

Darlington Dipsticks

of Western Australia Inc.

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The Dipsticks' Rag



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

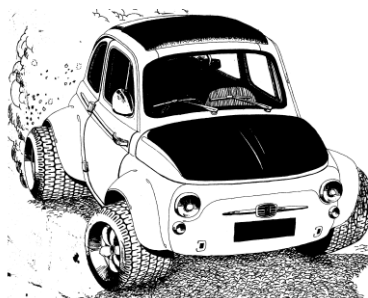
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Editor's Comment:

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 😊



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Peter Moore: Observations at a Car Show

In April, your Dipsticks sent a contingent to the annual Shannons Classic Car Show at Ascot Racecourse, an event that attracts all sorts of shiny and / or gruesome vehicles, a few funsters and a few cars that are actually interesting (to your scribe at least). Darlo was represented by a Mk7 Jag (for sale), a lovely Ford Crestline (more later), the inimitable Citroen Light 11, an MGA and a Roller. The little Caravelle was a non-starter because it did not feel well on the day.

I was driven to the event in the Jag which is really an old truck in a sleek body. It sounds very early 50s, steered similarly and was not particularly interesting until Sir Richard got its revs above 2500rpm. That's when it actually felt exciting and made even more so by the lack of seat belts. I do hope RP gets a few decent bids for it. Young Barry's recently acquired Crestline is a beast that grows on you after you realize how old it (side valve V8) is and wonder at the lack of glitzy chrome. Proportions are sweet, sound is good and definitely appears comfortable. And the hood, oh the Hood.... The MGA, Roller and TA were their usual selves with Mark C still sorting gremlins before the old tart is waved goodbye down the track.



After we assembled the marquee and made ourselves comfortable, the crowd had started to wander through, and this quickly built to very decent numbers by 11am and stayed that way for a few hours.

I found that many would look at our cars, many nose prints on windows until I had a bright idea when no other Dippers were around – open the bonnets/ hoods and get some more attention. This was obvious with the TA which had already been opened up and the crowds slowed and studied it closely. When more bonnets were raised, viewers grouped around for a decent

inspection of the dark insides, allowing for a few 'aficionados' to quibble about stuff just not quite right but most just enjoyed the opportunity to check out under the hood – an opportunity offered by very few other cars on display on the day. In practical terms if you can't see the bits, you may as well stay at home thumping your keyboard for your dreams.

And what of the other many cars on site – lots of overly shiny steel (and plastic) but as I enjoy cars that are actually used once in a while and not just kept polished to satisfy the owners ego. Our Mk7 was probably the only Jag saloon at the show, Raima's contribution to supporting the UK economy

with her Silver Ectoplasm I believe the only Roller (I could be wrong or just blind). Leaving aside the grossly over embellished bogan Frauds, General Mutters and recent skanky Southern Europeans, I did tend to focus on the exceptions rather than the downright common. Probably in reminiscence of my youth (back then, not now, Eloise) cars such as a 1920's Amilcar roadster, a couple of nice Frogeye Sprites, a Renault Alpine A110 (all rallied up) that appears thankfully at all of the shows, a wonderful Daimler Landulette with enough room in the Main Compartment for a decent poker game (or orgy) without troubling the uniformed driver behind his glass screen. The old Morris, Austins, and Vauxhalls (we had to send Richard out more than once to find something resembling his recent Bremer beast) were worth spending some time on and the 60s and 70s French and Italian commoners were worthwhile including a very nice R8 Gordini although the 2CV that was built some years ago as a fully EV I was expecting and did not see.

The phalanxes of plastic Cobra copies were a bit of a gross statement but hiding in the batch was I believe a Real One and now worth squillions. The similar lines of Corvettes were also fairly boring although I do get excited with a simple C1 that has not been overly chromed up. Young Malcolm, had he attended would have been dismayed with another Caravelle / Floride present. This beauty was perfectly restored and had an ice blue over white body with white trim and body matching ice blue inserts in the seats. I reckon Mal would have either (a) married the owner (b) draped himself over the bonnet in a matching G-string or (c) just thrown up! Option b is an unpleasant thought so good that Mal stayed in Darlo on the day.

Our neighbouring displays with Toploaders and Subaru utes were worth a giggle and all in good humour. The Landrover men from Team W4 on the other side mainly parked their trucks and disappeared or muttered darkly about how Solihull got it right and saved the World.

By the witching hour of 3pm we were thoroughly done and allowed to leave which we did with alacrity. It is truly wonderful how quickly you can drop and pack a marquee when you can think of better things to do, like find a cold Sem Sauv Blanc to settle the day. Next year, we should display more, maybe have the story boards out and take our own cold drinks as we do for DAF as a warm day was draining. So much for next Year. PLF (channelling LJK if only he could)





Dipsticks at Shannons 2021



Dipsticks display after the gates opened

Richard Palmer: Noddy

Good afternoon fellow Dipsticks. Noddy is a 1926 Flatnose Morris Cowley which was bodied in Australia.

My brother bought it about 10 years ago; he is highly original (Noddy that is). Phil subsequently went on a working holiday to the U.K and hasn't come back. I arranged to ship Noddy in a container to him a couple of years ago and he has been worked on since and is nearly ready to go!

Regards, Richard.



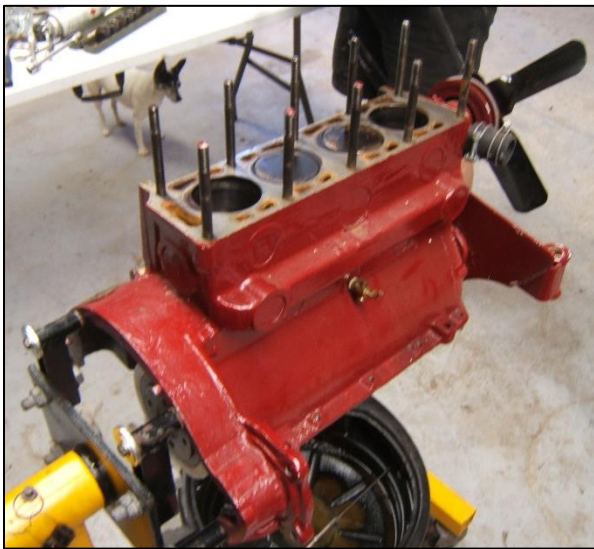
Reg Kelly: Update on Engine Assembly

My Mechanic removed the cylinder head to check its condition. He found number four combustion chamber was cracked, worse than that, an amateur using an arc welder had unsuccessfully tried to weld the crack, the resulting mess rendered the head unusable.

