

Darlington Dipsticks

of Western Australia Inc.

Reg. No. A1020879F

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**January to March
2021**

The Dipsticks' Rag



Twilight Run February 2021

Magazine of the Darlington Dipsticks of Western Australia Inc.

(Registration No: A1020879F)

Sixth Edition, January, February, March 2021

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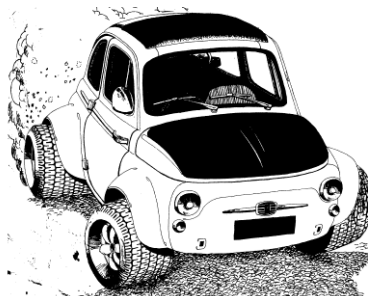
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The Darlington Dipsticks meet on the first Thursday of each month.

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Contents

Clive Ball: The Creation of Itsy.	4
Dorcas11, Hill Climb Special.....	6
Dave Pole: Dave’s SAAB.....	7
John and Marie: It seemed like a good idea at the time (Part 1).	9
Reg Kelly: This definitely puts everything in perspective.	12
Reg Kelly: Water pumps.....	14
Richard Palmer: Okkie.....	14
Bindy Datson: Charlie Datson and the Douglas	16
Clive Ball: I Remember....	19
Bindy Datson: Perkolilli	22
Tradespeople Listing	24

Editor’s Comment:

Our Webmaster Ben Smeeton has our website up and running: www.darlingtondipsticks.com

It is rudimentary right now 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 😊

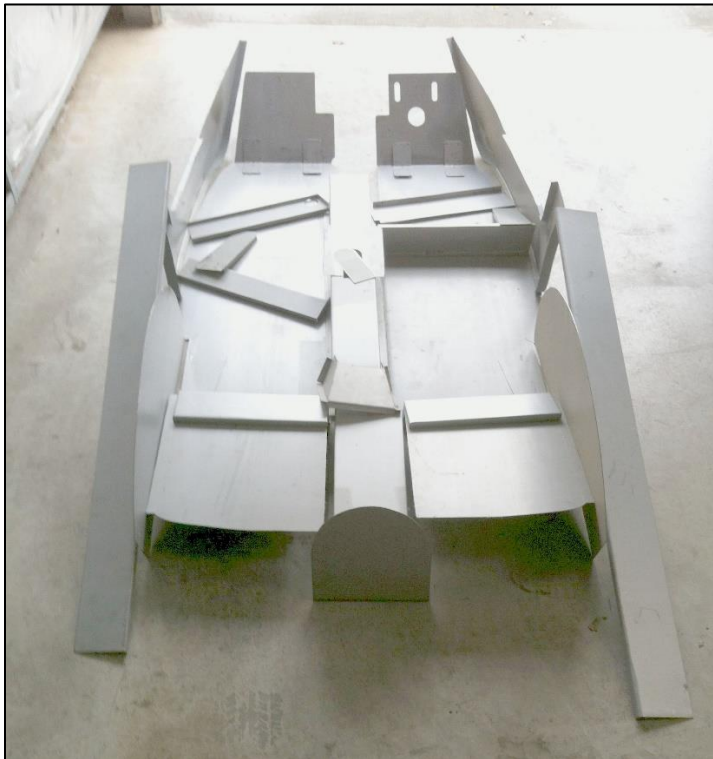
Vale past Dipsticks member Col Wal Riley who passed away in February 2021 at age 91. He was one of life’s true Gentlemen and had a great sense of humour. He wasn’t a member of our Club for long but enjoyed our meetings and outings and we enjoyed him!

Contributions:

Clive Ball: The Creation of Itsy.

What do you do when you find your 40-year collection of Austin 7 bits includes a rolling chassis, another chassis, sundry axles, wheels, gearboxes, engines and many other items? You turn them into two Chummies named Itsy and Bitsy. However, unlike the coach in Walt Disney's Cinderella, it takes more than the wave of a magic wand and singing Bibbity-Bobbity-Boo!

I was going to build them both in parallel, reasoning that if you're doing a particular job, it's easier to do it twice than try to remember how, a second time down the track. So, I assembled two rolling chassis: Itsy, 1929 coil ignition; and Bitsy, 1927 magneto. (Far too many tasks to list individually; basically, all parts were checked down to the last nut and bolt and reused, repaired or replaced as necessary).



Then came body building. I'd already built three Austin 7 bodies from scratch, and still had the plans and dimensions, so it was a case of same again, twice. The Mundaring Men's Shed's power guillotine and large panbrake (bender) made short work of the metal in the floor pans, which I then welded and riveted together in my garage.

