



THE VINTAGE CAR

The Vintage Car Club of Queensland Inc.

Founded 1955



IN THIS ISSUE:

Virgins (2)

Guest Speaker - Sally York

James Flood books for sale

No. 459

February 2023

THE VINTAGE CAR CLUB OF QUEENSLAND Inc.

OFFICE BEARERS 2022-2023

PRESIDENT	Wendy Muddell OAM	0499 348 899 wendymuddell@outlook.com
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TREASURER	Ray McKenzie	0417 607 284
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	Lyle Cooper	0423 464 212
	Barry Morris	0431 812 173
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REGISTRAR	David Fryer	0418 722 007
QHMC REPS.	Doug Young	0418 719 430
	Wendy Muddell OAM	0499 348 899
VEHICLE DATING	Contact the Secretary	0418 198 567
TEABAG CO-ORD	Leigh Harborne	0423 399 318
RAFFLE QUEEN	Jennie Ransom	0428 592 828

MEETINGS. General Meetings are held at 7.30pm on the fourth Tuesday of each month. We meet at the VCCA(Q) Clubrooms, 1376 Old Cleveland Rd., Carindale QLD 4152. To see a map, click [HERE](#). The Club's well-stocked Library is open before and after the meeting and a pre-meeting BYO everything BBQ is usually enjoyed by a number of our members. Supper is provided after the meeting.

PRIVACY. Spammers and scammers. To slow down the Internet trolls and trawlers out there, we will generally not publish email addresses, as you can see in the Office Bearers section above.

COVER PICTURE. Justin McKeering's 1929 Austin Seven Chummy pulls the carpark crowd at Jollys Lookout. Removal of the bonnet guarantees an immediate gathering of the Technical Observation Committee.

CORRESPONDENCE - Unless otherwise requested, please address all written correspondence to:

The Secretary
The Vintage Car Club of Queensland Inc.
1376 Old Cleveland Road
Carindale QLD 4152

You can also [email the club at vccq.secretary@gmail.com](mailto:vccq.secretary@gmail.com)

SENDING MONEY TO THE CLUB

Cash. Only in person to the Treasurer at club meetings or events.

Cheques. Suncorp Bank requests that our full name "**Vintage Car Club of Queensland Inc.**", is written on all cheques sent to club.

Please post to the Treasurer at the Club's postal address (above), unless otherwise requested.

Direct Deposit: Payments are easier and faster using Internet direct deposit. Our Suncorp account details are:

Account Name: Vintage Car Club of Queensland Inc.

BSB: 484799 Account No: 001424831

It is MOST important that you include your surname and a brief description of the nature of the payment (e.g. Smith subs, or Jones Xmas lunch).

VCCQ ESSENTIAL INFORMATION.

Here's an update on things you should know about the Club. We have:

- **The Vintage Car, our monthly magazine.** In your e-mailbox a week before the monthly General Meeting. That's the plan.
- **Magazine archive** with all newsletters/mags bar the last 12 months. **[TRY IT!](#)**
- Website - Click **[HERE](#)**
- **Email address –aka VCCQ Mailbox.** All committee members have access to this mailbox. vccq.secretary@gmail.com
- **Facebook page** – Click **[HERE](#)**. Get yourself on Facebook! Current financial members can also join the **VCCQ Private Members'** page.
- **Club Library.** Open at club meetings. There's a complete listing of all books, members only. wendymuddell@outlook.com
- **Members' Directory** - listing all current financial Members. See Secretary for a copy. **Work has commenced on the next edition. Members' Register** is also maintained detailing members' vehicles. A copy is kept for viewing in the Club Library.
- **Lapel Name Badges.** These are given free to all new members. Existing members can obtain new ones from the Secretary at a cost of \$13.

COMING EVENTS SUMMARY - 2023

This is a summary of events schedules for the next 3-4 months. More detail is presented in the following pages and where necessary an information sheet will be emailed to all members.

February	26	A Day in the Country	EvCo
	28	General Meeting	Secretary
March	TBA	Drive Day	Events Coord.
	28	General Meeting	
April	22	Boules Championship	Peter Ransom
	25	General Meeting	

Events Coordinator. Barry Morris is the man to contact if you're thinking about organising a mid-week run, a cross-Australia expedition or something in between. His phone number and email address will always appear on Page 2 of your magazine.

VCCQ CURRENT EVENTS

GUEST SPEAKER AT FEBRUARY GENERAL MEETING

Tuesday 28 February 2023 (General Meeting at the clubrooms)

Sally York is President of the Veteran Car Club of Australia (Qld). The Vets appear to be thriving, with a busy calendar catering for lots of cars and people. There's no guarantee that any secrets will be revealed, but if you've met Sally you know you're in for an entertaining interlude.

MID-MARCH DRIVE DAY

Barry Morris will provide details by email. Keep an eye on your inbox.

14th BOULES CHAMPIONSHIP -- Dayboro

Saturday 22 April 2023

This year we return to the traditional arrangement of 10:30am for boules in Dayboro's [Tullamore Park](#) followed by lunch on the deck at the Crown Hotel. As always, we encourage everybody to have a go - it's fun, it's free and you might win!



OTHER CLUBS' INVITATION EVENTS

CARS & COFFEE - Various venues

1st and 3rd Saturday of each month. Plus other dates as advertised.

Take your vintage car along to a C&C but be sure to get there early! We are listing these gatherings as club events to give our members even more opportunities to use their cars and fly the VCCQ flag.

PAST EVENTS

STRAWBERRY FARM, Wellington Point

A long table populated by the good folk of the VCCQ, a warm/hot sunny day and a semi-rural outlook. That's to start, then add excellent food and conversation and top it off with Jennie's surprise birthday cake for her 80th. Yes, it was a good turnout, thanks primarily to Wendy making sure it happened.



Doug Young wheeled out the '35 Dodge while Jak and Ginny brought along the Napier. The sight of those two vehicles drew a whole crows of overseas tourists for the obligatory selfies. Maybe that's the future of our hobby...





BEENLEIGH DISTILLERY

Hi Pete,

A few pics from our visit today.. Biggest new vat 70,000 litres at cost of \$120k, oldest >120years.

Brian McMillan



Storage is in small casks...



... and large

VIRGINS (2)

More pics have turned up and it would be a shame not to publish some of them. Brian Carson was behind the lens in most cases.





WOLSTON HOUSE / MT. COOT-THA



**Bob McDonnell's 1928
Auburn 8-115 Speedster**





Bruce McPhail

Ronnie McBrown

Justin McKeering



British line-up at Mt Coot-tha: Alvis, Triumph, Austin, ??