I purchased a used cylinder head from the Sports Car Garage in Bassendean. At some time in its life this head had 2 mm ground off the face to raise the compression ratio. This in turn left no clearance for tappet adjustment. Two mods presented themselves, make-up 2mm thick steel spacers to fit under the rocker shaft towers or have a new set of 2mm shorter pushrods manufactured by Jet Engineering of 195 Harrisons Road Red Hill Victoria 3937 phone 412 223 885.

I decided on the new pushrods as the best way forward due to wear on the ends of the originals. Perth Cylinder Heads of 6 James St Bellevue pressure tested the head, fitted new valve seats suitable to run unleaded fuel and transferred the valve train across after lapping-in the valves which were in good condition. The XPAG TC 1.3 litre engine is now ready to be assembled and refitted to the car.

Reg.



WHAT? THEY CAN'T END THE LOCKDOWN YET - I'M NOWHERE NEAR READY



John and Marie: The Oz Rewind 2021.

Chapter 1 – She's leaving home.

The planning for this trip started back in the antipodean Spring of 2019 but we all know what happened to 2020 and in consequence the start of the journey was much delayed. Even when we were ready to go this year, the WA Government imposed a 3-day snap lockdown in the Perth area after a new community Covid case was reported. There was concern that the lockdown might be extended but luckily that didn't come to pass and, on the 29th of April, 2 days after the lifting of restrictions Mathilde left Darlington on the first leg of the journey.

This was to be a clockwise circumnavigation of the Great Southern Land (Terra Australis) following the Great Northern Highway to our first scheduled destination, Karijini National Park in the Hamersley Ranges. However, the journey started on the Great Eastern Highway heading towards the town of Northam before we branched off on State Route 115 to Goomalling. The day was warm (into the 30s C and with high humidity) and when we stopped for lunch Mathilde was showing severe signs of overheating despite the fitting of a new, and much higher efficiency, radiator cooling fan. Over a leisurely lunch we let her cool down and then resumed the trip to our first overnight stop at Gabby Quoi Quoi Lookout, Konnogorring. On arrival Mathilde again spat the dummy, and the coolant, even though we had left her idling for a while to prevent 'after boil'. She wasn't happy and neither were we.

That evening we made the decision to journey on a further 50 miles the following morning to the point where we were to join the Great Northern Highway and there, subject to Mathilde's temperature, we would either carry on or limp home to fix the cooling problem.

On a cooler morning we tentatively set out on our planned route. The cooling fan was working and Mathilde was coaxed to her normal cruising speed to see if all was well. The engine temperature gauge showed a normal reading and there was no sign of the violent boiling that had been experienced the previous day. Confident (?) that all was well, we voted to push on and after travelling 177 miles (283 kms) we pulled into a rest area just north of Payne's Find.

Mathilde still had a trick or two up her sleeve. One of the two canvas spare wheel covers had decided it was time to come apart (sun exposure had rotted the material) and was flapping wildly in the breeze. John had to climb up onto the roof to remove the remnants and fit a spare cover while a multitude of friendly bush flies gathered round to give him a hand!

Saturday 1st May, Mathilde's 65th birthday (she was first registered in Wales on 01/05/1956), started bright but cool. In the semi desert near Payne's Find the overnight temperature had plummeted to 6 degrees C (42 F) but the sun soon began to warm things up.

We took our lunch break at the old Wynyangoo Camp about 12.5 miles (20kms) north of Mt Magnet and made our final stop of the day at Lake Nallan just north of Cue. 'Puddle Nallan' would have been a more appropriate name as it was mostly dry save for one smallish body of water. We took an hour's exercise walking around the perimeter of the lakebed. To walk around the puddle would have taken all of 10 minutes.



Leaden skies greeted us the next morning and rain was threatening when we left Nallan. Not much rain fell, just enough to streak Mathilde's dust covered paintwork. The windscreen wiper was used occasionally to clear the driver's view but then it decided to stop working altogether. We stopped for a lunch break near the South Branch of the Gascoyne River. While Marie prepared lunch, John checked for faults in the wiper electrics, but nothing was found. John assumed that the wiper motor had given up the ghost then, during lunch, the wiper started working again of its own volition. Maybe the ghost wasn't in the wiper motor? Marie has the notion that an old steering wheel attendant is accompanying us on the journey. She recalls that similar unexplained events occurred on the journey overland from U.K.

Back on the road and cruising along at 45mph (70kmh) we spotted two Wedge Tail eagles in the middle of the highway. They appeared to be fighting over a tasty morsel of freshly squashed kangaroo and nearly became roadkill themselves, taking off just before they were flattened on the front of Mathilde. Sadly, as we travelled, we saw the bodies of eagles that had not been quick enough to avoid the metal monsters that travel this road.

After fueling up in Meekatharra, we drove on to a decommissioned camping area on the Middle Branch of the Gascoyne River and camped in the bush by the river. As with Nallan Lake there was very little water around – not so much a river, more a collection of unconnected ponds of water.

During the night we woke to the sound of heavy rainfall and wondered whether it might be wise to leave at first light before we became part of the river. Our fears were unfounded, though we did have to splash through a few muddy puddles on the way back to the road. The drizzle continued on and off through the morning as we drove towards the mining town of Newman.