At this point I decided it would be easier, from space considerations, to finish Itsy completely before tackling Bitsy, so work proceeded apace on one body. I cut the wooden parts from Tassie Oak with a bandsaw, using patterns supplied by the late John Heath (UK A7 body builder) in 1986. Back to the Men's Shed to cut and bend aluminium sheet for the body panels, which I glued and fastened together with countersunk pop-rivets.

I made the front seat frames and upholstered them at the VCC's Restoration Shed. The dashboard and windscreen frames came from John Barlow, and Doug Baker kindly milled the side irons from 25mm steel bar. Sundry small items were sourced from various A7 suppliers. The mudguards and running boards had been made for *Samantha* in 1972 but not used and were ready to bolt on. I had good radiator shell, which was cleaned up, and replated. The radiator that came with the rolling chassis had a new film core, which seemed a bit vulnerable, so I fitted a piece of stainless-steel mesh in front, inside the shell.



I resurrected the hood frame from a mangled mess of rusty steel and made a new hood and bonnet at the VCC. The petrol tank was scoured and coated internally with "Red White and Blue" to render it leak proof. Numerous other jobs were carried out before everything was dismantled for priming and painting.

The headlamps are replicas, made from a collection of parts available from John Barlow and the Seven Workshop. I believe the reflectors are a Honda motor bike part; they look very original!

Finally, all was back together. The engine had been rebored with new pistons, reground crank and re-metalled big ends, so was very stiff; my neighbour kindly towed *Itsy* round his circular driveway in gear, with the spark plugs out, until things loosened up a bit.

She fired up for the first time in 50 years or so and was deemed roadworthy and licensed last November 27. I'm currently making the side screens, then it will be *Bitsy's* turn! **Clive Ball.**



Dorcas11, Hill Climb Special

(*Automobile*, February 2013)

The Gleggs had spent a frantic time during the spring and early summer of 1932 building their second hill climb special and, having got it more-or-less complete, were in a position to try it out. It was registered for the road so that it could be tested, although this didn't quite work out as they had hoped. From an article published in *The Autocar* in 1939 it transpires that the car had been built up in an engineering workshop but now had to be moved home to fit the body...

"The large air-cooled engine drove the front wheels, which each had twin tyres. The rear end looked like a Brescia Bugatti, which indeed it was. The fond owners decided that it must be driven home, where the body was to be fitted, and hoped that no one would notice the absence of mudguards, number plates, etc. After two hours the engine started and then stopped instantly. More frantic pushing, this time with the help of curious onlookers. A series of minor explosions, and the machine accelerated down the road, the passenger having hurriedly climbed on via the body framework. The driver wondered what was wrong with the steering, feeling that if something interesting had not already happened to the track rod, it soon would, while the passenger shouted encouragement and tried to avoid contact with the rapidly discolouring exhaust pipes. After some distance had been covered in a series of impressive swerves the driver decided to give up trying to steer the car and follow its chosen path instead.



At this point the passenger remarked that a large car had been attempting to pass for some time, first on one side and then on the other. The driver politely slowed down to let it pass, and then saw that it contained four mobile police, all in a highly emotional state. Everyone stopped, and instantly an immense crowd gathered, the majority of whom seemed to be policemen. The Law examined the car and observed that four regulations, at least, had been ignored. The driver said there would soon be a fifth if he had to stop there arguing, as it was getting dark and there were no lights. The passenger added that

as the police had stopped the engine it was up to them to help start it again, and it had taken two hours last time. Fortunately, the police had a sense of humour and merely asked that the car and its contents should remove themselves from their sight as quickly as was wise.

By this time dusk had fallen, and by the time the engine was restarted it was quite dark. They tacked gently along side roads, without lamps, but far from invisible owing to the flames that came intermittently from the exhaust pipes and continuously from the carburettor. All went well until a certain by-pass was reached, where a plug oiled. They proceeded on one cylinder with a series of deafening reports. The passenger remarked that it would be entertaining if they met any more police. It was.

At the end of the by-pass the road was blocked by two car-loads of them, flashing their torches in a threatening manner. The car stopped. The engine stopped. There was an ominous silence.

After a short interval the Law found its voice and the conversation began. It was finally decided to combine forces to tackle the problem Here was a motor car innocent of those little extras that seem so important in the eyes of the Law and entirely unable to proceed under its own power. It had somehow to be moved to a garage nearly two miles away – uphill. There was only one thing more illegal than driving the car, and that was to tow it. Finally, the police loaded themselves into one of their cars and hinted that something useful might be found in the back of it. The driver took the hint and discovered a considerable length of rope. It was only a minute’s work to attach one end to the police car and the other to the front of the chassis. A moment afterwards the police drove carefully away, all of them looking rigidly to the front. After two miles the procession stopped, the police still gazing firmly ahead. The passenger hurriedly untied the rope and put it back into the police car, which promptly started again and disappeared into the dark.”