Access to Wolston House was cancelled very late in the piece, resulting in the enactment of Plan B, a gathering at the Mt. Coot-tha Lookout and kiosk. You could do worse.

Wish I'd been there, as I have yet to clap my eyes on Bob MacDonnell's Auburn Speedster.

FROM THE CHAIR



As a trial your committee will meet at the Committee Room at the VCCA clubrooms. This may have more space than my "spacious for one" lounge room!

We'll let you know how this goes in due course. There will much to discuss at this first CM there, and I propose that Members will be kept informed of any crucial decisions made!

Effort continues being expended on the Library, tho the weather has been a bit on the warm side lately. We have now made some working space, which we did not have the first few times we were there. It has now been established that there are a few double-ups in the collection, which it is proposed we will offer to members at a low price, with discounts for any quantity. It will be CASH ONLY – an arrangement in place for a very long while is that the Library manages its own finances. It is hoped however that there will perhaps be a surplus which will of course go to VCCQ general funds. There are costs to be covered of course, and an accounting will be given to the Committee at each CM, commencing on 7th February. It is expected that we can perhaps ramp up the time spent in the Library from now, and hasten this project. Maybe we will have an "official opening" for Members, and of course for Duncan, so Members can be made familiar with the cataloguing system which will enable them to source any information they are looking for – or maybe just something for a good read.

Among the duplicates are a few real gems including the No 1 and No 2 Flood Books of Early Motoring, of which we already have the full set of five volumes.

A table of opportunity will be laid out at the next general meeting – bring your money with you – cash only, receipts issued of course

And what a lovely night was the Lamb Night! Lots of Members, lovely kebabs and prawns galore – what more could you want?

And what a shame it rained on such an inspiring line up of club cars.

Financially the event was self-supporting, with a small profit of \$40 odd now boosting club funds. We paid Barry for the prawns, despite his offer to provide them free of charge. We even had a member come over to the desk and offer to "top up" if we needed it!! How's that!

As usual the volunteering bods in the VCCQ upheld their reputation, and the evening would not have been the same without their efforts.

Please support the efforts of the events bloke Barry, and see your way clear to attend some outings. I am looking forward to the Rum Day – soon!

Please stay in touch with your Club – give your car a run – it will only do it some good!

Stay safe please, and include the VCCQ in your life -

Wendy M

0499 348 899

EDITOR'S OCCASIONAL...

I'm looking forward to VCCA(Q) President, Sally York, addressing our members next Tuesday – a much needed change of pace. The Vets run a very different style of event to ours, necessitated by the perils of driving in too much traffic. They also do seemingly insane events that go right across Australia, yet they all seem to be normal people, just like us. I wonder what Sally's going to talk about?

Seeing a much improved line-up of proper cars at last month's very successful Lamb Night brought back memories of the unwritten understanding that on club nights only proper cars should park adjacent to the clubrooms, with exceptions made for folk with mobility issues. TWTD.

Mrs Ransom and yours truly will be moving house very soon and I have cataract surgery lined up in April. The odds are stacked against me producing the magazine for March and April, so Brian McMillan – who has some practical experience in these matters – will be your editor for those two months. He'll appreciate your photos and articles.

Peter Ransom

THE PASSING LANE...

VALE PAUL REED

Paul Reed passed away in Stanthorpe in mid-January, aged 93, after a long battle with Parkinson's disease.

Paul lived for motor cycles and his venture into Vintage cars almost pales compared to his contribution to the motor cycle world. At any one time there could be up to 25 bikes in Paul's garage ranging from oil-cooled Browns, Velos, the Brisbane built Spencer, TSS Bultacos and the 350 AJS that he competed with in Historic Racing.

After flirtations with a Triumph Super 7, 14/40 Vauxhall and a Roche Talbot, he finally saw the light and purchased an Alvis 12/50, Ducksback from Ray Westfield. The car had been restored in Victoria by John Kent and Paul drove it the way it was meant to go. It is now owned by Frank Moore.



Paul joined me on the VSCC Victoria Alpine rally in the early 90's and we had a great drive.

Paul wrote on motorcycling for REVS magazine and was a regular contributor to our Club magazine.

His last Vintage car was the ex- Kevin Cass 12/50 tourer which he enjoyed in his later days of driving.

Our condolences are extended to Kath and his children.

It was an honour to have been his friend.

Joe Wilson

VALE PAUL REED, or a Tale of Two Spencers

Some years ago, a friend alerted me to a small item in Just Bikes magazine, which advised that a c1906 Spencer motorcycle was available – to the right buyer. Paul was not in favour of someone buying this restored bike and selling it on, particularly to an overseas buyer, at a profit.

This friend had contacted Paul but was not able to secure the bike. The next contact was made by me as the Curator of the Australian Motorlife Museum in Wollongong NSW.

We felt it would be an excellent acquisition for Motorlife with the bike's Aussie origins front of mind. The upshot was two of us making the trip to Stanthorpe with our van, arriving at Paul and Catherine's in time for a welcome cuppa.

We then loaded up the bike and other stuff – mainly the casting patterns for Spencers – and then enjoyed lunch with this most hospitable pair. There was/is a theory that only about six or seven of these bikes were built, and that one won a hill climb event in ?1911.



Since then, in quite recent times the Museum of Queensland has permitted the Historical Motorcycle Club of Queensland to restore the Spencer owned by the Museum. This is a very unusual situation, ground-breaking even!

As a recommendation from someone (me) that Motorlife assist in any way possible with this restoration, and all the patterns were photographed, along with the spares we had, and sent this info to the HMCCQ so they could work out what was missing. Motorlife's motorcycle chappie has assisted the MC Club in every way possible, with a deal of pleasure. The Motorlife bike travelled up from The Gong to be displayed at the recent GOMA exhibition.

I understand that Motorlife intends to hand over all/any parts and patterns relevant to the MOQ bike, as these should all be together.

All of this co-operation came about because of Paul's generosity of spirit and his good intentions for the Spencer history. His experience in restorations, his courtesy and good intentions flowed on and created an extraordinary survival rate for a motorcycle of which a handful were the total production.

Paul was a sometime member of the VCCQ before he moved to Stanthorpe, and owned several Alvis 12/50s, one a Ducksback and the other a tourer which was firmly believed to have been the ?1927 Sydney Motor Show car. It had been formerly owned by motorcycle enthusiast and racer internationally Kevin Cass, of Wollongong also.

The world could do with a few more like Paul.