While enjoying breakfast before we set off, we saw two lots of heavy, oversized loads trundling over the river bridge in our direction of travel. We thought we had given them sufficient time to get far ahead of us but after about an hour on the road we caught up with them. Each truck was carrying a disassembled but still huge mining haul truck that spanned both carriageways of the road. We travelled slowly behind them until a wider section of road (a floodway) appeared and we were waved on by the escort vehicle driver. Pedal to the metal, Mathilde slowly gained and passed the two trucks just before the floodway disappeared and the road narrowed again – it was pretty close!



When we arrived in Newman, we drove straight to the Visitors' Centre to secure an overnight spot in their car park. Marie had been told, prior to our departure from home, that the campgrounds in Newman had been taken over by workers of the mining company and it was a case of the visitors' centre or nothing.

Luckily, there was still enough space to accommodate Mathilde and we parked next to an old mining truck (now looking quite small when compared to its modern successors). Within an hour of our arrival the car park was full.



Grocery shopping was the next order of the day and with that task out of the way we hiked to the top of Radio Hill to look out over the town of Newman as the sun was setting over the surrounding hills. As the sun descended the lights of the BHP Mount Whaleback mine site appeared bright in the darkening sky like a cluster of glow worms. According to the visitor centre pamphlet, Mount Whaleback is the world's largest open cut iron ore mine.

Another day and another fill up with diesel before setting off on the highway following signs for Port Hedland. The journey took us through Cathedral Gorge at the entrance to the Hamersley Ranges. The road twisted and turned to avoid steep climbs but slowly and surely, we gained altitude as we crossed the Ranges.



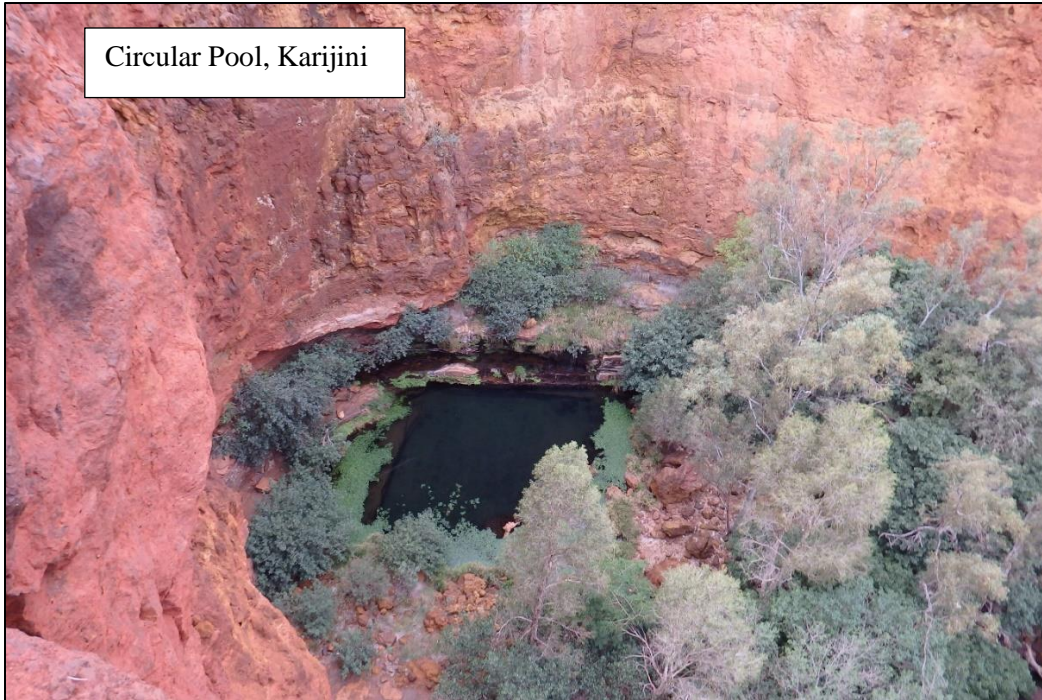
We stopped for coffee at Mount Robinson and as we did so we could hear the radiator coolant boiling but there was no sound from the cooling fan – it had stopped working. The fault was easily traced, a blown fuse and with the remedy to hand, the fan was back in action. The rest of the day's journey to Karijini was uneventful and we found our pre-booked campsite in the 'Dingo' circle.

Chapter 2 - Several walks in the park.

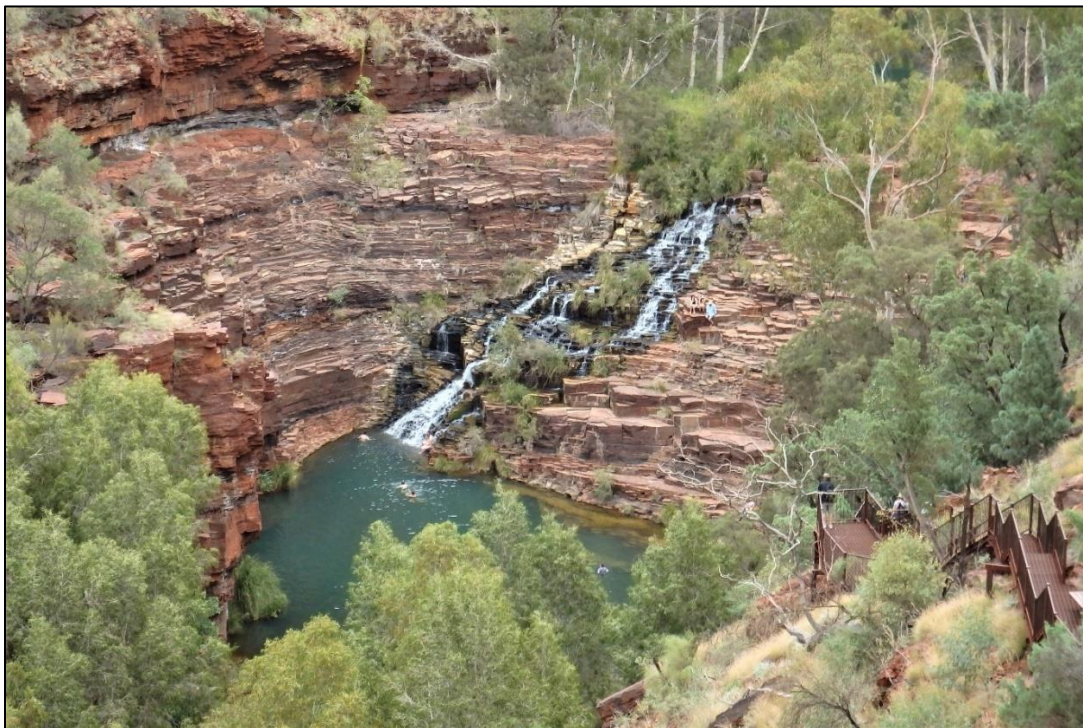
After a six-day journey from home we gave Mathilde a well-earned 3 day rest while we explored the park on foot, or at least a little bit of it as Karijini is the second largest National Park in Western Australia covering an area of 627,441 hectares (1,568,602 acres). We were camped in the Dales Gorge area of the park and our first walk took us to the Gorge rim. Quite a dramatic sight, the deep gorge cutting through the orange brown 2,000 million year old rock with a water course at its base.