Dave Pole: Dave’s SAAB



My new car is a 1998 9.3 SAAB Turbo Cabriolet with five speed manual. It has had only two owners from new 😊



Can it be DONE?

Popular Weekly
Feature



CAR-'PHONE

WHY NOT EQUIP MOTOR-CARS WITH A TELEPHONE THAT CAN BE USED ALONG COUNTRY ROADS WHERE A SIMPLE PLUG-IN DEVICE HAS BEEN PROVIDED FOR 'PHONE SERVICE.
CAN IT BE DONE?

John and Marie: It seemed like a good idea at the time (Part 1).

“Why don’t we take Wyvonne to America and take part in some car cruises and shows” says John. “Why not” Marie replies (without too much prodding) “what do we need to do”? “Well, the first thing is to sort out some shipping, arrange insurance for her in the U.S., book flights for us and we’re good to go” Oh how wrong (or enthusiastically hopeful) can you be!

To start the process, we contacted three freight forwarders for quotes to take Wyvonne, our 1951 Vauxhall Wyvern tourer, from Fremantle to Long Beach, California. They varied from the sublime to the ridiculous but in the end, we opted to ship her on a Ro Ro car carrier. In the meantime, online research had revealed that we would need permission from the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency before she would be allowed to roll a wheel in the Land of the Free (and would also need Customs and Border Protection approval on arrival) so we start the ball rolling with a letter of application to the EPA.

The research also told us that we would need permission to bring her back into Australia (why??) and our next step was to fill out the necessary forms for a Vehicle Import Approval. There followed many frustrating days waiting for the bureaucratic rubber stamps but eventually the (conditional) approval letter arrived – tick that one off the list.

James, our friendly freight forwarder suggested that we should get a Carnet de Passage (which we would come to realise we needed) as it would help ease some of the import processes on the return to Oz. So, fill in another form and part with a large fee, wait for ages, make several phone calls, send emails and eventually the Carnet arrives a day or two before the ship is due to sail.

While this form filling and waiting had been going on, we had been trying to obtain insurance in the U.S. We went up many blind alleys and most companies didn’t want to know but, just as we were about ready to call the whole thing off, we found a specialist motor vehicle insurer which was happy to help – breathe a sigh of relief and tick that one off.

Now it’s time to book the flights. The shipping schedule showed that the vessel “Tamesis” which started its journey in Auckland would arrive in Fremantle on the 22nd May and would reach Long Beach by the 25th June. We’d been told that EPA and CBP clearance in the U.S. could take one to two weeks but as we wanted to visit Marie’s cousin Fran who lives in Rocklin which is not far out of Sacramento we booked flights to San Francisco (that would get us there on the 25th) where we would hire a car, visit Fran in Rocklin and then drive south to Long Beach over the course of a few days by which time the car should be ready for collection – easy peasy.

Wrong! The good ship Tamesis had been delayed and didn’t depart Fremantle until the 26th May with a new ETA in Long Beach on the 29th June. Not a problem, we’ll just change the flights to arrive in “San Fran” on the 29th provided the cost of the change isn’t too great. As it happened the fare increase equated to the savings realised from four nights hotel accommodation that we wouldn’t incur so, as they say in the business world, it was cost neutral and we made the change.

Marie then began to arrange an itinerary that would see us in Lincoln, Nebraska on the 25th of July to participate in our first car event, the Street Rodder magazine *Speedway Motors Road Tour* to the NSRA Nationals. She spent many, many hours developing a schedule that would allow us to visit places of interest as we crossed the country from California to Nebraska and booked appropriate accommodation along the route. Then the sailing schedule began to slip with the Long Beach ETA moving out to the 4th July, then the 9th July and finally the 11th July throwing all the careful planning out of the window and potentially jeopardising our chances of making it to Lincoln by the 25th if CBP clearance ran to the full two weeks.

It was definitely a case of “Houston we have a problem” but then the light went on – the ship docks in Tacoma, Washington State on the 7th July before sailing to Long Beach. Maybe we can unload the car there? Our friendly freight forwarder contacts the shipping line and comes back with a “Yes” provided we pay another \$150.00 for the change. If we’re to make it to Lincoln by the 25th we have Hobson’s choice and pay the money.