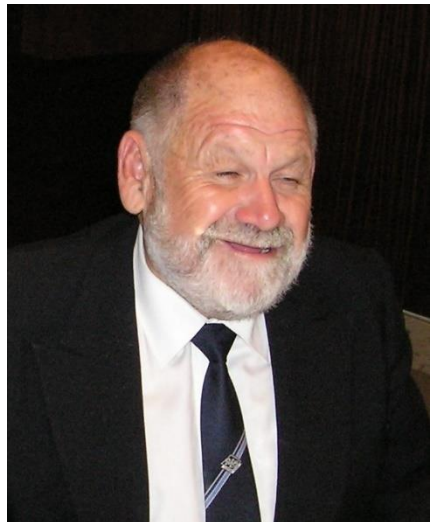
Wendy Muddell

VALE GRAHAM MACKAY

GRAHAM MACKAY

My dear friend Graham Mackay died on January 6, a few days short of his 79th birthday. He had been suffering a steady decline with dementia for some years but a fall took him in the end.

Graham grew up in Salisbury and just over the other side of Beaudesert Rd lived Doug Partington. Doug and Graham went to school together and from an early age they both "hung out" with Doug's dad, Arthur, who was a very early VCCQ member with a veteran Rambler, Minerva and Doug's life long love, T Fords. They purchased a Peugeot 203 cabriolet from Salisbury Wreckers and had a bit of fun with that and that started Graham on his car journey.





MGA, Mini Cooper, Rover 3500, Mark 6 Bentley, etc, were the norm until the Vintage bug bit him after he met Neal Brandt. A white vinyl covered Riley 9 was the first Vintage car and from then on Rileys featured prominently in his collection. A 2 ½ Litre drophead, the Downing Imp and I think there was a Mini

Elf in there somewhere. The Riley 9 was the car we knew in more recent times in the ownership on Ian Hayward.

Graham and I had a great couple of weeks in England in 1996 when I was buying a motor for my Aston Le Mans. Andy Bell from Ecurie Bertelli took him for a blast in a 2Litre Ulster Special, in the rain, over narrow cow-poo covered roads. I will never forget the look on Graham's face as they drove back into the workshop. His eyeballs were almost pressing on the inside of his goggles!

We did Alpine Rallies in Victoria in the 23/60 and countless local jaunts to collect or drop off cars in my working days. I will really miss a great mate. Our condolences to Barbara and his son, Mark and his family.

Joe Wilson

INBOX

Hi Peter,

I just received an email from the latest owner of the 1917 American La France that Sleeping Beauties built for me in the early 2000. I remember driving it to the Virgins Breakfast in about 2004, on the way down Leigh was holding on to the dog as an airbag.

I had then sold it to a collector in Canada, who entered it in the 2010 Peking to Paris, and we went there to see it. But it was a no show and was sold to a guy in Austria. They completed the massive rally preparation in time to do P to P in 2013 (start number 1) and again in 2016. After then rallying it all over Europe it is now back in Canada – with the guy I had sold it to in 2008. And he sent this latest photo. The "Beast" seems to live on, all over the world.

Cheers,

Wolf

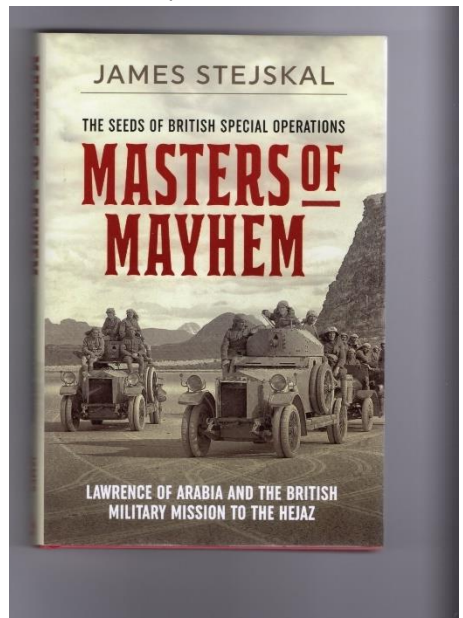


Hi Peter,

A couple of observations regarding the Mag No. 458. Firstly, the advert for the Lancia Lambda, there is a good article on these cars in the January Edition of Classic and Sports Car Magazine for potential purchasers interest! Secondly, with regard to the article "Prisoners in the Egyptian Desert" and specifically with reference to the Rolls-Royce Armoured Cars, there is a fascinating book (cover photo attached) called "Masters of Mayhem" by an American military historian which details the exploits of Lawrence of Arabia and his use of the Rolls-Royce Armoured cars, it's a great read.

Regards,

David Hughes



Good morning Peter,

I had thought that by parking the Mini in an out of the way spot, it would be unnoticed by any members of the Club, but clearly this was not to be and having been discovered, I suppose it is worthy of an explanation.

Yes, it is most unusual for Ronnie and I to attend a VCCQ event in something other than an Alvis, but as both our cars were undergoing repairs, we decided to use the John Cooper Works Mini which is airconditioned as well as being ideally suited to the twists and turns of Mts Nebo and Glorious en route to Jolly's Lookout.

As well as the JCW being designed to cling to the road in true go cart fashion, this particular vehicle has been further modified for Hill climb events ----- think, a vehicle with the ability to climb very steep or vertical inclines at reasonable speed and with the road holding or sticking power of a Queensland Gecko!

Returning to things Alvis; Ronnie's car was having a water pump fitted, this being the 3rd such replacement in the past 2 years. The previous work had been the replacement of a leaking unit without a lot of thought given to the cause of the problem. I was able to establish that a backing plate on the engine was out of alignment, thus the water pump was skewed with the seals and bearings being destroyed within a few miles of use.

To remove and replace the water pump entailed removing the radiator, a job requiring the removal of 76 nuts and bolts/hose clips and various fittings. Removing and replacing these is not a job to be completed in the time from getting out of bed and having breakfast! 76 x 2 = 152 and as we had arrived back from Sydney only a few days before the Virgin's Breakfast, I beg your forgiveness in using other than Ronnie's Alvis.

My Alvis is still in the workshop waiting to have a rebuilt cylinder head fitted. Returning home to Sydney from the RACQ Motorfest last June, two of the hardened valve seats disintegrated and were blown out the exhaust. Examination showed that the area around the exhaust valves had also cracked. Suffice it to say that after 7 months and the examination of 14 cylinder heads, a rebuilt, pressure and vacuum tested head will be delivered for fitting to my car next Tuesday.

It must be said that the cylinder head problem stemmed from me driving the car to and from Sydney and Brisbane every 6 weeks and at speeds where the engine ran in excess of 3000 RPM for journeys up to 500kms each day. The water pump was due to the difficulty in finding mechanics who understand older cars.