We walked the Gorge Rim Trail stopping at viewpoints along the way to see Fortescue Falls, Three Ways and Circular Pool. Access to Circular Pool was closed due to a recent rock fall but we could look down on it from the rim.



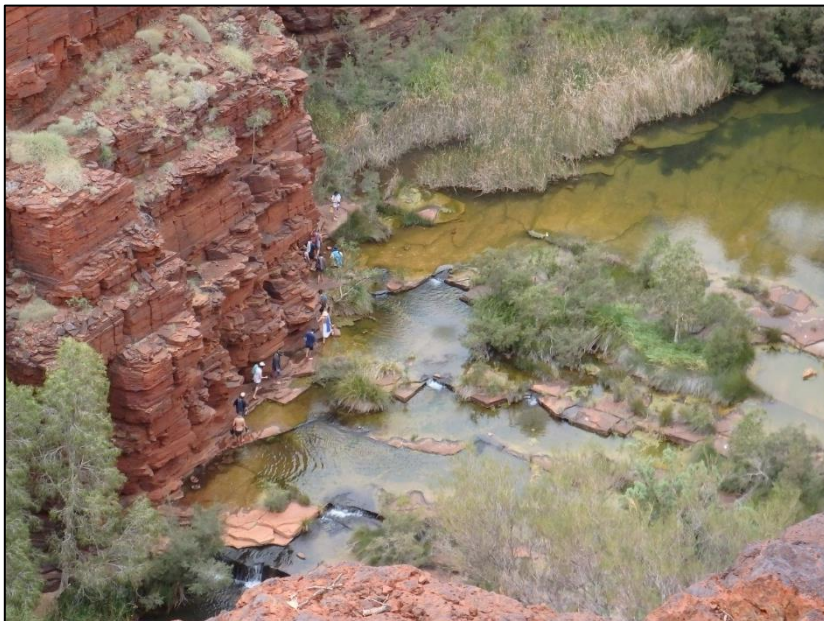
The next day we decided to take a closer look at Fortescue Falls and took the long staircase down to the plunge pool at the bottom of the Falls.



From the plunge pool we followed a track to Fern Pool a short distance upriver from the Falls.



At breakfast on our last day Mathilde had yet another surprise in store for us. The gas cooktop that had worked so well while preparing dinner the night before decided it was on a go slow – at least the gas was, and we could only muster a feeble flame. John checked to see if the cylinder was empty (which would have provided another easy solution – change it) and found that gas was leaking out of the regulator. We had no option but to turn off the reticulated gas supply until a replacement regulator could be sourced (more on that later). Luckily, we had a back-up, a two-burner camping stove that we set up outside and, eventually, we were rewarded with a hot coffee and slightly burnt toast.



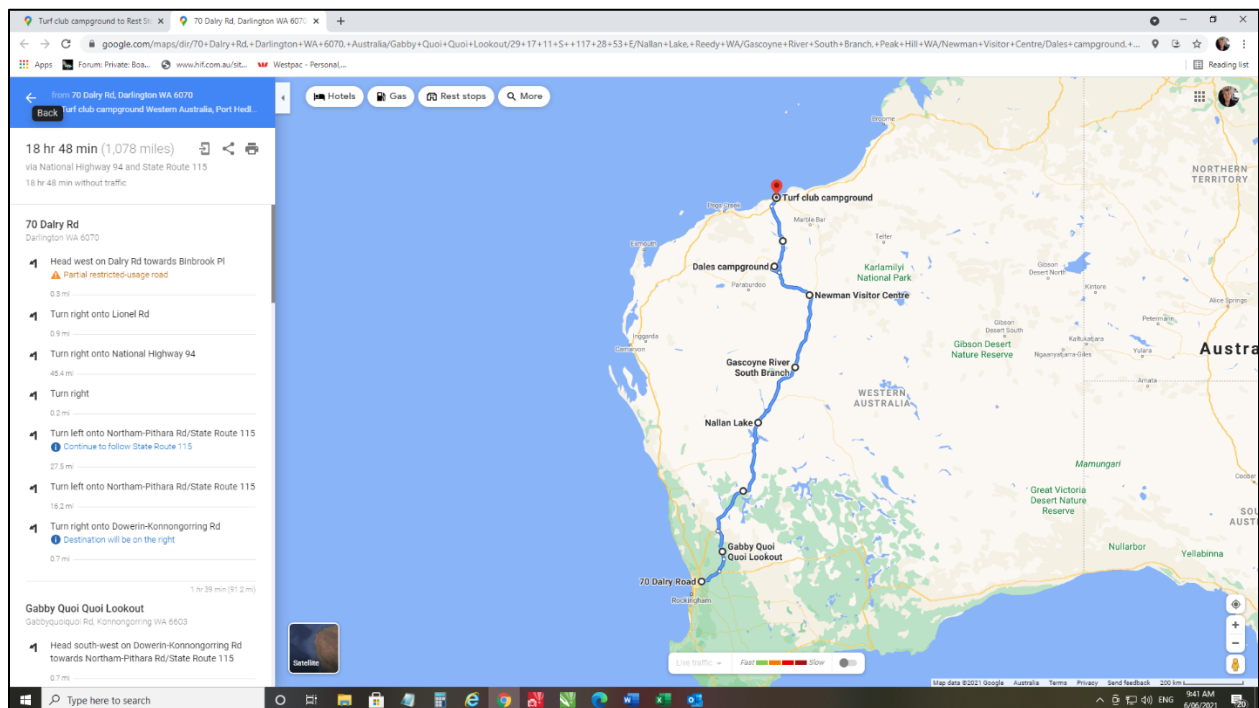
With the morning's excitement over we had a déjà vu experience and walked the Gorge Rim again. This time we spotted people negotiating the tricky trail alongside the river.

