUS 8

130
39
30

Emblems







I find the emblems on the old cars as interesting as the vehicles themselves – they add flair and character to the cars.

Racing

Marshal Pete 😊

Bindy Datson: Code 404 Concessional Licensing Terms and Conditions

ATTACHMENT A: Summary of the CODE 404 Licensing Scheme Terms and Conditions

The objectives of the Veteran/Vintage/Post Vintage/Invitation Class Vehicle Licence Concession ('Code 404') scheme are:

- to encourage the restoration and preservation of historic vehicles, being vehicles no less than 25 years old; and
- to maintain the manufacturer's original specification of historic vehicles. The key principle of the Code 404 scheme is that the vehicle is not used for general transport or commuting, with use of the vehicle being restricted to:
- any recorded event organised by an approved Club,
- an impromptu event involving one or more vehicles over a one-day period which is recorded in the approved Club's 'Run Log',
- rallies organised by approved historic motoring clubs,
- closed road processions.
- being exhibited in displays, fetes and similar functions for religious, charitable or educational purposes,
- ceremonial purposes involving immediate family members, subject to Club approval and recording,
- preparing for, proceeding to, and returning from these activities,
  travel in order to have the vehicle repaired; and
- road testing within a 30km radius of the place of garaging or repair. Owners of vehicles licensed with a 404-concession code are solely responsible for maintaining their vehicle in an original unmodified condition and remaining a financial member of a Department of Transport (DoT) approved motoring club in order to be eligible for the concession. The above is a summary of the requirements and not a detailed comprehensive list. Detailed information on the Code 404 scheme can be found in the Information Handbook available for downloading on the Council of Motoring Clubs of WA website.

ATTACHMENT B: CODE 404 'Dot Point' Reminders

- Provide any new license vehicle details to the Club Registrar, particularly where the license plate has been changed (e.g., to an optional personalised or district plate).
- Advise the Club Registrar if you have disposed of a concessionally licensed vehicle.
- Advise the Club Registrar if your concessionally licensed vehicle is registered in your partner's name instead of your name.
- Advise the Club Registrar of your proper name as recorded on the concessionally licensed vehicle's
- Ensure that you remain a current financial member of your approved motoring club. There is no 'grace period' allowed by the Department of Transport; if you do not pay your club membership subscription by the due date, your concessional license will be deemed invalid until the difference in fees between the concessional license and a full license is paid.
- A concessionally licensed vehicle may be driven for road testing or maintenance related trips within a 30-kilometre radius from the place where the vehicle is garaged or repaired. The purpose of the travel must be to road test the vehicle for repair, restoration or maintenance purposes and not for any other purpose. Where a longer journey outside the 30km radius is expected the owner should record an Impromptu Run.

Tradespeople Listing

Name	Email	Phone number	Address	Function
Tavis - Vintage Classic and Custom	www.vintageclassicandcustom.com.au	0408 955 717	Shop 6 / 110 Briggs Street, Welshpool WA 6106	MG Specialist
Galloway Engines	www.gallowayengines.com.au	(08) 9531 1366	25 Baker St, Pinjarra WA 6208	Engine Reconditioning
Motteram Motors	www.motterammotors.com.au/	(08) 9250 3395	3 Elmsfield Road, Midvale WA 6065	Engine Reconditioning
D'Uva French Polishers	www.duvafrenchpolishers.com/	(08) 9274 4056	21 Elliott St, Midvale WA 6056	French Polisher
Peter - Holley Parts	www.holleycarbs.com.au	0455 602 618	49 Swan Street, Guildford	Carburettor restoration/parts
Kathy Arts - Badgemate	info@badgemate.com.au	(08) 9255 1577 Office, 0400 165 423 Mobile	4 May Street, Bellevue WA 6056	Badges
Alex		0411 550 250		Mobile Auto Electrician
Mike Holmes - Car Services and Electrics	Mva81555@bigpond.net.au	(08) 9274-6606	11 Bushby St, Bellevue WA 6056	Auto mechanic
Bruce Sharman	bruce@bygonerestorationsandspares.com	0408 889 279	PO BOX 1505 Toodyay, 6566	Car restorer, wiring looms
Tom Sharman	vintagetommy@icloud.com	0430 046 729		Car/bike restorer
Franc Fonte, FMJ Motors		(08) 9458 3433	U 8/35-39 Tate St, Bentley WA 6102	Jag Specialist
Paul at PowerBulbs	sales@powerbulbs.com			Headlight bulbs
Rob Sharman		(08) 9295 3360	Mundaring Smash Repairs	Rust repairs
Jeff Melville	jeff@crowncustoms.com.au	0406 080 677	Crown Customs	Upholstery
Sean Tumath	Vivid Finishing	0449 714 250	2/5 Church Rd, Maddington	Zinc-ing etc.
Charlie/Ralph	enquiries@kustomchrome	P: 08 9249 4423 M: 0484 325 821	Units 2-3 / 87 Holder Way, Malaga	Chroming