I know that you are still wondering why I drove the JCW Mini instead of my 3 ½ litre, auto and fully airconditioned Lexus. The answer probably says more about me than any logical explanation. I read recently that the Lexus ES350 is the ideal car for a sedentary retired old gentleman who looks for absolute luxury and comfort in his day to day driving!

So my choice was clear! A tiny manual, with 6 forward gears, the road holding powers of a go cart, airconditioned and giving about 45 mpg. The perfect vehicle for my regular trips to and from Brisbane. I'll be 88 next birthday, so have years of interesting places to go and see in this great land of ours.

Phil

Hi Peter,

Here is my story of the car show I attended while in Belgium over Christmas.

"Pre-war Cars" was a large exhibition of lovely old cars from RR to Model T held at a large exhibition centre in Kortrijk in Belgium. Many dealers from the EU, and Britain, plus individuals showed cars in mostly fully restored condition, with a few showing original patina, an increasingly rare sight. We spent a lot of time with Historic Competition Services of Antwerp, salivating over their wide range of classics, including a good showing of Lagondas, in which they specialize. There was a good number of Americans, including beautiful Packards and nice Buicks. Belgium was represented with a couple of Minervas, the Car of Kings.

I was able to get a good amount of information on my quest to bequeath my old Jaguar special to son Angus when the time comes for this old feller to hand it on. It's not so simple. Belgium Transport will not register a car that has been modified, and mine certainly has been. Even some of the later Petersen Bentley specials are not accepted as they have disc brakes replacing the original drums. The situation illustrates what happens when bureaucrats initiate regulations when they have "no skin in the game." Surely the only criteria should be safety and structural integrity. The lesson: originality pays.

One of those beautiful Racing Green Engineering Mark 6 Bentley specials with the straight 8 RR engine. Question, can it be registered in Belgium?

Cheers

Peter Noakes

Hi Peter,

Thanks for the Jan VCCQ Mag with the abundance of good photos – it was a joy to look at them all.

You have a wonderful selection of Pre War cars that come out on your roads.

We are suffering here from people who own but no longer drive their pre war cars – some think the roads are too busy and the risk of being hit by a useless driver is too high to risk it. At last years RSAC Vintage and Classic 3 Lochs Run, my Aston was the only Vintage car, there were only 3 pre war cars the rest were post war 'classics' including a 2020 Toyota Aygo !!!

A group of us is trying to reverse this trend by organising a Pre War car only tour this summer. From the whole of Scotland we have only 32 people interested as yet!



I always look forward to receiving your Club Mag – long may it continue.

All the best

Roger M Martin

4 Beech Rd, Lenzie,
Glasgow G66 4HN 0141
776 4430

**My 1930 Aston
Martin International
at Forrestburn
hillclimb**

MICE PIES - news from around the traps

Here's an informal approach to reporting what's going on around the place. Some of it may lack excitement but we hope to balance that sort of thing with provocative commentary and unfounded rumourmongering. For even greater equilibrium you, too, can be a contributor of words and pictures.



HEADS UP!

David Fletcher is working at the moment on getting a Vauxhall 14/40 head cast from an existing pattern. If you're interested in getting a casting too, please contact him so he can see if the foundry will do a small batch at a better rate. Phone 0478 917 443.

ANOTHER WAY TO BLOW YOUR DOUGH

Someone advised me at the Lamb Night that another motor museum is being built in Brisbane so I checked it out on line . They are already promoting same, and it has an opening date of around the middle of the year. Not sure of its origins, but it seems to be a place we can expect to be visiting sometime fairly soon.

Don't think it is Clive Palmer's

LOVELY LLOYDY

A recent quick visit to the Gold Coast Motor Museum revealed that the Lloyd they were restoring in the workshop when we visited is now out on display, looking very shiny indeed. There are a few other changes and even on a weekday there were a lot of patrons around.

ART DECO WIPEOUT

The recent shocking weather in New Zealand has forced the cancellation of this year's Napier Art Deco Festival.

PRAWN PEFERENCES

Everyone enjoyed the prawns at the Lamb Night – my personal preference in this department is for school prawns, which these were. Most retailers think everyone wants king prawns, and the bigger the better, but they do not have the same flavour and tenderness as these school prawns have. Hard to find tho.

Ed sez: This sort of commentary could almost be a precursor to the publication of recipes. But not on my watch.

CONCOURS IS COMING

We expect to be able to announce soon the date for this year's Concours event, which will give you the opportunity to spend a bit of extra time with the polishing gear if that is your goal. To avoid the task being a burden on one person, however generous they may be with their time, we are looking for a few members who are willing to join together to do the judging on this

popular day. Sherwood seems to be an ideal place to hold this event, with space and conditions to allow us to invite the public along, and to have some of that wonderful music as last year. Maybe we can promote this event a little more widely – it seems to me to be worth this small effort?

BUT WHO'S RUNNING THE SHOW?

One wonders why we don't appoint a Concours Director so that the annual confusion surrounding the event can be focused and managed in a more professional manner. This is not a criticism of the effort put into previous years – it's always substantial, but knowing who's running the show makes things easier.

SUPPER ROSTER

TEABAG VOLUNTEERS NEEDED!

It's not a difficult thing to do, it's not a culinary contest and you'll get guidance and support from Leigh Harborne. How about taking a turn? You can call her on 0423 399 318.

SUPPER ROSTER 2023

DATE	TEABAG	DATE	TEABAG
January 25	Leigh Harborne	July	
February	Sheila McMillan	August	
March	Marg Cooper	September	
April		October	
May		November	
June		December	Xmas Party

SERVICES DIRECTORY

On our website under "About" the final heading is "Useful Products & Services".

Below are several additional contacts we've had recommended. The list will be kept to about half a page of the mag and as new ones are added the oldest will drop off. You'll see a date on all services as they tend to change. Please send in any recommendations you may have.

PRIXCAR SERVICES - March 2022

Interstate vehicle transport services. Check their web site: www.prixcar.com.au

CARTER CUSTOMS - 2021

For full rotisserie restorations. Contact Tony Carter on 0413 847 920 or tonycartercustoms@gmail.com. Factory2 & 3 / 192 Gympie Rd., Tinana Qld 4650.

WHITE METAL BEARINGS - September 2021

Contact Gerry Smith Ph. 0408 151 195 or email: janger_1@bigpond.com

MAGNETO REPAIR - April 2018

Contact Davin March, at 196 Marsden Road, Kallangur, Brisbane, Qld 4503.