However, our rental car is booked to be returned to Long Beach and we are now going to Tacoma - yet another change to be made and another fee increase incurred. Marie is busy cancelling accommodation on the original route to Long Beach and arranging new lodgings on the way north to Tacoma. However, we remind ourselves of another NASA quote – “failure is not an option” – and battle on.

Now for the good news. The ship arrived in Tacoma on the 7th July as scheduled. EPA, Customs and the U.S. Department of Agriculture cleared the car as good to go on the 11th. We picked her up on the 12th (with nary a scratch on her) and we’re on schedule to join the Street Rodder Road Tour at Lincoln with time in hand to fit in some sightseeing along the way. As Cranky says we’re living life like we only have one.

1. Wyvonne leaving home for her trip





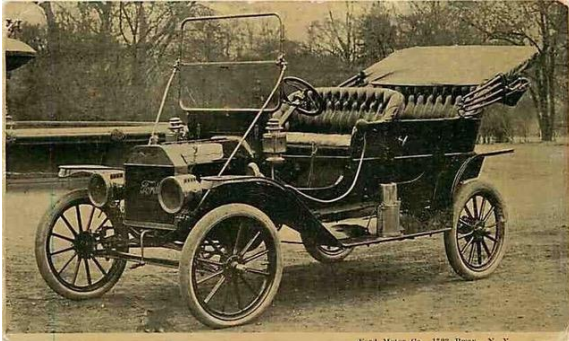
2. Her “cruise ship” in Fremantle harbour.

3. Dwarfed by her U.S. cousins in the hotel car park, Tacoma, Washington State.



Reg Kelly: This definitely puts everything in perspective.

1910 FORD



The year is 1910, over one hundred years ago. What a difference a century makes! Here are some statistics (USA) for the Year 1910:

The average life expectancy for men was 47 years.

Fuel for this car was sold in drug stores only.

Only 14 percent of the homes had a bathtub.

Only 8 percent of the homes had a telephone.

There were only 8,000 cars and only 144 miles of paved roads.

The maximum speed limit in most cities was 10 mph.

The tallest structure in the world was the Eiffel Tower!

The average US wage in 1910 was 22 cents per hour.

The average US worker made between \$200 and \$400 per year.

A competent accountant could expect to earn \$2,000 per year,

a dentist \$2,500 per year, a veterinarian between \$1,500 and

\$4,000 per year, and a mechanical engineer about \$5,000 per year.

More than 95 percent of all births took place at HOME.

Ninety percent of all Physicians had NO COLLEGE EDUCATION! Instead, they attended so-called medical schools, many of which were condemned in the press and the government as 'substandard.'

Sugar cost four cents a pound.

Eggs were fourteen cents a dozen.

Coffee was fifteen cents a pound.

Most women only washed their hair once a month and used Borax or egg yolks for shampoo.

Canada passed a law that prohibited poor people from entering into their country for any reason.

The five leading causes of death were:

1. Pneumonia and influenza

2. Tuberculosis

3. Diarrhea

4. Heart disease

5. Stroke

The American flag had 45 stars.

The population of Las Vegas Nevada was only 30!

Crossword puzzles, canned beer, and iced tea hadn't been invented yet.

There was no Mother's Day or Father's Day.

Two out of every 10 adults couldn't read or write and only 6 percent of all Americans had graduated from high school.

Eighteen percent of households had at least one full-time servant or domestic help.