One unlucky photographer missed his step on the rocks and fell into the water. Once recovered from the fall he spent considerable time de-watering his camera!

Early the next morning we woke Mathilde from her slumber and drove out of the campground to the park's visitors' center where we indulged in hot showers before viewing the interpretive displays in the center. We spent about an hour being enlightened about the history of the park which we found very informative and well presented by its traditional custodians.

With the aid of TomTom, we set the controls to guide us to the Two Camel Creek Rest Area for our overnight stop en route to Port Hedland. We were the only ones at the rest area and the two camels must have been shy because we never saw them. What we did see, from the comfort of our bed, was a spectacular sunrise.

Arriving in Port Hedland, we parked Mathilde at the Turf Club camping area, 1,078 miles from home.



Chapter 3 – Are we there yet?

Once we were set up in the Turf Club campground in Port Hedland, we contacted a gas plumber to try and obtain a replacement regulator for the gas system. He made enquiries on our behalf but couldn't locate one and all the plumbing supply outlets were closed for the weekend. We didn't want to hang around in Port Hedland all weekend so he suggested we should try again when we reached Broome. Pre-empting possible misfortune, we searched for and made contact with an outlet in Broome – they had one in stock, and we asked if they could hang on to it until we arrived on Monday.

The next morning, Sunday, John cooked breakfast on the two-ring camping stove before we started out on the journey to Broome. We were travelling along merrily, albeit with a strong headwind, when we began to smell hot coolant. A couple travelling in a car/caravan overtook us and signalled for us to stop. When we did so we found that Mathilde had well and truly boiled once again and

vomited coolant all along the side of her coachwork. Obviously, we had been pushing her too hard again. We added about 10 litres of coolant to the radiator and set off at a more sedate pace to Sandfire Roadhouse where we spent the night with geese, ducks, peacocks and chickens in the campground, together with a lone camel in an adjacent paddock.



We left Sandfire early but again we were battling strong winds. The new cruising speed of 37 mph (60 kph) allowed Mathilde to keep her cool but getting anywhere in this big, empty part of the State at that speed takes a lo.o.o.o.ng time and is tedious as the scenery never varies, hence the title of this chapter.

Our boredom was interrupted when we came across another water carrier, not a camel this time but a huge water tanker spanning the full width of the road and bound for an iron ore mine site.



This time we had to get off the road completely to allow it to pass.

The new cruising speed also meant that we were going to miss our target of a Monday arrival in Broome. It was late afternoon when we pulled into the Roebuck Plains Rest Area. But for the accuracy of TomTom, we would have missed

it altogether and it was plain that it was not regularly used. There was only one other person in the rest area, and he was happily wandering around in the nude! We kept well clear.

We were awake before sunrise and saw another beautiful dawn. The air was dewy, slightly chill and the wind of the previous days had abated. Altogether a magnificent morning. In addition to the birdsong, we were serenaded by a herd of cattle in an adjoining paddock. Later, as we travelled along the road, we saw hundreds of them chewing contentedly on what passes for grass in this area.

Rather than setting up the camping stove we drove about 13 miles (20 kms) to the Roebuck Plains Roadhouse for coffee and a toasted bacon butty – both were good and inexpensive. Appetite satisfied we drove into Broome, completed the purchase of the new regulator and set out on the long, 745-mile, journey east through the Kimberley region of Western Australia.

Nillibubbica Rest Area was our next stop where John fitted the new regulator, but a new leak appeared in the flexible pipe (the ‘pigtail’) connecting the gas cylinder to the regulator! Time to break out the camping stove again!! Our despondency was tempered by Marie’s culinary skills in preparing fresh salmon for dinner on that stove.

The journey east continued, and we were on the road by 7.30am. We stopped for a coffee at the Boab Tree Rest Area that we had visited 4 years earlier on the first Oz lap. Despite a thorough inspection of the tree, we couldn’t see the pair of boots that had been dangling from the high branches on that first visit. Presumably the laces had rotted, and the boots had fallen to the ground. Maybe they now have a new owner?

We did spot something new in the high branches, a Kite’s nest, which can be seen in the photograph.