Phone 07 3385 0299 or Mobile 0424706359. davin.march@bigpond.com

KOOL'S RADIATOR SERVICES – April 2018

22 Musgrave Rd Coopers Plains (07 3277 5122)

ARCHERFIELD PRECISION ENGINEERING – January 2019

2 Coin St, Moorooka, Phone 3875 1568

LUCAS STUFF – December 2018

The man who bought Kevin Baker's Lucas Parts business is Danny Lee in Melbourne. Email: dannyleepersonal@gmail.com Phone number is 0412 327 197

Apparently Kevin has moved to Melbourne and works with Danny one day a week.

NUTS N BOLTS – November 2018

In Salisbury, Brisbane use "Bolts and Industrial" Excellent service.

<https://www.bolt.com.au/>

ENGRAVING - June 2019

Good/proper trophy engravers – Master Engraving, 17/93 Rivergate Pl, Murrarie, 3393 9644. Wolf Grodd

GASKETS – October 2019

Queensland Gaskets Salisbury. Can cut out any profile in most materials on their water cutter including metals.

VINTAGE TYRES – January 2020

Ben McKinnon <https://www.antiquetyres.com.au/>

SU CARBURETTERS – January 2021

Burlen Fuel Systems in Salisbury, England. <https://burlen.co.uk>

New lamps for British cars - January 2021.

<https://www.bettercarlighting.co.uk/index.php>

ENAMEL BADGE REPAIR - February 2021

Marlene Hagger, 0407 613 457, email amhagger@outlook.com, or c/- Post Office, 511 North Bokara Road, Mypolonga Sth Aust 5254.

LOTS OF LOVELY LINKS

Links are the work of the underworld! You get a fantastic free ride to (sometimes) irresistible other domains. Obviously very dangerous as there may be no way back...

NEW LINK! :

Learn about the Spencer, the first motorcycle wholly manufactured in Australia

Australian-built bikes	<u>The Spencer Motorcycles</u>
Climb to the Clouds	<u>Mt Washington</u>
London in the 1930s	<u>A Look at London</u>
Your taste in tires	<u>Whitewall Waffle</u>
Fastest aircraft ever!	<u>Blackbird</u>
Supercharged Grand Prix Cars 1924-1939s	<u>Blown Beasties</u>
Racing at Strathpine, Qld., in the '60s	<u>Strathpine Speedsters</u>
Sydney life, 1929 (pre-depression)	<u>Gordon Innes Clip</u>
Electric Car History	<u>Quick EV History</u>
Citroen Kegresse	<u>Caterpillar crawl</u>
San Francisco 1906	<u>Market St. Cable Car</u>
Electric car record attempt	<u>Baker Electric 1902</u>
Ragtime piece inspired by Eliska Junkova	<u>The Bugatti Step</u>
Building Morris cars in the 1920s	<u>Mass production</u>
Jay Leno's Baker Electric	<u>Quiet Ride</u>
American motoring history	<u>Dubious History</u>
SHIP WRECK & RECOVERY	<u>The Vasa</u>
Top 10 car producers 1950 - 2019	<u>CREEPY</u>

MARKET PLACE

FOR SALE - Club Regalia.

Never to be repeated runout special!!! Only available at club meetings.

- 50th Anniversary Rally scarves (red only) \$5 ea
- VCCQ Stubby coolers in vibrant blue \$3 ea
- Car badges \$25 ea
- 50th Anniversary car badge - \$25 ea

Pay the Treasurer on the night, please.



ODDS AND ENDS FOR SALE

The Library Project is turning up all sorts of stuff that needs re-homing. A few examples, available at any General Meeting:

1 x Headlight glass suit 1929 Chev 6 cyl, in packaging as a replacement part, Lucas branded. \$50?

1 x steel and vinyl shield for the front of a "racing motor bike" in the Library. I has some age to it – any motor cycle bods out there who might like this? Xtra cheap!

3 x volumes of the celebrated James Flood Book of Early Motoring. (Volumes 1 and 2 plus a third not yet identified. All Australian content, used to regularly bring \$1200 each, now a fraction of this price – offers on \$200 – cash only please, receipt issued of course. These will be out for browsing at General Meetings, commencing with the next one – 28th February.

Other books for sale will be priced at the other end of the spectrum, commencing at \$1, \$2 and \$3. ‘

An arrangement has been in place for some years that any funds generated by the Library are used to support its upkeep.

FOR SALE

PICTURES OF VERY EARLY BRITISH AIRCRAFT

2 only. VCCQ property - view at club meetings. \$ensible price\$.
Wendy Muddell: wendymuddell@outlook.com or 0499 348 899

FOR SALE

- Replica triangle shaped rear mounted FOUR WHEEL BRAKES sign, cast aluminium \$20
- Poster, large veteran Overland in racing scene, laminated and block mounted \$30

Wendy Muddell 0499 348 899 or wendymuddell@outlook.com

WANTED

SCHEBLER CARBURETTER. New-ish member Bob McDonnell recently acquired this [1928 Auburn 8-115 Speedster](#). Its Lycoming engine is fitted with a Schebler Model S twin-throat (2 x 1 ¼") carburetter that's seen better days. Bob is anxious to get hold of any parts or a complete carby. **Bob McDonnell** ph. 0403 3333 207

VAUXHALL 14/40 CYLINDER HEAD . Long term member Dave Fletcher is headless, seeks replacement. David.fletcher@gmail.com or 0478 917 443. Refer also to Mice Pies, page 19.

AND FINALLY...

IN APPRECIATION

My thanks to all those who contributed to this issue. They include Brian McMillan, Wendy Muddell, Brian Carson, Doug Young, Wolf Grodd, Joe Wilson, Peter Noakes, Roger Martin, Phil Dadd and Jennie Ransom. E&OE.

MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTIONS

All contributions to the mag – letters, articles, photos, adverts - are welcome, though I can't guarantee publication. There's no hard deadline for these contributions, but if you're thinking of sending something DON'T DELAY - JUST DO IT! Send everything to Peter Ransom.

PUBLICATION DATE

The Vintage Car is published approximately one week before each month's General Meeting. Next month (March 2023, Issue No. 460) it will be around 21 March 2023.

NEXT MEETING

Meetings are now held on the 4th Tuesday of the month. The next General Meeting will be at the clubrooms on 28 February 2023.



The Supplement

Alex Gow, he of the countless old car photos, recounts some of the methods used by enthusiasts to locate cars and parts in Queensland's vast outback. This is an extract from "a book I wrote in the early 1980s to record some of my misadventures collecting old cars in the early days."