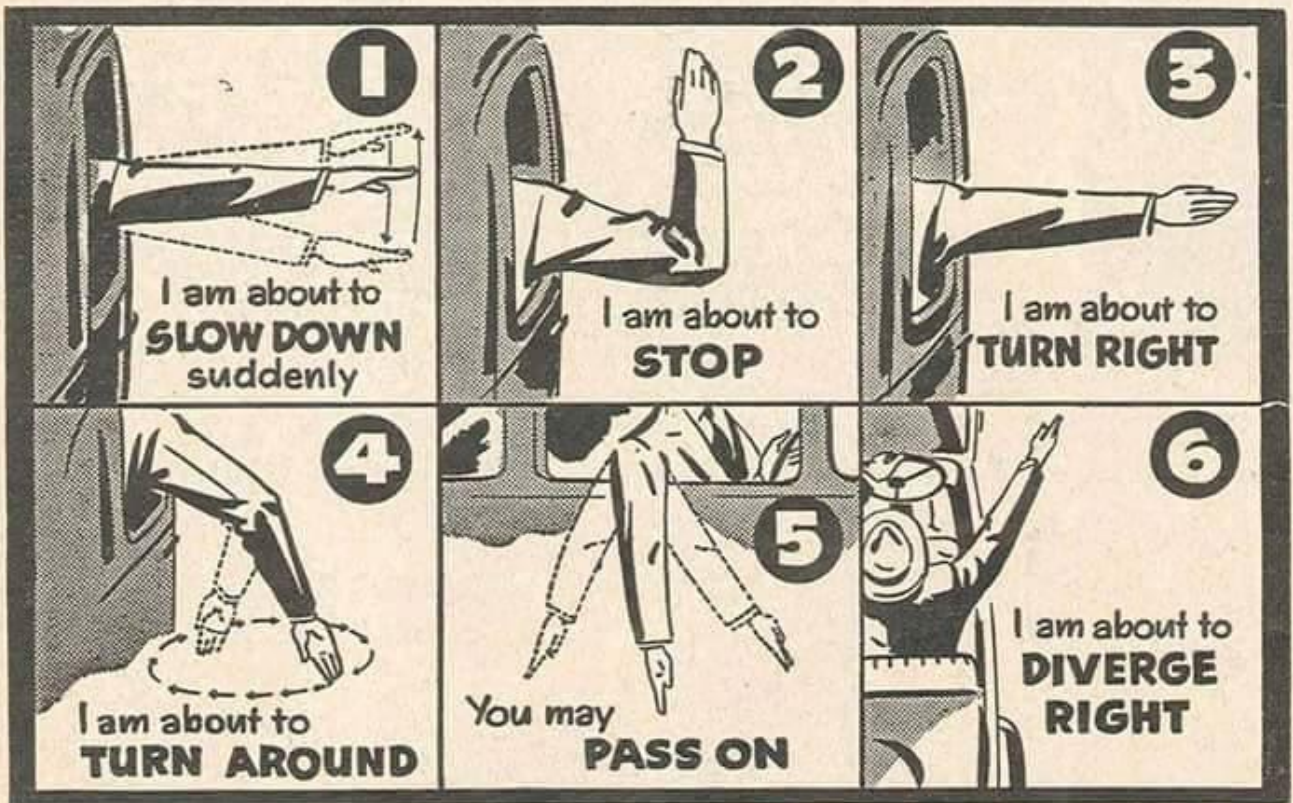
There were about 230 reported murders in the ENTIRE U.S.A. (but almost everyone had a gun!)

I am now going to forward this to someone else without typing it myself.

From there, it will be sent to others all over the WORLD . . . all in a matter of seconds!

Try to imagine what it may be like in another 100 years.





These are the **LAW!** **SIX** hand signals you should always use...

Road users! It is your responsibility — to use these hand signals! Failure to do so in an appropriate case is an offence punishable by fine. Your neglect may also affect your liability in the event of an accident.

Make your intentions clear, early . . . give the **CORRECT HAND SIGNALS** . . . **BEFORE** you act!

Issued by the
QUEENSLAND ROAD SAFETY COUNCIL

*Observe
 Road Safety Laws*
**FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY
 AND FOR OTHERS**

Reg Kelly: Water pumps

Bindy,

I posted (By Priority Mail) my 1946 MG-TC water pump to Auto Cooling Clayton Pty Ltd at 3/2-6 Yiannis Court Spring Vale Victoria 3171 for overhaul (new bearing and seals.) and received the pump back in as-new condition two weeks later. (Their phone number 03-9562-4811.)

Modern day Mechanics don't overhaul water pumps, they fit new pumps only. I can highly recommend Auto Cooling Clayton for any hard-to-get cooling system parts or repairs for classic vehicles.

Regards,

Reg.



Richard Palmer: Okkie

One of my earliest cars was a 1954 Morris Oxford. These were an enlarged version of the Morris Minor and were a solid, heavy car with a 1500cc side valve engine.

Okkie came in battleship grey complete with pull down, spring loaded rainbow coloured side curtains, and quite a few dents and scratches.

She also came sans reverse gear.

I was working in the city at the time and drove her to and fro every day. Parking required a lot of thought - sometimes having to get out to push and pull into a space. The same had to be done later if a car parked close during the day.

One night in John Forrest Park trying to do a U- turn by pushing and pulling single handed she slid sideways down a steep slope and it required many hours of towing by two of my mate's cars to get her back on the road.

Malcolm's uncle, Cliff Brown, fixed the gear linkage after about six months. Took him five minutes.

Okkie used to overheat in hot weather and after the trip back from the city and over Greenmount, I would switch off and she would scream for about 5 minutes until she cooled down.

My brother took her over and she served him well before expiring permanently.