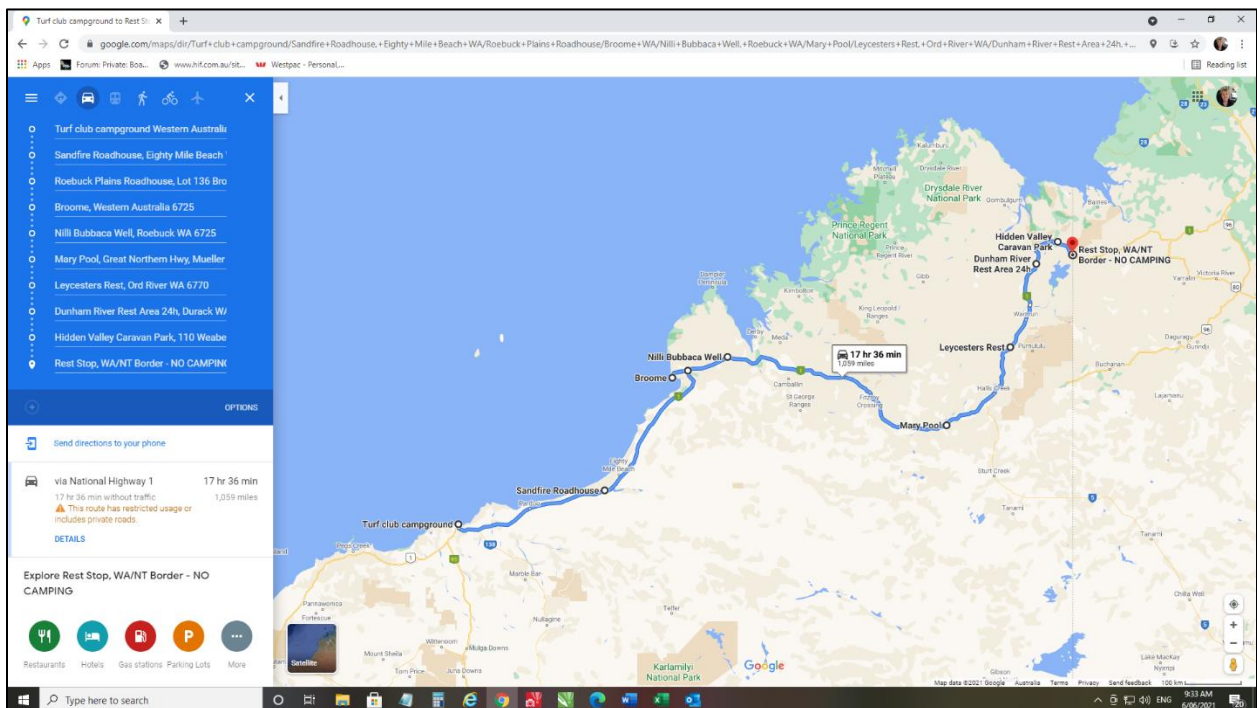
Over the next four days we carried on with the long haul towards Kununurra stopping overnight in roadside rest areas. We tested out Mathilde’s capacity for speed without throwing up the contents of her radiator and established that a cruising speed of 40 mph (64 kmh) was O.K. for her and us.

The route took us through Fitzroy Crossing and Hall's Creek. We stopped in both towns in our search for a pigtail and also enquired at the Doon Doon Roadhouse along the way but to no avail.

The scenery began to change as we skirted both the O'Donnell and Carr Boyd Ranges. Fortunately, there were no serious hills for Mathilde to climb but quite a few short ups and downs with twisty bits thrown in to keep the steering wheel attendant alert.



At our overnight stop at the Dunham River Rest Area, we discovered that we had a Telstra Wi-Fi signal and trawled through dozens of unsolicited emails (and one or two from friends and relatives) that had collected since we last had a viable signal. We took the opportunity to use the net to fill in our Covid permit applications for the Northern Territory online (no permit = no travel into the N.T.).



Chapter 4 - Kununurra and Mirima N.P.

On Sunday the 16th of May we arrived in Kununurra. We had established earlier that the Coles supermarket was open that day so a visit to the shop was in order to replenish our food stocks. On the way through the town we noticed an “unmanned” service station selling diesel at \$1.31 a litre – at least 26 cents cheaper than our last fill up. We also spotted a Mitre 10 hardware store that was open and we resolved to visit both after the grocery shopping. With a full tank of fuel and the much needed gas pigtail from the hardware store we made our way to the Hidden Valley Campground for a two night stay. This would allow us to wash clothing, bedding and ourselves (under a long, hot shower), clean Mathilde, inside and out, on day one.



The second day was devoted to sightseeing in Mirima National Park. Beating the heat of the day, we walked into the park using a trail leading directly from the campground.



This part of the trail ended at the Aboriginal cemetery, and we couldn't help but notice many graves smothered in flowers. Closer inspection revealed that the flowers were artificial rather than fresh but obviously some people had taken a lot of time to decorate and care for their beloved one's graves.

There were four walk trails within the park ranging from relatively easy to difficult and we followed them all, two of which climbed to heights to give us views over the “Hidden Valley”. The rock formations reminded us of the Bungle Bungles that we had visited on our first Oz lap.



Back at the campground Marie cooked up all the fresh vegetables and potatoes that we had in stock so that we would be able to take them through Northern Territory quarantine, before we went for a swim in the campground pool to cool off (note to ourselves, must do more swimming!!).

Leaving the comforts of the campground we continued eastward some 27 miles to the W.A./N.T. border, 2,156 miles (3,448 kms) from home.

Goodbye Western Australia. Hope you will let us re-enter in October.

Note from Editor - more chapters to come in the next Dipsticks Rag 😊

Tricky test for an examiner

Recent accounts of readers' experiences of taking the driving test reminded me of the test I took on an Aveling and Porter E Type 12 ton roller in the early 1970s, for a Group G licence.



The examiner rang and asked me where "was the best place to do the test". I suggested the village green, near to the yard where the roller was kept. The date and time were set for 3pm in the afternoon.

I arrived, lit the fire, and started to oil up and get ready, when the examiner arrived. After a short chat, the engine was ready. He said: "I'll meet you down the road and watch you go by."

Leaving the yard and pulling out on to the road, I went down the hill in low gear. I stopped and got off, placed a chock under the rear wheel, climbed aboard and changed into top gear. Then I climbed down again, removed the chock, and continued on towards him.

He wandered over and asked if I had had a problem back there. No, I said, just changing gear. He replied that he had wanted to see that done on the move. "Not by me you won't!" I replied. "Take this out of gear on the move and you have no control at all, because the engine becomes the brake by reversing the engine rotation." He then looked even more confused.

I asked him if he got many of these tests to do. No, was the reply. "In fact, I've never seen one of these before."

"Would you like to come up and I'll show you how it all works?" I asked. "Yes please," he answered. After his lesson, there were a number of right hand turns, and then left hand turns all around the village green. I was then told to complete a three point turn in a side junction, which I duly completed.

He then said: "This just leaves the emergency stop. I will step on to the road and you will brake as quickly as you can."