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TREASURE IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

It was now time to start inventing new ways of finding our old automotive relics. I suppose everything evolves to some extent and it was inevitable that there would come a time when the old methods that the vintage car boys had been using for years would run out of steam. There hadn't been much interest in preserving 30 or 40-year-old cars during the sixties and good examples were fairly abundant and easy to locate, especially in rural areas. But by the time the final quarter of the twentieth century rolled around almost all of the finds had been found. Ironically there was still the occasional historic vehicle going for scrap or being hot rodded, while at the same time people without cars were joining the vintage car club and using the networking system to find a project vehicle. It was a healthy sign and one good example of why such a club should exist in the first place. Meanwhile by the end of 1976 I was consolidating my own little collection and finally decided that three collectable vehicles was the ideal number for my situation. But the fact that I didn't want any more 'rusty old wrecks' for myself didn't stop me from having a terrific time helping other people to find their own projects. Of course, looking for those elusive treasures brought about lots of misadventures.

One of the clever new ideas that a few collectors started using was the 'pub talk' technique, a variation on the 'Loose Lips Sink Ships' theme. This is how it was done. Firstly it was a matter of choosing a likely looking district and turning up at the local pub on a Friday or Saturday night to make yourself popular by buying plenty of rounds of drinks for the locals. Having established yourself as everybody's mate, especially the licensee, you would then explain to anyone willing to listen who you were and what you wanted. The most important rules to observe were that you had to be open and honest and never wear a black hat. The significance of the black hat can be found in Hollywood movies. Have you ever noticed how the rustlers and bandits in Western pictures always wear them! Black hats are a sure sign of duplicity in the pictures and Australian bush philosophy apparently presumes the same fundamental principle!

Anyway, the trick was to get the pub patrons talking about the early cars that were in the district. Memories could be jogged by mentioning a few early makes and models and when the drinkers started talking about who owned what and whether or not they still had them, the old car detective was meant to take note of all the clues.

Unfortunately, in many cases the pub talk technique didn't work because by the end of the evening the enthusiast would usually be so drunk that he couldn't remember who he was or what he was supposed to be doing in the pub in the first place.

But there were a few dedicated car collectors who persisted in this noble cause. With incredible tenacity and self-sacrifice, they would expend many a Friday or Saturday evening, courageously trying to find the location of some elusive antique car in country pubs all over the district.

I never used the pub talk technique myself but I am told that it worked well for a collector from Kingaroy. Someone told him about a 1917 Buick that was supposed to be still in the hands of the family that had owned it from new. He was given a phone number to contact them but when he made the call he found that they lived on an isolated property and the phone was actually on a party line. He soon realised that he was speaking to a neighbour and not the people he had been told about. Being polite, he explained why he wanted to talk with the people on the neighbouring farm and apparently the young lass he was talking with turned out to be more than helpful.

"I don't know if they still have theirs," she replied, "But we still have ours."

"Their grandparents and our grandparents both bought new Buicks at the same time back in 1917." "Ours is still lying out in the paddock!"

The collector ended up with two identical vehicles.

One day while working on the assembly line at Tofts cane harvester factory I was approached by an engineer who asked if I was the bloke who 'knew all about old cars'. He was a bit apprehensive at first but he eventually asked me if I had ever heard of a model called 'Australian Six'. My ears pricked up and I stopped work to give him my full attention. It sounded like there might be an interesting story coming up here.

"Why do you ask?"

He pointed to another part of the factory assembly plant and said that his workmates over in that section wouldn't believe his story about finding two Australian Sixes in a shed out in the backblocks. In fact they refused to believe there was ever any such car.

I was delighted to tell him that the Australian Six wasn't a model but an actual proprietary make in its own right. It looked like his mates could use a bit of a lesson in Australian manufacturing history and I would be pleased to give it. But first he would have to tell me his story. It went a bit like this.

The engineer had once been a helicopter pilot working on charter to a Government Department. They were doing some sort of survey work that required them to criss-cross a lot of the sparsely populated desert country in the western regions of New South Wales. Out of the blue on one of his trips, the pilot spotted what looked like a shelter made from bush materials. It was standing out in the middle of nowhere in a very isolated place with no tracks or roads anywhere within scores of miles around and no sign of human habitation. Intrigued, he took a few minutes out of his work schedule to land nearby and sneak a look inside. He was amazed to see two big touring cars sitting side by side in the shed. At first he thought they were Rolls-Royces because of their big tombstone shaped radiators but closer inspection revealed radiator badges that identified them as Australian Sixes. He had never heard of the make before and hadn't heard of it since.

The pilot wasn't very interested in cars at the time and dismissed the matter as being unimportant, but sometime later he had second thoughts. Could those big fancy tourers be worth some money? The more he thought about it the more he was convinced that he should go back and retrieve the vehicles. But as the team he was working with moved further and further out into the bush he became so busy with his work that there was no chance of getting back to the spot again. He eventually gave up the idea. It was a foolish notion anyway. He hadn't bothered to mark the location on a map so there wasn't much hope of ever finding the shed again no matter how he went about it. The desert country

of western New South Wales covers about half a million square miles so what would be the likelihood? And even if he found the place, how would he move two cars? There wasn't even a track to get in and out.

To me the story had the possibility of some truth to it. Australian Sixes were manufactured in New South Wales and in the early twenties were popular with people who could afford big, powerful, robust cars. Graziers especially favoured them. So it was with genuine enthusiasm that I told the workers the history of the Australian Six and how F.H. Gordon, the manufacturer, claimed to have produced 2,000 of them before a faulty batch of imported engines put the company out of business in 1925. Sadly, only four Australian Six cars are known to survive.

The workers argued that the Holden was the first car to be manufactured in Australia, a common misconception even today when our history is becoming so well known. Whether they believed my story or not I don't know and I don't really care, but I was still very intrigued by the airman's yarn. If it's true then the find of the decade could still be waiting out in the empty wilderness of western New South Wales somewhere.

True or not, the Australian Six story started me thinking about spotting old cars from the air. After all, most of the country I had been searching was reasonably accessible by the usual methods so I thought I might try something a little bit unconventional. I asked my pilot friend what he thought about the idea and to my surprise he didn't think I was crazy at all. It sounded like great fun to him. He still had his fixed wing endorsement and would be delighted to hire a plane and take me car spotting from the air any time I wished.

A plan was quickly organised and my airman friend made the necessary arrangements to hire a Cessna from the Aero Club. The plane was a four seater so I brought along two other Car Club members to share the costs. We took off full of good humour knowing that the trip was going to be great fun. We might even find an old car or two!