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Bindy Datson: Charlie Datson and the Douglas

Formerly a blacksmith's shop in Bristol U.K., the Douglas Engineering Company owned by brothers William and Edward Douglas began producing motorcycles in 1907. Based on a horizontally opposed twin cylinder design, their engines gradually increased in size and power through to 500cc and 600cc models fitted to the DT5 and DT6 Dirt Track models of the late 1920's and early 1930's.

During the 1920's, speedway and dirt track racing had begun to grow in popularity. Australian riders, promoters and engineers featured prominently in this growth and the success of the Douglas dirt track machines.



Charlie Datson right and below



Some of these Australians were Billy Conoulty, Charlie Datson, Vic Huxley, Paddy Dean, Stewie St. George, Buzz Hibberd, Billy Galloway, Keith McKay, Les Bailey and A J Hunting.

Initially, most riders rode a standard model production Douglas, the 1923 RA model. It was called the RA model due to the "Research Association" brakes - an early form of disc brake. They would often ride it to the meeting fitted as a road bike, then strip it for the race.

With its low centre of gravity, good power output, ease of steering and sliding, the Douglas was an outstanding machine for this kind of racing

Later, a special dirt-track machine was built with a frame built from the front section of the RA machine and the back section of another model called the "OC". This frame was very successful and continued to be the

basis of the dirt track models into the 1930's.

A unique design feature of this frame was the "swan neck" which lowered the center of gravity, yet allowed quite large 28" diameter wheels to be fitted. Described as "looking fast even when it was standing still", the Douglas was possibly the first machine built specifically for dirt track racing.

The engine was a 499cc long stroke (62.25 x 82mm) design with overhead valves operated by tubular steel pushrods from the single ball race mounted cam. The small, yet very rigid crankshaft was a particularly unique design and a Douglas trademark. Forged in one-piece, it ran on ball races and featured detachable balance weights allowing the con rods to be fitted over the ends.



The cylinder heads were hemispherical with large diameter valves and highly polished ports. The twin 15/16in racing Amac carburettors drew air through a screened air box on the offside of the machine. The wheelbase was kept as short as possible by mounting the engine longitudinally in the frame.

For almost three years, the Dirt Track Douglas was the supreme dirt track machine selling around 1200 in 1929 alone.

It was at about this time that Alex Kynoch discovered the joy of riding and racing Douglas motorcycles. He began racing them in scrambles and other dirt track events around Melbourne, Australia in 1930.