"OK," I said. "Just one point, can you step into the road from the other side please?" He asked why. Well, I said, as this has no brakes, other than a parking brake, it takes a while to stop it and I don't want a manslaughter charge AND to fail the test. Looking a bit pale, he wandered across the green to wait for me to approach. When he stepped into

the road (on the other side) I did all that was possible and eventually came to a halt. Even whiter, he said, "I see what you mean!".

At this point, an old lady who lived in one of the cottages at the side of the green came out shouting and waving her walking stick. "Will you clear off, you are shaking all my ornaments off my mantel piece."

Retreating along the road a bit, he started to ask questions on the Highway Code. This is the time for a bit of fun, I thought.

Examiner On a motorway, what is the maximum speed?

Reply At 5mph I don't think I'll ever reach it, and anyway, I'm not allowed on them with this.

Examiner Ah!

Examiner What do you think a yellow box painted in the road is for?

Reply Water



Examiner What do you mean, water?

Reply Fire hydrant. It contains an endless supply of water for the boiler.

Examiner Two arrows on a road sign in opposite directions, one larger than the other. What does that mean?

Reply I think one has priority over the other; not sure which one, but when you drive one of these, most people give in.

Examiner If you flashed your lights, what would that mean?

Reply Oil in lamps getting low, or wicks need trimming.

Examiner You lot seem to have a different Highway Code to everyone else.

At this point the safety valves lifted, and with steam everywhere, he jumped back about a yard. He quickly signed the form, said: "Congratulations, you've passed," - and he was gone!













I took the roller back to the yard, cleaned down and sheeted it up, and went back to work at about 7pm. The apprentice was still there, and I asked him why - he should have finished about two hours ago. "I couldn't go home on my motorbike 'cos you took my 'L' plates." Oops!

Pete Lyons

DAILY MAIL REVIEW OF THE 1960

motor show

EARLS COURT • LONDON • OCTOBER 19th-29th • 1960

 <p>RENAULT DAUPHINE</p>	 <p>AUSTIN A55 COUNTRYMAN</p>	 <p>TRIUMPH HERALD</p>
 <p>CITROEN D.S.</p>	 <p>ROLLS-ROYCE PHANTOM V</p>	 <p>WOLSELEY SIX-NINETY NINE</p>
 <p>ASTON MARTIN DB4</p>	 <p>JAGUAR 2.4 LITRE</p>	 <p>SINGER GAZELLE ESTATE CAR</p>
 <p>FORD ANGLIA</p>	 <p>ROVER 3-LITRE</p>	 <p>LOTUS ELITE</p>

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PRICE **2/-**

Barrie Byers: 1953 Ford Crestline Sunliner Convertible



‘Mark and Bindy were driving in Midland when a beautiful red car caught our eye, coming up behind us. Lo and behold, it was Barrie taking his new beauty out for a spin with the family.’

Ford built 1,250,000 vehicles in 1953, of which 40,000 were Crestline convertibles. They were worth \$2,200 brand new. Of the range available in 1953, Ford imported the Mainline Ute

and the Customline sedan into Australia, but not the Crestline which was the top of the Ford range and wasn't built in right-hand drive.

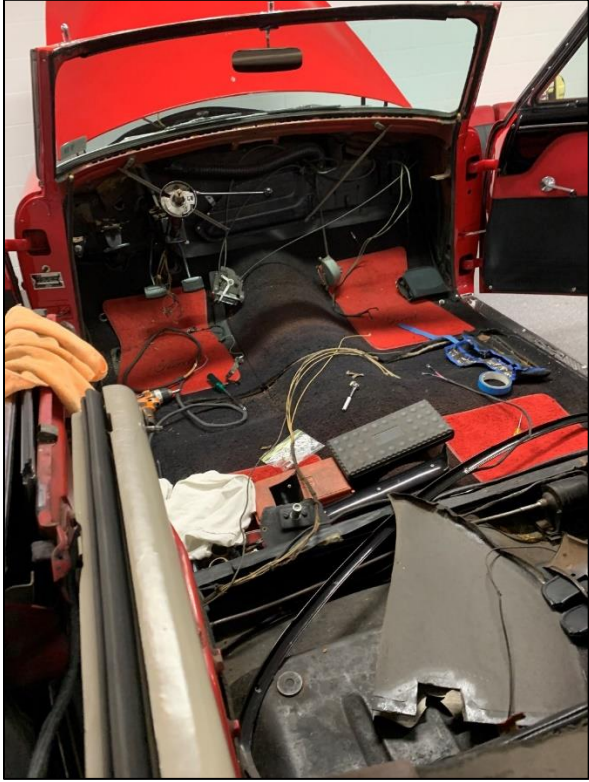
This particular car was part of the Jeffery Day collection in Texas, a huge private collection of ‘best of category’ Ford cars and was sold at auction in 2014 to a collector in Brisbane. The Brisbane owner enjoyed the breezy lifestyle that comes with a car like this and managed to put a few more miles on the clock in the last number of years.

After owning a 1931 Model A Ford for 20 years, I decided it was time for something a little easier to drive. I sold the Model A and went looking for a replacement on Carsales.com. I set my search terms for “classic” and my date range between 1950 to 1970, and up popped an interesting range of cars, including this one. I had never heard of a Crestline, and it caught my eye. After a bit of back and forth with the seller and an independent inspection it was on a truck bound for WA.

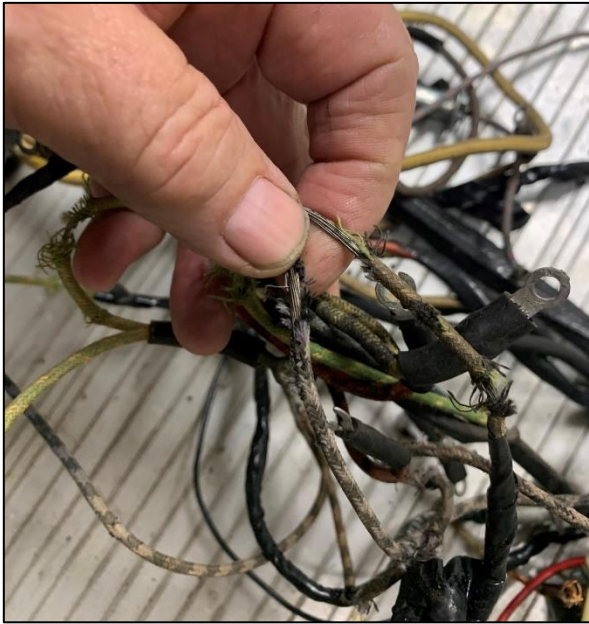
I picked it up from the depot with a couple of friends so we could enjoy the drive home with the top down. The driver's door flew open at the first corner, and none of us remembered to bring a hat, so we arrived at my garage after a white-knuckle drive with three serious cases of sunburn.