My mate turned out to be a terrific pilot. He took us over the Goodnight Scrub where there are not many roads but quite a few old farms and properties. Whenever we spotted something promising, the lunatic would put the Cessna into a sickening dive and barnstorm the place for a closer look. Then he would zoom back up to cruising height again to either go down for another look or continue looking for more. In the twenty short miles between Morganville and Mingo Crossing we managed to perform an

'Immelmann Turn', the 'Killer Caldwell Curve' and the 'Mad Mick Mannoek Manoeuvre'. We must have done some of them several times over but all I can remember is that I was wishing the dammed aeroplane would crash and put me out of my misery! My pilot friend finally finished me off with a stunt that I think must have been called the 'Billy Bishop Bulimic Blowout'. It worked a treat and soon had me throwing up all over the inside of the Aero Club's nice little Cessna. The other occupants probably wore a bit of it as well, but I was too embarrassed to look.

When we got back to the aerodrome and I stepped out onto the ground I swore that I would never ever fly again. And it was quite a few years until I did.

We'd spotted a few likely prospects but most turned out to be piles of old rusty 44 gallon drums, which, from the air look just like old rusty motorcars. In the end most of what we saw could never be located anyway. Our navigation skills defeated us and to this day I still don't know if we actually saw old car remains or something else. Hereford cattle can look a bit like rusty car bodies from the air too. The next time I go spotting old cars from the air it will be with a helicopter towing a car trailer and winch. Meanwhile, my pilot friend still curses himself for not taking better note of where those Australian Sixes were located.

One of the most ponderous attempts at finding motoring treasures was thought up by a car collector who is well known to me but whose name it might be best not to mention. He went around all of the older established dealerships and copied records of their early sales documents. Then he traced the buyer's descendants to see if they might know the present whereabouts of the car. A phenomenal amount of genealogical and detective work went into the exercise and for a long time it produced nothing.

Eventually he was given a lead on a 1928 Morris Oxford, but when he arrived at the place he was only shown a patch of land where it had been sitting years before. A dump had since been built over the spot and the Morris was underneath it somewhere. He gave up in disgust! This was more than he could stand after so much effort.

Sometime later he was doing some gardening and while pulling up weeds from under his backyard fence he got into conversation with his rear neighbour who was also gardening. He mentioned to the neighbour about his despair at failing to find an antique car to restore in spite of all his efforts. The fellow on the other side of the fence listened sympathetically then told him that there used to be an old vehicle of some kind in a shed

on his Grandfathers property. He had no idea of what make or model it was, but he was willing to take my friend to the property and have a look. A month or so later they travelled up to the Grandfather's property in the Boyne Valley and returned with a 1909 Renault.

In my experience the conventional methods seem to be best when it comes to finding those elusive rusty relics. Asking for local information at folk museums and historical collections or attending country goods and chattels auctions is good fun and sometimes quite fruitful, but not very exciting. Exploring scrap yards and 'Steptoe' type junk merchants' lots is probably a bit more of a thrill, but still much the same sort of thing. My favourite adventures have been the searches for abandoned towns or long forgotten mining camps out beyond Cloncurry or in the far corners of the gulf.

The most successful leads for me have come from bottle collectors, old implement enthusiasts and other strange folk who fossick around places where most people wouldn't go. People who hunt feral animals are also good for the occasional promising clue about old wrecks on far out stations or abandoned bush dumps.

Sometimes it seems that everyone you talk to knows the whereabouts of some old timer that is in the hands of people who refuse to part with it. Most are kept as remembrances of someone or something and are not for sale at any price. Most of them are highly valued and it's good to see them being kept safe and original. Old cars are likely to pop out of anywhere, especially when you are least expecting it and using your vintage collectable as daily transport is a great way of prompting people to come up to you and talk about old cars. They will often mention ones that they know of or have seen, as I found out the day I drove my 1928 Rugby to the local dental surgery.

As the dentist finished installing a whole workshop full of mechanical hardware into my mouth he asked if I was the person who had parked the old antique car out the front. By this time my tongue was clamped to the bottom of my mouth by one of those grotesque fangworking devices, so I could barely speak at all.

"Ish ah Wugby," I croaked, "ha nhinheen htwentee ehight moggel."

"That's interesting," said the Dentist, "I have an old car that belonged to my father." "I don't think I will ever restore it because it's missing a few vital components, but I keep it just for sentimental reasons."

"You wouldn't know where I might be able to find some parts for it would you?"

To cut a long story short, my two root canal jobs ended up costing me \$300 and a set of Sankey wheels for a 1925 Bean tourer.

Sometimes you just stumble across things unexpectedly. One Sunday I took my wife to visit one of her sisters who lived in Childers. As was my habit whenever I paid a visit, I was soon absorbed in wandering about her back garden sampling some of the garden treats that grew there. The place was a wonderland of persimmons, loquats, Bauple nuts, guavas and a host of other local delicacies.

This particular day I happened to look over into the neighbour's yard and spotted a heap of rubbish piled up close to the fence. Some of us car collector characters have a natural intuitive radar-like feature in our head that picks up faint signals from rusty old car parts, even when they're buried or completely out of sight. My sensor told me that it would be worthwhile sticky beaking into this lot for some reason and sure enough, on closer inspection, I found old car parts in amongst the vines, weeds and household effects. I leaned over the fence and rummaged through the junk until an old wheel came to light bearing the name 'Durant' on the dust cap. It was from an early version of the make so I was intrigued enough to inquire further. Firstly, I asked about the neighbours.

Sister-in-law said that she didn't know much about them at all. In fact she couldn't even tell me their names. The only thing she knew about them was that they were a childless couple who had been renting the place for a couple of years. Sadly they were apparently both alcoholics. Sister-in-law called them 'Mr. and Mrs. Sloshe' because on the rare occasions that she saw them they were invariably drunk.

Undeterred, I went across and introduced myself to the rather fumey fellow who answered the door. When I explained about my interest in vintage cars he was so delighted to make my acquaintance that he didn't even tell me his name.

"You've come to look over my pride and joy have you?" He beamed at me.

Well as far as I was concerned the Durant didn't particularly look like anybody's pride and joy, but I remained polite and followed Mr. Sloshe as he proceeded downstairs to underneath his high set house. With a theatrical flourish he pulled a cloth cover from a car that was parked on the dirt floor and announced proudly,

"Here it is, the rarest of all the Standard Vanguard."

The vehicle was an early fifties model Vanguard Stationwagon in very good original condition. Sloshe told me that he had bought it in Mundubbera about a year before and that Standard Vanguard Station wagons had always been extremely rare. According to

his story, just a few had ever been produced and only a very small number had made it to Australia.