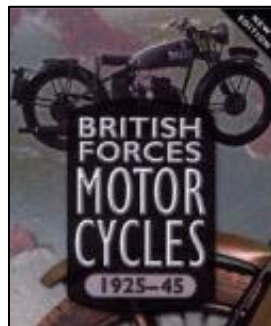


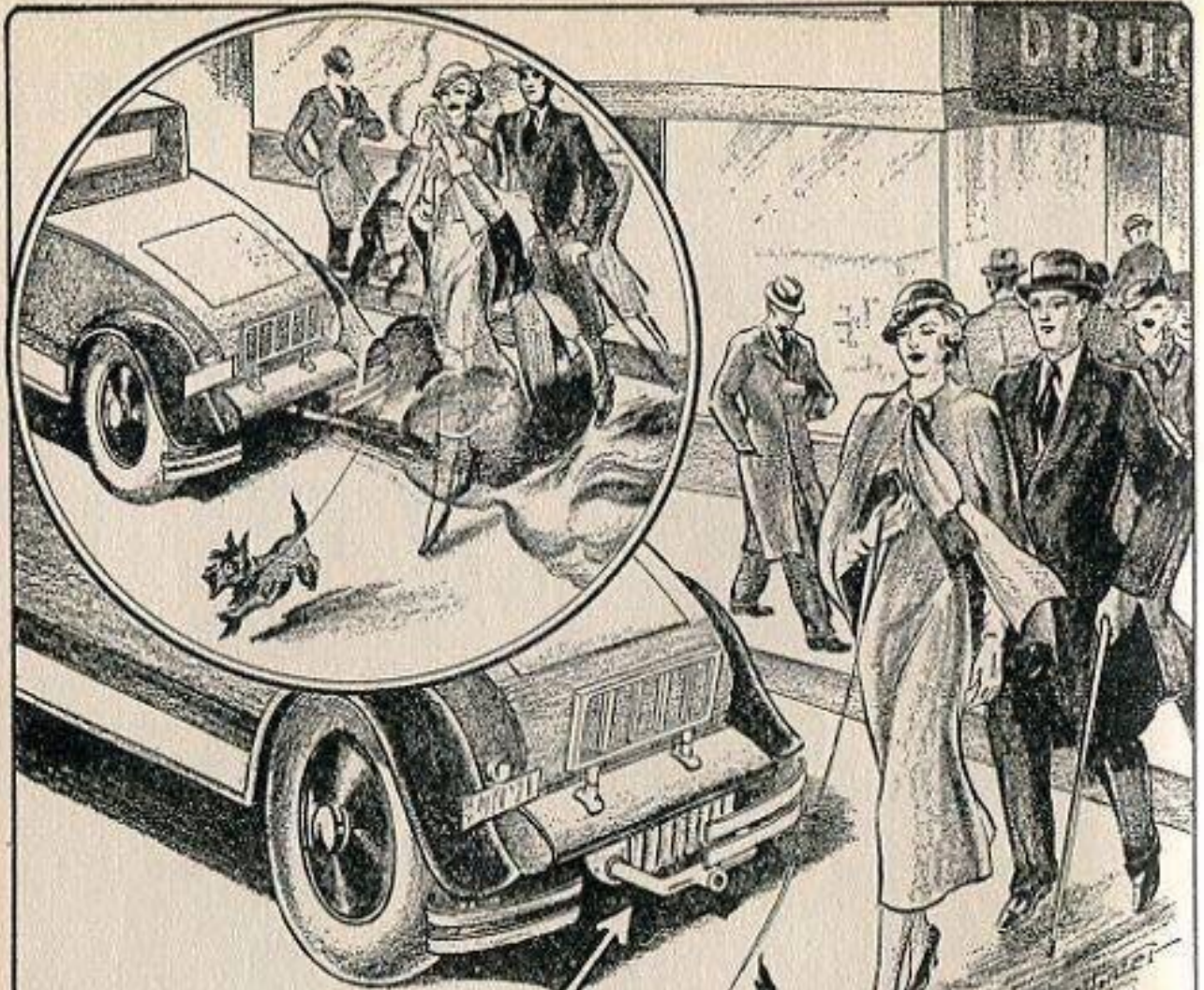
Racing successfully for 10 years, he built up a stable of Douglas machines rebuilding and tuning them in his garage in St Kilda, Melbourne.

Before leaving the racing world to join the Royal Australian Air Force, he disassembled and packed away all his Douglas machines. Now, sixty years later, this valuable collection of Douglas motorcycle parts is available for sale.



You can find photographs of all the parts, racing pictures and buying information at: kynoch-douglas-parts.com





EXHAUST GASES PURIFIED

The deadly carbon monoxide eliminated from the exhaust gases of gasoline motors by this strange attachment. "*CAN IT BE DONE?*"

Clive Ball: I Remember....

We called him 'Austin Seven'. When little Austin Williams turned seven years of age, the nickname was coined and lasted the year, after which it atrophied to 'Oss'. We grew up in the monochrome, coupon-rationed days of post-war Wales in a small, singing town where everybody knew everybody, on the banks of the river Teifi; a land, as Wynford Vaughan-Thomas put it in his book *Madly in All Directions*, "...of chapels at cross-roads and small black Austin cars". There weren't many cars on the roads in those days, and I wasn't very good at distinguishing one variety from another but, thanks to my pal, there was one type I did recognise.

Next to the school stood a wooden garage with a felt roof, where Thomas the Grocer kept his green and black Austin 7 delivery van. Now old Thomas knew a lot about groceries but very little about cars. One very cold morning he was unsuccessfully trying to start the van, winding away at the crank handle, red-faced and cheered on by us kids, when William Pelican (the local wit, so nicknamed because his father owned the Pelican Inn) came by. "Tomos bach, you'll never start it like that," he said, with a wink at us, "let me show you how to do it." Unscrewing the radiator cap, he laid it carefully upside down on the bonnet. "Yes, I think that's the spot. Now try!" Thomas wound the crank handle and, as it happened, the engine burst into life. "Duw Mawr! Thank you, Wil!" gasped Thomas in astonishment, beaming the come-again smile he normally reserved for big-spending customers, and carefully marking the exact spot with the chewed pencil stub from behind his ear. For the rest of the time he owned the van, Thomas solemnly used to put the radiator cap on the bonnet before cranking the engine on a cold morning, quite unaware that we kids were falling about laughing on the other side of the school wall.