It's a smooth, easy drive, with a slow revving side valve V8 engine with lots of torque and a ‘three on the tree’ transmission. Interestingly, the engine has two water pumps and two temperature gauge sender units as the flathead V8 has separate water jackets, one for each bank, not interconnected. It currently has an embarrassingly noisy powered convertible roof which I plan to change to a hydraulic one with a kit readily available in the US, for hardly anything.

Since purchasing the car, I've dealt with a plethora of small problems including a complete wiring harness replacement, which means I no longer have to disconnect the battery at the end of each outing, or drive with one hand on the fire extinguisher! But the car is finally coming together as a reliable cruiser that will accommodate my whole family.



Below is some of the wiring from under the dashboard.





LOT **242**

1953 FORD CRESTLINE SUNLINER CONVERTIBLE

CHASSIS NO. **B3CC105947**

SPECIFICATIONS:

110 hp, 239 cu. in. L-head V-8 engine, Ford-O-Matic three-speed automatic transmission, coil spring front suspension, semi-elliptic rear leaf springs with live axle, and four-wheel hydraulic drum brakes. Wheelbase: 115 in.

The 1953 Ford Sunliner Convertible pictured here is one of 40,861 produced during the model year. It is finished in Code M Coral Flame with a matching red and black interior. The upholstery has a presentable fit and finish with hardly a blemish to be found. The 239 V-8 still looks great since the restoration, as the engine bay is quite clean. Likewise, the trunk compartment has been

restored with a proper jack, spare tire, and rubber mat. Features and options include a three-speed column-shift transmission, power top, AM radio, dash mounted clock, Magic-Aire heater/defroster, wide whitewall radial tires, and fender skirts. Just over 34,000 miles show on the odometer and, while not documented, its condition indicates that they may be original.



ESTIMATE:

\$40,000 – \$60,000

OFFERED WITHOUT RESERVE

Visit www.a1autos.com to view all photos.
Photography: Darin Schmechel

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Peter Moore: A little yellow car for PLF

Back in the early 1980s a small English company called Lomax came up with the bright idea of recycling Citroen 2CV parts into a small two-seater roadster using simple 2CV mechanicals and a fibreglass body. A great idea that lasted about 20 years or so and generated another possibly better-looking roadster called the Burton built in Belgium. The Lomax years have now passed but the Burton still exists. A very few of these have arrived in Oz over the years and are notable for their sweet lines that are reminiscent of a Jowett Jupiter roadster

However, when you consider the accessibility in Europe of literally everything necessary to build or repair a 2CV, you have the opportunity of playing with and keeping a toy that is both practical and fun with low fuel consumption and decent carrying capacity that weighs in around 750kg or almost half the equivalent sized modern car.

The Lomax corrupts that further by dropping the dry weight to 450kg but also restricting seating to two and an Eski, throw away most weather protection and just enjoy the fresh air.

The beast I recently purchased locally on a serious whim is one of probably less than 6 such units in Australia. It has the chassis of an older car (maybe mid 1960s) but the motor and running gear from a 1985 vehicle. Engine size of 602cc in 2 horizontally cylinders, inboard front disc brakes and a simple to operate and service suspension system when you get your head around a layout that is downright peculiar.



My challenge now is to get the little guy ready to go over The Pits for full registration, cop the giggles and shenanigans of the rego process and correct anything necessary to get the car legal for road use.

Its size, speed and maneuverability make it a perfect unit for driving around the Perth Hills with its winding roads – weekend forays, fish and chip evenings and Alice, you never have to tell your mother you are out in a fast car!

Some 15 years of careful storage (that is what he told me!) have kept this car a going concern but the rego man wants more and preparing for this has generated searches for manuals and parts. New retractable seat belts proved an easy result as the dimensions involved were achievable with a pair of new belts from one of the suppliers I frequent for Landrover bits. The Securon brand ex UK with the necessary certification for Oz use should tick the right box here. A reverse light operation off the gearbox is a challenge but the necessary parts have arrived and will be fitted shortly. An old VW manual extract provides the essential bit for sparks to light the light.

I will press through with the rego process before I get too excited about other things to do to tidy up the car but in due course some renewal of electrical wiring will be nice, maybe a spring / shock absorber upgrade could be interesting (Alice, they actually race and rallycross these 'CVs in Europe sometimes with much bigger and more powerful engines) a couple of Stratos seats ex Melbourne of the type JRA fitted to the production Perenties for the Australian Army in the late 1980s will also be tried. These seats I have just purchased after they were removed from years in a Citroen Dyane and if space is too limited in the Lomax, the Landrover Series 3 beside it will enjoy the addition.

Whatever you need to purchase for this car is measured in Euros with some frightening freight charges BUT when you know how the charging system for freight Europe to Perth operates you work out how to get maximum benefit out of it. In reality parts for a car are not cheap and parts for old cars can be very expensive but when you are buying a wide range of parts from competing specialists, you get some surprises and just a little joy from time to time. Except for one shipment which got stuck in Frankfurt for a month, all other shipments have arrived in Perth within 2-4 days ex-factory and then AusPost can double that (and more!) with local delivery. Generally, little has arrived in more than 8 days from order.

So, for now, the lovely little yellow Lomax that both I and my pooch love will be worked on with serious intent. I do hope side intrusion issues do not arise, but this must be tested properly. We will see....

C'est la guerre, Pierre

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