Unfortunately, I happen to be one of those rare people who do not become wildly excited about Standard Vanguards, even Station wagons. Without much of a look at my fellow enthusiast's incredibly desirable treasure I directed his attention to the heap of household rubbish down by the fence. Poor old Sloshe looked a bit puzzled and I almost had to drag him down to his own back yard to have a look at what I had found. When we got there I shifted things about and pulled away some of the weeds and stuff to show him the car parts. I explained to Sloshe that here was the carcass of a particularly early specimen of the Durant car as indicated by the 23-inch wooden spoked wheels. Durant models of this age were quite uncommon and as I explained to my red eyed friend, the only other example of this exact model I had ever seen was an old relic that was rotting away on a dope plantation somewhere in the Monto hills.

"Well look at that," he marveled, "I had no idea that this stuff was here."

As he rummaged about in the rubbish to reveal more car parts, he talked enthusiastically about how he was going to find all the bits and pieces he could and restore them. This reaction disappointed me a little because I would have liked those curios for myself. But I realised there wasn't much chance of me getting a hold of them now, so I decided to leave him to it and hope that his enthusiasm might wear off after a while.

"How about I call back in a few weeks to see if you have changed your mind about the parts and want to sell them!" I suggested.

He happily agreed with that arrangement so I bade him goodbye.

As I shook his hand I said, "See you in a month or so then, Mister Sloshe!"

The words came out unthinkingly and involuntarily before I could stop them and all I could do was to make an embarrassed and rapid exit.

Since then I have been too shy to go back and enquire about the fate of the Sloshe family, their Standard Vanguard Station wagon, or the Durant parts.

Some of the perils associated with collecting are a bit more tangible than mere social blunders. Twenty years before the Sloshe incident, when I was still a kid at school in Childers, a schoolmate told me that he thought he knew the location of a 'Moller' car. This really had me reaching for my books. I had never heard of a Moller before and none of my books even mentioned the name. I eventually found something about the car in a

book belonging to another old car enthusiast. All it said was that the Moller Company was very short lived, producing a proprietary assembled car for a few months in 1921.

Shortly afterwards I peddled my pushbike all the way from my home at Isis Central to a place near Apple Tree Creek to follow up the lead. It turned out to be a Furphy, but not quite a wasted trip. What I found was a man named Moller who owned a 1921 Studebaker car. And what a lovely Studebaker it was. I had discovered a very large and stylish 65 horsepower, Series 20, big six model. A handsome car with pink headlight glasses, loftily perpendicular windscreen, little rounded doors and big spindly wheels. It was in great condition apart from the fact that it had been cut down from a tourer into a utility and had been standing idle under Mr. Moller's house for many years. The old fellow had owned it almost from new and was quite proud of it. I asked him what had become of the rest of the body and he told me that he had 'uted' the car a very long time ago and that the body was left on a neighbour's farm over in a distant paddock where a dam had since been built. Mister Moller wasn't interested in building the car back into a tourer. He had made it into a ute all those years ago and a ute it could stay as far as he was concerned. But I wanted to see the car preserved as original and even if Mr. Moller didn't want to know about it I thought that sooner or later somebody would be grateful for having the back half of the body. After much pestering I was given some half-hearted directions to the neighbour's distant paddock where the panels had been dumped after the cutting up job had been done on the Studebaker all those years before. And so began yet another ill-conceived adventure!

I pedalled to the neighbouring farm on my awful old Malvern Star pushbike to ask permission to have a look around the paddock where a dam had been built years before. According to my rough directions this was the only clue to the location.

As I approached the farmhouse a pack of five savage dogs came rushing out at me. Years of visiting places like this to look for old vehicles had taught me a lot about farm dogs and what I was seeing here did not please me very much at all. I turned the bike around and pedalled like hell. It was nearly half a mile before I was clear of them and by then they had managed to take a few pieces out of me. My feet and lower legs were torn, bleeding and bruised by the time I reached the safety of the main road.

I have never been one to give up easily when it came to finding old car parts and a few weeks later I was ready for the second attempt. This time I scouted right around the edge of the farm. Carefully staying as far as possible from the farmhouse, I walked cross country through the rough bush paddocks. As always I was wearing my usual garb of boxer shorts, Jacky Howe singlet and bare feet. It was probably inadequate for the rough

limestone and wattle country I was crossing, but in those days it was my uniform and I rarely wore anything else. I eventually found the dam and alongside it, almost buried in the 'turkey's nest' earthworks of years ago, the tourer tub section from a very old car. Nothing else remained. The rear guards, spare wheel carrier, back doors and hood irons were gone and there wasn't even any sign of them ever having been there. I suspected that they had been buried under the dam when it was constructed. The tub was covered in dry grass and dead vegetation so I was lucky to have found it at all. What I hadn't spotted, however, was the resident of the area, but I was about to make his acquaintance very soon anyway.

As I stepped into the tub to try to figure out how to dig it out of the bank of the dam, I put my foot onto the biggest brown snake I had ever seen in my life, and I have come across lots of them in my travels. Just who got the biggest fright I don't really know, but somehow the snake and I ended up in a terrible tangle with one another. The monster was wriggling around wildly trying to escape from his entanglement with my legs, while at the same time I was stomping about in blind panic trying to do likewise. All we ended up achieving was to get ourselves all knotted up with one another. The scuffle lasted no more than a couple of seconds but it seemed like hours to me. When we finally unsnarled ourselves we were both too terrified to move. Instead we just stared breathlessly at each other for what must have been several minutes. This was the first time I ever realised that it is possible to actually see fear in a snake's eyes and I wonder if the snake was surprised to see the same terror reflected in the eyes of this big clumsy idiot who had just jumped about all over him.

When we had both calmed down enough to move we backed nervously away from each other in opposite directions.

I was extremely careful to look for the resident when I went back for the tub section a half hour later, but thankfully he wasn't at home. When I managed to dig it up the tub turned out to be rotten beyond repair and wasn't even suitable for patterns. It was put back in the place where it had come from and I did my best to remodel it into a suitable home for the giant snake. After all I owed the poor animal some debt of gratitude. I'd have been in serious trouble had he bitten me when I was jumping about all over him earlier that day. Brown snakes are shy creatures that prefer to run away rather than attack but if they're threatened they will usually bite viciously. Their venom is deadly and they have been responsible for the deaths of many people and lots of domestic stock. The Studebaker was eventually passed on to Mister Moller's son and as far as I know the rest of the parts have never been found.