My uncle George, as a hopeful curate and then an impoverished vicar, owned several nondescript Sevens and, due to wartime shortages, often had to improvise spares. He bumbled around his three parishes for a while with kingpin bushes made of oak dowels hammered in and drilled to size. My cousin John narrowly escaped being born in one of the Sevens when it broke down during a dash to the maternity hospital. A neighbouring vicar, the Reverend Bowen, briefly owned a convertible Chummy with white bodywork, red wheels and polished brass lamps, but was taken to task by the bishop who considered it far too frivolous. It was duly replaced by a prim black sedan - the proper colour for a man of the cloth!

Great-uncle Ben owned an Austin Seven Ruby model. He lived on a farm in the tumbling hills around our town and raised chooks, which he brought to market on Fridays in a large wire cage fixed on top of the car. One very stormy day, he was trundling sedately past the Town Hall when a large metal ventilator stack broke loose from the roof, rolled down and smashed to smithereens on the road just behind the car. Uncle Ben continued on his way, blissfully unaware of the disaster that had missed him literally by inches. Later on, he wasn't so lucky. He had never taken a driving test, having held a licence since those far-off days when you simply bought one at the Post Office. On the open road, his method of driving was to hog the centre and blast the horn at any vehicle that dared to come the other way, generally forcing it into the ditch. As the road to his farm was fairly isolated, he got away with this for years. But one day the inevitable happened; Uncle Ben ran radiator-first into a small truck and exploded in a snowstorm of feathers. He recovered slowly from his injuries but never drove again, spending his remaining days sitting by the fire, pontificating on the follies of mankind and the dangerous state of the roads.

Then there was the saga of Harry Howells, a middle-aged bachelor whose widowed mother had recently died, leaving him (it was rumoured) "thousands" in her will. Rumour also had it that Harry was going to buy a car. Speculation was rife. A Rolls-Royce, some said; others a Bentley, or at the very least a Daimler. The rumours fell flat when Harry was spotted driving jerkily down the high street in Evans the Emporium's old Austin Seven, which had generously been given a fresh coat of paint. But the romance only lasted a couple of weeks. The worthy Mrs Ebenezer Jones, faithful member of Graig Baptist Chapel, mainstay of its Ladies' Auxiliary, and well-endowed by the National Health Service to the tune of spectacles, false teeth,

hearing aid and wig, unwisely decided to cross the road as Harry approached. Austin Seven brakes and Harry's driving being what they were, the resulting bump scattered bits and pieces in all directions. Mrs Jones, dismantled, bald-headed and furious, but with only her dignity injured, sat on the road uttering words never previously heard at the Ladies' Auxiliary, whilst Harry clambered out, ashen, eyes riveted on Mrs Jones's wig, now draped at a rakish angle over the radiator cap. "G.g.g..good God!" he stammered, "I've s.s.s..scalped her!" - and passed out. Doctor Davies emerged from his surgery nearby, clutching his black bag. "You better see to him first, boyo," said Mrs Jones magnanimously, "he needs you more than I do!" Harry was never seen driving the car again, reverting to the rickety push bike which had served him well over the years. He also displayed a previously unnoticed aversion to cowboy films. Clive Ball.



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CRUISE IN TO THE TOWN OF WAROONA FOR OUR ANNUAL FUNDRAISER ROLLING CRUISE N SHOW

1ST, 2ND AND 3RD TROPHIES AWARDED AND RAFFLE DRAWN AT 1 PM

PROCEEDS GO TO THE YARLOOP FIRE BRIGADE

ALL DONATIONS GRATEFULLY ACCEPTED PLEASE HELP US SUPPORT THIS CAUSE

THE DRAKESBROOK HOTEL

ALL CARS AND BIKES WELCOME
DRAKESBROOK HOTEL
11:00 AM - 3:00 PM

SPONSORS

INFO

DRAKESBROOK HOTEL WILL BE OPEN FROM 10 AM CLASSIC HAMBURGER MEALS AVAILABLE AT \$15 EACH

ICE CREAM VAN 11:00 AM

ALL PARKING AT OWN RISK FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THIS CRUISE, CONTACT SUE MANUEL 0406379724 STEVE EATWELL 0419046292

Bindy Datson: Perkolilli

The dates are now out for the Red Dust Revival at Lake Perkolilli – 19th to 25th September 2022. This event is not a race per se, rather time trials and a bit of fun for the participants.

If anyone wants to be a Perkolilli Racer shareholder let us know - \$100 gets you a share and the opportunity to join in the Dipsticks revelry at the Red Dust Revival 2022.





1936 - 1940

1991 - 2021

Albany Classic "Around the Houses"

5 and 6 June 2021

Save the Date



www.albanyclassic.com



Albany Classic "Around the Houses"

Email: vicki@albanyclassic.com

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 - 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